

Costume in a Can: Halloween Edition

By: Firingwall

“Damn it!” Tom grumbled as he stepped out of the costume shop, “Nothing there either! How am I supposed to enjoy this month without the right costume?!”

The dark-haired, glasses-wearing, young man was having a troubling October so far. Every year, he liked to pick out a brand-new costume to wear for the season when he attended events, parties, or for Halloween night when trick-r-treaters showed up. However, this year was different. This year, despite all his searching... nothing was clicking with him.

Guess it's time to check online now, he depressingly thought, last store in town and nothing...

“You look like a sad, little man,” a voice chuckled, “Perhaps you need some help today?”

Tom paused, look to his right. Standing at the corner of the outlet mall was a mysterious figure in a fedora and trench coat. They wore the most cliched of incognito disguises in the world, one that made them stand out like a sore thumb. Tom couldn't get much of a read on the person, outside of the black high heels that were sticking out of the bottom.

“What do you want?” Tom stated, his eyes narrowing, “You gonna flash me or something?”

“Welllllllllllll...” the voice laughed, “How about this?” The trenchcoat tore open with a snap and the fedora flew off, Tom looking away quickly. However, he wasn't fast enough and saw the sight beneath the coat.

It wasn't a flasher. It was a curvy, busty green witch woman with sharp glasses and a dark grey dress. She smirked and hung her coat open wide, revealing tons of tin spray cans beneath it. Some were in pockets, others hung from straps, and even a few were tapped to the inside of the coat.

The witch chuckled and declared, “the name is Traci and I am your solution! You desire a costume, do you not? Well, how about a nice Costume in a Can?”

“Costume... in a Can?” The name rang a bell to him, but he couldn't exactly remember where he heard it from before.

“That's right, Costume in a Can!” The green witch explained, pulling one of the cans out of her inside pockets, “this right here is your ticket to an amazing costume and look for the holiday season! Even better? All of my cans I have here are specially made to make sure you are REALLY Halloween ready!”

“‘Halloween ready’? I'm not... what are you talking about? How does this work?”

“Oh simple really!” Traci continued, shaking one of the cans, “One simple spray and you’re allllllll set! Apply a little for a short-lasting costume, apply a lot for a costume that’ll last a nice, loooooong time. Care for a quick spray? Won’t cost a dime, I promise!”

“...I mean... sure? I don’t see...” Tom was mostly interested in getting out of this situation as fast as possible, not really paying attention to the witch’s pitch and just trying to move. However, perhaps he should have listened more closely.

Traci smiled brightly as she aimed her can at the young man, spraying him right in the face. He jumped back in shock, quickly yanking his glasses off and wiping his face. He felt lucky that they protected his eyes, but the thought didn’t stay with him for long with all of his feverous rubbing and wiping.

After a moment of doing that, the dark-haired man realized something. There was no stinging sensation or odd feeling against his face from spray. Everything felt... oddly normal despite being hit in the face with some unknown witch concoction.

He looked the witch straight in the eye and snapped, “what the hell was that about?! Why did you... just spray... wha?”

Traci grinned, putting her hands over her face in mock fear. “Oh, how scary! You look so cute with that face, but yet those eyes...”

Tom frowned. Was something up with his eyes? It certainly seemed like there was. All of a sudden, his vision became clear and focused despite needing glasses almost all his life.

Sensing his confusion, Traci snapped her fingers and a small hand mirror appeared in her free hand. She held it up to his face, allowing him to see what she saw. In his reflection, he saw a young woman’s face looking back. She had soft skin, full cheeks, a sharp nose, blonde eyebrows... but yet none of them compared to her eyes. They were bright, blood red.

The sight of them sent a chill up his spine. That wasn’t his face looking back at him. It had his hair for sure, but everything else? It just wasn’t him.

However, his hair on a stranger’s face didn’t last particularly long. His short, sharply cut black locks slowly brightened, color filling its dark ink tone. The hair above his right eye grew quite long, covering its view as the rest of his locks followed suit. They grew out in the back, flowing down to his chest and gaining an anime-esque spiky look to them. Just as his back locks stopped growing, a hairband appeared, wrapping them together into a very spiky ponytail.

After a few moments, a blonde color had completely engulfed all of his hair, completing his new mop. With everything set in place, something clicked within his mind. The hair, the face, and even the blood eyes. All of them were quite recognizable now.

He looked up at the witch and spoke, a young woman’s voice leaving his maw, “Hey, wait a minute! That’s... that’s Seras from Hellsing!”

“Is it now?” Traci replied, putting the spray can back into her coat’s pocket, “I’m not all that familiar with that stuff, so I’ll have to take your word for it. Beatrice and Eve are the ones that come up with the costumes in our sprays.”

“Don’t lie to me, what the heck is going on?!”

“Like I told you, Costume in a Can! These babies have a perfect costume set just for you inside each one! One simple spray and you got a whole new look!”

“...you mean that stuff is genetically altering my DNA and manipulating it so I look like some fictional anime girl?!” Tom yipped. He let an audible, nervous gulp as his body trembled, goosebumps rising across his skin. The same pale color and smooth feel of his face began blooming across the rest of him, following the trail of goosebumps all over.

“Welllll, I don’t prefer using scientific terms and all that jumbo being a witch and all,” Traci politely explained with a casual shrug, “Buuuuuuut, I suppose that would be an accurate way of describing all of this if you want.”

“No frickin’ way!” Tom declared, “You... you gotta turn me back!”

“Well, even ignoring the fact that I can’t turn you back until the transformation is over and you would just return to normal at some later time, I gotta ask: why?”

Tom flinched, taken aback by the witch’s bluntness. His muscle definition thinned as his shoulders shrank, giving him a more delicate feminine frame. Unaware, he stuttered nervously, “b-b-because... this... this isn’t... isn’t what I wanted?”

“Reeeeeeeally?” Traci mockingly chuckled, leaning in and poking his small nose, “Come on, you were just complaining a bit ago that you didn’t have a good costume for the season. Now, here I am, a miracle worker and with a miracle product, giving you exactly what you want for the season! How is that a problem?”

“This sounds more like wishing on a monkey’s paw if you ask me...”

“Ooooooh, nice literary reference! But still, reallllly? Is this really a problem? It’s not permanent. The costume I’m providing is a hell of a lot cheaper than anywhere else. It’s also more realistic than anything you’d buy as well. Plus, no need to be embarrassed since no one can tell who you really are at this point! Frankly, everything sounds pretty swell if you ask me.”

Tom went quiet for a moment, glancing down at himself. He looked down just in time to witness his view of torso slowly being blocked. Beneath his black shirt, just as his waist had subtly caved inward a tad, his chest bulged. Soft, squishy mounds were rising from what was once empty, barren lands. The area tingled gently, a pleasant feeling brewing within as his nipples rubbed against the inside of his cotton tee.

He blushed softly, but raised his now smaller hand to his chest, feeling the growing areas. The flesh pushed back against them, swelling in size and shape into these large, roundish bumps. He was developing full breasts.

As his breasts rose to a full C-cup, just on the edge of D, he looked at the witch, face still burning as he mumbled, "this... this is so weird."

"I get that, but I promise you this: Costume in a Can is not painful nor is it permanent, so there is nothing to fear from it. Give how much I sprayed you, I estimate you going back to normal in about an hour or so."

Tom nodded his head, his hands slipping down from his wider chest and down his waist. He felt the soft curve of his body as they dipped in before pushing back out to a more surprisingly wide set of hips. They were extended into quite the lovely curve, more than they once were before.

His hands slid from his hips to his rear tenderly, taking in its curvy shape as it moved onto an even bigger one. His butt was quite large and round now, pressing tightly against the back of his jeans. It was so big that when he slid his hand up to the top of his pants, he could feel his soft butt cheeks poking out.

So curvy, he thought, *I really amOOOH!* His face went beet red as a tingling sensation struck him in the groin. His thick thighs rubbed gently together as the feeling heated up, sweat dripping down his forehead. Biting his bottom lip, his hand slid from his bottom back to the front, sliding past the zipper.

The area was flat as can be. No sign of bulge to be found.

The new woman blushed, looking back at Traci with a nervous experience. The witch merely, politely smiled, nodding her head. "Like I said, the transformation is quite temporary. Everything should be back to normal for you in about... an hour or so I suppose."

"I see," Tom mumbled, looking down at herself one last time. With the feeling dying down in her pants, she felt a bit better than before. Not by a whole lot, this entire situation still being the height of absolute awkwardness. But yet, she felt better.

At the very least, the new body provided a lot of potential for her. She looked at Traci, her head tilting as she asked, "Say... how much does the spray can cost?"

"Twenty dollars my good ma'am!" Traci declared, pulling out the bottle she sprayed the anime girl with before, "Why? Convinced?"

"Well... yes! I think I can work with this."

"Splendid!" declared the witch, handing the can over, "Money pleeeeeease!" Tom reached into her wallet, having a spot of difficulty trying to yank it out of her now, very tight pants. She eventually yanked it out, paying for the can and taking her new prize.

“A pleasure doing business with you,” Traci chuckled, sticking the twenty into her cleavage for safe keeping. “Now then, since you got a cute, creepy girl form, perhaps you would be interested in some lovely outfits to dress up in? I’m sure I can whip you up something good that’llHEY! Where are you going?!”

“Getting a costume Ms. Witch!” the new woman declared, sprinting back for the costume shop, “Thanks for everything!”

Tom vanished back into the store, leaving Traci all alone in her oversized trench coat. She sighed, mumbling, “if you were truly grateful, you would give me more money for my costume making skills as well.”

THE END