

Cosplastic (TG, Rubberization, 2nd Person)

The stairs creak beneath your feet as you slowly ascend to the top floor of the old apartment building. Looking over your shoulder, you bite your lip at the sight of steps flowing back down to the first floor. You've climbed so high. Why couldn't they live lower down?

Breathing hard, you force yourself onward. It takes the last of your strength, but at last the top floor appears before you: stumbling up onto the landing, you fall to your knees and sit there for a second, your heart pounding as you struggle to regain your breath. Several minutes pass before you finally have the strength to stand again.

Swallowing, you force yourself to your feet and turn your attention to the door ahead of you. Number 69, the last apartment in the building and the only one on this floor. Who knows what's awaiting you on the other side?

With a frown, you raise your hand and knock, bracing for impact as you do so. A part of you expects the door to go off like a bomb.

Instead, it creaks slowly open, and a young woman with big eyes and curly hair, bright pink, pokes her head out into the corridor. "Oh, hello!" she asks, adjusting her glasses. "Are you here about the rent?"

You blink. "No, I'm—"

"The water bill?"

"No, I'm—"

"The electric?"

"I'm here for a cosplay!" You take a step forward, expression pleading. "You're the cosplay witch, right?"

It's the woman's turn to blink. "Oh!" she says at last. "You're here for a cosplay? Why didn't you say so?" She laughs. "Come on in, come on in! Make yourself at home! It's been so long since I had a real customer."

She ushers you into her apartment, which looks halfway between a grand boutique and a crummy convention halls. Costumes of popular characters hang from all the walls or on mannequins beneath them: you see Nami's bikini, Megumin's robes, Ryuko's Kamui, and more—there must be hundreds of them. In the middle of the room, a cauldron bubbles, releasing a cloud of thick, cloying smoke, pink as cotton candy. You try to avoid breathing it in. It doesn't look like the green brew you were expecting—in fact, if anything, it looks more like plastic.

The cosplay witch guides you into an antique dark wood chair. "So," she says, taking one opposite you. "Who are you looking to cosplay as?" She smiles.

You can't help but blush. The answer is a little embarrassing, but there's a reason you've come to the witch—you certainly couldn't pull off this level of cosplay yourself. Rummaging in your coat pocket, you pull out a picture you've printed from the internet and hand it to her. She adjusts her enormous spectacles with a frown. "Ah, I see why you've come to me." She chuckles. "Who is this? She's very pretty."

Your blush only grows that much deeper. "It's Hanazuki," you admit, struggling to meet the witch's eyes. "Hanazuki from Azur Lane. ...In her beach costume."

The witch's smile only grows that much wider. "What a wonderful idea for a cosplay," she says at last. "I'd be happy to help you with it!"

You look up. "You would?"

"Of course. There's nothing more fun than making a dramatic cosplay like this!" She laughs. "Now, there is one little issue of course, and I'm sure it's one you've already thought of. I can make a perfect replica of this snug little bikini she's wearing, but as you are, it's going to be a little tight. Especially down there." She flicks her eyes at your crotch.

You bit your lip. You *have* thought of this, as a matter of fact. "I was hoping you could maybe, um, do something about that."

The cosplay witch laughs. "Oh, I can!" she says. "I just want you to know what you're getting into though—it's not as simple as chugging a potion and—*boom!* you're a cute girl now."

"Wh-what do I have to do then?"

The witch smirks. "Strip off."

"H-huh?"

"And climb in this cauldron. It's not as simple as chugging a potion, but it *is* as simple as taking a nice, relaxing bath in one." With a laugh, she drops your photograph into the cauldrons, producing a muffled bang and a puff of smoke. "There, it's all ready for you know. Climb in. An hour in this stuff, and you'll look exactly like Hanazuki. In the meantime, I'll get your bikini ready."

Blushing, you stand there for a second, expecting the witch to give you some privacy. Instead, she just looks at you and winks. "Don't worry, it's nothing I haven't seen before, I swear. But if it helps, I'll close my eyes for a second." She does so.

Red all over, you swallow your fear and hurry to strip off. Leaving your outer and underlayers alike draped over the chair, you approach the bubbling cauldron and grip its iron mouth. Feeling the cool breeze against your exposed skin, you feel a sudden flash of fear—what if something goes wrong? What if the potion lasts forever or something? Are you really going to do this?

“Are you in yet?” asks the witch. “I’m going to open my eyes in five seconds, so if you’re not in by then, that’s on you!”

With a squeak, you struggle to clamber into the pot. The potion feels warm against you. It’s as thick as it looks, more like a slime than a brew, though it doesn’t feel disgusting or anything. In fact, it’s really nice. As you lower yourself into it, you can’t help but feel a tingling in your cock, as if it’s being stroked by thousands of tender hands. You’re so surprised, you almost fall out.

Finally, however, your butt strikes the bottom of the cauldron, leaving only your head poking out. The witch opens her eyes with a smile. “There. How are you feeling?”

“Is this still going to work on my head?” you ask, as the fridge logic sets in.

“So long as you dunk it a couple of times, it’ll be fine. Now, lie back and let the potion do its work. And try not to squeal too much—I’m going to be focusing on your bikini.” She disappears behind a sewing machine.

With a sigh, you lie back and try to enjoy yourself. The potion really does feel good—like a nice, relaxing bubble bath. Closing your eyes, you lean against the side and try to focus on what it’s doing to your body: you can feel a pleasurable tingling passing through your skin where the slime is touching it, but that’s all. It certainly doesn’t feel like it’s doing anything dramatic to you. Then again, the witch did say it would take an hour.

Lying back, you breathe deep and try to relax.

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Half an hour passes quick. Every few minutes, you open your eyes and raise your hands out of the potion to see if it’s had any effect, but the results are subtle, if it’s doing anything. There’s a little less hair on your arms, maybe. And your skin is *maybe* a little softer too, but the results are hard to see, assuming you aren’t just imagining them.

Finally, the witch leaps from her desk with a laugh of triumph. “All done!” she announces, holding up something bright and blue. “How do you like it?”

“You’re finished already?” Your voice sounds a little higher too, though it’s hard to tell.

“Of course! I’m not called the cosplay witch for nothing! What do you think?” She holds the bikini up again.

You grin—it’s perfect. “It’s great.”

“Wonderful!” says the witch, hanging it on a nearby chair. “Now, let’s take a look at your half of the costume.” Approaching, she grabs you somewhat roughly by the arms and wrenches you to your feet before you know what’s happening. Potion drips down your skin as you struggle to cover your groin.

"Hmm," says the witch, stepping back. "You're not changing as fast as I expect. Maybe you need someone to work the potion into your skin a little."

"Work the potion into—?" But before you can even finish asking, the witch plants her hands on your shoulders and forces you back down into the pot. "Now, let's see," she says, running her hands down your front. "We want to really work it into you~."

You gasp as you realize what she's doing. Massaging your chest, she works her hands in circles, catching your nipples with her thumbs as she does. You bite your lips and draw in a deep breath as a stark bolt of pleasure strikes you. Should it—should it really feel so good?

Releasing your chest, she turns her attention to your shoulders and arms, rubbing the former in circles before sliding her hands down the latter and entwining her fingers with your own—you blush as if holding hands with a lover.

Returning her attention to your torso, the witch forces her hands under the potion and down to your belly, which she squeezes and kneads like a baker's dough before finally pressing flat. A gasp escapes your lips. You blush even harder. You really hadn't expected her to get quite so hands on!

If her touching your stomach is shocking enough for you, what she does next makes you want to leap out of the pot. Sliding her hands down to your hips, she grips them tight and tugs before finally turning her attention to your thighs—these she gropes and squeezes just as much, running her hands up and down and each doing a little work on your butt. "Sit up," she says with a giggle, sliding her hands up your ass and massaging your cheeks as well. The feeling of them being squeezed together, it's— You screw up your eyes and bite your tongue to keep yourself from moaning.

Now she works her hands up and down your legs, scraping them with her palms as if hoping to scour them of every stray hair and muscle. Finally, she pulls her hands free, dripping. "That should boost things a little," she says with a grin. "Of course, there's still one part of you that hasn't received any potion at all."

"Wh-what—" Before you can finish, she plants her hand on your head and thrusts it downward, hard. *Splash!* You squeak as you the potion washes over your sight and threatens to blind you.

Holding you under the surface, the witch works her fingers over your face, rubbing your eyes and your nose and your cheeks and your chin, and even giving your Adam's apple a good squeeze to boot. Finally, she releases you; you burst from the water with a gasp, struggling to breathe. "What was that about?!" you cry, voice so high-pitched you barely recognize it.

The cosplay witch simply giggles. "Sorry," she says, "but we had to do it eventually. Oh! That reminds me... there's one part of your body that hasn't been massaged yet."

"Wh-what's that?" you ask, as she dips her hands into the cauldron. "What's—?!"

Her hand wraps around your cock. You squeal.

“Hold still,” says the witch, planting her free hand on your shoulder. “This will only take a second.” Giggling, she squeezes your shaft and starts to work her hand up and down it. “We definitely don’t want this thing sticking around, do we?”

All you can do is sit there and squeak. Instead of growing harder, larger, your penis actually feels as though it’s shrinking away, shriveling. Not that that makes the pleasure any less intense. Biting your lip, you screw up your eyes and try not to embarrass yourself. It’s really hard, especially with the way she keeps catching your balls.

Finally, the witch releases you. “There,” she says, “that should get the potion working nice and quickly. You can come out now.” She throws a towel on the floor.

Swallowing, you struggle to climb out of the cauldron. It’s a lot harder than it was getting in—you feel a lot weaker, for one. And the cauldron itself seems a lot larger too.

The witch has prepared a mirror for you. Staring, you gape at your reflection in shock. The person in the mirror certainly doesn’t look like you, though she doesn’t look exactly like Hanazuki either, more like a mix of you both. With every second that passes, however, you become less of a man and more of a petite, fox-eared girl, your masculinity pouring away with the potion trickling from your body. Even as you watch, your leg muscles fade and your thighs thicken with fat. Your hands and feet shrink, gaining a petite, feminine delicateness. Your shoulders thin; your hips expanded. A furry tail sprouts from your tailbone, matching the fennec ears that are rising from your head.

As you watch, your chest swells into a pair of little breasts, and a tingling in your reduced cock tells you it’s time for the grand finale: looking down, you gasp as it vanishes inside you, sucked in with your balls and leaving only a pair of plump lips in its place.

Staring at the mirror, you blush—you’re Hanazuki’s exact image.

To your surprise, however, the transformation doesn’t appear to be slowly. Something is happening to your skin... and your insides. Why are you so light-headed all of a sudden? It’s like you haven’t eaten anything in weeks.

Clutching your gut, you moan as the feeling of emptiness vanished, replaced by one of sudden, intense fullness, as if your entire body is on the verge of bursting. Your petite bust blooms; your small rear explodes; and your thighs burst into a pair of giant tree trunks, enormously fattened.

As a wave of smoothness washes over your form, you squeal and turn to the cosplay witch. “What’s going on?!”

“Hm..? What’s the matter?”

With a pop, your belly buttons inverts into a pooltoy’s cap. “Why am I turning into a pooltoy?!”

The cosplay witch stares at you for several long seconds. "Oh!" she says at last. "I see what you mean. You're all rubbery aren't you? Hmm... I wonder what could have... Oh! Oh, of course, that makes so much sense!" She laughs.

"What?!" you demand. You sound like you're on helium.

"That picture I used as the basis of the potion had her sitting on a pooltoy, didn't it? Things must have gotten a little confused in the brew."

You stare at her, unable to believe what you're hearing. How are you supposed to show yourself at the con like *this*?

"Still, we can make it work," says the witch. Taking your bikini, she dunks it in the cauldron. When it emerges, it's as rubbery as the rest of you. "Ta-da! They're just going to *love* you..."

Holding it up, you can only grimace. Just what have you gotten yourself into?