

Costume in a Can: Large and in Charge

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“I look like a total dweeb.”

Devin stared long and hard into the mirror. The sight that greeted him was nothing but embarrassing. He was a nerd, an incredibly stereotypical-looking one at that. That white, button-up shirt, bow tie, pocket protector, hiked-up pants, and bandaged glasses he had on all screamed super nerd. Add on those fake nerd teeth that popped out of his mouth topping everything off, it made him even want to give himself a wedgie.

The longer he stared, the more he hated the sight. This isn't remotely what he wanted. He asked his friend beside him, “Come on, there has to be something better to wear than this!”

Kathy smiled. “Awwww, come on! You look perfect! Has my fashion sense ever steered you wrong before? No~. It's always on the money.”

That was debatable in the past, but now? It felt like a joke.

Every year, the two friends attended a Halloween party and every year, they always went as a duo with a theme. The two would toss a bunch of ideas into a hat and pick one out. This year, High School was their pick, and Kathy planned to go as a cheerleader.

Of course, she would. Devin though? Didn't matter if the theme was something he tossed in or not. Whatever it was, he would look like the weird one of the two. This year was the worst, the absolute worst to him. He liked Kathy a lot and deferred to her on costumes (she did know a lot more about clothing than him), but he had to put his foot down.

“Look, Kat...” Devin turned to face her. “I'm not for this.”

“Maybe you should've said something before you suited up?”

Devin frowned. “Well, I'm saying it now. I am not cool with this costume. I am sorry, but I don't want to go dressed as a nerd.”

She snorted. “Ooooh? Well, I don't suppose you have any BETTER ideas, do you? Or do you want to ruin our yearly tradition? Our spooky party is almost here and there's not enough time to make anything else.”

“I know that!” Devin took a deep breath. “I have an idea. Something better.”

Possibly at least. Before putting on that nerd outfit or even knowing what he would wear before coming over, he had a feeling he wasn't going to like it. He wanted to be fair, but now? Time to bring out his special plan that he had prepped.

He walked over to a bag he brought over, laying on the bedspread. He reached in and pulled out a tin can, holding it up to her. “Here. We're gonna use this.”

She leaned in, squinting. “Costume in a Can: Monster Edition,” she read aloud. “What's this supposed to be?”

“It's my new costume!” Devin explained, “It came from someplace called Witchy Times Inc. It's going to give me the best costume ever without much effort at all. No need to overdo it with any costumes this time.”

Kathy stared. “Ah... that's a spray can for... suntan lotion, it looks like? I don't get it.”

Okay, should've expected that. Devin only learned about Costume in a Can and its unique properties recently. It was kind of an insider thing that his other friends knew about. Of course, she wouldn't have heard about it.

Times like this called for a demonstration. “Just watch and learn! You'll be impressed.”

He gave the can a shake and held out a hand. He sprayed it, tapping the top as gently as he could. Only a little bit was needed to get the results he wanted.

Though, the smallest amount didn't translate into the fastest change. His hand slightly shook, goosebumps breaking out, but nothing more. Kathy looked at it, unimpressed. “Umm, is something supposed to-”

Devin twitched, a warmth rushing into his hand. Just in time! His hand shook more as his fingernails grayed. Their density thickened and with a series of pops, they jutted forward to the tips of his fingers, forming sharp claws.

From the base of those claws, the skin turned a burnt red. No damage or cuts to it, just the coloring shifted from its pasty white complexion. The texture also shifted, from smooth to rough. The tone spread down his fingers and onto his hand, hairs sinking back in and vanishing.

Kathy gasped. That was what he wanted to see. “Wha-what? What's happening!?”

“Cool, huh?” He smiled, feeling that warm feeling spread. “It’s only going to get better too~. Just keep watching.”

Once the scales fully covered his hand, Devin clenched it. His arm shook at the motion, the warmth intensifying and spreading faster. Red scales rushed down his arm, heading all the way to his shoulder. However, only for the top and outer side of his limb. The inner side gained orange scales, just as rough and tough as the red.

The changes didn’t stop there, though. His sleeve began stretching outwards. His arm bulked, muscles, tendons, and bones increasing in strength and girth. From scrawny to jacked in only a few seconds, his arm was ripped.

Though, it was hard to fully appreciate his new beef when it was confined with a sleeve that restricted movement with how it clung to him. This needed fixing. He acted on pure instinct and held out his arm. Clenching his fist tight, he flexed his arm.

Loud tears echoed throughout the room. Scaly muscle burst through the sleeve with surprising ease. Fabric exploded into confetti almost, becoming tatters on the ground.

“My shirt!” Someone wasn’t impressed and in hindsight, understandably so. Devin was definitely going to need to make it up to her later by buying her some new clothes.

But that was later. After that rippage, more growth and changes barreled through him. His shoulders broadened right up, expanding two inches and even more. Trapezius muscles swelled up, rising as his neck thickened. The top button on his collar burst.

Burnt red scales followed up his shoulders, orange not far behind and hitting the front. However, that wasn’t just it. His form, his figure, was shaping up. Any excess body fat on him melted off, moobs and muffin top a thing of the past. He was now trim and fit.

Devin grinned, his other hand, the one holding the can, quivering now. He tossed it into the changed one as the other sprouted claws and scales. He gave Kathy a smile, raising that bulking arm up to her eyes. “See? This is a better-looking costume already, isn’t it?”

He winked and flexed, that sleeve bursting apart to make way for pure muscle. Not that tearing was going to make the shirt even more of a lost cause than it already was.

Kathy’s face was bright red; her jaw slightly hung. It took her a moment to snap out of it and respond, half-hearted and flustered, “Umm... ah, feels... feels like cheating to me.”

Not the response he was hoping for, but she didn't seem to fully believe what she was saying either. He snorted, "Maybe to you, it is, but it's pretty damn great to me!"

He quivered, shoulders tensing. He began to rise, body lengthening upwards. Several inches were added on all at once, pushing him over six feet tall and almost to seven. The man towered over her, looking down with amusement at his ever-flustered friend.

Devin only continued to grow in so many ways. Scales were rapidly replacing every part of his skin beneath his ill-fitting shirt. Red had spread all down his back and across his sides, part of it occasionally spiking over part of his front. Orange cloaked everywhere else, getting his firming chest and toned belly.

Two sharp rips burst out. They came from his shoulders at their ends. Two spiraling, cone-like horns had sprouted, tearing through fabric with ease. They pulled several inches out and away before curving back in towards him.

Odd editions, but the rest of his growing certainly made up for it. His looming figure grew ever bulkier. Buttons started stretching, struggling to hold his shirt together in the front. Flashes of orange and red scales appeared between the openings. His chest felt the pressure, expanding and bulging out into some absolute meaty pecs.

Devin panted, reaching up and pulling a little at his collar. Things were heating up now, quite literally at that! He was warned about that side effect. Apparently, this version of Costume in a Can really heated people up, something about monster changes versus human ones.

He loved it though. He felt so alive, strong, and primal!

Pop-pop-pop-pop! It finally gave up. His button-up shirt became buttonless, the little pieces shooting off in all directions around the room. His large, orange & red, scaly torso burst on through, revealing itself front and center. Large pecs and pudgy, but still dense and powerful stomach were displayed for all to see!

It was quite the buff dad bod, all things considered. Devin gently ran a hand down his pecs and stomach. Not what he was expecting, but he did like it. He felt really powerful.

Kathy looked speechless, her face redder than ever. Her monstrous friend grinned. "Impressed, huh? Told you this beats being a nerd~."

Kathy twitched, finding her voice. "Well, I suppose it's... impressive." It looked like it hurt her to admit that.

Devin nodded and looked back down, seeing more of his old self fading away. His legs were next up, expanding beneath his pants. Red scales were already pouring down them at incredible speeds, muscles expanding and thickening just as quickly. Thankfully, his pants were already oversized, so no tight pants or tearing followed right away.

Though, there was a bit of tightness in the private area. It expanded a little, fitting his more girth size and shape.

The other clothes on his bottom half weren't so lucky when it came to rippage. His polished shoes began to tent at the front. Then they bulged in the back and along the sides. They bulged and stretched until loud tears were heard.

In the front, three thick, gray claws burst out. Soles split from the rest of the shoes as it all crumbled. Thick red feet followed shortly after. Their bone structure creaked and cracked, shifting his stance onto the front of his feet as the other parts lifted off the ground like a beast's.

Pants clinging to his thick legs and clawed feet exposed, Devin could only laugh. He wiggled his three-digit toes, getting a feel for them. He really, **really** liked this all.

Another tear echoed from right behind him. Devin looked over his shoulders, finding the back of his pants torn. It was only a matter of time, so he wasn't too bothered by it.

He rather liked what was growing. The top back of his pants split as a large nub extended from above his behind. The nub wiggled as it stretched rapidly, orange scales coating its thick form. Several feet long, he was now the owner of a hefty, powerful, reptilian tail.

Devin grinned, wiggling his rear purposefully. His tail swished about, bonking against the wall and bed with how long it stretched. Another wonderful feature of his amazing form~.

His hair rippled as if a breeze ran through it. However, it was something else, the grease/gel holding his hair back melting away. His hair thickened and grew, cascading down his back. It grew thicker, fuller, and spiky on top, giving him a flowing mane.

As black drained to white, there were some more ruffles with his hair. In particular, from behind his ears (which were fading in his head), two large bumps popped. They swelled and swelled, skin hardening and turning brownish gray. The bumps stretched further away from his head, forming horns that bent upwards after half a foot long.

Devin glanced into the mirror, smiling. His teeth looked shaper, the scales finally spreading to his face. It was perfect. He looked at Kathy, saying, “This is the look I want~.”

His smile stretched. A crack and pop came after, numbness trailing behind. His jaws expanded, widening a little on the sides before pushing forward. They crept inch by inch towards Kathy, stopping after a foot long. A sharp tooth on both sides of his mouth grew long as well, popping out of his mouth.

He let out a strong snort, nostrils looking far more reptilian than before. At the tip of his muzzle, between his nostrils, another bump appeared. This bump grew up, turning cylindrical and sharp at its end. Its shape resembled that of a horn, though with drill-like ridges that ran from its tip to base.

Devin’s grin brightened as he quivered. Yes, this was perfect for sure! Everything was done, everything was completed! That nerd costume was trashed, and he owed Kathy for destroying it, but that was later.

As his irises turned a roughed green, he let out a heavy, deep laugh. He sounded older than before, but it fit his look. He was a complete and utter beast now!

“Awww yeah!” He declared, flexing his arms. His biceps bulged incredibly. **“Ain’t this great? You can’t beat being this big monster, can ya?”**

“Sure... but... what are you?”

Devin paused, scratching his chin. **“Ahh, not sure.”**

He couldn’t say exactly what he had become. Costume in a Can had to turn him into some kind of existing creation, but nothing came to mind. He wasn’t familiar with who he was, a monster from Buddyfight. In particular, he was the father dragon of Drum Bunker Dragon.

Devin could figure it out later. He looked back at Kathy. She looked very impressed, despite not knowing who he was. She was taking in his large guns, epic hair, and pleasing tail. She seemed to understand why he liked this more.

He was about to say something when he noticed her mumble. Her mumble was quiet, very, very low under her breath.

“Hmm? Something wrong?” He asked. **“Need to speak up.”**

“Oh... well... no.” Her face was red again, but she was more fidgety and nervous. “No problem. It’s just... can... say... can I use that spray too?”

Devin’s eyes sparkled. “**Of course! There’s always room for another monster.**”

This year’s Halloween party was going to be a lot of fun for once~.

THE END?