

# Costume in a Can: First-Hand Experience

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Rocker234 of Discord

*This is pointless.* Dave turned off the dating app and tossed his phone to the side. He fell backward onto his bed, spread out limp on his back. He let out a long, sad sigh and rubbed his face. *No luck with that. No luck at all with anything!*

The young man was down. All attempts at romance and social interactions have been swings and horrible, horrible misses. He had been staying home more often, being cooped up for far too long and leaving him more anxious than ever.

*I just want to meet someone nice. Someone really sweet!*

His face turned red as embarrassment rolled over him. He felt so childish and immature to think it, but it was true. He wanted to meet some nice lady... or at least be able to talk to one.

He grew even redder now. He remembered the last time he tried to talk to a woman and how it was supposed to just be casual. He kept stuttering, unable to keep eye contact or even look at her face much. He knew was getting awkwardly sweaty and fidgety too.

Just seeing and feeling it all again made him feel lower. *No wonder she ran away from me!* It was more that she had backed away than ran, but it didn't matter.

Dave knew he wasn't owed anything or should be given love or attention. It wasn't anyone else's fault. *I suck.* He shook his head. *God, what the hell is wrong with me?!*

He slid onto his side and dug himself deeper into his bed. *I... I need to be more confident. That'll fix everything.*

That brief bit of confidence faded fast. *Easier said than done. I can't even start a simple conversation! Uuuuugh, I'm so pathetic, and weak. This is all on m-*

"I smell desparatioooooooon!"

Dave sat up and then nearly fell off his bed. In the center of the room, floating not too far from him was a window sill. In it, a green woman with large breasts, long black hair, and an elegant, seductive black dress. The sight of her was mesmerizing.

However, seeing her there, Dave's heart slowed his pace. *Wait a minute, it's her!*

“That’s no way to talk to a potential customer!”

“Whoa! Watch it!” The long-haired woman was shoved to the side as another green lady appeared. She was much shorter with a pine shade to her skin, though was just as curvy. Her hair was done in a pixie cut, and in general, she had a more friendly and inviting aura.

She looked at Dave with a professional smile, even bowing. “Hello! Sorry about her!”

The man felt calmer now, recognizing the two women. They were Beatrice and Cassidy, witches from a large coven in the area. They ran a curious business that offered magical solutions to all sorts of things, including some issues he had before. Maybe because they weren’t exactly human, he felt he could talk to them easier.

At the very least, he could form some sentences to communicate. “H-hello?” He still stuttered, but it was better than how many of his conversations with other women went. He sat up and brushed his messy hair. “Wha... wh-what are y-you t-two doing h-here?”

Cassidy started to say something but was pushed back by Beatrice as she tried to squeeze into the window frame with her. The taller witch answered instead. “Well, you’re part of our callback shopper list! For any special customers, we get alerted if you have a desire for something personal that we can help with! As such, what ya need, wimp?”

“Again, be professional!” Cassidy shoved back. “Sorry about her! She doesn’t understand proper tack and communication. What may we help you with today, Mr. Dave?”

*Help me?* Dave’s heart began to lift. Their sudden appearance was actually perfect! They were just what he needed. *They can make a magical solution for anything... right?* He began to smile. *Maybe they can help me!*

He cleared his throat, confidence starting to fill him for what felt like the first time in a long while. “Well, I do need some help. I have problems speaking with other people, especially with women.”

“You’re talking with us just fine, dummy,” Beatrice remarked.

“I-I mean, talk to other women. Human women. I just want to be able to talk better with them or anybody. I feel like I can’t ever make a connection. I always screw it up somehow, even when communicating through messages or texts.”

“No kidding.” Beatrice shook her head, sighing. “Always lady problems with these kinds of guys.”

“Hush you.” Cassidy reached up and pinched Beatrice’s lips closed. The shorter witch smiled warmly. “Well, if you are having issues with communication and talking with others, we can help with that somewhat.”

Dave began to light up, but the witch continued quickly. “However! Just because we help you with that doesn’t mean it’ll help you with romance. Talking is fine, but it cannot guarantee long-term success. You need personality, experience, confidence, and practice to be someone deserving of love and so on.”

*Yeah... figures.* The young man started to sink. Everything she said was true. There couldn’t be any quick fixes when it came to love. *Boost one area, but it doesn’t make up for everything else about me. I-I guess this is-*

“However, however!” Cassidy grinned, wagging her finger. “Don’t get upset now! We can still help you find some personal, inner experience!”

“Wh-what do you mean by that?”

Cassidy snapped her fingers and a tin spray can appeared in her hands. “Here!” She tossed it to him. “This will help!”

Dave caught the can, fumbling with it briefly. He looked at the label, his heart skipping a beat. It read, “Costume in a Can.”

He was familiar with the brand name and heard it before, but only from reports and stories on the Internet. “Wait wait! What’s with this? Is this what I-”

“Yep!” The short witch nodded. “This is your ticket to self-improvement! A can that will help you talk with the opposite sex by making you the opposite sex!”

“It’s very therapeutic if you think about it!” Beatrice added. “Honestly, we should be charging you more for it. Let’s say we take on an extra charge or-” Cassidy reached up and pinched her lips shut again.

“I feel for something like this, it’ll help if you walk a mile in someone else’s shoes if you will,” Cassidy explained, slowly shoving Beatrice away again. “Being a girl and seeing yourself as one will loosen you up, put you more at ease and peace. It’ll make you feel comfortable and see things differently. Heck, try using this as an excuse to strike up a conversation with other women and see how that goes.”

Her eyes suddenly narrowed. “Though, if you try anything fishy and sketchy, we will know, and you will be punished.”

Dave shivered as her expression instantly softened again. “So, get what I am saying? I think it will work!”

“I... I see.” It all did sound promising enough. It was weird, but he was dealing with witches, so why wouldn't it seem weird to him? Maybe it was just what he needed, looking at the can again. “Well, I'll give it a shot!”

“Wonderful! Now, let's talk payment!” The two discussed the costs and how to pay, Dave eventually sending them the money via PayPal.

“Mhmm, there we go!” Cassidy nodded, looking at her phone. “Money went through. Thank you for shopping with us annnnnnd...” She looked at Beatrice, sulking against the other side of the frame. She nudged her.

The tall witch sighed, rolling her eyes. “And do feel free to call again if you want more or whatever.” Her voice was monotone and dry like every word brought contempt.

With that, the window shut and with a flash of light, they were all gone.

Alone again, Dave looked at the can over better. He saw a tagline written very tiny below the logo. “Now with more kinds of anime in every can!”

*Not sure what that means*, he thought as he gave the can a good shake. Was there a limit or only a certain number of animes attached to each can? He never used this stuff before.

He finished his shaking and took a long, deep breath. He had to do it fast before his nerves took over and he changed his mind. Holding a hand away from him, he aimed and gave it a little spray. The small mist collided with it and quickly dried upon his skin.

Dave stared at his hand. Nothing seemed to happen. *Did I spray too little? Maybe I should spray some more... or maybe it doesn't work for me. Oh, I'm probably not good at-*

Goosebumps broke out on his hand. It began to look smaller. Digits were thinner, daintier even.

It continued to shift before his eyes. Any hairs, blemishes, or scars faded away. His skin felt smoother and softer, gaining a little tan. Even his fingernails were growing, smoothing out so it didn't look like he chewed on them.

*Whoa...* His heart began to race. *This... is happening.* The changes slowly spread down his arm. Hair vanished and skin turned smooth and tanned. Muscle mass and chub dropped, giving him a slender arm.

Dave moved his limb around, bending and flexing it. He even wiggled his fingers and stroked his arm with the other one. Yep, this is definitely real. Not imagining it.

He had seen magic before. On YouTube or from the witches themselves when they helped him with his previous problem. It still felt unbelievable, especially when it was happening to him. Yet, it was true.

The changes spread beyond his sight, disappearing beneath his sleeve. He took the can and sprayed the other hand, putting out a bit more mist and coating it better. The results were fast, the hand and arm quickly catching up to the others in daintiness.

*Still weird, but...* He smiled, his cheeks warming. *It's kinda... kinda exciting!* The warmth spread from his face to across his body.

The changes spread from his limbs and towards his shoulders, which began to contract and droop a little. It spread towards his neck, which thinned ever so slightly. A cough left him, followed by another and another. "H-hard... hard to *breathe!*"

And as soon as it grew difficult, it ended. "*Whoa... what was that ab-OH!*"

His voice was so different, so light, so sweet, so... girly.

*I need to see myself, right now!* This was only the start, he knew that for sure. He needed to see what was happening in full before any more happened to him.

He leaped to his feet and hurried to the bathroom. Walking only a few steps, his balance felt odd. There was a wobble, his center of gravity was off. The sensation of it came directly from his top half. His entire torso was thinning and losing mass, except for his chest.

Once there, Dave took a closer look at himself. The first thing he saw was that he had a full tan now, his skin smooth and free of any blemishes. Then there was his shirt. It looked like it was a few sizes too big on him, his pudgy stomach no longer pressing against it the same way.

Curious, he lifted his shirt. Sure enough, his stomach was flattening. A belly was now a muffin top and even then, was receding quickly. Eventually, the area was smooth and toned. His waist pushed in, giving him a bit of a fit, lady-esque figure.

The sight brought joy. *I've lost so much weight! His back arched, pushing his chest out. I feel and look great! This is amazing! I can't believe this is me so far!*

He lifted his shirt further up but found the sight there confusing. His chest was still rather big, moobs having seemingly remained and looking out of place. *What's up with that? Shouldn't I be smaller or something?*

He dropped his shirt and looked at his chest again. With the way his top hung off it and rested around the area, a thought occurred to him. It seemed familiar. When it grew and pushed further, he realized what was really up.

*Riiiiight, breasts! Duh!* Moobs were taking form, rising, firming up, and inflating. They soon looked more like breasts, resting high on his chest and growing into C-cups. Despite how baggy his shirt was, it formed around the mounds, highlighting their shape and size like it was spandex.

Dave could only blush. Part of him wanted to poke his boobs, even though he knew they were real and already felt their weight.

The other part was digging away at him mentally. *I guess... I guess I am turning into a girl, but will it help? I'm still me underneath all of this. It couldn't possibly help me in the long run... I'm just-*

He shook his head and took a few breaths, hands gripping the sink. *Stop that. Stop being so negative. Just focus on the now. Just focus on the change and worry about everything la-*

“OOOOOOOH!”

Dave's entire face went red as their body broke out into shivers. Something changed down below, a huge blast of warmth hitting them hard. They breathed heavily, sweat forming as they looked down. Their pants no longer bulged.

Biting their lips, Dave stretched open their loose pants. The familiar package they knew all their life was gone. Something else was there now.

*This is it.* Dave nodded, letting go. *I'm not me. I left the old me behind.* Things were different now, at least in their mind and how they felt. *I can't, shouldn't be that. I am new.*

She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself. She crossed the boundary she set in her mind and should embrace it. *I am... I am a girl now!*

With that settled in her mind, Dave's body lit up, more waves and excitement coursing through her being. Her hips pushed out, growing round and wide. The remaining fat seemed to go to her thighs and rear, but in a way that made them shapelier and curvier. Her legs thinned, gaining the same slender but fit shape at her arms, and also lengthened, pushing her up a few extra inches.

Her pants slipping and falling to the ground, Dave took a good look at herself. Almost everything was different. The womanly, curvy form; lovely complexion and tan; and fitness made her feel like a whole new person, even besides her private parts changing.

The only thing left was her head. Her old head, hair, and mug were all still "his" and didn't match the rest of her. *Gees, I look weird. Please change soon. I look like a bad photoshop!*

She could feel her heart beating fast again, worries entering her mind. They weren't as bad as before, but they still remained. *Just calm down.* She closed her eyes. *I'm almost there. Everything will be better soon. Just relax.*

Her eyes opened again. They were no longer green but sapphire blue. They were positively sparkling, more full of life than they had ever been. The sight brought her peace, her heart slowing again.

Slowly, but surely, the rest began to follow. Her eyelashes grew out, adding a little extra flutter to them. Her eyebrows thinned, turning finely trimmed and even blue. Any trace of stubble vanished, the bags in her eyes leaving.

More and more of her face shifted, growing softer. Her nose shrunk, cheekbones raised, her jaw thinned, and her lips grew just a touch plumper. A few more minor changes struck, and she no longer saw herself.

Her hair changed last. Aqua blue began to invade her roots, washing out the brown before crawling up the rest of her locks. It spread rapidly throughout her hair, capturing every area.

However, it paused briefly in the back. There laid a balding spot in the center, every bit of hair changed around it and made it stand out like a sore thumb.

That thankfully did not last. Hair began to grow there, spreading and matching with the rest of her locks to make for an even growth. Its color was even blue too.

It did not stop there either. Her hair grew and grew and grew and grew. It rapidly poured down her neck and back, flowing down to her thighs. It was straight and silky smooth, part of brushing down over part of her face on the right side.

She was complete. Dave could only shiver at the sight, her heart racing. She was a whole new woman through and through. Not a trace of her old self was left beside her clothing.

“It’s me.” She brushed some of her hair behind her ears. *It is me.* She took a deep breath and released it, her eyes never leaving her reflection. *She’s me and I am her.*

She placed her hands on her chest in the center, taking another deep breath. She no longer could feel that nervousness or anxiety in her. Her heart was no longer racing. Everything felt calmer, quieter. She was still her but lesser. It was a whole new her and perhaps it was just what she really needed.

“Maybe I can do this after all.” Dave smiled. “Just spend some time like this, maybe go out and talk to other people. Maybe talk to other women.” The thought no longer brought as much concern to her mind as it once did.

A small plop sound was her. Her boxers had hit the ground! Her smile grew weak and embarrassed. *Maybe I should find something I can wear first.* She stepped out of them. *Weird, ya think they would stay on with curves like this, but surprise! Guess I sh-*

She turned to head back to her room but started to stumble. Her legs felt stiff and numb like she had been sitting on them wrong. When she tried to turn more, they refused to move.

Looking down, she gasped. Her legs had aqua-green scales growing over them. They were all over the place, except oddly for her feet. She tried to reach down to touch them but found herself stumbling backward and landing in her bathtub with a thud.

“Ooow,” she groaned, rubbing her head. The scales quickly cloaked almost all of her legs, her tan skin gone. Her limbs suddenly snapped and held together, like they were glued. She tried to pull them apart, but she had no luck.

They pressed further and further together, the line between the two vanishing. Scales came together, bone structures merged, and the shape of everything shifted as it lengthened. Her feet, unaffected until then, cracked and turned to the sides. They stretched and thinned, becoming fins at the very end of her long body.



Dave shook her head and even smacked it. Sensation was returning to her lower half now, able to lift and move the large, aquatic end. *Holy crap! I'm a mermaid!*

Forget about talking to women or going out! She wasn't even going to be able to leave the bathroom like this! This was a whole mess of new troubles!

*Gotta fix this now!* Dave closed her eyes and rubbed her head. *I need those witches right now! Uuuugh, how do I contact them? Think Dave, think! How did they even appear the last time? Think!*

Dave rubbed her head more, her face scrunching up. *When they showed up... maybe... Hmm, I think I got it!* She cleared her throat. "I need help! I need witchy help!"

There was no response, the room was quiet. She frowned. "...I have money!"

The window sill reappeared, floating over the sink. "I heard money!" Beatrice opened the window and looked through. "Does somebody need hel-EEP!"

"Again, we're gonna have to talk about your customer service later!" Cassidy appeared beside her, pushing her against the frame. She rolled her eyes and looked around. "So, need help so soon? What can we do... oh!"

She looked down, seeing the large mermaid tail extending from the blue-haired woman. Beatrice looked as well, nodding her head and scratching her chin. "Well, that spray is definitely doing its work!"

Cassidy glared at her. "You do know people have to enjoy Costume in a Can and not find it a hindrance in order to buy more, right? You can't be super accurate with all anime girls, ya know."

"Hey, people will appreciate it! I mean, how often do you see Rave Master even being remembered? That's a good deep cut there!"

"Ummm!" Dave cleared her throat, waving at them. "Could you help me, please? I don't wanna be stuck in my bathtub until this wears off!"

"But of course we can help!" Beatrice flashed a smile, pulling out a calculator. "Now, for fixing one half of the human body, that'll need a special potion. The charge for labor making it, ingredients, and the potion itself should run you about—"

“Nothing.” Cassidy took the calculator and tossed it behind her. “This is perfectly free since this situation was completely unintentional and is a hazard. They shouldn’t have to pay for a mess up like this.”

“Pfffffft, this is why our business is always skirting close to the red!”

“Come on, Seria! Why don’t we go dance, sweetie?”

“I said no and *again*, it’s Celia!” The blue-haired woman huffed, waving her hand to signal to the man to get lost.

The man grumbled but did as he was told, sulking away. The lady with Celia looked impressed. “Man, you know how to handle these idiots better than me. What’s your secret?”

“Oh, it’s nothing!” Celia chuckled. “All it takes is practice and learning to read the situation well. I’m sure you can do it and be better than me in no time.” The two giggled and went back to their drinks and chat.

Celia was at peace. Things had turned around. After getting her mermaid situation fixed, she got out of the house and began her journey. She started talking to women and other people, her conversations awkward at the start as she feared. However, with time and encouragement, she soon was able to chat with others like it was no big deal.

Eventually, she started making friends, a lot of lady friends. They were all sweet and kind, easy to be around. The idea of possibly dating any of them was far from her mind. She was still searching for the right person, but their friendship meant more than she could ever dream of.

*This is the best!* Celia took a sip from her cup. It really was the best. All her self-doubt and worries were a thing of the past. Celia/Dave was happy.

*THE END*