

Coming into her Cosplay

“Sandy! Come on! We’re ready!”

Glancing up from her costume, Sandy brushed several strands of blonde hair from her face. Her friends were waiting at the hotel room door, already dressed in their cosplays. “I’ll be ready soon!” she assured.

“You’re still in your street clothes!” Greta moaned. Dressed as a dwarf, her impatience had been magnified.

A flutter of excitement raced through Sandy’s chest. She was waiting for privacy before donning her outfit. “Just...go on without me! I’ll meet you down there in a few! Promise!”

There were sighs and groans from her friends, but none wanted to wait any longer. The convention wouldn’t last forever.

A perky elf sporting a pair of disproportionate breasts for her twiggy frame grabbed the handle. “Ok... But don’t take too long. The contests are going to start soon.”

Sandy nodded, already unbuttoning her jeans. “I won’t!”

Finally she was left alone. Quickly undressing to only a pair of skimpy curve-hugging blue panties, she stood alone in the hotel room looking upon her costume: Killer Kusanagi from the hit show, *Samurai Spice*. One of the anime’s more elegant characters, as well as heavily relied upon for fan service, her attire consisted of only a sexy dress and a katana.

Sandy looked the outfit over. She certainly had the hips and long legs to take advantage of the titillating slits running up the bottom of the garment to tease her lower half, though her petite stature left her lacking above the waist.

Killer Kusanagi was known for her impressive bust. Sporting a pair of knockers larger than her own head, her dress came pre-fitted for two heaving mounds and was ready to provide the incredible cleavage the character so often flaunted.

Sandy, on the other hand, was known for her flatness. Running her hands down her bare front, she inspected her small assets. They would never fill the empty void of her costume, not without a little assistance, at least.

Smiling and giddy with excitement, Sandy dug into her bag for her secret weapon. She didn’t want to use it in front of her friends for fear of being ridiculed, but alone, she was more than happy to venture off the beaten path of silicone strap-on breasts.

“Busty Boost...” she whispered, rolling a small spray vial in her hand.

As a temporary spray-on breast enhancer, it came highly recommended from several obscure online chat rooms. Her heart fluttered at the fluid in her palm. Everyone had assured her it worked, though some warned about the company’s poor quality control and even some faulty early formulas managing to make it into the wild.

She couldn’t be bothered to read through every warning and post. The idea of her chest swelling enough to fill the heroine’s dress was far too exciting. It seemed too good to be true, but

she was willing to try anything once. If all else failed, she had her usual pair of fake melons stuffed in her backpack.

Toes curling in anticipation, she removed the cap and read the bottle's label. "*Spray directly onto chest for immediate results...*" Sandy bit her lip and aimed the spray nozzle at her waiting B-cups. "If you say so!"

SPSSH!

SPSSH!

SPSSH!

SPSSH!

Each breast received a generous shower of a pink mist, leaving her chest coated in a shiny substance. Her nipples stood on end, throbbing with sudden intense life.

"*Mmm!!*" she shivered, clenching her hands at her side. "*T-That tingles!*"

Feeling confident in her dubious purchase as heat flushed through her tiny mounds, Sandy rapidly donned her costume and stood in front of a mirror. The dress' skirt was tantalizing around her hips. Feeling adventurous, she considered going without panties; the dress was designed to only give the smallest of peeks of her pelvis' intimate creases from just the right angles. She'd never been brave enough to consider doing something so risky, but the throbbing of her nipples was driving her mad. Blushing, she hooked her underwear with a thumb and slid it to her ankles. It would be her first time going bottomless when flashing someone was such a high possibility.

"*God... T-This feels... Kind of hot...*"

She stared down the front of her garment. Though aching, her breasts had thus far failed to rise to the occasion of the cavernous fabric before them. They looked plump and swollen but were nowhere near as large as Killer Kusanagi's.

"*Damnit...*" Sandy frowned and massaged the tops of her breasts. They were hot against her fingers and her skin felt firm and rubbery. "I knew it was too good to be true..." Seeing beads of sweat forming between her perky mounds, she sighed. "I guess I could always give them a few more sprays and just wear my fakies over them... If they start growing later on, I can just take them off and--*Ah!!*"

A sharp bolt of heat struck her chest. Noticing how heated her breathing had become, Sandy trembled as she saw her nipples puff and flare.

"*Nngh!! W-What's... What's going on?? My boobs!! They... Ngh!! They feel...*"

STRRRRTCH!!

"*Ah!!*"

The sight took her breath away. Wide-eyed and pale-faced, Sandy gazed upon her swelling rack. Though slow at first, her breasts visibly were distending with weight and mass. They doubled their natural size within several breaths and showed no signs of stopping.

“Oh... O-Oh my gosh!!” Sandy gasped as cleavage formed between her assets. Soft, firm skin rubbed together with heightened sensitivity. Slick with sweat, they slipped against one another as she brought her arms together. *“I’m... I’m growing!! My chest is GROWING!! I’m already--”*

STRRRRTCH!!

“MMMGGH!!”

The sensation of rapid development made her speechless. The discomfort of puberty came rushing back as her chest ached. Heavier by the second, Sandy’s breasts pulled at her undeveloped shoulder muscles. Every breath lifted them further and further into her dress. Far too big for her own torso, they collided in a search for space as her ribcage ran out of room. Two firm cantaloupes quivered full and taut, flushed light pink with arousal.

“Mmmgh... Mmmmmm... A-Am I...Am I really growing?” she panted, gingerly placing a hand on their tops. Her skin was taut and heated. *“Or... O-Or are they...stretching??”* Sandy whimpered at the thought of her little B-cups being forced to engorge so dramatically.

STRRRRTCH!!

“NNGH!! T-That definitely...felt like stretching!!”

Always so cute and perky, it was mind-boggling seeing her body bloat to such a size. Her B-cups were innocent, and yet here they were being forced to swell and expand like two fleshy balloons. It felt taboo to thrust such a fate upon such small, defenseless breasts, yet as the sound of her growth filled her ears, Sandy couldn’t help but wish for them to grow larger.

STRRRRTCH!!!

“Mmmgh!! C-Come on...! Come on! You can do it...!” she pleaded, arching her back. Larger than her head, she held her breath when her quarter-sized nipples rubbed against the inside of the dress.

“I’m... I’m almost there!! I’m going to fill it out!” A hand slipped between her thighs. *“I-I’m...going to be as big...as Killer Kusanagi! Mmmmmmm!! M-My tits are going to be massi--”*

STRRRRTCH!!!

“AAH!!”

Fabric strained when her growth accelerated. Lurching forward, her breasts came to bulge over the top of her dress. She’d filled it to the brim and beyond. Cheap seams creaked at her bubbling mass. Stress lines shot across her front.

“I-I’m even...BIGGER than her!!” Sandy breathed laboriously, watching her cleavage rise higher with each inhale. *“I’m way bigger than her!! This dress...doesn’t even fit me!!”*

Grinning and leaking down her thighs, Sandy groped her new assets. They burned like a hearth, driven to grow to extreme sizes from the growth spray. Her nipples throbbed and ached, itching with growing pains.

STRRRRTCH!!

CREEEAAAAAK

“Nngh! H-How much bigger...are they going to--”

CREEEAAAAAK!!!

POP!!

POP POP!!

Sandy’s heart skipped a beat when stitches blew open down her side. She was far too large for the garment, and yet as she stood wedged in its bodice, her breasts refused to stop even as they approached double her target size.

“Wait!! W-Wait!! This is enough!! This is big enough!! I-I don’t need anymore!”

STRRRRTCH!!!

“MMGH!!!”

Cleavage heaved up to her shoulders. Constricting the air from her lungs, the dress acted like a prison for her bloating bust.

CRREEEAAAAAK!!!

“S...Stop!! Stop growing!! It’s too...TIGHT!!”

POP!!

POP POP POP!!!

Sandy looked on in horror as her dress started to fail. Tears opened on her front, allowing flesh to squish into view. The rest of her body was hidden from sight. Even in the mirror, she could see only slivers of her abdomen. Nipples swollen as large as strawberries tented the tortured fabric.

STRRRRTCH!!!

“AH!!! Nnngh!!! N-No more!! Even she’s not this big!!! I-I’m too big!! I’m too big!!!”

CREEEAAAAAK!!!

“MMMMM IT’S GONNA--”

SHRRRIIIIP!!!!!!

“AH!!!”

A tear split down the center in line with her cleavage. The sudden rupture sent ripples across her bust when they shifted in the failing support.

“W-Wait! Wait!! Stop growing!! Before--”

SHRRRIIIIP!!!

Sandy hugged her chest for dear life as she ballooned larger than beach balls. The tear grew, lengthening down the front of her dress. Her breasts spilled into the opening, but the garment held firm to their sides. *“Oh my God!!! O-Oh my God!! It’s gonna blow!! I-I-I’M gonna blow!!”*

Sweat poured from her brow. Looking in the mirror, Sandy looked like a girl trying to contain two rapidly inflating yoga balls inside her dress. It would have been comical if not so out of hand.

SHRRIP!

“M-Mmgh!!!”

SHRRIIIP!!

“N-No more!! No more!!” Flesh heaved into her arms and face. Terrified, Sandy watched the rip shoot down her belly and expose her waist.

SHRRRIIP!!!

“MMMGH!”

The tear reached her navel. Revealing a gentle tuft of blonde pubic hair, it threatened to expose her bare crotch before splitting her dress in two.

STRRRRTCH!!!!

“I-It can't take it!!! It can't hold any more!!” Sandy pleaded, not wanting to see her costume destroyed. “I-I-I didn't want to be this big!!! I only wanted to fill it out!!”

STRRRR--GUUUUURGLE

“MMMGH!”

A strange sensation made her chest vibrate. With a deep churning, its growth came to a halt.

Sandy stood doubled over in front of the mirror gasping for air. Arms full of her chest, she stared at what had become of not only her costume, but her once tiny B-cups.

“O-Oh...my...God... Holy tits...”

Cautious, she straightened her back.

Her dress was ready to explode. Split down to her navel, the two sides hugged her breasts in an impossibly deep V-neck exposing her entire abdomen. Nipples throbbed through the fabric with areolas teasing themselves into view. Her mammaries reached down to her hips and stood over two feet in front of her. She was more breast than girl.

“My... M-My costume...” she whispered, running her hands over its drum-tight front. The slightest error in movement could spell doom, but for now, it was holding firm. Cleavage jiggled just below her collarbones. “My...tits...”

Sandy gulped. Her cleavage swallowed her hand as it explored. Barely hidden from view, her pussy leaked from a storm of swelling. She chewed on her lip and held her katana to the side of her hip. The handle bounced against her chest, sinking deep into her flesh. Sandy's eyes widened, taking in her full transformation. Her new breasts made her fake boobs look as tiny as her old B-cups.

“Y-You know...” she whispered, gulping as confidence welled within her. The convention was calling her name. “Maybe...Killer Kusanagi looks *better* with giant breasts...” Sandy blushed, admiring her new figure. “Me too, for that matter.”