

Ready To Raid

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Amy wasn't sure there was a single cosplayer in the world that didn't feel stressed in the days prior to a major convention. She had thought that picking a cosplay that would be easier to replicate would reduce the stress she felt but instead it had brought a whole wave of new anxieties. The *Tomb Raider* games had been a major part of her life for the better part of fifteen years and Lara Croft had always been an icon to her during her formative years. Of course, she was incredibly sexualised and the body image she represented was unrealistic but Amy would give anything to look as good and feel as confident as the fictional video game heroine.

While she knew that by no means was she a necessarily 'big' girl but still Amy didn't feel quite confident enough as she stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling mirror, inspecting herself just a day before the start of the convention. The shorts - although they could easily be mistaken as hot-pants - were tight around her thighs, leaving her insecure that the limbs looked too chunky. Her stomach brought about similar fears as the blue tank top exposed all of her curves, including the chest she had always felt disappointed with. Her sister had gotten all the best genes apparently, leaving Amy a little too *plain* to feel confident in her own skin. She wasn't even sure her own boyfriend could ever refer to her as anything more than 'cute'.

Staring deep into her reflection's eyes, Amy could see the innate sadness in them and her mood dropped further. She was terrified of embarrassing herself in the cosplay, especially since she was sure that there would be countless other girls dressed as Lara Croft and all looking considerably hotter than she did. "No, you'll be the hottest Tomb Raider cosplay there," she whispered to her reflection, trying to instill some self-belief and yet still only feeling miserable. "You will. *The* hottest." All her reflection could do was smile sadly back at her as they both attempted to feign their confidence in the words.

After a late night of packing her bags ready for the trip to the convention center and fussing over essentials that seemed to have vanished into nothingness, Amy was finally able to fall into bed and drift away into a gentle sleep. Her boyfriend's texts had remained unanswered all evening, something that she would surely receive some grief for later on but she had already anticipated tears over the convention weekend anyway. These things never went as smoothly as she wanted them to, although she also knew she wasn't alone in that feeling. It left her wondering sometimes whether the stress was even worth it. Her boyfriend certainly didn't think so, calling the conventions a "waste of time" and "a distraction".

To say that Amy's dreams that night were vivid would be an understatement. They featured a handsome man with tanned skin and glorious muscles doing the most mundane of things - making a sandwich, playing on the PlayStation, even brushing his teeth. Despite the monotony of the situations, Amy found herself utterly captivated. Who was this beautiful man? She couldn't remember ever meeting anyone like him before and surely a face like that would stick out in her memory. No answers presented themselves but Amy was utterly content with watching him, until the last scenario she found him in was him sleeping under thin sheets that were rather impressive tented around his crotch. It was at that moment that Amy finally began to rise from her slumber...

And immediately wrap a hand around her morning wood, giving it a few experimental strokes. *Fuck, so hard.* Without any conscious thought driving her actions, she quickly began to massage the length, using the pre-cum from the tip as lube. What would a morning be without getting her rocks off, anyway? It was only when Amy was on the verge of hitting her orgasm that she truly realized how *wrong* this whole situation was. Sharply pulling her hand back, she opened her eyes and stared up at a ceiling that wasn't her own. The room around her wasn't her own, either, and finally she realized that the body she was in most definitely wasn't her own, nor was it even her boyfriend's! This body, while masculine, was far too muscular and tan to belong to her boyfriend. In fact, it almost reminded her of...

The man in the dream!

Leaping out of the bed, Amy quickly discovered that the body hadn't been wearing anything under those sheets and was greeted by quite the large sight down below. Her large cock - she had to guess between eight and nine inches, certainly bigger than her boyfriend's - was rock hard and proudly on display, even as she did her best to stagger towards a mirror. Once there, she was greeted by the confirmation she had been looking for. The handsome face in the mirror was the man in the dream and as of right now, with no idea how or why, she was in his body!

"Oh fuck," she gasped, a voice much deeper than her own speaking the words. "This... the convention... oh fuck, this is bad." She was supposed to be rocking a Lara Croft cosplay at the one of biggest conventions of the year! How could she even show up with a body like this?! Instinctively she found herself scratching at the furry pecs she now possessed and then even mindlessly groping them, appreciating the firmness of the muscles.

Even while unconsciously enjoying her new muscles, panic still threatened to consume Amy as she paced around the room and ran her larger hands through the short black hair on her head. She only stopped when something caught her eye, prompting her heart to beat a little faster. Sat on top of the dresser were two prop guns, almost exactly like the ones she had purchased for her cosplay, only they seemed to be far more realistic. *Probably more expensive too.* It wasn't as if she had a huge budget to work with, unlike some other cosplayers.

A quick investigation around the room - which seemed to be a hotel room, upon quick inspection - led Amy to a wardrobe and upon opening it, she was greeted by a surprising sight. Inside, carefully placed upon hangers, was a Lara Croft cosplay perfect for a guy her size. *Wait, would that be Lars Croft? Larry? Lawrence?* Either way, the oddities were piling up and all Amy could do was stare at the cosplay for a moment before grabbing it with desperate hands. She couldn't explain her sudden desire to get the items of clothing on but it felt like the only right thing to do.

The shorts were tight around her bulky thighs and they did little to hide the bulge caused by the thick cock she was still trying to get used to. Getting it stuffed into the shorts was an issue in itself and she could suddenly understand why her boyfriend was always rearranging himself, even if he had far less to work with than she currently did! Glancing at her rear end in the reflection, Amy wasn't disappointed with what she saw there either. Her ass was deliciously

plump and barely contained in the shorts. A vigorous squat routine was clearly in this body's past, and potentially even its future.

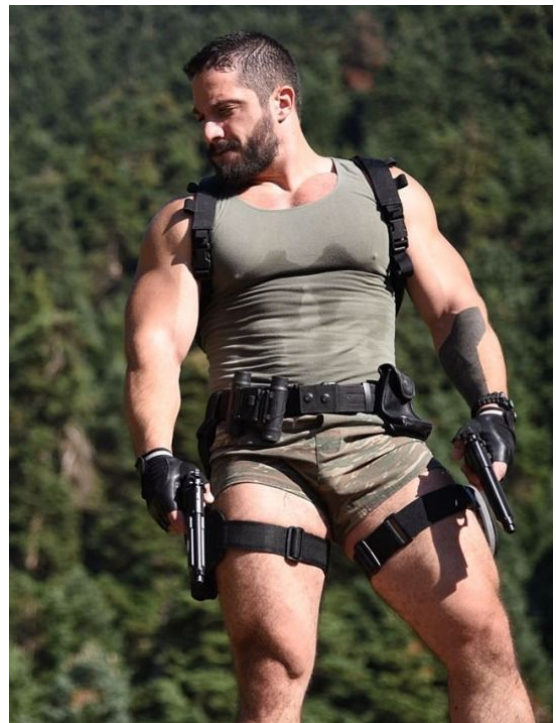
Pulling the tank top on over her muscular chest, Amy admired how tight it clung to her upper body, highlighting her pecs and abs, as well as showing off the boulder shoulders that led to muscular arms. Every inch of this body had been trained to perfection, delivering thick muscle that would make any man envious and any girl drool in delight. Just who did this body really belong to?

Finally getting all of the gear on, including the holsters clipped around her meaty thighs, Amy stepped back in front of the mirror to admire the results. There was absolutely no doubt in her mind that she was going to be the sexiest Tomb Raider cosplayer at the convention, even if she hadn't anticipated being a man for the duration of the day! Just seeing herself in the cosplay had her cock throbbing, desperate for attention, and she was quick to cave in to that need.

Massaging the hard length through the fabric of the shorts, Amy quickly backed up until she fell onto the bed and was able to prize her cock free. The head was slick with pre-cum and it took little more than a few experimental pumps of the shaft for her to hit her climax and blow her load all over her chest. At that same moment, the young female became overwhelmed by the sudden rush of memories and emotions that were surely not her own. She could remember growing up in Brazil, feeling confused about her attraction towards men, first hooking up with another guy in the gym...

Those aren't... this isn't... me? The cosplayer's head was a muddled place as two identities fought for prominence, leaving the body writhing on the bed as they rode out their orgasm. Finally the battle was won and Amy's previous life was toppled, leaving her with only the memories, thoughts and emotions of the man she had unexpectedly woken up as.

Ugh, I shoulda jerked it before I got dressed, Steve thought to himself, wiping the cum off of his green tank top and bringing his finger to his lips in order to lick them clean. Sometimes his sex drive and excitement could get the better of him and when he was turned on by his own body, it wasn't too uncommon for him to start his day off with a little exploration. Still, considering the convention began in an hour, Steve felt slightly ashamed that he had wasted precious time. A number of photographers had organized photoshoots with him, wanting to (in their own words) "work with the sexiest Croft at the whole damn con!" It was a compliment Steve was more than happy to accept.



The first day of the convention was as chaotic and fun as it always was for Steve. Every few minutes he seemed to get stopped either by some amateur photographer asking for a specific pose, or a gaggle of young girls wanting to drool over him. The women were all endlessly disappointed when he casually revealed to them that he had no interest in pussy and was firmly an ass and cock man, although he made no apologies for that either. As such, by far his favorite group of people to stop him for photographs were the beautiful twinkles who not so subtly groped his arms and squeezed his ass while talking selfies with him. More than a few even slipped him their number, promising a good time - especially if he turned up in cosplay. It was an offer that Steve didn't take lightly. *What happens at con, stays at con, after all.*

Towards the end of the day, Steve was approached by another photographer, this one much younger and more handsome than the rest. "I hope you don't think this is too strange," the young man began, speaking in a pleasant British accent, "But have you ever thought about doing a... *lewd* Tomb Raider photoshoot?"

Steve quirked an eyebrow up. "Lewd?" he asked, intrigued.

"Just the gear and maybe a speedo," the photographer clarified, a playful smirk crossing his lips. "If nothing, it would get you a whole bunch more followers on Instagram. These kind of shoots are kind of my specialty." He turned his camera around and showed off a few of the pictures he had already taken, all featuring handsome muscular men wearing the most minimal items of their cosplay while posing seductively. It was enough to cause a stirring deep inside Steve and he knew what his answer was immediately.



A short while later and he had travelled with the photographer to a small barren area on the edge of the city. An hour of intense posing and flexing followed, with the photographer flirting and doing little to hide his arousal. Steve was in a similar situation, having to constantly re-adjust his speedo so things didn't get *too* indecent.

With the sun finally setting over the hills, Steve made an executive decision to end the photoshoot but not his association with the handsome man across from him. Grabbing the other by the waistband, he pulled him in close and stole a kiss while the other's hands rest on his furry pecs.

This was only the first night of the convention, but something told Steve that the next two days were going to be even better! Being the hottest *Tomb Raider* cosplayer was definitely getting him all the attention he could possibly want - and more!