

Costume in a Can: Cure for Boredom 2

By: Firingwall

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Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick.

God, deja vu again.

Ross was so very, very bored. Bored and tired, lying spread out on his bed.

Life had returned to... somewhat normalcy? Probably not that, but life had at least felt like it was in some sort of forward motion. Things were open (for better or for worse), his job was back, and more.

Yet, Ross still felt empty. He didn't feel like leaving. He still didn't feel particularly safe out there, limiting his movement outside to only the essentials. He was still out of things to do, his backlog was once again depleted after filling it.

He was so very, very bored and tired of everything.

Really felt like I've been here before. Like just-

That's it! He immediately sat up. It all came back to him. Nearly two years ago now, the same situation and almost even in the same position. He was bored, wanted something to do, and a solution came to him on his phone.

However, he wouldn't need to check his emails or cell for it this time around.

He got off the bed and reached down beneath the frame where he kept his important items. *Should be... I put it here for safe... should still work after this time... YES!*

Found it. He pulled out from beneath the bed the solution: Costume in a Can.

It had been way too long since he broke out this tin spray bottle. His mind started wandering almost instantly as he gave it a good shake. *Can't believe I haven't used this until now. Maybe I can reopen that Instagram account I had for a bit. Ooooh! Inspiration! Got some ideas for some nice pictures I can-*

He brought the can up and gave himself a quick spray.

Psssssssssst. Nothing. All that came out was the deflating sound of air.

What?! Ross shook the can again, actually paying attention to it. Sure enough, he didn't hear a single drop in it at all.

After a few desperate presses on the nozzle just on the off chance it would work, Ross let out a sigh. He felt deflated once again. *Really got to toss out stuff when I'm done with it. I keep getting my hopes up for nothing.*

He tossed the can to the side, slumping against his bed's end. *Uuuuuugh, I should've bought more of this when I had the chance. I haven't even thought about it since I got back to work. I really wish... wish I could...*

Vrrrrrrrrrrm!

His heart started racing. That sound... that sound! He got to his feet and looked around. He remembered that sound! He only heard it once before, but there was no way he'd forget it.

Sure enough, there it was. Floating before him near the bed was a window. The floating, tinted glass window was back!

Creeeeeeeeeek! The window opened. Ross held his breath for a moment. She was back.

Well... kind of. Resting and leaning on the window frame was a green witch. It wasn't the witch he had met before though. This witch was a lot younger. Her black hair curled up in the back, and she had a much smaller nose and chin.

The green lady smiled, which was a lot friendlier and sweeter. She bowed politely. "Hello, my name is Eve. I'll be your representative of Witchy Times Inc. for today."

"I... I see..." Ross nodded. He felt excited, ecstatic to see a green witch again. Just when he needed her the mo-

A thought occurred to him then. "Wait... how did you know I wanted your services? I didn't go through a website this time."

"OH!" Eve blushed, her smile twisting. She looked far more anxious as she looked off to the side. "Ummm... you see, it's a customer service thing tied to your can!"

She snapped her fingers... nothing happened. She snapped them again with a bit more gusto and Ross' can floated slowly into her grasp. The witch continued, "You see, each can has a little spell attached to it that would notify us if a customer tried using a can that was empty."

“I see... seems a bit... invasive and questionable.”

Eve blushed even harder, twiddling her fingers. “Y-yes. That’s why we stopped doing that after several complaints. Still, you have one of our older cans, so the magical sigil was on it, and thus, I am here.”

She reached into her coat pocket and pulled out a business card, handing it to him. It had a chibi version of herself giving the peace sign, along with her name, number, and email. “This is more professional, so if you have issues in the future, just contact me this way.”

He nodded, pocketing the card and replying, “Okay... sure.” The whole situation was still a little off-putting to him.

Still, he did want a witch anyways. “Since you’re here and stuff, I would like to get some more Costume in a Can if possible. A can... no, make it two this time!”

Eve lit up, her professionalism and enthusiasm returning. “Of course! I would love to... OH! Would you be interested in our special Gamer Edition of Costume in a Can?”

“Gamer Edition?”

“Mhm!” The witch’s smile widened. “It’s a subseries with all kinds of looks never before seen in our regular cans. Heh, it was my idea as well! All it took to get them in on it was try this old series called Dang-”

“That sounds good!” Ross said quickly, “I’ll take some cans of that today. Thanks for the suggestion.”

Eve looked a little disappointed by that cut-off. However, she merely nodded and said, “Well, sure. Glad to help...”

His reflection gazed back, showing Ross' hesitant, nervous face. The young man nervously fidgeted in his bathroom, one of his Costume in a Can bottles beside him on the sink cabinet. He took a deep breath, trying his best to calm down.

He couldn’t fully help it. He had done this several times in the past of course, but that was a while ago. Coming back to the spray, knowing exactly what it does, it made him feel anxious. It especially didn’t help since he might not be turning back to Lucoa this time.

Nevertheless, Ross had to think positively. He wanted this, right? It was ultimately harmless and fun in the end. Just had to think things that way.

A little spray here and there and I should be good, he assured himself, let's just see where this takes me today.

Ross took another deep breath and repeated those thoughts to himself. His nerves began to ease a little, eventually stopping his quivering. Still though, he wouldn't truly be good until he got this over with.

He took the can and carefully sprayed the back of his hand. *Just do something small, something simple. From there, just let the magic do its work.*

He shivered gently upon the cold liquid hitting his skin. Goosebumps started breaking out almost instantly. *First hand... now the other one.* He swapped the can in his hands and sprayed the other one. He shivered again.

Ross looked back, catching the first change right away. The first hand sprayed was already a little different than before. His skin tone had a much paler complexion to it, like bleach that had dripped onto a piece of colorful clothing.

Then the pale tone began to spread. It moved onto his palms and across his fingers, hairs, wrinkles, and blemishes vanishing. His hand shrunk a tad, ever so dainty and skinny. When the tone hit his fingernails, they jutted forward, smoothing out. They grew just an inch as black nail polish suddenly cloaked them.

Ross set the spray can down and took a look at his other hand. Sure enough, the same thing had spread there. *Definitely becoming someone pretty pale...*

His heart started picking up, that small sense of anxiety building again. He shook his head quickly and took a few breaths, relaxing. *Cool it, cool it. Just let the changes happen. It will be different, but it will be fine.*

The changes ran up his arms. Muscle mass and fat significantly decreased or melted off, leaving them much thinner than before. Perhaps even younger to a degree. The pale tone spread up them as well, any blemishes or hairs fading as well.

However, the complexion didn't just stop at the arms. When the body briefly stopped its thinning, across his entire form, he grew paler. Any trace of peachy, tan pigment was brightened and left devoid of most color. Any markings and most body hair vanished as well. Just that paler, gothy tone was left.

Once the tone set in, then the rest of the slimming took place. He dropped several inches down to a reasonable five feet, five inches. His shoulders drooped, losing their broadness and compacting a little. Any trace of chubbiness melted off, his stomach flattening and even his waist pushing inward. His shirt was growing baggier by the second, especially on a form similar to that of a young lady's.

That wasn't the only piece of clothing to do so either. His legs slimmed up, followed by his feet. His pants felt a few sizes too big on him, starting to slide down.

However, that's when growth did happen. His hips suddenly expanded, gaining a few centimeters in width and briefly holding his jeans in place. Then his rear began to grow as well. Not by a lot, but enough for the once unremarkable behind to have some curve and roundness to it. Those held his pants in place once more, even if the pants legs were dragging on the ground.

Ross blushed, reaching down and revealing his cushy bottom. *Not as big as Lucoa's, but still pretty soft all things con-*

He tensed up. Something hot was striking him, something very, very hot. He took several breaths, rubbing his thighs together. Something was disappearing, something down below. He had a good idea of what too when taking a look at his crotch.

However, that feeling quickly subsided when the heat shifted to somewhere else. This time, it went straight into their chest and lingered. It was intense, but not as before.

Ross took several more breaths as their chest lifted and fell with each one. After a while though, when the chest lifted, it did not fall back. The area was swelling, fat building up into soft, round mounds. They grew more, pressing ever so subtly against their shirt, and grew further, pushing even more against it.

Eventually, Ross' chest swelled into full breasts. The size of B-cups, they bounced and swayed with each bit of movement from the changing person. They weren't as big as the old set but poking them, they were still as soft... and brought the same shivers as before.

Ross shook their head. "Focus, focus!" They blushed, "Gotta focus here. I'll have plenty of time to explore this later. Just forget... forget about that and look ahead."

They turned their attention to their face, just in time to say goodbye to it for now. His short, reddish facial hair slowly fell out, drifting down onto the sink and floor ("Great, there's something I have to clean up later."). His face softened all around, losing his stronger jaw and broader nose. His cheeks thinned, cheekbones rising.

Then came the final touches. His eyelashes lengthened, strong eyeliner coming to them. His eyebrows thinned and trimmed to a much daintier, more refined form. Brown irises turned to a fiery, blood-red tone that was piercing. *That face... I'm... I'm-*

I'm blurry. His vision started to wane. A hazy filter was placed over everything, nothing in focus and details easy to miss. Even squinting didn't fix the problem.

...wait. They reached up and took off the glasses, setting them to the side. Everything was suddenly very clear and so was that face. She recognized it.

The image only came clearer second after. Her hair began to feel off like a breeze was rushing through it. It shook and waffled as if there was a current, his unkempt locks shaking.

His hair began shifting and smoothing out. Ruffled, messy, or curly strands straightened significantly. Dull became vibrant and full as if his mop was elegantly washed and treated every day. From the roots, the dirty red blackened. Color vanished as jet ink tone rose to the very tips.

Then came the grooming. Hair brushed forward over his forehead, growing until they were just at Ross' newly trimmed eyebrows. Locks neatly trimmed themselves into a sharp bowl-length cut there. At the very ends, right in front of the ears of it, two bangs grew. They flowed down the sides of their owner's face, all the way down to the shoulders.

Yeah, this is definitely Celestia. Ross remarked. It had been a while since she played Danganronpa, but there was no way she could forget that elegant (at least, elegant posing) gal in all of her gothy, gambling glory. *Wait, doesn't she have longer-*

As soon as she thought it, it came. Her hair quivered once more and grew. And it grew. And it grew some more. Her black hair flowed down her back like water. She could feel the extra weight of it briefly before it lightened up. Thank god for magic!

Eventually, the hair waterfall came to a stop. Her hair now flowed all the way down her back, just stopping at her hips. Running her hands through it, her hair felt so smooth and silky now. Part of her almost wanted to take it to a professional hairstylist to see what they could do with such flowing locks.

Perhaps another time. Looking again at her reflection, Ross scratched at her chin. Yeah, this was all of the Danganronpa character's fabulous hair.

However, it wasn't right. It wasn't complete.

Sure, the girl had the body and most of Celestia's looks down to a tee. But without the proper hairstyle... or even clothes for that matter, was she truly the best Celestia Ludenberg she could be?

Only one way to fix that! She took the spray can and gave her hair, and even some of her head a spray. Curiously, golden, planet-shaped earrings materialized in her ears, casually swaying. She didn't remember clothes appearing the last time she used a can.

She'd think about that later. Her dense hair lifted and pulled to the sides of her head. With two big locks, they began to spiral and spin, twirling and twirling downward. Eventually, they swirled into two long, twin-drill pigtails that somehow felt even lighter than before. Holding them all in place, two white ribbons appeared.

And topping it all off, a white laced bonnet appeared on the top of her head between her pigtails. She smiled. Now, this was Celestia! She even playfully shook her head, watching her pigtails bounce and shake cutely.

But this wasn't enough. She could do a better job of reaching what Celestia was, right? Now that she knew what the can could do, she could definitely mimic the character fully~.

She bent down and sprayed her slippers. Instantly, the white fluffiness vanished. The material hardened all around as a dark red tone came to them. Two inches popped out the back as its shape morphed into mary jane shoes. Though, instead of one buckle, three popped out.

Some of the spray's mist drifted onto her socks as well. Cotton thinned, material suddenly silkier and smoother to the touch. White turned to black, the "socks" clinging tightly to her legs as they began extending up. They went up and up until they were two inches above her knees. There, white ladder lace appeared, circling the openings.

At least, that's what Ross assumed happened. She couldn't see a thing past her sweatpants. That was a problem that needed immediate correction.

A quick spray or two later and her pants were quickly readjusting. The leg holes merged into one almost instantaneously, lacing appearing around the singular one. The soft material turned silky and smooth as another layer was added around the hole. Once set in place, the double-tier layer skirt shot upwards, stopping mid-thigh and turning black too.

Halfway there~. Ross thought, doing a twirl and watching the skirt gently twist with her. She shook the can and quickly dosed her shirt from top to bottom. Maybe a bit too much considering she had a small coughing attack.

But the results were still good. The green t-shirt was drained of color instantly, now snow-white. A sharp, dress collar appeared around the neck-hole, the front opening up as buttons appeared. A few more minor adjustments and soon, she sported a nice dress blouse.

A few more pieces popped into existence. A regal red tie with cryptic markings appeared, held firmly in place in the collar. A gothic black jacket followed shortly after with its own white trimmings and sharp bows.

Last, but not least~. Ross sprayed her neck and let out a soft sigh. A simple white ribbon appeared, elegantly tied around her neck with perfection.

Complete! Ross grinned and did a small curtsy, holding the skirt as she did so. “I’m so pretty, refined!” Her grin grew even wider. Not only did she look exactly like Celestia from the game, but even sounded like her English voice actress. Not the anime dub, but happily the game dub, much to her personal preference.

She looked at the can in her hand, a thought suddenly occurring. She lifted it to her ear and gave it a small shake.

Sounds like only a little bit is left. She blushed, giggling slightly. She did go a bit crazy on the spray towards the end. It was probably better if she used less in the future.

Still, she did have that business card now, so what if she was a little reckless and overdid it? Being Celestia was worth it!

And as Celestia, it was time to enjoy this new look! Ross took her phone from the bathroom counter and opened up the camera app. She lifted her cell up and snapped a selfie, giving the camera a teasing wink.

Time for a photo flood~. It was time again to reopen her old Instagram account. Everyone was going to be floored to see the new and different Ross gal. The era of being bored was over. The era of the cute anime game girl was here.

THE END