

A Figment of Your Cosplay Dreams

By: Firingwall

“That’ll be ten bucks!”

“Here you are!” Chris declared with a bright smile, handing the money over before taking his bag, “Thanks so much!” The vendor nodded and moved onto another customer as Chris walked off, heading down the aisle in the large room.

The biggest convention in the state had rolled into town and a young, brown-haired man was strolling happily through the center. He was strolling through one of the vendor rooms, checking out what there was to see. There was so much going on that it was positively overwhelming to anyone not already a veteran of the convention scene. Not for him though, Chris already having a game plan of everything he wanted to do. It cut down on a lot of searching and trouble for him in the long-run.

“Alright,” he mumbled to himself, checking his bag and looking at the item he bought, “And that’s the movie I’ve been looking for. Time to check the manga and see what...”

Uuuuuuuuuugh. This is so bor-RING! Come oooooonnnnnnnnn! Let me have some fun here and play!

Chris stopped in his tracks and thought right back, ***oh come on. You know it’s my day. Tomorrow is your day. Just be quiet and let me enjoy this!***

And the beginning of yet another inner argument began. It’s been several weeks now ever since something within Chris awoke. In particular, what awoke was a being known as Tina, his inner toon. She was a blue, busty fox girl with a love for partyin’ and being seen by the public.

Ever since she had been born, things had been hectic for Chris, trying to balance all of his spare time and work with her own desires and wants. He couldn’t flat out ignore her, especially since she was within him all the time, and she did deserve her own life as a sentient being. However, she was very needy and desired a lot of “fun” time as she called it.

I knooooow, but I wanna have fun noooooow! She whined, *this is so boring, just like your boring costume!*

Chris blushed and looked upon himself. He was wearing a Dreamfinder costume with the fancy top hat and cheap Victorian, steampunk style vest, shirt, and pants. He was a fan of the design ever since he saw it in the Figment comic he got a while back. It wasn’t anything too special, but one that he felt he could pull off well enough.

Oh come on, he thought, hurrying out of the vendor room and into the main hall, ***I tried my best here! I think the costume came out well enough.***

But Dreamfinder is sooo boring! She moaned, her eyes making a loud, grinding noise within his head. *You should have been Figment!*

Chris' thoughts never finished as he was flown through a bathroom door and quickly dived into the handicap stall. For what was coming, they knew she needed all the room she could get for a toonening.

Alright! She declared, *it's time for the main event! Ready hon?*

Like I have a choice, he remarked, *let's get this over with.*

The young man took a deep breath and sighed, closing his eyes. After a few seconds, he reopened them again and this time, they were different. Their grey-blue tone was replaced by glittery, bright purple that were so full of life and fun.

Tina had taken control, a big smirk appearing on his face. His arms lifted as she looked them over. She shook his head and remarked in her cutesy voice, "Tsk tsk! Time to start fixing this ugly problem!"

Hey! Chris remarked from within his mind, *I'm not ugly!*

Sorrwee! She giggled and gave his hands and arms a good shake, whipping them forward like a bull whip. With a snap of the fingers, his fingernails stretched forward, darkening and hardening into a very short claws at his fingertips. From those tips as well, blue fur spread out and across his hands, all the way to his wrists.

With another shake of the arms, the blue fur coat shot up them and all the way to his shoulders. Thick, dark blue pads popped out of his fingertips and palms, adding to his furry aesthetic. His arms and hands also shrank a tad in size, losing muscle density and bulk to put them on par with a young lady.

Tina looked upon his changed hands and giggled again, wiggling his/her fingers and making cutesy piano noises with them. **COUGH-COUGH!** Chris fake coughed, *could you hurry it up a little? I don't want anyone discover this!*

Right-a-roo! Tina declared proudly. She took his top hat off and hung it from the rack on the back of the door. She put her fingers to his hair and ran them through his messy brown mop from his forehead to the back of his neck.

As she did so, his hair changed as well. It's color brightened into a dazzling red that shined under the light above. It turned glossy and inky in tone, almost unnatural bouncy and full. Her hands stretched through the red locks, intentionally causing them to grow more, stretching right down to his stomach.

Tina sighed and whipped his head back like in a shampoo commercial, letting her hair flow and fly behind his back elegantly. She grabbed his ears and pulled them, taking them to the top of her head and causing them to break out with a fit of blue fuzz as well.

Her ears gently flickered and she let out a pleasant sigh, clenching one of her hands tightly. She brought the hand to her face, sticking out a thumb and shoving it into her mouth.

WHOMP! She blew with all her might into her thumb, his head wobbling and shaking like Jell-O. It exploded outwards like an overinflated balloon before quickly shrinking right back to normal size. Instead of being human though, it was now toonified with a long, cute vulpine muzzle, furry cheeks, and long eyelashes.

“And now I got my pretty face back!” Tina giggled, rubbing her furry cheeks with her thick paws. “I’m so pretty too!”

Stop talkin’ outloud! Chris declared, *do you want security to find you and throw you out?!*

Tina giggled again carelessly and stretched out her arms. She placed her paws upon his hips and with a large grin, whipped them to the right. **WOMP!** Her right thigh and hip thickened and expanded out super big. **WOMP!** Shaking it to the left, her other thigh and hip ballooned out the same way.

She pushed his crotch forward and thrust his butt backwards. **VA-BOOM!** His butt inflated up into her glorious, super-sized round bubble butt. His dress pants thankfully expanded to better fit her size, but still tight enough to show every inch of her round behind.

Tina thrust out his crotch as well, the bulge in her pants vanishing and shifting her over into womanhood. She sighed again and declared in a sing-songy voice, “Man, I feel like a woman, bah bah bah bah bah, Bah!”

Enough joking! Just finished up and get out of here before...

Knock-knock. “Excuse me?” A voice said from behind the stall, “Security. I would like for you to step outside and please head to your own bathroom. It’s official policy and we don’t want any more incidents to occur.”

Oh dear! Tina thought, *It’s the fuzz! Who could have predicted such a thing?!*

I did! Chris groaned.

“Just a minute darling,” Tina playfully spoke, ignoring Chris again, “I’m just finishing up here!” She kicked each foot individually away from her, each one bursting out of the boots revealing large, puffy toon paws with four toes each.

“Please,” the voice replied back, “Don’t make this any more difficult than it has to be.”

“It won’t!” Tina insisted, “I just wanna finish prettying myself up!” She took a deep breath and blew into her thumb. The air rocketed through her arm, into her torso, and ran smacked into the air above her butt. **POOF!** A long, fluffy blue tail cam popping out, swishing about happily.

“Last chance.”

Just do it Tina! I don't want to get into trouble!

Tina sighed, grabbing the top hat from the rack and placing it upon her head. She opened the door and came face to face with a convention worker, much older than her or Chris. He took one look at the toon and blushed, mumbling, "Oh... wasn't expecting a toon."

Tina grinned, seizing upon this opportunity. "Oh hun," She cooed, "I'm sorry for breaking the rules. I just needed to get ready and all set up for today. I'm still not done fixing myself up and I hate doing that in public."

"Oh well ah," the man mumbled, "Finish changing and be on your way! Just remember to use the ladies room next time."

"You're so nice!" Tina sighed blissfully, "I promise!" With a giggle, she brought both thumbs to her mouth and blew into them as hard as she could. **VA-VA-BOOM!** Her chest sprung to life, swelling out into a hefty, impressive set of F-cups that stretched her button-up shirt and vest, popping buttons off to reveal her impressive cleavage. She took Chris' bag from earlier and stuffed into her breasts, storing it for safekeeping.

The man blushed harder and turned away embarrassed. Tina giggled and merrily skipped out of the bathroom without another word. Chris grumbled, ***I told you to be careful! We almost got into trouble!***

The keyword is "almost" silly! Tina declared, stepping out into the convention and stretching her arms, *I used my lovely charms to get us out of there, no problem!*

Well whatever. Let's just get this over with. Head to that cosplay contest and just-

Na-ah! Declared Tina firmly, *I told ya Dreamfinder wouldn't cut it earlier, didn't I? It's just so boring! There's no personality or flair in it and that's not gonna win me a toon contest at all!*

What? What... what are you going to do?

Simple! Tina giggled, walking towards the dining area, *I'm gonna get dressed up and be what ya should have been in the first place.*

Tina glanced around the dining area pleasantly, most tables and counters filled with patrons and convention goers. Her eyes fell upon one curious table with a golden table cloth over it. Her eyes lit up and charged over to it, thinking, *in fact, I'm going to do one even better than that!*

She approached the patrons at the table and politely asked, "Excuse me fair citizens, may a toon borrow that cloth of yours there?"

The convention goers looked surprised, some even blushing at the sight of the beautiful fox gal before them. "Oh ah," the lone woman, dressed up as Breath of the Wild Zelda, mumbled, "Sure, go ahead. We'll just move our-"

“Thank you!” Tina declared cheerfully. She grabbed the tablecloth end and yanked on it with all of her might, easily pulling it right off without tipping over and knocking any of the food or items from the table. All the patrons applauded her, impressed with the skills.

“If you like that simple trick sweeties,” she cooed, “Then get a load of this.”

She lifted the cloth up, around her neck like a cape, and spun around into a mini-tornado. All eyes in the room turned to the sole toon in the room and watched her spin and spin. It felt like it went on forever...

...but then it stopped, revealing something new. The blue fox toon was now wearing a large, very puffy ballgown. It was gold like the cloth with no straps or top, baring her shoulders for all to see. It had red trimmings at the bottom of the puffy gown and it was cut low to showcase plenty of her bountiful cleavage.

“So, boys and girls,” she cooed, doing a Disney Princess twirl, letting her dress spin and flap around, “How do I look?”

The room lit up with applause and cheers, lots of clapping going on. *See?* She thought, *people really like this look more than Dreamfinder!*

Oh, quiet you! Chris snapped, *let’s just get going so you can-*

Nah-ah! Still a matter of getting all scaly! Tina grinned and proclaimed to the audience, “Who’s ready for another trick?”

There were a few cheers and yells of encouragement, filling Tina with confidence and joy. She giggled happily and brought her thumb to her mouth once more. She took the deepest breath imaginable and blew with all her might into it.

PUFF-POOF! Her tail waggled and shook, fur flying off of it as it shot longer outwards, its mass expanding like crazy. Light purple scales swam across it from its base, spreading out to the very end. Following it, across its top and all the way to its tip, small, sharp orange spikes popped right out of it.

The look was dragon-ish with her enhanced tail, much to her delight. She giggled once again, high on the applause and joy from the onlookers, and blew back into her thumb. It wasn’t as big of a blow as before, but her ears vanished from sight and two long, orange-yellow, crooked horns popped out from her hair.

“Oh my!” She declared, feeling her new horns, “It looks like I’m getting all horny folks!” There were a few chuckles, but there was one long, loud groan from Chris that echoed endlessly in her mind. She, like always, did not care.

“And now I whip it to the left and whip it to the right,” Tina sang, whipping her hair back and forth happily. Her locks turned to deep lavender shade, her hair puffing up and turning bouncy in its volume and shade.

With her new wavy, flowing purple hair, Tina sighed and cooed, “And now, let’s cut the teasing and give it to you huns!”

For the last time, she brought her thumb to her mouth and blew into it with all over her might. **FOOSH!** All of her fur went flying into the air, swiftly flowing straight into a garbage can so not to contaminate everyone’s food.

Beneath her fur coat, there now stood a new figure, one with an even different muzzle. It was a bright purple dragon with a sultry gaze in her eyes. Her scales were purple, though her belly and chest were covered in much lighter ones with line markings running across each of them.

Tina smiled in her new dragon form, waving to everyone and blowing them kisses as seductively and cool as possible. “How do you all like it?” She asked sweetly, brushing some of her hair back as well, “Do you think I look fabulous as this beautified version of Figment?”

Everyone cheered and applauded wildly, loving her look even if they didn’t know who Figment was exactly. Tina smiled brightly and said, “Well now, I don’t want to be late for the event. There’s this cool cosplay contest that’ll be happening soon. I do hope you all come and watch. I could use the lovely support if that’s not too much to ask.”

Without waiting for a response, Tina gave them all a wink and strutted out of the dining area, carefully holding her dress as she did. *See?* She cooed, *everyone loves this look and costume much more than that old one.*

Chris huffed, mumbling, ***well they only like it because of the cleavage you’re flashing and you using your cute charms on everyone.***

Awwww, she giggled, you think I’m cute? I’m touched!

That’s not the point! Oof, just get to the contest and let’s get this over with so I can go back to normal!

...well, maybe not completely to normal. I did, ah, kind of rip your outfit when I was changing into this. Maybe you could just settle for this outfit and body instead?

WHAT?! ***But that’s not right and not what we agreed to at all!*** And so, Tina headed to the contest with a smile on her face, a growing joy in her heart, and loud argument blaring out within her head. Oh how this convention had turned out to be so far.

THE END