

## Cosplay Conundrum: Milky's Makeover

Max couldn't help feeling more than a little privileged as he walked past the seemingly endless line trying to get inside of the convention center. A few of the more observant guests caught eye of his orange hair and beard as he strolled by. Though a few envied his freedom to go as he pleased, they could see the reason why as obviously as his green shirt and janes. Adjusting his square rimmed glasses as he approached the side door, he picked up the pass hanging from the lanyard around his neck to show the security guard that he was an official volunteer for Ecchi Con.

Walking through the back hall area of the building, Max could hear the muffled hustle and bustle on the other side of the walls of people enjoying the convention. Though he had attended the celebration of all things anime and lewd before, he had never had a chance to give back by volunteering. With the promise of making others' visits enjoyable and getting free access himself, he proudly strode forward towards the staffing room to receive his assignment.

"Hello there," Max said, waving towards the middle aged woman with green dyed hair standing amidst a room filled with extra chairs and other supplies. "My name is Max and I'm ready to take whatever job you can give me."

"Pleasure to meet you," the woman replied, shaking his hand. "The name's Dina and I'm a veteran around her. Let's get you out there and put you to work as soon as possible. Tell me, how do you feel about cosplay?"

"I've dabbled a bit, but nothing serious."

Dina scratched her chin. "Follow up question... have you heard of a series called Interspecies Reviewers?"

"How could I not?" he replied. "It's pretty infamous."

“And also in great need for some models for the company’s merch booth,” Dina replied.  
“Think you can handle the job?”

“Sure, sounds like fun. So who is it going to be? Stunk? Zel? If I’m going to be Crim, I just hope the wings aren’t too cumbersome.”

Dina let out a laugh that sent a strange shiver down his spine. “Nah, I got something else in mind. How do you feel about being a big boobied cow girl?”

Max scratched his head. “That’s a little strange, but I guess that’s fine. So where’s the costume? I’m assuming the fake breasts will take some time to put on.”

“Oh, there’s no need,” Dina said, shaking her head as she stepped forward to offer something to him. “In addition to advertising the booth, you’ll be showing off this nifty device.” Opening up her hand, she revealed a small, silver bracelet with a sliver of black and white coloring on a portion of it. “This is a Full Dive Cosplay device and it’s going to be the next big thing.”

Accepting the bracelet from Dina, Max held it up to his eyes. “I’m a little confused. How does this work exactly?”

“Something about restructuring a person’s DNA molecules and attire to meet specific parameters or something like that,” Dina replied with a shrug. “You’ll understand it better once you put it on. Better hurry up though, the crowd is getting pretty crazy out there.”

More than a little curious, Max followed Dina’s orders and slipped the bracelet onto his arm. As soon as the jewelry reached his wrist, it locked around him like a prison shackle. Try as he might to pull it back off, the bracelet wouldn’t budge. While he was moderately concerned about what was about to happen, his senses became muddled with a strange haze as the black and white marks on the bracelet began to glow.

Wobbling around on his feet, Max held onto a nearby wall to avoid falling to the ground. Forcing himself into a standing position, he managed to keep himself somewhat cognizant at the cost of his glasses falling off of his face. Though he had spent the majority of his life being as blind as a bat without his spectacles, he was able to see clearer than ever before. His remarkably improved vision proved invaluable in letting him see his outfit go through a drastic makeover, starting with his sensible sneakers being replaced by a set of high heeled, leather boots.

Max stood there in awe as he watched his jeans open up in the center to reveal his inner thighs and underwear. Reaching out to obscure his crotch from Dina's view, he stopped as his undergarments were changed into a turquoise thong that barely covered up his manhood. A similarly risqué outfit was made out of his shirt as it was turned into a similarly colored bikini top that left most of his torso on display. Seeing the pattern of dark green splotches across the fabric made it seem awfully familiar. Things finally began to click in his head as his glasses flew back towards him in the shape of a leather collar. As the accessory tied itself around his neck just above his convention pass lanyard, it developed a golden bell that jingled with each step.

Before Max could reach out to better adjust the revealing outfit, he was momentarily stopped by something falling in front of his eyes. Bringing his hand up to his forehead, he lifted up the obscuring curtain to discover it was his own hair turned into a shade of dark brown that reached down to tickle the bell on his collar. Continuing to examine his altered strands led him to pressing his fingers against the tips of his elongated ears.

Pulling away from his altered ears had the unintended side effect of placing his palms against the pair of bovine horns that emerged from his scalp. The addition of the pointy protrusions made him look over his shoulder to address a sensation on his lower back. Straining his vision, he ignored the sight of his skin becoming a shade of light brown to pay attention to

the sizable lump just above his butt. He couldn't stop himself from letting out a surprised gasp as he watched himself grow a cow tail, complete with a tuft of brown hair on the tip.

Max began to reach towards his new appendage to confirm if it was real, only for his attention to be drawn towards his swelling backside. Sliding his palms past his tail let him feel his hindquarters develop into a luscious bubble butt. Bringing his hands over to his sides brought attention to the fact that his hips had become similarly curvy. Taking notice of his daintier fingers and the softer feel of his skin, he wasn't completely surprised to discover what came next.

A tingling sensation in his chest was the only warning he got before he started to develop a set of breasts. Grasping as the swelling mammaries, he got to see his once loose fitting bikini strain against their heft as each one became larger than his head. Letting his udder-like boobs drop and feel them wildly shake within the confines of the revealing outfit, he began to wonder just how far this transformation would go.

Max got his answer as he felt something in his crotch area. Leaning forward to peek past his massive tits, his jaw hung open as he witnessed the bulge in his panties begin to dissolve away. With a feminine gasp leaving his lips, he reached out to try and grasp at his manhood before it disappeared. While he was too slow to stop his penis's departure, his hand managed to reach out towards his groin to feel the folds of his newly formed vagina.

As Max continued to prod at his morphed genitalia, the same hazy feeling from before returned to his head. Involuntarily, he began to let out a series of soft MOOs. Moving his hands back up to his breasts, he gave his teats a gentle squeeze to revel in their added sensitivity. Tilting his head up and noticing a nearby mirror, he let his tail sway against his backside as he sauntered his way over. Stopping in front of the mirror, he pushed back the bangs of his bob cut hair to stare into his bright, blue eyes. Striking a pose that properly showed off her curves, the only sign

of who Milky used to be came in the form of the volunteer pass dangling against her breasts as she rang her bell.

“No matter how many times I see it, I still can’t believe this is real,” Dina commented as the cow girl continued to admire her reflection. Walking up to Milky, she gave her a light tap on her shoulder. “Come on now we have to get going. I’m sure the model ahead of you is more than ready to take a break.”

“MOO got it,” Milky cheerfully replied, continuing to poke at her body as Dina led her towards the convention area.

Making her way into the main dealer’s room, Milky eyes sparkled as she looked upon the droves of people enjoying the convention. Pulling from the nostalgia leftover from her original self, she kept swiveling her head back and forth to look at the various booths and people in cosplay. This incidentally led to more than a few instances of her breasts swinging into the con goers. While most of them seemed okay with the sudden feeling of her mammaries pressing against their bodies, Dina regardless tried to keep the cow girl on track just as they made it to her work area.

The Interspecies Reviewers booth was already ablaze with activity by the time Milky and her handler arrived. With the series having gained a sudden rise in popularity, people were hungrier than ever to grab as much merchandise as possible. With Milky herself becoming interested in the numerous DVDs, manga, figures, and other trinkets around the area, it took someone tapping her shoulder to get her to turn around.

“That’s pretty impressive,” commented a man with a grizzled, black beard and baring a vendor pass with the name Gus. “Is that really a costume?”

“MOO,” Milky replied, shaking around her breasts to prove their authenticity.

“Guess that answers my question. Thank goodness you got here when you did. I had to send the last model away early for getting a little too grabby.” Guiding her by the shoulders, Gus placed Milky at the front of the booth. “Just stand here and try to draw in customers.”

“MOO got it,” Milky proclaimed with a wink, turning to face the crowd of adorning fans.

Sticking to a routine ingrained into her modified DNA, the cow girl sauntered about the booth to show off her body. Her display managed to get more than a few people to turn their attention towards her and the merchandise. A small number stopped to compliment her tail and horns, but it was obvious what the main draw was. Well aware of how many people were staring at her tits, Milky was more than happy to give them a show as she constantly jiggled them up and down.

“Max. Max. Oh, right. MILKY!”

Upon hearing her new name, the cow girl turned around to address Gus. “MOO?”

The booth worker gestured towards a woman holding on to a Blu-ray copy of the anime. “This lucky lady just made a purchase over \$50. That means she gets a little something extra. What that means is totally up to you. If you’re not comfortable I’m sure I can dig up a cheap post card or keychain to-“

Milky didn’t hesitate at all as she stepped forward to press her breasts into the woman’s chest. “Well, go ahead,” she said, shaking her bosom against the customer. “Give them a squeeze.”

“Um, okay,” the woman replied, cautiously reaching out to touch the cow girl’s boobs.

Grasping onto the teats, the woman gave them a small squeeze. The tiny stimulation was enough to illicit a demure MOO from Milky’s mouth. Encouraged by the noise, the woman went in for another handful of the cowgirl’s breasts to get a good feel for them. Craning her head up

to let out a much louder MOO, Milky showed off a smile as she gave a gentle pat to the woman's head.

“Thank MOO very much,” Milky said, sending the girl off with a kiss on the cheek.

Milky's display was all it took to start a buying frenzy at the booth. The workers had to up their pace just to keep up with the demand for various items that met the requirements for the cow girl's special service. Upon receiving their goods, each of the customers eagerly lined up to receive their bonus gift of time with Milky's magnificent udders.

Holding up her end of the bargain, Milky was more than happy to take on anyone that came to her. She took great pleasure in the groping sessions each and every one of her loyal fans treated her to. Whether it was the soft clasp of a shy client or the rough grip of a more daring one, Milky enjoyed any kind of stimulation for her bosom. Egging them on to squeeze harder and harder, she didn't seem to notice or care about the droplets of milk starting to form around her tits. Blessing the booth with more attention thanks to her constant MOOs and the jingling of her bell, she became lost in the euphoria she felt from the constant attention.

Milky's routine of posing and having her tits manhandled momentarily paused as a customer came to her with a unique item. Balanced in the young man's hands was a very detailed figurine of none other than herself. Mesmerized by the accuracy of the model's sizable breasts and horns, she ran up to give him a hug.

“Awww, MOO really like me,” the cow girl said, smothering his head between her bosom before pulling away.

“Uh, y-yeah,” the man said, visibly shaken by the soft embrace. “That means I get to squeeze your... chest, right?”

“Oh no,” Milky said with a pout on her face. “That won’t do. MOO have to get something extra special for something like that.” Grasping the edges of her top, she pulled it up to reveal her bare nipples. “MOO must be pretty thirsty. How about a drink?”

For a moment the man stood as still as a statue. Looking between Milky’s expectant face and the nodding grin from the booth workers, he seemed to take his time deciding on what to do. Finally making up his mind, he carefully set the figurine down on the table and stepped forward to take up her offer.

Gently wrapping his lips around one of her nipples, the man began to gently suck. Helping him along with a few squeezes to her breast, Milky let out a soft MOO as milk began to flow out. Either becoming more confident or gaining an addiction to the sweet liquid, the man increased the power of his suckling. With a gentle nudge against his head, Milky managed to get him to move over to the other teat. While he drank heavily from her breast like a hungry baby, she made sure to encourage him with a combination of her own moans and gentle caresses through his hair.

Releasing Milky’s breasts from his mouth with a pop, the man wiped his face clean with the back of his hand and stepped back. “Um, thank you,” he said, quickly grasping his figure and running off before his embarrassment could kick in.

“That was really something,” Gus commented, walking up just as Milky was putting her bikini back on. “Thanks again for your help. You can go ahead and take your break.”

“MOO can’t be serious,” Milky said, pressing her boobs up against him with a pleading look on her face. “It feels like I just got here. There are still so many people that I want to play with me.”



Milky stopped as she felt someone tap on her shoulder. Turning around and accidentally slamming her tits into Gus, her eyes went wide at the sight of a hyena woman with an intimidating glare and spotted, grey fur standing behind her. Though the volunteer pass dangling between her blue bikini carried the name Ellis, her mane of blue hair and the bulge in her short shorts let Milky know who she really was.

“What are MOO doing here, Elza?” Milky asked.

“It’s my shift,” the hyena woman replied. “Now go on and get out of here. My turn to get some customers.”

Noticing the group of people lining up, Milky relented. Waving Elza goodbye just as a customer stepped up with a recently purchased figure of the hyena woman, she followed one of the staff members to the back area. While she was relieved at the prospect of resting her feet, she couldn’t help feeling unsatisfied. Grasping her breasts between her fingers and giving them a few shakes let her feel how much milk was left behind. Wondering if maybe she would have to milk herself, she thanked the staff member and stepped inside the break room.

Closing the door behind her, Milky managed only to take a few steps towards a chair before something grabbed her by the waist. Dragged over to a couch before she could call out to the staff member outside, she was spread out along the cushions. Taking her place atop the cow girl was a woman with long pink hair and a lower body made up of red tenacles. Though Milky was blocked from looking at the Dagon’s nipples thanks to the tendrils wrapped around her chest, she did get a nice feel of the woman’s bosom as it pressed down on her own. It was through this interaction that she got to momentarily glance at the volunteer pass with Oscar written across it.

“Okpa,” Milky said, fighting through the sensation of her breasts being teased to speak the transformed monster girl’s name, “what are you doing?”

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t help myself,” she replied, heavy breaths leaving her lips as she continued to grope the cow girl. “They forced me back here when I got a little too excited with the customers. I know you feel it too. These Full Dive Cosplay bracelets can sometimes activate certain... urges.”

Constricting her tentacles to bring the two of them closer, Okpa let her breath pass across Milk’s ears. “I know it’s a little forward, but do you want to... take care of that with me?”

Milky’s response was a smile on her face before her arms wrapped around Okpa’s torso. Locking their lips together for a kiss, she let the tentacles remove each article of their clothing. Leaving the bracelets on to ensure they remained in this state, they moved forward to fully experience what their monstrous bodies had to offer.