

Note: This story is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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Flash fiction based on a reader prompt:  
*Convention goer trying to fit into her old cosplay.*

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## **Wardrobe Malfunction**

“Hey uh... Artemis?” Nancy asked. “Do you want to use the bathroom first?”

“You can just call me Mina, Nancy.”

“Oh sorry, Mina.”

The freckled ginger’s cheeks turned pink. She’d spent the whole pandemic savoring photos of ‘Artemis’ on their little cosplay discord, but it was was something else entirely seeing the busty Asian in the flesh.

So much flesh...

“Sure I’ll go first!” Mina said, grabbing up her bag and stepping into the hotel bathroom. In the privacy of the over-lit room she extracted the pieces of a grey office skirt suit. She’d completed this ensemble over two years ago in preparation for this convention. Then in 2020 it got cancelled. 2021 was mostly online and her little discord circle agreed masks would spoil their planned costumes. But it was ‘22 now and they were finally here.

Mina let her sweatpants slide to the white tile floor and stepped into the grey skirt. Apprehensively she slid the article up her short legs — thick but not chunky — and fastened the skirt closed with a sigh of relief. Of course, her hips and ass were not what worried the curvy Asian. Dropping the purple-tipped black wig over her own short black hair, Mina pulled the next piece of her cosplay from the bag.

Slipping her arms through the sleeves of the white dress shirt, Mina fastened the buttons starting at the bottom. One by one she worked her way upward and outward as she followed the curvature of her bosom. Gradually her worst fears were realized— there was no way this shirt would close over her post-lockdown breasts.

Mina spent the past six months trying to diet. She knew she'd gone up a size or two during lockdowns but kept putting off getting resized, relying on sports bras and tanks to keep herself decent. The nearly empty bag of chocolatey trail mix in her backpack was a dead giveaway that her attempts to reduce had been ineffective at best.

The bathroom door swung open to reveal a half dressed Mina, sports bra completely visible as her massive breasts bulged over the top. The other three girls in the hotel room tried not to gape.

“Does anybody have a shirt I can borrow?” Mina asked.

Nancy, Kara, and Alisha all looked from one to the other.

“Nothing of mine would fit you Artem— Mina.” Kara said apologetically.

“I think you might need a size up in bras, hon...” Alisha, the oldest by two years and the unofficial ‘mom’ of the group suggested.

Nancy was silent, her eyes wide and her mouth dropped slightly open.

“I wish my lockdown pudge had all gone to my boobs...” Kara muttered, lightly touching the cuddle fluff surrounding her midsection.

“Have you been roleplaying Elma all this time?”

Kara laughed at her own ‘joke’ while Mina glared.

“D—does anyone have a blonde wig?” Nancy squeaked.

The group turned as one to see the redhead holding up a pair of jean shorts.

“I have my Peach wig from the ‘con in ’19,” Alisha said, “I brought the outfit as a backup.”

“Can we borrow your hat, Luna?” Nancy asked Kara.

“It’s Kara, ‘Ginny’” the blonde said mockingly, “but sure!” She pulled the pink baseball cap off her head and handed it to the redhead.

“Ooooh,” Alisha said, connecting the dots, “I think I see where you’re going with this...”

The slightly older brunette bent to dig in her own bag while Nancy started handing Mina items. “Put these on then put that black tank top back on.”

“O—okay...”

Mina disappeared into the bathroom again. Nancy’s shorts fit her, and the Princess Peach wig reached halfway down her back. Her black tank was snug but the cap almost completed the ensemble. She stepped out of the bathroom again.

Three jaws dropped.

“Woah.” Kara muttered, holding up black knee socks. “That’s even better than the Elma outfit.”

Mina sat on a bed and pulled on Kara’s socks, then Nancy helped her into a pair of pink Converse from Alisha that were just a little too big.

“I don’t know you guys... isn’t this a little too much skin?” Mina said as she stood.

“No way” said Kara as she stepped up to the Asian girl, there’s sure to be a Poison Ivy or something showing off more than this.

“Found it!” Alisha cried, pulling a contact lens case from her bag. “Speaking of Poison Ivy...”

The lenses were bright green. “Just wear one. Do you need help?”

“No I wear contacts sometimes.” Mina said. “What about the left eye?”

“Your natural color will be fine.” Kara declared. “Hardly anybody will even notice your eyes when they’re looking at *these* babies...”

Kara tugged on the straps of Mina’s tank top, sending her plump breasts jiggling.

“You might even be a little bigger than the real Lucoa...”