**An Unconventional Outfit**

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It was coming off as I moved. No, it wasn't just the friction wearing it away. Moisture was washing it off too. I could just see the hint of it glinting on my skin when I angled my thighs. There was too much way too soon. I didn't realise this would affect me so quickly.  
  
I turned away from the mirror to ignore the truth of the situation and took off the hat. The white, "kitsune" mask would work better, and it was from an anime series I actually liked. It was cute. It had striking red and black lines decorating it's smooth white surface. Most importantly, it would hide my face if this went wrong. Which, judging by the rapidly increasing flow between my legs, it could do quickly.  
  
I glanced at Alastair. He had his eyes on me and he was grinning nervously but his faced then switched to concern. I wonder how my face gave away I was worried. His eyebrow raised almost imperceptibly and then his eyes flicked around. Small movements but the silent question was clear. Is everything okay? Has anyone noticed?  
  
I shook my head to answer the second question and then mouthed "It's fine."  
  
"I'm going to buy this!" I revealed out loud.  
  
He nodded, then understood why I lingered. He reached into his bag, to my purse inside it, and passed me the cash that matched the price tag. With the cash in hand I moved to the queue. Luckily it was short and soon it was my turn.  
  
Approaching the table I knew what I was risking.  
  
On top, my bodice caught most of the attention. Red and black fabric containing my stomach. It was only looking closer you could notice. Notice that it's edges stopped not at the top my breasts, but the bottom of them. It was a fantastic job on Jennifer's part. The bodice lifted my breasts and then faded away, into paint. The paint carried up over my chest, and nipples, before joining ruffles that were present elsewhere on the outfit. My nipples were framed and exposed to the world, hidden only by an artistic trick.  
  
The same was true below, which I knew the merchandise seller would have an even better view of. From his seated position I wondered, could he tell that the open front of my short frilly skirt did not reveal a risqué set of underwear, fitting the character I was cosplaying, but instead my lips and mound clad in paint. An illusion of underwear.  
  
The salesman looked at my outfit. Appreciating? Noticing? My breathing speed up. The flow increased.  
  
Paint was washing away every moment I stood in this busy convention. Not just the friction of walking. It was wetness running over skin. I hadn't dare look since I had sat on the bench and noted that a visible, skin-coloured trail lead down from my lips, cutting the dark coloured art in half. The droplets of wetness had found their path of least resistance and followed the flow before falling off me and onto the floor. They were rubbing away increasingly more paint and I knew my labia were becoming visible. How had I thought I could get away with this?  
  
He told me my price and I counted over the cash. His eyes flicked back to my crotch.  
  
"Do it." An internal voice spoke. "It's what you came here for!"  
  
The seller stored the money. He thanked me. He passed me the mask. I accepted it.  
  
One hand of mine went up, to place the mask over my face. For a moment my world was dark. The other went down, two fingers together, they felt both paint and moisture. In different directions my fingers split, split me open. For his eyes only, my own eyes covered. All I knew was the heat and the softness of skin. Exposed to him.  
  
A shiver, a shake. No way, it's not possible, not here. Rapid breathing. My heart pounded. My muscles tightened. But I was doing so little?  
  
No, it was not this touch. It was the touch of eyes all day. It was culminating in this.  
  
I felt it pulse out of me, liquid called forth, running over my skin. Once, twice, thrice.  
  
My eyes found the mask's, and searched for his. Shocked, amazed, and fixed. They took it all in, the sight I was giving, before I released my dripping lips.  
  
"No... Thank you." My muffled reply.