**Cosplay at a Convention**

by Emi Tsuruta

One day, my friend Satomi and I were having lunch in the cafeteria on campus. We were just sitting there, eating and chatting, the same as always, when something caught Satomi's eye. I turned around to see what it was. She seemed to be looking at this guy heading our way. His hair kind of stuck up at a strange angle, but it gave him a unique look, and his eyes were dreamy. Sure enough, he waved to Satomi, and she flashed him this big smile, and waved back.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Who?" she answered, playing dumb. I nodded towards the handsome guy she'd just said hi to.

"Oh him. It's no one. He's just in one of my classes."

I knew there had to be more to the story than that, but for some reason, Satomi wasn't talking. I watched him as he wended his way through the cafeteria, and soon realized that the girl behind him was following him around. 'Is that his girlfriend?' I wondered. Maybe that's why Satomi doesn't want to talk about it.

"He must have a name," I insisted.

"Adam," she whispered, looking down at her plate now. Before I could ask more, Satomi got up, and walked away, tray in hand.

"Hey! Where are you going?" I called after her.

"Lunch is almost over," she noted, nodding towards the clock. "We have to get to class."

She was right of course, but I was still curious about this guy. Satomi is usually so shy, so how did the two of them know each other?

Anyway, I got up, put away my tray, and came back for my stuff. Satomi was half way across the cafe by then, in a rush all of a sudden.

"I'll call you later," I yelled after her. I headed to class myself, still wondering about the guy. Eventually, I managed to settled down, and concentrate on the class. Afterwards though, I gave Satomi a call.

"I have to go to the museum," she told me. "There's an exhibit my anthro prof asked us to check out." The museum is on campus, but I hadn't spent much time there.

"Do they have Halloween costumes in the gift shop?" I asked. Halloween was coming up, and a few people had asked me if I was going to one of the Halloween parties.

"I don't know. Maybe."

"Oh OK. How about I meet you at the gift shop? In an hour or so?"

"Yeah, sure."

I stopped in a few places along the way, but when I got closer to the museum, I saw Adam again. There was no sign of his 'girlfriend' this time. He went into the building next door to the museum. I wondered if I should follow him in to see what he was up to, but I should probably find Satomi first. He is cute though.

I went into the museum, and found the gift shop. It wasn't that large, but it was packed with all kinds of stuff. The shopkeeper looked to be Japanese, a smartly dressed older man with a hint of grey in his trendy beard. He smiled when he saw me, probably recognizing me as a fellow Japanese, and motioned for me to come on in.

I found their clothing section near the back, next to what looked like a change room. They had lots of museumy-type outfits - cowboys and Indians, union and confederate soldiers, Egyptian pharaohs, that sort of stuff. They did have an Indian dress sort of like Pocahontas wore, but most of the women's outfits weren't that sexy. They didn't seem to be Halloween costumes at all, but more like uniforms made for the wax figures in the museum.

I finally spotted Satomi outside. She was chatting with Adam in the entrance to the shop. I waved to her, but she was too fixated on Adam to notice me. Ah well. I guess I should try to find a costume anyway.

They did have a nice pair of thong sandals, but what would go with that? There was a lot of Indian stuff - cowhide vests, deer-skin loincloths and feather head dresses. I wonder if I can put together something with these.

I signaled to the shopkeeper that I wanted to use the change room, and he motioned for me to go ahead. I brought the sandals, grabbed a top and a loincloth, and disappeared off into the back. After pulling the curtain shut, I stripped out of my clothes, trying to figure out how to put this stuff on. There was a strip of cowhide at the side of the loincloth that you use to tie it on. My undies were going to show, so I ended up taking them off. I was trying to focus on dressing, but I was getting a bit excited stripping naked.

I finally got the loincloth on. At the front and the back, there were flaps made of grey and white fur - plush and fuzzy - that felt nice on my bare skin. It was completely open at the sides though leaving my hips and backside pretty much exposed.

The 'top' I'd grabbed wasn't much better. It wasn't even a top at all, more like a bib or a collar made of deep red cloth that just barely covered my shoulders and breasts. It was completely backless with just the strap around my neck there to hold it up.

I knew I shouldn't go out dressed like this, but there was no mirror in the change room. I pushed back the curtain, and peered out. Satomi was still talking with Adam. I wonder - should I go out, and show them? Satomi always complains whenever I prance around half naked, but I didn't think Adam would mind. It would be fun to see how he would react. Getting up my nerve, I came out, and padded over their way, getting a bit of a thrill from walking around with so little on. It was pretty exciting.

I didn't get as much of a reaction as I'd hoped. Satomi ignored me, and Adam just glanced at me for a split second, before turning back to Satomi.

"Are you going to the party at the James?" Adam asked Satomi, in his husky voice. For whatever reason, he seemed more interested in her than he was in me. I turned away to look at the head dresses on the shelves. My top swung forward leaving my bare breasts exposed. Adam didn't notice, but one of the boys outside saw me, and came rushing into the shop!

"Emi! Is that you?"

Embarrassed, I straightened up, flattening my little nothing of a top over my breasts. The boy was Kazuki, one of the guys I know from the Japanese Students Union. He stared down in wonder at my backside. When I tried to fix my loincloth, I think I might have given him a peek at my pussy. Whoops!

"What a coincidence!" Kazuki grinned. "Imagine meeting you here!" Kazuki is a nice enough guy I guess, but up until then, I'd mainly thought of him as an anime nerd. He seemed pretty thrilled to see me though, especially the way I was dressed.

"Oh Kazuki. Wha-wha-what are you doing here?" I stammered. He looked as pleased as punch, and even Adam was watching now, finally noticing the way I was dressed.

"I was just on my way to the library, but I'm glad I bumped into you. Would you like a job?"

I felt nervous with the two of them staring at me, but my ears perked up when he said 'job.' I had been looking for extra work.

"Job? What kind of job?" I asked.

"There's a comic convention coming up, and I was wondering if you could work our table with us."

I'd never been to a comic convention before, and had only the vaguest of ideas of what goes on.

"Um, what would I have to do?" I asked.

"Have you met Masa? He and I rent a table at these conventions, and sell manga and anime DVD's. A lot of the other booths have girls working them - cosplayers - and they kind of steal our business. If we had you though... I mean, man, we'd clean up for sure," he grinned.

"Cosplayers? Oh no, I'm not...," I rushed to correct him. Worried by the way he was gawking at me, I felt for my loin cloth. Somehow it had gotten twisted off to the side, leaving my backside exposed. I hadn't really meant to show Kazuki my bottom, so I quickly turned to face him, patting my butt cheeks in embarrassment. I peered back at Adam. He was still talking with Satomi, trying not to stare at me. Actually, I wouldn't have minded so much if Adam wanted to check me out.

"You could wear that," Kazuki offered, grinning from ear to ear.

"This? No, this isn't mine. I was just trying it on," I explained. I pawed at the back flap, trying to get it to lie flat, but Adam was staring even more deliberately now. I could feel the air swirling all around my behind giving me goose bumps all over.

"You look gorgeous," Kazuki beamed. "I can buy it for you if you'd like."

"Um, no, thanks," I demurred. I glanced back at Adam again, but he seemed embarrassed for me. I quickly beat my retreat before anyone else came.

"Hey, wait," Kazuki called after me. "You could wear something else then. We have tons of costumes at the comics store."

I paused outside the change booth, and asked,

"What kind of costumes?" Unfortunately, all this fiddling with my loincloth was causing the bows on the waist ties to come loose.

"Bat girl bikinis, super girl bikinis," he rhymed off. When he said 'bat girl,' at first I thought he was talking about baseball.

"Anything else?" I asked, catching my loincloth before it fell. Kazuki was so fascinated by my ass he was barely listening anymore.

"Um, what?" he gawked. Did Adam leave? I couldn't see him anymore.

"Anyway, it doesn't matter. We can talk about it some other time."

I scurried into the change booth, and quickly pulled the curtain closed, breathing heavily. What on earth did I go, and do that for? I barely even knew Kazuki, and now he probably thinks I'm some kind of nympho. Anyway, I'd better get out of this, and go set the record straight.

I peeked out to make sure that Kazuki hadn't followed me back here. It looked like he had gone to the front to talk to Satomi, so I took the loincloth off. I had a hard time calming down though after that. My hello kitty was purring, and I wanted so much to have sex.

Anyway, I finally got dressed in my jeans and t-shirt, and came out to find Kazuki and Satomi. Kazuki was telling Satomi about the convention. I tried to avoid any commitment, but he was pretty insistent. He said I could just wear a schoolgirl uniform if that was easier. Anyway, I told him I'd think about it, and headed out with Satomi.

That night though, when I got home, I found myself musing about this convention. I could wear my schoolgirl uniform, he'd said. I guess that wouldn't be so bad. I didn't have it with me in the States, but perhaps I could find something similar online. Our school's was a bit old-fashioned - Prussian navy blue with two white stripes on the sleeves and on the hem of the flare skirt. Our scarf was red, but maybe if I could find a blue scarf and a grey collar, that would look conservative enough.

I looked on the web. There were quite a few white sailor blouses, but the navy ones tended to be longer, not like a cosplayer wears. Oh well. If I can't find one in time, I'll just tell Kazuki that I can't do it. There must be other jobs I could do.

Over the next few days, I trawled the web some more. I did finally find a uniform that might work. The sleeves on the blouse were a bit longer than my old one, and there were no stripes on the skirt, but otherwise it was a pretty close match. On a whim, I went ahead, and ordered one. I wasn't sure if it would arrive in time, but a few days before the convention, it came in the mail.

Kazuki called me around then. He was pretty nice about the whole thing, saying I didn't have to do anything I didn't want to. I finally told him yes.

The convention was held in a big hotel downtown. When the day came, I headed down dressed in my street clothes, but packed my uniform in my backpack.

The hotel was gorgeous. The lobby's ceiling was incredibly high. There were paper chandeliers and a luxurious red and brown color scheme. There were even escalators to take us down to the basement. Kazuki gave me a frilly wristband, so security would let me back into the hall. Both Kazuki and Masa seemed so pleased that I'd come.

In the ball room where the convention was held, there were all these long tables set up in the middle and along the edges. The other vendors seemed cool enough, dressed neatly, not as geeky as I had pictured.

There were a few other women there: dojinshi artists, cosplay models, sales assistants. I said hi to the Chinese girls at the table next to ours. They had on these incredibly long wigs sort of like Rapunzel. One girl, Sue, was supposed to be a maid, and the other looked like one of Santa's elves I guess. The other cosplay girls were wearing costumes based on anime heroines or western superheroines.

It all looked peaceful enough, and the people seemed friendly. I eventually decided it would be safe to change. I went back up to the front desk, and asked where the ladies room was, and they directed me up the escalator to the second floor. It was really quiet up there.

The color of my schoolgirl uniform was really dark, almost black more than navy, but it felt crisp and new. Once I'd got it on, I came out to check myself in the mirror. You could see my bare thighs, tummy and bellybutton, but it wasn't all that indecent. I guess it'll be alright.

Once I finished changing, I went back down, and showed Kazuki and Masa.

"Nice! You look great," Kazuki smiled. I was actually a bit worried, because my uniform was nowhere near as flashy as what some of the other girls were wearing, but Kazuki and Masa seemed quite happy.

Eventually, the convention started, and they let all the customers in. People just kind of wander around, but sometimes a whole bunch of people would congregate at one table.

I tried to be friendly, but most of the guys were pretty shy. They'd come up, and leaf through the bins of comics, only sneaking the occasional peek at me. I'd smile sweetly at them, but most of them would avoid my gaze.

A bit bored, I started talking to Sue, the Chinese maid girl at the next table. She was an anime fan, and had designed her costume herself. It did look kind of home-made, but it must have taken forever to make, and showed off her shoulders to nice effect. She didn't seem embarrassed at all. She seemed proud of not only her costume, but her body too. She seemed pretty cool.

Masa kept peering over at me and blushing. He was so shy. It was nice that he liked me, but I hadn't really talked to him at all. Kazuki started reminiscing about other conventions.

"Do you remember that girl in her underwear?" he beamed, talking more to Masa than me.

"What? She was there panties and a bra?" I asked, surprised.

"No, not exactly. I think she was wearing a skirt at first, but took it off later. Here. I think I have a picture." Kazuki found a pic on his smartphone. The girl was definitely Japanese, some kind of model I guess, and there she was in a white sailor blouse, running shoes, and these incredibly tiny little panties. "If you could do something like that...," he mused. I glanced over at Masa, but he just blushed even more.

I looked down at my skirt, trying to remember what kind of panties I had on. Some of them the weave is so loose they are almost see-through, but I was pretty sure these panties were a heavier silky material. I definitely hadn't planned on showing them to anyone when I got dressed that morning. As far as I could remember, these ones were fairly low rise bikini panties. They are nice and cool in the warm weather, but they hung fairly low on my hips, so you could see a bit of the crack of my ass at the top.

I looked back at Kazuki, but he had turned away to deal with some customers. It was kind of a crazy idea taking off my skirt, but then again there was Sue in her shoulder-less maid uniform, some girl in a tank tee, and other girls in pretty revealing costumes. I didn't exactly stand out the way I was dressed.

I actually wanted to talk with Kazuki some more about it, but he was busy. Instead of taking off my skirt, maybe I could just pull the hem up to give our customers a peek at my panties. That wouldn't be quite so embarrassing, but it might get a rise out of some of them.

I wandered off to the side to hide from the crowd. I lifted up my skirt peeking down at my panties, and sure enough, they were the sparkly white low rise ones. Shoot! If I'd known this would happen, I would have brought a more decent pair.

I slid my fingers in to the waistband of my skirt, and undid the hook at the side. I could resize the waistband. I pulled the skirt up, and did it up a bit tighter. Some guys were watching me, but I just ignored them, and tried to act normal.

After I'd raised the waist, the hem hung loose at the back just barely covering my bottom. I was a bit worried, but I stood up, pushing the hem down at the back. Kazuki peered over at me, a bit surprised that I'd actually raised my skirt for them. He'd seen me fooling around half naked at the gift shop, so I don't know why he was so surprised. I guess he still thought of me as a good girl.

I went back to dealing with our customers, but now guys were gathering behind me staring at my ass. I tried to ignore them, but it was kind of embarrassing. I began to wonder I'd pulled the skirt up too far, but when I went to fix it, Kazuki motioned for me to leave it.

"It's okay, Emi! Don't worry. You look fine."

I wasn't so sure about that, but in any case, we did seem to be getting more business. Guys would come, leaf through the bins, and sneak the occasional peek at me and my indecent outfit. I was actually pretty surprised that such a small thing would make such a difference.

Feeling a bit nervously, I pressed my crotch against the table. Sue looked over at me, but she just smiled, not seeing anything strange about how I was dressed.

Masa leaned over, and whispered something to Kazuki.

"What?" I asked.

"No... Masa was just saying that you are a very beautiful woman," Kazuki said. I looked at Masa, even more surprised. I wasn't sure how to respond.

"Um, thanks, I guess."

After a while, the crowd kind of died down, as people went off to see the TV stars in the other room. Business slowed, and I tried to think of some way I could help.

At a table on the other side, there was a cute girl - maybe Japanese - with a green wig on. She was dressed all in white - white lace up boots, a white mini-dress and white panties. She had beautiful features and creamy white thighs, but her eyes were so dark, evil-looking. She kept looking over at me, but not in a friendly way. I think she thought that I was her rival somehow. Now that business was dying down, she was looking for someone to blame, and seemed to think I had something to do with it.

I got kind of tired of her icy stares. It kind of spurred me on though to up the ante myself. I undid my skirt again, and folded the waistband over on itself again. There was kind of a limit with this skirt though. I'd folded it so many times that it was starting to look all bulky. I glanced over at the green-haired girl. Her skirt was so short you could see her panties clear enough. Hesitantly, I pushed my own skirt down my thighs, and took it off.

Kazuki looked even more surprised. Innocent Masa was going into convulsions to see me, his precious little angel, tarting myself up this way. Sue smiled though clearly approving.

Self-conscious, I kept adjusting my panties, trying to get them to cover my butt cheeks. That wouldn't work, so I tried pulling up the waistband instead to hide the crack of my ass. These panties were pretty mini though, so I couldn't keep everything covered. I finally just let them be.

One problem was that there was a photographer there that day. I thought he was over in the other room, but suddenly, I realized he was back, angling to take my picture. I was about to tell him not to, but Kazuki intervened, asking if I'd just go along with it. He was all like 'it'll be good for business,' but I think he and the other guys were enjoying seeing me embarrassed.

Sue, on the other hand, thought it was wonderful that the photographer had come, and wanted to get in on the pictures. She clearly loves the attention. She came over next to me, and posed, blowing him kisses. I turned my back, and ignored them, but the photographer guy told Sue to tug on the waistband of my panties. Before I knew it, she'd pulled them open, showing him the crack of my behind. I tried to shoo her away, but Kazuki was all excited now, cheering her on.

Sue made like she was going to pull her own panties down, but at least she had a dress on so you couldn't see her behind. The photographer motioned for her to go after me again. She pulled my panties down so far that practically my whole bottom was showing. I was pretty shocked, even more so, because people kept streaming in. The show in the other room must have finished. Sue didn't realize though. I kept trying to get her to let go, but she was having too much fun, teasing me, and hamming it up for the camera.

I had to just stand there, and take it, as all these fan boys rushed over to get a look at my bare behind. It was so embarrassing, but despite myself, I was getting excited. The guys were all clapping and cheering loving it. My face got all hot, but I did my best to soldier through for Kazuki's sake.

Eventually, Sue twigged to the fact that a huge audience was gathering. She let go of me, and pulled up her own panties. I was about to do the same, but Kazuki begged me not to. People were all flocking to our table, trying to see what all the fuss was. I knew it was kind of crazy to stand here, letting all these people ogle my bottom, but it all happened so quick. I was kind of in a daze.

Slowly, I pulled my panties back up. Kazuki and Masa especially seemed so disappointed.

Kazuki wanted to organize some kind of photo shoot at their store, but I told him some other time. Masa looked so sad, when I pulled my skirt back on, but I was starting to feel pretty embarrassed about the whole thing. I'm not sure what happened to the photographs. I guess the photographer would need me to sign a release if he wanted to sell them.