

Clown It Up: Balloony Fun

By: Firingwall

Heather's arms folded, and she leaned in annoyed, "That's not what I'm here for! I'm looking for this idiot called Cindy. About my age and not as pretty?"

"Hmmm," the large, fat clown man answered, "Can'ts say dat I's saw anyones like dat before. Now, yous sure yous don't wanna nice balloon?"

Heather Rollings was a member of a big sorority from her hometown. One day, the sorority, including her, decided upon a challenge that one of their pledges had to do before they would be allowed to join. It was to go to the abandoned carnival outside of the city limits, grab something, and bring it back to show off.

A simple task, but one that usually unnerved some past pledges and carried the risk of breaking and entering to a closed property. The thing was though, Cindy never came back. Most of the members of the house just assumed she chickened out and since she never was on campus much, no one really noticed she had left.

However, Heather was different and also annoyed. She wasn't worried or anything about Cindy's safety, but frustrated at the possibility of getting bothered by the police if they looked for her. She decided to clear her conscience or any guilt by checking the place out herself.

Oddly, when she showed up and explored, she found a large, heavysset clown man by the name of Chubs Foggyton. He was busy cleaning a balloon cart and smoking a large cigar when she approached him.

The situation since then had only gone downhill from there. "No!" Heather grumbled, "I don't want a damn balloon. I'm just here looking for someone and nothing else! Ugh, didn't even know this place was up and running again."

"Wells," Chubs replied, "We's only started settin' up ands dare's just two of us so far. We's always lookin' for new employees dough if ya interested."

"Hardly!" Heather huffed, "I wouldn't dream of working in a dingy, ugly place like this."

Chubs didn't say anything, just staring at her carefully. After a moment, he took a huge drag and blew it into her face. "Yous not a fan?" He spoke, smoke pouring from his maw, "Dat's too bad. Yous look like a gud balloon blower if ya ask mes."

Heather felt off after that strange puff to the face, her mind fuzzy and her body twitchy. She knew she was angry and annoyed by the obnoxious puff to the face. She was ready to lash out at the clown all but good for such a move.

But, she found herself strangely asking instead, "Oh? What do you mean?"

“Wells I’s mean I’s think yous be gud at blowin’ up sum balloons here,” the clown replied, nodding to the balloon cart, “Why don’t ya gives it a try?”

Heather glanced at the balloon cart, noting several uninflated balloons just lying on top of it in a small box. She glanced at Chubs, who merely smiled at her, and back to the box. *I’ll just humor him*, she thought, taking one of the balloons, *then I’ll leave. No point at sticking around this dump.*

She took out a purple balloon and carefully brought the piece of un-inflated latex to her mouth. Taking a deep breath, she blew into it with all her might. But in turn, the balloon barely inflated despite the amount of air she blew into it!

FWOMP! The balloon suddenly deflated, and all the air came rushing back into her mouth. Her own nose swelled out itself into a large, squishy clown nose that was just purple as the balloon. It was glossy in color and despite its size, Heather didn’t comment on it.

Instead, Heather merely moaned for some reason, “Awwww, it didn’t work!”

“Dat’s ah darn shame dat is,” replied Chubs, blowing out a puff of smoke, “Maybe ya should try it again?”

Heather’s brow furrowed, and she mumbled, “Yeah... maybe I should.”

She took another deep breath and blew with all of her might into the balloon. It grew a bit larger than before, but not too impressively either. The air then proceeded to shoot right back into her mouth. **FWOMP-FWOMP!** Her feet burst out her pink heels, now four times larger than they originally were and bright white.

Again, she paid it no attention and stomped on the ground with her large foot, bright red material forming over her feet and creating gaudy red shoes. “This is so annoying!” She remarked, “What am I doing wrong?!”

Before Chubs could answer, she blew back into the balloon, right blew right back into her. **WOMP! WOMP!** Her hands quadrupled in size, turning bright white and super pudgy. Her fingernails vanished, and her ring fingers shrunk back into her palm, leaving her with four silly-looking fingers on equally silly-looking hands.

This caught her attention, nearly dropping the balloon. “Oh my god!” She remarked, examining and wiggling her hands, “What’s wrong with them?!”

“Looks likes a bit of clown magic was ins dat balloon dare,” Chubs stated, “Oh well. I’s can fix dat up no probs! Just gonna have ta give up on dat balloon blowin’ and...”

A twinge of anger arose in Heather’s mind. It made no sense to her, but the thought of giving up? “No way!” She snapped, “I’m not letting this balloon beat me!”

“Yous sure about dat? I’s can...” Chubs found himself trailing off, clearly making no impact on the angry girl as she blew back into the balloon. Once again, she found herself beaten as her stylish hair puffed out into an all-natural, somehow, rainbow afro.

Grumbling, she blew faster and harder into the balloon, more than she had before. This time, there was a little bit more growth, the balloon actually inflating into a balloon-like shape for once. She smiled and pulled the balloon away, quickly tying it up so air wouldn’t escape.

“Hyuk!” She declared proudly, her voice lower than it once was, “Hows dat Mister Chubs? Heheheh, dat silly o’balloon didn’t get the best of me after all! Hehe!”

Chubs took a small drag and blew it out. “Ehh,” he mumbled with a halfhearted shrug, “I suppose that was something, I guess?”

Heather’s heart raced and she felt a surge of new found frustration rising within. She grabbed two balloons from the cart and blew into them at the same time. That didn’t remotely work given her luck and she suddenly shot up two extra feet, putting her way above Chubs.

“GGGRRRRR! Heheh, why can’t I do this?!” Heather groaned.

“Hmmm, maybe yous needs some oxygen boostin’?” Chubs suggested, pulling out a large air container with a hose attached to it. “Maybe if ya has some, yous can blow bedder ands be a bedder balloon blower?”

Heather looked upon him with a frustrated glare, but her eyes slipped over curiously to the air tank. She snatched it right up and shoved the hose into her mouth, turning the nozzle. The foolish decision led to some odd results instantaneously with her skin turning white and rubbery as the air flowed right into her.

Her body quivered as the mysterious clown gas/“oxygen” entered her body, morphing it much quicker than the balloons had. Her arms, legs, and torso slowly expanded in dimension, giving her form a thicker, but still slim look. Her neck bulged gently in the front and her facial features grew stronger and wider, taking on a more masculine look.

Most notably was her chest and pants. Instead of inflating further, her breasts shrank, leaving them flat as a pancake. In her pants’ crotch, a small bulge slowly formed. It grew bigger, wider, and rounder the more air she took in. It ballooned to baseball size, then grapefruit, coconut, before finally stopping at bowling ball levels.

The new, manly Heather took one last big hit off the air tank, his clothing exploding off of his body before reforming into a simple, stretchy set of blue suspenders and red-striped button-up shirt with an oversized bow-tie. “Hyuk-hyuk!” The new clown spoke, laughing it up, “I feel hehehee ready for whatever, hehehehe! Hyuk-hyuk-HYUK!”

Chubs smirked and tossed the clown a large, very long balloon. “Ohs yeah?” Chubs chuckled, taking another hit off his cigar, “Let’s see dat in action den!”

The new clown licked his chops and put the balloon to his mouth. With ease, it stretched out into a very long, light-blue balloon. He proceeded to wrap and stretch the balloon, his hands and arms a crazy blur doing so.

After a few seconds, he handed Chubs an incredible, should-have-been impossible balloon car! “Hahahaha!” Declared Chubs, laughing up a storm, “Now dis is guds work! Yous gonna make a fine balloon blower ands maker Flatey Loons! Glads ta have ya on board!”

“Hehehehe, hahaha!” Laughed Flatey, looking so proud of himself, “Good hehehehe to be hyuck-hyuk apart of hehe da team here! Hehehehe!”

And so, in the end, Flatey did find who he was looking for. However, he also found a new friend, a new life, and a new job. It was far more than he ever wanted or that he even knew he wanted. Hopefully, he would make even more friends soon and be able to hand out balloons to tons of families and kids when the carnival finally opened.

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