

Clown It Up: Little on the Shortside

By: Firingwall

Patron Story Done for Danuki

Helena stepped through another group of people, not too subtly pushing them with her shoulder. Getting through that small group, she narrowly avoided running into a trash can and then a vendor selling balloons.

She huffed, glancing around her. The big top was only a few yards away, the sounds of cheers and animal roars heard from within. Off in the distance was the large ferris wheel, the lights coming on as the sun set even further than before. To the left were stands of greasy, fattening foods of all kinds, a thick aroma that would entice any visitor over.

Everyone around was having a good time, enjoying the circus to their fullest. And yet, she was not. She was not at all.

This sucks... this completely sucks. She grumbled internally. Today had been one bad thing after another. Car trouble, work trouble, home trouble, food trouble, every kind of trouble packed in one crappy day.

When she heard about the circus in town on the radio, she thought maybe that would help on some level. Some place fun with fun sights, fun people, fun games, and fun food.

Nope. Just being in the overcrowded, noisy, smelly, obnoxious zone had done the opposite for her. She felt more miserable than when she first arrived.

Gotta go home... She pushed away through another group of people. *Want to go home... just want to sleep.*

As she was about to turn to head down the Mainway towards the parking lot, Helena walked past a crowd. “Thaaaaaank you for all for being such a cute and fun audience! You know how to make a gal feel looooooved!”

Looking in its direction, she found the cheering mass in front of a small, makeshift stage. It had spotlights on it with a bright purple curtain hung up. High above that was a banner that read: “Meet Love Ballerina, the Dancing, Graceful Clown of Hearts”.

Sure enough, on the stage, Helena could see the titular clown itself. Big emphasis on the “tit”ular part in particular. It was a very curvaceous, top heavy clown woman with snow-white skin and short, elegant red hair. She wore a purple leotard that emphasized her massive mounds and a tutu that was quite revealing to say the least.

Love Ballerina waved to the crowd after she did a little bow. “Thank you, thank you cutiepies! You’ve been a lovely audience! Do come and see me again next hour for a different show or tomorrow for an even better routine! You’ll be in loooooove for sure!”

Helena rolled her eyes. *Weirdo...*

She turned back towards the parking lot, ready to be done with this mess.

“Hiya there! You don’t seem all that impressed with the da show. Is something da matter?”

Helena flinched, taking a step back. It was another clown. This one had a similar-looking outfit as Love, but it was bright green instead. She was just as busty, cartoony sensual in appearance, but with curly green hair and a green nose instead. She smelled of mint, clovers painted on her cheeks and dangled from her earlobes.

However, her shock and surprise lasted only a moment before she frowned. *Great, another weirdo...* “Look, I’m not in a good mood, and I’m heading home. I wasn’t watching the show anyway. I only looked to see what the commotion was about. Good-bye!”

Helena turned away to leave in a different direction. “Hiya! I see you met my girlfriend, Clover Ballerina. Isn’t she darling?”

Love Ballerina was right there now, looking at her excitedly, wiggling her hips. Helena felt herself twitch, frustration only growing further. She really did not need this. “Look, I don’t-”

“Oh Love, Love, Love!” Clover bumped Helena to the side and boob bumped against her girl. Her eyes were all watery. “This lady isn’t happy at all! She’s a big Gloomy Gustine!”

“WHAT?!” Love looked horrified, her hair looking like it lost color and gleam. She turned to Helena, gripping her hands and staring her straight in the eyes. “Awwwww, my dance didn’t make you all cheery and happy inside?! That’s terrible! I’m sorry I let you down!”

“...look. I gotta go now. So, if you don’t mind, just-”

Clover spun around to face Helena, going shoulder to shoulder with Love. The green clown declared, her look and tone far more serious, “Na-ah! This calls for an emergency cold white blast to the system! That’s the only solution!”

Love gasped, immediately cheering up. “With lots and lots of shorty sugar in it?!”

Clover smiled and nod. “Ah-huh!” Both clowns giggled and high-fived each other. Helena stepped back and tried to leave. However, their mitts grabbed onto her arms, and they led her away, heading towards and behind the stage.

“H-h-hey!? What are you doing?! Let me go!” The clown girls did not listen, merely whistling and humming happily as they walked along. No one else around did anything either. It was almost like she was invisible or something.

Eventually, the duo stepped backstage behind the curtain and let go of Helena then. She huffed, angrily looking at them. “What the hell was that?! That was completely uncalled for! I’ll have you-”

SPLAT! In a blink of an eye, Clover suddenly had a pie in her hand. Another blink, the pie was gone and splattered right into Helena's face.

Helena coughed and hacked. She spat out pieces of cream and pie crust, blew her nose, and wiped her eyes. Thankfully, none of it got into her hair, and it was surprisingly easy to wipe off. However, that did not settle her rage or anger at all

"What the hell was that about?!" Helena spat, getting in Love's face, "Why did *you throw a gosh darn pie in my face, you... you... you weenie... pooh? Fuh?*"

Helena's face dropped. Her voice, why did it sound so weird? It was suddenly so high pitched and squeaky. Her tone was off as well. The words sounded wrong coming out of her mouth.

That's when she was taken aback by the other thing. Her hands were white. Not white from all of the whipped cream she had wiped off her mug. They were just white in general, almost like freshly fallen snow. She poked the back of her hand, the texture rather smooth and rubbery almost.

This isn't right... She looked back at Love Ballerina, facing her chin before looking a little more up. "Okay wise gal, what is the big idea?! What's going on?"

"Welllllll, you see, that grumpy, sad pity party was such a downer!" Love explained, nodding her head and patting Helena's noggin. "If my dancing couldn't help ya, there was some serious need of fixing!"

"But I didn't even see you dance or-"

Love placed a finger to Helena's lips. "Thus, my girl and I decided a fixin' was needed!"

Clover butted in. "An emergency fixing! A super-duper, clown fixer upper fixing!"

Helena scowled, folding her arms. "I don't need a fixing, Miss Clowns!" She started tapping her feet impatiently. Each tap, her shoes shook and jiggled. Each tap, their material shifted. Each tap, they grew a bit longer, a bit wider and rounder at the toes.

Eventually, one big tap, and they were fully changed. She now wore long, bowl-tipped clown shoes. They were made from red and white leather with big shoelaces that were left undone. The backs of them had a cute star on them.

"I don't need any of this!" Helena huffed, poking their stomachs. "I want you two to fix this right now!" She pouted, puffing out her cheeks like a spoiled child. Her cheeks blushed... and then a cartoony red oval appeared on each one.

Love and Clover looked at her silently. Helena fidgeted, a bit nervous about the lack of response. That is until she saw a sparkle in their eyes, their expressions lighting up with joy. "Ummm... are you two listening to-"

“AWWWWW!” The couple cried. They both reached out and pinched Helena’s cheeks, stretching and pinching them tightly. The human gasped, blushing harder and trying her best to slap their mitts away.

As they pinched Helena’s red ovals, the skin around them began to bleach. All color started draining and draining fast. Soon, white pigment, just as rubbery and snowy as her hand, had covered her face and continued spreading down her neck.

“S-stop that!” Helena said, stomping her feet as the white tone cloaked her entire body. “You *all* stop that right now!!”

The clowns didn’t listen to her one bit, just continuing to pinch and pull her cheeks. Helena fumed, gritting her teeth. She stomped her feet and yelled, “Stop that right now, you big... big... YOU BIG MEANIES!!”

With one final stomp, her socks shot up her legs to her hips. White cotton turned to softer, thinner elastic stockings. They hugged her legs tightly, but still allowed for breathing. Red and yellow stripes formed on them, flowing all the way from the tops to the feet.

The clowns stopped their pinching and looked at each other. Love looked back at Helena with a big grin. “Hmm? “Big” meanies? What do you mean by that, sillybutt?”

Helena opened her jaw but stopped short of saying anything. She looked up at Love. She had to. The clown was taller than her by a foot... and seemingly getting taller too.

Wait a minute... this can't be right! She's not that tall and I'm not that short! Helena pouted, puffing her cheeks out again. This was getting weirder and wronger [*is that a word?*] by the second.

“Something the matter?” Clover asked, leaning in. She was also taller now as well.

Helena frowned. “You two know what I mean!” She huffed and folded her arms. “You two are big meanies, picking on me and throwing pies in my face!”

Her frown twisted. *Wait, that's not what I meant! I meant to say-*

“Awww!” Clover placed a hand on Helena’s head and started ruffling it. Helena twitched, a few more inches lost off. “We didn’t mean to make you all blue!”

Helena batted Clover’s hand away, but the green clown quickly started rubbing again. Helena’s short hair began to spiral and bounce, turning into curly ringlets that went down to her chest. The color brightened from its charcoal black to a dashing, regal purple.

Clover went on, her voice and tone filled with concern and care. “All we wanted to do was to just cheer you up.”

The changing woman felt her body flinch and tremble, growing ever shorter by the second. Those words sounded so wrong, so off. And yet, her mind ached and felt unfocused. All she could utter was, “Cheer... cheer me up?”

“Ah-huh, sillybutt!” Love nodded. “You were being all grumpy! Reemember?”

Helena frowned and tried to think. However, everything in her head was all scratchy and blurry. She knew she was upset before... right? It was hard to say.

Thinking about these things, scratching her face, only encouraged her changes. She continued to shrink and shrink, breasts at eye level and then higher. Her hands inflated briefly as a soft, white material appeared over them. White gloves emerged, somehow even larger than her hands and yet still as flexible.

“HMMMMMM!” Helena huffed and eventually shrugged. “Nope! No clue about being grumpy!” She smiled, looking up high from the clowns’ belly buttons. “I feel grrrrreat! ...though, I do think I was blue because of you!”

“Awww!” Clover frowned, getting weepy again. “We’re super sorry!”

“Ah-huh!” Love said, bending down. “We’re really, honest-to-good-gravy sorry!”

“We!!!!!!...” Helena scratched her chin again. **FWOMP**. Her booty suddenly double-sized, ballooning into a big bubble butt. Her hips and thighs quickly swelled to fit her impressive derriere.

“Alright! I’ll let it go thiiiiis time! But! You gotta be nice next time! Okay?” Helena wagged a finger at them. **Pffffffft!** Her shirt and pants rapidly merged and shifted form. Pants legs shrunk up to her hips, sleeves and shoulders vanished from her top. Material merged and softened, gaining white polka dots. Eventually, her outfit turned into a cute, purple dress with a short gown.

The clowns saluted. “We prom-miss!” Helena smiled, dropping even further until she was just at thigh height.

However, her smile faded after the salute passed. Even with her breasts suddenly swelling to hefty C-cups, filling out her dress quite nicely, something was amiss. “Umm... what was I doing again? I can’t remember!”

Clover kneeled down until she was almost at eye level. “Awww, you don’t recall? You were about to help us with our next routine, silly-sweetie-shortstuff!”

Helena stared; her eyes turning purple. “...oh!” She smacked the side of her head and laughed. Her nose jiggled. **SWWWWOOOOOMP!** Her sniffer rapidly inflated, swelling into a large, round ball. The skin turned even more rubbery, nostrils and her bridge being sucked into the sphere.

“Hehe! I’m soooo dumb sometimes!” Helena giggled, squeaking her clown nose. It’s color turned from white to a vibrant blue. “Right! The big show! Time for my... **SHORT** break!” All three clowns laughed and honked.

Helena turned and disappeared behind the curtain, the crowd heard soon after cheering and applauding her arrival. The two ballerinas looked at each other and grinned.

SLAP! They high-fived each other. Clover giggled, “Alright! Another Grumpy Gloomy Gustine turned into a Pretty Pippy Pelly!”

Love beamed. “Oh Clovey~! You always have such an eye for those needing help! We couldn’t have made her so happy without you!”

“Awwww, thankie! One day of clownin’, and she’ll be right as rain tomorrow!”

Love leaned in. “Until then, let’s go perform!” The two ballerinas nodded and headed onto stage to join their new friend.

THE END