

The Jester (Man to Clown Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Frank is a rather average and boring college student, until he takes a trip to a local circus act and finds a strange and mystical clown nose. Putting it on, he is shocked to find himself transformed into a cute, busty, clown-themed heroine with the power to warp reality so long as she draws a good reserve of laughter. With the insistence of her best friend, she embarks on a journey to become a member of the Hero Society, fighting crime all while balancing her college life, and even developing feelings for said friend.

The Jester

“C’mon Frank, it’ll be fun. At the very least it’ll get you out of your damn dorm room.”

Frank sighed and closed his laptop. “I don’t know, man. My economics exam is coming up and I really have to study.”

Tim snorted, folding his arms. “C’mon man, exams aren’t until literally a month from now and your schedule is clear as it always is. Hell, I’m having a hard enough time these days just dragging you to the comics store. If you keep on this trajectory you’ll start to become a real chore of a bore, no offence.”

Frank frowned, a little embarrassed. His best friend wasn’t wrong, he *had* become a real bore as of late. He had never been the most active person, but now he was quite sedentary, getting even a little chubby. He used to like going to parties and meetups, playing games with friends or watching sports with them. These days, he didn’t even do that. He was often wrapped up in his study, trying to walk the tightrope in order to get the best possible marks and get a job as an accountant. It was not an aspiration that Tim saw as particularly interesting.

He has a point, Frank thought.

“Look, I know you’re right, but it’s my final year. We’re both twenty two years old, dude. We can’t afford to waste time, especially on the circus.”

Again, Tim huffed. “Look, I know you think my Dad is a bit weird-”

“He does take the circus stuff a bit seriously.”

“-but I haven’t seen in him in ages because he’s always travelling. I don’t, well, want to catch up with him without a friend to back me up and bail me out of there if it gets awkward. Besides, it’ll be fun. I tell you what, you come with me and I’ll buy you a nice, plain white journal. Not some superhero comic like last time - I know that failed - but something nice and boring, just for you.”

Frank blushed, recognising the insult. “Well . . . I *do* need another journal.”

Tim raised his fist to the air, his longer black hair shaking about as he did so. “Hell yeah! Let’s do it! Time for the Dork Duo to walk the night once more.”

Another sigh. “I really wish you wouldn’t call us that . . .”

It’s just far too colourful, he thought to himself. *Fine for teenagers, not so for adults like us.*

Tim wasn’t wrong, the circus really was spectacular. The performers leapt and bounced and flipped and kicked. They launched themselves from cannons, rose on elephants, and tangled with lions. It was really old school, and it left Frank wondering what on earth the insurance costs would be for such a place.

“Awesome, isn’t it?” Tim asked.

“I’m impressed, I won’t lie,” Frank replied. “I didn’t realise your Dad had such an elaborate circus, with a whole zoo and everything.”

“Oh yeah, it’s a classic circus. Part of the reason he left me behind so much when I was younger. Wasn’t the best time, and I’m hoping we can repair our relationship and stuff. It’s why I’m here, I guess. Thanks for coming, man.”

Frank nodded, then checked some notes from his pocket. Tim caught them and threw them off the front row seats with the rest of the popcorn.

“Not a single exam prep, dude. Just watch the pretty lady on the elephant. Trust me, she’s about to do something - YES!”

Even Frank clapped as she flipped onto the elephant’s trunk, rising high. It truly was a spectacular performance, but he genuinely couldn’t see how anyone could do such a thing. Not physically, but put themselves on display like that. It was so . . . silly.

The show ended after an admittedly impressive concerted display involved almost all the performers. A clown moved through the crowd, bumbling and making jokes and generally being a bit too ridiculous for Frank’s tastes. He was and had always been quite a serious person, and part of him found such open and performative humour almost distasteful to look upon. Still, he was there for his friend.

And he does want to reconnect with his Dad. Or continue connecting. Their relationship is a bit of a minefield that’s best to navigate around.

He could see it in Tim’s eyes: his friend was captivated by the ringmaster’s actions. Harry Hausen was indeed a commanding presence in the centre of the stage, even as he bowed before the audience along with his employees. Including the elephant too, in fact. Like Tim, he had dark hair, though it was more slicked back and with a curled moustache

that gave him an almost stereotypical appearance, red circus master's jacket and all. With the audience emptying out of their seats, Tim bade Frank to stay.

"Dad's calling me over. God knows how he spotted me in the audience but he has."

There's excitement in his voice, Frank thought. I really hope his father doesn't dazzle him for nothing again. I may be too serious for some, but Harry parades his tricks, gains his son's eye, and then disappears again.

Frank walked with him just as Harry ran forward and embraced his son.

"Timothy, my good lad! Ah, how I've missed you!"

"I, um, missed you too, Dad."

"Not as much as I missed you. Ah, I wish I didn't have to travel around so much. I always have to be on the run, so to speak. It's not the life someone like yourself—"

"Dad, I could come with you. I could. I can study remotely."

Harry sighed, and it looked to Frank as if it wasn't affected, but rather genuine.

"It can't be that way, Timothy."

"But why not—"

"I'm sorry, it just can't. Perhaps when . . . in the far future, when the circus is . . . different. For now, come with me. I know it's hard to deal with, but I'll make it up to you. Come backstage and see what I've got for you. You can come too, Frank, if you feel you must."

Yep, he still doesn't like me.

The look of suspiciousness was obvious.

"Yeah, sure, I'll come," Frank said.

"And bring that *shining* personality with you," Harry said.

Tim scoffed. "Dad!"

"Fine, fine! Just a joke, my boy. Come both of you, but I'll chat to my son privately for a moment, Frank. Feel free to look around!"

He motioned in his charismatic way, a way that made Tim captivated and Frank suspicious.

Frankly Suspicious. Man, if I was a hero like those superpowered weirdos in the Society, that would be my moniker. I'd be frankly suspicious of showoffs like Meteor Woman and how much they parade around in those lewd outfits. Just a bunch of circus performers like these guys.

But Timothy was being marvelled: he was shown the elephant, allowed to sit on the back of the giraffe Gerty, and to inspect the cannon that had fired their rocket man. His eyes were sparkling as his father talked about his latest circus antics and performance plans.

"Geez Dad, you're like a superhero yourself."

“Oh, I’m no Blue Trident or Crimson Shifter, but I certainly know how to impress a crowd and stage a fight, and who knows? Maybe they could learn a thing from me in that regard, especially after that supervillain Hyperion and his nonsense giant robot. Completely lacking in style!”

Tim had always been a massive comic book and hero fan; for the super powered individuals both fictional and real. Frank knew that his friend fantasised about becoming a hero through some accident or experiment gone wrong. Frank had wanted the same . . . when he was a child. Now, he had shed that love of ridiculous fantasies and left that to the Hero Society and their Circle of Doom enemies or whatever they called themselves. The notion of getting involved in *that* insanity was absurd to him, just as absurd as the circus around him.

Harry took his son aside into his circus master’s office, and Frank took that cue to just have a look around and try to entertain himself, albeit not in a particularly circus-y way. The circus was in town for another two weeks, and this was about as much as Frank could stomach. He moved past performers removing their makeup or chatting or smoking, generally being ignored or being invisible, which he was perfectly fine with. He checked his phone for college emails, or to go over his online notes, but the screen shorted out in a weird way as he passed a closed door marked *STORAGE*. Frank paused, and for reasons he couldn’t explain, something seemed to call him from the inside, like a moth to a flame, or a magnet to . . .

Another magnet, he thought. Even for me, that was unimaginative.

Frank opened the door. It was strange, there was a click in the lock, as if it *had* been locked from the other side and someone on the other side was just unlatching it. And yet, when the door opened, there was nothing inside but the darkness of many storage boxes all piled upon one another.

I shouldn’t go in, he thought to himself. But . . .

He stepped in, heeding the strange call, moving past various boxes using the light of his phone. It was like this kind of light was summoning him, a dancing glow that seemed oddly free. Music began to play in his mind, whimsical and faintly absurdist. The kind of tune that would accompany a circus play, or a clown’s pratfall act. It gained in tempo as he got closer, turning through aisles of circus equipment, past hoops and rings and torches and shoes and costumes and an entire menagerie of oddity. It was all the kind of stuff Frank had no time or patience for, and yet the most circusy thing in the storage space was calling him.

“A clown nose,” he mused as it came into view, sitting on a shelf and occupying a space of honour within a glass frame with a heavy brass lock upon it. “I’m being summoned by a freakin’ clown nose?”

And yet . . . I feel a need to reach out and touch it.

It was the classic image: the red clown nose, bulbous and round in shape, made of nothing more than shiny plastic, and with a little band to encircle one's head to keep it affixed. It did have more of a . . . glow, or sorts, than it should have, but the hypnotising effect made it hard to consider it too deeply. Frank reached out his hand, extending it to the glass. It was a futile effort because it was so heavily locked and the glass thick.

That was until, *somehow*, his fingers passed quite literally *through* the glass and grabbed the red clown nose. He pulled it back through the rippling glass, eyes wide open. He knew on some subconscious level that he should be utterly alarmed. This was something for the Hero Society or the Wardens of Objects of Power to look over, and yet here he was taking it into his own hands.

Or so he thought.

Because instead of keeping it in his hands, another sudden desire came over him, one he equally couldn't ignore. His mind cleared a little, but his body was acting of its own accord, raising the clown nose until it was equal to his own, and then drawing it slowly towards it. *Affixing* it.

"Um, no. No. Uh, can anyone hear me! This weird clown nose wants to be on my face! ANYONE!?"

But the music drowned out his voice. It was bouncing, swirling, ridiculous music that spoke of pratfalls and pranking and all manner of amusement.

What the hell is this thing going to do to me? What the hell am I even doing with it? I knew this circus was stupid but this takes the-

Even his thoughts paused as the clown nose enveloped his own. Rather than requiring the band around his head, it simply stuck there, unable to be removed. His hands worked to place the band over his head anyway, and he trembled with the sense that something very, very weird was about to happen, the sound of a laughing, giggling woman ringing in his ear.

And then, finally, it happened.

A bright explosion of colour bloomed instantaneously around Frank, startling him. A strange, vibrant energy suffused his very being, pouring into him. He lost all control of his body, spreading his arms out and extending his fingers, raising one leg up as if he were suddenly a ballerina dancer. He twirled expertly on the spot, the circus music playing in a highly celebratory manner while his body twisted and flailed as if in some great celebration.

What on earth is - OHHH!!"

The warmth of this strange ethereal magic flowed further into his body, and this time it . . . tickled. Frank couldn't help himself, he began to *giggle*. The power swelled within his body, a series of pressures beginning to form, but it only made his nerves respond as if he were being tickled.

“Haha! Heehee! Hoho! Why am I I-laughing! HAHAHA!”

He burst out into laughter, even as his body began to transform. He could scarcely believe what was happening to him, and could only look down upon his dancing body, captivated by both the buoyant and inescapable joy he was feeling, as well as the very real transformation occurring. His entire body was covered in a red light as he twirled, so that he was quite literally a dancing silhouette or cartoonish outline. As this occurred, his laughter became higher in pitch, more maniacal but also more musically sweet. His waist pulled in, and his shoulders shrank. Yet at the same time his thighs swelled, not just with subcutaneous fat but also impressive muscle, and the same was true of his calves as well. His hips pried outwards, and his dance suddenly changed to adapt to this, shaking and sashaying them left and right while he joined his hands above his head, dancing to the intoxicatingly silly music. Those same hands became dainty and small, his feet also, and his body hair all pulled back in, leaving his increasingly hourglass shape now smooth and womanly upon the surface. His groin pulled inwards at the same time as his chest blossomed.

Oh God, I'm becoming - haha! - I'm becoming a woman! Heehee! How his this possible!? It's crazy! HAHA!

His hair extended outwards, before rejoining as two pigtails that bounced with his every moment, complete with little bells affixed to their ends. His clothing, merely an outline, shifted to accommodate his new form. His pants pulled tight against his flattening crotch, and there was such a tickle when his manhood retreated and became a woman's opening that he burst out laughing in a clearly playful and *female* voice. His face shifted, reshaping to become appropriate to that new voice. His nose shrank and became button-cute behind the clown nose, and his lips became full and womanly. His cheeks filled out a bit, giving him a cute, cherubic set of features, like a young woman yet to lose all that baby fat. It gave him a terrific grin - somehow he just knew it. This should have frightened him but instead it just made him beam all the more, filled with a sense of freedom as joy.

Ohhhhhh, it's happening! I'm becoming a woman! I'm becoming a - a CLOWN!

A bouncy skirt erupted from his waist even as his chest grew into an ample pair of breasts, easily E-cups. Wonderful, ripe cantaloupe that were full and perfect for bouncing with every excitable movement. The new woman moaned, feeling her new nipples stiffen against what seemed to be a corset; all of her clothing was changing by this point, right down to her legs having stockings instead of pants. A pair of curled shoes appeared on her feet, complete with more bells, and as the last set of changes ran through her she spun one last time then posed, arms outstretched, chest thrust out, and her legs spread outwards as if she were about to break into performance. The red magic dissipated, leaving her new colours fully on display. The new female clown had ivory pale skin - perhaps covered in

makeup or perhaps 'natural.' Her hair, which she pulled into view by one of her pigtails, was dark red, also unnatural in colouring. Her clothing was a mix of bright green and red, much like that of a jester's costume, and consisted of a rather sexy corset that lifted her already massive and heavy chest to bountiful new heights of hilly cleavage, while her lower half had a bright, bouncy skirt that alternated those two colours, leading down to mismatched stockings. In her hand, oddly enough, was a rather large hammer of wood, the kind that would have been right at home in a cartoon show rather than real life. She held it easily, but as it startled her to lift it, it retracted in that very moment! It was as if she'd put it 'behind her' so to speak, and then it was gone, vanished. There to be summoned again from what magically or technologically-inclined heroes often referred to as 'hammer space.'

"Holy shirtballs!" she declared in an airy, cheery voice, the kind that took nothing seriously, like a party girl's after her third drink. "I'm a woman! I've got big tits and no junk and everything! Hot damn, now I know what they mean by *Man, I feel like a woman*, amirite, folks!?"

She posed dramatically, emphasising and cupping her chest with her hands.

Wait, why the heck am I even acting this way? And why am I 'cussing' like an old timey cartoon character? Scratch that, why am I acting like a cartoon character!?

She tried to pull at her nose, only to find that the clown nose itself had disappeared. Her nose was her own again, just coloured red to fit her new clowny aesthetic. It had *fused* with her, somehow.

"I guess the nose *doesn't* know!" she quipped, before giggling to herself.

That's not even funny! What am I doing? How do I change back? God, these tits are huge, and I've got a damn pussy between my legs. I bet it sure feels nice!

The last thought made her shiver in strange excitement. It was totally wrong for Frank to feel this way, but the truth was she didn't feel all that much like Frank at the moment. In fact, she most certainly felt like a woman, and a rather excitable and joyous one at that. She was having trouble not dancing on the spot or giggling at some silly memory. It was like some valve had been released in the former male's mind, leaving the new *her* to be his repressed id, dancing up onto the stage and hogging the spotlight.

"I gotta figure out what the gosh darn *heck* has happened to this clown!" she declared, jabbing her very full chest with her pale thumb.

At that very moment, the door to the storage room which Frank had closed behind him - when he'd been a *him*, that was - creaked open. The new clown girl Frank was around several corners, but she could hear voices echoing through the storage space.

"Hey, who's in here?"

"I heard music, and saw light! Come out! This is a private space!"

Frank panicked. She had no idea what to do. The figures entered, getting closer, and without thinking she did an expert flip into the air and over one of the crates, evading their view.

Woah, talk about catching someone on the flipside! Or evading, I suppose!

She giggled under her breath at her dumb joke, but it just made the figures round the corner quickly. It was a strong man and a gymnast lady; she recognised them both from the show. They halted as they saw her.

“Hey, you’re not from this circus!” the gymnast woman declared in a haughty English accent, pointing her finger out. “She isn’t, David! I’d recognise a clown like her anywhere! She doesn’t belong here.”

“And I’d recognise that foul mood and crooked teeth anywhere too!” Frank declared. “You don’t even have to speak for someone to know you hail from Britain! Maybe you should hail on back there yourself, the weather will suit your attitude, lady!”

David the strongman chuckled just a little at her jab, and suddenly Frank felt her new clown girl body suffused with a strange energy. He stopped laughing and ran towards her, but she expertly flipped over his head, dodged past the gymnast, and kept on running. Only to run head first into the wooden wall of the circus storage space.

The strongman and the gymnast both burst out laughing, and again there was that warm glow. Frank was at a dead end, unable to escape. And yet, some strange idea came over the panicked new clown girl. She pulled back, then ran into the wall before they could snatch her . . .

. . . only to easily *burst* through the other side, snapping out the wooden boards with ease, and impossibly leaving a perfect impression of her outline in a comical pose as she sped away at a literally impossible spread for a human, her legs flipping in circles over her head as she ran.

“Holy smokes, folks!” she cried, filled with the elation of laughter. “I’ve turned into a gosh darn superhero and-or supervillain! This is not exactly where my college education was intended to land me, but at least I always land-”

She vaulted over a fence as several circus people chased her, eluding them for good. “-on my feet!”

She landed doing the splits, making a loud, fake groan in front of some kids walking down the street. They giggled and laughed, and it gave her what she was increasingly thinking of as ‘laughter-energy- to vault in a series of somersaults and flips, much to their amusement. And with that little boostup, she was able to continue flipping and running all the way from the circus and into town.

Why does this feel so good and freeing? I’m not even meant to be a woman, let alone a silly clown! And yet - when in a circus, do as a circus person does!

Her laughter and giggled were cut short, however, by the sound of a car alarm going off. In the distance, the great sight of the Hero Dome loomed, and she could have sworn she had seen Blue Trident or one of the other great heroes take off upon the horizon.

“Eh, a clown’s job is to entertain, not to fight crime. Then again, can’t have any of the crowd throwing peanuts from the galleries, right? Not unless there’s an elephant to feed, and I don’t see no elephants!”

She leapt down from the rooftop she’d inexplicably found herself at, and saw that two men were running away from a screeching woman, having stolen her purse.

“Now that’s just a stereotype! How come the poor old lady never gets to steal the purse from a man? Sexism, I tell ya!”

Even my accent has changed. Is that a New Jersey inflection? Well, might as well make it a New Jokesy, one! Eh, even for a clown, that was bad! Maybe I can scare these guys with my jokes!

She vaulted and leapt in front of their leader, who was trying to get down an alley.

“Not so fast, mister! Haven’t you seen the road sign? It says thirty and under, and no offence, but you look at least forty!”

The older man swung at her, but she easily twirled around him, pretending to dance. An onlooker cackled, telling his friends to watch the craziness that was unfolding. It powered her energy yet further, allowing her to grab his hands and pretend they were doing an elaborate ballroom dance.

“You bitch!” the man cried, trying to pull away.

“Hey, no naughty words until the third date, mister! Oh, looks like it’s time to switch up dance partners! Hello cutey, do you mind if I apply some extra fashion to your face?”

She batted the second man with the purse, and it made an impossible *PLONK* sound, followed by a visible *BWAM, POW, BIFF* exclamation in large letters in the air as she hit him again and again. At one point, steam literally came from his ears as he got up to fight her, which only made him clutch his head in clear shock.

“What the actual fuck!?! Get her!”

The men advanced on Frank, but she was able to jump out of their way, making them collide with each other. They left an almost cartoonish cloud in their wake, with limbs and legs appearing and disappearing in the morass, until both thieves realised what was happening and extricated themselves.

“With friends like this, right?” Frank said to the increasing crowd of onlookers. Several of them whooped and cheered, and the new clown girl experienced another top up of energy.

The crowd is literally powering me. Wowee, this is kinda swell!

She pulled out all the stops. One of the pair ran towards her, and from her impossible hammer space she took a banana peel and flung it at his feet, causing him to skid an impossible twenty feet until he collided with a pole. The other man nearly got her with a fist, which gave her time to deftly tuck something into his trousers, trip him up, and leave the whoope cushion she had just placed to let off its fart-like sound explosively. The man turned crimson with rage and humiliation. He threw himself at her, throwing fist after fist. She just sighed, dodging each one with a gymnast's ease, then giving him a kiss on the cheek and a wedgie for the effort. He screamed, and followed it up with one last swing, but the former male simply produced a long set of tied and coloured handkerchiefs and looped them around his arms and legs, sending him sprawling. She tied them quickly, leaving him to cry out all kinds of expletives.

"Hey now, this performance is child friendly, ya hear?" she said, before stuffing one last pink handkerchief into his mouth.

The audience erupted into a cheer, a number of them laughing at the exchange, particularly the thief who had collided with the pole and was presently trying to stumble around. Little birds flew around his head, but Frank put a stop to him by hurling some sticky putty over, trapping his feet. The man tried to free his feet with his hands, only for *them* to get stuck as well. To make matters all the more amusing, his trousers proceeded to fall down, leaving his boxers exposed. Predictably, they were white with red hearts. The crowd erupted again with laughter.

"Is it the Red Baroness, with a new costume?"

"RB warps reality, but not like that. This girl must be a new hero!"

"She's pretty hot for a clown gal. Wait, maybe that's her name: Clown Gal?"

Something conjured up in Frank's mind as she took her bows. Just like how the change had left her thinking of herself as female, and an intuitive understanding of her powers, so too did this feel utterly natural.

"You can call me the Jester!" she exclaimed. "And I'm a new hero on the block. If you want action, go see Blue Fork or whatever his name is. If you want style, watch Fire Dancer when she hits the scene. If you want to see a woman lift the world's heaviest pair of bowling balls, go see Meteor Woman."

Again, there was laughter from the crowd, especially the snickering teen boys watching close by. Everyone knew exactly the twin appeals of Meteor Woman, especially with her costume's so-called 'boob window.'

"But if you want action, style, and, frankly, a nice set of pale bowling balls here as well, but more than any of that, you also want a huge barrel of laughs while the bad guys go down, then the Jester is here to perform for a guffawing audience!"

More claps, more shouts, and perhaps a few inappropriate come-ons from the men looking at her impressive cleavage. But then a hush fell upon the crowd, and they gazed up at one. The Jester swallowed, noting that a squadron of heroes were descending.

“Hey, who are you?” called on that she recognised as Ice Shard.

“Call me the Jester,” she shouted, beginning to move away. “By phone if preferable.”

“Stop, we’d like to talk.”

“Sorry!” she cried, “I’m going through a tunnel!”

And with that, she withdrew a piece of chalk, drew a circle upon the road, flipped up the newly formed sewer grate, and disappeared inside of it.

This reality warping sure is neat!

The Jester slipped back inside her dorm room as silently as she could. She slid the window shut, aware that her ‘laugh meter’ of power had run empty by this point.

Okay, how to lose the nose? How to turn back? I mean, this body is a total snack and that ain’t no joke, but I doubt I can wander into a lecture hall with these two water balloons sticking out from my chest and still call myself Frank Rogers.

Suddenly, an understanding came over her; a sort of connection. She placed her hand up to her nose and felt that there was the plastic clown in place once more. She removed it slowly, and that same red glow of magic occurred.

“Aahh,” she sighed in a hushed tone. “That’s what a girl needs after a hard day’s work.”

The light suddenly turned on. Timothy Hausen was standing by the switch, staring in shock at the Jester even as her form rapidly pulled and shifted, warped and turned, crafting itself back into Frank Rogers, the rather ordinary man he was supposed to be.

“T-Tim, it’s not what it looks like!”

“What. The. Fuck. Did. I. Just. See!?”

Oh crap, Frank thought, patting his male body over again. Even his clothing was back to normal, and his mind as well. Why on earth did I do all that? I was so silly and ridiculous and stupid and . . . and strangely free. Oh God, did I actually like it? And what will Tim think?

“It’s . . . a trick of the light?” Frank said.

“A trick of the light? You just came in a clown girl with big tits! You had a mallet strapped to your back!”

“I did?”

“And you were loud as hell!”

"I - I thought I was being stealthy."

"I was woken by a whoopie cushion, dude. What the hell is going . . . on." A sort of epiphany lit up in Tim's eyes. "Oh. Oh, I know what this is. Holy moly, you're a superhero!"

"What!? No, I just busted two criminals. I didn't even have this power until I found that red nose at your Dad's-"

Shit, I'm panicking and running my mouth.

Tim drew closer, amazed. He held out a hand and Frank passed him the nose. It felt wrong to give it up, but Tim seemed to think nothing of it.

"This thing? I don't feel anything."

"I do. It's calling back to me."

Frank held open his hand, and somehow the red nose literally *zipped* in the air back into his hand, causing Tim to splutter. "Holy shit, it's an item of power or something! Like from the Hero Society website, and a heap of my comics!" He ran his hand through his dark hair, trying to make sense of it all. "Dude, you need to tell me everything, right now."

Frank exhaled. *Well, looks like I really suck at this secret identity thing alright.* He sat down on the couch, his friend taking an opposite seat, and told him the whole story from start to finish. Tim riddled him with questions at every turn, amazed at what had occurred to Frank, and how the clown nose had clearly 'bonded' to him. When he was finally done, Tim was already taking down notes.

"Okay, so we'll need to figure out the full extent of your powers and the laughing nature - does fake laughing work? Does crowd size influence it or merely joy? Reality warping aspects need delving into as well. If we can record examples, we can see if there's an upper limit on this, and if you're purely restricted to circus-themed elements or can go wider comedy. Naturally, I'll operate the head set and use my police scanner while you're out-"

Frank waved his hands. "Wait, wait, wait. What are you talking about? Police scanner?"

Tim grinned, jabbing his own chest with his thumb. "I'm going to be your guy in the chair, obviously. All the best superheroes have one."

"I don't even want to be a superhero, especially a girl one! I had tits, dude!"

"I saw. They were pretty nice. I mean, no offence, maybe it's just being connected via Dad to a circus family, but you were pretty damn hot.

Ugh. Why does that make me weirdly pleased to know?

Frank shook it off. "I don't want to do this."

"Just once more, then, please?"

Frank stood. "It's not even mine! Your Dad's circus wants it back! They chased me out!"

Tim frowned. "Hmm, Dad didn't mention that to me. Maybe he doesn't know?"

"Or he's hiding something."

"Dad doesn't do that. What if we just . . . keep borrowing the nose for a little while? We can return it after we've done some good. Clearly it only works for you and no one else there - you said it called to you."

Frank gave a dark chuckle. "I get the real sense that the reason it called me was because only a very serious, unfunny person who disdains this sort of thing can wear it. It's a comedic irony, right?"

Tim laughed. "Exactly! The ultimate hidden identity - you turn into a girl, *and* you get a sense of humour! C'mon, let's just have a small go of it. You said you loved it! Besides, maybe this is my way of showing my Dad I'm ready to join his circus. Plus, there's also that crime wave to deal with, right? You know, all those new flash robberies and burglaries hitting the street lately?"

Frank sighed. *I can't believe I'm considering this.*

"Fine," he said. "Just . . . just once, Tim. Just one more time as the Jester, and that's it. No more after that."

Frank did not become The Jester again just one more time. In fact, he became the Jester five more times in the following week. He just couldn't help it, it was too addictive! Every time he put on the clown nose, it was like this *rush* of joy and exhilaration and pure manic energy came over him. Turning into the Jester was like donning a taboo mask, or perhaps the reverse, unleashing a *hidden side* of himself that he hadn't known was there. Frank had always experienced an urge to be serious, avoid frivolity, study hard, and even act in a somewhat puritan manner when it came to matters of the body and attraction. As the Jester - or Frankie, as she also thought of herself during those times - she could instead be wild, silly, say whatever she wanted, and even be quite sexy. God knew that she had quite the hot bod, and her impressive chest wobbled even more impressively in her tight corset as she bounced and flailed and danced around town.

Just as he said he would, Tim was the guy in the chair. It wasn't even that hard to have a camera fitted to the Jester costume upon transforming, though Frankie did notice that her friend certainly took his time putting it on, both out of nervousness and . . . appreciation.

"Like, way to show a gal a good time!" she jested. "Now if you're done roaming my big white hills, how about you see if the camera works - and try to make sure it isn't pointed *too* down, there."

Tim practically *spluttered*, which made her crack up something fierce. She could tell that he was very attracted to her, and so long as she was in her Jester persona, something about that was not only hilarious, but spicy enough to have a little prank and fun with. As such, she made a show of occasionally 'adjusting' her camera while out on the town, letting her big, pearly breasts show up Tim's feed, and also checking herself out in the mirror and doing a little hip wiggle.

'Um, what are you doing?' Tim asked over the feed, into the headphone in her ear.

"Just clowning around, duh!" she said. "Besides, how often does a serious guy get to become a total sexy party girl, clown aesthetic and all? Might as well have a bit of fun with it! Too bad you can't see my backside. You could bounce a quarter off it. Actually, that gives me an idea . . ."

Not long after, she literally did just that; bounced a heap of summoned quarters off of her rear and straight into the head of the guy who had been trying to steal a car in broad daylight. The crowd laughed as she slapped him with a particularly wet fish, and then again when she dragged him along on roller skates - somehow summoning them onto his feet as well - and made him spin and spin and spin and spin . . . right up onto the doorstep of the police station, a 'KICK ME THEN ARREST ME' sign affixed to his back.

"Got a collar for ya, coppers!" she exclaimed, circling around one confused officer who was trying to determine if she was friend or foe. "And donuts galore for all youse hard-working blues as well!"

That certainly made her more popular with the law enforcement, at least a little. Of course, at least one of them had very spicy sauce disguised as chocolate sauce, but she couldn't resist being a *little* clownish.

'This is so awesome,' Tim said over the mic after several more occurrences like this. *'Your powers really are incredible. And you're trending over Zitter and Friendbook, not to mention all the superhero and supervillain fansites. Also, um, quite a few fetish sites as well.'*

"Ah, but I am just an innocent clowngal," she said as she leapt from rooftop to rooftop. "Why on earth would anyone fetishise sweet little me?"

Naturally, she posed in front of a glass pane, cupping her large breasts and moaning a little. Tim went silent on the other side of the line.

"Admit it, Tim, you want to hold my big cabbages, don't ya?"

'I - what? What are you saying?'

"Just say the word, and I'll let you touch them. Just one word. I know you want to!"

In her mind, part of her male self persisted. *Okay, maybe I'm going just a tickle too far on this one. I mean, there's clowning around and then there's giving ya best friend a wedge. Ah heck, just one little laugh and then I'll stop bein' so dang silly!*

Tim coughed on the other end of the line. *"I mean, I guess I'd be lying if it wouldn't be cool to at least-"*

"Here ya go!" she said, snapping her fingers. "Enjoy my cabbages!"

She grabbed two actual cabbages behind her back, thrust them into a cardboard box, stuck a few comical stamps on it, then crammed it through a mail slot that would in no way accommodate it."

"Okay, okay, I'm an idiot for falling for that. But did you have to - holy shit! Frank -"

"Jester while I'm on stage, honey!"

"Frankie, Jester, whatever! Your cabbages just arrived!"

She giggled, leaping across another rooftop and listening for crime with an old-timey earhorn meant for grandmothers. "Are they nice and pert? Full and firm?"

"More like crispy and tasty."

She giggled. "I never tell you enough about how much I love ya sense of humour, ya good-looking circus boy!"

"I'll remember that to make fun of the real you later. But I'm serious - they just arrived. I'm two miles away from you presently! This means the range alone . . ."

Even she was amazed, her more analytical Frank mind taking over. *That means I had stored up a lot of comedy magic, or power, or whatever. Gosh, that means I could do a lot with the right performance . . .*

But then she heard the crash of glass in her ear horn, followed by an alarm.

"Are you gettin' anything on that fancy schmancy police scanner of yours, clownie?"

"Don't call me clownie. I don't even had a wig. And no. You should get there quick - whatever gang is plaguing this town, it's doing smash'n'grabs so fast that not even Speedster can get to them in time. They're real professionals!"

Frankie grinned. It was time for the Jester to leap into action. She shook her head, letting her bells in her pigtails shake loudly, then rocketed off at an almost Roadrunner-esque speed, kicking up dust in her wake. She nearly ran past the location of the crime but stopped immediately, momentum meaning nothing to the laws of comedy. She went stiff as a board, shaking like one too, then took out a comically small umbrella and floated to the ground.

Okay, this is kind of amazing.

But for once, the new clown girl became a little serious. These guys *were* professionals, unlike the mooks she had taken out earlier in the week. She may have been getting used to the craziness of becoming a woman *and* a clown *and* a hero, but she was already experienced enough to recognise actual danger. The four individuals inside the jewellery store were smashing the glass cases with rapid speed and coordination, quickly grabbing what they could with what looked to be thick gloves that would avoid any cuts or

leaving any evidence. All were masked and wearing black, and the SUV they'd used to ram into the store had no plates and was likely stolen.

Darn, this could be my first real cred. Heck, I could get on the Hero Society for snagging these guys. Hmm, what to use? My other self would just use a rope or taser or something. How about . . . a sedative-laden pie!

She reached to grab one and hurled it out, but to her astonishment one of them literally *flipped* over it, letting it splatter behind them.

"Heads up, we got company!" the figure said, revealing herself as a woman.

"Looks like someone else belongs at the circus," a large brawler type man quipped behind his balaclava. "Get her, and then let's scram!"

"Sorry ladies and germs, but this performance is mandatory!" Jester cried, throwing out several more pies and then summoning a pogostick from her hammerspace. She vaulted over their heads into the store, colliding with one figure and sending him sprawling. She rocketed backwards, intent on knocking over the big guy, but to her shock he actually *caught* her by the stick in mid-air, then flung her into the wall.

"Next time, big tits, come with company," he said, punching her in the stomach.

Oh ye gads! That h-hurts! Right in the . . . womb, I suppose. Cheeses, I have a womb now, ain't that a funny?

The next fist came, and she pulled to the side. She pulled out another pie, getting a figure in the face. It knocked aside their mask but they didn't breathe any in. The man was revealed to have the tattoo of a club suit beneath his right eye. He looked angry.

"Guess that tattoo really was asking for a clubbin', huh?" she joked. Only this was said awkwardly, and she *felt* awkward. Out of place. She went to grab a mega-sized, impossible-to-carry mallet, but only got a light stick in response.

"Oh, nads," she said, before having to duck aside from a ballerina-like dancer kick from the woman.

What's happening? Am I losing my powers? Oh no, they're not laughing. None of them are.

"Cripes! This is a rough audience, can't one of you just laugh for a moment? Just a little - NGH!"

A bat took her across the shoulders, and then the brawler pushed her to the side. One of them had gotten to the SUV in the meantime, turning it on. She was blinded by the lights even as the other three began to hit her. Tim's voice rang in her ears.

"Jester? Frankie? Can you hear me? Oh shit, you need to get out of there! They're going to kill you! Frankie, get out, man! Girl! Whatever! Run for your life!"

But the comedy and amusement of the Jester was fading, and the nose began to appear on her face again - the clown nose, that was - as if desiring to be removed. Frankie

was losing confidence in herself and her act, and so her ability to duck aside and make jokes was rapidly dissipating.

“Can’t one of you grab that giant hook thingy and pull me off stage?” she managed, before taking another kick. “I’m facing a rough - ugh! - audience!”

Salvation only came when one of them stopped the others.

“The nose! She has the nose!”

“Holy shit! This is the fucker that stole the nose. Get it off of her and find out who she is! That thing belongs to us, y’hear?”

One of them sniggered. It was just a brief little laugh, barely enough to be considered a laugh, really, but it was just enough for the Jester to summon enough power to get herself out of there.

“I hear ya,” she said. “Can you hear MEEEEEEEEEE!!!”

She pulled a megaphone from nowhere and screamed it in his ear, causing him to scream in turn, all of them in fact. They staggered back and she made a run for it - a regular human run.

Shoot, dang, darn, crud! Gotta get out of here! Get someone laughing!

Tim was shouting something in her ear, but she could barely hear him. The SUV had pulled out with all members within it, and it was doing some seriously dangerous moves to catch up to her. She ran towards an alley, only to realise it was a deadend. Worse, it was large enough to hold a car, and the SUV was moving fast enough to make her roadkill.

“Jester, I’ve called in the Hero Society, they should be arriving as soon as-”

A bright light streaked across the sky, silver and blue. It landed with a crash near the store a block away. The SUV immediately halted before the deadend and drove away. Evidently, the burglars had wasted enough time already.

Whew, that was close. A few more seconds and this clown would have been all over that car, rather than crammed in it, as per expectation!

The silver and blue streak moved incredibly fast, but obviously hadn’t seen or suspected the SUV, because it instead focused on *her*. Abruptly, right in front of the Jester, was one of the mightiest superheroes on earth - and one of the most impressively ‘ample’ ones too.

“M-Meteor Gal,” the Jester said. “Fancy meeting you here, huh? Here just to compare busts? I mean, mine’s pretty big but yours comes out to be a sure winner, I’d say!”

The statuesque blonde stunner places her hands on her hips. Her leotard costume was a brilliant silver, her long cape a vibrant navy blue. Her chest - her most noticeable pair of features, even more so than her supermodel face - stood out proudly in her cut out ‘boob window.’ Even to the rascally Jester, this woman had the presence of beauty, power, and

confidence enough to silence all wit, particularly as she raised an eyebrow. The world's most attractive and, at times, *brash* superheroine folded her arms.

"Holy shit," Tim said. *"Oh my God. That's Meteor Woman. That's METEOR WOMAN. She is seriously the most powerful. Her power rating is 12 in the card game. Only two other characters have that rating, and they're villains."*

"Well, it seems I've finally found the person who's been behind all these thefts. Let me guess, the Clown Killer? The Harlequin? The Jester?"

"How did you know? The last one, I mean. Look, I'm innocent, okay? I was tracking the real villains! A group of four of them! They were just here!"

Meteor Woman floating over a little, demonstrating her power.

"Oh my God she is so incredibly hot. I can't believe I'm really there - well, sort of. Uh, you should escape now, Jester."

Meteor Woman smirked. "Nice to know that my hero rating in the card game is so high. Tell your friend I'll be giving him over to the authorities, too."

Wait, how did she-

Meteor Woman seemed to read her expression, and pointed to her ear. "Super hearing. Trust me, it can get annoying. Thankfully I can switch it off and on."

"Look, you can't arrest me! I didn't do anything wrong!"

Meteor Woman laughed a little. "I'm pretty sure I can handle a clown, lady. Trust me, I've dealt with way more issues than you can imagine."

"The two weights on your chest I'd imagine," Jester said, without thinking.

"Dude, that was dumb!"

Meteor Woman sighed, then moved like lightning to grab the Jester. But that little laugh had been enough to make the Jester move quickly, because she only snatched a fake pair of detachable hands. The Jester spun around, moving with an enormous mallet that was equal to the side of her own busty body. The other heroine, briefly surprised, no sighed, clearly thinking this would not affect her superstrength.

Except the mallet sent her flying up into the air.

"You - you just managed to beat Meteor Woman into the air! Frankie, your powers are crazy! You have no idea what-"

Jester stopped listening. She was looking for an exit, but there was none.

"Tim, a gal needs her options here! If you want to see my hot clown bod again, you might want to help me out!"

"Okay, um, ahh . . . the trash can!"

"What about it?"

"Clowns fit into stuff that's too small for comedy, right? And remember when we used to play Mario and you could jump into a tunnel and-"

She snapped her fingers. "I'm on it!"

She dived into the nearest trash can - one that wasn't large enough to fit her, and disappeared within it, Mario style. It took every ounce of her remaining 'clownpower', as she was starting to think of it, to use it to get across town. She was left utterly drained, her clown nose detaching, and her male self returning.

"That . . . that was crazy," he muttered.

Why on earth did I do that? And why was it so exhilarating?

Something was very wrong with Frank, because for the first time since starting college, he was finding it hard to take notes on his economics lecture, let alone find any interest in it. He sat there, glum-faced, his mind lost in the entanglements of the previous night. He had managed to face off against Meteor Woman, and had come close to death, or at least a vicious beatdown, against a quartet of professional thieves. Moreover, he'd used a practically magic level of reality-warping, learning his limits and possibilities thanks to Tim. And also escaping thanks to him.

The weirdest part, even more than the reality warping and turning into a woman, was how it felt to have Tim in his ear, saving him. It had been comforting, almost . . . intimate. The care in his friend's voice, but also his own relief at being saved. It had made him blush, and then last night Frank had had a dream, a quite unusual one. The kind that had him as gorgeous clown gal, slowly taking off her corset and skirt and freeing her delectable, pale, and curvaceous body, and giving herself over to Tim.

Frank had awoken with quite the pleasant set of moans and quite the set of sheets to clean, but even worse, he couldn't stop reliving the dream in his mind. Being the Jester - Frankie - was a freedom and pleasure that was utterly addictive, and now his own sexual curiosity had been awakening too. He'd nibbled through what felt like half of his pencil trying not to think of that sexy dream when the lecture finally ended and he rejoined Tim on the campus grounds.

"Tim!" he said, a little too excitedly. It made him blush, just briefly.

"Frank! I still can't believe last night." Tim looked left and right, then calmed. "That was crazy. I'm sorry I let it get that close. I know you were too tired to talk last night and I had a morning lecture, but I wanted to apologise for pushing you into-"

"Don't apologise," Frank said, holding up a hand. "I mean it. Last night was terrifying, and I know that couldn't have been hard to watch, but, well, it was also exciting. I know I sound crazy, and maybe I am, but this clown nose is making me realise how much I've been

missing. In just the six times I've been out as her, I've felt more alive than I ever have in my life."

Tim exhaled. "I'm so glad to hear that. I mean, I was scared for you last night, but I believe in you too. I knew you could do it . . . Frankie."

Frank blushed again, and scratched the back of his head nervously. "I don't mind being called that, I guess. At least not by you. You were awesome last night too. Sorry for all the jokes about my tits. It's hard to restrain myself in that form."

"Well, you are a superheroine, right? They all have killer bodies."

Frank laughed, and the desire to wear the nose rose up within him. He managed to push it back down. "Still, I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all. I mean, you're the one becoming a chick. I bet it feels nice, right? You know, playing with all the new equipment."

Again, another blush, almost as if the Jester's rosy cheeks were leaking over to his male form. "I wouldn't know. I've managed to . . . resist that particular temptation."

"Dude, why would you? I wouldn't! You've got a rare opportunity here. You think Meteor Woman doesn't play with her big boobs?"

"Well, she was born with them. I doubt *she* used to be a dude."

"Still."

Frank changed the subject. "I think the thieves belong to your Dad's circus."

Tim paused. "What? Why would you say that?"

"Because they recognised the clown nose. And one of them had the mark of a card suit as a tattoo under his eye. They seemed to recognise me too, once the nose became more obvious."

Tim folded his arms, instantly assuming a more standoffish position. "That doesn't mean anything. My Dad always picked stuff up from town to town, and we don't know that he knew about this."

"I'm not saying it was your Dad."

"No, just his circus."

"It's a big circus, Tim," Frank said. "Besides, it makes sense, doesn't it? I checked this morning: the crime wave of burglaries started the day after your Dad's circus came to town. And on top of that, three of the four people I fought totally fit circus archetypes: two gymnasts and a circus strongman."

Tim just furrowed his brow, looking a bit mopey. "My Dad would never-"

"You don't even know your dad that well!"

"He's trying, okay! It's not my fault he always has to be out. C'mon, man. I was the one that encouraged *you* to keep being the Jester, and you agreed it would be a good way for me to prove myself to my Dad."

This isn't going anywhere, Frank thought. I'll need proof, or some kind of confrontation with him that makes it more obvious.

"Look, forget it man," Frank said. "I'm sorry. You're right, and I want to keep being the Jester, crazy as it sounds."

"Hey, I want *you* to keep being the Jester too. She's really fucking cool, you know. Seriously, she's got big hero potential. You were absolutely rad as her last night. Cool, funny, beautiful as hell, and -"

He seemed to realise what he was saying and cut himself off. For an awkward minute the two just stood there, not knowing what to say.

"It does feel pretty sexy, you know, being the Jester, I mean. I think . . . I think I'm into guys when I'm her. It's weird."

"Oh. Wow. Yeah, that would be . . . weird."

The two chuckled sheepishly.

"Anyway, I'll -"

But Tim raised his watch, which was beeping. His eyes went wide with excitement.

"There's a run on the Second Bank happening as we speak!"

"Circus people?"

He rolled his eyes. "Let go of that. No, it's Meta Mantis and a heap of his Insectobots. You should go!"

"But I've got an accounting assessment due!"

And I don't really care, he thought. The desire to put on the clown nose was rising, and he didn't even want to resist it. *I just want to be a mad crazy heroine again.*

"Fine," Frank said, causing Tim to pump the air with his fists. "Let's go stop a supervillain!"

The Jester smashed one of Meta Mantis' bots aside with her own mega mallet. It was almost as big as her, and yet she wielded it with ease thanks to the crowd. There was a cordon, of course, but a news copter was covering the entire proceeding, and that meant the Jester had an *audience*. Tim was ecstatic to test this theory, and he was proven correct - he was tapped into numerous live feeds from daring onlookers and the news stations.

"Okay, get the bot on the other side of you. That way you'll have a perfect spot for a nice image for people to get a giggle at."

Mantis had brought along the rather unpopular villain - even by villain standards - Lightning Fist. His power of electrified kung-fu and karate was no joke, but he was also a

well-known misogynist and creep as well, and so the Jester had picked him to particularly humiliate.

“Aww, no flowers on our first date, Fist?” she teased, using a summoned microphone so that the community could hear her. “Don’t tell me you make the lady *pay for the meal!*”

One, two, then *three* custard pies. Two in the face, and one in the groin. She dodged his electric attacks, fueled by the internet feeds that were no doubt getting a hoot out of this.

“You’re a dang genius, Tim!” she whispered, shutting off her mic for a moment. “Seriously, this whole online feed thing for fans was genius! I could seriously kiss those darn cute lips of yours!”

“Oh, um, thanks! Uh, I’ll take that as an enthusiastic Jester compliment.”

Frankie bit her lip even as she did a double backflip away from a bot and then tied a series of balloons to Lightning Fist’s back. He screamed obscenities as he was lifted up into the air.

Mhm, I really could kiss him. Tim is so dang helpful, and I know he loves a hot superheroine. Gosh darn, I’m getting horny just thinking about it! Need to play with the pipes and see what my new womanly tune is, I tell ya!

She took a shock as her enemy was lifted off the ground - the result of not paying attention - but soon Lightning Fist was soaring, out of the battlefield and up into the air. She was now getting enough laughs and giggles and chuckling emojis on the feed that she could summon a whole damn trampoline, which she placed on the street before throwing three darts at the balloons.

“You bitch! I’ll seriously fuck you up, you big-titted clown bimbo of a bi-AAGHHH!!”

Still blinded by the pies, he fell all the way, bounced on the trampoline, smacking into a plasterboard wall of a building still being renovated, and collapsed, unconscious.

“Sometimes, a guy just bounces on you, ya know? Really disappointing, but maybe the single life is just for me!”

Even if Tim is really kinda good looking.

The rest of the fight was wrapping up. Vine Time and Lightning Lass, as well as Signet Knight, were all dealing with Meta Mantis, whose mechanical suit was practically just a pile of bolts by this point. The Jester threw a water balloon his way, messing up the circuitry further.

“This is so great!” Tim announced. *“You need to stick around for an interview. Also, I bet the heroes might even invite you to join the Hero Society. You might get access to the Hero Dome - you freakin’ nailed this, Frankie!”*

“Aww shucks, it was only thanks to your ideas, Tim. Seriously, you are one hunky co-pilot.”

What am I doing? This Franki/Jester id thing is getting out of control!

“Jester!” cried Signet Lance, the knight-themed hero, from across the block. “Come hither, that we may speak of thine heroism!”

She pulled out her grandma ear horn and adjusted it. “Sorry there big guy, my hearing ain’t what it-”

The Jester stopped speaking, stopped even grinning. She could hear it: a heist taking place halfway across town. It had the same cadence and speed as the one she had almost halted.

“Shoot!” she said. “Another burglary! Guys, we’ve got a problem!”

She whipped out her pogostick and sped past the heroes approaching her.

“Sorry! If you want to stop a burglary, then catch up to me, already!”

Frankie was sitting back in the apartment, opposite Tim. It was very strange being a woman in front of him, but not in clown makeup. Her female ‘normie’ self was remarkably beautiful, with cute pigtails and a pair of mischievous green eyes to match her big smile. Her body was voluptuous, but she wasn’t exactly tall; it left her with a build that could be described as ‘busty but cute.’ She was currently wearing a tight pink crop top and green skirt, an outfit that left her lovely thighs, her deep cleavage, and her muscular midriff all on display. She was a cute hottie, and damn if she didn’t know it.

Seriously, no wonder he can’t stop looking at my chest and abs. I am a total freakin’ snack. I bet I could give a very fun tickle session with my bestie.

She bit her lip, just imagining it, and it made her almost miss what Tim was saying.

“Sorry, could ya repeat that, hot stuff?”

“Okay, first of all, you are flirting a *lot* with me lately.”

“Yeah, that’s the clown nose, I think. Well, mainly. Well, partly. I kind of feel a lot of things lately, and to be honest I’m starting to see you really are pretty dang cute. And nice. And all of that.”

Tim put up his hands, gesturing her to stop. “Just - let’s deal with that particular weirdness later.”

“You can’t tell me you’re not looking at these nice big balloons!”

Tim looked up from her chest, embarrassed. “Okay, you’d be the same! But let’s get back on topic, please. What on earth were you thinking? You could have been part of the Hero Society!?”

“I told them they could have followed me!”

“They probably didn’t trust you!”

“I think Signet Lance was just checkin’ out my ass as I bounced on the pogo stick. It’s trending on social media, ya know.”

Tim waved his hands. “Yes, I saw that particular meme.”

“Did you save it? Did you like it?”

“Look, just . . . oh my God, this is difficult. Can’t you change back into Frank so we can have this conversation? I mean, since when could you remove the clown nose and stay like this anyway?”

A red clown nose popped into existence over Frankie’s form as her Jester self returned, clothes and pale skin and all.

“I never did! It’s a new trick I’m learning. I can go civilian as Frankie. Pretty neat, huh?”

“But Frank is still there, right? Can I talk to him?”

Frankie sighed. *Why does he want me to be my male self? It’s soooooo much more booooooring. Ugh, fine. And I was having so much fun shaking my shoulders so he could see my boobs wobble a ton.*

She removed the nose, and her form quickly became male again, and her mind much more Frank-like. Once his male identity returned, Frank coughed a little awkwardly.

“Um, I may have laid the flirting on a bit thickly there. Sorry about that.”

“No problem,” Tim said, though it was obvious from his hunched manner that he was concealing an erection.

Nice. I did that. Pretty fucking hot. Wait, why am I thinking this while a guy? This persona is leaking into me!

“Look,” Tim said, “was any of that flirting kinda . . . intentional? I mean, does the Frankie/Jester part of you really . . .”

“Really what?” Frank said, heart beating nervously.

Tim ran his hands through his hair. “Never mind. Ignore me. I’ve been reading too many damn comics. Okay, so let’s go over what happened around midday.”

He played the footage they’d captured, along with social media, of the Jester battling another troupe of burglars, all of whom were experts when it came to this thieving crime wave that was plaguing the city. One was a strongman, again, another had a big hawk that she sicced on the Jester several times, using a variety of complex commands, and the last had thrown a series of knives and glass shards with expert precision. The footage ended with them getting away again; they were continually denying the Jester any laugh power, and a remote jammer one of them had brought had cut off the wi-fi connection, denying her an audience until the feed went back with their absence.

“Damn, they’re good,” Frank said. “A real team. A lot of performance skills, too.”

"It's definitely a themed gang," Tim said, "and yes, I see where you're going with this. It doesn't mean anything. I'm literally catching up with my Dad tonight, and I don't believe for a second that he'd do something like that. He's showing a real interest in me."

"He keeps leaving you, Tim!" Frank said, balling his fists in frustration. "This has happened again and again in your life. He reaches out, connects with you, and then—"

Tim's phone rang from behind Frank. His friend reached for it, but Frank grabbed it first upon seeing who it was.

"Hello, this is Frank speaking," he said, annoying Tim.

"*Oh, Tim's friend, right?*" came Ringmaster Hausen's voice, "*the one from the other night? You wandered off, as I recall.*"

Tim reached for the phone, but Frank pulled away. "Circuses aren't really my thing. I tend to follow stuff like *true crime* podcasts and the like."

"*Is that so? Well, fascinating . . . for an accounting student, if I recall correctly. Listen, I would like to talk to my son; the owner of this phone. I'm only in town for a short while and want to speak to him. I'd like to break the news to him personally.*"

"Running off again?"

"*You know nothing about me, young man. Now pass the phone over.*"

Frank sneered, but passed the phone over. It broke his heart even more than usual to see Tim's face fall as his father began to speak with him.

My poor friend. He deserves someone who truly cares for him.

Frank gave him some space, but after five minutes of hearing Tim raise his voice in agitation, the phone call finally ended, and Frank came out to find Tim putting on a thick jacket.

"Dude, what are you doing?"

Tim wiped some tears away. "What do you think I'm doing? Going to the circus to see my Dad. He wants to say goodbye in person."

"He is running away again, then."

Tim exhaled, clearly fighting more tears. "Yeah. Yeah, I guess he is. But I'm going to see him, and finally know why he doesn't let me tag along." He narrowed his eyes. "And the Jester is coming too, as backup. I want to know if he really is hiding something."

Ringmaster Hausen already disliked Frank for obvious reasons, but he didn't know *Frankie*. Besides, the newly transformed individual was starting to actually *prefer* staying in female form. Even without the clown costume, she felt more natural and confident in her body; buoyant, in fact.

Besides, it's very fun to see Tim looking at me this way.

He was nervously smiling as they entered the circus tent, much of which was starting to be packed up, with the exception of tonight's final performance. Evidently, the two-week long circus performance was ending prematurely, and Frankie was starting to get a notion of why that might be the case.

"Are you okay?" she asked, becoming serious for once.

"Nervous," Tim said. "Afraid. I guess the idea of having a sort of supervillain dad seemed like a cool trope in all the stories I read, but in real life it's just sucky. I really hope you're wrong about this, Frankie."

She took his hand, enjoying its warmth, and pressed her body closer to his as they walked.

"Me too. But if not, I promise to do what I can."

He chuckled, and the ripples of power entered her. "I know you will. Try not to hit my Dad with a mallet, will you?"

"Maybe just one or two custard pies. And a whoopie cushion. Oohoh, maybe I can shoot him out of the cannon?"

Another laugh, and it cheered her in turn, along with empowering her. "If my Dad really is the ringmaster of a circus of expert thieves, then get in line. I'll light the wick *myself*."

"Confidence is so sexy on you," she said, and to both their surprise, she actually kissed him on the cheek. "Now let's do this."

He stood a little taller then, and she couldn't blame him; she was a fucking *score* of a woman, as far as she was concerned. She pulled at one of her pigtails, feeling just a little excited at her own daring, and then the two entered the main tent where Harry Hausen was waiting.

"Ah, my son!" he declared, moving forward to embrace Tim.

Hmm, he seems to actually like his son, at least! That's a real hug right there.

"Dad, I came as soon as I could."

"I know. I'm truly sorry I have to be leaving. We've had some . . . complications come up, involving a number of our performers."

"What kind of complications?"

"Emergencies. Family matters, you know how it is."

Frankie was proud to see Tim fold his arms and pull away. "I really don't, Dad. And you know why."

For a moment, Hausen was without words. "Son, I'm sorry I can't share all parts of my life with you. It's for your own . . . good."

"What do you mean by that?" Frankie said, stepping forward.

Hausen just raised an eyebrow and teased his moustache. "And who is this?"

Frankie thrust out her rather ample chest and grabbed Tim's hand, putting it around her lovely bare midriff. He blushed, and that only made her more excited.

"I'm his *girlfriend*, actually," she said. "And he's really crushed up about you leaving, Mr Hausen."

Hausen bowed in a flourish that was surprisingly gentlemanly.

Okay, that was kinda hot. I can see where Tim gets that weird low-level charisma of his from.

"Lovely to meet you, miss . . . ?"

"Frankie."

He raised an eyebrow. "Frankie? Don't you have a best friend named Frank, Tim?"

Tim ran his fingers nervously through his hair. "Y-yeah. Kind of a funny coincidence, right?"

He gave a false laugh that provided no power to Frankie.

"Interesting," his father noted. "Look, son, if we could just talk for a time, alone?"

It was a repeat of what had happened before this whole thing got started, which was just fine for Frankie. She needed to find proof of what Hausen's gang was up to, and so she made an excuse to go off to the ladies' room before the actual final performance got started. Of course, this time she and Tim were on the same side on this issue, and they were both privy to what the other was doing thanks to their comm-link.

Tim is a darn genius, how does his Dad not see it? Well, I'll have the last laugh tonight.

She summoned a bit of her power, using some reserve laugh power to dig under the ground that separated her from a locked space. There was nothing on the other side, however, and the only thing of interest was Tim speaking more plainly to his father than she'd ever thought possible.

"You're leaving me, Dad. Just like you always do. I thought this time would be different, but you just don't really care about me, do you?"

Tell him, Tim, she thought. Don't let him get a laugh at, and that's me thinking that!

"Son, you don't understand. It's for your protection. Circus life is . . . dangerous."

The conversation went on as she checked around the area. She let her clown-like appearance take on a bit of prominence, her makeup settling on and her corset coming into place, but not her skirt and shoes and bells. It allowed her to look like another worker without being identifiable. Her heart raced as she tried to find something, moving from room to tent to outside trailer. The crew were chuckling and swapping jokes as she passed by, getting some looks from the men no doubt due to her very impressive bust. It gave her some background power, but Tim had figured out that her power was best recharged by laughs *she* generated in some way.

“C’mon, c’mon, what’s a gal gotta do to uncover an underground troupe of travelling circus thieves these days?”

It was then that a powerful hand landed on her shoulder.

“Hey there, do I recognise you?”

She turned slowly and smiled. The man was big. Quite big. Strongman big.

“Oh, I’m a new hire. Ya can call me Frankie, big guy.”

“A new hire?”

“Oh yeah,” she said, placing her hands on her generous hips. “Let’s just say the ringmaster himself brought me on . . . for the special jobs. You know what I’m talking about, right? The real special performances, the ones with a timer and a lot of smashed glass?”

The strongman nodded slowly. “Ah, gotcha.”

“In fact, I’m here to help move the merch. Trust me, I’m stronger than I look.”

Again, a nod. “Good to know, we’re struggling with the spoils this time. Got a big batch to deal with. Can you come help me with some?”

“Help you? No offence, but you look like the product of a best bred ox and living pile of steroids having a love baby together!”

He laughed, feeding her some power. “Still, extra company is appreciated.”

She followed him, experiencing a giddy excitement at the prospect of uncovering the goods, finally. As the strongman directed her to one of the large circus trailers - quite large, in fact - the argument between Tim and his father Harry only increased.

“Do you even care about me?”

“Of course I do. You are the most important person in the world to me, Timothy. Everything I do is to help you. The money I send-”

“Isn’t enough to make up for not being there!”

Frankie took on a few more aspects of the Jester as she followed the strongman. *You tell him, Tim*, she thought to herself.

“Right in here,” the strongman said.

“Thanks a heap!” Frankie said, stepping into the trailer ahead of him. “Can’t wait to sort through all these lovely jewels and decide which would go best with my outfit and-”

The trailer was empty. Something like a danger sense popped up in Frankie’s mind just in time, because she jumped to the side just as a huge fist came crashing down. She spiralled in mid-air, kicking off the ceiling and rolling to the back of the entirely empty space she was now trapped in, her costume going full Jester as she did so.

“Ah, a trap,” she said.

The man chuckled, then stopped himself. “That’s right, gotta keep serious. Then you’ve got no power, little clown bitch. We’re taking the nose back.”

He advanced on her. She tried summoning the mallet, but it only wasted power; there wasn't enough space in the trailer. She miniaturised it, but he caught the weapon quickly and crunched it in her hands, then shoved her backwards, slamming her against the ground of the trailer. She backed up, finding limited space.

Shoot. Dang. Crud. Biscuits!

"Why do you even want the nose? It's not exactly a fashion statement, except on yours truly of course, who wears it with aplomb!"

The strongman spat. "Don't care about it myself, but the ringmaster's been trying to get it to work for years now. Says it'll make us big players on the scene. Me? I just wanna crush the girl who interfered with our business."

He grabbed her, smacking her against the rear of the trailer and causing little birds to dance around her head. The sight was so alarming that he let go, allowing her to roll between his legs and make a run for it. He was faster than he looked though, and proceeded to launch her past the door and against one of the seats.

"Hey, how kind! Right in the sofa! You really know how to treat a lady."

The man rolled up his sleeves.

"Nothing? Not even a laugh? A chuckle? A silent guffaw?"

Only got enough power for one last summons. What to do? Don't have enough juice to knock him out . . . but maybe I don't need to.

"Right, let's finish this," he said, raising both fists to the ceiling of the large trailer. As he did, she managed to summon a water spray full of vinegar and the most weapons-grade nuclear-level chilli spice she could imagine and hose it at him. It landed in his eyes, and the man *screamed*, clutching them. He tried to punch her, only to collide his fist painfully into the wall. She vaulted to the side and tripped him, and in his flailing movements he knocked himself out against the wall.

"Couldn't handle the essential herbs and spices, I see," she quipped, before stopping herself. The scuffle with the strongman had smashed open some floorboards of the trailer, or simply knocked them loose. The latter option was more likely, because now that they had come free, there was revealed a great deal of stolen jewellery hidden in secret compartment boxes. Frankie blinked, then activated her comm link. "Tim, I've found the evidence. Your Dad's circus is behind this, and that overmuscled mook just showed me the proof. I had to take him for a nice trip to get him to calm down. He's takin' a gentle nap right now."

Tim was silent for a few moments. Frankie used that time to get out of the trailer, now moving as the Jester fully. The crowds were packing into the seats for the last performance, and many were still in line paying for tickets outside. She was able to easily slip into the tent without anyone noticing her.

"Dad, I know you're a thief. I know you're the head of a circus of criminals."

“Whatever are you talking about, Timothy?”

“Don’t act like you don’t know what I’m talking about!”

“I - Tim, we can’t talk about this now. Whatever you think you know, I promise you that-”

“Just tell me the truth!”

The Jester entered the main tent. The crowd was full, but things were hushing down as the show was set to begin.

Oh, I am going to be such a bad good guy. Ah, but a clown just can’t help but get all the attention.

She strode into the centre of the tent, making a couple of pratfalls as she did so. It was chump stuff, but it made the kiddies laugh, and that was enough to get her juices flowing. A good thing too, because a number of circus people were starting to realise something was up, and beginning to move her way. She acted quickly, and summoned a megaphone.

“GOOD EVENING EVERYONE, I’M THE JESTER, AND I’LL BE YOUR CLOWN HOST THIS EVENING!”

Now they definitely know something’s wrong.

On the comm, the Ringmaster paused for a moment. *“Tim, we’ll talk again in a moment. I have to check something out. A disturbance in the tent.”*

“You don’t get to walk out on me, Dad! Not after this!”

“I’ll be back in a moment, I swear! I just a problem to deal with.”

“That’s right, come to Momma Clown,” the Jester said, before speaking into the mic again. “SORRY TO HIJACK THE PROCEEDINGS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BUT IT SEEMS THIS CIRCUS TROUPE HAS BEEN A LITTLE NAUGHTY. YOU SEE, THEY’VE BEEN HELPING THEMSELVES TO SOME OF THE . . . POPCORN! NOW THE CLOWN POLICE ARE ON THE CASE, AND I’VE GOT MY WEAPONS READY FOR ARREST!”

She pulled out a banana and flung it forward onto the stage, causing an advancing animal trainer to slip over immediately, sliding all the way out of audience view. The crowd roared with laughter, and it made her feel like a God.

Oh, I can get used to this, alright. Dang, but I love bein’ a clown!

It was a good thing too, because the crime group were quickly realising who they were messing with, and screaming at one another to get the clown nose. They ran at her, and the Jester had to vault and leap and roll about, unable to rely on Tim at that moment. She used her mallet, struck with her whoopie cushion, threw pies and shot chilli-flavoured water. She tied a gymnast up with expert balloon cuffs, and sent another sprawling backwards thanks to the coiled springs she stuck to his kicking feet with chewed gum, only to trap a circus freak with scaly skin *inside* said piece of gum. The whole thing came off like

a clearly choreographed performance, and the audience was in absolute riots. The Jester continued to make pun after pun for their entertainment.

“TALK ABOUT GUMMING UP THE WORKS!”

“SPRING IS HERE, SUPPER-ING IS HERE!”

And so on. She had never felt so electric, so on fire, as if the very energy of humour itself was coursing through her, animated the crowd and driving it to greater fits of joy. It was almost sexual, though perhaps that was because she wished that Tim was present. She leapt over another attacker, pulling down his shorts and revealing his embarrassing hot pink boxers (likely summoned just for the occasion, she knew), only to see that the Ringmaster had finally arrived.

“Well, well, if it isn’t the King of Clown Crime himself!” she announced.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” he shouted, drawing out his whip. “I mean it, truly. But you are wrecking out performance and our plans.”

“Perhaps you shouldn’t go dumpster diving inside jewellery stores, then!”

“We don’t hurt anyone.”

“Just their bottom lines, huh? ‘Course, I got one heck of a concussion that says otherwise!”

Ringmaster Hausen sneered. “One last chance. Give up the nose, walk away, and everything will be fine.”

The Jester laughed. “While I’m on this laugh juice? Try and take me down, mister.”

The Ringmaster snapped his fingers, and the fire alarm suddenly went off. Numerous half-defeated circus personnel moved to evacuate the crowd, while the rest blocked her from leaving the ring. Suddenly, the laughter was gone, and the Jester realised she only had her juice remaining, with nothing more to supplement it.

“I still got enough clown power to clean your clock!”

Another click of the fingers, and a loud trumpet wailed, followed by a mighty roar. The Jester went wide-eyed to a cartoonish extent as the circus animals were unleashed, stampeding towards her. She summoned a reg flag to steer the bull clear, and managed to leap through a hoop of fire to get past the tiger, but the elephant hit her with full force, smashing her against the central pillar. Pain rocketed through her form, and even the series of comically large bandages she wound around herself could only do so much.

The Ringmaster pressed his advantage, using his whip to direct the animals. She ducked aside from the tiger, but it caught her in the side with its claws.

Ooo! Dang, dang, dang!

She sprayed it with some WD40, which was just silly enough to heal her.

Unfortunately, she then had to take the bull by the horns; literally.

“Again, give us the clown nose, and you can be safe!” the Ringmaster declared.

“Tell another one!” she cried, dodging another animal attack. “A clown recognises clown game.”

“I mean it. I don’t want to hurt you!”

“You *are* hurting her, Dad!”

The Ringmaster spun, just in time to see his son whack a muscled performer upside the head with a rubber chicken that *definitely* had weights in it.

“Son, what are you doing? I told you to wait until-”

“I’m showing you that I can perform just as well as my friend here. Nice moves, Jester, but you seem to struggle against big cats!”

“I’m a dog person!” Jester called, “you know that!”

It was enough to make her friend laugh, and she could have kissed him forever for that, because now she had more juice.

You are the best Tim, seriously.

She caught the tiger with some belly scratches, reducing it to pleasurable little purrs. The elephant took a run at her, but with a horn she made a trumpet just as loud, causing it to stampede against some of the fellow circus criminals and pin them against a wall, where it remained. The ox she redirected with a red flag again, rushing it right at the pair of performers who were trying to grab Tim. They were knocked into the air and then dragged in big wedgies by the bull’s horns. The whole time, Tim was genuinely laughing at the insanity of it all, which made the Jester’s power flow. She took care of the rest of the criminals with ease, using a variety of humorous methods, until only the Ringmaster remained.

“Any more tricks to pull, Harry? Or are you just plain out of rings?”

Harry Hausen looked to the Jester then to his son who was watching from the sidelines. He raised his whip, extending his hand outwards . . .

. . . only to drop it to the ground and put his hands up.

“I surrender,” he said.

She put some balloon cuffs on him, but remained serious as Timothy approached. “Why Dad? Why do this? And why keep this from me?”

Harry sighed deeply, all smugness gone. “I won’t pretend I’m a good person, Timothy. I did it because I and my team were good at it, because it kept us all working and paid in a world that doesn’t pay for laughter anymore. And because I wanted to support you, in the only way I know how. I just couldn’t have you as part of it. I couldn’t forgive myself.”

Tim swallowed. The Jester felt more like Frankie again as she placed a hand around his waist, lending him her comfort.

“Instead,” her friend continued, “you pushed me away and destroyed our relationship. I would have preferred a father to the money you sent me.”

Harry shed a few tears himself, barely able to look at his son. "I know. I'm - I'm sorry, son. I failed you."

Sirens blared. Tim indicated to his phone.

Ah, clever. He's already called the cops.

"Please," Harry said, reaching out to grab Frankie's hand. "You're Franie, aren't you? Tim's girlfriend from earlier? I promise I won't tell. Please, just look after him."

"I will," she said, holding Tim closer. "And I'm sure you can see Tim from jail, when he's ready to see you."

"If I am," Tim said. "I hope I am."

The Jester had officially made a debut splash, appropriately defeating a rogue circus group of thieves. Tim was glum for several days after, still dealing with it all, but he seemed to be mellowing after a time. His father had sent him a letter full of apology, and was fully cooperating with the police. Evidently, he was starting to realise that he had almost lost his son completely, and was making what amends he could.

Life got back on track, but with some key differences. For one, the Jester was officially welcomed into the Hero Society, and even shown the Hero Dome. That was pretty awesome, and pretty necessary, since she also had a big ask from them when it came to her identity. She broke the news about that fact that she was actually a guy to Flame Dancer and Meteor Woman, and for some reason they looked at each other and laughed and laughed, filling her with juice. She still didn't know why; perhaps it was some kind of inside joke. But they were able to come through for her, because just a couple of days after that, there was a new woman on campus; Frankie Watts, proper new identification and course credits and all. The other Frank was on an extended trip around the world that was likely to go on forever, because she had come to realise she rather liked being a woman, especially with such a nice body. It was more freeing, and her personality - when not going 'full Jester' - was a perfect meld of her old ability to be serious when needed, and a more fun-loving mischievousness of her alter-ego.

Of course, it did lead to some awkwardness, being roommates with her best friend who she was increasingly attracted to. She wanted to give him some time to process his whole 'supervillain Dad' thing, but it was very embarrassing when he walked in on her without knocking and found her masturbating for the first time, mumbling his name under her breath. That had spurred a chat about privacy.

Thankfully, things course corrected soon. They were playing a video game together, just like old times, almost two weeks after the Jester had taken down the Circus of Crime, as

they called it. Slowly, Frankie found herself sliding her body closer to Tim, enjoying his warmth and presence. He didn't move away, and she noticed that as she lowered the controller and began sliding one hand over his thigh, that he wasn't pushing back against her moves whatsoever. He looked to her, obviously nervous.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"What does it feel like I'm doing, silly? I'm coming on to you."

"Um, is this a prank?"

"No prank, and no funnies, Tim. This gal's been waiting a long time to let the dust settle, but she can't stand it no more, if you know what I'm saying."

She leaned over and kissed him, enjoying the way her heavy, sensitive bust pressed against his body. He kissed back, and then his hands held her firmly as she moved onto his lap, her thighs spread either side of him, his hardness obvious against her lower belly.

"Are you sure about this?" he said. "Because truth be told, as soon as you decided to stay as Frankie, I've been thinking about this every day."

She giggled. *That's the thing I love about you*, she thought. *You make me laugh.*

"That's exactly the same for me, hot stuff. Shall we get our freak on and finally get some relief from all this thinking?"

He kissed her passionately, hands roaming up to feel her breasts. She moaned in relief.

"Absolutely," he said, before blushing. "Can I just make one request?"

"Anything, you nerdy hunk."

"Um, would you mind going full clown? You know, during?"

Frankie giggled, and let the Jester take over.

"I don't mind at all, Tim. In fact, I *insist*. Now let's hurry up and clown around."

And with that, they came together. It was quite the private performance that followed, and quite a pleasurable one too. But she was the Jester, so it wasn't without its laughs. Neither would have it any other way.

The End