

New Clowny Hires: Cotton Candy Vending

By: Firingwall

Sophie Hale glanced around the dirty fairgrounds, frowning and looking for some sign of help. *Car broke and no cell service*, she thought as she walked around, *dammit, why did it have to happen today?*

The young, fit woman soon heard a voice called out. “Yous lost or someding? Whatcha doin’ here?”

She looked to her right and saw a large, chubby clown man. He was bald with a big red nose, his gut popping out from underneath his gaudy shirt. He seemed to be polishing up a big food cart, smoking a cigar as he worked.

Maybe he can help me? she thought, approaching the large clown. She cleared her throat and said, “hello, I’m having some car problems. I broke down outside of the circus, and I can’t really get any signal.”

“Yeah, we’s got a bad service around here,” the clown remarked, nodding his head.

“Do you have a phone? I need to make some calls.”

“Gotta payphone in my office ya can use,” the clown man spoke thoughtfully.

“Oh good! I really needed that.” Sophie sighed, wiping her forehead.

The clown curiously looked at her, stroking his chin. “Yous okay?” he asked, “Ya seem all tense ‘nd worried. Maybe ya would like sum cotton candy?”

“Oh, ahhh, no thank you. I’m on my way to a photoshoot and I shouldn’t really have anything fattening.”

“Photoshoot? Ooooh, you sum kind of model?”

Sophie blushed and smiled, looking away awkwardly as a sense of pride flowed through her. “Well yes,” she said, flexing her arm and showing of her decent muscle definition, “I’m a fitness model. Been so for over a year now.”

The clown nodded, dropping his cigar onto the ground and stomping it out. “Hmm,” he said, “I’s can see it. Buuuut, why not haves a lil’ cotton candy? It’ll bes awhile before a tow truck gets out heres anyways. I’s won’t tell anyone if ya have sum.”

Sophie opened her mouth to protest, but suddenly, there was a growl from her stomach. A rather loud one that made the clown chuckle. *Betrayed by my own stomach*, she jokingly thought. She sighed and said, “well, I suppose I can have some before I go. Had a light breakfast anyways and this really shouldn’t mess too much with my calorie counting.”

“Dat’s the spirit!” The clown stepped behind the food cart and started up one of the machines. After few moments of working, he pulled out some cotton candy on a stick, handing it over to her. With a pleasant smile, he said, “enjoy!”

“Thank you,” the woman answered back with a polite smile. She took the cotton candy and gave it a light sniff. It smelled of really sugary bubblegum, a real treat for her nose.

Licking her lips, she brought the cotton in close and took her first bite. It definitely tasted like bubblegum, melting quickly within her mouth. She shivered and sighed happily, saying, **“mmmmmmhmmmm! Dat sure hits da spot!”**

She paused for a brief moment, confusion filling her face. She took another bite of the sugary treat and swallowed it. Her nose shivered and soon, the sound of an inflating balloon filled the area. Her nose expanded and swelled out into a large, pink clown nose. Holes opened up at the bottom as the nose gained a rubbery, shiny texture.

“Someding wrong?” the clown asked curiously.

“Yeah!” Sophie huffed, looking at the cotton candy and then at the clown. “I’s got a real big problem here! **...dis cotton candy is tooooo guud and I’m gonna need a lot more of it soon!**” She let out a deep, barotine chuckle and bit back into the candy, ripping off a massive chunk and slamming it down.

“BUUUUUURRRRRRRRRPPPPPP!” Sophie belched, rocking the food cart and the two of them with a heavy, vibrating wave. Her face jiggled as fat filled it up. Her sharp chin rounded as she developed a thick, double chin. Her cheeks inflated, growing much rounder as her brow thickened up. The vibrations shook throughout her head, her lovely hair falling from her head in one big clump like it was some wig.

“Ha!” laughed the clown, “Nice one... cuz!”

Sophie laughed, her head turning snow white and her ears swelling to three times their original size. Her noggin and face looked completely like that of a guy’s, no feminine quality or distinction at all to her. She opened her mouth, a thick, manly tone booming out, **“thanks Chubs! Yous always make da best cotton candy.”**

“Heh, nows dat’s not true! Yous do; dat’s why your heres!”

Sophie smirked, stretching open her mouth and shoving the rest of the cotton candy into her mouth. She swallowed it all with one big gulp, letting out another big burp that rattled the entire area, her brain shaking and trembling as thoughts and memories were rapidly scrambled and modified into something different.

She stretched her arms, which trembled as well. Thick, flabby layers of fat ballooned through her upper limbs, swelling over four times their original size. Her sleeves ripped apart,

revealing smooth, rubbery, snow white skin beneath. Thick, puffy gloves appeared on her hands as well, just as white as her face.

“Yous gotta a point dere! Heheh, yours stuff is guuud, buuuuuut, not as good as mine for sure!”

“Hence whys I’s need ya here,” Chubs explained, pulling out a new cigar and lighting it up, “I’s need yours talent here makin’ sum sweet cotton candy!”

“HMMMMMMMMMMMMM!” Sophie remarked, stroking her chin and making loud, squeaky noises. After a moment, she grinned and declared, **“yous got yaself a new cotton candy maker! Dough, I do need sum more of dat in mah belly stuff. I’m wastin’ away here!”**

Chubs laughed and returned to the food cart, saying, “Yous got it cuz.”

After a minute of work, Chubs handed Sophie two, rather large, pink cotton candy sticks. She smiled happily and opened her mouth, her fat face stretching absurdly wide. She shoved one of the cotton candy sticks into her maw and ate it in a single bite, burping out the rod without a problem.

Her stomach wiggled and bubbled. **KABOOM!** Her shirt exploded off, revealing a very, flabby, blubbery torso. All her years of hard work to tone and develop her abs and form were erased in seconds with a humongous potbelly that hung over her pants. Her breasts were larger, but flabby and looked more like moobs. Her skin was bright white with a large, suddenly appearing, bowtie around her flabby neck.

She smacked her stomach with her free hand, which wobbled and jiggled upon impact. She laughed, remarking, **“Heh! Now dat’s what I’m talkin’ about!”**

She took the other stick and shoved it into her mouth as well, spitting instead of burping it this time. Her legs shook and wobbled again, soon ballooning out and smacking up against the insides of her pants. **RIIIIIIIP!** Her pants legs ripped apart, turning into bright red gym shorts as blubbery trunks replaced her slim legs.

As her shoes turned into large, oversized clown shoes, a free hand of Sophie’s slipped down to her crotch and casually scratched at it. She let out a sigh, happy as can be with her new, fat form. All the time, he never really noticed the large, baseball-sized bulge that appeared in his shorts.

The new clown man let out another belch, shaking the ground again. **“Now dat felt guuud!”** he remarked, happily rubbing his big belly, **“I’s all set now! Time ta get ta work on dat cotton candy for ya!”**

“Great!” Chubs remarked, puffing out a smoke cloud shaped like cotton candy on a stick, “We’s gonna need tons of bags for da family visitin’! As much as you can make!”

“Yous got it!” The new clown man took his place behind the cotton candy cart and got to work. All worries about his photoshoot and car were long behind him now. All he was concerned about was pleasing his big cousin and making sure that all the happy families that visited the carnival would be able to have as much sugary treats as they could snarf down!

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