

Clown It Up: Vacation's Funny Start

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Commission done for Traveling Mage of Discord

“Tommy!” There was a knock beside him, the man fidgeting hearing it. “Hey Tommy!” The voice called louder now. “Just gonna sit in here the entire time?”

Tom's eyes opened slowly, exhaustion washing over him. He could see his coworker, Ted, through the side window of the van next to him. Seeing him open his eyes, Ted smiled.

Tom just felt further exhausted. “I think I'm just gonna keep resting until we get there. The trip took a lot out of me.”

“Awww, come on, dude!” Ted opened the door. “Step outside and enjoy some sun and the sights!” He tugged on Tom's hand and pulled him out of the vehicle and on deck.

Tom blinked a few times, rubbing his eyes as he adjusted for the glaring bright sun. Once he did, he could see his other friends/co-workers over by the railing. They waved once they saw him, lighting up excitedly.

“Come on, Tommy!” Chris declared, her hand waving the hardest.

“You gotta check it out! The water is so clear!” Fred shouted.

“Stop hiding in the van and join us!” Megan yelled.

Tom didn't want to, but he had no choice. Ted, still holding his hand, tugged over to the group and put him up beside the railing.

The sight, admittedly, was pretty grand. It was a clear blue ocean, stretching for miles. The sky was clear, the occasional seagull flying by or landing on the boat. It was beautiful.

Yet, it didn't matter. He didn't want to be there on that ferry.

“You’re going to need to take a break.”

“What?”

“I’m serious. At the rate you’re going, you’re going to crash.”

Tom Beckett could still remember it as clear as day as if it happened only a few minutes ago. He was back in his boss's office, having been called in one day. He had heard all of that not long after, his jaw nearly dropping.

He tried to say something, but Frank, his boss, held up a hand to stop him. "Listen, I do appreciate all the work you've been putting in. You're my number one salesguy, making 'his place a lotta money." He frowned. "But I'm getting kinda worried. You've been here for over four years and never took a vacation or used one of your sick days."

Tom blinked. "Well, I actually like what I do and want to keep to it."

"And it is appreciated, but I've been where you are before. I know the feeling and can relate. You're gonna burn yourself out both physically and mentally." His boss leaned back in his chair, showing a proud smile. "Unlike other companies, we care about our employees!"

Tom internally snorted at the thought. He didn't believe it for a second. However, he was smart enough to know to keep that to himself.

"So, what I'm getting at is that I'm having you take the coming two weeks off. Do that and you can return and work another four years without a day off."

Tom's hands tightened on the rail, his friends not seeming to notice. *This is nonsense.* He huffed to himself. *This isn't fair...*

"The damn injustice of it!" He was at a bar now with his coworkers after work, recounting to them what happened. "I actually like what I'm doing, want to keep working, and now they're telling me to get lost for two whole weeks!"

Tom huffed. "Just so bizarre too! A company wants to stop a guy like me from working at it! Ugh, this just all sucks."

"Ok, calm yourself, Hank Hill." Fred remarked, taking a drink from his mug. "You're, like, the only guy I know who would complain about something like this."

"I think it's great!" Chris said, popping a french fry in her mouth, "It's good to get out, take a break every once in a while. I think a vacation is just what you need!" She swallowed and grinned. "And this just happened at the perfect time!"

Tom gave her a look. "What do you mean?"

"Well!" Megan jumped in. "It's our yearly group trip!" She motioned to the other friends around Tom. "We always go to this nice island resort around this time of year and, unfortunately, our fifth member had to drop out at the last minute. Why not join us?"

"Trip?" Tom's expression did not change.

"Mhm!" Ted smiled. "It's all expenses paid, so why not?"

Tom frowned. "Not interested. I find trips overpriced and a waste of time."

"Again, it's all paid for so you don't need to worry on your end," Fred said. He sighed, leaning in, "Honestly, I do think you should come along. It's just what you need."

All of the others nodded in agreement. "It'll help you brighten up a little and get your head out of your ass for once." Ted said that with a smirk.

Tom glared, unamused. "Again, no thank you. It doesn't sound like my thing."

Megan frowned, an eyebrow cocking. "So, you're just going to sit in your apartment for the next two weeks near the "love of your life" and not be able to go to her? You'll just sit around, doing nothing and thinking about that the entire time?"

He frowned, staring out into the water. She had made a good point, he hated to admit it. He would've gone nuts just sitting around at home. So, there he was now.

He felt a nudge on his side from Fred. "Hey, you're going to have a great time!"

"Yeah!" Chris giggled, "This place will turn that frown upside down and toss that gloomy attitude right in the trash where it belongs!"

"Heeeey, maybe you'll learn to smile again by the end of it!" Megan laughed.

Tom said nothing. *Yeah, not happening.*

He already had his plans for the trip laid out. He was going to be in his room most of the time, on his tablet, catching up on his reading. He certainly would catch his meals with his friends, but no more. They couldn't make him do anymore than he already was: just showing up.

At that moment, several fish breached the water, splashing high and crashing back into the sea. His friends all pointed it out and laughed. Tom couldn't help but smile a little too.

A cool, light ocean breeze blew by, blowing gently through Tom's hair. He breathed in. He soaked in the scent of sea salt, the warm sunshine, and the cry of the seagulls flying above. For the first time, everything felt like it slotted into place.

All of this wasn't all that bad, was it? The scenery and the feel? Perhaps he was just being stubborn.

Sure, Tom would rather be at home working, but now that he was there, at that moment, things didn't seem so bad. This surely wasn't going to be the worst thing ever. Maybe he could actually try to have a good time, even just a little bit.

“Nope. I do not like this. I want to go back. I don't want to be here one bit.”

Tom said that all, but it was far too late to turn around. The shuttle's driver and assistant had already hopped back into the van after unloading the luggage and were driving off.

“Heeeellllloooo! **HONK!**” The bright clown girl dressed in all yellow said to Tom and his friends. The strange woman had approached them after the luggage was taken out, wearing a uniform akin to that of a spa employee.

With each bit of movement, her ridiculously curvy body seemed to jiggle and bounce. She giggled, “My name is Sunshine, and I welcome you all to Sunny Funny Resort!”

“Thanks!” “Glad to be back!” “Great to see you again, Sunshine!” Everyone in the group was as cheerful as could be. They greeted and waved to the clown like it was the most normal thing in the entire darn world.

Only Tom did nothing to greet her, voicing his displeasure quite clearly and quite ignored by everyone instead.

He took Chris aside. “Umm, the hell is going on here?” He pointed at the clown. “Who the hell is that?” He pointed all around him. “Who are they?” He rubbed his face. “And... and... where are we?! I thought this was Sunrise Glades Resort!”

“Oh that's just the official name on the website and all the government forms,” she explained as if it was the most natural thing, “This place really is Sunny Funny Resort. It and its staff are all just kept confidential to keep the weirdos and fuddy duddies out.”

Weirdos? Tom looked at the clown woman as she spoke with the others. He then looked at all of the other people around them. *Keep them out? Yeah right.*

Everywhere he looked, there were clowns. In particular, clown girls of all shapes, sizes, and colors. Some were dressed in similar uniforms as Sunshine while others were wearing... normalish clothes? Normalish in a tourist trap style way, but not in how garishly and brightly they were colored.

“Of course!” Sunshine exclaimed, Tom turning back to her at her loud outburst. “It's great to have you all back!” His friends grinned while he continued to frown. “Well, I'll have your bags taken up to your rooms right away!”

She held a hand up high and snapped her fingers. The snap was quite loud despite wearing such thick-looking gloves.

All at once, a group of bellhop clown gals appeared and started grabbing bags and suitcases. They moved like lightning, Tom not having a chance to secure or grab any of his luggage before it was snatched away.

Tom started to open his mouth to say something, a lot of which wouldn't be pretty or kind. “Easy there!” Fred spoke up before he could though, shooting him a look. “Why don't you just give this a chance?”

“Excuse me?” Tom snorted.

“Yeah!” Megan jumped in. “Just keep an open mind! We come here every year! This place is amazing! It really rejuvenates a person and makes you feel so alive!”

You're crazy. Everyone I came with is legitimately crazy. Tom was about to say that and very loudly. However, another snap from Sunshine, and a new group of clown girls appeared. They took everyone's hand, even Tom's.

“Well then!” Sunshine squeaked happily, slapping her mitts together and holding them to her face, “Let's get everyone prepped for proper silly enjoyment! You can all meet up in the lobby once you're all settled and goofed in!”

Tom tried to speak yet again, but he was yanked away from the group. The clown woman who had taken his hand had an incredibly strong grip that wasn't so much painful or tight as it was magnetic in a way. It had such a gravitational force of sorts that kept him locked to her and unable to pull away.

The clown took him to a path near a grove before stopping to look at him. This let him get a good look at her as well. She had bleach white skin with blazing yellow hair that had red roots and streaks in it. Her clown nose was bright red, along her plump lips. She had a similar spa uniform as Sunshine, but also wore red, heeled rubber boots and orange rubber gloves.

And much like Sunshine, her figure was incredible. Big breasts with a huge, curvaceous bottom half that could stop traffic. Most would be captivated by such a figure. However, he was too annoyed to care.

“Riiight!” She giggled and slapped her forehead with her free hand. “I should introduce myself! Hiiii, I'm Sizzlez! Part-time firefighter, part-time resort relaxation specialist! Call me Sizz for short! All my friends do!”

“I will not.” Tom said it so flatly and bluntly that the clown flinched, completely taken aback by that. “Where are you takin-OOOF!”

“Rude much!” Sizzlez wasn't completely taken aback though to stop her march. She pulled him down the path even faster now, him struggling to keep pace. “Don't you worry! We'll cure that grumpiness so you can enjoy your vacation right!”

Tom tried to say something again, huffing and panting a little as he was dragged along. He almost tripped over himself when the clown abruptly stopped. They were now standing before a small building, nestled amongst the grove of palm trees.

“Here we are!” Sizzlez smiled, opening the door and leading him inside. “Here's where the magic will happen!”

It appeared to be a small massage parlor of sorts. There was a table to lay on setup with a smaller table beside it, several bottles of ointments and a stack of towels on it. It all looked professional and had a cozy feel to it. However, Tom only saw something shady and suspicious at this point.

“Listen you!” Tom turned and looked her dead on, barely containing himself enough not to poke her in the nose. “I don't know wha-”

“I get it, I get it!” Sizzlez let go of his hand and held both of hers up, signaling for him to calm himself. “You're overstressed, anxiety-ridden, and filled with so much frustration that you're about to explode!”

That was certainly a way to describe how Tom was currently feeling.

“You'll never enjoy yourself at this rate!” The clown pointed at him, almost poking him in the nose herself. “Frankly, with that mood and all those negative vibes, you'll turn the entire resort into dust in no time flat!”

“I don't care!” Tom snapped at her. “I don't care one bit! I want to leave and go back to the shuttle! I hate clowns!”

Sizzlez gasped before letting out an aggressive snort. “Well, first of all, Mr. Grumpy, the van is probably already at the dock and boarding the boat. That means it'll be floating back to the mainland by the time you get there. It won't be returning until nightfall with more guests.

“Second, and most important,” she added, now going so far as to poke his nose, “If you don't like clowns, why did you get a reservation at a clowny resort, doofus?”

“I didn't get a reservation!” Tom slapped her hand away. There was a weird, overly comical slap sound that came when he did so, surprising him briefly. “My friends invited me and didn't explain crap about what was going on. I'm the victim here!”

He folded his arms. “I just want to go home. I'll wait down by the docks the entire time if I have to!”

Sizzlez frowned, shaking her head and making “tsk tsk” sounds. “Such a Negative Nancy! Forget the place turning to dust! You'll melt the island to a gross pile of toxic sludge that can never be cleaned up with that attitude!”

“So what?” moaned Tom, “I just want to go. You can't hold me hostage!”

The fiery clown opened her mouth to say something but stopped. She looked off to the side, like she was thinking of something, before looking back. She smiled. “Well, you certainly are not a hostage. You could leave. That's fine by me!”

“However, why leave before getting to enjoy anything at this resort?” She held up her hands. “I'm a clown with many talents, including being an expert masseuse.” She wiggled her fingers. “Why not have a quick rub before you go? Enjoy something before you sit by the water, bored out of your mind for hours!”

“I'm not taking my clothes off,” huffed Tom.

“Oh, you don't have to do that!” Sizzlez giggled, waving her hand, “I'm talking about a simple shoulder massage! I can work with your shirt on fine.” She took off her gloves, revealing her dainty, snow-white hands to him. “Just let me work my magic, and, if you're still gloomy, I'll personally drive you down to the pier to wait. I'll even fetch your bags too!”

Tom didn't say anything right away. He didn't trust her or this whole clown resort. Everything was just too suspicious and weird to him.

However, he did acknowledge the out she was giving him. He could just play along.

“Okay, fine,” he huffed, folding his arms, “We'll do that.” *If you try anything, you will regret it.* He kept that last bit to himself.

“Splendid!” Sizzlez looked positively giddy. She smiled so wide, her pearly white teeth sparkled it almost seemed like.

She grabbed a stool from the side and placed it before him. She playfully gave it a pat. “Here! Have a seat and relax.”

Tom groaned internally but did as he was told and sat. She stepped behind him, a pleasant hum on her lips. His shoulders tensed, his heart starting to quicken. *Okay, here goes whatever this is...*

Her hands came down onto his shoulders, his body flinching at first. Then, they began to rub. Her soft fingers dug gently in against her flesh, kneading it.

All at once, Tom felt... relaxed? It caught him off guard so much, but all that tension and careful guarding began fading. The twisted feeling in his stomach came undone, his shoulders relaxing a little. His beating heart slowed back to its normal pace.

Wow... she's good. He hated to admit it, but it was true. Sizzlez was surprisingly good. Even working through his shirt, she was doing an amazing job on his shoulders.

“So, how are we feeling?” Sizzlez asked as she did her job.

“Well,” Tom gulped and hesitantly spoke, still not wanting to admit it out loud, “It's... it's not bad... I suppose.”

“Not bad?” the clown snickered, “Are you suuuurrrre?” She rubbed a little harder, digging more in. It still felt great.

“Mrmph.” Tom trembled. “Fine. It's good.”

“Good to hear!” Sizzlez continued her work, continuing that deep rub. As she worked, he found himself sinking into it, losing himself in the feeling. It truly felt good. His eyes closed, soaking in that relieving sensation.

Unknown and unseen by him, as she worked, something about him shifted. His shoulders began to droop, losing some of their natural broadness and width. The skin beneath his gray tee whitened, getting bleacher and paler until it was as snow white as her own. It was even as soft and rubbery to the touch.

“Mmm,” Tom sighed, unable to help himself, “That's... that's good.” Her hands moved up to the back of his neck, rubbing it and around it. Even with her hands around it, he never felt danger or threat. He was relaxed.

“Oh... you're *very good!*” His voice lightened ever so subtly, an airy, breathy tone coming to it. When she rubbed his neck, his adam's apple protruded ever so less now. That rubbery white was emerging out of his collar as well.

“Thank you,” Sizzlez giggled, letting go of him. “There we go! That should be the shoulders and neck all rubbed up! Feelin' better?”

“Well...” Tom frowned, really not wanting to say it, but feeling like he couldn't not. “I suppose a little better.”

Sizzlez nodded. “When I was rubbing, I could feel some tension bubbling up from down in your arms and hands. Mind if I work on them too?” She cleared her throat. “I mean, only if you want me to.”

“S-sure! Go for it!” Tom's apprehension had greatly fallen at this point. Sure, he still really didn't want to stick around. However, after that little demonstration, it did feel right to let her continue her work. Make the trip worth it and all that.

Tom held out his left arm, which Sizzlez happily took. She gently massaged it right away, starting at the shoulder and going down to his wrist. Goosebump broke out, that pleasant chill striking him and making him release another happy sigh.

“Done with that! Onto the right!” Tom was surprised. She was moving faster now, barely even noticing when she stopped. Yet, the quality of the massage didn't dip at all. He felt great!

Holding up his right arm for her, Tom looked at his left. It was so loose and light now, like all the tension and stress he had had amounted to actual physical weight. In fact, looking closer, his arm seemed thinner, daintier, and... whiter?

What the heck? He turned his arm over and back, studying his exposed smooth, white skin. *What is... what the...*

Tom looked to Sizzlez, seeing her work doing his other arm now. He could see it now. His arm was thinning and whitening under her hand, a glossy, smooth, rubbery sheen coming to it. It felt so light and free, matching the first, but it was so wrong.

“W-wait...” Tom quietly stuttered, barely able to process what he was seeing. “What are you do-”

“Gimme a second!” Sizzlez moved her attention to his right hand. “Don't wanna mess this part up!” She began to knead and rub, starting with the wrist and moving onto the palm.

Tom witnessed his hand growing thinner and daintier, matching that arm of his. Hairs vanished, visible traces of veins and creases in his skin also leaving. All that could be seen was the pure white, rubbery skin texture in their place.

As she worked his fingers, his nails wobbled on their own. They grew an inch/two and half centimeters, manicured to perfection. Nail polish appeared, a pattern of bright pink and red dotting each nail.

“Wha... what's going on?!” Tom whimpered and squeaked.

“I'm giving you the premium massage, sir.” Sizzlez spoke so simply, so matter-of-fact in tone while also extruding a gentle vibe. “It's all about making you feel so relaxed and free.” She grinned, cooing now and giving off a **different** vibe. “Just like me.”

Once she had finished her massage, she locked her own hand with his. Her fingers wrapped with and clenched tightly. She pushed and rubbed her palms against his own.

Tom found himself quivering. The sensation of it was unbelievable. Their hands were merely touching and rubbing into one another, but it was positively electrifying! It was different from the massage, something so personal and close. He never felt it before.

Rubbery clown skin against... well, his own rubbery clown skin was wonderful.

He gulped and took a few breaths, trying to regain some composure. "How..." he managed to weakly ask, "How is this possible?"

"Oh, it's just special clown gal sensitivity!" Sizzlez giggled, "All us gals have it! It's just something that makes us love being together, against one another." She sighed, gently rubbing her cheeks, "It's, like, the most pleasant thing in the world!"

That wasn't what he wanted to ask, more how she was changing him. However, before he could try to correct her, she got in real close. With a big grin on her mug, she asked, "Would you like to do the other hand?"

Tom gulped. He was falling and falling fast. He could sense was going to lose himself, lose who he was. He needed to pull back now.

Yet, he couldn't... or, it would be better to say, didn't want to. He simply nodded, and the clown giggled. "No prob! One matching hand set, coming right up!"

She took his other hand and gently massaged it. He watched closely this time as it changed, observing his skin and hand turn white and dainty as her own. It all felt so good.

He wasn't sure what to say or even do at this point. What could one even say really? Perhaps he could muster out a "stop it" or something similar, but he was beyond that now. It felt too good to stop.

"And viola!" Sizzlez let go of his hand. "Enjoy!" Tom looked at his hands and then up at his white, rubbery arms. His heart pounded faster. A small "wow" escaped his lips.

"Sooooo, now that we got those hands, how about dem feet?" Sizzlez, still grinning, pointed down at his tennis shoes. "Perhaps I can make them a bit more resort friendly?"

Tom's lower lip quivered, trying to find the right words to say. There was a small croak, and he eventually mustered out, "Well, wha-whatever you think works."

"Splendid!" The clown clapped her hands eagerly, like a performing seal. "I'll work some more massage magic then!" She bent down, Tom, without hesitation, holding out his feet as he still sat on the stool. She removed his shoes and socks, setting them off to the side.

She began rubbing, starting at the heels of his feet before moving down to the toes. Curiously, instead of shrinking like everything else, his feet cartoonishly enlarged. They went up several shoe sizes as the whiteness washed over them.

Reaching the toes, she gently rubbed and pressed into them. They grew to match her feet, her big toes especially bigger on them. Red and pink toenail polish appeared, adding some color to brighten them up.

“There we go!” Sizzlez looked proudly upon his feet. Tom said nothing, just staring at them and wiggling his toes a little.

“Oh!” The clown slapped her forehead. “Can't forget the important final touch!” She zipped over to a cabinet near a wall and opened a drawer. She pulled out an oversized pair of pink flip-flops. “Our resort's personal footwear! It fits all clowns perfectly while being totally fashionable!”

Gaudy as heck. Tom didn't say that though and just let her come over and put them on his feet. They fitted like a charm, matching perfectly with his nail polish.

“Okay!” Sizzlez smacked her hands together, pulling Tom's attention back to her. “Now, I believe I made my point with the premium massage and gave you a good taste of what we offer here.” She smiled pleasantly. “I'm glad you were able to experience that before you go.”

“Go?” Tom meekly asked.

“Mhm! Go! You still want to go, right?” Her head cocked to the side, her expression attempting to look as innocent as possible. “I said if you weren't satisfied, I would personally take you back down to the docks to wait. While you wait, the effect should wear off and you'll be back to normal by the time you leave.”

“Normal...” Tom looked down at himself.

“Mhm... buuuuuut, if you'd rather stay, I can continue! You'll be in for the full ride, and it'll be very colorful and thrilling!”

This was it. His chance to leave had arrived. He didn't want to be there after all, right? He could just go now. The way was clear seemingly.

Yet, despite the opening and all the warning signs that were blaring in his mind only a few minutes ago, things had changed. He felt relaxed, truly at peace. It was almost... no, better than that when he was at work. Why should he leave another thing he was enjoying?

“We... we can keep going,” he said.

“Ooooooh?” Sizzlez leaned in, tapping a finger against her chin. “You want to keep going, do whatever I have in store for you?” Tom gulped but nodded.

“GREAT!” Sizzlez wiggled her fingers and zipped right behind him again. “Let's work that hair of yours!”

“Y-you can massage hair?”

“Wellll, it's more like playing with it and bringing out the giggly, clowny energy in it!” She ran her fingers through his short brown hair. She was careful, licking her lips and focusing as hard as she could. Tom could feel gentle tugs at his locks while she did her work.

Slowly, his hair was pulled and stretched long with each streak, flowing down his back. It thickened, volume increasing and gaining a sort of natural bounce to it. From the roots to the very tips, bright pink poured in. Occasional streaks of red ran through to break things up.

“Poifect!” Sizzlez giggled, making a smack sound with her lips. “Whaddya think?” She handed him a hand mirror from somewhere.

He looked into it and gasped. That long, bouncy pink and red hair was utterly shocking to the system. It was so different, so not like him that it almost gave him whiplash.

Yet, there was another part to him that felt differently. It was growing, saying that this was right and this was him. Pink and red totally fitted him, just like the nails and flip-flops did.

There were so many conflicting thoughts and feelings within him. Eventually, one side came out stronger. “It's... pretty.”

“Yeah it is!” Sizzlez stepped back in front of him. “Ya know, it really accentuates your face!”

“It does?” Tom looked at the mirror. It really didn't, since his mug looked the same as it always did, a harsh contrast with the bright warm reds and pinks elsewhere.

“Well, it will soon!” Sizzlez reached a hand in and grabbed his nose. She rubbed its tip, sliding her fingers up its bridge and back down to his nostrils before pulling back.

PSSSSSSSSST. A strange sound could be heard. It sounded like inflating balloons.

Then, he could see it in his reflection. There was a bright, sunshine yellow at the tip of his nose. The color spread to the rest as the tip grew and grew, swelling out into a ball. It sucked in most of the bridge and all of his nostrils.

He was left with a bright yellow, big clown nose. “HOLY CRAP!”

“Annnnnd, best part!” Sizzlez reached back in and squeezed that nose.

HOOOONNNK! Tom quivered, eyes going crossed as a soft, feminine moan blurted out. That felt heavenly! It was like a total dream, full of bliss and joy!

Would Sizzlez feel the same if he did that to her nose? Could he do it? He felt so giddy after that that he was extremely tempted to try!

However, the clown girl interrupted before he could attempt it. “Okay! Gotta get the rest of that face!” She pushed the hand mirror down to reach in. “You don’t mind, do you?”

“N-not at all!” Tom quivered, “Do what you have to do, *Sizz!*”

Sizz grinned, looking happier and more pleased than ever before. She reached in and rubbed his face gently. He closed his eyes, soaking in that pleasant sensation. It was so nice to be touched like this. He could almost drift away in her touch.

However, just his mind was about to glaze over, he could hear her speak clearly. “Open your eyes, sweetie!”

He did, finding that she was holding up the mirror for him to look. He looked into it and saw someone else looking back.

It was a beautiful clown girl much like Sizz. She had such smooth, white, rubbery skin with red stars on her cheeks. Her eyelashes were long, giving a cute flutter with each blink. She was done up with light pinkish eyeshadow and red & pink lipstick. Her lips were utterly plump and totally kissable.

“Oh my!” Tom smiled, the clown in the mirror smiled back with the same cheery one that Sizz and all the others had. He giggled, making no attempt to stop it. He felt his face, watching his reflection feel it as well. It was just so great! He was utterly cute!

All of that frustration and stick-in-the-mud attitude he had before? It had melted away, revealing some fun, good, silliness beneath. It made his heart, no, his soul soar!

Maybe... he thought, gently stroking his soft cheeks and lips, maybe this trip was just what I needed after all. No. No maybes! I sooo needed this!

“Well, I take it that you really come around on this!” the masseuse giggled.

“Oh yes, Sizz!” Tom spoke with such a light, soft voice, “This is so... so much fun!”

“Great.” Sizz’s expression suddenly dropped. “Buuuuuut...”

“But what?” Tom asked worriedly.

“It's that...” She rested her head against one of her palms. “I can't really do much more when you're like this. I could probably do more if you were to strip and lay down on the table. But you said no before and-”

“Strip? No problem!” Tom giggled. He jumped to his feet and quickly undressed, leaving him only in his boxers (he still had some modesty and dignity of his old self). He hopped onto the massage table and laid down on his stomach. “How's this?”

“Oh perfect!” Sizz wiggled her tush. “I can definitely work with this!” She hurried over and soon, he could feel her hands on his back.

It felt otherworldly. Without clothes in the way, his torso could finally feel how truly good her touch was. It left him so blissful and relaxed that it felt like he would drift off to sleep.

As snow-white skin covered every spot, his body shrunk. His torso thinned, dropping any excess weight and muscle mass, bringing him down to a dainty size. His waistline narrowed, giving him the start of an hourglass figure.

She was soon off his torso and onto his legs, ignoring his hips and butt for the time being. She rubbed each one quickly and efficiently. Again, like before, despite speeding up, the quality of her massage never dropped once. If anything, it only felt better.

His legs lengthened a little, gaining the right shape and size for the budding clown lady. His calves thinned somewhat while his thighs thickened, pressing against one another tenderly.

Once satisfied, Sizz went back up to his hips and butt. She grabbed onto the former, fingers digging into his boxers. Even with the underwear on, her touch was still felt. He squeaked a little before letting out another moan.

His hips grew and grew. They stretched far and wide, just like Sizzlez. They were quite round, fitting his new thighs perfectly.

Her hands groped his butt, Tom moaning more. Butt cheeks soon plumped up, straining his boxers until they were hugging him like they were made of spandex. His rear was soon a big, heart-shaped butt, part of its crack poking out the top of his underwear.

Tom squirmed a little. “Mrrmph... tight.”

“That is true!” the clown remarked, “Skintight is fun and all, but it can seriously cut off some oxygen! Let me fix that!” He could hear her crack her knuckles.

However, instead of doing anything fancy with her fingers, she grabbed the elastic band of his boxers and pulled. She stretched more and more, feeling like it stretched for over several feet. The entire time, the uncomfortableness grew.

Tom squeaked, his cheeks blushing intensely, “That's... that's not helping!”

“Oh it's gonna! Just need one good...” **SNAP!** She let go of that band and it came racing back, smacking him right on the butt.

Tom squeaked louder than before, pupils dilating. That impact sent a huge burst of warmth right below, his entire body quaking. The bulge in his boxers grew a little before shrinking back and disappearing. Something else took its place a moment after.

Not only that, but his boxers rapidly transformed too. The material turned softer, pink lacing appearing along the edging. They shrank and shrank, leg holes rising towards the waistband. The back especially sunk, a lot of it disappearing between his big butt cheeks.

Tom panted, hands clenching tightly. “Oh... my... dog! That... that felt amazing, *hyuck*!” He giggled. Why did he add that cartoonish, clownish laugh at the end? Because it just naturally rolled off the tongue in a perfectly silly way is why!

“That's great to hear!” Sizz giggled along with him. “I'm glad you're liking it. Now, let's flip you over for the grand finale! We're gonna end this massage on the best part!”

“Y-yeah, best part-a-roo! Hehehe.” Tom flipped over and looked down his center. His figure looked almost just like Sizzlez in shape and with the same snow-white color. There was only one thing missing now.

Well, really, two BIG things were missing.

She seemed to sense it as well. Her hands went right in for his chest and began squeezing. He quaked, sweat forming. Now this... this felt like the best it has ever been.

As his nipples turned bright, cotton-candy pink, his chest rose. Fat built around his nipples, piling more and more in as they became mounds. They rose and widened, becoming soft A-cup sized breasts.

“Feeling good?” Sizz asked, stopping briefly to check.

“Y-yeah...” Tom panted. She continued again, his breasts growing. They inflated into B then C, and then even D-cups. They stayed perfectly spherical and round, no hint of sagging. They seemed magically firm and supported, much like Sizz's were.

“That's good!” she cooed, “You should feel good. Being a clown girl always feels this good. Isn't that right, sweetie?”

Tom nodded, his... her voice cracking to something even sweeter now. “Yeah... being a clown... being a girl feels sooooo good, heyuck!”

She giggled. Her body felt so alive! Why did she ever fight this? Why run from this? If she'd known sooner, she would've happily joined her friends years ago! She had been missing out on so much!”

“And there we g... go!”

“OOOOOOO!” Tom moaned louder than ever before. Sizz had groped her breasts tightly, even tweaking her nipples a little. Her breasts ballooned one final cup size, hitting a heavy E.

The new clown girl laid there, gasping for air and her eyes swirling. *What a rush!* She felt amazing and all trembly, like she had just got done running a marathon. She could barely move, still soaking in the final, lingering pleasurable tingles floating through her.

“One premium massage, Sunny Funny Resort's speciality, completed!” Sizz clapped her hands, giggling. “I'm so glad you were able to experience that!” She held out her hand.

Tom weakly took it, struggling at first to properly grasp it. She eventually got to her plump butt and was able to slip off the table. Standing, her legs were wobbly after everything, but she quickly got used to them.

“Oh my! He-hyuck!” The former guy looked herself over, struggling a little with her chest melons blocking her eyesight. She felt and ran her hands across her form, taking a moment to squeeze and feel key spots.

Conclusion? It was amaze-balls! She loved it! She loved everything about it from her cuteness to her natural jiggliness. Everything was so gosh darn perfect!

“Sooooo,” Sizz asked, cocking her hips to the side, “I know I probably don't need to ask, buuuuut, just to say I did it, do you still wanna go wait for your boat?”

SNORT! The new clown gal's nose shrunk in when she made that animalish noise. She put her hands on her hips and leaned in. “Mhm. Suuuurrrre do. I soooo wanna go wait on some boring pier, twiddling my thumbs instead of enjoying sum awesome resort!”

She burst into a fit of giggles. “O' course I wanna stay, hyuk!”

“Just checkin’!” Sizz grinned. “Let's get you all dressed up!” She pulled Tom over to a closet nearby and opened it. Inside were all sorts of fun, brightly colored, silly vacation outfits, fit for clowns of all shapes and sizes!

“Ooooo!” Tom's eyes positively sparkled at the selection. “Let's get fancy!”

“Hehyukhehyuk!” Both Sizz and Tom walked up to the entrance of the resort, giggling and chatting the entire way. They stopped before the doors, Sizz holding up a PDA. “So, Tammy Bubbles then? Just wanna make sure the records are accurate!”

“Ah-huh! Tammy Bubbles!” Tom/Tammy declared, pushing out her chest and cocking her hips to the side. “‘cause I'm all bubbly!”

“Just like you were before you changed!”

“Oh for sure! Totally bubbly and happy-go-lucky as Mr. Sunshine was!” The clown gals laughed and snickered, acting like they've been friends for years.

After a quick dressing montage, Tammy was all ready to experience the resort. She had a matching pink bra to go with her undies. She had on pink shorts and a bright blue, Hawaiian-esque shirt but with balloons instead of flowers.

Everything had come together perfectly. She was ready to tackle this vacation head on and enjoy things the right way, the clowny way! It felt so easy slipping into this new sona, that name just instantly coming to her when first asked. It fitted everything.

The two walked into the lobby, Tammy glancing around. Besides the other clown employees, she saw a few other clown girls dressed similarly as her up at the front desk. They looked different, but she knew who they were. Her clowny senses just tingled with intuition!

“Gotta run! My pals await!” Tammy explained.

“Of course! I'll check in with you later.” Sizz gave her a big hug, Tammy happily returning it. Their chests mashed together, tingles going through their bodies. “Maybe we can hit the pool together then.”

“Love to!” The two rubbed their clown noses together. It was a natural thing after all. All clowns did it between their close friends. Tammy just knew that obvious fact.

Sizz departed, and Tammy hurried over to the group. “Heya gurls!” she called out, jumping up before them, “Tammy Bubbles in the house, hyuk!” She struck a Sailor Scout-esque pose too.

The other clowns gasped before squealing in delight. They huddled around her, all talking at once and barely able to be understood outside of the occasional “so worried”, “you're amazing”, “didn't think you'd”, and similar statements.

Eventually, it was a bit much and Tammy held her arms up. “Easy gurls! Dontcha worry a thing! This gal is with the program and ready to check in now! who'se ready to have the bestest silly vacation ever!”

The entire group cheered, Tammy giggling. *Awwww, best silly vacation for sure! Totally gonna love this!*

She grinned to herself. *Perhaps boss man was right after all! I needed some time off. You can't have a goofy, fun time like this being stuck in an office all day!*

THE END