

## DOWN TO CLOWN

The car hummed along the dark two-lane road, its headlights cutting through pockets of early summer mist. Devon gripped the wheel with one hand, the other resting lazily over the car door as warm wind streamed in through his open window. His copper-blond curls were tousled from the fair's breezy rides, and a faint sunburn dusted his freckled cheeks and nose. A faded concert tee reflected his casual, playful, and oftentimes effortlessly charming personality, as it clung just enough to hint at the lean muscle underneath.

In the passenger seat, Simone sat with her lips tight and her brows furrowed. She cradled her right hand in her lap, her fingers still trembling faintly from the shock. Her smooth bronze skin contrasted sharply with the white tissue wrapped loosely around her knuckles. The bite marks from the chattering teeth were shallow, but the sting hadn't subsided, and neither had her irritation.

Simone was a vision of composed fire, sharp cheekbones, full lips, and long box braids that were now tugged into a high, tired ponytail. Her outfit, fitted black shorts, heeled ankle boots, and a buttoned-up halter top that flattered her curves without begging for attention, was both sleek and unapologetic, just like her.

Devon cast a sideways glance at her hand, concern clear in his eyes. "Still hurting?"

Simone scowled, flexing her fingers gingerly. "The damn thing *bit* me, Devon. Of course it still hurts..."

Devon's mouth twitched with the beginnings of a grin. "I'm sorry... but you probably shouldn't have picked a fight with a clown, especially one with such a *biting* personality."

Simone rolled her eyes while shifting in her seat, wincing as her injured hand pulsed again. She turned to Devon, her voice sharp, still slightly in disbelief. "She wouldn't leave me alone! She kept telling me how I needed to 'lighten up', like she was the fun police or something. I can have a good time without being all smiles and giggles!"

"Sure, but you also didn't need to insult her," Devon remarked gently, eyes still on the road. He always had Simone's back, but even he knew that she had a habit of treating almost every minor irritation like a personal betrayal. She took life seriously, *too* seriously sometimes. Still, Devon loved her for it. That fire, that sharp tongue, that unshakable strength, those were the same things that made her beautiful, inside and out.

Simone, annoyed, insisted, "It's not my fault that she dressed up like a burlesque dancer cosplaying as a carnival clown! She had these huge *balloon tits* stuffed into a jester bodice that looked two sizes too small. One side was hot pink, the other navy blue, like her tailor had a seizure halfway through the sewing. Don't even get me started on the ruffles..."

Devon chuckled, taking a quick glance at Simone, “I don’t know, she was kind of cute, in a demented party-store costume kind of way.”

Simone snapped her head around, eyes narrowing. “She had mismatched thigh-highs, Devon. One side looked like a casino floor, and the other like she ran out of fabric and ripped it off some other clown’s clothing. Her makeup was so thick and over-the-top that it could have been a mask, and that *wig*? A high pink ponytail that defied gravity because she probably used enough hair products to suffocate a small animal. What kind of name is ‘Glitzy Glitterbounce’ anyways?”

“I mean, I get it,” Devon added. “She came on strong, but maybe she was just trying to be playful. After all, was the comment about her being less subtle than a glitter bomb at a drag show necessary? Or how about you calling her a ‘circus sex doll’?”

Simone scoffed. “Playful is a balloon animal. *She* came at me like a Mardi Gras float in heat.”

“Either way, she tried to make amends.” Devon pointed out.

Scrunching her face in anger, Simone clenched her jaw. “*No*, she didn’t. That wasn’t a peace offering. That was a setup.” She played the memory back in her head like a picture show she was already tired of watching. “She offered up that pink, frilly sack, talking about a truce, and I was *dumb enough* to reach in.”

Devon raised an eyebrow. “You really don’t think that maybe it was all part of the act?”

“It *was* an act,” Simone snapped. “An act of petty, glitter-coated *revenge*. The moment my hand went in, those teeth snapped shut like a bear trap. Not cute. Not funny. Just pain, and she had the *audacity* to giggle and say ‘Oops!’ like it wasn’t something she had planned all along.”

Devon switched hands on the steering wheel so he could rest one on Simone’s lap, patting her with loving reassurance.

“That wasn’t a joke, that was a *message*. That bag was loaded and waiting for *me*. You can’t tell me that wasn’t personal.” Simone argued.

Devon glanced at her hand, then back to the road. “Honestly, it could’ve been a rigged prank meant for anyone.”

“No,” Simone insisted, flatly. “It had *my name* on it. Maybe not literally, but with intent. She baited me, Devon. Please tell me you can see that. She treated me like I was some uptight mark in her circus game, just waiting to be taught a lesson.”

Simone let out a low breath, her tone cooling but her eyes still burning. “She wanted me to laugh, and when I didn’t, she made sure that others laughed at me instead.”

On the way home, Devon made a detour, not because Simone asked, but because he knew exactly what she needed, comfort. He pulled into a small plaza nestled off a side street, the fluorescent glow of red and gold signage casting familiar reflections on the windshield. The place was unassuming, with cracked tiles on the steps and a plastic waving cat in the window that never stopped moving. It was her sanctuary.

Simone didn't say a word when Devon parked. She didn't have to.

"The usual?" Devon asked, already halfway out of the car.

Simone nodded, rubbing her sore hand with a sigh. "And an extra side of chili oil. Not that watered-down crap they gave us last time."

"Don't worry, I'm not making *that* mistake again," Devon acknowledged with a smirk.

By the time Devon and Simone got home, the car smelled like heaven. The tightly tied plastic bags were filled with steamed dumplings, orange chicken, garlic noodles, and enough white rice to last them for days. Devon kicked the door shut with his foot while balancing the two bags and a drink tray, while Simone, already barefoot, made a beeline for the couch, blanket in tow.

Simone curled into her usual corner like a queen reclaiming her throne, dragging the blanket across her lap while Devon set the food down on the coffee table. He handed her a plastic container still steaming through the lid.

"House noodles, no scallions. Extra spicy" Devon proclaimed proudly, knowing exactly how Simone liked her order, every time.

"You spoil me," Simone purred lovingly.

Devon kissed Simone's forehead as he sank down onto the couch next to her. "As you should be."

The grim realization hit Simone like a falling anvil as she saw Devon reach for the remote, remembering that it was his turn to pick out a movie. She sighed, cracking open her chopsticks. "So, what cinematic masterpiece are we watching tonight? Please tell me it's not another black-and-white slapstick fest with grown men hitting each other for cheap laughs."

Devon responded with a cheeky, child-like grin. The TV lit up with the flickering intro of one of his favorite classics, grainy, old, and full of chaotic energy. Three ridiculous men in suits were already engaged in a shrieking slap-fight, tripping over furniture and shouting over each other like wild toddlers in their dad's clothes.

Simone blinked. "You're *actually* serious..."

“Classic,” Devon chuckled, popping a dumpling into his mouth.

Simone groaned and shoveled noodles into her mouth with a little more aggression than necessary. “I’d rather be watching one of your horror flicks than this nonsense...”

Devon laughed, nudging her knee. “Come on! These guys were comedy *pioneers*.”

“They were an insurance claim waiting to happen.” Simone responded, dryly.

Still, Simone didn’t argue further, because it was Devon’s night. Despite the dumb antics on-screen and the headache still throbbing behind her eyes and in her hand, she loved him. That meant compromise, even if it came with eye-pokes and cartoonish screams. Besides, it would be Devon’s turn to groan the next time, when she put on another drama or period piece.

Simone shifted closer, lifting the corner of the blanket so it covered both of them. Devon was already chuckling, leaning into her shoulder as another black-and-white pratfall played out onscreen. She rolled her eyes and reached for a dumpling, but somewhere under her irritation, just faintly, her lips twitched. A ghost of a smile tugged at the corner of her mouth.

As the movie played on, Simone and Devon watched one of the bumbling men try and balance a paint can while climbing a rickety wooden ladder that wobbled with every step. Another character, his supposed assistant, accidentally sawed through the ladder’s middle while trying to “help” with one of the replacement boards. With a slow creak and an exaggerated snap, the ladder split like Devon and Simone’s chopsticks, dropping the man onto a freshly painted wall, where he stuck like a slapped-on sticker. The canned laugh track roared.

Devon let out a loud snort, mouth full of chicken. Simone rolled her eyes, but something about the way the man slid down the wall, smearing paint the entire way like a melting popsicle, tugged at her lips. She pressed them tight, trying to look away, and *smiled*.

*Why am I grinning like an idiot?* Simone thought, bewildered. *It wasn’t even clever. That was just... childish.*

Still, the corner of Simone’s mouth curled upward. It was small, involuntary, almost automatic. She stabbed another dumpling with her chopsticks, trying to dismiss it. A slight itch tickled the tip of her nose.

In the next scene, the trio sat at a fancy restaurant, pretending to be respectable gentlemen. Simone immediately tensed, this was usually the setup for a food fight, predictable, juvenile. It escalated fast.

One character slurped his soup too loudly. Another told him to be quiet. A third smacked the first with a breadstick. In retaliation, the first grabbed the bowl and launched it at the third, who ducked just in time, landing in a stranger’s lap instead. A waiter slipped on the spill, sending a

tray of clams flying, which landed in a woman's cleavage with a *slap*. It was ridiculous, immature, and somehow... *hysterical*.

Simone barked out a surprised chortle before she could stop herself. Her eyes went wide. She clapped her hand over her mouth, as if the sound was made by someone using her as a ventriloquist dummy. "What the hell was that?" she muttered.

Devon paused mid-bite, looking at Simone with mock surprise. "Was that... a *laugh*?"

"I didn't mean to, it kinda just... happened," Simone said defensively. She turned her face away, trying to force the muscles in her cheeks to relax, but the echo of that stupid soup slap looped in her mind like a viral clip she couldn't skip.

Devon gave Simone a warm smile before turning his attention back to the film. Simone felt her head itch, doing her best not to scratch. The hue of her hair changed to take on a dark blue color, as her skin lightened a shade.

Simone would have noticed, if not for the fact she was still mentally struggling with the sudden shift in her sense of humor.

*That wasn't funny*, Simone tried to convince herself. *It wasn't*. Then why was she still smiling?

This time, the scene opened with one of the characters posing as a construction worker. He wore a fake mustache and a tiny hard hat that kept slipping off his head. His coworker asked for help hammering in a nail. Through a sequence of unfortunate miscommunications and repeated interruptions, he ended up hammering the other man's hand, who howled in exaggerated pain, before tripping and falling into a nearby section of wet cement.

The timing. The absurdity. The noises. Simone tried to look away, but it hit her. The tension in her chest burst like a balloon. She *giggled*, once, then again, and again, until it became a full-on, breathless fit of giggles.

Simone grabbed a throw pillow and *pressed it to her face*, muffling the sound like it was something shameful. Her body shook underneath the blanket.

Devon just stared, wide-eyed and slack-jawed. "What is happening right now?"

Simone gasped through the laughter, her voice raw with disbelief. "I don't... Hahaha... *I don't know!*" Her eyes watered, cheeks flushed, and for the first time all evening, she wasn't mad, sarcastic, or guarded, just confused.

*Why am I laughing?* Simone asked herself, as if she would suddenly receive an answer. *Why does it feel so good?*

Somewhere beneath the question flickered something deeper. A strange, ticklish warmth washed over her, curling low in her belly and spread like carbonated heat through her chest. Her skin prickled. The lights in the room seemed a little brighter, the shadows a little softer, and Devon's silhouette looked *especially* inviting, as he sat there, stunned. Her giggles slowly died down, leaving her breathless and fighting back tears. She sank deeper into the couch, the blanket pooled around her hips, her cheeks pinkish and glowing.

Something strange was going on, but Devon couldn't quite put his finger on it. "Are you good? That was a medium chuckle, at best. It wasn't a cackle-worthy moment, and that's coming from someone who *loves* these guys."

"I'm *great*," she declared, although not sure if she fully believed it herself. "Actually... I think I'm finally starting to *get it*, why people love this kind of thing. There's something about the absurdity of it all, how it gets under your skin."

Simone shifted closer, slow and deliberate, the distance between them quickly vanishing as she slid into his space as if gravity had been shifted sideways. One hand reached up and traced circles around Devon's chest.

Something inside Simone *snapped*. Not like a break, more like a party popper going off in her head, loud, sudden, and oddly satisfying. Her lips were glossy, as if she just applied a fresh coat of cherry-red tint. "Devon..." she said in a sultry little sing-song, brushing her toes against his leg beneath the blanket.

Devon raised an eyebrow. "Yeah?"

Simone grinned, lazy and crooked, her eyes half-lidded. "As fun as this little comedy's been..." She leaned in, lips grazing his, her breath hot against his skin. "I think I'm in the mood for something a little more..." she paused, letting the moment thrum with possibility. "...*hands-on*."

Eyes dancing, Simone added with a playful lilt, before Devon could react. "You know, something I can really *wrap my lips around*." She giggled. It was the kind of giggle Devon had never heard from her before, light, melodic, and just a little too giddy. It vibrated in the air like static.

Devon swallowed hard, his brain working to catch up with his body's response. Simone smelled different too, muskier, sweet with a hint of something like cotton candy, though he couldn't figure out why.

"Okay," he said slowly, trying to match her energy while ignoring the slight throb beneath his belt. "Who are you and what have you done with Simone?"

"Right here, baby. I'm just feeling a little more *silly*, a little more *bouncy*." Simone whispered with a wink. With that, her fingers slipped lower, tugging at the hem of Devon's shirt, hungry and

playful. Simone's sultry smirk deepened as her hand slipped past the waistband with a practiced confidence, sliding beneath the denim and the band of his boxer-briefs.

Devon gasped softly, eyelids fluttering in surprise, but not resisting. If anything, he adjusted his hips to give her better access, the moment thickening between them like honey. He was curious, eager to see where her playful exploration would lead. Her fingers found him, curling around his swelling length, cool and firm at first, then warmer as her touch gained rhythm. Her newfound enthusiasm, the shift in her voice, her scent, her *energy*, it was magnetic, coaxing a low groan to rumble in his chest as she stroked.

The pleasure was instant, intense, and a little overwhelming, as a growing compression in his jeans distracted him. It wasn't even arousal, there really wasn't enough room. "Uh, Simone? It's getting tight down there."

Simone didn't respond at first, just kept stroking, her grip growing more intense, more focused. It felt good, *too* good, but the pressure in his pants continued to build until it was causing considerable discomfort. "Seriously," he muttered, squirming. "You're gonna make me bust a seam."

Giggling again, the sound sugar-sweet and breathy, Simone pulled her hand free in one smooth motion. Her eyes went wide. "What the hell?!?"

Devon snapped out of his brief fog of pleasure, eyebrows curling in confusion and concern. "What? What is-"

In place of Simone's sleek, elegant fingers was an oversized, plush white clown glove with bloated fingers and a powder-dusted finish. It looked like something from a cartoon, or an old-fashioned circus act, except it was *connected* to her, seamlessly, horrifyingly real.

Simone stared at it, her laughter dying in her throat. Her mouth opened slowly, then she screamed, a raw, startled sound as she held the gloved hand in front of her face like it was a foreign object. She looked down at her other hand instinctively, only to find the same thing staring back at her. Puffy, bulbous digits with round, enlarged palms, soft fabric that somehow moved like skin.

"WHAT THE *FUCK?!?*" Simone screeched, feeling like she was in the middle of a nightmare that she couldn't wake up from, no matter how strange or terrifying it got. It provided her with a brief moment of clarity, over her previous lustful advances.

Devon scrambled backward on the couch, his erection now a fading memory as his brain reeled. "What... what the hell is *that?!?* What's going on?!?"

"I don't... I didn't feel it happen! I was just... I was touching you and then-" Simone cut herself off, hyperventilating, shaking her hands as if trying to fling them off.

Devon, stunned, could only stare. “Are those... *gloves?*”

Simone’s breath was coming fast, her chest rising and falling as panic set in. “They’re *me*,” she quavered, voice uneasy. “I can feel *everything*. It’s like... my skin just turned into this... this *costume piece*! What the fucking is happening?!?”

Devon rose from the couch, legs unsteady as his pants were still halfway open. He raised both hands, palms out, trying not to let his worry show on his face, staring at Simone’s absurdly oversized gloves like they might explode. “Okay, hey... Simone, breathe. Just... just calm down, okay? We’ll figure this out.”

Simone’s expression was a wild mess of panic, bewilderment, and arousal. “Will we?!? I’m wearing *fucking clown gloves*, Devon!” she shouted, then looked down at her chest, her eyes twitching as she noticed how her cleavage seemed *fuller*, higher. She whined, frustrated. “Even with all of this going on, why the hell do I still wanna ride you like a mechanical bull?!? I’m freaking out and *horny*!”

Devon began slowly backing away, one hand awkwardly fumbling to hold his unzipped jeans up. His mouth opened and closed like he wasn’t sure whether to be flattered or terrified. “I... uh... Maybe try thinking about something boring, like taxes, or the DMV, or that documentary we watched recently that you ended up *hati-*”

Near the coffee table, Devon’s heel slid suddenly, his foot stepping on a slick patch of half-dried soup leftover from dinner, that neither of them cared to clean it up. “Shit!” he yelped as his feet flew out from under him, tumbling toward the hardwood floor, body crashing down with a dramatic thud. A spoon clattered nearby.

“Devon!” Simone gasped, rushing forward off the couch, until she saw him wince and groan, completely uninjured but dazed. She *snorted*, then slapped a hand over her mouth, only to *laugh*.

A hiccup of giggles burst from Simone’s throat, and before she could stop herself, she was doubled over, shrieking with uncontrollable laughter. Her belly quaked, shoulders shook, while her ridiculous gloves did little to muffle the force of her fit.

Devon sat up, grimacing, soup on his sleeve. “Simone, are you-” but he trailed off, because right in front of him, Simone *changed*.

Simone’s skin shimmered, the last of her bronzed complexion washing out in seconds like it had been erased with a sponge. It turned chalky, pristine white, smooth and seamless like porcelain. Her long box braids uncoiled and *popped*, each strand puffing outward into round, springy indigo curls that bounced wildly with every giggle, framing her transforming face like cotton candy.



The sensation sailed into Simone's nose, a slow, fleshy swell as her nose ballooned outward, taking on a glossy red sheen. Then, with a cartoonish *pop*, the tip of her nose had become a perfect clown nose, round and rubbery, pulsing with color as it settled into place at the center of her egg-white face.

Devon pushed himself up slowly, using the edge of the coffee table for balance, unable to take his eyes off Simone. How could he? She was transforming right in front of him, her laughter echoing off the walls like some kind of erotic spell.

Simone stumbled back a step, her gloved hands still clutching her stomach, but now her giggles slowed into breathy sighs. A tingling sensation was tickling across her skin, starting at her cheeks and spreading outward in waves. It was warm, almost electric, like soft pulses of pleasure gently licking along her nerves.

"Ooh... what is... *haaanh*... what is *happening* to me?" Simone moaned, dizzy with arousal.

As Devon watched, matching indigo eyeshadow spread over her eyelids, as if someone had spilled ink on her skin. A wide slash of vibrant pink curved upward from the corners of her mouth, trailing her cheeks in a beaming, permanent smile shape, faintly glossy like greasepaint, but soft as her own skin. Her lips parted in a breathless huff as they swelled, growing fuller, rounder, juicier by the second. They glistened, now tinted candy-apple red and so plush they looked made to suck or smother.

Simone let out a shuddering sigh. "*Mmmnh*... f-fuck... this feels... so *weird*... but *good*... why does it feel so *fucking* good?"

Taking a step closer, Devon's hands were half-raised as though he was afraid to touch her. His mind screamed *this shouldn't be hot*, but his body absolutely disagreed. His throbbing member pressed insistently against the front of his boxer briefs again, even with the chill of soup still soaking his shirt. "Simone... you're... Jesus, you're still changing."

Simone groaned as her spine arched, chest thrust forward. She inhaled sharply as her breasts grew beneath her halter top, swelling rounder, fuller, just enough to strain the fabric with soft, bouncing weight. The elastic of her sports bra dug tighter into her back. "*Mnh*... *oooh* shit... Devon, I *feel*... I feel so *full*... inside and out... *god!*"

Lifting and rounding, Simone's ass followed suit with a teasing jiggle as it swelled into perfect, firm curves, her shorts creeping together along every inch of her backside. Her thighs thickened, becoming plush and strong, clenching with each twitch of pleasure that rippled through her core.

Devon's mouth was dry, trying to keep his gaze respectable, and failing miserably. "Simone... are you okay? Do you... want me to-"

“Fuck me? More than you know...” she interrupted, words dripping with a carnal need. Simone looked at him, her smile trembling on the edge of delirium and desire. Her eyes sparkled, pupils wide and hungry.

“It feels like my whole body’s being turned into something *naughty* and soft and... and *perfect*. Like I’m being *remade* to be touched. Played with.” Simone cooed, almost as if what she said was an open invitation.

Simone wanted Devon *badly*. Her arousal had only grown stronger with every change her body and mind went through. It should have terrified her, but the sensations? They were addictive. Whatever was happening to her made her feel beautiful, *powerful*, and deliciously *lewd*. She wanted to please him, *tease* him, make him moan like she controlled the entire stage.

Devon’s heart skipped a beat. Simone’s voice had taken on a teasing lilt, pitched like candy and mischief. The sight of her alone, those painted lips, the shiny red nose, the absurd gloves, and that body, it was all messing with his head.

Simone headed for the couch, plopping down on it with a delighted bounce, her thickened thighs spreading just enough to make her new curves ripple beneath her snug shorts. She gave an exaggerated sigh of satisfaction, clown-painted lips tugged into a seductive little grin. With both oversized gloves, she patted the cushion beside her, *pat pat*, the soft squeak of the material only making the invitation more surreal.

Devon hesitated, heart racing, mind screaming questions he had no answers to, but his body had already made up its mind. He adjusted himself and stepped forward, dropping onto the couch beside Simone, still in a daze. Whatever she had become, he was helplessly drawn to her. It was still *her* in there after all, just bolder, hotter, and charged with something he didn’t understand, but couldn’t resist.

The second Devon’s ass hit the cushion, Simone let out a thrilled little squeal. “Eeeeeee! Good boy,” she giggled, and before he could respond, she dropped to her knees in front of him with a practiced, theatrical flair.

Devon opened his mouth. “Wait, what are you-”

The sentence fell short as Simone was already reaching up with her ridiculous gloves, dexterous despite their bulk. With teasing precision, she tugged down Devon’s jeans and boxer-briefs in one smooth motion, letting them fall just low enough to free his pulsing package. It sprang upward with a twitch, flushed and stiff, dripping at the tip with anticipation.

Simone’s eyes lit up, her painted-on smile somehow matched by her very real one. “Well *helllooo*, handsome,” she purred, leaning closer, her breath brushing the tip. “Seems like *someone* likes my new look.”

Groaning softly, Devon gripped the edge of the cushion with both hands. "You're... *insanely* hot right now," he admitted, almost ashamed of how true it was.

Simone giggled again, her laughter syrup-sweet. "Wanna see a magic trick?" she asked, batting her painted lashes, eyes gleaming with mischief.

Devon nodded without a second thought.

"Okay," Simone cooed. "Now you see it..."

With a slow, teasing motion, Simone hooked her gloved fingers into the bottom hem of her halter top and bra, peeling both upward. Her expansive breasts spilled free, gloriously full, round, and soft with just the right amount of bounce. The sight of her pale white skin paired with the red-tipped clown nose and perfectly painted face created a shocking contrast, absolutely salacious, and somehow impossible to look away from.

Simone pressed her breasts together, trapping Devon's thick shaft between them with relative ease. Her cleavage swallowed him, the pillowy softness of her new form wrapping him in warmth and titillation.

Leaning forward until her lips hovered just above the crown of his concealed cock, Simone's eyes were full of delight. "...Now you *don't*," she guffawed, giving a little squeeze of her chest around him.

Head falling back against the couch, Devon gasped. "Oh *FUCK* Simone..." At first, he was overwhelmed, but in a good way. Simone's new form was strange, yes, but *damn* if it wasn't also absurdly hot. The contrast of her plush, egg-white skin against his own, the way her voice curled with mischief, how her lips looked like they were sculpted just for sin, it short-circuited his brain. Even the clown nose somehow *worked*, when normally it wouldn't. In the heat of the moment though, he didn't care, he wanted her, wanted *this*.

Simone giggled, beginning to move, rocking gently, stroking him with her breasts in slow, hypnotic motions, her voice sing-song and filled with perverse glee. "*Ta-da!*"

Devon's length disappeared and reappeared between those absurd, gorgeous globes, each glide of her slick skin drawing a strained moan from his lips. It was too surreal, yet it was the greatest thing he'd ever felt, at the same time.

Giggling in short, breathy bursts, Simone leaned in once again. Her lips brushed his tip, just a tease at first, a flick of her tongue over it. Then another, slower lick, her heated breath passing over him like a wave of heat.

"You like this?" Simone whispered, the glint in her eyes dancing with mischief.

Devon could only respond with a groan that Simone took as acknowledgement, and permission. Her lips parted, and she lowered her head until the swollen tip of his throbbing cock slipped past her lips and into the wet, inviting heat of her mouth. At the same time, her tits never stopped moving, squeezing and massaging him from the base to shaft in perfect counter-rhythm to the bob of her head.

When Simone took Devon into her mouth, it wasn't just about sex, it was a performance, sensual joy. She felt *perfect* doing it, like she was made for it. Her new body was a plaything, a tool of pleasure and entertainment, and she owned it completely. Every sinful sigh and groan from Devon was a standing ovation.

It was too much, Simone's expert tongue swirling around the tip, her moans vibrating along Devon's length, her clownishly exaggerated breasts pumping in perfect time. He glanced down at her through hazy eyes and saw the full otherworldly picture, the deep indigo curls bouncing with every motion, the painted symbols on her cheeks, and the joyful hunger on her face as she devoured him like a treat meant to be savored.

Simone picked up the pace, her full cleavage squeezing tighter, smoother, as her head dipped and rose in a rhythm that was nothing short of expert. Devon could barely think. His hands were still gripping the cushions, knuckles now white, his breath coming in ragged gasps as she drove him toward the edge.

Steamy and relentless, Simone's mouth enveloped Devon's shaft as her tongue swirled around his sensitive head with teasing flickers, between the deep plunges of her bosom. The way she moaned, deep, needy, playful, sent vibrations straight through him. He was unraveling, his body tightening like a coiled spring. "*M-Simone... fuck... I'm gonna...*"

Simone let out an encouraging hum, pulling Devon deeper between the sensual softness of her breasts just as she wrapped her lips snugly around his tip once more, determined to swallow every drop of what was coming.

Devon cried out as he came, hips jerking forward with the force of it. His cock pulsed between her breasts and lips, spilling his release.

Eyes wide with surprise, Simone's cheeks puffed out, swelling comically as her mouth was filled to the brim. She pulled back with a wet *pop*, her lips glistening and stretched. Devon barely had time to look down before she gave a surprised cough, only for a stream of *confetti* to explode from her mouth in a vibrant, fluttering burst.

Red, blue, yellow, glittering pieces shaped like stars and ribbons fanned out across Simone's lap, the floor, Devon's chest. They both froze.

"What the *fuck*?" Devon choked out, his chest still rising and falling with the aftershocks of orgasm.

Simone let out another cough, *pfft!*, more confetti flew from her mouth in a chaotic cloud. “Devon?” she said slowly, voice filled with a mix of panic and awe, but Devon didn’t answer, because he was still *coming*.

Another pulse ran through Devon, but instead of spilling his seed, more *confetti* burst out in staggered sprays, shooting from his twitching cock like a festive party cannon. The floor between her breasts sparkled with paper streamers and glitter, his body jerking with each spasm.

“I... I don’t... what?” Devon tried to get the words out between gasps for air. What he felt wasn’t disgust or fear, it was *dumbstruck awe*, with a pinch of embarrassment and confusion. A surreal dread that something deeper was happening to Simone, something that defied nature, biology, and reason. Yet even in that moment, beneath the shock, there was still a twinge of wonder. A tiny voice whispering, *This is crazy... but god, it still felt good*.

Simone sat there, wide-eyed and glitter-speckled, surrounded by the fluttering remnants of Devon’s impromptu celebration. Her breath was fast, shallow, with her massive clown-gloved hands resting atop her thighs, now dusted in paper stars and streamers. “At least this will be an easier mess to clean...”

Both Devon and Simone shared an uneasy laughter, each just as startled, befuddled, as they were turned-on. That’s when she saw it, her lips curling, slowly, deviously, into a crooked, knowing grin.

“...You’re still hard,” Simone murmured, her voice thick with fascination and a primal fervor.

Devon looked down. Sure enough, his cock was still stiff, twitching slightly amidst the glitter, standing proud and ready like nothing strange had just happened, already prepared for another round of fun. “I... I guess I am” he sputtered, unsure of whether to laugh, panic, or just go with it.

Simone’s lips curved into a wicked grin. “Guess that means the show’s not over.”

Leaning in, Simone pressed the underside of her soft breasts against his thighs, eyes twinkling like carnival lights. “But before we dive back in... wanna see *another* trick?”

Devon hesitated, only to let out a resigned, horny groan. “Screw it. Yeah. Show me.”

“Yay!” Simone beamed, her overblown delight as genuine as it was unhinged. She stood up, placing her breasts back into her bra and top, much to Devon’s dismay, then posed like she was in the middle of giving her next performance. Raising her right hand, she stuck out her thumb as if she was ready to hitchhike, winking at Devon mischievously as she brought it to her luscious red lips. She planted a slow, teasing kiss against it, and *blew*.

*Puff.*

Devon watched, feeling like his eyes were deceiving him, as Simone's breasts gave a little bounce, and then *swelled*, visibly puffing outward in size. She blew again.

*Puff.*

Another spurt of growth occurred. Simone's breasts expanded like inflating balloons, the fabric of her halter top groaning in protest, stretching over the pillowy weight now filling it. She panted through her grin. "Ooooooh... *hah!* It *tickles!*"

The pressure was maddening in the best way, like her body was being filled with warm, tingly delight. Every puff made her nipples more sensitive, her skin more tender. She felt *full*, overflowing with erotic energy, as if every inch of her body was alive with ecstasy.

*Puff.*

Simone's top lurched. One of the buttons over her cleavage *popped* loose, ricocheting off the coffee table with a *ting!* as another burst off right after. Her breasts quivered beneath the straining fabric, practically begging to spill free.

Devon's jaw fell to the floor, figuratively, of course. "Holy *shit!*"

*Puff.*

Hips flared next, Simone's ass thickening with a sultry jiggle. Her shorts squealed under the strain as her thighs surged outward, plush, powerful, aching to feel Devon's hands caress them. The seams on her inner thighs began to tear, splitting slowly like a zipper being undone by lust itself.

"*Unnnnh...* Devon," Simone whimpered, gripping her swelling chest with her free glove. "It feels *so good!* I can't even... *hah...* I love this..."

Simone's panties had all but disappeared into the deep canyon of her ass, wedging tight, turning into an accidental thong. The waistband strained, stretched past reason, only to...

*SNAP!*

Devon flinched as the sound rang out and a pale scrap of delicate cloth hung out of the tear in her shorts. Simone gave a stuffy laugh and looked down at herself, now barely clothed, her body bouncing with every subtle movement.

Simone's breasts were comically massive now, each swell of flesh nearly the size of her head, practically pouring out of what was left of her top. Her ass and thighs were thick, plush, and dominant, each slight movement causing a ripple that felt physically *louder*.

Bringing her lips to her thumb one last time, Simone's eyes locked on Devon with a sultry sparkle and the faintest hint of danger behind her grin. Her chest rose with excitement, nipples pressing obscenely against what remained of her top. "Alright, baby," she announced, lips curling. "One more puff... just for *you*."

*Puff.*

The final breath pushed Simone over the edge. Her breasts surged forward with a heavy jiggle, expanding past the limits of containment. The last button of her top shot off like a bullet. The seams along her sports bra gave a strained groan, and then *tore* apart, the ruined undergarment sliding down her overgrown curves in surrender. Her top shredded at the shoulders, falling in strips around her like festive ribbons.

Simone's thighs billowed out even more, plush and creamy against one another, as her ass swelled with a wanton *wobble*, stretching her shorts until the back ripped wide open, thread screaming and snapping like firecrackers, until it connected with the existing tear at the front. Her hips pushed outward, propelling what was left of the shorts to the ground, leaving nothing but bare, bouncing, *glorious* flesh.

Standing fully naked now, Simone's body was an exaggerated, perfect, cartoonish hourglass of lust and temptation. Her skin was milk-white and smooth as frosting, her curls bouncing with every shift or slight movement, her red nose shining softly under the light. Her breasts hung heavy and high, round and perky, as if to show gravity who the boss really is. Her thighs and ass jiggled like jello with each breath.

Devon stared, entranced, his cock throbbing so hard that he feared it would burst, heart thudding in his ears.

Simone chortled and eased herself down next to Devon again, the couch creaking under her new weight. She leaned forward, propping herself up on her gloved hands and squeezing her massive mammaries together with her arms. The resulting cleavage was deep, sumptuous, and hypnotic. She gave them a playful shake and grinned from ear to ear.

"Well? Simone purred. "I'm all blown up and *ready to play*. Are you ready to get lost in the *funhouse*?"

Devon nodded fast, no hesitation. "Yes!"

Simone shifted upright with a satisfied hum, crawling toward the edge with slow, teasing movements, purposely swaying her inflated hips from side to side like a sex-charged circus act.

She reached the armrest, gripping it with both gloved hands, her lips parted in a throaty, ravenous moan as she arched her back, her rotund rear rising high, full and inviting. Her slick folds peeked out between her massive thighs, the lips of her slit flushed and slightly puffed, aching with anticipation.

Whatever doubts, whatever lingering hesitation Devon had left evaporated beneath the sight of Simone in that position. He couldn't move fast enough, heart pounding in his chest, a deep, thunderous beat that drowned out every last thought except *her*. Simone, his Simone, transformed into this creamy clown goddess. His hands trembled with the fervent need to touch her, claim her, feel her inflated softness wrapped around him.

Devon crawled towards Simone, eyes locked on her ass, and placed a firm hand on each cheek, letting out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding. The texture of her skin, warm, silky, smooth beyond reason, was like satin pulled taut over indulgent flesh. Her asscheeks were warm and massive in his palms, more than a handful, more than *two* handfuls. He squeezed, sinking fingers facing delightful resistance, her body responding with a giggle and a little wiggle.

"Yesssss," Simone hissed, voice quavering. "Touch me. Squeeze me. I want you inside me, Devon... *now!*"

No further encouragement was needed. With one hand gripping Simone's hip and the other spreading her wide, he lined himself up, and then, with a deep, primal growl, thrust into her. Her walls welcomed him instantly, incredibly hot and snug despite her swollen entrance. It was like slipping into satin heat, her body wrapping around him with perfect, potent pressure that seemed to pulse in time with her heartbeat. Her breathing turned fast, frantic, back arching higher, as she pushed her ass against him to take in every inch.

Devon groaned, eyes fluttering as he buried himself to the base of his shaft. The feeling was beyond comprehension. Her body felt like a fever dream, soft and plush in all the right ways. He loved her, *wanted* her, and she, this blown-up, clownish, considerably curvaceous version of Simone, *wanted him back*.

Slow at first, testing, savoring, each thrust made Simone's rear jolt against his pelvis, ripples of motion moving through her flesh like waves across a sea of cream. His hands gripped her wobbling hips, fingers sinking into that jiggly softness as he moved with both affection and a carnal hunger.

Simone cried out louder, her voice a wild mix of laughter and lust. "Yes! Fuck me, baby! *Fill* me like a pie!"

Devon rumbled as he drove himself deeper, over and over, picking up the pace as their bodies slapped together in a wet, rising rhythm of boundless bliss. The creak of the couch beneath their shared weight grew even louder, but neither seemed to notice, spiraling deeper into a world of



delirious pleasure. The room was filled with the sounds of sex, skin, and the occasional squeaky bounce from Simone's cartoonishly inflated frame, her silky folds gripping him like a velvet vice. He couldn't get enough of her. Every curve was divine, every jiggle addictive.

Simone cried out, voice cracking with ecstasy with every thrust, her massive breasts dragging across the armrest as Devon pounded into her from behind. The friction was delicious, her nipples rubbing with every surge of overstimulated pleasure that made her legs quake, sending sparks of euphoria shooting through her chest and down her spine. Her already-sensitive body, puffed and pliable, reacted with a near mind-melting intensity to every brush of her swollen skin.

"Ooooooh god, Devon! I... I can't... *hahhh*... it's so *good*!" she stammered between pants.

Devon, drunk on Simone's passionate cries and the obscene beauty of her transformed body, leaned forward, pressing his chest to her back, hips never slowing. One hand slid over her side, reaching around until it found the pillowy mass of her left breast. He grabbed as much as he could fit into his hand, soft, firm, weighty, and gave it a firm squeeze.

**SQUEEEAK!**

Devon instantly froze, unsure if what he had heard was real. At this point, nothing should have surprised him, but it seems that Simone's body continued to stupefy them both at every turn.

Wiggling while Devon was still inside her, Simone tried to break him out of his stupor, whimpering, a deep, needy tremor in her voice. "*Please... do it again...*"

Snapping back to what could loosely be considered reality, Devon reached forward with both hands and grabbed *both* of her plush, clownishly perfect tits.

**SQUEEEAK! SQUEEEAK!**

Simone *screamed* in pleasure, her voice hoarse with lust as her hips bucked backwards. The noise, utterly ridiculous and intensely erotic, seemed to push them both past the edge of restraint. "*F-fuck, yes! That's so funny, but it feels amazing! Keep doing it!*"

Devon didn't need to be told twice. He plowed into her harder, even faster, his grip returning to her squishy, high-pitched breasts, now giving them a persistent squeeze in time with his thrusts. Every bounce of her body made her chest wobble, and every time his fingers sunk into her generous globs it sent another delightful, comical *squeak* into the air.

The pleasure was building fast, too fast, Simone could barely hold herself together. Her body burned, tingled, *thrummed* with pleasure, the unusual arousal of her squeaking breasts only making it more intense. She bounced her ass back into him with reckless abandon.

Devon's rhythm faltered only long enough to groan into the nape of her neck, before Simone suddenly leaned back, rising up so that her back was flush against his chest, her oversized ass slapping obscenely against his hips. She *dropped* down at the same moment he thrust upward, and the impact drove his shaft so deep inside her, both of them struggled to inhale.

"*FUCK!*" Devon choked.

Simone twisted her torso enough to turn her head, lips parted and painted in soft, puffy gloss. She captured his mouth in a messy, desperate, *frantic* kiss, their moans echoing against each other's tongues as he continued to plummet into her depth with wild, deep strokes.

Devon and Simone devoured one another, mouths open, lips slick, teeth nipping. Her breath was laced with sweet sugar and chaos, while his was soaked with disbelief and desire. Their tongues danced, tangled, and pressed as his hands kneaded her breasts.

Bodies moving in perfect sync, Simone's clownish and comically overblown, yet driven by very real, raw, *human* passion. Her folds clung greedily to Devon's length, every drop of ecstasy shard in their wild rhythm, reverberating in the music of skin, moans, and cheerful, unrelenting *squeaks*.

Devon, elated and panting, was practically drunk on the feel of Simone, warm, silky, impossibly soft beneath his fingers. Every sound she made, every boisterous bounce of her body, pushed him closer to a fever pitch, but still, he wanted *more*. A grin tugged at his lips. "Hold on," he insisted, voice rough and voracious.

Grabbing Simone's waist, Devon carefully eased out of her before flipping her over onto her back in one swift motion. Her bountiful bosom swayed uncontrollably from the shift, landing against her chest with a soft, echoing *smack*. Her indigo curls fanned out over the cushions, cheeks even pinker than before, lips glistening with sweat and passion.

Simone chuckled then snapped as Devon reached for her ankles. "Ooooooh, oh? What are you-"

Gently, Devon lifted Simon's legs high, higher, until they were folded nearly back over her head. She was caught off-guard by the stretch, her breath stuck in her throat as her puffed-up thighs pressed to the sides of her ballooned tits, framing her in the most delectably obscene way.

The position pulled Simone open perfectly, her sopping, swollen slit shining in the dim light with a sinful urge to be taken. Devon lined himself up again, eyes of a man possessed, breath ragged. Then he drove into her.

The lustful sounds that erupted from Simone's throat were filthy enough to make a porn star blush, her voice sharp and shaky as Devon plunged into her at a new, *deeper* angle. The folded position pushed everything tighter, hotter, more intense, her pussy clenched around him like

velvet suction, squeezing with every bounce of her expanded body. Her head tilted back, oversized gloves grabbing the couch for support.

“Devon, baby, *DEEPER!*” Simone cried, legs trembling in his grip, toes curling with cartoonish exaggeration. “You’re hitting *everything... fuck!*”

Devon didn’t stop. He drove into Simone as hard and as fast as he could, his chest brushing her legs, his hands gripping her thighs to keep her folded tight. Her entire body jiggled with each penetrating thrust, breast wobbling wildly between them, face twisted in unfiltered euphoria. They were tangled in something no longer purely physical, a carnal carnival of movement, breath, and shared bliss.

“I’m gonna *burst*,” Simone wheezed, laughing and moaning all at once. “Gonna *pop* if you keep going like that...”

Devon just groaned even louder, pounding into Simone like it was the only thing keeping the world spinning, and he wouldn’t have been surprised at this point if that were true. Pleasure built fast, high, *dangerously* close. Her body lit up with fireworks. She could feel it cresting, a wave of uncontainable release swelling inside her, growing tight behind her pelvis, hot and pressure-filled like a shaken soda bottle ready to burst.

“Devon... I’m... I’m gonna-” Simone didn’t finish the sentence. Instead, the moment she orgasmed, her head snapped back, and from deep in her throat came a sudden, *blaring* horn sound.

**“HOOOOOOOOOOOONK!”**

Devon paused mid-thrust, shocked, but it was too late to pull away. At the exact moment the horn blasted from her lips, Simone’s pussy clenched violently around his cock and *gushed*, a sudden, explosive jet of ice-cold liquid that shout out like a firehose, drenching Devon’s chest, neck, and face in a geyser of fizzy, citrus-scented *seltzer water*.

“*AUGH... WHAT THE FUCK?*” Devon yelped, staggering back slightly, blinking through the sparkling spray as more bubbles erupted from Simone with continuous pulses.

The sound of hissing carbonation filled the room. The couch cushions were soaked. Simone’s body trembled in aftershocks, still folded nearly in half, her ample assets jiggling as she gasped through giggles. For a moment, they were both still, soaked, sprawled, breathing heavy.

The couch sounded like it was fighting for its life, due to the combined weight and epic performance of Devon and Simone. He released her legs, letting them fall gracefully, as he collapsed on top of her. Their bodies were still warm and tangled, he rested against her chest, her arms loosely cradling him in the safe, pillowy heaven of her embrace.

Simone's gloved fingers, so absurd, so soft, gently combed through Devon's sweat-damp and seltzered hair. Despite the surreal chaos of what just happened, she held him like nothing else mattered. Like they hadn't just broken the laws of nature, dignity, and physics together.

Devon sighed deeply, cheek pressed to the curve of Simone's breast. The fading rise and fall of her chest soothed him, and he could still feel the pulse of her heart, steady and strong beneath her skin. His arms were wrapped around her middle, the curves of her body now more familiar than strange. Preposterous in size or not, she was still *his* Simone, and she was holding him like he was the only thing that grounded her through it all.

"You okay?" Simone whispered, her voice tranquil and breathy, with a teasing trace of the clown seductress she had become, but beneath that, the woman Decon loved.

"Yeah," Devon murmured, smiling. "You?"

Simone looked down at him, her red nose softly glowing in the light. "I'm... weirdly okay. Like, way more okay than I should be after seltzer sprayed out of my cooch."

Snorting against Simone's skin, Devon then kissed the swell of her breast. "Only you could pull it off with such style and grace."

Simone chortled, then melted into a long, contented sigh. "Of course you'd say that."

They lay there for a while, breathing each other in. The scent of sweat, sugar, and sex lingered in the air. Devon traced lazy circles over Simone's stomach. She hummed softly whenever he touched a sensitive spot, not with arousal this time around, but something gentler, something precious.

It didn't matter how strange everything had become. In this quiet, hazy bubble, wrapped in each other's warmth and laughter, everything made sense in its own weird, little way. Eventually, Simone spoke, voice lower now, more vulnerable.

"I was scared," Simone admitted. "Not just the clown thing. The way it felt. How easy it was to lose myself in it, but you didn't run. You held onto me."

Devon tilted his head, meeting her eyes. "You are still *you*, the whole time. Just louder, bouncier."

Simone chuckled, eyes misty with affection. "Yeah, and you still made love to me like I was beautiful."

"Because you are," Devon affirmed, without missing a beat.

Cupping his cheek with a gloved hand, Simone's smile was soft and trembling. "I love you, Devon."

Devon leaned into her touch, eyes half-lidded, heart full. "I love you too, Simone. Funny sounds and all."

They both laughed quietly, their foreheads touching, lips brushing once, twice, before settling into a peaceful kiss. The kind that said *I'll always be here*.

As they drifted into sultry silence, hearts beating in harmony on top of the soaked, confetti-strewn couch cushions, both held one truth close...

Through madness, magic, and moans, they held onto something *real*, something *lasting*, and what felt like a curse had become a silly blessing in disguise, one that intensified their already deep love.

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