

Lovely Gift of Silliness

By: Firingwall

Commission for jaidenwolfman

Knock. Knock.

Jaiden looked up from his game and towards the door of his apartment. Curious, he got up and looked through the peephole. Out in the hall was a postwoman of sorts, their head down with their hat blocking their face. In their hands was a large present in blue tinfoil and a thick green & yellow bow.

“Hello? Anyone home? I have a present for a Mr. Jaiden Wolfman?” The postwoman spoke, holding up a piece of paper to their face.

Jaiden unlocked the door and opened it, looking curiously at the item being held there. “I’m Jaiden,” he mumbled, “I guess that’s for me? ...though, why isn’t it in wrapping paper or a box or something?”

“I dunno, but it’s for you! Just had to make sure it got to the right person before I got back to my route.” Without further ado, the postwoman shoved the box into his hands and left, gone before he could utter a word.

“Umm, but I... okay then...” He said, looking at the present curiously.

The young man shrugged, closing the door behind him with his foot. He took his newfound gift over to the living room and set it on the table in there. He looked it fully over, spinning it around and checking its condition. It seemed to be fine despite going through the mail system, no tears or rips with the package or bow at all. Even the tag that held his name seemed to be in good condition.

After looking it over, he shrugged again and began to tug at the bow to open it. *Well, he thought casually, I guess I got an early Christmas present. Though, I wonder who sent it to-*

He pulled off the ribbon and much to his surprise, the present suddenly rattled. **RRRRRIP!** **SPLAT!** The top of the present burst as a cartoony hand attached to a spring launched out. In its hand was a large cream pie that splattered into his face.

The man fell off his sofa and onto the ground with a soft thud in shock. He started coughing and hacking, spitting up gobs of creamy filling that cloaked his face. He wiped as much off as he could with just his hands as well, stumbling away from the scene.

Wh-what the hell!? What was that?! Why was th-that... His mind felt lost and confused as he threw himself into his bathroom, spitting out the last bits of pie he could.

He pushed himself up against the sink and turned the knobs, water spewing from the faucet. He dunked his hands into the water and splashed his face, before quickly washing it. He panted softly, grabbing a towel from the rack when he had a chance.

What the hell was that?! He grumpily, biting his bottom lip, why did that box have a... what was it do... do...

He wiped his face and stared into the mirror. Yet, his face was still as white as the pie that hit him. Wiping at it again did not change a thing. In fact, if anything, his face seemed to be whiter, like a freshly fallen layer of snow.

The towel dropped to the ground as he felt his cheeks. His skin was indeed an empty white, all color and pigmentation lost from it. Even beside the color change, his skin texture felt a little off, almost rubbery in a way.

“What the hell!? What’s wrong with my face?!” He snapped, his body shaking. A piercing chill ran up his spine.

Staring intensely at his mug, he noticed something else. There was now some color returning to it here and there. However, the color returning wasn’t what he expected or wanted.

On his cheeks, bright, pinkish red blush appeared, like he was always blushing. His lips turned a bright, fire-engine red, with his bottom lip looking bigger than it once was. There was a blue swirl that ran down from his eyes to his cheeks, along with a few blue dots above his eyes. Even his eyebrows, which seemed much thinner before, looked painted on and were a deep, dark blue.

His jaw sunk, his right eye twitching. *This can’t be right; none of this can be right or even possible!*

And just at the height of it all, his face shifted once more. However, the changes weren’t color based, but more of the physical nature. His cheekbones raised as his jaw and chin thinned. His brow pushed back a little and any trace of facial hair vanished. There were a few slight shifts in the bone structure and soon, looking back at him, was cute girl.

Sssssssssh. His eyes darted to his nose. The tip of it was slowly expanding and growing, becoming a deep red. His nostrils shrunk to the mass as the tip become rounder and more ball-like, small holes left behind at the base for him to breath out of it. Just at the height of the growing, its texture turned very rubbery, having a glossy coating that shined under the bathroom light.

In just a matter of seconds, Jaiden had a bright, red clown nose. It was bigger than what his was before, about twice as large and just visible within his line of sight.

“Holy crap, my face! It’s... it’s... it’s totally *keeeewt!*”

His jaw dropped as he stumbled back. His heart was pounding and pounding, a loud sound banging within his mind as a result. His fingers twitched, sweat dripping down his pretty face.

He gulped and stepped forward again. *“Is... is that my voice?”*

Indeed it was. His voice was now an airy, light, happy sound. Its tone was rather joyful and pippy. It was quite higher pitched as well, producing a silly, but girly tone now.

“Oh my, oh dearie me!” he spoke. He flinched, biting his bottom lip. He didn’t intend on saying those words. They all just came out. “Goodness gravy, my voice is utterly so odd and light! And these words, silly-billiums! I’m just talkin’ so gosh-darn it odd!”

He huffed, pouting his cheeks and placing his hands on his hips. He looked undeniably cute doing that, much to his growing annoyance. However, his frustration would be limited as he caught eye of something new striking him.

It was his hair! Its dark, messy locks were starting to bright and smooth out, sort of. His short hair was growing longer, wavier, said waves slowly turning into lovely, spinning curls. They cascaded down to his shoulders and flowing just a little more past them.

Once his curly hair was set into the place, the hue of his dark locks brightened even further. Black shifted and glowed, becoming a beautiful sapphire that glittered in the lights. Combined with his face, his head looked positively clowny.

“Oh jeewhizz!” he gasped, smacking his hands against his face, “I’m really gettin’ suuuper, totally cute!”

He shook his head, letting out an annoyed huffed. *What the fudge? Where is this all coming from? Why am I acting and talking this way?! It’s gotta be that pie and package. One hit and I’m turning into a super cutiepie!*

He shook his head again, getting more frustrated. He looked back to the mirror and huffed, his hair somehow not out of place from all that shaking. He sighed a breath of relief, happily futzing with one of his cute locks before stopping. He slapped his face, making a loud **SLAP** sound and grumbled.

His mind was starting to feel rather fuzzy and warm. There was something silly and goofy going on in there, and he wasn’t a fan of it. Or, at least, he felt like he wasn’t a fan. Something deeper within was feeling a bit more... welcoming to it.

This can’t be... I gotta... I gotta get some help before it’s too late! He felt his pockets, realizing his phone wasn’t in them. He must have left them out on the couch near the controller.

His heart racing, he hurried/stumbled for the bathroom door to get out of there. Moving as quick as he could, he didn’t notice what struck him next. The white, rubbery skin tone moved from his face, descending down his neck and towards the rest of his body. His shoulders, chest, arms, and even all the way to his toesies turned snow white.

Need to keep moving, he thought as he got into the hall and headed for the couch, *I gotta call 9-1-1 before I-OOF-A-DAISY!*

As he hurried, his foot caught the front of his pants cuff, causing him to stumble and fall forward onto his face with a big **BAH-LOP!** His skin turning white all over wasn't the only thing happening at that second.

Jaiden's whole body was starting to shrink on him. His broader shoulders, wider waist, and longer limbs were all thinning and shortening on him. Almost a good full foot and several pounds was shaved off by the time he stumbled into the living room.

He muttered, rubbing his head with his rather dainty hand. Everything was daintier with him. Any trace of chub or muscle had melted off, leaving him with a more feminine, cutesy physique. His form was far more fitting for the girly face and locks he sported.

"Oh breadcrumbs and balloons!" he mumbled, looking over his loose attire, "My clothes are all tooo baggy! Baggy is nice, but maybe they would be better with a splash of color or cute bows or GAH! This happy, cheery googly nonsense is tiresome!"

He slowly got back to his feet, wobbling and shaking a little after that fall. He stood normally, like he always did, but felt off. He swayed somewhat, his cute brow furrowing. His balance was off and adjusting his pose fixed that, standing in a more... feminine manner.

He stood there quiet as a warm feeling washed over him, one that felt rather pleasant and quite lovely at that. Biting his bottom lip, his hands slipped down and placed themselves upon his hips before sliding over to his rear. They felt bigger.

That's because they were. His flat hips had expanded by a few centimeters, creating a more roundish form. His thighs thickened, pressing against one another despite how baggy his pants were. His buttock also inflated into a perky, rounder butt that fit his tightly-whities better.

What the who? he thought, grabbing at the waistband of his jeans and stretching them open. "LE GASP!" He let go as his jaw dropped. He could see his smooth, clowny skin had fully covered everything and his wider proportions down below.

More importantly, he could see a lack of something. Within his underwear, there appeared to be no bulge. Nothing but flat surface laid there.

"Goodness gravies, this is not what I expected!" the clown girl gasped, "I'm soooo girly from top to bottom now... well, maybe not in the top per say, but that could be fixed!"

She shook her head, bonking the side of it and saying, "N-n-no! N-no more! I'm not some clown or some girl! I'm Jackie Snickersnootch! What, but that's not... not..."

She shook her head again, even more furiously as rattling noises bounced around within her head. But as soon as that noise started, she stopped doing that. She went still, silent, motionless like a statue.

“Jackie” stood like that for a minute, not doing a single thing. The whole room felt eerie and off... until a small giggle left her mouth. She raised her hand to her face, clenching it into a fist and sticking out her thumb.

She took a long, deep breath, sucking in as much air as possible. She shoved her thumb into her maw, her eyes and mouth clenching shut. She blew into her digit as hard as she could. The sound of an inflating balloon was heard, her body quivering gently.

Beneath her loose shirt, her chest shook. Soft mounds began to grow, puffing out beneath her nipples. The areas rose like dough in an oven, growing larger and rounder until they came to a sudden stop. She now had breasts; breasts around the higher B-cup range.

Her thumb slipped from her mouth, a soft sigh leaving soon after it. She licked her lips and stood up straight, placing her hands on her hips and cocking them to the side. Her eyes opened, their color now a dazzling, bright green.

She smiled and declared, “Phew! My head was feelin’ all funky and silly, more than usual! Hehe, glad I got dat out of my noggin!”

She looked down at her clothes and gasped, “Oh dear! What is the boring getup?! This is SO not me at all!”

Knock. Knock.

“OH! A visitor! Who *ever* could be visiting me?” Jackie pranced over to the front door and without a care, opened it.

“Hey Jackie-buddy-o-pal!” Jackie’s eyes dilated as a shiver ran up her spine. A clown girl just like herself was standing out in the hall of her apartment building. She was wearing a strangely familiar mailman getup.

Jackie quietly stared before smiling brightly and declaring, “Love Ballerina! Oh my gravy! What a lovely surprise! What are you doing here, hun?”

The clown girl flashed a bright smile and grabbed the cuff of the uniform. She spun around on her tippy toes until she was a blur. The spin tornado quickly ended as soon as it started, revealing a bright, red-headed ballerina gal in purple spandex. She exclaimed excitedly, “I just wanted to see my bestest, non-dancing friend around while I was in town for a show!”

GASP! Jackie slapped her cheeks, wiggling her hips from side to side. “You’re in town, AND you have a show?! Let me see, let me see pretty please, with sugar on top! Can I see it?!”

“Weeeeeeeeeellllllllllllllllllllllllllllllll... okie-dokie!” chuckled Love, pinching Jackie’s cheeks, “Only because you asked so nicely!”

“YAY!” Jackie flashed a big grin and did a big spin herself, her pirouette much less graceful than Love Ballerina’s was.

She spun and spun, her clothing completely transforming into something far more deserving of her new form. She wore bright yellow gloves with flappy blue cuffs. Upon her feet were large, ball-toed, long shoes as blue as the ocean. Her main feature was a lovely rainbow dress with stripes of green, yellow, red, and blue across its top and skirt. She was a colorful disaster, but a beautiful one.

“Ta-da! How do I look?” giggled Jackie, flashing her dress and giving her a wink.

“Like a sight for color-blind eyes!” breathed Love, fluttering her eyes with awe and admiration. “I simply must take you back with me! Everyone is gonna love you!”

“Lead the way!” Jackie declared, holding out her hand.

Love gladly took it, and the two pranced away, leaving the now vacant apartment alone. Jackie would get back there at some point, but right now, she was more interested in seeing and learning more about this lovely Christmas performance Love was going to put on this season!

THE END?