

Clown It Up: Holiday Honker

By: Firingwall

Commission Done for [goldwyn11](#)

Gold yawned, stretching out his feet on his sofa. He leaned into the arm rest and turned towards the TV. He flipped through the holiday specials on Netflix, hoping to find something to watch. *Gotta be something interesting... anything would be nice.*

He glanced towards the window. Snow was still falling and falling hard. Even though there was still a touch of daylight out, the rest of the world was still obscured in nothing but white, thick fluff. He could only imagine how covered his car was.

So much for visiting family tomorrow. Gold frowned, shaking his head. He didn't want to think about that right now. He'd just rather try to have somewhat of a decent Christmas Eve, even though it involved being alone for the first time in years.

Maybe... maybe I could still chat with them on Skype? ...do they even have Skype? ...I'll figure it out later.

He eventually settles on a special to watch and leans further into the armrest. However, it didn't really help. Nothing really helped. Not the holiday special, thinking about online chatting with his family, or guzzling down any of those Christmas Cookies. The mood was shot.

Some holiday this is gonna be. He yawned, his eyes feeling heavy. *Maybe... maybe tomorrow will be better...*

Eventually, he was too weak to keep his eyes open. They shut, and the world started drifting away, the sound of the holiday special fading away.

THUMP. His dream crept away, consciousness slowly returning to him. *Hmm? What... is that?* It had to be still very early in the morning, though he couldn't tell. His eyes remained closed, still too out of it to open them.

“Oh dear! Ol' Saint Nick makes this so easy comin' down! Such an unpleasant pain on the old tush!”

Gold's eyes opened immediately. Someone was in the room with him.

His gaze darted over to where the sound came from. It was by where his TV was... sort of. His TV set and cabinets have been shoved to the sides. A large fireplace now laid in their place, made from red brick.

That would have been the biggest shock if not for the real shock that came a second later. A tall, voluptuous reindeer woman was sneaking over towards him, holding a large present in her

gloved mitts. She wore an elegant gown with a very low neckline and skirt that stopped at her calves. Her sharp glass rested at the end of her snout, threatening to slip off any second.

Just as she leaned to put the present down on the table beside the sofa, her eyes looked and met Gold's own. Despite the lovely, chocolate brown fur, a deep red blared through her fuzzy coat. She shook a little, nerves getting to her as she looked at him.

"I, ah..." She stood up straight and took a deep breath, trying to compose herself. It worked a little, but not too much. Acting as mature and confident as she could, she spoke, "Ahem! My name is Ms. Snowfall. I have been brought here tonight because I detected a very glum person living here."

"...what?" Gold could only manage that simple word out. His mind and heart were racing.

"Right, this is complex." She took a deep breath. "From the top, my name is Lady Cindy Snowflake. I am an assistant of the lovely Santina, the bringer of joy and warmth to all good boys and girls this year to help make sure they get what they deserve."

She started pace as she went on. "There are many people in the world that need a little help, and Santina can't reach everyone. As such, that's why I am here, to make sure a certain group of good children and adults get what they earned.~."

She stepped up to him and handed him the present, leaning forward in a way to show off her cleavage. "This is for you! Because you've been a good boy this year and are needing a pick-me-up, I have brought you this wonderful gift tonight!"

Gold couldn't even respond this time. He was far too flustered and shocked as everything started to set in. The fireplace, the present, the voluptuous Christmas furry woman, and everything was a bit much. The best he could muster was to take the present from her.

Cindy gave him a smile; he could feel his cheeks warm up. She curtsied gently and strolled back over to the fireplace, standing in its center. "Bah-bye!"

Poof! A cloud of soot and dust filled the opening as the anthro girl vanished from sight. Gold could just make out the sound of something zipping up the chimney before the noise was overtaken by something else.

It was the fireplace itself, which slowly sunk back into the wall. Bricks vanished, soot and dust shooting back into the opening, and fire logs dissolving. The wall plaster and wallpaper flowed over the chimney like water until eventually, nothing was left.

The room had returned to normal. The only thing that remained of Cindy's visit was the curious gift that resided in his hands.

Gold looked at the present. It looked like any other present from what he could tell. Not too heavy, not too big, but not too small either. However, he couldn't help but feel a bit nervous

regardless. After all, a stranger did break into his home in a very unconventional manner and just drop this thing off.

Still, it was a gift, and he couldn't help but be somewhat curious. He opened it up and looked inside, pulling out some packing paper. Confusion set in as he laid his eyes on what was inside: a bright red clown nose.

Gold stared at the gift. "...okay, magical reindeer girl acting as some kind of Santa just gave me a clown nose for Christmas. None... none of this makes sense."

Regardless, he took the clown nose out and looked it over, even gently rubbing his fingers over it. Yep, still just a clown nose as far as he could tell.

Honk. Giving it a quick squeeze, a honk noise followed it. Still just a normal clown nose. He didn't really understand this gift at all.

He honked it again, but curiously, his fingers seemed to shake. They trembled as if a cold shiver blasted through his arms. It almost looked like the sphere was going to vibrate right out of his hand.

But instead, the ball shot out of his grasp and right into his face. Specifically, it shot right onto his nose.

It did not bounce off though. Instead, the ball slowly merged with his snout. Its opening engulfed the tip of his nose and then swallowed the rest of it. It took in most of the bridge and his nostrils before he could even react to the numb sensation on his mug.

He reached up and felt the nose, just as small holes opened at its bottom, allowing him to breath normally. His heart raced, and he grabbed the nose, trying to pull it off. However, it only seemed to stretch and stretch and stretch like taffy no matter how hard he tried.

What is going- The ball snapped back into place with a big, loud **HOOOOONK!!**

"Hehehehehe~" His eyes dimmed briefly as a shower of light, airy giggles burst forth. **FA-POOF!** His hair quivered and exploded into a dazzling, long stream of puffy locks that flowed down to his hips. His hair was glossy and high in volume, like out of a shampoo commercial, its color shifting to pink with red and blue streaks running through it.

"Hehehehehe~" **Snap.** He shook his head, his cheeks feeling warm and hot. He took a few deep breaths and spat out locks of long, pink hair out in his mouth.

"What the sugar cookies?!" He remarked, grabbing his locks. Sure enough, he noticed his new head of hair, pulling some strands of it up for a closer look.

N-no way! He rushed out of his living room and headed straight for his bathroom. He flipped the lights and shoved himself up close to the mirror. His heart raced as he took it all in, every single inch of it.

He opened his mouth and said the only things he could. “Oh woowooww! Lookie at my hair! It’s, like, soooooo kewt now!”

He slammed his hand over his mouth. **SMACK!** Like a light switch being flipped, an instant change came to his face. His skin turned snow white, extending from where his hand covered his mouth and spreading out from there. Facial hair popped out, skin texture turned rubbery smooth, and eyebrows thinned.

The snow-white skin changed rapidly spread down his head and onto the rest of his body. Down his neck, onto his legs and torso, all body hair and markings vanishing rapidly. His skin softened and gained this rubbery feel. Eventually, he had a full snowy complexion.

Gold blushed, the reddest of his cheeks really standing out. He ran a finger against his cheeks. Squeak. Squeak. He shivered, a giggle soon following.

He shook his head, spitting out some hair again as he tried to refocus. “This is really getting weird now. I look like a clown...” He looked at his clothing. “...a clown off the clock.”

“Wellllll, not clown enough! I, like, need some pretty makeup and stuff first!” A girly voice flew out of his mouth, catching him off guard again.

As if granting his wish, color returned to his face in many different ways. First, his lips turned bright purple, having almost a glossy shimmer to them. Blue eyeshadow coated his eyelids as his own eyelashes grew long and fluttery. On his cheeks, colorful markings appeared. First, a blue diamond on his right cheek and then a pink heart on the other.

Gold blushed again, though rather lightly as he gazed upon his reflection. His visage was quite surprising, shocking to where even his heart began to race. Though, all things considered, the results were not... all that bad. They were quite charming even.

He gently bit down on his bottom lip, noticing it felt a little bigger, a little fuller. Then the rest of his face shifted and changed, better fitting his makeup and hair. His cheekbones rose, his jaws thinned. His brow receded a little, his chin sharpened. A few more minor adjustments hit, leaving his face completely feminized.

His entire figure and shape transformed, giving it a more feminized look. His shoulders thinned and curved down, muscle mass draining from his legs and arms. Fat dissolved, leaving him with a thin, flat form. He dropped half a foot in height on top of that.

Gold took several deep breaths, his heart still racing, but not as fast as before. He was still shocked, but the longer the changes went, the more cool and collected he felt. Looking down and running his hands over his flat tummy, he smiled. He felt oddly cute and dainty.

Pop! “EEEEEP!” Gold shivered all over as his eyes widened, pupils dilating. His irises turned bright pink and empty. Something sensitive just struck him right in the crotch, the bulge there no longer visible at all.

Gold took a few deep breaths again. “Oh wowzers!” He gently rubbed his head, his mind feeling all fuzzy and weird. Not a bad weird, but rather pleasant and excitingly weird. “Dat was something, hehehehe~ Real something!”

And real something it was, more of his figure reshaping itself. His waist sunk in by a few centimeters, making his hips and chest look wider than they were. His shoulders thinned a little more as well, fingernails growing. Eventually, his chest shoved out, his stance changing to where he always walked with it pushed forward.

Gold smiled, admiring his reflection. *I guess this ain't soooo bad. I look pretty kewt and stuff. Maybe Christmas day won't be so bad after all!*

Though, as soon as he thought that he felt glum again. *Tomorrow is gonna be tough still. Oh dear, so many other people are probably dealing with the same thing now dat I think about it...*

And pondering that over, something clicked in his mind as his lower half quivered and shook. His hips stretched out to be almost shoulder-length, growing round and curvy in shape. His thighs thickened to match, growing tender and gently rubbing up against themselves. His butt grew as well, stretching his pants out greatly in the back.

Despite how tight his sweatpants felt with his big bubble butt stretching over them, he paid it no mind at all. “Yeeeeeah! There's plenty of others who are Gloomy Guses dis year, just like me! That's just not right!”

She tapped her chin as the front of her shirt began to expand. On her chest, two mounds began to grow. They were small at first, but slowly, but surely began to expand into breasts. The sensitive, happy feeling of them just made her positively giggly.

Her smile spread wide as everything became clear. People shouldn't be so down and sad this time of year! They should be happy and fun! People need cheering up!

There are many people in the world that need a little help, and Santana can't reach everyone.

Gold put her hands on her hips, shoving her chest out as her breasts swelled again. “If Santana is so busy, then Lady Cindy might be totes busy too! There's just soooo many people out dere dat need help!”

Her shirt stretched further, wrapping around her swelling breasts as they hit C-cup size. Gold nodded. “And if she is going to be so busy... she may need help as well! Everyone needs help spreading the Christmas Spirit and joy around!”

FA-WOMP! Her shirt stretched one final time, ripping open in the chest. Her breasts had bounced up all the way to DD size. They were large, soft, and did not sag one bit, her shirt hugging them tightly.

Gold looked down one final time and gasped in horror. “Oh mah goodness!” She placed her hands on her chest, frowning. “This... this won’t do!!! I can’t deliver holiday cheer to all the good boys, girls, and adults in this drab wear! This is far too “clown off the clock”!”

She sat down on the pooper with a PLOP and reached down, grabbing at her socks first. She pulled and pulled with all her might until POP-POP! Her socks went off, flying away. Beneath them were large, oversized green clown shoes with red soles.

“Keeeeeewt!” She giggled and began to hum a Christmas Carol to herself as she stood up. She placed her hands on her sweatpants and tugged once, twice, and then a third time. Rip! The sound of Velcro tearing blared as her pants were discarded, revealing a velvet red skirt with white, fluffy trimming on its hemline.

Gold giggled, wiggling her hips and sliding her hands down her keister. Her skirt was so fitting, yet tight on her bum. She felt it hug and highlight her wide rear exceptionally well.

She grabbed her shirt and yanked it over her head with surprising ease, despite all of her messy, thick locks. Once gone, her torso now dawned a red Santa suit that was very form fitting and sleeveless. She giggled, undoing one of the buttons on it so she could show off her cleavage. She wanted to match Lady Cindy’s example after all.

Oh what fun and joy this will be! She giggled, wiggling her bottom again. If she had a tail, it would be wagging like crazy. She was so happy now, constantly thinking about all the fun she’ll be able to spread. Sure, she lacked the presents, but she was sure she could figure out something.

She reached into her suit’s pockets, digging in deep, straight up to her elbows. She licked her lips long and hard until she hit something. She smiled and pulled her hands out, which were now wearing evening gloves with Christmas ornaments for polka dots.

“*Peeeerfecto!*” Gold giggled, admiring her gloves. She knew what she was going to be wearing for the rest of winter, holiday or no holiday.

Lastly, it was time for the chaser to bring it all home. She dived a hand into her cleavage. She gently quivered but felt around carefully. Pop! She yanked out a cute Christmas Santa hat and plopped it right onto her head. She felt complete.

And looking at her reflection, she knew it to be true. She shivered excitedly, her smile looking wider than ever. She looked like the perfect Christmas clown there ever was in her cute outfit and silly, but hawt bod. She shook her hips to the right, the sound of jingle bells playing.

“I look soooooo guuuud!” Gold declared.

Her reflection nodded, giving her two thumbs up. “Yah ya do! Get on out there and show them your Christmas spirit, Goldie!”

“Yes ma’am, Miss Reflection Me!” Gold saluted the reflection, who saluted right back. She turned and marched straight out of the bathroom. Her destination: The Living Room.

She grinned as she entered the room, walking towards an empty wall. She clapped her hands, and the wall shook. From it, the fireplace reemerged, looking the same as it was only a few minutes ago.

“Spreading joy this holiday requires the appropriate method to travel in style!” She declared, stepping into the fireplace. “Onwards to my first destination. The Holiday Honker must make some people happy!”

She clapped again and with a puff of smoke, she vanished into the chimney. The sound of jingle bells was heard once more, but there was no sight of the clown. She was already off on her night of warmth, joy, and cheer.

THE END