

BAD CASE OF...

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Memes on the internet could be curious beasts.

It didn't matter how ridiculous or nonsensical something could be, almost *anything* could captivate the internet – or more specifically social media sites on the internet – for a few days, to weeks, to even a month if people saw some sort of charm in it. But the life of a meme was also extremely *fleeting*. What was once extremely funny can quickly lose its charm much like hearing the same joke made over and over again, and so?

Every meme had a shelf life. It wasn't impossible for it to become popular again mind you, and there were certainly cases where such a thing would happen and an old meme would once again rise into relevancy. But that didn't happen to *all* of them. Most of the time? It was a one and done type of scenario. These were all facts that I was reminiscing about as I flipped through the *knowyourmeme* website on a whim.

“This probably isn't the *best* way to spend my Sunday afternoon.” At the very least? I was self-aware of just how silly this rabbit hole had become. I probably could have been catching up on a game I was playing, or maybe going out with friends. But you know that feeling when you *know* you should be doing something productive and all you want to do is read random crap on the internet? Well that was the mood that *I* was in!

Flipping from one page to the next, sometimes I skimmed over a meme I only barely recognized or knew a little *too* well already. While on others? I took my time to read slowly. About *two* hours in? I ended up

stumbling upon something *topical*. The meme surrounding Geiru Toneido from the Ace Attorney games. The character was a balloon artist and a rakugo performer, but she dressed up like a sexy clown and even had balloons shoved into her clothes to make it look like she had big tits that jiggled. Her pink hair was a wig and most of that aesthetic was *fake*, but the *CLUSSY FEVER* incident had led to fanartists treating these features as *authentic* and hornyposting about them.

It was topical because the Apollo Justice trilogy had just gotten its first rerelease and Geiru just so happened to be in the third game of that trilogy. Thinking about it, I ended up shooting my friend Joseph a message on Discord, not thinking about the possibility that someone might intercept and *do* something with my comments.

> **Do you remember the Clussy Fever thing from like 2022?**

It was only 2024 but that still felt like *so* long ago. It was definitely very long compared to the lifespan of a meme! But while I could see Joseph typing his reply? I never received a response. Namely because the world around me suddenly *changed*. I was no longer sitting at my desk in my house. I was standing in a *circus tent*? **“H-Huh!?”** I also didn’t recognize that my memories had been tampered with. Only one culprit could have done this to me, but I couldn’t remember her *nor* her twin cat tails. She evidently wanted whatever was about to happen to me to be as amusing as nekomata-ly possible.

“Why am I in a circus tent?” A circus? Like a clown? Clussy Fever? My brain was piecing together the connection, but Geiru Toneido hadn’t been a *circus clown*. That also didn’t explain how I had suddenly been teleported *to* a circus either? Where even *was* this? Seeing some writing in the distance, I squinted. But even though I could make out the shapes of the letters? **“What does that even say? Am I not in an English speaking country?”**

That would *definitely* pose problems if I had to try and communicate my circumstances to a local! Not that it would be easy to believe me if I claimed to suddenly have been warped there anyways. I seemed to be fairly fortunate that the tent was empty. At least aside from me and the stage I was standing on. The spotlight was off and the pews were vacant. I wasn’t good in front of an audience and couldn’t even talk in front of a group without getting anxious. So I had the sense to try and dip off the stage as soon as I could.

Unfortunately for me, whatever had sent me to that place in the first place had *other* plans for me. The spotlight suddenly turned on right above me, and whether it was my nerves or some type of magic spell instead, I completely froze up. It was as if I couldn’t take a step beneath

the light's glow. **“W-Wait a second! I need to get help! So I shouldn't be... I'm not going to be performing for anyone today, thanks!”** Who was I speaking to? Well *someone* had to be controlling the spotlight, right? So I was naturally trying to communicate with them.

Even though there really *wasn't* anyone there.

“ACHOO!?” Out of nowhere I found myself sneezing, but why? I wasn't having an allergic reaction or anything like that. My nose just felt *swollen* all of a sudden. Confused, I made myself cross-eyed briefly and raised a hand. My nose looked very *red*? It definitely looked *swollen* too. But upon touching it? There was no pain nor sensitivity. **“What the hell is wrong with my—”** It definitely looked like it was still swelling. It was getting bulbous. *Rounder*. But the next time my fingers pressed into it?

HONK!

It sounded a loud *honk* that startled me immensely. By the time I had recovered it was as big as a tennis ball – and I could *breathe* through it. A big, red nose that honked when you squeezed it? **“A-A clown's nose!?”** But those were supposed to be just *decorations*, right? Why did it feel like that nose was my *actual* nose? While double checking I made it honk again, the loud sound unsettling me further. **“That's impossible... This has gotta be some kind of dream, right?”** Like maybe I had fallen asleep looking at that meme page? That had to be it, right!?

Desperate as I was to make sense of things, those things only continued to make *less* sense. As soon as my nose had honked the first time the color of my dark hair had begun to lighten for one – and not towards a color that was *normal* by any means. It lightened *and* brightened, a cotton candy pink heightening locks that then stretched out and fluffed up into my mane was long, bright, and fluffy. This hair was shoulder length and *incredibly* soft, fanning out at the sides almost like a clown's wig might.

The problem being that this was my *natural* hair color.

PFFFFFFFFFFFF!

Another odd sound filled the air, this time making me blush. It sounded like I was... *farting*? And I could definitely feel a sensation similar to a passing of gas leaving my rear end. But at the same time? There was no odor, and nothing had prompted me to toot. It was likewise lasting *way*

too long. But I began to feel oddly *empty* as it wore on. “**W-Wait a second...?**” It took me almost *forty five* seconds for it to click and a hand pressed against my stomach. I was getting *thinner*. The more ‘air’ was released from my body, the thinner I became. It was being done in such a stupid, *clownish* way, but my gut and overall chub just dissipated until I was completely thin. And it ended with one hell of a rip of a fart. One so dramatic that an audience would have seen it as staged.

“**This is *not* happening!**” My eyes briefly went wide as I caught the sound of a voice crack. Despite being an adult I still had them very rarely, but that had been a little different. It hadn’t been so much of a chirp as it had been the sound of my voice heightening to something steadier before dipping back down to normal. With all of my weight gone it was a chore to keep my pants up and, eventually? They slipped along with my boxers. I was just fortunate that my top was so big now that I was thin that it was covering... my junk?

I blinked upon looking down. This was all very shocking, of course, but... “**Isn’t *too much* of me covered?**” My head shot up again and looked around. Something had been happening that I *hadn’t* noticed, probably because I was standing on an open stage with nothing around me for reference. “***I’m shorter, aren’t I!?***” About four inches so, yes. But I was *still* shrinking. Being nearly six feet tall normally, I was dipping down *past 5’7”* too. It eventually settled at *5’4”*, and by that point my shirt’s bottom reached even past my knees.

“**Okay, so I’m thin and short... I have a clown nose. And for some reason my voice sounds so... so *cute*?**” All the signs pointed to me becoming young and feminine, but at least *one* of those things wasn’t true. My *face* showed the latter clearly. It held a leaner facial shape now that I was thinner, but my cheeks were still a little round. My nose remained big and red, although surprisingly my lips had swollen thick and pouty in kind until they almost shared the exact same shade. It was my eyes that seemed the most feminine. Their original colors had dulled to brown, but my lashes were *triple* their normal lengths and the shapes of the eyes while, more maidenly, also seemed to be tilted towards an *Asian* origin rather than Caucasian.

But I didn’t look *younger*. There was something cute about my face but the wear on my skin and the maturity it all showed suggested I was *older*. Probably close to my mid-30s. “***I’m 34? W-Wait! That age is super inflated! Y’know? Like a balloon!?***” This absolutely *wasn’t* the time for a bad balloon joke. Which made it all the stranger that I had bothered to say it in the first place. “***I’m also a super sexy clown woman! If you don’t have CLUSSY FEVER then you’re about to! Hahaha! Ha... HAH!?***”

That last laugh had been a laugh of *realization*. The sort of unhinged laugh you made when you came to the conclusion that something was *very wrong*. Why had I blurted all of *that* out? Why was I talking like that clown chick from the meme? **“I’m not even a clown womaaaaaaan—!?”** As much as I wanted to believe that, my pushback was interrupted by another hissing sound. This time around my *crotch*. **“Crap!”**

It was like my dick and balls had just been a set of balloons. Air hissed out of the tip of my cock, my sexual organs deflating until they were completely voice of mass. **“MMNGH!?”** The moan I made was almost comical... when what remained was yanked up into the folds of my new *pussy*. Regardless of my denial I was now biologically a *woman*. **“I bet I looked silly and hot there!”** I screamed internally. WHY DID I CARE ABOUT THAT!?

“Oh! Heeheehee! This is what I’m talking about!” It felt almost like I was an autopilot, but it was just a matter of my personality having changed well beyond what I could comprehend. I perked up with a big smile across my juicy, red lips and even gave my own nose a playful honk as the sound *opposite* to balloons deflating filled the air. It was the sound of air being pumped *into* something.

PSHT! PSHT! PSHT! PSHT!

And I could *immediately* note what it was that was being *filled*. Well, it was two regions in particular. The first of which was the area – or *areas* – surrounding that new pussy of mine. My legs had been thinned when I had lost all of that weight prior, but now they were jiggling excessively as the magic changing more forced weight back inside. My skin stretched and stretched around them, each thigh growing greater than my waist in width while the sides of my shirt stretched to contain them.

And they weren’t even *alone*. The same ‘air’ saw my cheeks expand, lifting the shirt’s back while pink skin bounced with each ‘push’ of weight into them. The end result was a huge bubble ass that would bounce around cartoonishly with ever step. Well, cartoonishly *and* sexily. Which *excited* me to think about. It really *shouldn’t* have, but I couldn’t stop thinking about how *hot* I was becoming. But also *silly*. How did I know how to deep-throat a balloon all of a sudden?

“Yeah! Make ‘em huge! Make ‘em bouncy! Like some BLOONS!” But my big ass wasn’t even the main attraction and I *knew* that. I was instead focusing on the growth that was lifting my shirt higher, and higher, and higher – until it was no longer low enough to

cover my shaved, pink pussy and enormous, clapping ass cheeks. It was my *chest*.

And while my chest had been entirely flat moments before, each gush of 'air' brought it closer and closer to the *absurd*. Nipples stretched and fat sloshed around inside of my tits with each push, skin pulled tight and mounds growing into orbs. But those orbs pushed even *farther*, soon no smaller than a pair of *volleyballs* that were both hefty and jiggly. Nipples surpassed my eyes in size, standing perky atop two supple melon-like mounds, each as big as my head. They were hefty but my muscles seemed to be able to support them. Even after I thirstily dug my fingers into them to tease myself. "**YEAH! MMMMN!**"

Under the glow of the spotlight I had already been perspiring a little, but the arousal I felt and the energy spent transforming me left me sweating even *more* so. This was made far more apparent once a pink curtain circled around me. It was transparent enough that you could make my sexy silhouette twirling inside, but when the curtain disappeared? I was dressed in something far more *preferable*. Both for my body *and* my profession.

A frilled, pink, sleeveless dress with absolutely *no* neckline bound me. My gigantic breasts were completely exposed above my nipples, with only magenta suspender straps keeping my 'girls' contained above a frilled skirt of the same color. My legs and thighs were just as exposed as my tits and I now wore pink high heels. As for undergarments? *Who said I was wearing any~!?* But I *was* accessorized with pink gloves with rainbow edges, as well as a rainbow collar.

"My name is... Geiru Toneido?"

I, *Geiru Toneido*, couldn't help but thrust my heaving pair of bouncing tits out before me, my body language exuding confidence even beneath the spotlight high above. Try as I might to struggle against my new memories and impulses I just *couldn't*, even if my words didn't make any practical sense either. I was using that name. The name of that woman from the Ace Attorney game. But it was hard to ignore just how stark the differences were between myself as I currently existed and the character herself.



For example? My big balloon tits shouldn't have existed. They were supposed to be *literal* balloons because Geiru's chest was actually small. But my breasts were full and enormous, and my ass and thighs equally so. My pink hair wasn't a wig, my clown nose *wasn't* a decoration... and even then those were only the *physical* things that were different. Even in terms of memories of this new life. I was a legitimate circus clown? I had never been tried in a court of law? And I couldn't stop *showing myself off*.

"I love this!" I lifted up my arms behind my head, showing off glistening sweat beneath my shaved armpits to the audience. Wait – when did the audience appear? I couldn't really recall but I also didn't really seem to care. I had essentially become *the* meme version of Geiru. I had been inflicted with a bad case of Clussy Fever in the most literal way imaginable! And much like the version of Geiru, of *myself* in the meme? I wanted nothing more than to be ogled by the eyes of my cheering audience.

I pulled the pink straps of my costume forward with a lewd and proud smile and, finally...

SNAP!

I let go, allowing the straps to slap into my big tits in a way that saw them jiggle and bounce, just like in the meme. **"Hehehe! I'll be here all week everyone! I'll BLOON all over you whenever you want, sweeties!"** I jumped and waved at the adoring audience, making my curves bounce even more. But among the crowd I finally noticed someone. *Him*. Somehow Joseph had been brought to my show? And while he was gawking, it was clearly with confusion. But that was fine! I'd just bring him backstage after the show. Show him my new life. And hey, who knew?

With this new life of mine, I bet I could use a sexy clown assistant! She just couldn't overshadow *me!*