

Caught a Case of the Silly Crime-ies: Part 1

By: Firingwall

Hannah yawned and collapsed onto her old couch in the living room, grabbing the remote and turning on the TV. The screen turned on... and went off again, forcing her to turn the TV on and off for a bit until the screen stayed.

Almost saved up enough, she thought as the local news appeared, *soon, just please no new car repairs in the meantime.*

Two news anchors flashed on, a older pair that the young redhead had seen on for years now. The woman anchor spoke up, "We have exciting news for our city! Copperville's very own museum will be hosting a special treasure that's been rarely shown to the public!"

"That's right, Carol!" The male anchor jumped in, "Copperville's Natural Museum will be holding the rare Rainbow Dazzle!"

Rainbow Dazzle? Hannah thought as tried to get comfortable on her flat pillows, *I think I heard of that before...*

"Reporting live from the museum, we have Cindy!" Carol declared, a small screen appearing beside her. "Cindy, how are things going there?"

The small screen widened up, showing a young reporter at the museum with a bright smile. A few feet behind her was a display case with something colorful in it, but Hannah couldn't make it out well.

"Hi Carol," Cindy remarked, nodding to the case, "As you can see right behind me is the legendary Rainbow Dazzle. Geologists and gemologists have been studying this amazing gemstone for decades now, trying to comprehend its creation. The gemstone is one of a kind, big as a baseball and with a peculiar rainbow pattern to it. It's harder than diamond and was originally found cut into the shape it is today.

"With me right now is the owner of the museum, Mr. Charles Lane! Mr. Lane, besides it's beauty, the gemstone has a very colorful history, if you pardon my pun." The camera panned a little to the left, revealing an older gentleman in a business suit and mustache.

"Thank you, yes, this gemstone indeed does have a history," he spoke, his voice droning and dry in his talk. "The gemstone mysteriously keeps disappearing every so often before reappearing in the custody of the authorities. Given its value and rarity, we suspect many thieves have tried over the..."

Hannah started to fade out for a moment. Her double shifts all week had been absolutely crushing her. The only light at the end of the tunnel seemed the possibility to a pay raise by the end of the fiscal year if she was lucky.

Just before she almost dozed off, the news story jumped back to the reporter and Hannah snapped out of it. “Thank you, Mr. Lane,” Cindy remarked, rubbing her eyes, “We hope you’re able to keep the Dazzle safe here. Remember folks, come on down this weekend to see the exhibit up close! You’ve never seen anything like it before”

With that, the camera cut to some earlier filmed shots of the gemstone. Hannah stared long and hard at it, taking in its elegant-shape, clarity, and beautiful colors. It truly was like nothing she had ever seen before, easily able to understand why people constantly stole it.

“HmMMMMMMMM! Looks sooooo good! I might just haveta pinch dat pretty jewel!”

Hannah shook her head and rubbed her forehead. “Ooof,” she mumbled, “My head hurt there for a second...”

She glanced back at the screen, noticing the diamond will being shown in all its full, colorful beauty. **KA-CHING!** The sound of a register blared above her head and dollar signs literally appeared in her eyes for a half-second, replacing her pupils.

“Sooooooo pretty!” She declared, “I would luuuuuuv to have it!”

A stinging sensation struck her head again and she shook her head. As she shook her it, her hair whisked back and forth messily. But as it whipped about, from the ends the color began to blacken. The red shine of it vanished into murkiness as it was blotted out. Its style changed as well, hair locks curling up and shortening. Eventually, she was left with a head full of black, chin-lengthened ringlets that bounce and shook.

“Oh man, my head feels weird,” Hannah moaned, rubbing the sides of her head, unaware of the changes to her mop. “Sure, finally get home to relax and now I started getting this stupid...”

Her eyes fell upon the TV once more. This time, the news had shifted away from the gem story and back to local events, a small fire breaking out in a car that-

“Awwww!” Hannah moaned, her voice cracking and rising a bit, “The Rainbow Dazzle is gone! It was soooo prutty!”

She pouted her lips out comically and sat up, folding her arms like a grumpy child. Her lips further plumped up, giving them a more kissable look. They turned black as well, but not an unhealthy way. More like they were coated in lipstick... that sunk into her skin.

She rubbed her forehead again, but more out of habit this time. *Uugh*, she thought in a mumble, *this just plain suuuuuuucks! I wanna look at the gem more! I don't know why, but it just looks good!*

Hannah pouted further, mumbling again, “Great, I’m acting like a child! Where the hell is this craaaaaa...poo coming from?”

FWOMP! Her nose suddenly inflated, its tip growing wider and rounder. It expanded more and more, enveloping its bridge and nostrils. Its texture turned rubbery and smooth, with a gleam to it as the light of the TV bathed across it. Its color shifted to dark purple, holes opening up at its base for her to breathe out of.

She sighed and stretched her arms. “Well,” she mumbled, “Whatev! I don’t have to put up with this! I’ll just go see it anyways!”

Sure, somewhere in the back of Hannah’s mind, she knew the museum was closed and even then, the exhibit wouldn’t open until the weekend... but did that really matter? She wanted to see it now!

Hannah headed for the door, skipping merrily along the way. Her footing became a touch more graceful as she left, her old, dirty shoes turning curiously in black ballet shoes.

Hannah strolled down the sidewalk a few blocks from her apartment. She had hastily left her place, only taking her keys with her. She felt off the entire time, just wanting to see the gem no matter what. She didn’t even want to turn around for her purse, seeing it as something that’d only slow her down.

Need to see the pretty! She thought, biting her bottom lip. *Just wanna see it! Oooh, I would love to touch it! Maybe they’ll let me touch it?*

Walking along, she passed by a few different people, all of whom seem to give her odd to perplexed looks. The stares were only helped along as her chest and hips seemed to bulge. Her shirt pushed forward by a few centimeters, her outfit conforming around her breasts oddly. Her jeans stretched as her hips widened up, her legs and hips giving her a sway now to her graceful steps.

Hannah paid the onlookers no attention as she approached a bus stop. But when she reached it, she frowned. “Dangblastit!” she declared comically, stomping her feet in some odd, goofy rhythm, “I forgot my bus pass and I don’t have money to hail a cab! Stupid stupid!”

Frowning, she thought with an annoyed huff, *oooooh what now, what now? What shall I do for moolah to get to the moolah?*

She shook her head, knocking the silliness from her skull as she spotted a curious sight up ahead. She had walked a lot farther than she thought, seeing the gas station that was several blocks away from her home. However, what really caught her attention was the lone ATM sitting outside the place.

KA-CHING! Her eyes flashed dollar signs again, dollar sign earrings even appearing in her ears. “Oh my!” she declared, “Fancy that! A solution to my moolah problem!”

She giggled away and pranced towards the machine, casually weaving in and out of traffic. She nearly caused a few accidents, cars swerving desperately out of the way to avoid her, but she cared not. The only thing she cared about now was her target.

Hannah up to the ATM and stared at it. “Me oh my!” She declared, “How will I ever get my money out from the bank? Ummmm... don’t have my cards on me and my silly o’ number is escaping my poor noggin!”

She giggled again as a silly-looking domino mask appeared on her face. It was black as the night but did not do much to conceal her identity. What did though were the subtle facial changes, such as her cheekbones rising or her chin shortening. Cartoonish penny markings, with the cent symbol in their centers, appeared on her cheeks as well.

The young woman still looked not too far off from her original self, but it was becoming more and more difficult to identify who she once was.

Not that Hannah much cared, minded, or even noticed, just focusing on the ATM. “Welllll,” she declared, “If I just can’t simply get my moolah, I’m sure they won’t mind if I have some other money instead!”

FWOMP! Her chest ballooned out into a hefty, impressive set of E-cups, stretching her shirt further than before. Strangely, as her shirt pushed out, the material of it turned more spandex-like and the collar dipped greatly, showcasing her new cleavage.

Hannah looked down at her chest, her eyes widening... but only for a split second. She smiled brightly and stuffed one hand into her cleavage. She stuck it in further and soon, reached her other hand in as well. Rummaging around, it almost seemed like there was no bottom.

But eventually, she yanked both hands out. They were now wearing black & white striped gloves, the stripes stretching from her fingertips to the ends. In their grasp, oddly enough, were two objects: a bag with a dollar sign on it and a stethoscope.

She flung the bag over her shoulder and put the stethoscope on, placing the bell against the side of the ATM. She slid it up and down the machine, nodding her head and going, “Mmm-hmmm!” from time to time.

After a full minute, she paused on one particular spot. “Ah-huuuuuh!” she declared, “Here we go!”

She stuffed the stethoscope back into her cleavage and gently knocked on the spot she found. The machine rattled and shook, the ground vibrating. The machine’s screen flashed several different images, text, and colors over and over again. And then, at the very end, it began shooting out tons upon tons of money into the air like a gatling gun.

Ones, fives, tens, twenties, fifties, and even hundreds flew all about. Passersby stopping to stare at the odd girl found themselves excitedly chasing the flying bills. Even cars driving by

stopped, their drivers exiting to grab some money. That resulted in quite a few fender benders and dents.

Hannah whistled happily as she took her bag and opened it, capturing some money as it came flying out and shoving it in. “This is fine!” She declared, ignoring the chaos happening around her, “This is juuuuuust fine! Everyone’s got money. Everyone’s happy! Most importantly, moi is happy! Time to call a cab and-”

“Alright miss,” a firm voice declared, “Drop the bag right now, put your hands into the air, and turn around! You got some explaining to do!”

Hannah froze, the bag slipping from her grasp and flopping onto the ground. She gulped in a loud, goofy manner and rose her hands slowly into the air. She turned around, coming face to face with an older cop. He had his gun trained right on her.

“Good,” he mumbled, “Now, get on your knees and-”

“Oh phew!” Hannah declared, her arms dropping to the side as she breathed a sigh of relief, “It’s just a copper! Was scared it was my dad and I’d get a timeout or something.”

“What?” the man growled, jerking his gun at her, “Hands back in the air right now and get the hell on the ground!”

“Hmmmmmm, how about no?” Hannah stroked her chin as she said that, a hand on her hip, tightly clutching it as she thought about the command. A very loud, but ever softening voice was demanding that she comply with the orders. She must be in big trouble and should not make anything worse.

But on the other hand, why do such a thing, really? She had a date with a gorgeous gem that she wanted to see... or touch... or even keep. She’d figure that out when she gets there and frankly, it was too much of a hassle to explain anything to the grouchy officer.

“Ma’am!” commanded the cop, his finger undoing the safety on the gun, “Get on the ground now! There will be no more warnings!”

“So mean, tsk tsk tsk!” she sighed, “So cops have a thing against clowns now, I see.” Hannah paused for a moment as she thought about her words. The remark itself? Maybe a bit hostile, but it didn’t concern her. What concerned her was the remark about clowns.

Did she just call herself a clown? And... why did that sound so very right? Well... it had to be right, right? What else would she call herself when she had a big, rubber ball for nose she could see just out of the corner of her eye. Heck, why would her skin be so chalk white if she wasn’t a clown?

The officer looked confused, seeing her skin turn white. The confusion turned to shock, realizing that the woman he was confronting wasn’t any normal human. Sweat began dripping down his head as his hands trembled, the gun rattling rapidly.

Hannah's eyes darted towards the piece and she zipped over, leaping at him like a ballerina. Before he could fire, she gripped the gun's barrel and squeezed, the metal warping and tightening under her clutch. She let go of the weapon as it fired, exploding in the officer's hand.

He yelled out, dropping the piece and whisking his hand about. Luckily, it didn't seem to be damaged by the mini explosion, just rather red. "Dammit dammit dammit!" He yelled, "What the hell was that?!"

The young woman, scratched the bottom of her chin, mumbling, "Hmmm, you know, now that I think about it... yeah, I am a clown!"

"What are you talking about!?" The cop angrily yelled, trying to reach for his taser.

Hannah smiled proudly, striking a pose, "Yeah-huh! It makes total sense now! I am a clown! Da name's Robby Ballerina annnnnnnnnnd, since you're the fuzz, I gotta skitdaddle!"

The clown giggled, grabbing the moneybag and turning to run. As she did, she turned right back around. Smirking, she reached into her cleavage, pulling out a big cream pie. "Buuuuut," she giggled, "Before I go, have my callin' card, copper!"

SPLAT! She tossed the pie right in the officer's face before he could get his taser ready. The man stumbled back, falling onto the ground in surprise. The new clown giggled and proceeded to prance away, striking several ballerina poses as she did.

A small yellow cab pulled up outside Copperville's Natural Museum and Robby Ballerina merrily stepped out. She reached into her money bag and tossed a bunch of dollars at the driver, exclaiming, "Here you go, have a large wad of bills! Keep the change, hun!"

The cab drove off as fast as possible, Robby waving goodbye to it. Besides her body, her outfit looked a lot different. Her shirt had been replaced with a black & white striped leotard, cut oddly low in the neck to show off her cleavage. Just above her hips sat a black & white tutu, one raised high to show off her butt, which seemed much larger and rounder now. Wrapping it all together were grey, transparent tights that had green dollar signs patched onto them. It was hideous, but for the new clown, it looked amazing on her.

Once the cab had vanished from sight, she turned her attention back to the museum. Sure enough, it was already closed by the time she arrived, and the only lights were from the street lamps that stood out in front. The whole area was deserted.

"Guess I was late," Robby sighed, shrugging exaggeratingly. "Oh well, I suppose I coouuuld just come back later. ...but that ain't the Robby Ballerina way! Closing times are no barrier to one as gorgeous and crafty as I!"

She boastfully laughed, her hands upon her hips as her breasts jiggled. She pranced up the steps, occasionally throwing in a light leap up a set of stairs until she reached the front door. It was a large, story-tall door, closed and locked up tight.

Robby pouted her lips and tapped on the doorknob with her knuckles. “Hmm, a wise guy I see! Well... how about a lil’ bribe? Tickets for my lovely performance later tonight?”

The ballerina clown reached into her cleavage and yanked out a cardboard stage ticket. Her name, a date, venue, and even image of herself were doodled onto the flat cardboard in crayon. She flashed it at the doorknob... before proceeding to slide the “ticket” in between the door and doorframe.

She whistled while she slid the object up and down and miraculously, there was a small **CLICK**. The door somehow opened right up, allowing her entrance to the museum itself. She giggled and bounced in place happily.

“Awwwwww!” She declared, patting the doorknob and joking, “Thank you! See you later tonight at the show maybe! Hehehe!”

She dropped the ticket and skipped on into the museum. It was incredibly dark, almost impossible to see with its blinds and curtains covering the windows. The temperature even seemed lower than it was outside, giving the area an uncomfortable feeling, one that made her shiver.

“Oooooooh!” She declared, quivering and holding herself, “How spooky! I’ll see to that darling lil’ gem and be on my way!”

The clown ballerina reached into her cleavage and put on a headlamp, lighting the room up just a little bit. She proceeded to tippy-toed her way through the lobby and into one of the halls, her shivers all but gone at this point with her light source.

She spotted a banner upon one of the walls, one that directed guests to where the Rainbow Dazzle was being held. She smiled brightly and pranced across the hall, her footsteps so light and quiet that it was almost like she wasn’t there... ignoring the fact she had a light on the entire time.

She swiftly moved through the halls, eventually coming to a hallway that had invisible lasers blocking the way. She paused for a moment, staring at the seemingly empty space in front of her. She pouted her lips and sighed, shaking her head before charging at the invisible trap.

Robby began twisting and turning, leaping and bouncing upon her feet and hands as she hit the laser trap. Despite not seeing anything, she dipped and dodged through the area, weaving in and out of each opening without a care. Eventually, she did a twirling spin, landing several feet away from the lasers without a single issue.

“Easy-peasy!” She giggled, continuing on her way towards the gem display case. Now, nothing stand in her way and stop her from seeing the treasure. Whether she just stared at it, held it, or even took it... that was still something to be decided upon.

TO BE CONTINUED...