

## Mauve-verse: Enter the Harlequin #1

“And when you subtract that,” Eliza told her roommate as she adjusted her glasses, “You get your answer: 379. Does that make sense?”

“I guess it does,” sighed Becky, scratching the back of her head and tapping her pencil against the desk. “I... I just wish I was as good as this as you are. You’re a natural.”

“Oh... no... I’m r-really not,” Eliza quietly answered, looking away and blushing.

It was a quiet evening on campus and roommates Eliza and Becky were busy helping one another with each other’s homework. Becky was helping Eliza by proof-reading her essays and Eliza was helping Becky with basically everything. Neither complained nor argued, just grateful for one another’s help and company.

“I would be completely screwed if it wasn’t for you,” chuckled Becky, putting aside her math and yanking out her medical text book, “Now, let me show you what I got for...”

**BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ.** Both girls looked up from their work and glanced at Eliza’s vibrating cellphone. The owner sighed and leaned over, blowing one of her braids out of her face when she reached.

She answered, “This is Eliza speaking. How can I... oh Dana... wh-what? A-are you sure? I-I-I’m not really sure if that’s... n-no... I can if you really... oh.... okay... be right over.”

With that, she hung up and sighed. Her tanned, blonde friend’s eyebrow cocked ever so slightly. “Well,” asked Becky, leaning in excitedly, “What was that about? Some more clowny action tonight for you to join in on?”

“Y-yeah” quietly answered Eliza. The young lady got up and headed over to her bed, kneeling down and reaching under it for something.

“Hope this doesn’t go on all night,” her roommate chuckled, “You still got a lot of homework left on your plate.”

“...I’ll... I’ll be fine. I’m j-just sorry I wasn’t able to help you more.”

“It’s cool. I’ll be fine from here.” Becky gave her roomie a reassuring smile as she finally pulled her arm out from under the bed. In her hand, she was grasping a bright, lime-green ball.

“If you say so,” Eliza quietly spoke, standing back up and looking at the ball worryingly. With one big, deep breath, she brought the small rubber object to the tip of her snout and pressed down. Following a good few seconds of pressing, she pulled her hand away.

The ball was now stuck to her nose. No... it was her nose. Becky watched as the small rubber ball grew over top of her friend’s honker, two small holes opening up at the bottom and letting her breath easier.

Eliza weakly smiled at her friend and took another deep breath. She brought her hand back to her face and with all of her might, grabbed her ball nose and squeezed as hard as she possibly could.

**HHHHOOOOOONNNNNNKKKKKK! POOF!** Eliza vanished into a large, dusty, but glittering cloud of green smoke, filling the entire room.

Becky coughed, managing to wheeze out, “s-seriously? \*cough\* Ca-can’t... you... you think of anything el-else to sp-speed up your tran-transformation?”

From the cloud, a giggly and energetic voice answered back, “Sorry! I thought as long as the smoke alarm didn’t go off, this was fine.”

“N-not... \*cough\* Not any-anymore!”

“Okie-dokie!” The voice answered, the green cloud of glitter dissipating, “I promise not to do that again! I’ll just do a big flash of bright light next time!”

The smoke finally settled, a new figure now stood triumphantly where Eliza once was. It was a clown with a bright green nose and bright green, spiky hair with hair buns. Around her head was a shimmering silver tiara and big green hoops hung from her large ears. Her outfit looked like a cross between a sailor scout and stereotypical superheroine’s. Combined with her curvy body, she certainly wore her costume well.

“Ta-da!” The clown declared, striking a pose and a shimmering green background appearing behind her, “It is I, Lime Lightning! I shall save the day with my lovely companions! Justice is about to surge through the air!”

Becky chuckled and shook her head, looking at her heroine friend. She told her, “That’s nice and all Eliza, but you know, you should probably get going before the bad guys escape!”

Lime Lightning gasped and the background vanished. She rushed over to her roommate and put a gloved finger on her lips. “Hush fair citizen and bestest roommate ever!” She declared in a silly, heroic tone, “I appreciate the warning, but please do not reveal my super-secret awesome identity to the public! You never know who might be listening!”

“I’ll keep that in mind silly,” Becky teased, getting up and moving towards the window, “But seriously, get on out there and save the day.”

“Yes ma’am!” Lime replied with a wide grin. Her roommate happily opened the window up and the clown charged, diving straight out. Taking one last look before shutting it, Becky saw the clown pull out a pogo stick and land with it perfectly, bouncing off into the darkness.

“And there she goes,” the blonde quickly spoke, shutting the window carefully. She left it unlock since she figured her roomie would be coming through it after she was all done. You can’t really walk back into the building looking like a clown obviously.

Becky sighed and stretched her arms, falling back onto her chair in front of her desk. Looking at the work before her, she let out a longer sigh and leaned back in her seat. *And back to homework hell*, she thought glumly, *it's going to be a long night again.*

She cracked her knuckles slightly and got to work on one of her big essays that was due soon. It was driest and most boring assignment she had to do and due to her lack of enthusiasm, she slowly grew sleepy. She barely finished a page before falling head first onto her desk.

Her head connected with the desk and she immediately sat right back up, her seat nearly tipping back in her shock and horror. “Dammit!” She groaned, rubbing her forehead gently, “I got to get this done. Put it off anymore and I’ll just end up rushing it at the last minute...”

She sat back up and straighten her back, returning to her laptop to finish typing. She made it about another five minutes before feeling drowsy once more. In her mind, she drearily thought, *this sucks so much... wish... wish I could be a clown again... just for a little while...*

**BOP.** The light sound of something rubbery hitting the hard carpet echoed behind her.

The noise was quite low, but it still caught the half-awake college girl’s attention in her silent room. She spun around in her chair and looked around. Only two feet away from her was a small ball. It was bright red and shined due to the ceiling light reflecting off of it.

There was no mistaking what it was. Becky had seen something like that before plenty of times in the past. It was a clown nose.

Though this one she had never seen before. None of the crime-fighting clowns had a red nose. Dana did mention she had a few others that she recovered, but she said she got rid of them with a specialist. So, this one? This was a complete mystery to the tired woman.

Becky reached down and picked up the ball. It felt a little warm and looking it over, it definitely was the same as the rest of the clown noses. *Don’t know what the hell this is*, she thought, *but I better hold onto it until Lime gets back. She can deal with this thing...*

Becky stood up and headed over to her nightstand, prepared to put it away for safe-keeping until her roommate returned. However, just as she reached for the drawer, the ball vibrated in her hand. The young woman looked closely at the shaking, strange, worry growing across her face.

As she stared at the ball, it suddenly leapt out of the palm of her hand and made contact with her nose’s tip. From simple contact, the ball engulfed her entire nose and imbedded against her face. Two small holes opened and she found herself able to breathe through them. In less than ten seconds, she now had her own clown nose.

“HOLY CRAP!” Becky declared, grabbing the nose and yanking at it, “What the hell was that?! I need to get this off right now!”

Try as she might, the clown nose had firmly and completely merged with her body. It would be now trying to tear off one's own thumb. It was a part of her now.

In her desperate attempt to yank it off, she squeezed the large red ball and a loud, goofy **HOOOONNNKKKK** emanated from it. Her body shivered and her knees went weak, her mind reeling from the intense energy that suddenly burst within her.

From around her clown nose, her skin began to bleach. All color and pigment drained from her skin, leaving behind a pore-less, smooth, rubbery white texture. Any freckles, body markings, or slightly reddened cheeks was washed away as the white rolled across her cheeks, over her forehead, and down her face.

As the white void finished covering her mug, it proceeded down her neck and across her shoulders and chest. Vainly, Becky tried wiping, rubbing, and scratching at the whiteout consuming her skin pigment, but nothing worked. She could only watch helplessly as she turned white as a field of freshly fallen snow.

Her skin was bleached in barely a minute, leaving no trace of color to it at all. All body hair, scars, moles, and other similar things were gone as well. Looking and touching at her skin, it looked so familiar and similar. It reminded her of... of...

Her eyes widened and she shouted, "Mauve Avenger! My skin... it's just like hers, Honey's... Eliza's... so... so I'm turning into a clown again."

Deep with her heart and mind, the thought of being a clown again was joyful. Even though Nega-Nancy caused so much trouble and chaos through her unintentional actions, the feeling, the emotion, and the energy it gave her was like nothing Becky had ever experienced. It made her feel more alive and happy than anything else in her entire life.

But then, there was everything else about this situation that made her worried. The clown ball's sudden movement and jump, its random appearance, how warm to the touch it felt, the fact that there was no one else around for the ball to spawn in, and more. Everything about this was just wrong to the poor girl.

Becky gripped the ball once more and tried to pull it off, but again, she ended up just letting loose a large, powerful **HONK** that filled the room. Her mind went woozy once again and she fell backwards, landing on Eliza's bed thankfully.

"I-I... I should probably stop doing that..." she mumbled, watching the entire room spin around and around, flashing colors blaring in her eyes.

*Oh... I don't know about that.*

Becky flinched and looked around. Even with her spinning and laying on her back, she could tell there was no one else around. Unless someone was in a vent or under the bed for some reason, she was all alone.

*Wonder what that was?* She thought, rolling onto her stomach and pushing herself up onto her feet again. As she did, her nose pressed against the bed spread and her mind went dreary again, causing her to fall onto the other bed behind her.

Her eyes and world swirled once more as she tried to come back down to reality. She needed to know who that voice was and what was going on.

As she tried to get her bearings, she felt something. It was light and kind of plastic or rubbery. Her vision was blocked for half-a-second as this weight slid down over her face.

After her senses came back, she reached up and grabbed at something. It was a large and covered a good portion of her face above her nose. Pulling it back, her eyes widened. It was a black, latex domino mask, one that reminded her of the clown heroines' own, but far rounder and covered more of her forehead.

However, instead of setting it down on the bed, Becky brought it back to her face. It stuck perfectly to her head somehow, even with a lack of string or band to hold it in place. She muttered, "what...why... why did I just do that?"

***Oh calm down. Just relax and enjoy your new, burgeoning clownhood. After all, you really wanted to be a clown again, right?***

"Well yes, but I... wait?! Who said that?!" Becky cried out, sitting back up and looking all over the place. Again, there was no one else around as far as she could tell.

***Just relax. Let the clown flow through you my dear.***

Before she could ask again, Becky's hand moved on its own again, reaching up and squeezing her clown nose hard. Her mind went hazy and foggy again, thankfully this time though she was able to sit upright without falling over.

Becky's hair started to change in unusual ways. Besides for her hair covering her forehead to the top of her mask, the rest of it grew down to chest level evenly. Its color changed, the left side of her head turning black and the other red. But it didn't just stop there, all of her long strands pulled together into two, large ponytails. However, they were the opposite colors of her head hair, the left ponytail being red and the right being black, a sharp contrast between the two.

"My hair," she mumbled, playing with one of her ponytails, "It's all different now. It's colorful and weird..."

***Just like a clown. You wanted to be a clown again after all.***

"Y-yes," weakly answered Becky, her mind still a thick, clouded fog that she couldn't think straight in.

***Then be a clown. Be the beautiful harlequin clown you were meant to be and don't let those awful, terrible clowns try to stop you again.***

“Y-yes... wait... Mauve, Honey, and Lime are not mean! They’re heroines who helped me before I did...” Becky’s hand moved on its own again, squeezing her nose and causing her to lose track of what she was thinking about again.

Her entire body shivered delightfully as a cool, pleasurable wave of energy swam through her veins and through her mind. Becky lost all composure and bit down on her bottom lip as her legs rubbed against one another, trying to keep it together, lest she lose herself to whatever was happening. Whatever this voice was, it only wanted bad things.

Her mind’s feeble attempts to stay strong against the energy shattered as her hand squeezed her honker once again. The energy intensified, growing stronger and more tingly within her chest, stomach, and hips. Her back creaked and cracked, pushing her chest slowly out as her waist caved inwards, starting her off on an hourglass figure.

***You poor little girl. You’re lost and confused. Let me help you. Repeat after me: I am a harlequin clown that was trapped as a human by bad clowns.***

“N-n-no... that’s noooooooooooooooooohhhh,” Becky tried fight, but was stopped again by another clown nose honk. Her mind swam, things becoming so unclear and unfocused that she couldn’t think at all. Her hips swelled and widened, growing so round and curvy that they matched perfectly with the other clown heroines.

***I am a harlequin clown that was trapped as a human by bad clowns.***

Becky said nothing, both of her hands squeezing her nose this time. However, the feeling seemed different. Instead of her mind hurting, her body felt... happy and pleasant. It was rather nice, her butt inflating into a full bubble butt.

“...I am a clown?” Becky flatly stated. Her nose was squeezed again, this time, her breasts swelling up to a full C cup.

“I am a harlequin clown.” Her voice was more confident and her body utterly shivering, wanting more. Her hands squeezed her nose again and her breasts swelled to D.

“I am a harlequin clown that was trapped... by... ah...” This time, she was able to control her own hands and she squeezed her nose, letting out a delightful giggle as her breasts finished growing to a full E cup.

“I am a harlequin clown that was trapped as a human by bad clowns!” declared Becky forcefully, honking her nose incredibly hard one final time. Her lips turned bright red, plumping up ever so subtly. Red diamonds marking appeared on her cheeks, while her eyes gained their own color: one red and one black.

The harlequin clown sighed happily, before gasping, “Wait! That sounds horrible! Those clowns were totally mean and hurt me sooooo much!”

***Then you must punish them and all of their allies. Let no clown rain on your parade. Give them what they deserved.***

“Yes mysterious voice that I never heard before! I shall punish them... after a costume change.” Becky took a deep breath and honked her nose once again, her body quivering and shaking subtly. The feeling was absolutely wonderful, one of the best things she had ever experienced in her entire life.

A grin flashing across her face, a cloud of red and black smoke burst from around her, Becky vanishing into it. Like with Clover’s cloud, the smoke filled the entire room, but died away only after a few seconds. Once it had dissipated, Becky was decked out in some new duds.

The new harlequin clown was sporting long, four-inch, black leather heeled boots. Up to her thighs were skin tight, red & black checkered stockings and around her wrists were puffy, frilly white bands. She wore a red & black, with a checkerboard pattern center, leotard that hugged her rear and chest, showcasing her curves quite well.

“Ahhh!” She declared happily, whisking her ponytails back like in a shampoo commercial, “Feels good to have my skin breathe again!” She cracked her knuckles and stretched her back and shoulders a bit, getting all the creaks and knots in her body.

With a mean grin, Becky squeezed her nose again and a large, steel-rimmed, red & black mallet as long as her arm appears in her grasp. She cooed softly, stroking its head, and stating, “And with this, I’ll deliver my wrath on those despicable harlots.”

She laughed evilly, booming, dramatic music playing in the background. However, the music cut and her brow furrowed. She mumbled out, “...better get some backup first before I do anything. I don’t want to get my hiney hurt.”

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“Stupid frickin’ night class,” Tessa muttered, storming back towards the dormitories, “I hate this damn class and can’t wait until it’s over...”

Somewhere else on campus, resident clown hater and grumbler, Tessa, was speed walking back to the safety of her dorm room where she could sleep. She didn’t want to be out late and walking by herself. She had a chance of running into a thug, that crazy monster tearing up the place, or one of those annoying, “helpful” clown heroines.

She turned a few different corners, reaching the parking lot outside of the dorms. Taking a quick glance, the coast appeared to be clear and she charged to the other end as fast as she could. However, her charging and focus led her completely open to the arrival something she was dreading seeing.

**BAM!** A figure crashed onto the parking lot before Tessa, hammer first and smashing a large hole in the ground. The poor college student stumbled backwards in shock, luckily avoiding any flying debris from the large impact.

Looking closely, the person who dropped in with the mallet was a clown, but not anyone she had ever seen before with her red & black aesthetic and harlequin-esque look to her. The clown grinned and declared, “Oh yeah! Harley Mallet has arrived and is currently seeking a wonderful sidekick to join in her in a bit of chaos and delightful fun!”

Tessa slowly backed right up, running into the front of a car in her scrambling. *What the hell!?* She thought, trying to maneuver around the car, *another clown?! They just keep popping out of the woodwork! Gotta get away before...*

“Na-Ah!” Mallet’s voice declared, eerily close to the fleeing college girl, “I just said I need a wonderful sidekick. The correct response was to raise your hand and come over, merrily skipping and giggling the whole way like a good girl should!”

The girl turned and discovered Mallet right behind her, grinning away eagerly and holding a white, gleaming clown nose in her palm. She spoke with a goofy, menacing tone, “You are just being rude. I’ll fix that right up.”

Mallet’s hand shot out, colliding with Tessa’s face and knocking her square on her butt. The black-haired girl groaned and she laid before the harlequin clown, feeling weak and powerless to do anything.

The clown grinned and walked over, squatting down and looking her square in the face. “And now,” she went on, “since I gave you the gift, I believe thanks are in order my new, bestie and comrade!”

“What...” began Tessa, only for her to be silence once again. Mallet reached out and grabbed her nose and squeezed it. It was then that Tessa realized the clown no longer held that ball and knew what had become of it, her body growing warmer and mind foggy a second later.

**HHHHHOOOOOONNNNKKK!** Tessa’s eyes swirled and the clown giggled. She asked sweetly, “You like that honey?”

“N-noo,” mumbled Tessa. The harlequin shook her head and squeezed Tessa’s clown nose again, the human’s body shivering and twitching. From her nose, the same white, rubbery texture as Mallet’s expanded out and converted the human’s skin into it.

“How about now?”

“M-maybe,” groaned the snow white, rubbery girl, “I... I don’t...” Mallet sighed and squeezed once more. Another powerful honk blared out and Tessa’s messy, short black hair instantly turned silver and wavy. Her hair grew longer and longer by the second, curling up into a long, wavy, sleek ponytail that went down the right side of her face and over her chest.

“And, how do you feel now? Do you like it!”



“Y-yes!” cried out Tessa, her eyes turning silvery white, “I-I love it! Honk it again please!” Her eyes showed desperate and want, looking to Mallet for help.

“Oh sure. I can do that! But, just one thing... you must help me with something if you don't mind. It's nothing TOO difficult or hard!”

“What is it?” asked Tessa, her head cocking to the side curiously.

“I want you to help me defeat those meaniepool clowns! They're the ones that prevented me from being my clown self again! They must pay for their dastardly deeds!”

Tessa smirked and proudly declared, “You can count on me! I never liked those do-gooders anyways! I always knew they were trouble!”

“Then you were the right girl for the job then!” cheered Mallet, quickly squeezing and honking Tessa's clown nose repeated. Sometimes she did it for quick bursts or long stretches, either way, the results were the girl melting into her arms and becoming totally obedient.

Not only that, but Tessa was rapidly changing with each quick squeeze and honk delivered to her. She never gained a mask, but thick, dark eyeshadow covered her peepers, her front teeth grew a bit longer, pressing against her lower lip, and black circles appeared on her cheeks. Her lips plumped up just a bit, turning bright silver to match her lovely hair.

Her body expanded as well. Her entire form stretched by an extra foot or two, putting her right above Harley Mallet by a good head or so. Her waist compacted inward and her stomach flattened and toned. Her own breasts swelled by two whole sizes while her hips merely widened just a tad, nowhere as curvy as her new friend.

But such things didn't matter to Mallet, especially as she observed her pal's arms and legs grow thick and tough with muscles. Tessa quickly came on par with that of a female body builder, exciting Mallet to no end. *She'll lay the smack down on those clowns no problem!* The clown giggled and cheerfully thought, *we are so going to win this match up!*

**RRRIIPP!** Suddenly, Tessa's shirt and pants tore in several places, exposing her thick abs, biceps, and thighs. The new clown girl began to cry, sobbing hard, “Oh no! My best clothes! They don't fit anymore!!”

“Never fear!” Declared the former Becky, “I can fix that in a jiffy!” She grabbed Tessa's nose once again and gave it a long, powerful squeeze that shook the vehicles they were next to with the honk came blaring out.

Across her body, Tessa's entire wardrobe changed and shifted into something far goofier, sillier, and far less colorful. On top of her head, a black party hat with a puffy white point appeared, a black choker wrapping around her neck soon after. Over her hands appeared black & white striped sleeves and her legs dawned black & white striped pantyhose as well, her feet wearing three inched black heels.

Bringing it all together was a corset that replaced her shirt and pants. It was black with bright white, puffy balls down the center. The material was made from spandex, showing off her generous curves and highlighting her thick abs that pressed tightly out. Where her corset ended, there was a skirt-like end with puffy, see-through, grey frills.

“Oooh!” Giggled Tessa, “I look cute now!”

“Of course you do Brawny Quinn!”

Tessa’s eyebrow raised and she asked curiously, “Brawny Quinn?”

“But of course!” Mallet explained thusly, “You’re a clown now, a harlequin one at that! As such, you deserve a cute name faithful sidekick! With your muscles and look, how could you not be Brawny Quinn!”

“...heh, I guess you’re right!” Quinn chuckled, flexing her arm, “I guess I am Brawny Quinn now!”

“Great! With the two of us, we’ll defeat those three no... prob... lem... hmmm...”

“Something wrong Miss Mallet?”

Harley Mallet puffed out her cheeks and folded her arms, grumbling, “As big and as strong as you are, there’s still only two of us! ...we need more sidekicks to the fight those evil clowns and show them what for... and also training! Lots of training to be super better than them!”

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“And didn’t put this up here yet,” Eliza quietly spoke, placing a flyer on an outdoors bulletin board, “I’ll... just stick this here...”

And with that, up went the last missing person’s poster for Becky that Eliza had. It had been three days since her roommate went missing and every day and night, she and her friends had searched the area, looking for any signs or trace of her.

“Hey,” softly replied Janet, placing her hand on Eliza’s right shoulder, “it’ll be alright... I’m sure we’ll find her. We got posters up all over campus and across the city in every location. We’ll find her and safely bring her home.”

“But it’s been so long,” Eliza said, looking down at her feet, trying to fit back the tears forming in her eyes, “It may already be too...”

“We’ll find her!” Dana quickly interjected, coming up to them after finishing putting her flyers, “We’re... we’re superheroes! We’ll find her and everyone else that disappeared!”

Becky wasn’t the only person unfortunately to vanish over the past few days. Tessa had disappeared as well and while on some level, the lack of her grumbling and anti-clown protests

were nice, this was a horrible thing to happen and her family were worried sick. Not long after they vanished, at least three or four more people disappeared as well.

“This many disappearances going on all at once?” mumbled Janet, “It’s got to be the work of a villain and nothing normal. I’m sure if we figure out the culprit, we’ll be able to rescue everyone, including Becky!”

“Th-thank you,” Eliza quietly spoke, “I... I... I just wish I knew what is going...”

**VVVVRRRRRROOOOOMMM!** A large, powerful roar of an engine filled the campus grounds, birds flying out of trees and fleeing the area. The girls and rest of the people out and about looked around from where the sound originated room.

**VVVVRRRRRROOOOOMMM!** The engine roared again, getting closer now. The ground vibrated, the girls holding onto each other and everyone else ducking for cover.

**BOOM!** Leaping over one of the large school and crashing into the center the campus grounds was a gigantic monster truck, painted in the most gaudy of colors and a harlequin hat for a hood ornament. People fled in terror, some too petrified to move, while the girls ducked for covering, getting a good look at the foes that just arrived.

The doors to the truck burst open and several figures, all clown girls in jester and harlequin-like clothing, jumped onto the roof and hood of the vehicle. One of them brandishing a mallet, pulled out a megaphone and declared, “Hello fair citizens! It is I, Harley Mallet, and I have a question for you folks today!”

“Harley Mallet?” Dana and Janet mumbled from behind their bench cover.

Mallet continued, “Deliver to us Mauve Avenger, Honey Huntress, and Lime Lightning or prepare for the craziest monster truck rally on a college campus ever since before in all of history!”

“Crap!” Grumbled Janet, “Looks like we got a big problem here. There’s like seven of them up and... Eliza?”

The quiet, nervous girl kept staring at Mallet, her gaze never wavering. Curious, Dana asked, “Eliza... what’s wrong?”

After a minute of silence, the mousey girl spoke, “I... I think... I think that’s Becky! She’s... she’s been turned into an evil clown!”

*END OF ISSUE #1 ...*