

Specialist for Hire

By ThieveingLegend

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Okay the story uploading thing confused me... there will be my oc in this and this story is listed on Fanfiction.net as well so sit back relax and please reveiw.

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Chapter 2 - FLASHBACKS!!!! RUN!!!!

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HEY! I'm updating already! Yea this is ThieveingLegend sayin hi again! So um... yea... was I really that in character? Kool I feel special! FREE COOKIES FOR ALL WHO REVEIWED AND WHO EVEN THOUGHT OF IT!!!! WHOOO PARTY!!! * Sleep dart hits neck *

Sly: Jeez. Crazy woman. * Lays blanket of meh k.o.ed self * Alas I'm too much of a gentleman for my own good. Oh... she has readers. Bonjour! Hmm.... You can thank my buddy Bentley for the unconscience author.

Bentley: Yea it's all my fault Sly....

Sly: Well it is... you pulled the trigger.

* Awkward silence *

Sly: Anyway ThieveingLegend doesn't own me or Bentley or any of the other Sly Cooper text, ideas, places or people. Au revoir et apprécier ! Or in English... goodbye and enjoy! Bentley and I are going to hack into Miss crazy's computer and see what she has in store for us.

Bentley:She likes destruction too much for my tastes

Sly: That's stupid Bentley. Destruction is everywhere. * Under breath * Stupid global warming....

Where did we leave off last...? Ah! Yes that's it! That poor firefly died due to a window. Poor thing. It didn't need to have its life end in such a way. But we must carry on. A door creaked open as a small and quiet snoring sound traveled through out the room. A short shadow shown over a bed as the person rolled over to the sleeping... man (for the lack of a better word) silently. The shorter person chuckled before the nudged the sleeping person with the knuckles on their hand.

"Wake up" he muttered while he turned to leave. "You don't want to waste this rare vacation and just sleep it away my friend" the sleeper moaned a bit before mumbling a sub-conscience 'all right'. The other finally left as the sleeper sat slowly and muttered some quiet nonsense. He finally stepped out of the small bed and untangled himself from the blankets half-hazardly but did it with the grace of a gymnast despite the fact he was still half a sleep and still dreaming. Groggily he slipped on a pair of trousers and in pure bachelor style he slung a seemingly clean shirt over his bare shoulder and grabbed that all too familiar mask he usually wore. Trudging down the stairs he fell on the old couch in their safe house in a very animated fashion. Even a small cloud of dust escaped the old sagging couch as it

creaked from the newly added weight.

Sly blearily gazed at his large pink friend before he sat up allowing room for his childhood friend to sit down. Murray munched happily on his cereal as the master thief turned on the news.

"Where are the others Bentley?" Sly asked his intelligent chum. "I'm thinking of a big get together. We can all hook up after the aces tournament." Bentley's glasses fogged a bit as he thought of Penelope again.

"S-sure thing Sly. W-we can f-find the others"

"Cool. Thanks buddy" Sly called obviously amused at Bentley's reaction at seeing all of their friends again, especially 'The Black Baron'. He mentally reflected back on the first few weeks with the new RC pilot. She seemed to like Sly but.... He had his sights on Carmelita. He talked to Bentley in the Caribbean and told him to give it his all to get Penelope's attention off of the master thief and on to himself. That cleared up any problems or future fights between the two friends. (A/N: now I may be off a bit cuz I haven't finished Sly 3 yet... what? [Gets shot]) The news reporter went on and on about how Sly deceived Inspector Fox yet again and made off with the stolen loot.

"The illustrious Sly Cooper, newly back in the thieving business has yet again escaped from Interpol's best Inspector. Our camera men and reporters failed to get an interview from the inspector herself." A video began to play showing a very angry Inspector Fox slam the door in the faces of camera men as they tried to stop her from leaving so they could get a few questions in but they were too late and far too weak to place their foot in the door and get the answers they wanted. (A/N: ACK! A run on!!!! Escape! Run for ur lives!!!!) As they followed the inspector before she shut the door they yelled out questions like 'Are you currently in a relationship with some one?' or 'Are you distracted by the insanely good looking Sly Cooper?' or 'What is your favorite color!?'

Sly tossed the remote to Murray in disgust as his friend promptly turned the channel to a wrestling match and laughed about how 'The Murray' could defeat them with his little finger. The young Cooper walked to the computer that Bentley was furiously typing at, with a passion, as he pulled up his slightly drooping pants.

"I need a new belt" he muttered as he looked over Bentley's shoulder at the computer screen.

"I'll alert the media" Bentley chuckled before trying to hastily hide what he was typing.

"Wow Bent" Sly ...slyly said about the text he had read. "You've made progress. Pet names already?" (A/N: ohhh jeez... Sly's name causes the pun crap. Dood it's hard with that name.)

"Uhh... it's none of our business Sly."

"Sure thing buddy tell 'Cuppycake' I said hi" The thief laughed and Murray joined in. Bentley crossed his arms and turned away from Sly. "Come on Bentley. This just gives you room to make fun of me more when I call Carmelita stuff like 'my love'."

"You've got a point." Bentley said lightening up a bit. He laughed quietly as he continued his conversation with their RC pilot and he informed her that 'Team Cooper' would come back to the tournament to claim victory yet again.

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Carmelita rolled over in her bed and grunted, still feeling tired from the late night chase. 'Damn that Cooper. Always causing me trouble' She yawned and stretched slightly before getting up and pulling on the normal halter top and form fitting jeans she wore. She also mentally cursed the reporters from last night and their intruding questions.

Her tail swayed through that air and gave her a look of utmost... well all I can say to describe it is that it left the great Sly Cooper almost speechless. Many a time had her beautifully formed figure left the Cooper heir practically drooling from the sidelines as he been sneaking about while avoiding her and that deadly shock pistol, and been caught off guard by her looks. She didn't even bother to turn on the news for she knew it was just going to be filled false rumors about her and Cooper. That was something she definitely did not need in the morning. So what if she didn't catch him yet. There's no need to say such nonsense on television for the world to hear. That was one thing her and Sly agreed on. Those rumors were ridiculous slander. (A/N; ooh. Slander... big word! Lolz)

The lovely Inspector stepped out side, after a quick breakfast of course, and drove to the Interpol station for another day of idiots making her life a living hell. Carmelita loved it when she had 'Constable Cooper' to help her out at the office. He told off any sexist idiot that tried making a move on her. After he left she was wide open for the horribly sexual remarks that is, until a day janitor decided to help out. He had that twinkle in his eye that said he was honest and a warm smile that made her fell better no matter what. Due to his being a raccoon (A/n: ooh it's such a mystery. Bet cha five bucks that you can guess) he also had the tone of mischief in his smooth voice.

The time he helped her was right by her office. It was an... interesting situation, to say the least.

* FLASH BACK!!!! Dun dun dun! *

It was a day like no other... yea right... hell no. For Inspector Fox the day was another in a living prison that came from the deepest pits of Hades it's self. She was finishing some case files and writing a report on Cooper's recent escape the night before. A lion strolled by Carmelita's office but stopped before turning back and leaning in the doorway.

"So Inspector, how about you and me hit the movies later. Then maybe we can go to your place and I can help you cope with the loss of your partner." He said giving a very suggestive look at the Inspector's um... well... er... yea. Moving on! Carmelita cursed the world for being stuck at the office with testosterone driven fools. A shadowy figure out in the hall listened to the comments being said by the other man. He was hidden, as most of the lights in the complex were switched off. The man had overtime and had to clean up after all of the Interpol employees.

"Richard. Please just go home."

"Fine Inspector." He muttered. Carmelita became confused. This was too easy. Something's really wrong.

"I just wanted to know... if I said that you..."

A silence followed.

"Yes Constable?"

"... had a hot body... would you hold it against me?"

More silence. Then the cracking of knuckles was heard.

"It's not polite to say such a thing to a woman."

"And what are you going to do about it?" The constable retorted. A loud smack was heard as the other man slugged him into the next week. The janitor dusted off his clothes and picked up the whimpering constable by the collar and slammed him against the wall. Carmelita stood laughing at the spectacle of a full-grown man getting his butt kicked by a janitor.

"Apologize. Before I..." the other man was muffled then came a cough as the janitor spat out blood and the constable's steel toed boot made contact with his chest. "Bad move" The constable's smile disappeared and the janitor, whose nametag read 'Sylvester', turned the constable around to face the Inspector. "Your honor Miss Fox." He grunted.

A loud slap followed the words and an overjoyed Inspector Carmelita Fox threw Constable Leery into a closet while the Janitor laughed at the worried Constable. "Don't worry Mr. Leery. The other janitors will find you soon enough. Remember... this never happened" Constable Leery nodded feverishly as the door closed and darkness surrounded him. Sylvester chuckled as the usually angry Carmelita laughed. The followed that small incident up by talking the night away and Mr. Voleur, the janitor's last name, finally ended up driving Carmelita home with the promise to speak again soon.

* END FLASH BACK!!!! (finally!) *

She greeted said janitor as she entered her office.

"I hear those rumors are starting again. I feel sorry for you." He mentioned.

"Thanks but come on. They're just rumors. Soon everyone will find out that it's not true and forget about it." Carmelita mentioned and Sylvester nodded his tail swaying quickly as he sat crouched on the large closed bucket the mop was place in.

"Your right. Like every storm this will soon come to pass." He pulled a back flip off the bucket and landed it perfectly on the ground with a small squat. He tipped his hat to the Inspector and walked off with a mischievous air surrounding each step he took before he exited Carmelita's range of vision.

HOLY CRAP!!!! Jeez that was long. I hope I stayed in character this time a well! FREE COOKIES FOR REVEIWERS! And the origin for that bad pick up line will be reviled next chapter and... Mr. Voleur's last name will be translated in due time. Can you resist that urge to go to a translator and figure out what it means? To build temptation you can go to:

Now press that little button and review for a sands additional message to your mind. Pictures of monkeys, pizza, and ice cream will flash..... and you will click the little button..... Lol

BAR

BELIEVE IN THE FORCE!!! IT COMMANDS YOU TO REVIEW!!!

Jeez I'm such a dork... :oan

---TheOneAndOnlyLegend

www.dictionary.com and click on the translator link.