

THE HITMAN'S GUIDE TO

Crafting and Chaos

Alice Winters

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*You should read at least Hitman's Guide 2 before

Leland

“*Why* did I have to wear a blindfold for the entire drive?” Jackson asks me.

“What a foolish question.”

“You were *blindfolded*? Why was I gagged?” Cassel whines as he rubs at his face. There is a bit of an indent left behind by the ball gag. I mean... he's the one who willingly opened his mouth! All I said was “Open for Papa!” and open he did! And now he's wanting to point fingers at me like he didn't enjoy it?

“I had plans today,” Jeremy says as he trails after us. “Grand. Grand plans.”

“Jeremy, don't act like you didn't want to be here. You were all ‘Don't forget me! Oh, don't spank my ass like that! You know I like it harder.’”

Cassel narrows his eyes at me. “You got to spank his ass and I didn't get to watch?”

“I can do it again,” I assure him as I grab Jeremy around the midsection. “Jackson, cram his head between your thighs to hold him still while I spank him. Just nestle his head right against your balls for maximum comfort.”

Weirdly, everyone keeps walking but Jeremy who flails like a wild beastie!

“The real question is... Cassel, why are you dressed like that?” I ask as I stare at Cassel’s ass nearly falling out of the booty shorts he has pulled up the crack. Honestly, it’s an art in itself how he even got them there, and how the fuck does he plan on getting them off? “Is Jeremy planning on digging those out later?”

Jeremy nearly chokes to death and I didn’t even have to put him in a choke hold! Who knew my words could be as sharp as my weapons?

Cassel stops and turns to look at me, his stomach on display with the whole belly shirt thing he has going on. It’s even tied in a cute little knot in the front as he cocks his head and looks at me... then at Jackson... then back at me.

“But...” Then he turns to Jackson and just rips his button-up shirt open in front of all the ladies and men heading into the conference center.

He gasps and grabs for Jackson’s pants and I realize that I have no idea what is happening *but I’m enjoying it*.

“He has finally snapped, hasn’t he?” I ask Jeremy. “He’s realized that Jackson is the one true hunk of all the hunks and as his eyes peruse his quivering torso—”

Suddenly Cassel is on *me*, yanking my shirt up in this strange but titillating display of... something I can’t quite place my finger on.

“*Ohhhhhh, Casssssseelll*. Not in front of *Jeremy*,” I moan.

“What the fuck?” he yells before he starts just choking me out! Like how the hell did Jackson get a stripping and I get to hold hands with the Grim Reaper! “You told me to come *as a hooker*. And I was like wow, Leland, I don’t think you should use that word, I’ll have to educate you in person, but I dressed up as... strippery as I could, assuming you guys had your... you know... fun clothes hidden under your regular clothes, and now I’m the only one who looks like this?”

“Oh noooooo,” I whisper. “How *embarrassing*.”

Cassel looks shaken. “WHAT? What have you done?”

“Cassel, that’s sooooo sad,” I say as I smooch him off me. “I meant this kind of hooker.” I whip out two crochet hooks and stare him in the eyes.

“Ah. I understand now,” Cassel says, completely deadpan. “You want these to be the weapon of choice for your death. Don’t mind if I do.”

He tries to grab them from me, but I quickly stuff them into my underwear.

“I’m going to reach in there and I’m going to take the first thing I grab and cause you pain with it, and if it’s your dick... I’m not even going to go easy.”

“JACKSON! JACKSON! SAVE ME!”

“You dug this hole,” Jackson says as he continues off without me.

“Heh,” Cassel says, a jab that goes straight to my fragile heart.

“You will regret turning Jackson against me,” I say as I whip my crochet hooks out of my pants and use one to snag the thin thong string that was just peeking out his booty shorts at the hip.

The *look* in his eyes when I snag it makes me decide that maybe I’ll release it...

“Jeremy, swap clothes with me!” Cassel cries.

“Uh... I love you so much you know I would, but there’s no way I’d get those shorts on,” Jeremy says. “You should make Leland. After all, he is the one who tricked you into this.”

“I would, but he’d look atrocious in clothes like these. No one wants to see his flesh,” he says before snubbing his nose at me and hurrying off.

I grin, proud of myself as I hurry after the others.

“So... why are we at this arts and craft exhibition anyway?” Jackson asks.

“We are going to a crochet workshop!” I announce.

“Do you... even know how to crochet?” Cassel asks.

“NO! But they’re crocheting *willies*. How much more fun can you get?”

“Like...” Jackson waves down there. “Penises?”

I give him a nod. “Raging rods. Wily willies.”

Cassel’s eyes get wide. “Can I do mine in glow in the dark yarn so I can have a boner beacon to memorialize *that night*?”

“You want to get a beer?” Jeremy asks Jackson.

“Fuck yes, I do.”

“There’s no alcohol in here,” I say as I drag Jackson’s unwilling body inside.

“You mean we’re supposed to crochet yarn dicks sober?” he asks in disbelief.

“YES,” I say as I reach the woman taking the tickets. I already bought tickets for all of us, even Jeremy... which was honestly done out of charity.

“The workshop doesn’t start for a bit, so until then, we can wander around and look at the different tables!” I say as I head inside to where the artists have their tables all set up in neat rows. “I wonder if I can find someone to commission *The Fence* with Jackson riding it naked like a bronco.”

“Wouldn’t that hurt? Like... sitting on the top?” Cassel asks.

“I don’t know, ask Jackson. He’s the one who likes riding him rough and hard. I even wrote a song about it.”

“Dear god, no!” Jackson says. “Just... look at things, okay?”

“Fine, so feisty!” I come across the first table and find a woman who has displayed beautiful photographs of babies. So many babies.

“How much would it be for you to photograph one of *my* babies?” I ask.

She smiles at me. “Aw, how old?”

“Ohhh. I mean, it depends which one. We have Cheez Wiz—boy, don’t ask how he got that name. It’s a messy one and you are not *ready* for that story. And then we got Slap Ya Mama—”

“Lovely photographs, thank you,” Jackson says as he viciously pulls me away! “She is not taking pictures of your guns swaddled in nursery blankets!”

“WHY? Why do you do this to me, Jackson?” And that’s when I see something that I never thought I’d see. “Holy mother of The Fence.”

“What?” Jackson asks before I point wildly at the table. With pointing not enough, I trot on over to a table laden down with cute little crocheted bees and delicate doilies amongst a variety of other things.

The man behind the table jerks back like my mere presence nearly sends him crashing to his knees—as it should.

“Tavish.”

He quickly stands and kicks his chair back to the table. “Weasel.”

“How... *cute*,” I say as flick a dangling octopus with all its curvy little tentacles bouncing about.

“I merely sat here for a moment. When you’re this absolutely ripped and full of masculine machoness, you must do some sitting exercises to hone the glutes,” Tavish says.

“Oh, so this isn’t your table? These aren’t your cute little *bees*?” I hiss.

“Feck them bees. I hate bees. I don’t do stupid things like this. If I did crafts it’d be something like chainsaw carving your man out of a hundred-year-old historical tree.”

“Tavish, dearie, do you need me to watch your table while you talk to your cute little friends?” the older lady at the table next to him asks. “You’re always so sweet watching my table during my bathroom breaks! He’s such a sweet little doll, this one!”

I’m just grinning away as Cassel snatches up a bee. “This is mine now. I’m not paying for it either after you harassed me.”

“You threw me down a flight of stairs and *I* harassed *you*?” Tavish asks.

“Want me to do it again?” Cassel threatens.

“Fuck, you’re fine,” he says as he tries giving him a jellyfish as well. Cassel looks so delighted as I gasp at him.

“You harass me more than you harass anyone. Where are my gifts?”

“Ah, right, I have it right here for you,” he says as he cups his hand over something before unveiling his middle finger.

I gasp. “I’m going to *destroy* you so hard. Harder than hard. Like you’ll be lying there going ‘I’ve never felt a man so hard’ and you’ll be left thinking of me. But before that... do you take commissions? I’d really like you to crochet me The Fence. I want it with a little keychain so I can wear it everywhere I go.”

Tavish shrugs. “Uh... yeah, I guess. What color brown you want?”

“Ooh! This one,” I say as I point to a brown in one of the bees.

Tavish nods. “You don’t need to pay me in money, your man’s body will do.”

I gasp and grab Jackson from behind, cupping a pec with each hand. “Do you also do clothes? I’d love Jackson to have one of those sexy bikini

things.”

“Sure, but I’ll have to crochet it *on* his naked body,” he says, challenging me.

How dare he do this to me? I want this more than anything, but he will deprive me of it unless he’s allowed to peruse my man’s nips and dangly bits?

I look over at the older woman at the next table. “Do you also crochet?”

“Oh my god, this is not going to happen,” Jackson says as he drags my attention back to Tavish. “This is really neat, Tavish.”

Tavish leans against his table and flexes his muscles. “Thanks. I do it during my workouts, you know? While getting absolutely ripped, unlike your weasel. Sometimes when I’m naked even.”

I grab a little plastic thing off the table that looks like a funky safety pin. I lean in so I can whisper in his ear. “You ever wanted your nipples pierced? You know, I’ve killed a man with one of these before.”

“Oh? A stitch marker? Impressive. Yet you’ve never sent your man to heaven and brought him back like I would,” he says.

I flick the “stitch marker” at him, which hits him right between the eyes. It gives me some satisfaction as I reach out and snatch up a rainbow bee. “This is mine now.”

“You can have it. Use it to mop up your tears when I take your man and make him mine, weasel.”

I growl at him and hurry the others off. “Does anyone else feel disgusting inside? I think the only thing that will save me is if we sing the murder song together.” I longingly look at my pals who are all looking away from me like they could possibly not want to sing the murder song.

I gasp as I notice another booth.

“What do you see now?” Jackson asks.

“Nine o’clock, wanted arsonist. It was on the news yesterday.”

“How do you even know about that? We haven’t released anything about the arsonist,” Jeremy says. “Mostly because we don’t know... anything about them.”

“Nah, I knew her from way back when. Ran into her once... I was like doing this job and she was like ‘Hi, I’m here to deliver a pizza’ but the pizza was actually a container of kerosene and then *boom*, the place went up into flames—”

“From... one container of kerosene... in a pizza box?” Jackson asks skeptically.

“Shhhh, my love. Let me continue. And I was like ‘Yo, you fiery asshole... you singed my chest hair!’ and she laughed. Some nights... I can still hear the sound of her laughter when I’m alone in the dark.”

Absolutely *no one* seems to care.

Cassel waves over to the food stands. “So I’m feeling kind of hungry. Do you guys want to get a bite before that workshop? We still have an hour and they have sandwiches over there?”

“Guys... my chest hair!”

“I could eat,” Jeremy says.

I turn to look at Jackson as the other two stare off at the food selection. My eyes get huge in an “Are you also leaving me for a sandwich? Or is it the hot dog you want because of those thicccc buns?” way.

Jackson gives me a very clear “You’re the only bun I will ever stuff my face against” expression.

“Good, you better only ever get my buns,” I say.

“I feel like I missed a significant amount of this conversation,” Jackson says. “But... clarify which... person is the arsonist now, please?”

I wave at the conniving woman scrutinizing every person passing by, likely questioning whether or not she should singe their chest hair off like she did to me. Her crafty eyes and sassy expression show she's prepared to fuck up the lives of any she can get a hold of.

A monster.

That's what she is.

Jackson gawks at her, clearly understanding. "I'm sorry... that... like... ninety-year-old woman is the arsonist?"

"What, you think there's an age limit on being a chest-hair singeing monster?" I ask.

"Look at her sitting there with all her cute painted vases and fresh cut flowers!" Cassel says, like he *also* doesn't believe me.

"That's her MO, Cassel! She hunts down her victims and cuts their flowers from their flowerbeds before lighting their houses on fire!"

"This like when you rode a tornado to snipe some drug lord or something?" Cassel asks.

"Don't you dare sass me on that. That happened!" I insist.

"You... guys..." Jeremy hesitates.

My eyes snap to his. "Say it, Jeremy. Say it."

Jeremy shakes his head. "I don't want to. I'd rather the arsonist run free than... than... fuck..."

"Say it."

"Leland's..."

"SAY IT."

Jeremy tries again. "Leland's actually... right."

"I sure as fuck am. Praise me. Bow before me!"

Jeremy does not, in fact, bow. "I mean, I don't know if that woman's the right person, but the flower thing really did happen. All the flowers

were missing from the house that burned down. I guess they were red and white roses, according to what I heard.”

All of us stare at the vases filled to the brim with pretty red and white roses.

“How’s it feel to realize that I am always right?” I announce. “Does seeing my brilliance make you quake?”

“Nah, I just feel hungry,” Cassel says as they all plan to leave just to avoid admitting that I’m right!

Grabbing both Cassel’s wrist and Jackson’s, I hurry up to the booth.

The woman slowly looks up at us and adjusts her glasses.

“Please tell them that you singed my chest hair off. They don’t believe me.”

“What’s that?” she quavers. “I’m sorry. My hearing’s not very good anymore. Usually, my great-granddaughter is here to help with my booth.”

Cassel and Jackson are now staring at me like *I* am the monster!

I lean over her booth and get right into her face. “I know who you are,” I say.

“That face of yours still irritates me even ten years later,” she whispers as she pushes back and *sprays me in the fucking face with mace*.

I jerk back, barely managing to miss the worst of it but still getting enough that it causes me to reel back as my eyes begin to burn.

“Huh... kind of looks like Leland wasn’t lying,” Cassel says as I’m over here being fucking *murdered*.

“MY FACE! I NEED WATER.”

“What a weak weasel. Taken down by a splash of pepper spray. I would never cry in the face of something so weak. I’ve actually never cried... even as a wee babe,” fucking TAVISH says. Of course he’s here to witness these events.

“Why the fuck are you here?” I growl as snot and tears and overall pain mix on my face. Jackson grabs me in a headlock and dumps a bottle of water onto my face, nearly *choking me*.

“Jackson, watch how a real man does it,” Tavish says, and through the tears and burning, I watch with delight as that granny puts Tavish on the *ground* with a face full of pepper spray before realizing it’s empty and chucking it right at his face that’s twisted up in pain.

Tavish howls and starts crawling toward Jackson. “Water! Water!”

“Sorry! I used it all on Leland!”

“Spit on him, Jackson!” I instruct, feeling that even that is beyond what he deserves.

“There’s a drinking fountain right there,” Jackson says.

I rush toward salvation, but Tavish is a little closer. I solve this issue by shoving his ass out of the way as I reach it, hitting it on and stuffing my face under it as Tavish’s face joins my own.

“I thought you never cried?” I growl as I shove his face away from where it’d been smashed against mine.

“These are not tears. My eyes are so fucking ripped from being so muscular, they’re sweating,” he says.

“God, you look disgusting.”

“Guys... guys, there are two drinking fountains, you don’t have to share the same one,” Jackson says as he tries to guide Tavish to the one made for small children.

“Look at your husband, putting me on my *knees*,” Tavish says.

I pull back from the water fountain and look at Jackson. “Hey, sexy. Give me a kiss to show Tavish what he’s missing.”

Jackson visibly cringes. “Leland...”

Even among the pain, Tavish still has it within himself to laugh.
“How’s it feel to look so disgusting even your husband won’t kiss you?”

“J-J-J... J-Jackson? I bet you’d still kiss that damn car of yours.”

“There’s just so much...” He waves at my face. “Just so much...
going on, you know?”

“My heart... Jackson, my heart hurts. My... chest... you’ve... what
have you done to me? When you wanted to embody Sasquatch, I still kissed
your hairy mouth hole!”

Jackson sighs and leans in for a kiss, but I’m not that evil. I just
wanted Tavish to know that Jackson loves me so much, he would kiss me
even like this.

Once Jackson’s aware he doesn’t actually have to kiss me, he looks
relieved as he wipes at my face with his hoodie he’s removed. “You okay?”

“Yeah... but the real question is... how fine do I look?”

“The actual real question is if she’s been apprehended, which she has
been. But then the answer to the second most important question is yes, you
look damn fine.”

“How fine?”

“Badass motherfucker fine.”

I smile, pleased with that. “First she took my chest hair... then she
took my face... but you... Jackson, you have my heart.”

“Drown me,” Tavish grumbles.

“Gladly,” I say as I try my hand at waterboarding a man with a
drinking fountain. It’s not as successful as I’d like.

Once my face has at least semi-returned to its natural color, I find that
we just have enough time to make the crochet workshop where I learn that
crocheting is significantly harder than I imagined and that sticking to car
chases and shooting things is more my style. But the teacher deems me a

hero and hands me my very own plush schlong that I later make Jackson hold in front of The Fence when the woman who photographs babies shows up for the photo shoot.

I think she realizes that she's found herself a new calling with begrudging men holding plush dicks while leaning sexily against a fence.