

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

October 2022 – Commission

Chapter Four

Ooh, yeah. Damn, what a fine-looking burglar I make!

I eye my reflection in the mirror, relishing the sight I make as I sway and thrust my hips suggestively. Sure, I've tried my share of sexy Halloween costumes over the years. "Cynthia, mi amor! That is *too* much!" my Mama has said more than once at the sight of my risqué get-ups. But this one... well, it's a bit different. I don't know that she'd object, exactly; there's not a lot of bare flesh she can object to. But a skin-tight, jet-black catsuit isn't exactly the sort of costume to hide my Latina curves, either...

"Holy fuck, you look hot as hell," Sarah tells me, leaning over my shoulder and grinning through her black mask. "Wish I had a booty like yours!" She steps aside, and I toss my dark hair amiably in the direction of my fellow, cat-suited apparition. "Nah, you look great too," I offer, and glance approvingly up and down her inky form. "I'm telling you, this is gonna be awesome! Seven sexy cat burglars on the prowl? Getting ready to kick some asshole's butt? Yeah, this is gonna be the best Halloween ever!"

That's the plan, you see: masterminded by yours truly. It's brilliant, I know! Get all dressed up, head around the neighborhood doing trick-or-treat, and make sure to pay that motherfucker a visit. Give him his comeuppance at long last. Get him under our thumb... and teach him what happens when he hurts someone as cute and sweet as Michael.

Yeah, I admit that maybe this whole thing isn't entirely on the up-and-up. I won't pretend that the idea of essentially kidnapping a dude doesn't bother me a tiny bit now and then – and I *definitely* won't be breathing a word about it to my Mamacita. But believe me, this Bob guy had it coming. And when even the neighbors are supporting us in taking him down a few notches... well, what have we got to lose?

We're on the prowl as soon as it's properly dark – which, on this chilly October evening, really isn't late at all. It's honestly hilarious to hear our familiar voices emanating from unfamiliar figures. That gangly burglar with glasses atop his mask? Michael, no doubt about it. The shorter cat-woman with the soft voice has to be Jane – and the one with the loud laugh and blonde hair sticking weirdly out from beneath her black knit hat is Sarah...

We're quite the crew tonight. And thanks to the oddness that is Halloween, all the bags in our black-gloved hands won't attract a single bit of attention. They're full of candy, right? The sugary loot from a host of friendly neighbors?

Nope. Believe me, nobody would guess the kinds of weird-ass shit we've got tucked in these bags... not in a million years. Nor would they ever guess that tucked away on the second floor of our student house we've got a room that – thanks to Michael and the lovely assistance of our neighbor Ms. Adams – has been turned into a literal adult nursery. Oh, yeah – the crazy things we've got waiting for him in there...

But enough of that! "Hey, time to ring that doorbell," I whisper – and seeing no one else step forward immediately, I take the initiative. Into the light and up the little sidewalk I go... and as I do so I'm gratified to hear the steps of my comrades behind me. They may not be as bold as I am, but they're more than ready to back me up – and that's what matters.

Buzz. No sound but the quiet hum of the city around us, and the faint rumble of a plane's engines somewhere in the darkened sky above. *Buzz.* Again I press it. *Buzz.* And finally, on the fourth ring, just when we're starting to shift about and glance apprehensively at one another, I hear it: the heavy thuds of this guy's ponderous footsteps slowly approaching the door.

"Ready now! Any moment!" I hiss, and not a moment too soon. Open goes the door, and there I am: face to face at last with the jowly, scowly expression of our charming, gun-toting, face-punching ass of a neighbor.

"Trick or treat!" I simper with an affected giggle, relishing the look of disgust and irritation growing in his beady eyes. "Happy Halloween, Mister Bob!" "Get fucking lost," he growls, with an impatient glance around behind me. "What the fuck is wrong with kids these days? Can't even let me enjoy a moment's peace in my own fucking home-"

"Oh, we know how that feels," I can't help but retort, and now I'm pressing forward, heart racing with anticipation as I reach down into my capacious bag. "But this is trick-or-treat! And if you're not gonna give us a *treat*..."

I don't need to finish. Sarah and Brian are pushing up behind me, and even as I whip the liquid-soaked cloth out from its plastic bag and clap it to the guy's ugly mug, they're on the scene. Black-gloved hands are grasping his hands even as they fly up in self-defense, and fit as those two are they have no trouble wrestling them back down to his sides. "Wha- helphmmmm!!!" he begins, but I

have the good sense to clap my other hand over his stupid mouth. "Inside, everyone," I hiss," and as we swarm in through the open door and slam it shut behind us, I can already tell this guy's toast.

Not that he's not putting up a fight. Back against the entryway wall we pin him first – but then he kicks out, and I narrowly avoid getting one of his ugly house slippers between my legs. "Down on the floor!" I bark, and down we stumble – but of course I lose my grip on his mouth, and then even the chloroform rag is slipping free. *Dammit, why do the telenovelas make abductions look so fucking easy?* He's wheezing and belting out a string of curses now, and while he flops and struggles amid my friends' uncoordinated efforts I'm trying to figure out the best way to shut him up. *Hmm, where the fuck did I put that other rag?*

Finally I have it. "Here, stuff that in his trap!" I order, and Jane hesitantly complies, taking it from me and poking it into his spluttering mouth with more caution than if she were hand-feeding a crocodile. "And nightie-night time!" I'm practically straddling him now, seated on his stupid chest while the others pin his arms and legs to the cold tile floor. Over his nose I clamp the rag now with renewed pressure, relishing the choice of fabric way more than I should...

You see, it's the most girly shade of pink. And white. With the most adorable and sickeningly sweet baby designs on it: pacifiers, and baby bottles, and diaper pins, and stuffed teddy bears. Which, you see, are going to feature most prominently in his future – at least if we have anything to say about it.

But of course, Jessica wouldn't be Jessica if she wasn't trying to sweeten things up even in the midst of a kidnapping. "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry," I hear her murmuring from her position on his left arm, and from behind that babyish chloroform rag his eyes roll frantically up to meet her timid gaze. "This is for you own good, mister, really!" she tells him. "Please, just relax, okay? Breathe it in for us... just let it happen. Everything is going to be fine, I promise..."

Holy shit, she really is a softie, huh? Why the hell isn't she in the pediatric med school track, anyway? I'd rib her about it, but right now there's no time. This lout's still struggling, and the others are having a tough time pinning him down, and despite my confidence in knowing exactly how chloroform works I'm beginning to wonder if I got the right stuff, and if he's ever going to go the fuck to sleep-

But then, at long last, it happens. The relaxing tension beneath me. The angry, fearful eyes slumping unwillingly closed. The limbs that spasm, then relax, then twitch a few more times before relaxing into unconsciousness. And in the end, it's done. We've got ourselves an asshole neighbor, a

menace to society, and a thoroughly nasty person: lying prone, unconscious, and completely at our mercy.

Which is quite a relief. "Ha-ha!" "Fuck, yeah!" "Damn, that was tougher than I thought." "Wait, he can't hear us, can he?"

I wish I could say that what follows is cool, and efficient, and ever so briskly methodical. Yeah, fat chance. Because for better or for worse – and probably better – this is our first time kidnapping anyone. Ropes get tangled. People trip over one another. We grunt and heave and end up trying all kinds of weird ties until we finally get his blubbery arms pinned and bound behind his back. After another snafu with tying his ankles, and debates over the safest and most effective gags, and the most comical burlesque act ever – featuring seven inept burglars, a limp fat man, and a giant sack – we're on our way at last... out the door and into the dark of the night.

"Fuck, he's heavy!" "You can say that again. Watch it, there's a step here." "Damn, hang on – I'm losing my grip-" I'm heaving away with the rest, steering us slowly back toward our house while trying not to glance around anxiously for any neighbors who might be watching from their windows. But really, there's nothing else we can do at this point. If they see... well, they'll just have to be cool with it. Which, according to what Michael learned from Ms. Adams, they definitely are.

Speaking of Michael, that cutie's really the brains of this whole operation – not me. We're nearly halfway back when I see him shuffling awkwardly by through the dark, his hands clutching some sort of wrapped-up bag. "It's just his effects," he explains when I manage to ask, between heaving breaths, what he has. "You know, the essentials. House keys, wallet, cell phone... oh, and his gun, too. Just so we have access to everything important..."

But of course – why hadn't I thought of that?! See, maybe that's why he's the law guy and I'm just the chemistry major...

Anyway, at long last we're back at our place. "Crap. How the fuck we gonna get him all the way up?" "Aww, come on, we can do it!" "Guess I'm not gonna need the gym this week, huh? Carrying him up is gonna be enough of a workout for the entire fucking week!"

It is quite the workout, there's no denying. We drop the dude at least twice. Jane almost sprains her ankle on one of the steps. John mashes a couple of fingers against a doorway, and all of us are sweating and swearing in our own ways by the end.

But when all is said and done, we've made it. It's less than an hour after we first set out, and we're safely back in our place, standing in the little room that is now nothing less than an oversized nursery. He's still out cold, and as we tug him out of the bag I'm elated at the prospect before us. You see, now that we've got him in hand there's no end to the things we can do with him...

All in the name of teaching him a lesson, of course. And honestly, I can't wait to get started!

(To be continued!)