

Ch. 5d: all endings are new beginnings

The following morning Ernesto woke up feeling rested and satisfied in both body and spirit. Looking at his night table, he realized that he had slept a bit on the late side. He yawned and performed a satisfying stretch, then slumped back in the bed, thinking about the previous night's activities, which made him pleasantly hard. It had really been a lot of fun. Ready to start his day, he finally got up, put on his slippers, and walked to the kitchen to have his first cup of coffee.

When Ernesto entered the kitchen, he found Lorenzo already there, having his cup of coffee and reading the newspaper. Lorenzo, always industrious, had already been hard at work. The kitchen was spotless, the dishwasher emptied, and a pot of freshly brewed coffee waiting for him. He gave Lorenzo a gentle smile in gratitude, and after preparing his cup of coffee just as he liked it, he stood next to the kitchen door to the patio looking outside.



It was another beautiful early spring morning. There were a few wisps of fog quickly burning off under the intense sunshine of the morning. The green and lush grass of the fields wet with dew sparkled under this sunshine. Looking over to the pigpen, Ernesto saw the pigs eagerly chewing on what remained of the boy, by the afternoon there would only be a few half-chewed and unrecognizable bones left, and of course the boy's head. The last intact part of the boy's anatomy, impaled on the fence post, looked out over the fields, with his lifeless eyes, the flies swarming over the remains, eager to deposit their pupae in the remains.

Ernesto took another sip of coffee, and began considering what he needed to do in the days ahead. The summer boy-acquisition season was about to start for them, and there were many things to take care of. The killing field up in the mountains needed to be inspected. Down here in the chalet, the impaling rods needed polishing, the ropes needed to be inspected and replaced if needed, etc. etc. More importantly than anything else however, he needed to review and update his files to look for suitable boys.

Ernesto Poured himself a second cup of coffee and still wearing his sleeping robe and slippers stepped into his office, opened his laptop, and turned it on. While the computer booted up, he looked out over to the right wall in his office, full of underwear, almost all of them speedos. The garments that all his victims had worn to their deaths, each of them a reminder of the sadistic pleasure he had enjoyed with a past doomed youth. Each garment reminded him of a particular boy; his cock got hard thinking about it. Just then, Lorenzo knocked on the door, and came in, with a smile in his face, he presented Ernesto with the latest addition to his trophy wall, Alejandro's red speedos, cleaned and pressed.



Ernesto, with a satisfied smile, laughed, and thanked Lorenzo. Placing the speedos on his desk, he dug on a drawer and took out a tag, and a marker pen. Pursing his lips in concentration, he used the pen to write on the tag, Alejandro 04-2003-b. Then he attached the tag to the speedos, got up from his chair, and gave some thought about where in the wall he would place his latest addition.

There were not that many empty spots left on the wall. Looking around, Ernesto found a spot right next to Guillermo 1998-08-b. The torn tidy whitish underwear made a contrasting combination, and only known to Ernesto, it had significance. Satisfied with his choice, Ernesto returned to his desk.

Ernesto logged into his computer, and dialed out via his modem. The connection out here in the countryside was very poor, this morning it was a paltry 14,400bps, and that was better than average. Yet this was plenty to check his email messages. He scanned the new incoming emails looking for one in particular. He soon found it, it was marked urgent, and had the subject line, "RE: Let's meet in person". It was an email from Alejandro's brother, Sebastian. Ernesto smiled, and opened it with excitement.

Ernesto downloaded the message and began to read it, "Sir, we are looking desperately for my brother, Alejandro. No one has seen him since yesterday morning when he left to meet with friends. I would still like to meet with you today if possible, but I will not be able to meet you until Noon. Is this ok?" Ernesto chuckled, when he read the post note, "P.S I am already wearing the nice tight blue speedos you asked me to wear to our meeting"

Ernesto, with a big mischievous smile on his face, began to type, "Dear Sebastian, I hope you find your brother, I suspect that you will find him later today. Yes, noon is great, let us meet at the Pistis metro station as we discussed. P.S remember not to eat or drink anything today, ok?" With that, he pressed the send button, and called out to Lorenzo.

Lorenzo came into the office, with an inquisitive look in his face, Ernesto said, "It looks like we will be cooking piggy tonight again" Both men laughed.