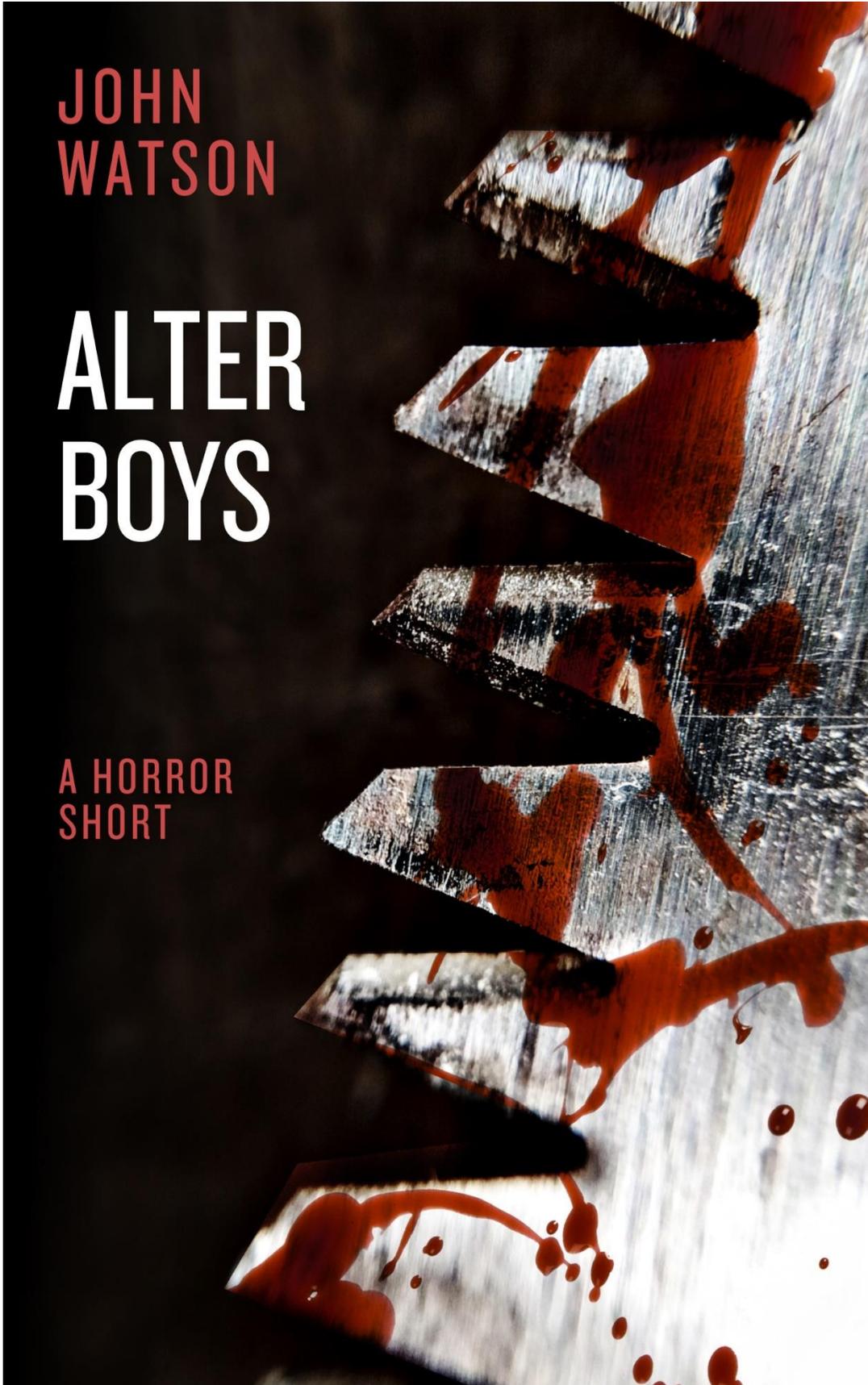


JOHN
WATSON

ALTER BOYS

A HORROR
SHORT



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Alter Boys by John Watson

I was trying to think of a way not to kill them...I wanted an indefinite effect...So I wouldn't have to go out looking for partners...That's why I tried the drill technique...So I could keep them alive, interactive, but on my terms.

- Jeffrey Dahmer

The knife was small, but its keen blade was more than up to the task at hand.

"Dude, what the fuck? That's gross."

Jeffrey ignored his friend, choosing instead to continue trying to separate the dog's head from its body. Blisters were forming on his cutting hand, and the muscles in his arm and shoulders throbbed like a rotten tooth.

"Are you listening to me, man?" the gangly kid hollered, his voice cracking under the strain of puberty's grasp.

The thought of leaving the dog and moving on to larger prey flashed through his mind, the whiny nature of his friend's voice cutting through his calm exterior like a bullet to the brain. Jeffrey turned to tell the boy to shut up, but when he did so, he saw that the world around him was changing. His friend was gone, and the trees were twisting and warping, as though the surrounding landscape was being seen through a kaleidoscope.

Jeffrey gave his head a little shake, the effort of doing so, sending tiny particles of sweat flying through the air in slow motion. He could clearly see them go, each droplet awash in the colors of the rainbow. They looked like the wings of a fly seen up close; beautiful yet vile, all at once. The world continued to slow down, tilt, and shift, bringing with it a wave of nausea that forced Jeffrey to swallow hard and focus on his breathing.

"It's not happening, it's not happening," he said aloud.

When he opened his eyes once again, the forest was at a standstill, but a clearing had opened up. He imagined it to be how things would look if a tornado had torn through the woods and uprooted the trees and surrounding foliage, cutting a swathe where nothing would ever grow again. Perhaps the spinning had been real, but would he not have heard or felt the storm coming before it hit and laid waste to such a large portion of the woods?

Unsure of what to do, Jeffrey stood and, forgetting all about his current science project, took a few tentative steps in the direction of the barren space, now noticing that a bright light was starting to pulse within the gap. He used his arm for shade as he moved closer, but the glow seemed to find a way through, the intensity of its glare sending a jolt of pain shooting across his forehead and down behind his

eyes. He wanted to turn away, but it was then that he noticed a silhouette emerging from the light, the figure seemingly beckoning him forward. Ignoring the pain, Jeffrey forged ahead, determined to find out the identity of the man inside the radiant glow.

It did not take long for the outline to fill in, the details creating an image that was all too familiar to him.

“Dad? What are you doing here?”

The man said nothing in response. Instead, he stepped to one side, pointing in the direction of the light and suggesting that Jeffrey continue on.

“My head hurts, dad. Don’t make me go in there.”

His father remained still like a statue, unblinking, and continuing to point in the direction that he wanted his son to go. Glancing backward, Jeffrey could see the world behind him begin to shimmer and fade, leaving him no choice but to continue onwards. Two more steps took him through the light and into another space that was all too familiar; his parent’s bedroom.

The curtains, which were thick and heavy, were drawn, making it tough to make out any precise details. It was even harder for Jeffrey to get his bearings given that his eyes were still adjusting to the gloom after being assaulted by the harsh exterior light he had just borne witness to. He turned to speak to his father, but found himself alone, a battered set of drawers and some tattered wallpaper having filled in the gap he has just passed through.

Disoriented and a little afraid, Jeffrey quickly turned his attention back to the center of the room, the sudden movement bringing another sharp jolt of pain to his forehead. He stood still, allowing the cranial shock wave to pass, while also allowing his eyes to adjust. It took a moment, but when everything was clear again, he could see that someone was swaddled in blankets in the middle of the double bed that took up a large part of the space in the bedroom. The covers rose and fell slowly, a sure sign that whoever the occupant was, they were caught up in peaceful slumber.

He moved closer to the bed, beginning to pick up the rhythm of the breathing and the small moans coming from the sleeper. The scent in the room was also beginning to tickle his nostrils. The faint aroma of potpourri was being overpowered by something a little stronger. Jeffrey had tortured and killed enough animals in his time to have become intimately aware of the scent of approaching death. Once he caught a whiff of that, he knew that it was his mother who was before him.

“Is that you, Jeffrey?”

He was so caught up in his own thoughts that he was startled by the sound of his mother’s voice slashing through his silent reverie. “Yes, mom, it’s me,” he said, heart racing.

She pulled back the covers a little and turned to face her son, her pallid skin hanging in folds and distorting in the limited light available in the room. “Lean closer. Let me see you.”

Jeffrey did as he was told, leaning forward until he was just inches in front of her face. He did not receive the reaction he was expecting, as his mother recoiled slightly, letting out a little gasp, her open mouth squeezing out a short blast of fetid breath that confirmed her sickness. “What have you done. Jeffrey? I see blood on your hands and darkness in your heart,” she croaked.

Remembering the dog, he looked down at his hands, a little embarrassed, but he was surprised to see that they were clean and free from any incriminating evidence.

“A mother knows, Jeffrey.”

“There is nothing to know. I...”

“A mother knows, and I am sorry for my part in where you are. A boy needs attention and lots of it. I’ve been sickly for as long as I can remember and that has hurt you. Perhaps worst of all, I have demanded your father’s attention, taking even more of it away from you. Wickedness finds a way into the hearts of boys whose whims are left unchecked. Do you understand?”

Jeffrey looked at his mother, seeing a strong woman for the first time in his life. “I think so,” he said.

“There is still time for you, Jeffrey, but you are now of an age now when decisions need to be made. There are two distinct paths that you can follow. The one you are on now can be broken. It just requires you to hop on over to the other path. I’m sure you will still be able to see it if you look hard enough.”

He wasn’t sure what to say to that. He had never thought about where his life was taking him, choosing instead to go with his gut. He still believed that decisions made now would have no bearing on his future, but he soon felt forced to think about where he might end up. Just as he was about to respond to his mother, Jeffrey heard a voice from outside calling his name.

“Ignore it, Jeffrey. Stay with me,” his mother pleaded.

He tried, but the voice sounded angry and insistent. Like the light from before, it also hurt his head, a ribbon of pain tied tightly from front to back and top to bottom. Stepping over to the window, he pulled back the curtains, his mother imploring him to stop. “Come away from there, Jeffrey. Ignore that kerfuffle and come sit with me, please.”

The sound of his mother's voice was like a bone saw ripping through his skull, adding to the immense pain that he was already feeling there. He pushed her voice as far into the background as possible as he pulled back the curtains and looked down into the back yard. A man stood there, clad in an orange jumpsuit, clutching a metal pipe in one hand and some tattered piece of paper in the other. The man was screaming loudly, but the only word that Jeffrey could decipher was his name, which he repeated like a mantra.

It was clear that the jumpsuit-clad individual was filled with evil intent, yet Jeffrey felt no fear. Instead, an air of invincibility surrounded him as he looked down at the man from the second-floor bedroom window. “I am above him; I am better than him,” he whispered.

While it would have been impossible for the man to hear those words, he flew into a rage, swinging the metal pipe wildly and screaming, “DAHMER,” at the top of his lungs as soon as they left Jeffrey’s lips. As the man raged, the sun broke from behind the clouds; its golden rays catching the metallic frame of an old swing set sitting in the yard. The reflection hit Jeffrey in the eyes with the force of a supernova, driving him back from the window, palm pressed against his forehead as another wave of pain struck. Before reeling backward, though, he saw uniformed men bolting out of the woods behind his parent's property, seemingly intent on tackling the strange, yet somehow familiar, yelling man in the backyard.

“It’s time to choose, Jeffrey,” his mother croaked, pointing to the wall directly in front of her bed.

He turned and was surprised to see a pair of doors standing before him, entries that had never been there before. The first of them was white; its paint chipped and peeling, scuff marks from errant shoes staining the bottom like puck marks on the boards at a hockey rink. It stood in stark contrast to its neighboring door, a brilliant black monolith that seemed to suck out all light from its surroundings and throw it back in the form of the reflection of anyone who dared stare into its dark heart.

Jeffrey found himself caught in a trance, feeling the door pull him closer as the darkness oozed from its very being. As he stepped closer, he began to see his own reflection, but it was not as he looked now. The person staring back was older, more handsome, and a million times more confident looking than young Jeffrey currently felt on any given day. He instinctively knew that this was his older self and he liked it, a little smirk playing across his lips as the reflection beckoned him forward.

“There is no way back from that one,” his mother said, her voice becoming weaker and more distant with each word.

He looked back at his mother one last time before grasping the onyx handle and stepping into snow and ice covered streets in the heart of Milwaukee. Jeffrey shuddered as a cold winter wind, blasted his body, the jacket he was wearing doing little to hold out Mother Nature’s icy fingers. It took a moment for him to get his bearings, but once he did, he knew that this was a place where he could go to get out of the cold.

Sitting across the street was a nondescript looking building that could have been mistaken for an abandoned structure were it not for the purple light shining above a dark doorway. Jeffrey knew better, though; he knew it as a fertile hunting ground, the place to go to sate his ever-growing need for power and control. The bar was home to willing sheep, and he the shepherd, ready to tend to his flock.

Jeffrey shuddered, more from the prospect of the hunt than from the cold that crept inside his clothes and goosefleshed his skin. Excitement took hold, yet he remained calm on the outside as he crossed the street and shouldered open the door of the bar. The exterior cold was pushed back by the warm glow permeating from inside the bar. Cigarette smoke hung in the air, adding a fresh patina of nicotine stains to the already browned-out light bulbs. The years of smoke damage meant that the lighting in the bar was always dim; the ideal cover for a hunter on the prowl.

Heads turned as Jeffrey stepped inside and strode confidently toward the bar, the server giving him a little nod of recognition as their eyes locked. In the background, the jukebox played “Cut’s Like a Knife,” by Bryan Adams, the appropriateness of the song making Jeffrey smile as he ordered his scotch. The first sip of the amber liquid sent a bloom of warmth through his chest, bringing a contented sigh that made him forget, for just a moment, about the pounding pain that still battered his brain in a relentless wave.

“You smell like chocolate, handsome. Do you like chocolate?”

Lost in the senses that the scotch brought to life, Jeffrey hadn’t noticed the man sit down beside him at the bar. He was annoyed that the sound of the visitor’s voice made him jump a little, as those moments made him feel weak. Displeased, Jeffrey turned to put his uninvited guest on blast, but he was given pause when he set eyes on him. The man was young, albeit legal drinking age, and he was possessed of the most gloriously perfect skin that Jeffrey had ever laid eyes on. His flesh was the color of mocha and free from any distinguishing marks. The wispy goatee that the man wore may have looked ridiculous on anyone else, but on his face, it was perfection. Jeffrey shuddered once more as he thought about how those fine hairs might feel when brushing against his naked body.

The man was smiling adoringly, obviously infatuated with Jeffrey and obviously awaiting an answer to the question that he had just asked. “I do like chocolate, especially when it is sweet and ready to eat. What’s your name?”

“Ricardo,” the young man replied, fanning himself daintily with his hands, suddenly looking demure in spite of his initial bold advances.

Another blast of pain hit Jeffrey square on, but he shrugged it off, blotting it out as he drank in every square inch of the beautiful creature before him. “Are you sweet, Ricardo?”

“I’m as sweet as you want me to be, honey.”

“Drink with me. I want to know some more about you before we get to the tasting. What do you say?”

“Oh, I like that idea,” Ricardo cooed. “Are you going to tell me your name?”

“Not yet. Drink,” Jeffrey said, sliding a fresh glass of scotch in the direction of Ricardo.

The young man took a tentative sip, the grimace on his face a clear sign that the peaty beverage was not his usual drink of choice. Jeffrey enjoyed the moment, as it showed that perhaps Ricardo might be compliant and ready to play the game that was in store for him. Giving him another full once over, Jeffrey saw his prey as potentially being the one. Sure, there had been others like Ricardo in the past; pretty little things willing to do anything when first asked, but who all failed to pass the final test. They were all a disappointment, though they did continue to serve in another capacity. A man has to eat, and they were all delicious in their own way.

“I don’t recall ever seeing you before, Ricardo. I’m sure I would have remembered someone as beautiful as you. Is this your first visit?”

The fanning continued, Ricardo’s skin tone taking on a darker hue as he flushed from the flattery. “Yes, it is. I’ve...I’ve heard about this place,” he stammered, “But it’s the first time I’ve dared venture in.”

Jeffrey smiled. “Aren’t you glad you stopped by?”

Ricardo took another tug on the glass, seemingly warming to the taste of the liquid with each sip. “I am glad, but it wasn’t easy for me to take the step. No-one knows my nature, although there aren’t that many people in my life at this point.”

“Oh, why’s that?” Jeffrey prodded.

The young man sighed, his shoulder slumping. “My mother abandoned me at birth, sending me into the system, which churned me up and spat me out. The other boys in the group homes I lived in were rough and ready, whereas I was shy and meek. They could smell the fear on me, beating me and calling me a fag on a daily basis. They would say such mean things, but all so true, as though they could look inside me and see my soul.”

Jeffrey’s heart raced as the story unfolded. Where pity and empathy should have reigned, opportunity thrived. It was a gift; it had to be. This man had been sent to fulfill the dream that Dahmer so desired, he could feel it. “Surely, you must have made some friends?” he asked.

“Not really, not anyone that you would call close. I’ve had some flings, but never a steady boyfriend. I do enjoy the company of strangers, though, which is why I just had to come to talk to you. I never expected to see someone as stunning as you in a place as devoid of light and life as this, this shithole.”

“It’s my chocolate scent that draws them like flies. Delightful little creatures all looking for me to melt in their mouth.”

Ricardo gasped, before licking his lips and saying, “Do you want to get out of here?”

As much as Jeffrey wanted to get started, he forced his heart rate and breathing to slow down, trying to get himself back in control and on the path to glory. “I do,” he said, “But let’s take a moment. I

want to learn a little more about you. I am somewhat selective, and while you check a lot of my boxes, I need to know more.”

Just as those words left his mouth, pain once again hit him hard, doubling him over on the barstool before forcing him to bolt upright with a shot to the temple.

“My God, are you alright?”

“I’m fine, Ricardo. It’s a migraine, nothing more. This will pass, trust me.”

Jeffrey ordered another round, flashing a pair of digits at the bartender as he spun his hand, the universal symbol for another round. He could feel Ricardo’s eyes on him, studying him warily. He could also sense that he was about to lose him if he couldn’t get the pain under control. His breath hitched as another minor tremor shot across the back of his head, but the scotch and the presence of his now welcome guest served as a fast-acting painkiller.

Wiping away tears from a rheumy right eye, Jeffrey said, “All better now. Come on, drink up, and let’s talk about what we might do tonight.”

Jeffrey could see Ricardo’s doubts wash away after flashing him a smile and placing a hand gently on the young man’s leg, his fingers playing an oh so delicate piano solo on his upper thigh.

“There is something you should know about me, Ricardo, before we go any further.”

“Tell me, please.”

“I like to be in control. I like to call the shots and be fully satisfied. How do you feel about that?”

The young man flushed again, flustered, yet also excited. Jeffrey could feel that excitement as he moved his hand a little further north on Ricardo’s leg. “You look like a God. I will gladly lay before you as a willing servant. What should I call you?”

With the deal done and the true nature of the game about to commence, Jeffrey smiled and said, “God will suffice quite nicely.”

Tossing more than enough money to cover the drinks on the bar, Jeffrey took Ricardo by the hand and led him towards the exit. As he turned to urge him on, he was once again struck by a brutal blow, the force of which sent him staggering forward into the door. As he lifted his head to try and get his bearings, he found himself, Ricardo still in tow, standing in front of a different door, this one adorned with corroded numbers reading 213.

“You must be a little tipsy from that scotch, my beautiful God. I know I am.”

Jeffrey rested his forehead on the door, the coolness of the wood bringing with it a modicum of relief. He certainly did feel woozy, but he thought it had more to do with the pain and the sudden perspective shifts than the liquor. He knew how to handle his alcohol and was aware that a few fingers of liquid fire would not leave him feeling this out of sorts.

“You might be right,” he lied, slipping the key into the lock and opening the door.

Reaching inside the door, Jeffrey flipped on the light and invited Ricardo to step inside.

“Not to be rude, but it smells a little funky in here,” Ricardo said, pinching his nose in an attempt to keep the odors out.

“My apologies. I’ve been working double shifts at the chocolate factory and have fallen a little behind. I’ll bet there’s an old pizza box hiding under the couch.”

Ricardo faltered, seemingly unwilling to step any further into the apartment. He flinched a little as Dahmer touched his shoulders and started to massage, placing a gentle kiss on his neck for good measure.

“Relax,” Jeffrey said. “I promise, I’ll make you forget all about that smell soon. Do you really want an old pizza slice to ruin a fun night?”

“Hmm. If your hands are as wonderful everywhere else as they are on my shoulders, then pepperoni be damned. I think it’s time we moved straight to the chocolate dessert.”

Steering him into the apartment and kicking the door closed behind them, Jeffrey spun the young man around and kissed him. He could taste the malty flavor of the scotch on his tongue, a not unpleasant sensation that got the juices flowing. It was the thought of what was to come soon that really heightened his passion, though, but he knew there was work to be done before the final test was administered.

“Have a seat, and I’ll get us a drink,” Jeffrey said.

A look of disappointment flashed across Ricardo’s face, which quickly turned into a petulant little pout. “I’d sooner eat first and drink later,” he said, adopting a childlike affect that tested Jeffrey’s powers of control.

“You’ll get to eat soon enough, but I’ve had a long day at work and could use another drink to loosen up completely. You did say you would do whatever your God asked of you. This isn’t a sign of defiance, is it?” Jeffrey smirked.

Ricardo bowed in mock deference, waving his right hand as though doffing some foppish headwear. “Your wish is my command, good sir.”

Motioning his guest to have a seat, Jeffrey headed into the kitchen and pulled out a cheap bottle of scotch. He has better bottles in his collection, but those were being saved for special occasions. Dropping in a couple of ice cubes and a liberal splash of the hard stuff, he added a small sachet of powder into Ricardo’s drink and stirred it with his finger before heading back into the living room and offering up the tainted alcohol. He was a little dismayed to see Ricardo place the glass on the table and pat the space beside him on the sofa. Thinking quickly, despite the pain in his head, Jeffrey said, “What shall we drink to?”

“Hmm, let me think,” Ricardo replied, scooping up the glass and running his pinkie around the rim. “How about we drink a night to remember?”

“I can get behind that. Cheers.” Jeffrey gave a quick air toast and slammed back his scotch in one gulp. Sensing that this was a signal that the fun was about to begin, Ricardo did the same, the effects of the drink, causing the room to spin a little as he jumped to his feet.

“Steady.”

“Oh, that one caught me all funny. I’m not used to drinking hard liquor,” Ricardo slurred.

“I hope you can handle other hard things, though,” Jeffrey said, taking his guest by the hand and leading him to the bedroom.

The room was veiled in darkness, the meager glow from the street lights barely penetrating windows that were rimed with winter frost. As Ricardo sat on the bed, Jeffrey went over and pulled close the drapes, switching on a small bedside lamp in the process. Once again, he saw the raving man in the orange jumpsuit on the street outside, shadow people approaching him from countless different directions. The low watt bulb offered little in the way of light, but it was enough to allow Ricardo to get a full view of the furnishings in the cramped space.

“What is all this stuff,” he asked, motioning towards a pitch-black table flanked by a blue plastic barrel on one side and a full skeleton on the other.

“That’s my workbench and soon to be an altar,” Jeffrey replied, as though it were the most reasonable response in the world.

“Are those...are those skulls? Are they real?”

Before he could respond, another phantom blow caught Jeffrey in the temple, the force of which sent him reeling like a drunk at closing time.

“I need to know if those are real,” Ricardo pleaded, his legs giving out on him as he tried to stand.

Jeffrey placed his hand on the table and tried to steady himself, wondering for a moment if he had taken the drink that was laced with drugs. It wasn’t until he saw Ricardo struggle to move that he realized his own issues were coming from somewhere else.

Those issues were put on the backburner as Jeffrey composed himself and grabbed Ricardo by the collar as he tried to crawl out of the room. The young man tried to fight, kicking his legs as though riding an imaginary bike, but the sedative was beginning to kick in, making it easy for Jeffrey to drag him over to the table and lift him up onto it.

Ricardo’s eyes were beginning to roll back into his head; the whites shot through with rivers of red branching out in a million different directions. Jeffrey wanted him to see all that was going on, with a rough slap to the cheek snapping the eyes back into orbit.

“You are going to listen to your God, am I right?”

Ricardo looked up at his captor, pupils dilated, and said, “What are you doing to me?”

“Tell me you are still compliant. Tell me that you are still willing to do anything I ask. If you can do that, we can start moving towards a glorious life together. Can you do that for me?”

Tears rolled lazily down Ricardo’s cheeks, terror, mixed with the sedatives, making it impossible for him to speak. He nodded.

“Good. Then we can begin.”

Reaching into his pants, Jeffrey removed the pocket knife that had served him so well all those years ago. He was sure that he had lost it as a kid, so was a little surprised to see it there, the blade as sharp as ever. With practiced movements, Jeffrey cut away the buttons of Ricardo’s shirt, pulling back the fabric to reveal a smooth, hairless chest that looked perfect in every way.

“Beautiful,” he whispered as he leaned over and flicked his tongue over the young man’s nipples. Moving on, he placed gentle kisses all over the torso, slowly but surely making his way down to the navel, a snail trail of saliva in his wake. Wispy black hairs as soft and delicate as those on Ricardo’s face, started just below the belly button, carving a path that Jeffrey fully intended to follow.

“Let’s see what you have hiding in here,” Jeffrey said as he deftly opened the belt buckle and reached inside Ricardo’s pants. “Hm. So soft. Does your God not make you happy?”

“Please,” Ricardo croaked.

“You want me to help? Is that what you are asking?” Before he could answer, Jeffrey, reached a little deeper inside the pants, taking turns massaging Ricardo’s scrotum and working the shaft. It was the equivalent of kneading dough, though, as the movements drew no response. Beginning to lose patience and control, Jeffrey hauled down the man’s pants and underwear, taking the flaccid penis in his mouth and going at it with gusto. The response was the same, Ricardo’s cock unwilling or unable to respond to the attention it was receiving.

Jeffrey could feel a red wave of rage washing over him, an uncontrollable surge of anger that threatened to crash against and destroy his last remaining vestiges of sanity. “COMPLIANCE,” he roared, “How fucking difficult is it to do what I ask?”

Ricardo was sobbing now but was still unable to move.

“Open your mouth. Open that sweet fucking mouth of yours before I take off that useless little peg of yours.”

Lips clenched tight, Ricardo shook his head, determined to fight despite the fact that he had very little left to give.

“What was that?” Jeffrey asked, responding to words unspoken. “Are you defying me? Well. If that is the case, then compliance and servitude must be taught. I’ll ask you one more time; OPEN YOUR FUCKING MOUTH.”

Before his head had barely made one trip from side to side, Jeffrey showed the point of the knife into Ricardo's scrotum, a twist of the blade eliciting a scream from the victim and a satisfying spray of blood on the hand holding the knife.

"You keep that mouth open, or things are about to get a whole lot worse for you, do you understand?"

This time, Ricardo nodded, his jaws remaining spread wide as though held in place by a clamp.

Though already hard from his previous exertions, Jeffrey felt himself become fully engorged, the sight of blood and his victim finally playing along taking him to the next level. He gripped the young man's hair and pulled him closer to the edge of the table, dropping the knife and fumbling to free himself from the tight confines of his pants with his free hand.

"Open wide," he said, forcing his swollen member into Ricardo's mouth, gagging him with the depth of the penetration.

Rocking his hips back and forth, Jeffrey eased into a rhythmic thrusting. Ricardo remained a little too slack-jawed, making it feel as though the cock was entering a cavern rather than a moist, tight mouth. Jeffrey pushed up on his victim's chin, closing the gap between top and bottom lips, creating a much stricter opening and a more sensual experience. With the feel of the lips on his shaft, his thrusting became more frantic and frenzied, the tightness in his balls making it clear that climax was fast approaching. When it arrived, Jeffrey exploded in Ricardo's mouth, the torrent of cum in the back of his throat once again triggering the gag reflex.

"Thank you for your compliance," Jeffrey said as he leaned over to kiss Ricardo, the taste of liquor replaced by the salty sex of his seed as their tongues touched. "Now, let's see if we can make you forever mine, shall we?"

Ricardo's eyes had glazed over, the young man having long since checked out from the reality of his situation. It was impossible to tell if he was in shock or simply still feeling the effects of the sedative. Either way, Jeffrey knew that the time was perfect for running the drill test. Past results had not been what he had hoped for, but the eternal optimist that lived inside his black heart told him that this was the one; this would be the test subject who passed with flying colors. With that in mind, he readied his tools and waited for a moment as another migraine sized shockwave hit him hard in the right temple.

Jeffrey snapped on a pair of surgical gloves, the latex scent blending with the aroma of fuck sweat and semen to create a heady miasma that most would have deemed an assault to the senses. To Jeffrey, it was the smell of creation. He tossed his head from side to side, inhaling in lungfuls of maleficent odor through his nostrils, feeling himself go hard once again. He knew he had to fight the urge, though, as there was work to be done before he could once again have his way with Ricardo. After all, they would have all the time in the world together once the test proved useful.

The drill bit was long and thin, the perfect size for the cranial insertion that it was about to be used for. Jeffrey dipped it into a beaker of diluted hydrochloric acid, making sure that the liquid coated every part of the bit. He gave it one more swirl for good measure before locking it into the electric drill that was charged and ready to work. After a few test spins, Jeffrey placed the drill bit against the young man's forehead and taking one more deep breath before depressing the power button.

The drill jumped in his hand, the bit struggling to penetrate the thick bone that lay between the now ragged, torn open flesh. The electric hum of the drill turned into a high-powered whine akin to a dentist drill. Blood poured down Ricardo's face, streams of it pouring into his still open mouth. As the bit churned through the skull, a cloud of bone dust formed in the air in wispy cumulus clouds shifting in the breeze created by Ricardo thrashing wildly on the table.

It was hard work, but before long Jeffrey began to sense that he was getting close to breaking through the skull entirely. He had performed this test often enough to become aware of the sounds that the drill bit made as it neared the end of its journey. Easing up on the power and the pressure a little, Jeffrey felt the bit reach its intended destination. The tricky part now was getting it out and moving on to the next task. The first time he had tried this, the bit had become fully wedged in the skull, only finally coming loose when the severed head had been soaked in the wasted barrel filled with acid. Flicking the drill into reverse, he slowly eased it up and out of the cranial channel, the bit coming clear with a satisfying sucking sound and another wave of blood.

Jeffrey waited for the flow of blood to decrease before wiping Ricardo's face and examining the hole that had been created. He was pleased to see that it was clean and that it might be his best effort yet. The belief that the experiment would work this time was beginning to grow, with the outlook even better when he found a strong pulse and a steady heartbeat in his victim.

"I knew you were the one, Ricardo. What fun you are going to have serving me. Just one more and we will have the perfect family here. Are you ready to take the next step?"

Ricardo blinked slow, a sign that Jeffrey took as a resounding yes.

Snapping off the soiled latex gloves, Jeffrey unhooked the top of the waste barrel in the corner, dropping them into the gruel contained within. As the gloves sank below the surface, bones and body parts rose to the top, breaching the surface like some malformed whale. The sight was captivating and caused Jeffrey's stomach to rumble with hunger. Refusing to be distracted by the fleshy smorgasbord, he put the lid back in place and snapped on a fresh pair of gloves.

"They say that cleanliness is next to Godliness, my sweet, so behold the care that I take to keep this process sanitized."

Jeffrey used a handful of disinfectant wipes to clean the area around the drill hole. The open space looked like the entrance to a tiny cave, the contents of which were waiting to be explored by some

intrepid adventurer. Jeffrey had mined these routes in the past, but he had ultimately failed in his goal of creating a compliant being ready to serve his every sexual desire. It was those past failures that made him take his time with Ricardo.

Ditching the excess hydrochloric acid used to coat the drill bit, Jeffrey thoroughly cleaned the container, as well as the plastic funnel, which was brand new out of the packet. Convinced that both were as sterile as they could be his current environment, he once again changed gloves and examined the hole in Ricardo's forehead. It looked like his best work yet, so he felt confident when he placed the end of the funnel into the hole, causing Ricardo to grimace at what must have been an uncomfortable sensation.

Jeffrey could sense that his house guest was beginning to shake off the sedatives, so without wasting any more time, he carefully poured the contents of the container into the spout, watching in awe as the acid swirled around the funnel and made its way down into the cavity. Ricardo's body stiffened, his eyelids fluttering ever so slightly, as Jeffrey poured in the last of the acid, removed the funnel, and covered the hole with a band-aid. Throwing all the used pieces into the waste barrel, Jeffrey stepped back from the table, waiting to see if his experiment would deliver the desired results. He did not have to wait long.

Ricardo rolled over onto his side, emitting a low, guttural moan as a spray of vomit exploded from his mouth. The wave of nausea passed as quickly as it had arrived, with Ricardo pushing himself up to a sitting position on the table.

"How do you feel?" Jeffrey asked.

"Different."

"Different, how?"

"Altered. More alive."

Before Jeffrey could say another word, Ricardo bolted off the table and launched an attack, a swinging right hand connecting squarely on Dahmer's jaw. Jeffrey's arms pinwheeled as he fell backward, the bed behind him breaking his fall, although the mattress suddenly felt hard and cold. Expecting a soft landing, Jeffrey was stunned when the back of his head connected with something substantial, causing the room to shift and tilt out of focus. He heard his name being yelled once more, but it was not Ricardo's voice. Instead, it seemed to come from off in the distance, drawing closer as the words being yelled echoed around the room.

The bedroom continued to spin on its axis as Jeffrey tried to get back to his feet. It was a futile task, as he simply felt too weak and disoriented. Laying back down, he took a more extended look around his bedroom, immediately seeing that things had changed rather dramatically. The space was cleaner than before, with the walls and ceiling drenched in a cold blue light being emitted from a trio of modern looking lamps suspended over his work table. Spread evenly across the top were a collection of human skulls, with the black lacquered altar now flanked by a pair of skeletons.

“Beautiful,” Jeffrey whispered.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth when he spotted movement in the corner of the room.

“Who’s there?”

Ricardo stepped out of the gloom, his naked body seeming to shimmer once he entered the light cast by the overhead display. Staring at Jeffrey with a look of pure reverence, he said, “It is I, your humble servant, Ricardo. How may I serve you?”

Too stunned to speak, Jeffrey cast his gaze around the room, amazed that it was just as he had always dreamed. As his eyes adjusted to the light and his dizziness faded, he could see another figure standing in the corner across from Ricardo. The man, another magnificent creature, stepped forward, bowing ever so slightly as he entered into the light.

“We are here to serve,” Ricardo and the other servant said in unison. “How shall we serve you, Master?”

Jeffrey choked back tears, the sight of such beauty in his presence, bringing up emotions that had laid long dormant. The rattling of the window pane shook him from his reverie, the cold winter wind battering against his apartment. The distraction was abhorrent to Jeffrey, but his disdain quickly tuned to delight as inspiration hit.

“Open the window. Let me hear them sing,” he said.

Both servants bowed and moved in unison to the window, throwing it open in a style that made the simple act seem like a ceremonial ritual. The temperature in the room plummeted the moment Mother Nature’s icy breath reached inside. The skeletons on the wall shook, the wind leading them in a grisly bone dance, while the cold air whipped through the ocular cavities of the skeletons. The skulls appeared to howl, the wind passing through the open spaces creating a high-pitched whistle that brought goosebumps to Jeffrey’s skin.

“Open your fucking eyes and look at me, Dahmer.”

“My eyes are open.”

“Open your eyes and look at me as you take your last fucking breath.”

The voice was close now, close enough for Jeffrey to recognize. It was then that he opened his eyes and found himself on his back on the floor of a gymnasium. Blood pooled around him, warm, sticky, and flowing all too freely from the lacerations on his skull. It hurt to move, but Jeffrey tilted his head forward, just in time to see prison guards burst into the room and launch themselves at the man in the orange jumpsuit. He held a long metal bar, which was coated in blood, hair, and small white chunks that could have been teeth or bone fragments.

“Drop the weapon and hit the floor. Scarver,” one of the guards hollered.

The man did as he was told, but he continued to yell, a piece of newspaper with Dahmer's face on it still clutched in his left hand. As the guards tackled Scarver to the floor, Jeffrey closed his eyes and tried to find his way back to his room and his beautiful servants, but all that he saw was darkness.