

Friends

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I have no regrets. Many years ago I clearly stated my intentions and I was not lying ... I killed them. In this life, some people win and others lose. Aura Sifuentes and Rafel Mateo no longer exist. I am alive. Did I win? ... Well that depends on how you analyze the facts of the case. My cellmate, and bodyguard, was knife-wounded last week for raping a disloyal maricón. He is in the jail infirmary. Now I walk without protection, with my back and my ass tight against the wall, just in case ... Lolita Lola, you know what I'm talking about ... One more C line? Uuhh! Good ... I am here in my hell. It is almost sure that Aura Sifuentes and Rafel Mateo are spending some time with Satan, or one of his demons, because those two were far from being saints. When the authorities discovered their corpses, many people cried. She was the nice girl of high society, a cute blonde with blue eyes. Well, in reality, Aurita was a big corrupt whore, but that's what they all forgot about. For them, Rafel Mateo was a noble Indian, educated and correct. Really? The noble Indian sold his people several times! But his people buried him as a hero because it did not suit them to damage his image. All the power of the law fell on me! The fool named Enrique Dudek-Martínez received two full sentences of thirty years for first-degree murder. Sixty pelucones in total ... Come here Lolita Lola. Ahh, my queen how I love you! How many years did they give to you? ... Joder! ... We will be together for a little while. You were too rough with that pimp. Revenge is not always sweet ... But you do understand that in the long run I'm going to win ... From this filthy prison I'm going to escape in the future. Hopefully it will not take too long. I just have to wait for someone to kill Ignacio José. Being a policeman is a risky profession ... Am I too cruel with a friend? Nooo. These are the realities of life. Our friendship has always been complicated. Enrique do not do this, Enrique do not do that other thing. He, Ignacio José, was the one who handed me over to justice. When they brought me to this penitentiary, after a short and fair trial, Ignacio José was waiting at the entrance. He honestly embraced me and said: 'Brother take care of yourself.' I looked into his eyes and thanked him for the good advice ... What can I tell you Lolita Lola? While he's hanging around in the outside world, my escape from this prison does not make sense. I'll spend good money on bribes and in the end my friend or his people will bring me back. Again in the hole!

I want you to worship me. That's what Aura Sifuentes told me the first time I saw her. Showing me an amazingly shaped breast for a sixteen-year old girl. It was at the end of a baseball game. I was the shortstop in our school team. I had already been a regular in the field for two seasons. She had just enrolled and was making her first appearance as a team cheerleader. I saw her half naked when walking near a bathroom. Aurita was taking off her cheerleader uniform. Without shame she turned around and showed me one of her beautiful breasts. Ohh mamma! I think that from the beginning the bitch saw me as a pendejo ... One more C line Lolita Lola? Noo? OK, later ... The four of us, Aura, Rafel Mateo, Ignacio José and me were members of the school baseball team. According to many, we were friends. But from the beginning things were complicated. Each one carried a sack of rocks on his back. The least convoluted of the four was Ignacio José. His family had moved from the countryside to the city and it was difficult for him to adapt. Montuno el muchacho! Inside the school, Ignacio José knew that he was an outsider, that's why he sought my friendship and that of Rafel Mateo. I never had a good relationship with Rafel Mateo. The guy was an Indian. A pure Native American! Rafel Mateo Manica. The best player in the baseball team and one of the best students in the school. But we all knew he was an Indian! In our small stadium, he moved around the centerfield with incredible grace. At homeplate, when hitting the ball, Rafel Mateo was pure electricity. The team had a tremendous defensive central line: The Indian at the centerfield, Ignacio José at the second base and me at the shortstop ... We were the best Lolita Lola! On the infield, Ignacio José and I covered a huuuge area. Rollings and lines did not pass. We amazed the people with the doubleplays we made. There was precision and elegance. And always, after we executed our marvelous infield plays, Rafel Mateo appeared with a spectacular catch in the centerfield. The damn Indian was trying to steal the show all the time!

When she arrived, Aura Sifuentes tried to catch the attention of Ignacio José. The girl was hot, she needed a good macho. That relationship did not move forward ... No, no Lolita, at that time Ignacio José was already crazy for Marta, the lady who is now his wife. Disappointed, Aurita was forced to switch her objective. She searched for another male. I offered myself but the bitch preferred to fuck Rafel Mateo. The Indian! She chose that scumbag. I was her pendejito. She enjoyed tempting me, with me the bitch

verified that she had an incredible body, but I was never allowed to taste a piece of that marble ... Never! ... Even today that sad fact depresses me ... Thanks Lolita Lola! There are people who know how to please. Go ahead. Prepare a superb C line. As only you know how to do it. You and I will share it ... In my obsession, I devoted myself to observe the behavior of Aura Sifuentes. I discovered her weak point. Such a beautiful creature, of such a good family, with so much money, suffered a lot because she was not her father's favorite. A truly stupid thing! The bitch had two sisters. These three girls did not receive an equal treatment inside their family. Aura easily eclipsed the youngest sister, but she could not overcome the beauty of the oldest one. The oldest sister had the father enchanted. The man was a real sobón! The bastard, in the name of love, did a lot of fondling over the bodies of his three young daughters. Aura realized that she was not the most caressed. Nor was she the first in her old man's will. Out of spite, to strengthen her self-esteem, she sought the love of a brave male. That's what screwed me up! ... Uuuuh! Good. Time to fly ... It was hard for me to assimilate the fact that an Indian was the preferred one. For me that relationship was an aberration of nature. In my family we always had things very clear. Everyone should be in his or her correct site. My father made emphasis on that. An attitude he inherited from my granddad: A Pole, blond him, who came to the country escaping the poverty generated by the war in Europe. My grandfather was rumored to be a Nazi collaborator who escaped after working in the administration of a concentration camp in Poland ... Do not laugh Lolita! I'm not bullshitting you with this ... My granddad was from the Treblinka area and an accountant by profession. A small man who used a Luger to control all the clever people he found after moving to this country. It cost him a lot to adapt when he arrived. Granddad liked the local females for fucking, they were extremely good in bed, but he wanted something different to form a family. He brought my grandmother directly from Poland. According to him, my father was a pure European. But my dad got corrupted by living in this country. He fell in love with a native female. A woman with some Indian blood. In my mother's family, a great-grandmother was Indian. The Pole cursed the lovers. Luger in hand he forbade them to marry. When I was born, and everyone saw that I didn't look like an Indian, my granddad authorized a wedding and my father did recognize me as his legal heir.

Many people in the school disapproved the relationship of Aura and Rafel Mateo. I was not the only one. It was sad to see them walking hand in hand. It did not feel good when they kissed in a hidden place inside the school garden ... Yes, you know how those cursed loves are Lolita Lola. There's a peculiar set of rules out there. The color of the skin and the type of the hole determine what one can or cannot do ... Aura Sifuentes got mad when she realized that people spoke badly about her relationship with Rafel Mateo. The bitch found out that I was criticizing behind her back. She declared war on me. Every time she could, she showed me a bit of her body: a tit, a thigh, a buttock. Little by little I became familiar with that fabulous anatomy. Above her sex she had three moles which formed a constellation of stars ... Don't get jealous Lolita Lola! ... Everything between us was just see and don't touch. I was going crazy! In nightmares I saw them both, Aurita and Rafel Mateo, making love in a thousand ways. Enjoying, mocking me. In my madness I swore I was going to kill them. Ignacio José was horrified by my comment. 'Don't be a fool Enrique ... Get your act together ... Aura is a virgin' he told me one day. Maybe he was right. His girlfriend Marta and the bitch were good friends. He probably knew what he was saying. But I ignored him. My last two years in high school were a real ordeal.

When we finished school, each one took a different path. Rafel Mateo, the noble Indian, started studying law at the university. For two years he was in that hole, but when he realized how the legal system works in this country, he abandoned his studies and founded a couple of NGOs to protect the rights of the Indians. A hero! Ignacio José in a weird move got into the Police Department ... No Lolita, no one knew why he did it. The man lived and lives on another planet. He ignored his family's wishes. He didn't pay attention to what his grandfather or his mother said and ended up as an agent of the law. A tricky business in this twisted country! In that job he has thrived. Ignacio José and his Specials scare me ... With the passing of the years, I did not forget Aura Sifuentes. She was very deep inside me! From a distance, I saw how the body of the hot girl evolved. She devoted herself to journalism and social causes. Using her head, with her beauty and the connections of her family, she became famous. She put together a phenomenal lie as a defender of human rights. A big paripé! Initially I fully swallowed her story. I truly regretted treating her so badly in our school years ... Yes, but in the end, I was right. One

day I discovered that, besides being a whore, she was a corrupt journalist. How I enjoyed that day Lolita Lola! The bitch and the owner of the newspaper where she worked were lovers who shared a bed and a particular view on how to do journalism. They accepted money to suppress information from newspaper pages. They kept a facade of honorable people, but when the bribe was juicy, they “forgot” the hard facts and did not report the news. In the fantasy world she created, the bitch had money and fame, and plenty of males to satisfy her carnal desires, she no longer needed playing games with his father. Bye-bye daddy. All perfect!

I chose my path in life with great care. The fact that I am now in jail is the result of an accident. A moment of madness caused by an uncontrollable jealousy attack? That or a gun which went crazy and killed my enemies. From my grandfather, the Pole, I inherited three things. His Luger. His love for counting money. And an aggressive attitude to take advantage of the good opportunities in this life. In 1939, when the Germans invaded Poland, my granddad probably used his knowledge to be at the side of the winners. The Nazis needed accountants in the concentration camps and ghettos. Trying to survive, many wealthy Jews gave their money. In this world every villain appreciates a wise guy who can help him to manage the stolen or badly acquired money. I studied administration and joined people with money, with a lot of money. First I worked for a group of smugglers. We “imported” electrical appliances and food. Then I connected with a cartel dedicated to the production, transport and sale of coca: Los Socos ... Ahh Lolita Lola, I see that some asshole has already told you this part of my life. One more C line? ... Blessed be the white powder! ... No, I did not kill or torture, I was the head of operations. After a couple of minor tasks, they assigned me the supervision of several coca growing fields in the Amazon jungle. It was a simple operation: We appropriated isolated areas in a forest, brought down the trees, and sowed the coca plants. Nothing unusual, other cartels did something similar, but one afternoon we received the news that a beautiful journalist was investigating the ecological damage caused by our activities. We were under the gaze of Aura Sifuentes ... Yes, the bitch wanted to take us down with an article in her newspaper! I got scared when the leaders of the cartel considered the possibility of eliminating her. We talked about different methods for her

eradication. With horror I imagined the wonderful body of Aurita shattered by a bomb. I convinced my bosses that our best option was to negotiate.

With the help of an intermediary, an interview was organized in a neutral place. Well, it was not really a neutral place, I must confess that I made a somewhat tortuous plan. The interview was conducted in a luxury restaurant inside a five-star hotel. My intention was to offer Aura the bribe money and a plus to sleep with me. Our pact was going to be sealed in one of the hotel rooms inside very delicate sheets made with Egyptian cotton. Aurita came to the interview in an exquisite dress in pink and white that went very well with her blonde hair. The dress had a neckline and cuts on the bottom which showed a spectacular pair of breasts and great legs. We had not spoken for more than a decade, since the end of high school, but the interview started very well. However, after half an hour, I realized that nothing had changed. She accepted the bribe not to write her article but things did not go beyond there. Rolo'e puta! Lots of temptation and in the end her body vanished ... Do not laugh Lolita Lola! I was in a state of tremendous excitement. I took advantage of the room reserved at the hotel, called a couple of hookers, and went ahead with my life. I didn't get the body of Aura Sifuentes but I did well for my bosses. The bitch never reported the ecological disaster that we were doing in the Amazon.

About three months later, things got complicated again. When we had the ecologists under control, the Indians came complaining that we were stealing their land. At first, there were isolated complaints, but then the two NGOs led by Rafel Mateo began to make noise. A bunch of pigs! Even so, little by little, they began to be noticed by the public. To cut these protests, I recommended the killing of Rafel Mateo. The time had come for that Indian to pay for all the bad things he had done to me. My bosses rejected the idea ... No Lolita, they did not care about the Indian or the indigenous problem. They analyzed the situation and realized that it was not convenient for them to kill Rafel Mateo. Days before an indigenous leader had been shot to death for opposing the construction of a hydroelectric dam on the lands of his tribe. A significant part of the public did not like this killing. The situation could explode out of control if another indigenous leader was killed. My bosses gave me the order to control the problem using peaceful methods. I did the best I could ... One night, in the middle of a dinner with a trio

of happy politicians, I was approached by an old acquaintance from high school. A cousin of Rafel Mateo. He had played with us on the baseball team as a catcher. The Indian was very ladino. The man told me that he could change his cousin's attitude if we paid enough money. A bribe? The former catcher did not specify. He insisted that he could negotiate and asked for a small fortune in cash.

I discussed the issue with the heads of the cartel. Nothing would be lost in a negotiation with Rafel Mateo. There was a clear possibility that our enemy was softening after seeing how other indigenous activists had been killed. With his cousin we arranged an interview in an isolated chalet near the outskirts of a forest. The former catcher came with his car to pick me up at my mansion. To carry the money, I used a pair of faithful bodyguards. Scared of a possible ambush by the Indians, I took some precautions. In a bad move, I decided to put my grandfather's Luger in a pocket of my jacket ... There are actions that change everything Lolita ... On the way to the meeting place, Rafel Mateo's cousin confessed that my old "friend" was not waiting for us. It was going to be a surprise visit. 'Better that way ... If we take him by surprise he will agree more easily to the deal' the former catcher told us. When we arrived, the chalet gave me a bad feeling. It looked like a picadero. A secluded love shack. Near the entrance to the garage were two parked cars. The cousin of Rafel Mateo told us that the activist used the chalet for meditation. Without waiting for our comments, he took the briefcase with the money and went to the entrance of the building. We followed him. The main door was not closed. We enter the chalet easily. Upon crossing the main door, we heard the moans of pleasure of a woman ... It was something totally unexpected Lolita. These sounds trapped us. Surprised we walked inside the building looking for their origin. In the chalet's library we found a couple making love. She, a blonde woman, was half naked, leaning over a desk. He, an Indian, was penetrating her from behind in a pure doggie style. They were Aura Sifuentes and Rafel Mateo embarked on a pleasure trip ... Pure joy Lolita! In a fit of jealousy and anger, I pulled out the Luger nested in a pocket of my jacket. And I don't remember anything else. According to what they told me, first I killed the two lovers and then I finished the asshole Indian who had taken us to the chalet. One of my bodyguards pulled the Luger out of my right hand and struck me really hard in the head, with the pain I was

freed from the attack of jealousy and anger. Sometimes I wonder, who squeezed the trigger of that gun? It was me or was the spirit of my granddad the Pole?

Meticulously we cleaned up the crime scene. My two bodyguards were experts in that type of operation. We hid the three corpses in the water well of an old house which had been abandoned for years and years. A safe grave used by the cartel to hide assassinated enemies. Then we vanished the cars of the three victims. I confessed what happened to the leaders of the cartel. One of them started laughing, the other two were a little bit more sensitive. In my madness, by chance, I had eliminated two enemies of our business. We proceeded to design a plan to minimize damage to the cartel's reputation. If I had the bad luck of a discovery of the victims' bodies by the authorities, the murders would be attributed to a crime of passion. I had to confess that my love for Aura Sifuentes led me to commit a horrible act ... I'm not sure about that Lolita. Who squeezed the trigger of that gun? After the murders, the Pole appeared in my dreams, moving restlessly up and down, sometimes laughing out loud ... Scared I watched how the police investigation evolved. A month and a half after the disappearance of Aura Sifuentes, her father, who no longer abused the bitch and missed her very much, used his connections to put the best police unit in the case. They gave that ugly package to Ignacio José and his Special Forces. He was also assigned the case of the disappearance of Rafel Mateo and his cousin. Annoyed Ignacio José called me on the phone. He told me that he didn't like a case where he had to investigate his own friends. I calmed him down, life can be very convoluted some times, we agreed to go out for a couple of beers one afternoon when we were not very busy. Lolita, I think that he remembered the oath I did at high school, when I stated my wish of killing Aura Sifuentes and Rafel Mateo.

With ease Ignacio José established the fact that the bitch was a corrupt journalist. Aurita didn't cover well many of her crooked deals. On the phone Ignacio José asked me if I had had dealings with her recently. I told him that in the last ten years I had only seen Aura Sifuentes once, when by chance we met at a restaurant, and had dinner and a few drinks to remember the old days. Did he swallow that lie? The police force had some difficulties establishing the corruption of Rafel Mateo. But they did find the truth. While drinking beer in a bar, Ignacio José told me that these two disappeared persons had enjoyed an intense sexual relationship in the last three or four years. Part Two of their

romance at high school. The bitch had kept the affair secret away from the ears of her father or the owner of the newspaper where she worked. That fabulous body was a huge temptation for everybody! I played dumb when listening to the words of Ignacio José. The intense romance with Aurita modified the attitude of Rafel Mateo. He took a liking to life, the Indian didn't want to be killed. His NGOs began to negotiate. From time to time, when the issue of a protest was very dangerous, Rafel Mateo would move away from a direct confrontation or accept a bribe. His cousin, the former catcher, was the point of contact in his shady dealings. I paid for the beers and left the bar with the certainty that my days as a free man were numbered.

Two weeks passed. One morning I saw on television the tremendous commotion that arose when the police found the water well where we had hidden the three corpses of the victims. On a TV screen I saw Ignacio José talking to the journalists. 'We were lucky, a snitch told us about this place where we found several bodies' he said. Luck? Do not fuck with me. The guy knew quite well where he was going! The afternoon of that day the Specials showed up at my house. A judge had given them an Order of Inspection and Search. In a drawer of my main desk they found the Luger, the murder weapon ... No Lolita, I could not throw that pistol away, the Luger was a memory of my grandfather the Pole. He gave it to me! I telephoned the cartel bosses. We prepared for the worst. I already knew what I had to declare to the authorities and the press. The night of that same day, Ignacio José went to visit me at my mansion. He did not mention details of the police investigation. That topic was not touched in our conversation. For more than an hour we talked about the old days at school when he was the second baseman and I was the shortstop on the baseball team. We remembered happy games and the elegant way in which we built the doubleplays. One of us attacked the ball that came rolling while the other moved to second base to touch, jump avoiding the runner, and release the shot to first base. In our plays we made memorable jumps and deliveries. Two souls that for a few seconds merged into one. Laughter and innocent shouts of joy ... At the end of the conversation we embraced. Half an hour later a couple of uniformed policemen came to take me away in a patrol car.