

CH1 b: You should never follow a demon into hell

Brujo had noticed the boy earlier when he and Ernesto were on their first walk up the beach. The men, walking side by side were discretely looking for a suitable boy. Brujo had then eyed Guillermo as a delightful and tasty potential prey. He even pointed him to Ernesto, "do you see that boy in the blue swim trunks?" The men had stopped their walk, and looked out over the ocean to hide their keen interest on the boy, who sat on the sand, at the edge of the water. Yes, the boy would really fit the bill. He was the right size and complexion and certainly cute enough, but there was a hang-up. The boy was not by himself. The boy was playing with a group of boys his age. One of them, an older boy, was obviously his brother. The boys horsed around while the surf tossed them all around. It was a cute scene to see the kids dunk each other between waves, and, or give each other wedgies, all the while emitting shrill screams. However cute the scene was, the setup made harvesting the boy impractical.

Brujo did not have to explain to Ernesto the need to exercise the outmost care. Their pursuit was fraught with terrible danger. They only needed to make a single mistake to become as doomed as the unfortunate boys he snatched from time to time. It was not just a matter of finding the right boy; there were plenty of them, especially here in the beach. The key was to find one these suitable boys in the right situation; alone, isolated, and preferably in some form of dire need.



Over the years, the two men had hunted on their own, but had come to the same basic conclusion. To successfully snatch a boy, or as Brujo liked to say it, harvest a boy, the circumstances had to be just right. The boy had to be by himself, preferably in a deserted place. The trick then was to find a plausible reason to trick the boy, to lure him to a place where he could be overpowered and secured. Once the boy was physically restrained, things quickly got much easier for him and a whole lot worse for the boy.

Whereas Brujo prowled the beach in search of the right boy in the right circumstances, Ernesto on the other hand, was a lot more methodical in his approach, he would choose his victim, and then track him carefully to figure out when the boy could be

plucked from the herd sort of speak, and used to his terrible desires.

The men, who had just met in person only a few days earlier, had driven to the beach today with the express purpose of looking for a boy to "harvest" Brujo had driven his dilapidated van to the beach parking lot, and purposely parked on a remote corner of the parking lot right against a big box truck. The tight space between the two vehicles made the perfect place to lure a boy, and knock him out. If they managed to do that, they would have the boy in their secure enclave in a matter of minutes. Once there, they would be free to enjoy their depraved desires, without fear of interruption or apprehension of unwanted visitors.

The men, after observing the boy for a good while, grudgingly moved on. The boy was a particularly fair specimen, and would have satiated their appetites to perfection. It was hard to pass up such a perfect and cute boy, but they continued their jaunt up the beach, following the edge of the ocean, still looking. The beach was quite full, and they enjoyed the sights and sounds of all the kids playing all around them. It was almost like being in a candy store, admiring the inventory, looking

for what they would want, and yet not being able to grab it off the shelf. If nothing else, it was fun to walk on the beach, getting their feet wet, it was after all a beautiful sunny day.

Their frequent stops to appreciate the boys, made what would have been an hour walk last much longer. Samil beach is only about one and a half kilometers long, so a slow walk from one end of Samil to the other and back took the men over two hours. The men enjoyed each other's company as they walked, discussing their terrible likes and desires. Cementing what each other hoped would be a future cooperation. For Ernesto it felt surreal to discuss openly with another man besides Lorenzo, what it was that he liked to do with, and to boys. He found himself getting quite excited and aroused as he described what he had already done. Brujo loved to hear Ernesto's tales. He began to appreciate how Ernesto's deep knowledge of human anatomy allowed him to torture the unfortunate boys that fell into his hands to no end. This was a knowledge that he lacked and sorely needed. He too wanted to carry out his perverse fantasies on boys, to cut them up and quarter them while keeping the boys alive and conscious as long as possible.

Neither man had expected to have any success on their first day hunting together. Ernesto often spent weeks and weeks looking for boys, surveying, learning about their activities, preparing, planning. He would do a lot of work before he would snatch one. Today he was just tagging along with Brujo to look at one of his favorite hunting grounds, the beach. Their plan was to do a simple walk up and down the white sands of Samil beach. They wanted to be regarded as regulars after all, so that their presence would not raise suspicion.

Now, as the afternoon wore on, and the sun began to creep towards the horizon, the two men were almost back to the point where they had started a few hours ago. Not surprisingly, they were still without a victim, and both men looking forward to a tasty dinner. Brujo had mentioned an Argentinean restaurant near La Gran via, which really knew how to prepare churrasco. He would have off course preferred a different menu, but he could live with disappointment. It was for this reason that the men were pleasantly surprised to find the boy again near the very end of their hike. More importantly, circumstances had changed. This time the boy was all alone, sitting on the sand in a deserted part of the beach. Ernesto looked at the boy now that they were closer, and understood why Brujo had eyed him before. He had a handsome slim yet firm body with perfectly tanned skin, and he would offer just the right amount of meat for a two-person feast.

As the men approached the boy, like two predators approach a helpless prey, Ernesto took an even better look at his potential victim. His light brown hair was dotted with blond highlights, no doubt the result of intense exposure to the sun; his eyes were a rare and delightful blue-green color. Although he was a bit too young for his own desires, he was ideal for what Brujo and he had in mind that evening.

The two men exchanged a knowing look between them, both realizing that a golden and rare opportunity had presented itself. They each scouted the beach around them. They realized with delight, that most people either had already left for the day, or were busy preparing to leave. It was after all getting a bit late in the afternoon. The men looked at each other again, and they nodded. Just like that, without words, it was settled, they would try to snatch this boy, now.

They approached closer to the boy, trying to appear as calm and matter of fact as possible. It was hard to do this, both of their hearts pounded in their chest. The boy for his part had noticed the men approach him, and was already looking right at them. Badly did they boy know that his life depended on what he decided to do in the coming moments. His life hung in a precarious balance.

Brujo took the lead, and in a surprisingly gentle, almost tender tone asked the boy, "Hello boy, are you lost?"

Guillermo was a bit shy, especially when it came to talking to two strangers in the beach. He had after all been warned many times not to talk to strangers, but he did not see the harm in it. The two men looked perfectly normal after all. He was lost, and could use help to find his way back to his family. He replied, "Yes, how do you know?"

Brujo could not help but to smile, boys are so innocent, and so easy to fool, he thought. It was obvious to anyone who took the time to look, that the boy was by himself, and thus far from his family, all alone. More important to their nefarious plans, was that the boy had just confirmed that his whereabouts were unknown to others. Leveraging what they had learned earlier that afternoon, Brujo set his plan in motion, “Well”, Brujo went on, “you look like a boy that they told us to look out for. Your mom and especially your brother are looking for you. You must be him, what’s your name?”

The boy broke in a smile; He had guessed that his parents would be looking for him by now; he had been gone quite a while. Worse yet, he had begun to fear that they would punish him for getting lost. Perhaps these men could help him.

“G..Guillermo”

Brujo smiled, attempting to keep the boy at ease. The smile was not a fake one. Brujo smiled because he realized that this was going to be easier than he thought, “Well, come with us, we will drive you back to your parents, they are worried sick about you”

Brujo turned to the disinterested party ploy, and began to head towards the parking lot while gesturing to the boy with his hand to follow him. Ernesto and Brujo walked side by side, without looking back towards the boy. The beach was very wide here, and there was a long stretch of dry and hot sand to traverse to get to the parking lot where the van was. Both men had to fight the urge to look behind them to see if the boy would follow them, but they controlled themselves. They had to sell the ploy to the boy, a way of looking disinterested and disguise their abject desire for the boy to follow them.

Guillermo dithered, unsure of what to do. Should he go with these strangers? As the men walked further away, he could not help but to notice how the beach had quickly become deserted. Feeling almost abandoned, Guillermo decided to follow the men, it was after all easier to be driven right back to his parents, than having to walk all the way back and having to look for them. Besides, the men looked trustworthy, and heck, they had talked to his mom and brother. The boy got up, shook the sand off his swimming trunks, and began to run after the men, who were still moving away from the ocean and had almost reached the parking lot by now.

The beach was indeed very wide here and when Guillermo started to walk on the part of the beach that was covered in dry and hot sand, his feet started burning. The boy quickened his run, while making little “oow oow” sounds as he sprinted to catch up to the two men. It took him a good while for the boy to catch up to the strangers. By the time he reached them, they were already on the stone tiled boardwalk, shaking the sand off their feet. He was breathing hard from the effort of running on the loose sand. As soon as he was within earshot of the men, he asked them “hey!, wait!...how far away are my parents?”

Brujo, still trying to look disinterested, looked at the boy, and pointed in an indeterminate way away from the Lagares river, “far away that way next to the Carballeiro. It’s too far and too late for you to walk by yourself, we will take you” Brujo felt the excitement of the hunt, and grinned.

The two men approached the large and dilapidated blue van. The one they had purposely parked next to the large box truck. Just as the men had rehearsed, Ernesto opened the side door of the van that was on the side of the box truck and stepped in. Brujo stood right outside the door indicating to Guillermo to get in.