

CH 1c: say your goodbyes

Guillermo looked at the beat up van that the men pointed to, and hesitated for a moment. The voice of his mom resonated in his head, 'never get in a car with strangers'. How many times had she told him? Must have been hundreds of times. The boy stopped for an instant, trying to decide what to do. The men had been nothing but nice to him, and if his mom was indeed looking for him, and worried, she would not mind that he got in the car with these men. Still however, he hesitated, trying to make up his mind; what to do? Guillermo took a quick look around him. The sun was drawing closer to the horizon, and the beach was getting emptier by the minute, giving it an eerie feeling. The fact that even the parking lot was nearly empty now swayed him in favor of getting in the van. The boy darted forward towards Brujo, who was next to the passenger side of the van, standing between it and a large truck. The boy came running in with a big smile in his face, stopped just in front of Brujo, placed one of his feet on the threshold of the door and prepared to leap inside.

Just as Guillermo was stepping into the van, the big burly man behind him suddenly placed his hand on his back, and violently shoved him in. The boy stumbled forward, and fell face down on the floor of the van. Before he knew what was going on, or he could utter a single word, he was pinned down by the knee of the other man. Indeed, Ernesto had placed all of his weight down onto the back of the squirming boy. Not a second later, he placed the wet and sweet smelling rag firmly against the boy's face. Guillermo reached for his face with his arms, trying to rip the rag away from his face as he screamed as loud as he could. Ernesto held the rag firmly, and made sure that it covered both the boy's mouth and nose. The boy's scream, muffled by the rag, was barely audible outside the van. Even if the boy had been able to scream to the top of his lungs, it would have achieved nothing. The parking lot was nearly deserted, and the sound of the surf from the beach would have drowned it out. Unfortunately, for the boy, the act of screaming emptied his lungs, and thus, he had to subsequently inhale deeply to replace the air in his lungs. Unwittingly, with his inhalation, the boy drew in chloroform vapors deep into his lungs. The sweet smell made him launch into a coughing fit. Despite this, the boy tried to scream again and again, each time inhaling more of the vapors wafting from the chloroform-soaked rag each time.

Guillermo was in shock and panicking. He tried to free himself, kicking and thrashing wildly, trying to rip the rag from his face, and to get out from under Ernesto knee. His struggle however soon grounded to a halt. Despite all his efforts, the boy's legs and arms began to go numb. He kicked a few more times, but each time with less vigor. In his mind there was only one thought, must get away, must get away, yet despite all his efforts, he could feel his limbs gradually lose strength. In the mean time, his eyesight started blur, and his thoughts became incoherent. The men, looking over him watched the boy struggle, losing strength, getting closer to losing consciousness. The boy fought on, fighting the confusion, he managed to kick his legs a few more times until suddenly everything went dark, and he went limp. The men looked over the boy with a malevolent smile; their little prey was unconscious.

Ernesto had knocked out a number of his own boy victims with chloroform. Being a doctor gave him easy access to the stuff, and the perfect justification for having it and carrying it with him, even if it was not widely used anymore. He knew just how much to use to soak up the rag, and how little time it took before a boy would succumb to its effects. The little boy that now lay unconscious under his knee had been relatively easy.

The boy lay placidly on the floor of the van, at their mercy, or rather the lack of it. Brujo had watched Ernesto carefully as he put the boy down with the chloroform. He was keenly interested to learn how to use it, so that in the future he too could employ it. Each man had much to learn from the other. However, now was not the time to delay with lessons. Brujo knew that time was of the essence. It was getting late, and the boy's parents were sure to be out looking for their precious son. As soon as the boy went limp, he reached out to the boy and started pulling his swimming shorts off with quick jerks. Soon the shorts slid over the boy's hips and down his legs, until Brujo had them on hand. Ernesto in the mean time began to bound the boy's elbows and wrists tightly behind his back. The two men worked quickly together. Their rehearsal that morning proving its worth.

Brujo looked at Ernesto and told him, “you finish tying the boy up, I am off to throw the swim trunks in the ocean; I will be back in a minute”. Brujo closed the van door, and took off towards the ocean. Brujo moved towards the swift flowing Lagares River trying not to appear excited, rushed, or out of place. Brujo could not believe how well their plan was moving forward, it was just as they had discussed earlier that day. Tossing the boy’s swim trunks in the river was a clever ploy. The current would drag the swim trunks back out to the ocean where they would likely wash ashore later that evening. Anyone looking for the boy along the beach would likely find them, if not today, tomorrow. Finding the garment would make the authorities conclude that the ocean had once again claimed an innocent life. It would provide a perfect cover for his activities, and keep everyone from suspecting that foul play had played a role in the disappearance of yet another boy.

Ernesto, left temporarily alone with the unconscious boy, took a moment to admire him. The boy really was a beautiful specimen, and he had to admit to himself that despite his tender age, he looked very cute dressed now in only in his tidy whites. Ernesto could not help himself, he reached under the boy’s underwear, and felt the boy’s little cock; it was so smooth. He shook his head, this boy would have been a delight to take to his place in six or seven years, pitty he thought, that he would never get the chance. He began to bind the boy’s feet together, thinking with excitement of what it was he and Brujo were planning to do to the boy.

Ernesto had just finished binding the boy’s ankles when Brujo came back to the van. As they had agreed, Brujo tapped the door three times before opening the door. He got in, and jumped in the driver’s seat. He pushed the curtain that separated the Van’s driving compartment from the cargo area, and looked back at Ernesto, “are we ready to go?”

“No, wait a minute,” said Ernesto. He took a thick blanket, and began to roll the boy’s limp body in it. This way if for some reason they were stopped, or some onlooker got a view of the back of the van, the boy would remain out of sight. Furthermore, placing the chloroform soaked rag inside the blanket next to the boy’s face would keep him unconscious for a good long while, while at the same time reducing the amount of vapors inside the van.

Ernesto, satisfied with his handy work, stepped between the seats of the van and sat on the front passenger seat. He felt a bit dizzy, no doubt, the combination of excitement and chloroform vapors. He opened the window to let fresh air in and clear his head. Then looking at Brujo, who was shaking the sand off his feet before putting on his shoes, he smiled and said, “Let’s go”

Brujo finished putting his shoes on, and started the engine of the van. Pulling his seatbelt over his shoulders, he placed the van in gear, and they began idling forward towards the exit of the parking lot. Once there, Brujo made a right turn at the Avenida de Samil, and began driving away from the beach and towards his place. Ernesto looked back looking at their

bundled prey, and in a low sarcastic voice he said, "you better say goodbye to your life little boy"

