

Chapter 2a: a nice place is not necessarily a nice place to be in

Brujo's place was not very far from the beach, in less than 20 minutes the van had departed the asphalt paved roads that crisscrossed the land near the coast, and was negotiating the gravel-covered roads up in the nearby mountains. These roads were steep, narrow and full of hairpin turns. With each turn, the loose contents in the back of the van would slide from one side to the other. The blanket with their unfortunate victim slide from time to time as well. As the men got closer to their destination, Brujo felt more and more excited. Soon they would begin to process their catch. With a new partner in crime by his side, he had high hopes that he would finally get to experience his long sought after perverted fantasies.

Brujo had taken many boys, both in his native country and now here in Spain. He loved to butcher them preferably while still alive. He loved to see their reactions as he tore their supple bodies apart, the denial, the anger, and their futile attempts at bargaining with him. However, what Brujo liked most of all, was to see when the boy would finally accept their fate, and would quit struggling, letting him cut their doomed bodies, as they died. Despite all his previous efforts, the boys lost consciousness or died very soon after he began to cut into their bodies. It was this phase that Brujo hoped to prolong as much as possible. This is why exactly why he had reached out in the Internet to find a partner. It was a huge risk, but now that risk had paid off. In the van next to him, he had Ernesto, a doctor. Behind, bound and unconscious he had a tender and helpless boy. In a little while he would be the subject of his desires, except that he would be trying a new approach. The outcome would off course be the same, at the end the boy's quartered body would be cooked, and consumed. Boys after all offered the tastiest meat that there was.

All this had been a gradual approach. He had taken his time meeting people through the internet, where he had come in contact with Ernesto. Gradually, bit by bit, the men had revealed to each other what their true intentions and desires. They had taken the outmost care for security; Ernesto was very knowledgeable of how to keep communications secure when they talked with each other. Ernesto was a doctor by trait, so he knew of ways to prolong the boy's life so that he could experience the horror of his own butchering. Brujo felt his dick harden in his pants repeatedly as he thought of what they were about to do to the little boy they had just snatched.

Ernesto for his part, had long dreamed of perhaps tasting boy meat one day, but despite his prowess raising pigs back home, he knew next to nothing about butchering an animal. Brujo however seemed to have a long practice of not just butchering animals, but boys as well. His dick hardened in his pants as the van got closer to the spot where he and Brujo would take the boy and do the boy.

Brujo owned a large parcel of wooded land, which abutted a national park in the rugged mountains near the shore. Since the land did not face the ocean, and offered no breathtaking vistas, the land had been cheap. More importantly, the area was sparsely populated, and seldom visited by anyone. It was the ideal location for Brujo, who had purposely looked for a place without neighbors for kilometers around. Just as Ernesto's did in his place out in Segovia, it was paramount to maintain distance and privacy. In this case, the thick forest around Brujo's property ensured that any sound their victim made would not travel very far.

The van came over a rise in the mountain, and commenced a steep descent back towards the bottom of the valley. About half way down the valley in a blind turn of the twisty road there was the entrance to Brujo's place; they had arrived. The narrow driveway, which looked abandoned and overgrown with brush on either side, had a locked gate. Ernesto got out of the van, unlocked the gate, and waited for Brujo to idle the van forward and advanced up the driveway. The van brushed up against the lush undergrowth of the forest. Finally, the driveway opened up and the men finally came to a small house with a

large shed next to it. It was not a particularly nice or welcoming looking place. Should any stranger chance upon the property they would not have a lot of interest in it, or its contents.

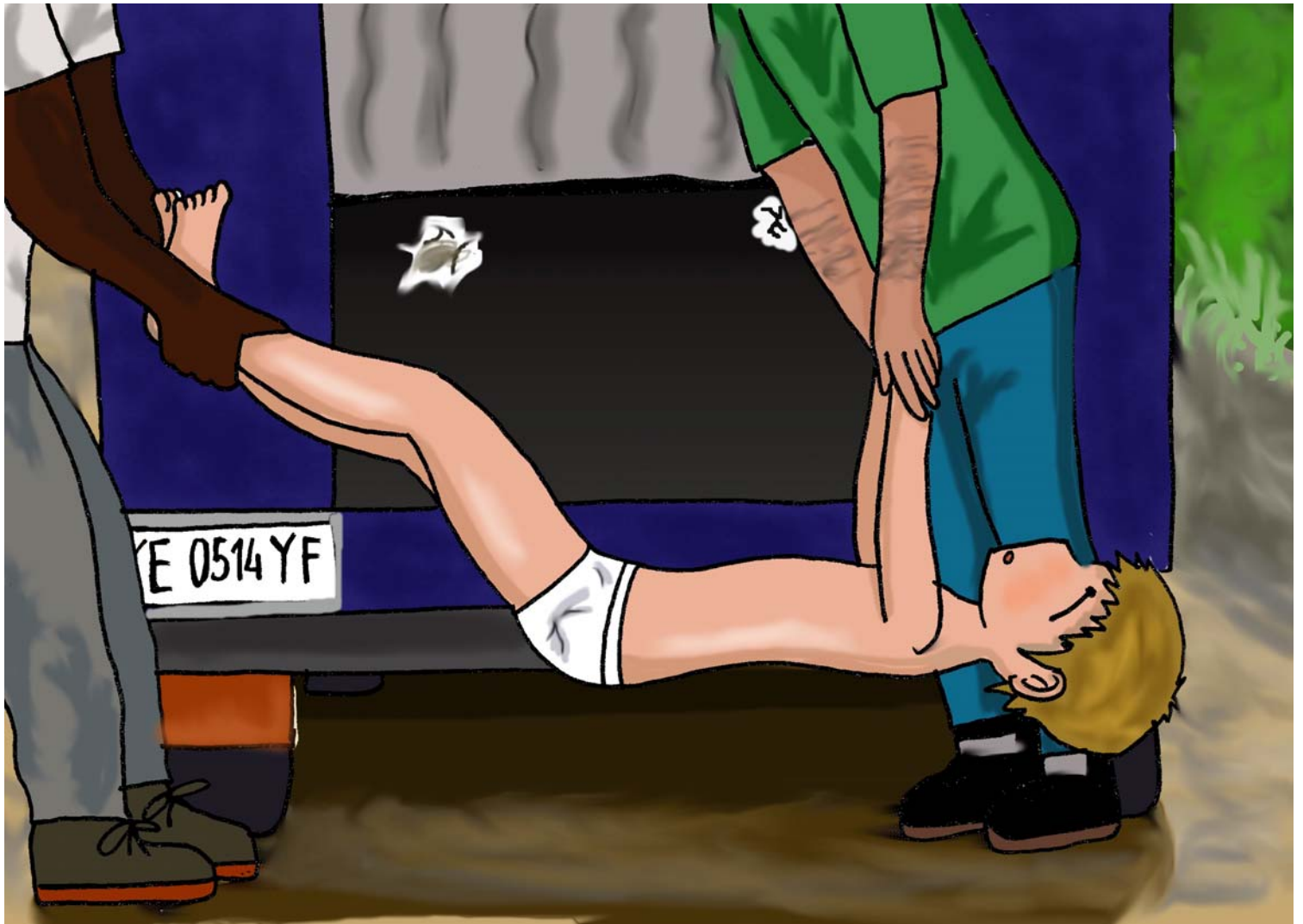
Brujo drove the van around the house, until its side door was next to the entrance of the large shed. Brujo shut off the engine and looked at Ernesto. "Let's do it!" he said, and with that, Brujo got out of the van, and proceeded to unlock the door of the shed. Ernesto got out too, and watched as Brujo slid the door to the shed open.

The large shed had been setup and equipped by Brujo for butchering. That shed had seen a long list of animals and boys come through its doors. When Brujo flipped the light switch the fluorescent lights flickered on, shining their pale and antiseptic light on a whole host of knives, cleavers, and hooks which hang from the wall neatly stored, and ready for use. On the table next to the entrance, Ernesto had placed a small kit of medical supplies. His number one job today was to keep the boy alive and conscious as long as possible as Brujo butchered him.

The men had discussed and carefully gone over what they would do when they got a boy. They had not expected to snatch one so soon, but now, all their discussions and rehearsals, which they had done quite a few times, would come in handy. They knew how they would secure the animal, how they would treat him, how they would prepare him. There was little to do now but to execute their carefully crafted plan. Ernesto checked his supplies once more and then looking at Brujo he said, "Let's get him ready", Brujo had a big smile on his face. This was his favorite thing to do in the whole world.

Both men came back to the van, and opened the doors. There in the floor of the van, was the boy, still wrapped around the blanket and unconscious, oblivious to his imminent and terrible fate. The men began to undo the ligatures that had secured the boy while they transported him. Brujo, his voice vibrating with a tenor of excitement, began to pepper Ernesto with questions and comments. He spoke quickly and excitedly. "He is going to be delicious", "How long do you think we will keep him alive?", "I want his meat nice and rare, are you sure you want yours well done?"

Ernesto smiled as he heard his new partner's excitement. He was not a very talkative person, but he patiently answered each of Brujo's questions, "yes, he will be nice and tender", "if we are careful, almost until the very end", "yes, I am sure, I like mine well done"



Once the boy's limbs were untied, the men dragged him out of the van by his arms and legs. The boy felt and looked just like a little pig. Swinging from his limbs, the men took him into the shed while admiring Guillermo's supple and limp body, clad only in his tidy whites.

Once in the shed the men deposited the boy on top of the large and sturdy table. Brujo often used this table as a cutting and cooling board. The boy splayed on the table began to slowly come back to. The effects of the chloroform were obviously wearing off. Finally, the boy opened one of his eyes, confused and looking at the men puzzled. "W.. What? What happened?" the boy finally asked.

Brujo laughed at the little boy, who was as of yet, unaware of his great peril. Ernesto just looked at him sternly.

The boy began to grow visibly alarmed as he realized that they were no longer at the beach. This place was not even the van, which was the last thing he remembered seeing before... before he was attacked! In fact, he did not recognize where he was, or how he had gotten there. Adding to his growing fright was the fact that he could still not quite feel, nor move his arms and legs. His concern escalated to a full-blown alarm when he realized that his swim trunks were gone, and that he only had his tidy whites on.

Even as the boy was realizing all these things, Brujo had begun to tie ropes around each of the boy's ankles. The boy looked on, desperate to move his leg, but without success. He had to helplessly watch as Brujo wrapped the rope around his leg until finally with a couple of strong tugs to tighten the knots, he finished. Brujo left out a long loop of rope dangling from each of the boy's ankles on purpose. Little Guillermo, increasingly alarmed, was on the edge of tears. "What are you doing? Stop that!" The boy tried to shake his legs, as if doing that would perhaps shake off the snugly tied rope around his ankles. His body, still not fully recovered from the effects of the chloroform made his movements clumsy, slow, and poorly coordinated. Even if he had had the full use of his faculties, the boy would have had next to no chance of avoiding what the men were doing to him.

Brujo finished tying the ropes around the boy's ankles. He pulled hard on the loops of rope dangling from the boy's ankles one more time, forcing the boy's legs taught, shaking the boy to one side then another. Satisfied that he had done a good job he looked at the boy and smiled with his perverse expression. "Ok little boy, its time for us to have some fun with you" The boy began whimpering, he was suddenly afraid, very afraid, he began to beg to be with his mom. Brujo ignored the boy's whimpers, and with an evil smile he reached out to the boy, and said, "But first, its time to take those cute tidy whites off"

The boy, his eyes wide with terror and surprise, began to scream and wriggle as Brujo began to pull down on the boy's last remaining article of clothing. The boy tried desperately to keep his underpants, but it was a lost cause. Still wet from the sea, the boy began to kick his legs, fending Brujo, if for just a moment. Brujo, growing annoyed at the boy, grumbled, "Common boy, we have to get you ready"

The boy puzzled, stopped his kicking momentarily and looked at Brujo. "Ready for what?" he asked, even as tears kept streaming from his eyes. Brujo smiled, his sadistic side always enjoying telling a boy what lay ahead for him. Looking right at the boy and in a cool matter of fact voice, he told him "well boy, we have to hang you upside down, and then cut you up so we can get you ready to be cooked. You are what's for dinner tonight." The boy's eyes got really big, not understanding, or not wanting to accept what he had just heard. The expression of surprise and growing horror in little Guillermo's face as Brujo told him was precious.

Brujo pounced on, "Yes, you heard correctly, that's what you are here for. We are going to cut up your supple and tender little body, and then we are going to cook you over a grill, and then we will eat you" The boy, suddenly overcome with a fear more intense than anything he had ever known, began to pee on himself.

Brujo groaned as he saw a yellowish stain appear and spread in the boy's underwear. With a disapproving face, he reached out and pulled the soaked briefs down the boy's legs, and down to his ankles, and eventually off the boy. The boy, frozen with fear began to shake, exposed and naked, his tiny and fear shrunk cock exposed

Brujo, taking advantage of the boy's fear-induced frozen state, stood up, grabbed the loops that dangled from each of the boy's ankles and said "Common boy, there is nothing you can do, just cooperate, it will all be over soon" The boy looked up at Brujo, and suddenly began to scream and shriek in a loud ear piercing volume. Ernesto could not help but to think how like a little pig being led to the slaughter the boy sounded.