

Chapter 3b: a gutsy moment

Brujo did not delay in the least. Moving slightly aside to make sure that Ernesto could see what he was doing, Brujo placed his left hand right above the boy's little cock, and then gently swiped the sharp blade that he held in his right hand in a downwards motion. The swipe started just slightly to the right side of the boy's little cock. Ernesto, a doctor by trade, was still surprised by the grace with which Brujo handled the extremely sharp blade. It was almost like watching a surgeon at work. The edge of the blade was so sharp, and Brujo handled it so well, that it cut into the boy's skin with great ease, exposing the white subcutaneous fat under the boy's skin. The white of the fat made a strong contrast with the tan skin of the boy's belly.

With each gentle swipe of the blade, the cut grew deeper and longer, the lips of the cut parted easily and with remarkably little bleeding. This was not by accident. Ernesto had recommended the boy be hung upside down precisely to force most of his blood to pool in his upper body, which now hung low. His legs and belly had gradually drained, leaving little blood in his legs and belly to bleed.

Brujo followed his first swipe with a second and then a third. Each subsequent swipe lengthening the incision, which grew longer and deeper until it extended from the base of the boy's cock to the start of his rib cage. He deepened the cut until it left exposed the layer of abdominal muscle under the belly fat.

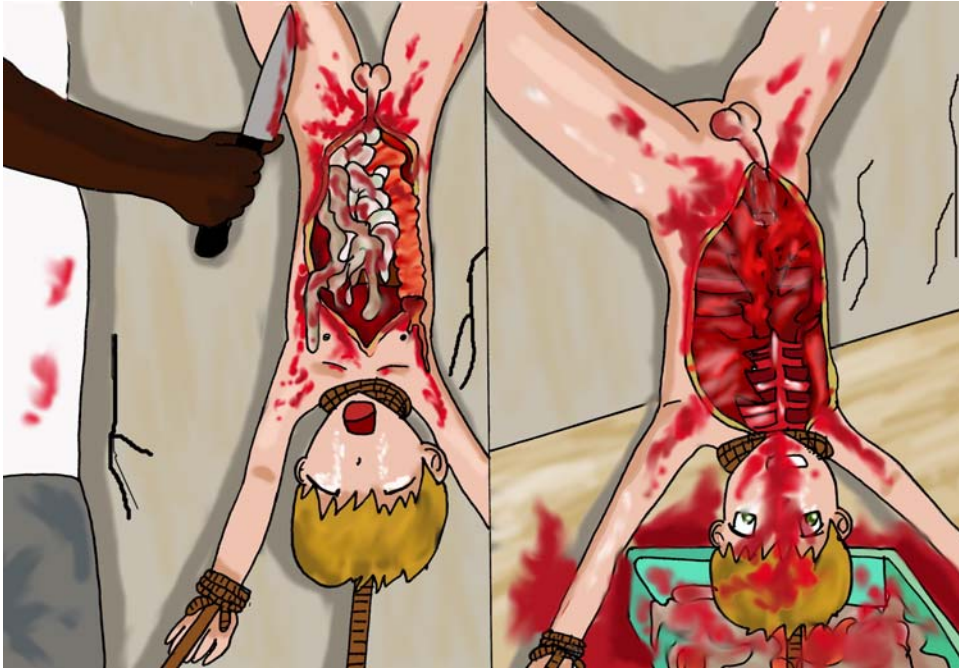
Brujo with a big excited grin looked at Ernesto, happy to notice how little bleeding there was. Only a few drops of blood oozed out from the cut. This was very important to him, since he wanted to keep the little boy alive as long as possible. Controlling blood loss was critical to achieve this; it would keep the boy conscious and aware of his terrible end longer. These would be a few minutes of life, which no doubt, if the boy had any choice, he would gladly forgo to save himself the horror, and agony that they would entail.

The boy shivered in fear, and still whimpered quietly. He did not seem to have noticed the initial cut into his body. Brujo kept talking to the boy; "here we go, cutting the belly" It was as if the boy did not believe any of this, as if it was make believe play. He had often played this way with his brother; these men must be playing, right? That delusion changed when Brujo moved to the next step of his terrible task. Having cut through the skin and subcutaneous fat, Brujo had left the abdominal muscle wall exposed. Now, applying visibly more pressure on the blade he began to cut into the muscle tissue, starting once again right next to the base of the boy's cock, and moving down. The muscle wall, under tension due to the way the boy was tied, parted easily once the sharp blade of the knife touched it.

The boy felt the odd sensation of his body giving way, stretching further apart as the middle of his body was slit open. Realizing that the men had indeed started to cut him apart, the boy began to thrash. The thrashing made it hard for Brujo to extend the cut cleanly. Additionally, the exertion and flexure of the boy's muscles forced blood to ooze out of the edges of the incision. The blood dripped down the boy. The blood drew red lines as it flowed down towards the boy's chin.

When the boy saw his blood dripping down he became even more panicked, any notion of make believe play now banished. He summoned what little strength he had to try once again to escape, but it was

soon exhausted, and the boy had to once again rest, even as the men cut into him. The squealing started anew now that the boy had grown too tired to thrash anymore, but Brujo continued undeterred. Having nipped the boy's abdominal wall, he placed the tip of the knife inside of the gut, and started to tear it open with short and repeated swipes. Gradually, as the cut grew, it opened up the boy's abdominal cavity, exposing the tiny guts.



Ernesto watched Brujo work. As he elongated the cut, he began to recognize the different parts of the boy's guts as they came into view. First out was the large intestine, with its slight gray purplish tinge. Next was the boy's small intestine, which had a characteristic sickly gray-green color. Because the boy was upside down, the guts had drooped towards the lower part of the

boys abdomen. However as Brujo cut the boy's abdominal wall lower and lower, the guts started to bulge out.

The boy, by this time, was engulfed in such a level of panic that he had frozen. He no longer struggled or made any noise. He was too tired to struggle anymore, and too frightened to scream. He craned his neck forward looking at his belly with big wide eyes. Guillermo's panic-filled staring gaze jumped from Ernesto to Brujo and back again to his belly, which Brujo kept cutting open. Brujo relished the point in the butchering when a boy's belly is finally slit wide open enough to allow the guts to spill out. Now was that time. With a few last cutting swipes, the viscera of the boys fell out of him and onto to the vat below him. The boy fixed his astonished and horrified look at his own hanging entrails.

The guts made a sickening splattering sound, as they spilled out of the boy, and down to the large green plastic tray under him. Brujo had purposely placed this tray under the boy. He was glad that the boy had stopped screaming. He was just hanging limp, breathing in quick shallow breaths, as he watched his own body being taken apart.