

Chapter 3c: A splitting end.

The boy tried to do a crunch in an attempt to look at his mangled belly, but his severed abdominal muscles were incapable of doing that for him anymore. The guts, still attached to the boy, dangled from his open abdomen. The boy's ear-piercing shrieks now replaced with the utter quiet as the boy was frozen in panic.

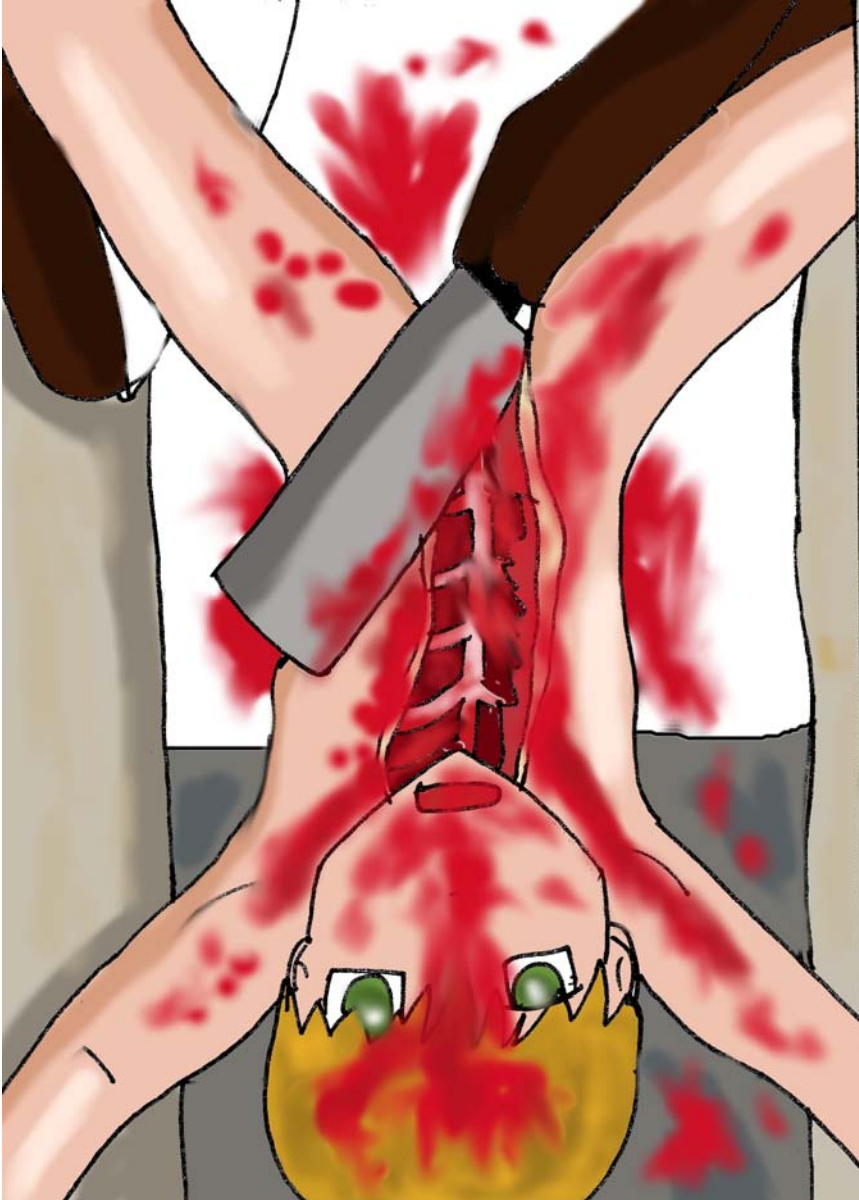
Brujo, signaled to Ernesto to approach, it was time to put his extensive medical knowhow to good use. Ernesto inspected the now exposed abdominal cavity of the boy, and examined it carefully. He knew exactly what it was that Brujo wanted from him. Ernesto quickly identified the main blood vessels, and pointed them to Brujo. Pointing to the Aorta and the cava vein he said, "Pinch this one and that one" he said. Brujo, using a pair of metal binders, pinched the two thick blood vessels, and then severed them. Both men looked on, making sure that no blood spurted from them. If Brujo had not done that, the boy would have bled out and lost consciousness in only a few seconds. Now, Brujo could now go on about his handy and terrible work. The boy, still conscious, could continue experiencing the horror of witnessing his own dismemberment.

Brujo now took his razor sharp knife, and began extending the already massive incision he had made. He cut the flesh of the boy upwards, around the base of the boy's tiny and now pale cock. As Brujo's knife dug deeper into the boy, the hip muscles, under tension from the ligatures, kept parting easily. This allowed the boy's hips to gradually splay into a wider position until they were in an unnaturally wide stance.

Once the cut reached the boy's anus, Brujo cut even deeper between the boy's legs, revealing the hipbone. Finally, he severed the boy's rectum from the body, and tossed the now free end of the boy's gut into the tray under him. Without wasting any time, Brujo reached deep into the boy's open abdomen, and with a single flick of his wrist cut the esophagus with his knife. With that action, the guts of the boy were severed from the boy. Brujo used both his hands to grasp the boys remaining guts and began to tug on them repeatedly, making a sickening slurping noise as he gradually tore the membranes that still held the stomach, liver, and other entrails of the boy.

The boy squirmed weakly, and made a few guttural "uggs" as he felt his innards ripped from him. He felt a crushing, but somehow dull pain in his belly, or what was left of it. Suddenly, the boy began to spit out blood from his mouth, looking out in horror as Brujo dropped his remaining guts down on the tray below him, making a sloppy sloshing sound.

The boy could not think straight, and wondered how they would put all these parts of him back. When he started to spit blood, one thought flashed through his mind, "this cant be good" The boy, even now, tried to free himself, even as his body dangled from his legs opened wide, and eviscerated. The boy's legs, devoid of any blood flow had first gone numb and now were effectively dead. Despite the boy's desperate attempts to make them move, they remained unresponsive. He could only move his neck and his arms. It was with insurmountable horror that he realized that he was no longer whole, that he was truly and irreversibly being taken apart. He would have peed on himself out of fear, had his bladder, kidneys, and other guts being there, but they were simply not a part of him anymore.



Brujo, holding his gore and blood covered hands in front of him, looked right at the boy, and with a big laugh said, "time to split you up little boy" That was exactly what Brujo had in mind too. Putting his knife down on the table, he wiped his hands on a piece of cloth, and grabbed the large and heavy meat cleaver that hung on the wall. Then he walked behind the boy and prepared to carry out the next step in the butchering process. Little by little the boy had begun to resemble just an animal in the butcher shop, except that this animal was a boy, still alive, still full of fear, still desperate for a chance at life. A chance that he would not get.

Brujo was ecstatic; he had never managed to keep a boy alive this long or so far along in the butchering process. He lifted the cleaver over his head with both hands, and felled the first blow right between the boy's butt cheeks. With a hollow sounding thwack sound, the boy's hipbone split, and the boys buttocks parted. The legs, pulled tightly apart by the ligatures, splayed even further apart, pulling the buttocks apart. Brujo lifted the meat cleaver again and felled another blow. With each blow, Brujo extended the split further down the spine, right down the middle of the boy's backbone. This way he gradually divided the boy's body in two halves. The boy, breathing quickly and shallow

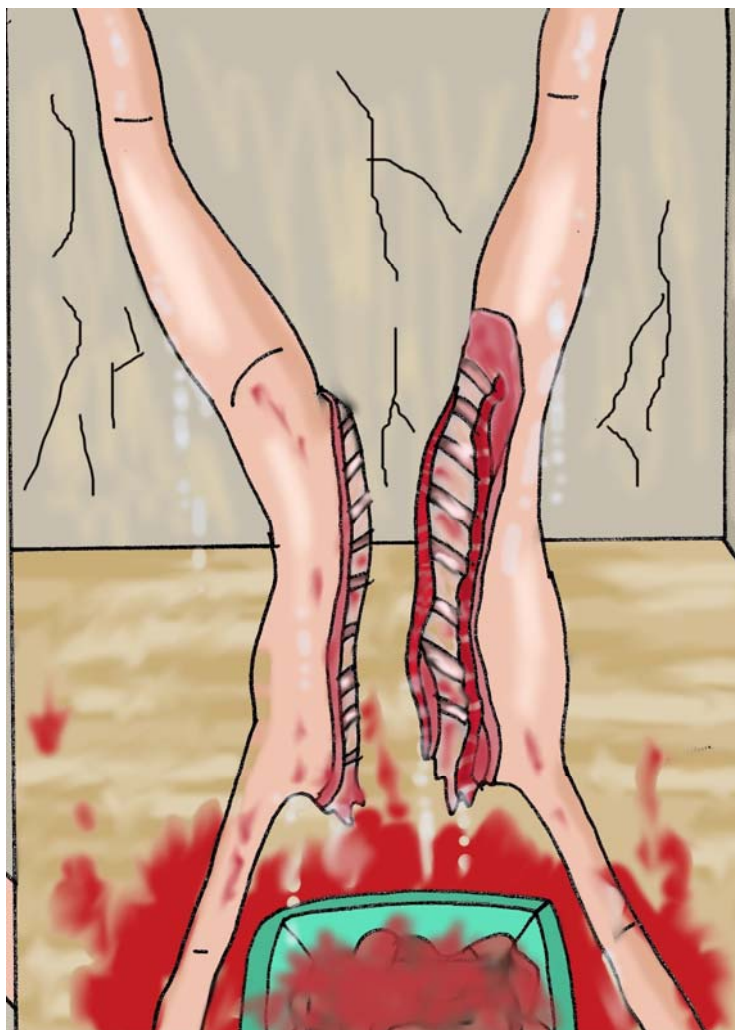
looked straight at Ernesto, as his tiny body was ravaged, and transformed into mere cuts of meat.

Unbelievably, the boy was still alive and conscious. He could feel in utter horror how Brujo gradually split his little body apart. Blood still trickled from his voided gut, it dripped down to his face and then down to the ground under him. With each whack of Brujo's cleaver, the boy made another weak "ug" sound. Each chop split a few more of the boy's vertebrae, allowing each half of his body to gradually pull further and further apart by the loop of rope around each of his ankles.

Brujo kept going, progressing down the boy's spinal column. Ernesto was pretty impressed by the speed with which Brujo worked. The terrified little boy was weakening quickly. He did not even bother to spit the blood that dripped down his throat, but simply allowed to fill his mouth, and drip down to the floor. Soon he would be nothing more than two cuts of butchered meat. Ernesto indicated to Brujo to stop cutting. Any injury higher up than the C4 vertebrae would cripple the boy's ability to breath, and would lead to his instantaneous death. The boy was certainly doomed

now, but Brujo had specifically asked Ernesto to help him keep the boy alive for as long as possible, and Ernesto was happy to oblige.

Ernesto had really wondered how far they could take the butchering operation and still keep the boy alive. He was surprised to notice his dick had gotten rock hard, watching Brujo butcher the boy alive. He was frankly surprised that the boy, nearly split in half already, was still alive and conscious. Now it was his time to partake in the butchering process. Ernesto took a machete that dangled from his waist, and tapped the boy's sternum repeatedly with the dull side of the blade. Each blow that he landed was harder than the last, until at last it made a sickening cracking sound.



The boy who had been quiet, except for a few gurgles and spitting sounds as blood trickled down his throat and out his mouth, began suddenly to cough, and breathe with great effort. The boy just looked at Ernesto, his eyes opened wide, even as his life slowly began to ebb from him.

Brujo resumed his deadly work. With only a few more blows of the cleaver, he chopped through the boys remaining vertebrae, until with one final blow the back of the boy was fully split lengthwise. Brujo dropped the cleaver on the ground with a clanking metallic sound, and then placed the tips of his fingers on either side of the boy's split back. Emitting a grunt of effort, Brujo pried the two halves apart, until the boy literally ripped apart in two. As each half of the boy ripped from the other, they swung apart dangling from their respective feet. The boy's lungs and heart flopped out of the boy's broken chest, and fell down to the tray below, joining the rest of the boy's entrails and half coagulated blood.

The boy's head dangled from the left half of the body. His mouth gaped open now, his eyes opened wide. Ernesto looked right into those wide eyes. The boy was unable to drive air into or out of his lungs. The boy's heart, out in plain view and exposed to the air, was beating furiously, raging against the incoming death. Those eyes looked at the men in utter disbelief. His body crippled, hung limp,

already dead.

Brujo took a sawed tooth knife, and began to sever the bit of flesh that the boys head dangled from, even as he his mouth opened and closed, still desperately trying to draw breath, to remain alive. Ernesto could see the little heart of the runt beat faster and faster as it run out of air, out of blood, out of time. Finally, the tiny heart seized, stopped, pumped a few more times, and then stopped beating all together. The boy gaze froze just as he looked right at Brujo, his killer.