Stocking Up For Winter

By

A Cannibal

Up on a hill top a man looked through binoculars at school. There had to be close 20 to 25 kids of all sizes running around down there.

 His name was Alan and he was pedophile. If that were not bad enough the man was also a cannibal, with a taste for children.

 He lived outside of a small town in North Dakota where the weather was terrible in the winter. Summer had just ended but snow could be flying by mid-October

 Out on his farm it wasn’t uncommon to have 20 foot snowdrifts blocking off roads for days. He could be snowbound for weeks.

 This was why Alan was spying on the school. He needed to stock the pantry for winter and a small one room school house full of children would satisfy his needs perfectly.

 There was one small problem or rather a good size one. The teacher appeared to be in her in her 30s which was too old for his taste, both as food and in bedroom.

 A whistle blew and the children went inside. Alan lowered the binoculars and sighed. He wanted to go down there and snatch them all right now.

 Luckily for the children he wasn’t ready for them yet. He returned home to make them ready.

 The holding pens for the meat had to be cleaned out, not having been used since last winter.

 This area was set under the barn and held a dozen cages on one side of the room. The other side held a huge kitchen.

 A giant oven could fit an adult male inside it with ease, not that he’d ever cooked an adult male in it.

 There was a black cauldron in a corner where he could make stew out a couple of them if he chose. It could also be use to marinate the meat to make it taste better.

 Alan turned the oven on to make sure it worked, it did. Then he hosed out the cages so the meats would have a clean place to sleep.

 He went back up to the farm house to check the weather report on the TV. He was surprised to see there was a chance of snow next week.

 That meant it would be a long cold winter to his way of thinking. He was going to get the meat next month but with a chance of snow he thought perhaps he’d better get them next week.

 Another think accrued to him 10 meat packs he could handle by himself, but he had at least twice as many to collect.

He would not only need help getting them but to make sure they stayed healthy before they became food. It should also be a woman to service the boys.

 Alan didn’t mind eat boys after he had cooked them, but he didn’t like to play with them. He started to go though the list of female cannibal friends in his head.

 He came up with the perfect one, Beth. She worked as a veterinarian assistant. If he could get her, that would solve the problem of keeping the children healthy.

 Even though she wasn’t a doctor of nurse for humans he didn’t need one of those. Once he got hold of the children, they would no longer be considered human. Instead they would become little meat animals, ready for slaughter.

 That night he called Beth and said, “Have you heard there a snowstorm on the way later this week. It looks like it going to be a long winter.”

 “Yeah looks that way,” was her answer.

 “The reason I’m calling is I plan to pick up some specialty livestock early next week and I could use some help keeping them healthy this winter,” he explained.

 “What are you getting?”

 “I’m thinking 20 to 25 Jr. Longpigs. I have a nice warm house and it’ll be lot better than your apartment,” Alan explained.

 “We’ll I wouldn’t want any of those pigs to infect the others. Alright I’ll come over for the winter as soon the snow start’s flying,” Beth replied.

Could you make it sooner I may need your help getting them loaded and I’d like to get your opinion on them.

 They talk in code just in case the phones were tapped. They shouldn’t be, but the government had been circumventing the law a lot lately. Besides what interest would they have in a wheat farmer and his “girlfriend?”

 The code meant he was going to collect a bunch of children for the winter. Would she like to come to the ranch for the winter to play and dine on them?

 For Beth the answer was easy. Of course she’d help him take care of the meat. It wasn’t like there was a lot to do once winter set in.

 About the only thing you could do was screw around. If she was going to do that she’d do it with children. She too was a pedophile who loved playing with little boys.

 By Friday everything was ready in the pantry for the new occupants. There were 10 empty with a pair of new mattresses in each of them.

He was hoping to have 2 meats in each of the cells. If there were more he’d work out other sleeping arrangements for them. This would include the oven, when it wasn’t in use.

 Now all he had to do was wait until Monday, when he and Beth would go and collect the meat. She showed up late Sunday afternoon.

 They did their final planning on how they were going to capture the meat. Alan had already had borrowed a heating and air conditioning truck.

The plan was to arrive at school after lunch hook a can a knock out gas to the central air unit and put them all to sleep. They would then back the tuck up to the door and load the meat into it, before heading back here.

 The next day everything went according to plan except Alan had forgotten to tell his friend about a minor detour. A do it yourself carwash where the signage saying “Acme heating” was peeled off and the white paint was washed also off.

 As an added precaution he changed the plates to Canadian. If the police saw the van they’d pay little attention.

 They would think that the van belonged to tourist and not give the dark colored van a second glance. Besides they would be looking for a white one if they were looking at all.

 Once back at the farm 22 children and their teacher were taken down to storage and locked away. At first they weren’t going to take her but then Alan thought of a use for her.

 He would use the blond haired woman as a demonstration. She wasn’t too bad looking for a woman in her mid 20s but she was not to his taste.

 The man preferred young ones like that were now locked up. The oldest there might be 15 and she would be fun to play with.

The teacher was laid out on the prep table for all her students to see. She was still clothed and he debated whether to strip her now or wait for the other meat to wake.

 “Beth, what do you think? Do we want to strip the meat now or wait until they’re all awake?”

 “Hmm, it would be easier to do it now but it so much more fun when they’re awake. Let’s wait until everyone is awake,” the woman replied with a grin.

 “You’re right it is more fun that way. I also hope this meat will beg us to let her and the others go. No chance of that happing. I have a feeling it going to be a long cold winter,” Alan told her.

 There was a moan for one of the cages as one of the meats started to wake. A boy around 10 or 11 was beginning to stir.

 The cannibal watch as the boy’s eyes open and he sat up and looked around in confusion. He crawled to the cage door and pushed on it.

 He found it locked and looked around him. He saw a girl dark red head haired girl lying face down on the next mattress.

He shook he shoulder and in the process turned the girl over.

“Bianca wake up we’re in trouble,” he said.

 The girl mumbled, “Go away, Johnny and let me sleep.”

 A minute later she sat bolt upright and looked around. Like the boy she too crawled over to the door and tried to open it.

 “Its lock and that all I know. So don’t ask me any other questions,” the boy said bitterly.

 At that moment they saw a dark hair man a blond hair woman step out of the shadows.

 “I can answer your questions but only after everyone is awake,” the man said.

 They saw the woman nod before she said, “we don’t like repeating ourselves. Reach into to the next cage and see if you can wake the occupants.”

 It took ½ an hour but soon everyone in the cages was awake and clamoring for answers.

 “Quiet down everyone and I’ll answer your questions. I think I know what most of them are so I’ll explain them to you, it’ll save time. First though I want you teacher to be awake and hear the plans for everybody.”

He walked over to the still sleeping teacher and shoved an onion under her nose to wake her. She sniffed it and coughed. The woman tried to move the pungent vegetable away with a wave of her hand, only to find something was holding them down.

Next she tried to sit up and once again finding she was restrained. This caused more confusion until the woman’s sluggish brain told her to open her eyes and find out why she couldn’t move.

 She opened her mouth to scream upon finding herself tied to a table. A man placed his hand over her mouth to stop her from doing that.

“Shut up and I’ll explain why you and your students are here.”

 The woman looked around and saw the cages with her students in them. She knew nothing good was going to come out of this situation.

 “My name is Alan and you are all here to provide entertainment for me and my friend here for the winter, amongst other things.”

 The older children gasped as they realized what he meant. There were a couple of young kids around 6 or 7 who didn’t understand.

 “You older ones can explain it to the ones who don’t understand. Right now if you’d all get out of your clothing we can select a toy to play with,” Beth told the others.

 When none of then move to do what had been a request Alan said, “you’re all going naked by the end of the day. It just a matter of doing it yourselves or having Beth and I can do it for you.”

From their cages they watch the man walk over to the teacher grab the top of her blouse rip it from her body. The white lace bra quickly followed.

 A pair of coconut size tits was reviled.

“Not a bad size.” He told the struggling woman.

 Then he reached under the counter and produced a knife.

 “What are you going to do with that?” the terrified teacher asked.

 “Well I thought I carve off some beast meat and cook it to feed your students. Their probably get hungry by now,” he answered

 “Don’t carve me up those kids aren’t hungry.”

 “Hmm, you’re probably right, besides I don’t think this alone would be enough. Let see what else you have hidden.”

 Alan slid the knife under the right pants leg and sliced up until it cut away the waist band. The process was repeated with the other leg.

 The children, in particular the boys, watched in fascination as their teachers clothing was removed.

 As they watched, Beth who was standing by the cages told meats, “I’d get out of that clothing before he finishes with her. Otherwise one of you will be next.”

 They watched as he cut away her panties leaving the woman naked for all of them to see. Alan thought she wouldn’t make to bad a roast. Other than the black curly hair between the thighs, and this could be fixed later on.

 He came around the counter and stood next to Beth. “I see they haven’t undressed yet so let help them.”

 All the sudden there was a flurry of activity in all the cages as the clothes came off.

 “Can’t we leave our underpants on” a red faced girl around eight asked.

 “Nope, we want to see everyone in their birthday suits. That way Beth and I can choose our bed warmers for tonight,” he told them. They were instructed to push their clothing out of the cells so Beth could collect them.

 “We’ll see that some unfortunate child in Africa get these. You won’t need them again where you guys are heading,” she told them.

 “Where are we going?” One of the children asked.

 She never knew which one as the cannibal was busy picking up their clothing.

 This was what Alan had been waiting for and he answered with. “All of you will eventually be heading to the dinner table, which includes you Ms. Teacher.”

 He heard gasps from all the cages and would let his friend handle their questions.

 “You can’t do this to me! You can’t hurt them, their innocent little children.”

He smiled down at the struggling woman and replied, “I can and am going to prepare you for the oven. As for ‘innocent little children,’ I’m afraid you’re wrong about that. They’re hairless goats and young Longpigs. As for you, well, you’re a full-size Longpig.”

 He hit a button and the and the table sank a few inches. There was a digital read out which stopped 150.

 “Well piggy it says here you have 150 lbs of meat on you.” He shook his head as he continued “that good news for you, it means you won’t be cooked today. You’re going to take about 10 hours to roast, so we’ll start that tomorrow morning.”

 He turn toward the cages and said, “While it may be too late in the day roast you teacher it not to late to make a stew. Hmm which one should it be, teach? Are any of them failing yet?,” he asked the woman.

 “School just started so no one failing. That means no stew, right?”

 “I afraid not, all it mean I just pick one at random,” Alan told her.

 He stopped in front of a cage with the youngest of the meats. There was a boy and a girl in this one. They couldn’t have been much older than 6 or 7 and were scrawny.

 Looking back over his shoulder at the teacher he said, “I’ve change my mind about stewing one of these hairless goats. These two are so small I’m going to do them both together.”

 The woman screamed “no, you can’t do that to Marcus and Jamie.”

 “I can, and I’m going to.”

 Alan opened the door and quickly pulled the girl out. Beth grabbed the boy by his cock and they were led away.

 The young redheaded girl tried to kick and bite her captor, but she had no experience in that type of defense.

 The man on the other hand had lots of experience with young meat. He simply blocked her attempts of attack and forced her toward the pot.

 The boy saw the pot and tried to pull away from Beth. It was no use though she had a firm grip on him.

 They were led past the caldron to a separate room. There were all kinds of hoses hanging from the ceiling.

Neither had a clue as to this room was used for. The young meats were about to find out though that this was the cleaning room.

Tie that other redhead’s hands and feet then come over and hold this redhead while I clean her insides, unless you’d like to do it?” Alan snickered.

Beth laughed as she said, “No that’s a shitty job. I’ll hold her while you clean her out.”

 “You watch what I’m doing to your friend and you’ll see what happens to you next,” the man said shoving a hose up her butthole. The girl’s bowels were filled to the bursting point. When the hose was removed brown chunky splashed out onto the floor.

 The second time the water empting on to the floor was clean. Animals this young didn’t have a lot of room inside their bodies.

 Her pussy was washed and then the future stew meat was given to Beth. She would scrub the girl removing all the dirt on her skin.

 By the time that was done the boy clean on the inside and he was ready for scrubbing. As Beth did this the girl was taken to the pot and slid in.

 Her head barley came to the rim as she looked out of the empty pot. She tried to climb out but the sides were too slippery.

 Alan wanted both meat in the pot before add water and other ingredients. The idea was to bring them to a slow boil. He wanted to listen to them scream and plead not to be turn into stew.

 He doubted either of them could swim so he would only fill it up to the smaller ones chest. This way the meat wouldn’t drown until the pot began to boil.

 Beth bought the boy out 15 minutes later and he too was slid into the pot.

 A hose was hung the pot and the cannibals watch as it began to fill. The meats screamed and tried to climb out but again failed.

 “Sorry about the cold water. Don’t worry it’ll warm up soon enough,” Alan said to the meats.

 Most likely that didn’t hear him, because they were screaming so loudly. The meats were so busy yelling they didn’t notice the man reach down and turn a big black knob.

 Alan had started turning these two into stew. He removed the hose out and went into the big walk in refrigerator pantry.

 When he came back it was with a basket of mix vegetables. The cook picked up a knife and stuck it the basket.

 Alan put the basket on the counter and asked Beth, “Would you mind chopping some vegetables in our stew?”

 She nodded and picked up a knife along potato. She began slicing it over the still screaming meat. While she was doing that the man went to the pantry and came back with a giant wooden spoon.

 Beth continued slicing vegetables in to the pot while Alan stirred it. This caused the meat to scream even louder.

 The water was at body temperate when the meat stopped yelling. The cannibals were looking over the remaining stock to see which they wanted for bed warmers and knew it was too early for them to have drowned.

 Beth and Alan walked over to the pot and saw smiles on their faces. They looked in the pot and laughed. They were masturbating with the boy yanking on himself and the girl shoving her fingers inside her twat.

 “It’s too bad their not a little older they would be able to add their own seasoning,” Alan sighed.

 Beth nodded her head saying, “yeah by a few years anyway. Some of the others should be able to do it though, when their time comes.”

 She smiled saying, “oh I hope so. We might even get a cum glaze from the boys.” Beth smacked her lips with anticipation of eating roast boy, soaked in his own cum.

 They watched the meat dance as the bottom of the pot became too hot to stand on. Steam was also rising from the broth.

 “Let me out, it’s getting hot in here” the girl meat companied

 “And it’s only going to get hotter, my dear,” Alan said with a chuckle.

 He used the big spoon to shove her under for a few seconds. Then the cook did the same to the boy.

 When they surfaced each had some vegetables pasted to their bodies.

 Beth asked, “How long before their only stew meat?”

 “I don’t know, but I’d say 10 minutes at the most. The stew is nearing its boiling point. See it’s already simmering,” Alan told his friend.

 Stirring the pot he watched as the boy slip under the water and come up butt first. A few minutes later she too slipped under and came up the same way.

 Both were now rolling around in the turbulent broth.

“They have to simmer for 3 hours. In the mean time let’s have some fun,” Alan said adjusted the temperate to medium.

 The two cannibals then walked over to the rest of the meat.

 “We have a few hours until the stew is ready. Are there any volunteers for fun and games?” Alan asked.

 There were shrieks from all the girls. They knew he meant to rape them. The boys weren’t as noisy as the girls but most back away.

One of the older boys said, “If it means getting out of this cage, I’ll screw you lady.”

 Beth walked over to the boy. He was a good size one although his boyhood wasn’t big at the moment.

 “Stand at the door let me feel your cock. If you want to get out of this cage, I need to know you can satisfy me,” the woman said.

 She rubbed him and when he grew she deemed him an acceptable size to satisfy her.

 Alan didn’t have the satisfaction of a volunteer but he liked the look of a blond girl with small breasts.

 “Take the bedroom on the right I’ll take the left one,” he told his friend and pulled his toy out.

 They meat were taken to their respected bedrooms. Both cannibals had worked hard today and were horny, especially after watching the stew meat.

 Beth took the boy pushed him onto the bed and slid out of her clothing.

“Before we start do you know how to have sex?”

 When he shook his head she explained, “Very simply you slide that into here,” and pointed to the appropriate areas.

 She was already excited and didn’t need to be lubed. Instead she laid down on the bed spread her legs and let him fuck her.

 The boy slid inside her and was instructed to move his hips. Instinct took over from there and they spent the next couple of hours together.

 In the other room the girl wasn’t being as cooperative her counterpart in the other room. She was squirming so much Alan couldn’t even begin to tenderize the meat.

 He had to tie her into a big X in the center of the bed. Only then could he begin lubing the girl’s sex.

 The man spent about 5 minutes doing this then he lined himself up with her pussy. As the tip of his cock touched the opening the girl let out a scream.

 She screamed even louder a moment later as his manhood took her innocence. He waited a couple of minutes before continuing going where no man had ever gone before.

 As for the girl she kept bucking trying to push the man out of her. That was unfortunate for her because all she did was drive him further inside her tight sex.

 Alan held out for as long as he could but final he exploded. His seed filled up the girl to capacity and then he rolled off the toy.

 “You were fantastic,” he told the crying girl. “I need to check on the stew and then I’ll be back for another some more fun.”

 He left the screaming girl to tend to the stew. Not much had changed in the hour he’d been gone. The meat was still rolling around in the pot.

 Alan picked up a spoon dipping it into the pot for a sample. The cook sipped and smacked his lips.

It wasn’t bad but needed a little more seasoning. The meat had been too young, to provide their own seasoning.

 He stirred in a few spices to bring out and went back to his toy. There he began tormenting his toy by rubbing her small breasts.

 He soon became bored with that and decided to taste them. He placed his mouth over the right mound and licked.

 The girl continued to cry but not in pain as had been when he took he virtue. Instead this time because of what he was whispering in her ear after the first taste.

 “Mmm, these are tasty. When you’re cooked these will be the first things I eat.”

Alan continued to lick and she continued to sob. When he finished with the breast on the girl, the man went back to licking her sweet pussy again. She was delicious tasting.

 When he was done lubing the toy up again, he entered a second time. Alan found she was a lot looser upon entering this time.

 Finishing her a second time he took the meat back to her cage and stuff the meat into it. The other girl meats ask questions about what he’d done to her.

 They thought they already knew, but had to know for sure. They were sure it was going to happen to them.

The boy was return to his cell later and was grilled by the other boys on his experience with the woman. He told them of the fun time he had with Beth.

 The cannibals walked over to the cages. Each had a steaming bowl of stew in their hands.

 “Does anyone want some Marcus and Jamie stew? It’s really tasty,” Alan teased.

 As expected each of the prospected meats paled and backed away from the cannibals.

 Beth teased them by saying, “what no takers? None of you wants to know what you’ll taste like when we cook you? Too bad these two made an excellent stew.”

 They walked over to the teacher and ask. They got the same answer.

 “I’ve got some good news for you. I’m not going to roast you tomorrow. There’s plenty of stew to last for a few days,” Alan told the woman.

To be continued over the winter