

Scene in a Leningrad warehouse:

It was during the German siege of Leningrad in WWII. There was very little if any food there. The butchers were still in business. The source had changed for them. They sold human meat. The soldiers defending the city were well fed, and there were thousands of them, and most of them were young draftees between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. Occasionally, some disappeared. They ended up in the bellies of the people in the city, who were accustomed to the taste of human meat, and had learned to love the taste. To the people, a well fed youth of seventeen in the army made their stomachs rumble. They would visualize them as carcasses

In the city, a warehouse on the outskirts was full of busy people. The warehouse had been converted into a slaughterhouse and meat packing center. In one corner, young naked men and teenage boys stood shivering. They were all well fed by Russian standards, and had been selected for the quality and quantity of their lean, muscular flesh. There was a wall separating them from the main plant floor, and they didn't know what exactly it was that went on here. They weren't told why they were to be here in this state, but they knew. They heard sounds of chopping, dripping, and meat saws running. They looked at each other's bodies, judging them for their quality. They knew that they were to be the meat that got cut here. They knew what the situation was; they had eaten human flesh, and always had known that, if unlucky, they would end up as meat themselves.



At one end of the cavernous warehouse there was a cubicle, about 10' x 15', where each prisoner was hung by his feet, and had his throat cut. His bleed-

ing body was then moved out to the butchering area. By the late morning, no one was left from the area where the naked prisoners had been.

In the area beyond the killing room, naked young bodies hanging by their ankles were being gutted and beheaded, and their hands cut off. The carcasses were hosed down inside and out, once they'd been emptied. There were about fifty bodies, and not a substandard one among them. All ranged between the ages of sixteen to eighteen, and were draftees in the Soviet Army. Each one was beheaded, gutted and dismembered in this area, by butchers who enjoyed their work.



Down the line from the carcasses there were quantities of body parts hanging on hooks. From full carcasses to ones split in half, to individual arms and legs, and torso halves, they were being separated to different lines according to body part. There was a line for legs, and the hindquarters were taken that way. Arms and shoulders went their way, and the torso halves theirs. At the beginning of each line, butchers wearing white aprons smeared with blood expertly grabbed the pieces from meat hooks, and slapped the particular piece of boy onto a large butcher block.



On the leg line, a butcher grabbed a leg by the ankle, pulled it off the meat hook, and dropped it on his block, and the leg, which included the thigh and butt cheek, was oriented so that the cheek and calf were facing the butcher.

He chopped off the foot with a meat cleaver, and tossed it into a large tub. He skinned the entire leg, thigh, and cheek, then systematically sliced the calf away in one piece, and stripped the rest of the remaining meat from the two bones. He then sliced the meat away from the thigh, using butcher's techniques. He carved the meat from the cheek away from the half pelvis in one piece. He was left with stripped human bones, and he tossed them into a bin, for use as soup base. The succulent meat was then placed onto a large tray, and carted away to the packing area. He started on another, slightly shorter leg, but this one was well shaped, and he felt warmth in his groin as he cut this leg, this beautiful teen boy's leg, into a pile of quality meat.

Most of the butchers here were perverts, enjoying their task of turning attractive teen flesh into 'pork'.



They sometimes were seen humping boys' carcasses in various states of dismemberment. The boss didn't care. He was one of the worst ones, and sometimes would personally kill and butcher the best youths. He would save one for last, and butcher him alive and screaming, so that the boy was still alive with most of his flesh stripped away as the boss worked. He started with the lower legs, and had all of the living meat stripped below the waist in minutes, as the boy screamed. The boss would be in sexual ecstasy. He stripped the boy's arms and shoulders, and by this time, the boy died from blood loss. The boss let someone else finish the body.

The authorities didn't care. People needed food, and the loss of a certain percentage of teen soldiers was accepted as meat converted from their high rations. They considered it to be 'sharing' of meager food supplies. They also were cannibals. They accepted these meat traders as they were. This wasn't the only place to get human meat, but the boss butchered only teen males, well fleshed, and his meat fetched the highest price.

Out in the city, 17 year old Yuri was home, to visit his aunt. He was a handsome boy, in good physical condition. He had been well fed, by the standards of these difficult times, and people looked at him with hostile stares, or hungry looks. A pretty girl walked up to him, and said, "Want some vodka? I have some at home", and winked at him. Being the young man he was, he said, "Sure!"

She led him down the street, around a corner, and into a door of a long shut down factory. "We can be alone here", she told him, walking into an office of sorts. They drank some vodka, and soon he was drunk. She took off her top, and said, "Want some?" He smiled, and stripped naked. She approvingly looked him over, from his muscular calves to his shoulders, and smiled, knowing the boy's fate to be. She had caught some prime meat. They began to have sex.

Suddenly, the door burst open, and two burly men appeared. The girl smiled. She'd done her job. Yuri looked with surprise at her, and she said, "Well, I didn't say I'd have your baby", put on her clothes, as the men grabbed poor Yuri. "Natasha, you always provide us with the best meat. Here's some meat for you", and handed her a package of human meat from a previous catch. They hogtied the boy, as Natasha left. "I'll have another tonight." and left. Her family would eat well tonight.

The men carried the struggling, naked teenager another way through the factory, across a field, and into the door of the warehouse/-slaughterhouse.

"Check this one out, boss!" The boss approached, taking in the sight of the boy's body. He noted that Yuri had meaty calves, muscular, lean thighs, a well made ass, and a lean, yet muscular upper body. Despite the cold, the youth's skin glistened with sweat, enhancing the beauty of his smooth flesh.

The boss groped his body all over, squeezing the ample, yet firm flesh of his legs, thighs, ass, breasts; all the fleshy parts. "Very good. This is prime meat. Bring him to my office."

Yuri was taken to the boss's 'office'. It was a large room, with its own set of meat hooks and drains. Another teen was naked, and he, like Yuri, had excellent flesh. Two large, powerful men were ready to process the youth. They grabbed him, screaming. The boy knew his fate.

Butchering well made bodies after cutting the throat cut was one thing, but the boss was a little spicier in his sexual tastes. The targets of his lusts had perfect, beautiful flesh, from the well made calves, smooth, firm thighs, perfect ass, muscular and lean torso, shoulders, and arms. He loved the flesh of

youths, and his lusts naturally were for innocent looking athletic ones. He loved slicing cuts of meat from a live victim. He looked at the youth, who was about sixteen. His naked flesh made the boss hard. He grabbed the boy's calf. "Nice. Perfect." He squeezed the skin at the back of the thigh. "Lean." He pinched the skin on the ass, and above the waist.



He finished, and signaled to the men. They were much stronger than the boy, so it was easy for them to force meat hooks, using experienced ways for the boy's struggles help the hooks set in the ankle area. They hoisted him upside down, legs spread, the boy shitting and pissing, which they wanted him to do. They used a cold water hose to clean him down, and scrubbed him clean with some water with diluted bleach, and rough sponges, cleaning his entire usable body clean. They rinsed him down good. It was cold in this place, but then the meat was fresher. The boss smiled at Yuri, and said, "Watch this. Look at your own flesh. You're the next one!"

The boss grabbed a large knife he kept for special occasions. It was a general purpose butcher knife, capable of skinning and carving. He grabbed the back of the boy's ankle, noting the smoothness and perfect shape of the calf. He cut into the area just below the back of the knee, and sliced toward the front of the leg, until the bones were in the way. The screams of this one were shrieking and loud, as he sliced the calf from the leg. He enjoyed carving chunks of boy, quivering live boy flesh from these beautiful youths. He carved flesh away until he reached the boy's waist, and the bones were stripped completely.

The boy was exhausted, and just whimpered when his arms and shoulders were stripped. The boss worked quickly enough to have removed most of the flesh from the boy's bones, then the youth, his flesh on a cart, died. Yuri was terrified. That was the most horrible death he had seen in the war, and

he had seen many. He wished he could just die right here and now, swiftly, than to have the meat butchered from his body alive! He looked at his legs, the calves bulging outward from his slender ankles and knees. He stared at his thighs, the smooth skin slick with a cold sweat, blue veins visible, lean and meaty. This was one time he wished he had a less attractive body. At least this man would have had him killed first before having him butchered.

The boss was saving Yuri for later, since he was tired from the excitement of butchering the other boy alive. He needed some rest. He left Yuri tied securely to a metal chair bolted to the floor. The chair faced a mirror positioned so that the boy sitting there could see his naked meat. The boss said, "All the meat you see is mine now!"



Yuri stared at his own naked legs, stretched out in front of him, and tried to forget that they would be stripped of their meat while he felt every slice. He looked at his lean, well muscled torso, and his arms and shoulders. He felt so naked and vulnerable! Here he was, naked, his flesh to be sold or eaten by these cannibals. He shook with fear, and could see his calves and thighs quivering; reminding him that he was nothing but meat to these people. His meat, his very body was all they really wanted, for their sexual perversions, and cannibal hunger for fine human meat.

Yuri wasn't fed at all, but was given water and laxatives, to clean his insides out. The boss wanted to minimize the amount of waste in his bowels. A guard cleaned up the mess when Yuri shit through a hole in the chair. The guards kept Yuri clean, to please his boss. The man was a pervert like the rest of them, and he was teasing the poor lad. He smiled, and grasped Yuri's calf. "My, you are well made, my boy. Wait until the boss carves this off." He groped the boy's lean, smooth thigh, and ran his hand around, to feel the meat of the ample, yet lean ass. "Mmm. I will eat some of this meat, boy, your pretty meat!" He began to masturbate, after opening up his pants, as he felt the smooth, perfect human flesh. He came, his jism splattering all over the boy's thighs, and he smeared the cum all over the smooth skin, which was glistening wet with his juices. He lightly slapped the thigh, thinking only of sex, and tasty human meat!

Other guards took their turns, feeling Yuri's smooth, firm flesh as they masturbated and tormented him with descriptions of the boss's cutting style. One guard said, "The boss will have you stripped of most of your meat and you'll still be alive! He wants to hear you scream! I love it!"



After the sun began to get low in the sky, the boss walked into the room. He considered Yuri to be the evening entertainment.

Out in the city, the girl who had lured Yuri had bagged two more suitable young boy soldiers, who were taken to the warehouse. Other girls were busy doing the same thing, and the holding area was filling up with naked human meat for tomorrow's shift. The boss had looked over every one, and made mental notes as to which ones were the finest. After tonight's catch was in, he'd decide which one to enjoy butchering alive. He had one for tonight, Yuri. He got hard, as he looked over this particular specimen. It was time. Such beautiful legs were a pleasure to strip to the bone. So beautiful, and as he knew, such tasty meat! Human meat was the finest he had ever tasted, and teen-agers with their muscles, lean and young, had the best meat

of any human, other than male children's even more tender meat. But teenagers had more lean usable meat than any other humans, in their quality and tenderness range. Yuri was sexy for a boy, and that was the big turn on for the boss.

He had a thing for cutting up living flesh, beautiful human boy meat! He was in heaven, here in the place where he could do all of the perverted things he wanted to do with the smooth, young bodies of his young victims. This was war, and you could, if you placed yourself in the right position, do anything you wanted to the war's vic-tims, whether male or female, young or older. This was the best part of his life so far. He filled a need that wasn't part of normal life, so he was able to procure live, youthful male human meat for his true lusts.

Before the war, he was just a factory worker who had been frustrated most of his 40 years, unable to achieve sexual satisfaction, and now the city needed to resort to cannibalism, and he stood between the people who ate it, and the activities that had to be done to provide butchered meat, which included procuring the bodies of the victims of the cannibalism in the city.

The boss looked at Yuri, and decided to rape this one before doing the butchering. He really enjoyed fucking the human meat, before butchering it alive. He had his two big guards hold the boy, as they untied him from the chair. They dragged him struggling, over to the meat hooks, and now the boy was sweating with real fear, and this was the time when he knew it was over for him. After the previous day's tortures by butchering alive of a youth similar to him he knew that torture by filleting alive was to be his next and last experience on Earth.

Before he was to be hung by the ankles with the hooks, the boss had the men throw him face down on a large butcher block, and the boss walked over to begin the fun he had planned for the hapless youth. He pulled out his hard cock and raped Yuri, who screamed in pain as his virgin ass was ravaged by the sex craved cannibal butcher. The boss came inside the helpless boy, then climbed off of him, his cock still hard in anticipation of the next step in his depraved plan. He signaled for his assistants to prepare Yuri for butchering alive.

The two brutally rammed a meat hook through each of the youth's ankles, just above the joint of the foot at the bottom of the leg, between the two lower leg bones. Yuri shrieked, as the cold, pointed steel was thrust into his skin, through his ankles, and out the other side. He felt even more pain, as he was hoisted upside down, his feet spread apart, leaving every part of his skin naked for the butcher's pleasure. The assistants shaved his body clean of all hair, except for his head.

The boss began sharpening his knife, and Yuri hung in pain, as he heard the sound of the butcher preparing to cut him into fillets, alive!

The boss walked up to him, and grabbed his ankle. He began cutting into Yuri's skin behind the knee, and the pain threw the boy into shock. The butcher carved the meaty calf whole, carving the living muscle away. The boss loved doing this to the beautifully proportioned and shaped calves from these pretty boys! And this boy had such beauties! As he carved, he was shooting spurts of cum onto the floor. The boss was naked when he butchered live meat, because cleanup was so much easier. Blood was everywhere.



He carved away Yuri's other calf, and set the bulging muscle with the smooth, pink skin still on it next to the other piece of boy meat. He carved the succulent meat away from the youth's beautiful thighs, skin still on the lean, plentiful meat. Then he finished the boy's hindquarters, by carving the boy's quivering ass meat away.

He loved to hear the half butchered Yuri whimpering and panting with the extreme pain of having his flesh carved from his body, with no way to kill the pain, other than die, so the boss quickly used his blade, and stripped the meat from the boy's shoulders and arms, starting with the forearms. Yuri lasted long enough for the cannibal to slice off his lean, muscular breasts. Then he expired due to blood loss. He was so attractive that the butcher went ahead, and finished the meat cutting himself. The meat from this one was to be set aside for the boss's private supply of succulent boy flesh!

And so it went on, until the food supply from regular sources was restored, and no one even accused the butchers of wrongdoing. These perverted butchers of human flesh had, in their own way, saved the average citizen from the realities of the actual nature of the meat, and besides, the people liked the taste of healthy young meat of teenage boy soldiers, fleshed out with rations no one else could get. It was a sort of lottery, and if you were a well fed young, low ranking soldier, you just might get caught, butchered, and eaten! And that was the end of it, for a time.

