

## Chapter 2c: the ugly truth

Ernesto woke up from his short nap and opened his eyes. He had thoroughly enjoyed the morning's activities, and now he began to think of the fun activities he had in mind for the afternoon and evening. He looked out the window of his bedroom, and appreciated the beautiful spring day outside. Letting his mind wonder, a slight smile came to his face, as he gave further thought about the fun he was about to have with the boy. He really looked forward to what he was planning to do next, and his hardening dick seemed to approve. He had enjoyed many boys before Alejandro, but it never got old to dispose of a boy after he had his fun with them.

Ernesto rolled his blanket away, and got up. He looked at the clock, making a mental note of the time and stretched, shaking the last vestiges of sleep from his mind. He put his shoes back on, and went downstairs to get a bite to eat prior to resuming the fun and games. He planned to eat only a snack; he did not want to spoil his appetite.

Alejandro could hear some movement in the house; it was obvious that Ernesto was up. "Finally", the boy thought. He had been upside down for a long time, and he looked forward to being right side up again. With any luck, he thought, Ernesto would jack him off and he would enjoy his badly desired orgasm. Even now, hanging upside-down, slicked with sweat that poured out of him under the action of the heater, his dick throbbed hard as a rock. Alejandro had tried bucking his hips from time to time when in bouts of desperation he had attempted to reach an orgasm; it had not worked.

While munching on a few cookies, Ernesto picked up the phone, and dialed Lorenzo's number. Lorenzo, his longtime partner in crime, was due to arrive soon and he wanted to know if he was almost here. Ernesto thought about how many years they had been together now. Was it over 30 now? How many boys had they disposed of together? He had lost count. Ernesto waited calmly for Lorenzo to pick up his phone.

Lorenzo finally picked up his cell phone, the conversation, as it was always the case, was brief and succinct. "Hello?" ... "Hi Lorenzo, are you in your way?" ... "oh, about half an hour away, that's good, are you bringing supplies?" ... "Very good, oh, they are coming to join us for dinner, excellent" ... "yes, I am sure it will be a lot of fun" ... "Ok, see you soon"

Ernesto ended the conversation and placed the phone down on the table. He then closed the box of cookies and stood up, shaking the cookie crumbs off him. He walked towards the entrance to the slaughter room, where his latest boy victim waited. Ernesto thought once more about the actions he was about to take, looking forward to his pleasures at the expense of his victim. Behind that door laid the key to this afternoon's perverse pleasure, and tonight's dinner menu.

Ernesto unlocked the door, grasped the handle of the door, and opened it. Inside he found both boy and pig just as he had left them. Ernesto could not help but to admire Alejandro's well-formed and athletic body. His budding manhood outlined clearly by the tight speedos he wore. Ernesto approached the boy, and began to grope him, paying particular attention to his speedo bound crotch. God, he thought, how did he love to see the doomed boys wear tight speedos? It was an almost obsessive fetish of Ernesto. Every boy that had come through in his one-way journey had worn one at some point. Alejandro was no different.

Alejandro turned his head and looked at Ernesto, glad to see him again. He was getting very thirsty and almost dizzy from being upside down so long. He still felt a bit confused and alarmed. Nowhere during their long hours of online chatting had they ever discussed something as extreme as this. However, his throbbing cock was clearly approving of the treatment. Alejandro looked forward to being right side up again, and, he hoped, allowed to jack off. He had spent what

seemed like an eternity hanging upside down over the heater. From time to time, drops of sweat dripped off the boy and fell on the red-hot element of the heater, making a short-lived spattering, as the drop quickly boiled off.

Over the last hour or so, the boy had tried to free his arms repeatedly, but Ernesto had done too good a job tying his wrists and elbows together. Despite his best efforts, he remained just as Ernesto had left him. He had also tried to reach his crotch to see if he could somehow relieve his need to cum, but that had not worked either. The sense of powerlessness stemming from his inability to do free himself, or cum, made Alejandro feel even hornier.

Nevertheless, the boy did want to be untied, and allowed to drink a big glass of cold water to quench his intense thirst. Also, in the back of his mind was the notion that at some point he had to get back home before his parents started to wonder where he was. Looking at Ernesto, the boy quickly realized that Ernesto did not have any immediate plans to release him. The boy wondered what he had in store for him.

Ernesto always looked forward to telling his victims of the terrible fate that he had in store for them. The more terrible the plan, the more he enjoyed it. The reactions of the young boys, filled with shock and horror were priceless and just as much fun, if not more, as the sex. It would be too simple to blurt out his exact plans to the victims. Instead, he liked to act coy, dropping hints and signs to his victims, until finally in one sudden and terrifying moment they would put all the clues together in their head, and realize the enormity of their fate.

He walked slowly around the boy, letting each of his steps make a sharp noise, looking all the while directly at the boy. Ernesto took pleasure in the sight of the boy's body while he purposely created an uncomfortable atmosphere of silence in the room. When he judged the time right he spoke. "I think you are going to provide me with a lot of entertainment today boy." He had a lot of practice revealing the ugly truth to his unsuspecting victims. Over the years and with considerable practice he had refined the immaculate moment to an art. Ernesto prodded the boy again, "Would you like to know how?"

Alejandro had begun to feel an increasing sense of trepidation as he realized that no one, not his parents, not even his brother Sebastian knew where he was. Tightly bound and hanging upside down in a slaughter room in Ernesto's house, he realized that he was entirely at his mercy. For some reason, he could not help but worry that if he did not get back home in time, his parents would start looking for him. That would only mean having to deal with a lot of questions which he did not want to deal with. Yet, Ernesto did not seem to be in any hurry to let him down and untie him.

Alejandro allayed his growing fears, telling himself that he had known Ernesto for months after all. Besides, he was really enjoying his sexual adventure with him. "Yes sir, I would," replied Alejandro genuinely curious to know.

The boy could not help but to emit a lustful groan, as his captor reached out to him, and began to grope his crotch again. Shuddering in a mix of lust and pleasure, Alejandro closed his eyes as he lost himself in the waves of pleasure that raked his vigorous and young body. He eagerly accepted each crest of pleasure, and greedily sought more. Ernesto kept taking his time, knowing how debilitating these sensations were to a horny teenager, especially one who had been denied the pleasure of cumming for so many days. "Well boy", said Ernesto, "you are going to be the centerpiece of tonight's festivities".

Alejandro hardly registered what Ernesto was telling him. Feeling hot and horny, he could not help but to hang upside down, bucking his hips, and squirming in pleasure. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he thought that he ought to be long

gone by the time dinnertime came but that did not matter to the boy now. His desperate need to cum was overriding everything.

“Yes boy, you are going to be the center piece of tonight’s entertainment for sure,” Ernesto continued to grope the boy, taking particular pleasure on his ability to control the boy’s orgasm which was increasing apparent, the boy wanted very badly. A sequence of lustful moans, and pleads from the boy left no doubt about it. The boy’s speedos also displayed the characteristic wet spot of precum accumulating at the tip of his penis. Oh yes, this piggy was a little whore all right, Ernesto thought.

“You see, I have a guess coming for dinner, so I am going to roast two piglets and serve them in a nice platter,” said Ernesto, still fondling the bound boy gently. The boy could hardly concentrate on Ernesto’s words, as his body was desperately craving a long denied orgasm. What was particularly maddening was how close the boy felt to cumming. Had Ernesto stroked his hard dick but a dozen times, he would no doubt cum in a copious eruption of semen, yet Ernesto demurred, driving the boy wild with pleasure and desire.

Ernesto pulled away from the boy, who made a pleading moan, as he craved the continued manipulation of his sex organ. “Yes, I definitely have to prepare you two pigs. Lucky for me, you are both ready to prepare.” Ernesto had said these last words in a matter of fact way, as he went about the room. He began to make preparations over at the table. It was clear that Alejandro was still oblivious to the terrible meaning that his words contained. No matter he would sooner or later he thought.

The boy slowly regained his composure despite the fact that he still desired to cum very badly. He wondered once again if Ernesto would let him down soon, as he kept getting dizzier the longer he hung upside down. The heater under him was putting out an uncomfortable amount of heat, and he was really craving a cold glass of water. Ernesto seemed to be busy with some preparations, no doubt for the dinner party he had just mentioned. He wondered if he was going to be invited to it. It might mean that he would be late getting home, but it might be fun to meet some of his master’s friends. He would have to come up with a good excuse for his parents though.

“Sir?” said Alejandro timidly. “Yes piggy”, said Ernesto without even looking at him. “Am I staying for dinner?” Ernesto chuckled, and turning around to look at the boy, he said, “off course, you are the main attraction” Alejandro made a funny face. He assumed that Ernesto meant to use him sexually during the dinner party, as they had discussed during some of their online discussions. The boy would have preferred to be back at home for dinner, but part of him looked forward to what he thought Ernesto and his guest might have in store for him.

Ernesto in the meantime, had put on a large plastic apron, and grabbed a small handheld torch. Using a lighter, he lit it with the familiar swoosh, and adjusted the flow of gas until the flame turned into a blue flame. He then grabbed a metal spatula, and turned to face the pig suspended from the ceiling next to the boy. Ernesto calmly began to singe the light coat of pink hair off the pig. The pig protested with loud shrieks, twisting and twirling, as he sought to escape the heat of the flame, and the scratch of the blade.

Alejandro was initially too shocked to react to Ernesto’s cruel treatment of the animal. His shock slowly began to give way to horror, as Ernesto kept removing more and more of the pig’s hair. Alejandro had never heard a pig squeal so loudly. His heart quickened in fright as he watched Ernesto engage in such an unexpected display of cruelty. The piercing screeches of the pig resonated in the boy’s head, birthing a sense of terror in the boy. He began to feel unsafe, and for the first time,

he fought against his ligatures with all the strength he had. The boy too began to scream at Ernesto, begging him to stop; his pleas, like those of the pig went unheeded.

It took Ernesto almost ten minutes to finish removing the hair from the pig's skin. Shreds of partially singed hair being ripped off the pig fell to the ground below, next to the boy. The pig, exhausted, only made weak grunts, and hardly moved anymore, as Ernesto used the edge of the spatula to scratch off the last remains of the singed hair. With his hair removed, the pig now was of a supple pink color.



Then, to Alejandro's shock, Ernesto took a sharp short knife, and made a short incision at the base of the neck of the pig. Blood began to pour out of the pig, dripping down to the ground with a spattering sound, where it began to pool before flowing down a drain in the floor. The pig began to squeal and squirm anew, but soon its howls began to lose their potency. Ernesto using both hands pressed the pig's limbs, and pressed the pig's stomach, obviously pushing the blood out of the animal. In less than a minute the pig's flails and squeals quickly diminished, until they stopped altogether; the pig now obviously dead.

Ernesto, still clad in the apron, approached the boy and said, "Ok, it's time to take care of you piggy, time to shave you". Before Alejandro could react, Ernesto had pulled up the boy's speedos, releasing the boy's dick from the oppressive garment. Placing a wad of shaving gel in his right hand, Ernesto began to smear it all around the boy's crotch area. The boy began moaning almost instantaneously as he felt his member manipulated. A few moments later, Ernesto, using a razor began shaving the boy's budding bush of pubic hair. Alejandro nearly came as he felt Ernesto take off his pubic hair, an amazingly erotic experience, even as the boy felt more and more concerned about the actions of Ernesto.

Little by little, but with great efficiency, Ernesto shaved the boy, until he had taken care of all his body hair. Just as Ernesto finished the task, and began whipping off the shaving cream residue, the door chime rang. "Ahhh", said Ernesto, "here is my friend Lorenzo, excuse me for a moment; I will be right back." It struck Alejandro as funny that Ernesto asked would ask to be excused; there was nothing that Alejandro could do to stop Ernesto. All he could do was to hang upside down, still sweating, with a big bonner jutting out begging for relief. Ernesto really hoped that Ernesto would let him down very soon now, as he was lightheaded and desperately thirsty.

Ernesto eventually made his way back towards the slaughter room with his guest. The two men were in the midst of a heated discussion on the recent outcome of a football match between the real Madrid and the Barça. It was obvious to

Alejandro that the men had known each other for a long time, as they talked as longtime friends do. Alejandro felt degraded and exposed as the men came into the room and acted as if he did not exist.

The boy looked at the newcomer, Lorenzo. He was an older and more corpulent man than Ernesto with a more brutish looking face, and thick eyebrows. Alejandro, naked, felt particularly exposed, and suddenly shy.

Finally noting the boy, the newcomer said in a boisterous and surprised tone, "Ahhh, this must be the piggy you were talking about " The man without skipping a beat approached Alejandro, and placed his hand on one of his legs, feeling him up. "Nice muscle tone in this one, he is a very good choice for dinner" Alejandro felt threatened by the stranger, and somewhat confused by his words. Ernesto, who followed Lorenzo, was looking at Alejandro with a bright smile, "yeah, he is nearly ready now; no food for 24 hours, well dehydrated, and I just finished shaving it."

"Ahhh that is excellent seems like I got here at just the right time," said Lorenzo, while he passed his hand over the boy's abdomen, "I had wanted to see a piggy prepared first hand for a long time." Lorenzo smiled and said; "well tonight you get to do more than just see it, you get to help me" In the meantime, Lorenzo had begun playing with Alejandro's dick and balls, which began shriveling as the boy's level of uneasiness about the situation grew.

There was plenty for the boy to be concerned. The way the Ernesto and Lorenzo were talking made it sounded like the boy was one of the pigs to be served for dinner that night. Then, like the flash of lighting in a dark night, all the clues came together in his head. They were talking about cooking him. Alejandro rejected the thought at first. "Me, a little piggy? Me? Cooked?" It was unconceivable. Yet, as Alejandro thought about it, he began to realize with growing horror, that this was exactly what they were discussing. Lorenzo, caressing the boy's body, and looking at him with a strange look confirmed Alejandro's worst fears when he said, "Yes, this one should be delicious".

Alejandro, with his eyes opened wide in shock, looked at Ernesto and said, "What do you mean I should be delicious?" Lorenzo, suddenly looked at Ernesto, and said, "Ohhh, you have not told him yet?" Ernesto chuckling said, "Not in as many words, but does it matter? He was going to find out sooner or later that he is what's for dinner"

Alejandro began to scream and strain against the ropes that held him captive. He should have known that it was a futile effort, but he was not thinking, who in that situation could? He was overwhelmed by the horror of what he was hearing. Suddenly the precariousness of his situation became all too clear. He was in a stranger's house, no one else in the world knew where he was, he was tied and at utterly at their mercy. Alejandro struggled against the ropes for a long time until he had to stop exhausted and sweating harder than ever. Perhaps, he thought, perhaps they were just playing a practical joke on him.

Ernesto, who had waited patiently until the boy exhausted his strength then told the boy, "Yes my little piggy, what Lorenzo says is right. The ugly truth is that you are going to be cooked tonight along with this other pig, But do not worry, we are not about to slaughter you just yet. You get to live a little while longer". Alejandro struggled again, but only for a short time. In his mind, he could only think of the need to free himself and escape. Unfortunately, for him, the chances of that happening were nearly zero.