

Ch. 3b. A pain in the ass

The boy kept sobbing quietly, unable to move, his body stretched tight by the ropes; he just lay on the table and waited for the men to commit their horror. He had seen what they had done to the pig, and waited, His mind gyrating with fear and horror.

Ernesto knelt next to the table and looked right at the boy. With a terrible expression he spoke, "ok piggy, just so you know, I am going to be describing aloud what we are doing each step of the way." He knew that a detailed description of what they planned to do was not necessary, but he craved the terror that it would instill on the boy. He looked at the boy's body, his backside perfectly exposed, his dick hard and throbbing.

The boy continued sobbing and sniffing from time to time. Lorenzo, done tightening the straps that forced the boy's legs in place stood up, and slapped the boy's thigh firmly, making a smacking sound, "nice firm meat in this one" The boy whimpered in fright, trying to come to grasp with the notion of being evaluated solely on the meat content of his body.

Ernesto looked again at the boy placed in a perfect position over the table. "First little piggy, we are going to drive the pole up your ass, I am afraid that it is going to feel a bit cold at first. It is important that you be very still now. Do you understand?" The boy emitted a frightful sob, and in a teary voice said, "please don't do this, not this, please don't". Lorenzo slapped the boy's ass, and in a harsh tone told him, "you have not been asked if we could do this, you have been told what we are doing, now stand still"

Alejandro cried in fright, not really acknowledging Lorenzo. Lorenzo slapped the boy again, and in a roaring voice demanded a respond from the boy, "do you understand?" Between sobs and whimpers, the boy quieted, and eventually uttered a barely audible "yes". Alejandro knew that he had no choice but to comply with his kidnapers evil intentions.

Ernesto had done this so many times before. He took his stubby, but sharp, knife, and carefully made a small rip in the boy's speedos, right in line with the boy's asshole. As he moved in position behind the boy, he kept telling the boy every terrifying step in his preparations. Grasping the long metal spit and smearing a white dab of Crisco all over its surface, Ernesto shouted, "ok piggy, now we are going to grease the spit so it can pass through you nice and easy"

Alejandro turned his neck hard to look at Ernesto as he rubbed the Crisco all over the long metal pole. The boy's face was frozen in a pantomime of fear. Ernesto looked at the boy with a knowing smile, and lowered the blunt tip of the spit towards the boy's exposed ass. The boy emitted a short whimpering and pleading "Noooo"

Ernesto brought the tip of the spit close to the boy's ass, and began to thread the tip through the rip he had made in the back of the boy's speedos. The boy sensed the tip of the pole tap his butt cheeks and terrified he began to struggle against his bonds again. Ernesto waited patiently, knowing to bide his time, surely enough the boy soon tired, and stopped struggling.



Once again, Ernesto threaded the tip of the pole, and pushed it through, until the tip rested up against the boy's asshole. "Ok boy, can you feel the spit up against your ass?" Ernesto did not have to ask, but he enjoyed forcing his victims tell them. A slap from Lorenzo reminded the sobbing boy to respond, "Yes sirs, I can feel the tip of the pole"

The boy could still not believe what the men were planning to do to him, and yet, a similar metal pole to that which they had used to skewer the pig was pushing into his asshole at this very moment. This had to be a nightmare. Then he heard Ernesto, "ok boy, we are going in" and the nightmare became reality

The boy could feel Ernesto press the tip of the rod against his asshole. He tried to pucker up as much as he could, but gradually the rod, well-greased, parted the lips of his anus, and began to slide inside him. "That's a good boy," said

Ernesto. Alejandro was in disbelief as he could feel the bar enter his rectum, the object cold and rigid. He could not believe that the men really meant to drive the pole through his body. He could only manage to mutter a constant string of "no, no, no please, no, no!"

The boy's pleas were of no consequence to the men. Ernesto kept a steady pressure on the rod, allowing it to glide deeper into the boy. The boy pressed his belly trying to repel the invading object, but it was no use. The smooth metal, slicked with Crisco kept sliding into him. It was not long until the tipped of the spit bumped up against the tummy of the boy. The boy felt it as a light punch deep in his stomach; Ernesto felt it as a sudden resistance to the advance of the spit.

Ernesto took the metal spit, and pushed his end lower, forcing the boy to straighten his lower back. The boy could feel the hard object shift his innards, and uttered an "ugh!" Ernesto snickered, and commented on his actions; "Now boy, I am making sure that the spit is pointing in the right direction, so that it will miss your heart and lungs when I push it through" Alejandro cringed as he felt the metal pole press against his innards again.

Ernesto knew exactly what he needed to do next. He asked Lorenzo to bring him a large wooden mallet hanging on the wall. "So boy, we are going to tap the spit through your body now. This might

hurt a bit". Ernesto grabbed the mallet that Lorenzo handed him, and prepared to tap the free end of the spit," ok boy here we go". The boy tensed up in anticipation, but nothing could have prepared him for what happened next.

The metal bar transmitted the blow of the mallet from one end to the next without attenuation. The blow of the mallet might as well have landed directly into the gut of the boy. The shock so pointed that the boy felt an irresistible urge to puke, and heaved for an instant, as his whole body recoiled in pain. Before he could even react to the first blow, Ernesto banged another, even harder blow with the mallet.

Ernesto loved to watch the boy's body recoil in pain as he drove the tip of the spit through his boy with the blows of the mallet. The boy made sharp and short guttural screams of pain, as the slightly blunted tip of the metal bar ripped out of the intestine, and penetrated into the thorax of the boy. Being a doctor, he could visualize in his head how the membrane that separated the abdomen from the Thorax resisted, until it ripped, and gave way.

Unfortunately, for the boy, it took six blows of the mallet before the spit ripped clean through. He slumped on the table, breathing hard, and sweating profusely as he recovered from the wrenching experience. The man holding the other end of the metal bar was pressing it deeper still. He could feel the metal creep by his butt cheeks as it progressed further up his body. Alejandro had never felt so helpless.

Ernesto, took his time, instructing Lorenzo, "ok, so the rod is passing right by the heart, can you feel the heart pulse in the pole?" Lorenzo placed his hand on the rod, and after grasping it for a few seconds he said, "oh yeah, I can feel the piggy's heart" Worst of all was the fact that the boy could feel the pulse of his heart in his anus, as it reverberated through the bar. This was really happening.

Ernesto decided to give the boy a break, but this did not mean he was off the hook. Looking to torment the boy psychologically, he asked boy, "Very good little piggy, now why don't you tell us how much you want to be a nice banquet for us?" The boy just sobbed quietly, with the metal pole partway through his body.

Alejandro could not believe what it was being asked of him, how could he possibly be asked to say that, but somehow, he blurted it out, "I want to be a nice banquet for you" Alejandro could not believe it, but his cock was starting to get hard. Was it because of the pole in his ass? Or was it somehow because he was ceding all control to his tormentors? Confusion reigned in his head

Ernesto loved to make his victims beg, especially when the boys fell into a state of confusion. Sometimes the boys would become compliant and docile, and willingly collaborate in their own demise. Could Alejandro be one of those?

Ernesto, looked at Lorenzo, and began to explain the next step, "ok, the pole has come all the way through the intestines and into the thorax, it's very important to keep the tip of the pole back towards the spine to keep from piercing either the lungs or heart. We also have to take careful aim for the throat, see?" Lorenzo assented as he watched Ernesto.

Alejandro could not believe his ears, they were really meaning to push the pole through him, even now, though he could feel the unyielding pole tap against his innards, it was hard to believe. It's was a very odd feeling. He could not help but remember how the men had skewered the other pig on the spit, and now they were doing it to him. It was then that he realized that he had just thought of himself as a pig. Somehow, his cock got even harder; especially as he thought of how the men would handle his body once, he too was skewered.

Ernesto relishing the moment told the boy, "ok little piggy, this might hurt a bit". With that, Ernesto pressed the rod hard into the boy, who groaned as he sensed the tip of the pole press deep in his throat. Ernesto felt the rod creep through the boy, though with increasing resistance. He knew he was nearly there, but this was the tricky part, and he took his time. Slowly and patiently, he felt the rod sink further through the boy.

Alejandro hurt very badly. He could feel the rod through his torn innards, and now he had to cope with the feel of the blunt tip creeping up his throat. The boy tried to swallow repeatedly, but it was no use, the rigid pole was pushing against his throat in the most disconcerting of ways. In a moment of panic, he fought once again to release his arms, but it was no use. It was hard to be treated like a slaughter animal by the two men. His mind felt clouded by the pain, and assaulted by fears, like "it's the pole going to stick out of my mouth?" Even with all these things going on, the boy could not help but to notice that his cock is raging hard once again, as he thought of his promised demise. How could being cooked alive by the two men make him horny? Yet, somehow, it did.

Ernesto, conscious of the delicate stage commanded Lorenzo, "ok, we have to be careful now, go grab the piggy's head and force it back as much as it will go. We need to minimize damage to the throat" Lorenzo came around the boy, and grasping his head, he lifted it backwards. Looking at the frightened boy, he said, "Any last coherent words this little piggy wants to say?"

Alejandro was in disbelief, he was really being handled like a pig, out of desperation he begged, "please let me go, I will do anything you want me to, I won't tell anyone, really". Lorenzo laughed at the desperation of the boy. At some point or other in their boy disposal, the victims always beg to be allowed to go free. Lorenzo, like Ernesto enjoyed dashing the hopes of their young victims. With a hysterical and evil laughter, he replied to the boy, "that's funny little piggy, but no, we are not letting you go, no freedom for you, we want a nice piggy roast, and that's what we want to do with you. Now, any last words?"

Alejandro felt lost, which should be his last words? He did not know, he swam in a sea of confusion, and yet, feeling his hard cock throb in his speedos, a crazy thought came to his head. "Please let me cum one last time" Alejandro did not know why he even asked for that, but if he was not going to escape, if he was going to cook, he might as well enjoy one last orgasm

Lorenzo chuckled, and looking at Ernesto said, "Did you hear that?" Ernesto replied with surprise, "what? Piggy wants to cum?" "Yup", said Lorenzo.

Ernesto replied, "Perhaps, if he begs us to cook him". Lorenzo looked at Alejandro and said, "ok little piggy did you hear that? Beg loudly that you want us to cook you on the spit, and you better say please"

Alejandro could not believe what an evil thing they were asking of him, but even thinking of saying it, intensified his hard on. The boy did not know what to do; a part of him felt that complying with such a request was tantamount to giving up on whatever faint hope of escape he had left. Yet, somehow, a part of him wanted him to beg. Finally, meekly he said it, "please sir cook me on the spit like the piglet that I am" Alejandro realized that saying this that he had accepted his fate, to be cooked alive on the spit.

Lorenzo shouted at the piggy again, enjoying himself, "Louder piggy, and more convincing". Alejandro complied, forsaking himself to the rush of lust that had sprung within him when he first begged to be cooked. "Sir, PLEASE, I am a little delicious piglet begging to be cooked by you and that's why I was born, please do it sir, please fulfill my destiny" Alejandro felt incredibly aroused as he uttered the torrent of words, sealing his fate with abandon, his urge to cum more powerful than ever.

Lorenzo, laughed at the boy's desperate plea, then he looked at Ernesto and asked, "what says the master of the house? Shall the piglet get one last orgasm?"

Ernesto loved to have the final say on whether a boy got a last orgasm or not. More often than not, he would grant them their wish, but not always. If the boy yearned for their last climax too much, he took delight in denying that last pleasure to the boy. It was like one last theft of the boy's freedoms. Piggy had been asking to cum since they had met at the station that morning, so Ernesto, with a smirk, denied the boy. "No, piggy's don't cum, Now, hold his head up so I can push the rod through him"

Alejandro moaned in disappointment, even as Ernesto pushed hard on the rod, driving further into his body. The boy could keenly feel the rigid pole making steady advances up his throat. "Unless", Ernesto said, as a deliciously wicked idea popped into his mind, "Unless he agrees to give us his brother in exchange for one last cum"

Alejandro was horrified, he loved his brother Sebastian, just a year younger than him, and he had cared for him, defended him, and helped him with his homework an untold number of times. Yet Alejandro desired to cum badly. Another push of the pole at the base of his neck made him realize that he was quite close to being fully skewered now, he had to choose, and choose soon.

Lorenzo looked right at the boy and asked him, "well boy? Will you let us have your brother in exchange for one last orgasm?" Alejandro could feel his rock hard dick throbbing, pressing against the speedos. He wanted to cum so badly, yet he loved his brother, Lust and love fought in the boy's mind for supremacy. In a titanic struggle, the boy fought his animal urges, and closing his eyes, he denied himself the desperately desired sexual release, lets he save his brother from these terrible men.

Lorenzo laughed at the boy, "Suit yourself boy, no cumming for you then". Ernesto laughed along with Lorenzo, and told him, "ok, time to punch through the mouth. Are you ready? Make sure you hold his

head up and back” Lorenzo replied with a condescending “yeah go ahead” It all sounded so matter-of-fact to the men.

Alejandro shivered in disbelief, he could not believe what was about to be done to him. Yet, he could feel the blunt tip of the spit pressing against the bottom of his mouth. He just could not believe that they were really doing this to him, that he would not be able to speak anymore, that he would never eat or drink again, ever. He started sobbing again, thinking that he would not be able to say goodbye to his mother, or brother.

Ernesto, enjoying the boy’s anguish, performed a countdown aloud, three, two, one. Then with a steady and strong push, he drove the pole further into the body of the boy, making sure to thread the tip through the throat, pushing hard against the palate, and finally ripping through. The boy emitted a phenomenal blood-curling and gurgled scream. The blunted tip of the pole began pushing out of the boy’s mouth.



Alejandro writhed in pain, as blood mixed with saliva flooded his mouth, and began dripping from his mouth. The boy closed his teeth around the pole, making a clanking sound, unable to close his mouth, unable to swallow the blood, unable to believe that this was actually happening. Somehow, in the midst of the pain, he suddenly felt subhuman, a skewered pig on a spit. His head, now forced back hard by the pole that came out of his mouth. The boy kept trying to look around him, though with a greatly diminished range of motion, he could do little more than stare straight ahead, down the skewering pole.