

Ch. 3c Preparations for hell

Ernesto displayed a sadistic grin as he kept pushing the pole further through the body of the piggy. The boy emitted a sequence of high-pitched gagging and choking noises as the spit crept through his throat, he sounded remarkably like a real pig. Ernesto only let go of the pole when he was satisfied that it had progressed far enough through the boy. He walked around the boy, and pressing two fingers against the boy's neck, he felt for a pulse. Lorenzo looked intently at Ernesto, until he looked back at him, and said, "Well, seems we got lucky and the little piggy made it through alive" Ernesto tapped the boy's but slightly, "how about that little piggy, you get to live a bit longer"

Even now, Alejandro could not believe what the men had done. Despite the ropes that bound him tightly to the table, he could appreciate how the pole kept him from arching or bending his body. The pole in his throat kept forcing him to gag, and unable to swallow with his mouth forced open. Drools of saliva intermixed with blood dangled from his gaping mouth. Despite all this, he was alert enough to be aware of the conversation going on between the two men.

Lorenzo asked of Ernesto, "so what comes next?" to whom he replied, "well, now we get him ready to cook". Alejandro could still not believe it. Cook, how could he be cooked he was alive, he was a live boy.

Ernesto pointed to two hooks hanging from the ceiling, and told Lorenzo, "we will untie the piglet from the table, and we will put each end of the spit on those hooks there, ok?" Lorenzo and Ernesto began undoing the ropes binding the boy until he was free. By now the boy was so exhausted from his struggles, and his constant retching, that even once he was free, he simply laid limp on the table, impaled, awaiting his fate at the hands of the two men.

It was time to move the boy, the men each grabbed one end of the cooking spit, and looking at each other they lifted the rod, and with it the boy. Alejandro could not believe the weirdness of feeling his body lifted by the pole. Not only could he feel the pressure in his anus and throat, but also throughout his innards. He gagged anew, as the shift in weight placed pressure on his throat. He felt powerless as he noticed himself lifted over the table and transported by the men. The men left the boy suspended from the spit, which rested between two large hooks dangling from the ceiling beams.

Ernesto approached the boy, and loosened the ropes that had bounded his wrists and ankles together while saying, "We don't have to keep him tied anymore; there is no place he can run to now." The men stood back and watched the boy.

Alejandro, had struggled hard and long to free his limbs. Now that his hands were finally free, he immediately reached for the metal pole sticking out of his mouth and clutched it with both hands desperately. He tried frantically to pull it out, but soon discovered that he could not do anything about the pole that protruded out of his mouth. The boy, hoping against hope, also reached for his butt, but he was even more helpless there, as he could just barely reach the point where the pole entered his anus. After a few hectic minutes of flailing and futile attempts, the boy gave up. He relaxed and allowed his legs and arms to hang limp, too tired to do anything else but wait for his tormentors to prepare him to be cooked.

Alejandro did not have long to wait

Ernesto kept tutoring Lorenzo on each step that needed to be taken to prepare the boy, "so now, we have to secure the piggy to the spit, so that he will rotate with it. Otherwise, the pole will rotate, but the meat wont." Lorenzo, sounding slightly concerned asked, "so what do we do?" Ernesto, holding a metal object in his hand said, "We have to drive these thin metal bars through his legs and arms, and secure them to the pole. That way as we rotate the spit, the meat will go with it."

Ernesto took one of the metal spikes and drove the sharp point right through the boy's lower thigh. The boy screamed in pain. The men did not pay any attention to the screams of the boy, and repeated the operation on the other leg. Even as the boy thrashed as much as he could, the men repeated the operation right above the ankles of the boy. This left the desperate boy's lower body immobile, only able to wiggle his feet

Alejandro remained in a state of disbelief and growing desperation, as plans for his demise continued apace around him, gradually losing mobility, losing freedom. Now he could not even move his legs anymore. Little by little losing, his tormentors gaining, the preparations to cook advancing inexorably. In his vicinity, Ernesto continued his instruction. "Now, we have to do that same thing with his arms, but we have to be careful to avoid blood loss."

The men came around to the front of the boy, and made eye contact with him, greeting him as if they were long lost best friends, meeting after a long separation. "Hello little piggy", said Ernesto, "Time to pin your arms. Be a good boy and extend them out for us, would you?" Alejandro could not help but to feel angry and helpless. All has been taken from him, save for his ability to move his arms, and now the men have come to that away too. He felt a pang of surrender and pity as he wondered if he should willingly surrender that too.

Lorenzo, grasped one of the boy's arms, and extended it forward, taking gage of where the arm needed to be secured to the spit. The boy could see Lorenzo prepare a metal spike, ready to drive it through his arm. The boy shook his arm energetically, retracting close to his body, determined to fight for his last bastion of freedom.

Ernesto raised his hand, stopping Lorenzo, who was about to reach out for the boy's arms, and force it in place. He had a different idea, "Piggy!", he said while looking sternly at the boy, "put your arm out now" The boy retrenched and kept his arms tightly clenched around his chest. Ernesto spoke loudly, authoritatively, and with a hint of anger, "DO IT NOW PIGGY!"

The boy's eyes spoke volumes, the fear, the doubt, and then, the resignation. Relenting on his clenched shoulder and arm, the boy relaxed it, and then extended it forward. "Both of them piggy, common, I want them both" Sobbing quietly, without even knowing why, the boy extended both arms, and wrapped his fingers around the spit, relinquishing his last freedom. Ernesto cruelly told the boy, "See, you are a nice little piggy"

Without a second thought, Ernesto grabbed the boy's arms, and drove the sharp metal spike through the wrists. The boy made another litany of screams and groans, pulling pitifully on his arms, which now, tightly secured by the metal rod, laid out stretched in front of him.

Lorenzo looked at Ernesto and asked, "so do we put him like this over the coals?" Ernesto response is quick and emphatic, "oh no, no, no, first we must apply a good coating of extra virgin olive oil all over his body" Ernesto reached for a nearby shelf and took out a large bottle of olive oil. With a big grin in his face, Ernesto proclaimed, "Let's smear the piggy shall we?" Soon, both men had begun to spread a thin sheen of olive oil all over the skin of the boy. The men enjoyed the process very much, making sure to be thorough.



Alejandro could feel the hands of his tormentors grope all over his body, as they spread the slick oil. He is shocked at the idle conversation of his tormentors, as they smear the oil all over him. "Yeah, this piggy has nice thighs; I bet he is going to taste very nice." Shocked, Alejandro gradually realizes that to them, his body is nothing but a hunk of meat, dawning on him the sheer reality of what is in store for him.

The men proceeded to smear the oil all over his back, the back of his legs. Lorenzo even pulled the speedos back for a few moments, and cupped each of the boy's buttocks, making sure that there was plenty of oil in there. The men even applied oil between his toes. Alejandro could not help but to feel the pleasure of such a rub, even if he knew the terrible purpose behind it. His cock began to harden again, tenting once again against the speedos.

When the men finished applying oil to the backside of the boy, Ernesto grabbed one of the spikes that secured the boy's legs to the spit, and pulled down. The spit, making a metal on metal squeal, turned over the hooks, rotating the boy and exposing the front of the outstretched lad. Ernesto felt a wave of lust, when he saw the piggy, impaled, and getting ready to be cooked.

Alejandro's whole universe rotated around the spit. Suddenly he found his head dangling below the impaling pole, and a whole myriad of sensations, as his weight rests on different parts of his anatomy. The turn left the boy's front upturned and exposed. The men started to smear oil on the front of his body, still talking amongst themselves as if the boy was not there, "yeah, I am sorry I missed the last time you cooked a piggy", "yeah" chimed Ernesto, "that was a fun time, this time around however, I think I am going to use less heat. That way the meat will cook a bit slower, and be juicier."

Ernesto wiped his hands and told Lorenzo to finish applying the oil. He needed to go back out to the patio, and get things ready, like the coals, which needed to be lit. "You finish with the oil, I am going to go outside, and get the coals going. I will be back in about 10 or 15 minutes, ok?"

Ernesto left, leaving Lorenzo alone to finish coating the boy with oil. Lorenzo took his time, applying a second and much thicker layer of oil. It was at this point, when just about the entire body of the boy was coated, that Lorenzo tipped the bowl of oil over the boy's crotch, and began to massage the boy's still throbbing bonner.

"Oh!", Lorenzo said feigning surprise, "perhaps this little piggy thought that I had forgotten about him" Lorenzo groped the boys oil soaked speedos, gently massaging his genitals, and caressing his rock hard dick. He too loved to drive the boys mad with sexual desire, even admits their torture. Lorenzo kept edging the boy closer and closer to an orgasm, but adroitly keeping him from reaching his desired destination.

The boy flexed his hips in a desperate quest for sexual gratification, but it was no use. The harder the boy tried, the further Lorenzo retreated, keeping him in a state of sexual frustration. Lorenzo teased him from time to time, "no cumming for you piggy"

Ernesto came back into the room and reported his progress, "the coals are ready, and I have the condiments ready as well, let's go ahead and take them outside" Alejandro could see the men off the corner of his eye. They picked the skewered pig next to him, and took him away. He shivered knowing that soon they would come for him, to put him over the coals.

The room was eerily quiet, the boy began to feel cold as his outstretched body hang from the spit, With No option but to wait for his turn.