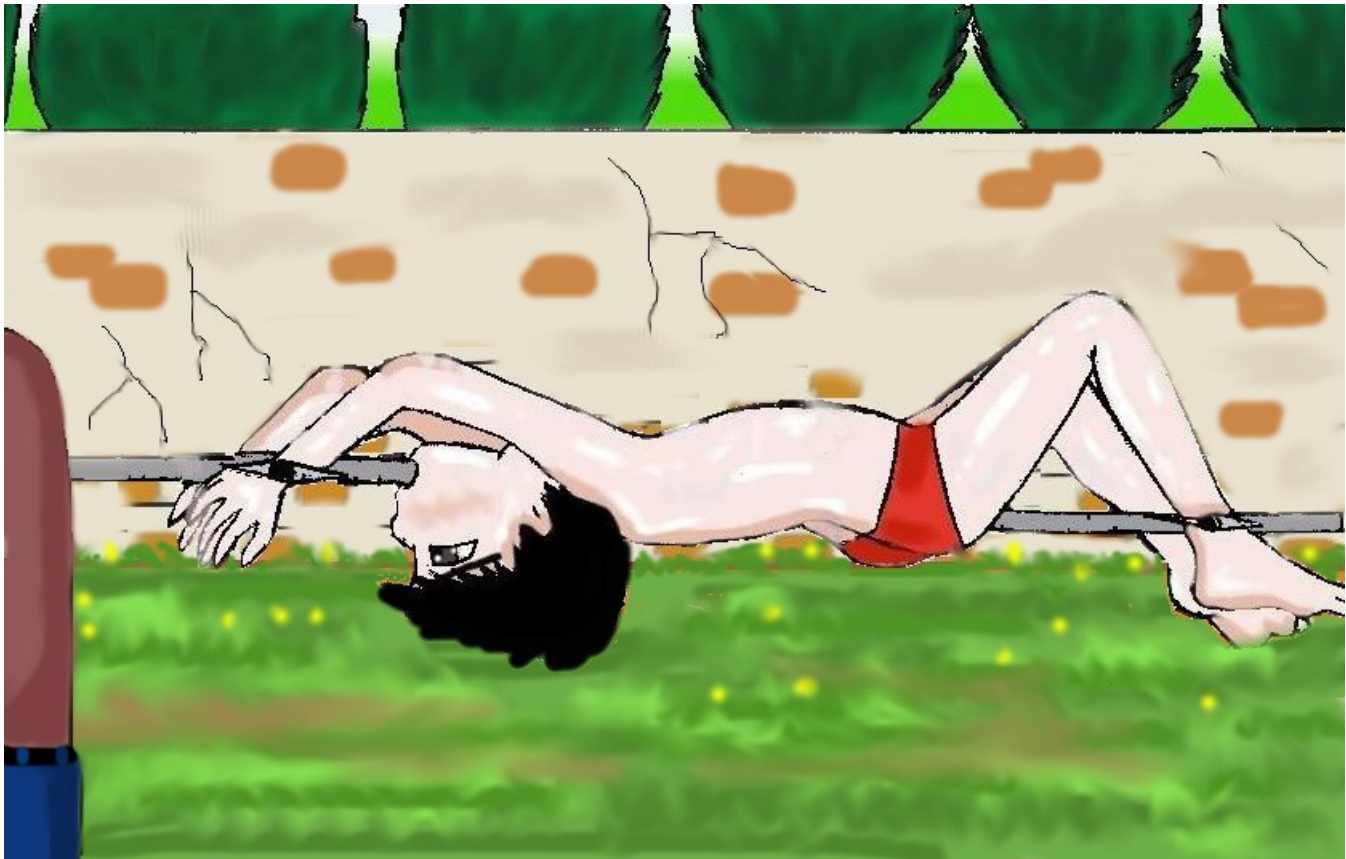


Ch 4a: A journey to the heat

The time had finally arrived. The boy's heart pounded in his chest, full of fear and anxiety. The men showed no regard for the boy. They positioned themselves on either end of the spit that skewered the boy, and grabbed their respective ends. With a coordinated push, the men lifted the metal bar off the hooks and placed their respective ends on their shoulders. Alejandro had a hard time believing everything that was happening. Panic gripped him once again, and he pulled and pushed with his legs and arms trying to get free, though to no avail.

Alejandro tried to beg once more for his freedom, but once again, he could only make distorted and unintelligible sounds. The metal bar pressed hard within his throat, pinning his tongue in place. The boy could feel the metal bar flex slightly in his throat, as it supported his weight. It was impossible for the boy to make any intelligible vocalization. The boy had truly spoken his last words in this world. Now as the men carried him outside of the barn towards the cooking pit, he thought that he was just like a pig, unable to utter nothing more than moans, groans, and squeals.

Lorenzo, who was supporting the front of the spit, crossed through the threshold of the door, and soon the boy found himself outside. His ongoing nightmare made a stark contrast against the idyllic scene in the patio. The late April sun shone full of warmth and delight. The gentle southern breeze swayed the branches of the nearby poplar trees making a gentle rustle. All around them, a myriad of birds chirped and sang happily, welcoming the arrival of spring. The boy, skewered, banded, and ready to be roasted alive, felt utterly powerless, being carried as a hunk of meat. He still found it hard to believe that these men were really taking him to be cooked.



The men did not have far to go. Ernesto admired the boy's oil covered body, glinting in the sunshine. The light of the sun highlighted the boy's flawless muscle tone to perfection. He derived such perverse pleasure from watching the sexy bodies of the doomed youths he murdered. It was impossible for him to explain it, even to himself. Off course, the cherry in the cake today, was the boy's tight red speedos, which highlighted his bound manhood to perfection. Here, once again, he was taking a youth to a horrible and anguish-filled end. Ernesto felt his cock harden in his pants in anticipation of what was to come.

Their destination was not far off from the house. The cooking pit, smoke already billowing out of it, was on the back area of the patio, surrounded by the tall poplar trees, which shaded the area with their newly sprouted leaves. It was easy to tell when the boy saw the cooking pit; his final destination. He began to produce a string of desperate-sounding moans and gurgles as they approached the pit.

When the boy saw the hot turbulent air flowing out of the pit, he felt a crushing pang of fright, as the horror that awaited him went from an abstract future, to a very real present. Once again, Alejandro tried to beg, but could only produce a sequence of unintelligible moans and groans; His mangled throat unable to vocalize any coherent words, no matter how hard he tried. As the men approached the pit, Alejandro pulled and pushed against the metal spikes that held his outstretched arms and legs in place, but he accomplished nothing. Alejandro panicked as the men kept approaching the cooking pit, so much so that he could feel the heat emanating from it.

Alejandro received an unexpected temporary reprieve from the horror that awaited him. The men placed the ends of the pole that supported him, not over the hot coals, but on a set of tall supports, which left him about a meter and a half over the tiled floor that lined the patio; next to him, at about the same height laid the pig skewered in the same manner he was. The boy felt envious of the pig, which had died a short and relatively painless death. He would not be as lucky. Dread and fear filled his spirit, and he shivered in fright, knowing that in a few minutes the men would place him over the hot coals to cook him.

Free of their burden, Ernesto and Lorenzo sat on the nearby picnic table and began discussing what their next step needed to be, "ok, so now we have to prepare the pigs to maximize their flavor. One of the things that work best is to cut up apples into small blocks and stuff the animals with them." Ernesto grabbed a tinfoil-covered platter, and ripping the foil off the top, he showed its contents to Lorenzo, "I use fresh honey crisp apples. See how I have cut them in blocks of about 1 cm by 1 cm?" Lorenzo nodded his head in acknowledgement.

Alejandro had no option but to hear his captors discuss the culinary intricacies of his imminent cooking. To the Right of him, barely in his line of sight, he could see the barbeque pit where the men planned to place him. His fright was such, that if he had any urine, he would have surely voided himself. Looking next to him, he saw Lorenzo and Ernesto stuffing the pig with apple blocks. He could not see clearly what the men were doing but he knew that his turn would come soon enough.

With the pig now prepared, Ernesto turned his attention to piggy. Carrying with him the remaining blocks of apple blocks, he made sure to discuss the preparations aloud, enjoying the terror that such discussions would have on the boy. "Ok, so for piggy what we are going to do is that we are going to put the apple blocks inside his mouth." It would be hard to describe how powerless Alejandro felt as his tormentor began to shove apple block after apple block into his mouth. His tongue, pinned by the spit was useless to repel the invasion, or spit the blocks out. The men continued until his mouth and cheeks were stuffed.

Then to make things worse, Alejandro felt Ernesto untie the drawstring of his speedos and fill the front pouch of his speedos with apple blocks. Then, turning the boy on the spit, he placed the remaining apple blocks in the back of the speedos, using his hand to wedge some of them deep into his butt crack. The boy recoiled further in horror as he heard Ernesto explain how the apple bits would help flavor his meat. "With the heat, the apple bits will impregnate the meat with a slightly sweet and tangy taste, which complements the meat perfectly. Additionally, the genitals, bathed in the vapor of the apple juices will make that cut the most succulent and desirable bit"

Lorenzo, who listened intently to everything Ernesto was saying interrupted the lecture, and chimed in, "let us play rock scissors for his penis." Ernesto smiled and swaying his head side to side in thought, he said "Sure, best out of three" Alejandro could not believe that they were gambling over his body parts, and not just any body part, but his dick. The boy understood then, that despite still being alive he did not own his body anymore. "God" he thought, "To these men he really was just a hunk of meat" The boy tried to protest, but he did not have a voice anymore. His mouth and throat, already mangled by the roasting spit, were further hampered by the apple blocks that the men had stuffed in his mouth.

With no regards for the moans the boy made, the men began their game. One two three, the men drew. Lorenzo went out with rock, Ernesto with paper. Right away, they went ahead with the second draw. One two three, they drew again, this time they both showed paper. Again they gambled, one two three, and Ernesto lost giving Lorenzo the rights to consume the piggy's genitals. Lorenzo triumphantly said, "ha, I get the choice bite of piggy this time" Then leaning over to make eye contact with the boy, he told him, "hear that boy, I get to eat your little piggy dick" Ernesto in the meantime, sounding somewhat annoyed at his loss says, "ok, ok, lets go ahead and put him in"

Alejandro began to sob quietly again, sure now that to these men he was nothing but a hunk of meat. Whatever faint hope of mercy he had harbored before evaporated now. Alejandro shivered uncontrollably, the thought that he was about to be cooked alive too terrible to grasp.

The men picked up the pig on a spit next to him, and walked up to the barbeque pit. There they placed the ends of the spit on the built in supports of the pit, leaving the body of the animal right over the heat. Alejandro could see how Ernesto connected one end of the spit to a little wheel, and pressing a switch, it began to turn the pig. Now, the men looked directly at him; it was his turn.