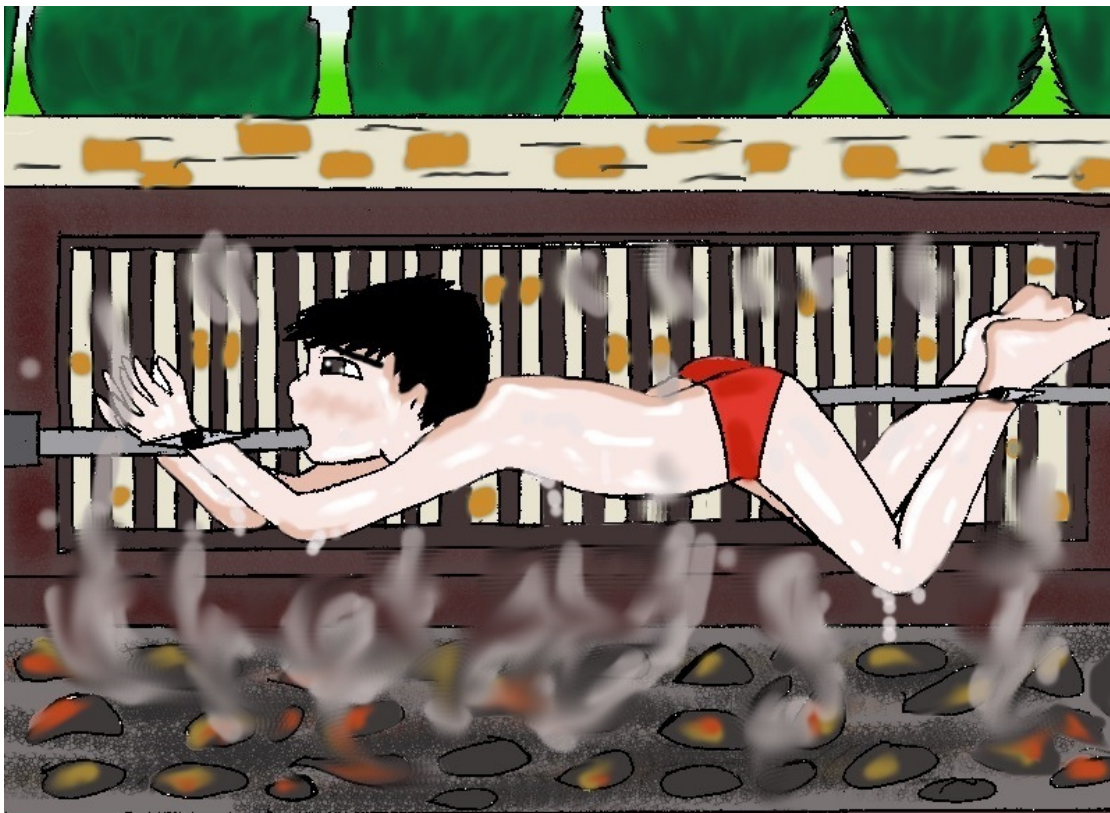


Ch 4b: one last time

Ernesto used a demoniacally cheerful voice to ask the boy, “Ok little piggy, time to cook. Are you ready?” The boy too frightened to think acted out of instinct, and tried one more time to free himself. He was too weak and exhausted for his struggles to accomplish anything. “Oh”, said Ernesto, “I almost forgot” Then tugging on the drawstrings of the boy’s speedos he drew them tight, and tied a knot. “You see little piggy, it’s a tradition around here, you get to die with these speedos on” Ernesto laughed almost hysterical at his own words, oozing with sadism and cruelty.

The boy had known for a while that this moment was coming, but now, as the men grasped their respective ends of the metal bar, he could still not believe that the moment was really here. It would be hard to describe how helpless the boy felt as his body was lifted up by the spit once again and taken to his doom. His muffled screams had no effect, as the men, step by step brought him next to the barbeque pit. For the first time, the boy could peer into the dull red glow of the coals that lined the bottom of the pit. He could see the body of the other pig turning slowly in the roasting pit. The boy tried to twist and twirl his body in yet another vain effort to escape, but it was no use.

Still screaming as loud as he could, the boy could not help but to watch as Ernesto took the tip of the spit in front of him, and placed it on a support at the head of the pit. The boy could feel the heat of the coals suddenly intense and immediate. Then, behind him, Lorenzo placed his end of the spit on a support at the other end of the barbeque pit, and just like that, all of the sudden the boy was left suspended about 60 cm above the hot coals. The boy’s screams went up in pitch and volume as he felt the intense and unmitigated heat of the coals for the first time.



Alejandro was frightened beyond description. The front of his body began to heat up under the intense heat of the coals. It took but a few seconds before the heat began to feel uncomfortable, and in a few moments, his exposed skin began to itch from the intense heat. The men worked to connect a pulley to the little turning engine, and after some tinkering, Ernesto turned on a switch. The engine began making a humming noise, and suddenly the boy could feel the spit begin to rotate. His body, pinned securely to the bar, began to turn with it.

The metal spikes that the men had driven through the boy's legs and arms to anchor him to the spit, now forced the boy's body to turn. Mercifully, the rotation slowly removed the front of the boy's body from the heat, relieving the growing sting of the heat on his chest. Off course, this came at the cost of exposing the back of his body to the heat of the coals. The initial onset of panic slowly settled down, as Alejandro realized that despite being over the coals, the situation was not as bad as he had feared. At least that is what he thought at first.

The intense heat soon made the boy sweat. Thick drops of sweat began to coalesce on his skin, and drip down to the coals below, making sort spattering sounds. The coals under the boy so hot that they evaporated each drop the second it touched the red-hot glowing embers. The boy, already parched, felt the intense heat exacerbate his desperate thirst. The boy longed for a cold glass of water, but alas, he realized he was never going to drink ever again. Sadness gripped the boy

Ernesto, standing next to the boy with his hands on the hips looked over the boy as he rotated over the coals. He always looked for ways to hurt his victims both mentally and physically. Knowing that nothing hurt as effectively as forcing his victims to witness their own torture and death, Ernesto went into the house, and reappeared with a large mirror. He put it next to the pit and secured it with a heavy wooden tripod. After adjusting the position of the mirror a few times, he made eye contact with the boy and said, "Ok piggy, just so you can see for yourself how well you are cooking, I am putting this nice mirror here". Indeed, the boy could see himself in the mirror once every rotation of the spit.

The boy's face, forced to stare down the length of the metal spit allowed the boy only a very small field of view around him. If he made the effort, he could see out to the right side of his face. As his body turned, it soon became obvious that each part of his orbit around the spit afforded him a different view of his surroundings.

Once each turn, the boy could see his own reflection in the mirror that Ernesto had cruelly put in place for just such a purpose. The boy could see his outstretched body, clad only in the tight speedo, drenched in sweat, exposed to the heat. Each time the mirror came back into view again, the boy's gaze was inexorably drawn to it. Alejandro had a hard time believing that he really was the boy in the mirror, destined to be cooked.

As the turn of the spit continued, he could next see Ernesto and Lorenzo sitting a little ways away, on a pair of comfortable chairs. The men, sipping on their drinks looked at him intently, groping their aroused crotches. There was no doubt that they derived sadistic pleasure out of watching him turn over the coals.

Next, Alejandro could next see the sky above him. He could see a few puffy clouds blowing by, almost glowing white and clean against the iridescent blue color of the spring sky. It seemed to the boy, a chance to peer out to heaven while he burned in hell. He wondered for a few an instant if he would go to heaven, or even if there was a heaven.

Then as the spit continued to turn him, the boy could next see the body of the pig on the spit next to him, turning over the coals just as he was. His fellow pig on the spit, roasting as he was, mercifully dead already, and free of the suffering that still lay ahead of him.

Finally, at the bottom of each turn, he was turned so that he could peer into the bed of red-hot coals under him, his face becoming flush with heat. Mercifully, each full turn took about half a minute, so no single part of his body was exposed directly to the intense heat of the coals for more than about ten seconds. However, despite the constant turning, Alejandro began to feel hotter and hotter the longer he spent over the coals. He was sweating profusely now, so much so that thick drops dripped from his body every few seconds. The drops made a sequence of sizzling sounds as they hit the hot coals below him and vaporized instantly.

Gradually things got worse for the boy. The metal spit that impaled his body quickly grew hotter, too hot to the touch. The places where his legs and arms were pressed in direct contact with the spit had begun to hurt a lot. However, it was in his mouth where the growing burn of the pole hurt the worst. In his mouth, the lips were forced into direct contact with the hot metal, and they were beginning to burn terribly.

Not only was the heat making vicious inroads into the boy via the metal pole, but also what had felt as a bearable temperature at first, had begun to feel terribly hot. His skin, which stung when exposed directly to the heat of the coals, had begun to hurt all the time. As time went on, Alejandro felt increasingly hot, and looked for any way to escape the heat of the coals.

Alejandro could feel the burning coals below him heat up the air, causing a constant updraft of turbulent hot and dry air to flow all around him. As the boy got hotter and increasingly dehydrated, the sweat on his skin gradually dried up, leaving behind a salty residue. Alejandro yearned for a drink of water still. He felt utterly helpless, spun inexorably by the roasting spit that impaled him, being cooked for the pleasure of his captors, to be enjoyed as the evening meal.

The boy's whole universe now revolved around the pole, which kept turning him over and over, while the coals kept heating him up. The sequence of views kept repeating themselves, the pervasive heat building all around him. Alejandro could not help but to feel a deep anger towards his captors. As the spit turned him, he could see the two men looking intently at him, observing and taking delight in his mounting suffering, like vultures waiting for their meal.

The boy wondered, how long had he been over the coals? He could not tell his notion of the time was in total disarray. However, the boy could notice how in the last few turns, the sweat on his skin had vanished, leaving him dry. Alejandro began to feel in earnest the crushing heat, feeling sick and dizzy, his heart beating very fast in his chest, and breathing faster and harder than he ever had before.

Ernesto kept an eye on the boy as he turned over the coals, enjoying his every twitch thrash and holler as the boy suffered his horrible fate. He was not surprised one bit, when the boy's sweaty sheen began to vanish. This was a common step for a boy placed over the heat of the coals. Once dehydration reached a certain point, their bodies stopped sweating. The boys did not tend to last much once that happened, without sweat their bodies overheated quickly, an inescapable stage for a boy's body transitioning from being a living thing to become a delicious roast.

Ernesto got up from his chair, and approached the boy, his piggy, as he kept turning over again and again. Using his phone, he began taking a few more pictures, paying particular attention to capture the boy's expression of horror and suffering,

along with different snapshots of his firm body showing the first signs of being cooked. The boy's skin was beginning to turn colors from its original supple flesh color to a redder tone, especially in his back, chest and legs.

Content with the pictures, Ernesto grabbed a long handle brush, and dipped it in a jar of cooking oil. Taking his time, he dabbed a fresh coat of oil on the body on the boy as his body turned. Delighting on the moment, Ernesto paid particular attention to the boy's genitals, his nipples and neck.

For the boy, the fresh coat of oil did not bring any relief from the heat, quite the contrary. Some of the excess oil dripped to the coals below him, and erupted in short-lived flames, which only added to the already overwhelming heat of the glowing coals. The sting on the boy's skin was only getting worse.

The metal pole had kept on heating up, and his lips were feeling the heat acutely. It was not long before they began to blister amidst intense pain. For the first time Alejandro emitted a moan of pain as the sting of the heat begun to bite in earnest.

The only part of the boy's anatomy that has escaped the sting of the heat so far was his butt and crotch. These parts, covered by the speedos were partially shielded from the heat, but now, even that meager shield begun to falter. The boy could feel his dick and balls overheat, trapped tightly along the apple blocks in the pouch of the speedos. It did not take very long before the temperature inside the boy's speedos bordered on the unbearable, seeking any kind of relief he could find, the boy tensed his gut in a pointless effort to protect his groin.

Alejandro emitted a longer moan of pain, as the rotation of the spit exposed his back to the heat of the coals. Ernesto, looking over him looked at him with a sadistic look, enjoying every second of his suffering. The boy felt so very hot, he would have done anything for a drink of water, but alas, he realized that he had his last drink of water a day ago. Its then, in a heat induced state that he begun to think about all the lasts that he has had. He has spoken his last coherent words, he had moved his hands and legs freely for the last time, and he had eaten his last meal, a banana. Alejandro suddenly felt very sad, he wished that he could say goodbye to his mom, but then again, he realized that he has seen her for the last time too. The two men were robbing him of everything, everything.

Alejandro tried to deal with the growing heat. He breathed hard and fast through his nose making a rhythmic noise as the air rushed in and out through his nostrils. He could feel his crotch, bound by the speedos heat up more and more. He panted very much like an overheated dog, or in this case, an overheated piggy, trying desperately to find any relief that he could from the heat. Looking at the pig rotating in the spit next to him, he felt envious. The pig did not have to suffer any of this torture his death had been swift.

Alejandro's world slowly got smaller, and fewer things mattered to him, among them was the inexorable turn of the spit. As the body of the boy kept turning, his back came down, exposed to the fierce heat. The sting of the heat became terrible, and Alejandro emitted a deep, loud, and long moan of pain. Regrettably, for the boy the cycle repeated itself again and again, and unfortunately for him, it was not just his back that stung each time it was exposed to the heat, his chest, belly and legs were stinging too, and increasingly the turn away from the heat brought less and less relief.

The boy looked at himself in the mirror during one of the many turns his body made over the heat. Alejandro could see in shock how his skin was noticeably turning an angry red tone as it literally began cooking. The boy's stomach retched, but nothing came out. His belly hurt very badly taking a toll on his waning strength. His body kept on turning, exposing his

back again. The sting was once again terrible, and Alejandro moaned again, even louder than before. The heat was terrible; the boy breathed very fast, his body's desperate attempt at shedding excess heat.

Alejandro felt the metal pole that traversed his body begin to burn his flesh. His lips bore the full brunt, burning painfully and without respite. The apple blocks that Ernesto had shoved in his mouth gradually heated up, and began giving up their juices, permeating his mouth with apple flavors. The situation only growing worse as the heat of the metal bar penetrated deeper and deeper into his body. He could feel his parched throat begin to heat up. Worse yet was the fact that between his butt cheeks, the overheated pole beginning to singe the lips of the boy sphincter, much as his lips had. The hot metal caused a sharp and stinging pain between his legs.

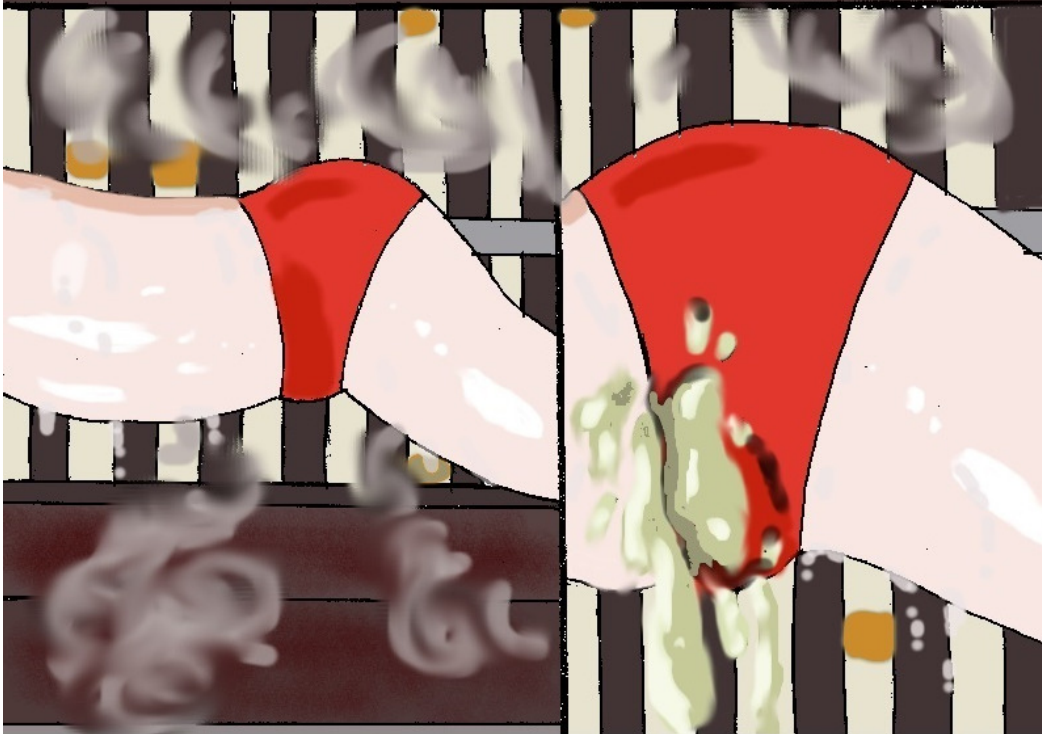
Alejandro screamed in pain again, but it was no use. The pain not only remained, but also grew worse despite all his screams. In a desperate effort to find an escape from the burning hot metal bar, Alejandro bucked his hips, as much as the unyielding metal spit allowed. He had so little freedom of motion. His outstretched limbs forced him in place, but as desperate as he was, he was willing to try anything, bucking his hips repeatedly, even as the spit kept rotating his doomed body. Alejandro noticed that his dick, which had shriveled in fright and horror, when they had placed him on the pit, began to harden, and once again press hard against the speedos.

Feeling a faint sense of pleasure as he bucked his hips, he sought it just as a moth seeks even a faint light in the dark of night. Amongst moans and screams of pain, he bucked and thrashed, deriving a trifle of pleasure from the friction of the burning hot spit in his ass. Could it be? Alejandro's dizzied mind could not quite understand why this was possible. All he knew was that here, in the most unlikely of places, a window of opportunity to experience one last orgasm had opened up, and he sought it; desperately.

Looking at his reflection in the mirror, he could see the profile of his erect dick pressing hard against the constricting speedos. It was not a trick of his imagination. He kept bucking his hips, ever so slowly crawling towards orgasm. The sting of the heat underneath him indescribable; his tongue pinned in place, burning from the heat of the metal pole. The boy tried to reposition it anyway that he could to keep it away from the metal pole, but not even in his mouth was there escape from the heat.

All was pain around him, except the pleasure of his self ass-fuck on the spit. Alejandro, the piggy, was caught by surprise when he realized that he was just mere seconds from reaching sexual climax. All his energies went into the hip bucking action, he had to, just had to cum. Nothing else mattered. Thrust, thrust, thrust. He was so close, almost there.

Then the wonderful and familiar buildup reached that point in the crescendo, and Alejandro began to climax. The boy moaned and groaned in an indescribable mix of pain and pleasure, ejaculating one amazingly copious wad of sperm after another, and another, and another. The boy could feel the pulses of inordinately hot semen course through his dick in corresponding waves of pleasure, and for a few instants, the pain and the horror of this situation receded out of his mind.



How many times did he ejaculate? Alejandro lost count, he was far too dizzy to keep track, but he could certainly feel the huge ejaculation of gooey sperm flow out of his dick, pool in his speedos, and ooze around his crotch. He could feel his jizz wet his dick, and soak the speedos. as the spit turned the boy; the sperm spilled out and dripped down from the tip of his dick to the coals below, vaporizing almost instantly as they touched the hot coals.

As his orgasm subsided, Alejandro was left exclusively with the hurt of his worsening burns and the bitter sting of the heat on his skin, as he cooked. He had cummed

for the last time, his nuts, already cooking had expelled their last load, so hot that the boy could feel the semen almost burn his dick. The boy now exhausted gave up trying to escape from the burn, the heat, and his fate for a few moments. He relaxed his whole body even as the boy's tongue kept burning and his throat kept overheating. Mercifully, down in his ass the boy could not feel his anus anymore.

Ernesto had approached the cooking pit when he noticed the boy make the characteristic bucking moves of a boy trying to self-fuck their ass. Boys were so horny; Ernesto loved to manipulate them by using this quality as leverage. He looked over the boy as he convulsed against the spit, making the typical short lustful moans of a piggy in heat. He had wondered if the boy would succeed or not. He was pleased when he heard the boy emit the long and pleasurable moans characteristic of an orgasm.

He chuckled as he saw the conspicuous wet spot formed on the front of the boy's speedos, each contraction of the boy's loins pushing more and more cum out, soaking through the fabric of the speedos, glistening with its characteristic white gooiness. As the boy turned, the excess semen dripped in thick ropes of white goop to the coals below, spattering as the boy's seed boiled off.

As the boy kept rotating, he noticed the wet crotch steam as the heat of the coals quickly dried up the boy's ejaculate. In the midst of all this, Ernesto grasped the long handle brush, and began to apply fresh dabs of oil all over the boy. Ernesto was not there just to apply more oil on the boy, oh no; he meant to inflict even more psychological pain on his victim. With a purposely matter of fact and overly cheerful voice, he spoke to the boy, "well, well, well little piggy, seems to me you are beginning to cook quite nicely, and oh, yeah, nice of you to cum." Ernesto paused for a moment, and then continued, "Did you think we would not notice?" he laughed evilly, "ha, ha, well, I guess we will be having your brother over for dinner soon"

Alejandro felt shock and horror, as he realized that this last act of self-pleasure, if it could be called that, had meant giving his tormentors free reign with his brother. In a flood of anger and frustration, he tried to free his arms again, and curse at his murderers, but it was no use. The heat was withering all his strength away, and his mouth could not mutter any words.