

Ch 4c: A piggy goes to oblivion

The excess oil dripped off Alejandro's body, making the now usual spurts of short-lived flames. His speedos, thoroughly soaked in oil, no longer offered any protection from the heat, quite the contrary. His cock, pressed tightly against his body by the tight garment, hurt in a sharp sting as the apple bits give up their hot juices. The speedos seemed to trap the heat, and Alejandro groaned as he sensed his manhood cook. Ernesto, dripping more oil over the boy's groin told the boy half-



laughing, "There, there boy, let's make sure your dick cooks nice and crispy" your dick has to taste nice for Lorenzo.

If Alejandro had had a free limb, even for just a few seconds, he would have immediately reached out, and tried to take off the speedos, but even that was beyond him now. He was just as the men told him, a piggy on a spit cooking over the fire. He was so hot, so hot, so hot. The sting of his skin was growing worse and worse and it no longer mattered which part of his body was facing the blazing coals. Crazy by the unescapable and growing omnipresent burn, Alejandro moaned loudly, repeatedly, straining to free himself with his failing strength, trying somehow to remove himself from the heat; but he could not.

"What's the matter little piggy, don't you like to be cooked for us" said Ernesto, applying a yet more oil. Alejandro tried to reply to his tormentor, but it was useless, he could only emit unintelligible moans. The moans, were soon interrupted when he had to resume his frantic breathing, or when his stomach retched yet again. The sting from the heat was so strong, that soon the moans had devolved into groans and screams of raw pain. To make things worse, Alejandro developed a nosebleed.

Turning in agony, the pleasure of his orgasm gone, Alejandro could see Ernesto and Lorenzo, sitting a short distance away under the shadow of a pool umbrella enjoying the sight and sounds of their piggy being cooked alive. Alejandro felt so hot, so hot, so hot. It dawned on him then, that this was part of the process of becoming cooked meat. A new dimension of horror opened up in his heat-dazed mind, not only had he was impaled, not only had he been told he was going to be cooked, not only had he been placed over red hot glowing coals, but now, the he was actually in the process of becoming cooked meat. Alejandro moaned again, and once again tried to free his arms and legs.

His strength was fading fast. After making a particularly loud scream, the boy felt totally deflated, and slumped, listless, feeling the heat burn him all over. Trapped in the speedos, his cock and balls felt like they were about to burst, but Alejandro was simply too exhausted to do anything anymore. The boy began to wonder, why resist anymore. He really was just a little pig on a spit, turning around, being cooked, slowly cooked for dinner. He thought that he should accept his fate, embrace it. He felt so hot, so hot, so hot.

Mercifully, the sting of his skin seemed to be subsiding. Was this a good thing, he asked himself, he was not sure, he felt so dizzy, he could not think straight. He just breathed hard and fast through the nose, bearing the pain and the terrible heat

Alejandro realized that he did not have long, soon he, his body, was going to be cooked meat. He thought about how in a few hours, the men sitting a few meters away would take him out of the fire, set him on the table, and cleave his flesh, then serve it to each other and eat him.

As the spit kept rotating him, Alejandro looked at the two men, who at that particular moment were not even paying attention to him, but were instead talking to each other. He looked in particular at Lorenzo, who in just a few hours, would be eating his cock. The boy shuddered in horror.

Alejandro was breathing as fast as he could. He could feel how the air coming out of his lungs felt increasingly hot and dry. In fact, his whole body felt parched his throat and mouth completely dry. He could even feel his lungs hurt as they gradually dehydrated.

Even more horrible, a few drops of fat were dripping down to the coals below, making the characteristic ephemeral flames when they hit the coals, but these drops were not excess olive oil smeared onto his skin, these drops were his own body fat, melting and dripping down to the fire below. Parts of him were already cooked.

Alejandro surprised himself. The notion that parts of his body were already cooked did not generate the horror that he thought he would sense. He realized then that he had fully accepted his fate. Now he just breathed, and bared the crushing heat, feeling grateful that the sting of his skin had receded to a dull delocalized pain.

Only a few things still hurt the boy vividly. The intense heat flowing through the spit into his body was certainly one of them. His lips were already burnt, and the boy could see wisps of smoke go past his eyes. He could feel the heat of the metal spit burn his tongue, and further down he could feel the metal heat up his whole throat. The apple blocks in his mouth emitting a characteristic aroma of cooked apple. Worse yet, on the other end, the hot metal had certainly burnt his anus, and he could feel the heat of the metal flow deep into his guts, heating them up. As the spit turned him on, Alejandro looked again at his reflection. Horrified, the boy saw his body smoking, and his skin crinkling as it cooked.



Alejandro, driven by the horror of his own reflection, made one weak and final attempt to free his right arm. He pushed and pulled, trying to pry it out of the bar that pinned it to the spit, but then gave up altogether. As he turned, he could see Ernesto looking over him, watching him cook with sadistic pleasure.

Too exhausted to fight on, the boy relaxed every muscle on his body, giving up all efforts to escape. He slumped as the spit kept rotating his body over the coals. His body flexed, and his head drooped over at the top of the turn. The boy quit moaning too. The crushing heat was everywhere, pouring into him from everywhere. It was hard to think. All that mattered to Alejandro was to just breathe, pant like the overheated piggy that he had become.

Suddenly, Alejandro felt his furiously beating heart break its rhythm and an unbelievably sharp pain emanate from his chest, the boy's whole body seized in a set of involuntary spasms. He could not draw a single breath. Alejandro arched his back and contracted his gut in agony, and somehow, his heart resumed beating. The boy tried to breathe again, but it is almost impossible to draw air in his

chest, his body was giving up.

The boy made a gurgling gagging sound, as his throat protested the insufferable heat of the burning metal pole that passed through it. The boy's whole body shuddered again under the agony of the crushing heat. Hardly able to think, the boy opened his eyes wide when his body went into a new series of seizures. The boy could not draw breath anymore. The boy tried and tried again, but nothing happened. My god the boy thought, I am dying.

The boy tried to force his lungs to draw breath again, shaking his whole body a few more times, but he knew his time was up. The boy's last thought was, "I am ...I am a pig on a spit", and with that, Alejandro, piggy, passed on from this world. With his life now gone, both pigs turned on their respective spits, quietly. The only noise came from the occasional flare-ups of fat dripping on the coals, and the hum of the electric motor turning the spits.

The men then gutted both animals, and allowed the pigs to turn over the coals for a few more hours, gradually cooking to perfection, until Ernesto deemed them ready to eat.