

Ch 5: The making of a feast

Under the effect of the heat, the skin of the pigs transitioned from their initial flesh color to an angry red tone and finally settled into a range of golden and brown hues. As the cooking process advanced, the air gradually filled with the mouthwatering aroma of cooked meat, permeating the air and making both Ernesto and Lorenzo full of anticipation for what promised to be a delightful dinner.

Ernesto had to admonish Lorenzo a few times, who was tempted to take an early taste of the meat before it was fully cooked. He could hardly blame him. Not only did the meat smell delicious, but it also looked succulent. Luckily, the preparations for the party kept them both occupied. Ernesto had to fight the urge to take the meat out of the fire too soon. Although he liked his meat a bit on the underdone side, his dinner guests might not appreciate it as much that way.

As they expected the dinner guests started arriving promptly at 7pm. After the usual meet and greet at the door, they took them to the patio, where they could admire the main dishes cooking over the fire, and mingle with the other guests. Lubricated with ample wine, and tapas, the guests were soon enjoying themselves. A chorus of laughter, conversation and merriment began to reverberate through the patio.

Like all dinner parties normally do, the guests kept arriving for a time, and both men got busy entertaining, and ensuring that their guests had plenty of drink and snacks. This was after all a select group of friends, dug from the darkest corners of the internet, and carefully vetted to ensure they could be trusted. It was an exciting time to exchange stories, and ideas of what to do to and with boys. Ernesto was having a lot of fun.

Ernesto heard the kitchen alarm clock finally go off, marking the 4th hour of cooking. The time to take the meat out of the heat was finally at hand. Calling Lorenzo to help him, Ernesto disengaged the motor that had been turning the pigs over the fire. Ernesto looked at the two animals on their spits, drops of fat and juice dripping to the dying coals below them; it was an arousing sight. Both men put on the oven mitts to protect their hands and grasped the ends of the spit that skewered the boy to remove it from the fire. Under the cheers of the guests, which looked on, they lifted it, and took the steaming body to two supports about 2 meters from the cooking pit.

They repeated the operation with the pig, and left both animals on their respective spits still steaming, cooling for a bit in the evening air, dripping a few drops of fat and juices still. The guests congregated around the animals remarking on the supple and succulent look of the dish. They all raised their glasses on a toast congratulating the hosts of the party.

Ernesto drank some wine with his guest, but he knew that he had to get busy; dinnertime was almost here. He put on an apron and tied it up around his waist. With the help of Lorenzo, he picked up the pig by the spit, and placed it on a long cutting board. Then they did the same thing with piggy, placing him on a long cutting board that Ernesto had made for just this purpose.

While Lorenzo took care of the pig, Ernesto took care of Alejandro, piggy. He began by undoing the metal spikes that had held the boy's limbs to the spit. The piggy's fingers partially curled up and crisped in place denoting the agony of his end. Still almost too hot to handle, Ernesto pulled on the metal spikes until they slid off, releasing the arms. Then he repeated the operation with the legs. The final step consisted of removing the spit. Ernesto placed his hand on the buttocks of the piggy and pulled hard on the spit, which refused to budge at first. Ernesto used an old trick, and tapped the spit with a wooden mallet a few times to loosen it. Then he tried pulling on the spit again, it began to slide out. In just a few moments, the metal bar was out of the piggy, and set aside.

Without the support of the spit, forcing it into a strict position, the body of the boy suddenly looked floppy and elastic. With a smile, Ernesto realized that it was time to carve the meat off the animals.

