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Thank you for all your kind emails and positive comments about the story so far. I hope you enjoy the rest of it.

The Boys in the Lift - 2

Next morning I woke early and I was scared, so scared in fact, that my usual morning hard on was not there, my cock was as soft as cotton wool.

I wandered through to the lounge in the suite and found a short note from my parents. Both were gone for the day, but promised to meet me at 7pm for dinner. At least they wouldn't get in the way of whatever was going to happen, I thought.

As I went back towards the bathroom I noticed a white envelope on the carpet at the door. It had the hotel's crest on it and my name written neatly on the front. I ripped it open and read the single sheet of high quality notepaper.

Dear Mr Jack

I do hope that you slept well and are looking forward to our meeting this morning at 10am. Please do not be late. I am expecting you. My office is on the first floor and it is clearly marked 'Security' so please go there and I will be waiting for you.

One more thing, I would like you to bring along the young boy who was in the lift with you but not the older one please. Just do as I say and everything will be fine.

Until 10am

Regards

Mr Pom

Head of Security

"Shit! Shit! Shit!" I spluttered. How the hell was I going to get Allain to come with me?

I showered, and dressed in tight white briefs, white knee-length shorts, white socks and a pale blue polo shirt and I pulled on my Nikes before heading down to the dining room, stuffing the letter in my pocket as I went.

"Hey Jack!" A small voice from behind me called as I entered the breakfast room. It was Allain with Will and the woman whom I now knew to be Allain's mom.

I waved back then wandered over, greeting both boys. Allain introduced his mom who smiled at me and thanked me for looking after her boys in the lift. Allain giggled and I blushed and told her it was nothing.

"Oh no mom, it wasn't nothing it was a **big** thing!" He said laughing hysterically, emphasising the word 'big'.

His mom looked at him quizzically, and then shook her head dismissing it as silly boy's stuff, which she either didn't understand or chose not to.

They had just finished breakfast, so I asked Will if I could speak to him and he nodded agreement. I headed for my table and behind me I heard Will tell Allain that he wanted a word with me, so he left with his mother and Will joined me at my table.

"Hey, what's up?" he asked. "You don't seem to be OK today, is there something wrong?" He persisted, looking really concerned.

I quickly explained what had happened and told him that I had been summoned to a meeting with this guy, Mr Pom at 10am. He looked worried. He was even more concerned when I showed him the letter and he realised that I was to take Allain to the meeting too.

"OK Jack, I will tell Allain what has happened and he will meet you just before 10am in the main lobby. I am really upset that I cannot go with you, but if I do it may cause even more trouble." Will said.

We both sat in silence for a few moments then he said, "Look Jack, don't worry we'd never accuse you of anything bad, we both really enjoyed it a lot and we want to do more with you soon, so just tell him to fuck off!" He said with determination.

I thanked him as I saw Em approaching my table. Will left, making me promise to bring Allain back to the pool and tell him everything as soon as my meeting was over.

Em was doing breakfast today. He seemed to be everywhere; I guess they make maximum use of their staff in large hotels like this one.

"Good morning Mr Jack," he said, in his almost perfect English, "How are you today?"

"Hey Em I'm OK thank you. Are you working at the pool today? I asked the beautiful boy.

"Yes sir I work there later!" He said excitedly, smiling at me, "I see you there today?" He asked.

"I'll be there I said," assuming I get through my meeting with the 'voice', I thought to myself.

I ordered coffee and toast and sat back thinking about my 10am meeting with Mr Pom and I was really scared.

At 9.55am I was waiting for Allain in the main lobby, which was bustling with people coming and going, smiling and happy on a beautiful, sunny Bangkok morning. He arrived with Will and we all looked equally worried.

I hugged each boy and then made for the first floor with my young Frenchman in tow, leaving Will in the lobby.

"What will happen Jack?" Allain said quietly as we arrived on the first floor.

"I don't know my friend. I just don't know," I answered, knowing that was not what he wanted to hear. I put my arm around his slim shoulders and hugged him to me as we arrived outside the door marked 'Security'.

On the outside it looked like an ordinary guest room on the first floor of the hotel, so there was nothing for it but to knock on the door and get it over with.

"Come in please." The muted voice on the other side of the door said. Shaking a little I turned the handle and entered the room with Allain following closely behind.

It was nothing like a standard guest room inside. It was more like Mission Control at Cape Canaveral. There were banks and banks of monitors on one wall, computer keyboards and loads of other hi-tech equipment everywhere. Full colour images from all around the hotel flashed on the screens, changing every few seconds. There was no noise, apart from the hum of the aircon unit which struggled to keep the very warm room, cool.

"Ah! Mr Jack, and you must be Allain," the 'voice' said. I recognised it instantly. "Please take a seat boys, I will just lock the door so we are not disturbed," he said sweetly. "Sit please!" He indicated two vacant, black leather swivel office chairs, so we did as we were asked and sat down facing him, waiting for what was next.

"Now, I must not be rude," he said. "I am Mr Pom and I am head of security for the hotel here. We are very proud of our high levels of safety for our guests." He droned on smugly. "And I have to....." I cut him off rudely.

"Just cut the crap and tell us what you want OK. I guess it's money, so tell me how much and I will get it." I was so angry and scared. I hated this man and myself for being so stupid. I glanced at Allain and the fourteen-year-old boy looked as though he was about to cry. I slipped my hand onto his leg and comforted him

Mr Pom was furious at my display of rudeness and the fact that I had raised my voice to him. His face was red with anger. He stood up and bore down on us until his face was just inches from mine.

"Don't you dare speak to me like that, you young fool!" He spat at me. I could feel the spray of spittle from his mouth, spotting my face. I was disgusted. "You three are all in deep trouble and I am offering you a way out, but if you would rather I spoke to your parents and showed them the evidence I have, then that's exactly what I will do. Do you understand me?" He hissed through his clenched teeth.

I apologised immediately I heard the word 'parents', and knew that even if Allain's mother accepted what happened, I knew my parents would be apoplectic. They had no idea I was gay and I wanted it to stay like that for now.

"That's better," the man said, sitting down again, resting his elbows on the arms of the chair and clasping his hands in front of him. "Now you will listen carefully and do what I ask and this will be over very soon OK?" He snarled at us, grinning insincerely all the time, his beady dark eyes focussed on mine making me feel very uncomfortable.

"I don't want your money Mr Jack. I will earn a lot of money from this transaction, so don't insult me with offers of money my young friend." He said with a syrupy, patronising tone.

I seethed as I thought about being his 'friend', but I kept my mouth shut.

He suddenly rolled his chair to a computer on the nearest desk, and very quickly rattled in a couple of commands and then sat back while he waited for the screen in front of him to show us what he had.

It was of course a rerun of our session, which when I looked at it in this 'fly-on-the-wall' way, it looked so innocent. There we were, just three young teenage boys having a wank together, while we waited for the lift to be freed. What was wrong with that?

"You see," he said. "It is clear that you Mr Jack are molesting these younger boys while they are trapped in a lift with no means of escape. You have taken advantage of them, Mr Jack so you are in deep trouble when the Police see this." He said, sitting back and grinning widely at us.

My heart sunk when I heard the word Police and Allain wailed, he had started to cry for real now. I could see that it looked bad, especially if the sound was removed, but even then it wasn't as though I could be seen forcing anyone to do anything they didn't want to do. Even though they are younger than me, they could both have taken me easily. But the evidence is clear and burned onto a CD as deeply as it was burned on my brain.

I turned to Allain and hugged him to me, and told him that everything would be OK. He sobbed on my shoulder.

"OK Mr Pom, what exactly do you want me to do? I'll do anything you want, but please let Allain go, he is just 14 and is innocent, it is my fault, leave him alone please." I said despairingly, knowing that I had lost.

Pom smiled a cold humourless smile at me and shook his head, indicating that my request to let Allain go had failed. He wanted us both. I sunk back into the seat and still holding Allain's hand we waited.

"OK boys that's better," he said crisply. "Now you must come with me please." He stood up quickly, beckoning us to follow him deeper into the office and through a door at the back.

We followed him and entered a larger room with comfortable sofas and chairs and he indicated that we should sit, so we did getting as close to each other as we could on one of the couches.

He locked the door behind us and then he offered us each a glass of water, which we both accepted. I needed a drink, my throat was dry and I urged Allain to drink his too. The water was cool and fresh and tasted slightly lemony, but it was good.

That's good!" Said Mr Pom. He sat looking at us and slowly his features melted and morphed as though he was made of wax and melting, then it was all black.

"Right, get in here," snapped Pom into the telephone. "They are ready to go. Now!" Seconds later two young Thais appeared in the room and lifted the unconscious Allain and I up over their shoulders and speedily took us, via a back route, to a waiting van. They dropped us onto a dirty mattress on the van floor and slammed the doors shut. The van moved off slowly into the heavy morning traffic chaos that is Bangkok.

After some time I came to and it was very dark. We were in some kind of vehicle that was moving slowly, through traffic, as far as I could make out from the noises I could hear. My head felt fuzzy and it was like having a hangover. Now I do know about hangovers even though I shouldn't at my age. When I was 9 years old, my school friend and I drank some whisky and vodka and a beer from my dad's drinks cabinet, and as you can imagine we not only felt very sick, we **were** very sick and boy did we have a hangover!

"Allain? Allain?" I whispered. Desperately trying to locate the boy in the pitch-blackness of the van interior. I found his shoulder and he was still lying unconscious on the grubby floor of what seemed to be a medium sized van. I slid alongside his body and hugged him to me, willing him to be OK, but I knew we were in deep shit right now as Bangkok is a city of nearly

eight million people, with endless lanes and canals and it would be very easy to get completely lost there, and never be found again.

"Oh my head! Jack! Jack where are you?" murmured the boy, sounding like I felt. He gripped onto me tightly and asked me what was happening.

I told him that all I knew was that we had been drugged, and we were in the back of a van. That was it for now, so he buried his head on my shoulder and we clung to each other, scared witless and sweating as there was no aircon in the van, and it was stiflingly hot.

We were still moving but slightly faster now, as though we had left the traffic behind and were on quieter roads, but that was it. There were no windows so we could see nothing. Suddenly the van slowed and appeared to be turning left. The road noise was different, like gravel not tarmac and it was bumpy, so we were jostled around. We still clung together; our clothes were soaked with sweat and dirty from the floor of the van. The heat was unbearable. Then it lurched to a stop and the engine was turned off.

We heard feet crunching on the gravel outside the van and suddenly the back doors opened, and the searingly bright light filled the dark interior and burned our eyes. We had to close them fast and cover them with our arms.

We were hauled out and manhandled, still unable to see anything at all. They pushed us forwards and I managed to glimpse a large set of gates, which opened quietly and closed behind us as we passed through.

We were taken inside a large, beautiful detached villa with marble floors and air-conditioning, which was heavenly on our sweating skin. We looked terrible, dirty, sweaty and our hair was plastered down on our wet foreheads as we stood waiting in the large entrance hall. There was no escape, our minders were holding our shoulders firmly.

"Welcome to my home my young friends," a voice from behind us echoed around the tiled hall. "Please take them to their room, and make sure they are safe." He added. I barely got a chance to see what he looked like before we were whisked off upstairs and taken to a large bedroom on the second floor, where we were locked inside.

We sat on the bed side by side holding each other. Allain was sobbing and I felt like crying too but it was a waste of energy and I didn't want to frighten the boy.

"What will happen with us?" Allain sobbed, clinging onto me for all he was worth.

"I don't know?" I replied honestly, "but we will be OK, I promise. When Will finds out we are gone he knows that we both went to see Mr Pom, so he will tell your mom and my parents where we are.

The door was unlocked and a young Thai boy about fifteen years old came in and signalled us to follow him through to the palatial ensuite bathroom. There was a huge double shower unit and two sinks, a massive spa bath and a mountain of fluffy fresh white towels. The boy indicated that we should remove our clothing and he stood waiting for us to strip. We were hesitant, but I looked at Allain and smiled at him giving him a slight nod that it was OK to do what he asked. Our clothes were soaked with sweat and dirty from the van, so it was a pleasure to lose them.

I slipped off my shirt and dropped it at my feet, then I slipped off my Nikes and socks adding them to the pile on the tiled floor. I unsnapped the top of my shorts and slid the zipper down, letting them fall to the floor. I stepped out of them. That just left my tight white briefs, which I slid down, leaving me naked. My cock was so soft it had shrunk smaller than I had ever seen it before, looked as though it was trying to climb up inside my body.

Allain did the same. The Thai boy blatantly appraised our bodies with a smile and then he started the shower and pointed to us to get in. He lifted our dirty clothing and left the room.

The needle-jets of water were almost painful on our skin, but it was a refreshing sensation and a shower had never felt so good. We could have had a party in the shower it was so huge, but we stood close together and I soaped my young friend's shoulders and back, then down his ass cheeks to his legs. Kneeling down in front of him, I placed my hands on his narrow hips and turned him around to wash his front.

His boy cock was solid and almost poked me in the eye as he turned around. I looked up at him, the water was cascading over his head, crystal clear droplets clinging to his eyelashes, then down over his beautiful slim shoulders and chest, rivulets finding their own way around his erect nipples and pooling in his belly button, before bouncing onto my head. I watched the spray ricochet off his hard cock. His body gleamed wet.

Allain giggled as I took his hard cock in my hand and wanked him slowly. His polished glans shone in the water spray, its taught skin glossy and pink with excitement. I wanted more than anything to suck the boy's cock into my hot mouth, but thought of Will and their relationship, and I knew he hadn't ever done anything like that before. Neither had I for that matter, so I simply wanked his cock and played with his small balls, placing a finger on his perineum and slid it along the crease.

"Oh Jack that's amazing please don't stop please make me cum," he gasped. I carried on with my pleasurable task, wanking this handsome boy's penis. He leaned against the tiled wall and thrust his cock deeper into my hand as I increased the speed slightly, to bring him his pleasure.

"Stop that at once!" A loud Thai voice boomed angrily at us from just inside the bathroom door. It was one of the minders, and he approached the glass door of the shower ripped it open and grabbed us both by our elbows and pulled us out. The Thai boy reappeared and turned the shower off, looking directly at Allain's quickly deflating penis. He smiled and licked his lips as he left the bathroom.

We were ordered to dry quickly and dress in the clothes they had left in the bed for us. The minder stood, arms folded as we dried and then we moved back into the main bedroom. He pointed at the clothes we were to wear. They were simple long white silk shirts, which finished just below my cock and slightly lower down on Allain. There were fresh white CK briefs for each of us, although both were a size smaller than we each usually wore, but I guess this was deliberate.

Once again we were locked into the room and left alone.

At The Hotel...

Back at the hotel poolside, Will was becoming very worried indeed. It was 11am and there was still no sign of us returning. He sat on his sun bed alone; Allain's mother had gone off on a full-day tour to the Rose Gardens just outside Bangkok and would be away all day.

"Is everything OK sir?" A voice beside him jarred him back to reality. It was Em, and he looked concerned as he stood waiting for a response.

"Yes thank you I'm OK." Will answered, and then wondered if he should share his concerns with this waiter or wait a bit longer. There **had** to be a logical explanation.

The waiter asked if Will wanted anything, and he thanked the boy and said that he didn't need anything right now. Em bowed slightly, smiled his dazzling smile, and moved off to the next customer.

Will was missing his best friend Allain, and although they had wanked each other that morning he was feeling horny so he decided to go to the poolside toilet and have a wank to take his mind off everything.

He moved into the warm toilet and it was empty. There were two cubicles and four individual urinals. The place was very clean and smelled fresh so he slipped into a cubicle and locked the door behind him.

He whipped his Speedos down and sat naked on the pot spreading his legs wide, with his head back and his eyes closed, he started to wank his hard boy cock.

He came fast, splashing his spunk over his chest and belly, the final dribbles dropping into his pubes. He licked his hand clean, smiling to himself as he remembered Allain's reaction when Jack had tasted their cum. The young boy thought that eating cum was gross! He had so much to learn and Will wanted to teach him. He decided then and there that he wanted to be together with Allain for the rest of his life.

He cleaned up and waited a few moments until he could coerce his slightly puffed up cock back into his Speedos, before leaving the cubicle.

"Oh hello Sir!" It was Em, again! "Are you OK Sir, is there anything I can do for you please?" He persisted, looking down at the front of Will's Speedos he noticed the boy's slightly flushed face a knowing smile on his face.

"I'm good," stuttered Will, as he washed his hands and exited the bathroom fast, leaving the waiter to do his third job of the day – clean the men's room!

At The Villa..

I lay back on the large bed and hugged Allain. Whatever they had drugged us with was wearing off, but we were both tired and stressed, not knowing where we were and what was going to happen to us.

The door was unlocked and opened. One of the large minders entered the room then stood by the door, closing it after our host appeared in the room.

The man was Asian and about 30 years old. He was tall and slim but well built. He had short black hair and dark, almost black, eyes. He looked sinister, even though he was smiling at us with perfect white teeth; there was no warmth in his expression. He was dressed in tight black pants and a plain grey silk shirt. He wore several rings on his tanned hands.

"Good afternoon my young friends, welcome to my house and I do apologise for the way in which you were brought here, but it was necessary you see, to maintain my privacy." He explained in excellent English. "I am not Thai, I am from the Philippines, but I live here in Thailand now, it is such a beautiful country and it has such lovely boys." He continued.

"Don't worry, as long as you do what you are told, you will come to no harm, but if you break the rules of my house you will be punished severely, I promise you that."

I shivered at the thought of what 'severely' might mean. I squeezed Allain's hand, willing him not to cry and he looked at me, his face full of fear, large tears welling up in his beautiful eyes.

"Now you must rest this afternoon, we have a big evening ahead with lots of guests coming and people to meet, so I want you both at your best, do you hear?"

We nodded silently and as he turned on his heel and started to leave the room, I called after him.

"Excuse me Sir?" I said in my sweetest respectful tone, I hoped. "May I ask you something please?" I continued, trying desperately to keep my quivering voice steady.

He turned back and re entered the room, standing at the end of the bed, his arms folded and looking down at us, "Yes, what is it? Be quick, I have so much to do," he said impatiently.

"Well Sir, this is all my fault and I am willing to do anything you want me to, if you will please let Allain go. He is only fourteen years old and has no experience in sex, which is why we are here I would guess..." I stammered to a halt, looking directly into the man's dark eyes.

He never flinched, his gaze locked onto mine, stone cold and like a laser beam in its intensity.

"Well I really like young innocent, inexperienced boys," he licked his lips, clearly thinking about it. "So the answer is no deal, unless that is...." And he stopped speaking.

"I will do anything," I repeated, "anything, I promise. Please just let him go and I will stay, please Sir I beg you." I stopped speaking I was on the verge of tears; I had said enough and waited for what he had to say.

"OK there is one thing that may just make it possible for me to agree to let the boy go," he said thoughtfully. "We need a young man like you Jack, to be our 'orgy boy' which is the boy at the centre of everything. It is a difficult job and you may not be able to do it, but if you agree then I will let Allain go. It's up to you Jack, just tell me now if you will do it," he snapped.

I agreed immediately, even though Allain was yelling that he didn't want to leave me here. I made sure that the man heard me agreeing to do what he wanted, in return for Allain's freedom.

"OK!" Our host nodded agreement and gesturing to the minder, the huge man moved forward and plucked Allain up off the bed and disappeared out of the door with him, before anyone could change their mind.

I could hear Allain crying and shouting as he was taken downstairs, and I prayed that they would take him back to the hotel and not go back on our agreement.

"Excellent, you are a very brave boy Jack," the host said as he left the room and again the door was locked. Now I was alone and I was really terrified.

I quickly jumped up off the bed and wished that I hadn't, as the sudden change of position sent an explosion through the top of my head, I groaned in pain and sat down again. It was the residue of the drugs and as long as I moved more slowly, I was fine.

I moved towards the large picture window, which overlooks the back of the property and there was a huge pristine swimming pool. There were staff everywhere around the poolside, laying out tables and chairs for about 50 guests, for some kind of function. I guessed that this was for the people that our 'host' wanted me to meet. I shivered at the thought of what I might be expected to do for these guests.

I sat back down and decided that I should conserve my strength and have a sleep to finally get clear of the drug, and be ready for what was to come in the evening.

Thanks for reading this story. Please write and let me know what you think of it. I appreciate constructive comments, suggestions and feedback.

AP