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The Boys in the Lift -Part 3

It was after 12 noon and Will was now very worried. He had gone to Mr Pom's office on the first floor and he was told that Mr Pom was on duty that day, to perhaps call back tomorrow. This confused Will and he knew now for sure that there was something very seriously wrong.

He went back down to the poolside and beckoned Em to come over. The boy was there in a split second. "Yes sir, how may I help you?" He said grinning, his white teeth sparkling in the sunshine.

"Do you know Mr Pom the security manager?" Will asked the waiter quietly.

The boy was visibly shaken, and at first he pretended not to know who Will was talking about, but after the French boy persevered, Em admitted that he did know Mr Pom and added, "He is a very bad man."

Will wanted to grab the waiter and shake him, but decided that it would be best to take it slowly and he asked Em to tell him exactly what he meant.

"He does many bad things. I know because my brother Pi told me. Pi knows someone who works for Pom outside the hotel. He has business and it is bad." The boy struggled to explain, as the English was outwith that which he normally used every day in his job at the hotel.

Will put his hand on the boy's arm and Em jumped. He was looking all around nervously, and was clearly scared. Will explained slowly and in detail what had happened in the lift, the CCTV then the telephone call and letter from Pom and how Jack and Allain had now simply disappeared.

"This is very bad sir, please. I tell you nothing OK, if Mr Pom knows I am talking to you about this he will have me sacked and beaten up, I will never get another job!" He was almost in tears now, and visibly shaking.

Will calmed him down and to make it look normal he ordered a drink, so Em rushed off to the bar, leaving Will to think about what he had said. He decided that he would try to contact Jack's father. He would know what to do. He would leave Allain's mother until later.

Will, dressed only in Speedos, raced through to the reception, getting a few disdainful looks from guests and staff as he approached the reception desk because it was not permitted to wear swimwear in the lobby of the hotel. Will couldn't care less. He asked the receptionist if they had a contact number for Jack's father or mother. They wanted to know why he wanted it.

"It's an emergency," he explained, so the receptionist checked his computer screen and at last came up with a cell phone number, which he very reluctantly wrote down on a piece of paper and passed it to Will.

Will dived for the lift and went up to his room, praying that the lift would behave itself today. Agonisingly slowly they reached floor 10. He burst into his room and grabbed the phone, punched in the number and waited.

"Hello, Peter Dufray here," the voice answered.

Will explained who he was and while Jack's father had never met Will or Allain, he quickly recalled Jack telling him about the boys that he was trapped in the lift with, so he finally remembered who Will was.

Will quickly outlined what had happened, including the sex and the CCTV footage, and there was an embarrassed silence on the other end of the phone.

"So, you boys had some fun in the lift and it was recorded, and this guy Pom has seen it?" Peter Dufray said, trying to get the facts straight. Will went on to explain the subsequent telephone call, the letter and the meeting.

"OK I do remember a telephone call last evening, but Jack said it was housekeeping and then he seemed to be very preoccupied at dinner. Now I know why. Don't worry I will be back in the hotel as fast as I can. Meet me in the lobby and don't say anything to anyone until I get there," Jack's father said, then the phone clicked off and he was gone.

Will felt that at last something was going to happen, so he showered and changed and headed down to the reception to wait for Peter Dufray. It was only then that he wondered if he had done the right thing by telling Jack's father what they had done in the lift?

At The Villa...

At 4pm I was jolted awake by the door being unlocked. The minder came into the room with the host and he explained in detail what was going to happen that evening.

"We have a large number of male guests arriving for a private party and you will be giving them pleasure, because they all love young boys. Your job is to be the centrepiece. You will see what that means when we take you downstairs later. You are not getting any food as we want you to be very clean and my servant will be here in twenty minutes to make sure you are clean inside and out, then he will bring you down to the preparation room where you will be given your costume for the evening and final instructions. Do you understand?"

I nodded, and asked, "Is Allain safe, please tell me."

"Don't worry about your young friend I will tell you where he is as soon as you have done your part this evening." He said curtly, and then left the room.

Somewhere in Bangkok...

Allain was in the back of the van again, in the dark, but this time he was alone and he wept in the stifling heat of the van's interior. They were moving quite fast so he prayed that he was being taken back to the hotel. He was terrified, but more scared of what they were going to do to Jack.

At The Villa...

The bedroom door was again unlocked and the minder stepped aside to let the young Thai boy into the room and once inside, the door was relocked.

He said nothing to me but pointed to the bathroom. I got up slowly and followed him through. He indicated that I should strip, so I slipped off the tight briefs and the long shirt and stood naked in front of him. He also stripped off and turned the shower on. He then took my arm and led me into the powerful spray.

He was about 5' tall but he had an impressive body. It was very muscular with broad shoulders and I guessed from that, that he was into some form of martial arts. His legs were strong and muscled, coming to a convergence at his crotch. His cock was soft, about 2.5", uncut and it hung down limp over his balls. His pubes were coal black, like the hair on his head but his small balls were almost hairless. He was a handsome young boy. His brown eyes sparkled as he looked me up and down and his smile was broad, his teeth white and perfect.

I stood while he washed my back from my neck over my shoulders and down to my buttocks. He spread them expertly with one hand and I felt his other hand slide in with a washcloth to clean my most secret place. He pushed my shoulders to indicate that he wanted me to bend forward, so I did.

Again, he washed my ass and I felt something hard poke at my hole. I couldn't see what he was doing but suddenly it was inside me, all the way in and I yelped with pain. It stopped and for the very first time he spoke to me.

"Are you ass virgin? He asked. I nodded that I was.

"OK, my name Tan I better do something to help you for later!" He said in stilted English as he moved back to my ass and I felt something else being pushed inside me but much less painful than before. I jumped as I felt a surge of warm water flooding inside me, filling me up and stretching me. I gasped at the exquisite combination of pain and pleasure, as my lower cavity was filled with the warm liquid. My cock was instantly hard, pulsing in the warm shower spray.

I waited, still bent over, and a second flush of warm liquid filled my ass, making me feel really full and I suddenly had an urgent need to crap. Tan pulled the device out of my ass, warning me to hold my ass closed tight shut.

I straightened up, feeling incredibly full. He opened the shower door and assisted me to the toilet where he urged me to sit, which I managed just in time, as I couldn't hold it in any more. I exploded as the water purged my body. I was so glad when it finally stopped. The boy led me back to the shower and again asked me to bend over while he cleaned me once more. The process of filling me up with liquid was repeated three times until I was squeaky clean inside.

Tan then concentrated on my cock and balls, and even though I was in a shower with a handsome young naked Thai boy, my cock remained soft from fear. He was very gentle and peeled my foreskin back slowly, then washed the head and shaft, then my balls. I did start to plump up a bit when he was working on my balls. He asked me to wait a moment and he stepped out of the shower and returned with a shaving kit and a large soft soap-covered shaving brush.

He kneeled down in front of me and proceeded to soap my pubes, cock and balls which tickled me, and realising what he was about to do, I tried to stop him but he grabbed my wrist with such strength for such a small young guy, I yelped in pain. He looked at me with a sad expression and started over, I simply gave in and let him shave me smooth as a baby, even removing any small hairs I had around my ass and to finish off he checked my chest which had no hair on it anyway, so he rinsed me off and I looked down at my bald genitals. I hadn't looked like that down there since I was ten years old.

Tan turned the shower spray off and directed me out of the shower where he proceeded to dry me, checking that I was indeed clean and hair-free everywhere. I caught a glimpse of myself in a long mirror and I looked much, much younger and all my beautiful pubes were gone.

He rubbed some cool lotion into my shaved skin, then down my cock and onto my balls. I was immediately hard, my smooth cock standing up looking much longer without pubes. He smiled as he conscientiously worked the lotion into my cock.

He put his hands on my hips, turned me around and again asked me to bend over. I leaned on the counter and spread my legs to give him the access to my ass that he wanted. I felt a cold liquid being applied to my ass hole and a finger slipping in very slowly. He told me to relax and push out, so I did, and his finger slipped in. He slipped it in and out slowly then it was gone.

There was a further application of the cold liquid, then two fingers stretching me beyond any previous limit. I had tried things in my ass before and managed a small carrot one time, but I didn't think to use a lubricant Duh!! And it was very painful. This was much better, as he slipped the two fingers in and out.

Tan then pulled his fingers out of my ass hole and there was a short delay while he prepared a medium sized fake cock, which he smeared with lube. I jumped as I felt its tip at my ass hole.

"You ready Mr Jack?" He asked.

I grunted that I was and he slipped it into me. It stretched my ass wide, as it moved inside me and the pain was not so bad as it popped into my rectum, past my ass muscles.

"Oh wow!" I gasped as I felt it touch somewhere deep inside me which caused a surge of pleasure to ripple through my lower body, making my cock jerk up and start to dribble clear strings of precum onto the white tiles between my feet. I heard Tan giggle as he saw my response.

"You like?" He said.

"Oh fuck yeah I like!!" I hissed through my clenched teeth. "Don't stop OK?" I begged him.

He stopped. I guess that if he made me cum now he would have been punished for losing boy spunk, which was reserved for the paying guests. My loosening up was over so he removed the dildo and cleaned me up again and led me back through to the bed where he indicated that I should lie face down. He was going to give me a massage to relax me. I thought that it was going to take more than a massage to relax me!

I felt him climb onto the bed and sit astride me, on my buttocks. I could feel his soft balls on my skin and the tip of his half hard cock touching the base of my spine. He leaned in and started his very excellent massage, which did help me to relax a bit, so much so that I almost dozed off. He jumped up and asked me to turn onto my back, then he sat astride my middle with my cock in his ass cheeks, and this time his boy cock was solid. His balls sat on my belly

and as he leaned in to massage my chest his wet cock left a snails trail of boy juice as it moved up my body. Tan knew how to massage, and I made a mental note to book one with him if I ever got out of this mess.

He finished his massage and remained sitting on my middle, his hard cock bouncing in time with his heartbeat. He grinned at me and I smiled up at the beautiful Thai boy, my hand moving up to take his hard boy cock and I squeezed it. He shuddered as a large droplet of crystal clear precum dropped onto my skin. He laughed and leaned back on me, which pushed his cock further into my hand.

"Please you must quick OK? I get trouble when they catch me," he whispered.

I said nothing and smiled, then pulling him forward I brought his hard cock to my lips where I tasted his sweet precum juices. I licked the head of his penis then sucked him inside. I knew I had to be quick, so I used my tongue on his cockhead and wanked him with one hand at the same time. My other hand played with his balls. He groaned with pleasure as my pace quickened and he then thrust his cock deeper into my mouth and his cum spurted against my tongue and throat. His spunk tasted spicy as I savoured it on my tongue. He pulled his cock out of my mouth and jumped up and off the bed, grinning from ear to ear. He thanked me, then urged me to put on a fresh, long, pure white shirt but this time with no briefs.

He dressed quickly and with a dazzling smile he left.

I sat on the large bed waiting. It was now 6.30pm and I was starving hungry and scared. I knew it wouldn't be long before I was to be sacrificed.

Somewhere in Bangkok...

Allain was dozing in the stifling heat when he was jarred awake by the van suddenly slamming to a halt. The engine remained running this time, but he heard doors open and slam shut, then footsteps. The rear door flew open.

"Out now! Come on quick get out!" The driver yelled at the scared boy, grabbing his arm roughly and pulling him onto the potholed ground behind the van. He landed hard and scraped his knees and elbows, causing them to bleed and stain his white shirt, blood red.

He heard the van doors slam shut behind him and the van roared off into the evening traffic, leaving him alone and bleeding on the ground.

He sat up and took in the scene around him. He seemed to be in the city, but *where* was he? It was a bustling street with street sellers peddling every type of food you could imagine, and some that you probably wouldn't want to imagine. It looked like a street market. No one took any notice of him; it was like being in the middle of a nightmare, naked in a foreign city with no idea where you were or how to get home. He stifled the urge to cry and stood up. The shirt was streaked with his blood and as he started to walk he remembered he had no shoes on.

He wandered along the busy street, making his way through the throng of people. The smells were incredible. Some made his stomach lurch with hunger, some were a bit whiffy and yet others a strange mixture of the two. There were piles of spices and herbs and all kinds of different foodstuffs, some of which were cooked and others raw. The aroma of steamed rice hung in the air like a damp blanket; the steam bathed his face and clung to his shirt as he passed along.

He was concentrating hard and jumped when he felt a hand on his shoulder. "Where are you going dressed like that young man?" The voice was not Thai it was English and when Allain

looked up fearfully, he saw a very tall, well-dressed, European man towering over him, waiting for an answer. He smiled down at the bedraggled boy.

"I'm lost sir, please help me, I need to get to the Oriental Hotel. My mother is waiting for me there, please." He pleaded, almost breaking down in tears.

The man knelt down in front of the shaking boy and grasped his shoulders, pulling him in to his fresh smelling body, and he whispered, "Don't worry, my car is over there," and he pointed to a large black Mercedes limo, parked on the corner of the street. The liveried driver was waiting patiently by the driver's door. "Come with me and I'll have you at your hotel soon, OK?" He said reassuringly.

Allain was so relieved that he never gave it a second thought and went with the man, taking his hand as they crossed to the car. The chauffeur opened the door and the boy jumped into the rear of the car, sliding his bottom across the smooth, cold leather seat. The man followed and sat close beside him.

The car had a mirrored glass division between the back seat and the driver. It was open so Allain heard the man speak in rapid Thai to the driver, giving him instructions, then the car lurched into the evening traffic and the partition slid silently up into place.

"My name is Michael, what's your name?" He enquired in a smooth soothing tone.

"I am Allain," the boy replied starting to relax a little. "From Paris. That's in France you know?" He added.

The man placed his hand on the boy's knee. He smiled and said that indeed he did know that Paris was in France, as he was from England and he worked in Bangkok for a British insurance company.

"Ahh that hurts!" Allain yelped, as Michael's hand connected directly with his scraped and bleeding knee.

Michael snapped on the interior light and moved to kneel between the boy's legs. "Is it OK if I have a look?" He asked, looking directly into Allain's eyes.

Allain nodded consent, so very slowly and very gently Michael lifted the hem of the bloodied shirt up to reveal the boy's cut knees. He pulled the shirt up to the boy's lap then he turned round to the partition between the back and the driver's section. He snapped open a small cupboard and lifted out a First Aid kit. He laid it in the thick carpet and opened it. The contents burst forth and spilled onto the floor, but he collected what he needed and returned to face the boy.

"This will hurt a lot," he warned Allain, as he prepared a surgical wipe with some form of antiseptic. He waited for confirmation that the boy was ready then he applied one to each knee and held them there firmly in place.

Allain screamed as the antiseptic made its way deep into the cuts, burning and cleansing the wounds as it went. The boy pushed his head back into the leather seat and his eyes were shut, his small beautiful face twisted with agony, large tears running down his cheeks.

The man held the wipes in place and from his position between Allain's legs he had a clear view of the boy's tight white briefs, and because his legs were spread wide, he had a perfect view of the boy's balls and the clear outline of his soft boy cock, through the tight material.

Michael was in heaven. He loved young boys, in fact Allain looked just a little old for his taste, he much preferred boys around 12 years old, but such a beautiful boy had just dropped into

his hands so he wasn't going to pass the opportunity up. He removed the wipes from the boy's knees then proceeded to clean each wound carefully, still eliciting moans of pain from the boy until he dried each knee carefully and applied a sterile dressing on each one, fixing them in place with self-adhesive tape.

Allain was relieved that the pain was over, although he could still feel burning in each knee from the residue of the antiseptic. But the man had been so nice to him. Michael ran his hands up the to the tops of the boy's legs, to the very edge of his tight briefs and then down the inside of his thighs, until his finger tips were brushing the young boys balls trough the damp material of his briefs. Allain moaned slightly.

"Shhh!" Michael said. "Just relax, I will make you feel much better Allain," he promised.

The man kept rubbing his hands on the boy's smooth hairless thighs and he could see that he was having the desired effect on the boy's penis. His tight briefs were now showing signs of filling, and the shape of his young cock was changing, as it stretched and lengthened in his underwear.

"Would you like me to make you feel really good Allain?" He asked, knowing that if the boy refused he could always threaten to dump him back onto the street and let him find his own way back to the hotel. He also knew that they were actually very close to his hotel, but he had instructed the driver to drive around until further notice, to allow him the time with Allain that he wanted.

Allain sighed. He *was* feeling horny but he was also very worried about Jack and he wanted to get to his mother and Will as soon as he could. "How long will it be until we get to the hotel?" He asked.

Michael explained they were stuck in heavy traffic, which the boy could see vaguely through the blacked out windows of the car, and that they would be there very soon but in the meantime he again offered to make the boy feel good.

Allain sat back resigned and thought that as long as he was on his way, there was no reason not to go along with his saviour, Michael. "OK then what do you want to do to me?" he asked a little nervously.

"Just lie down along the seat my beautiful boy and take off your shirt, and I will show you OK?"

Allain did as he was asked and lifted the bloodstained shirt off over his head and dumped it on the floor. He moved around and lay lengthwise on the back seat of the car.

The man let out a soft whistle of appreciation when he saw the boys body properly for the first time. His smooth chest, with the two small brown nipples, then down to his flat stomach and innie belly button, he loved innies, but truth be told he liked any belly button that was attached to a beautiful young boy.

Allain stretched his arms above his head, opening up the cups of his armpits, hairless and smooth. Michael leaned in and brought his nose in to savour the boy's unique scent. A stimulating mix of boy sweat and musky, unshowered, pure boy – perfect! Michael knew that the boys penis would be equally as ripe and delicious, his mouth watered at the prospect. The man's cock was rock solid in his pants as he moved the palm of his right hand down over the boy's briefs, barely skimming across the shape of his clearly erect penis. Michael could see the boy's balls softly outlined in the tight cotton and the full length of his hard cock straining at the material for escape.

Allain closed his eyes, the man hadn't yet done anything nasty to him and he did want to cum so he lay there relaxed, giving himself up to the man's expertise.

Michael slipped his hand between Allain's thighs and nudged the boy's legs apart. He moved into a position where he could get his face and mouth close to Allain's hard organ. First though, he nuzzled his nose between the boy's legs under his balls, and inhaled deeply. The smell of sweat and the muskiness of the boy's genitals were overpowering his senses. He moved up and snaked his wet tongue across the shape of Allain's erect penis in his briefs. The boy moaned with pleasure and spread his legs even wider on the narrow seat.

"I need these off please Allain," said Michael, his thumbs already in the waistband of the boy's briefs.

Allain lifted his ass off the seat and Michael slipped the briefs down to his ankles, then off completely. The boy's hard wet cock was lying on his belly, the foreskin fully pulled back to reveal his wet glans. Michael again moved in to take pleasure in the smell of the boy's small hard penis. His scent hit the back of his nose and that connected with a powerful urge to ejaculate; such was the power of the smell of this pure, beautiful boy. He managed to resist cumming yet, he wanted the boy to enjoy the amazing pleasure he was capable of giving.

"Are you OK Allain?" He asked almost in a whisper.

"Oh yes sir, it's so hard and I'm so horny, please make me shoot, please," he begged the man.

"All in good time Allain. Have you ever had a blow job?" Michael asked the almost delirious young boy.

"No never, just wanking that's all I've done sir," he gasped.

"OK Allain just wait and see if this is not better than wanking," he whispered.

Michael leaned in across the boy's middle and grasped his hard penis just under his glans, between his thumb and first finger. He rolled the foreskin up and over the head causing the boy to squirm, then he slipped it back down all the way, pulling tight on his frenulum. He looked down and saw the tight bowstring of skin pull the slit of the boy's penis down, then he slipped it back up again.

He moved his drooling mouth over the young boy's penis and slipped it inside, wetting the shaft with his warm saliva as he slid down to finish in his thin pubes. The boy's penis was slightly bigger than he normally liked but he could still get both Allain's balls into his mouth as well as his penis, and he held everything there, not moving for several seconds.

"Oh!, Oh!, Oh!" Moaned Allain as he felt the warm, wet, velvety mouth consume his cock and balls. He had never experienced anything so amazing in his short life.

Michael let the boy's balls drop out of his mouth and the sharp cold draught of the car's aircon cooled Allain's wet testicles momentarily, and he giggled. He started to suck Allain seriously now, sliding his rock hard boy cock in and out of his mouth, tickling the glans with his tongue, running the tip around the crown of his cock and letting his saliva dribble down, soaking his boy pubes.

Allain pushed his hips upward into the man's mouth, trying to get more of his sensitive cock into the warm sucking place, but he had no more, his full 4.5" slim cock was in as deep as it could go.

Michael felt the boy's hands on his hair pulling his head down onto him as he continued to suck his cock furiously, playing the boy's balls as he did, tugging them down, causing the boy to groan with a mix of sheer pleasure and a touch of pain.

Allain shot his small load into the man's mouth; Michael's lips were sealed around the small shaft, the man was determined to let nothing escape.

Allain's hips sank back into the leather seat, his cock still buried in the man's mouth as he came down slowly from his orgasm. It had been the most amazing thing he had ever experienced in his life and he couldn't wait to try it out on Will.

Michael reluctantly let the boy's softening organ slip from his lips to lie wetly on his belly, savouring the taste of the boy's small emission on his tongue, like a fine wine.

"Wow that was amazing!" Allain said, still slightly breathless from his orgasm. "Thank you sir that was incredible."

Michael helped the boy to dress, paying special attention to getting his still semi hard cock back into his tight briefs. He replaced the stained shirt over his head. He spoke to the driver in Thai and within a few seconds they were approaching the hotel.

"Here we are Allain we have arrived, but before you get out you must not tell anyone what we did OK, or I will be in big trouble," Michael said sternly as the car pulled up to the front door of the hotel. A uniformed porter pulled the door open and Michael jumped out and looked back at Allain.

"Don't worry sir you saved me tonight and brought me home, thank you I will tell no one." He said grinning at the man.

He jumped out of the car and hugged him tightly. Michael hugged him back then handed him his card and told him if he ever needed help again, to call him. Allain took the card and headed inside the hotel to find his mother, getting some incredulous looks as he passed through the reception, dressed only in a long white bloodstained shirt and cum stained white briefs.

The same receptionist who had dealt with Will earlier looked as the boy flew past and shaking his head he said to his colleague, "It must be something peculiar to French boys, don't you think?" They laughed together and shook their head.

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