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The Boys in the Lift -Part 4

At The Villa

At 7pm the door was unlocked and the host entered the room.

"It is time so come with me please," he said curtly, then he turned and walked out of the door. I followed closely behind him. The minder appeared from nowhere and walked behind me as we descended the large curving, ornate staircase to a room just off the poolside.

It was alive with boys, perhaps thirty or so, all between twelve and sixteen, sitting or standing around chatting quietly. There were many nationalities and skin colours represented in the room. There were blonds, brown hair, black hair and even a boy with red hair and very pale skin. I wondered momentarily where he was from. There were Europeans. Asians and all shades in between they were all very beautiful and very young.

Everyone was dressed in the same small, tight, white briefs, but not Speedos or standard underwear. These were thin cotton and where swimwear or briefs would have a double layer of material over your cock and balls, these had only a single thin layer, so I could clearly see the shape and size of each boy's cock and its colour, through the thin fabric. They all glanced at me as I was led through to the edge of the room.

"OK Mr Jack, you have agreed to be the main boy this evening and it is a very important role." The host explained. "Your young friend has been released and has been given something that will make him forget about where he was and what happened to both of you. Please get changed and we will give you something that will help you enjoy the evening." He said with a cold sinister smile. "You will be strapped to a special table and your arms will be fixed in place, but your hands will be free to do whatever my guests want. Your legs will be raised and spread and held in place. You may be asked by two or more guests to pleasure them and you cannot refuse. Do it well and refuse no one." I nodded that I understood and he walked away. I wondered if Allain really was safe. All I could do was hope.

At The Hotel

Will waited for Jack's father and eventually a taxi pulled up outside the hotel and a tall handsome man jumped out and headed for the lobby. As he walked he scanned the area for Will, but as neither had met before it was a case of looking to see who was looking at him. His eyes locked on the young boy's worried face and he knew instantly that it was Will.

They quickly got past the niceties and then Peter ushered Will to a table in the corner of the lobby, away from prying ears.

"Thank you for raising the alarm I am very worried about Jack and Allain." Peter almost whispered to Will. We need to be careful or they may disappear forever. He added, which didn't help Will's feelings of dread.

"We need to find this guy Pom, so I will ask the reception if he is available and you wait here. I'll be back in a few minutes OK?" He said, and was gone before the boy could answer.

Peter was back quickly with the news that Pom was 'on vacation' for three weeks. The reception asked if they could assist further but Peter left it at that.

Will then suggested they find Em the waiter as he seemed to know more than he was telling. They headed to the poolside where there were very few guests left as it was getting dark, the inky black sky twinkling with bright points of light. The darkness came very quickly in this part of the world, almost like a switch being turned off.

They found Em clearing up and he smiled as he saw Will, then his face darkened as he spotted Peter with him.

"This is Jack's father," Will explained as they reached the boy. "Jack and Allain have still not returned and we are very worried about them. You said you knew Mr Pom was a bad man, but you must tell us where we can find him, please." Will begged the boy.

Peter listened impatiently and without waiting for an answer from Em he moved close to the boy and spoke in his ear. "You better tell me what is going on NOW!" He hissed, "because if you don't, I will call the police and tell them that you know everything and your job will be gone."

Em kept glancing around in fear. He knew that if he was seen by the other staff apparently arguing with a guest, he would lose his job. The customer was **always** right in this hotel and staff were very expendable. He explained that it was his brother who had told him to be careful of the man. That was it. He said he knew nothing more than that.

"Call your brother now!" Peter insisted, and handed the boy his cell phone.

The boy did as he was bid and after a few seconds there was a rapid exchange of Thai between Em and his brother. The call over, Em handed back the phone and said that he would take us to meet his brother. Em would meet us in the street outside the hotel, as he was not allowed to associate with hotel guests.

Peter agreed to pick him up in 10 minutes, which gave him enough time to speak with his wife and Allain's mother to explain where he was going. He told Will to go back to his room and wait.

"No way sir! I am coming with you," he almost shouted at the adult, then realising his bad manners apologised to Peter. Peter put his arm around the boy's shoulders and hugged him close and smiled at him, saying he understood and if Allain's mother agreed it was fine with him, but he emphasised that he must stay close and do exactly as he was told. Will nodded his agreement and smiled up at the man.

Peter's wife was in their room and she was very upset when she heard what was going on but agreed to contact Allain's mother who was still not back from her trip, and to bring her up to date. Peter promised to be in contact as soon as he knew what they were going to do. He ended the call and dragging Will behind him he exited the hotel and asked the concierge to get them a car.

They jumped into the large sedan car, which was there in seconds, and they pulled out into the small lane that acts as the access road to the hotel. Peter spoke to the driver in Thai, which surprised Will because he must have understood exactly what Em had said, but he never gave away the fact that he did.

The car slowed and there was Em standing in his street clothes on the pavement. We stopped and he jumped in alongside me in the back. Em gave the driver directions and the car sped up darting through the heavy early evening traffic.

They drove for ages but didn't actually travel very far and finally turned off into a small soi which seemed barely wide enough for the car. They finally pulled up at a small house behind a large, rusty metal gate. Peter told the driver to wait for us, he nodded and we all got out and followed Em to the gate. He pulled out a small key and unlocked it and ushered us inside.

Em moved forward to a narrow staircase, and beckoning us to follow, he ran up to the first floor where a shadowy figure was waiting for us. Em introduced us to his brother Pi, who was about 22 and had the same black hair and brown eyes of his younger brother. He was stocky, and very well built with muscular upper arms and torso. Peter still kept quiet about understanding Thai so most of the conversation was very difficult, with translations being handled by the young Thai boy and his limited English.

Peter interrupted and explained that he could speak Thai and that they could speed things up if he spoke their native language.

It emerged that Pom was involved in the trafficking of young boys for a man from the Philippines, who specialised in running parties for men who loved boys. He was charging a huge fee for the service. It all happened at a private and secluded villa on the outskirts of the city. Pom had clearly spotted an opportunity to get some fresh white boys when the lift stopped and he spied on the boys wanking.

"We must do something now, I am sure my son and his friend are there." Peter said urgently to the two boys.

Pi spoke. "I will take you to Pom and he will take us to the villa and get us in but we will need help. I will make some calls and gather my friends and we will go to there together and get your two boys."

Peter thanked Pi and agreed that whatever the cost he would pay for it. Pi shook his head. "I do this for my small brother to keep his job, he is a good boy and he earns money for our family in the north."

Pi made his calls and an agreement was made for a rendezvous at Pom's residence in 30 minutes.

Peter, Pi and Em returned to the car and Peter stopped the young waiter at the gate. "You must stay here Em you have been very helpful but you must not risk your job. When Pom sees you he will make sure you lose it."

Em argued strongly but it was no good, Peter insisted, Pi agreed and told the boy to wait at the house until they returned. Pi then brought his battered pick up truck around and led the way, with Peter's car following close behind, through the dark humid streets of Bangkok's suburbs.

Thirty minutes later they pulled up in the tree-lined street where Pom's residence was located. It was an expensive area of the city and obviously well above the potential of Pom's hotel income. The large house was secure behind a high wall and large iron gates, which were locked shut.

Pi indicated that they stay put and he disappeared around the side of the house.

Both Will and Peter jumped as his cell phone's shrill ring shattered the silence. Peter took the call and quickly ended it.

"Allain is safe!" He said. "An English guy found him wandering half naked in a street market brought him back to the hotel. He's fine and with his mother and my wife Anna. They will call me back when he has calmed down and told them anything."

Will was relieved but then he asked, "What about Jack? Is there any news of him?"

Peter shook his head. There was no news, so all they could do was wait until Allain told them something.

There was movement in the dark street and then a sharp rap at the side window of the car. Peter jumped out and Pi pulled him by the elbow towards his truck. Sitting in the passenger seat was a very frightened looking Thai man who was gagged and also very securely tied up.

Smiling, Pi said, "this is Pom from the hotel, he has agreed to help us."

We headed off again only stopping at the rendezvous where we met up with two more pick up trucks, each more decrepit than the other and each held four men so there was an 'army' now of eight men plus Pi.

We left the city boundary and drove into the pitch-black countryside then we turned off the tarmac / blacktop highway and joined a rough unmade road. The car lights punched sharp, pointed beams of brilliant light into the blackness ahead of us.

Suddenly the lead truck slowed to a stop, extinguishing his lights so everyone followed suit. We were in silent blackness. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness we could see bright lights through some trees to our right and everyone was now out of their trucks and preparing to move in.

Peter spoke to his driver, who looked very nervous, as normally he never left the centre of the city, and he was clearly very uncomfortable. Peter assured him that if he stayed put it would be very worthwhile, so the man settled down and locked his doors preparing to wait.

Pi gathered his team and led the trussed Pom forward. We stumbled through the trees towards the brightly lit house and when we emerged from the tree line Pi stopped us and told us to wait until he was inside the gates.

There was a call box on the wall outside the gate and he pushed Pom up to it, undid his gag and whispered something in his ear. He urged the terrified man to get them inside otherwise he would hurt him. At that Pi pushed the barrel of his handgun into Poms lower back and pushed him again.

Pi pushed the buzzer for the man and when it was answered he said, "This is Mr Pom I wish to come in please, now!"

There was a pause and then the gates started to slide open so Pi signalled everyone to follow him and in seconds we were inside the gates and moving towards the house.

Peter kept a close hold of Will as they crept across the wide lawn towards the back of the house where they could hear voices, laughter and music. They kept to the shadows as they moved closer to the source of the noise.

They could see a large gathering of people around the pool, all men between 30 and 60 years old and a large number of young boys, most of whom were naked. Peter gasped and cursed when he saw that some of the men were openly having sex with the boys, fucking them or being sucked by them.

Where was Jack? He had to find his son very soon.

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

AP