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### ***The Boys in the Lift -Part 6***

#### *At The Villa...*

After my shower I re entered the room and clearly the guests were having a great time. There were naked boys everywhere and sex acts of all kinds taking place wherever there was a free space. Young boys were sucking the guests while they chatted to other guests, or guests were sucking on young cock and smooth asses.

I saw one boy sitting on a man's lap and he was being fucked as he sat there, the guests cock was buried deep in his small ass hole.

I was led back to a different table in the middle of the room. This time it was circular and covered with a bright red PVC material. I was urged up onto the table and told to lay on my back with my arms and legs spread like Leonardo da Vinci's drawing of the Vitruvian Man. My wrists and ankles were bound, but at least this time my legs weren't raised. The table however could be rotated so I could be moved around at will and do nothing to stop it. I laughed to myself as I thought how it would serve them right if they spun me and I vomited all over them! That would show them!

I had lost all track of time, but guessed that it was about 9pm and I lay there waiting for what would happen next. I looked across the room and nearby was a sling device hanging from a frame and in the sling was a young dark haired boy about 13 years old his legs spread wide and his small ankles held in straps leaving his young ass hole on view. A guest stood naked in front of the boy, his hard thick cock pointed at the boy's hole. I watched in amazement as he forced his large penis inside the young boy's ass. He leaned in grabbing the straps and pulled the boy's suspended body towards the large cock. It went all the way in and the boy gasped as the man started to fuck him hard. A second guest appeared at the boy's head and stuck his hard cock into the youngster's mouth. The boy sucked on the large cock and played with the man's balls as he stood there watching him being fucked. The boy's small cock was solid, and with his free hand he started to wank himself, but the man who was fucking him, took his wrist and stopped him. My cock started to fill again and soon was fully hard.

A naked guest, who must have been about sixty years old, came over to me carrying a container, which he laid on the bed beside me. He removed the lid and scooped out some of the thick, white, creamy contents, then rubbed it into his hands.

He rotated the table so he could reach my chest and belly and he applied the goo over my torso, rubbing it in to my skin and making it glisten in the bright lights. He made my nipples stand up erect, then covered my arms and down my sides, working steadily towards my crotch. He rotated the table and coated each of my legs and feet, rubbing the cream in

thoroughly, like an expert masseur would do. He moved up my thighs and made sure that every inch of my body was covered, then last of all, he came to my cock and balls.

He was happy in his work and I noticed that his cock was hard, as he applied the thick cream to my cock head, then the shaft and down over my balls. He even made sure that my ass hole got some. He returned to my cock and worked the goo into it, making me squirm on the table, but he kept going, playing with my engorged penis and loose balls. He finished suddenly and patting my flat belly lightly he smiled and called two members of staff over to the table.

They undid my bonds and indicated that I should turn over onto my front. My body was slippery so I slithered around on the PVC material as I moved. One boy lifted a flap in the PVC and opened a small trap door in the table and as I lay down he put his hand on my hard cock and guided it and my balls through the hole, letting them hang down under the table. My hard penis pointed down but at least I was reasonably comfortable as otherwise my hard cock would have been trapped under me. They quickly re-tied my bonds and off they went.

The old man resumed his massage with the thick white cream, this time working from my shoulders down my back to my waist. He then concentrated on my ass cheeks and as he got there, I felt something touching my cock under the table. I hadn't noticed anyone approaching but there was a hand on my cock and another playing with my loose balls. A tongue flashed across my cock head scooping up my precum, which was literally dripping from me, I was so horny – again.

The man applied the cream to my ass cheeks, massaging them and causing them to spread apart which left my hole visible to him. He ran his thumbs across the area and applied cream there too. It felt so good as my ass was still tender from being fucked twice already.

I felt the wet warmth of a mouth taking my cock head, a hot tongue teasing and licking my glans and still fondling my balls, rolling them and tugging the sac downwards, which was bordering on painful, but very erotic too.

The man finished his task by applying the cream to the backs of my legs and ankles then the massage stopped. I could see him cleaning his hands and then I felt warmth at my ass hole and his hands on my upper legs, as he bent in to lick my hole. Wow! The feeling was amazing I had never had that done to me before and it felt awesome. I thrust my ass back into his face and he lifted off for a second, "Ha! You like that don't you young man?" He said, laughing and then quickly returned to his work before I had a chance to answer.

It was amazing. His tongue probed and poked at my fairly loose hole, getting in much deeper than I could ever have imagined it could. It spread my anus and left abundant amounts of saliva lubricating my special place.

He stopped. I was very disappointed, but at least the mouth on my cock head was still there, very gently licking and teasing my rampant penis.

I felt something cold at my ass hole. It seemed as though he was going to push something inside me so I tried to see what it was but I had little scope for movement in my position. I clenched my ass as tight as I could, which effectively stopped him in his tracks. The coldness disappeared and he walked around to my head, his hard cock bouncing in front of him.

He showed me what it was he was planning to put in my ass. It was a very long, flesh coloured dildo about the size of his cock. It had a thick shaft and a large swollen head and looked menacing. But all I did when I saw it was smile and calm down as the drugs once more took over. He smiled and returned to my ass.

I felt the cold fake penis at my hole again but this time I relaxed and he pushed it in slightly. I pushed out as he did that and it did help to open me up to accommodate the plastic invader, as it slipped in deeper, coming to a stop against my prostate.

"Oh wow!" I gasped as I felt a jolt of pleasure shoot through my body; my cock swelled up even more which caused the sucker down below to jump. He now had a slightly larger cock head in his mouth.

Sometimes the sucker would stop altogether and simply hold my hard cock head in his mouth, his lips closed around my corona, not moving. I could feel my cock pulsing with my heartbeat, but he did nothing. The heat on my glans was intense in the furnace of his mouth.

The plastic cock in my ass was moved out again ever so slowly and unconsciously I gripped it with my ass muscles, fearing its loss. I didn't want it to go. I loved its presence in me. I had no need to worry on that score, as the head reached my inner sphincter he pushed it back in again hitting my prostate as before. And every time it did I yelped with deep pleasure.

A new sensation hit me as the cock rested against my gland. It was a gentle but distinct vibration, rippling through my lower body and it felt like the cock head was rotating inside me.

The man laughed, "How's that he asked, you like it?"

I groaned loudly in response I wasn't capable of speech. My ass was on fire. It felt like a gentle brush rubbing my prostate and the vibrations were awesome. I had forgotten about the mouth on my cock, when suddenly it started to move again after a long period of stillness and he sucked and tongued my glans and pulled my ballsac down even further, the tension was painful. I moaned as he did it, but the pain was washed away by the deep sensations I was getting from the cock deep in me.

The man increased the vibrations and the degree of movement of the dildo taking me even higher on the scale of pure pleasure. It was incredible; I had never thought it possible to be so turned on sexually, but hey! what did I know in my 17 years of almost no sexual activity?

### *At the Hotel...*

Allain reached his room and banged on the door. He had no key and the door flew open, his distraught mother stood there in disbelief when she realised who it was. She grabbed her son, kneeling down to his level and hugging him to her. Jack's mom appeared behind her and she too grabbed the boy and all three hugged for ages.

"Mom can you let me go please, I can't breathe!" Said Allain in a small voice.

The women let the small boy go and steered him inside the room and onto the sofa.

"What are you wearing Allain?" His mother asked, when she looked properly at her son through her tears.

The boy said he would explain everything but asked where Will was. His mom told him that Will and Jack's father had gone to find Jack and bring him home and not to worry. He nodded, then asked for something to drink and food as he was starving. He had not eaten since breakfast, and it was now 9pm.

Food was ordered and while they waited on it Allain showered and put on clean clothing and his mother dressed his wounds again. Finally, there was a knock at the door and his feast had arrived.

While he ate, he explained about the lift and what they had done and he apologised to both women and they just laughed. In their opinion it was a perfectly natural thing for young boys to do especially if they were bored and stuck, as they had been.

He then went on to explain about the 'phone call and letter from Mr Pom and how he had insisted that he and Jack come alone. The rest of the story unfolded as Allain slowly, but steadily, demolished the mountain of food that his mother had ordered.

Jack's mother called her husband and quickly explained that Allain was safe and how he had been brought back to the hotel. The call was over hastily. Jack's father told her that he was switching his phone off and he would call them as soon as everything was OK. She admired his confidence but worried about the practicalities of what they had set out to do. All the three could do was wait and while Allain had insisted that he wanted to stay up the poor boy was so exhausted that he fell sound asleep on the sofa beside his mother.

All they could do now was wait for news.

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

*AP*