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The Boys in the Lift -Part 8

I woke the next day and had no idea where I was or how I got there. It was a bright room, very comfortable and I was in a nice soft bed with clean fresh sheets. I was still so tired and confused.

Out of nowhere, my mother pounced on me and kissed me, her tears falling on my face as she wept. She hugged me and I hugged her back. I was finally getting clear of the drugs I had been given, but the memories of what had happened to me were faint. What I did know was I had a very painful ass. It hurt like hell and my cock was raw too.

My dad took over from my mom and he hugged me, and told me not to worry about anything, it was all over now. I wondered what was all over? What were they talking about?

Then I saw Allain and Will and they both came and hugged and kissed me. Now I remembered something. They were my friends and we had done some stuff in the lift, yes it was coming back, then like a flash, it was gone again so I laid back and enjoyed their attention. Allain's mom hugged me and kissed me, twice, as the French do!

The room was full of people, but there were two others who hung back until my father brought them forward. It was Em and his brother Pi. I remembered Em but not Pi, so my father introduced him to me as my saviour. I had no idea why he said that, but I embraced them both anyway and thanked them, although I didn't know exactly what for, yet.

5 Days Later...

I was released from hospital and back at the hotel feeling much better and my ass was almost completely healed. Even my cock was back on form wanting attention in the morning, as always!

My father asked me if I was ready to talk about what had happened, and to be honest I still had very few recollections of my time at the villa, but I said it was cool if he wanted to talk.

He explained in detail about the events leading up to my abduction and he told me some of what had happened inside the villa, however Pi had been a little economical with the truth there, so my dad didn't know everything, which was just as well perhaps.

I did remember the stuff in the lift and I wanted to speak about that to my dad.

"I am so sorry that I let you and mom down doing what I did in the lift," I said. "I know it was stupid and I am so sorry for what I did, please forgive me." I started to cry. I guess there was a

dam building inside me with everything that had happened, and it burst as I made my plea for forgiveness.

My dad hugged me close and shushed me as I cried and cried. "Jack it's OK," he said. "There is nothing wrong in three young boys having a bit of fun in a trapped lift. You all wanted to do it and no one was forced, so where's the harm?" He held me very tightly.

"I know you are sorry but what you have been through and what young Allain has been through is a million times more punishment than any of you deserves. I mean it son," he added.

"Anyway, I have some news for you," he said smiling at me. "I have spoken to the police and they've arrested Mr Pom and the hotel has sacked him. The police raided the villa after we left with you, and the owner is in jail awaiting his trial. His villa has been seized and the young boys who were there will be looked after and reunited with their families, if possible."

"That's awesome dad thank you but what about Em and Pi? They did so much to help me. I asked.

"Well Em's job is safe there's no issue there, but Pi is different. I have offered him a new job with my company up north and he accepted. He starts next week when we get back, so he will be earning much more money and it is secure, plus he will be closer to his family." Dad said.

I was so pleased that everything had turned out so well so I decided to go to the pool and meet up with Will and Allain. Today was their last day in Thailand, they were travelling back to Paris the next morning.

My dad took me to the pool and I joined Allain and Will there. We hugged and kissed and Allain's mom was there too with her hugs and multiple kisses.

We were all sad that they were going home and that we had missed so much time together. My father suggested that we all go out for a celebration dinner on him that evening and we agreed that would be good fun.

I spent the day in the sunshine, dipping in and out of the pool and reading. I started to have flash backs with crazy images flying through my head, like a very bad quality movie. Then it would stop and disappear only to return again later. It was so frustrating not to have the complete picture.

What I did remember though was a boy called Tan, and that we had had sex together and he had kissed me. But that was it; I couldn't remember any more detail.

My father joined me at the poolside and he hugged me and asked if I was OK. I smiled and said I was, but added, "I am really worried about a boy called Tan, he was really sweet to me," I explained, missing out the sex part. "Can you find out if he is OK, please dad?" I became quite agitated but my father held me and calmed me down.

"It will be OK son I'll call the police now and see if he's been identified and find out what's happening with him. The Thai police have been amazing and very helpful so I am sure they will know where your friend is." He got up and went to make the call.

I sat waiting for news and Allain and Will sat with me comforting me. I suddenly felt really sad and depressed that they were leaving the next day.

Allain started to tell me what had happened after he was taken away from the villa in the van and he squeezed my hand as he thanked me for saving him from what had happened to me. I explained that it was still very unclear and the doctor had told us that the drug I was given was designed to make me forget everything, and it seemed to be working. It turned out that Allain had not been given any drugs at the villa, in spite of the host telling his men to drug him before they dropped him off. In a way he was lucky, and the English guy had saved him.

Allain smiled when he mentioned him and I sensed a story there, so I probed him for more details. He told me what the man had done in the limo and he looked very embarrassed because he had sex with someone other than Will. Will hugged him and said, "I understand Allain it's cool, you had no choice and you have learned something very good from the man, how to suck my cock, and that's awesome!" He hugged his lover tight and they kissed.

My father returned and told me that he had spoken with the police and that they were going to find out about Tan for me and let us know as soon as possible.

My father booked us into Le Normandie, which is the restaurant on the top floor of the original Oriental hotel building. It is world famous for its French cuisine and dad felt that it was a nice touch for our French guests.

We had an awesome evening with amazing food and an incredible view of the city at night. We all headed back to our rooms, full and happy that everyone was safe. I promised to be in the lobby at 7.30am the next morning to see my friends off to the airport. We walked through the lobby towards the lifts and as we passed the reception desk they called my father over and indicated that there was someone waiting to see him. The receptionist pointed out a Thai man in a suit, sitting in the lobby.

My father walked over and spoke to him and returned after five minutes to tell us that it was the police and they had found Tan. He was in a children's home in Bangkok because he was an orphan and he would remain there until he was 16, in two years time. He would then be released to look after himself and find work, if he could.

The evening took an instant downturn for me after the enjoyment that we had had. Tan had nothing and we had everything. I felt sick as I realised that the boy could live for a very long time on what we had paid for our meal tonight.

I excused myself suddenly and left the group. I ran to the toilets and locked myself inside a cubicle and cried my heart out for the boy. My father followed and called me through the locked door.

"Come on son, please come out and we'll talk about it OK? Please?" he pleaded.

I eventually emerged from the cubicle still sobbing and fell into my father's arms. He hugged me to him. After a while he spoke. "Jack, you have just realised what life can be like. Many people are lucky and have lots, and more people have little or nothing, that's the way it is and...." I cut across him pulling back from him.

"You really don't care, do you?" I spat the words at him. "You just don't give a toss if this boy lives or dies do you?" I started to cry again. "He was nice to me when I was in that place and he helped me by his small act of kindness, now we just abandon him. Life sucks." I said through fresh tears.

The doctors had warned my father that I would go through a huge roller-coaster of emotions as I recovered from the drugs. I had never in my short life ever spoken to anyone that way least of all my parents. My father held me again. I struggled to break free from him but he

held me firm. I broke my heart and apologised to him, "I'm so sorry dad I didn't mean..." He stopped me.

"I know son it's not your fault," he said softly in my ear, my tears soaking his shoulder. "We will do something I promise you. Now please come back and say goodnight to your friends they are waiting for you in the lobby, and are very worried about you."

I slept fitfully that night. My mother kept coming in to see if I was OK and I guess she never slept at all she was so worried about me. I rose at 6am and looked out over the huge city, which was just coming to life. The streets were already jammed with traffic and the river crammed with bustling ferries getting people to work for the day. The large double glazed windows muted the noise. The sun was struggling to burn through the thick smog that often shrouds the city and that was how I felt, trapped under a blanket of gloominess, which was weighing me down.

I sat for ages staring into space and then my father materialised and sat beside me. He said nothing but took my shoulder and pulled me into his strong body, making me feel safe and loved. "You'll need to get showered Jack if you don't want to miss the boys leaving," he said quietly.

I nodded and got up and went to the bathroom in a trance, where I showered for ages trying to cleanse myself in the powerful spray of warm water. I stood in there letting the water cascade over my head and down over my body, washing away my sorrow, the water mixed with my tears of sadness and disappeared down the drain in the floor, just like we were letting Tan disappear.

I dried myself, dressed and headed downstairs with my mom and dad to meet up with Allain, his mom and Will who were waiting for us in the lobby. I hugged each boy then the three of us hugged never wanting to let go but we had to, it was time for them to leave.

I was determined not to cry again 'cause it felt so lame, but I just couldn't help it when the emotions welled up in me I just had to do it and I felt such an idiot. I shouldn't be crying at 17 for God's sake!

We waved our friends good bye and they were off for their long flight back to Paris and I wondered to myself if I would ever see them again, I hoped that I would.

Mom said she was off to get her hair done and dad took my shoulder and said, "I want you to come with me please Jack, I have something that I think you would like to see." I started to protest but dad took my arm and guided me through the front doors of the hotel and into a waiting limo. We joined the early morning traffic chaos that is Bangkok.

I sat quietly in the back of the car not really caring about anything. I felt completely empty and instead of feeling better, I was actually feeling worse as the days went on. I wondered if I would ever be OK again.

Eventually dad broke into my thoughts, "We're almost there son!" He said cheerily, "I am sure you'll be really pleased when you see where you are going," he added. I didn't share his enthusiasm at all.

The car pulled up outside a large grey edifice with signs in Thai and we got out of the car. Dad asked the driver to wait for us, as we would be returning to the hotel when we were done.

"What's this place?" I asked him as we stood in front of a huge metal door waiting for someone to answer the bell.

"Wait and see!" he chuckled as we stood there. After a while the door was opened and a short Thai woman, dressed in what looked like a prison officer's uniform, asked dad what he wanted. Dad chatted with her in Thai, which softened her attitude just a bit and she even managed a smile on her hard face.

We were ushered inside and asked to wait in a very dull, grey painted waiting room with plastic chairs. It smelled of disinfectant and stale cigarette smoke.

It took about twenty minutes before she returned with a bedraggled boy in tow. She took his shoulder and almost pushed him into the room then told him to sit in front of us. She left us and closed the door. It was Tan.

I stood up and moved towards the boy who also stood, and we hugged each other. He smelled bad, not like when he had washed me and shaved my pubes, or later when we had sex. Then he had smelled good, but today he stank, and I loved it. My cock sprang up between us and I felt his hard penis poking my thigh through his thin trousers. I was crying again! This time it was tears of joy.

"This is Tan dad!! I spluttered. "He was so nice to me in that place, thank you Tan," I said through a deluge of tears, chasing each other down my cheeks as we hugged again.

Dad said, "I know son and I wanted to bring you here to see him. I know how important he is to you." I grabbed my father and hugged him so hard, he gasped and laughed. He breathlessly asked me to release him from my stranglehold, before he fell over due to lack of oxygen.

"Jack, I have some business to attend to so I will leave you with Tan for 20 minutes. That's all they will allow us, I'm sorry, they are very strict," dad said. Then he left me with my Thai boy, sitting side-by-side, holding hands.

"You are very kind Mr Jack to come see me," Tan said quietly. It is not so bad here, not as nice as villa but OK. I will be fine," he added. Then looked down at the floor and his scruffy shoes. He avoided direct eye contact with me so I knew he was not telling me the truth. It was not a nice place for a bright, beautiful young man to be. He had bruises on his handsome face around his eyes, and a large one on his arm. I touched his bruised arm gently with my fingers and as I did he leaned in to me. I kissed him on the lips and we held each other again.

The door opened again after what seemed like only seconds and we jumped apart. It was dad. "I'm sorry but time is up boys," he said. "We have to go now."

I looked at him and stood up, resigned to the fact that another friend was disappearing. Soon I would be back in the north of the country and wouldn't even be able to visit him. I would probably never see him again.

My heart fell into a deep well of sadness and I thought it really would break.

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