



Linda's Lust for Boys

(F/boys+, orgy, ped, 1st)

By Mich Boyle (*mich_boyle@hotmail.com*)

Illustration by Anonymous

Chapter 1: My Addiction

My name is Linda and I am a female boylover. Everybody thinks that only men can be boylovers but I know of many female boylovers of all ages.

The realisation of my addiction to young boys had been dawning slowly over some years but somehow I had always thought of it as a distraction which would fade in time. Instead it grew stronger and stronger until I realised the true nature of it. I was a female boy lover, not just as a distraction but as an all consuming sexual longing from which there was no escape.

It had started in milder form some years ago - I am now 32 - and then grown in nature to dangerous proportions that often threatened my very security. If the authorities knew of my lusts and exploits I would surely be locked up for a very long time.

My addiction to skinny 12 to 15 year old boys was however not one that I could easily forsake - or indeed wished too - As long as I could continue in my ways I found happiness like no other. Perfect young smooth boys were my weakness and I could

imagine no other life without my addiction or affliction as some would say.

Men now played little to no role in my sex life. Sure, I had Adult boyfriends but they served mainly as a cover now... and yes they did lust after me, after all at 32 and single, I was still very attractive - tall, slim and with the prettiest blue eyes and long brown hair. Oh yes, I could still pull the men but it wasn't the men I wanted anymore.

But more of me and my life later -- for now let me tell you, the kind reader, of some of the boys in my life at present and how even as I write this down the memories of so many boys and so many adventures kindle a wetness and lust in me that no one but a fellow boylover could understand.

Let me start then with my most recent adventure...

Last weekend I flew down to the Italian coast from London, for a short break, knowing that at the height of summer in a Mediterranean country, scantily clad boys would be out in numbers for the picking. An uneventful flight marked only by a passing interest in a boy sitting with his mother in the row next to mine. About 12, and French, he was dressed in very short white gym shorts and sleeveless t-shirt. He had blond hair and a cherubic face I nearly creamed my panties on first spotting him. But ,alas, his mother had him under close guard and all I could do was enjoy the sight of that beautiful boy and his long silky legs sitting just 1 row forward and to my left from the aisle seat which I occupied. I would have loved to entice him to the toilet with me as I have done with other boys on so many long haul flights before but little Ralph - Blond and virginal was not to be mine on that flight.

An efficient check-in at the hotel saw my luck improve as I was given a room overlooking the pool and beach area. No boykini's around the pool at the time - too late in the afternoon I concluded, and then took a nap dreaming of what could have been with Ralph had the flight been longer or had his mother succumbed to a little chitchat and agreed to a later rendezvous. My pussy moistened quickly at those thoughts and soon my fingers found the node of my hardened clit as lewd thoughts and images invaded my mind.

I had to have a boy soon or I would lose control of my sense of good judgment which had kept me safe during many a trip such as this. Images of 13-year-old boycock just 4 inches of solid boymeat and the juices that so readily flowed from them... images of boys in tight white shorts with just a hint of cock bulge in front... images of boys with tiny hips and tight butts such as a grown man could never have... Oh God... and then the inevitable eruption as the juices flow and my orgasm mounts and finally I writhe on the bed in a fit of pleasure and slowly fall asleep - the flight, and sea air taking their toll.

Night time and a short stroll outside the hotel after dinner - along the beach front with so many care free holiday families walking and laughing, and of course the never ending search for my next fantasy boy. With no real prospects in sight I turn off the main walk towards the little town and the lights of the central district and the elicit pleasures on

offer to excitable holiday makers.

A trained and streetwise eye like mine could make out the tell tale signs of a female hooker or drug dealer or even rent-a-boys on some occasions, unfortunately usually too old or too haggard for my tastes however - but one lives in hope.

The Chinese pimp offering certain services to the single male holidaymakers was obvious too, as he strolled along chatting to the guys and offering who knows what to them. I would not usually be approached by one of those pimps who would usually make me for a single girl in search of a nightclub or some other innocent fun as would be the norm for a girl like me.

He was just a little taken aback when I asked him directly what he was offering? And more specifically what he was offering in the way of something unusual. At first he made me for a lesbian and suggested that he knew of a young blond girl that he could get in 2 minutes for me.

After some general chitchat he assured me that he was the local king of his trade and that anything I desired could be procured at a price. I pushed him then for some examples of what he could get and challenged his sense of pride to tell me all suggesting perhaps that I needed to know what was on offer before making a choice that night.

"Women," lots he claimed, "And Men - gigolos, too, and young girls anything from 13," he bragged as I told him to keep talking, "And of course I have boys."

"Tell me about your boys?" I asked.

He suddenly realised where my interests lay, "Oh, Oh," he nodded. "Okay you want boyfucky!" A horrible term often used to describe the services of a young boy in such towns.

"Yes, tell me what you have," I pushed, feeling now that he understood my secret needs at last.

The young boy that he brought me some 40 minutes later did not disappoint and I arranged to have him for the whole night as was my option. Fine oval facial features and dark hair - slim, boyish, shoulder height to me, and just turned 14. He was dressed in tight jeans and a t- shirt I was told that he was a favourite amongst the tourists, and that he knew how to please a customer. The reader can imagine how my pussy moistened uncontrollably as I slipped unnoticed into my hotel room with my boy prey that night...

Chapter 2: Italian Boy

Once in the hotel room I could relax as the tension of the pickup and danger of the

situation faded and I was at last free to enjoy the fruits of my endeavours.

These matters must not be rushed if one is to enjoy them to the fullest and certainly in my current state of arousal there was the danger of rushing matters. In the light of the room I examined the boy.

He had a perfect boy-body just as I liked them -- some would say skinny but boys are naturally lithe and slim at that age between childhood and manhood and this was a most perfect specimen. Narrow hips, tiny waist and slight broadening of the torso to the shoulders. About 5ft 4" tall -- just shoulder height to me. His face had soft Italian features -- no sign of any facial hair yet, just a soft oval and slightly tanned face, nice cheekbones and soft clean hair, a full fringe which he seemed to like flicking away from his eyes.

Dressed as he was in t-shirt and tight blue jeans with a slight cockbulge just straining against the denim, he was a dream come true and I meant to enjoy this beautiful boy as he was intended to be enjoyed.

He did speak poor English, enough to establish that he was the youngest of a number of boys available for such pleasure in his little seaside town and that business was good in the summer amongst the tourist trade. He had only started this present summer but his brothers and cousins of both sexes had known about the trade and supplied the tourists for as long as he could remember.

Of course the majority of his own customers so far were men but it was not that unusual for a woman to request a boy and the boys just accepted that fact as part of their trade. He told me that I was his third woman that summer but that I was the youngest and prettiest so far - his smile at that point would have melted anyone.

While he was talking in his broken English I started to caress his chest and back by stroking under the t-shirt - - so smooth and silky -- I couldn't wait to uncover more of his boyish mysteries. Still dressed in my light summer dress I sat on the bed and made him stand between my legs, facing me.

I slid his shirt over his head now and felt the first gush of wetness in me as I continued to stroke and from time to time to softly lick that perfect hairless boy chest.

There is something very special and sexy about slowly unzipping the tight jeans on a perfect boy, and my hands now moved lower just lightly stroking his crotch to induce the beginnings of an erection and then moving to his zipper. Moving the zip over the straining bulge of his blue jeans was just as erotic as ever for me as I slowly moved it down and over his erection. What new treasures awaited now I thought, as I wondered what I might find.

At 14, boys can vary in development from a small 3-incher with no pubic hair to a fully developed 7-incher with a forest of hair. Circumcised or uncircumcised I wondered as my

thumbs now each gripped the jeans and moved them down over his tiny hips. To reveal -- small red briefs that just covered what appeared from the outside to be a 4-inch solid little erection straining madly against the cotton fabric. So sexy.

I lowered the briefs now, down to his ankles and took a moment to examine the special treasure before me - yes, just 4-inches of uncircumcised natural boycock with just the beginnings of pubic hair growth visible above the shaft.

Pure boyish beauty standing straight out now as if relieved to have been set free. My own desires and moistness in my pussy was now uncontrollable as I made him step out of his jeans and briefs to stand totally naked in front of me. Still dressed myself I lay back on the bed now pulling my naked boy on top of me and sliding my hands around that tiny tight but as I drew him to me for our first french kiss.

Oh God, what was to become of me I thought as I savoured the delights of his perfect lips and nude body against me. I stroked his silky smooth hairless little body and lost myself in the scent of boy and boylips. I would never be able to give up this most wonderful addiction.

He was light enough to manouver, and it only took a moment to move him next to me as I slipped off my own dress and panties and then once again drew him on to me - - his little cock just pressing against my pussy lips but not yet inside as I continued to savour the sensation of having this perfect boy against me.

I felt wetness running out of my pussy now as I slowly opened my legs and invited his boycock in. My hands once again found his butt and I felt him enter me as my pussy muscles clenched hard against his shaft.

There is a technique to properly fucking a young boy and one which is learned over a number of experiences. Firstly one has to have regard for the smaller size of the cock and therefore ensure maximum friction against the clit.

Size is easily made up for by the enthusiastic stroking of the boy -- usually enough to bring one to orgasm very quickly if not properly controlled. Some boys can climax very quickly and one has to sometimes stop completely in order to prevent the boy from shooting within the first minute. No matter though for recovery is rapid and most boys can be at it again in no time.

I was in heaven as I joined the rhythm of the boy and pulled him upwards and hard against me in order to achieve the maximum friction against my now rock hard little clit bud. He really did know how to go at it and it wasn't long before I was at the edge of a super orgasm. What a delight this boy was -- perfect in every way and a natural Italian style that had me in ecstasy in no time, and then I felt the rise in tension as he prepared to cum.

The taught muscles on his butt tightened and then his back arched slightly just a moment before he let go and a torrent of hot boycum spurted from him. He splashed hard against my inner walls and sending me further over the brink as my own orgasm erupted and I cried out to the thrill of it.

My hands were all over him now, on his tight little boy but with clenching muscles, on his smooth back -- fingernails scratching him lightly -- he would have the marks to show in the morning though.

Only a boy could take me to that extreme and I enjoyed every moment of that climax watching the ceiling spin slowly and then regaining some normality as his rhythm slowed and he slouched on to me - his light weight perfectly bearable as I hugged him close and kissed him again.

We slept naked and intertwined until the early hours when I awoke to feel his hard erection against my side once again. My hand moved down and light fingers played with it, feeling every pulse as I toyed with his boycock - taking him just to the edge of orgasm and then moving away to explore some other nook of his wonderful body.

Moving my head lower now, down his chest and tummy to take him in my mouth; 4-inches of perfect boymeat engulfed all the way into my mouth. Sucking and moving on him now bringing him back to the brink of orgasm but this time sucking harder until the writhing of those tiny hips signaled the approach of the eruption.

And then it happened... spurt, spurt, as he came in my mouth. Hot sweet nectar being sucked from him. Every drop savoured and swallowed eagerly, excess boycum dripping from my mouth now as I remove it. Only boycum tastes quiet as sweet and pure and very unlike the almost acrid and thicker taste of man cum which I do not usually swallow at all.

Too late for sleep now as I toyed with my boytoy through the night -- inducing yet another erection and this time asking him to demonstrate his own masturbation technique -- and then watching him spurt on his own young smooth tummy and rubbing it into his skin with my hand. Oh god! So many things to do with a boytoy and yet with sunrise approaching it was time to think of goodbyes.

But not before a long hot soapy shower together -- legs intertwined, hard boycock against my thigh and inside me again. Washing that perfect body of his from top to toe.

At that moment I would have taken him home, if I could have, but I also knew that within 12 months or so, he would begin to change as manhood set in. Oh yes I had, taken him at just the right age and just as he was perfect and ripe for enjoyment just as he was. I hoped that the other women who had had him that summer appreciated him as much as I did.

I wondered who they were and what interest had spurred them to choose a boy. Were they true connoisseurs of boys like me or perhaps for them it was a passing holiday experiment to be forgotten once they left the sun washed beaches.

I said goodbye at the door as he left the hotel early in the morning. I could have had him again that night I knew, but these things are best left un-complicated by repeats and the potential trouble of familiarity. Already I was aware of my vulnerability to blackmail, and who knows what as the reality of the events of the night set in.

Was it safe to even stay another night? And yet somehow I knew that everything was okay and that I would be safe. The boys and the pimps depended on the trade and they would not do anything to compromise their own position.

These thoughts subsided as I returned to bed and friggd myself to sleep once again - Had I really just bid farewell to a beautiful perfect boy such as exists in my fantasies or was it all a dream. I wondered what adventures lay ahead on my last day at this little holiday town, and then I fell asleep - a deep sleep until about 11am when the sounds of the pool outside and the sun streaming in awoke me again.

Looking out my window at the pool area I immediately noticed at least 10 attractive boys wearing tiny Speedo costumes amongst the crowds. Some playing in the water and others just soaking up the sun. Mostly they were on holiday from other parts of Europe I assumed.

It wasn't long before I too was lying by the pool and weighing up my options for the day...

Chapter 3: Seducing Danny

I looked around the hotel pool and enjoyed the sights of summer play and of course the numerous boys tanning and playing. I loved watching boys at play and loved enjoying the sight of them diving or running or just fooling around, all that energy and vigor.

I loved the sight of their beautiful wet boy bodies; smooth and tanned and delicate. I love tiny Speedo type costumes on boys or boykini's as I secretly called them.

Unfortunately they seem to be going out of fashion rapidly to be replaced by the new repulsive baggy costumes that do nothing for the boy. The Speedo shows off their litheness and slimness like no other, not to mention the sexy little boycock bulge.

So I enjoyed the sights and weighed up my options for later. There were at least ten very cute boys in the 12 to 15 age range and being on holiday many of them were alone and vulnerable to friendly chat by a fellow holidaymaker.

After about an hour of careful observation I selected my target, a beautiful slim blond boy

of about 12 with large blue eyes and a mop of longish blond hair. He was just slightly tanned and looked just perfect in a one-size too small red Speedo.

I knew he was right because my trusty pussy moistened ever so slightly every time he came near. Oh god, I just had to have him. He was with his mother and did not have any friends around. I waited for him to go for a swim and then made my move.

Chatting up a lonesome boy in a swimming pool was dead easy, an art that I had perfected and which worked almost every time. Boys loved having someone to play with in a pool and almost any one would do. I entered the pool near him making sure that he caught an eyeful of my bikini and especially my breasts which most boys enjoyed.

A few minutes later I swam near him and splashed him lightly in the face and then swam away quickly under water. It worked -- it always did -- he came after me immediately and surfaced next to me, "Hey - you splashed me," he said.

I splashed him again and swam away - this time he chased me and splashed me back. The game had begun -- I had become his pool playmate and to a lonely boy on holiday that was all he wanted. From splashing we moved to frolicking with each other and to letting him ride on my shoulders and the like.

Lots of innocent fun and lots of opportunity to rub against the boy and feel his smooth body in the water. And then the chat up... his name -- Danny -- on holiday with his mother. He had just turned 12. Okay -- enough for now I thought. And told him to come and say hello later and I would buy him a coke and then I went back to my pool lounge.

An hour or so later at about 2pm, I spotted his mother packing up and wanting to go back to their room. He begged to stay at the pool and she agreed telling him to be back by 5pm to get ready for dinner, and she left.

A minute later he came over and sat with me. I bought him a coke and chatted some more - just boy stuff about school and cars and stuff and then he pleaded for me to swim with him again. In the pool this time I could innocently touch him even more and played with him for about an hour. Then we got out and after drying off I announced that I wanted to go back to my room and that he was welcome to come with me.

He immediately agreed and within a few minutes I was unlocking my room door with my little 12-year-old Speedo clad blond boy in tow.

So far, our play had been innocent but it was time to get down to some action now - The game had been long but the "victim" was mine now -- just don't frighten him away I thought.

"I'm going to take a shower and wash the chlorine off," I announced. "Why don't you join me Danny? We'll just keep our costumes on." The last part to ensure that I didn't frighten

him away.

"Sure," he replied and in a minute I was asking him to wash my back and then gently washing his as well -- especially his tummy and silky inner thighs.

He tried to hide the inevitable erection that such intimacy brought on but the little 3-inch boner showing through his wet nylon Speedo was obvious to both of us.

As I dried him off, I told him not to be embarrassed and I touched it very gently as I told him that it was perfectly natural and that it looked very sexy too. Then I told him that I wanted to play with it but that I would stop if anything made him feel uncomfortable.

Leading him to the bed I gently undid the chord of his costume making it obvious that I was about to remove it. Then I slowly pulled it down over his tiny boy hips and feasted my eyes on his totally hairless pubic area with his little 3-inch boner standing straight out. I felt my own wetness increase as my pussy ached to be touched by it.

Uncircumcised and virginal this boy was to be mine for his first time and I was determined to make it his best time. Touching his foreskin I noticed a slight twinge and realised that it had never been pulled back before -- this boy was a virgin in every way.

Reassuring him for the third time that I would not do anything to hurt him I then slipped off my own bikini and drew the boy to me, inviting him to touch my breasts and do whatever he wanted with me too. His right hand gently touched my left breast and hardened nipple.

I continued to lightly touch his boymeat making sure that I did not hurt him in any way. I kissed him now -- teaching him all the while to put his tongue out and feel my tongue with his.

Hungrily I devoured his little boy lips tasting the freshness of virgin boy on him and drenching myself even more. Moving his other hand to my now gushing pussy I told him to insert a finger and then two and told him that it was wet because he was making me so horny. And then for the second time in the previous 24 hours I lay back and drew a boy on to me.

He was even lighter than the Italian boy of the previous night and as I held him against me I knew that his virgin boycock was just moments from entering a woman for the first time. Reaching down now I positioned his stiff little cock and slowly moved him in to my juicing boy hungry pussy. My pussy muscles gripped him instantly and I felt the slow retraction of his foreskin inside me as I pulled him deeper.

An instant of pain on his face changed to ecstasy as the hairless boy virgin slid in to me even deeper now until he could go no further. I began the fucking motion now -- pulling him into me and grinding upwards. "Enjoy yourself baby and shoot inside me when

you're ready," I whispered in his ear, continuing to fuck the little boy as I knew I would from the moment I saw him.

We moved faster and faster as he picked up the rhythm and moved against me now. My own orgasm mounted and then we exploded together in a frenzy of debauchery -- grown woman and little 12-year-old boy writhing against each other and enjoying every last moment to the fullest.

As he withdrew and juices ran out of me and on to the white bed sheet I noticed just a tiny spot of red blood - - the boy had been a virgin and pulling back his foreskin for the very first time had been sufficient to tear the skin ever so slightly and cause a rare bleeding not usually noticeable except on very young virgin boys... but the evidence was lie -- the boy was no longer a virgin.

It was nearly 5 pm already and the he had to get back to his own room and I had to get out of town and catch a plane back to London. I made him promise never to mention what happened that afternoon to anyone or he would get both of us into a lot of trouble. And then I sent him on his way after another passionate french kiss. That little boy would never be the same again and I was totally satisfied with my conquest.

I left the hotel immediately after that, taking a taxi to the airport -- just in case the boy had said something -- he probably wouldn't but it was best to get out of town now, just in case.

Winging my way back to London a few hours later I considered the events of the weekend and the 2 boys that I had fucked. One an experienced but gorgeous little Italian rent-a-boy and the other a perfect blond American virgin child -- almost opposites but just as enjoyable. I would never be able to control my addiction to little boys I thought, but then I would never want to either.

The following week there was the monthly meeting of a little club that I belonged to in London -- just 10 members -- but all of them female boy-lovers. Those meetings were always very interesting and so much fun, especially if there were young guests present.

Chapter 4: Why I Became Addicted

As the plane banked on route to England, My thoughts turned to my past life of debauchery with boys.

It had all started at about age 16 when the older boy that I dating with tried to force himself on me in the back of a car. He had been big and strong and I virtually had to fight him off.

After that I was a little scared of older boys and made sure not to get into any situations

that I couldn't handle. The near rape experience with that 19 year old shocked me and I realised soon after that, that I needed to be in control more. Older guys were scary, I could not imagine how I could take a massive 6 or 7-inch cock into my small teenage pussy and enjoy it with the weight of some great brute on top of me as well.

One day at school, when I was 17, in the library, a younger boy of about 13 started chatting to me about a book, and he just seemed so non-threatening and friendly that I started talking to him daily and eventually became good friends with him. Nothing more than talk at first, just friends. But somehow a seed had been planted on fertile ground and it wasn't long before I was fantasising about that younger boy and what it would have been like in the back of the car with him and not the big 19 year old.

It was then that I decided to find out and invited him on a secret date -- just to movies. I was totally in control, relaxed and I enjoyed making all the moves. I was so turned on by his innocence and boyish beauty that it wasn't long before I was french kissing him madly in the back row, and even feeling his boyish hard on through his unzipped tight jeans... realisation was dawning -- I had enjoyed that date more than any other in my life so far.

I noticed too that other younger boys were becoming more attractive to me with their smooth faces, tiny sexy butts, and innocence. I was always looking at much younger boys and noticed that somehow they turned me on more than the 18 year olds that I was supposed to go for at my age.

The sight of almost any skinny young 12 or 13 year old in tight jeans or even school uniform now created an instant wetness and throbbing. So I took to constant daily masturbation and always to the image a young pubescent boy that I had seen and fancied that day.

I continued to date older guys as well but mainly for appearance sake and always being very careful of them. My friends teased me about some of the younger boys that I chatted too but I always made it out to be just innocent chatting.

I was aware that constant attention to younger boys was not really acceptable in my own social circles so I began to be more secretive about younger boyfriends. The boy dates I now had were in secret and usually with boys from across town. My dates with little boys now usually included a little more sex because I enjoyed wanking them off and tasting their young boy cum.

I allowed them to feel my breasts and pussy but I was not ready for full intercourse as yet. I was confused and convinced that this phase of interest in little boys would go away. But somehow it grew more intense and I began to seek out small boys in other ways as well. I began to take on babysitting jobs as a way of getting closer to them.

At 18 and in my final months at High School I finally surrendered my virginity to a blond

and beautiful 11- year-old boy that I had been babysitting for. I thought that he was simply gorgeous and I couldn't resist when I saw him lying nude on his tummy on his bed late that night. I had sat down next to him and caressed his young smooth body until he woke up and turned over. He was already hard and it wasn't long before I whispered to him to be quiet as I simply began stroking his perfect little cock.

I had to do it and now was the time... I undressed, and I remember straddling him and lowering myself on to him all the while lubricating wildly and kissing him passionately. It was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to me, to feel that boycock against my slit and then sliding in to the hilt.

I had enjoyed every moment of it; that cute little boy in his own bed. The feel of his smooth young body and 4 inch boycock sliding into me was a very special feeling. We climaxed as one and I milked every drop of boycum from him before collapsing next to him panting that night.

There were others too after that - probably one a week but somehow I had decided that this could not go on and that the end of my school years would be the end of my crazy and obsessive interest in young boys.

After finishing school I had less opportunity to find young boys and my interests had turned to older guys again, but it was always small boys that haunted my most secret thoughts and fantasies.

I became a nurse, somehow subconsciously thinking that such a profession would enhance my access to young boys if ever I felt the need again. But this was not a conscious decision at the time, it just seemed to be a good thing to do.

At age 24 I fell in love with a young doctor -- if love was the right word -- it just seemed that for the first time I had met someone older that I could talk to and relate to. His name was Peter. He was 30 at the time and very desirable marriage material.

For a while thoughts of boys receded and I became the perfect little wife. But marital bliss was not to last as long working hours kept Peter at the hospital for days on end. My sexual needs were not being met and I began to hear rumours of Peter and other women.

We drifted apart and our marriage became a sexless sham. After 4 years we divorced and I was free again. I had not had a boy other than in fantasy for 10 years but still my thoughts and fantasies strayed often to those teenage years when boys were everything to me.

And then... almost as if pre-determined by fate... temptation struck. One Friday evening, driving out of town for a long weekend away, I spotted a boy hitchhiker and screeched to a stop. Determined not to miss the opportunity for some chitchat with a boy again. The same old feeling of moistening pussy and a slight flush came over me, as he got into the

car. Oh God I had thought, he was just perfect -- around 13 or 14, tight jeans and t- shirt, blond mopy hair, smooth cheeked face and perfect skinny boy body.

He was traveling north for the weekend as well to visit an Aunt. As I chatted with him I knew that I just had to have him and developed a plan. It was only a 5 hour drive -- easily done in an evening but if I could pretend that the car was giving me trouble I could suggest a stop for the night and then...

Not knowing exactly what I was doing I mentioned casually to the boy that the car had been overheating and that I would like to top up the water at the next service station. I told the attendant the same story and of course he simply suggested that I should have it checked properly before driving too far at night.

The boy didn't doubt me at all or hesitate when I suggested that we stop at a motel for the night and that I would take him all the way to where he was going in the morning, after the car had been "repaired."

Of course to "save money" I suggested that we take just one room with two beds and within minutes I was opening the door to a small motel room -- perfect boy in tow... I was 28, he just 14. What was I thinking? it was wrong, but somehow I knew that my old teenage ways were returning and that there was nothing I could do to control my desires. He would be mine that night.

The moment the motel room door closed behind us I simply drew the boy too me and kissed him deeply on the mouth. He responded well, and soon my hands were tearing off his clothes. 10 years had been a long time without a boy.

That night my addiction returned with a vengeance. I then began to seek out boys again, learning pick up methods that never failed. Sometimes visiting certain spots in London where boys plied their trade mainly for Gay men but also for the odd woman.

I had reached a stage where my obsession and lust for boys now controlled me, and short of seeking psychiatric help there was nothing I could do about it, but then I wouldn't want to -- I was having too much fun.

I did temporary work as a nurse to earn a living and have some fun with the occasional boy patient - always being very careful. My most rewarding assignment had been as nurse on that boys summer camp a year ago - but more of that another time...

The plane banked for its landing at Gatwick and I awoke from my semi slumber -- I noticed that the vivid memories of my life had caused a moistening of my pussy... no time to deal with that now though as preparations for the landing were made... back to London and the meeting of my special ladies club next week.

Chapter 5: The Robin Club

My weekend away, over, my thoughts turned to the coming Friday night and my first attendance at our special ladies club -- the "Robin Club," so called because of the connotation to Batman's young Ward - the boy "Robin."

Some months ago I had been invited to join the club under the most mysterious of circumstances. A young 13-year-old boy that I had picked up 3 or 4 times in Soho gave me an old somewhat worn business card and told me to phone the number on it.

Intrigued at the mystery, and having no idea what it was about I phoned the number and spoke to a Mrs. Simmonds who was very guarded at first but on learning where I had got her number suggested that we meet for a quiet cup of tea, at which time she would explain all.

Miss Simmonds was an obviously wealthy gentle lady of about 35 who arrived for our "tea" at a posh inner city hotel in a chauffeur driven Jaguar. She commanded her driver to wait whilst she found me in the reception area and chose a quiet and secluded table in the lounge.

After certain preliminary chitchat she asked me directly about my interest in little boys. I stared at her blankly at which point she said, "Don't worry dear, David has told me all about you and I asked him to give you the card. You do have good taste dear, young David is quite adorable isn't he?"

She went on, "I sometimes use young David as a means of contacting, well, shall we say ladies with special interests, if you know what I mean? He tells me about his female clients, few as they are, and if one appears to be particularly interesting and comes back for more, well then he may give them my card.

She smiled and continued, "I have a proposition for you if you are interested. There exists in England a very rare and exclusive ladies club for women with our peculiar interest. It's designed to cater for and advance our special tastes. If you're interested and assuming that you pass the preliminary entry interviews I would like to offer you membership."

"Of course I was interested," I said immediately. "Nothing would keep me from joining such a club if one existed."

Miss Simmonds immediately smiled and said, "Good, I am very glad that you answered immediately. Any hesitation, or even a request for time to consider our proposal would have resulted in our offer being withdrawn. You see we only want absolute enthusiasts, no doubtful Millie's so to speak."

She continued, "Well, I have to be going. Someone will contact you by telephone shortly

to arrange your interviews, there will be two interviews, and... well... we'll see after that." And with that she wafted out of the lounge, leaving me somewhat stunned and amazed at what I had been told.

Just 3 days later I was summoned to my first interview - by an ordinary member of the club -- Tessa, another tea at short notice. This time in a tearoom close to Trafalgar Square. Nothing about boys, just chitchat about this and that, and my job and living arrangements etc. Clearly her aim was to verify my background and to ensure that everything I had told them was true in every respect.

The second interview a week later was more mysterious -- a darkened living room in a house with a masked lady of indeterminable age, sitting in a chair, in a dark corner. She began by saying, "No non-member, aware of our little club has ever seen my face so until you're accepted I am afraid that I will have to wear this little mask."

Her questions, this time were more direct. She enquired about everything possible regarding my boy preferences. Age preferences, body type, background about my interests, number of boys I'd had, fetishes, etc, etc. I felt as if my life were being torn apart and examined. My desperation to join this unique club however was an overriding consideration and I answered every question to the best of my ability.

Another week passed before I received the call from Mrs. Simmonds that I had longed for. I had been accepted and was invited to attend the next monthly meeting. It would be north of London in the countryside. But as it was my first visit and as trust was still an issue, I would be sent for by car and. If I didn't mind I would also be blindfolded for the duration of the drive. I was told to dress formal. I was also told to pack for a full night away.

On the designated Friday evening, true to their word I was whisked away blindfolded and just a little nervous by chauffer driven car to the secret location North of London. I was told, but in truth it could have been anywhere around London as I had no idea where I was being taken. I was wearing my best black long evening gown with a slit to the hip, and looking stunning, if I may say so myself dear reader.

On arrival at the gate, my blindfold was removed and I observed an old stately manor house in the distance with enormous flowing gardens and of course a circular driveway to the front entrance. I was greeted by a housemaid and politely shown to my room for the night with a statement that I would be summoned for dinner at eight o'clock sharp.

At eight I was escorted by the maid to a large dining room and took my seat along with about ten other ladies who, judging from the table had been there a little longer. I recognised Mrs. Simmonds, who introduced me as "Michelle" and explained that for obvious reasons we did not use our real names at these meetings.

It was certainly a mixed group of what appeared to be wealthy middle-aged ladies

perhaps 30 to 50 years old, although there was one younger lady who I judged to be about 25 and a slightly older Lady as well - perhaps about 60ish.

The chitchat around the table was of the weather and politics and the news and occasionally I would hear a reference to a new boyfriend (in the literal sense of the word) or of some interesting boy related adventure. I fitted in very well and felt very comfortable with my new group of friends.

At least two of the ladies were teachers at exclusive Public boys schools I gathered from their chat, and another lady -- Cynthia, was a matron or something similar at a boys home -- her detailed account of a new 13 year old boy who had been caned for smoking and then taken into her bed within 4 days of arriving had my pussy lubricating instantly.

Dinner was announced and the lights were dimmed as five beautiful young serving boys of about 12 years old or so walked in carrying a lavish spread of meats and salads and vegetables which were placed centrally on the table. The food looked delicious but every eye fixed on the boys and conversation ceased as they carefully placed the dishes on the table.

They were all dressed in identical tight white stretch nylon pants, with white dress shirts, black tuxedo jackets and black bow ties. They looked stunning in the dimmed light, with slim perfect boyish figures shown off to perfection by the outfits. Each one of them had a perfect choirboy face and longish hair - 2 blonds and 2 darker haired boys. They smiled beautifully with gleaming white teeth and exited the room just as gracefully as they had entered.

I for one would have foregone my dinner and taken any one of them back to my room that very instant but the decorum of the occasion dictated that I return my concentration to the dinner at hand. Some of the ladies commented on how wonderful the boys looked that night and what a great night lay ahead for all of us.

Dinner proceeded with the serving boys appearing again every now and then to clear plates and deliver deserts and wines and finally coffee to the table. I did gather an impression that their work was being carefully supervised behind the scenes.

After Dinner Mrs. Simmonds, obviously the host for the evening announced that we should all move to an adjoining room for the start of the evening's proceedings and entertainment.

In the next room we sat on comfortable armchairs as Mrs. Simmonds explained that the first event of the evening would be a special auction. Proceeds of the auction would go to club funds -- used to procure and pay for certain entertainments from time to time. The subject of the auction would be a boy for the night -- not just any boy but a boy especially selected from all the first year high school boys at Morley Public School -- an absolute vision of pleasure and a guaranteed virgin.

The ladies seemed very excited when the lights dimmed and the male auctioneer who I recognised as Mrs. Simmonds' chauffeur entered the room and explained the standard auction rules to all the ladies. The subject of the auction was then brought in and an audible gasp of lust was heard among the ladies.

The boy was the most perfect thing I had ever seen, a 12- year-old huckleberry fin look-alike, with a mop of curly blondish red hair falling over his adorable blue eyes in a long fringe. He was dressed in a specially designed slave boy outfit -- basically a very short white toga that showed off his perfectly proportioned young body and silky smooth thighs to perfection. His oval milky smooth and blemish free face was also a delight to behold.

Without a doubt this pretty young boy should have been born a girl but right now the ladies thanked the lord that he was a boy and that one of them would pluck him at his ripest moment this very night. I imagined that not a single lady did not feel a gush of excitement at the prospect.

I For my part, being the newcomer resolved not to outbid the other ladies that night. The longer established members would resent that, and my membership of the club was still tenuous.

The auction started at just 50 pounds but was soon at 200 and after a lot of babbled excitement was settled at 500. The winner - surprisingly perhaps was Mrs. Winterton - the oldest and wealthiest of the members, someone whispered to me.

She quickly disappeared with her prize and one can only imagine the scene of debauchery in her room that night. I was also told that the boy would be looked after, and well paid for his efforts. Taking good care of the boys and not hurting them was a founder principal of the Robin club. I was also told that all boys present were sworn to secrecy and were transported blindfolded from different locations and schools. No chances of a substantiated leak were taken.

As for the rest of us - well the lights were dimmed again and the music turned up as no less than 14 beautiful and scantily clad boys including the very desirable serving boys seen earlier at dinner entered the room and made themselves available to the ladies.

Most of them were wearing tiny gym shorts and sleeveless t-shirts but some were in tight jeans and of course the serving boys had on their stunning serving costumes of earlier. I selected one of the blond serving boys that I had so admired and before long I was "making out" in a corner with him -- french kissing him and caressing him all over.

He was very responsive and my natural lubrication increased dramatically when his hand found it's way to the long slit in my evening dress and to my panties. I just loved horny and responsive young boys and this one with his cute little boycock straining hard

against those white stretch pants, was certainly irresistible.

I was so horny after the events of the evening thus far that I had to hold back from raping him then and there. Surveying the room I noticed that every lady had at least one boy and some had two to amuse themselves with. Some were slow dancing to the music but most were simply engaged in kissing or caressing their chosen boytoys. An erotic sight as never seen before, as the reader can imagine. The ladies fulfilled there darkest fantasies in "public." Most retired to bed, somewhere around 1 am with their chosen boy lovers in tow.

I too, led my boy back to my room, and continued my own evening of wild and forbidden fun. His name was Sven, he was of Swedish origin, hence the perfect blond features, although he had grown up in England he had told me. Inside my room I took great pleasure in slowly undressing him, firstly the jacket and bow-tie and shirt and then slipping those tight white leggings over his slender hips and then right off to reveal the most perfect young 4 inch boycock standing straight up to full attention and rock solid.

Leaning down I took him into my mouth and enjoyed my most erotic sensation of taking a boycock into my mouth, to the hilt. I stopped when I sensed his coming excitement and went back to french kissing him.

The boy was even more beautiful nude, I thought, and as I slipped my own evening gown off and clothes off, I could not help noticing that my panties were drenched through. Soon the boy was on the bed next to me once again I was enjoying the full length of his satiny smooth body against mine.

I wrapped my legs around one of his and ground my sopping wet pussy against a smooth thigh -- an incredible sensation that had me orgasmic in minutes as I continued to fuck against his boybody.

After a rest and some more gentle caressing I finally drew the boy on to me and guided his little still solid erection into me - I felt his boycock slide inside me and began writhing up and against him, grinding into him and contracting my pussy muscles against his pubescent shaft.

We fucked and kissed and caressed and enjoyed for about 15 minutes before I felt him stiffen and I pumped faster as he released his pent up boycum into me in a solid spurt followed by two or three smaller hot jets which exploded against my inner walls, triggering my own explosive climax in the process. My nails scratched into his back and butt.

As I drew him closer -- if that were possible, and wrapped my legs tighter around his slender body, milking the boy and draining him of his last drops until he could no longer continue to fuck and we collapsed together as my our orgasm subsided to long delirious waves of joy.

Twenty minutes later I touched his soft shaft again -- just lightly with a few fingers. The response was instantaneous as he immediately hardened to rock solid again and responded as I mounted him on top this time and rode him until I exploded against him again.

Rolling off him I took his slick boy column in my mouth once more -- this time toying with him and sucking until his boy nectar exploded against the back of my throat. I swallowed every drop, savouring the taste and devouring the sight of his tiny boy hips right up close against my face. No man in the world could match the sheer joy and pleasure and staying power and recuperation speed of a boy like Sven I thought as we lay together after that.

Never had I been so excited in an evening of such pleasure and I thanked my stars for the chance introduction and acceptance into this very special club. Needless to say I fucked that boy through the night in every way - enjoying his youthful powers of recovery to the fullest.

We fell asleep as dawn came upon the manor house and awoke intertwined at about 11am with the sun streaming through the cracks in the dark curtaining. Another round of perfect boy loving sex followed, during which I practiced the ancient art of boy milking - making him cum hard in my hand within just a minute.

And then alas -- a soft tapping at the door signaled that the perfect night was over and I was to prepare for the return journey which was to depart at midday.

Looking out my window I noticed a number of ladies being collected and driven off by their chauffeurs including the elderly Mrs. Winterton who unless it was my imagination, appeared to be walking in a distinctly bow- legged and strained fashion.

That morning I bid farewell to Sven and once again I was blindfolded and driven to London, but not before being told that I would be contacted shortly about the next monthly meeting of our special club. What new and erotic delights awaited me, I wondered as I returned to my little London apartment...

Chapter 6: Summer Camp

The night away with the Robin Club had been fantastic and I had frigged my self for 3 nights thinking about the wonderful events of that evening and the new delights awaited the select few members of that very exclusive club in the future.

The ladies had told me about other events organised by them over the years and it seemed that they were all very determined to enjoy life and their little special kink to the fullest extent. I had heard about exotic trips to interesting parts of the world in pursuit of

boy pleasures.

I had been told about the charter of a motor yacht in the Med crewed of course by an all boy crew and I had heard of visits to boy brothels in India. These ladies certainly knew how to party and also how to keep the secrets of their 100 year old club - previously known as the "Page" club in Victorian times - an abbreviation for Pageboy, I gathered.

The club promised to be the most amount of fun I had had in years, even surpassing the erotic delights of the previous years "Summer Camp" which had been the highlight of my life, up until the club had come along.

Yes, dear reader that previous summer had also been one to remember. My employment agent who I used for part time assignments had asked whether I would be interested in taking on a six week assignment as nurse at a boys summer camp in France - on one of the French Lakes.

I immediately accepted the position and within days I was briefed by the camps manager. The camp accepted boys from all over Europe but would mainly be for British boys, aged 10 to 15 -- the objective being to improve foreign language skills by combining boys from different countries in Europe. My role was that of Nurse working under supervision of the camp's Lady doctor -- with responsibility for the sick bay -and general health matters.

I was soon on cross channel ferry and connecting train journey to the camp.

The Reader can imagine my excitement at such a prospect, my previous training as a nurse coming in hand (note pun) at last.

On arrival I was given a brief tour by the Doctor and shown my quarters which was really an adjoining room to the little 6 bed sick room. The boys would be arriving the next day and I was to ensure that everything was ready and in working order in the interim -- this included checking on stocks of bandages, plasters, pills and the like and generally ensuring that I knew the ropes.

The assignment looked easy. There wasn't even a boy to look after yet - hopefully that would change. Of course I had to wear a little nurses outfit for my duties and I ensured that it was suitably short and sexy - after all these boys parents were paying good money for attendance at this very exclusive camp and we all had to look the part.

The boys arrived the next day -- all wearing a compulsory camp uniform comprising of very short denim shorts and a white t-shirt with the camps name on the back. They looked stunning in those little skimpy uniforms and my heart missed more than a beat as I watched their arrival and routine assignment to their "teams" and bungalows by the camp councilors.

In the afternoon everybody including all the boys attended a formal introduction meeting

and of course being staff, I was introduced as the camp nurse. More than one or two of the boys wolf whistled at seeing me in my little outfit and I immediately knew that this would be a summer to remember.

It wasn't long before I had my first case - at swimming, a boy had fallen into the lake and hit his head on a log in the process - one of the camp councilors carried him up to the infirmary and I immediately set about tending to him. About 13, blond and still in his Speedo we lay him on a bed and I looked at his head.

Besides a small cut, easily cleaned and dressed, he was fine, but for good measure I thought it best if he stayed over night. The councilor left me alone with the boy and I decided that the first thing to do was to get him out of his wet costume and in to some nightclothes.

I told him to lift his hips and gently slipped the wet Speedo off. I gasped at the beauty of the now naked boy on the bed and told him to relax as I wanted to just wash the lake water off him and dress him again. The reader can imagine my own excitement as I gently sponged him down leaving his thighs and groin to last. His silky smooth thighs especially the very sensitive inner part were a delight indeed and soon my motions stirred his boyhood to rise just ever so slightly - as could be expected.

Finally my hand brushed his little 4-incher and it hardened even more as I began to softly soap the boy around the area of his little cock. For my own part - I was wet and shaking just a bit at the excitement. And then slowly I moved to wash his boycock thrilling in the obviously embarrassed but very excited look on his young blemish free boy face.

I switched almost unnoticed from washing to frigging the boy and told him to lay still as my skilled fingers took him in hand and quickened the pace on his erect and solid little piece of pure boy. I indicated to him to relax and enjoy it as I continued milking this young perfect boy.

And then minutes later, he arched his back and shot the first jet of cum onto his flat smooth tummy... and then another. Not wanting to waste that pure boycum I gently bent down and licked it off flesh. Mmmmm so smooth and milky, just like find wine.

I dressed the boy and I got back to my chores around the infirmary, which needless to add dear reader included a solitary session in the bathroom reliving the events of the day. Later that night I told my boy patient to go to sleep and that he could rejoin his buddies in the morning, and that I would be in the adjoining room if he needed anything.

At about midnight he came to me -- encouraged by the events of earlier no doubt, and still a little nervous, he just opened my door and stood by the bed until I moved up a bit and motioned to him to climb in beside me -- and he slid his warm smooth boy body into my bed.

I immediately french kissed those cherry boy lips and at the same time undressed him fully. I slept nude in the summer and the feeling of that naked youngster against my body under the light blanket started my pussy juicing as I held him close and intertwined my long legs with his silky smooth boy legs. I felt his little erection grow once more against my thigh.

I moved him over and on top of me and continued to french kiss him as I moved him into position - boycock just at the entrance to my lubricating boy hungry pussy. And then I guided him in - right to the hilt! He was just 4 inches long but he was solid like an iron rod as he started moving naturally and rhythmically against me.

My hand on his tiny boy butt now as we fucked each other -- on and on, until once again he exploded -- this time inside me and my own delayed climax screeched for release as our juices met and boiled over to exquisite orgasm.

Through the night we mated -- woman and boy -- until the first crack of dawn brought sense and caution rushing back and I lay him back in his own bed. Even if no other boy became available over the next few weeks I would still feel very satisfied by that first night and I could always have this perfect boy again if my need became too great.

Thank heavens that he had come to me, that way he would feel that he had initiated the actual sex and would hopefully be more inclined to keep the secret on pain of discovery and expulsion. I could simply deny it all.

Two days later 2 more boys of just 11 who had nearly killed each other in a fight were both brought to the infirmary for treatment. On questioning them they admitted to actually being best friends but they had simply had a fight about a boat and whose turn it was to row.

They were both gorgeous little boys and looked simply adorable in their tiny tattered shorts and torn T-shirts. Once again I cleaned them up and once again I bathed them -- this time in the bath together.

Within seconds they had little erections and with two boys I decided to limit my ministrations to just a few seconds of frigging each little stiff cock and then I dried them and sent them to bed. One of them had a swollen finger from the fight and I thought that the finger needed watching in case it was broken.

I looked in on them later that night only to discover that they had joined each other in the same bed and were in fact frigging each other under the blankets. Boys will be boys I thought and I simply told them that it would be much more fun if I were to do that for them instead.

Within minutes I was frigging both boys until 2 jets of pure boycum - just a gush each, sprayed the air. They slept soundly after that.

The reader will surely understand if I skip through all the many events of those 6 weeks at summer camp, other than to record that by the end of camp my score was something like this. 14 different boys had been manually or orally masturbated to orgasm. Many on more than on one occasion, and 9 boys had lost their virginity to me.

For my own part it was truly a record as well -- never before had so many boys passed through my hands, so to speak, over such a short period of time and never before had I had so many boy inspired orgasms so close together.

Ah yes dear reader I was truly a boy-craving slut in the most truest sense of the word. Never before and never again would the boys of "Camp French" be so well treated by their camp nurse.

Of course, word of my ministrations to the boys eventually spread throughout the camp and I decided to cut my tour of nurse duty down to just 4 weeks in the end, as my superiors were somewhat suspicious of the rumours in the camp.

Life goes on and so it is that this tale of the complete debauchery of one woman must end. Linda - continues to enjoy the delights of her special interest in and around London. Word is that she was voted President of the Robin Club for 3-years running. Recently, the word is that branches of the Robin Club can now be found throughout the world with frequent visits between members.

The End

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