



Female Predator: Her Hunger for Boys

1110-P-1 Soft as Wax, 1969 by Byron Lord

Though Rosalind employs every feminine artifice, she is not an attractive woman. At five foot nine and fifty-seven years old, her skin is leathery and pocked and her body is angular and bony. In the tight skirts she habitually wears, her legs look extremely thin, her hips and buttocks quite flat, and her waist too thick. Her prominent breasts are obviously padded. Her lank brown hair is usually put up in an old ladies' style bun. Her jaw is very firm and deeply cleft, her nose slightly crooked, and faint scars mar her forehead.

Still she boasts of having all the sex any woman could want with cute young males that any woman could ever dream of having. However, her sexual needs can only be satisfied by the very young. She says, "They're easy to find, especially now with so many kids hitchhiking and hanging out at the malls. I have three boys right now, each different, and each exciting as hell in a different way."

"How did you meet them?"

"One was hitchhiking. Another at the bus station. However, my latest triumph is sweet little Donnie. I met him by chance when I was downtown shopping on a Saturday. He's a little doll. Just fifteen and he likes everything I've shown him."

"Just how did you manage to meet Donnie?" I asked.

Rosalind laughed her course laugh and said, "Shoplifting, he was shoplifting at the mall. I went up and grabbed him by the arm just after he'd swiped a pair of girls' panties. Really scared the hell out of him. I didn't say a word. I just took him to my car. By the time, we got there, he was bawling. He thought I was a store cop. I got his name and address and then told him I wasn't a cop, but I could sure as hell turn him in if he didn't do everything I said. Then I took him to my place and proceeded to straighten him out ... my way."

"And how was that, Rosalind?" Marsha asked.

"I scolded him most of the way home, threatened to tell his folks what he'd done, and once we were here, I asked him why a boy like him swiped a lacy pair of girls' pink nylon panties. He said he didn't know, and I said, 'Bullshit, you're a queer.' He got upset when I said that, but I bitch slapped him upside his face and really made him cry. Then I made him take his clothes off and put on the panties. He was one sorry kid about that time, and that was when I started going soft on him."

"What do you mean by going soft, Rosalind?"

"I became sympathetic toward him."

"I find with kids that if you switch back and forth from being mean and being nice, they get so confused they'll do just about anything you want. I sat him on my lap and told him I wouldn't tell on him if he'd be a good boy and promise to mind me and never steal again. While I was doing that, I had my hand moving on his lap, smoothing the soft panties over his childish dick, and he got a nice little hard-on. I acted as if I was surprised, shocked at how big he was, and I told him it sure proved he wasn't a fairy but that he did have a problem. I told him he was a sexual pervert, a sissy panty boy, but I also told him I could help him. I brought out a little girls' pink party dress along with all the accessories -- a full bouffant slip, knee socks, and ruby Mary Janes. I have a nice stock of little girl dresses and accessories in an assortment of sizes because I love dressing boys like girls.

"Usually, I have to work a lot of my sexual magic on a boy to get him into the girly clothes, but since I had caught Donnie stealing panties, I knew he would be easy, and he was. He was awestruck seeing these items and even more amazed when I told him I was going to put them on him. He was slow to undress but did not resist until I had the sorry little, shame-faced boy in the full party dress outfit. I put him on my lap and had my hand up the dress as I attacked his penis again within his nylon panties. All the while, I kept calling him a sissy and telling him that his hard penis told me he liked what I was doing to him. He was both lightly crying and excitedly breathing and moaning.

"I played with his pink pantied dick and had him squirming and giggling, half-scared and half-loving it. I was getting hot, too. I get excited quickly when I have a new boy. I kept playing with his cock while I told him how pretty he was for a boy and how pretty the fancy dress and silky panties looked on him. Soon, he was gulping for air like a fish out of water.

"I kept it up until Donnie creamed his new panties, and then I screamed like hell at him for his lack of control, but I also laughed like hell at him and teased him for being a sissy. He said he couldn't help it, but I didn't let up until he was bawling again. His dick juice had shot right through his panties. His dress and slip had been up and out of the way, but a couple of big globs of his slim did shoot up in the air and landed on my blouse right over my breasts. I made him lick his cum off my tits. I knew he liked kissing and handling my breasts but I could tell by the expression on his face that he was close to vomiting while sucking up his cum. Then I had him take off his wet panties and put them into his mouth to suck them clean. I then got some tissues and cleaned him off his body under the dress.

"I purposely didn't wash his body because I love the smell of boy cum mixed with the hot sexual sweat on a kid's body. To me, it's intoxicating! Then, I led him over to my special chest of drawers packed with all my boy-girl lingerie and made him pick out a fresh pair of panties to put on. I knew everything was going great when the kid picked out one of the fanciest and most girlish pairs I have, a purple and pink pair of panties with white lace on the sides and around the legs. Those cute panties would make a princess blush!

"Once he had thoroughly sucked all his cum out of the wet panties, I slowed things down. With him a ball of feminized confusion, I sat him next to me on the couch and we talked. I found out he'd never made it with a girl before. Hell, he'd hardly even necked with one.

"So I taught him how to neck. I mean, I really gave him some lessons. I kissed him all over and soon he was more excited than ever, ready to pump cum again and ready to do anything I wanted. I said I'd show him something really nice if he'd undress me carefully, and the little brat was all over me then, unzipping me and unbuttoning me till I was down to my pale yellow panties, matching bra and garter belt and tan hose."

"Why didn't you undress all the way?" asked Marsha.

"Because lingerie turns him on. Anyway, I taught him how to go down on me, and then we did sixty-nine. I'm telling you, I really went ape, even though he wasn't very good at it, I took my time and taught him right. Now, he's a cuntlapping pro."

"Do you let Donnie fuck you, too?"

"At times, but only after I dress him in lingerie and make fun of him. You'd be surprised how many kids are turned on that way. I call him my little lesbian boy. At any time I choose, he's ready to drop whatever he is doing and come over here to fuck or suck me -- or both! However, presently, I limit him to a couple of times a week. After school twice a week and on Saturdays at 2 o'clock, he waits for me by the underpass on Delaney. I have him wait for half an hour, and if I'm in the mood, I pick him up. If not, he waits and then goes home."

"You treat him like dirt," Marsha said rather hotly.

"Yes, and he comes back for more. Hell, I'm doing him a favor. I'm teaching him about sex. I'm teaching him a hell of a lot more about it than his little Linda is. That's his girl. He's still going with her, but I have plans for her. Otherwise, it won't last much longer between Donnie and me."

"Getting tired of him?"

"That's right. I need some new blood. I've tried to get him to bring his Linda up here, but . . ."

"What?" said Marsha. "You so girls too?"

"Sure. Why not? Every now and then, it's a kick. Oh, I'm not a lesbo or anything, but it's kicky having a cute, little training bra and pantied chick running around here with my girlie boys. Most girls dig it and quickly learn. My other two boys now bring their girls up -- well, one is the boy's girlfriend. He's sixteen and she's fourteen. The other boy is fourteen and he doesn't have a girlfriend but he brings his kid sister along. The little

bitch is just eleven but what a sexual animal she is! She loves the boys dressing up like girls; she's a natural dominatrix -- and she can't get enough of any of the boys or me eating her sweet hairless pussy."

"But Donnie won't bring his girl up here?"

Rosalind shrugged and said, "At least not yet. I told him about the parties, but I told him he has to deliver Linda to me first. He said he did take my advice and let her see he was wearing a pair of pink panties one day. She thought it was weird but didn't run -- that's a good sign. As I had instructed him, he told her he wore them because they were girlishly sweet and reminded him of her. He then asked her for a pair of her best panties to wear and she gave him a plain white pair with just a bit of lace -- that's another good sign, but I can't wait forever. If it does work, I know exactly what I'll do.

"My most experienced boy is Jay. He knows a set of twelve-year-old twins at his school that are lesbian sisters. They have been to two of my parties and really like sissy boys. Usually, I like them more innocent, but these girls are cute, and before I dump Donnie, I'm going to have a real party with them and Donnie if I can get Linda here. Eddie and his girlfriend will be here too. It will really swing. Porn movies, picture taking, booze, and tons of great perverted sex."

Marsha was outraged. "I can't believe you're having sex with all these kids. It's wrong robbing them of their childhood."

Frowning, Rosalind said, "What's the matter. I know you're wild, what's wrong with having fun with a few kids -- they want it as much as I do! But with your past fucking animals on your farm with that pervert you use to hang with, I don't need any lectures from you."

"OK, sorry; I will keep my moralizing to myself. But you seducing kids is weird. How long have you been doing it?"

"Ever since my husband died six years ago. He was kinky and got me into doing kids with kids he coached in his gymnastics classes -- mostly girls, but some sweet sissy boys too -- my husband loved a pink pantied boy's ass as much as a girls' sweet little tush. Not counting them, I've made it with sixteen boys and nine girls, all of them under age eighteen, and all of them but two were virgins when I started on them. And I picked them all very carefully. They all loved it, and all of them were perfect at keeping it a secret.

"So, Marsha, would you like to drop by a week from Sunday. I'm going to have one of my orgies and I hope to have Donnie and Linda here, too. Otherwise, I might drop him and start looking for another new boy I can feminize and sex up."

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