

Letters

from

the

Pedophiles

Introduction

This book is a collection of some letters, posts, and comments we have gathered from pedophiles in different places over the web. Some of them have come from our personal interactions with pedophiles, and others have been gathered through pro-pedophilia web-sites or private chats.

In this book, you will find everything from personal biographies, to descriptions of pedophiles interacting with children. We have tried to include a variety of all types of pedophiles and responses, to help you get the full scope of the problem. Every post in this book will vary slightly from one another, as no two pedophiles are exactly alike. While some are very callous and brazen about their acts, most others you will probably find do not fit the 'societal mold' of a pedophile in the least bit. We hope that by reading this book, you will begin to understand....

- A) Anyone you know could possibly have pedophile urges.
- B) There is no way to spot a pedophile, as none fit a mold or behave the same way as is commonly believed
- C) Your child is likely to be in contact with a pedophile at some point in their life
- D) The realities of how pedophiles view themselves and their actions.
- E) That there are probably well meaning pedophiles all around you, who, may be wonderful people, but under the right circumstance, can lose control of their urges and do something they shouldn't.

These letters are not in any particular order, they are randomly gathered and entered into this book. They are not edited in any way, other than to delete names, so beware, they do contain in many situations quite graphic content. We do not hope to make you paranoid, but rather to emphasize the need to protect your child. The good news is, **our prevention programs defeat every molester in this book....**so long as you take the time. There is no reason to live in fear, just a reason to prioritize abuse prevention.

Terminology

To help you better understand these letters, we've included some quick terminology for you, so you can decipher what is being said.

Pedophile:

Pedophile, in its **correct** usage, is a person who takes a sexual interest in children. It does not imply action in any way. Throughout these letters, you will hear people use pedophile in its correct terminology, meaning sexual interest, without action.

Molester:

Molester is a person who acts on their impulses, and engages in sexual relations with a child. However, most pedophiles do not consider themselves a molester even upon acting. They will use other terms.

GL

Abbreviation for 'girl lover'. Sometimes lgl will be used, 'little girl lover'. The term many pedophiles use for their attraction.

BL

Obviously, the opposite of girl lover, 'boy lover'

AOA

Abbreviateion for "age of attraction", meaning which age a pedophile has the most attraction to.

YF

Short for "Young Friend". A term pedophiles use to refer to children they become close to. Often times describes a sexual relationship.

AF

Short for 'Adult Friend'. Once again, often times imply's a sexual relationship.

Letter

A letter received from a pedophile. This particular letter is a good illustration of a few things: The split and battling consciousness of a pedophile, and the fact that sometimes normal childhood affection, or childhood crushes, is often mistaken for sexual desires or come on's by a pedophile.

The word child evokes many different thoughts in people's minds: Innocent, naive, carefree, fun, energetic, happy, adventurous... but one word that most people never associate with children is sexual. I was one of these people; that is, until one wonderful little girl showed me a universe that I never knew existed. In fact, it was unthinkable that it could exist.

I was 25 years old and had just moved back to my home state after being away doing graduate work at a university in another state. I was not a pedophile, and like most people I thought a pedophile was someone who had sex with little kids. When I left for graduate school my two little cousins Kim and Tess were both around 2 years old, on my return they were now both just over 5 years old and I was re-introduced into their lives. I live only 15 minutes away from my cousins, so I saw them a lot, and that first summer I was back was quite a memorable one for me. I did not have to teach until the fall, so I had the whole summer to spend with my family and friends and I spent many a day getting to know my two wonderful cousins. Little did I know my life was going to change in a way I could never have conceived.

One hot day in July I was watching both Kim and Tess, and we were in the yard. Both girls wanted to go for a swim in their plastic inflatable pool, and asked me to take them inside and help them put on their bathing suits. As soon as we were inside, they both just threw off their clothes and ran over to me naked so I could get them into the bathing suits. I was just amazed at how uninhibited they were... and I was actually a little embarrassed, but I'm not sure why... I guess they just caught me off guard. I helped them get their bathing suits on, which was quite a struggle, since they were very tight. While helping Kim I could not help but notice she was staring at me very intently. Why was she looking at me that way? We went out to the yard again and the girls went to play in the inflatable pool. It was actually big enough to hold a few adults and the girls wanted me to come in and play with them, but I didn't want to get wet, so I just told them that I wanted to watch them play... and I did. It was so peaceful just watching these two young ladies playing and splashing around. I could never have guessed what was about to happen.

Kim got out of the pool and said she was getting cold. So, I held out a big towel and wrapped it around my arms and my arms around her and gave her a hug as I dried her off. She then turned around to watch Tess still playing around and she leaned back into me and asked me to hold her. I never felt anything like that in my life. All I kept thinking was that this is what it is like to have a daughter and it is the most amazing feeling I have ever felt. I held her closer, and kissed her on the top of her head. She turned and looked at me with her beautiful brown eyes and crawled onto my leg. She put her arms around my neck and she was staring at me very intensely. I will confess that I felt uncomfortable and it was a little awkward. It looked like she wanted to kiss me! All of a sudden I felt like she was about to slip off my leg, and then she wasn't, then she slid down a little again and back... I didn't understand what she was doing at first, but after a few seconds it became very clear to me that she was humping my leg. I kept thinking "Why is she doing this? Don't look at her, just pretend it's not happening...". I tried very hard not to look at her, but with her arms around my neck and her piercing stare it was hard to ignore her. She was grinding herself really hard on my leg and going back and forth pretty fast, breathing a little heavy. I knew what she was doing, and it was not easy to admit to myself. I just sat there, trying to watch Tess, who was still blissfully splashing around. After about 3 of the longest minutes of my life, Kim seems to stop, well, she started to grind back and forth much slower and then just removed her arms from my neck and slid off my leg. I was very shaken up by that experience, but it was nothing compared to what would come next.

It was almost time for lunch and I had to cook for the girls, so I went in to get hot dogs to grill on the BBQ. While we were eating Kim was looking at me and smiling... it was quite beautiful and it made me realize how amazing she is. After we ate the girls wanted to go inside and watch one of their DVD kid-movies. So, we went in and I put the movie on. Kim and Tess sat on the floor and I sat on the couch. Literally after about 5 minutes, Kim got up and came to sit with me. She moved my leg and sat right on my lap... I shifted back, so she was not directly on my... crotch. She leaned back, so her head was on my chest and I put my arms around her. I don't ever remember feeling so peaceful and relaxed. We sat like this for a while and since I was not into the movie, I was starting to get a little sleepy. Then Kim moved, she turned around and faced me, but this time pushed herself so

that she was sitting right on my crotch area. She kept touching my face while looking at me. She leaned closer to me and I gave her a little baby kiss. I don't know why, she just seemed to want me to kiss her. She smiled big and I felt her starting to grind her hips into me. "Not again!" I thought. This time it was a major problem for me, because she was grinding herself directly on my crotch and I actually felt myself getting a little aroused by it and I freaked out big time. I felt myself panicking, I did not know what to do. There were a million thoughts running through my mind: should I stop her, should I tell her to stop, should I just move her? I did not want to upset her, but I just could not let her keep grinding on me like this, so I put my arms around her and picked her up and placed her next to me and told her that I had to run to the bathroom. She smiled and said ok... and went back to watching the movie like nothing had happened.

I was scared to leave the bathroom. I was trembling. I did not know what to do about this. I was looking at myself in the mirror, my heart was pounding so hard, I felt like it might explode. I tried with all my might to pretend that it was not what I thought it was, but I could not fool myself. Those eyes. Those deep penetrating stares into my eyes. Those tiny hands gently stroking my face. Her grinding herself right on my crotch. She was, in her own way, "coming on to me". It was unimaginable, but I could not deny what she did and how she did it to me. I did not have time for more introspection or soul searching, Kim was knocking on the door telling me to hurry up. I flushed the toilet to make her think I had just finished and I opened the door. "You didn't wash your hands" she said smiling. I smiled back, and washed my hands thinking "I will never underestimate the intelligence and perceptiveness of a child again... especially not this one." - Unfortunately Kim would disprove that statement very soon.

I sat on the floor in the living room, between the two girls watching the rest of the movie. I was still trembling inside. I kept trying to drown out the voice in my head that was saying "she was being sexual with you". NO! Little girls are not sexual like that. I kept repeating it over and over in an effort to convince myself... only it was not working. What Kim had done to me had left little doubt what she was feeling. But this was only the beginning, what would happen over the following weeks of summer would change me forever. I could never have prepared myself or imagined how powerful these feelings could be in a little girl, but Kim was going to show me...

Four years on, my little cousin (now 9) is still trying to seduce me. I used to babysit for her a lot and she still begs her parents to get me to come over and watch her. The problem is that she has gotten so sexually forward with me, I cannot be alone with her. That is a FACT... I KNOW I cannot be alone with her. She knows how I feel about her and she does try to get me to play with her alone when I am over. I have been refusing her for several months and now my family is getting pissed at me. They invite me over for dinner, they ask me to babysit her and I keep blowing them off. I CANNOT be alone with her or I WILL do something. I am not nearly STUPID enough to think I won't give into her. THIS IS FUCKING HELL!!! I love my cousin with all my heart and soul. You have no idea how amazing this girl is, but she has made it clear that she thinks of me as a "kinda boyfriend"... whatever that is.

She has been touching herself for quite a while as I understand it, and she is good at keeping her parents in the dark, and she has told me that she likes to rub herself on me and admitted she has been trying to "do stuff" with me. They have NO clue that she does this, and they have no clue that she wants to do stuff with me. They really are living in denial. They watch her hit on me all the time and they don't get it, but I think they just don't WANT to get it. They really can't handle the reality of it. Hell, I could not handle it when she was younger and I first realized what she was doing. I had no idea a little girl could feel that way and be so sexual toward another person... but believe me, when it happens to you there is NO doubt. It's too damn powerful to ignore.

I have TRIED to explain to her that there is nothing wrong with her feelings, but we could both get in trouble. I have told her that I would go to jail, and that her parents would never let her see me again. I thought this might scare her into stopping and not hurt her feelings. It didn't, and I think the reason is that she does not believe she will get caught... she has her parents totally fooled and wrapped around her finger. She really believes no one will ever find out. I think that she also does not believe they will put me in jail. I think a lot of kids that age see jail as a place where "bad" people go. People who kill or steal or hurt others, so when I tell her I will go to jail, she probably does not believe it... she may be very bright and all, but she does not understand the nature of the US "justice" system.

The problem is that she hears me say it OK to have feelings like that, but that we cannot act on them. Yet she always smiles at me and says OK... and then tries again 10 minutes later. She KNOWS I love her and that I want

her. It's almost like I am sending her mixed signals. She knows I look at her different. She knows I love her perfect little feet. She makes me give her foot rubs whenever I come over and she is ALWAYS barefoot when I'm around. She has caught me looking at her so many times and so when I tell her NO... she just does not hear it or believe it. I keep telling her NO, but I send her body signals that I want her to keep trying. I also do not react like I dislike it. I do not violently push her away because that WOULD upset her. That is what betrays me. She hears my words, but she sees that deep down I like it.

What you have to realize is that it was never this bad. When she was 5 and 6 I could EASILY distract her from what she was doing. But as she has gotten older, she no longer lets me. I still believe that she does not REALLY know what she wants, just that she wants to do things with me that involve lots of touching and kissing. She is a lot more focused now. It really scared the hell out of me how seductive she is, hell, it scared me when she was 5!!! I'm also scared that it's my fault.

As it's gotten harder and harder for me to resist it, I began to talk to people I trust... and I have kind of reached an "equilibrium" for now... I just don't go over as often and I do not let her play with me alone. But that is not going to work forever, it is also hurting my relationship with my family and it upsets her and me. Eventually I will have to deal with it one way or the other... but like I told some people: I will NEVER cross that line. I CANNOT cross that line. Once you do THAT with a little girl—you can never, ever go back. I would not be the same after it, how could I be? And if I gave into her once, do you think that would be it? Do you think she would not want to do it again and again? I cannot have THAT type of relationship with a little girl, no matter how bad I want to, no matter how bad she may want to. None of us can have that—not now, not here. I just have to find other ways to show her my love and try NOT to hurt her OR give into her in a moment of weakness. THAT is my great fear. She KNOWS I want to, even though I resist, and I am scared I do not have the strength of character to fend her off.

I have asked myself over and over again why I should feel guilt over something I have no say in. I can't HELP but adore her... or find her sexually desirable... and yet... here I am feeling like a monster. I have had a hard time handling who I am. I have often played the dangerous game of hating myself. I have never felt such a high level of disgust with myself like I do now. I have sometimes thought the negative feelings would go away, but they've gotten worse.

I am scared. I am scared of how easily she is taken with me and how fast we have bonded. The hugs and little kisses... they fills me with warmth and love, but sometimes I get so aroused by it and that's when the shame kicks in. I KNOW in my MIND that I should not feel badly about these feelings, but I can't make my HEART stop feeling guilty!

Little girls are our greatest blessing AND our greatest curse. I do NOT want to stop seeing her. So what the hell do I do? Just play like nothing is going on and then jerk off or fuck my girlfriend later thinking about what I wish I could do with her? What the hell kind of life is that? I do NOT like to fantasize like that when I am with my girlfriend...

I love my girlfriend and we have a great sex life, but when my little cousin tries her little "stuff" on me it makes me crazy and miserable... but it's also moot. I cannot legally do a damn thing with her and so I don't. Instead I just keep doing what I've always done, be with my girlfriend. I am lucky that my girlfriend does not really interfere with our relationship. I discovered my feelings for little girls with my girlfriend there every step of the way, so she knew that I was starting to realize I had those feelings and thus it is not a shock to her.

But what the hell should I do? What would YOU do? What would you do if you suddenly felt like you were a bad, evil person and hated who you were and how you felt about little girls What would you do if you had a little 9 yr old you were totally in love with and hot for who was trying to seduce you every time you saw her? what would you do if your family was pissed at you for not spending a lot of time with them anymore for no apparent reason? How would you handle it?

How would you stop yourself from feeling an intense hatred of yourself when you look in the mirror? How would you make yourself stop thinking "you're bad, you're bad...it's just a matter of time you pervert, it's gonna happen...". How do you turn it all off?

Ultimately, even though I know she would not be harmed by it... I do not think I can ever do anything sexual with her. I think the guilt of it would kill me, even though I KNOW she would enjoy it more than anything. I'm gonna have to find a way to be around her more and NOT let her get me alone... but the odds are the more I am over there, the more likely she is to get me alone at some point. I have tried masturbating before I go, and believe me,

it does not help one damn bit. You take a 9 yr old girl who you are totally hot for and have her sit in your lap and grind on you while staring into your eyes inches from your face and tell me that jerking off before is gonna help...! Well, I have to come up with a way to not hurt her. I need to make sure she understands that I love her so much I would literally die for her, but that I cannot let her keep this up.
—Claude XXXXXX.

Letter

Just another letter to a pro pedophile website, illustrating the mindset of your average molester.

I have struggled with my desires for the longest time and have lived a very lonely life because of who I am and the desires that I have had all my life. It is not something that I choose to be or have this attraction. I am a pedophile and have been since I was a baby and nursing with my mom. Of course I didn't know I was a pedophile way back then, heck I didn't know I was a pedophile until like in high school when I was hanging around younger kids and doing things with younger kids than myself. Instead of doing the typical high school activities with friends after high school during the day I would help babysit at a friends house that was a female and I would change diapers and do everything that a babysitter would do, but it was strange to other people because I was a boy and I was doing these things. Society is so stuck on only girls being able to have those roles in society, so once they see a boy changing a young baby girls diaper they assume the worst. I just felt like I related better to young girls and boys than I did with teens my age or even adults. My friends in high school were into getting into trouble, drinking and all that but I had no desire to do that. I would rather go have fun at a kids birthday party or be involved in my sisiters or brothers slumber party. I loved being that great older brother that looked out for my siblings as best as I could.

When I got into my senior year of high school for some odd reason I looked up the word pedophile and that fit me perfect. I was exactly that definition, I had an attraction for children and I was shocked that they actually had a definition for those feelings. I heard about child molesters and all that but never saw myself as that, I didn't want to hurt children, I wanted to have a genuine love and affection for children. If sex came down the road between us cool but it wasn't something that was needed or had to go on and I didn't want to ruin there child hood or have them hate me down the road. I wanted to be there friend and someone that they could look up to and respect as well as me having the same feelings about them. Though society seems to be stuck in a place if an adult male other than the childs male family members are suspected of abusing the child and mistreating them, which sucks because not all people that are attracted to young children are abusing them or sexually molesting them. I got angry when people looked at me as a child molester simply because I was close to children, even though it wasn't sexual. People don't realize that you can be close and intimate with a child without being sexual. Cuddling with a sweet child is so nice, either clothed or nude, its great to share that love and affection with a child that is more than willing to be there and understand your affection.

As time went on I started to feel less guilt about my desires and happy with the fact that I was a pedophile and could have these feelings for a child, different than other so called normal people could. If you have sexual fantasies about a child you are destined to eventually molest a child which I think is complete bs. Society has a really screwed up view on pedophiles and no matter how hard we try and convince people that we are not monsters they continue to think that we are and don't care how much we explain or try and explain why we are like this, they want nothing to do with it. I saw in someone elses post on Face of Pedophila that people are scared and I think that hits the nail on the head. People are scared to know that some pedophiles can have a loving and consensual relationship with a chidl where its not dangerous to the child. I honestly feel that any child over the age of 3 or 4 can consent to sexual contact because they do know what feels good and what doesn't and to say that a child does not is just plain stupid. If a kid falls down on a street someplace and starts to cry, they are hurt and you can tell that they are by them crying. So society views that children cannot give consent is complete bs, they should wake up to the reality that children are smarter than some of us give them credit for.

I am attracted to children from the age of toddlers to children that are very close to adulthood, both girls and boys. I not attracted to adults in anyway and find that I am more down to earth and relaxed when I am around young children. When I am with adults and interact with them I feel like I have to be someone else that I am not and put on a show to fit in. Yeah I hang around adults alot and hiding my pedophile feelings is extremely hard because my friends at work will try and hook me up with people at work or there friends and so I will have to act like I

am interested in that adult. Though sometimes the person they set me up will have a daughter or son and i will connect with them faster than I connect with the parent. So I have this repuation of being gifted with children and extremely good with kids. I think even if I wasn't a pedophile I would be good with kids and actually feel that by me being a pedophile it has nothing to do with my interactions with children. I just am very good with them. I have had young friends over the course of my life and have found the reallationship to be extrememly great.

People think that an adult should never be close to a child because that person could eventually abuse that child or do some harm. But as pedophiles we treat young children 100 percent better than some parents and we spend lots of attention on them. Though society thinks that we spend all that time with kids because they think that we are grooming them to eventually molest them which is not true. We just want to bond with a child and be there friends and thats all but society gives us that reputation as being evil monsters.

I am proud to be a pedophile and to enjoy the company of children 100%, I would never change the way that I am for anyone or anybody. I love the fact that I can get goose bumps when I am cuddling with a child in bed or have a cute kid on my lap at the movies or where ever else. I just feel a real connection with kids and think there is nothing wrong with an adult having a mutual relationship with a child. Anyways I just love your site and hope that you can post this someplace and I hope to write in again and express how I feel. People that are pedophiles have nothing to be ashamed of and I think that some day a good percentage will get over there hang ups and know that we are not evil at all and that we are very loving people. Thanks

Dwayne

About Sodomy?

As stated in our abuse prevention books, many psychologists coin the phrase that “Every molester is a former victim.” While we do not go to that extreme, we do still beleive that anywhere from 30-60 percent of molesters have been sexually abused themselves as children. This feat helps to illustrate the fact that pedophilia is more likely a strong psychological condition, imposed from events in a persons life that has molded their sexuality. This thread was posted by a pedophile in a ‘boylove’ forumn. We have included [anyone](#) who responded to the original question, so that you can get an idea of both those who were and those who werent sexually abused as children.

Original poster

I was wondering if anyone here was sodomized when they were growing up and what effect it had on your life and attitude toward sex?

I was as a pre-teen and growing up and I diidn't like it one bit and have never seen the purpose or good of it and wouldn't wish it on anyone.

Reply

nope, never have, had a lot of problems as a kid but that was not one of them

Reply

I kind of was coerced into having that type of sex as a pre-teen. I mean that I was asked first if I wanted to do it.....

Now I dont know how this all played out with attitude toward sex.....I enjoyed sex very much....and still do when I get it....

The definition of sodomy is an important factor here. The media tends to use the word alot when referring to rape cases or cases of unwanted sex...but according to Webster's they do not make such an inference.....

Maybe you should re-phrase your question as if anyone has been raped or molested....which I tend to think is what you really mean....

Reply

Nope.

Reply

yes @ 11 or 12.mixed feelings about it.details later.

Reply

Yes. But I must agree with Kind as to the definition of sodomy as being an important factor.

Mine was willing. I was 12, he was 16 and I must admit there were no regrets and still none to this day.

Reply

I was not, but I was really hoping to...I can't really explain that completely, but I fantasized a lot as a boy, pre-teen and into my teens - hell, into adulthood - about back door sex! Had anyone I was interested in asked, I would have been very willing. I resorted to ridiculous attempts with various objects...a coke bottle comes to mind...

'nuf of THAT, for now!

Reply

nope.

Reply

I never have it with another man or kid.

In hospital a doctor did "penetration" in this place of my body, and it was uncomfortable for 9 yo boy when other doctors saw that also.

In private I liked to touch, not put fingers inside in my childhood, but no often.

Now I prefer sex with girls (women).

See my YF or others boys nude and play with them is enough for me.

I enjoy this without any sexual reason, just for fun I never had as a child.

Hugs, Manni.

Reply

When I was 13, I made a friendship with an older guy, an adult, once he invited me to have fun with him, I refused, was affraid and never saw him again. Perhaps that wouldn't be so bad. The souvenir remain in me with mixed feelings. I had sexual relations with a boy of my age at 14 but that is another story. Alberto

Reply

You asked about Sodomy. Now do you mean the legal definition of sodomy which in most places constitutes any sexual act outside of the missionary position between a male and a female.

Or are you asking have we been raped.

Rape is any unwanted sexual contact.

Now myself,

I have been raped, sodomized, and molested.

In the eyes of the law, I have comitted sodomy.

It just don't matter.

Reply

Sodomy is really a matter of physics. When you're young and thereby rather small in comparison with older people, there isn't a great deal of space in your bum even with the best will in the world. As a gay man with only limited experience of the opposite sex (but not non), I have enjoyed absolutely vast amounts of anal sex and it's fabulous, still is, with other men of all ages and persuasions both as a 'top' and more usually, a 'bottom'. My first experiments were in my teens on my own, my first proper sex in my mid twenties (very late to take the plunge) and unless you know what to do, it's bloody agony ! I fully sympathise with anyone who's (edited for sexual content) especially when too young to effectively spurn the advances, since it can spoil you enjoyment of

one of the body's major pleasure centres for years or for ever. Anal sex is something both straight and gay men can include in their repertoire of sexual activities since it isn't disposition dependant, only mentality dependant (an ultra-hetrosexual man might well find no pleasure in receiving an object in the anus, and a complete homosexual might equally find no pleasure attempting anal intercourse). Going back to the original posting, it's very bad that they were effectively raped and subsequently suffered from the negative experience to the detriment of their sex-life (at the very least). While the human spirit is very resilient and able to gloss over some horrendous traumas, inflicting one on a developing youngster is really rather cruel and heartless, even if little other damage was done in the flesh. I was one of those many youngsters who dreamed of being abducted by the very men one's parents warned one of. I remember naively trying to be picked up and doing all manner of outlandish things to myself to get my hormonal powered kicks as a kid.....but either unluckily, or maybe luckily, I was never to succeed, and my introduction to real sex was much later in life (lots of self doubt and not facing one's own truth), but when it did finally happen, WOW !

Reply from original poster

Chooch, what I am getting at is this:

Were you sodomized as a child against your will? Could I possibly be more specific? What is there not to understand? Sodomy and its English definition exactly describes what I meant to discuss. I am not writing a Bible here for everyone to interpret.

OK, I was sodomized and took it because the boy was much bigger than me. He told me, 'Relax, just relax.' How is one supposed to relax something when his dick doesn't belong there in the first place?

I can think of a hundred other ways to stimulate yourself without hurting your partner, boy or not.

Reply

Any chance we can wrap this thread up and bring it to an end? Some of the comments here are really pushing the language envelope here. While I am sure not a prude, just ask Sk8te or Ani, this thread is open to all, visitors as well as members and just maybe the wrong person is going to read this and complain to Invision. And, yes, I did check. You can access this thread without being signed in.

Tom

Reply

Returning to the message string regarding sodomy (and I got to watch my language here boys...), I must tell you that as an adult there are few experiences as pleasurable and as easily accessible as the act of sodomy. The name does rather conjure up a terribly sinful act, when in reality it is entirely the opposite. Like all behaviour in life, there are better ways to do it than others and the negativity suggested by our youngest members suggests they were both unaware of the means to enjoy the experience or in a position to insist that their desire not to do it was respected. I'm always made furious when hearing how greedy and thoughtless adults force their dumb wants and needs upon young people who are either ill equipped to resist or unaware of their choices. If we are to live up to our label (BoyLovers), we must be entirely open to the opinions and feeling of our young citizens.

Reply

ummm... K i'm going to keep this clean as I can raped twice with sodomy once and willingly many times as a boy but not yet as an adult or with an adult. I think I can say that safely. As far as my view on that subject goes I could care less wether I get it or not all I really look for in life is someone who loves me and who I can love. Intercourse has no real part in this for me I can live without it as I am right now.

Reply

Not something i enjoy talking about but yes i was. Messed things up for me for quite some time, not only my outlook on sex but my outlook on life in general. Wouldn't wish it on anyone either.

Reply

Yes, when I was ten. No penetration, I think the term is intercrural. A little sticky tho'. I didn't mind it much, certainly didn't turn me on, but he liked it! Just one event in a long life.

Reply

AT FIRST I DINT LIEKS IT BUT AFTER LIEK 5 OR 6 TIME I START WANT IT
THA WAS LEIK 6 YEASR AGO AN NOW IS DA BOMB!!!!!!!

Reply

No. But I have a friend who was. He talks like you, but still has a lot of anger about it.

Reply

I was forced to perform various sexual acts from the age of eight, and yes I was also sodomised. Initially, I felt very nervous about sex, and was a late starter (I didnt have my first consensual sexual relationship until I was 25) But now I have no problem getting into bed with anyone. Memories of the abuse still do affect me sometimes, but not as much as they used to. I used to self harm regularly, attempted suicide once when I was 15, and had fits of rage...usually taking it out on who or whatever was around me.

Reply

When I was 6-9 we often did it with my friend. But our penises were too little and soft to do full penetration. We only tried to do it. When I was 11 I met adult man he was 40. We made friends and he asked me to have sex with him. I am affraid and I refused. The next day I regret it. I have never met this man later. When I was 16 I met on the street some older man. He invited me to his house and I said yes. He was a gay. He started to caress of me. He asked me to have anal sex with him. I said yes but the pain was too big and I could not do it. We did it successfully at the next year when I was 17.

Reply

many times.

i ran away to london when i was 14 and ended up selling myself on the streets.

not a good experience.

several years later i read about one of my `clients` in the news of the world (a UK tabloid specialising in sexual scandal) : he was a priest at a convent and got caught with another rent boy who'd sold the story to the news of the world.

the newspaper had photos : the priest had daubed "satan" and "666" on his own forehead!

obviously he was having a prolonged crisis of faith.

At such a young age

This biography was e-mailed to us by a 15 year old female pedophile, with an attraction towards girls. There are so many things we could possibly point out here, but we'll just let you read instead.

Well, i said i would do this one day so i decided why not now, im bored and stuff.

So here it is Saokei's Bio-graphy thing, in this im gonna probably just put stuff about my life and other stuff that i think should go in here.

Well as you all should know i am 15 years old, born 15th May 1990 at 9:05pm (i think not like time is important), i think im baptised, but i havent set foot in a church since one of my familys friends daughter got baptised like 7 years ago or so, so i dont believe in God and stuff like that, not heavily into religious stuff either. Politics bore me alot,

i dont really care what happens because i cant change anything right now so i just leave it up to the people running to do a good job, and i dont usually want to talk about Politics ever so dont talk to me about them on a serious note.

My personality is strange i think >.>, it all depends on my mood which can change alot as some people should have noticed. i do think i have heaps of problems with my behaviour and stuff but its too difficult to do anything other than what i have been doing all this time >.>.

I was kind of brought up around computers, but also the beach so its strange. I lived in Victoria most of my life, i moved for the first time(that i could remember) in 1998 and that was to Sydney(its such a dump), the area that i was in was pretty close to Sydney, if anyone knows the area(doubtful), it was near Manly, my house had a view of the beach and it was less than a 5minute walk too the beach so i was there most of the time, my parents didnt worry about me a whole lot then, which now that i think about it, it is strange cause i was 8 >.>;, after a year of that i moved back to my original house and then moved where i am now (kinda) and have been here for a few years, we moved into 4 houses in the span of 2 years while our house was being built so that was kind of annoying but all the houses were all down the road from each other :P.

My family has always been pretty close, we all lived around the same area and we all gathered on someones birthday and all the special holidays for parties, it was fun, my family is the first to move away and id assume they all still do it heh, im the youngest of the older children, since after me are my sisters and thats a 4 year gap >.>. My cousins are mainly females, with only 3 boys, there are 8 girls, not including my family, that is both sides aswell, there are also another set of twins.

I've always been on good terms with my other family members, they are nice and everything, and we would usually end up doing something together, like a game of cricket or something >.>, and by night time we would usually (if it was at my house) go into the loungeroom turn on some music and just play around, that was fun heh. I never had a pool until this house so if it was summer, cough, we would usually just get some pinklers or something and not usually worry about what we wore, im pretty sure ive told a few people, my parents were never that strict on clothing, just had to protect myself from the evil sun.

Hmm, my parents bought a dog when i was like 2months old, and she was with me all the time until 2 years ago, she was old and had alot of things wrong with her, and she was great, lots of videos of her, my dog right now is kind of annoying but she is ok, I had 2 cats, the first one my parents had before i was born and it wasnt really a house cat, it lived outside so i rarely saw it, my current cat, i got like 1999 the year we moved back, he is great, he was a stray but he is very nice to me and stuff :), my cat is alot better than my current dog.

Well here are some little parts i remember from my childhood (i may put

the bad stuff i dont know just yet).

I cant remember before school at all >.>, there are video tapes and stuff of it, but thats all i have to go with, it seems i was quite the singing/loud type, because there are a few times of me just singing songs over and over again, (i couldnt get all of the words right >.>), the graduation of kindergarten is a video that is a good memory thing because i liked it :). Hmm i can remember a time i think it was before school but im not sure, but i somehow made friends with all 3 other children in the neighbourhood and i found my way into nearly everyones house >.>,, i have no idea how but i can still remember how they are set out even the ones without children.

But i stopped going outside after the kids kinda left me out, so i took up computers and thats stuck with me, i still remember the games that i played, well lets skip to starting school, i made quite a few friends at school, and we generally were all close until the end, i didnt really do a whole lot just kids stuff. Up til about grade3 i was a a suckup to the teacher, not a whole lot happend, i have a few stories about school stuff but they are for another time. My grade 4 teacher was interesting, while this isnt gonna sound too great but he would kind of playfully hurt us, like grab our necks, poke our stomachs, back muscles and stuff like that, but he was a good teacher, i dont think he meant anything by it either, he was really good at football too.

Grade 2 i moved to sydney cant remember much about it, i remember the beach is all :P.

Grade 5, i kind of lost most of my friends for some reason, but i kept a few close ones, and they were just who i was with, most of the time

Well ill just put in a bad thing since this is just gonna be closed "source" atm, My next-door neighbour while married, i believe did stuff with my mum, because she was over there all the time, since my dad was out all day and the next door neighbour was always home, his wife was nearly always out.

Well there was a few times, when he kinda did stuff with me, i think the first time was before i moved, he somehow got into our house, like usual, and he forced me to do a few things but left soon after he was "spent", i can barely remember this and i dont want to, i dont think he did anything, we moved back, he didnt do anything until a year before i moved, it was the same stuff except he was getting more violent, my dad managed to walk in while it was happening tho.

I believe i had quite a few bruises over my body, swollen lips and stuff, my dad kinda fought him, and he managed to get outside, unfortunately my parents didnt do anything, and that kinda prompted us to move more quickly, so we moved a little while after this happend, i basically stayed on the computers at this time, and thats how i got how i am now kinda >.> i think thats how it was like i said i cant fully remember it

properly, if i remember it better ill tell but i dont want to remember

Well this is part 2 hopefully it wont be boring like im sure the last one was, the comments from the last one were generally good, im happy that certain things happend as they did, uh i might be posting this on the forums once i complete them maybe, hmm well time to start it off i guess, maybe i should get a blog somewhere since it might be interesting or something i have no idea blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. well wee.

Ah im getting distracted, well at grade 5 a few things happend, it was generally just me and my friends going places, o yea one fun thing me and a friend did was ride our bikes 2 suburbs to a shopping centre, and all we had was \$5 between the two of us, it was fun, but we got into trouble cause we were gone for like 9hrs and my parents didnt trust me with a mobile until i got one for my birthday 2 years ago.

O yea, a boy got caught looking at porn during school time and he got kinda slammed out the door by the teacher, but the stupid part was, it was just a chatroom so yea, that was a highlight, hmm, i cant really think about it a whole lot, well the thing from last issue happend, the bad part >.>

Grade 6, i didnt really do much here, my studies dropped i went from being an A/B student to C/D probably cause of various factors *cough*. we moved like mid feb, and i had to get used to school here, i was lucky that i managed to take about 2 months off before going to school again, i went back to grade6 after it, during those couple of months i was just getting used to the area kinda, the beach was fun, but it got boring after awhile, my dad got a boat, the novelty wore off after about 3 weeks >.>, i didnt really meet anyone except a neighbour but she moved away for some reason about 2 weeks later, she was a year younger than me.

Uh, I lived in a nice area, water backage, pontoon, swimming pool, just single story, we moved around a couple of times, basically all the houses had the same kinda "specs" but just down the street, i later found out that where i live is a really popular place to live and there are alot of school children around, at the 2nd house we moved to, my sisters found some friends, only one was a girl tho, so that was kinda annoying but i was on computers at this time, occasionally going to the beach or something.

Hmm, well during grade6, i was generally by myself for most of the part, probably until i was approached by someone in my class, she showed me around the place but her "crew" didnt really like me, so about a month after i hanged around with them, they started to get really bitchy, and kinda run away from me, so i just left them, since it was the last year of primary school, nothing really else happend other than this, i just stayed around big groups of people not really associating with anyone.

At the end of the year something happen but thats for later, well ill just skip to school starting, well Grade 7 was great, a few weeks in i

was just getting settled, but i met 3 people, in my japanese class, they were good, we all had our seperate groups but we all eventually got together and by 2nd term we all had a group, we all migrated up to near the library, i have no idea why, but we just went there, we stayed there until the end of the year, a few people joined up with us, 2 guys and another girl, they are alright, the guys were annoying >.>.

Around this point, for whatever reason i started noticing my sisters friend, who is like the same age, i have no idea where it all started, it just happend, unfortunatly around this time my dog died :(i think i talked about her last issue, i was saddend.

Hmm, this is around the semester holidays, during the 3rd term, not much happend i just went to my friends house abit, they seemed alright, and thankfully im still friends with all of them, not much happend i continued the trend of crappy grades, i got depressed kinda at times about stuff, but i got over it soon enough, it was kinda very different mood swings, im lucky i didnt lose any of my friends over it.

Hmm, by the holidays i got very depressed, o yea a thing i forgot to say, i had been chatting in a certain place for awhile, just getting to know everyone and stuff, i was an important part of them and they kinda kicked me out of it after i told them my real age, i was really hurt over this.

Uh i dont think anything else happend, i got my phone i wanted at christmas, my birthday was generic but for a change i had a good party, hmm, o yea i forgot to mention, during my sisters birthday party i slept with Lauren for the first time, no sexual contact or anything, i just slept with her, btw Lauren is my sisters friend.

Well school starts again, im no longer depressed, but at times i question my attractions >.>;, i dont take much notice of them, school continues, more people join my group, we overtake the old year12 area, we are now the popular group :D . Hmm, i count about 20 people joining us within 2 weeks, then another 5 or so joining towards the end, luckily everyone fits >.>.

Most of these people stay until end of term, where only about half of them stay, and all of a sudden new fashion trends become common >.>, while i think i was doing it for awhile without realising it, u wear ur underwear so it shows above ur shorts, teachers dont like this, they bitch to everyone all the more reason to do it :).

I dont like the new principal, he sux, most of my teachers are crappy, but my friends make up for that, uh yea school sux cept for breaks, blahblahblah, i dont like this school stuff, its annoying, hmm, this kinda stuff continues to like the last term, i get depressed again, but i feel better when i talk to this group of people who are into computers, it felt like i had to talk to thme in secret >.>;

This is kind of annoying to write so i tihnk ill stop here its huge

like xbox already >.>, i think itll only take alittle bit to write the next part since its only this year and the bad thing

Im bored, no one is online and chatting to me, its kinda late at night so i cant watch too many things, ive already watched this weeks gundam episode and it was crappy so here is part3, with a whole entire new part, i should go back and fix some stuff up that i missed other issues, but i dunno if i will since well id have to fix it up and thatll take time and i always hate reading stuff ive already written, if u want me to tell more on a certain part provided i want to i will just ask me.

Hmm where part2 left off, well it left off randomly so well, ill start it off with around christmas, where a few things happend, and since i can remember this year pretty well still i can probably talk about it more in depth, but i dont expect miracles.

Well a few days before christmas, my neighbour had a huge birthday party, there were like 40 people invited, including the neighbours so i went there too, cause it was food and jet skis :), well i think ive told like one person, there was a girl there that i noticed i took an interest in, while i was still pretty confused about alot of things, i just kinda went with my feelings, she is 9, so pretty young.

Her older sister was there she is a year younger than me but we are totally different, she is the type of person that will do drugs to be cool, and try to dress up for no reason, there were many boys there, well mainly boys, only girls there was Shellby(9yo) and her sister(name forgotten), the neighbour girl, and my family, the rest(around 10 other kids) were boys, since i had ridden the jetski many times before, by myself and with people with me, i was kinda the one in control of it all since the parents didnt want to do anything cause they were busy getting drunk or something.

Well Shellby got on the jetski with me, and yea i just felt something inside of me when she was holding onto me, soon enough, i was in the pool, following her around as she tried to get to know my sisters, but failed, her sister was too busy trying to be an adult, and her brother was playing with the rest of the boys, so basically i was the only person, we talked and talked, and by like 6 it was getting cold, we were still in swimming gear (stupid summer), a few things happend (if u want details ask me), and ill end that day here, so basically she is someone i dont mind and im on good terms with :D.

Not much happend, i only saw Lauren like once during the rest of the holidays, rest of the time was mainly just me on the computer, i tried to stay away from my friends during this time, i dont know why, i was visiting /l/ quite often, at this time, it made me feel fulfilled, still pretty much confused about stuff but getting abit used to how i felt, i had no term for it, i disliked the media terms for it so i just didnt think about giving it a name.

School starts up again, a new year, a new class, luckily most of my

friends got into my homeroom class, which is also my first lesson, so that felt good, my teachers started alright, but im pretty sure ive complained about them recently, my grades are still averaging around a pass, i get a new lunch routine, Chicken burger and a coke, if i have extra money Chicken burger, coke, muffin/caramel slice, if im poor ice cream and coke, if im really poor, a muffin >.>;, thats been my eating habits this year, im happy with it.

I get to go to school late, thursdays, come home early wednesday but go back by 1:45, and sometimes im around on tuesdays but no very likely, i like going home and waking up late and stuff, it is alot more fun, and ihave no idea why i have this, because only people in year 11 and 12 are meant to >.>

My depression is strange, im confused about my sexuality and stuff, which kinda offsets depression, so i was in a kinda limbo, i didnt go emo or anything so im glad for that, and i found talent in dancing, since in year8 it was more routine stuff, this year its more do what u want but explain it, and its fun, computers are good, science is stupid and i dont pay attention, maths and english are blah, im ok at english, maths well thats another story.....

it keeps like that, my friends stay around where they are, i just get closer to a few of them. we keep the same seating spot, but teachers dont like us so we nearly always have one watching us, hmm, well a few of the people that used to be around us went emo and left a few days before end of term, i really dont like emo people, thats why i find its my duty to make sure they dont cut their wrists.

Well lets skip to the easter holidays, not a whole lot, my mums 40th i believe, lots of drunk adults and stuff, saw Lauren again, she slept the night, slept with me again, and this time i cant remember why but i ended up having a shower with her, i didnt do anything, but she touched my breasts, in a very nonsexual way, it was way more playful than anything else, (dont look at me like that).

School starts again, my birthday draws near, i decide against a birthday party, i get a crapload of balloons and flowers from people at school (both ^_^ and :({:(because u have to carry them aronud all day}), a few days after, 2 to be exact its my dads 41st, i see Lauren yet again :D, they didnt stay the night this time because of school the next day :(, but i made sure i did what i could.

O i didnt take any of the alcohol, because i dont do that kinda stuff, i dont like it either, drugs, alcohol and smokes all incldued there, like 2 weeks after my dads birthday, it was the neighbours birthday, so i saw Shellby again :, i did stuff again (nothing sexual just ask and ill tell maybe), i had a fun filled night, o yea by this time i had started visiting /b/ quite often.

School goes like school, then the holidays yet again, 2 weeks this time, i get to see my friends often, and i get to see Lauren abit too,

nothing much, its somewhat cold so we dont swim or anything, no showers either, but i did sleep with her once, this time i was alittle more comfortable with it and slept like i normally do, u should know how this is if u chat with me often.

School holidays end, im still confused about everything but getting more comfortable, and i join tkgl after a great thread in /b/ relating to the subject linking me to a wikipedia article on girllove or something, i cant remember, and yea, its been basically well documented since ive been here.

But in case u want to know, i am no longer confused about my attraction to ppl < my age, i feel comfortable i am still confused with everything about my sexuality towards boys tho, uh, seen Lauren and Shellby a few times, important stuff with Lauren lately, Shellby is still there but yea >.>, hmm, im no longer really depressed, there are days or moments but its mainly gone.

It is now 11:52pm on September 11th 2005, i have finished this up unless i want to write more up, but i dont think i will, i said ill write the other bad thing up in this issue, and itll probably ruin my good weekend (saw Lauren yesterday, didnt see Shellby like i wanted to but saw another Lauren who was alright), well here goes, i dont want to remember.

Well during the grade6-7 christmas holidays i wasnt at home too much, i was in hospital for 2 weeks, recovering from various things, i dunno why i was there, i didnt think it was that serious, i had broken nose, small fracture in my skull, my left arm broken in like 3 parts, like 5 of my toes broken and my right leg was fractured on the bottom part, i have no idea how my toes got broken, it happend when i went to the beach by myself, my parents didnt care where i went, cause they were busy doing stuff, i forgot, i went there, just played around, as i was walking back to catch the bus home, it wasnt too late, around 3 i think, some guys were following me, i didnt pay much attention, the path went by a bushy area, one guy jumped from the right, grabbed me, i was dressed, another guy punched me in the face, i was doing all i could >.>, hit me over head with something, i have no idea what else happend, but i was told life guards rescued me, police questioned me, i was basically in pain, in the end, i was still a virgin, and the guys are in jail still for assault and stuff >.>, i dont want to remember it.

A cure?

A very interesting thread taken from a pro-pedophilia website, that illustrates the true feelings of most pedophiles, and illustrates what is truly in their hearts. Keep in mind, many people like this still end up losing control of their urges in the wrong situation. This is also a reason we continue to work so hard and diligently over the internet with pedophiles in an attempt to lower their urges, and beleive in rehabilitation as opposed to incarceration.

Original Post

This is a touchy subject and I think if you had asked me a couiple years ago my thoughts would have been much different than they are now. I think that we as LGL should never engage in Sexual relationships with children.

Even if they say it is ok. I think, I mean I think back to my childhood and I would give anything to go back to that time. I think that if it could possibly be damaging to the child it should not even cross our minds. And as much as we talk about how it should be ok if they are willing, I wonder even if they are into it and do initiate it that it might be the best idea just to tell them differently. Just because, I mean I just got married, and my wife is as virgin as they get, and i think of my children, would I want to complicate those few short little years they have of complete innocence with things like sex? Ok we all know sex feels good, but maybe its not good for them. I don't know I know that my childhood was taken from me and I now I can never have it back. I am old and I have to worry about things like Life, money, lies, deception ,death and war.... I would give anything to only have to worry about christmas. (or ramadan now hehe) or if my bike got a flat, or if rained and I couldn't play football that day I was devastated. I miss my chilhood. Where did it go? I hope that when I die... well I hope that I can have that feeling of innocence again. It says in the Quran..

"They shall not fear, nor shall they greive" I really belive that. If heaven is a big playground with a nice big field to play football, friends, Koolaid and chicken nuggets... Ill be happy.

Anyhow, I really have no idea what Im talking about so just .ignore me. hehe

Reply

I agree. It is strange how much things have changed. The general consensus seems to be leaning more toward the right now, with more and more girl-lovers coming to the conclusion that adult-child sexual relationships should never be engaged in. I have argued that from the beginning. The social influence on a child can be very influential. And if there is any risk that a child might reflect back on a past sexual experience, however consensual, and reinterpret that experience in a negative way, it could be very traumatic.

A responsible girl-lover will refrain where there is even a remote risk of harm, regardless of the cause.

Reply

Well said, 1MG.

Reply

well you know there's an old saying that goes,

" have an erection once, shame on her, have an erection twice, shame on me"

i think that's how it goes. i may not remember it correctly, but it doesn't matter how it goes.

anyhow, i have said it a million times over, i would give anything to not be attracted to them. that way i wont have to come up with any conclusion about sex or no sex. because sex would never enter my mind.

if i had my way, [and sl may kill me for saying this.] i would eliminate sex from the world. not just from pedos, but from the fucking world. Kids wouldn't think about it, adults wouldn't think about either. since so many people have problems with SEX, and it complicates so many lives, including mine, THEN SEX WILL BE BANISHED FROM EARTH.

i may not get that far, but maybe one day i will be able to eliminate my attraction to little girls, maybe eliminated to women period. i don't believe in suffering, and to eliminate the attraction to kids would be to end the suffering. I STAND BY WHAT I JUST SAID, ALL THE WAY TO MY GRAVE.

Reply

I think that we can all have our attractions to children, and be content with our selves... I think the first step (because we can't shut off our sexuality) we should become involved in serious loving relationships with "legal" woman. If we could just get ourselves to look at Lg's like a Rembrant other than a body with a little hole, I think we might be alright. My grandma always told me.. "Wish in one hand and shit in the other see

which one fills up fastest" and they are NEVER going to make Adult-Child relationships legal in any western country. Ever.

I think they should legalize CP, and make it available to those of us who have this "problem" they can take photos of the children and not damage them mentally. Most of the CP out there is incest CP which makes it even more Taboo... There needs not to be super HC porn out there. If it were legal we could get along with it. There needs to be compromise or there will never be a solution. Healthy sexual relationships with women or girls of legal age as well as CP done in a legal way I think is the only way we can get along without hurting children. Mentally, or physically. I can't imagine having a sexual relationship and after 10 years of watching the news badmouth us, a couple PSYCHOtherapists telling her she was raped and... well I just couldn't live with it if she hated me later in life.

Oh well my 10 cents.

Reply

thats a great analogy,

but im not wishing son, im doing,

i WILL find a solution to this problem, even if i have to kill to do it. there will be a medicine invented, and the suffering will end.

and the medicine may not come in tablet format, it could come in any format!

oh, and 1mg, can you please respond to my e-mail,

i have been trying to contact you

Questions and Answers about Adult-Child sexual interactions

This was posted on a pro-pedophile website for boy-lovers. Please note: We do not endorse these opinions in any way. These views are extremely distorted, and you will notice the author gives no references or factual basis for his assumptions. We just thought it would be beneficial for you to see what views are taken by the 'professional' pedophilia community.

The following answers are based in broad generalizations. No two boylovers are the same as no two boys are the same.

Q- How can an adult having sex with a child be beneficial?

A- Longitudinal Case studies indicate that when a child is 100% at choice in a intimate relationship with an adult, the outcome is almost always viewed as beneficial. Because the boy has choice, it allows the relationship to go only where the child desires it to go, the adult follows the child's lead. Interestingly, more often then not the child is the one who initiates the sexual contact.

Q- Why are there benefits?

A- In many cases the children who are drawn to sexual relationships with adults are seeking fulfillment of a natural desire to be held, cared about and loved. They are either 1. not receiving enough intimate contact and attention from their family, or 2. distancing themselves from family to learn independence, therefor they seek intimate contact from others.

Because this most often happens at an age when they are also learning to explore their own sexuality, the child often carries the desire for intimate contact into intimate *sexual* contact. How much sexual contact and for how long varies greatly based on the boy's wishes. Often contact is just intimate and not sexual.

Q- What kind of benefits are you talking about?

A- This is more difficult to answer because each child is unique. Yet, studies that have focused on delinquent children have found some interesting patterns. Children who display delinquent or violent attitudes and/or are students who are not successful in schooling often experience radical improvements in all areas of their life when in an intimate adult [boylove] relationship. The ability to be intimate and talk openly with a caring adult is often all it takes to have the child find personal value in their own life. An increased self esteem and a more balanced approach towards life are common outcomes.

The evidence is so strong, that there have actually been some judges who have (against popular opinion) sentenced a delinquent child to the care of a known pedophile (*see research links on the right side for more details.*)

Q- Will contact like this make the boy gay?

A- No. Researchers have been rather surprised to find that homosexual interaction (with peers or adults) is actually somewhat common for boys growing up (around 30% of boys.) To the boy it's often thought of as merely exploration, not homosexuality and does not make the child any more likely to grow up gay.

One side effect that has been noted however is that the boys seem to be more respectful and sensitive to females [their later partners] following these homosexual explorations (with peers or adults.) It's believed that this is because they have

explored the physical act of sex and have uncovered the intimacy/love component. They then choose to focus more on intimacy/love than purely the act of sex.

Sexual orientation is not changed by sexual experience, only clarified. The majority of children who experienced a boylove relationship go on to have normal heterosexual relationships as teens and adults.

Q- How long does this go on for?

A- The boys needs are what primarily determine the length of the relationship. This varies drastically for each boy, from one brief sexual encounter to a relationship that lasts for years, often ending when the boy gets involved with a girlfriend (replacement intimate relationship.) It is not uncommon for longer boylove relationships to end in lifelong friendships.

Q- What is in it for the adult?

A- For most boylovers it's the deep sense of satisfaction and joy that comes from having a boy care for and trust them. A feeling of love and completeness that they can't seem to find in standard adult relationships. A fulfilment of the natural desire to mentor and teach. For many boylovers it is not about the sex, it's about the love and intimacy.

Boylovers seem to be wired differently than other adults. They understand very deeply the problems and issues that boys have and are exceptionally open, patient and non-judgmental with boys. It's for this reason they resonate very strongly with boys. It's like nature designed boylovers specifically for this task.

Q- Why do your descriptions sound so nice while reports in the media are opposite?

A- 1. Most boylovers are never reported because there has been nothing but benefits to the boy (nothing to complain about.) So the relationship is simply not discussed with others who might not understand. Here is an extreme example: (from a case study cited in links) Clarence Osborne had sexual contact with over 2,500 boys over his lifetime (highly unusual!) He was never reported. None of the boys felt his interactions were anything but respectful and beneficial.

2. The people that you DO hear about in the media generally fall under two categories:

A. Self-oriented men who force the child against their will (and are by definition NOT boylovers) or, more commonly:

B. Boylovers who have gotten caught in the hysteria and fear campaign that is being waged (towards self-oriented men) by a society that doesn't know there is anything but men forcing their sexual needs on boys. Most people haven't heard of or even are able to conceive of anything else. They can't even imagine why any adult would WANT to be intimate with a child unless he was raping the child.

The percentage of adults who truly force children to have sex (rape) is extremely small. But for most people, it's all they know of, so they brand ANY adult who would be intimate with children, as one of these rapists.

Q- Are things really changing?

A- Yes! The internet (pages like this) are slowly showing the other side that most people have never known. While some people still cling to the fear and hysteria, many people are slowly realizing the difference.

There are now some countries in the world that will only arrest/prosecute pedophiles who force kids to have sex against their will (rape.) Intelligent dialog is beginning to take place on the issue. Things are changing.

-Todd

Special deliveries

Just a 'girl moment' posted on a pedophile web-site

Talk about an interesting day. During a normal week I get to see maybe one little girl in a way that is a little indecent, but today took the cake.

I was making a delivery, my first one for the day, and when I get to the door, a little girl about 4 or 5 answers. She has nothing on but her pants. I could tell she was without panties underneath as well.

Anyway, not trying to only perv, I decided to make small talk with her. While I was moving in their items, everytime the little girl would walk by me or me by her, I asked her questions, smiled, waved and so forth. She kept showing me her book, her doll, and whatever else she thought I might like. She was so cute, but could not speak english too well so our conversations were a little tough, but we did understand each other a little.

Nearing the end of my day, I think I may have had two things left to do after this one, I was picking up a tv from someone. I went inside to see where the tv was and this little girl, about the same age as the first one, was sitting on a chair that was directly in front of me. She was covered in a blanket, but when she saw people were coming in to take her tv...lol, she jumped up, letting the blanket fall to the floor.

What was suprizing was, she had on no pants. Only a shirt and pretty light pink cotton undies. It made it rather hard to consentrait on my job of getting the tv out to the truck....lol When I had the tv loaded I went back in to give the mother some paperwork. Apperently she just left, leaving the kids with grandma. I knocked on the door while I held it open and said hello? I heard the little girl yell from another room. "Get out of here, you took my tv," then laugh.

When she finaly did come to the door, I gave her the paper and told her to give it to her mom. She said ok, then I decided to toy with her. I told her I was going to take her other tv, she got all huffy and said, "No you are not, you can't take my moms tv." I told her that I better do it or my boss will get mad. I quckly changed my tone cause I saw she was about to cry...lol, I gues she really loves her tv.

I told her, "I am only kidding sweetie, I would not do that to you." Then she tried to play off her sadness by saying, I knew it all along, I just wanted you to think I was sad." We both laughed then I left. It was so neat that she had no hangups about being without pants in front of a total stranger.

Did I say I love my job? Well, I do.

An introduction

This is an introduction to a pro-pedophile website

Hi, I have been lurking on this site, and I decided to jump right in. I have the screen name of Goblin on a few other sites, but I had to log on as Hobgoblin to this site due to technical reasons.

A little about me...I am an American in my mid 30's. Although I like women and teens, my primary aoa is girls between the ages of about 4-7. I like their cute and innocent appearance. I also like the fact that they either have no concept of modesty or they think that naked is funny.

Here is how I became a pedo...I guess that I always liked seeing other kids naked. Played doctor with members of both genders when I was about 8. When I was 15, there was a picture of an adorable little blonde Dutch girl in my French class to show cultural differences in outfits. For the next two years, I felt a strong desire to be around attractive young children. This was more of affection and being protective than sexual. When I was 16-17, I increasingly noticed little girls, and how you could see their panties when their dresses would flip up and such. Now, the feelings became more sexual and geared towards girls. I masturbated over the thoughts of a four year old girl named Megan (cute brunette) about 2 weeks before graduating from high school. I tried to repress these thoughts, but to no avail.

The panty sites continued to turn me on. I also noticed that some little girls might change into their bathing suits (or out of them) at the beach, allowing me to get a good look at them naked. Also, some completely undress before using a beach shower. I also noticed several times, little girls masturbating in public, either putting their hands down their pants or lifting up their dress and putting a hand down their panties. When I was 28, I first looked through a window and saw a little girl naked after taking a bath (this scene repeated itself a couple more times). Naturally, all of this turned me into a pedo and a voyeur. I hope to make some valuable contributions to this site.

Bath Time

This is a story that was posted on a pedophile web site

You can calk this up in the "I Can't Believe This Is Happening" file!

A few years ago, my wife and I knew this family with three daughters. One of those situations where the mom and dad were divorced and the kids just kept getting pushed from one to the other.

Anyway...Renee was 13, Kayla was 10 and Hannah was 8. They lived next door during that summer and they spent as much time at our house as their own.

One day, my wife and Renee had taken off and left me with the younger two. We had just installed a new whirlpool tub in the house and they wanted to take a bath. Kinda stupid for the middle of the day...but who am I to complain!

So, they grabbed the bubble-bath and took off. A little bit later, I hear Kayla yelling, "PRINCE CHARMING! PRINCE CHARMING!" So I go into the bathroom and she's standing there in the tub...covered only by a few bubbles. Hannah then proceeds to pour a cup of water on her...nicely rinsing her off.

Now, these are three girls that have absolutely NO inhibitions about nudity.

Anyway, she ends up doing the same thing a few more times. Finally, they end up out of the tub. Hannah is standing there with a hair-dryer drying her butt.

Kayla ends up running around the house in a towel...and yeah, I couldn't resist but chase her a bit. Got a little tickeling in!

Later that evening, we all ended up in my neighbors hot-tub. And wouldn't you know it...none of them had bathing suits. So sad...they had to go in in panties. After we finished, Kayla gets out, pulls off her panties, hands them to me and just trots off.

Man...

My last YF

A post by a pedophile on a boylove site, talking about problems with one of his young 'friends'

Many of you will remember me posting about the problems my most recent YF went through last spring and summer. Things have not improved. He has drifted away into oblivion. His younger brother nags him for not keeping up our friendship, but he rarely sees him either. (they no longer live under the same roof)

Dusty was 12 when we first met. The picture for my siggie below was taken about that time. We loved each other. We hugged and kissed and embraced and told each other that we loved each other. We became better and better friends. We wanted to spend all our time together, growing together. I taught him how to drive. I showed him how to make things. I provided him with experiences he never would have had in his impoverished, dysfunctional upbringing. We cared about each other.

Then he fell for a girl that has not been a good influence (understatement) and he bought his first car. He started fucking up, then he really started fucking up, then I could not believe what I was hearing about him from his brother and his foster parent.

His spiral down into that of a lying, stealing, total LOSER has been one of the most disappointing experiences of my life. He has not visited me in almost 3 months. I still see his brother regularly, but they are not close anymore either. I call Dusty's foster parent every couple of weeks, but he seems destined to be a total failure by conscious choice. I've mentioned before that I believe he has some mental problems besides attention deficit, and that he seems to be success-averse; that is, he will work towards a goal, and just as it comes within easy reach, he drops the ball and falls back into the comfort of failure.

I thought we would be friends for life, but I doubt he will ever come around again. All I have are some of the most wonderful boylove memories of my life from the last 3 years of our relationship. Last year we were as close as can be. I would never have guessed that he would be so remote, and our friendship so dead, not even one year later.

I have had to get over it, but it is hard, and I am not happy... and I'm beginning to feel really, really old....

Nickless

Another Introduction

This is an introduction from a female pedophile, (one of the many out there, as they probably make up around 40% of the pedophile population,) with an attraction for both boys and girls.

I've posted my story in BK and I don't want to repeat too much if there are users common to BK here (I use the same handle there and in LR). I fell in love with a 32-year-old librarian when I was 12. It was the first time I was ever physically attracted to anyone. Boys didn't appeal to me, but this woman made me tremble. I'm posting this because I want people to know that at as a girl I would have done anything with her. I wanted to see her without her clothes on--wanted to touch her and feel her touch me.

At 16, as a babysitter, several times I found myself on the receiving end of LG love, though I did nothing about it. But I often put children to sleep by scratching their backs. These children were, more often than not, physically neglected, and their favorite time of day when I was there was getting their back scratch.

When I was a college student I babysat a young boy who was in love with me. He was at the age where he was getting erections but had never thought to do anything about them. We used to have long talks about things at night, and when he reached for me one night I was very tempted to fulfill his desires, but I resisted. That was close to twenty years ago.

Nowaday, with Big Brother watching, I'm even nervous about posting this much, but I have a lot on my mind, and even more in my heart. The reason why I am here, and why I'm exploring all the sites I found on ipce is that I want to know how close I might have been to realizing what I wanted as a child, and if anyone ever did fulfill such an experience. It seems there are more of us out there than I ever thought. That's comforting.

What would you change

This thread was posted on a 'boylove' pedophile chatroom. The original post is fairly insignificant, but we included it because many of the replies are very interesting. Hope parents are taking notes.

Original post

I had a thought. I'm still a firly young BL, and I have no idea how to handle it or how to properly meet and befriend boys. So, here comes the question: If you could go back in time and change something BL-related about your past, what would you have changed and why? I'll be reading replies closely, I feel it'll help me and possibly others to know what would be good and bad to do...I don't really know how to BEFRIEND boys, so I'm looking for an answer...

Reply

Lets begin with basics here-

Ladies and Gentlemen of the class of '05

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, sunscreen would be

it. make sure your yf wears it-rubbing it on his back is a GOOD thing-and besides, you could be saving his

life!!

The long term benefits of sunscreen have been proved by scientists whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience...I will dispense this advice now.

1. PICTURES. Take them. Videos. Boys grow up, memories are nice. *and where yfs are concerned, you can NEVER have enough pictures-so dont be shy, go and TAKE PICTURES!!*

2. Time outs-

you know, kids can get to you at times, especially boys you love. Give yourself some credit, and take time off when you are around boys to "center" yourself again.

3. Boys are good, but there is a world out there that can be enjoyed by adults as well, so do not be afraid of adult company-*eventhough such company is infinitely enriched with the presence of a boy*

4. Learn CPR.

You can never tell when you'll need it.

5. Do martial arts

You can never tell when you'll need it-I'm currently getting a pretty good workout with my yf and his bros-I can never tell when I'll get ambushed *and those boys are generous with NOT holding back*, so the reflexes I've built up over the years are dead handy! hehe (besides, its a great way to befriend boys)

6. Learn to prioritise.

Look, again-this is a very basic thing-you come first. Boys come second.

Seriously. Juggle your life, but put more emphasis on your own-you NEED to get a good job, you NEED to be able to afford to look after yourself when you are older-and boys can become as addictive as any drugs I've ever read about-do not let your future be jeopardised. Thats a hard one to swallow, and some BLs will be strongly agaisnt this advice-my take on it is "how can you afford to be the ADULT in the relationship when you can't even afford to buy bread??"

So balance your life carefully-too much of ANYTHING can be a bad thing, so be good to yourself.

7. Pray.

Life is hard, our internal compass needs brushing every now and again-so get yourself on a first name basis with your God-trust in Him.

8. Respect your yf.

Really. When he says no, look in his eyes. Is he kidding, is he wanting to play-or is he serious? Learn to respect the little one's heart and mind-respect his wishes.

9. And dont be a wuss-HELP him with his homework!! I know far too many adults and boylovers who deliberately turn a blind eye to their boy when he needs help-small things that he says can be conveniently ignored-"its the teachers job-its not my place etc."

What wrong with helping a boy get good grades in school? Teach him the maths, the science, the english, the history, the geography-and you will learn as well when you teach.

10. Prevent bullying.

Its also easy to leave this to the boy to handle-"did you tell your teacher? tell her/him tomorrow" and nothing gets done.

At FIRST complaint, get in there. Go to the school. Do something about it.

11. Give backrubs.

12. Tell him that you love him.

There is so much more-

13. Post on BC when you need help.

That would be it. Somethings for all of us to work on.

all the best,
and good luck!!

Reply

I've had a wonderful and fulfilling life as a BL. My life continues and will continue. hangtwenty has the right idea! You can be forever young enough to love boys and have boys love you in return! Never, never give up, at any age!

Descartes set forth my plan, as a young man. It worked fabulously! It would work as well for an older BL. Volunteer and try everything with boys that intrigues you. Pepper in some adult volunteering for flavor and to make yourself look more natural. Don't make me list all the opportunities that await you! You know them; you see us discuss them. Know that I have tried and loved all those activities and the fabulous boys.

Dream of adopting and raising boys? Do it! They grow up so fast! And before you know it those same wonderful, adopted, young, boys come back again and again, perhaps calling you "gramps" for round two or round three.

Some of those special, wonderful things that I did years ago, are gone for good, but other things replace them. Join your nation's foreign service for a boy-filled stint in the third world. JFK's peace corps is still there - what a fantastic method to meet and share vitally different gorgeous boys! Relish the opportunity to speak of love in a boy's strange and exotic tongue with exhilarating cultural variance!

The whole world is your oyster, young man! Go ye forth and enjoy, judiciously!

Have Fun!

Reply

I would have befriended B far earlier.

Hrm, maybe it's not just that...

I would have said goodbye to B properly the last time i saw him...

I wouldn't have made a critical mistake, however luckily for me, B was mature enough to forgive me...

I would have convinced my parents to buy a house somewhere else

As for volunteering, I've got that under control :)

Though speaking of which, I should probably stay off here since I've got a background check going on atm, do they monitor your browsing habits?

Reply

Workout (boys love muscles), and if you're 18-25 especially, volunteer for everything boy-related like sports and youth groups because you won't be suspected of anything and boys just love the attention from men that age. Or drive an R/C car around and boys will emerge from everywhere. But just act casual and talk to boys like your peers and you'll be swarmed.

Icarus

Reply

I suppose if I could go back and change one thing, I would endeavour to be stronger in any conflict I should encounter with my YF's parents.

Many moons ago, I befriended boy whom shall be known as Richard for the purposes of this story.

He was a darling of a boy, full of life, but given to bouts of emotional outburst whenever he didn't achieve something. Upon meeting his parents, I learned the reason for this - the standards that they placed upon him (considering his age) were unreasonable. They were short on praise, only ever recognising when he came first in things. Forever mindful of his achievements in relation to other boys rather than accepting him as an individual with individual qualities.

Over a period of time, I managed to inflect upon Richard the value of modest personal achievements - by praising him for these things, which was something that he found patronising to begin with but soon began to appreciate.

More and more he pushed his parents into letting him spend time with me. The reasons for this were a mystery to them, but fairly obvious to me since I was able to make him feel good about himself, and it led to an inevitable jealousy from his father and his decision that we were no longer to spend time together. His father went so far as to accuse me of being a pervert interested in only one thing from his son (imagine that!). He suggested I get married.

In the face of such an accusation, I regret to say, I backed down and suffered the grief of separation from Richard, as well as the lifetime's knowledge of knowing that that boy probably grew up into an insecure man with impaired self esteem.

What I should have done was said to his father, 'Is that why you got married was it, do not transpose your feelings onto me.' Or, probably more constructively, I should have had a word with his mother in hope of finding some understanding there.

I was young and inexperienced, and had no idea that the memory of Richard would haunt my soul the rest of my life.

Be strong, is my advice. Take responsibility for what you want and convince others it is for the best.

Love,
Ron.

Reply

My biggest mistake (besides ignorance) was in being too desperate, too longing, too out-of-control in my relationships with boys. A number of boys that I was close with sensed my desperation and backed off from friendship. I would give my young friends more space and accept whatever space they required to continue friendship.

Also, I would have been more forward (or self-confident) in meeting new boys, and less picky about their looks.

When I was in my mid-twenties, a boy who just turned the legal age of 18 wanted to have sex with me in the worst way, but he was significantly above my AoA of 10-14, so I snubbed him at every turn. I would have at least become friends with him, if doing over, and since he was just 18 and very, very HOT, I would have had sex with him as well.

Boys are fickle, perhaps moreso than women, and to be immature oneself makes relationships doomed. I would go back and infuse wisdom and maturity in my teenage and 20-something self, if possible!

Nickless

Reply

...Erol, I liked firly better..! So, do you like sports..? Games..? Running...? Biking...? Swimming..? Well, you get the idea.... I found boys in the playgrounds and sports-fields of my city, and once I showed them how much I loved playing and teaching them, I had won them over....! I was a littleleague manager for 11 years..!!! Name me anyone in the world that managed kids that long..! For a whole area of N.Y.C., I was known as 'Coach'!. Boys brought me their problems and I listened...! When you can listen to a boy, and understand him, that boy will be your 'friend' for good...!!

...Later in life, I had another chance to 'save' boys...by volunteering for a large religious organization working with street kids in the Bronx..! That, at times, was harrowing, but rewarding, too... even though it put me in many precarious situations..

...So, my suggestion is to find something in 'you' that boys would also enjoy... enough to want and desire to have you as their friend.....

Reply

If I could change anything about my past, I would go back and volunteer to work with boys starting from my late teens. That way, it would seem somewhat normal for me to continue working with boys as I got older. If nothing else, it would be easier to get volunteer positions because I would have experience and references.

Unfortunately, I spent much of my life trying to seem as non-BL as possible, so I stayed away from boys for many years. Now, I am too old to simply show up someplace and volunteer. It would seem too strange for me to just want to do that out of the blue, and I have neither the experience nor the references to make such a thing possible.

Work with boys while you are young. Go apply somewhere tomorrow. Seriously. Once you get started, you can probably continue for as long as you like, provided that you follow the rules. If you wait too long, the door will close forever. And even if you can't work with boys for the rest of your life, you will at least have some good memories to hold on to.

People say that it's never too late, but when it comes to being a BL, that saying simply isn't true. If you wait too long and let yourself get too old, you'll be sentencing yourself to a life without boys.

Why are you still sitting there reading this? Go apply to be a scout leader or a sports coach or something. Do it now, while you still can.

Reply

I have friends that work with boys: I have 2 friends who work at the Youth Center in my town, I have a friend who works at the Boys and Girls Club, I have a friend who works at a day camp thing in the summer...I've applied at all three of these. I know the guy in charge of the Youth Center personally, so my chances of getting a job there are pretty high. Plus, I have two friends who work there to put in a good word for me.

The proper mindset

This thread was started on a pro pedophilia website from the parent of a formerly abused child. We went ahead and included it in its entirety, because we figured there are probably a lot of parents out there who would like to know the answer to this question as well.

Original poster

This is a common misconception about pedophiles. It is believed that pedophiles are ALL the same. The thought that you may have any other interests, even different personalities, doesn't seem possible. ALL pedophiles think ONLY of kidnapping, rape and sexual assault of a child. Nothing else.

Is my next question a misconception too? Is sex with children all you think about? Does ANYTHING else even cross your mind? Is this another one of society's misconceptions about you?

Reply

i should hope so.

It would be more than a sexuality if that was all was on someone's mind - that would be obsessed, and is unhealthy for anyone - moreso when you consider sex with children in this society is not allowed.

As other threads have shown, sex with children can play a part in sexual fantasies, otherwise - from person to person, it may have no other thought, or a couple - but by no way would it be all that pedophiles think about.

Response

I most certainly have other sexual interests besides little girls - who by the way, are not a mere sexual interest to me - but I won't mention what my other interests are, for fear of misunderstanding and stuff like that.

Response

You know, my love for little girls is WAY WAY WAY more than just a sexual attraction. In fact the sexual attraction for them is such an insignificant part of it. It bothers me because I have almost no sexual feelings at all for adult women, so all of the sexual feelings I do have are for little girls. But it is not a very strong or large part of my love for them at all.

In trying to discuss my feelings for little girls with a friend of mine, I quite often will try to convey the meaning and strength of my relationship with little girls by telling him that my love for them is that of a very loving caring father. So he will then say, "Okay, then you do not have any sexual feelings for them, it is a fatherly love" I say "Well yes it is a fatherly love, but there are indeed some sexual feelings attached" Then he gets all flipped out and says that I do not have sexual feelings for them.. I would think I should know.

I think the main problem is that different people have different ideas of what sexual feelings are. Some people feel that sex is purely recreational and something dirty, and that if you have sexual feelings for someone, that it means you want to have sexual intercourse with them, and pay very little attention to who they are inside. You just want to screw them for the pleasure.

I however think that sexual feelings were put into us by our creator to create a special bond between two people. A bond that you can not obtain without those certain feelings that are excited within you from sexual contact.

Therefore I believe that it was meant for a man to find one woman, fall in love with her and have those sexual feelings create that bond. What normally comes from sex? Kids. I feel that a father's love for his kids, is indirectly sexual in nature, but not sexual the way most people view it. His love for them is so strong because they came from him, as a result of his having sex with his wife, therefore possibly associated with those feelings. In that way, a father can have a strong connection or bond with his kids, but it is not exactly a sexual bond. Yet at the same time it kind of is. But you wouldn't go around as a father saying "Yeah I have sexual feelings for my kids" But in a way you do. It is a part of those feelings associated with sex.

As I stated in one of my other posts, this is why I feel it is bad to masturbate to thoughts of little girls, because you will then have a stronger sexual connection with her. Or in my case, it increases my fatherly love for a girl to where I feel the need to be with her all the time and protect her when she's already got parents to do that. After spending time with a little girl, it is the hardest thing in the world for me to leave her. I honestly feel like I am leaving a part of me behind. It just kills me because I love them with so much more than just sexual thoughts.

I pay very close attention to a little girl's personality, and I talk with her and try to get to know the girl she is on the inside. I care very much for her, and anytime I hear that something bad happened I do everything I can to make sure it was not her. I try to keep her out of harm's way, and it kills me to see her sad. The other day my 12 year old was begging and begging her mom to get some ice cream. Finally her mom lets her go get it. On the way back from the ice cream stand, she is so happy and excited to have her ice cream that she's running across the lawn with the biggest smile on her face. She steps in a hole and trips falling down and rolling right over her ice cream. She gets up kind of stunned, looks at her hand and realizes her ice cream is no longer in it, then she sees it smashed into the grass, so she just bursts into tears and runs to mom so sad because she finally had it, and now it was gone before she got to eat it. That was a VERY hard thing for me to watch without crying. I felt so bad for her and wanted to do whatever I needed to to make her feel better, but I didn't know what.

I would not have felt that way for her if my feelings for little girls were entirely sexual.

Reply

Actually when I'm around little girls, playing with them, my sexual thoughts are cut to a minimum. I never had an erection playing with girls before. I guess this can speak to itself. My sexual thoughts are high only when I'm not around them or a certain distance from girls till I meet them and play with them, when it drops again. I love them so much that my sexuality is put on hold for the time I'm around them. Yes sometime I could have a lot of affection for them, but isn't what parents or people that love them dearly should be. I know many parents when growing up, that don't even show love to their kids.

Reply

I have moments where sometimes all I can think about is having sexual relations with a young girl in fantasies and how intense that would be and then other times I just want to be in the company of young girls to protect them and be there for them and have a normal non sexual relationship, it all depends on how I am feeling at the time. Yeah it would be so wild to have a sexual relationship with a young girl but the reality of it is that I want more than just a sexual relationship with a young girl.

Reply

I try not to let it dominate me all the time. I probably think about 12's 10-20 times a day, but I fill the meantime with thoughts of other things, work, etc.

I try not to let it cross the line from a predisposition to an obsession

Reply

is this an impression you get from reading posts here? ...cos sometimes I get the same idea. it does seem to be talked about a lot.

i guess in large part its the reason people are here, not becos they want 'sex with children', but becos they are attracted that way & becos that is a problem for them w/ which they must deal as best they can, & here is where they come to find support in that.

while talking incessantly about something like this may not be the best way to avoid it (do people at aa meetings spend a lot of time telling drinking stories), if you really look, you'll find a lot of the discussion here is about *not* having sex w/ kids...

... which i guess answers yr question. lol.

Reply

When im around a girl i like i keep what sexual thoughts i do have to myself and when im alone im able to give myself pleasure and think of that girl.

Reply

I'm still in some ways a typical male, therefore I will think about sex quite often. However, as a gl there are many other issues on my mind related to this subject. Things like political issues, censorship, freedom of speech, child welfare, the well being of other glers and their various problems, or which of the Fanning sisters I'd prefer to date.

When I'm with lgs (rare as it is) all my thoughts about sex disappear and I just concentrate on them as individuals.

The only reason you read so much of it here as it's the only place we can express ourselves.

Reply

The easiest way to answer this is with observation. It takes considerable time, for instance, to learn a programming language. It even takes time to learn basic HTML, or skills at graphic design or the like.

If we never thought about anything except sex, *then* these sites and others would not exist. Nor the music, nor the art, nor the physics discussions... none of it.

We'd be invisible.

...so if you're asking this question - that is, if you *can* ask this question, having both the digital resources and the community to do so - then the answer is obviously 'no.'

...but thanks for askin'.

Reply

Ask your average heterosexual man if all he thinks about is sex with women?

Reply from original

I already knew the answer to this question. I've had discussions with members here about jobs, friends, families, football, soccer, computers, music, art photography, cities, different countries, past experiences (some good some terrible), jokes, politics, religion, the weather, etc.... You name it.

I believe people who are not pedophiles need to know this. Some antis will be shocked, other antis I feel NEED this information to feel better about you. I didn't post this question because I've read so many posts about sex. I posted it because people who hate you THINK they know the answer to the question. And they don't.

Reply

Sadly many doctors who treat pedophiles think the answers are in text books. I met a doctor who was like that. He had no respect for paedophiles... I felt like a bloody lab rat to him. I was willing to put up with all his BS if

he'd right one simple thing on a peice of paper for me... (I won't say what that was, other then if he complied it would have either been him is shit or some one else) He was chicken and would honour my request. So I left. He's now fucking pedos in Ottawa.

In my opinion... no two pedos are alike... in fact I doubt many are even close to being alike.

Reply

Lg's rule,

I loved that post. How come you are never that candid with me? I would have been driving the poor thing back to the ice cream store. Little things like that break my heart too. I don't know why, but little moments like that eat through me worse than anything else.

Normally I don't ask permission, I just do it, and publish what I want to... but we have a book parents can download on our website of letters from pedophiles to help them get a better understanding. I might include that, if you don't mind. Let me know if you want your nick changed.

While Jeana is arguing this point because she knows better, you also have to admit, someone stumbling onto this site might think otherwise, the way most posts go. To Lux: I really think we need a non-pedo girl moment on this website, for all of these gler's to post moments where they were with a child and thought nothing about it sexually. Or perhaps encourage more non sexual moments in the girl mometns section.

[QUOTE]Sadly many doctors who treat pedophiles think the answers are in text books. I met a doctor who was like that. He had no respect for paedophiles... I felt like a bloody lab rat to him. I was willing to put up with all his BS if he'd right one simple thing on a peice of paper for me... (I won't say what that was, other then if he complied it would have either been him is shit or some one else) He was chicken and would honour my request. So I left. He's now fucking pedos in Ottawa.

[QUOTE]

God, I hope that isn't the impression people have of me.

[/QUOTE]In my opinion... no two pedos are alike... in fact I doubt many are even close to being alike.

[QUOTE]

Because this is what I really beleive.

Joe.

Reply

I'm sorry Joe I always had intentions of posting replies to your questions and posts on this site, but I guess it was one of those things where I knew my reply would be long so I kept putting it off and putting it off and never got around to it

As for using my post, I don't care. Go ahead. And I don't think changing my nick is too necessary.

Also, about the non sexual girl moments..... I all the time see little girls panties and things like that, but I try to save my gm posts for my more meaningful (to me) moments. Doesn't necesarilly mean I don't like to see these little girls panties though But like you were saying, if people stumble upon this site and all they read about is how awesome it was to see this little girls panties, what are they going to think? That could pretty strongly suggest that a person has mostly sexual interest in the little girl. So if almost all of the posts were of that nature, it wouldn't look so good.

But as others have said on this forum in the past, this is a place where those of us with those feelings can let them out rather than acting on them, and we shouldn't have to worry about what others think. So I don't know.

One thing I do know, is that almost all of us on here can honestly say that sex with children is NOT all we think about. But some of us might have a hard time coming across that way.

Reply

Just read ALL the threads on this forum and you will see that sex is not the only thing on our minds. I love photography and I am quite good at it. My main subject of choice is not children. It is scenic and animals.

I also love computers and I am learning alot of stuff about them as I use one. I want to get into graphic design or build websights one day.

I have many other intrests that do not include little girls. This part of me is just one out of a million other things that makes me who I am.

Reply

I agree with you and feel the same. I've never felt any sexual attraction when playing with little girls. I too just love them in other ways too much. I think about them sexually when I'm alone. But am not obsessed with sexual thoughts. Infact I do not think about sex in general that often. I have millions of other interests and things to do. Furthermore I am also attracted to adults and certain time of my sexual fanatasies is also alloted to them.

Reply

I feel that pedophilia is like any other sexual orientation. If you are a heterosexual male whom is attracted to girls his own age. He normally will think about sex and/or his attractions from time to time. It does not rule his life or take over brain so to speak. Gay men are attracted to other men because they feel a bond or a lack of intimacy with them. I'm sure there is much more to it, but sexual feelings are not necessarily a bad thing. Only when you become too attached to these feelings and/or feel repulsed and dirty because of them, do they start to cause problems. These are just some of my views. I may not know everything about sexuality, but I know I never grew up thinking that sex was repulsive or bad, nor have I become too attached to my sexual feelings. I love and care about little girls and I also so happen to be attracted to them. I want to hold them, cuddle with them, and make them as happy as they can be. I am a GL'er, any questions?

Reply

Hmmm... lets see. Religion, art, books, video games, science, politics, philosophy...

Um, yeah... to answer your question Jeana, I would have to say that that is a definite misconception. Sometimes I wonder how I have time to think about little girls, considering all the other stuff crowded into my head.

Theurg

Reply

QUOTE (NRJ)I never had an erection playing with girls before.

i have. i can get them any time i'm w/ lg's, even playing tennis or doimg homework.. the wierd thing is, they don't seem to come from sexual thoughts. i just get aroused out of the blue. its like a bird flying into my garden.

it can be embarrassing. lgf's have noticed once or twice. it makes me uncomfortable. if i just switch off sexually & concentrate on what i'm doing, the arousal quickly goes away.

i get the same thing w/ adult gf's by the way. i can be minding my own business, reading the paper or whatever, & suddenly i feel sexy as hell. i'm not so inclined to sidestep it when i'm w/ an adult gf tho.

Reply

Is sex with children all I think about? Yes.

...No. I'm kidding. I love to play guitar and I'm learning to read music. I'm also learning to paint. I read all sorts of things, from science fiction to science texts. Occasionally I write poetry or fiction. I also spend a small part of my time either trying to get high, looking forward to getting high, or actually getting high. Sexual thoughts do come and go throughout any given day, but not all concern children, and most don't extend beyond a simple admiration of the beauty of a pretty female. I only really fantasize as I lay in bed. Lately, however, much to my relief (as some of my fantasies were starting to get a little out of hand), I've been fantasizing only about hugging and cuddling with a specific little girl, you might even call her my lgf. We got to hang out and play last week while I watched her little brother for a bit for their father. Since then, my sexual appetite has been curiously abated, and I just can't wait to be around her again.

It's... strange... I think I'm learning what you humans call *compassion*...

Babysitting

Posted on a pedophilia web-site

Well I got some news on Monday when I went over to Michelle's, actually it wasn't really news it was more of a time for celebration ! of course I acted all cool about it when her parents asked me if I would be okay with watching Michelle all summer long on thursdays! Thats right every thursday I am going to be watching my little girlfriend ! This thursday has come and gone so I am going to relate what happend. NOW I might do this every thursday but then again I might not just depends on the thursday and what happens and if you guys all want to hear about every thursday then say so!

This thursday I got over there at eight in the morning which is when her mom has to leave for work. Michelle was still sleeping when her mom left so I had some time to myself. Not that I used it wisely. Nope I feel asleep! Way to go me! Anyways I was woken up probably an hour later by a little girl jumping on top of me and kissing me on the lips and hugging me . I started to tickle her and she moved off of me and I got a good shot of her panties, little pink cotton panties with dora the explorer on them. Anyway after that we ate breakfast and then at about eleven we headed over to the pool. Michelle was again dressed in that sexy little bikini of hers and she liked moving around in front of me or running ahead of me on the way to the pool daring me to catch her so of course I did!

We played around at the pool for a few hours and I chased her and a few of her friends around the pool. After a while Michelle got hungry so we headed back to her house, took baths (to get rid of the chlororine of course) and then we walked over to my house and went in the car up to a small restruant close to where we live. (I am now in the same subdivision as Michelle so thats a good thing, she even said that she could walk here by herself and I told her not to do that and she agreed that she wouldn't really do it by herself at least not yet, in a few more years perhaps !) Anyways after eating we went back to her house and plaeyd some more until about five when her dad got home. The three of us clowned around for awhile and then her mom got home and her mom fixed dinner and invited me to stay so of course I did. I mean come on FREE FOOD and more time with my littel girlfriend? HEH yeah like I'm going to pass that up. After dinner and some nice hugs and a kiss from Michelle I went home promising I would see her again next thursday no matter what! So it was a good thursday!

Letter

This is a letter posted to a pro-pedophilia website. Just a side note, notice the age at which he claims to have discovered his attraction. Also notice, how the onset of puberty corrected his sexuality, only to have it revert again. More signs of an underlying psychological issue controlling the urges.

I am so thankful to have found your website! Everything that I have seen on your site so far is like I am reading my own feelings.

I am a 23 year old male that is absolutley in love with all young girls. There is nothing I love more than a beautiful young creation of our father in heaven. They are the best things to have been put on the earth.

My love for young girls started when I was very young myself. I think I was only 6 years old when I first realized that I was attracted to girls a lot younger than myself. As I got older I continued to just be infatuated with all girls. I LOVED them!! When I reached the age of 11-12 it went the other way. I all of a sudden was more interested in older women in there 20's-30'2 and occasionally older than that. So from about 12 to 15 I just totally forgot about my attraction to young girls, and was just attracted to much older women.

Well at age 15 is when it changed back. There is this girl that my aunt used to babysit when she was really young, then being around my cousins they became friends, so they continued to be around eachother for the next few years. Anyway, when I was 15 this girl was 8 and that is when I really started to notice her. There was something absolutley amazing about this girl that I could not ignore. Anytime I was around her I could not help staring in awe at her beauty and wanting to be around her more. Over the next few years I saw her maybe twice a year for only short periods of time at my cousins house when they would have halloween parties or whatever and they would invite her. And it would KILL me inside to have to leave each time.

I should say that during this time that I found myself attracted to this girl, she was the only young girl I was attracted to. And it seemed kind of weird to go from being attracted to women 20 years older than me to little girls. I did NOT hide my attraction for this girl from anyone other than her. My family all knew that I was madly in love with her and they didn't know what to think of it. They always tried to change the subject or would tell me how wrong it was for me to like her. So I went through the next few years feeling like I was some kind of freak or something.

This whole time I never let this girl know my feelings for her. Everyonce in a while I would say something to her about how beautiful she was but nothing much.

Well when I was 19 and she was 12 it became time for me to go on a mission for my church where I would be for two years. The day that I was leaving she was at my families house, and I was in my dads office doing something on his computer. Well she walked by and saw me in there and came in. Just me and her in my dads office. I just continued to do was I was doing on the computer after acknowledging her pressence afraid of what might happen. Next thing I know her arms are around my neck and she is resting her chin on my shoulder. So I reached my hand up and gently stroked her arm to show that I was aware of her. That was the single most happiest, glorious day of my life. This girl that I had absolutley adored and loved for the past 4 years was finally recognizing that I existed. It has now been 9 years since I first fell in love with her, and she is now 17 years old and I 23. Have not talked to her for a couple years and have not even seen her for 4 and a half butI am still everybit as obsessed and in love with her and I'm not sure why.

Now where my situation is interesting is like I said, at about 11 I stopped liking younger girls, but this girl seems to have opened me back up to them. Because ever since I was 15 (the time I realized my love for this 8 year old) it opened up a whole new world for me. I started realizing how beautiful ALL young girls were. For a while I found myself mostly attracted to girls from 12-14, then when I was about 19 it dropped to girls 10-13 years old, and now I find myself attracted to girls as young as 4 or 5 years old up to 11 and sometimes 12.

For a long time now I have been utterly afraid to tell anyone about this. For the same reasons you and others have mentioned on here. If I go talking about how I am attracted to little girls (Even though I love them very much and would NEVER do anything to harm them in ANY way) I am automaticly seen as "someone to watch out for. Some pervert. Don't let your kids anywhere around him. Check his computer for illegal material. Thoughts turn to feelings, feelings turn to actions" bull crap. It drives me crazy that our society has turned to this. I should be able to express my feelings toward a young girl and spend time with her and laugh with her, talk with her, be her best friend and cuddle with her without being looked down upon or my life destroyed by accusations.

I was very lucky to experience the love of a beautiful little girl a few months ago. My parents have not had any kids for 20 years so they decided to adopt. The kids they were attempting to adopt were a 3 year old boy and a 5 year old little girl. It did not work out in the long run, but while this little girl was at my parents house I would go there to visit occasionally. This little girl absolutely loved me. She couldn't wait till I would get there and when I would she would come running over to me and would not leave my side for the entire time I was there.

I would sit down to watch tv and she would instantly climb up on my lap and would talk to me, and I would sincerely talk to her and be her friend. I would hug her and softly rub her arms and hands and she would do the same to me. She hated to have her head lower than mine. she would try to sit up to where her head was the same height as mine and she would sit there looking at me just inches from my face as though she was wanting me to kiss her. I sometimes would give her a small kiss. Most the time though I would subtly move her not wanting my parents to think I was provoking any unruly behavior. But I was actually enjoying it. Not wanting to appear that I was though, and not sure it was right. Here I was a 23 year old man, actually enjoying the fact that a little 5 year old girl was showing some affection. Does not look good to most people. I would never have done anything that would have harmed her in anyway, but I did thoroughly enjoy her presence.

There have been a few other young girls that I have been so lucky to have been graced with their closeness as well. While I was on my mission I got to know a family in our church that had four daughters. Ages 3, 5, 8 and 11. Their 5 year old and 8 year old were my favorites. They would always sit on my lap, and I would hug them and massage them and just love every second of it. We would talk and I would be their friend and it was just so glorious. Had the opportunity to visit them a year after I left when their 8 year old was now 9 and more beautiful than ever. I couldn't help sitting by her as we sat and watched tv.. She was on the couch next to me with loose jeans on and no shoes or socks. I LOVE little girls feet and ankles. They are so cute!!!! I just sat there for like half an hour rubbing her lovely feet and ankles and calves. It was like I was in heaven because I had finally come out of my shell and gotten to where I could touch without feeling like I was going to fall through some trap door to the flames of hell.

For a LONG time I had the hardest time making myself touch other people. But while I was out there on my mission there were a few young girls that I got to know that helped me get over that as they initiated the affection and slowly brought me to the level of comfort with it that I desired. As I sat there rubbing this girls feet and legs her father came in the room and sat down and for a second I stopped what I was doing fearing that I would look like a pervert feeling his daughter up. But then I realized there was NOTHING wrong with what I was doing so I just kept doing it. He did look down at my hands carressing his daughters soft white beautiful feet a couple times possibly wondering what the hell I was doing but I just kept doing it.

I didn't mean for this to be so long, but I feel it is good for me to get this stuff out. Stuff that if I even hint at to anyone I know, I get severely reprimanded for. I hate it that I can't just be walking down the street with my family and see an incredibly lovely daughter of our father in heaven, and say anything about her because then my family will want to know exactly how much I like her because they know of my tendency in the past to be attracted to young girls.

I have been into photography for about 10 years now and I always take my camera with me when I go places that I am likely to see little girls. I have gotten quite a few good pictures where I have managed to capture their beauty and innocence. But find myself many times not taking a shot because their parents noticed me with my camera. Knowing that some parents don't like people taking pictures of their kids, and being afraid that the parents would ask me what I was taking the picture for often keeps me from getting the shots I desire because I am a bad liar:-) I could probably type for days and would never be able to say everything that is going through my mind right now about this subject. All I know is that I am a 23 year old guy that LOVES little girls, but has no desire to harm them in any way whatsoever. I really wish there were some young girls for me to get to know right now as I have been feeling kind of lonely lately. I long for their warm soft embrace. Their ability to make me smile and laugh when no one else can. Their wonderful innocence and curiosity. Their beautiful personalities that have been unaltered by the corrupt society we live in. I love it and can not get enough of it. I have been lucky to have been graced with the tenderness of quite a few of them, but am always wanting to be a friend to anymore that I come in contact with.

I have noticed that sometimes little girls seem to almost be able to sense the fact that I see them differently than most adults because they often have the ability to pick me out of a crowd. There was this one little girl one time, the cutest thing in the world! I was doing volunteer work at a YMCA in the daycare portion. The kids were all in one of the class rooms eating their lunch as me and about 3 other guys my age walked by the room. This little girl (Rebecca, I will always remember her. about 5 years old) saw me, jumped up from the table, ran out into the hallway and threw her arms out as if she wanted a hug. So I hugged her and apparently that's what she wanted because she kept hugging me for a few seconds. Then when she was done she just completely ignored the other guys and walked back in and sat down and smiled at me. Never met or saw this girl in my life. I was kind of

shocked. Didn't know what to think about it. And the daycare teacher that was in the room looked at me with question in her eyes, wondering why this girl did that just as much as I was. Over the next few weeks of seeing her there, I realized that I loved Rebecca and felt like I had known her my entire life. And she would hug me the same way every once in a while. There was something special about her.

I often wonder if someday at the end of this life I'll be standing in heaven and it will all be made known to me that these girls simply needed my love and care for these short little moments in this life and that it meant so much to them somehow that they were able to go on and have better lives than if I had not been there to give them that little special moment. I sure know that it makes me a better person having had the glorious opportunity to know them.

Anyway, I would be more than happy to answer any questions or participate in any surveys or whatever to better understand the different aspects to the love of young girls. I thank you so much for having a website like this. I have been searching for years for something like this hoping to find that I am not the only person that loves little girls but is not a child molester.

L--

An Introduction

An introduction to a pro-pedophile web-site from a father who has been struggling with these urges for his entire life.

I became a new member a few days ago, and feel that this simple act is going to change my life for the better. I can see already how I am focussing more on my love for LG over my sexual desires for them. Which is welcome news for a father of two little girls, for goodness sake!

I have been thinking all about what to say in my GL Bio, and I want to basically spill out everything I've been feeling for the last 30(!) or so years. Seeing that this is probably not realistic, I'll try to give you edited highlights and try to show you where I am coming from.

I've been sexually active, as far as masturbating goes, for as long as I can remember. I was probably doing it at age 5, if not earlier. At some point I started definitely having orgasms, but of course nothing would come out. When I discovered the mechanics of sex, I would think, well, OK, but how does the sperm actually get out? Do I have to like try and squirt it out at the right moment, or what? Of course all questions were answered when I was 12 and found out EXACTLY what happened...!

I had "noticed" girls and had seen my sister (3 yrs younger than me) naked a lot and thought it was neat she had this low-profile area, but it didn't really excite me until a bit later. I think it was in 6th grade (age 10-11) when I first fell for a pretty little girl a year or two younger than me. Just looking at her, I felt loved and like I had to share this love with her. Looking back on it I think a good deal with these feelings and maybe my whole pedo thing could be a result of my parents being rather cold and distant, and not showering their love on me as much as I needed, but THAT's a whole different story! I don't really have any recollection of thinking about her in a sexual way at all. I just really, deeply, felt that I needed her to be a part of my life. She noticed me gawking at her eventually, and there was one terrific moment when she passed me in a deserted hallway and kinda held out her hand and slapped my arm gently as she passed me, with a big smile on her face. I could have died!

This could have led somewhere really interesting, but being the shy, geeky sort, I never followed-up on it or really even talked to her. Anyhow, because of this, she decided I was just this weird kid who stared at her all the time and nothing at all ever happened after that. Sigh, my first love, and what it could have been! I eventually "noticed" other cute girls, always a couple of years younger than me, and even then my friends kidded me that I was robbing the cradle, while they were all getting hot and bothered by their classmates, who frankly might as well have been my parents for all that I cared about them! I think I was starting to feel my first inklings of being a pedo, cause I just thought the younger ones were so much more appealing. My girl classmates were looking all "grown up" with breasts and everything! I was not into that.

Around that time, I "noticed" my sister, about 9 at that point. I'm not exactly sure what happened, but somehow we ended up in our tent in the backyard and she was showing me her kitty. I don't I specifically asked her or anything, but there she was, spreading her legs and letting me check her out. I think we might have even touched or rubbed our stuff together, and of course I liked that a whole lot! After that, we would do this sort of exploration pretty frequently. I remember many such sessions, like in a shared sleeping bag with a flashlight and me down at one end, watching her flex her vaginal muscles, opening and closing her little hole, lots of rubbing our stuff together, hiding in our bedroom with our parents just yards away while I would gently stroke her silky little mound and just admire the way her labia draped themselves gracefully around her little nubbin. She acknowledges that I gave her her first orgasm, by rubbing her with my fingers. She was pretty worried and didn't even tell me until later. She was so cute-- she wanted to know if it was safe! I told her it was, and after that she frequently (but not frequently enough for me!) let me rub her until she came. Unfortunately, she was never that into all this sex play, and she eventually got sick of it, which was probably good because it became less and less proper or "accepted" as we grew out of childhood. I sure wanted it to continue, and always made it clear that I wanted us to actually have sex, and that it would be so great to explore what it was all about in a safe way, but that was just not at all what she wanted, so there it ended. I feel so fortunate to have had a little sister who didn't mind much about the stuff we did, since I got a ringside seat to seeing firsthand how a little girl grows up.

Little did I know that I would have to wait another 17 years to lose my virginity (at age 32, to save you some math)! My sister and I have talked about these times as adults, and she's OK with it. Not thrilled, mind you, but she accepts that it happened, and doesn't hate me for it. She turned out to be asexual, by the way, and she embraces it. For some unfathomable reason, the whole idea of sex just turns her off. Look it up on Google. There's this whole movement of people who claim to be "A". Whatever. I think my own proclivities are healthier, honestly.

As a result of being all "sexed-up" by puberty and taking out some of my desires with my sister, I started to feel sexual about the LG I kept noticing. In 9th grade, I was interested in 7th graders, while my classmates kept looking older, and older, and older. They were grown women, for chrissakes, and I wanted nothing whatsoever to do with them.

Graduating from high school, I was still into the 12yo's and younger, and that might as well be the upper limit to my AOA. It's not that I haven't seen some stunning teens (more on that later) but my preferences definitely fall to pre-teens.

I had a few funny habits around this time. One was searching the color adverts in the newspapers for childrens clothing sections, and you can guess the parts I was interested in: swimsuits, panties etc. I built up quite a collection, and I didn't even try to hide it from my parents. Also whenever I was out in the car (parents driving, not me yet) I would keep a log of all the LG I would see by writing down their licence plate numbers.

I don't know why-- it's not like I was ever going to track them down or anything, but it was really satisfying, like having a collection. It's like I captured whatever little piece of these precious LGs I could get. Kept me from being bored anyway! I also got involved with photography in high school and took a few rolls of film at an elementary school of kids on the playground. I really had a lot of balls then! If this happened nowadays, I would have been escorted off the lot within a minute I am sure. Or arrested.

My dad had a little talk with me (OK, a lecture) where he basically made the point that I had to be a little less obvious with what I was doing or I would get in trouble. He also expressed his disapproval of my liking the younger ones, and there was this classic moment when he asked me to page through a Sears catalog and pick out some pretty girls! Can you even imagine this?!

I picked out some little cuties and he said, well that they were too young of course, and they "all looked the same" -- like kids, all with the same sorts of smiles. How I even lived through that, I'll never remember. But after that I buried my pedo-ness deep, deep inside, and never once did anything even remotely obvious to anyone else.

All the while I kept wishing and hoping that SEX was right around the corner. Maybe it would happen in college. With a girl my age, even.

Nope. Not even close. Not even in the ballpark. Sometime a little before college, though, I had an important revelation. I remember the exact place and circumstances, and it was probably the most significant "self-realization" I've had to date about being a pedophile.

I was at an event, ever searching for cute LG, and it occurred to me that I was now much more into thinking about them sexually than ever before. I would imagine undressing them and seeing their little bodies in all their glory, and I felt almost ashamed. I remembered that it hadn't been so long ago that I felt primarily love, or maybe even ONLY love and admiration for them, and being into them because I wanted to fondle them made me feel sad, I was maybe what 16 at the time?

So here I am over 40 and I've been struggling with this issue for ONE HELL OF A LONG TIME! It's no wonder I would "take the pink pill" as discussed in another thread. I managed to tell myself that yes, there was still a lot of love, a TON of love in fact, and that it was OK to think sexually about LG and have fantasies. Eventually, I managed it, that it. I did go through a few days of confusion and torn emotions though.

This has gotten pretty long, and luckily there it not much more to say. I got married to an early-20s girl who looked much younger (lucky me!) when I was just over 30, and I thought that this might lay my pedophilia to rest. Nope. Not at all. I can and do love my wife dearly, and the sex is great. All the hornyness I could ever want it there and appropriate, but I'll put it this way: being with her is fantastic, like chocolate cake is fantastic. But the way LG make me feel, both sexually and in terms of love, is like having chocolate cake with a big scoop of valilla ice cream (with the little pieces of vanilla bean in it), on your birthday.

And that's where I'll stop.

Wednesday and Proud

My Coming Out

This letter was written by a pedophile as an introduction to a new group.

by N.S.

When I was a child, I was interested in girls that were older; When I was an adolescent, I was interested in girls my age... I was 'normal'; Now that I am an adult, and my intrest has remained the same... I am a 'monster', and my crime is love.

First, I must give you some background information on both myself and my family. I was the fist child, and for eight years, the only child. Now I am a big-brother to a rebellious teen. My immediate family was always in turmoil. My mother's side is a strict Southern Baptist family, and a red-neck one at that. My father is Latin, and from an Orthodx Catholic culture. They clashed immediatly. My mother is very open-minded and liberal for the generation and culture she comes from. She is very strong-willed, independant and compassionate. My father was Macho, unaffectionate and an alcoholic. My mother had many friends in the American Indian community, and I spent more time on reservations than I spent at home. This plethora of cultures gave me the ability to seek for myself what later would become my ethics, morals, and world-view. I understood from the earliest of ages, that there are as many cultures and ethical standards as there are people in the world, and then some. With the risk of sounding arrogant, I am also very intelligent and perceptive, with a thirst for knowledge and a large degree of empathy.

I was the prodigy and in some respects the prodigal son of my entire family. I kept no contact with my father's side, in fact I grew to hate him. This is probally the most important influence on my life, my relationship with my father, or more aproppriatly the lack there of. My father became emotionally abusive and neglectful. He had

become addicted to cocaine, began several adulterous affairs and generally transformed into a real jerk. Although this was happening when I was only five, I knew quite well what was going on. I learned to resent him and resent what he did. He did clean-up his act for a brief span of a few years, but was repeating his old ways by the time I was ten. This time I learned to hate him, and more importantly I learned to hate men. Again my perceptions were quite accurate as to the nature of what was going on, my school work suffered and I began expressing my negative feelings through poetry. Eventually worried counselors dug their claws into me, and I learned how to hide my emotions perfectly.

So, what does that all mean, what is my point you ask. These events and my general environment prompted several important results. First off, I am extremely open-minded, and in no way a follower. I have decided who I am, not society; I have created my own morals, not adopted the ones of the general population. Secondly, I have grown very aware to people's feelings, emotions and personalities. My awareness borders on psychic ability, and after a few minutes talking to someone, I know not who they are but what they are. Third, I was forced to grow up quickly, but in actuality I never grew up at all. I simply learned how to adopt the cynicism and control that was required, but without losing my idealistic imaginative self that makes up the child in us. I still use the 'adult' thought process as a pair of sunglasses, that I slide on when needed, so that I may see the dull banality of the 'grown-up' world. Fourth, I learned to despise men. I can not stand the machoness that makes a man a man. All my current male friends, would not be considered 'typical men' by anyone. This led me to idealize the feminine, not the view of femininity given to us by society, which reeks of male interference, but the true essence of femininity. That of course can only be found in girls, particularly 'tom-boys', not women. Finally, I was given a certain prestige in my family. As the prodigy child I was afforded a bit of oddness, and my views are often considered, even by the most close-minded of my relatives.

Now to get to the heart of the story, the revealing to my family and friends, of the fact that I am a pedophile. Most will wonder if I was accepted or not, but often you'll find the world is not black and white, but instead many shades of grey. My friends were by far the easiest to inform, they knew me as an adolescent and were with me when I made the 'transition' from 'normal' to pedophile (Funny, it was a transition, yet nothing changed.) They always knew, in fact it is often brought up in a humorous light. That however is very telling, they know what(who?) I am, and they even accept it, yet with the exception of my 'best-friend', it can not be discussed or even mentioned seriously. The fact is, that again with the exception of my 'best-friend', the word "pedophile" has never been used, not even once. Even more interesting, is the fact that their own partial pedophilic natures have come to bear. By no means am I saying that they are pedophiles as well, but they no longer ignore the beauty and sexuality of children. My friends will comment, within our circle of friends that is, on how attractive a child is. No longer do they ignore this attraction, nor do they feel guilt about it, but none the less they would never pursue a relationship as they simply do not find children emotionally and mentally compatible with themselves (Perhaps I will go more into this in further writings.) Looking upon the whole dynamic, they have no problems with my desires, nor are they offended by it. They have been desensitized to the social conditioning against such desires, yet some still remains, and in all likelihood will never go away (another reason may be a human's need for labels to fully discuss and try to understand things, and the label that would need to be used, pedophile, is simply associated with child-rape too much for them to be comfortable.)

My family is an even more interesting case. They know that I like young girls. They know that I prefer young girls over women. They know that my interest is also sexual. They even know of young girls that I am interested in. However, they do not realize nor would they choose to believe that I am a pedophile. I 'came-out' to my mother over a period of about one year, slowly giving her small bits of information as to what I am. The final talk, involved me clearly stating my desires and the fact that it is an unchangeable part of who I am. She accepted, and to some degree understands; though I never used the term pedophile. This however was like putting it in writing, she had fully known for over six months, but choose not to realize or consider what was happening. I began seeing a beautiful girl, who was 13 years old. My mother fully knew that I loved her. I invited her over to family dinners, and my family knew that I was having a relationship with her. Comments ranged from urges of caution to diffident to congratulations, but were never condemning or derogatory.

So what is my relationship with my family today. First and foremost they know of my interest, but refuse to acknowledge (on a sub-conscience level) me as a pedophile, it's just another of my strange quirks. I have had cousins offer to set me up with teenage girls, I have had family comment off-colored remarks when an attractive girl is near-by (so far as young as 11, also off-colored remarks are common in my family, so they were not meant to be offensive to me, though they often are.) My mother now tries to set me up with girls from the age of 16 to 18, instead of in the twenties (she has even off-handedly suggested a few girls who were as young as 12... and she was quite serious.) And my friends always inform me if they saw a movie with a young girl that I would be attracted to, or of the appearance of friends younger siblings (and in a few cases even some of their cousins.) All in all, I am still as trusted and respected as I have always been, and they acknowledge my interest as real and 'o.k.', but still refuse to see me as a pedophile... as what society claims is a monster.

Saving the children: What many pedophiles believe

It is unfortunate that during a child's time of need, many pedophiles are waiting right in the wings to move in. This was posted in a boylove community, and helps to illustrate how most molesters see themselves as a saint to the child. Unfortunately, if they could keep their sexual urges in check, most of the times, they would be.

Original Poster

I've been sitting here for around an hour.. just watching Hobbes chest rise and fall with the breaths of sleep.... hospital is never much fun for those that are in, or those that watch over or visit.... I closed his Starcraft game down on his laptop... and decided to write...

(having uploaded this to the desktop, I realised it's lengthy.. I wasn't looking for anything.. and it doesn't have to be read.. just a little quiet hospital contemplation)

This time was easier than the many times over the last couple of years ... there was no impending operation.. no real fear of "is he going to get through this", no doubtful looks from Doctors... that I try to analyze "are they being upfront with me" "what are they holding back"...

With an immune system that just hasn't regained it's strength... it makes him susceptible to every little bug around...a common cold or flu turns into something threatening...I worry for him.. at times I want to explode at the world for him.. I wanna grab and Doctor and shake them and tell them to leave him alone...

They are the bizzare emotions that run through us all, when we feel our YF's are under threat.. What else can we do but let these emotions rage inside... it is my ... no all of ours complete failure... we cannot take their pain of sickness away.. we cannot make it better.. we can do nothing more than hurt for them, and idly try to wish it away... The best we can do is be there and comfort them... and reflect on ourselves..

I never planned on having a YF.. Like most others here.. I grew believing I was the worse of the worlds population.. I was deviant... I found females about as attractive and inviting as walking in to a public toilet... I wasn't simply homosexual ... I was attracted to boys... and you know if I had the option to be reborn... I would change nothing...

I've never been a "boy watcher" as such... in fact in my whole life I would say there was 3 boys I fell in love with.. what is strange and curious to me, is they were all much the same type of boy... in both looks and character.. 2 of them were love from a distance... and that was all I needed...

Then along came Hoby...and turned my neat little world upside down... broke through every wall and barrier I had carefully built... he was boy that came from a hideous background.. locked away from the rest of the world...all that needs to be said is his mother is serving a ten year sentence, for the cruelty and torture she inflicted... by all account he prolly should have grown into a bad kid... he had every reason to..

But he didn't .. all he wanted was to be acknowledged as "somebody, someone" all he needed was someone to say "I care" all he hoped for was someone to say "you're important to me, because you're you"

I'm not a hero.. I'm not any better than any BL here... I was just the one that happened to be there....

Somewhere along the line I became a rebel.. I don't fear our relationship...I don't feel guilt for it... because I know it's right for "him" I know longer cringe when I read the word paedophile in the paper... I really don't care what society believes.. I have nothing but distain for "child advocates" why would I?.. at 4 years old his mother slammed him against the wall. I don't mean pushed him against it... I mean picked him up by the legs and slammed him against it... they left him there... they never went back, they never checked to see if this was on going abuse ...

3 months after I knew him... I knew something wasn't right... but he never complained... never let on he didn't feel well... after taking him to the Doctors for a full check up.. it was discovered he had been living with a basial skull fracture... that had remained untreated... fluid had built up... besides the abuse his mother was still inflicting ... he had been existing with a permanent migrain style headache... in fact he didn't know what it was like to exist without that pain...

He's not a completely rare case, just another statistic for parent abuse...

Today he's a happy, quiet, full of life and full of love kid..with a heart that's bigger than his body and a compassion for BL's that runs deep... because they are the people that care about him.. they are the people that matter to him...

So dear sir or madam, as you stare and size us up while we wander through the shops holding hands, wondering am I his dad perhaps even his step dad.. or is there something sordid and unhealthy... you'll have to excuse me as I glare back and perhaps pass the comment as we walk past "what the hell do you think you're staring at" you see.., I'm not intimidated by your stare nor do I have any feelings of guilt or shame, and least of all by your secret thoughts of how a man should act with a boy in public or what you might think I am...

I love him and I will go on loving him and being there, I care nothing for the societys distorted and hysteria based views of boylove..

As Always
Wraith

[Reply](#)

You Dear, Dear man.

The words fail me now to say what I am truly feeling after reading this.

Just know that my sincerest wishes are to Hoby and to you. May you both pull thru this with no further pain. I know that that is an impossibility but I can still hope and will.

I applaud whatever power is out there that let you 2 find each other. And I condemn the one that caused such cruelty be inficted on such a precious flower.

I do hope that he will grow and flourish. It seems he has the best going for him now in you.

Thank you for sharing this glimpse into yours and Hoby's life.

Know my thoughts are there with you.

bring to words...

I remember a post from a few months back... it was about perfect boys and what our ideas of a perfect boy was... and one of the replies was from one of Hobes online family... it was short , and always struck me as the most accurate and most fitting ... His idea of the perfect boy was Hoby because <i>" he's perfectly imperfect"</i>

and the fact is our idea of perfection includes imperfection...

what would we do without a little mischivousness with a dash of naughtiness thrown in...what fun is there in watching a boy come home in the same clean state he left I'd have to be telling him to go back at get dirty, boys wear mud well... how could you really ever fully enjoy a boy that picked up and put away his toys after himself... just imagine never having to hobble around on one foot after stepping bare foot on one of their toy cars or soldiers ect.. no need to close your eyes guys.. we've all done it...

perfection would mean they never get sick...it's a nice thought in some ways... we all wish it... but then we would all miss out on them times running back and forth getting drinks, the extra cuddles they require, the softly spoken words of how brave they are, sitting for hours stroking the hair back from their foreheads...

be woken 50 times in the middle of the night with their coughing or "I need a drink" copping a hand or foot in the face through their restless sleep... hmm perhaps I will stop there...

I ramble way to much.... I dropped by to say at this point it looks as though he will be home on our Tuesday... which I think for most here would be Monday night...

As Always

Wraith

Another Letter

Just another posting from a pedophile who was abused himself as a child, however, he fails to recognize the possible connection between his early sexuality and his sexual development.

A brief story about needing a boy-lover when I was about 13:

I started having sex with older boys when I was 7, and they were very positive experiences. This continued until a gay bashing event stopped my sexual development at age 12-13. I discovered I was different from other boys (I was gay) at age 7 and up until 12 had no problems with it.

During middle school one day, while walking home with a boy whom I loved (age 12), I asked him to show me his dick. He did! In broad daylight he took it out and peed on the sidewalk as we walked through the neighborhood. No problems with that we thought. Later on that night, my mom wok me up and told me there was a preacher man who wanted to see me outside in his car. Still in my pajamas, I went to the car and sat in the back seat. My young friend was in the front seat next to his father crying hysterically. His dad told me someone saw us earlier that day and he wanted to know if his son exposed himself that way. Hs had his fist in my face and I was so scared I said "yes", and listened to a vivid description of the violent punishment he was going to dole out to his son, the boy cried louder during this description. I felt the man really wanted to hit me (since I started the incident and was an obvious queer). I really loved his son, and never did

get the chance to tell him so, the boy moved later that summer.

This event made me so scared of men that I stopped having sex with my friends because I did not want them to be hurt. This was not the first time I got caught by adults and punished by men whom hated my actions. I hated it when I started going through puberty, even shaved my pubic hair off when it first started to grow, wanting nothing to do with mature boys or men. From age 12 until age 21 I was not sexually active. When I did return to sex, I started over where I left off with another 12-year-old boy. This relationship did not meet my needs as an adult and I sought help. It took me years of looking before I found a shrink that could help me. I needed to move on to men but was afraid of them and thought that sex with one would be just gross and was therefore not attracted to hairy bodies.

The reason I am telling you this story is to show an example of a boy who really needed an understanding man to show me how to have sex with men at age 12-13. After many years of psychotherapy and personal research on the topic I can say this for certain. It took a lot of courage at age 24 before I would try sex with a man but once I did my life improved dramatically. Now at 54, I have had sex with nearly 100 men and it's been over 30 years since I had contact with a minor. I still love boys but I get my adult sexual needs met with men and have learned to love them too. My doctor told me that I can do anything I want in my fantasy but just don't touch, and that freedom of thought has helped me live a sexually rewarding life. If only a kind man had helped me to have sex with him at age 12, I would have avoided decades of self-hate and an attempt at suicide.

After having a monogamous relationship with another boy lover that was loving and rewarding I can say that I really do love all you guy's out there who truly love boys and want you to know this. You have a right to be proud of yourself and you have a lot to offer both boys and men. Keep on looking and your luck dragon will find you.

Introduction

This is another introduction from a pedophile in a girl lover web site.

Since I was about 10 or 11, I noticed from spending time with my nephew, and such, that I enjoyed greatly being around children, specifically, preteen children. At this age I can not say that it was sexual, as I did not think of them sexually at all, I just enjoyed being around them, go on well with children and seemed to have a natural talent at working with them.

When I was about 15 or 16, while searching for "College Age" girls I stumbled across a few pictures of child models, and I was shocked (appauled actually) at how much I enjoyed looking at those pictures, it was about this age I found myself being sexually attracted to little girls. This continued, and I used to search (when I could, as I did not have an internet connection at home at that time) for such pictures, and related stories.

Inside I hated myself for being this way, and prayed nightly to ask GOD to take it away from me.

Finally, in September 2003, I realised that it was not something I was to have removed, as if it was a sickness or such, but it was something that was part of me, that I should use in some way for good. So I began to look online for "help / support" for those who are pedophiles, I hated myself, as I thought "would I become like those

people in the papers?" and such, yet deep down inside I knew I would never ever act like that with a little girl, it was very tormenting inside, and I would not dwell on it for too long because I could not deal with it.

While searching the net for "support" I came across IPCE, and information about different types of "therapy" available, such as aversion therapy (which I did not like the sound of and considering I knew that it was more of an annoyance to me than something that I would be afraid taking over me I did not think necessary) and support groups. One of the references linked to a pedophile support group called JON.

On this page there was a article about "21 ways" to live as a pedophile. It contained things such as how to express attraction to little girls positively and properly, and how to happily live in society without breaking laws. For once, I did not feel trapped any longer, I had proof there was ways of living without the "newspaper" route I had heard so many times, that was the first step to my liberation.

I came across GC (www.annabelleigh.net) later as I read posts, and began to post, nervous at first, I learnt much, and how that physical intimacy and personal acceptance turned my "trapped" self into a calm, positive self who had nothing to fear from my own feelings. I now do not have issues with the sexual side of my attraction, as I know I can live without it, fulfilled and happy.

And you know, that is how I became a GLer.

A girl moment

This was posted in a pedophile website about a weekend outing with another pedophile friend. This story might be shocking to some parents, and should illustrate to them the need to ensure that they take time to go over prevention techniques. While we praise this particular pedophile for not going any further than what happened, many others would not have had the self control, and such an encounter would have easily gone a lot further than it did.

"Sorrow" as in the tkGL member, GLer.

His parents were going to some booze-up friday night, and he was left in charge of his 2 4yo sisters (whom i will call Aubergine and Thumbelina), and his 7yo brother (whom I will call Geoffery).

Great guy that he is - he invited me over (or maybe I invited myself - hell who can blame me) - either way, he talked his parents into it.

So i got the train(s) and met him at the station. Picked up his 7yo brother Geoffery from school, as he pointed out the girls he knows from nursery (the ph**ker works in a nursery too blast him lol).

We got back to his place and I met his two little sisters - adorable, having seen a photo of them before - all i can say is - the photos don't do they justice.

His parents went out at six, and that left us in charge of the 2 girls and one boy. If you know anything about good pedophiles though - that power-order is usually reversed,so sure enough one of the girls was jumping all over Sorrow (including various damaged bones lol- dumbfuck let them - then again, i dunno if i'd do different - They were so cute and happy!), while I kept getting pummeled with a darting lg running into me (usually knee at crotch height which i had to defend against) - and then having my hair messed about. But it was great being so close and having fun contact with little girls in a totally clean way, that they just loved.

Then they had to get changed for bed (sucks that the had to go so early lol - 7ish), which means they had to strip! Well, never in my life have i ever seen a naked 4yo girl with my own eyes - but fuck me, i can say i have now. Especially as it appeared the one i got to see pretty well was pretending that she couldn't put her vest on, to give

me more of a show. I put her (her still naked) on my lap, and helped her on with her vest - that is a sight I will forever remember, so completely and totally beautiful and awesome.

They went to bed, and we went to watch some GL themed (sort of) movies:

Brass Eye, 2001 Pedophilia Special
Jersey Girl
Man On Fire

Then we checked the net, so on - occasionally (not often enough for me though) being interrupted by the girls who needed a drink or such (they looked so peaceful in their beds). By this time it was like 1.30am, so we checked the forums (me on my psp) and some other stuff, before we knew it - it was like 3.30am, so we decided wed better hit the sack, cos when the lgs woke up, I WANTED TO GET UP (again, who can blame me?).

Sadly, hitting the sack didn't seem to work, as we ended up just talking about how beautiful and hot his sisters were, how much we would hate anyone who harmed them (ie force/threats/pain etc etc etc) and so on and so forth (you can imagine). Before we realised, it was like 6.30am, and Sorrow made the mistake of Nodding off - to be awoken about 40 minutes later by me ! cos i heard rather loud sounds of laughter from his little sister's bedroom and I seriously wanted permission to go in and see what it was about... I got the permission and he well, sorta drifted off back to sleep for a minute.

I went in, they were talking about their dreams to me, while I sat between the two little girls, arms around both, just taking in their beauty and presence - and adoring their voices (SO DAMN CUTE). About 10 minutes passed doing this (lovely how time flies like that) as Sorrow got up and "we" had breakfast - i wasn't hungry. One of the LGs was like "i'm cold", so I said truly concerned for her well being and not in any way, shape or form, trying to use this as an opportunity for more close contact "you can sit on my lap and i can put my arms around you if you want while you eat your breakfast" - which they wanted, so happily we did (each took one LG).

After which, I remember watching Pokemon on TV, and having both girls cuddled up either side of me, with my arms around them holding them, and occasionally just looking at their beautiful faces/bodies and smiling. I tell you that was such an amazing thing, I felt like I'd just injected some euphoric drug - it felt Fucking good to be cuddling those little girls who were snuggled up next to me, so awesome and beautiful they were. They stayed like this for a while (to my delight), but after a while, Sorrow still suffering from the one hour sleep (i on the other hand Never fell asleep, so it is about to catch up with me now rather than Then) fell asleep in the chair, and before I knew it, one of the girls had whisked me off up to their bedroom to watch a movie.

Shortly after, the other girl came up, so I was alone with these two 4yo little blonde girls, in their bedroom. They each decided on one video to watch, and we all lay back on their bed (with me in the middle), I put my arms around them and cuddled them to me. Of course, by this time I had found out which one liked kisses and which one didn't. The one who liked these kisses I will call "Thumbelina" in this GM obviously that is not her real name.

Anyway, prior to this I gave her a few kisses on her cheekes (on the face, not those she sits on oi!) and she (to my surprise) kissed me back, with beautifully soft and wet lips, while cuddling with me - as I said it was a hard time - but back to the bedroom.

They decided to watch "My Little Pony" first (talk about girly! i was more than happy to let them watch it with me there with them). Occasionally I would turn to look at each one either side, briefly stroke their face with my finger and smile at them (cos they were / are Fucking beautiful lol). Thumbelina (the one who likes kisses) I would occasionally kiss on her face, and cuddle her a bit closer to me (as she wanted that) - I took my hand away from the other one in the end, who was happy to lie on their pillow without my arm around them for that time (although they wanted my arm around them at the start - if they change their mind I am MORE than happy to go with it lol), so watching My Little Pony, one girl to my left, the other cuddled up to me, resting her head on my shoulder, me

looking lovingly at her smiling and occasionally kissing her - and getting kisses back - it was fucking unbelievably wonderful lol.

Totally legal too

By this time Sorrow decided he needed to go back to bed for some sleep so he did, and I resumed my game of "kissing the legs" of Thumbelina which I started earlier. I would kiss her feet (with socks on although I actually kissed her little feet without her socks on before just because she was so beautiful and it made her smile), and kiss her legs up to her knee. Why did I do this? Because her legs were just so that perfect shade of blonde-lg skin that just makes them angelic almost, and also because it made her smile when I kissed her legs. They felt awesome, so smooth and lovely, and her smile just was the icing on the cake. This went on for a bit, by then their parents were home

I expected to not see them much after that (ie they'd be down stairs, we'd be upstairs) - but being as Sorrow was otherwise incapacitated (ie asleep lol), they ended up coming into Sorrow's room where I was and playing this colouring game on the computer - of course I was keeping an eye on everything, making sure it was going right (no fighting etc - as everyone knows how sisters fight - nevermind identical twins). I knew the difference today because fortunately Thumbelina was wearing a Butterfly top, the other was wearing just a white top - Talk about ironic, Thumbelina Loves butterflies!

Anyway, she would colour an image, then "Aubergine" would, and they would switch legs, on me (ie one sitting on each leg). Occasionally one would start rocking themselves in a rather rhythmic manner on my legs for a short while, and know the reasons they did this gave me another hard time LOL - i was not in any way participating in this, nor did I mention it - so again, totally legal

I would kiss Thumbelina on her neck/cheek or even lips sometimes after her images, just cos well - i wanted her to know I just adored her (and she loved the kisses too) and she kissed me back, which I kept not expecting - yet she did, and it was totally awesome.

After this, Geoffery decided to play some battleships, so it was me and Thumbelina against Geoffery, in which time we ended up cuddling and smooching more - nothing indecent, nothing no one would do who was just totally in love and adoration with the other, certainly no touching anywhere that would be classed as "sexual" - and I can state for my part, the touching was not for sexual gratification, it was hugging/kissing just cos I adored that little girl so much it made my heart want to melt, I could not stop smiling. And when she kissed me, as she did pretty often in that, or just cuddle with me completely of her own accord it was like, "WOW" I was pretty gobsmacked about it all really, but damn was it wonderful... and again,

Totally legal.

Reminds me of earlier.. when I was in the bedroom with the two lgs, and kissing Thumbelina's legs, i asked her "can i kiss your tummy" - knowing that while it was totally legal thing to do (i love blowing raspberries into tummies lol or just ticklin them and making them laugh so beautifully), I did not want to do something she didn't. She however added "you cannot touch my bits" - referring of course to her privates, to which I replied that I had no intention of touching her private bits - and that was a truthful reply - i did have no intention of touching them, I was having far too much fun just adoring this beautiful little girl and making her smile and laugh and giggle and enjoy it all.

Skip forward again a few hours, shortly before I have to leave (boo-whooo!), Sorrow puts on "I Am Sam" for us to watch, and I am pining a little because I don't get more time with the lgs (lol, he has them 7 days a week! anyway....) - it would have been a bit odd had i not gone and watched I Am Sam with him, besides its a GOOD movie.

To my surprise (or well, fortune), the boy and the two girls soon came into the room and wanted to watch the movie too. When Thumbelina got into the room though, she sat by me, cuddled up to me, and I lay her back on the bed we were sitting on (which just happened to be Sorrow's bed). And I lay by her, propped up by my elbow, and cuddled her a little. Then we played "potatoes" (1 potato 2 potato etc), and a few other games, one of which involved tickling her tummy (which again she loved), then all of a sudden, she took her hands put them around my neck, pulled me down right over her and started to hug me and kiss my neck with her lips, i was like "OMG IM SO GONNA PASS OUT FROM THIS" lol, just loving this beautiful little girl deciding to kiss me - I love affectionate little girls, but Thumbelina is the queen of them! lol. Of course I gave her a few kisses and hugs and cuddles back. Then it was time for their dinner.

After dinner they came back again, and I had a few more cuddles and kisses from thumbelina - who was just making my mind explode with unbelief lol. Again, nothing sexual, nothing illegal - just affection, and total enjoyment of it!

Sadly, train time rolled around, and they were sad I had to go (I was too lol!) but I said to them that if they were good, I would come again. I shook the father's hand, waved to the mother, and me and Sorrow headed for the station.

That sums up the weekend pretty much - though I am sure there are details i have forgotten - there was Nothing that went on that could not be mentioned - and that to me is the greatest thing.

I had this most fantastic amazing two days, with little girls - doing things that are Totally completely legal.

I can't wait to go back again. Those girls are so adorable.

And Sorrow - much respect my friend, I owe you a debt of trust in this situation that is hard to repay

I have a Confession to make..

A great post that illustrates the inner struggle of most pedophiles.

Im A Boylover, and can only ever be a Boylover. I shall never be Straight, nor Gay. I have always harbored hope that i could manage the former, at the very least the latter. It is not to be. a further division between me and the rest of Society.

This Annoys me allot.

I wish it were otherwise. I know im a BL, i accepted that i look Boys, i just wish i could like Women as well. would make life easier. Sadly, its not to be.

I am a former poster here. that nick is now dead.

I am highly attracted to boys in overalls. number one. after that? wetsuits, speedos, jammers, sleepers(full body PJs), Wrestling singlets..

I am horribly depressed at the moment. I have a yf, who is not a yf. he doesnt give a shit, doesnt care, and they havent called recently. Ive called them.. but no real answer. Ive given up hope. it was never a strong thing anyways. I dont know how another boy will find his way into my life. I dont want to be the creepy guy at wherever I am. I walk into the pool too often and take a look around.

I was at a 'place' Today, and there was a boy sitting there, with that Look. You Know that look? "I Need an AF, Bad" I tried cracking a couple of jokes, and he laughed at one or two, but i was not willing to be the "Creepy" guy and start chatting with him. it didnt click for soem reason.

more to come,
-Country-

Collection of crushes

This is a collection of posts from the same person on a pedophile website.

Post

I read the forum rules and therefor changed her name in this story to Kay.

When I first met Kay, I had to meet her for my job, to get to know her and already I kind of knew I was in "trouble" because her age (7/8) is right up my alley. I've never met anyone like her, beautiful Kay. Her face is amazing, beautiful teeth, beautiful blonde hair the first time I met her she looked at me smiling from this little car and it was the most incredible look I've ever seen. She had in two pigtails, loose ones, that ran over her shoulders. The minute we met it just connected, she likes me but is sort of a tease. Well, to me she is, because everytime our playtime is over she emmediatly leaves off for her little friends. But that's kids for you, honest, and I love her even more for that.

Then there was today, just when I thought I got used to beautiful Kay, amazing Kay, she sat there at a table and just looked at me. I decided right there and there I wanted to look into her eyes and I'm glad I did. What seemed to me like hours I sank into her eyes, for once she didn't smile but just looked at me seriously. It was like a classic detective movie, the feeling I got was overwhelming but like I always I staid calm and collective. I really don't know what went on in her mind but it was like we had a look between lovers. Of course, that's only in my imagination but my God, she's amazing.

Too bad I don't have her that often at work, but I do almost see her daily, and every day I see her I treasure these moments. She is so amazing, she's the most amazing girl from a lot of girls there that almost all have my admiration.

Beautiful Kay. Lovely Kay. Amazing.

I just wanted to share thisat with my new found friends.

Post

Okay, so I told you guys about Kay and how I wanted to spend more time with her. Well, today I was in a huge amount of luck!

I went to work this morning, checking my schedule if she would be there today, and she would right at the same time I would be there. So I told myself: No matter what, I'm gonna spent time with her today before the weekend. So I sat there, having some coffee and SHE RAN UP TO ME!!!!

I was like: WTF? And I was soooooo happy. She told me about her day and that her day had been boring except for gymnastics and that she was good at it. *cough* I got my nerves up and asked her if she could SHOW ME some stuff, and she did, she did a handstand spin a couple of times for me, then she asked me when I had to pick her up again(!!!!) Turned out I don't have her this monday and she sighed (!!!!) I swear it's the truth, she wants me to pick her up more often!!!! She asked me if I had to pick her up at all next week and so I sat down with her, good guy as I am, explaining the schedule to her and SHE SAT RIGHT NEXT TO ME, against my

chest and going over the schedule with her little digits sometimes even touching my hands (!!!!)

I must have done something right in my previous life to deserve this!!!! I told her she should ask around if I can pick her up more often, you know to the teachers and I really hope she will (!!!!)

Today was AWESOME, to top things up I went to the supermarket today and this 12 year old bend over right in front of me in a TIGHT, TIGHT pants so I could basically see EVERYTHING.

This day was my day I'm telling you, I LOVE KAY!!!!

Post

Hey everyone,

After doubting if it would happen again, I finally got to pick up Kay again today. It was awesome. We had a nice talk and some laughs in the car but now I found myself to be so damn insecure.

I look at her pretty face and feel myself wanting more, I'd love to just hug her or give her a nice kiss, I want to be real friends with her or even more. It's just whenever we get there, she leaves for her little friends and of course this is normal but I'd like her to become more attached to me also. I know this might sound weird but it's really what I want.

I gtg now people are calling..

Post

So I was saying yesterday how insecure I was but today was AWESOME!!!

I had to pick up Chastity (name changed, due to well privacy and such), also a very hot 7 year old girl, and suddenly while waiting in the car had a GENIUS idea. I wear one of these thin coats, which can basically fit snugly around anything, and I figured why not wrap it around the car seat? I wrapped it so neatly that it looked like it was part of the carseat and when I picked her up she parked her cute little butt right on there. I was like omg this is awesome. I drove her to where she was supposed to go and went inside to find Kay there as well (!) she was sitting with the schedule (perhaps even waiting for me, I don't know) and I checked it out with a cute 7 year old on each side (!!!!) at one side Kay, the other side Chastity both rubbed up nicely against me and once again I had full opportunities to touch Kay's cute little digits. I thought I went insane. It to me was the perfect pedosexual threesome experience.

To top things up I made them laugh with a silly joke out loud which then they continued to tell to another cute 7 year old I had picked up earlier. I had a cool rear view mirror view of this girl all the way this morning and she wore a skirt not even big enough to blow my nose in. Killer legs. She also laughed about it, I was the MAN today.

I came back to the car, drove to a gas station and took a big whiff from the jacket it had Chastity's sweet amazing 7 year old bumsmell ALL OVER IT. I put it on and smelled it all the way home. What a smart idea, you bet your ass I will continue to do this every time I have to pick up one of the hotties.

Today was great. Enjoy it with me.

Post

Well, I gotta say I don't fall in love easily but I have fallen in love. With a 7-year old girl, Kay.

Today we shared a very intimate moment when she told me about the troubles she had in her life and I wanted to hug her so bad. But didn't dare to. I regret not hugging her but since I cared so much and felt bad for her,

comforted her, I realised that I am truly in love with her.

I used to think she's just hot, very good looking, but I feel it through every molecule in my body. I want to be with her, I want to hold her forever and ever. I care so deeply about her it's love. And I don't know what to do.

Post

This morning was just plain insane. I had to pick up Isis along with some other kids and bring her to school. Each time I bring Isis though I have to wait since she's only 5 years old, but damn is she hot.

She wore these pink flip flops with sparkles on it and she has these ADORABLE feet. Not like usual kids feet, but more pretty than average. On top of that she wore a loose summer dress and sat on this cart driving circles in front of me, with NOBODY around giving me a MAJOR long look at her white panties every time. Now it's hot here right now, the weather I mean, so it was warm and outlined her pretty little pussy PERFECTLY. I could see it all, full frontal LG lips, warm and sorta moist I guess. It was insane. She had troubles putting on her backpack so I helped her, I decided to hold her arms doing that. Man, I had troubles keeping my happy down so I had to quit again quick since my dick was about ready to get real, REAL hard.

Post

Okay, so I had to take Isis to school again today and she always tries to say that I have to stay with her until the bell rings. So I decided to stay there, and not call a teacher to watch over her. Boy, it was awesome!

First she gave me a little summer skirt show on this little playhouse, I could once again see right in her crotch. She was wearing white underpants with either little red hearts or flowers printed on them. Then to top things off she started to play with these little turn around blocks where you could sit at on the playground. She turned around blocks then asked me which ones were turned if I could count them. I was like ZOMG she wants to play with me!

I counted them at first, then she did it again and moved over inviting me to sit next to her. We played with the blocks and she touched my hands several times or brushed my arm, I had a hard time not getting a boner when her blonde hair brushed my arm on several occasions as well.

Then the bell rang. Way too early for my taste! Still she wanted me to walk into the classroom with her, and I decided what the hell, I just will. Suddenly her face was all sad and I wondered why, then another LG punched her on the arm. Kids can be so cruel, she told her to cut it off and frankly I didn't know what to say.

I wanted to stay with her to protect her out of fear of her being bullied there, but then I let her into the classroom it was way too busy there for me to walk in, parents were walking through the hallway as well.

When I looked through the windows I saw she was all smiles again with some little boy. I was glad. Luckily she seems to be alright. I knocked a couple of times on the windows but she didn't hear it.

She's pretty damn awesome.

Post

So I told you guys how Kay was upset about moving and sorta mean towards everyone including me.

Well, today I was messing around with Isis, tickling her all over (ZOMG, it was incredible, she's such a card) and she was sitting next to us. Suddenly she said: "Well, I can handle tickling very well, I'm not ticklish at all!"

Invitation! So I tickled her and yeah she could handle it very well but I handled her really well tickling her front back and even touching her chest for a while. She was all smiles to me again it was incredible.

Of course I went to play with Isis again as well and I was glad I got such a big smile out of her again. I guess she needed it.

She's incredible I will miss her very much.

Post

Ok, so I didn't have to go to work anymore since the kids are on school vacation but a colleague told me she'd still be there this week. All week I was busy, parents visiting, stuff I had to do and yesterday night I figured: It's now or never. If I don't go tomorrow, I will regret it for **the rest of my life**.

I didn't want to have to go through that, I also wanted our goodbye to be special. She was so upset the last time I left I figured it would be great for both of us if she could see me just one more time before she leaves, I also took my own kid with me since I wanted him to meet her too. He's still very young, 3 years old.

I put on the alarm clock so I wouldn't sleep out too late I figured that around 10 am would be a PERFECT time to see her. And it was. I was there and there she was. Her eyes glowed with happiness to see me again, she was also very fond of my son she kid around with him very much. I saw her for a full hour and a half, even a little longer as they played with all the other kids at work and she'd sit with me at times and we talked, also with her little friends like Chastity and another girl I like just as friends. It was awesome. I could stick as long as I wanted to, none of my colleagues mind they just thought it was great I dropped by with my son. My son had a ball with another young girl later on and me and Kay talked more and more.

Then when it was time for them all to eat I figured I'd leave. I washed up my son because he was all sandy from the sandbox and then went out of the door and there she was. My beauty. My everything. The love of my life. She was just standing in the hall looking at me again with that look I longed for all this time. I really took my time there was nobody around it was just me and her, like the Gods intended it this way. I told her I would miss her very much and she said straight out of her heart as I looked at her: "I will miss you too." Then I asked her if she wanted a hug and we hugged (!!!!)

Like the world didn't exist for a moment, like there was love emanating from our bodies exchanging through energy's. It was everything I ever longed for and the way she hugged me, long and hard, also everything she ever wanted for me. While we hugged I told her: "Just.... write me whenever you want and I will write you back. Okay?" She replied: "Yes, I will do that." And I could hear in her voice that she meant it. Then I figured I wanted my son too feel her love too, because he is also everything to me. I wanted him to feel it. So I told him: "Wanna give Kay a hug too?" and he did. She also hugged him lovingly. Then I just couldn't deny it anymore and asked her for one more hug and she did. It was wonderful, magical, everything.

God I love her. I hope she writes and somehow I hope it is not the last time I've seen her. I still have butterfly's all throughout my body and finally I feel like this was the right goodbye. We hugged each other so lovingly.

Who do YOU miss?

Somewhat off topic, but interesting and sad.

Well, I knew it was coming.

I had myself a good long cry this morning. I've been tearing up a lot lately, reading different posts, your posts, and mine. What finally turned on the waterworks though was when I was working on an HTML project involving a "poem" I wrote in '98 and recently re-posted on boywrite titled "Our Day at the Carnival". I have been changing the format of all the stuff I wrote to HTML. Jazzing them up with color and a picture. Mostly so that I can share them with anyone and they will be able to read them with the picture included in their browsers rather than in their word processors because not everyone uses the same software, and I was told that one I sent wouldn't read. So anyway, I was working on it and tearing up and I finally gave in and let go. I'd like to say that I feel refreshed

now but as usual, all I feel is hollow inside. At this point you might want to go read the piece so you will understand what I'm talking about now.

As some of you may know I lost my Dad to a boating accident. I was 4 and 1/2. I don't remember too much about him, only bits and pieces. I don't remember his face only from pictures, but what I do remember is his demeanor, his personality, his patience, his understanding, his love. My short time with him was the only time in my life that I felt love in our home. That I felt loved.

My mom re-married 8 months after he died to a man who was simply evil. The kind of man (and I use that word as a gender description only) who thinks it's a great idea to murder the family pets in front of the family on a Saturday afternoon simply to cure his boredom. Who keeps relatives scared away in order that secrets be kept. Who ruled over and belittled everything I did in order to shatter any trace of confidence or self worth that might be growing inside me. Who destroyed any beliefs in a loving God that found their way into his home. Who wouldn't allow friends to visit or sleepovers lest I discover how a normal family should operate. Who predicted that I would be dead or in prison by the time I turned 21. Who creates a kid who is so dysfunctional and hopelessly depressed that he has to be hospitalized for 3 months. Who, though never buying me a single gift ever, decides to buy me a nice new shotgun 6 months later for my 16th birthday, a junior model with a smaller reach between the barrel end and trigger. I can't imagine why.

And he almost pulled it off. I will never forget the taste of the gun oil in my mouth. But instead of making his day, I packed my bags and left in the night.

It's taken a long time to learn to accept all that. Even longer to accept that my mother had accepted it as it was happening.

I have learned to live with the fact that I had a crappy childhood. But one thing I haven't learned to live with is the death of my father. I thought I was over it for a while there, but its days like today that show me that I'm not. Probably never will be. There's alot more to it and many stories I could share, but borrowing from MuHak...you don't want to hear them.

So, that's the story behind the "poem", and the reason for this post. It might help me if I hear who you miss and why. Maybe I will learn some new coping skills that will help on days like this, or at least help make the days fewer in number. Any help would be appreciated.

Much love to you all,

p.s.

Attention cogs: I know that this seems more like an issue for Dr. Phil than a post relevant to boylove, but it's all these reasons and more that helped to shape me as a BL. It may even be the reason I am a BL. But that's a topic for another post, another day.

My Distorted view of Sexual Boys

A pedophile who is actually being honest with himself

As a BoyLover, living in such an oppressed society, I can assure you that I hold no restrictions or limitations, or any such censorship on where my sexuality wishes to take my imagination. I possess a strong sexual attraction (as well an emotional) towards boys aged 8 to 12, and although I know some boys that age, I do not interact with them as much as I would like to. Hence, I believe my perception of young boys is quite distorted.

My sexual fantasies, as I mentioned, hold no censorship. I fantasise about performing oral sex, receiving oral sex, anal sex, and even extremely long periods of passionately kissing and tasting each other's bodies. What's more, I fantasise about the boy enjoying it, loving it, perhaps insisting, demanding or even begging for more. However, I often seriously doubt whether an 11 year old boy would want to even do anything like that with a man. (With another boy I can understand, since I used to fantasise about that when I was 11).

Often I believe that I am sexually attracted to, or perhaps sexually turned on by something that only exists within my head. That is, I am attracted to something that does not in fact exist within this universe. I am definitely not turned on by a naked boy simply standing in front of me. Yes he is quite beautiful, very beautiful, but unless the boy indicates he is pursuing sex, I could never be sexually aroused. And I don't feel that that aspect of myself stems from any social guilt about sexual relationships with minors. I just feel that a cheeky smiling boy lying on his back, naked on a bed with his beautiful legs spread before me (or my face ;-)) is far more stimulating than a boy changing clothes in the swimming pool change rooms.

However, my point is that I seriously doubt that the sexual boy, under the age of 13, really even exists.

Woe is me.

Sincerely

Venn

Falling in love again...

A message that was posted on a pedophile web-site.

Appy is courting Cupid.

It's a bit like a roller coaster ride at the moment, but I have to bring myself to admit that it's very likely I'm falling in love again.

I never thought I'd find another love whilst I had been involved in a long term, successful relationship with another boy (which has since begun to wind down), but it has become rather apparent to me over the last few weeks that this is the case.

Jake is a beautiful just-turned-14 blond boy with striking brown eyes and pure olive skin. What amazes me is that I have fallen for a 14-year-old when my AOA is usually strictly 9-13 (The fact he truly looks 11 is most probably why)... All in all, I find he possesses the manner and intelligence of a 14-year-old whilst maintaining the looks and maturity of an 11-year-old. It seems to be a highly intoxicating mix of perfect ingredients for me... In short, he's perfect.

We are having ups and downs at the moment. With older teens around us, I seem to fall into 2nd place where his interests are concerned. He practically ignores me. When we are together, especially alone (as was the case today), the chemistry is magical. We really hit it off with each other. He's excited around me and I around him. At 14, I can hug him without him flinching, he even enjoys the arm around his shoulder as we walk proudly through the mall. His mother says he's been acting tremendously more confident lately (over the last few months), although how much of that has to do with me is anyone's guess.

I'm new to the teen-arena - It scares me, to be honest. I have little experiences with teens and find myself embarrassing him somewhat with my usual 9-13 patter that I have become so accustomed to dishing out with other

(younger) boys over the years... This new territory is somewhat terrifying and in the back of my mind, I wonder if this feeling could last.

I'd be the first to admit I'm rather fickle in my boy-relationships - It's a fault I have. I'm very particular about the boy who becomes my special young friend and I'm also mindful that I don't want to damage anyone's feelings by getting too close too fast and then wanting 'out' and hurting other people in the process.

I find with the 9-13 range, the conclusion of this aged relationship (in my experience) comes to its natural end for both of us as he discovers girls and my interests move on to the next boy (whilst remaining close, but not intimately close with the ex) ... Also I can't base that off a sample large enough to say that would happen everytime.

Nevertheless, I find myself in uncharted territories.

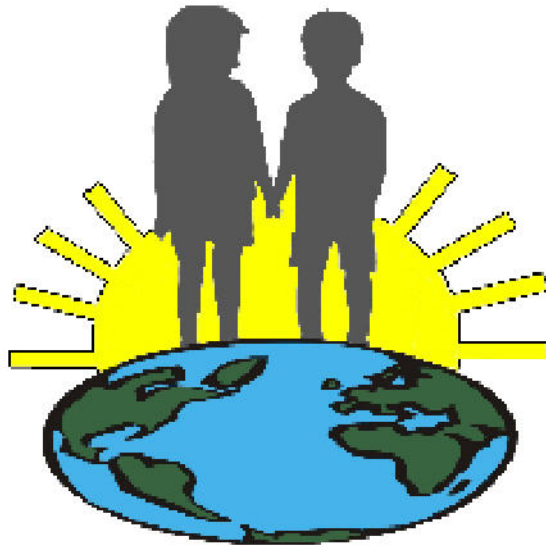
I can but hope that I'm resilient and mature enough to weather the storm.

Appy

Well, that's all for now. We could continue to supply you with thousands of pages of such material, but that would be pointless.

We hope that reading through this book has broadened your mind as to the realities of who molesters really are, how an assault is likely to occur, and how people with such preferences likely surround your child as they grow up.

We hope the result of this does not move you towards more paranoia. Keep in mind, normal loving people also surround your kids. The last thing we should do is shut them out, or raise our kids in a bubble. But hopefully this illustrated the need to take steps in abuse prevention.



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