

The original first edition of The Lolita Method was written and published by Freedom Storehouse Press in 1989, with a second edition printed in 1991. I have since revised and updated the text. The book was co-written with a friend of mine who has given me permission to revise and post it. At the time I wrote this, I was not PRED. I was just a humble public school teacher with a dream. I left teaching and a failed first marriage soon after I completed the first draft of The Lolita Method, relocating to New York City. There I met a host of underground writers in the 'zine world. I showed one of them my manuscript for The Lolita Method, and he turned me on to Freedom Storehouse Press. They printed and published the book, and it was distributed under the counter in porno shops and headshops. Anyone who has a copy of the first or second edition has a real collector's item. I've been looking for an extra copy for the last couple months now, but no luck so far. If you have one, put it up on e-bay. I've had an offer for \$100 for the book, which is amusing because it was printed on cheap paper with a staple binding. Well, that's enough reminiscing for one day. Enjoy ..

Anti-Disclaimer: Oh, COME ON!

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The Lolita Method

The Sure-Fire Way to Pick Up Forbidden Girls

by Scott Donner aka PREDATOR with Bill Humbert

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The Humbert Society of America (Hard Cocks in Search of Young Twat); Lollitas Everywhere (Thank God for Clueless Cum-Dumpsters); Stupid Parents ("Our daughter would never do anything like that ..."); Vladimir Nabokov (For providing us with a vision

and a name); Andrea (Doinkin) Dworkin, Catherine (MacKuntin) MacKinnon & the Femi-Nazi Sisterhood (For providing us with crucial insight into adolescent female psychology which we routinely exploit); The FBI & Law Enforcement Agencies Throughout the World (Catch us if you can, assholes!); Our Wives & Girlfriends (For providing us perfect cover & fuckable daughters); Our Future Prey (May your brains be empty and your pussies tight)

ii. INTRODUCTION

I'm going to make this short because I hate books with long introductions. I do, however, want to take a brief moment to tell you what this book is all about, in case you haven't already figured it out.

Objective - To Attain & Maintain the Sexual Presence of "Forbidden" Girls in Your Life Yes, you read that right. The "Lolita Method" is quite simply, a systematic approach to bagging "forbidden "girls" in their formative years" (although we do address

the issue of Little Lollitas as well). This book delivers in clear, concise, step-by-step instructions what other "How to Pick Up Girls ..." authors won't even dare to suggest.

The Lolita Method openly addresses the varieties of teeny-bopper twat available in the statutory meat marketplace and provides the proven strategies best suited to acquiring those coveted young cunts.

For some of you (parents, cops, preachers, feminists, lesbians and sensitive [emasculated] males) the language and ideas presented in this study may offend, repulse

and, perhaps, induce you to near homicidal rage. Oh well, there's nothing I can do about

that. It's your fucking fault for picking up the book in the first place. So fuck you. You make me want to puke, too.

For those of you considering getting into the Lolita Sweepstakes or just curious about what Bill and I have to say, I bid you welcome and hope you find our work as fascinating and as stimulating as we do.

Others of you will have come to the point where you are ready to take that next step and plunge into the forbidden paradise of "young-adult" poontang. Thank God you

found us before venturing into these often troublesome waters without being at least somewhat briefed concerning what to expect and how best to proceed and succeed.

For the experienced Humbert, we hope our research provides you with some new and innovative tactics for increasing your Lolita "kill" ratio. We also hope you appreciate

our efforts to at long last collect, collate and chronicle all the various and sundry seduction methods which have proven so successful all these years. (Oh yeah, and the

case studies are pretty hot, too.) What you have before you is over twenty combined years worth of painstaking research, and as far as we know The Lolita Method stands as

the most comprehensive work devoted to the art of fucking "forbidden" girls ... ever.

If you don't agree, please, do us all a favor and introduce us to something that considers the issue in the same simple language and puts forward an even more practical

plan of attack. We would like to read it. I, for one, am always willing to learn.

No, the "Lolita Method" is not 100% guaranteed for every "forbidden" girl in every circumstance. We don't need to make hollow promises to satisfy our readers.

Rest

assured, however, that if you do read this book and seriously (and I mean seriously) make

an effort to implement our strategies you will succeed in your quest to fuck "forbidden"

girls!!! That's not a guarantee ... it's a fact!

All you need to bag bimbettes is a little patience, a little courage and a great game plan. So, let the "Lolita Method" be that master plan, and leave the details to us.

Overall, no matter who you may be or what kind of agenda you may have brought to these pages, the "Lolita Method" presents an excellent opportunity for everyone to explore the psyches of those of us who like to fuck "forbidden" girls. The Method also examines the issue of sex with "forbidden" girls from a wholly different (and may I add

enlightened) perspective.

For those who would read this book in an attempt to gain insight into the methods

of the Humbert and thus thwart his efforts -- parents, law enforcement officers, femi-Nazis and preachers -- go ahead and try. But I should warn you of something first. Humberts have been hanging around fucking your precious little daughters since civilization began, and we'll continue to bust their tight cherries no matter what you and your pathetic "morals" have to say about it. So, why don't you just lie back and enjoy it.

Who knows, you might find a little Humbert in yourself as well.

So, without further adieu ... welcome to my world.

Scott Donner

April 1, 1995

1 In the Beginning

Before we begin our Lolita Quest, two short narratives would, perhaps, be in order. These are the stories of the two authors' first recorded "kills," and we are using them here to illustrate a few points. First ... Humberts come in all shapes, ages and sizes. For the most part, seducing Lolita has very little to do with how you look or how much money you have in your wallet. Like prime real estate, prime "forbidden" pussy is all about location. The successful Humbert places himself in a location where a fresh cunt just comes strolling by. Think of the hunter sitting in his tree stand above the skittish young doe who is oblivious to the fact she's in the cross hairs. Second ... The disadvantage of your age is actually an advantage. The trick is learning how to turn the tables and transform yourself from a "Dirty Old Man" to the "Experienced Older Man." Like Nabokov's Humbert (from the novel Lolita, required reading for any man obsessed with "forbidden" cunt), adult males and only adult males can provide what Lolita is really looking for, which leads us to our next point. Third ... Lolita's primary desire in life is to become and feel like a "real, grown-up woman." We call this adolescent obsession the Lolita Urge, and it is responsible for dictating almost 100% of Lolita's actions and reactions. The Humbert who can manipulate this urge is the Humbert who routinely scores kills. Fourth ... Lolitas can be broken down into seven primary categories: the Stoner, the Gold Digger, the Average Girl, the Romantic Artist, the Virgin Mary, the Ugly Girl & the Freak. Recognizing Lolita's type immediately puts you at the advantage. Certain strategies work better with certain types of girls. All you need to do is plug it in. Although neither Bill nor I were consciously aware of these crucial factors when we began individually bagging bimette pussy years ago, we did, however, instinctively pursue certain courses of action that utilized all four rules of thumb. Before we delve into the Method, then, perhaps it would behoove us to take a closer look at the humble beginnings of your humble Humberts.

Scott's Story

My first "forbidden" "kill" occurred when I was just 18 years old, in the summer between my senior year of high school and my freshman year in college. At the time I was a hot-shot, young musician (a trumpet player if you really must know) who had just been awarded a music scholarship to a major Midwest University. That summer, I found work as a Counselor In Training (CIT) at a summer music camp sponsored by a local college. This was your basic "live-in" type arrangement

with about 100 kids ranging from 11 to 17 occupying college dorm rooms, attending orchestra rehearsals and private lessons, and performing weekly concerts in the city park. I was part of a staff numbering 6 CITs, 8 Counselors, 4 Directors and 1 Dean. From the onset, I encountered numerous personality conflicts with the staff hierarchy. The Directors didn't like me because, as they put it, I was a "jazzier," which in layman's terms meant I wasn't your typical, 4-eyed classical music nerd. In addition to this, the Counselors immediately pegged me as a bad influence because of my long hair, pony tail, and my propensity to blare loud be-bop music from the stereo in my room. In fact, the only thing saving me from immediate expulsion was my raw ability as a musician. I was arguably the best trumpet player (not to mention musician) in the camp, and for some unknown reason the Dean liked me. Needless to say, my rebellious ways and "jazz star" rep quickly endeared me to the kids, and by my third week I already had quite a large following of Scott Donner wannabes among the boys and Scott Donner groupies among the girls. To put it bluntly, my musical talent and "hell's bells" attitude had made me the camp legend, and being the cocky young guy that I was I ate it up. Of course, the Counselors tried to take me down a peg or two. They made me dorm monitor for the worst group of older boys, and when that didn't break me they placed me in charge of supper clean up, which is really where my story begins. Sitting at my supper table every night (we all had designated seats) was a fresh-faced, 12-year-old flute player named Tracey. Although blessed with a shy, pretty smile, Tracey stood about 5'6" (and growing), and her thin, lithe frame made her appear somewhat gawky when compared to most of the other girls her age. Already, however, she sported a ripe pair of budding breasts that pointed out like soft, firm spikes through her summer wardrobe of T-shirts and halter-tops. In addition, she showed off her long, sinewy legs every day in a succession of cut-off, denim shorts that rode up high along her thighs and fit snugly over a flat, yet slowly developing ass. Although Tracey could not be called the prettiest or the most popular girl in her age group, her quiet, attentive demeanor made her a favorite among the staff. If you needed someone to help with the dishes or take down chairs after a rehearsal, you looked for Tracey. In retrospect, I guess that's how the whole thing started. As an eighteen-year-old hotshot surrounded by a veritable swarm of adoring, "forbidden" cooze, I found it impossible not to flirt with the girls. Sure, I was starting college in the fall, but the sight of a 12 or 13 year old cunt in a pair of shorts (or worse yet a bathing suit) still sent my cock straight back to 7th grade, when I used to jack off all night dreaming about sinking my teeth into some of that tight, tender, teeny-bopper gash. Although she didn't fawn all over me like a lot of the girls with their adolescent crushes, I could tell Tracey was attracted to me. Sometimes I would look up in the middle of orchestra rehearsal, shoot a glance in her direction, and there she'd be, just staring at me. Then she'd flash me that shy, killer smile and go back to her music. Needless to say I found myself getting more and more turned on at the attention until I slowly began to take matters into my own hands. Every night at the supper table, I'd tease her, talk to her, do anything I could to see her eyes connect with mine. I suppose somewhere deep in my subconscious mind I knew where this thing was heading, although I never would have admitted such a thing at the time. Overtly, I pretended to be interested in one of the other CITs, a somewhat stuck-up, nineteen year old bitch from back east named Mia. In

my mind, however, I knew I was becoming obsessed with little Tracey with the shy smile. At night, I would jack-off furiously with images of her cum-covered face spurring me on to higher and higher planes of ecstasy. As the days went on, then, I became even more and more entranced with her, and I began manufacturing additional moments for us to share. Besides sitting next to her at supper each night and enlisting her help with the dishes, I also began "bumping" into her after rehearsals, or between classes, or during free time. By the time I realized what I was doing, it was too late. Things were getting out of control, and, worse yet, I thought I had begun sensing a naive receptivity on her part. The very thought of actually doing anything with her sent my head spinning in even crazier circles, and sometimes I even caught myself thinking the unthinkable .. "You know, I bet I could do her. I bet I really could ..." Our mutual crisis finally came to a head one evening after dinner. As usual, she'd stayed to clear the tables and clean the dishes. As we worked together, I could sense the tension between us growing. We brushed up against each other "accidentally" a few times, and my body began responding with all kinds of danger signs ... hard cock, pounding heart ... which basically said: "Get the fuck out of there, Scott!" I still don't know to this day whether or not Tracey knew exactly what kind of effect she was having over me. I find it impossible to conceive, however, that she didn't notice the raging hard-on pressing through my jeans. Of course, so-called human sexuality experts will tell you that most 12-year-old girls don't crotch watch, and those that do probably don't even know what they're supposed to be looking for. Yeah, right, and I'm the fucking Dalli Lama. Listen, I know "forbidden" cunts. I work with them, I fuck them, and I force myself to pay attention to their endless, mindless prattle. Believe me, the minute Lolita learns about dicks in Family Living Class she's ready to sell her fucking soul for a glimpse of one (and quite often does, thank god). So don't listen to the fucking experts who go on and on about the fragility and innocence of sweet, little girls. Little girls want cock; they dream about it, and in my heart of hearts I know my little Tracey possessed as much awareness of our situation as I myself. She knew what was going to happen. She just didn't know how, where, or when. Those little details she left to me because I was the "older man," and it's up the "older man" to sort out all the bullshit and get down to brass tacks. Like the song says ... Girls Just Want to Have Fun. But I digress, so please let us return to our little seduction scenario. As Tracey and I finished up the dishes that night, I maintained the conversation we'd been having and followed her out the dining hall and onto the campus green. I just kept talking, and she was laughing, and to anyone passing by it all must have looked very innocent and on the up-and-up. But in the air between us, the sparks were flying fast and furious and the "chemistry" was about to cause a thermonuclear meltdown. Here she stood, the exact prototype of the girls that had always eluded me during the painful years of my early adolescent. The day I hit puberty, I found myself inexplicably drawn to the shy, pretty girls, the ones that blossomed into womanhood in the blink of an eye, the ones who were always bored with the "boys" their own age and went right from early adolescent awkwardness to performing backseat gymnastics in the cars of older, cooler guys. But I was 18 now, and I was finally one of those cool older guys. One problem remained, however ... summoning up the courage to put all my grandiose schemes of seduction into action. Yes, it was do or die time, and to tell the truth, I really don't

know how I ever managed to get up enough guts to act. I guess I just kept talking, kept her interested. Then, when we reached the steps outside the practice hall, I made my play. "I've got to go upstairs and get some music I've been working on," I said. "You know," I quickly added, "we don't have to be at orchestra for another hour yet. Would you mind doing me a favor?" "What?" she asked oh-so-innocently. "I'm working on a new piece for the brass choir ..." "You're writing something for the brass choir?" she interrupted, obviously impressed. "Yeah, it's not much really ..." Actually it wasn't much at all, merely a required project for my music theory class. But I was the camp legend, and surely it wasn't inconceivable that I, Scott Donner, might write a piece for the brass choir to play in concert. "I'd love to hear it," she practically gushed. So, we went upstairs to my practice room high atop the fourth floor in the deserted building, and I proceeded to fumble around on the piano a bit and ask her opinion about my stupid piece of music, which she of course drooled all over. Minutes later, she was sitting right next to me on the bench, and as I played through a particularly rough passage I fidgeted around next to her, surreptitiously rubbing up against her as I managed my best Beethoven impression. When she didn't bolt upon contact, I shifted myself until I was even closer to her slender form. For a split second, my elbows rubbed against her twelve-year-old breasts and she shot me a look that was half rapture and half terror. "What do you think?" I asked her when I finished. "It's beautiful," she replied. "Awesome," she added in typical twelve-year-old fashion. Instinctively, I zeroed in on her eyes and wouldn't let them go. She turned her gaze down after a moment, but I slowly lifted her chin until I had her shy eyes prisoner once again. Her lashes fluttered and closed. I said "Fuck It" to myself, wrapped my arms around her and kissed her. "Oh, Scott ..." she gasped between mouthfuls of air. I didn't let her finish, dreading what might follow ... the words "no" or "stop" or worse yet "rape." But she said nothing more, and we kissed for almost five minutes before she broke away giggling. "I never did that before" she giggled, "you know, French kissing." "I couldn't tell," I lied. In fact, her inexperienced tongue sent my cock into somersaults inside my jeans. She was trying so damn hard to be grown-up, to kiss like a "real woman." With my tongue, I showed her the ropes, and her technique had slowly begun improving in the last few minutes. "Really?" she seemed pleased by that, and we went back to swapping spit for another few minutes before I covertly began my preparations for stage two in my assault. As I felt her body shaking and quivering with all the new sensations of youthful passion, I opened my eyes for a moment just drink her all in. Her eyes were clenched tight in utter concentration, and as I re-situated myself on the bench I started pressing my ballistic dick against her bare thigh, rubbing back and forth in a dry-fucking motion. She gasped slightly, startled but not terrified, obviously overcome with kiddy lust and fascination for the big trouser monster now stroking up against the bare skin of her tender thigh. We went on like that for a while, French kissing and dry humping, until I came suddenly with a furious spurting that surprised even me. The whole front of my pants grew damp with cum, and she squealed slightly when the sensation of wet denim and hard cock continued to grind up and down her long, sinewy legs. We kept kissing without a word, and I gently took hold of her hand and moved it to my throbbing crotch. Instinctively, she started squeezing my prick through my pants, gasping and moaning as I buried my tongue in her ear and slipped my hands under her halter

top to find her perky, pubescent tits already nipping and raring to go. Right then and there is when I finally decided to go for broke. I left her ear and started kissing her neck and shoulder blades. Meanwhile I worked my fingers inside her tiny bra and began to gently bother her erect nipples with a succession of pinching and petting. A minute later, I was mashing my face up against her tiny tits, sucking on them through the fabric of her halter-top. When I did this, she just threw her head back and started gasping. I took this as an invitation to undo her top, slip the straps over her shoulders and start working on her bra. "Oh, Scott," she whispered again when I unsnapped her bra from behind and her gorgeous, twelve year old tits bobbed free. I approached them cautiously at first, not wanting to do anything to blow the moment. My cock continued to rage inside my jeans as I tentatively proceeded to flick my tongue against her nipples before inhaling one whole titty with a wet, sucking slurp. I kissed and sucked those adorable little twelve-year-old titties for what seemed like forever as she moaned and clutched at my crotch through the damp denim of my Levis. With her bra off now, I slowly slithered down her tight, twelve year old tummy with my tongue while I sank down into a kneeling position on the floor beneath her. From this vantage point, I began my assault on the last vestige of her dignity, those damn cut-off shorts, which had been driving me crazy the last several weeks. The only thing I wanted now was to remove those shorts and get a clear shot at her ripe, twelve-year-old cunt. But would she let me? I mulled over that question as I continued strafing her tits with my mouth and began stroking her upper thighs, my hands making cursory passes at her ripe little crotch until they finally settled there. I kept them there as we kissed for another half minute or so, and hearing no objection I at long last gathered the nerve to pop open the top snap on her cut-offs. She wriggled a bit as I slid the top of my hand into her panties. A bolt of fear shot through me then, and I stopped dead in my tracks. "Can I?" was all I asked. "I don't know." "Do you want me to?" "I don't know. I've never done anything like this before." I'll always remember those words because they echoed exactly what I was thinking at the time. But I had no leeway to admit I was in the same predicament. The fact that I had never deflowered a virgin, much less a completely naive twelve year old nymphet was the last thing she wanted to hear right now. As the older man, I had automatically assumed the responsibility for our present situation, and thus it remained with me to take complete charge of her indoctrination into womanhood. She expected and desired nothing less. "I don't want to do anything you don't want to do, okay..?" I tried to sound calm, sure of myself. "Just say 'stop' when you want me to stop, all right ..?" She didn't answer, just pressed my face forward until we were kissing once again. By this time, however, my kneeling position had become quite uncomfortable, and all I could think of was ripping off her shorts, securing her snatch, and moving onto something much less contorted. The cold tile floor had rendered my knees numb and caused the lower half of my right leg to fall asleep. My back was arched at such an acute angle that I half expected to hear my spinal cord snap at any moment. As for my cock, it cried for release. Basically, I was a wreck, and I knew if I didn't get things rolling along I'd be a jangle of pinched nerves in a matter of minutes. My hand hovered in the open entrance to her cut-offs for another second before I slowly began to work the second button. The last thing I wanted to do was appear too eager. She had chosen me over some horny teenage boy, and I didn't

want to disappoint her. She required sensitivity, sophistication and domination, and it took all my will power to hold back the slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am instincts that were beginning to work their way into my head. After another flurry of French kissing (which she had mastered by now), I slid my hand back into her cut-offs and wedged it down beneath the elastic waistband of her little girl panties. She squirmed again, and I stopped momentarily before I realized she was lifting her ass off the piano bench, inviting me to unzip her fly, work the shorts down and get down to her virgin, twelve-year-old cunt. I wasted no time now, grabbing the zipper of her cut-offs and yanking it down quickly. As I slid the tight shorts down past her thighs, she squirmed around in an effort to help me. A moment later, her cut-offs lay in a heap on the floor beside me, and all that remained of her modesty was a plain white pair of cotton panties. "Can I?" I asked as I started tugging down the panties slowly by the waistband while burying my face in the already damp crotch area. She moaned softly in response, which I took to be an affirmative response. Still covering her moist crotch with kisses, I gently scooted her undies past her teeny cunt and down her thighs before halting at her knees. After a gentle prodding to the back of her legs, she proceeded to lift one foot off the floor at a time so I could slide the cotton briefs over each ankle and let her last line of defense drop to the floor. Now she was mine totally, and I drew back a moment to observe my handiwork. god, was she beautiful ... the most beautiful thing I had ever seen: her pubescent pussy completely bald, her labia blooming forth like the pink petals of a young rose. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing deeply, tremors coursing through her lithe, twelve-year-old frame every time I touched her hot skin. I waited another moment before launching my frontal assault against her virgin bud. As my tongue lashed out across her tiny clit, she began gasping for air in short, desperate gulps, like she was about to hyperventilate. Hearing her response, I doubled and redoubled my efforts, trying everything I could to drive her absolutely crazy with awakening lust. Her tight, hairless snatch tasted unlike anything I had ever encountered. It was fresh and pure, and practically gushing with virginal fuck juice. "Tell me where ..." I asked above her accelerated panting. "Tell me where it feels good." I spit directly on the bulb of her clit and stabbed at the hood of skin with my savage tongue. "There." She almost jolted out of her skin. "Oh, please, right there." And so I licked that delectable, bald, twelve year old cunt for another ten minutes or so, while she directed me where to attack, until suddenly her whole body heaved, and she began bucking her hips and mashing her tiny pussy into my ravenous mouth. "That's it," I coached, knowing full well that she was experiencing her first man-made orgasm. "Let it come. Don't be afraid. It's beautiful. You're beautiful. Just let it go." Her panting burst into a low, plaintive moan now, as her knees started buckling and her orgasm-wracked body convulsed and collapsed to the floor. I caught her as she fell, taking hold of her in a firm embrace and smothering her face and mouth with relentless French kisses. "Oh, Scott ..." she kept repeating over and over again. We rolled over so that I was on top of her, and she stared directly into my eyes with an eager, childlike lust that just burned a hole in my soul. "Can I take off my jeans?" I asked her flat out. "I don't know ..." her voice trailed off and a look of indecision settled over her fresh face. Her eyes zeroed in on the wet crotch area of my jeans and she cautiously stroked my prick through the tough denim. She seemed to be leaving all the decisions up to me still, and I

decided to pursue it. "Do you want me to?" I pressed. "I told you I wouldn't do anything you didn't want me to ..." "Do you want to?" A glint of twelve-year-old mischief flashed over her troubled gaze. "What do you think?" I managed a laugh. "What are you going to do then?" "Whatever you want me to." "I told you," she whispered. "I've never done this before. I really don't know what to do." "We can do lots of things." "Like what? Tell me." "We can ... You can ..." I was so hard I was ready to burst. "You do know about .. things .. don't you ..?" "What things?" "Have you ever seen one before?" Her complete innocence had made me shy now. "No ..." she giggled nervously. "I mean yes ... in pictures," she added quickly. "Do you want to see mine?" "Sure, I guess so." "You're sure." She nodded. I stood up and slowly undid my jeans. Finally. In another few seconds they were completely off and on the floor. She stared at my hard cock outlined against my white jockey shorts. She couldn't take her eyes off it. I knelt over and kissed her again, but she seemed distracted. She couldn't take her eyes off my prick. "So what do you want to do?" I squeezed my dick through my shorts and reveled in her worship. "I don't know," she whispered. "Give me some choices." I took her hand and placed it on the bulge transfixing her eyes. She shuddered slightly and began petting it in its cage. "Take it out," I commanded in a gentle, yet firm tone. She nodded, snaked her thin, twelve year old hands into my jockeys and fished my monster out of my shorts. "Shit," she exclaimed under her breath when she finally held my eight-inch schlong up to her face. "Do you like it?" I caressed her cheek with my hand, imagining my stiff prick stuffed inside her mouth so deep she was gagging on it. She kept nodding, as if she were in a trance. While I stepped out of my shorts, she didn't let go, her soft, warm, twelve year old hands causing a tiny drop of pre-cum to ooze out of the crown of my cock. She gasped slightly and then giggled. "That's it," I coaxed. "Stroke it, just like that." As I watched her go at it with both hands, I couldn't believe the depravity unfolding before my eyes. A shy, pretty twelve year old virgin sitting naked at my feet and playing with my cock like a little girl at Christmas. "What do we do now?" She asked me, hypnotized by my throbbing dick. "You can keep doing that if you want to, or ..." I cut myself off and waited for her reaction. "Or what?" "Do you want to kiss it?" "You mean like you did to me." She was obviously catching on to the game. "Yes," I could barely breathe now. She didn't answer, but pressed her face into my cock instead. She began with tiny kisses and then instinctively started licking. "Shit!" I hissed, as her tongue accidentally hit a particularly sensitive spot alongside the underside of my shaft. "Does that hurt?" She stopped suddenly. "No," I gasped. "Not at all." "Does it feel good?" she asked as she started kissing and licking it again. "Yes, very good." "Do you want me to do anything else?" "Do whatever you want." "Like what?" Her face appeared puzzled. "Tell me what feels good." "Suck on it," I commanded, quickly realizing she still needed me to take charge of the situation. "Okay," she smiled slightly, lowered her head and positioned her puckering lips around the helmet of my prick. In a second she was slurping away at it like a milkshake straw. "Christ," I hissed. "Now start pumping it again with your hand while you suck it." She focused her eyes on my cock and bore down on the task with total concentration. She was a fucking natural, her virgin, twelve year old mouth blowing my dick like a pro. "Look up at me ..." I tilted up her chin gently. I wanted to see this defilement. I wanted to see my eight inch prick sliding in and out of her gasping mouth; I wanted to see her lips glisten with the frothy mixture of her spit and my

pre-cum; I wanted to see her eyes awaken with unbridled, young lust as she brought my hard cock to climax with her eager, inexperienced lips. Christ, she was beautiful. I was in fucking heaven. "I'm coming," I cursed under my breath a couple minutes later. She pulled back instinctively and then just watched as I spurted gobs and gobs of cum all over her soft, pumping hands. "Shit," she gasped. "Are you all right?" "Yeah," I laughed, my knees wobbling so much I thought I might lose my balance. She smiled up at me, and I scooped up a tiny glob of cum and waved it under her nose. "Taste it," I offered. "Really?" She seemed surprised, but not revolted at the thought. "Go ahead." She stuck out her tongue tentatively, and I slid the tip of my finger between her lips. She sucked off the glob and smiled. I scooped up another glob, and she licked it off my fingers without further prompting. Suddenly, the church bell began ringing. It was seven o'clock. Kids would start filing into the upstairs practice rooms any minute for pre-rehearsal warm-ups. We both looked at each other as reality began to settle in and quickly began to reassemble ourselves. Needless to say, that evening was the beginning of a beautiful, "special" relationship that lasted all summer long without anyone on the staff becoming the wiser. Two days later, Tracey offered up her tight, tender twat to my eight inch battering ram, and from that point onward I was hooked ... converted ... obsessed. "Forbidden" pussy is what it's all about, gang, and scoring kills with fresh cunts like Tracey is what the Lolita Method is all about. So pay attention, and you, too, can experience the thrill of drilling jail bait twat. And now for a little different perspective on how to bag bimchette bush, here's fellow Humbert Bill and the story of his "first time."

Bill's Story

I'm an average-looking forty-two-year-old dad with an average-sized spare tire around my waist, an average recession along my hairline, an average length of hard cock (5") and an average credit limit tied to an average checking account, which I manage to keep up with my average job as civil engineer. And, if that's not enough, I'm married to an average-looking wife with three kids (the national average), and we all live in an average house in an average middle-class neighborhood in North Canton, Ohio, the U.S.'s most average city. Get the picture? If you met me on the street or at work, you'd never have any idea what kind of life I lead when no one's looking. Given the opportunity, our criminal justice system would only be too happy to label me a child molester, a pedophile, a (statutory) rapist, a sex offender, a pervert, a felon and ultimately a convict. Hopefully, they will never get the chance. Considering the ineptitude and ignorance of our local men in blue, I don't plan on trading in my Arrow Shirts and Dockers for a set of black and white prison stripes any time soon. I've been fucking tight, "forbidden" pussies for over seven years now, and, believe me, I had no idea on that fateful afternoon when I pronged my first pre-teen that my momentary indiscretion would ultimately become a life-renewing obsession which would bring me so much indescribable joy (not to mention so many fresh, "forbidden", virginal cunts). During this time, I've experienced "forbidden" cunts that other men only dream of. I've fucked the best friends of all three of my darling daughters, not to mention the moist, hairless, honey-sweet twats of my daughters' themselves. These last seven years have seen me co-found the Humbert Society of America with my fellow visionary Scott Donner, as well as co-author this monumental work, the

likes of which I have never seen published - either above or UNDER ground. But how did this all begin? How did I become so fucking blessed? Well, I'll tell you. It all started back in 1987, back when I was just a sexually frustrated suburban husband/father spending torturous days watching Cindy, my eleven year-old daughter, and her little friends burst forth into the first spring blossoms of their pre-pubescent sexuality. Cindy was my oldest, and the experience was unlike anything I had ever encountered previously. Half the time I was around her I had a hard-on, and the other half I felt dirty and sick to my stomach. But try as I might, the overpowering feelings of obsession and lust would not go away. Jogging, weight training, building bird houses ... nothing seemed to work, or even come close. To take the edge off, I began repressing my predatory urges by exploring the underground world of strip clubs, hooker bars, fantasy "escort services," and eventually child pornography. Those late nights at the office became more and more frequent as I delved deeper into the abyss, where each hollow encounter opened the chasm of my longing even wider. It got so bad, I started drinking to excess and snorting cocaine whenever I could get my hands on it. Anything to fill up the emptiness, if only for a little while. No, you haven't stumbled onto some "recovering" loser prattling on and on about his addiction and how the twelve-steps saved his life. You see, I eventually found the answer to all my woes, and it had nothing to do with admitting my problem, surrendering to a higher power or chasing abstinence "one day at a time" for the rest of my life. My answer lay between the thighs of a succulent little statutory savior named Desiree. She was Cindy's best friend and a real tramp in training, the kind of girl who already wore lipstick, short shorts, a training bra, and a sly, slutty grin. Of course, just being around her as she pranced through our house in a bathing suit or her nightgown (my daughter had a lot of slumber parties) was pure torture, and the thought of spreading apart her plump little legs and hammering her hymen into oblivion became my ever-present daydream. Finally, I guess the pressure on my gonads became too much, and suddenly, one summer afternoon while my daughter was hosting a routine pool party, I snapped. I don't know. Maybe I was possessed by a demon, or perhaps it was the scotch I was guzzling, or the most recent photo set I'd received in the mail from a fellow "collector" in Kansas. The pictures all featured a fresh, "forbidden", home-grown farm girl (just about Cindy's age) playing with the engorged prick of a donkey. (Jesus, they were hot.) Whatever provided the final straw, my obsession for "forbidden" female flesh completely overwhelmed me. As I sat there in my upstairs study, drooling over the pictures and furiously stroking my cock, the noises from the backyard pool party slowly filtered up through the open window. Before I could stop myself, I found myself rising from my chair and walking slowly to the window, careful at all times to remain hidden behind the drawn curtains that fluttered in the warm breeze. Mesmerized by the scene below, I watched Cindy and her friends cavort around the garden hose, soaking each other down with the cold water until their little nipples thrust out in protest. Like I said before, Desiree was already developing a pair of teeny titties, and as she ran around trying to avoid the spray her little boobies flopped around shamelessly inside her wet, loose bikini top. The more I fixated on the scene, the more turned-on I became, stroking myself off to their squeals of delight, dreaming of teasing their just-ripening nipples with my sadistic tongue. Then, as they continued frolicking, a depraved idea began creeping into

mind.

The more I focused on Desiree, the clearer my little scheme became, and before I knew it the idea had turned into a plan ... a plan to snare Desiree's "forbidden" twat or face some serious jail time for trying. Before I could talk myself out of anything, I headed downstairs immediately. My destination was the first floor bathroom, where I knew the girls would soon be heading after several hours of swimming and several cans of soda pop. With the sounds of their laughter echoing throughout the house, I set to work on the toilet. Taking two whole rolls of toilet paper from the cupboard, I unrolled the soft sheets, wadded them up and stuffed all the paper down into the toilet bowl's drain. With that accomplished, I headed back upstairs and waited for the second stage of my plan to come to fruition. I didn't have long. Not even five minutes after I got upstairs, I heard Karen, one of Cindy's friends, head inside. Two minutes later I heard her squeal in surprise, then bolt out of the bathroom and back outside. "Hey, Cin," she shouted over the ruckus. "You're john is busted. Water's coming out and everything." Hearing this, the girls all stormed in the house, and I didn't wait but thirty seconds before Cindy began hollering upstairs: "Dad, the toilet down here is broken." Trying my best to conceal my raging hard-on beneath a baggy pair of sweat pants, I descended the stairs and approached the bathroom. Water was everywhere, and the girls were in giggling hysterics. "It's backed up," I proclaimed. "Someone's probably flushing the sewers." I turned to my daughter. "You and your friends are going to have to use the upstairs bathroom. I'm going to call a plumber and see if there's anything we can do." I retired back up to my den to make the fictitious call, and the girls filtered back outside. In the next half hour, they all ascended the stairs one by one to use the can. But thirty minutes later, there was still no sign of Desiree. While I waited for her inevitable appearance, I resumed with my bottle of scotch and the slow, desperate labor of jacking off to the sounds of my daughter and her friends. Then, just as I was about to give up on my little scheme and call it quits, I spied Desiree excusing herself from the crowd and moving off to the house. Immediately, I sprang into action, practically sprinting down the hall into the bathroom, my cock raging with cum and a bladder full of booze. When I reached the john, I stepped inside and shut the door only half way, so that it remained open. Then, as I listened to Desiree's feet stamping up the stairs, I quickly opened the medicine cabinet above the sink until the mirror on the cupboard reflected back at an angle that allowed me to see the doorway and the hallway outside. With that accomplished, I freed my bloated prick and let it dangle above the toilet bowl until I heard her eleven year-old footfalls just outside the door. At the precise moment I spotted her shadow in the doorway, I let my piss fly sizzling into the bowl with an unmistakable splash. Yes, it was do or die time, and I knew my little scheme would produce either one of two results. Little Desiree would hear the sound of my urination, put two and two together and prudently withdraw. Or, her little girl curiosity would get the best of her, and she would decide to take a gander at Cindy's dad taking a mean piss. When I glanced back in the mirror, I found that the little tease wasn't about to disappoint me. There she was, kneeling down in the hallway, her face peeking around the corner of the open doorway as she took in an enraptured eyeful. My cock bucked back when I spotted this, the piss spattering out in a wild spray before I wrestled it back under control. When I finished emptying my bladder, I decided to give the little

cunt an encore performance. So, as she watched in reverent silence, I lathered up a bar of soap and proceeded to give my hard schlong a thorough cleaning. In the mirror I watched her face light up with awakening lust, her tiny little nostrils flaring as her skittish fingers grazed over the crotch of her little swimsuit. I had her. Jesus, I really had her, and all I desired now was to make the moment last. As I dried off the biggest hard-on of my life, I checked out the mirror again and searched my heart for the courage to progress to the next level. If she hadn't bolted by now, I reassured myself, chances were she was just as into the scene as I, and suddenly, before I could second guess myself, I turned around and faced her head on. To my utter amazement, she neither screamed nor ran away, and we just stared at each other for what seemed an eternity. "Do you want to come in and use the bathroom?" I finally asked, my still engorged prick wagging right in her face now. When she didn't reply, I decided to play out my final gambit. "Come on, it's all right." She remained frozen, her face locked in what can only be described as a half-wanton, half-terrified smile. Judging by her expression and composure, I slowly moved in closer until I was standing above her, my hard prick bobbing inches from her upturned nose. I could feel her tiny, eleven year old breath against my cock skin now, and before either of us had a chance to reconsider I took her gently by the hand and led her crawling on all fours inside the bathroom. I closed the door in silence behind her, turned around and took hold of her hands once again. She was shivering now, unable to tear her attention away from my rampant cock. "Have you ever seen a man's penis before?" I asked her softly, placing her hands around my hard shaft. "No," she whispered. "I mean, yeah ... my boyfriend's, I mean." Her boyfriend. Jesus Christ, she was a hot one already. Eleven years old, and she'd already seen her boyfriend's cock. "Does it look like this?" I asked. "No," she replied. "Is his bigger?" I hoped I knew the answer to that. "No way ..." Her voice trailed off and she began stroking my dick now instinctively. It was obvious she'd played with a stiff prick before, but never one of adult proportions. "His is smaller. A lot smaller." "You're very beautiful, Desiree," I choked out over the sensations of her eleven year old hand job. "Your boyfriend is very lucky." She looked back up at me and smiled, and what was left of my heart melted. So fresh, so sweet, so inexperienced and so depraved. The moment will be etched in my memory forever. "How old is he?" I asked as I stroked her hair. "He's a seventh grader," she really got into frigging my fuck pole. "How far have you gone with him?" "Second base," she giggled. "Really .." I caressed her smooth, ivory-white cheeks with the back of my hand. "And what's second base?" "This," she answered playfully, as she jerked my penis even faster. "What's third base, then?" I could barely hold back from spraying all over her sweet little face. "When ..." she paused and giggled again. "When you use your mouth ..." "And you haven't done that yet?" She shook her head. "Do you like second base," I asked. She nodded. "Do you think you'd like to see what third base is like?" She hesitated, looked about nervously, and then nodded again. "Okay, then," I patted her on the head like the little slut-puppy she was. "Put my penis in your mouth ... That's it," I shuddered as I watched and felt her eleven year old lips encircle my cock head. "Now suck it slowly," I continued stroking her hair, "and keep jacking it off with your hands." She followed my instructions wonderfully, attending to my cock studiously, almost reverently. I knew I was about to come at any moment, and I wanted nothing else in the world but to see

my salty scum smeared all over her fresh, fifth grade smile. "Shit," I gasped, suddenly grabbing hold of my cock, pulling out of her greedy mouth, and then pressing my prick head against her soft, smooth, alabaster cheek. An instant later, white spunk spurted out everywhere, white globs hitting her on the earlobe, nose and eyelids. As I covered her eleven year old face in cum, she giggled and chased the piss hole with her tongue, like a little girl catching snow flakes. When I had finally spent my last round, I re-inserted my still-hard prick into her eager mouth and whispered, "Suck it all dry, honey. That's it. Lick it clean." As she dutifully complied, I wet a wash rag and began sponging the drying globs of cum from her pure complexion. She continued slurping until I was finished cleaning her up and pulled out of her mouth. Much to my amusement and amazement, I was still hard, even after what must have been my fifth climax of that afternoon, and when compared to her small, gasping mouth I looked as hung as a horse. "Did you like that?" I asked as I playfully spanked my cock head against her perky, up-turned nose. "Yes," she still couldn't take her eyes off my cock. "Do you think you'll do that with your boyfriend now?" "Yeah," she giggled. "I want you to promise me something, Desiree .." I started. "Okay," she nodded attentively. "Every time you go to third base from now on, I want you to think of me, okay ..?" "Okay." I paused for a second and just drank in the whole depraved scene once more. As I stared into the defiled innocence of her trusting, lusting eleven year old eyes, my entire body was tingling with renewal, as if I had been born again in a brand new body. My cock was harder than I could ever remember it being, and my nerve endings danced with the electricity of a lightning storm. "Would you like to try some other things?" I finally managed to suggest as I began stroking her hair as if she were a loving puppy. "Okay," she whispered, totally relinquishing herself to my authority now. "Lift up your top," I flicked my fingers across the straps, and she complied. As her top fell to the floor, I stood back a moment and treasured the reality of her budding, eleven year old breasts. "My god, you are so beautiful," I whispered, taking a soft, flabby nipple between my index finger and thumb and teasing it into a pointy erection. "Oh .." she gasped in shock at the sensation. "Does your boyfriend do this for you?" I asked, sinking to the floor and flicking my tongue against the irritated nipple. "Yes," she hissed between pants, squirming about deliciously as I took her entire budding boob in my mouth and suckled it gently. "Does he do it like this?" "No," she yelped. "No." After working on her one tit for several more seconds, I slipped off the rest of her top and moved to the other one. As I teased this nipple into agitation, I could feel her grinding her virgin pussy into my leg. Although she was only eleven years old (and a virgin to boot), my little Desiree knew what she wanted from me, and I was going to do everything in my power not to disappoint her. While I continued to massage her small, egg-sized tits with my hands, I slid my mouth down to her soft, creamy tummy and began kissing the small pouch of baby fat quivering above her bikini bottoms. Instinctively she reclined back on the floor and spread her plump little thighs invitingly. An instant later, I had my tongue assaulting her crotch through the sheer, silky material of her bottoms. "Oh .." she moaned softly. I looked up, knowing I had her exactly where I wanted her. "Do you want me to go to third base on you now?" "Yes," she gasped. "Please." "Pull down your suit," I commanded, leaning back to watch her impatiently tug at her bottoms and slither out of the silky suit. "Now lean back and open your legs for me," I continued,

helping her assume a more comfortable, easily accessible position. "That's it .." I coaxed, splitting apart her plump, pale thighs even farther so I could wedge my face into her bald, beautiful bud. Without further ado, I then set to work defiling all that was left of her innocence with my tongue, peppering her hairless snatch with a full-scale barrage of tongue that obliterated her tiny pussy lips and then hit pay dirt with her clit. "Ahh ..." she cried out before I could clasp my hand over her mouth to stifle her screams. As she yelled into my hand she climaxed almost instantly ... a violent, bucking, squirming, writhing climax that almost tore my head off. Afterwards, for the next few minutes, I just held her close and let her cry tears of rapture and bliss into my chest. In a short conversation of whispers I made her promise never to tell anyone what we had done, while she made me promise that we'd play like this again soon. That was all we did that afternoon, but it still stands out in my mind as the best sexual encounter I've ever had. Perhaps, this is why I have remained a Lolita chaser to this day. Every time I bag a new bimlette, the experience brings back to that moment in my upstairs bathroom, when a little girl named Desiree gave me a whole new lease on life.

Note - I was forced to substitute the word "forbidden" for "underaged" when this book was published and distributed in the late 1980s, early 1990s. Back then I had a lawyer. Now I walk alone.

2 So You Want To Fuck "Forbidden" Girls, Huh ..?

What Kind of Man Are You, Anyway?

I'm assuming, if you've come this far, that you're at least curious about what we have to say and whether or not the "Lolita Method" will really work for you. We can understand your skepticism. Before we began scoring "forbidden" pussy, we, too, doubted our ability to not only attract Lolita, but to attack her as well. So, we ask the age-old question: What Kind of Man Are You, Anyway? Do any of the below statements fit you at all?

1) I find myself staring at "forbidden" girls and becoming sexually aroused. 2) I find myself fantasizing about having sex with "forbidden" girls at least once a week. 3) I often dream of being a "forbidden" girl's older lover. 4) "Forbidden" girls turn me on much more than women in their 20s and older. 5) When I make love to my wife/girlfriend, I sometimes close my eyes and pretend she's a "forbidden" girl I either know or have seen. 6) I sometimes go to places like shopping malls or high school football games just to be around "forbidden" girls. 7) If I am choosing hookers or requesting escorts, I am always on the lookout for the youngest, freshest meat. 8) I have fucked one or more "forbidden" girls since becoming an adult, and they have been the best sexual experiences I have ever had. 9) I find myself sexually obsessed with my daughter's friends or, perhaps, my daughter herself. 10) I believe I would pay almost any price to fuck a "forbidden" girl.

No, this is not some test where we're going to give you a score now and tell you whether or not you're a Dirty Old Man or a potential Serial Killer. We ourselves answer a whole-hearted "Yes!" to all these statements, and we're about as normal and well-respected as people come. (Scott is a public school teacher of 12 years,

and Bill is an engineer with a large company). What our little exercise does indicate, however, is desire. If you answered "yes" to most of these statements, you have a serious desire you cannot ignore, a dream you need to live before it destroys you. To repress such urges is to risk plunging into the abyss of obsessive/compulsive disorders (i.e. alcohol and drug addiction), while further frustration might ultimately lead to psychopathic and/or violent behavior. Yes, believe it or not, denying your urges to fuck "forbidden" cunt could turn you into a real monster. If you don't believe us, just take a look at your typical serial killer. If guys like Henry Lee Lucas and Ted Bundy had been bagging an endless supply of wanton and willing "forbidden" gash, there's no way they would have felt the need to roam our highways hunting down innocent victims. Much research into the motive and mindset of sex killers reveals a startling correlation between unfulfilled sexual fantasies (e.g. "forbidden" girls, bondage, rape) and the tendency to "act out" such fantasies violently and with unwilling victims. Something in these poor guys just snaps, and they are willing to do anything to anyone just to satisfy their urges. No, we're not calling you a potential serial killer just because you desire "forbidden" pussy. Far from it. If we leaped to those kinds of conclusions, we'd have to place ourselves in that category as well. What we are trying to tell you is simple. If the desire exists, you owe it to yourself to act upon it, or it may drive you to commit truly "criminal" and "despicable" actions. Sure, repressing your desire for teeny twat might result in something as harmlessly neurotic as building birdhouses (like the frustrated Humbert in John Cheever's "Country Husband), but let me ask you this. What would you rather be doing: nailing two-by-fours or nailing a 7th Grade cheerleader? (Please let us know if you choose Door Number #1, because our wives have a whole slew of fun for you, Bob Villa.) We, the authors of this book, choose option #2, and something tells us you're leaning in that direction, too. That's why you're reading this book. That's what the "Lolita Method" is all about.

I Can't Tell You Why

"But why am I this way ..?" You may be asking yourself now. "Why am I different?" "Why do "forbidden" girls turn me on?" "Am I sick?" Personally, we can't speak for you because, quite simply, we are not you. We don't know what is going on inside your mind. We can, however, offer some insights into our own philosophies and decisions, which may help to assure you that you are not sick, weird, different or even slightly abnormal. Basically, we fuck "forbidden" girls because they are the best pussy around. Everybody knows it, even if no one has the guts to say it. We love how they look, how they feel, how they laugh, how they pout, how they stare at your man-sized cock with fascinated, frightened eyes. Above all, we love their youth, their energy, the electricity that crackles off their soft, tight, elastic skin ... their innocence, their naivety, their inexperience, their worship ... get the picture ..? If you think this makes us perverts, just take a look around, my friend. Television, movies, magazine ads, women's tennis: the statutory dream queen (be it fantasy or reality) is our ideal in this society -- from Brooke Shields, Jodie Foster and Natasha Kinski of the 70s to Kate Moss in the 90s. Remember Traci Lords, the porno super nova who made all those movies when she was under 18? Traci's whole mystique exemplified the Lolita Complex in our society. She looked like a high school chick and fucked like Satan himself possessed her. Then she turned 18

(and state's evidence) and now she's lucky for a bit part on "Married With Children" or "Melrose Place." This isn't because Hollywood has disowned her given her previous career. Traci Lords is no longer a bankable commodity because she's over 18, all washed-up, old news, long in the tooth, etc., etc... As a society, we want it tight -- tight asses, tight tummies, tight skin, tight tits and a tight pussy. Is it any wonder then that men such as ourselves should want our part of the American Wet Dream. We want to suck on pert, firm, no-sag tits. We want to kiss flat, hard, no-cellulite tummies. We want to lick sweet, hairless pussies, and feel our man-cocks split open ripe pussies that will never forget the man-sized dimensions of their first frontal assaults. We want to hear nervous giggles, peer into eager eyes, feel slender fingers play with our cocks like they're brand new toys at Christmas. Above all, we revel in the feeling of domination, of asserting the god-given superiority of our penises. In this regard, we agree whole-heartedly with the radical lesbian feminist interpretations of bitches like Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon. Yes, we are the patriarchy, and we strive to do nothing less than perpetuate the inferior status of females, especially "forbidden" girls, until the end of time. We love to fuck "forbidden" girls because we can manipulate and dominate their minds, defile their awakening flesh, corrupt their innocent souls, and force them to betray everything they once held so sacred ... their morals, their family, their bodies. There is no more beautiful sight in the world than seeing a "forbidden" girl stuffed with an engorged, man-sized prick, fucking and sucking away in a worshipful, cheerful bliss of defilement, humility and subordination. There is no more profound sense of utter power and purpose than pulling out of her greedy, gulping orifice, slapping your cock head against her hot, soft flesh, before finally depositing the seed of your sovereignty across her tight tummy, bare butt or fresh-fucked face. If we were to sum up the Humbert credo in one word, that word would be corruption: the need to defile the virgin, to tear away the hymen of childhood and fill her bleeding cavity with everything she once believed to be abhorrent, appalling and evil. You have not lived until you've seen a "forbidden" girl, who only days before would have "died" before surrendering herself, pleading to suck your cock or lick your asshole. One of our greatest joys is being there the first time Lolita says "eat me," "fuck me doggie style," or "fuck me up the ass." Forcing Lolita to betray herself, reducing Lolita to a slavering cock slave, tearing down any notion she may have once had about being anything more than a simple fuck toy ... this should be the goal of every Humbert. You can say, amen, brother ...

What's Wrong With Older Women?

So, what does our obsession with deflowering, defiling and dominating Lolita imply about egos and our relationships with the opposite sex? Does this mean we have an inferiority complex where older women are concerned? Are we afraid of them because they are stronger, more independent and more intelligent? Don't make us laugh! Older women have nothing to offer but headaches. If they are so intent upon having their "own lives" and asserting their "independence" ... so be it. Who the fuck needs them. They can all become cock-hating rug-munchers and feast on Andrea Dworkin's fat, smelly, diseased cunt. When it comes to sex, ego gratification and re-affirming yourself as a man, Lolita is the way to go. The only reason to keep an old cunt around is for show, so all the neighbors will think

you're a stand up guy who would never think of cock throttling their thirteen-year-old daughter. As for your "significant other," if you can get it up every once in awhile to bang her she'll never suspect a thing. Just encourage her to go out and "find herself" by getting a career. If you keep her busy, pretend you love her and support her independence, she'll never suspect where your dick is parking itself all those late afternoons when she's stuck at work and you tell her not to worry about supper, that you'll "pick up something to eat" on your own. Which brings us back, once again, to the point of this whole book ... Just how in the hell can you start bagging some "forbidden" snatch and begin living the sex life of your dreams. Well, your wait is over ... Paradise is only one turn of the page away.

3 The Lolita Method

Basically, the Lolita Method is very simple if you remember some key points. To further simplify things, we've divided these points into five categories ... Who, What, Where, How and Why. If you ask yourself these questions when you come across potential prey, you will be able to successfully determine the situation and your chances at scoring a successful kill.

Who Are You?

As we alluded to earlier, Lolitas can generally be divided up into seven categories: 1. The Stoner or Burn-out 2. The Gold Digger 3. The Average Girl 4. The Romantic Artist 5. The Blessed Virgin 6. The Ugly Girl 7. The Sex Freak

Humberts, on the other hand, can be divided up into seven corresponding roles: 1. The "Man" 2. Mr. Money Bags 3. Dream Lover 4. The Poet 5. The Prophet 6. Father Knows Best 7. John Stud

The secret to the Lolita Method is being able to quickly analyze your prey and then shift your own personality to a corresponding role. Of course, not all Lolitas conveniently allow themselves to be pigeon-holed into one category. For instance, an Ugly Girl might also be a Romantic Artist or a Burn Out or a Sex Freak. When this happens, you need to mix and match your own roles to correspond to her different personality types. (A lot more on this later). To begin with, however, we are going to cover the basic Lolitas and their respective weaknesses. So pay attention ...

The Stoner or Burn-Out Demographic: Prime Age Range ... 13-17 Degree of Attractiveness ... Scuzzy to Stunning Sexual Satisfaction Level ... High Kill Ratio ... High Yield / 75 - 90% Best Approach ... Stranger Worst Approach ... Teacher Favorite Hang Outs ... Malls/the Streets Your Role ... "The Man"

Like her name implies, Stoner Lolita is motivated by drugs. She's a rebel, the most likely girl to drop her drawers at the drop of a hat (or in this case a drop of acid). She likes getting high and feeling worldly, like she's all "grown up." She likes guys who are dangerous and can give her and her friends what they want. Having an older "boyfriend" is a mark of status among stoner girls, and a fourteen year old Burn-out who can boast a relationship with a man in his thirties will be the envy of all her friends. This in mind, she won't mind being treated like dirt some of the time (she almost expects it). When you fuck her, give it to her hard. Be

domineering and masterful. Assert your age and experience. If she's hooked on your cock and your drugs, she'll shut up and take it like the good little slut she is. But, whatever you do, don't get her really pissed off at you because stoners are the type of bitches who can become your worst nightmare. Most of your psychotic, violent Lolitas are Burn-outs. They're used to acting tough, and they don't like to be crossed. If she's a hard core stoner, it's a good bet that she'll have access to guns as well as psychotic, sociopath stoner boys who just might want to score some points in their crowd by setting fire to your house or cutting the brake cables on your car. Although Burn-out girls are the most dangerous Lolitas to mess with, they are also the Lolitas with the highest kill probability. They are eager to fuck older guys, and when you do get them in your power they will screw your brains out. Stoners also tend to brag about their older men to their little friends. This often paves the way for other stoner cunts to come knocking at your door. A steady supply of drugs will almost insure their cooperation in kinkier and kinkier forms of sex. Burn-outs are likely to go down on their little girlfriends and engage in group sex when under the influence, and they will almost always take it up the ass if sufficiently stoned. Stoner girls can be found at shopping malls, game rooms, pool halls, and anywhere else that teens hang out. They usually congregate in large groups and they are not shy about approaching you and asking you "what's up?" (a clear indication they are looking to score some drugs). A distinct subculture of Burn-outs can be found wandering inner city streets searching for drugs (usually crack) or the money to buy it. These little "strawberry" stoners generally hang out on street corners and will attempt to make eye contact with passing cars. Your best approach with any type of stoner girl (if you can pull it off) is to look tough and dangerous. These cunts tend to like leather jackets, and if you can pull off a biker or punk look this will immediately classify you as "cool". If you're too old to come across as a desperado type, at least look slick enough to pass as a criminal of some sort. A nice car will make a good impression, as will nice clothes and a well kept but somewhat grungy appearance. You can also score points by being familiar with heavy metal music and the latest trends like body piercing, tattoos and unique haircuts (shaved heads, pony tails, etc.) If you are cruising the local shopping mall or game parlor for suburban Burn-outs, the best thing to do is hang back for awhile and get a handle on the situation. Not all girls in these places are stoner, and being able to distinguish between Average Girls and Burn-outs will only save you time and energy. If you see a group of loud boisterous teenage girls approaching people and talking to them, it's a good chance they are trying to score some drugs. Observe who they are talking to and the response they receive. Try to overhear what they are talking about. If you hear words like "stoned" or "pot" or "wasted", it's a pretty safe bet these girls are doable. Once you've determined the girls are bona fide, wait until one or two of them separate from the pack, approach and ask: "What's going on?" You want to avoid encountering the entire group at once. These girls are very conscious about looking "cool" in front of the group, and chances are if an older man approaches while they are congregating with a large group they will be sarcastic and bitchy towards him. If the prey you approach is trying to score, you'll be able to recognize this immediately. In answer to your opening line ("What's going on?") the response will be something like "Not much. What's up with you?" ... or something to that effect. If you get a straightforward

"Fuck off," don't split right away. Say something like: "Hey, I'm sorry. I thought maybe you were looking to get something." If your prey doesn't warm up after this, take off and move onto another group. Persistency will only mark you as a loser. Once you've established positive contact, it's time to get to work. Make sure you have drugs on you. Bullshit won't work with these chicks. They'll spot a fake a mile away. Remember, the way to a stoner girl's pussy is through her "high." That's what she wants. If you can't provide that, then you may as well forget it. Generally, once you've established contact, business moves away to a secluded spot ... a back parking lot, a dark corner. By now Lolita will have rounded up one or two more friends for support, and you'll be dealing with the whole group. Don't lose your cool. At this time, size up the group for the one most likely to put out; generally she's the one who seems the most talkative, the most eager for the drugs, and the most adventuresome. Try making eye contact to let her know you find her attractive. Direct the conversation to her. Let her know she's the one you're interested in dealing with. Once you've shown them the drugs, cut to the chase immediately. Tell them they can have what they want in exchange for some pussy. Be blunt. If you haven't determined your most likely candidate, now is the perfect time. With a good buzz on the line, she'll step forward and take charge of the situation. If no one comes forward or they start freaking out, tell them to "fuck off" and leave immediately. Three out of four times, if you lay your cards on the table without a lot of bullshit, they'll keep talking to you, trying to figure out what your game is. When they finally realize you're after their pussies and not their money, they'll either play along or tell you to fuck off. Generally, if they're interested, they'll try to start negotiating ... a blow-job for this, a hand job for that. Make it clear, you don't care how they split it up among themselves. You're willing to trade the drugs for some pussy. At this time, one of them usually volunteers. Now comes the important part, the part where you avoid getting ripped off. Don't give them the drugs until you've gotten some pussy in return. A safe bet is to give the group a portion of the drugs as a sign of good faith, but only after you've been allowed to feel some tit or at least see some nipple. Now is the time to size up the situation. If all you think you can get is a blow job in the front seat of the car, then take what you can get and don't push it. If the chemistry is flowing and things seem cool, invite them back to your place where you have plenty of drugs and booze. Make a party out of it. If you're a married guy with a home life, get a room at one of your town's no-tell motels. Having this set up in advance is a definite plus. If everything goes great, you might even be able to fuck more than one of the girl. But don't push it. First encounters are crucial. You want to appear like a "cool" older guy, not a dirty old man. If you start treating suburban Burn-outs like whores or porno actresses, they'll turn you into the cops so fast it will make your head swim. If you come across as a cool guy who likes to party after your initial encounter, you are almost ensured of repeat performances. Find out where they hang out and cruise by again in couple of weeks or so. Or, if things are really cool, give them a pager number or a private phone number. Sometimes they'll even give you their phone numbers. The important thing is to keep the drugs coming. If they can count on you to be "the Man," they'll stay in touch. As we said before, your goal here is to become "the Man" -- the cool, older guy who can set them up with drugs and fuck their little brains out to boot. If you handle this successfully, your reputation will spread, and pretty soon you'll have scores of suburban Burn-

out Lolas beating down your door. Inner city "strawberry" stoners require a little different approach. On the plus side, if contact is established, you are almost always sure of scoring. Strawberries will approach you. They are looking for drugs and/or money to buy drugs, and they are more than willing to exchange sex for their needs. Generally, you'll be able to spot a strawberry stoner from a mile off. If you're cruising the inner city streets, she will peer into your car window and make eye contact. Some even wave. They are whores in training, and much of the same etiquette applies to strawberries as it does to your average streetwalker. Be aware of your surroundings. Don't stop and talk to a teenage girl if there's a line of traffic behind you, or a cop parked across the street. The success rate with inner-city strawberry stoners is so high that the whole process almost seems too good to be true. Please keep some things in mind, however. These girls fuck anybody. VD and AIDS follow these "forbidden" cunts wherever they go (especially the ones who shoot up). So play the odds. Try and choose the youngest, freshest looking ones. You'd be amazed how young you can find them. One of the authors has scored inner-city, strawberry stoners as young as eleven on the streets of his home town's near west side. Believe us, they're out there just looking for it. But be careful. "Forbidden" pussy is almost worth dying for, but not quite. Once you've made contact, the inner city stoner will most likely hop in your car where business will be conducted in a straightforward fashion. The younger she is, the less chance she's a cop or a plant, although we have heard of vice using underage girls to entrap johns on more than one occasion. The usual rules of thumb apply to strawberries as to regular streetwalkers. You show me yours, I'll show you mine. If she starts the ball rolling, you can be assured she's not a cop, or if she is the charges will never stick. Overall, use your common sense when dealing with inner city stoner girls. Don't give them drugs or money until you've gotten something in return. If things work out, they'll often ask you for your number or let you know how to get in touch with them. For extra money or drugs, they will often find other girls just like them for threesomes or other kinky encounters.

The Gold Digger Demographic: Prime Age Range ... 15-17 Degree of Attractiveness ... Stunning Sexual Satisfaction Level ... Average to High Kill Ratio ... Low Yield / 35 -45% Best Approach ... Parent or Friend of Family Worst Approach ... Stranger Favorite Hang Outs ... N/A Your Role ... Mr. Money Bags

The Gold Digger is motivated by material things, so be prepared to dig deep into your wallet in order for this little filly to pay off. Once you've hooked her, though, she'll be yours forever .. which sometimes can cause problems as she grows older and you tire of her. The Gold Digger is by far the most attractive of the Lolita types. She's the heart breaker, the chick men die for, and she can be all yours for the right price. Optimally your best chance of scoring a Gold Digger is to bag one of your own kids. Daddy's little girl is often more than willing to give up her virgin pussy for a lot of costly trinkets ... cars, jewelry, etc. Your friend's kids also can be fertile ground for "forbidden" pussy. If you start with your Gold Digger when she's a baby, showering her with presents from "Uncle" So-and-So (god children are perfect), when she becomes a fuckable mommy and daddy will see nothing suspicious about the expensive presents and the close relationship you share. On the down side, Gold Diggers are often the most disappointing Lolas in the sex department. Like all attractive females, they view just letting you get them into

bed as your big reward. Unlike Average or Ugly girls, many just don't seem to try harder once you get them into bed. On the other hand just gazing at their gorgeous faces and young bodies while fucking them is a treat in and of itself that might just make up for the lack of enthusiasm they sometimes distribute. As with Burn-outs, however, you can often inject a lot of energy into them by providing what they most desperately crave. In this case Gold Diggers desire material things and recognition as an adult. They want to be treated as a girlfriend and an equal. Call her a "little girl" or something similar and you'll never score. Take her out to expensive restaurants, plays, concerts etc. and she'll warm up immediately. Surprise her with a locket or tickets to the hottest show, and she'll melt. In fact, your major problem with Gold Diggers (once you've established a rapport) is maintaining the relationship without arousing her suspicions (or her parents). If Gold Digger perceives you as a Dirty Old Man, she'll keep her distance. Ogling her will make her uncomfortable. A nonchalant attitude followed by a casual compliment and an expensive present will get her attention and keep it. Wooing a Gold Digger takes time and a foot already in the door. If you have the opportunity, patience and pocketbook, however, Gold Diggers can often be the most rewarding Lolitas around. Be warned, though. Not every Humbert can snag a Gold Digger. Our advice ... be cautious and know your limitations. If you're not rich and somewhat suave, we suggest applying your efforts to other more likely victims.

The Average Girl Demographic: Prime Age Range ... 11-17 Degree of Attractiveness ... Average to Stunning Sexual Satisfaction Level ... Average to High Kill Ratio ... Medium Yield / 40-60% Best Approach ... Parent, Friend of Family, Teacher, Mentor or Confidant. The Internet and Personal Ads also can yield significant results. Worst Approach ... Dirty Old Man Favorite Hang Outs ... The Mall, Beach, Movie Theaters, Bookstores or Anywhere Forbidden Girls Hang Out Your Role ... Dream Lover / Prince Charming

What is an Average Girl? Well, she's just what the name implies, but she's also a lot more. Average Girls can be separated into many different sub-categories - brains, jocks, rowdies, shy girls, etc. Although their interests can be as varied as sports, biology or reading trashy teenage romance novels, they do possess one overwhelming trait common to all Average Girls. They want to be more than "average." They want men to look at them as something special, something "better" than what they perceive themselves as being. Take an Average Girl jock for example. Cheerleaders can be considered jocks, but they are NOT Average Girls. Most cheerleaders are typically Gold Diggers, some are Virgin Marys, and a surprising number straddle the fence between Gold Digger and Burn-Out. For the most part, cheerleaders are viewed as the most desirable girls in school, and hence reside in the epicenter of the social spectrum. Girls on the basketball or track team, however, are not looked upon in the same light by either boys or men. They are, in a word, Average. Girl Jocks, no matter how successful they may be on the court, playing field or track, ALWAYS live in the shadow of their more desirable sisters, the cheerleaders and other Gold Diggers. Because of this "injustice," they long to find males who will look upon them as Above Average. Remember the Lolita Urge, a girl's desire to feel older and be treated as such? The Average Girl convinces herself that the only men who will look upon her as Above Average are older, wiser, more experienced men. She convinces herself that older men are

beyond the superficiality of her high school peers. She believes that an older man will look beyond her * averageness * and find the Above Average Girl she's always dreamed she could become. This same motivation goes for all Average Girls, no matter what their areas of interest may be. A Brainy Average Girl will work hard to succeed in her classes, often laboring towards a lofty goal such as being a doctor, lawyer, computer programmer or other powerful profession. She will often seem the least likely Lolita to seduce, her nose buried in books with no interest in an older man's attentions. Don't let this Lolita fool you. A Brainy Average Girl will sell her soul in a heartbeat for an understanding Humbert who treats her just the way she's always fantasized an Above Average Girl is treated. Give her this, and you will satisfy her Lolita Urge. The older and more Above Average you make her feel, the more she will put out for you. This same rule applies to snaring other types of Average Girls like rowdy and shy girls. Rowdy Average Girls are loud and obnoxious because no one treats them like Above Average Girls. Boys and men don't give them the recognition they crave, so they compensate for this by drawing attention to themselves by acting up, getting in trouble and committing other attention-getting acts like fighting, vandalism, playing hooky, breaking curfew or becoming school sluts. Yes, your average school sluts - girls who sleep recklessly with boys their own age - are almost always Average Girls and rarely ever Sex Freaks. We'll discuss this anomaly in greater detail when we cover Sex Freaks, but for now all we need to understand is that sleeping around is sometimes an Average Girl's sole means of getting the attention she craves. The Average Girl's slut experiences are always hollow, though. Boys who use them one moment then turn around and treat them with even less respect. Many sluts begin as mere rowdy girls who, in turn, usually started out as shy Average Girls. Lolita makes one fateful decision - getting drunk or having sex with a boy - then finds her entire life and identity shaped by that one event. On the other hand, Average Shy Girls who never come out of their shells use their subsequent anonymity as a screen against getting hurt. More than anything, they want boys and men to pay attention to them. But they are also afraid of that very same attention because it might be negative and hurtful. They are terrified at the thought that a boy might notice them and tease or reject them because they are not Above Average. Whenever they see older men fawning over a cheerleader or other Gold Digger-type, they retreat further back into their shells. In their minds, the whole world is telling them they can't compete, so why even try. When a Humbert can spot an Average Girl in the herd and classify her particular sub-species, he can easily separate her from the pack and chase her down for the kill. The savvy Humbert can approach the Average Girl from almost any angle: trusted family friend, teacher or total stranger. All he needs to do is remember the role that works with all Average Girls - Dream Lover aka Prince Charming. The Dream Lover is an older man who satisfies the Average Girls Lolita Urge. Upon meeting her, he always refers to her as an equal, never as a child, "girl" or "kid." He does not leer over her the way a dirty old man leers over a pretty young lady. He treats her like a woman his own age. He ignores the age question, and when/if Lolita brings it up he deflects it by turning the matter back to his own seeming inadequacy:

Lolita -- "But what about our age difference? I'm 20 years younger than you .."

Humbert -- "You're absolutely right. How could I expect a woman like you to EVER be in love with an old fart like me? Lolita -- "You're not old." Humbert -- "You

obviously think I'm too old for you. What was I thinking? A Beautiful woman like you wouldn't be caught dead with an old geezer like me. Lolita -- "You're NOT old!!"

Get it? Whenever the question of age comes up with Lolita, turn the issue around. Never acknowledge her lack of years, only your plenitude. Remember, Lolita WANTS to be a woman. If you never address her young age, she will slowly be convinced you do not see her as young at all. If she thinks you see her as a woman, she'll start believing this herself. Subsequently, her Lolita Urge will be fulfilled, and she will do virtually anything to maintain her womanhood in your eyes. But how does a Humbert know when he's satisfied an Average Girl's Lolita Urge? Actually it's fairly obvious when you know what you're looking for. Observe the way she carries herself - clothes, make-up, posture, non-verbal cues. Lolita's who have their Urges satisfied begin dressing up as women instead of girls. Clothes that make them look older and reveal more of their feminine charms become the standard ensemble: slit dresses, mini-skirts, tight tops and jeans, bare-midriff tee-shirts. Make-up is also a great clue - lipstick/gloss, rouge, eye-shadow - as well as perfume. The most important aspect of her appearance, however, will be her posture. When the Lolita Urge is being satisfied, Lolita will suddenly realize the dimensions of her own feminine body and begin to carry herself accordingly. She will thrust out her tits to show everyone she is built like a woman, and thus must be a woman. She will cross and uncross her legs fitfully, to make everyone aware of her inviting thighs and calves. She will tilt her head and draw attention to her hair. She will purse her kissable lips like an advertisement. When she walks by a man or boy, she will swivel her hips and work her ass in motion. The more her Lolita Urge is satisfied, the more she will accentuate her wardrobe, make-up and posture. If a Humbert is really successful, she will extend the non-verbal signals to demonstrate how comfortable she is becoming with her newfound womanhood. She will often touch a Humbert on the arm or cuddle into him inviting an embrace. When this happens, she's telling you to make a move, even if it's just a returned caress or a peck on the cheek. Feel her body thrill when answer her cues. This is exactly what she craves, what she has been dreaming her Prince Charming will do for years. Prince Charmings sweep Average Girls off their feet. They shower her with presents like she's a Gold Digger, provide her with booze and other recreational chemicals like she's a Stoner, appeal to her "sensitive" soul like she's a Romantic Artist, convince her sex is spiritual like she's a Virgin Mary, dupe her into thinking she's Cindy Crawford like she's an Ugly Girl, and deliver her extreme sexual satisfaction like she's a Sex Freak. In other words, the Dream Lover Humbert plays a little bit of every role as he hunts, traps and savors the Average Girl's charms. What he always keeps in mind, though, is the Lolita Urge. Every move and counter move must be calculated in light of how to make Lolita * feel * as if she's Above Average and, hence, * all grown up. * The houses of family friends are the perfect trolling ground for Average Girls. The savvy Humbert always concentrates on befriending coworkers with daughters in the "forbidden" age range. When he finagles a dinner or social invitation, he must remember to be as casual and disinterested as possible when he encounters Lolita. Most young girls are conditioned to be wary of strange adults. The worst thing to do is pay immediate attention to a little Lolita as soon as you meet. This is Dirty Old Man behavior, and Dirty Old Men are anathema to the Lolita Urge.

Think about it for a second. A Dirty Old Man likes little girls, hence if you act like one you're doing nothing to satisfy the Lolita Urge. In fact, you are doing just the opposite. You are making Lolita feel like a little girl and not a woman. Being a Dirty Old Man puts the kibosh on seducing any type of Lolita - Stoner, Gold Digger, Virgin Mary, etc. - but it is especially detrimental when hunting the Average Girl. Lusting after her because she's a GIRL makes her feel less than Average; it demeans her. Thus, you must NEVER give off Dirty Old Man vibes. Always be aware of the Dirty Old Man vibe upon first meeting Lolita. CALM DOWN for Christ's sake. Look her in the eye for a moment only, then smile openly but quickly. After a few moments, move your eyes to something else - anywhere but her tits. If you can, disengage after a casual greeting and exchange of pleasantries, then move elsewhere. Above all, LET HER COME TO YOU. Anxiousness or eagerness is the hallmark of the Dirty Old Man. Lolita may not seek you out again during that initial encounter. Think about it for a moment. You are an older man and she's a lot younger with absolutely nothing in common with you. The trick is to make her see something in common with you, some area of interest she will want to re-approach. Be funny and engaging with other people. When she sees other enjoy your company, she'll be curious herself. She may stand there across the room and watch you, and you may even catch her doing so. If this happens, smile quickly and openly and meet her gaze head on. Then turn back to what you're doing. Pursuing her will make you appear eager. Don't worry about missed opportunities. Your goal is not to score RIGHT AWAY, but to score. Lay back and wait like the skilled huntsman tracking a skittish doe through the underbrush. Eventually, familiarity will lull her into a sense of security, and she will approach. When this happens TALK TO HER AS AN ADULT. Ask her opinion on something she will know about, but not something that is the sole province of kids - i.e. teen idols like the Backstreet Boys, kid TV shows or school. It helps if you've done your homework and know her interests. If not, look and listen for hints she may be providing herself. If you've struck pay dirt, you'll be able to see it in her face right away. Her eyes will widen, she'll smile, lick her lips, thrust out her tits, laugh, toss her hair, etc. As you talk more and continue treating her as adult, she will begin to open up even more. It's best to engage in these conversations with other people present. Then you can divert your attention away from her and see if she does anything to draw it back to her. If she touches your arm or does something else overt to reclaim your attention, you've bagged a live one. The savvy Humbert knows many ploys and ruses designed to increase the encounter potential with prospective Lolitas. I always try to encourage my friends to play "family games" when I am over visiting, preferably team games. Often, I can manage to finagle a partnership with my Lolita prey during the game. Either that, or I will pit myself against her and playfully make her my adversary. When playing such * games *, carefully observe Lolita, paying careful attention to any clues she may give out as to her "type." Stoners and Gold Diggers are loathe to play games with their families, viewing such activities as stupid and beneath them. If Lolita wants to play, start looking for further clues. Unless she's Ugly, effusive about Shakespeare or Dali, rubbing herself against you like a bitch in heat or body conscious to the point of paranoia, you probably have an Average Girl on your hands. Once you've confidently classified her, you can tailor your actions to suit her particular variation on the Lolita Urge. Average Girls are easily distinguished from the rest of

their sisters because of what they lack, e.g. the aura of delinquency surrounding the Stoner, the material obsession of the Gold Digger, the dreaminess of the Romantic Artist, the god-fear of the Virgin Mary, the insecurity of the Ugly Girl, and the lasciviousness of the Sex Freak. If you see Lolita is a jock girl, brainy girl, rowdy girl, or shy girl, find your common ground and make your approach from this angle. As the Humbert grows more and more experienced at seducing the daughters of friends and acquaintances, he will learn to precipitate each first encounter with some subtle research into Lolita's personality and interest. He will take inventory of a coworker's desk, always on the lookout for family pictures he can ask about. Keen observation will tell him a lot about Lolita's interests, and he can always learn more from a few well-placed, unobtrusive questions. Remember to address the issue of a daughter Lolita indirectly, though. If Lolita has a brother, a good rule of thumb is to focus most of the conversation on him while surreptitiously sneaking in a few queries about Lolita. I tend to use about a 5 to 1 ration - five comments or questions about a son as opposed to one about the daughter. This breakdown will appear natural to fathers because most will assume a male is more interested in a boy's pursuits - sports, etc. - than a girl's interests. Totally ignoring a man's daughter may be considered impolite, however, or a tad unusual. That is why advise the 5 to 1 rule. You'd be how much useful information you can pick up with just a few well-placed queries. The better prepared a Humbert is on his first encounter will invariably determine his success level. Advance knowledge of Lolita's interests will give you time to read up on some topics she will probably find fascinating if you can broach them right. BUT remember, don't be too eager to start dazzling her with what you've learned. Eagerness is the hallmark of the Dirty Old Man, and if you immediately start spouting off about all these subjects she's interested in you will definitely come across as a creepy. Consciously pretend to be one step behind Lolita. Casually toss out something you know she's interested in, then stay disinterested until she pulls you into a conversation. Make her SHOW you she's a woman who can talk intelligently about such things with an adult. When she does this, slowly bring the conversation back around to her area of interest, subtly working in your research. Make it seem totally off-the-cuff and unrehearsed. The key is to be both engaging AND casual. The more aggressive Humbert appears, the more obvious he will be to both Lolita and her parents. The secret is to come across as disinterested in Lolita at first, then slowly and gradually become fascinated in her. This will ease her into your relationship while simultaneously allowing you to glide in under the radar of her parents. This tactic also works for Humberts who encounter the Average Girl Lolita in other arenas. Many savvy Humberts troll Lolitas quite successfully among the friends of their own children. The same game plan applies here as it does with the daughter of a friend or coworker. Size up your prey - Gold Digger, Virgin Mary, etc. -- and then determine your best plan of attack. Once again, observation will pay off huge dividends if you can learn Lolita's interests and passions. Advanced preparation will give you the common ground and confidence necessary to make a successful first contact. Then lay back and establish an easy rapport with your target, and wait for her to drift closer into your orbit. Including a daughter's friends in family activities will always strengthen the bond between a Humbert and his prospective Lolita. This becomes the perfect opportunity to treat Lolita as an adult in contrast to how you treat your own

daughter. Refer to your daughter as a girl or kid, but NEVER do this with Lolita. The savvy Humbert always wants to reinforce the difference between his own daughter and his target. One is an inferior child, the other an equal adult. This technique is tremendously effective, and Lolita will soon begin to see herself on an equal plain with the Humbert. When Lolita is an Average Girl, the patient Humbert can almost always score a kill if he lays back and lets Lolita draw in closer. This fools her into thinking she is the one calling the shots. If the Average Girl thinks she is being manipulated, she will balk. Unlike Stoners and Gold Diggers who make no secret they are * out for something, * Average Girls are not looking to use an older man for material or chemical gains. The Average Girl desires something much more intangible, something only Prince Charming can provide. One of the easiest places to spot such prey is in the classroom. For savvy Humberts working as teachers, picking off Average Girl Lolitas is akin to shooting fish in a barrel. Social stratification is clearly and rigorously defined within the confines of the adolescent caste system of cliques, groups and outsiders. When a suitable Average Girl is identified, the Humbert Teacher manufactures the opportunity for her to get to know him on more personal, less professional terms. The savvy Humbert is not just a classroom teacher, but volunteers to advise a whole retinue of extra-curricular activities. Coaching, running the school newspaper, the drama club, or National Honor Society gives the Humbert an opportunity to work on Lolita outside the rigid boundaries in the classroom. He can also observe her in her more natural state, chattering away about the things she sees as important while he patiently absorbs every nugget he can. As he continues advising, a bond is bound to develop between Lolita and her Humbert Teacher. Students almost always bond closest with the teachers they know outside the standard classroom setting. Soon she'll be asking to come by and help you out during her free periods. At first, this will be to get out of study hall, but if you pursue things correctly she'll begin showing up because she wants to be there. TREAT HER LIKE AN ADULT when you talk to her in this atmosphere. Ask her adult opinion on adult issues like current events, films or books. You'll know when you're satisfying the Lolita Urge. Just look for the signals: the clothes, make-up, posture, etc. If she ever touches you, presses or rubs against you, she's yours for the taking. Now the only question remaining is how to make the first move with the Average Girl. Unlike Stoners and Lolita's, this move is not negotiated with material incentives and rewards. The Humbert needs to be careful. The doe is in his sites, but if he cracks a twig she will bolt. In section three, we will be covering specific seduction techniques, and in the later Case Studies we will be seeing firsthand how these gambits play out and succeed. For now, we will briefly address how and how NOT to make the first move with any Average Girl. As Prince Charming, you must weave your first move into a tapestry of romance. Let Lolita dictate where this will occur. If you are satisfying the Lolita Urge she will manufacture the opening she WANTS you to take. The most common Lolita ploy is to ask the Humbert Teacher, Family Friend or Father of a Friend for a ride home. When she does that, ask her if she minds stopping for a bite to eat, YOUR TREAT! If she consents, she is asking you to make the first move THAT DAY! If she demurs, blow it off and take her home. Many Lolitas want to work up to their seduction gradually, getting comfortable with each level of intimacy before moving up o the next. More than likely, she'll manufacture another opportunity to

need a ride soon. When she does this, reciprocate but DO NOT ask her if she wants to stop and get a bite. This will shock her into doing one of two things. She will either ask to stop and eat herself, in which case you accept and MAKE YOUR MOVE. Or, in a few days she will ask you take her home again a third time, in which case you ask her again if she'd like to get a bite to eat. This time, she will say "Yes" .. guaranteed! Then you MAKE YOUR MOVE. When you finally move in for the kill, be cool and casual. You are Prince Charming, not a Dirty Old Man. Look for non-verbal cues while sharing your meal. Make lots of eye contact, and if she rests her hand out on the table over the halfway mark for more than a minute, take it. If she rests her legs against yours under the table, leave them there. When you get up to leave, put your hands on her back gently. Help her with her coat. When you get to the car, open her door for her (you should have been doing this all along!) As she stops to thank you, look in her eyes. If they are closed or partially closed and her neck is tilted up slightly, she is telling you to kiss her NOW! If her eyes are wide open, she is waiting for you to touch her and prompt her into kissing mode. Put your hand gently on her shoulder or your arms around her waist, and she will respond with fluttering eyes and an upturned chin. The above scenario works for Average Girls as well as Gold Diggers, Romantic Artists, Virgin Marys & Ugly Girls. All these types of Lollitas crave Prince Charming during that first seduction. The difference between them occurs afterward. Average Girls want the Dream Lover all the time. The others do not. Romance is the key to fucking the Average Girl, too, and as long as Humbert plays Prince Charming he will be able to fuck Lolita regularly and with a high degree of satisfaction. Average Girls cannot be fucked like Stoners or Gold Diggers. The Average Girl will want to be fucked passionately and get off, but she will not assent to be treated like a whore. To get oral, anal or any other variations out of her takes romance, subtlety, gentle persistence and lots of sweet talk. You are fighting years of conditioning and horror stories. Oral sex is usually the easiest to negotiate. Eat her pussy a few times, and you will guilt her into reciprocating. Patiently teach her how to give head without becoming insensitive or abusive. Anal sex takes longer and is never a certainty. Your best bet is to prime her gradually, working pinkie and index fingers up her ass gently while you're eating her out. If you can make her cum with fingers up her ass, she will connect the sensation with orgasm and pleasure. Keep doing this, putting more fingers inside her, and she may agree to let you put your cock inside her ass just to see how it feels. If this happens, make sure you manually stimulate her clitoris while you're slowly and tenderly butt-banging her. Should this get her off, she will be more open to further and harder anal explorations. The secret is to always maintain the Prince Charming mindset. Convincing the Average Girl to go lezz, do a threesome with another guy or do Dom/sub is a MUCH harder sell than even anal sex. The savvy Humbert always has copies of My Secret Garden, Forbidden Flowers and Women On Top (all by Nancy Friday) lying around for Lolita to peruse, as well as The Story of O and some other female-oriented pornography and S&M literature. He encourages Lolita to read these books and discuss her own fantasies. He asks her what she thinks of lesbianism, multiple partners and bondage role-playing AS AN ADULT. He listens for any hints or possible openings, then moves off the subject so as not to pressure her. He then brings up the topic again at a later date. Tastefully done porno movies are also helpful here. I recommend the Love Bunny

series with Sarah Jane Hamilton and Bianca, NOT the later ones with Umma. There is also some passable chick-oriented porn directed by Candida Royale, Gloria Leonard. For something wilder, try Lizzy Borden's stuff. Reading smut and watching porno is never a guarantee that the Average Girl Lolita will do anything but consider experimenting with sexual variations. She is, after all, an Average Girl, and of all the Lolita types she is the most self-respectful and morally grounded. She cannot be bought like a Stoner or Gold Digger. She cannot be manipulated as easily as the Romantic Artist, Virgin Mary or Ugly Girl. And she does not use sex as a means of attaining self-worth like the Sex Freak. Even Rowdy Girl sluts, the most malleable subspecies of Average Girl, can prove quite resistant to anything beyond the normal sexual pale. Overall, sexual satisfaction with the Average Girl depends upon how well she is satisfied by her Humbert. The more you make her cum, the more she will be willing to sample in order to pursue orgasm and please her man. The Average Girl demands the most attention and respect of any Lolita. While her Lolita Urge may be one of the easiest to manipulate and exploit, she is also the one type of Lolita who usually has the strongest sense of self-confidence. Later we will be addressing some specific seduction techniques that work well with the Average Girl. Now, however, let us turn to the next subset of Lolita, The Romantic Artist.

The Romantic Artist Demographic: Prime Age Range ... 13-17 Degree of Attractiveness ... Ugly to Stunning Sexual Satisfaction Level ... Above Average to High Kill Ratio ... High Yield / 60 -75% Best Approach ... Teacher, Mentor, Intriguing Stranger Worst Approach ... Dumb Jock or Dirty Old Man Favorite Hang Outs ... Coffee Houses, College Campuses, Alternative Neighborhoods, Art Galleries, Museums, Bars (w/fake IDs) Your Role ... The Poet

The Romantic Artist can be one of the most satisfying and at the same time the most frustrating conquests in the Lolita spectrum. On the upside, she is easily spotted, easily duped and easily manipulated. On the downside, she is difficult to control emotionally and can often cause problems for the inexperienced Humbert. She will either be fickle, hopping from one lover to another, or she will become obsessed with her TRUE LOVE to the point of psychosis. The secret to the Romantic Artist's mercurial temperament lies in her particular take on the Lolita Urge. The Romantic Artist is seeking womanhood via acknowledgment as a serious, accomplished Artist, which she sees as the especial province of "adults." She may see herself as a poet, a novelist, a journalist, an actress, a sculptor, a filmmaker, a fashion designer, a photographer, philosopher, political activist or any other "gifted" sort that exists beyond the realm of ordinary mortals. This preoccupation with the arts and her own status as an "artist" makes the Romantic Artist the easiest Lolita to peg next to the Ugly Girl. Her manner of dress will always reflect the stereotypical dress of the artistic sort she desires to be. Typically, the Romantic Artist dresses like a ragamuffin parody of Greenwich Village cool: long skirts, turtlenecks, beads, John Lennon glasses, sandals, torn jeans & vests, etc. She likes to braid her hair, wear it unkempt, streak it wildly. She will often not shave her armpits or legs. She will prefer pale, creamy skin to the tanned, toned look of Gold Diggers and Average jock girls. Often she will affect a butch or lesbian chic mannerisms, and often she will regard herself as bi-sexual

(if not totally lesbian). When the savvy Humbert spots a Romantic Artist, he quickly assumes the role of the Poet. This doesn't mean a literal poet, although this may help tremendously, but rather an artsy soul who is driven by his muse, alienated, somewhat tortured, always cynical, and committed to anti-materialism, anti-authoritarianism and the carpe diem philosophy. The Humbert Poet is always ready to spout his particular rap, be it politics or poetry, and this line of bullshit is always designed for one purpose - to stroke the romantic Artist's Lolita Urge. The savvy Humbert treats the Romantic Artist as a fellow soul mate, a talented neophyte in need of his guidance and nurturing. While complimenting her in one breath, he continually reminds her with the next that she is still a raw talent, a diamond in the rough in need of his polishing hand. He subtly reinforces the notion that he is the ONLY ONE who can see her true inner light, and thus the only teacher who can bring out her true potential. He engages her in long rambling discourses about whatever topic is her fancy. He pretends he ideas are insightful and even a little revolutionary. Yet, he always remembers not to give her TOO MUCH self-confidence or self-esteem. He doesn't call her naive, but he periodically points out her errors and gently stresses her lack of experience and expertise. He dangles the carrot of recognition and reputation before her greedy eyes, always reinforcing the idea that her eventual success relies on how well she listens to him and follows his examples. Whenever she does accomplish something good, he pats her on the head, then tells her about the hard road that lies ahead. Chances are when you read about a teacher caught banging one of his forbidden students, he was a Poet Humbert playing his Romantic Artist Lolita. English, music and art teachers have the distinct advantage in this game, but history, science and even math teachers have been known to pull off this gambit. All that is needed is a Lolita who sincerely believes she is a brilliant, talented soul destined for a life of intellectual or artistic triumph. Amusingly, most Romantic Artists actually possess little or no talent in their fantasy fields. No matter. This just makes Humbert's all the easier. The worse Lolita is, the easier it is to capitalize upon her failures and prey upon her insecurities. Even intelligent or genuinely talented Romantic Artists almost always possess no street smarts. Their gullibility is directly related to their Lolita Urge. Satisfy their need to be recognized as a gifted, and thus "adult," and they will believe any line off rhetoric a Humbert spews. Romantic Artists crave praise and recognition like Stoners chasing a high or Gold Diggers a flashy bauble. Keep a steady supply coming, and the Romantic Artist will be suggestible and susceptible to almost any ploy. The secret lies in making her see a Humbert as a yin to her yang -- her mentor, her kindred spirit, her inspiration. We will cover specific techniques on establishing artistic credibility in a later chapter. For now, however, we will discuss the Humbert Poet's attitude and approach. When you see a Romantic Artist, you should first determine what her particular passion is - poetry, theater, women's lib, etc. This is easy to do in a classroom setting. You just engage her in discussion with the rest of the class. You engage her idealism, question but eventually validate whatever tripe she spews. Don't fawn over her. Argue with her. Challenge her ideas, frustrate her, but eventually concede to her some small victory. Continue doing this in the classroom setting, but while you are debating flash her an occasional conspiratorial smile or even a wink. Let her know you are enjoying your rapport and consider her far beyond the other students. In other words, treat like a fellow adult trapped in a room full of kids. You want her to

feel like she is the only one in the room at her level, that you and her are the only REAL people in the room. This is also a good time to belittle the shallow values held by all the other "kids" in the class. Whenever one of the popular kids throws out an opinion, pretend like you are stifling a laugh and shoot your prey a quick bemused look. Don't be too obvious, though. Remember, this is a private joke between you and her. The rest of the class isn't involved. They aren't on your plane. Only you and she are sharing the joke, a joke between equals. This same gambit can also work in other types of teaching situations like art or music classes where debate is generally not the rule. In these situations, make a point of using Lolita's work as an example. Praise her talent and hold her work up as an example, but also point out her errors and push her to try harder. As the weeks go on, treat her more as a fellow artist and less as a student. Ask her to demonstrate various techniques, help other students or even do some teaching. Take interest in her work and encourage her efforts with praise and criticism. Then, after a few weeks of rapport building, catch her before or after class and lend her a book, CD or video you KNOW she will find fascinating and helpful. When she comes back bursting with enthusiasm, tell her to keep the object as a gift. Tell her it's very rare to meet anyone with her amount of talent and potential, and that you really believe she has a future. If you don't have her hooked by now, you will with the next step. After a little while, when she turns in some piece of her work - a drawing, short story or other project - grade it harshly. Give her a C minus. She will be upset, and may even seek you out after class. If she doesn't, you ask her to see you. She will be distraught. You then tell her you feel you must grade her on a different level than the other students. Tell her that her classmates are just kids, but she is working far beyond that level. Explain to her that you expect her work at a higher standard. She'll whine "that's not fair," to which you reply that life isn't fair. Be direct, not cold or insensitive, but frank and unyielding. Tell her she is not a girl that needs coddling, but a woman who needs to develop her talents to their fullest extent. She will invariably leave upset, and may even HATE you. Don't worry. That will change soon enough. The next project she does, give her a B and compliment her improvement. This will be ecstatic, and you will have her hooked. This same ploy works in private teaching and tutoring situations as well as classroom settings. Without a classroom of kids to play off of, however, you will need to focus more attention on Lolita's work. Make comparisons between her and other students you have, always placing her above the playing field, and pushing her harder. Then give her the harsh criticism ploy, followed by the speech, followed by the B grade. Now she will be primed to work for that A, to earn it not only for herself, but more importantly for you. Any teacher following this simple strategy will invariably gain the Romantic Artist's confidence, estimation and eventually hero worship. When the Humbert achieves hero worship, he becomes the Poet, and the seduction can begin. The rest of this scenario typically plays out like the seduction scenario with the Average Girl. She will manufacture an opportunity to be alone with you. Asking for a ride home is the most common ruse on her part. Ask her if she wants to grab a bite, and then follow the rest of the steps outlined in the previous chapter until you reach the moment where you would normally be stealing that first kiss. The STOP! Do not kiss her. Right at that moment, suddenly ask her if she wants to attend some kind of function with you related to her area of interest - an art exhibit if she's an artist, a concert if she's a

musician, a rally if she's the activist type. If she accepts, go with her, get close to her, and steal that first kiss afterwards (following the same steps outlined in the previous section). If she declines, blow it off, and wait for her to come to you. Often, the Romantic Artist will come up to you the next day and tell you she's reconsidered your invitation. Either that, or she will come up a week or so later and ask you if you are going to another similar event. Now she is finagling an invitation, but don't jump on it yet. Tell her you were thinking about going, but weren't sure. Now she WILL say she's interested and thought you might like to go, too. Play a little hard to get and make her work at convincing you. Then finally relent, and ask her how she's getting there, when she wants to meet, etc. She will invariably suggest you go together. When she does this, you know she is yours for the taking. Make arrangements to pick her up. If she balks at the idea of having you pick her up at her house, go with the flow and meet somewhere else. If she wants you to pick her up at her house, DO IT! If you seem afraid of her parents, you will seem like a Dirty Old Man. You really have nothing to be guilty of either. You're just a teacher taking an interest in a student. If you do pick her up at home, insist on calling her parents first to allay their fears and make it easier on her. She'll balk, but insist. Remind her that she needs to be adult about this. Tell her to put herself in her parents' place. Eventually she'll agree with you, and the stage will be set for seduction. Unlike Average Girls, who may still back out at the last moment, Romantic Artists are a sure bet when they reach this step in the game. Once she lets you "take her out" as an adult, she will want to cement the occasion with romance and sex. Many Romantic Artists have been known to put out on this first night, and many Humberts almost find the kill anticlimactic. For the Humbert hunting Romantic Artists outside the classroom or private instruction atmosphere, a slightly different strategy needs to be employed. The major obstacle to overcome here is establishing credibility with the Romantic Artist. A professional teacher or instructor already has some kind of credibility. A stranger, however, needs to PROVE to the Romantic Artist that he is the Poet she seeks. The first step in establishing the Poet identity as a stranger lies in presentation. Dress the part. Remember, Greenwich Village chic. If you don't know how to dress like an artist or thinker, go to one of those neighborhoods where they all hang out (every city has one) and observe. Then go to Goodwill and buy some Poet clothes. The secret is to look comfortable and anti-establishment. Fix your hair if it looks too conservative, and start sporting a goatee. Get your ear pierced and a tattoo. If you lead a button-down life 9-5, these things are easily covered up on the job. Once you've established the look, go back to that arty section of town, find a coffee shop and just start hanging out. IT MUST BE A COFFEE HOUSE, not a tavern or nightclub. Coffee bars are where the forbidden girls hang out. Always come with a book, something interesting and provocative (not John Gresham!), and a pad of paper, writing or sketch. Then, act like an artist. In a later section, we'll cover some great ruses the Poet can use. For now, however, let's concentrate on attitude and appearance. The Poet is a cynical, detached observer. He doesn't walk around the coffee shop introducing himself like some Dale Carnegie course reject. He sneers and waits for the world to beat a path towards his door. Assume the correct posture, and you will pique the curiosity of some Romantic Artist. She'll strike up a conversation while ordering a latte. Either that, or she'll walk up herself and engage in conversation. When she does this, DON'T JUMP ON HER!

Dirty Old Men jump on strange forbidden girls who talk to them. The Poet looks at her with a wry smile and gently treats her like a kid. This will get her dander up, and she will begin trying her hardest to convince you how mature she is. The Lolita Urge, remember ..? As she does this, continue your amused posture. Engage her in some debate, gently chide her for being so young and then casually return to what you're doing. All at once, she will be curious, pissed-off and intrigued. She may tell you to fuck off and leave in a huff, but she'll be back. Further trips to the coffeehouse will precipitate further encounters. With each encounter, treat her less and less patronizingly, and show gradual interest and respect. Pump her for information regarding who she is and what she desires, but still keep detached. If you make a move now, she'll mark you as a Dirty Old Man. The way into the Romantic Artist's soul in this situation is through jealousy. To truly succeed in this scenario, the Humbert needs to be engaging in regular conversation and openly flirting with a woman or girl older than his prey. The Romantic Artist needs to observe this interaction. As the older woman reacts positively, Lolita will become incensed and jealous. She will desire to be treated with the same attentions, and she will start flirting with you. Ignore her at first, and keep paying attention to the older woman. After doing this for a short while, Lolita will manufacture an opportunity to speak with you privately. She'll begin by talking about art or whatever your common interest is, but she will steer the conversation around to the issue of her maturity. She may come right out and ask you what you see in the older woman, or she may be more roundabout, asking you why you still see her as a kid. Once this conversation commences, you know you have her. BUT WAIT! The poet isn't eager, he's cynical and disinterested. In a couple of days or a week later, approach Lolita and ask her if she wants to go somewhere with you - a concert, art show, rally, i.e. whatever your shared passion is. At this point, she will say yes or no, and the dynamic discussed above will invariably follow. There are some small variations, though. The Poet Stranger never picks Lolita up at her house. He wouldn't be caught dead facing her parents. He meets her at a neutral place in secret. The Poet is the man her parents would NEVER understand with their tiny, limited minds. Cultivate this mistrust, and do whatever you can to drive a wedge between her "fascist," provincial parents and the "light of knowledge" you represent. Constantly stress how her parents treat her like a child, while you consider her an adult able to make her own decisions. The Poet Stranger not only encourages rebellion, he demands it. When he finally snares the Romantic Artist, she will be so caught up in his rhetoric and fantasy of her own "specialness" that she will be amenable to almost any act of rebellion, nonconformity or delinquency he suggests. This is why Romantic Artists are so malleable when it comes to sexual activity and variation. The artistic soul is always in rebellion against society's norms, and what better way to thumb a nose at the status quo than by engaging in "perverted" sexual antics. Romantic Artists will almost always agree to group sex or bondage encounters if they are presented as a means of rebellion and freedom of expression. If she balks, condescendingly apologize and say you temporarily forgot how "young" she is. Then back off from her, and wait until she comes back to you. If you've been satisfying her Lolita Urge up that point - both emotionally and sexually - she'll come around quickly, especially if she sees you immediately begin talking with older women. When she does this, DON'T JUMP ON HER AGAIN. Make her really

work to get your attention back. Most of the time, she'll eventually come right out and offer to engage in the sexual activity she balked at before. She might even arrange it. Or she may just allow you to talk her into when you bring it up again. Either way, MAKE SURE your next sexual encounter includes the activity she formerly refused. If it doesn't, she will have the upper hand in the relationship. YOU MUST NEVER LET THE ROMANTIC ARTIST KNOW how much you crave her forbidden pussy. Once she senses this, her Poet fantasy surrounding you will die. The Romantic Artist's whole sexual identity revolves around making the Poet accept her totally as an equal and a woman. To keep her mind soft and her will weak, the Humbert must never let her think she has "arrived." She must always think she is one stupid word or action away from being dumped for someone who is older, smarter, and better in bed. This is why the Romantic Artist is always so willing to do ANYTHING to prove how hip, cool, sophisticated and progressive she is. The only thing the Humbert must always do to keep her in this perpetual state of enthusiastic passivity is keep her insecure and deliver her a steady stream of wildly orgasmic sexual encounters. If Humbert can make his Romantic Artist cum hard with every new twist and wrinkle he introduces to their sex life, she will cease to question his suggestions for further experimentation. On the other hand, if Humbert is a dud in the sack, the Poet mystique will tarnish quickly. Sexual satisfaction can be fantastic with the Romantic Artist, but also very demanding. If Humbert isn't up to the task, Lolita will move on to find someone who is. Often, the Romantic Artist moves from older man to older man in search of her Poet. Of all the Lolita-types, the Romantic Artist is the most predisposed to openly pursue older men. Almost all Romantic Artists take up with older boys and men. This makes them easy prey, but also very fickle. The Romantic Artist could be obsessed with you one moment, then discard you the next moment for another flavor of the month. When this happens, forget her. If you pursue her, you will lose all estimation in her eyes. The Poet doesn't pursue. Odds are if you just blow her off, she'll eventually come back to you, especially if you fucked her better than the last few guys. Conversely, fickle Romantic Artists can also become obsessed stalkers. The Romantic Artist always thinks in terms of Romeo & Juliet. True love fights the odds and always remains one step away from tragedy. Thus, a girl fights for her Poet. She must be willing to anything and everything to ensure his love forever. Only one other Lolita-type can become so obsessed with her Humbert, the Virgin Mary.

The Virgin Mary Demographic: Prime Age Range ... 11-17 Degree of Attractiveness ... Ugly to Stunning Sexual Satisfaction Level ... Poor to High Kill Ratio ... Extremely Low Yield / 05 -25% Best Approach ... Parent, Friend of Family, Minister, Youth Counselor Worst Approach ... Dirty Old Man Favorite Hang Outs ... Church Youth Groups Your Role ... Prophet

The Virgin Mary can often be confused with the Romantic Artist. To the inexperienced Humbert, the Virgin Mary will appear to be nothing more than a Romantic Artist for god. This would be a grave error, though. There are indeed similarities between the temperament and motivation of Romantic Artists and Virgin Marys, but a major difference exists in terms of their respective variations of the Lolita Urge. If we remember, the Romantic Artist's Lolita Urge is dominated by her desire to be considered "special" in terms of her talents. Being

acknowledged in this way makes her feel like a grown-up woman, removed from the juvenile concerns of her superficial peers. The ego of the Romantic Artist is directed outward. She wants approval and acceptance as an artist or thinker. This is how she measures her self-worth. Such self-centered interests do not drive the Virgin Mary, however. Virgin Mary's Lolita Urge is satisfied when she feels he is giving herself to a religion or cause, making sacrifices and showing faith just like an adult woman. She cares very little what people think of her. She is her own cheering section and simultaneously her own toughest critic. She is intent on marching to a different drummer, often eschewing people who give her compliments or flattery. Despite the name we've chosen for them, Virgin Marys are not always scripture-thumping religious fanatics. Virgin Mary can be a Jew, Hindu, Muslim, Wiccan, Buddhist or Atheist. She can be a communist, capitalist or anarchist. She can be a chastity advocate with a "Just Say No" button or a safe-sex activist handing out condoms in a high school restroom. She can be an anti-racist peace monger or a skinhead fighting RAHOWA. The only thing she requires is a cause she can give herself to and lose herself within. She is not looking for glory like the Romantic Artist. She is looking for an inner experience - spiritual, metaphysical, revelatory. If Humbert approaches her as a self-obsessed Poet or a shallow Prince Charming, she will reject him wholesale. What Virgin Mary seeks is a man to share her zeal and commitments. She feels if she can find this man, she will have superseded the childishness of her peers. Her Humbert must be a Prophet, a larger than life manifestation of her "perfect" idealized man. The Prophet differs from the Poet because he is not cynical and self-absorbed, but idealistic and selfless. The Prophet continually chides Virgin Mary for losing her faith or forgetting the cause. When she acts like a girl her age, he upbraids her and dismisses her as a foolish kid not ready to make adult sacrifices. This will STING Virgin Mary, and she will do anything to get herself back in the Prophet's good graces. This constant badgering to keep the faith and subsequent disapproval with each inevitable fall will condition Virgin Mary to live her life totally by the prophet's whim. If anyone notices a similarity between our prophet and the stereotypical "cult leader" popularized in books and film, give yourself a gold star. All Prophets are cult leaders, even if their cult only consists of one zealous Lolita. The secret lies in spotting a forbidden girl ready to be "saved" by the Prophet's wisdom and teachings. Upon first observation, Virgin Marys are easily mistaken for Romantic Artists. Many non-religious Virgin Marys dress just like Romantic Artists, favoring the same ragamuffin, Greenwich Village chic look. Religious Virgin Marys, however, have Chastity Belt written all over them - straight-laced clothes that show no skin, no leg and no cleavage; little or no make-up; very plain, unadorned hair. If a Lolita looks like she could either be a Virgin Mary or Romantic Artist, Humbert needs to flush her out and type her immediately. Engage her in conversation, and see where her interests lie. If she talks about herself and her own struggle, she's a Romantic Artist. If she dwells on religion, a political cause or the plight of others she's a Virgin Mary. Remember, Virgin Marys satisfy the Lolita Urge by self-sacrifice and emotional martyrdom. They are all about denying the flesh and worldly desires. This is what makes them feel all grown up. Referring to a Virgin Mary as a good soldier, tough customer or dedicated fighter will get her all wet. Pretending to be caught up in her struggle and advising her along the way will make you more than just her confidant. The

Prophet assumes an air of authority over her battle and makes her take up his fight - real or imagined. If she's a dedicated Christian, the Prophet is even more dedicated. He points out her failings and lapses in faith while holding his own attitudes and actions up as examples of how an "adult" lives. Virgin Marys are natural masochists, so they will revel in guilt, low self-esteem and the fear of failure. The savvy Humbert uses these preoccupations to manipulate Virgin Mary into a position where she can easily be approached sexually and seduced. The quintessential Prophet is a Church youth group leader. Here the dynamic is similar to the Poet-Teacher and the Romantic Artist Student. He establishes a rapport with Lolita that is adult in nature and places her on a higher plane than the rest of her peers in the group. Thus, he demands more of her and is much more critical when she engages in typical teenage behavior. He berates her for her childishness and expresses grave disappointment in her, finishing off with a sentiment like: "I expected more of you, " or "I guess you really aren't ready yet for this kind of commitment." Youth group Prophets make sure to focus much of their discussions on sex and teenage urges. They talk about these things openly with the group and set themselves up as authorities on the passionate turmoil of adolescence. Note, the only types of Lolita truly susceptible to a youth group Prophet are Virgin Marys. Youth group leaders can bag Stoners, Average Girls, Ugly Girls and Sex Freaks, but only if they drop the Prophet role and gage their approach to the prey's Lolita type and Lolita Urge. Virgin Mary will drop her pants for nothing less than the Prophet, though, the idealized man of her dreams. After spending weeks building the Prophet-Acolyte rapport, our savvy Humbert asks to Lolita to help him on a project of some sort that give them plenty of time alone. Then he proceeds ahead in a totally disinterested manner, waiting for Lolita to make the inevitable ploy to get them alone together. Once again, this often takes the form of the "ride home" ruse covered earlier. The scenario plays out basically the same. Humbert asks Lolita to grab a bite to eat. THIS IS CRUCIAL. Humbert must get Virgin Mary in a setting removed from the Cause. Then he makes sure they have fun and discuss issues and things removed from the Cause. As the outing progresses, Humbert pretends to lose himself in the moment and get carried away. When Lolita puts her hands out, he takes them and holds them for a moment while his eyes sparkle with the aura of utter intoxication. Humbert pretends that he forgets himself, that he lets his passions get the best of him. Then, as quickly as he sweeps Virgin Mary up, he suddenly yanks himself away in a flurry of shame and self abuse. Right there, in front of Lolita, he fakes a psychodrama of epic proportions. He castigates himself for his emotions and his shameful thoughts concerning dear, sweet, innocent Virgin Mary. He berates himself for being so weak. He curses his heart and his lust. He derides his own lack of maturity, but never mentions Virgin Marys own forbidden age and immaturity. He wears so much pain on his face, that Virgin Mary cannot help but melt, especially when he begins to doubt his own ability to serve the Cause. This part of the performance is crucial. The Prophet must make the Virgin Mary believe that his passion for her has rendered him unable to carry on with the Cause. A youth group leader might threaten to leave the Church and god. A political activist will talk of abandoning the Mission because he has Fallen and proven himself unworthy of other's support. Humbert must connect his feelings to Virgin Mary to failure in the Cause. He must make her feel that her charms are single-handedly jeopardizing the

Mission, and that she is responsible not only for his destruction but the destruction of their shared Dream - be it a white racial homeland, feeding the hungry in Rwanda or standing spotless before the Throne of Jesus when he returns. In the blink of an eye, the Prophet's Fallen Heart has become her Cause, above and beyond any previous Cause she held dear. She must help him, or the Cause will lose its prophet, and she will be to blame. She must do the adult thing, give herself to the prophet and heal him, or everyone will suffer. To do so, she must convince him that she isn't "too young," that she is indeed old enough to accept the role of his lover and soul mate. Virgin Marys placed in this situation will invariably throw themselves at the Humbert Prophet. They will do anything to prove they are mature enough and worthy enough to receive his love. The Humbert does not jump on this opportunity right way, however. He must act completely torn and distressed to be convincing. Humbert Prophets who jump on Lolita's bones right off the bat risk suspicion and exposure in a short time. Lolitas, even Virgin Marys, always talk to their Best Friends when they start getting involved with older men. Typically, their Best Friend tries to throw a wet blanket on the whole thing because she is jealous. If Virgin Mary tells Best Friend the details about her first tryst with Humbert Prophet, Best Friend will inevitably attempt to cast aspersions on Humbert's character and motives. Moving too quick from shame to fucking will set off Best Friend's radar, and she will start planting the idea in Virgin Mary's head that she is being used and manipulated by a Dirty Old Man. If, however, Virgin Mary keeps discussing her Humbert's reluctance to become involved over a matter of weeks, this takes the wind right out of Best Friend's sails. In fact, if Humbert can come across as truly wracked with guilt, Best Friend can often become his best advocate with Virgin Mary. The next best thing to being involved with a Humbert is having one's best friend involved with one. This allows Best Friend to experience the star-crossed lovers scenario vicariously, and she will often thrill to her friend's exploits almost as much as the Lolita who is involved. This is why I always advise Prophets to string Virgin Mary along for weeks before pretending to finally succumb to her charms and their own lusts. When the matter finally does come to a head (pun intended), the prophet needs to make Virgin Mary totally aware of all he is sacrificing for their love. He must tell her how he wrestled with the issues, but when everything finally cleared the only thing he saw was her. He must tell her she is worth all the soul-searching and sacrifice. Then he must bring up the Cause and tell her that no matter what happens between them that the Mission must live on past them. He tells her that the Cause is bigger than both of their human emotions, and she must always put it before her heart as he has done. She won't see the contradiction in this. She will only see the Prophet rising above such human trivialities as romantic love and lust. This is truly her idealized man, the one who will transform her into a real adult. When the Lolita Urge has been satisfied, Virgin Mary will give herself body and soul to her Prophet. This gambit is not the only way into Virgin Marys pants, however. The Humbert Prophet can also manipulate Virgin Mary into another circumstance where she willingly forsakes her ideals and gives of herself to temptation. This scenario is found within the authoritarian structure of fundamentalist religious groups and stereotypical cults. In this instance, the Prophet makes no pretense of great shame or guilt when he moves on Virgin Mary. When he acts, he does so with the total authority of whatever god or Principle

they both follow. The Prophet can engineer such a seduction in several ways. The easiest of course occurs in groups where girls are subservient to men and worship the masculine ideal as embodied by the Leader or the group's men. In these instances, girls can just be taken from the ranks of the Church and used as "vessels" for the male seed of the cult. While the Group pounds chastity into Virgin Mary's brain with their doctrine, she is also taught that submitting to the sexual advances of the Leader or male members is not a sin, but actually exemplary behavior. In many cases, savvy cult leaders make sexual submission a prerequisite to salvation. In the techniques section later, we will go over this methodology in exact detail, providing Scripture passages and other related teachings that instruct girls to be subservient to men in accordance with god's laws. Unfortunately, most of us don't live in such enlightened communities, so seduction becomes a little trickier. In the later section covering Seduction Techniques, we will discuss a gambit called "Eve in the Garden." For now, though, we will briefly define "Eve in the Garden" as luring Lolita into a possession where she commits a sin and is caught in the act. Once the Humbert knows of Eve's sinful ways, she is very susceptible to his control and manipulation. Eve in the Garden works extremely well with Virgin Marys, especially those whose parents would never allow her to be put in the type of vulnerable position discussed above. The Eve technique is simple. After the Humbert has identified a Virgin Mary he establishes himself as her Prophet and she as his Acolyte. Pastors and priests have a distinct advantage here, as do youth group leaders. They are almost always crush objects for the Virgin Marys in their audience. They play upon this, treating Virgin Mary as their special sheep, all the while lulling her into a position where she will become vulnerable to their machinations. When Virgin Mary has been successfully lured into a false sense of security, the Humbert Prophet then stages a scene where Virgin Mary unwittingly comes upon a piece of forbidden fruit - pornography, drugs, alcohol, etc.. When she takes a bite, he catches her. Guilt and shame overwhelm her, and he assumes control of the situation. When our Eve is a Virgin Mary, her emotional turmoil is acute, especially when she is caught red-handed by a man she considers her Prophet. He will of course make her undergo a full interrogation, confession and punishment. During this time, he will constantly demean and castigate her as a weak, willful child, and a sinner in god's eye. He will keep at her to keep confessing every impure thought she has ever entertained in an effort to cleanse her soul of the stain of sin. While Virgin Mary does this, the prophet continues berating her dishonesty and unrepentant nature. He accuses her of lying before god, and digs deeper into her soul to uncover even more of her darkest fantasies. Finally, after repeatedly getting her to admit how sick she is, he tells her that she is helpless beneath the strength of her sinful heart. He labels her a degenerate and a slut whose only hope at Salvation before god is to place herself and her lusts totally in the control of the priest. This gambit takes skill, and in the majority of cases Humberts are advised to merely be satisfied with beating and mind-fucking delinquent Virgin Marys. Believe it or not, most Virgin Marys are too smart to fall for the "deliver yourself unto me" con. When the Humbert Prophet tells her she needs to fuck him to be Saved, the aura of his Prophet hood usually falls aside immediately. In some cases, though, this ruse works exceptionally well. Prophets at work in religious atmospheres which stress slavish obedience to a Leader's authority and

interpretation of the Word will often yield Virgin Mary kills in high numbers. Groups comprised of ignorant members also mean greater chances for success. Stupid parents teach their kids to be stupid, so a Virgin Mary in this situation is easily duped. Another scenario with a high rate of success involves Groups comprised of marginalized or minority members with Humbert Prophets belonging to a cultural majority or Power group. A white priest among dirt-poor, inner-city Hispanic immigrants will generally have free reign over his Flock. Lolita parishioners will be hesitant to resist a White Male who is also a representative of god. White ministers also fair well in all-black congregations, as do Black ministers in all-white, liberal congregations. The savvy Black Humbert Prophet usually only needs to accuse a white Virgin Mary of racism while disciplining her, and she will shamefully yield to his demands. Understandably, the Prophet Humbert who can pull off Eve in the Garden will derive the most sexual satisfaction from his Virgin Mary prey next to the Humbert Cult Leader, who is in a league all his own. Virgin Marys seduced by conventional means can be gradually manipulated into sexual experimentation, but those caught with forbidden fruit will readily succumb to almost any suggestion in order to avoid public revelation of their sin. Remember, Virgin Mary's entire concept of self-worth is based upon her belief that she is "better" and, hence, more moral and mature than other kids her age. Being exposed as a weak or sinful child is a terrifying prospect, and she will avoid it at all costs. Frequently, she becomes so obsessed with preserving her reputation that she commit seven more shameful acts in order to hide her original indiscretion. Thus, Virgin Marys garnered from Eve in the Garden are easy to manipulate into sexual variations such as oral and anal sex, as well as other "perversions" such as lesbianism, group sex, interracial sex, bondage, golden showers, bestiality, etc. The secret here lies in making Virgin Mary admit to sinfully fantasizing about the perversion first before forcing her to indulge her fantasies. The Prophet feigns utter disgust with Virgin Mary's fantasy, then demands she experience it in order to see how sick she truly is. The whole while she is enduring the ordeal, the Prophet keeps reminding Virgin Mary how sick she is to fantasize about such depravity. The savvy Humbert then makes sure Virgin Mary orgasms during the experience. This increases her guilt and shame, making her even more malleable. When she cums, he berates her even more and insists on delving deeper into the perversion in order to teach her a lesson and cleanse the sin from her heart. Of course, the more he makes her cum, the more Virgin Mary will obsess over her perverted soul. In turn, she will become even more passive in Humbert Prophet's hands, turning to him for the mixture of release and Salvation her Lolita Urge now craves. Perhaps no Lolita is as pathetic as a Virgin Mary taken by Eve in the Garden. One comes very close, however, the Ugly Girl.

The Ugly Girl Demographic: Prime Age Range ... 13-17 Degree of Attractiveness ... Ugly (just like the name implies) Sexual Satisfaction Level ... Above Average to Very High Kill Ratio ... High Yield / 65 -80% Best Approach ... Parent, Friend of Family, Teacher, Mentor, Trusted Confidant, Intriguing Stranger Worst Approach ... Shallow Pig Favorite Hang Outs ... Mall, Movie Theaters, Recreation Centers Your Role ... Father Knows Best

Ugly Girls are the most plentiful prey and the mainstay of Lolita hunting season for the savvy Humbert. Before you balk and say, "Hey, what the fuck do I want

with Ugly Girls?" consider this for a moment. Now that you are older and wiser, is there really such a thing as an ugly forbidden girl? Fat, zit-covered, hairy, lopsided faces, birthmarks - who the fuck cares?! She's forbidden. Her pathos and insecurity should make any real man HARD, harder than if he's looking at some legal aged bimbo no matter how hot she may be. YOU CAN FUCK FORBIDDEN CUNT TODAY. You just need to get over that whole adolescent trip where good looks equal good sex. That's bullshit. An Ugly Girl Lolita will fuck your brains out. All a Humbert needs to do is satisfy her Lolita Urge, and in this case it's simple. If Average Girls want to feel Above Average, Ugly Girls want merely to feel human. They are looking for a man who will look beyond their faces and bodies and see the inner beauty within. They are looking for an older, wiser Humbert who can see through all the superficiality that colors their lives among their peers. They are looking for something more than an awkward boy their own age who will turn his head and forget her name the minute a better-looking girl walks by. The Ugly Girl is seeking approval, the kind of approval she can only get from a Father figure. For all Ugly Girls, their father is the most important man in their lives. He is either the only man who has ever loved her unconditionally, or he has rejected her because she is not the beautiful, fresh-faced daughter he always longed for. In other words, Ugly Girls are looking to love their Fathers, either literally or figuratively, and that is why the savvy Humbert becomes her Father Knows Best. Typically, this role is only natural for the Humbert Father smart enough to bag the Ugly Girl living under his own roof. A Humbert Father just needs to shower his Ugly Daughter with adoration, and she will be ready to be his plaything the minute he decides to take advantage of the gift he's been given. Ugly Daughters will do ANYTHING to please their fathers and keep satisfied the only man who will ever REALLY love her. Not only Ugly Daughters, but all Ugly Girls will do this for the Humbert who can convince them that he sees behind their flaws to the inner-beauty deep (sometimes very deep) within. They will give themselves totally without question because they believe this is what will truly make them a woman. In their minds, girls are judged by looks, but women are esteemed for qualities such as intelligence, sense of humor, and compassion. They are tired of being passed over by boys and men and treated as somehow less than human. Convince them that they're not only human but beautiful as well, and they will do almost anything to keep living that lie. Although bagging Ugly Girls is relatively simple, there are some things the savvy Humbert should always keep in mind, however. To begin with, don't over analyze when pursuing an Ugly Girl. This is especially true for Humberts applying the Lolita method. A common pitfall among Humberts is to not see an Ugly Girl when she's staring them right in the face. They read this book, and they're looking for Romantic Artists, Virgin Marys and Stoners everywhere. They see an Ugly Girl, and they ignore the obvious and start moving on her as the Poet, Prophet, Man or Mr. Money Bags. Although all these techniques will probably end up bagging the Ugly Girl, why waste your time, energy and money. She's an Ugly Girl. You probably had her at "hello." She may want to come across as a budding poet or basketball star. She may be the organizational force behind the UNICEF Hunger Drive or Meet You At The Flagpole. But underneath all that posturing lies an Ugly Girl who would sell out every single one of her pipe dreams for one fleeting moment in the sun. All she really wants is to feel desirable and transcend the relentlessly stigmatizing caste system of adolescence. In other

words, Humbert can skip all the machinations necessary to wear down and corner a Romantic Artist, Average Girl or Virgin Mary. He can be obvious. It actually can help push things along, especially if the girl is a casual pick-up at a mall, beach or other public place. Ugly Girls are everywhere, and every single one is doable if the Humbert assumes the Father Knows Best role. The trolling Humbert just needs to know the correct approach. It doesn't matter if the Ugly Girl is a daughter of a family friend, the friend of your own daughter, a student, a youth group member or just hanging out at the mall, beach, amusement park or the local convenience store. The strategy and approach is always the same. Make the Ugly Girl feel human and, if at all possible, beautiful, just like her idealized Father Figure would. No need to worry about being a Dirty Old Man here. She is thankful for any attention she gets, especially when it makes her feel attractive and desirable. If you're a teacher and she's a student, let her catch you checking her out. You can do the same with a friend's daughter or the friend of your daughter. LET HER CATCH YOU! When she does, just smile, linger with your eyes a moment, then turn away and go back to what you're doing. NEVER act embarrassed. Many times, the Ugly Girl will make an opportunity to catch you alone. Then she'll come right out and ask you why you've been looking at her. The savvy Humbert will keep his cool, look at her and reply, "Sorry, you just looked so pretty in that (whatever she's wearing)," or "I like your new haircut" if she just got her hair trimmed. In other words, pick out an article of clothing or physical feature and compliment her. Tattoos and pierces make the best observation points. They are sexual by their very nature, and the Ugly Girl who gets a tattoo or piercing is advertising to the entire that she is willing to endure pain in order to look and feel sexier. This is an invitation for any savvy Humbert to TAKE her and bang her hard. Look at her with open lust and say, "god, I think tattoos are so sexy, " or "god, pierced nostrils/navels are so hot!" Transparent, right? Of course it is. But this is an Ugly Girl. She lives for flattery that she never gets. Sure she'll be immediately suspicious and think you're mocking her. Ignore her insecurity, and just keep complimenting her on a regular basis. Let her know she is not only pretty, but sexy, too, in a very grown-up way. If you're a stranger, pretend you don't know how old she is. "Guess" older, and if she corrects you and tells you her real age, refuse to believe her. Be sure to mix up the compliments, though. Praise her looks, her intelligence, and her maturity or poise the next. Any suspicions she has will gradually disappear if you keep up the compliments and lusty lingering looks. If you are hitting on an Ugly Girl in a pick-up situation, move in for the kill quickly, giving her no time to consult Best Friends or gather her wits. If booze or pot is available, make liberal use of it. Your compliments will really sing to her as she gets more and more stoned. Most Ugly Girls can be picked up and fucked on the first encounter. Some take one date. If you haven't gotten anything but a kiss after a second encounter, dump her and move on. She'll come back to you ready to play the game soon enough, guaranteed. For those Humberts hunting Ugly Girls among family friends, students or other familiar faces, the seduction technique needs to be a little less hard-sell, but not much. Keep the compliments flowing and treat her like her idealized Daddy-Lover, and she will quickly start doing little things to receive more attention and flattery. Notice these, and point them out. Some Ugly Girls can actually move from hideous to just below average with proper coaching from Father Knows Best. When you notice that she's starting

to dress better and spend more time with her appearance, you'll know it's time to bag her. Unlike most Lolitas who need a good deal of seasoning before seduction, Ugly Girls can be taken the moment you see them start preening for Father Knows Best's approval. One of the easiest means to get an Ugly Girl's trust is to be a Family Friend or the father of one of her girlfriends. Follow the basic seduction techniques as outlined for Average Girls. Treat her like an adult, and make sure she catches you stealing plenty of lusty glances. Keep complimenting her, and wait for her to manufacture a time to be alone with you. Then TAKE her. It isn't necessary to buy her gifts, but small trinkets (cheap jewelry, perfume, CDs) can help. Beer and pot can also smooth things over and let her know you think she's adult enough to handle it. Let's say you're at a family outing and there's beer present. When no one else is around, ask her if she wants one. She'll take it. If you can feed her some more or maybe some pot, you can usually bang her at the first opportune moment. Once again, she's Ugly and you're using her. Don't forget this, and DON'T feel sorry for her. You're actually doing her a favor by letting her feel like a desirable woman for once in her life. Let her prattle on about whatever she wants. Pretend to listen and keep moving closer. Eventually her nerves will settle down and she'll close her mouth. The next time she opens it, it will probably be to give you some tongue or inhale your cock. If you're a teacher, the process is just as simple. You should have already enlisted her help with classroom stuff when you started complimenting her. Make her your pet. The whole time she's in your room during free periods or after school, let her catch you checking her out. She'll be flustered at first, but she won't balk. She'll just sit there getting all wet and daydreaming about being a desirable woman. After a little while, when she's started dressing and making up for you, ask her if she'd like to grab a bite after school as a "thank you" for all the hard work she's been doing. Ugly Girls aren't stupid. She's seen you checking her out. She knows what "grabbing a bite" means. 90% of the time she'll accept right off the bat. If she does, MOVE ON HER immediately when you get her alone. Most of the time, you can GET SOMETHING off an Ugly Girl that first time: if not fucking, then at least a blow job. The important thing to remember with Ugly Girls is to dictate all of the action yourself, from the first kiss to the first ass-fuck. She's Ugly, and she'll do pretty much anything you want. All you need to do is satisfy her Lolita Urge and make her feel like a woman. Never ask an Ugly Girl if she wants to do anything. When you want some head, just open your fly, take your dick out and push her head down. Say, "Suck it, baby!", and she will. The same goes for anal fucking. Just put her on her belly, lube up her ass and TAKE her. She won't object. She's Ugly. This is what she's been waiting for, a man to treat her like a desirable woman. Keep up with the compliments and nice treatment outside of the bedroom, and you can pretty much demand anything from her between the sheets. This is why sexual satisfaction is so high with Ugly Girls. They will gladly accept any abuse or experiment with any variation as long as you treat them nice and tell them how sexy they are. Believe it or not, that's all there really is to Ugly Girls. Spot one, start complimenting her, and she'll melt soon enough. When a Humbert does get an Ugly Girl, he needs to assume the role of Father Knows Best in the bedroom as well. He needs to treat her like he's the only one who can see her REAL SEXUAL DESIRES. He needs to take charge of every aspect of her sex life. He tells her what clothes turn him on, and how she should do her hair. He scolds her when she

acts prude or willful, withdrawing his love until she comes crawling back to him apologizing. To really make an Ugly Girl your slave, fuck her hard and make her cum every time. While you're fucking her say something like: "You look so beautiful with my cock in your mouth," or "I wish you could see how beautiful you look while I'm fucking you up the ass and you're cumming." Talk dirty to Ugly Girl, but also lace your words with phrases like "beautiful," "sexy," etc. An Ugly Girl will let you call her a "cock-sucking cum-bucket" if you remember to throw in the word "pretty." In reality, Humbert's only concern with bagging an Ugly Girl should be how to dump her when he's through getting his jollies. Of course, many Ugly Girls can be turned into Sex Freaks, and thus they can be enjoyed for quite awhile. Just as many Ugly Girls, however, become pathetic whining creatures who actually think Humbert "loves" them and is going to "take them away from all this." In a later section, we'll cover how to protect yourself after nasty break-ups with any type of Lolita. For now, though, the Humbert should keep in mind how much personal information he wants to give Lolita, especially an Ugly Girl. Ugly Girls can go into stalker mode even quicker than Romantic Artists can. Thus, the savvy Humbert always tries to keep a distance between his "forbidden" girls and his real life. This is simple when the Ugly Girl is a pick-up. The savvy Humbert always has a fake identity ready for such occasions, and during his tenure with Lolita he never lets his guard down. In the case of students, family friends, and other familiar faces, though, this is impossible. The easiest way to defuse a stalker Lolita, and more specifically an Ugly Girl stalker is to manipulate her into a situation where she dumps you and avoids you. The easiest way is to demand sexual variations you're fairly positive she will never do. Tell her you'd like to see her fuck a dog, or turn tricks, or get gang banged, or do a threesome with a hooker. If she balks, act hurt and then explain to her that your sexual interests are extreme. Tell her that if she can't accept this she should reconsider your relationship. Put in this situation, Ugly Girls will do one of two things. Tell you to FUCK OFF and leave, or agree to your variation. When they follow the second option, you've turned Ugly Girl into a Sex Freak. Either way, refusal or acceptance, the savvy Humbert wins. If Ugly Girl dumps you, she will NEVER tell anyone about her experiences, except maybe her Best Friend who will then be sworn to secrecy. You can be sure Ugly Girl will never tell mom, dad, a school guidance counselor or the cops anything about the stuff she did with you. She'll just keep her mouth closed and cry herself to sleep every night until another guy comes along and strokes her Lolita Urge. Later in life, Ugly Girls typically go into therapy. But don't worry. Even if they tell every gruesome detail, the chances a Humbert will be prosecuted are slim and none. If this would happen, however, all a Humbert needs is a good lawyer who concentrate on her lifelong mental instability. The worst that can happen is an out-of-court settlement, and this is VERY RARE. Fortunately, a lot of dumped Ugly Girls just move onto the next Humbert who catches her on the rebound. Because they are so insecure and needy, they never do learn their lesson. They end up marrying ugly guys, having ugly kids, and perpetuating the cycle all over again. Lucky for us Humberts. In many instances, only a fine line separates the Ugly Girl from the Sex Freak. Many Sex Freaks are Ugly Girls who have been turned by savvy Humberts who with a vision. To understand this relationship better, we should perhaps take a closer look at the Sex Freak, our last Lolita type.

The Sex Freak Demographic: Prime Age Range ... 13-17 Degree of Attractiveness ... Extremely Ugly to Above Average Sexual Satisfaction Level ... Extremely High Kill Ratio ... Extremely High Yield / 75 -90% Best Approach ... Experienced Older Man, Kindred Spirit Worst Approach ... Uptight or Moralistic Asshole Favorite Hang Outs ... Raves, Bars (w/fakeIDs), sleazy neighborhoods Your Role ... John Stud

What is a Sex Freak? Is she a myth of pedophile and hebephile folklore? An urban legend like the Phantom Hitchhiker or the Man With the Hook-Hand? To those who have never seen a Lolita Sex Freak this must seem to be the case. Surely this is the fantasy of pornographers and producers of kiddie porn. "Reputable experts" will expound upon the impossibility that a "forbidden" girl could ever develop full-blown nymphomania. Feminist scholars (read uptight dykes) will argue that any "forbidden" girl who seeks extreme sexual encounters with older, experienced men is an exploited victim of brainwashing and rape. No one seems to believe a "forbidden" girl can actually crave sex to the point of obsession. As a society we'll believe in UFOs, demons & other supernatural phenomena, but Nympho Lolitas who enjoy extreme sex are beyond the pale of reason. Any girls who demonstrate such qualities must be sex-slaves acting against their wills. BULLSHIT! I've met quite a few bona fide "forbidden" Sex Freaks, and they were as real as kangaroos, platypuses, or any other beast we once thought mythical. Yes, they are certainly the rarest type of Lolita, and searching for one is often tantamount to seeking the Holy Grail of Humbertdom. But they are out there, and they can be spotted, and they not all Ugly Girls who have been turned. Yes, the most common Sex Freak is the Ugly Girl who has been conditioned by the savvy Humbert to do ANYTHING to keep him. But not every Ugly Girl who submits to extreme sexual variations is truly a Sex Freak. Many do it for their Humbert, but never really enjoy it. Nor would they pursue such perversions outside of their Humbert's influence. A few Ugly Girls who relent to sexual experimentation on the "wild side" find they actually crave the depravities themselves more than the adoration of Father Knows Best. When this happens, the Humbert must change his role, cast off the mantle of Father Knows Best and become John Stud. John Stud is the Humbert who never tires of sexual excess. He can fuck all night in any variation. He can always deliver excruciating, visceral orgasms, and the well of his depraved imagination never runs dry. Sex with him never gets "old," and if it does the Sex Freak will move on. Most often, Sex Freaks are Ugly Girls who have been "turned." Thus, it is only natural that most Sex Freaks are below average in the looks department. But this isn't always the case. The Sex Freak always metamorphoses from another Lolita type who has been introduced to extreme sexual variations from an abusive father, relative, rapist or savvy Humbert. Sex Freaks need something to make them crave sex the way a Stoner wants drugs or a Romantic Artist wants recognition. Sometimes, it is the Humbert's joy to turn a Lolita into a Sex Freak himself. Other times, though, he inherits someone else's handiwork. We will go over both scenarios briefly here, covering how best to turn Lolita into a Sex Freak as well as how to recognize a Lolita who has already embraced her Freak Nature. If you're wondering, Sex Freaks manifest their Lolita Urge by craving bigger and better sexual release. They see sex as the bridge between childhood and womanhood, and they equate orgasm with being a REAL WOMAN. Subsequently, they view bigger orgasms and more depraved sexual experiences

as making them even more of a WOMAN. The Humbert who can satisfy this Urge will keep their pliant bodies and willing souls captive until he tires of the Freak's subjugation .. if he ever does. But how can a Humbert get his Lolita to the point where she can truly let her Freak Flag fly? The answer is simple. MAKE HER CUM HARD and OFTEN every time you fuck her. Combine this with constantly upping the ante in your sex play, and you could very well develop your Lolita into a Freak. In other words, never be satisfied with just fucking her and maybe getting some oral or anal sex. Try some bondage games. Watch pornos. Talk about both your wildest fantasies, then make them cum true. If she consents to an extreme variation like multiple partners, S & M or golden showers, MAKE SURE SHE CUMS harder and better than she does with conventional sex. If she's a Sex Freak, she'll take to the extreme experimentation like a fish to water. But you'll never know if you never try. That's why it's always important to feel out any Lolita's potential once you finally get her in the bedroom. The savvy Humbert is always pushing the sexual envelope with his Lolita, always seeing what she will do and how far she will go. If you don't do this, you may never find the Sex Freak inside Lolita, leaving that prize for the next Humbert who takes her. Eventually, if she's a Sex Freak some man or woman will trigger the change in Lolita. So why shouldn't it be you? Once a Sex Freak has been spawned, she will become your ultimate plaything fantasy. There is a downside, though. Of ALL the Lolita types, the Sex Freak is the most demanding. She will literally wear you out and require every bit of imagination and sexual expertise you can muster to keep her coming back to your bedroom door. If her John Stud becomes a John Dud, she will not think twice about seeking someone new to fill the void. This is the only circumstance that allows Humbert to find a fully converted and ready-for-action Sex Freak. These Lolitas are not as uncommon as one may think, but they are difficult to spot for those not tuned into the signals and clues. The fully-converted Sex Freak in search of a new John Stud does not exactly wear her nymphomania on her sleeve. Many of these Lolitas will look like anything but Sex Freaks. They may dress like Virgin Marys or Average Girls. Some will look like regular Ugly Girls. Most, however, will come across as Romantic Artists or Stoners. Chances are upon first encountering a Freak, Humbert will not even guess what's in his sites. He may peg her as another Lolita type, make his play and successfully bag her. The whole gambit will be moot, though, because it is the Freak herself that is doing the hunting, looking for John Stud. If the Humbert doesn't capitalize on this opportunity, the Freak will merely bed him and move on in search of a Humbert who will satisfy her Lolita Urge the way it NEEDS to be satisfied. This is why the savvy Humbert is always on the lookout for the clues and signals that indicate his prey might already be a converted Sex Freak. Let us first consider Lolita's appearance. Tattoos and piercings are often indicators that Lolita understands the pain-pleasure principle in relation to sex. Pierced tongues are done for one reason, to facilitate the act of fellatio. Lolitas who sport them are saying they enjoy sucking cock and giving a man pleasure, and they are willing to endure pain to do so. Tattoos on the breasts, belly, ass and pubic area are also indicators that a Lolita is willing to endure pain to provide her sexual partners visual pleasure and titillation. Generally, the bigger and more complex the tattoos, the more pain Lolita endured to get them. This shows a fascination with both pain and arousal and how they co-mingle in the psycho-sexual landscape. It only goes to say that if you get Lolita's panties off and

her clitoris and/or labia is pierced that you definitely have a Sex Freak. Remember, this isn't a woman in her twenties and thirties who could be enduring such agony for the sake of fashion. This is a "forbidden" girl. Most don't even know what their clitoris is or how to use it. If she has it pierced, then you can rest assured it was very important to her. In most states, it's against the law for "forbidden" girls to get any kind of tattoo or piercing without a parent's permission, and it's rather unlikely mom and dad signed a consent form to get Lolita a clit ring. But not all Freaks are so obviously marked. This doesn't make them impossible to flush out, just a lot more difficult. There are other things the savvy Humbert watch out for, though. Lolitas say a lot with their eyes. Watch where her gaze wanders when you talk to her. If you catch her crotch watching, it's a good sign she's on the lookout for Mr. Goodbar and knows what she's looking for. If she's paying undo attention to your bulge, you probably have a live one. Listen to what she says about sex when you chat her up. If she brings up sex herself almost immediately, it's pretty obvious she has an agenda. If she has a potty mouth, it doesn't necessarily mean she's a Freak, but it's worth checking out. Sometimes the only way to uncover a Freak is to see how she reacts once you've bagged her. If she seems very experienced for her age, needing no help at all giving you head it's a good bet she likes what she's doing. If she snaps her legs over her head and invites you to pile drive her, it's also safe to assume she's into more than vanilla fucking. When she says "harder!" as you bang her, it's time to push the envelope. Interest in the more extreme selections in your porn library - bondage, lesbian, gang bang, interracial, scat, golden showers, bestiality -- is also a fairly good indicator that she's interested in extending the parameters of your intimacy. It's important then to gage her potential on that first encounter. Insist on something in addition to straight missionary fucking - doggie-style, oral, anal, rimming, etc. Observe her reaction, and if she doesn't balk keep pushing until she says "no." The Lolita who doesn't know the word is your Freak. In other words, you've hit the jackpot.

Conclusion

Now that we've examined the various types of Lolitas and their particular take on the Lolita Urge, we should take a moment to step back and reconsider what we've learned. We've seen how Lolita can be classified and successfully manipulated by matching a male role to her corresponding type. We've also learned some rudimentary seduction techniques that will prove useful in bagging our prey. But there is still a big piece of the puzzle missing in our Lolita Quest. The above information will not even begin to help the Humbert if he is not fully prepared to enter the lucrative yet dangerous arena of "forbidden" cunt hunting. In the next section, we will address the issue of Humbert's preparation - mentally, physically, financially and technically. Please join us then as we prepare to learn the first steps in successfully applying the Lolita Method.

4

Getting into the Game Preparation Strategies for the Savvy Humbert

Mental Preparation

I know you. In the last 20 years, I've met and corresponded with hundreds of men just like you every year. You're in your late 20s, 30s or 40s, maybe even 50s or 60s. You're sporting a small, spare tire around the middle, slightly hunched

shoulders, a vague constant headache, thinning graying hair, sore swollen 40-hours-a day feet, a resigned chin, and a bored semi-retired cock that only rears its head when it gets an occasional whiff of pubescent putang. The wife tells you that you're a no-account, or your latest girlfriend asks you why you won't even commit to take her to a first-run movie anymore. Meanwhile, your kids treat you like an ATM machine who doubles as a personal chauffeur. You might be a schoolteacher, or a restaurant manager, or a show salesman, or a systems administrator. It doesn't matter who you are or what you do. Your entire day is spent fantasizing about nailing just ONE (that's all you ask, "just ONE!") of the endless string of jiggling, jail bait cock teases parading mercilessly through the shattered dreams that now constitute your life. Or maybe you're a father who began "noticing" your daughter and her friends around their 11th or 12th birthdays: the way their legs transformed from skin and bone to flesh and sinew, how their breasts began to burst out and bud forth while their skinny narrow asses perked up. You've become entranced by their faces, too, those giggling juxtapositions of incongruity - pouting blow-job lips framing a guileless smile, sparkling sensuous eyes innocently stroking every cock into a raging furor, luscious hips and tits unconsciously scampering through a million tortured daydreams. Then again, maybe you're a classically handsome man with a lust for "forbidden" girls that hasn't diminished with over the years. You could be a musician, a bartender or a personal trainer who finds himself continually beset upon by "forbidden" girls seeking to quench the thirst for glamor, highs or raw animal lust. Or, perhaps, you're a little older and financially well-off, the kind of mature gentleman who attracts "forbidden" girls like a magnet. You see, no matter who you are, I've met you before, and I've experienced a tiny portion of your life - your desires, your doubts, your insecurities. "Why should I do this?" you're asking yourself right now. "Why should I start pursuing my dream of "forbidden" pussy? What could I possibly offer a "forbidden" girl that she can't get from a boy her own age? What if she rejects me, laughs at me, or worse yet reports me to my wife, her parents or the police? Is it really worth it? The Danger? The Consequences if I'm caught? What if this book is all just a big joke, a bunch of bullshit cooked up an imaginative satirist with a sadistic sense of humor?" Fair questions, and ones that need to be answered. First off, this book is not a joke, nor is it a cynical attempt to make money off your frustration. Just try out some of the techniques without pushing things to the sexual level. Find some "forbidden" girls and just engage them as Gold Diggers, Romantic Artists, etc., and see if they react the way the Lolita Method says they will. If they don't, scrap the Method and chalk up the whole experiment to foolishness. If you notice results, however, why stop there? Keep pushing the envelope and see how far the Method takes you. You'll be surprised how far you can get with just a few simple strategies and seduction tricks. When you savor that first taste of "forbidden" pussy, that's when you'll realize the hunt is worth any possible danger, real or imagined. Success only comes with risk, otherwise it wouldn't be success. Besides, the Method shows you how to plan for contingencies and avoid the common pitfalls that trip up the average Humbert. Still, I hear you. "What could a "forbidden" girl possibly want with an older guy like me?" The answer is simple: just about everything you have to offer. If you only recall one thing after reading this book, please make it the following kernel of truth. It is precisely your maturity, sophistication and experience that answers the

Lolita Urge. The disadvantage you perceive is in fact your greatest advantage, the advantage that allows you to turn the tables, snag her and bag her with a vengeance. This is all the mental preparation the savvy Humbert really needs. No affirmations, no seven laws to memorize, no inner children to coax out and placate. All you need to know is one fact. Lolitas want Humberts, you just have to be the right Humbert. That's where the Method comes in.

Knowing Lolita

Humbert not only needs to know himself but also KNOW who Lolita is and what she wants. Earlier we defined the Lolita Urge, and then related it all the various types of Lolitas. To truly use the Lolita Urge, however, we need to take a closer look at the motivations and attitudes of "forbidden" girls as a collective whole. Adolescence is a very confusing, turbulent time for our teenage quarry. She is slowly being blessed with the body and senses of an adult woman. Simultaneously, however, she is being cursed by a society that views her as little more than a simple-minded Cinderella. She is being kept from The Ball so that she remains a little girl instead of transforming into the Princess of her dreams. Mothers, older sisters, teachers, retail clerks - every older woman seems intent to do anything to put Lolita in her place and keep her there. They make every effort to sap her adolescent zest for life, her natural, instinctive lust. They brand her immature, air-headed or bratty because they can't admit the real truth. Older women hate Lolita because they know every REAL MAN desires Lolita. The men who prefer older, mature, more self-actualized women are abnormal. Typically, they are weak, submissive men and often repressed homosexuals who are looking for mothers instead of lovers. Of course, Older Women knew this was the TRUTH when they were Lolitas. When they lose the freshness of youth, however, this TRUTH remains to haunt and taunt them. Thus, older women strive to keep Lolita from the REAL MEN so the REAL MEN are forced to settle for our society's sloppy seconds. The Humbert's task, then, is to expose Lolita to the truth of her oppression by Older Women. The savvy Humbert convinces Lolita she is as mature, sophisticated, intelligent and worthy as any so-called "adult" woman is. But he doesn't just stop there. He teaches Lolita she is superior to Older Women in the most important qualities of all - physical attractiveness and sexuality. Humbert transforms Lolita into the Princess of her fairy-tale fantasies. There's a reason why Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty don't attain happiness by becoming warriors, philosophers or political leaders. This isn't what Lolita really wants. She never has, not in this day and age nor in ages past. Lolita ONLY wants to be a Princess. She may feign morals and values, or pretend she wants to have a successful respectable career, but that's only because she hasn't met the Humbert who can stroke her Lolita Urge correctly. The savvy Humbert prepares his mind to deal with the selfishness and self-obsession of Lolita. He makes sure every move and counter move during his seduction is conducted with the Lolita Urge in mind. He abolishes all thoughts or emotions that consider Lolita a human being worthy of his respect and love. She is prey, and he is the hunter. His desire is not to attain a mate, but a plaything. Lolita doesn't want to be a Partner, she wants to be a Princess. Forget this, and trouble will inevitably follow.

Adjusting Attitude & Behavior

Now that you've seen an outline of the basic Lolita Method, it's time to start working on some of the particular techniques that guarantee repeated success with "forbidden" girls. Remember, our goal is to make Lolita feel like a woman. Given her vanity, inexperience and gullibility, this is not as daunting a task as it may first appear. Convincing her you consider her an equal not only strokes her Lolita Urge, it also bridges the very real barrier between you .. your respective ages. When Lolita thinks of herself as a REAL woman old enough to have a REAL MAN, she will cease seeing you as a Dirty Old Man. The warnings from parents, teachers, and best friends will go unheeded. Other girls her age might not be able to handle a MATURE relationship with a MATURE man, but she's different. She's ready and capable to be a REAL WOMAN. Why? Because her Humbert says so, that's why. But how do you accomplish this objective when the rest of the world is constantly telling Lolita she's just a little girl. First, you consciously strike the words "girl," "kid" or any other diminutive, belittling term from your vocabulary when speaking with Lolita. Forget "young woman" and "young lady," too. From this day forward, when speaking to Lolita refer to her as a "woman." I can hear you chuckling. "Come on, you can't be serious? A woman? A "forbidden" girl is never going to fall for that obvious line of bullshit .." Okay, have it your way. BUT GOOD FUCKING LUCK! Yes, it sounds ridiculous. It is ridiculous, absurd even. BUT IT WORKS. Why? Because it strokes her Lolita Urge and turns the disadvantage of your age difference into an advantage. Think about it. Lolita isn't that stupid. She's acutely aware of the age difference between you. She's heard all the warnings about perverts and Dirty Old Men who prey on "forbidden" girls. This puts her on the defensive. Call her a "girl," "kid," "young woman," etc., and this will only confirm her fears. You desire because she is a "little girl," not because she's a REAL woman. This rubs the Lolita Urge the wrong way, and leaves you holding nothing but a subpoena. If you start addressing "forbidden" girls as "women," however, you start stroking the Lolita Urge right away. She might laugh it off at first and be suspicious, but if you keep at it consistently her doubts will soon fade, and she'll begin to believe the lie herself. Once Lolita thinks of herself as YOUR equal, thinking of you as HER equal isn't far behind. Still skeptical? Okay, then, just try it out. Pick a non-sexual situation with a "forbidden" girl and just start referring to her as a "woman." Then wait for her reaction. You will probably find your non-sexual situation getting sexual in a matter of days. Once Lolita thinks she's on your level, the flirting will invariably begin. Once this starts, you need to be prepared with the proper attitude. Don't freak out. Act like a mature, grown man. Don't start drooling, fawning or slobbering over her. When she starts flirting, you are in control of the situation, and this is what she wants. That's why she's chosen an older man and not a boy her age. Lolita is looking for some sense of sophistication to complement her awkwardness and inexperience. In other words, your age is an advantage, but it can't be properly exploited without mastering the whole Method. For example, a Romantic Artist who fancies herself a tortured, teeny-bopper Sylvia Plath won't be impressed by a Poet who draws his literary references from The Amazing Spider man. Likewise, a 15-year-old Stoner who's been firing up since 12 isn't going to be hoodwinked by a Man who can't tell crack from soap crystals. Overall, the successful Humbert must BE what his Lolita wants and needs him to be. If you're banging an Ugly Girl who's never had a boy her age even look at her twice, maybe it's not so important to know a Chardonnay

from a Chablis. You do need to listen intelligently to her stupid prattling between mouthfuls of your cock, though, and least know some of the encouraging clichés prominent in self-help/self-esteem literature. On the other hand, when you're priming a Gold Digger you'd best know what's on the wine list and be able to afford the top of the line. Sophistication, then, depends not so much on your actual expertise as it does being able to meet Lolita's limited expectations. Play to your audience. Remember, Lolita, by definition, is not the sharpest tack in the box. Her desire to believe she is a REAL woman with a REAL man far outweighs her actual experience or intelligence. She'll have plenty of time for intellectual pursuits when she gets older and REAL men don't want her anymore. For right now, though, you only need to learn how to appear sophisticated.

Putting on Airs

Tier 1, Level 1 - The Basics:

For any Humbert to even be considered by Lolita he needs to meet at least 3 minimum criteria: money, a car, a place. A broke loser who takes the bus and lives at home with mom & dad has absolutely no chance with Lolita unless he's preying on little Lolitas. Without the Big 3, your typical "forbidden girl" will dismiss you without even a second glance, no matter how well you've mastered the rest of the Method. How much money you have, what kind of car you drive and where you live will play an important part in what type of Lolitas you can bag. god Diggers, Stoners and Average Girls expect their Humberts to have a lot more on-hand cash than Romantic Artists, Virgin Marys, Ugly Girls or Freaks. All Lolitas, however, require that you possess a least enough money to live on your own and still buy her the occasional trinket or bauble. Keep in mind that one of the things Lolita hates about boys her own age is their chronic lack of cash and economic dependence on parents. This is the same kind of fiscal slavery Lolita herself has been suffering beneath, and there's no way she's going to suck a Humbert's cock when he's no more financially stable than a 15-year-old boy. So, if you can't spare the change for an extra-large tub of popcorn at the movies, then maybe you should focus on some other priorities besides bagging bimbette for awhile. This isn't meant to be mean. It's just the cold hard truth about Lolita hunting. Of course, there can be exceptions. Virgin Marys, Ugly Girls, Freaks and even the occasional Romantic Artist has been known to fall for an indigent Humbert. But these cases are few and far between, and if you have your sites set this low then I don't know how much the Method can really do for you. Besides money, a Humbert needs a car. Lolita is sick of boys who can't drive or need to borrow mom & dad's car and have it back by 10:00PM. The ability to come and go as one pleases is probably Lolita's number one definition of REAL adulthood. She looks at the refugee situation in Kosovo and simply asks: "Why don't these people just get in their cars and move?" If Lolita herself doesn't drive because of her "forbidden" status, the very fact she knows a REAL man with wheels will be an aphrodisiac, especially if it's cherry red, sporty, large & luxurious, or fast. Think back to when you were Lolita's age for a moment. Who did the girls always go for? Older guys with cars, of course. Junior High girls would put on some lip gloss, make-up and tight jeans and go gunning for a 16-year-old guy who just got his first car. High School girls could easily be had by a College Boy with his own car and no curfew. Wheels are crucial, then, and it is critical your ride matches the type of Humbert

you are trying to portray. Ugly Girls, Freaks, Romantic Artists, Virgin Marys and even some Average Girls will probably accept the late-model two or four-door you've been driving the last few years. Stoners might even be satisfied with such a car if it's packing Satan's own stereo system and an engine to boot. Typically, however, Stoners, Gold Diggers and Average Girls expect more out of a Humbert's car than a hunk of junk that stalls at every red light. We're talking basics here, guys: a little ca\$h and a car that doesn't look like the Clampett's once owned it. These are "forbidden" girls, remember ..? You probably didn't score with them when you were a penniless, bipedal adolescent, so what makes you think 10 or 15 years of stagnation is going to make you any more appealing? This brings up the last of our Big 3 criteria. Have a job and a place to live, in other words A LIFE! Many "forbidden" girls don't really know any adults aside from their parents and relatives. Even a studio apartment will seem like a Park Avenue Penthouse to most Lolitas. "Just imagine," she says to herself when she enters YOUR place. "My own PLACE, where I never HAVE TO pick up. Where I can drink or smoke whatever I want. Where I can just hang out and DO whatever I want. god, it would be so great to live in a place like this and be an adult!" Of course, entertaining Lolita in your OWN place can sometimes be a little difficult if you're saddled with your won version of Peggy Bundy and the kids. The married or entangled Humbert has two options in this case - get another secret PLACE or play your entanglement as an advantage. If you can afford to maintain a double-life with a second PLACE, this is the easiest, most-effective solution. However, bitch wives and frigid girlfriends can successfully be used in many of the seduction techniques we'll look at later. Above all, it's paramount that Humbert cover these 3 basic criteria before the Lolita Hunt begins. Money, wheels and a place to fuck. It really is that simple.

Tier 1, Level 2 - Flattery

Physical attractiveness is the sole medium of exchange in the economy of Lolitas. If she has it, she knows it, and she exploits it. If she's not attractive, she waits her entire life for a REAL man to come along and wake her from her nubile, narcissistic nightmare. Every Ugly Girl believes deep down that she is really a beautiful, desirable woman, and that someday a REAL man is going to see her "true" beauty and vindicate her suffering. Ironically, this same mental state exists in even the hottest Gold Digger, Romantic Artist or Stoner. All Lolitas need to hear that they are "beautiful" from an Older Man they respect. The good-looking ones already know boys find them attractive, and such compliments only constitute notches on their lipstick cases. But hearing that a REAL man considers them attractive and sexy on an "adult" level still sets their little tummies all a-flutter. The savvy Humbert never forgets this, and always pays attention every single aspect of Lolita's appearance every time he sees her. This shows her that he is paying attention to her EVERY TIME he sees her, that he is not taking her for granted the way boys do. The savvy Humbert doesn't gush with flattery, though. He merely makes an off-hand comment - "I really like your hair that way" or "That dress looks stunning on you" - then moves onto other matters. When you notice her flush or perk up, you know you've scored a direct hit. The secret to flattery is knowing how to pay an affective compliment without overdoing it. The savvy Humbert also knows what to notice and what NOT to notice. Hint, Lolitas buy jewelry and accessories for a reason. Yes, I know guys don't really care about rings

and earrings. Just remember, boys don't care about them either. Your objective should always be to separate yourself from the boys, so maybe you should start paying attention. Clothes are also an effective focus. Lolita spends time picking out her clothes, even when she is dressing down in a sweatshirt and jeans. Noticing what she's chosen to wear will always soften her up. The same goes for complimenting a new haircut, piercing, tattoo or other somewhat obvious alteration to physical appearance. You want to be cautious with references to weight, though. If Lolita loses 50 lbs., tell her how great she looks, but don't bring up "weight" unless he mentions it first. The best thing is to say, "Wow, you look great!" in a sincere, slightly-puzzled way, as if she always looked good before but now she looks ESPECIALLY good. Then wait for her to say "Yeah, I lost 50 lbs." before you make specific mention of it. In other words, don't rush right in and say, "Hey, did you lose weight? You look great!" Chances are the subject was touchy with her and still is. Reminding her that she was once overweight might not set well with her. Demonstrating that you've noticed a profound change, however, and allowing her to expand upon it lets her gain control over the situation. Above all, the savvy Humbert knows how to properly phrase a compliment. Below I've listed some effective compliments and matched them up with some specific Lolita types and situations.

Pick-Up Lines: "god, I just love your smile." "Hi, I'm (fill-in), and you are simply breathtaking."

General Attractiveness Compliments -- "Wow! You look great!" "You look absolutely stunning." "You truly are so beautiful .."

Sexy Clothing - "I can't take my eyes off you in that (fill in blank)." "Well, now I know who everyone will be looking at tonight."

During Sex - "You are so beautiful .." "I wish we could stay this way forever .." "I love your body." "You are absolutely nuclear .."

Stoners - "god, I love getting stoned with you."

Gold Diggers & Average Girls - "Did you see everyone's eyes when we walked in? The whole room just stopped."

Romantic Artists - "How did you get to be so smart and so beautiful?"

Virgin Marys - "You know, when you look that beautiful it's impossible to keep my mind on anything else."

Ugly Girls - "You're beautiful."

Freaks - "You look so beautiful with my cock in your mouth."

Granted, this is by no means a comprehensive list, but it should get you started. Basically, you only need to follow a few simple rules when complimenting Lolita. Tell her she's beautiful and convince her that you, a REAL man, think she's a REAL woman. Lolita has already captured the hearts of dolts her own age, maybe even a few older boys. She also knows she's attractive to Dirty Old Men and perverts. What she really desires now is a REAL man, one with a life, to transform her from a girl into a woman. Although Jimmy might look adorable in his varsity letter jacket, can he take Lolita upstate for a ski weekend? Or to the Top Of The Town for

dinner? Or even back to his place for a good, hard fuck? The savvy Humbert gets his prey with a combination via manipulating the communication between himself and Lolita. This means he must be a smooth talker, but he must also know when to shut up.

Tier 1, Level 3 - Listening

Feeling like an adult isn't all about feeling attractive. For brief nano-seconds, approximately the half-life of a neutrino, Lolita does occasionally labor under the impression she has something profound or at least somewhat amusing to say. When she does make the attempt, you'd best perk your ears up and pretend she's the next Marie Curie or Dorothy Parker, or she'll find a Humbert who can. Along with listening to what she blathers, the savvy Humbert will ask Lolita's opinions and advice, feigning interest the entire while. Keeping a straight face while doing this can be rough, but it does pay off. The only thing Lolita loves to hear more than compliments is the sound of her own voice. Keep Lolita talking and convince her you're listening, and she will become your quickly. As a girl in our society, Lolita has been conditioned to being treated like an idiot. Let her think you see her true genius, and she will be drawn back to you again and again. Most Humbert-Lolita relationships are precipitated by a judicious combination of flattery and listening. Listening to Lolita can be a tricky business because so little of what she says is interesting or even coherent. One good strategy around this is to pick out one sentence she says, and then ask her to explain that. Pick out another sentence during her explanation and repeat the process. This will make her think you're paying attention and getting in depth, when in reality you're only listening to one sentence in a stream of gibberish. Asking Lolita's opinions and advice is a little trickier. Choose topics that you're not really interested in or make up problems. If you listen to her expound upon things that really matter, you are liable to get annoyed or argumentative. The object is to make her feel like she is not only an adult, but your confidant. You want her to think she's the only woman who can understand a complex guy like you. When the savvy Humbert pulls this off, he not only makes Lolita feel mature, he also can do some reconnoitering inside her tiny mind. You can find out a lot of good information about what makes Lolita tick when you get her talking. Then you can use this data later when manipulating Lolita's behavior and emotions.

Tier 1, Level 4 - Permissiveness

While she's in your presence, allow Lolita to do anything self-destructive - smoking, drinking, drugs - she desires. In her eyes, your encouragement will mean you consider an adult able to make her own decisions. This separates you immediately from all the adults treating her like a little girl and telling her what to do. Actually giving her a cigarette, buying her a drink or laying out a line of coke will stroke the Lolita Urge immeasurably. Of course, getting Lolita stoned will also tear down her resistance and make her much more malleable to seduction. You don't want to get her so sloppy drunk that she loses all control, however. Sure getting Lolita hammered to the point of oblivion is a common fantasy among Dirty Old Men everywhere. Once she's out cold, the party begins. Dumb move. When she finally recovers her consciousness and faculties, your little tryst will be more akin to rape than anything else. If Lolita wanted a guy to get her bombed and take

advantage of her, she could have chosen any boy her age to do so. When an Older Man performs such a dastardly act, he's bound to get prosecuted for it. The best thing is to get Lolita oiled, not hammered. As she begins to get a buzz on, start your seduction. Don't wait until she's ripped, or you'll probably get nowhere before she wants to get to sleep. The savvy Humbert gets her stoned slightly, and then moves on. The more sex he gets, the less he feeds her, allowing the chemicals to heighten the raw passions she's experiencing, not dull them. After awhile, he cuts her off completely, then moves in for the serious stuff when she's all blissed out. Think of it as fucking her sober. When your all done, she'll just cuddle up in a ball at your feet and thank you for the greatest night in her life. The savvy Humbert combines this permissiveness and encouragement with a similar approach to Lolita's appearance. Buy her some sexy clothes. Encourage her to get piercings or tattoos. Present her with gifts such as porno tapes, vibrators, dildos, ben-wa balls or other sexual aids. The more permissive you are, the older she'll feel and the more receptive she'll be to any further manipulations. Whenever she makes an effort to look sexy, compliment her. When she does something sexually adventurous on her own without your prompting, tell her how great it is. Your goal here is to get Lolita to start thinking of herself as a sexual being. You want her to go out and buy the sexy outfit for you. You want her to say "Hey, let's watch some pornos!" You accomplish this by encouraging her to experiment in these areas without ever scolding her or trying to hold her back. She has other adults "watching out" for her all day; she doesn't need you on the bandwagon, too.

Tier 1, Level 5 - Svengalism When you successfully combine flattery, listening, and permissiveness, you will stroke the Lolita Urge to the point where Lolita begins seeing you as an adult totally different than all the rest she has encountered previously. Despite your age difference, of which she is acutely aware, she will slowly come to view herself as your equal. Once you've bridged this gap, and sexual advances will no longer seem the "perverted" machinations of a Dirty Old Man preying on a child. In fact, by continually validating her delusions of adulthood, you will transform her into the perfect plaything. One taste of adulthood, and Lolita will thirst for even more of your wisdom and experience. She will see you as her passport to true womanhood, and she will do anything to keep you stroking her Lolita Urge. This is why it is so important to never dismiss Lolita as a stupid silly girl. Aim over her head when you take her out - the ballet, the symphony, a play, foreign films, an art gallery. Expensive restaurants will make her head spin, too, especially if she is all dressed up, drinking champagne from crystal no one has referred to her as a "girl" or "young lady" all night . Once you've managed to steer Lolita into such situations, you'll start exercising an almost hypnotic quality over her. As her link to the adult world, she will begin drinking up your every word and bon mot. She will invariably become interested in what interests you, molding herself into what she imagines your "perfect" woman would be. When this happens, the questions start. Lolita will now want to know everything about your work, life, etc. Conversation under such circumstances should reflect your "respect" for Lolita's womanhood. It should occasionally be elevated to include concepts and ideas with which she is unfamiliar. This will serve to keep Lolita from feeling TOO equal, thus allowing the savvy Humbert to always keep the upper hand. When she does ask a question, though, the savvy Humbert always answers it completely and patiently. If you begin saying things like "It's too

complicated ..", you are being the ADULT again and reducing her to the status of child. Most importantly, when she is trying to understand some new concept or idea, never ignore her or patronize her. She's had enough of this from mom, dad and her geometry teacher. Your ability to convince Lolita she is a full-fledged woman - physically, emotionally and intellectually - will be the deciding factor determining whether you bag her or watch her wiggle off into the sunset. The savvy Humbert, no matter what role he's playing - The Man, Mr. Money Bags, The Poet, etc. - is always a Svengali, i.e. a "master" who exerts a type of hypnotic control over his young disciple (from the George Du Maurier novel). In the Lolita Method, we refer to this tactic as MMM, or Manipulate into the Mirage of Maturity. Without this crucial element, The Lolita Method would be just another "How to Pick Up Girls .." system in a long line of similar "sure-fire" strategies. Always remember who's in control here (um, that would be YOU), and assert your dominance often. The savvy Humbert does this by making Lolita feel like an adult on one hand, but constantly reminding her she needs him to feel this way in the same breath. That is how you gain Svengali-like control over "forbidden" girls.

Tier 1, Level 6 - Sexuality

Hopefully by now we've learned how important the Lolita Urge is and how necessary it is for the Humbert to stroke this Urge and use it to manipulate Lolita into becoming the perfect sexual plaything. Stroking the psychological Urge is only half the battle, though. When you finally do get Lolita on her knees or between the sheets, it's a whole new ballgame. Remember, Lolita has chosen you because you're older and supposedly more experienced than boys her age. One thing very few Older Men realize is just how sexually Unsatisfied Lolita is with boys her own age. Most Older Men think Lolita isn't chasing them because they have nothing to offer. Thus, they don't even try, assuming that Lolita is out of reach except in their dreams. Well, this is exactly the attitude that's kept you pulling your pud after a visit to the shopping mall while Lolita diddles herself off after every date. The real truth is that Lolita doesn't know how to make the first move, or else she would. Hence, she settles for little Jimmy and inevitable frustration, all the while dreaming of an experienced Humbert who knows what the HELL he's doing in bed. For a moment, think back to how you were at Lolita's age. Did you know how to make a girl cum? Did you even fucking care? Taking care of Number One was always mission priority. As for any technical expertise, it just didn't exist. You either had the staying power of a neutrino or you stayed hard forever, plowing into her like a sack of flour while YOU tried to get off. Her orgasm? She may as well have been asking you to teach her Latin. Then when the deed was done, you spread the news all over school like one of those old newsboys in the gangster movies - "Extree, extree, read all about it ..!" The only reason Lolita even wastes time on boys her own age is because she has no idea how to snag a quality older man that will treat like a woman and fuck her brains out. Most BOYfriends are merely chosen as hood ornaments and status symbols. Even she's stupid enough to think her sex life with her BOYfriend is good, she's always looking for more. She reads romance novels, watches movies and gets the scuttlebutt. She knows there's more out there. That's why she's always willing to experiment if the right Humbert comes along. Remember, this curiosity is what fuels the Lolita Urge. Also remember that you are a man, and that your competition consists of boys. No

matter how modestly endowed you are, your cock will always have manlike proportions to a forbidden girl, especially if all she's seen is boy dick her whole life. The less experience she has, the more awesome your tool will appear in her eyes. If you can use your dick correctly, she'll think you're John fucking Holmes .. for the rest of her life. So how do you achieve sexual mastery over a girl's body? What's the secret to great sex? Well, half of it is mental - setting the mood, stroking her Lolita Urge so she feels womanly - and the other half is sheer skill. Now, this is not a sex method book. I'm not going to explain to you how to eat pussy or jack off a girl's clit. I myself never thought sex instruction manuals were any help. The only way you can achieve technical skills in the bedroom is to practice. But who do you practice on? Your wife? Your girlfriend? No. Start doing this, and she'll know something is up. She may never suspect that your boning up to bag "forbidden" girls, but she'll suspect you're after something new. This is why you should rent an escort, preferably a higher-priced clean whore, and practice on her. Tell her point blank that you'd like to learn how to eat pussy and fuck better. Put yourself in her charge, and she'll teach you, often giving you little trade secrets on what gets a girl off. Whores will almost always provide this service because they come across so few NICE guys in their line of work. If she's a good teacher and you find her techniques pay dividends with Lolita, keep in touch. It's not a bad idea to keep a whore around to use as a practice dummy of sorts. You'd be amazed what you can learn. With Lolita, oral sex and fucking technique are paramount. If you can make her feel GOOD, she will reciprocate in spades. If you hate giving oral sex, then you may as well forget bagging bimbette. Lolita has experienced enough uptight BOYS who think eating pussy is gross. No matter how well you've stroked her Lolita Urge, if you won't eat pussy she'll invariably move on and find someone who will. The same goes for fucking technique. If you just hump her hard until you cum, then call it quits she'll write you off in no time. She may even get nastier and tell someone about the Dirty Old Man who seduced her and used her. This is why you must make sure you know how to fuck a girl properly before you get Lolita between the sheets. She came to you because you're supposedly advanced beyond the clumsy fumble-fucking of BOYS. Don't disappoint her. Once again, I suggest practicing fucking with an experienced whore who will tell you what feels good. Make Lolita's first ride the RIDE OF HER LIFE, and she'll be your plaything in no time. The third element to GREAT SEX with Lolita is what I call Aural Sex. This has to do with atmosphere, ambiance and the words that pass between you. Lolita has been dealing with BOYS for years, so she won't be impressed with an Older Man who chooses to seduce in the backseat of his car. Having your own place is crucial here. For a first encounter, try making it romantic. Invite her over for dinner. Pour some wine. Play some jazz or classical music, or something by her favorite artists, but nothing too heavy. If she's a virgin, suggest jumping in the bath or shower before hitting the bedroom. Warm water and scented soaps will relax her and put her more at ease. So will massage. You may want to invest in some basic massage classes. Nothing is worse than getting a massage that hurts. Romantic movies are also a great preamble to sex. Just be sure you know your Lolita's tastes before you make a selection. You may want to go with a Julia Roberts comedy or something a little steamier. This all depends on what type of Lolita you're seducing. An Ugly Girl will probably be ready after "She's All That" (with Rachael Leigh Cooke) whereas the same movie would

probably leave a Stoner or Gold Digger cold. "Wild Things," (with Matt Dillon and Neve Campbell) on the other hand, would freak out a Virgin Mary but appeal to Stoners, Sex Freaks and Gold Diggers. The last aspect of Aural Sex is your bedroom talk. When you do finally get Lolita between the sheets, you need to say the words she's always longed to hear. When she is completely naked before you, take a long look and whisper "You are so beautiful." When you lick her pussy for the first time, say "You tastes so good." When your cock enters her tight cunt, say "That feels so good." You can get creative with these compliments, but not TOO creative or else they'll sound rehearsed instead of spontaneous. The secret to bedroom talk is to progressively get dirty, all the while encouraging her to speak her mind as well. Don't start right out saying "Suck my cock, slut!" You need to build to that kind of intimacy slowly, or you'll terrify her. "That feels so good when you do that. That's it. Suck it .. yeah .. that feel so good. Suck it .. right there. Jesus Christ that feels so fucking good. You have the hottest mouth. Oh FUCK!" Start breathing heavier and making a show of being ecstatic. If that doesn't warm her up to the task, she has no pulse. The more gusto she puts into sucking, the nastier you can get. You want to give her the impression you are returning tit for tat, that her unbelievable blow job is driving you the brink of ranting insanity. Play it this way, and you can usually start playfully referring to her as a slut before the first blow-job is over. You must also playfully prod her into talking dirty, too. Then reward her with more and more passion as her speech gets nastier and nastier. Let her know dirty talking is not only all right, but an integral part of lovemaking. Keep her cumming while the bedroom talk keeps flowing, and she'll start talking up a blue streak every time you start bumping nasties. We now move to the last facet of Aural Sex, the after play. But just how important is after play really? Shouldn't you just cut out of there at the first opportune moment? Lolita's just a plaything, right ..? Well, let's put it this way. Either put in the time, or do the time. If you play wham, bam, thank you ma'am with Lolita, she'll turn your ass in quicker than you can say "jail bait." If you do have to sprint after fucking, her father had better be at the door with a sawed-off shotgun. Even Freaks and Ugly Girls want to bask in the afterglow of a fresh fucking, and they want to bask with you. In their minds, this is what separates a REAL man from a BOY. You don't even have to do much. Just lie next to her, hold her and listen to her blather for awhile. Occasionally interject with a comment like "This feels great .." or "You look so beautiful .." She'll want to cuddle. Let her. Maybe you can even get a farewell blow-job for your trouble. The important thing is to invest at least an hour in damage control. Remember, you just fucked a "forbidden" girl. She knows it and you know it. You need to make her feel special now, like a woman, not some "forbidden" plaything you just used. Talk about ANYTHING, as long as it is about HER. In other words, don't talk about YOU, your wife, job, etc. Your objective is to let the conversation run its course until SHE'S done talking. Cut her short, and you're risking a lot worse than a slammed door. A Lolita feeling jilted is capable of extreme revenge. Remember, put in the time or do the time. It's your choice.

We've now covered the basic steps in preparation for the savvy Humbert. He should have money, a car and a place to live. He should be adept at both dispensing flattery and listening intently. He needs to be permissive when dealing with Lolita, allowing her to sample adult pleasures without any kind of judgment. He must be willing to take Lolita under his wing and patiently introduce her into

the adult world, all the while exercising a hypnotic control over her developing mind. Lastly, he must be skilled in the bedroom, thereby setting him apart from the BOYS Lolita has known previous to him. Once you've managed to cover these basic areas, you are ready to advance to the upper levels of Humbertdom. In the following brief sections, we'll go over more specific preparations necessary to bag Lolitas. After we've done this, we will individually examine each of the seven Humbert roles: The Man, Mr. Money Bags, Prince Charming, The Poet, The Prophet, Father Knows Best, and John Stud.

Tier 2, Level 1 - Gems & Jewelry

Now we're getting into the upper echelons of sophistication. So pay attention. Jewelry and baubles fascinate Lolitas. If you give her such keepsakes, even if they're the cheap costume stuff, she'll melt in your arms. Thus, the savvy Humbert knows his way around a jewelry box. Go to a jewelry store and learn about every single type of ornament you can. Learn the difference between a brooch, a charm bracelet, a tennis bracelet and an ankle bracelet. Memorize the various gems and what they look like - emerald, sapphire, diamond, ruby, opal, etc. Learn the various cuts, settings and their costs. Know how to determine the true carat value of precious gems and metals. Be able to tell junk from the real thing. Most importantly, know what SHE likes and buy her pieces she'll love. Note - knowing these things is CRITICAL when dealing with Gold Diggers, but is also necessary with all the other types of Lolitas. Yes, it's a pain, but the dividends can be astronomical. Lolita doesn't know any BOYS her age that even notice jewelry much less know about it. Show some class. She'll definitely notice.

Tier 2, Level 2 - Scents

Lolita loves perfume, cologne, bath gels, etc. So learn about it. Go to the perfume counter at Dillard's and do some homework. Learn the various types of scents, their prices, etc. Pay attention to what she wears and likes. Let's say she likes Opium. Then go back to the perfume place, find a knowledgeable saleswoman and ask her what she would recommend for a young woman who likes Opium. They'll generally know what you need, put it in your hands, and send you on your way. The truly savvy Humbert makes a point of remembering perfume scents. Then when he meets a Lolita, he can confidently remark: "Hmm, I love Eternity?" Since BOYS never notice things like this, she'll be taken off guard. Confidently KNOWING what she's wearing instead of asking her also demonstrates you have class. Commenting on Lolita's perfume is often a great ice-breaker. The savvy Humbert also pays attention to how he smells. Find a scent you like - something masculine and dominant - and make it your signature. Lolita loves the smell of good cologne, and forever after she'll always connect a particular scent to you. If her Humbert is a good lover, Lolita will immediately get horny the instant she catches a whiff of it.

Tier 2, Level 3 - Clothing & Shoes

What's her size? What's her style? What colors look good on her? BOYS don't know these things. REAL men do. If you can buy something for Lolita that she loves, she'll be yours forever. So pay attention. Take her to the mall once and watch where her eyes go. If she stands in front of a sweater and tells you how gorgeous

it is, come back the next day, buy it and surprise her.

Once again, you can learn most of what you need to know about jewelry, scents and clothing by pumping retail clerks. Find a young one who is the same type as your Lolita, and solicit her opinion. Learn as much as you can on your own, too. The more you know, the more you'll be able to exploit this weakness and make Lolita feel like a WOMAN who has a MAN that cares.

Tier 2, Level 4 - Music

The savvy Humbert knows his music. He knows jazz and classical to show his sophistication, and he knows what's hot now to show that he isn't dead. This doesn't mean that you have to like Lolita's music. Actually, it's better for older Humberts NOT to like what she listens to. Nothing is more pathetic than a guy in his fifties listening to N Sinc or Greenday. Even an older Humbert should know the groups that are out there, though. He also pays attention to what she likes so he can surprise her with a present every now and then. He also keeps some of her favorites CDs handy so she feels at home. Humberts function best when they represent a level of cultural sophistication that Lolita longs for. That's why the savvy Humbert develops a knowledge and taste for "grown-up" music like classical or jazz. Younger Humberts can safely get away with classic rock from the 60s and 70s, and bona fide Southerners and Westerners are safe with country music. But any true Humbert should have some first-class classical and jazz CDs, especially if he wants some first-class mood music. If you don't already know classical or jazz music, play it safe. Start off with Pachabel's Canon and some Miles Davis. As you develop some taste, expand your collection. If your Lolita is a Romantic Artist, a sophisticated taste in music is especially important to your role as The Poet. In this case you might want to invest in a classical or jazz record guide that discusses artists and gives you some sense of music history. You don't have to be an expert, just well-grounded.

Tier 2, Level 5 - Books, Magazines, Movies & the Theater

Developing a somewhat sophisticated taste in literature and film is not as important as music, but it helps establish the savvy Humbert as a REAL man worthy of Lolita's respect and attention. Once again, this is especially important when bagging a Romantic Artist, but can prove helpful with all Lolita types to a varying degree. We're not looking for expertise, just something above and beyond the level of cultural maturity she's used to among the BOYS she dates. You don't even have to read the books, just keep them around on a bookshelf and be familiar with the contents. Having US News & World Report on your coffee table instead of WWF magazine can only increase your stature in Lolita's eyes. Typical "men's magazines" - Hot Rod, Playboy, GQ - also make a good impression scattered around more serious titles. Remember, you want to appear somewhat sophisticated, but you don't want to be so mature that you make Lolita feel like a little girl. Movies are a little trickier. Some Lolitas, like Romantic Artists and Gold Diggers, are going to be impressed by a more eclectic taste in film. Try to make a Stoner sit through an foreign film festival, though, and she'll dump you faster than you can say Kurosawa. The same goes for theater. Lolitas like Romantic Artists, Gold Diggers, Average Girls & Ugly Girls will LOVE you for taking them to live theater. Most Stoners, Virgin Marys and Sex Freaks can think of much better

things to do with their time. Once again, expertise is not necessary in any of these areas, just the appearance of expertise. Lolita is expecting a sense of sophistication from her Humbert, so don't disappoint her.

Tier 2, Level 6 - Knowing what Lolita likes

We have now reached the final level in Tier 2, getting into Lolita's general mindset. This is accomplished by familiarizing yourself with her world and culture, especially in regards to what she reads and watches on TV and on the screen. Pick up some copies of teenage girl magazines like MY, Sassy, Seventeen, etc. Read them cover to cover and LOOK at the ads. Get a glimpse into Lolita's fantasy world. Learn about what's on her mind through the articles and advice columns. See what she wants in a REAL man by reading the love-life features. It's all there for the savvy Humbert, a veritable road map into Lolita's brainless, vapid existence. Most Humberts find that their kill ratios increase dramatically when they start studying their prey in such a manner. Teen mags TELL you how to hunt Lolita. Combine these with the Lolita Method, and you WILL bag "forbidden girls." Another useful resource are the movies, television programs and books Lolita reads. All these will give you a glimpse into Lolita's fantasy-obsessed brain. Go to popular teen films and see what fuels Lolita's romantic aspirations. Recent movies like "She's All That" are almost perfect blueprints upon which to build a seduction. Almost all Lolitas (except Gold Diggers) identify in some way with the Rachael Leigh Cooke character. They all want a REAL man to notice the beauty deep within them and accept them as they are. Likewise, watch television shows that are popular with teenage girls. Recently, the fledgling B Network has virtually built their entire schedule around teen-based shows: Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Dawson's Creek, Roswell, Popular, Seventh Heaven, etc. Study the main female leads on these shows and pay careful notice to how they are developed as somewhat alienated from the teenage norm. Take Buffy for instance. She's gorgeous, smart and tough, yet she's an outsider at her high school because she's different - she's a superhero who has to fight demons instead of going out on dates. Other shows like "The Secret Adventures of Alex Mack" and recently "Roswell" also play on this plot device. Lolitas see themselves as the characters on these shows, struggling with the same issues in their REAL lives. In a similar vein, "reality" based shows like Dawson's Creek, Popular and Seventh Heaven deal with the social stratification Lolita lives with every day. Find a character that resembles your Lolita prey and see how her feelings and aspirations are presented on screen. Joey Potter (Katie Holmes) on Dawson's Creek is the quintessential Average Girl, always striving to Above Average. Jen Lindley (Michelle Williams) from the same show is a Rowdy Average Girl, and Mary Camden (Jessica Biel) from Seventh Heaven is a Jock Average Girl. Samantha McPherson (Carly Post) on Popular is the living embodiment of the Romantic Artist. Brooke McQueen (Leslie Bibb) on Popular is the Gold Digger personified. Lily Esposito (Tamara Mello) and Carmen Ferrara, also on Popular, are perfect examples of the Virgin Mary and Ugly Girl respectively. Watch how these characters perceive their place in reality, and you'll get a good glimpse into Lolita's fantasy world. You can also learn a lot about "forbidden girls" by taking a gander at what they read. Read some Babysitter's Club or American Girls books to understand "forbidden girls" who are just starting to blossom. These books often talk about the pain and pleasure of "first loves" and

"crushes," and they can be quite useful to get inside the fantasy-prone minds of blossoming "forbidden girls." As "forbidden girls" go on in life, they move to other popular book series, typically called young adult books. Pick up a few of these, especially those dealing with romance, and see what sparks Lolita's love interest. Once again, your kill ration will increase dramatically the deeper you get into Lolita's shallow mind.

Tier 3 - Establishing Specific Humbert Roles

Okay, we've gone over the initial preparation any Humbert needs to take before he can start Lolita hunting in earnest. Now, however, we're moving to the upper levels of Humbert strategies and techniques. From this point onward, we're going to assume you've done all the advance work necessary to plunge into the world of Lolita hunting. What follows, then, are the specific tricks, strategies and ruses necessary to pull off the seven Humbert roles you'll be required to play.

The Man: To bag Stoner Lolitas, The Man has to know the ins and outs of the drug world. This means you'll have to start developing contacts that can give you good shit at decent prices. If you're already using recreational pharmaceuticals, this won't be hard at all. If you're totally clueless when it comes to the drug culture, though, you'd better learn fast. A Stoner Lolita can spot a fake from a mile away. For the Humbert who's never bought or used drugs before, here are some tips to get started. Do any of your friends use. If so, find out where they score their stuff. If you're not so lucky, things get a little stickier, but not impossible. If you live in a warm weather local, the beach is a prime place to score drugs. Many cities also contain neighborhoods (typically on the "dark" side of town) infamous for a thriving drug trade. Other good places to score are local coffee houses and dive bars. Buying drugs is both simple and complicated. What's complicated is making that first buy. Most dealers are wary of strangers. You could be a narc or working for a competitor. The secret is to not look suspicious. If you're a dumb white guy, be a dumb white guy. Always be respectful. If you see someone you think is a dealer, be very respectful. Don't walk up and say, "Hey, do you have any drugs for sale?" Instead, just make yourself available and put on a look that makes you look approachable. A good dealer will make the first move, striking up a conversation to feel you out. Whatever you do, don't try to come off as tough or street-smart if you aren't. This insults the dealer, and he's liable to rip you off or, worse yet, beat your ass in. Let the dealer make his pitch, and if it's even in the ballpark, buy his stuff. Don't haggle too much. Maybe ask for \$10 lower than what he's offering, just to show him you're not that much of a chump. He's probably spotted you as a newbie and is already overcharging you. Politely asking a modest price drop usually gets a compromise and gives you some respect. Once you've made that first deal, the rest are easy. Is it possible he might rip you off and sell you soap crystals or oregano instead of the real goods? Sure, anything is possible. But if you hit a dealer in a high traffic area where he regularly plies his trade, he generally won't want to establish a reputation. He'll try to overcharge you because he's a businessman and you're a newbie. Accept that. The more you buy, the more you become a regular customer, and the lower he'll price his product. Remember, though, NEVER let Lolita know where you score your stuff, or who your dealer is. There are two reasons for this. One, as The Man, you never want Lolita seeing you in a subservient position to anyone. Two, if she sees you kowtow

to a dealer, she will just go to the dealer herself and dump you. Stoner Lolitas always gravitate to the strongest MAN, the one who can take care of their needs best. The Man should also know all about the various types of drugs that are out there and be able to provide his Stoner with some variety and special treats. Some Grade-A hash once in awhile instead of normal pot. Maybe some acid, angel dust or heroine as a treat. Hardcore Stoners are going to want this stuff all the time, though, so be prepared to shell out some serious cash. Strawberry Lolitas are typically after crack, crank or heroine. The savvy Humbert always fucks these girls with protection. Chances are they're doing dozens of Humberts a week for their high. So be careful. The Man also needs to be on constant watch for the police. You are dealing with the criminal underground now, so make sure whenever you're buying that NOTHING suspicious is going down. If your dealer suddenly changes his modus operandi, he could be getting leaned on by the cops to serve up some of his clients in a public relations bust. Also pay attention to the neighborhood when you're buying. Notice any strange cars or characters lurking around. Vice cops routinely video drug deals going down, then go after suburban white buyers in an effort discourage them from venturing back into the bad neighborhoods. Above all, NEVER take Lolita along while you're buying. Besides the reasons I mentioned above, if you're caught supplying drugs to a minor they're bound to find out you're screwing her, too. Then, your cherry white ass will be on the menu at the state prison quicker than you can say, "plea bargain." Once you've got the drugs, you need to find your Stoner Lolita. Refer to the previous section on how to meet Stoners and the Case Studies section for working examples. Once you've bagged your first Stoner, the rest will be easy. She'll tell her friends about The Man, and the flock of prey will widen. The more stuff you can produce, the more malleable Stoner Lolita and her friends will become.

The Man is notorious for his ability to score numerous Lolitas and finagling group/orgy situations with a host of horny, hopped-up teens. This is why the savvy Humbert always tries to establish a fake ID while posing as The Man. You're dealing with two types of illegal activities here, fucking "forbidden girls" and drugs. The less Lolita knows about you, the better. The Man works best out of an auxiliary apartment or motel room if necessary. The Man never carries his real ID with him. Get a fake ID, a phony drivers license is best. There are several books and websites that tell you how to do this, so I won't go into details here. A fake ID can be a lifesaver, though, and open a world of opportunities to The Man. Apartments and motel rooms can be rented with no ability to trace you. You can also get other ID, credit cards etc., that further help you establish your new ID. This way, if you ever need to break with Stoner Lolita quickly, you can just vanish. It's also smart to operate as The Man in a different city or across town from where the REAL you resides. If at all possible, avoid letting Stoners and Strawberries KNOW your real name, phone number, address, etc. Pagers and cell phones hooked up with fake IDs work like charms. Get the billing sent to a mail drop you've set up with your false ID, and you are virtually untraceable. Anonymous e-mail boxes on the internet can also be invaluable to The Man. To get anonymous e-mail, just sign up at hotmail, yahoo or any web-mail provider using a fake name and address. Be sure to do this at a public library computer or other untraceable system (cyber café, etc.), though. Then make sure you only use that e-mail box at an anonymous terminal. In other words, never access that e-mail account from

your home. Web-mail sites keep a log of all incoming activity to their boxes. If you never access the box from your home, no amount of tracing will ever tie you to the box. Once you've gotten a fake ID, a mail drop, a cell phone number and an e-mail address, get some fake business cards printed up with your false name and profession. These can make nice calling cards as you probe deeper into the underground and meet more Stoners and Strawberries. This allows them to contact you without finding out who you really are. The savvy Humbert keeps about three or four fake IDs handy that he can use at a moment's notice. These can also prove useful when he's playing other roles with other Lollitas. Remember, the less Lolita knows about you the better.

Mr. Money Bags: What Humbert needs to be Mr. Money Bags is simple .. MONEY! If you don't have any, or at least a line of credit, you'll never be able to pull this off. But money alone won't allow you to play Mr. Money Bags to the degree a Gold Digger expects. Just think of it. There are plenty of rich guys who never score the "forbidden" pussy, even though they try their entire lives to lure it into their path. So what's the secret, then? Basically, you need to do everything discussed in the first two previous tiers to the nth degree. You need lots of money, a GREAT car and an AWESOME place to live. You need to demonstrate a level of class and sophistication that will fascinate and intrigue the Gold Digger. She must think latching onto you is her key to living the life of her wildest fantasies. One way you can afford to do this is with multiple fake credit cards. Get a fake ID, get some credit cards in that name, max them out, and get some more. Since they're all linked to a fake ID, they will be all but untraceable. Mr. Money Bags also needs to keep his eye on the social scene in his town and pay attention to where the IN people gather. Then he needs to insinuate himself there, make some contacts, then slowly introduce his Gold Digger into the scene. Let her experience the good life and see all the important people you hobnob with, and she'll do anything to remain in such rarefied air. Mr. Money Bags also knows how to get good seats to any concert or show Lolita might desire to see. He should find a decent scalper and be willing to pay the price to make his Gold Digger happy and horny. The truly savvy Humbert gets a credit card for his Lolita using one of his fake IDs as a cosigner. The Gold Digger who has her own platinum card will put out like a \$20 whore trying to pay the rent. Some Humberts have even rented apartments for their Lolita's to use. If you can manage to swing this, you will always have her just where you want her. The one drawback to banging Gold Diggers (aside from the money) is the fact that most of these "forbidden girls" come from the ranks of family or family friends. Hence, Humbert's identity cannot be kept hidden from his Lolita. This makes the situation sticky if things go awry. The savvy Humbert is careful to eliminate any physical evidence connecting himself from Lolita. If she does turn on you, it will be her word against yours. Chances are you'll be forced to cop a plea no matter what. But if you leave no incriminating personal evidence behind - love notes, used condoms, etc. - the chances of getting a reduced charge is almost guaranteed. Mr. Money Bags needs to be careful. 99% of Gold Diggers will never turn on their Humbert as long as the cash cow keeps flowing. The secret is to keep the Gold Digger as happy and flush as possible, and never let her catch you with another Lolita. Gold Diggers will generally accept that you have to keep a wife or significant other until she is old enough to legally HAVE you. By that time, she will undoubtedly want to move on, though, seeing and experiencing more of

life as a true adult. Most Gold Diggers dump their Humberts around 18 or 19. Those who stay around can sometimes be turned into nice trophy wives or just mistresses.

Prince Charming:

The Average Girl needs a prince Charming Humbert attuned to her every adolescent fantasy of romance. She also needs a Humbert who will make an effort to be interested in what she is pursuing. If she's a jock, her Humbert must be an avid sports fan who is willing to help her achieve her goals. If she's a Rowdy Girl, her Humbert needs to be able to party with her and constantly give her the "time of her life." Prince Charming is the Humbert who really needs to read all the teen magazines and books while watching all the TV shows and movies. It is paramount he understand WHO Lolita is WHAT she desires in terms of a relationship. Of all the Lolita/Humbert pairings, bagging an Average Girl is the most like having a REAL girlfriend, thus Prince Charming needs to be ready to offer all the things that a true-blue boyfriend and lover has to offer. Above all, Prince Charming needs to have a PLACE where Lolita can relax and be at home. Whether this means letting her share his apartment or providing her an apartment (if he's rich) isn't half as important as just giving her personal space. The Average Girl puts out best when she feels she's being romanced by a REAL man who meets her fantasy requirements. The Average Girl's biggest demand on Humbert is time and attention. She wants to feel SPECIAL, just like all the Above Average Girls she's always envied. Giving her a place she can "be herself" will satisfy this demand and make her feel very comfortable and secure. Like a Gold Digger, Average Girls can be bought with money, but this isn't all they crave. They'd rather receive an inexpensive gift and spend time together than a new Ferrari and an absentee lover. Average Girls can be high maintenance, and many Humberts find themselves inexplicably drawn into "serious" relationships with Average Girls that extend into her adulthood. Warning here. You don't really want marry a Lolita that you seduced, especially an Average Girl. In a few years, when you start Lolita hunting again, she'll know what to look for. If she catches you, then things will get ugly. Average Girls grow up to be Average Women, who suddenly become preoccupied with such things as morals and values when they see their youth and desirability fading. This is why operating under a fake ID is always preferable when hunting "forbidden" prey. Many times, however, Average Girls are Lolitas we already know in the classroom or from our families. When this is the case, the savvy Humbert always proceeds with caution. As long as Humbert doesn't abuse or exploit an Average Girl terribly, relationships with her have the least chance of going dangerously sour. The best way to disengage is to put the ball in her court. Once again, suggesting the Average Girl engage in sexual activity which she will probably find offensive is a good means of making her put up or get out. When being asked to participate in a threesome or orgy activity, the typical Average Girl will balk and break it off. If she doesn't, she's a budding Sex Freak and you can enjoy the ride for as long as it lasts and as deep as it sinks.

Romantic Artist:

The Poet is perhaps the hardest Humbert role to pull off convincingly. All The Man needs is drugs, and all Mr. Money Bags needs is a cash and a touch of

sophistication. The Poet, however, needs to convince Lolita he is something he probably is not, a brilliant, creative artist. If you have creative talents, this is a lot easier. Just take your talent and dress it up. If you have a camera, learn how to develop your own film, buy some gadgets and BECOME a photographer. The same goes with a video camera. There are a lot of "filmmakers" running around these days, so who's to say you're not one. Less technology-based arts - writing, drawing, painting, acting, etc. - are a little harder to fake, but certainly not impossible. If the Lolita you're targeting is a total stranger fooling her you're an "artist" when you have real talent is a lot easier. The simplest method is to scour some library shelves for old, obscure books of contemporary poetry and find some stuff that even sounds remotely like you could have written it. Then, if the poet has no picture or detailed bio attached the books, just adopt his identity. Contact the publisher, and if the books are still available order a few dozen books. Then when you meet a Romantic Artist, give her one of YOUR books as a present. Get some business cards made up with your new name, and she'll never question you. Think about it. Who in their right mind would imitate an obscure writer no one has ever heard of. The savvy Humbert, that's who. This same ruse works for all writing disciplines - novels, short stories, non-fiction, etc. A similar ruse can work with assuming the identities of obscure musicians and actors, too. No one will ever suspect anyone would go to the trouble of being someone no one has ever heard of. Build a successful little lie, and the big lie just slides right by. As for visual arts such as painting, drawing, sculpting, etc., faking your talent is absolutely simple. Just set up a "studio" somewhere, throw some canvases, sketch pads or junk around and let things go from there. You might even start messing around and find you actually have some talent. One professional artist now working in New York City started out as a Humbert playing the Poet/Artist ruse to bag bimbettes. Someone saw one of his goof pieces and asked him for more. In 1990 he did a show at a Soho gallery and sold some of his stuff for thousands of dollars a piece. Meanwhile, he had eager Lolita students cumming out of the woodwork to "study" with him. A year later, he quit his day job, and now he's swimming in "forbidden" pussy.

The Prophet:

The Prophet needs to know his stuff when it comes to establishing his identity. In the confines of a Christian Church, the Prophet should be able to deftly get around the Scripture in order to prove his points. Now you don't really need to read the Scripture, just buy one. Then buy a Scripture dictionary and a concordance. Concordances are excellent tools with which to manipulate Virgin Marys because they list all the passages in the Scripture that mention a specific word or phrase. Let's say, for example, that you want convince Lolita to submit to your every sexual desire. Look in your concordance for instances where the words "submit," "slavery," "surrender," etc. are used. Then when you need to prove your point with the Scripture, turn to the chapter and verse that's cited and read from the Word. Also familiarize yourself with the various Biblical cult leaders who have gone before you. Read about how Prophets like Manson and David Koresh analyzed the Scripture and used it to bang "forbidden" girls. Then come up with your own radical interpretations and subtly plant the seeds in Virgin Mary's mind. Non-religious Prophets - e.g. political & environmental activists - should also study

the rhetoric of Lolita's particular fascination. Free-love and sex between "consenting" persons can be intertwined into the Message of almost any Movement. Sex between Humbert and Lolita is anti-establishment, and Virgin Marys are obsessed with bucking conformity and fighting the status quo. If you can master the rhetoric of Lolita's group, you can twist it around to show her that fucking you is an extension of her beliefs. Make her believe that society's "morality" is akin to oppression. Make her ask herself why she's resisting your advances. Make her see that she is co-opting her passions so she can follow Society's rules. Make her realize that Society is preventing her from being a REAL woman while you can see behind all that. If you can work this rap, bagging a Virgin Mary is almost TOO easy.

Ugly Girls:

The only preparation Father Knows Best needs is the ability to appear sincere when every bone in his body is howling in laughter. Father Knows Best needs to cultivate a stone cold poker face. He needs to be able to tell the Ugly Girl she's "beautiful," and he needs to be able to prove it in the bedroom. He needs to not only be able to get it UP but also be able to perform exceptionally well with "forbidden girls" who can sometimes look quite hideous. Otherwise, Father Knows Best can pretty much DO or SAY anything as long as he treats the Ugly Girl like she's beautiful.

Sex Freaks:

John Stud must be well-versed in all areas of sexuality and be able to keep up with Lolita as she ventures deeper into the abyss of her burgeoning sexuality. He also needs to know EVERYTHING about sex, functioning as her expert and guide. She'll only stay with him as long as he proves insatiable and worldly in a whole variety of situations. Above all, John Stud can never know the meaning of the word "No." When she gets it into her head that she wants to get gang-banged, drink piss or fuck a dog, he needs to take her hand and help her realize her dream. If he can't do this, she'll find someone who can. John Stud should read everything he can concerning deviant sexual practices like S&M, golden showers, bestiality and orgies. He should have an extensive collection of sexual toys and apparatus and KNOW how to use them. He should also possess an extensive video library, both as entertainment and inspiration, and for reference. John Stud must keep things lively in the bedroom. Routine is the death knell for any relationship with a Sex Freak. Like a drug addict, she requires bigger and better highs to keep her coming back. With the advent of the internet, the average man has a lot more access to a wide variety of deviant behaviors. Take advantage of this opportunity and keep learning more about how to keep your Sex Freak satisfied.

And there you have it. The preparations needed to become a successful, savvy Humbert. Now all you need to know is some specific seduction techniques, and you'll be well on your way to bagging "forbidden" pussy today. But, before we move onto specific seduction techniques, I want to address one more aspect of preparation.

Making the Decision To DO IT!

The hardest part of initiating any radical change in life is getting the head of

steam, hell's bells initiative to just say "Fuck IT!" This isn't any Tony Robbins late drivel, it's the truth. When going ahead with the Lolita Method you are making the decision to not only pursue your dreams but a WHOLE LOT MORE! That's why it's only fair to take a moment and look at the downside of hunting "forbidden" pussy. And there IS a definite downside. Yes, we are obsessed with "forbidden girls" in our culture. We want to fuck them, see their innocent faces defiled and drenched in cum. Every season sees the newest teen queens grace the silver and small screens - Brooke Shields, Tiffany, Tracy Lords, the Olsen Twins, Katie Holmes, Britney Spears. Society makes us lust, then turns around makes a REAL man's realization of that fantasy a felony. Imprisonment, then, is the real issue here. We all joke about it, but we know the truth. If they catch you fucking "forbidden girls," they will put you away in prison. When you're in for sampling "forbidden fruit," you are immediately singled out among the prison population for the worst possible treatment. But lets say you get caught yet somehow avoid prison or get a reduced sentence and find yourself back out on the streets. Well, you're now a branded man. With statutes such as Megan's Law on the books, you can't go anywhere and start your life anew without all your neighbors, your employer, etc. knowing who you are and what you did. If you're married, your wife WILL leave you, and you probably won't ever see your children again, especially if one of your Lolitas happens to be home grown. Even you're never charged legally, the stigma of being an exposed Lolita hunter is bound to follow you around your personal and professional life. Yes, we can take all the precautions possible. We can keep our Lolitas happy as bearded clams, we can even establish fake identities to keep them baffled. But the best laid plans of mice and men often go astray, and the schemes of Humberts are no exception. This is the decision standing before the prospective Humbert. Sure, the pay-off will be sweet, but is it worth it? Only you can answer that question, but before you make the choice you should perhaps consider some things rarely spoken of. Humberts are fucking Lolitas with impunity all over the country .. all over the world for that matter. For every teacher busted for bagging a "forbidden girl," thousands are getting away with the deed unscathed. The vast majority of Lolita hunters never see the inside of a courtroom because the vast majority of Lolitas love their Humberts and keep the affair very discreet. Likewise, most Humbert/Lolita affairs break off with little or no difficulty. Lolita gets her Lolita Urge stroked and moves on, either to another Humbert or back to a BOY her own age. Still, there's always the risk that things can turn ugly at any moment. The savvy Humbert weighs the risks and makes his decision. Is he going to stay on the sidelines or get into the game. The rest of this book is devoted to those who wish to get out there and start bagging some bimbettes.

Flushing Out the Quarry Techniques for Bagging Lolita

Your Opening Move:

By now you're all probably asking one question. "How do I get started bagging Lolitas?" It can't be as simple as just jumping in, otherwise everyone would be doing. Actually it is that simple. The reason more men don't fuck "forbidden girls" is because they just lack the guts. They also lack sure-fire seduction techniques that give them repeated successes. The savvy Humbert learns from his triumphs and failures. The following seduction techniques are proven winners, and once you've pulled off your first successful seduction, the rest just start cumming easier

and easier.

Eve in the Garden

We've mentioned Eve in the Garden before. It is the classic seduction strategy and works best with Average Girls, Ugly Girls & Virgin Marys. What the Humbert does is arrange an opportunity for Lolita to indulge her sexual curiosity. Then he catches her in the act. Caught red handed, Lolita finds herself exposed and vulnerable, suddenly becoming very malleable. Bill described the classic Eve in the Garden seduction in his introductory narrative. Little Desiree was caught red handed spying on Bill as he took a piss. She wanted to see his grown up dick, and he caught her. Exposed and vulnerable, she relented to becoming his sexual plaything. Lolitas will succumb to this technique for two reasons. First, they are afraid when they're caught. They don't want anyone to find out, so they go along with Humbert in order to avoid getting in trouble. Secondly, and most important, they secretly want to get caught. When Humbert catches them and then takes control over them, he frees them from the responsibility of "doing something bad" themselves. This eases their consciences and allows them to enjoy "being bad" without feeling guilty. Eve in the Garden relies on two crucial factors. You must devise bait that Lolita is likely to chase, and you must structure the means whereby you can catch her in TOTAL PRIVACY. Eve doesn't work if anyone else is present besides the Humbert and his target. Bill's bathroom encounter preyed on his Lolita's natural curiosity to see a man's pissing penis. "Forbidden girls" are fascinated by men's cocks, and will do almost anything to see one. They are also fascinated with the sex act. Another good Eve strategy involves leaving pornographic video tapes in a spot where a "forbidden girl," let's say your daughter or babysitter, will likely stumble across them when she's home alone. Arrange for a time when you're pretty sure she'll be home alone watching the tapes, then come back unexpectedly and surprise her in the act. In the case studies that follow, we'll be looking at some prime examples of Eve in the Garden at work.

The Babysitter's Gambit

Next to Eve in the Garden, this is the most common and one of the most successful seduction strategies available to the Humbert. It works on Gold Diggers, Average & Ugly Girls, and it's named for it's most common target, the family babysitter. In the classic Babysitter's Gambit, Dad hires a babysitter for the kids. She's ripe and "forbidden." He arranges to drive her home after every session. Hopefully this is a long drive which encourages talk. When he's alone with Lolita he talks to her, and using the techniques of flattery, listening, etc. (discussed previously) he and Lolita "find they have a lot in common." After several weeks of priming her, a particular occasion arises, Christmas or better yet Lolita's birthday, and Dad buys the girl a present. It doesn't have to be outrageously expensive unless she's a Gold Digger or Average Girl with expensive tastes. Typically, it's a nice piece of jewelry - earrings or a tennis bracelet, perhaps - or something Humbert knows she'll love. After giving her the gift, Humbert gages her reactions. If she's ecstatic (especially if she hugs or touches you), Humbert says he's hungry and offers to take her out for a bite to eat. Now we follow the same routine as outlined above. If she accepts, Lolita is telling you she

is considering fucking you. During your short meal or cup of coffee together, you make sure to call Lolita a "woman," flatter her and listen intently to whatever she prattles. Remember the signs we're looking for. Where are her eyes, her hands, and her feet? Is there incidental contact? Does she seem comfortable or in a hurry to go? If she's making lots of contact and smiling, this is an excellent sign. If she keeps brushing up against you with her feet under the table, this is also a good sign, ditto if she touches you at any point. That's why it's good to keep your hands on the table, resting just beyond the halfway point. If she crosses that perimeter and touches your hands, she's yours. Take her hands then, gently but firmly and hold them. The big moment comes upon leaving. When you get up, put your hands on her back gently and help her with her coat. When you get to the car, open her door for her (you should have been doing this all along!) As she stops to thank you, look in her eyes. If they are closed or partially closed and her neck is tilted up slightly, she is telling you to kiss her NOW! If her eyes are wide open, she is waiting for you to touch her and prompt her into kissing mode. Put your hand gently on her shoulder or your arms around her waist, and she will respond with fluttering eyes and an upturned chin. The key to the Babysitter's Gambit is the communication before the gift giving and the bite to eat. Most successful Babysitter's Gambits happen when the Humbert paints himself as a GREAT listener who "understands" Lolita's problems because he has problems of his own. The savvy Humbert shares these problems while they converse over the course of weeks. If Humbert is a single father, he subtly lets on that he is lonely and knows how Lolita feels when she talks about being different and not belonging. Married Humberts can make obtuse references to wives who don't understand them anymore or wives too wrapped up in their careers or family to care about him. The secret is not to wear your problems on your sleeve, but to hint at them and see if Lolita starts asking probing questions. If she starts asking you about your life and problems without prompting, she's seeing herself as your equal and confidant and considering you as a possible lover. Now you can see why listening is such an important weapon in the Humbert's arsenal. Lolita has been taught that all BOYS and men love to talk about themselves. She's been taught that she should encourage men to talk about themselves because that's what women do - they help men with their problems because males need a female point of view. When she finds a man that seems more interested in her than himself, Lolita is shocked and pleased. The more you can get her to talk, the more you'll learn about her (which can all be used later) and the more she'll think you are the coolest guy on earth. Then when she starts asking you personal questions, you'll know she's REALLY looking for answers and not just making conversations. The trick is dropping hints that you feel lonely, unappreciated and unfulfilled without directly saying so. It's best to be a little taciturn at first. Let her think you're not interested. You'll make some small talk. Then just make an oblique reference to your "state of mind."

You: So how do you like school? Her: It's okay. You: What's your favorite class? Her: English .. I like writing. You: Really, do you write a lot? Her: Yeah. You: What kind of stuff? Her: You know, stuff .. like poetry. You: I used to write poetry .. back when I used to dream .. (disgusted chuckle) Her: What do you mean by that? You: Nothing. (Now DROP IT and move on.) So, I forget, how big is your family?

Corny? Sure. Transparent? You betcha' .. Only we're dealing with Lolita here, not an adult woman. This kind of dialog is what she eats up on TV and in the movies. Older man has sensitive secret side he doesn't want to talk about. This will pique her curiosity. Now, while you're talking with her on subsequent trips home, start laughing and come out of your shell more with each encounter. Get her talking about her own life and dreams, and see if she reciprocates. If/When she does, you know you have her. Be slow and deliberate when divulging your private angst. Make her dig to get it. The harder she digs, the deeper she'll fall into your snare. Then spring the gift and "bite to eat" on her when she's sufficiently primed. The classic Babysitter's Gambit works like a charm with the right Lolita. The secret is to type your Lolita while you're interviewing for the baby sitter's job. When applying the gambit to non-babysitting situations, type your Lolita during your first encounter and proceed accordingly.

Educating Lolita

In the section concerning Average Girls, we went over the basic scenario for classroom seductions with "forbidden girls." Essentially, the pattern is the same as the Babysitter's gambit. The only difference is that Humbert builds up a rapport with Lolita in the classroom instead of as his babysitter. The secret is to make Lolita your teacher's pet. If she volunteers to come in and help you grade papers during her free period, she's telling you she's considering you as a possible Humbert. What follows next is crucial. You need to type Lolita accurately and proceed with the corresponding Humbert role. Move on an Average Girl like a Romantic Artist or a Virgin Mary, and you'll be in trouble. Ugly Girls are easy; they're ugly, just flatter them, listen to their problems, and they'll spread their legs in no time. Average Girl students are a little trickier. You need to find their interest, and then encourage them to talk about it. Then you need to listen, show support, and then give them a gift or keepsake to let them know they've made a special connection with you. When she comes to you asking for a ride home, you know you have her. Make your move. Take charge. That's why she gave you the opening. Seducing the Romantic Artist is a little different. Yes, you have to listen to what she's saying, but you also need to show her what you're about, too. This Lolita is looking for a Svengali, a Poet to inspire her to follow her own dreams. English teachers should share their own writing with her. If you don't have any, just steal some obscure work like I suggested. The same goes with music and art teachers. She wants to fall in love with an Artist/Poet, so give her one. The opening scene in this book chronicled Scott's classic seduction of a Romantic Artist at a summer music camp. Scott had the reputation as a serious Jazz Musician in a camp filled with stuffy classical musical types. With a bunch of groupie kids following him around, he wisely chose to prey upon a true Romantic Artist Lolita who worshiped him. When The Poet/Romantic Artist relationship has been established, Humbert follows the same scheme as outlined above in the Babysitter's Gambit. She'll manufacture the opportunity to be alone (usually a ride home), and you take it from there. Some Romantic Artists are a little cagier, though. Many will hint around about a concert, reading or art show they'd like to see. If she does this several times, offer to take her, and proceed with plan. Virgin Mary seductions by teachers are relatively the same. The focus here, though, isn't her or you, but the ISSUE. Science, Political Science and History teachers are the

classic Prophet Teachers who bag Virgin Mary's "forbidden" pussy. One sure-fire technique is to tie the ISSUE to an out-of-school project you can both be involved in together. If Lolita asks you if you can drive her, she's giving you the opening, so take it. The important thing is to lure Lolita into a vulnerable position by getting her committed to some CAUSE that you are involved with. She will invariably transfer her enthusiasm for the CAUSE to its Prophet (that's you), and when she believes she's part of that CAUSE, too, she'll bind herself even more closely to you. Then she will create the opportunity for you to be alone together. At this point, refer back to the Prophet's seduction strategy as outlined in the Virgin Mary section above. Teacher Prophets must remember to be a little more hesitant to jump on Lolita's bones. Teacher Prophets should pretend to be beset by a moral conundrum when the relationship reaches the BLAST OFF stage. This will create tension that Lolita will try her best to dispel. Most Virgin Marys will practically throw themselves at the tortured Prophet when he starts expressing reservations. When she does this, the time to TAKE her has arrived.

Being There

Simply "being available" is one of the most common Lolita hunting strategies, and if the savvy Humbert can just lay back and wait for an opportunity it will often present itself. At any given time, a Humbert should always have a few prospective Lolitas on the back-burner while he's actively pursuing other prey. In other words, he forms bonds with Lolitas in his life - neighbors, family friends, etc. - and just studies them, types them, and waits for an opening. Prime opportunities occur when Lolitas are fighting with their BOYfriends. Catch one of these back burner Lolitas crying or in trouble, and then just move her to the front burner. You've already done all the homework, so you know how she needs to be approached. Now you have the opportunity to TAKE advantage of the situation and move in for the kill. The most common crises intervention occurs when you catch Lolita having problems with her BOYfriend. If you've become a trusted acquaintance, she'll probably solicit your advice on "men." Be understanding, but also be decisive. Tell her that her problems are not with MEN, but with BOYS. Explain to her that she is a woman, and will always be frustrated when she's dealing with BOYS. Tell her she's only going to be happy when she starts dealing with MEN who will appreciate her for the woman she is. This line may sound ridiculous, but IT WORKS when you wait for the right opportunity! Try this on Lolita when everything with her BOYfriend is hunk-dory, and she'll laugh at you, call you a Dirty Old Man and tell you to fuck off. Hit her when she's just caught Jimmy doing the wild thing with her best friend, though, and she'll LISTEN. Stroking her Lolita Urge is exactly what she wants to hear, and the better you make her feel emotionally the closer she'll get. Put your arm around her, hug her, and see how she responds. If she relaxes and cuddles up close, she's yours. If she stays rigid, keep embracing her for another second or so, then back off. This might take a little while, so just lay back and keep waiting. She's bound to have more fights with BOYfriends, and she'll probably keep coming back to you for a Lolita Urge stroke. Eventually, if you keep reiterating that she's a woman and her problem is with BOYS, she'll begin to wonder whether fucking a REAL man might be the answer. When that happens, she'll turn to the REAL man who she feels closest to. If you've been doing your homework and approaching her Lolita type from the proper Humbert role, that

WILL be you. "Being there" is a long-range, long-term strategy, and should only be used in tandem with active Lolita pursuit. If you're waiting to bag just one Lolita, the chances are you'll never get her. Lolitas can sense when you're "attached," and they will take advantage of this. Being "attached" puts you in a position of weakness, and Lolitas don't want or need weak men. Being with a weak man will not make Lolita feel like a REAL woman, so she will relegate you to the "just friends"/"nice guy" shelf. Thus, while you lay and wait for one Lolita, you should be actively hunting other Lolitas. Diverting your attention from one Lolita will allow her to relax her guard and not see you as the predator you are. This way, when she hits that crisis and you move in, she'll think you're merely "being there" for her, almost as if by pure coincidence. But if she senses you hovering like a vulture around her, she'll never give you the opportunity to enter her confidence.

Striking the Deal

We've covered dealing with Stoner Lolitas pretty extensively in the previous section related to Burn-Out & Stoner girls. If you hit the malls and have drugs, you WILL score "forbidden" pussy of the Stoner variety. Just how well you score and how much you bag depends on some key factors, though. The Man needs to approach the right type of Lolitas. If he approaches a group of Rowdy Average Girls, he'll only be getting himself in serious trouble. Rowdy Girls look a lot like Stoners, and a lot of times they intermix. Rowdies hang with Stoners and even do drugs occasionally, but they aren't Burn-Outs. Propose a sex for drugs exchange with them, and you're liable to get an earful of insults, or worse yet a report to the nearest cop. So how do you tell the difference between Stoners and Rowdies? On the surface, they will appear almost identical. The key is to see how they react to the first contact. When you make it obvious that you have drugs, are they REALLY interested or just checking you out for kicks. You can easily determine this by seeing how they react to the "walk away." The "walk away" is a crucial part of the transaction that many inexperienced Humberts, in their haste to score, forget. Let's go over the sequence of events, then, so we see where it falls and how it works to effectively determine whether or not the Lolitas in question are Stoners or Rowdies. You make contact with a simple "Hey, what's going on?" The Lolitas respond with either an "Not much" or a "Fuck off asshole." This is where the "walk away" happens. The Humbert shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders, starts to turn away, and says: "Sorry, I thought maybe you were looking to get something." All this is crucial, especially WHAT you say. If you say nothing and just walk away, you have no idea what you're dealing with. If you hint that you have SOMETHING they might be after, though, you'll separate the Stoners from the Rowdies every time. If there are Rowdies in with a group of Stoners, they will now either break away from the Burn-Outs or follow along do to peer pressure. True Stoners will always go after you on a "walk away." If you make the appearance that you can take or leave them, you will strike them as bona fide. Drug dealers don't waste their time with kids who aren't interested, they move on to the next potential customers, just like you're doing. Sometimes, the girls will let you go without a word, still suspicious you might be a scammer or worse yet a pig. If you can still see that they're watching you, keep yourself in sight and walk up to some likely teenage boy customers. Now you're just dealing straight. Make the transaction, take it outside, and see if the girls send someone out to spy. If they do, you have them. Finish

your deal, and go back inside. Now they will approach you, and you'll know you have them. Never express any bitterness with them. Just be nice and cool, but cut to the chase quick. Don't let them dicker with you. Make it plain that you'll exchange what you have for some sex. They may be a little shocked, but by this time they'll know you're the real deal. 90% of the time, they'll make the deal after discussing it among themselves. Give them the opportunity to do this, but only wait a few minutes. If they don't move to close the deal, do another "walk away." Don't tell them you're leaving, just walk. When they come running after you, demand an answer immediately. If they're still trying to hustle you, "walk away" again. This whole process can sometimes take awhile, and often they will follow you all the way out to your car as they try to decide among themselves who will be the sacrificial lamb. Whatever you do, don't walk to YOUR car right away. Pick a stranger's car randomly. You don't want any of them being able to connect you with a vehicle until you've agreed on a deal. If you do negotiate a deal, it's all right to go to your car and finish the transaction there. Remember, only give them a portion of the drugs before they deliver the pussy. Then when you get your end, be square with them and give them what you promised. One successful DEAL paves the way for many to follow. Some Humberts score so well with Stoner Girls, that they stick with bagging Burn-Outs exclusively. Word of mouth travels quickly, and if you can manage to get a fake ID and a cell phone or pager with it you will have "forbidden" girls contacting you at all hours of the night.

Strawberry Picking

Finding Strawberries, "forbidden girls" who will exchange sex for money or drugs in the form of prostitution is quite possible in bigger cities where there are low income neighborhoods and housing projects. Many of these girls will be white trash, poor Hispanics and blacks. As you drive through the neighborhoods, you'll see them congregating in packs. They will make eye contact with you if they're "looking to score." Many will call out to your car. Some will even walk up your open window if you stop at a red light. Be careful, though. Strawberries will try hustling you or even robbing you if they think they can get away with it. If they are working in a pair, insist they both get in the front seat. You don't need one of them coming up from behind you in the backseat and sticking a knife in your throat, demanding your money. Once they're in the car, get to business quickly. This is prostitution, so it's best to be aware of some dangers. These are "forbidden girls," so the chance that they're cops is nil. They could be wearing wires, though. Vice cops have been known to bust "forbidden" whores, then exchange their freedom for assistance in a john "sweep" operation. John sweeps happen occasionally in vice-ridden neighborhoods, and are usually public relations ploys promoted by a police department to boost its public image. 99% of the time, whores are the ones busted, and johns are coerced into testifying against them for a reduced charge. Sometimes, though, the cops target johns, especially if "forbidden" whores are involved. The girls are wired and draw the johns like magnets. The resulting busts are ugly and potentially ruinous. So how does a Humbert avoid such traps? The best bet is to cruise a neighborhood a few times before moving in for a deal. Check out the street and notice the regulars who are out there. See where the Strawberries generally hang out, and take note of any police activity in the area. If you see cop cars cruising by while the girls stay on

the street something is going down. Any whore with half a brain runs when she sees the bacon. If they're still chatting up cars with a pig parked a block down, somethings not right. Many Humberts who cruise for strawberries like to use hand signals, and many whores do, too. In the basic hand signal, each finger stands for ten dollars. Put up two fingers and you're making a \$20 offer. A whore who knows the drill will then usually move her cupped hand up and down indicating she'll give you a hand-job for your \$20. Flash 3 fingers (\$30) and she'll either move her hand up to her mouth and simulate a blow-job, or shake her head and counter with 4 fingers. What has just transpired here is usually inadmissible in a court of law. A defendant can always counter that he was flashing a prostitute the peace sign or merely waving hello. Most cops won't even use hand signals, realizing they're almost worthless when making a case. Most deals can be made in this way without either party uttering an incriminating word.

Strawberry Picking - Solicitation Variation

I discovered this variation on Strawberry Picking a few years back, and after about ten successful kills using the technique I've decided to include it in the Arsenal for the first time. The methodology is simple and seems to pay off huge dividends in the right circumstances. Basically, you find a hooker, fuck her (maybe twice) and establish some trust. Then you ask her point blank if she knows any "forbidden working girls." Tell her you'll pay her a "finder's fee" (\$50-\$100 range) or spring for a "double" (two girls) if she wants. This also works if you can get in good with a pimp, although pimps usually require a higher fee for "forbidden girls." This usually equals about what you'd pay for a normal double, but if you're a REAL regular most pimps will start cutting you deals. One pimp I know very well always gives me first crack at any fresh meat he's peddling. He'll page me, tell me he has some new talent, and ask me to test ride her and report back my "expert" opinion. This service costs me extra (about \$100 more), but it's given me the chance to sample some prime rookie pussy, some of which has definitely been "forbidden." When I get these girls, I put them through the paces and tell him what they need to work on. Many times these sessions are doubles or triples (with another whore and sometimes the pimp) and I get to break the rookies into lezz and double-stuff situations. The best way to broach the subject with a whore is to express interest in a three-way after you're done. She'll generally ask you what you're looking for, to which you should reply "someone younger." She'll ask "how young?" You reply, "as young as you can get .. under 18 if possible." She'll get the message, and if there's anyone available and she smells a "finder's fee" she'll start hustling. In case you're wondering, hookers almost never tell cops there's a john looking for "forbidden" whores if they are getting some of the action. If you start trolling their territory soliciting "forbidden girls," though, they will rat you out, especially if the "forbidden" whore in question is cutting into her street profits. That's why you should always try to use hookers and pimps to find you the "forbidden" whores. If someone's palm is getting greased, the chances of you getting busted are next to nothing.

Picking Up Road Trash

A different type of Strawberry Lolita is the "forbidden girl" who travels are nations highways. Most of these Lolitas are runaways trying to make ends meet with no

particular place to go. They exchange sex for a ride, a warm bed and place to conduct their business - usually a Humbert's motel room. They can be found hitchhiking along the roads by interstate entrances and exits, or hanging out in truck stop diners. Most road trash ride with cross-country truckers, who they consider safer because they know the trucker is going somewhere. The truck driving subculture is also something of a closed community where truckers and truck stop workers know each other. Many road trash girls will work one route, traveling up and down the highway with the same drivers. If they strike it up with someone new, the waitress at a local truck stop will often make it a point to let the whore know what she KNOWS about the new man. Truck stop workers usually watch the backs of the whores, especially the "forbidden" ones. Many worry about the girls as surrogate daughters. Mostly, though, they depend on the girls to fill the truck stops with truckers. More truckers mean more tips. If a trucker buys a girl a meal, he's also likely to tip big, demonstrating what a good guy he is. Cars, on the other hand, are not as trustworthy. A random driver could be anyone going anywhere. Sometimes, though, road trash will accept rides from cars, especially if the guy seems nice and loaded with money. The best way to score road trash is to lurk at the local truck stops. When you're there, try to strike up conversations with the waitresses and show them that you're a decent guy. Give them some reason why you're there - salesman is a good bet. Maybe slide them a business card (fake ALWAYS). Keep this up for a month, and the word will travel that you're a decent guy who travels on the road selling whatever. The next time you spot some fresh road trash at the counter, strike up a conversation. If she's looking for action, she'll usually respond warmly and chat you up. After about ten minutes, excuse yourself to go to the restroom. When you come out, notice what she's doing. If she's talking to the waitress, she's been scoping you out. If you get a favorable report, she'll ride with you. If she's sitting there by herself, she's either talked to the waitress and decided to go ahead with it, or she's decided to deal with you without any endorsement. If she's moved onto someone else, leave her alone, finish your meal and see if she comes back. If she doesn't, get up and move on. You don't need to cause any trouble in a truck stop, believe me.

The Convenience Store Cruise

This next tactic may seem like Striking a Deal with Stoners, but it's a little different. We're not dealing with Stoners on the classic convenience store cruise, but Rowdy Girls (remember them?) Rowdy Girls like beer. They can't buy it, though, so they'll congregate outside a store and wait to accost a guy who looks like he might buy some beer or wine for them. Now this scenario is different from the Stoner Deal because a savvy Humbert would NEVER offer to buy Rowdy Girls beer or wine in exchange for sex. Think about it. WHY would they do that when they can get someone else to do it for them without sex. So how do we turn this scenario into a scoring situation. The secret is what you say after you come back out with the goods. Ask them if they have a place to hang out and party. Then let them know you have a place available, and you have some pot and other stuff available. Tell them they're welcome to come over and party, and see if they take the bait. Many times they'll back off, but sometimes the bolder ones will take you up on it, especially if they don't have a place to party. Take them to your place (hopefully you have one with EVERYTHING you promised), and let the party begin.

Get them bombed, then start playing party games like quarters, etc. After awhile, suggest another game like Truth or Dare or Strip Poker if things are going extremely well, and see where this gets you. If the girls are sufficiently ripped, they'll jump at the chance to play Truth or Dare. The rules for Truth or Dare are fairly simple, although they do vary from region to region. Basically, the players form a circle. The game starts with one person who then chooses someone else to answer a question truthfully or take a dare. Of course, you see where this is going already. Drunk "forbidden girls" are going to focus the game on sex - sex questions and sex dares. The cool part about Truth or Dare is what happens if the players think someone is lying when he/she says he/she is answering "truthfully." If someone challenges the person and everyone agrees he/she is lying, then he/she is forced to do the dare. If Humbert gets to the point of playing Truth or Dare or Strip Poker with drunk, Rowdy Girls, Humbert will score SOMETHING. If the girls have a fun time and know they have a place to kick back and party, they may contact you again, or in some cases even give you their phone numbers. Keep them partying, and they'll keep cumming back .. again and again.

Digging for Gold

We covered bagging Gold Diggers quite extensively in an earlier section. Basically, a Humbert has three means of snaring a Gold Digger. He can snare his own daughter, a daughter's friend or the daughter of a friend. He needs money, and he needs to work on her from the moment he first meets her, preferably when she's an "extremely forbidden girl." "Extremely forbidden girls" can almost always be turned into Gold Diggers by showering them with presents, then rewarding them with more presents as they reciprocate with more and more affection. No affection, no presents. This method works for any type of "extremely forbidden girl," be it a daughter, daughter's friend or friend's daughter. The Humbert can eventually work up to sexual affection as his relationship Lolita progresses. He should gradually begin caressing her in more and more intimate ways, conditioning her to the feel of his hands on various parts of her body - her ass, the small of her back, etc. Properly primed like this, she'll see nothing peculiar as things get even more intimate. When Lolita gets older, she'll invariably start getting crushes on older men. Invariably, one of her first crushes will be on the Humbert providing her presents. When this happens, it's time to move in for the kill. Buy her a special present and then arrange to give it to her in private. As she squeals in delight and embraces you, take her in your arms and reciprocate. Then kiss her on the lips. She'll almost always respond passionately. Now you know she's yours. Keep embracing and letting your hands wander. Her hands will follow suit. Don't go too far, just enough to give her the idea. Then break away gently and tell her you love her. Promise her there will be more great presents as long as she keeps everything secret. If she asks you why, say you don't want everyone thinking that you favor her. That would get you both in trouble. DON'T talk about the sexual aspect of your relationship. DON'T start explaining how "some people" would think it wrong if they found out, because then she'll get curious and start asking around about "bad touching." Then you'll be nailed, BIG TIME! Explain to her that people will be upset at both of you if they think you like her better than the other girls. Tell her this is called "playing favorites," and people don't like it because they think it's not fair. Use the example of her teacher

in school. How would all the kids in class feel if they knew her teacher liked one student better than all the rest? She'll say the kids would be upset. Then show her how people would feel the same way if they thought you liked her better than all the rest of the girls. This explanation works splendidly well while avoiding the whole "good touching/bad touching" issue. You never want Lolita to think anything you're doing could be considered "bad." She'll be much more malleable if she thinks you're keeping things secret because you don't want people thinking you're playing favorites. Bagging older Gold Diggers doesn't require near the amount of subterfuge. Once a "forbidden girl" reaches the point where she's quite familiar with the facts of life, she'll pretty much pursue Mr. Money Bags of her own free will. She needs to see that he has cash, though, and that he'll be a willing accomplice. Older Gold Diggers can be alerted to your willingness to play via a few simple acts. First, be free with your money around her. Second, surprise her with an expensive gift. If she responds with affection, keep upping the ante tit for tat. You'll know a Gold Digger by the time you dish out the second present. At that point, arrange to give her the third present in private. When she squeals in delight and gives you a hug, return the embrace. Look for the classic Lolita "I'm ready to be kissed" pose - head tilted back, eyes closed. If you see that, move in for the kill.

If you've arranged enough privacy, you might be able to TAKE her right there. If the situation is not right, though, break off gently after a few minutes of making out and tell her you want to get together sometime SOON to finish what you've started. Allude to the fact that you have another present waiting for her when you get together next. She'll MAKE the date right there. Remember, the key to a Gold Digger's heart is not only your wallet but your ability to make her feel like a classy REAL woman. Take her to four-star restaurants and social engagements. It's also important to have a Love Nest hideaway for the two of you, someplace she can call her own while entertaining her romantic fantasies. The more you give her, the happier you'll make her, and the less she will even THINK about telling anyone what she's been doing with you. She's old enough to understand what's at stake here. She'll know that you can get in serious shit if your relationship is discovered. If that happens, the gravy train runs out, and she needs to find a new cash cow. This is never a pleasant prospect for the Gold Digger, so she'll pretty much do anything within reason to keep her status.

The Cash Flash

Not all Gold Diggers are little Lolitas or suburban girls with a penchant for the better things in life. Many Gold Diggers are lower class, poor girls. They can be white, black, brown, red, yellow, etc. These "forbidden girls" are not whores like the Strawberries and Road Trash we've addressed previously. These are "good girls" just waiting to go bad if the right Humbert comes along. Lower class Gold Diggers can be found anywhere where poor "forbidden girls" hang out. Inner city youth centers are an excellent place to meet such Lolitas. Simply volunteer to work there, and you'll encounter them soon enough (along with a lot of other poor Lolita types). If you live or work in a poor neighborhood, you're probably running across low class Gold Diggers every day without even knowing it. The best way to test a low class Lolita to see if she's digging for gold is to just flash some serious cash. Don't be obvious about it. In fact, pretend you don't notice she's watching.

Open your wallet with a lot of twenties showing, or produce a roll or clip with big bills showing prominently on the outside. When she starts paying A LOT of attention to you, you'll know you've hooked a Gold Digger. Now just reel her in. Some low class Gold Diggers will just come on straight - touching you, following you around, etc. If this happens, just move ahead. Ask her if she'd like to spend some time with you. Offer to take her shopping (low class Gold Diggers LOVE this). Some of these girls are more aloof, however, having been taught that "ladies" NEVER make the first move. These types of low class Gold Diggers are easy to recognize. Every time you look up, their eyes will be on you, waiting for you to come over and chat them up. When you see this, DON'T walk over. Look at her and gesture with your finger to have her come to you. Going over to her puts you in the position of weakness - you become JUST another admirer. Do this, and you'll be giving her cash and getting nothing back in return. If you gesture for her to come over, and she shakes her head and tries to get you to make the first move - DON'T! Shake your head and dismiss her the way you would a child. This will rub her Lolita Urge the wrong way, and she will invariably come to you. In this situation - rebuffing her beck and call -- many Lolitas will storm over to give you a piece of their mind. "Excuse me?! Who do you think you are? I am not your BITCH that you can just call over, etc .." Let her rant. Just smile at her, wait until she's finished, then simply ask her: "What's your name?" She'll answer and maybe keep cursing you. Keep smiling at her and say: "I like you. You don't take shit from nobody, do you ..?" By this time, most of her steam will have run out, and she'll start cooling off. As you chat her up NEVER APOLOGIZE, but be very nice. Let her know you're interested, just don't APOLOGIZE. With any Gold Digger, but especially with low class Gold Diggers, you ALWAYS want to maintain the upper hand. You are giving them cash for sex .. PERIOD. You are not giving them cash for the pleasure of their company. Start thinking like this, and a Gold Digger will OWN you, and you'll get nothing for your investment. The minute a low class Gold Digger starts getting uppity, CUT HER OFF. Make her come back to you, pussy in hand. Stand tough, and she always will crawl back. Low class Gold Diggers are different from upper class Gold Diggers because they really NEED a Mr. Money Bags to survive. With upper class Lolitas, gold digging is a matter of greed. For lower class "forbidden girls," though, gold digger means survival.

Many low class Gold Diggers have some Stoner and Rowdy Girls qualities about them. In many instances, you can invite them over to party a little (make sure you have booze and drugs handy). Often, these girls will give you a sob story about needing money for SOME big reason. Give it to them, but only after you've gotten something from them FIRST - at least a blow job. It's best not to address your relationship as a sex for money swap, though. These girls don't consider themselves whores like Strawberries. They just see themselves as your girlfriend, which entitles them to some cash and material benefits

The Poet's Pitch

This strategy was briefly described in the previous section on Romantic Artists. The Poet should use the Poet's Pitch when a Romantic Artist is encountered in a coffee shop or other non-classroom setting. Remember, The Poet doesn't have to be a poet. Humberts can pose as photographers, musicians, sculptors, stand-up comedians or anyone else in a creative or artistic field. The most important aspect

of playing The Poet is to establish your identity to the Romantic Artist before you ever talk to her. The savvy Humbert hangs out regularly in coffee houses where Romantic Artists and other "forbidden girls" hang out. He usually brings a book, a writing tablet or sketch pad along. Then he "hangs out" - reading, writing, etc. All the while, he affects a disinterested air, rarely speaking to anyone unless he's addressed first. During this time, however, he is observing everyone, especially any Lolitas who appear to be Romantic Artists. He takes stock of what they are reading and eavesdrops on their conversations. He lets nothing get by him, while apparently ignoring everyone. All these tidbits will prove useful later on. Sometimes, The Poet can hang out for weeks before a Romantic Artist makes herself known. Other times, they'll strike up a conversation immediately. If a "forbidden girl" comes up and introduces herself or attempts to make small talk, she's telling you she's curious, maybe even interested. What happens next - whether you bag her or not - is up to you. If you're immediately friendly and open, sharing who you are and what your story is at first contact, you will be relegated to "friend" status by the Romantic Artist. She doesn't want a nice, gregarious guy. Those are a dime a dozen. She wants a brooding, tortured Artist - an enigma wrapped in a mystery. The best thing to do is be polite but somewhat dismissive. Come off as if you want to get back to work and she is distracting you. Don't let your eyes linger or register her attractiveness in any way. If you do, she'll peg you as a Dirty Old Man immediately. Romantic Artists want REAL men, but not Dirty Old Men. If you appear NOT to be interested, this will make her curious. She will think to herself: "Why isn't this older guy interested in me?" Now you have the upper hand. She'll be back. It might be a few weeks, but she'll return, especially if you pay no more attention to her than an occasional nod if your eyes meet. Your disinterest will show Lolita that you're much deeper than all the other older guys who are constantly hitting on her. In other words, you must be DIFFERENT from all the rest of the guys. Curiosity piqued, she'll begin hovering, just to see if you take notice. What you do next is crucial. If you see her looking and call her over, she'll seize the upper hand, and you will cease to be a mystery. If you meet her glance with an amused smirk and a wink, then go back to what you're doing, she will see you as a challenge. She will create an opportunity to talk to you alone, either coming up to your table and addressing you directly or catching you on your way back from the restroom. She will coyly ask you an innocuous question - Hey, do you have the time? - and then wait for you start some small talk. Now you can start talking, but don't show too much interest. As you begin talking, start working on drawing her in. If she is at your table, kick out a chair. When she sits, you have her. If she catches away from your table, talk a minute then start walking slowly back to your table. If she follows you have her. Once she's sitting down at your table, you can proceed with more small talk. Ask her lots of questions, and listen to what she prattles, commenting intelligently on what seems significant to her. When she asks you questions about what you're reading or working on, answer her with short, half-answers, then move back to the topic of her. Do this, and she will be mystified - a guy who doesn't want to talk about himself?? As the conversation progresses, start recalling all the details you've observed about her. Now is the time to drop in a tidbit that will really catch her fancy. Let's say you've recently seen her with a book of Sylvia Plath poetry. You should have done your homework beforehand and learned something about Plath that you can use. Now

you simply work Plath into your conversation. Lolita will be shocked - I was just reading that book?! The more you've managed to learn about the Romantic Artist prior to your first big conversation, the easier it will be to lure her in deeper and bag her. Keep dodging her questions about what you do. Make her work at getting you to indulge in self-disclosure. This will make her feel special, like you must really be bonding with her if you're willing to talk to her because you don't TALK to anybody. Once you've started "letting her in," make sure you have a story chock-filled with enough adventure, heartbreak and tragedy to keep her intrigued. Spoon feed it to her over the course of weeks; don't dump it out all at once or she'll lose interest quickly. You'll know she's ready to fuck you when she insists on seeing your work. This is the Romantic Artist's preamble to sex. She believes sex should not only be physical, but also the union of two complementary souls. When she expresses an interest to see inside your SOUL, she's telling you she's ready to sleep with you. Invite her over to your place to see your stuff, be it poems, photos, etc. If you're a musician, invite her to a gig. This is especially effective if you play in bars and can get her in. Once she crosses the line and comes over into your domain, you need to get her comfortable and relaxed. Chances are, she knows what's going to happen next, and she's terrified. Booze and/or drugs usually do the trick. Get close to her without touching her overtly. When she leans into you or makes contact herself, reciprocate. Gently embrace her and kiss her cheek or forehead. She'll invariably close her eyes, tilt her head up and invite you to proceed. Most Romantic Artists will go all the way the first time you get them alone. Of all Lolitas, aside from Stoners, they are the most decisive sexually. When they make up their minds to do it, they do it. What happens afterward now is very important. Once you get the Romantic Artist, you must keep her interested. You do this by continuing to be brooding and self-obsessed. Once you've let her into your sanctum, you should always have new "work" for her to look at. She needs to see that you are creating, even if it means you sometimes treat her like shit. In her infantile minds, artists are supposed to be self-obsessed people who lose themselves in their work. Occasionally write her a poem, paint her a picture, etc., and she'll be yours as long as you can stand having her around. She'll also stick to you like glue if you pretend to care about her work. If you help her with her own artistic pursuit, she'll fuck you silly out of gratitude. Although Romantic Artists are one of the easiest Lolitas to lay, they are also one of the most fickle among "forbidden girls." Romantic Artists are likely to dump their present Poet Humbert when another more fascinating one comes along. By this time, The Poet is usually thankful for this.

The Groupie Game

Here we have a simple variation on The Poet's Pitch. No need to play a lot of games here because Lolita will make a play for you. Stoners, Gold Diggers, Average Girls, Romantic Artists, Virgin Marys, Ugly Girls, Sex Freaks - all Lolitas hero worship. You don't need to be a rock musician to get groupies. Writers doing readings get groupies all the time. So do artists, filmmakers, actors, etc. Athletes score groupie pussy ALL THE TIME! All you need to do is perform somewhere and be the center of attention and adulation. Fame is the ultimate aphrodisiac, and all fame is relative. You can be playing in a shit band at a shit free concert in a shit park, and the Lolitas in the crowd will think you're Mick fucking Jagger. Musicians

are the typical groupie getters. Lolitas crowd the stage at a concert, and all you need to do is aim - fish in a fucking barrel. During a break, they'll probably come up and talk. Look them in the eye and let them know you're interested. Never let on you know how old they really are. They won't tell you, or they'll outright lie, adding five years to their age. Tell them you're going somewhere after the gig and invite them along. If they need a ride, tell them you'll provide it. Now they are at your mercy. If you can't score groupie pussy with this kind of set up, you should pretty much hang it up. Writers doing readings in coffeehouses also can get some great "forbidden" groupie pussy, especially among Romantic Artists. Politicians and preachers get groupies, too - just ask Bill Clinton. Pro athletes might get the best groupie pussy of all. Plenty of "forbidden girls" fixate on pro athletes and make themselves available when they make public appearances. Jocks aren't that dumb, they TAKE the pussy. So do actors and other celebrities. No, you don't need to be FAMOUS to get "forbidden" groupie pussy. You just need to be the hottest commodity in front of their faces. If they are into thrill-fucking, they'll cum to you, guaranteed.

Discipling

The typical Prophet scam works pretty much as we described it in the previous section on Virgin Marys. Prophets can bag Virgin Marys in a variety of situations, but the most conducive environments are church youth groups, religious cults and youth-oriented political/social activities. The church youth group or volunteer community service group is the optimal place to recognize Virgin Marys and separate them from the pack. What you're looking for is a girl committed to the CAUSE, be it religion, the environment, or feeding the homeless. The beginning of this gambit plays out like a combination of the Teacher Ploy and the Poet's Pitch. The Prophet begins by pretending to take little notice of Virgin Mary, all the while sizing her up and learning everything he can about her. The rest of the scheme plays out much like Teacher's and Baby sitter's gambits. He makes Virgin Mary his assistant and confidant. They grow closer, and she manufactures some alone time for them. Then he makes a move. Unlike the Teacher's or Baby sitter's gambits, though, the Prophet has to make a show of trying to resist the temptation. He finally relents, though, when his feeling grow too strong to deny. By this time she'll be hooked, too. In more extreme religious situations with more Scripture-thumping churches, more drastic measures need to be taken. In these situations, the youth leader needs to be much more flamboyant and "filled with the spirit" in order to get Virgin Mary's attention. As he speaks before the group, he makes more and more frequent eye contact with her so that she starts getting the idea he is preaching to her above everyone else. He starts choosing Scripture lessons that have to do more and more with lust and sin, quietly gauging her reactions as he rants on and on about temptation, etc. As he sees her grow more and more mesmerized by his ravings, he singles her out from the group and speaks to her afterward. He says he senses great fire in her for god's Word, and he asks her if she's like to help him reach the other's better. The Prophet, in effect, "disciples" her. They begin meeting after the group sessions to discuss the word more deeply. Much of the conversation focuses on the sin and depravity threatening girls her age. As he works on her, he reveals that despite her "fire," he also senses great "trouble" in her spirit. He keeps working on her, asking her to confess what is

"troubling" her heart before himself and god. Now she will invariably tell him of her impure thoughts and other temptations. She may get graphic. The Prophet suddenly seems troubled. He confesses to her the same impure thoughts concerning her. She is shocked. He falls to his knees and asks her to join him in prayer. He makes a show of praying long and hard, then suddenly perks his head up. god has given him a revelation. He turns to Matthew 5:27-30 and starts reading aloud (the whole thing about looking in lust being equal to adultery, and casting off the eye, hand or other "member" that offends thee). He now starts ranting that Jesus is commanding him to castrate himself because of the lust he feels. Virgin Mary is horrified and pleads with him to stop. She tells him that god will forgive them both if they keep on praying. The Prophet then says he will keep committing the same sin again and and again as long as he thinks of Lolita. He says it is just vile lust as long as Lolita does not share his feelings. If she shared his feelings, then it wouldn't be lust and he wouldn't have to mutilate himself. Do you see where this is going? Virgin Mary doesn't want to see the Prophet injure himself, so she tells him the feeling is mutual. They are now together in their sin. Cult leaders don't need to engineer such shenanigans, though. All they need to do is convince a Virgin Mary they truly are a Prophet. After that, everything they say will be Law. Convincing someone you are god isn't as hard as it sounds. All you need is one person to believe and the rest will slowly follow. The best way to troll for recruits is to go to a place where "alternative-type" people hang out (like a coffee house) and just become a fixture there. Unlike the Poet, the Prophet engages others in conversation, arguing and debating all the while. He argues from a distinct set of truths, though, truths REVEALED to him (you choose the method - god, angels, flying saucers, etc.) Yes, you will become the local lunatic, but the longer you're there and the more unflappable you are, the more people will engage you engage you in conversation just to see what you're about. Eventually, you will strike the fancy of some socially-disenfranchised Virgin Mary looking for a CAUSE to follow. When she starts hanging around, you know you have a disciple. The great thing about being a cult leader is the ability to just tell a Virgin Mary you want to fuck her as part of the Divine Plan. If she's sucked in deep enough, she'll just do it, and you'll have your first convert. Now the real fun starts. With one convert, you won't seem like that much of a kook. Get your Virgin Mary to start roping for more "forbidden" converts, and you'll soon be swimming in Virgin Mary pussy. Prophet Humberts like Manson and Koresh had dozens of Virgin Marys fucking them and each other like rabbits. Religion is not only the opiate of the masses, it's a killer aphrodisiac, too.

Counseling or "Understanding" Her Pants Off

Some of the ripest, most easily seduced Lolitas are so-called "troubled" girls in need of "guidance" and "treatment." By the time the savvy Humbert counselor gets his hands on these brainless bimbettes, they're already fucked up. It really is like shooting fish in a barrel. What's nice here is that you don't have to be a full-fledged shrink to get some of the action. There are plenty of volunteer counseling centers - Suicide Hot lines, Shelters -- where Joe Humbert can offer his services. Sure, you have to spend a lot of time helping a bunch of losers. But if you bide your time, a "forbidden girl" is bound to come along. All your previous work serves as a great cover, and no one expects your real motive is Lolita hunting. The most

common "troubled" teen is the Stoner. This is a good way to meet Burn-Outs without having to Strike Deals with them. You still play The Man, but with a slight variation. Let the Stoner know that you think she isn't fucked up at all, and that she certainly isn't a drug addict. Tell her that no one "understands" her. Then offer her some drugs and a place to party, and shit will happen. You then become her lifeline, and while the rest of the world is fucking with her brain she will FUCK your brains out. This same tactic works for "incorrigible" and "anti-social" teens into violence, self-mutilation, vandalism, binge drinking, sleeping around and other delinquent acts. All these problems stem from issues at home. Either Daddy isn't giving them enough love or he's giving them TOO MUCH but giving it to them the wrong way. The Humbert is all for consensual incest. There's no reason why a Daddy needs to rape and hurt his daughter when he could get the same pussy with a little finesse. A lot of Daddy's don't have the brains to work the Lolita Method, so they just TAKE "forbidden" pussy by brute force. When they're through with Lolita, she's prime prey for an "understanding" counselor ready to teach her how to LOVE and FEEL like a REAL woman. The abused Lolita is a fragile creature. She hates men because of what's been done to her. Yet, she yearns for the approval and affection of a REAL man. The Humbert counselor sees this and gives free reign to Lolita's id - i.e. her desire for pleasure. He asks her what she WANTS to do, and lets her do it under his supervision. If she wants to drink, he lets her. If she wants to get a tattoo, he approves. He basically gives her permission to do ANYTHING and approves of her no matter what she does. After awhile, her suspicion lessens, and she begins to trust Humbert. He REALLY understands her. Eventually, she takes him into her confidence, and he can learn everything inside her pea-brain. Armed with this information, he can plan his seduction accordingly. Typically, the Humbert counselor is the first older male authority figure Lolita ever respects. He exerts a strong influence over her life, and she will experience her first REAL crush. The savvy Humbert sees the change in her character when this happens. She talks to him differently and constantly strives for his attention and affection. At this point, the Humbert counselor should have her Lolita type carefully pegged. Is she a Stoner, Gold Digger, Average Girl, Romantic Artist, Virgin Mary, Ugly Girl or Sex Freak? What will stroke her Lolita Urge. The great thing about "troubled" girls is that they usually wear their hearts out on their sleeves once trust has been established. Unconsciously vulnerable, they are easily manipulated as long as their ids are allowed to run free under your supervision. An interesting sub-category of troubled girls are self-destructive girls - anorexics, fatties, self-mutilators and suicidals. These girls are all looking for something to fill a void in their lives. The anorexic is trying to be perfect - her delusion of what being a REAL woman is all about. The fatty is an Ugly Girl who has given up on REALITY and retreated deep into an altered state where the sensation of eating has replaced love. Self-mutilators and suicidal teens are seeking to fill the void by ending it all, thus erasing it from their consciousness. The solution to all their problems is sex, most specifically sex from an older, experienced Humbert who will feel their voids and make them feel like REAL women. Express attraction for these troubled teens, and they will respond. Once again, let them do what they want and always approve of them. Soon they will attach themselves to you and communication will increase. They will develop a crush that can then be exploited. Troubled girls who start getting fucked regularly and cumming HARD will be

"cured" quite quickly of their particular self-destructive pathologies. All they need is to have their Lolita Urges stroked in the proper manner by the savvy Humbert. Look at it this way, you're actually doing them a favor.

Calling Her Bluff

Occasionally, you will encounter Lolitas that, for one reason or another, are simply ASKING to be fucked. These are the "forbidden girls" commonly known as "teases," and they are usually Rowdy Average Girls, Ugly Girls or Sex Freaks, although some are Stoners, Gold Diggers and Romantic Artists. Teases act this way because it makes them feel empowered. They will come on strong, believing a man will ultimately back down before TAKING them. Teases can be broken down into two categories - Touchable and Untouchable. As a general rule, the better looking a tease the LESS touchable she is. Ugly Girl teases are looking to get fucked, and will succumb easily with no resistance. Better-looking teases are likely to turn on you the minute things start heating up. So when do you call a tease's bluff? First assess what type of Lolita she is. You won't know if she's a Sex Freak yet (even though she might say she is), so you really only have a few distinct possibilities. Stoner teases will fuck as long as you have drugs. Gold Digger teases will do the same for material gain. This leaves Average Girls, Romantic Artists and Ugly Girls. We've already established that Ugly Girls will spread their legs for anything. Ugly Girl Teases need their bluffs called immediately. Some may make a show of running away, but they won't run too hard, sometimes not even a foot away. If she's Ugly, just TAKE her and make her cum HARD. She'll never cry "Rape." "I love you," but never rape. Average Girl teases are a little trickier, however. Most Average Girl teases are Rowdy Girls or Jock Girls in a group. Ignore teases in a group. They are showing off for their friends, not you. If an Average Girl teases you by herself, though, she is probably looking to get fucked. She's just looking for the guy who's a REAL man enough to do it. The best approach with a one-on-one tease like this is to act amused. Smile at Lolita like she's a kid. Here you are reverse-stroking her Lolita Urge. She's acting sexual to feel like a woman. You're regarding her as a kid, though. This incites her to push the issue even further. If you can push an Average Girl tease far enough, she'll put herself in a position where she can't back out. She'll say things and do things she can't take back. When you get her to this point, TAKE her. The last type of Lolita tease is the Romantic Artist. She is the one to stay away from. She only wants to play. Take her on seriously, and you are headed for trouble. Romantic Artists are filled with all types of silly notions about sexual harassment and imposition. They are the ones who will flash you some tit, come off as a free spirit, then turn your ass in to the cops if you act on THEIR signals. The only way to a Romantic Artist's pussy is through her soul. Her surface sexuality - and some are VERY sexual on the surface - is all a sham. She may look like Madonna, but she bites like Gloria Steinem. So just back off.

Personal Ads

In the original edition of the Lolita Method, this strategy was covered quite extensively. In those days, the Internet as we know it didn't exist. The only way Lolitas could seek out Humberts was trolling the personal ads for singles seeking mates. The prime place for such personals are the weekly free tabloids located in

most cities. These tabloids typically cover the town's nightlife and club scene, then contain pages in the back devoted to "SWM, 40, ISO SWF/non-smoker into Gordon Lightfoot .. blah blah .." These ads are supposed to be for consenting adults, but they are prime trolling areas for Humberts and Lolitas alike. This activity still exists today, but it has been curtailed by the easy access of Internet bulletin boards, newsgroups, chat rooms and e-mail. There are Lolitas who do peruse the personal ads in search of REAL men, though, and Humberts can still bag some "forbidden" pussy this way. Hence, we will address this tactic in an abbreviated format. Basically, the personal ad technique relies on being able to communicate to Lolitas that you are interested in dating younger girls. All Lolita types have been known to scan the personals looking for an older man who will treat them like a REAL woman. Gold Diggers are looking for Mr. Money Bags, Stoners for The Man, etc. So how does Humbert show he's available for "forbidden" girls? The secret lies in the wording of the ad. Here are some key phrases you can salt your ad with:

"loves to party" "adventurous" "Are you sick of BOYS who don't know how to treat you right?" "May-December (as in M-D romance)" "looking for wild child .."
"generous, mature man seeking .."

Get the picture? It's not really that difficult. The idea here is to convey that you are an older man looking for a younger female. NEVER mention an age. This allows Lolita to imagine herself as eligible for your proposal. Let's look at some sample ads now that have actually worked. Feel free to use them.

SWM, (approx age here), seeks wild child into (name hot current alternative or heavy metal bands) and parties in the park. If you've ever wondered what it would be like to be treated in the style you deserve, then quit playing with the boys and give romance a chance.

Bored? Ready for anything? Experienced professional man, (approx age), seeks bold, adventurous party-girl who wants more out of life. Homecoming Queens need not apply.

Depraved WM sex maniac, (approx age), seeks the hottest, horniest slut this side of Dawson's Creek (or any popular teen show). If you've been looking for someone to teach you the ropes, try giving me a climb.

WM, (approx age), seeks lonely, pretty ingenuous with a dirty mind. Why should cheerleaders have all the fun? Take a chance at true romance.

Sick of clueless boys leaving you unsatisfied, unappreciated and unloved? I'm a little older and a little wiser, and brains turn me on more than beauty. Don't be shy, give me a try.

Bored writer, WM, (approx age), new to the area, ISO of sensual yet innocent poetess to resurrect me. I'll be your Muse if you'll be mine.

You see? There's no need to pose as a younger man. Place ads like these and the message is clear. You don't even have to play games once you've made contact. The cards are already on the table. And don't worry, Lolitas looking for older men will eventually respond. All you need to do is make sure you can live up to their fantasies once you've made contact.

Online Ploys

Back when the Lolita Method was first conceived over 10 years ago (1988 to be exact), the online world as we know it didn't exist. Only a select few geeks owned computers. Strangers met through the personal ads or phone chat rooms. Things have changed since then, though, and the Lolita Method needs to keep up with the times. Thus, we've included this next small section addressing online Lolita hunting. A small disclaimer - this section is by no means comprehensive. We ourselves have never gone online Lolita hunting. The recent, much publicized busts of cyber-pedos across the country have made us leery of trying to exploit a system we don't fully understand. We have managed to cobble together a few tips from news stories and personal correspondence, however, and that's what we've included here. **THIS IN NO WAY MEANS WE CAN VOUCH FOR THESE TACTICS!** In subsequent editions of the Lolita Method, we hope to be able to bring you a more comprehensive study of online Lolita hunting. Any assistance in this area would be greatly appreciated. You know how to reach us.

The Basic "SAFE" Rules of Thumb

An online friend gave me this clever system and acronym to use while conducting all cyber-affairs. It seems especially appropriate for the Humbert hunting Lolitas. SAFE stands for Skepticism/Suspicion, Anonymity, False/Fake Identity & Escape Route. Whenever you deal with anyone online, you should always keep these things in mind, especially if you're dealing with someone who claims they're a "forbidden" girl. Always be skeptical and suspicious. Never PERSONALLY take anyone at face value that you meet online. At the same time, however, while you're online you should always deal with people just as they present themselves. In other words, if someone says they're a woman or an old man, don't start accusing him/her of being a sock puppet, etc. (Think about it, you have no REAL way of proving anything.) Remember, people choose online IDs because that's who they want to be. Let them have their fun. They're letting you have yours. BUT don't EVER believe anyone online is telling you the REAL truth. This may sound paranoid, but it's just sensible. Cyber-pals are purely one-dimensional. They only exist on your computer screen. Turn your system off, and they cease to exist in your world. The same goes for them and their relationship with you. The alternative to this philosophy is to TRUST someone you don't REALLY know. You can see the problems inherent in this. Thus, play along with people, but never trust them. In the case of meeting a "forbidden" girl online, always exercise skepticism and suspicion. She could be a guy or a teenage boy, or worse yet some self-appointed cyber-cop intent on "cleaning up Dodge." In the case of the latter, your trust and lack of skepticism could get you 15-20 years playing butt-bongo in the state penitentiary. In keeping with your skepticism and suspicion, you should always safeguard your anonymity online. We're not going to go into how to do this here. That's a whole different book. For those interested, surf the web for privacy systems and read the literature. Hang out on some newsgroups where this is discussed and pick up some tips. Going deep into the online underground is like fucking the most experienced hooker in the world. You have no idea where she's been or where you're going, so be protected. Anonymity is only half the game, however. A lot of idiots safeguard their technical privacy then reveal their REAL IDs online. Always have a fake ID prepared. Never tell anyone who you REALLY

are. If we all did this, we'd all be safe online. Anyone who wants to do nastiness, would be swiping at shadows. The last element to remember is preparing an escape route. Few people do this, and when they get themselves in too deep they get caught. All the while your online with someone claiming to be a "forbidden" girl, you should be constantly asking yourself how you can extricate yourself from the situation if it goes sour. Like Dorothy in Oz, you're eventually going to need to get back home. When you awake from your cyber-fantasy, you don't want it to become a living nightmare. The savvy Humbert establishes a free web-mail box on hotmail, yahoo, altavista, etc. He does this at a public computer terminal (libraries, cyber-cafes, etc.), never his home or office PC. He provides all fake information when signs up. Then, using this box he registers for newsgroup access via dejanews or remarq. This will allow him to lurk newsgroups, posting & replying with total anonymity. One of the great things about web-mail boxes and deja/remarq accounts is that they can be accessed by public computers ANYWHERE. The savvy Humbert constantly changes his location, going from one public computer to the next, never in any discernible pattern. If he's ever being traced, Law Enforcement Agents (LEA) will never be able to get a fix on him. Most major cities have dozens of public access computers scattered throughout town and the surrounding areas. LEA might know approximately where you're at, but they'll never be able to cover all the bases. To cross them up even further, use terminals in distant towns and across state lines periodically. WHATEVER YOU DO, don't engage in Lolita hunting from your home or office PC. Don't even check your e-mail from their ONCE! Web-mail sites keep user logs that track every visit. If you even slip once, it could mean your life. If you follow these simple steps, you should be able to safeguard your anonymity 100% via e-mail and newsgroup posting. "Forbidden" girls can be found on newsgroups all the time - at least people who say they're forbidden (remember, skepticism). There are newsgroups devoted to "forbidden" users, but these are usually watched and moderated closely. Music newsgroups are a good place to find "forbidden" girls. So are forums devoted to women's athletics, television, etc. "Forbidden" girls do lurk on sex/adult newsgroups quite often, but they almost never de-lurk or answer queries from posters wanting to meet "forbidden girls." If they ever do contact anyone from an adult group, it's usually by e-mail from a web-mail box. This is how the typical "forbidden" newsgroup relationship starts, and in 99% of the cases the "forbidden" girl is a man, boy or LEA. It's best to know how to handle an unsolicited e-mail from someone claiming to be "forbidden." For one, don't start talking about sex right away. If they do, ignore them or give them short answers. Engage in non-sexual conversation, almost to the point of being boring. The guys, boys and cyber-cops will get bored quickly and move on. If your new pal hangs on, though, you might have the genuine article. If they constantly talk about sex, though, you're being scammed, especially if they keep telling you they're available and asking you what you would do to them if you HAD them. Like any REAL seduction, online seductions take time and finesse. With the added dimension of cyber-cops out there, the savvy Humbert is very deliberate when Lolita hunting. He keeps the e-mails non-sexual at first, and at the first sign of bacon he ceases correspondence immediately and moves on. Jilted cyber-cops will often keep trying if they are convinced you are "dangerous." If you've just cut off a new pal because you smelled bacon, always suspect that your next pal may be

the pig trying for a second round. Fortunately, cyber-cops are notoriously inept at convincing anyone they are "forbidden girls." They are much too pushy and far TOO cute - too many LOLs, smiley faces, etc. They also think posting in all small letters makes them a "grl." One newsgroup devoted to "forbidden girls" featured a series of posts in which regulars shared their cyber-cop mail with everyone. Once you see how incompetent LEA really is, it's hard to believe they CATCH anyone off newsgroups and e-mails. But they do, and the savvy Humbert is always looking out for them. But what about chat rooms, ICQ, AIM and other real-time forums? This gets trickier because many of these features are blocked from public computers precisely to prevent predatory Humberts from Lolita hunting. This means Humbert needs to take a chance and go hunting from his home or office PC. Now is when you'll need all that privacy software everyone is always talking about. If you can find a suitable system and fire it up, you'll at least be able to travel anonymously online. This doesn't protect you completely, though. As evidenced by the hundreds of Humberts getting busted a year, chat rooms and the like are great places to meet Lolitas but also rife with cyber-cops and other do-gooders. Even with excellent anonymizing software, Humberts can still slip up, especially when they start arranging meetings with Lolitas online. Here's where the false identity and escape route elements come into play. The typical cyber-pedo bust goes down this way. Humbert meets Lolita online. They chat. They arrange a meeting in a public place, Humbert drives up, gets out of his car. LEA has a "forbidden girl" or "forbidden-looking" lady pig waiting nearby with a wire. Humbert walks over to her, says who he is, and the pigs rush in to take their prize. Of course, this all could have been easily avoided if our Humbert would have remembered to stay SAFE. First off, if you meet a "forbidden girl" online who starts talking sex right away, she's almost always a guy, boy or LEA. Just in case she's not, though, you keep her talking, trying to get onto other subjects so you can feel her out and see if she slips up. If she insists on going back to sex, she's DEFINITELY a guy, boy or LEA. Always assume the worst, LEA, and get out of there. Hint - REAL forbidden girls will say they're older than they are, insisting that they're legal (usually 18 or 19). Remember the Lolita Urge?! Treat someone you suspect is really "forbidden" as a REAL woman, and she'll eat it up. In case you're wondering, cyber-cops can't play this game. They can't say they're legal one minute, then turn around and say they're "forbidden" the next. This kind of entrapment would never stand up in court. Any man could say he believed the girl was legal and merely playing a fantasy later - purely reasonable in the world of cyber-sex. So watch out for online Lolitas who trumpet their "forbidden-ness" from the get-go. Real online Lolitas won't want to be considered "girls," and they won't be interested in Dirty Old Men. Real online Lolitas will also evidence their Lolita type, just as flesh and blood Lolitas do. Cyber-cops won't do this because they don't understand how Lolitas think. Cyber-cops immediately play the Sex Freak Lolita role, which as we know is the most uncommon Lolita type. They may give lip service to some Lolita pastime or preoccupation, but they won't blather on about Sylvia Plath, Dawson's Creek, playing softball, or clothes. They'll mimic "forbidden girls," but the savvy Humbert knows enough about Lolitas to be able to spot their ruse. If you can't type a Cyber-Lolita after some pointed non-sexual questions, she's not a Lolita For the sake of argument, though, let's say you've been reasonably cautious with an online Lolita. You think she might be the real

deal, so you arrange a meeting. First, never give her your real name, your license number, or anything but a vague description. Never tell her you'll be wearing an identifiable piece of clothing either. When you arrange a meeting, make it in public spot that is both open and conducive to cover. Malls are great, so are crowded parks or street corners. Give her an arranged time in the late afternoon or early evening (while it's still light), but show up at least three hours early. Choose your meeting place with a vantage point in mind where you can watch the spot and surrounding area without being seen. If it's a sting, you'll see everything going down before your very eyes. You'll see cops pull up, hang out and prepare for the bust. You'll see your "Lolita" scope out the area, test her wire, etc. The reason so many Humberts get busted so easily is that they don't prepare their escape routes. They arrange a meeting, show up on time, search the area for pigs, see "nothing" and proceed. Of course they see "nothing." The sting has already been set. Sure some Humberts show up a little early, maybe an hour even. Some have even secured a hidden vantage point. But they see "nothing" and proceed. Always show up at least three hours early. No sting is going down without cops securing the area and setting up their positions. They do this far ahead of the arranged time so they are all set for the bust when it goes down. Knowing this allows you to be earlier and better prepared than they are. Follow these simple words of advice, and you'll never be caught with your pants down. Smell bacon, and just walk away.

Assorted Games for Little Lolitas

This last section is a grab bag of games you can use with extremely "forbidden" girls (you know what we mean). As we've seen, the best seduction technique for these little Lolitas involves turning her into a little Gold Digger. Most little Lolita's can be properly trained to exchange affection for material gain - presents, gifts, etc. We also addressed the best way to keep this relationship discreet and confidential. The savvy Humbert makes it an issue of "favoritism," not "good and bad touching." In many instances, though, a Humbert will not be in a position where he can train a little Lolita to be a Gold Digger. For these cases, there are games the Humbert can play that will put little Lolitas in his clutches temporarily. Many times, these games will appeal to certain little Lolis, who will then want to play more and form a special friendship.

Tickle-me Elmo - Named after the popular toy. The object is to see how long "Elmo" can last before laughing. Both Lolis and Humberts take turns being Elmo.

ER - named after the TV show. One person plays dead, and the others try to revive him/her.

WWF - named after the pro-wrestling program. This is simple. Just wrestle.

Twister - popular game sold in stores.

Others exist, and can easily be improvised with a little imagination. Whatever you do, AVOID any games where clothes come off or video cameras are used. Be THINKING all the time, too. Spending 10-15 getting your ass stretched at the State Sodomy Camp is only one boo-boo away.

These are the basic seduction strategies used by the savvy Humbert. In the last section of this book, we'll look at actual, true-life case studies of Humberts

bagging Lolitas. Each of these narratives is true. Many have been experienced by the authors themselves. It is our hope they will prove both useful and entertaining. Happy hunting.

The Lolita Method Part II

Case Studies

Okay, we've reached the part of the book a lot of you have been waiting for, the Case Studies. On the following pages, we will examine the various Lolita types in depth and see how savvy Humberts have used the Lolita Method to bag them. In the original edition of *The Lolita Method*, the case studies section was pretty small, one or two studies for every Lolita type. The narratives were based on the true-life experiences of the two primary authors and Lolita hunters, Scott (aka PRED) & Bill (a pseudonym). After the first edition of *The Lolita Method* appeared in 1989-90, it circulated underground in porno and head shops for several months before the publisher, Freedom Storehouse Press (NYC) began receiving unsolicited mail from readers wanting to share their own experiences and seduction techniques. Armed with this new data, the authors and Freedom Storehouse Press released a second edition of the Method a year later. This new edition featured enough new case studies to warrant a separate appendix section in the back of the book. Almost eight years later, the amount of case studies has grown even more, prompting us to divide the book into two parts. Part I you have just finished. It defines and explains the Lolita Method. Part II, the section before you, takes the theories presented in Part I and shows how they have been applied to real-life situations. Each Lolita type is represented here in detail, with numerous case studies demonstrating the variety of Lolitas within each type and the myriad seduction techniques in the savvy Humbert's arsenal. Every case study is introduced with the names and ages of the Humbert and Lolita, the Lolita type and corresponding Humbert type, and the seduction technique utilized. The case study is then followed by a brief analysis highlighting how and why the hunt proved successful. Bon appetit ..

1

Stoners, Strawberries, Whores & Road Trash

Lolita: Kira, age 13-15 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 25 Technique: Striking a Deal

I was cruising the malls looking for some "forbidden" Stoner pussy one summer evening. I had some good shit with me, and as I cruised through the back parking lot behind Sears I found three prime prospects sitting by a trash dumpster and smoking. They looked no more than 15, and the smallest one among them, a skinny blond, looked like she could have been 12, although she was probably just a very petite 13-year-old. I parked my car in the empty spaces a few feet from them and studied them for any sign of interest. A red-haired girl, who appeared to be their leader, flashed me the half-bored, half-curious smile of the Stoner Girl looking for "action," so I got out of my car and walked over. "Hi," I ventured. The red-head smiled, and the other two just stared - the skinny little blond and a plump, pretty blond - a real knock-out -- I'd seen lurking around the mall before with other Stoners and Rowdies. I always recalled seeing her with an older boy, though. I wondered if there weren't other kids around, so I did a quick survey of

the area, but spotted nothing. I turned my attention back to the red-head since she seemed to be the Lolita in charge and the cunt to talk to. "You guys look thrilled," I commented. "Yeah, we're just fucking e-static," the red-head answered while the other girls sized me up. The red-head was in a black cut-off Def Leppard tee-shirt and black shorts. The plump, knock-out blond was poured into a tight pink tee-shirt and faded, skin-tight jeans. The small, elfin blond with the big eyes wore a spaghetti-strap halter top and cut-off Levi's that showed off her skinny frame, the tiny nubs of her tit buds and her bony legs. The looks in their eyes were all shades of puzzled. Who was I? What did I want? Was I a cop, a pervert or a cool guy with some stuff maybe? I guess the red-head decided I looked worth a risk because she asked me my name. I told her "Scott," and she smiled. "You know my friend Amy, don't you ..?" she asked. She moved her hand down to indicate she was talking about a short girl, then she moved her hands out from her chest to indicate big boobs. "Yeah, Amy," I nodded. I knew exactly who she was talking about, a small, big-titted Stoner I'd picked up last fall and fucked over the winter. Now I recognized the red-head, too. She's always been hanging in the background when I dealt with Amy and her friends. The red-head had been a lot smaller then. She'd really blossomed in the last several months. She had a trim succulently freckled body now, with nice firm B-cup tits that stood out like two ripe apples above her flat, milky-white tummy. "How's she doing?" I asked. "I haven't seen her since like March or something." "She's in rehab," the red-head answered. "Parents busted her with a like a gram or something. A lot of other kids got busted, too." "Lynne?" I asked, recalling the name of one of Amy's friends that I'd also fucked pretty regularly. "Mm hmm, her too," the red-head answered. "What's your name again?" I asked. "Donna," she answered. "This is Tracey," she pointed to the blond knock-out, "and her little sister Kira," the indicated the tiny, elf like blond. She turned to the other girls now. "He's cool. He used to deal with Amy and Lynne. He always has some good shit, don't you ..?" she looked back at me. "Maybe. What are you guys up for?" I asked. "You got any coke?" Donna asked. "I might," I nodded. "You do know how Amy and I used to work stuff out, don't you ..?" I asked, hoping she did. "Mm hmm," she nodded. "That's cool." She turned back to the girls. "He'll give us the shit free if one of us screws him." The girls started. "He's cool," Donna reiterated. "Amy and Lynne and a lot of girls used to do him." She'd obviously heard the stories because she smiled. I suddenly sensed that Donna wouldn't be the one fucking me that evening. She'd obviously become the leader of this little trio in the wake of Amy's and Lynne's incarcerations, and that entitled her to certain privileges now. One of the other two would fuck me to get the stuff and earn the right to hang with her. I looked into Donna's eyes and knew immediately who that would be - the little sister, the tag-along, the girl who needed to prove herself in order to hang with the crowd. She pointed to Kira. "Go with him and get the stuff and bring it back here." Kira just kind of slid to her feet, not saying a word. "Donna," Tracey started in when she saw her little sister moving towards me. "I said he was cool, Trace," Donna snapped at her. "She'll go get the shit with him and be back in a few. He used to do this with Amy and Lynne all the time. Okay ..?" "Come on," I pointed to my car and Kira started walking beside me. A minute later, we were on the road. I already had a motel room set up about five miles away off the highway. Kira played with the radio as I drove. "I'm not going to hurt you," I finally said to her. "You may even have fun," I

grinned at her. She looked up at me and forced a smile. She was doing this purely so she could show her older sister's friend she was grown-up and ready to hang with them. She didn't look scared. She just looked like she didn't want to be there. I didn't try to make anymore small talk, and we rode in silence until we arrived at my motel room. She followed me up the backstairs into my room. When we entered and I closed the door, she just started taking off her clothes. I didn't even have to ask her. She was naked except for her tennis shoes and socks in a under a minute. Her body was so small and skinny that she looked like even a moderate fucking might just crush her ribcage. She was all business, wanting to get everything over with ASAP and get back to the mall. I wasn't about to let her off that easy. I let her stand there naked in my room as I calmly opened a bottle of Scotch. I poured myself a shot while she watched me with those big doe eyes. I downed the shot, took another and then looked at her. "What would you like?" I pointed to the liquor bottles on the desk. "I have some juice in the fridge." I indicated the portable refrigerator in the back of the room by the bathroom. "How about a screwdriver or a vodka & cran." She looked at me blankly, then just kind of nodded. "I know what you'll like," I smiled back. I crossed the room with, took out some cranberry and pineapple juice from the fridge and popped a few ice cubes in a glass. Then I took the juice over to the desk and whipped her up a Bay Breeze. I mixed it strong in order to take the edge off, and handed it to her. She sipped it, liked the taste, then downed it thirstily. "Want another one?" I asked. "Yes, please," she whispered, handing me back the glass. I made her another one, and she downed this one just as quickly. I watched her naked, skinny body shake as she downed the strong drink. I handed her my bong, and she sucked on the tube as I fired it up. I watched her pale, elfin body slowly sink into relaxation as the potent herb trickled into her lungs, bloodstream and eventually her brain. I took her by the hand and led her naked, skinny body over to the bed. I sat her down and cupped her elfin chin in my hand with one hand, using my other to tease her tiny nipples into hard kernels of dark pink flesh. I brushed back the hair from her face, so I could see her big, doe eyes, then I placed her hand on my zipper and snaps. She kind of gulped, then began to work my swollen cock out of my jeans. She gasped when she realized how big it was and then just froze. I had to take her hand, put it inside my elastic waist band and push her fingers around my thick dick stalk. "You have to .." I whispered to her, gently but decisively. She nodded quickly, took a deep breath, and pulled my cock out. In her tiny, bony, elfin hands it looked positively monstrous in it's nine-inch glory. I let her use her small hands to guide my prick-helmet up to her mouth and inquisitively flick her tongue along its bloated, purplish surface. She had sucked dick before, but obviously never one this size. She seemed positively mystified by its dimensions, and she kept readjusting her hands on my shaft and balls trying to find a way to gain control over its rampant fury while she licked. "You have to let me put it in," I told her, gently pulling her hand off my dick and balls. "No hands. Only little girls use their hands. You aren't a little girl, are you ..?" I didn't wait for an answer, sliding my cock-head between her gasping lips and slowly fucking it into her face while she sucked in vain, trying to somehow stave off the onslaught barreling into her small, elfin mouth. Every time she went back to my cock with her hands, I slapped them gently away until she got the idea. I slowly managed to feed her small mouth more and more of my throat-throttler until I had more than half

stuffed in there. She was squealing, thinking I was going to suffocate her or something as I plowed into her tonsils. After a few minutes, she realized I knew what I was doing, and that I wasn't going to hurt her. I might make her gag on my bloated prick, but I wasn't going to really choke her. The booze and pot in her system was now really kicking in, and mixed with the heady high of awakening cock-lust I was able to pacify her in a matter of ten minutes or so. In a short while, she just sat there on the bed, her tiny gaping mouth stretched to its full capacity while she passively accepted every stroke and thrust I battered into her resigned face. Her skinny little throat felt so glorious as it milked my cock with every stab and withdrawal. Her spit and my pre-cum now sputtered and leaked out the corners of her elfin mouth, and her big doe-eyes were glazed over with a zombified bliss. I choke fucked her like that for about another ten minutes before I released her and laid her back on the bed. She just stared at my dick in amazement as I climbed over her, turned myself around so we were in a 69 position, then inserted my balls in her mouth. "You suck my balls and keep my dick all slick while I get your pussy ready to fuck," I told her. "Remember no hands." So while she passively let me tea-bag and throat-fuck her, I licked her tiny, peach-fuzz pussy to a hard cum. She kind of just collapsed after that, so I crawled back over her, turned around and slapped a rubber on. Then I grabbed each of her bony ankles in one hand, and bent her body back so her pussy was lying flat even with her belly. With her skinny bent up like a hair pin, I slid my hard nine-inch along the groove of her ass until it sank like a drill bit into her moist, pink pussy-meat. She gurgled and made squealing noises as I pronged into her spread cunt, yelping with every backstroke, moaning when my cock-head almost popped out of her tight twat, and then hissing "yes" when I buried myself back inside her elfin frame. I fucked her like this for a good fifteen minute straight before I finally dumped into my rubber. I pumped away inside her for another minute, pressing her skinny frame into the mattress beneath my weight and just grunt-fucking every last drop of cum out. Then I finally let up, pulled out and slid my slimy cock-glove off. She just laid there and watched me put the scummy Trojan up to her lips and squeeze the giz onto her face. After most of the cum dribbled out, I told her to blow up the rubber like a balloon. I couldn't believe it when she did this. We then got dressed, I gave her the coke and we drove back. When we got back to the mall, she got out of my car with the bag of stuff and the condom balloon in the other. She looked just like a little girl holding a bag of candy and a toy balloon. I cracked up and went on my way.

Analysis - This is a typical Stoner story. The savvy Humbert has dozens of them. I still go to that same mall and work the same magic. Lolitas haven't changed one bit in ten years.

Lolita(s): Brenda, age 14 (Stoner); Judy, age 14 (Ugly Girl) Humbert: Kevin, age 28
Technique: Cruising, Striking a Deal, Truth or Dare

Note - The following was excerpted from a letter we received after the first edition of the Lolita Method. Kevin was a satisfied customer and wanted us to know what The Method had done for him. His letter made us proud to be Humberts, and prouder yet to help others realize their dreams. The following case study could have been included with the Ugly Girls, but since only one Lolita was Ugly and the other more dominant one was a Stoner we decided to include Kevin's experiences

here. (His words have been edited for grammar and punctuation.)

" .. I was traveling on business in a strange town, so I thought I'd try out some stuff in your book and see if it worked. I was just cruising around looking for girls in spots where you said they might be hanging out. I had some pot and beer with me and some more back in my motel room with some beer. I went to the mall, but no luck making contact. I was driving back to my room, still cruising a little when I saw these two girls sitting on a rock under a tree by this kind of small park. They looked like Stoners maybe looking for a good time, so I figured what the fuck, and I stopped and rolled down the window. I said "hi" and they looked at me and asked me what I wanted. I said they looked like they might want to party a little. No one was around, so I lifted up a nickel bag and waved it at them. The first girl was kind of rough-looking, but pretty, and the other girl was kind of fat and ugly, and the first girl gets up and walks over. The fat girl follows her. I ask them their names and the pretty one says Brenda, and the fat one says Judy. They say they don't ride with strangers, so I say that's too bad because I have more stuff at my motel room. They walk away and start talking and I wait there, just about to drive off, when they come back up and say they'll go with me if they can see my driver's license. I know this was dumb but I figured why not just show them so I did. They looked at me, said now they knew who I was so I shouldn't try anything. Then they got in the car. Brenda rolled a joint and they had one of the beers. We talked, and when we got back to my room they decided to come up after they talked together again. We started smoking and drinking then, and I was going to make a move when Brenda asks me if she can call this guy she knows and get some really good stuff and if I'll pay for it. Thinking this gave me a chance to deal, I said "yes," and she called the guy, telling him to come over to the room. Then we drank some more and talked, and Judy said she was bored, so I said let's play a game. They asked what game, and I said Truth or Dare just like you said in the book. They were pretty wasted by now, so they agreed, and we started playing. I started and asked Brenda "truth or dare?" She said, "truth," so I asked if she was a virgin. She said, "no," and since Judy didn't challenge I didn't either, and it was her turn. She chose Judy and asked, "truth or dare?" Judy said, "truth," so Brenda asked, "Did you suck Marco Cleland's cock?" Judy started laughing, but we kept asking her, so she finally said, "yes." It was Judy's turn now, and she asked me, "truth or dare?" I took "truth," and she asked "How big is your dick?" "8 inches," I said. Brenda leaned over and whispered something to Judy, and Judy said, "Challenge!" "Yeah, challenge," Brenda said, too. She punched Judy in the arm, whispered to her again and egged her on. "You're going to have to prove it," Judy said. "Come on, prove it, or we'll make you take a dare, and that will be to show us your cock. So you're going to have to show us anyway. So just do it." I stood up and pulled down my pants and underpants. They were surprised when they saw my cock really was eight inches and very hard. Now it was my turn, and I turned to Judy. "You challenged me and lost," I told her, "now you have to do my dare." "No way," she said. But Brenda told her she had to, and Judy finally agreed. "What's your dare?" she finally asked. "You gotta suck my cock," I told her. She tried to get up and get away, but Brenda pulled her back down and told me to come over and put my dick in Judy's mouth. Brenda kind of pinned Judy against the bed and I stood over her and put my dick against her mouth. She didn't up her mouth, though, so Brenda told her she was going to tell everyone in school that Judy had sucked

Marco Cleland's dick if she didn't suck mine. Then she called Judy a baby and a bunch of other stuff and said they wouldn't be friends anymore if she didn't take the dare and suck my cock. Then Judy just kind of leaned forward, and she was crying, and she started sucking my cock. She wasn't very good at blow-jobs yet, but it still felt great to have some girl that young sucking my cock. Then there was a knock on the door, and Brenda let Judy go and told her to keep sucking until I came. She went to the door and let in these two teenage guys. They came in and looked at me getting a blow job and kind of laughed. Judy tried to pull away, but I held her there and she kept sucking. I think she was pretty wasted by then and it didn't really matter anymore. Brenda took money out of my wallet and paid the guys for the stuff, which was a brick. The guys opened some beers and sat on the bed and watched Judy suck me. Brenda asked them if they wanted to stick around, but they said "no" they had to get going in a second. I think they just wanted to see me cum and see Judy swallow my cum, because when I did cum they started laughing and high-fiving while I made Judy swallow. When she was done, I gave her some beer and Brenda gave her a joint she'd just rolled with the new stuff. This stuff was real good because Judy mellowed right away. I told the guys to leave, and they did then. Then I turned back to the girls and asked them if they wanted to trip and fuck. Brenda told Judy to, and she would watch first. I told her I wanted to fuck her, too, since I'd just bought her that brick. She said she would, but that she just wanted to watch first. So she watched us fuck and smoked a big joint. Judy was pretty fat but she fucked pretty good. She wasn't a virgin, that's for sure, but it still was very cool fucking a girl that age. I had condoms with me, and after I came Brenda wanted me to take the condom off and have Judy drink the cum out of it. Judy was so stoned now that she did it. Then she laid there and told Brenda she had to fuck me now like she promised. I think Brenda was hoping I'd be limp and not be able to fuck her, but even after two cums I was still pretty hard, hard enough for her to suck me back into shape. So I walked over to her on the other bed and told her a deal was a deal and to get stripped. She rolled over the bed and started kicking off her jeans. Then she took off her sweatshirt, and I reached over and unsnapped her bra. She had nice tits, all firm and pretty big and her body wasn't fat at all like Judy's. I lifted her legs and she let me slide down her panties off her legs. Then I felt her hairy cunt and it was pretty dry, so I ate her out, and she really seemed to like that. This got me real hard again, and I put on a rubber and stuck my dick in her pussy which was now real wet. I fucked her real hard, and she liked this, and she wrapped her legs around me. I wasn't going to cum for awhile now, maybe an hour even, which happens if I cum a couple times and then I'm stoned. I can just fuck forever. So I did, first like I was, then doggie style and then with Brenda on top. She was real exhausted after awhile, and she did cum when she was on top of me. So she just quit, so I turned her back on her back, and I tit fucked her after Judy gave me some moisturizer. I took off the rubber now and after tit-fucking for awhile I climbed up and put my dick in her mouth. She sucked me, and I fucked her face, but not too hard and she seemed like she really wanted me to cum because she was really trying to suck me hard. By this time, Judy was passed out on the next bed, and Brenda asked me if I could just fuck Judy until I came. She was out cold, so I thought I could probably fuck her big ass, so I got off Brenda, greased up my cock with moisturizer and fucked her fat ass with now rubber. Brenda watched and

rolled another couple joints from the hash, and we both smoked while I fucked Judy's ass and Brenda watched and played with my balls. This finally got me to cum a third time, and I left it deep in Judy's fat ass. Brenda and I were real hungry, then, so we ordered pizza and got dressed. We covered Judy up with a the bed covers, though, when the pizza guy got there, and then we ate some pizza, watched TV, drank and smoked. Brenda finally went to sleep finally, and I got out my Polaroid and took a bout two rolls of film of both of them naked and passed out with their pussies spread and my dick on their faces and in their mouths. They woke up a few hours later and didn't know what I'd done. It was about three in the morning, and I took them home. I got their phone numbers, and now when I go back to their town next we can get together for more fucking and partying. Thanks for all the help."

Analysis - Kevin scored a Big kill his first time Lolita hunting mostly out of beginner's luck, but his success was also due to his excellent preparation and willingness to spend ca\$h to get "forbidden" Stoner pussy. Kevin wrote us several more times in the ensuing months, relating to us his exploits on the road hunting Lolitas. He should serve as an inspiration to us all.

Lolita(s): Joy, age 13; Jasmine, age 15 Humbert: Don, age 50s Technique: Striking a Deal

Note - An avid reader of The Method forwarded This Case Study to us.

" .. Your advice really worked. I pick up hookers in this one neighborhood all the time, and I've seen younger girls around there, but I never figured they would screw for money. There are always these two of them out walking their dog at night, and I always thought they were just walking the dog. But the other night I stopped, opened my window and said, "Hey, come here a sec." They walked over and I asked them if they were interested in making some money. They asked me if I was a cop, and I said "no." Then they said, "Show me your dick. You can't do that if you're a cop." Is that true? Do you know? So I did. I pulled it out and it was real hard. They laughed, let their dog loose and climbed in my car. They told me their prices -- \$40 for head, \$60 if I wanted them both to suck. \$80 if I wanted to see them do each other, \$100 if I wanted to fuck one of them. I asked them what they'd charge if I wanted to do a little of everything, you know fuck, suck, threesome, all of that. I told them I had \$200 on me, and that was cool. So we went to some guy's house who must have been their pimp. He lived in this big fenced-in house with a huge Rotweiler and Doberman, and he was there with three guys who looked like bikers or something. I was scared, but they told me it was cool and I believed them. We went up to this room with a bed and a stereo. They put on this heavy metal music, and we got started. They did each other first because I always wanted to see two young girls do that. They looked like they were still in middle school, and they told me they were 13 and 15. They were named Joy and Jasmine, at least that's what they told me. They were both pretty hot but kind of dirty-looking if you know what I mean. I wore a condom because I figured they were whores even if they were that young. After they ate each other out, I got a blow-job from both of them and I came real quick. They told me I had to go, and since I was scared of the guys downstairs I did. That was \$200 and I didn't get to fuck them, but I think it was worth it because I know I can go back there and get some Lolita pussy. Maybe they have friends, too. What can I do not

to get hustled like that again, though?

Analysis - It works, people. Just go to a whore neighborhood and see if there are any "forbidden girls" walking about. They are there for a reason, and they will fuck you. You just have to know the score.

Lolita: Tashi, age 12-14 (daughter) Mother: Cheetah, age 20s (ripe Strawberry)
Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 25 Technique: Strawberry Picking - Solicitation Variation

There is a variation to the standard Strawberry Pick that involves soliciting regular whores and pimps for any "forbidden working girls" that might be available. I discovered this technique by accident one night while I was cruising one of my hometown's notorious DARK neighborhoods. This area is filled with blacks, Puerto Ricans and white trash living in public housing and paying the bills by drug dealing, running numbers and prostitution. I was drunk and horny that night, so I picked up a black hooker who was "waiting for a bus." She was rather pretty, and after she finished inhaling my sperm we made some small talk as I drove her back to her spot. We stopped at a traffic light, and a thought just popped into my mind. I'd always toyed with making a hooker this particular offer, but had never had the guts before. For some reason, though - maybe I was drunk JUST right - I went ahead that night and blurted: "I'll give you an extra \$50 if you know any younger girls I can fuck." Now this whore was maybe 20 at the most, so she was one of the youngest out there on the streets. She looked at me real seriously and I could tell she knew what I was talking about. "You like 'em young, huh?" she asked, totally nonplussed. I nodded. "Can you help me out?" "Gonna cost you a hundred for me," she told me. "Gonna be another \$200 for her." Even slightly buzzed, I could do the math. \$300. I tried to dicker. "How about \$80 for you and \$180 for her?" I offered. "You want the pussy or not?" she laughed. "I do .. I do .." I didn't want to lose this. On the other hand, I didn't want to get hustled either. "How young is she?" I asked. "How young you want her to be?" "You know what I mean," I answered. "I don't want some 18 or 19 year old. I can get that out here if I drive around long enough." "Mm hmm," she nodded her head, "you probably can. But this shit is better .. fresher .. I think that's what you want, isn't it .?" "How old?" "I ain't gonna tell you that, 'cause you still could be a cop." "Listen, I don't .." "She's my little sister .. my half sister .." the whore interrupted me. "She's still in school. You want to go where she is, you can see for yourself and decide. I ain't playing you, though. Just trying to make a living, okay ..?" I was understandably fascinated, and told her she had a deal if the girl was young enough. She gave me directions to her mother's house, and about five minutes later we were parking on the street across from a big old house. There were no lights on in the house, and I had a moment of terror as I walked up the dark driveway behind the whore. She knew I had money on me because we hadn't stopped at a bank, so I was aware the whole thing could have been a set-up. I waited for some black guy to jump me and take my wallet, but nothing happened. We just waked up the steps to the front porch, and she knocked on the door. Nothing. She knocked again, and this time I heard shuffling inside the house. I saw curtains rustle above us, heard more shuffling, then noticed a light flick on in the living room. The door opened, and a black woman's face peered out. In the background, I saw a large black man in his undershirt and shorts. He was wearing a tired scowl. "Hey, we're here to see Tashi," the whore told the older black woman. "It's three in the morning, girl," the

old woman snapped back, and the man grunted. This wasn't looking too good. "This guy wants to see her," the whore stressed. "Now let us in so we can talk to her. He don't got all night." "It's three in the morning, girl .." the woman repeated. "Daddy ..!" the whore protested. "Man wants to see Tashi, tonight." The woman turned to the man. He shrugged his shoulders and mumbled, "Let 'em in." Seconds later, all the locks and deadbolts clicked open, and we were stumbling into the dimly-lit house. I followed the whore up the dark staircase into an even darker hallway. She stopped before one of the doors and motioned at me to stay outside while she went in. I tried to listen as her muffled voice and then another began speaking in hushed tones. I heard the name "Tashi" again, so I figured this must have really been the girl's name. After more whispering, a girl's voice said "okay, he can come in." The door opened, and the whore reappeared, sticking her body halfway out the door. She stuck her hand out, letting me know I couldn't see what was behind her until I shelled out the \$300 we'd negotiated. I was so horny and curious by this time that I dug my wallet out without thinking and pressed 6 \$50s in her hand. She smiled as she counted it in the room's lamplight, then opened the door and let me in. The girl on the bed looked no older than 15, and if I had to guess I'd say she wasn't even 14 yet. Confirming my estimation was the decor of her room. This was no young-looking whore's room. It was the room of a girl in middle school or her first year of high-school at the latest. There were posters on the wall of Run DMC & Public Enemy (this was the late 80s mind you), along with the unkempt piles of adolescent clutter that marks the room of every normal, average "forbidden" girl. The only fixture out of place was a big mirror running alongside her bed. I'd seen the same decorative touch in a lot of whore's rooms. A john could watch himself fucking the slut like a real-life porno movie. Making note of all this, I turned my attention from the ambiance back to the girl herself. She was dressed in a pink nightgown, and her long, kinky black hair partially covered her thin, catlike face. Her body was slender and angular, and her long, sepia neck called to mind the image of a dark, chocolate swan floating on a sea of white bed sheets and pillows. I was riveted to say the least, especially when we locked eyes and I saw this vacant hollow stare the likes of which I had only ever seen in kiddie porn images. She was looking at me like "okay, you're here, now just get this over with and let me get back to sleep, please." She had such a detached demeanor that my dick ached to be inside her, to penetrate her to make her feel something before it killed every last bit of childhood in her blackened soul. "You got an hour," the whore told me, then turned to Tashi. "I'm going out to get some stuff. I'll be back." Tashi huffed at her, and her eyes followed the whore's ass out the door, which I closed behind her. I turned back to Tashi, and she looked at me with those eyes, like she was saying, "okay, white boy, take off those jeans and let's get this over with so I can get back to sleep." I walked over to the bed and reached my hand out, taking her fingers between mine. Then I guided her thin, brown hand to my belt. She gave no hint of an expression as she went for my zipper and began the business of dislodging my hard cock from its slumber. Only when her tiny thin hand grasped the stalk of my shaft did I see her face betray any notion of interest. "That's right, you little nigger whore," I thought to myself. "This ain't going to be no limp-dick picnic fuck. You're going to earn your money tonight, you skinny little black-skinned fuck bunny." I gently brushed the hair back from her vacant cue-ball eyes and held it back so I

could watch the festivities. She wrestled my cock out of my shorts and it snapped up, giving her a start. Her hollow eyes suddenly sparked with life, and her nostrils flared slightly when she got a whiff of the fresh cum her sister hadn't managed to suck from my tool half an hour earlier. Before she could do anything to adjust her position properly, I firmly guided her gape-jawed face to the head of my raging white dick. She tried to realign herself atop the bed to give herself a better angle, but I wouldn't relent. So she was forced to lean over awkwardly and take my thick, booze-bloated nine-incher between her gasping lips. I thrust myself up into her mouth and continued pressing her head down. When she reached over to brace her hands and grab the bottom of my shaft, I pushed her hands away. This little vacant-eyed nigger slut was going to get all nine-inches at my pace and discretion. I wasn't about to let her only take four or five and cheat the rest by jacking me off. The little nigger bitch was going to learn how to be a whore that night, and I was going to be the one to teach her. I started bucking my hips up as she struggled to control the fat white fuck-stick battering between her lips and poking against the insides of her cheeks. As I fucked my cock into the side of her mouth, my cock-head looked like a golf ball-sized jaw breaker rolling around between her jaws. She tried to use her hands again, but I batted them away until she finally rested them on the bed and braced herself that way. The girl had sucked some big dicks before. This much I realized when she barely gagged when I bottomed out in her throat. She was a little chocolate-skinned cock-sucking machine, and she now bobbed her head up and down my slick shaft, taking my entire length deeper and deeper into her throat. Her eyes were closed now, and she was concentrating, trying to use her skillful "forbidden" mouth to pop my nut as fast as possible. I ran my fingers through her kinky black hair, taking a bunch in each hand and using them as handles. She passively and mechanically allowed me to take complete control of her head. I slammed it down my cock-stalk and bounced her skull against my abs like a bark brown beach ball. Now she was gagging slightly. Her vacant eyes now burned with fire as I used her face and mouth. With each backstroke, she would drool gobs of spit and pre-cum, gasping quickly before relenting to more oral abuse. I could tell she thought I'd be blowing my load any minute, but I wasn't even close. My night of drinking and the blow-job I'd received a short time before had taken the edge off my cum-urge, and now I was just power-fucking her skull for the sheer unmitigated joy of it. From somewhere in her vacant, blackened soul she managed to blubber the words "stop .. please .. stop .." I grinned, butted my dick-helmet against her tonsils a few more times for shits and grins, then plopped by dick out and bitch-slapped her snotty little black face. "Had enough, huh ..?" I asked her. "No more, okay, mister .. please .." she mewled. "Too much dick, huh?" I drunkenly goaded her. "Mmm hm," she nodded. "Too much." "You want a j --?" I asked her, thinking that some pot might get her more in the mood. She smiled and said "yeah." I fished a j-- out of my pockets with a lighter and a roach-clip. She eagerly lit the doobie while I laid her back and spread her thin, brown, coltish legs. "You gonna eat me, mister?" she asked in surprise as I lowered my mouth to her panties. "Damn fucking right," I answered, inhaling the fresh aroma of her "forbidden" black snatch through the white cotton. I peeled the crotch over to one side and sliced my tongue into her fuzzy slit. As she sucked on the joint and got all bleary-eyed, I elicited cute little yelps from her every time I found her sweet spot right below the

hood of her clit. "You gonna make me cum, mister," she sighed with a husky, pot-soaked voice. As my face road her slick sluice to a sloshy cum, she threw her arms wide open and giggled. I'd gotten to her .. touched her. The vacant stare was gone, and she was all warm, mushy and limp against the white sheets of her bed. She was a normal Lolita again, a "forbidden girl" reveling in the joyous sensations of her youthful, nubile body. Well, FUCK THAT! It was time to fuck that hollowness back into her eyes. When I was done with her, I wanted my hard white dick to snuff every last glimmer of childhood from her impoverished, welfare-sucking, black whore's soul. I spun her over on her belly, and she stuck up her svelte brown ass instinctively, knowing what was going to cum next. "You got any lube for your ass?" I asked. "On the dresser there," she pointed to the side, and I saw the tube of KY. "You gonna fuck me with that big dick?" she asked stupidly. I didn't know if she was trying to sound sexy, or really just wanted to know. "Yeah," I answered. "That's all right, isn't it ..?" "Just use a rubber," she sighed as she sucked the j-down to a roach. I handed her my clip, and she pinched the remains of the doobie and took another draw. I fished out a rubber from my pockets, popped the pack, rolled it down my hard nine-inch shaft and squeezed a dollop of KY on my prick-head. "Don't do it too hard," she told me with an earnestness that was laughable. Yeah, right, nigger slut ..? "You got any more?" she waved the spent roach at me. "Yeah," I fished out my last j-and handed it to her. She lit it, took a draw, smiled dreamily and slumped back on her tummy with her ass in the air. This little nigger slut knew how to take an ass-fucking like a whore. She gasped and started slightly when she felt the cold gob of KY grease her narrow sphincter. I worked one finger, then two and three into her tight, "forbidden" ass. She squirmed a little as she adjusted, but as I felt the walls of her anus relax and accept the invasion I knew she'd had her skinny chocolate butt banged quite a few times before. In a couple minutes, she was fully prepped and I stepped up onto her bed. I bent my knee and rested my weight down on the bed. I parted the crack in her narrow black ass cheeks with one hand and pressed my greased cock-head into the groove of her puckering shit pipe. When I lunged forward lightly, I felt her sphincter open and practically suck my cock inside her asshole. Even at her tender age, she had an ass like an experienced porno starlet, tight yet as yielding as melted butter. I sank the entire length of my white cock into her black butt with one slow, glorious stroke. "Fuck that feels good," she huffed as I began to slowly grind into her. While she scooted back to meet my grinding hips, my fingers found her pink cum-button and began strumming away. Since we were positioned over the side of the bed, her face was pressed against the tall, mirror running along the length of her mattress. In the reflection, I could see the visible effects of every one of my strokes on her face pretty, catlike face. Her white, feline eyes widened into cue-balls with each thrust, bobbling loose in their sockets while my ivory fuck-tusk gored her skinny, ebony ass. I looked at the clock on her nightstand and estimated that I had about half an hour left to fuck this skinny nigger slut's butt black and blue. I gritted my teeth and slammed away, smashing her face into the mirror and sending the bed into a creaking frenzy. I lost myself in the glory of my kill for what seemed hours before I looked into the mirror and saw the door opening behind me. "Shit, girl," the whore exclaimed as she entered the room. "What the fuck you doing, boy?" the black man from downstairs came into the room behind the whore, starting towards me with a crazed look in his eyes.

"No one said nothing about no ass fucking!" "Shit, daddy," the whore stopped him. "You didn't say nothing about this." She told me. "You didn't pay me enough to fuck her up the butt. What you doing, Tashi?" she went at the girl now. "You didn't tell me he couldn't .." "I've got \$80 left in wallet," I interrupted them before anyone could continue. "You can fucking have it," I grunted, not missing a stroke. I kind of figured they'd find someone to somehow to shake me down for the rest of my cash, so I was pretty much resigned to leave there with nothing but my memories. "No one said nothing about no ass fucking," the black man shook his head, still annoyed but rifling through my wallet none the less. He smiled when he saw the money and stepped back. He didn't leave, though. He just stood in the doorway and watched me butt bang the girl. I looked into the mirror and our eyes met. "Shit, girl," he grimaced. "You take that good." "I got you some," the whore came over to the bed and plopped down as if I wasn't inches away, ass-pounding her little half-sister. She took a crack-pipe out of her purse, jingled some rocks in the bulb and put it up to Tashi's lips. The skinny black strawberry smiled, pursed her lips around the stem and waited for the whore to fire her up. An instant later I saw a spark and a flame, then felt Tashi's nubile brown body rattle and writhe as the drug hammered her brain. Moments later, she collapsed in a blissful haze against the mirror. I continued battering into her, smashing her face into a grotesque apparition in the glass. The black guy had his hand in his fly now, and I saw him playing with a thick rope of nigger dick while he watched with baited breath. The whore fired another load into Tashi's greedy, fried brain, then turned to the black man and smiled while she set herself up with her own blast of rock. I watched her suck the pipe and pass it to the black man. He smiled, took it from her, jingled some rocks into the bulb, fired up and sucked the drug's unadulterated fury into the dark night of his soul. As I fucked Tashi's "forbidden" into oblivion, the whore and the black man passed the pipe back and forth among themselves and Tashi, sucking what looked like my entire three hundred dollars into vapor after a few short minutes. The utter ghastliness of scene tripped the mental switch on my cum-urge, and with almost no time left on the clock I rammed my dick hard into Tashi's blasted black ass and discharged a barrage of hot white cum into the reservoir of the condom lodged her seething bowels. "Shit, boy," the black man cursed when I pulled out and revealed that the rubber I'd worn had become disengaged and lost in the girl's stretched out shit chute. "You lost your rubber." "Get it out! Get it out!" Tashi shrieked as I got my pants. With morbid fascination, I watched the whore dig between her sister's shredded sphincter in search of the condom. "Damn, boy, you get your ass out of here now," the black man scowled, looking like he might go at me any second. I scooped up my empty wallet and zipped up my pants casually, suddenly feeling very emboldened after fucking this man's daughter before his eyes in his own house in her own bedroom. I kind of sniggered at him and sashayed past him and out into the hallway. When I made it down the stairs, I was back in the living room. I heard the voices upstairs grow louder and suddenly thought better of my nonchalance. As I crossed the room, I spied the older black woman sitting on the couch. The distinctive glow of a lit crack-pipe basked her face in an eerie, preternatural calm. I admit it. I ran like hell out of there.

Analysis - I've used this Solicitation Variation on numerous occasions after that initial encounter, and it's proved a valuable tactic in my arsenal. Not all my

experiences have been as colorful as this, but when I've connected with the right whore or pimp they've all yielded results.

Lolita: Jane, age 16 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 35 Technique: Roadside Pick-Up
Note - This Case Study is a brand-new addition to The Lolita Method.

Last month I had an interesting encounter with some "forbidden" road trash. I regularly cruise the rest stops and exits around the local turnpike looking for some fresh road-meat. Although I had picked up some Road Trash Lolitas on this strip back in the mid to late 80s, I hadn't been finding the REALLY fresh stuff ever since returning back to this neck of the woods from NYC in the early 90s. It seems the State Highway Patrol began cracking down on "forbidden" girls cruising the highways and rest stops back in the early 90s, and they've been keeping things pretty sanitized for a number of years. Thus, all my road-meat has been slightly seasoned as of late, but considering what happened back in July (1999) I'm hoping we've seen the end of LEA's vigilance where "forbidden" Road Trash is concerned. The night started like any other. I pulled up to the first truck stop on my 80 mile route into the next state, and got myself some dinner and a few cups of coffee. The place was dead, and I got out of there quick. As I was heading back to my car, I noticed a hard-looking but pretty Lolita step out from the shadows. "Hey," she flagged me down. "Can I have a lift?" I stood still and beckoned her to come into the light so I could get a good look at her. In the shadows she certainly seemed "forbidden," but I needed to make sure. Like I said, I hadn't seen any REAL fresh road-meat on that stretch in years. My first assumption was that she was a young-looking whore getting by on her youthful looks. She was kind of big, though, and I thought she might have been a teenage boy or younger guy dragging the highways. These "forbidden" truck-stop trollers were allowed to travel up and down the highways with impunity while Lolitas got busted. I'd seen some good-looking draggers before who probably would have fooled a lot of horny johns until their skirts came down. By then, a lot of horny johns don't care because they're just looking for a hole. This girl was hard-looking and pretty, like I said before. She had strawberry blond hair cropped short in a butch fashion. She was big and tall, too - "thick" is the current terminology I believe - standing about 5'9" and maybe 150 lbs. She had the body of a girl who could have played center on a basketball team, or women's soccer. Her tits weren't that big, but she had a full ass. She looked like she could handle herself, too, and seemed just as wary of me as I was of her. She wasn't a dragger, that was for sure, and she appeared to be 16 at the most. My next instinct was to look behind her into the shadows to see if she was decoying for her boyfriend. One of the tricks of couples hitchhiking is to snag a ride using the girl as bait. The more sinister pairs get the male driver all googly-eyed while the boyfriend sneaks up behind, caves his skull and jacks his car. This girl looked rough, so that was definitely a possibility. So I peered into the darkness behind her as she stepped further into the light. "You alone?" I finally asked. "Just me," she stepped closer. "You?" she asked. "Yep, just me, too," I nodded. "You need a lift somewhere?" "Yep." "Where to?" I asked. "Where you going?" "Down the pike a bit," I decided to stay as vague as possible, curious where this might all be leading. "I'm just .. you know .. cruising." "Cool, can I bum with you awhile?" "Get in," I opened the passenger door of my car, and she walked over. In the full light, I got a good look at her before she slid into the car. She was dressed in

jeans, a gray tee-shirt and cowboy boots. A large, stuffed travel bag was thrown across one shoulder. She also had a scar across her left cheek that ran down from her earlobe to the corner of her lip. Her arms were covered with tattoos, which seemed to extend under her tee-shirt and jeans and decorate her whole body. Her tongue was studded and she had a pierced nostril as well. This one was going to be interesting. "So where are you going?" she asked once we were on the road. "Like I said, I'm just cruising .. east .." I added. "How far?" "How far are you going?" I turned the question back on her. "Pittsburgh, I guess," she seemed ambivalent, like she'd just chosen a destination at random. "We can go there," I nodded. "No problem." "Great .." she paused and listened to my radio for a second. "So what do you do?" she finally broke her silence. "I'm in sales," I recalled my old "road" cover. A lot of waitresses and truck-stop personnel up and down the pike know me as a salesman who periodically rides through these parts. There was no need to scrap that story now. "My name's Scott. What do I call you?" "Jane," she laughed slightly. "Just call me Jane Doe." "What time you need to get to Pittsburgh?" I asked. "No special time. I'm not on any kind of schedule or anything. Why?" "I was just wondering." A vague plan was beginning to form in my mind. "Wondering what?" she asked. "There's another truck-stop about 15 miles up the road. I thought maybe you'd like to stop and rest for the night. My treat," I quickly added. "We could do that," she nodded, starting to flip through the radio dial. She obviously didn't like the jazz station I was listening to. "Depends on what you had in mind, though ..?" She wanted me to lay my cards out on the table now. That's always a good sign. "I thought maybe we could get a room," I started. She smiled. "You married?" "Can you tell?" I asked back, not wanting to explain the peculiar relationship that constituted my second, most-recent marriage. "I can tell," she nodded. "How?" I asked. "You look nice and respectable," she smiled. "Like someone's husband." She paused. "So you're just out here cruising ..?" she half-asked. I nodded. "And you don't have to be home tonight?" she was a little puzzled now. "You're WIFE doesn't care if you just stay out all night ..?" "We kind of have an arrangement," I really wanted to get off the subject. "She has her fun, I have mine. Keeps the fire burning, you know .." "I bet it does." She stopped playing with the radio, settling on some fading alternative rock station and leaning back in the seat. "You don't smoke?" she asked. "Not cigarettes .. anymore," I answered. "That's cool," she said, digging out a pack of Camels from her bag and a lighter from her pocket. "I'll put it out the window, okay ..?" "Knock yourself out," I responded. "So?" I decided to get things back on-topic. "What I said before .. about getting a room .. you up for that?" "Depends what you have in mind," she went back to the evasiveness again. She'd obviously run into some cops on the road before. She knew I wasn't one of them, but she still didn't know exactly what I was yet. Thus, the obliquity. "I was thinking I could get us a room. You could clean up, maybe get something to eat. You hungry?" "And that's it. You're just going to do all that for me because ..?" "I'd like to fuck your brains out," I said point blank. She snorted out her cigarette smoke and laughed. "Is that right?" "What do you say?" "Listen, I do this for a living, okay ..?" she explained. "I can make A LOT of money tonight at a good stop. I'm not going to just shack with you for shower and something to eat." "So what then?" I turned it back to her. "You tell me." "You can get me the room, let me do my business, then I'll take care of you after. We can go the rest of the night after I make my money. Or you can just front

me the money, and we can spend all night. You got \$500?" \$500!! This little piece of Road Trash obviously thought she'd nabbed a total sucker. \$500 for her. I almost wanted to pull over, rape her in a ditch and leave her there. But I didn't because I was bored, and this whole situation interested me. "No, I don't have \$500," I replied. "Well, that's usually what I can pull in one night at a good stop." Yeah, right ..? "Okay, then, so we'll do it your way," I answered. "I'll get the room, and you can do some business. Then when you're done I get the rest of the night." "And you give me a \$150, too," she added a caveat. "That's what I get for one hour, but I'll let you go as long as you want after I make my money." \$50 for the room, \$150 for some pussy and maybe \$20 for her food, dinner and breakfast the next morning. It was a lot, but the situation really intrigued me. "I'll give you \$130 .." I counter-offered. "That'll work," she smiled after a moment's consideration. "If you do some laundry for me. Would you ..?" she asked. This little piece of Road Trash was an operator, a real survivor. "Sure, I'll need something to while you're using the room." And that was the deal we struck. At the next truck-stop, I pulled over and got a room. Once we got inside, she stripped immediately, and I could see that her entire body was covered in tattoos, just as I had suspected. She opened her bag, took out a plastic trash bag and threw the clothes inside. Then she handed me the trash bag. "You do know how to do laundry, don't you ..?" she asked. "I'll manage," I answered. "This looks like a nice place," she commented as she got some clean clothes out of her bag. "I should make some good money here." She stopped. "Can you do me another favor?" she asked. "Sure, what?" I was really amazed at this little whore. She was a real operator. When I closed our little deal later tonight, I was going to make sure I got reimbursed in pussy for EVERYTHING I was shelling out that night. "Can you sit in the restaurant and keep an eye on things, make sure everything is cool and no cops are around?" "Sure, I can do that," I answered. "It'll give me something to do while I'm waiting on your laundry." "Hey, can you get me some mouthwash and condoms, too?" she added. "You're such a nice guy," she didn't even wait for my answer. She kissed me on the cheek then cavorted off to the shower. As she settled in, I took her laundry down to the Laundromat located off the restaurant. She had about three loads - whites, colors and jeans - so I dumped the first one into the only empty machine and went into the small drugstore also located off the restaurant. I bought three packs of condoms and a big bottle of Scope. The clerk, a teenage girl, got all flustered as she rang me up, and I just leered at her as she handed me my change. She positively wilted, and that gave me a huge hard-on. I then walked back to the room. The shower was still running so I just walked in, opened the curtain and showed Jane Doe the bag with the rubbers and mouthwash. I stared at her naked, glistening, tattooed body for a few seconds, and she smiled. Then I went back down to the dining room to wait and watch. Unlike the previous stop, this one was bustling. The restaurant was filled with truckers, travelers and other denizens of the highway. I took a seat at a booth, cracked open the book I was reading (Millennium Rage by Philip Lamy, if you must know), and lost myself for about twenty minutes until I spotted her walk in. She looked all cleaned-up and absolutely fuckable in a powder blue tee-shirt and dark jeans. She had on a little make-up, too, and she'd somehow softened the hardness of her features. We didn't acknowledge each other. She sat at the counter next to an old, sweaty, fat trucker who looked tired and lonely. I couldn't hear what she said, but when she

produced a cigarette he had a lighter ready. They chatted some, and then scooted out together amid the crowd. I went back to my book, then checked on the laundry a short time later. I added fabric softener and went back in the restaurant. I was surprised to see that she had returned already. This time she was talking to two younger guys at a booth. They had been eyeing her when she first came in. One was Asian, and the other was a big, dumb-looking white guy. They both looked foreign to me, kind of dirty and a little nervous. She was chatting them up and eating a burger. Well, they had taken care of her dinner, so I could knock that off my tab. She finally left with them after scarfing down a chocolate sundae, too. I went back to the laundry room, took the first load out, put it in the dryer and started a second load. I returned to my seat, started reading and waited to see how long this one would take. Meanwhile, another road trash whore had taken a seat at the counter. I recognized her as Sally, a twenty-something piece I'd had a few times before. She saw me and strolled over. We chatted, and she waited for a proposition. I didn't make one, so she finally just winked at me and said, "Come on, how'bout it?" "Not tonight," I told her. "I'm not feeling well." Just then Jane came back in. Sally saw my eyes avert up to the door, and she turned around to follow them. She smiled when she saw Jane, nodded, got up and went back to the counter. Jane sat down two stools from Sally, and they exchanged pleasantries. Jane had been gone almost an hour, and she now reappeared with a fresh layer of make-up and wearing a black sweatshirt over her tee-shirt. Sally waited for Jane to spot me and cruise over to my booth, but a beefy, hairy, 6'5" trucker who'd been biding his time in a booth across the dining room quickly accosted the young piece of Road Trash. He put his big bear arms around Jane, and it was apparent they knew each other. Jane was out the door with him in under a minute. Sally turned back to me to see if I was interested now, but I buried my nose in my book. I'd had her worn-out pussy, mouth and ass before, and the thought of paying for them again didn't interest me in the least. This time, Jane was gone for well over an hour. When she came back in, she was staggering. Judging by the size and weight of the trucker, I imagined he'd slammed her pretty good. Sally was gone by now, and two older pieces of Road Trash were now working the counter. They seemed to know Jane, too, and they all chatted and smoked some cigarettes together before another trucker came up to Jane and tapped her on the shoulder. She seemed to know this guy, too, and they sidled out the door moments later. The two older whores seemed a little pissed after Jane left, and I could hear them backbiting her as a "little whore." I did more laundry, read some more, and watched Jane come in and out of the dining room about six more times. Eventually, I was done with the laundry. It was all dried, fluffed and folded, and I was ready to FUCK! I looked at my watch and realized I'd been occupied for a little over five hours. It was after 3:00 AM, now and I wanted the pussy I'd negotiated for. I took the clothes and strolled back up the room. Not wanting to piss some john off who might be packing a handgun, I knocked on the door. Jane opened up, saw me and flashed me a weary smile. "You alone?" I asked, showing her the laundry. She nodded, left the door open and walked back into the room. She was dressed only a big tee-shirt with no panties, and she was smoking a joint. I saw a syringe and piece of rubber tubing on the nightstand. She noticed my interest, and pointed to a pack of what I knew was smack. "Want some?" I shook my head. "Jake always gives me some. He knows it makes me horny." She threw herself

down on the bed and curled her body up in a kittenish pose. "How 'bout you, married man?" she asked. "You horny?" I put down her laundry and turned back to her. "You're done for the night?" I asked. "Mm hmm .." she answered dreamily, sucking on the joint and giggling. "Ready to have some fun?" I asked, sliding my belt off through the loops on my jeans. "Always," she patted the bed. "Come on, married man. Fuck my brains out." "You really are a little whore, aren't you ..?" I asked, wrapping the belt once around my hand. She noticed this and her eyes flashed through the dopey haze. "Wooa," she kind of backed up on the bed. "I don't know what .." "Fucking little piece of Road Trash!" I was on her before she do anything but whimper. I slapped my hand over her mouth and spun her onto her belly, smashing her face into one of the pillows. While she kicked helplessly, I pressed my knee between her shoulder blades and crushed the air out of her strong body. Then, amid her muffled squeals, I lifted the big tee-shirt over her wide hips and exposed her thick, tattooed ass. "How many guys did you fuck tonight, you worthless whore?" I whipped my belt against her fleshy butt cheeks, letting the leather kiss her skin with deep, red welts. "How many?" I yanked her head up by hair. "How many?" "Ten," she mewled, obviously realizing she was too spent to resist me. "You're going to tell me about each man who used your body like the garbage it is," I demanded, thrashing my belt across her ass so hard that it began to lacerate her tattooed ass-meat. "Now tell me about the first guy, the fat, smelly old trucker. How as that, slut? How did it feel to fuck that fat, smelly, old piece of shit? Tell me?" "He fucked me," she baled. "Details," I ordered. "How big was his dick?" "Small," she blubbered, and I whipped her VERY hard. "Three inches .." "Did it smell?" "Yes," she sobbed. "So you took his shriveled, smelly little worm-cock in your little slut mouth and you sucked it, didn't you ..?" "Yes .." "Were you on your knees?" I asked. "Did that fat, smelly old man make you get on your slut knees and suck his shriveled, putrid cock like the worthless piece of white trash you are?" "Yes .." she sobbed. "How does that make you feel, you little whore? Girls your age are out with their nice boyfriends tonight going to movies and getting ice cream cones, and you're here in a truck-stop motel room, turning tricks, sucking old smelly shriveled cocks and getting your fat ass whipped like the whore you are. How does that make you feel, cunt?" "Please stop .." she wept. The tough little piece of Road Trash was finally FEELING something for the first time in a long time. "Tell me about the next two guys, the Jap and the other one. Did they make you suck both of them off?" "Yes," she bawled. "At the same time? Did they put both their dicks your mouth at the same time and make you suck them like the whore you are?" "Yes," she cried. "Then they both fucked you, didn't they ..?" "Yes." "The one fucked you, and you sucked the other one, and they just used you like a whore, watching each other fuck your cunt and your mouth .." "Yes," she just whimpered now, thoroughly cowed beneath the rain of belt lashes. I now took my hand and dipped it into her cunt. Her bush was sopping wet and my whole fucking hand slid inside her stretched-out slut hole. "Fucking loose-cunt piece of human garbage," I spit in her face. "You expect me to fuck this polluted fuck hole of yours. Jesus Fucking Christ, you're what? Sixteen maybe? And your cunt is already loose and flabby like you're 50 fucking years old. You think I'm going to fuck this, whore? Do you? You think I paid for this room and did your laundry to fuck this worthless garbage cunt? Do you?" "I don't know .." she sobbed. "I don't know .. please just stop .. please .." "You thought I was such nice guy, nice

married dickless motherfucker, didn't you ..?" "No .." "TELL ME THE TRUTH!" "I'm sorry .. please just stop .. I'll do anything .. please ." "Thought you could hustle me. Thought you found some stupid dickless asshole you could just hustle, didn't you ..?" "No," she wept. "I swear .. no .." With my probing fingers I had found her sweet spot right below her clit. I was now mashing it in furious circles against her cervix. Despite her tears and terror, she was involuntarily bucking her hips and chasing the cum I was ripping out of her belly. I slid the belt through her mouth now, looped it through buckle and snapped: "Bit down on it, cunt .. like a bit." I snapped the belt back, her neck jerked and she yelped. A second later, she was biting down on the belt. I snapped her head back again and held her in that extremely uncomfortable position while I mashed her clit and pounded a cum out of her heaving tummy. She went limp, and I started prepping her asshole with my fingers. They were coated with her own fuck-froth, and I noticed her sweaty butt crack was loose as well. This little whore had more mileage on her than a '57 Chevy. I stood up now and unzipped my pants. She cringed when she heard the zipper, and I drew her face around by the belt-bit so that she was staring straight into my fury. I don't think she expected to be confronted with a thick, hard nine-inch cock on top of everything else. I bitch-slapped her bawling face with it and pointed to the nightstand where a pack of condoms lay opened. "Put one on this, slut," I commanded. She did as she was told, finally managing to cover my thick dick in latex. Fully protected, I now shoved my bloated dick-head up one of her nostrils. "Sniff it," I barked. She began snorting my dick-helmet like it was cocaine, the snot pouring out of her nose. I used her mucous to grease up my ass-blaster, then I lowered myself down her body until my cock was right at the brink of her sphincter. Still holding her neck back by the bit, I looked in her eyes as I rammed my nine-inch prick deep into her bowels. She was fairly loose, but it still must have hurt because she winced and tears streamed down her cheeks. I rode her like a sow now, rutting in and out of her ass like a wild boar, goring her with my fuck-tusk. She just blubbered and grunted, reflexively humping her hips back to meet my thrusts. Half of her was trying to make me cum to get it over with, while the other half was chasing another cum. Every time she tried to ease her head back, I'd jerk it back again. She'd bite down on the belt to stifle her screams of anguish. By now she was just resigned to weathering the storm and riding the hurricane in her ass. She rolled with the butt-punches until the waves of my fury just swept her up again. I was making the tough little piece of Road Trash cum AGAIN. Now I eased off on the belt-bit, letting her slump her head forward. She was groaning and wagging her neck back and forth, grinding her hips back and slamming her butt cheeks back along dick until they slapped my gut. I wrapped my arm around her belly, and my fingers found the sweet spot right below her clit. I pinched her there hard, and she popped off AGAIN like a can of beer. Her loose cunt sudsed with pussy flow that soaked the sheets beneath us. Feeling the convulsions of her third rapid-fire cum, I pulled out of her bowels and spun her on her back. I scooted up her torso and spanked my dick against her face while I slid the belt-bit out of her mouth. I lowered it around her throat like a leash, then inserted my dick into her gasping mouth. She squealed as I began power-fucking her throat. Every time she resisted in the slightest to my throat throttling, I'd snap the belt around her neck to pacify her. After a few chokers, she got the message loud and clear, opening her windpipe and allowing giving my nine-inch slut-fucker

a free reign of terror. The condom was soggy now that it came loose in her mouth and she tried to spit out so I wouldn't shove it down her throat and gag her. I fished it out with my fingers and shoved it up her runny nose, making her sniff up my pre-cum and the loose shit from her ass. When I finally felt like I was going to dump in her mouth, I buried my dick-hammer deep into her esophagus and snapped the belt-leash tight. "Don't move, cunt." I snarled, "or I'll choke the life out of your worthless body." Then I pumped a steaming load of giz into her gasping gullet while she jerked her head around in a mad frenzy. I discharged into her throat for almost a minute, forcing her to suck out every last drop of cum. When I finally released her head, she just looked up at me with this big glassy eyes and gasped one word: "fuck .." I got off her now and stroked my still-hard cock. Then I reached over to the nightstand and put on another condom. A second later, I was mounting her again, teasing my cock-head against the bump of her clit until she eased her legs open and spread that stretched-out young cunt of hers. This time I glided between her pussy lips and I put my mouth to hers. I flicked my tongue against her gasping, pouting lips, and she parted them slowly. Then her tongue emerged cautiously, dancing around mine before engaging in a deep French kiss. I made love to her blasted pussy passionately now, humping and bumping and grinding into her while we kissed like high school kids. I felt her loose cunt begin throbbing once again after almost half-an-hour of this. "Fuck me," she shuddered into my ear. "Jesus fucking god fuck me .. fuck me hard .." She rammed her cunt up my pole and crashed her cervix into my gut. I sucked her tit and bit her pierced nipple, and she went berserk, thrashing into me like an animal with its paw caught in a bare trap. Not ready to climax again myself, I turned her sideways and kept rutting inside her. Fifteen minutes later I spun her over another ninety degrees and rode her doggie style to the finish line. By this point, she was just a drooling jangle of nerves, plowing herself up and down my rampant cock while I kneaded and slapped her whip-blistered ass. When I finally came, she pulled off my cock, and scooted around like a puppy dog looking for a treat. As hot spunk poured out me dick, she inhaled it and smothered it with wet, sloppy smooches. I collapsed on the bed now, and she crawled up my body and buried her cheek into my chest. "Jesus fucking god that was incredible," she sighed as she played with my chest hair. "Jesus fucking Christ where did you ever learn to fuck like that?" "I take it you had a good time," I quipped, playing with her still sopping pussy. "I ain't ever been fucked like that," she cooed. "You scared the hell out of me at first. I thought you were going to kill me. I was so fucking scared that I .." "Came like volcano," I interrupted her. "Yeah," she laughed. "How did you fucking know? How did you know all that .. exactly what I wanted ..?" "I took a guess," I told her. "I know women pretty good, though, and I figured you really needed a good fucking with a guy who knew what he was doing. You don't cum much on the job, do you ..?" "Never," she admitted, "although I fake it all the time." "That's because you have to be in control all the time. I just freed you from all that, let you just feel for once, instead of going through the motions." It was now after 5:00AM, and I had to be getting home soon. We showered and got dressed, and I drove her to a truck-stop outside of Pittsburgh. She asked me if I cruised a lot, and I told her I did. She said she hoped she saw me again, and then she walked into the dinner, ready for another day of work.

Lolita: Chloe, age 15 (Upper-class Gold Digger) Humbert: Bill, age 38 Technique:

Baby sitter's Gambit (Classic)

Note - This was the situation that inspired Humbert Bill to coin the term Baby sitter's Gambit to those many years ago. Bill, as you may remember, is the co-author of this volume, and his introduction to Lolita hunting is discussed at the opening of the book.

I was in love with our family's babysitter, a gorgeous high-school honey named Chloe. Unfortunately, she was the worst babysitter we'd ever hired and my wife HATED her. She was always late, ate all our food, talked on the phone long distance, ignored my daughters while they watched inappropriate TV shows, ate junk food and stayed up way past their bedtimes. My wife wanted to can her after the first two jobs, but I convinced her to let Chloe stay on. Chloe happened to be the daughter of Dan, an old college buddy of mine who had since become one of the richest individuals in the state. Chloe was his only child and WAY beyond spoiled. His wife wanted their daughter to learn responsibility and the value of a dollar, so they beseeched me to let her babysit my kids. Since Dan was an old friend and stupendously wealthy, I decided to do him the favor, never knowing when I might need him to extend a helping hand with my own affairs. Chloe floored me the moment I saw her. The last time we'd met she was six and adorable. Nine years later, though, she looked like she could have starred on Beverly Hills 90210. My wife knew I had a crush on Chloe. Hell, any guy would have. Ironically, I'd been fucking some of my daughters' friends for a few years by this time, and several months before we hired Chloe I had begun having sex with my oldest daughter, Cindy. These things my wife never picked up on. One look at Chloe, though, and my wife immediately hated her, branding her as "built for trouble." After several months of Chloe's services, my wife was insisting I fire her. I defended my refusal on the grounds previously discussed - old friend, lots of money, drop-dead gorgeous daughter. My wife and I had entered the "cold war phase" on this issue, and one night I found myself having to drive Chloe home because her parents were gone for the evening. In the car on the way to her house, she asked me point blank if my wife hated her. I looked her in the eye and told her the truth. "Yes, she does." When Chloe asked me why, I told her the truth again. "You're young and gorgeous. She's old and over-the-hill, and she resents you for that. She feels empowered when she can treat you like a stupid girl and belittle you. No matter what you EVER do in life, she'll NEVER admit you are a woman of brains, class and potential." I don't know where the line of bullshit came from, but it worked. Chloe was eating out of my hand from that day forward. Whenever she came over, the first thing she did was hug me, especially when my wife was watching. I could see my wife seething, and I would just gloat over the attention. Oddly, it never occurred to me that I could FUCK Chloe. I figured she was way out of my league. By this time, I was fairly adept at seducing younger girls in the 9-13 age range, but I figured a knockout like Chloe would never THINK of fucking me. Still, I kept showering her with little gifts and attentive compliments. Part of me liked getting my wife's goat, and the other part just got off on feeling that succulent, perfect body pressed against me in an embrace. So the gifts continued, and before I knew it Chloe had asked her dad if I could drive just drive her home instead of having to wait to get picked up. My wife hated the idea, so I readily volunteered. I enjoyed coming home those nights after dropping

off Chloe and baiting my wife in bed. I'd tell her how Chloe and I fucked in the backseat of my car. She'd call me a Dirty Old Man and Chloe a little slut. Yet, she always fucked me those nights - and pretty good for an old broad I might add. I guess she wanted to show me she could KEEP me with her mature, worldly feminine wiles. Amusingly, she'd lost me to the younger set years before and never realized it. Well, to make a long story short I'd been bickering with my wife one night as we came in early from a dinner party. Chloe was surprised to see us so soon, and my wife stormed upstairs. We'd been arguing before we ever arrived at the party, about what I can't remember anymore, but the "discussion" had quickly devolved into the standard debate - my inability to "deal with problems head-on." Of course, she mentioned my failure to fire our incompetent babysitter, and I then defended Chloe. Someone at the party overheard this "discussion," and asked me why I didn't just make my wife happy and fire Chloe. To this I responded (tongue planted firmly in cheek): "I can't fire her because I'm screwing her, and I can't afford the palimony suit." Dumb thing to say. My wife was EMBARRASSED not amused, and a short time later we excused ourselves and headed home. This sets the scene for the seduction. I was hungry and pissed off and asked Chloe if she wanted to get a bite to eat seeing as she hadn't eaten yet either and her parents wouldn't be expecting her home for a few hours yet. She agreed and out of the blue I chose the fanciest place I could think of - I was certainly dressed for it. Chloe always looked like a million bucks, and since she was so young and gorgeous the maitre de looked the other way on the dress code. Like I said, the girl looked like a TV starlet. I ordered a bottle of wine, and the waiter bought two glasses, no questions asked. No one referred to Chloe as my daughter either, and she warmed up to the atmosphere - austere, French and filled with beautiful people - immediately. I had decided to put the entire thing on my Platinum Amex card, so I ran the bill up. The wine flowed, the food came, the conversation sparkled. Chloe asked me some questions about my wife, obviously fishing for information as to how unhappy I was. I told her I couldn't even think about my wife when I was sitting across the table from such a beautiful woman. Her eyes beaming and her dewy lips glistening, Chloe's hand crossed the table onto my half, inches from my own fingers. She touched my hand lightly when I made a joke about something, and I clasped her fingers gently in my palm. We held hands and ordered another bottle of wine. When we staggered out of the restaurant two hours later, I had my arm around her. As I opened the door for her, I looked into her eyes and kissed her - just like that. To my surprise, she kissed back - not platonically, but with tongue at full delicate force. We stood there and made out for a long time before we crawled in the car. Then we fogged up the windows and got hot and heavy. I had her top up and bra down, sucking on her tits when I felt her hands stroke my crotch. "Will you make love to me?" she asked in this very sincere way that made the corny phrase ring like poetry. "We have to get you home," I said as the voice of reason. "Dan will be looking for you and my wife will be wondering where the hell I am. If she calls Dan, we're cooked." After a few fretful minutes of kissing and begging, she finally agreed. She reassembled herself as I drove her home. I dropped her off and drove home, half expecting my wife to hand me divorce papers when I walked through the door. Amazingly, though, my wife had managed to cool off somehow and look at the situation rationally. I was surprised to learn she HADN'T called Dan to see if he knew my

whereabouts, and to this day she still never knew Chloe and I spent that time together. I told her I'd taken a drive and gotten something to eat, and she accepted that. I guess deep down she never really believed I could get a girl like Chloe, just like she never suspected I was screwing our daughters' friends and our daughters as well. She tends to think I am this big predictable loser who would never have the guts to cheat on her, much less do it with "forbidden girls." As for Chloe and I, we started seeing each other regularly almost immediately. She would tell Dan she was going to a friend's in the morning, then I'd pick her up at a pre-arranged spot, take her to lunch (always 4 star) then to an expensive hotel where she would swim, lounge, get massages and manicures, and bide her time until I got off work. Then we would fuck for two or three hours, get a late supper at "our" restaurant, go back to the hotel, fuck again for another couple hours, then be back in our respective homes by 11:00PM. Years later, after Chloe had gone off to college and I took up with another babysitter, I noticed that this new seduction and relationship had assumed a similar pattern to my groundbreaking tryst with Chloe. By the time I'd bagged my third babysitter using the same strategy a year later, it occurred to me that I was definitely onto something. I analyzed my three successive seductions, noticed the similarities and developed the tactic I coined the Baby sitter's Gambit. As for Chloe, she's married now and lives out of state. We still get a Christmas card from her, though, which my wife promptly throws in the trash upon arrival.

Analysis - Here we have present all the key elements in the Baby sitter's Gambit explained by the man who invented the maneuver. This is classic Lolita seduction upon which so many variations are based - build a bond, develop trust, give gifts, reward affection, treat as an adult, get her alone, and let nature take its course. When someone finally scores like this, they always say the same thing: "I can't believe it was that easy."

Lolita: Sandy, age 14 (Middle Class Gold Digger) Humbert: Wayne, age 42
Technique: Papergirl Gambit (Baby sitter's Gambit Variation)

Note - Wayne contacted the authors of The Lolita Method several months after the appearance of the first edition. He was longtime Lolita hunter who had experienced little success in the game until he read our book and put The Method to the test. Since then he has been bagging bimbettes at a regular rate. The following is excerpted from one of his letters (once again the content has been edited for spelling and grammar).

" .. I'd been noticing Sandy, our papergirl, for over a year. Before I got your book, I was just content to smile at her and then look wistfully at her little ass walk back down the driveway. She's 14 and thin, with poky perky titties, blond hair and the nicest ass I've ever seen. I always had fantasies about answering the door when she was collecting with nothing on but my bathrobe. I'd invite her in, pay her, and then I'd ask her if she wanted a tip. She'd smile and say "yes," then I'd open my robe and she'd look at my cock and say "Wow, that's the biggest tip I ever got." It was all pretty lame fantasy stuff. I'm married and I figured I'd just be fucking my wife twice a month on the weekends between pre- and post-MS for the rest of my life. Then I read your book and I began to really think about actually "doing it" as you say. I thought your method was probably all bullshit, though, so I did what you suggested and just tried approaching Sandy on a platonic level using the

strategies from the book. I typed her as an Average Girl at first because I didn't know much about her. But that changed over the Fourth of July weekend. It was hot out and I was on the back deck getting some sun. I didn't hear her ring the bell out front, but since my car was in the driveway and I had music blaring in back she knew I was home, so she walked into our backyard. I was in just my bathing trunks and covered in suntan oil, almost asleep. Her shadow fell over me, and I opened my eyes to see her. When I did, my dick got very hard very fast, and even though I'm not huge I am noticeable in trunks, if you know what I mean. I saw her eyes on my oiled, half-naked body, and I sat up. She told me she was collecting for the paper. My money-clip was in my shorts, which were hanging over another chair. I was all greasy from the oil and didn't want to get up, so I just pointed to my jeans and told her to take the money out of my clip. She did this and I couldn't help but notice her eyes when she saw the wad of bills I had folded up there. I've always carried a lot of cash around with me. My wife hates it, but I don't feel comfortable unless I have enough cash on me to get me out of any jam. I work as a salesman and customer rep for a small business phone and tech support provider. A lot of the old-school mom and pop businesses pay me their bills in cash from their tills when I stop by for one of my bi-weekly check-up calls. This can sometimes total several thousand dollars by a day's end. I'd had a bunch of clients pay me that morning, so I had a lot of money on me. Usually I go to the office and turn the money in with the receipts, but that Friday the office was closed because of the Fourth of July weekend. So after my morning stops, I just went home to enjoy the long weekend. Sandy's hands shook when she took out the money. She looked back at me, and I could see the look in her eye was really different. She just held onto the money-clip for a few seconds longer while she stared, then she collected herself and put the money back. Then I remembered what you all had said about "flashing cash." I'd done this and hadn't even known it. Then I thought to myself she's not an Average Girl, she's a Gold Digger. That was the first time I realized you guys really did know what you were talking about. Her whole attitude towards me changed then. Whenever she came to collect now she'd always stop by to chat, and she'd always tell me exactly when she was coming by again. I made it a point to be home those afternoons, and it seemed clear she started making special trips to my house to collect at times when she knew my family wasn't usually home. One time my wife was home and answered the door, and Sandy looked crushed. We started talking a lot after that first day. It was summer, so I'd always be on the deck sunning and listening to music when she stopped by. The third time she came after that I knew she was just making a special stop to see me because she didn't even have her account book with her. I invited her to sit down and offered her a beer, and she accepted. I asked her what kind of music she liked and she said "rock and roll" so I got up and offered to show her my CD collection inside the house, telling her she could pick out something to play while we sat out in the sun and drank our beers. We went inside and she went through my CDs, some of which were my sons, and picked out a Van Halen CD. Then we went back outside, finished our beers and had another. Out of the blue she asked me if she could go swimming in our pool. We have a nice, big sunken-in swimming pool. I said yes, but I didn't have a suit. She said she had one on under her clothes, and she stripped right there in front of me. In that little black bikini she was the hottest girl I'd ever seen. She dove in, swam to the end

and back and asked me if I wanted to come in. I was a little drunk by then so I wasn't that nervous. I went in after her and came up inches from her. Then she reached out laughing and hugged me, and she held on. She pressed her body into mine and I kissed her before I could think about it. She kissed me back and kissed in the pool and swam around for awhile before we got out. She said she had to go home. She kissed me again and left. I felt like the whole thing was a dream until she showed up again the next week. She stripped into her bathing suit right away this time and asked me to put lotion on her. I started doing this real cautiously on her back, but then I saw her spread her thighs so I put some there and on her beautiful butt, and she squirmed up to my hand so that I'd stroke her little pussy. Then she turned over and popped her little firm tits out of her top. I massaged the oil into her tits and stomach with my hands while we kissed. I still remember what I said then. I said, "We can go inside." She said, "okay," and we did. I took her up into my bedroom shower and we washed each other off with a big loofah. I slid my fingers into her pussy and she grabbed my prick, and we put the soap everywhere. Then I lifted her in my arms and took her back into the bedroom. I laid her down and we kissed and petted before I slid my dick inside her and fucked her. She wasn't a virgin. She told me later that she had a boyfriend. They'd been screwing for a few months but she didn't cum. I made sure she came that day. I licked her pussy and played with it, and she finally came. She was so happy. She got on top of me and that was the best fuck of my life. Of course I give her gifts all the time now, and I treat her just like you say in the book and she responds exactly like you say she will. Thanks for everything. I owe you a huge debt of gratitude. Once again, thanks.

Lolita: Jackie, age 14 (daughter) Humbert: Bill, age 40 (father) Technique: Daddy Money Bags

Note - This is the account of how Humbert Bill, co-author of this book, started fucking his second oldest daughter, Jackie. By this time, Bill was already an established Humbert with the friends of his eldest daughter, Cindy, who he was fucking as well (see Case Studies, Average Girl - Cindy). Bill was also fucking the family babysitter to boot. It was only a matter of time before he got caught.

I noticed my second oldest daughter, Jackie, acting very strange and distant to me one day. Jackie was two years younger than Cindy, my oldest, and as different from her big sister as night and day. Whereas Cindy was very open and friendly with everyone, Jackie was a bit of snob. She never liked to "play" very much, and while Cindy was out running around with other kids Jackie spent a lot of time sitting around looking at magazines and talking to her friends on the phone about make-up, clothes and what was hot. Jackie was also very augmentative and bossy, and she wasn't happy unless she was the center of attention and getting her way. At the time, I hadn't helped devised the Lolita Method, so I didn't know what my middle daughter really was - a Middle Class Gold Digger. When I looked back over the days leading up to our confrontation, I realized Jackie had been avoiding me for almost a week. In my heart, I suspected the truth. She had probably discovered I was having sex with Cindy, my oldest daughter, and she maybe even knew about the other "forbidden girls" I was involved with. I feared she would tell my wife, so I picked a day when we were home in the house alone and told her to come into my study to talk. She was aloof and the anger was written on her face. I

asked her what was wrong, and she told me I knew what was wrong. I told her I didn't, and after a going around like this for a minute she blurted: "You're fucking Cindy and Desiree and Lori (one of Cindy's & Des's other friends) and probably Stacey, too (who had replaced Chloe as the family "babysitter"). You're sick, and I'm going to tell mom. You need help or something. What is wrong with you?" "There's nothing wrong with me," I told her point blank. "I'm a man, and all those girls enjoy being with me. I'm not forcing or abusing anyone." "You're a child molester." "Have you even talked to your sister about this?" I asked. "Before you go and tell your mother and ruin a lot of people's lives, don't you think you should talk to Cindy about us. Does your sister look unhappy or abused? Does he look like she's being 'molested.' She's an A student, she's on the girl's basketball and volleyball teams, she has lots of friends and she goes out on dates every weekend. She's a very happy girl right now, and she's going to go to college and be very successful. Do you really think you're going to help her or anyone if you tell your mother what you know?" "What you're doing is so wrong!" "Once again, I'm asking you. Have you ever talked to your sister?" She didn't answer me this time. She just stood there and fumed. "So what do you know?" I asked her. "How did you find out?" "Some girls in school were talking about it, and I heard Desiree and Cindy talking about it one day in her room when they didn't know I was listening. I knew something was going on. I never believed it, though, until I heard them talking." "So you heard them talking ..? Did they sound angry? Did it sound like I was molesting or abusing anyone?" I pressed her. She fell silent again. "It's just wrong. We learned in school that this is all wrong. You're an adult and we're all kids. Sex is wrong like that." "And you really believe that?" "Yes." "And what if the people involved aren't being forced or molested or raped? What if they love each other and like being with each other and having sex together because it makes all of them feel good and wonderful? What if it's not harming anyone? What if the only people who care are people on the outside who are judging others by their own standards? What if having sex is what everyone wants and needs? What then?" "It's still wrong. They wouldn't say it is if it wasn't." "Why do you really object to me having sex with your sister and her friends?" I asked point-blank. "Because it's wrong and sick." "And how do you know that?" "Because they say it is." "And you believe THEM instead of asking your own sister about it ..? Every story has two sides, darling. Don't they teach you that in school, too." She didn't respond. "Maybe you should find out both sides before you start accusing people of things and ruining their lives." She was still silent. "I think there's something else going on here, though. I think you're really upset for another reason. I think you know I give Cindy and Des and Lori money and presents, and you want some, too, don't you ..?" This statement shocked her. She'd come in there all armed with moral indignation, and I'd cut through her ruse and struck an exposed vein. "No .." she protested feebly. "If you want money and gifts like Cindy and Des, all you had to do was ask," I kept up the pressure. "You can have whatever you want, you know that, don't you ..? You didn't have to come in here and try and blackmail me for it. That was what you were doing, wasn't it ..?" She stared straight at me with the most vulnerable, pitiful look I'd ever seen on her face. Always so strong and old for her years, she looked like a little girl now that her plans had been exposed. "Answer me," I demanded gently. "I hate you," she whispered, then stormed off crying. Needless to say, I was terrified at what might

happen next. She stayed in her room all the rest of the day, not even coming down for supper when my wife and the rest of the kids got home. She told everyone she was sick. Later that night, unable to take not knowing, I went in her room to check on her. She was sitting up in her bed and it looked like she was waiting for me. "Do you want to talk now?" I asked, sitting down on her bed. She didn't answer, just looking at me. "We're going to have to talk about this," I told her. "You know that. So why not just get it out of the way so we both don't have to feel so .. scared." "Maureen is getting a whole new dress and shoes and everything for the Winter Formal Dance," she said without looking at me. "She says it's going to cost like \$300 for everything." "Would you like to go shopping tomorrow for something that will blow her away," I asked, brushing back her bangs so I could look into her steel-blue eyes. "Mmm hmm," she nodded slowly, then turned up to me. The door was already closed and I could hear everyone still downstairs, so I knew we were totally alone. I cupped her proud little face in my hand and drew her defiant chin up to my mouth, nuzzling my mustache against her lips. A shiver ran through her body and her eyes were closed. She tilted back her chin, and I pressed my lips to hers, worming my tongue between her parted teeth. In an instant, her tongue flicked out to join mine, and we kissed like that for a few minutes. "You're going to look so beautiful in your new dress," I whispered in her ear before I placed my hand gently on top of her scalp and pushed her head down into my lap. "Then after you get everything, you can call Maureen up and tell her about it .. on your new phone." I watched her work my snaps and zipper and fish inside my shorts with a determined look on her face. I petted her hair while her mouth found the head of my cock and she sucked .. sucked for everything she ever wanted.

Analysis - While this isn't the stereotypical Father/Daughter Gold Digger seduction, the key elements for a successful kill were there from the beginning. Bill knew his daughter well, so he knew instinctively what she was really after. Possessing this insight, he exploited her Gold Digging tendencies. Update - Upon contacting Bill about revising The Lolita Method, I inquired about his daughters. Jackie is in law school (daddy is footing the whole bill of course), and she still fucks her daddy regularly all these years later. In case you're wondering, Bill's wife still has never discovered his double-life, and it's doubtful she ever will.

Lolita: Tanya, age 10 (daughter) Humbert: Bill, age 40s (father) Technique: Digging for Gold (Indoctrination at an early age)

Note - Tanya is the youngest of Humbert Bill's daughters, being 7 years younger than Cindy and 5 years younger than Jackie. She was only 4 when Bill bagged his first Lolita, Desiree (see opening chapter of this book). She was 6 when Bill began fucking her oldest sister, Cindy (see Case Studies - Average Girls, Cindy), and 9 when Bill took Jackie's cherry (see above). Bill turned the hat trick a few months alter when Tanya turned 10. It was shortly after this that I met Bill's acquaintance (see case Studies - Sex Freaks, Desiree).

My youngest daughter, Tanya, was an accident. My wife didn't want any more kids. She believed we only had time and money enough for the two girls, so she started taking the pill. She messed up somehow, though, and five years after Jackie was born she found herself pregnant with our third child. I was thrilled. I

love kids. My wife deals with adults better. When Tanya was born, then, she became Daddy's little girl from the get-go. Now remember, my eldest daughter was only seven at the time, and I was still a good four years away from bagging my first bimchette. The thought of fucking Lolitas was only a wild fantasy made all the more torturous by the burgeoning prepubescence of Cindy and all her friends. If someone would have told me when Tanya was born that I'd be fucking all of my daughters not even ten years later, I probably would have killed myself. Just goes to show you how things change. Subconsciously, though, I must have known what lay ahead of me because my relationship with Tanya, even as an infant and toddler, had sexual elements I can now comfortably recognize years later. When Cindy was born I was still very uncomfortable around babies, especially infants with female parts instead of male parts. I avoided giving her baths and even changing her diapers because I was vaguely disturbed at being so intimate with the female parts of my young daughter. A friend of mine told me this was perfectly normal and that I'd grow out of it as my daughter grew and I became more involved in her life. He was wrong. The first time I can remember seeing Cindy's pussy up-close after that first year was when I fucked it 12 years later. Two years later, when Jackie was born I had another excuse not to become involved with the physical realities of my second daughter - work. My career was beginning to take off, and I spent most of my time at the office or on the road checking out sites and designing a very important freeway bypass that was being proposed. I barely knew Jackie until she was a fully-developed little personality at age 3 or 4. I often wonder if my absence was what caused the Gold Digger streak that consumed her later on. Anyway, by the time Tanya was born my life was totally different than it had been. I had helped design that freeway project, and my career was now sewn up. Most of what I did now was collect a very good paycheck for adding input on minor projects and repairs. This gave me all the time in the world to cherish the daughter my wife really didn't want. And cherish her I did. I was immediately more intimate, physically comfortable and affectionate with Tanya. My hands and lips always seemed to be on her. I played with her and adored her constantly. Her favorite game was when I "fuzzed" her - placing my lips against her little tummy and vibrating them. Somewhere deep in my mind, I must have known I was only scant centimeters from the tiny petals of her pussy. The same inclinations must have been dictating the escalating familiarity we began sharing in our caresses. Tanya was my little cuddle bunny. The worst day imaginable could be immediately cured when she crawled into my lap, latched herself onto my back, or stood across the room with her tiny arms spread out waiting to be picked up and lifted into the air. Consequently, I subconsciously began rewarding her affection with little "secret" presents we shared - small toys, costume jewelry, shiny coins, candy, etc. The more she showered me with physical and emotional attention, the more I lavished her with gifts. This mutually profitable relationship took on even greater significance to me when I began to fuck my oldest daughter's best friend, Desiree, at the tender age of eleven. Once I discovered the unlimited excesses and pleasures of "forbidden" flesh, I was a changed man. I'm not saying I molested Tanya at this point, only that my caresses became even more intimate and my youngest daughter responded with unrestrained jubilation. While I was spending my mornings bouncing Tanya on my lap, I was spending afternoons bouncing Desiree and eventually my own daughter

Cindy on my cock. It was only natural that I made the connection between the two experiences, and began infusing Tanya's contact with sexuality. For the next six years, this pattern continued, growing even more pronounced when I started fucking my middle daughter, Jackie. I was fucking Lolitas left and right now, but Tanya was still my prize possession. She had never stopped being my darling little girl, and I anticipated the day when I would be able to share my love for her completely. Meanwhile, our caresses escalated in intimacy as she grew into nubile prepubescence. At that time, it was not out of the ordinary for Tanya to sit on my lap wearing only her panties, grinding her little bottom into my hard dick and playing with my hair as I brushed her hair and massaged her bare shoulders. When we first had overt sexual contact I don't remember. From the moment I started fucking Desiree, Chloe, Lori and then my own daughters, Cindy and Jackie, all my contact with Tanya became sexually charged with the prospect of things to cum (excuse the pun). Tanya herself pursued our "touching" to such extremes that sometimes it was hard to tell who was the seducer and who was the seduced. At age 10, though, a change came over our relationship one evening. Everyone else was out, and we were home alone. I popped some popcorn and we decided to watch a movie together. We ended up on the couch nestled in each other's arms. Something made her stick her head up and kiss me, and something made me return that kiss with my lips and tongue. She didn't make a sound other than her heavy breathing as she crawled up into arms and pursued our kiss further. I worked off her clothes slowly and gently until she was naked on my lap. Then she looked at me and said, "You, too, dad." And that's how it started. I undressed and nestled her naked body into mine. She was fascinated with my cock like all little girls are, unable to keep her hands off it. I asked her if she wanted to "kiss it," and she looked just like she did when she got to play with her new presents on Christmas morning. As the movie droned on around us, I taught her how "kiss daddy's cock," and then I showed her how could it felt to have her own "little Jill" kissed. We engaged in manual and oral stimulation whenever we could after that, graduating to extended sessions that finally culminated with me taking her virginity about a month later when I thought she was ready. That experience was so deeply profound for both of us that we could barely leave each other's sides for almost a week following. My other daughters knew what had happened then, but they never discussed it with Tanya, much like they never spoke of their own trysts with me to each other. Amazingly, however, Cindy and Jackie didn't act jealous of Tanya, but closer somehow. The three of them, who never spent any time together before, now loved hanging out together, and this situation continued on as they grew older. It was like they shared some unspoken bond between them that not only defined them as sisters but as women. After that, the dynamic in our household was even more bizarre. I was having sex with my three daughters right under my wife's oblivious nose, and they, in turn, never spoke to each other regarding what I did with them individually. Meanwhile, we all got along splendidly, and my relationship with my wife grew less stormy the more I had sex with my daughters, their friends and other Lolitas. The only time my wife ever argued with me was during Chloe's tenure as our babysitter, and that had more to do with what she PERCEIVED Chloe was than what was REALLY going on.

Analysis - Here we have the classic father/daughter seduction. After receiving numerous letters from Humbert Fathers after the first edition of the Lolita Method,

we found out that this is the pattern most consensual father/daughter incest takes. Update - Humbert Bill tells me Tanya is now in her last year of college and still fucks her daddy on a regular basis. She has a serious boyfriend and plans to get married and start a family when she gets out of school.

Lolita: Mandy, age 7 Humbert: Norm, age 63 Technique: Games, Eve in the Garden, Digging for Gold

Intro - Humbert Norm is a life-long little Lolly hunter who is now almost seventy years old. He believes he has bagged over 50 Lolitas & Lolis over the years. He prefers Lolis and never engages in full sexual intercourse with his prey. The following events happened several years ago. They began when Norm was babysitting his grandchildren and some of their friends. The narrative is excerpted from a letter.

" .. I frequently play a game I call Paramedic. I will play dead, and the kids will have to revive me. Some little pair of hands always eventually finds my crotch. When this happens, I'll make a show of beginning to revive to encourage their efforts. They always find this funny and giggle. They aren't stupid. They know what they're playing with. They don't seem to mind, though .. I always make a mental note of who really seems to enjoy the game. There always seems to be one. Last year it was my 7-year-old granddaughter, Mandy. She is very cute, short brown hair, slight build with clear blue eyes. She looks like a pixie I think. She kept grabbing my penis and squeezing and giggling. She giggled even harder when she felt it grow harder. She didn't stop either like the other kids. After the game when she was going, she gave me a big hug and I slid a \$5 bill and a candy cane in her coat pocket. I told her there was a surprise in her pocket, but not to look until she got home .. After that day she became my favorite. Whenever she'd come by, she'd jump in my arms and kiss me. We played Paramedic once more after that at another party, and she grabbed my crotch again. I'd always slide her a gift when no one was looking, and she just loved me. A couple months later my son dropped her off one day so she could spend the day. My wife was gone in the morning and wasn't to be back until the afternoon. That morning after she left I took some porno mags out of my secret stash and left them under the bathroom sink. These were hardcore with some glossy photos of very attractive men and women. I was hoping Mandy would go snooping when she went to the bathroom. My grandkids were always doing this when they came over .. When Mandy got there we ate breakfast and then we played checkers. After an hour or so, she excused herself to go to the bathroom. I waited downstairs for a few minutes looking at my watch. When she didn't get back for ten minutes, I figured she'd found some mischief to get into. I was just hoping it was my magazines. I knew she was interested in sex by the way she grabbed my cock when we were playing those games of Paramedic. I knew if she saw the magazines, she'd be looking at them. I kind of crept upstairs so she wouldn't hear me. We have old doors in our house and you can peep through the keyholes. I did this and saw her sitting on the toilet, her little stretch pants down and looking at the magazines. She had this look on her face that was priceless. Her mouth was all open and she had this big nervous smile on her face, the way kids do when they know they're doing something bad but it's fun. I watched her for another few minutes and time seemed to stand still. I was waiting to see if she was jacking off yet, but she wasn't. She looked really

uncomfortable, but her hands never went down to her little pussy. I looked at my watch and saw another ten minutes had passed. I was so hard I just had to do something. So I stood up and knocked on the door. I could hear her scrambling around now, and I asked her if she was all right. I heard her stumble and something crash, so I went in. She was on the floor. The cabinet under the sink was open and the magazines had slid back out on the floor. She was busted. I knelt down and asked her if she was all right. She started crying and saying she was all sorry, that she hadn't looked at the magazines or done anything bad. I asked her tell me the truth and told her I wouldn't be mad. She cried some more and after awhile admitted she was looking at the magazines. I told her that was all right, and that it was all right for her to be curious about what adults did to have fun. I told her she was grown up enough to like boys and having grown up fun. This made her happy. And I asked her if she wanted to look at some more magazines before her grandmother got home. She said yes. Then I told her she was my favorite granddaughter of all, and she hugged me. I told her not to tell anyone what we were doing because I didn't want everyone to know I liked her best. I told her how it wouldn't be nice to the rest of my grandchildren if they knew I loved her best. She said she understood and told me she wouldn't tell anybody I loved her best. I picked up the magazines and we went into my bedroom. I told her I had more magazines and some movies, too, and asked her if she'd like to see them. She said yes, so we went into my stash and got out some magazines first and looked through them. She kept wanting to see the movies, but I told her I wanted to look at some more magazines first. I got out some more magazines and she cuddled up to me as we looked through them. While we looked at the pictures, I put her hand on my crotch and told it was all right. She squeezed me through my pants and really seemed to like that. Then she asked me if my "pee-pee" was just like the "pee-pees" in all the pictures. I asked her if she wanted to see it, and she said "yes, a lot." So I let her unzip my pants and pull down my underpants. My cock was so hard I thought it would frighten her. But I guess looking at all those big dicks in the magazine had made her used to what they looked like. She grabbed it right away and squeezed it. She had seen pictures of cocks shooting cum, and I had explained to her that if a cock feels real good it will shoot out cream. I told her when the cream was put in a woman's tummy a baby was made. I showed her pictures where men and woman were fucking and told her that's how the cream got inside the woman's tummy. This really fascinated her and she wanted to see me shoot cream. So she kept squeezing and pulling on my cock. I didn't want to cum so fast because I knew that would be it for the morning. So I asked her if she wanted to watch some movies downstairs. She said yes, but she wanted to play with cock some more. I told her we could do that downstairs while we watched the movies. And I'd show her something else really fun to do. Before we left me room, I asked her what her favorite picture was and she chose one from a magazine. I tore it out for her. Then I folded it and told her take it home with her and hide it real good and look at it when she was alone. She liked that idea a lot. Then we went downstairs with a video. It was around 10:30AM by now, and I knew my wife would be getting home around noon, and sometimes he'd come back early. So I told Mandy we'd have to watch out for grandma real good because we couldn't let her know Mandy was my favorite and that I was letting Mandy play adult games. I got out a children's

movie tape and put it on top the VCR. I told Mandy we'd put that tape in and pretend we watching it when grandma got home. Then I put in the porno tape. The tape was Dickman and Throbbin, which I figured she'd at least be able to understand as a satire. We really didn't pay much attention to the plot of the movie, though. She liked watching all the sex and I showed her how to play with herself. She liked this a lot and told me she'd done it once before but it made her feel kind of sick so she didn't do it anymore. I told her she wouldn't feel sick if she kept doing it, but good. I then licked her down there and asked her if she liked that. She had her eyes closed and said "yes, a lot." We watched the movie some more, and she said she wanted to try sucking on my cock. I'm only about five-and-a-half inches, so I'm not big. But for an eight-year-old that's a lot, so I took it slow. She kissed my cock and licked it, then got the head in and sucked. I came almost right away. She jumped back and started giggling. She asked me if it was all right to see what my cream tasted like, and I told her yes. She licked my cum off my stomach and said it tasted funny and salty. I told her I'd give her a big present if she licked it all off my stomach, and she did. When she was done, we put the video away and got everything back in order and waited for my wife to get back. We watched the kids movie together, and she cuddled up to me with her head in my lap. She squeezed my cock and told me she loved me. When she left that evening, I gave her the present I'd promised her. It was a treasure chest with a lock and key and false compartments, which I showed her she could use to hide things like the dirty picture. In one of the compartments, I'd put 4 \$5 bills. After that day, she started coming over to play a lot. She's almost nine now, and we play all the time, and she's never told anyone that I know about.

Lolita: Verlinda, age 11; Tamala, age 9 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 35 Technique: Cash Flash

Note - This Case Study is a new addition to this new edition of The Lolita Method. It explores the world of the lower-class Gold Digger. There is a lot of overlap between these Lolitas and Strawberries, but for the purposes of this study I am considering Lolitas lower-class Gold Diggers when there are no drugs involved in the transaction.

I maintain an office apartment in an older neighborhood that has changed from middle class to lower middle class over the last ten years. The complex was once a very nice residential property, with an open courtyard and gazebo situated between four three story apartment buildings. In the last several years, the management company has been granted by the state and federal government to rent subsidized units. These apartments are taken by welfare and low-income families, mostly black and Hispanic. Last fall, I noticed a single black mother in her mid-thirties move in the apartment building directly across from me. Her name was Cherise, and she had four teenage children - a boy roughly 16, a girl 15, a girl 11, and a girl 9. When both our windows and drapes were open, we could look directly into each other's apartments. So as I sat at my desk and wrote, I also got an eyeful of their day-to-day life. I rarely saw the older children. Later I learned they attended school in their old neighborhood and regularly stayed with Cherise's mother. Once the warmer weather began, the two younger girls were always in the courtyard playing after school. Then, with the onset of summer, the girls could be found outside all day, running around in skimpy little bathing suits clinging to

their skinny, shiny, chocolate bodies. Cherise's mother would sometimes baby-sit the girls, but usually it was a fat black woman in her forties who I later learned was Cherise's sister, Wanda. Wanda barely watched the girls at all, staying inside mostly in the air conditioning watching soap operas and daytime talk-shows. Meanwhile, the girls ran about with barely any clothes on and even less supervision. They were an absolute vision of untapped sexual potential. The older girl, Verlinda, had already sprouted some firm milk sacks, and they jutted out above her flat tummy and widening hips. The younger girl, Tamala, was skinny, flat-chested, narrow-assed and reveling in the full bloom of nubility. I liked the looks of these two wide-eyed pickaninnies with their ribbons and cornrows, and I made their acquaintance over the course of several weeks by reading outside in the courtyard whenever I had the chance. During that time, I also met their mother, who I learned was working at a local grocery store as a cashier while moonlighting on weekends at a catering company. Cherise looked like she could use some extra money, and I figured I'd flash some cash one day and see if she took any interest. I made a point of giving her my business card, and made sure I had plenty of \$20s and \$50s stuffed in my wallet. Her eyes lit up when she saw this, and after that she always had a kind word for me whenever we crossed paths. One evening, she came in from work and saw me in the courtyard with her two youngest daughters. I was playing Old Maid with them and they were talking up a storm. Cherise seemed pleased with this and asked me if I wanted to come over for dinner that night. I said I'd have to check with my wife, and she looked a little downcast. I went into my office apartment, called my wife, told her I'd been invited to supper by a neighbor, and that I'd be home later. I went back out and told Cherise I could make it after all, and we all walked over to her place. Once we'd settled down, she got me a beer, started dinner and then came into her living room to chat. She told the two girls to go in their room and play for awhile so the grown-ups could talk. She asked me if my wife knew I was having lunch with "a desperate single woman," and I said "yes." She looked at me with surprise. I told her my wife and I had an understanding about "things," but she seemed skeptical. I took out my wallet and showed her a picture of my wife. She was surprised I was married to a black woman. I told her more about my wife and our "relationship," leaving out the master-slave aspect, and just saying we had a variant lifestyle. We talked about Cherise's situation, then, and she commented more than once how she was always short on cash no matter how hard she worked. I thought I knew what she was getting at, so I dropped a hint that I might be able to help her out. She seemed interested but still skeptical. Then dinner was ready and we ate. Afterwards, she told the girls to clear the table and clean up their rooms while "mommy takes a walk with Scott." I knew what was coming next, so I asked her if she wanted to "see my apartment." She said, "yes," and as we walked across the courtyard to my building I asked her if she needed any money for the kids. She hemmed and hawed a bit. I said I'd be willing to help out with what I could because she had such nice girls. She told me she needed to get them some clothes, and I asked her if \$150 would help her out. She said she didn't want to take my money. I insisted, took the money from my wallet and put into her hands as we entered my apartment. I closed the door behind us, and watched her slyly count the bills as I walked around her to my liquor cabinet. I asked her if she wanted anything, and she asked if I could make her a gin and

juice. I whipped up her drink and poured myself a Jim Beam on the rocks. She thanked me for the drink, plopped down on my sofa and started to relax. I sat down next to her, and she started looking at all my bookshelves. She was fascinated by all my books on Black History and radical black groups like the Nation of Islam, Tribe of Yehuda, Lords, Black Panthers, and Rastafarians. I told her I was interested in African American culture, "African American women in particular" I joked. She nodded and smiled. I rubbed her chocolate cheeks with the back of my fingers, and she curled her neck against my hand and purred. I stroked her kinky, inky cornrows and gently guided her head into my lap. She nodded in understanding, then ran her tapered brown fingers against the bulge pressing up on my zipper. I held her head against the crotch in my jeans, and she kissed the long hard bump while she worked open my button and zipper. In another minute, she had my jeans open, and I scooted my ass up so she could access to the raging white hard-on in my jockey shorts. When she finally wrestled all nine inches of my cock free, she moved her head back slightly and whistled. "I can see why your wife keeps you around," she joked. "You've got the biggest white dick I've ever seen," she commented as she played with it. "You've got the prettiest black mouth I've seen," I answered back. She smiled, licked her big lips and inhaled my cock. I pressed down on the top of her skull, gently but decisively goading her to take all of my dick as I thrust my hips up to her chin. She choked and backed off, and I told her it was all right if she couldn't take all of it. She took that as a challenge, told her to "hold on," and then worked her mouth back down my dick. Once I was firmly lodged against her tonsils, I gently removed her hands from the base of my prick and ran my hands through her cornrows until got a good grip. She didn't resist at all as I began bouncing her head up and down my white shaft like basketball. Every tenth stroke or so, I'd pull her lips up to the tip of prick-head and let her drool a nasty glob of spit down her thick lips. I used this to grease my pole even slicker, then shoved her head back down, burying my ivory fuck-tusk to the hilt of her black throat. I had to hand it to her. She could take a good choke fucking, only gagging up a couple of times as I pummeled her windpipe. "Balls now," I said after ten minutes of this. I lifted my ass off the couch, making her dive beneath my legs to suck my balls. I let her do this for several minutes while I spanked my cock-helmet against her pretty black face. "Now my ass," I commanded, standing up. She didn't hesitate, worming her tongue up my shit-hole and rimming me like she meant it. "You gonna fuck me?" she finally gasped from the floor. "Get up and strip for me," I told her. "Let me look at that beautiful black body of yours." She scrambled to her feet, and I flipped on the radio to the local black station. She smiled when she heard the beat, and started doing the "butt thang" while she stripped. Her big brown milk jugs wobbled free of her bra, and her dark, wrinkled berries jetted out like bullets. She grabbed one of her big tits and put it up to her mouth, licking her nipple and aureole. Minutes later, she'd shimmied out of every stitch of clothing, and I told her to get on all fours on the floor. Then I buried my mouth in her pussy and asshole, teasing her clit while jabbed two fingers in her pussy and rimmed her big, chocolate shit-pipe. "Right there," she egged me on, telling me she was about to cum at any second. When I felt her begin to tense with a pre-orgasmic shudder, I withdrew my fingers and mouth from her crotch and buried my thick, raging white cock between her brown butt bubbles. She grunted with the ass-blasting, but I was still diddling her clit,

and she came seconds later with my dick shoved up her ass. My spit and her sweat had slickened her ass-pipe enough that I could pick up the pace in a matter of seconds. Moments later, my apartment resounded with the thwop-thwop of my white belly as it slapped against her thick black ass-cheeks. I pounded her black ass like that for a good fifteen minutes before I dumped my white load inside her bowels. When I finally pulled out, I dragged her head around to my slimy hard prick. She looked at me and nodded, obediently cleaning it off with her mouth. After that, I handed her another drink. She tried to get back up on the couch with me, but I gently kept her down on the floor at my feet. "Stay," I finally told her, and she nodded slowly. She finished her drink and I told her she could get up, get dressed and leave. She did so, and I told her I'd be eating dinner at "her place" every week and helping her out with some money. She thanked me, kissed my hand and walked back to her apartment. I've provided this long prologue to my seduction of her two daughters because it explains what happened next and why. In the ensuing weeks, I spent more time with her daughters as Cherise spent more time with me. During the day, Wanda, Cherise's sister, offered no objection when I started inviting the girls out with me to go shopping. I always bought them presents, and they started hugging me and kissing me just like they saw mommy do. When I started giving them \$20 and \$50 bills, they really grew affectionate towards me. Soon, they were coming over my apartment office whenever they saw my car parked in the lot. They'd ask me if I'd give them money, and I started telling them I'd give them money if they took off their clothes for me. It was hot and they were almost naked anyway, so they did, walking around my apartment totally naked. I asked them if they wanted me to strip, too, and they giggled but said "okay." So I got naked. They were fascinated and scared by big hard "dickie" that seemed so funny and frightening as it wobbled back and forth. I told them they I'd give them even more money if they played with my "dickie." I taught them how to jack it off, and I offered a \$20 prize to the one who could make it "squirt" first. Then I gave them turns for five minutes each. More prize money was slowly offered for more "games," and pretty soon I could wave two \$20s and have them both on their knees, unzipping my pants for a chance to "suck my thingie." If they ever told Cherise what was going on, it didn't seem to matter to her. She saw all the extra money coming in, and never asked me what was going on. I think she knew, but figured it was worth it. She saw me with her girls all the time, watching them climb all over me and hug me, so she knew I wasn't hurting them. I didn't fuck either of the girls, though, because I somehow sensed that would have bothered Cherise. So I contented myself with playing finger and oral games with them. When Cherise's lease expired in November, the rent went up and she had to move again. She's called me a few times since leaving asking if I can "help her out." I took her up on it the first time, but when I went to her new apartment I discovered Verlinda and Tamala were no longer living with her, staying now with her mother and sister. Needless to say, this makes Cherise just another big-titted black whore to me, and I can fuck one every night for free if I want to. So, I've been unavailable the last several times she's called, and I think she's finally gotten the message. No kids, no cash. It's that simple.

Average Girls

Lolita: Nicole, age 11 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 20 Technique: Eve in the Garden

Note - This seduction occurred two summers after I began hunting Lolitas at summer music camp. I was in college at the time, and spent two summers as a camp counselor at a regular summer camp. This was the same summer camp I had attended as a boy, and it was during my own eleventh summer that I lost my virginity to a 17-year-old Counselor in Training named Nora (FYI, she is the basis for the character of Norma Roman in my fictional series North Lake, USA). The kids attending this camp were suburban youths ranging from 7-17. This case study and the one following occurred over the space of two summers.

Nicole was very parent's dream child. Cuter than a button. Lithe, perky body with a nice little butt. Blondie hair. Big brown, expressive eyes. And a disposition that was always helpful, enthusiastic, friendly and cuddly. She ran round camp wearing those tight-fitting bathing-suit tops that nuzzled against her just-developing tit-nubs. She developed a terrible crush on me from the first day, and the feeling was mutual. I'd just spent the last two summers banging two "forbidden" campers at a music camp (see Introduction and Romantic Artists case studies), so I wasn't new to Lolita hunting by any stretch. But I was two years older now, and Nicole was a good two years younger than my most youthful conquest. I was doubtful anything would really happen with her and a tad apprehensive, too. By now, though, Lolita hunting was in my blood, and I guess my natural instincts took over. My opportunity came after during the second week of camp. Nicole was already my pet. She was the Captain of the dining hall clean-up team, and I always let her organize and plan the games for the younger kids. She may have only been 11, but she acted so responsibly that the little kids just listened to her. She didn't even have to yell at them either. They just loved her. You could always find Nicole wherever you heard laughter. You'd look, and there she'd be with little kids hanging all over and scampering around her vying for attention. She was truly radiant. I think everyone in camp - boys, girls, CITs (counselors in training), counselors, cooks, rangers - was madly in love with her. I just acted on it. The day in question commenced with an after breakfast hike. I was taking up the rear, watching for stragglers. Nicole was with me, having dropped back to talk. She was chattering away like she always did. She was a beautiful bundle of energy. She was telling me about a craft project she thought would be cool to do with the campers, and she was still trying to convince me to talk to the camp director about throwing a Going Away Dance at the end of the third week. Sprinkled in between this commentary was her usual talk about Bev, her fellow camper and "best friend in the world." Whereas Nicole was a cute, cuddly, radiant bundle of youthful enthusiasm, Bev was the typical "early bloomer" that even at the tender age of eleven years was sporting tits that would have made a lot high school freshman proud. Bev knew what she had, and she flaunted it. When you looked at her, you wanted to fuck her down to earth. When I look back on it now, it's obvious Bev was a classic heart breaker who was probably a Gold Digger. She came from a rich family, had all the RIGHT clothes and make-up, and immediately latched onto a sixteen-year-old CIT (counselor in training) named Matt. He was a strong, athletic, good-looking boy who could have had his pick of the girl campers. Instead, Bev intoxicated him at first site, and he followed her around like a puppy dog. This kind of power over BOYS really impressed Nicole, and Bev's love life was a frequent topic of Nicole's "heart-to-hearts" with me. I heard about Bev's first kiss ("It was so romantic") and all about how Bev's back-home boyfriend, Brett (only

14 himself), would "absolutely, positively die" if he ever found out about Matt. I never did learn much more about Bev, though. She'd sometimes make small talk with me while Nicole was hanging around, but for the most part she considered me "old" and she was always talking about how Nicole should "grow up" and quit having crushes on older guys. Because of Bev's aloofness, I tended to keep my distance from her. Unlike Nicole's ability to immediately establish rapport with everyone, Bev intimidated everyone else, including me. All except for Nicole, that is. Nicole worshiped and envied Bev the way Average Girls always worship Above Average Girls. I didn't realize it, then, but I was looking at the quintessential Average Girl. Luckily, I somehow made all the right moves and bagged her despite my lack of experience and any clear-cut strategy. Actually, it all happened by accident. That day on the hike, I was walking off about ten cups of coffee, and I had to piss like a racehorse. I knew there was no way I could make it up to the end of the steep climbing trail where the restrooms were located. We'd only been hiking ten minutes, and we had about twenty minutes left until we reached the site at the top of the toe path. Before I knew what I was doing or could reconsider, I blurted: "Could you do me a favor?" "What?" she asked. "I have to pee," I told her. "I know I'm not supposed to go out here, but I can't wait until we reach the end of the trail. I need to go now, and if one of the other counselors comes back here and sees me I could get in big trouble." She smiled and agreed to be my lookout. I walked back behind some trees, intent on doing my business quickly and getting back to the hike ASAP. My body - by that I mean my cock - was not cooperating, though. Just knowing that little Nicole was going to be only a few feet away from my naked, exposed cock had given me the mother of all hard-ons. Any guy who's ever been sporting wood when he needs to piss can guess what happened next. Once blood bloats your slut-fucker, your piss-tube pinches off, making whatever pee you can manage to eject spray like intermittent mist from a clogged aerosol canister. And now there I was, trying to get my business over with pronto while a delectable 11-year-old cock-teaser stood mere inches away watching and listening to every crack in the underbrush. I had no idea whether or not my little cutie was going to take a peek at me or not. At that time in my life, I was twenty years old and had yet to formulate any theories about Lolitas and the best ways to seduce them. My previous two experiences had happened naturally; I hadn't contrived any of the circumstances at all. Things had just fallen together. This was a totally different story, though. I was totally conscious of what was happening. As I stood there trying force a stream of piss from my pinched urethra, I was calculating the odds on whether adorable little Nicole would take a peek at my hard, peeing dick or not. I was mentally rehearsing my response, playing out all the contingencies in my fevered, fleeting daydreams. Meanwhile, I was still trying to piss as a thin mist drizzled from my pee-hole. I tired harder and my cock grew bigger and harder. A branch cracked. With half an eye I dared myself to look in the direction where Nicole stood lookout. She was keeping watch all right - on my hard cock. When she caught my eye, she gasped. I expected a scream and the end of the world. But she just sat there on the ground and stared in silence, finally looking up at me with a strange, giggling smile. "You can't pee ..?" she half-asked. I shook my head. "My dick is too hard," I blurted without thinking. "It's REALLY big," she giggled, but not moving. "That's because it's hard," I didn't know what else to say. I was proud of my dick. It was a big, thick nine inches. Back then, I was

pretty lean, too, and wiry. On my small frame, the nine inches must have looked a foot long, especially to an 11-year-old virgin. "My dad's thing isn't that big when he pees," she commented. "That really is big." "You've seen your .. dad .." I was suddenly a little uncomfortable. Could her dad be molesting her? "When I was little he would sometimes go in front of us. I was real small, but I still remember it. It didn't look like that .. erect .." she added. "You know what that means?" I asked. "We had sex ed in school last year. That's when we learned where babies come from. I've never seen one, though," she indicated my hard dick. "What do you think?" I laughed, shaking it. "Pretty cool," she giggled. "When it's hard the pee doesn't come out," I told her. "Why is it hard?" "I guess because you're here," I answered, deciding at that moment to push the point. "You're really pretty." "You think so?" she seemed surprised and pleased. "Yeah, that's why I have this." I shook my dick again. "You're the prettiest girl in camp." I watched her positively beam when I said this. "Maybe I should leave you alone so you can go then ..?" she half-asked through her big, satisfied smile. I didn't know it back then, but I assume now that my comment made her think of Bev. In her mind, Bev was the best-looking girl in camp, probably the whole world. And here I was, an older guy, telling her she was even prettier. I'd stroked her Lolita Urge and didn't even know it. Suddenly she didn't wait for my answer, but quickly backed out into the clearing. My dick was raging and I tried to relax. I could hear her giggling and knew she was still peeking through the brush. I was never going to go limp this way, so I tucked my cock back in my shorts and zipped up my cut-offs. Now I had this huge bulge in my shorts that would be noticeable to anyone. Somewhat terrified at the prospect, I walked back out to face Nicole. "You didn't pee," she laughed. "I couldn't," I pretended to scowl at her. "I guess I'll just have to go at the end of the trail." "Everyone is going to see that," she pointed at my bulge. "That's why you're going to go ahead of me. With you around it will never get soft." She loved this compliment. "Now go on .." I pretended to chase her, and she went giggling up the slope. And that's how it started. I know she told Bev and some of the other girls what happened because all her friends started looking at me and giggling whenever I walked by. The next day at breakfast, she kept me bringing me coffee and telling me it was for the hike. She had this big smile on her face when we started walking. "You going to take another pit stop?" she asked. "I'll be your lookout again." How could I refuse? We went through the same ritual again, only this time after a short while I was able to relax, managing to spurt a thick stream of piss which really delighted her. She told me she had some tissues in her pocket because of her allergies, and she asked me if I wanted to wipe off my dick. I told her she could wipe it off if she wanted to. She giggled, threw the wadded tissues at me and ran back up the trail laughing. Bev and her other friends really looked at me now when I got back to the group. Nicole kept smiling at me, and she was suddenly back at my side, knocking her hips into mine as we walked. She hovered around me all the rest of the day, hanging around long after dinner clean-up later that evening. Once she was sure everyone had gone back to their cabins, she ran up to me and hugged me. She pressed her cute eager face into my chest. I hugged her in return, feeling her lithe, young body pressed against mine. When I looked down, her eyes were closed and her head tilted back. I knew enough about girls then to get that signal, so I kissed her. This quickly turned into a French kiss moments later. We made out for a few minutes before I told her we had to stop or

we'd get caught. She knew I was right, hugged me and scampered off. During the next day's hike, she stayed very close to me, and after we dropped back a bit she took my hand and almost pulled me into the brush. We kissed and French kissed. I slid down her top. I sucked on her tiny tit buds and put my hands in her shorts, stroking her smooth pussy. It was very wet. Even at the age of twenty, I already had a lot of experience in this department. So I worked at her pussy and clit nub for a few long gasping minutes, before she hopped up, wrapped her legs around my bare thigh and hugged me hard. With my smashed hand, I could feel her smooth, bald, drenched pussy convulse while her body tremored. After she recovered slightly, I unzipped my shorts, pulling down my jockeys and placing her soft, shivering hand around my dick. I whispered in her ear and told her to stroke and pump my cock. She silently obeyed me with this wide-eyed look of wonder I'll always remember. I still remember her finally whispering: "You're going to ejaculate, aren't you ..?" I think I said "yes" before I sprayed all over. That cum shot still ranks as one of my fondest memories and most intense orgasms. After that day, we stole secret moments with each other every day when we could. By now Bev and the rest of her friends knew what was going on, but instead of telling on us, like I constantly feared they would, the girls would "cover" for us when we went off alone, always telling an curious parties that we were off in two separate directions. Aside from Matt, Bev never told anyone from the camp about Nicole and me. Matt didn't care, and besides he was too whipped to even consider doing anything to piss off Bev. So, Bev and the rest of Nicole's little friends just whispered and giggled among themselves. Meanwhile, the other camp counselors and CITs just figured Nicole had a crush on me. They never suspected I had acted on it. As fate would have it, one of the other counselors, Laura, had a thing for me. Thus, I made a point of flirting with her and pretending I liked her to divert attention away from Nicole and myself. I told Nicole my plan, and she decided she needed a fake boyfriend, too. She chose a kid named Eric, but never did anything with him (she "swore on a stack of Scriptures"). For the next week and a half, we both played our parts so well that no one ever suspected. Our sexual adventures began at mutual masturbation that first day and quickly developed into oral sex by day three (what she from that day forward referred to as "yummies") . I would always eat her smooth bald pussy until it came. Then she would suck me to orgasm. During this time, I taught her how to give great "yummies," and after completing her second blow-job she swallowed all my cum. This quickly became a tradition she maintained with very subsequent oral encounter. During this time we also explored the 69 position and annilingus on her, which, by the way, was "really cool." I finally fucked little Nicole on the Tuesday of the next (and last) week. Many of our encounters, sometimes three times a day, were now taking place in a cabin called Peek-A-Boo that rested on the top of a hill and overlooked the back of the camp. Peek-a-Boo is where the camp ranger stored his off-season supplies. It had a bed, bathroom and kitchen and also functioned as a guest house when the camp had overnight visitors. Coincidentally, it was also the exact spot where I'd lost my virginity at the age of 11 to a 17-year-old Counselor in Training almost nine years earlier to the day. For that first time, I made sure I spread plenty of sheets around the bed to absorb any blood her cherry might spill. I gave her a little wine I'd smuggled into camp to ease her up and numb the pain slightly. Busting her hymen took a little while, my size not really conducive to a tight,

"forbidden" pussy like hers. She really worked at it, though, totally determined to leave there a woman. I finally just stabbed it home after fifteen minutes of preparation. She cried and bled at first, but started fucking me back not even a minute later. After that, there was no turning back, especially when she found out that if she lay on her side once I was inside her that she could cum VERY hard while I fucked her and bumped her clit into her cervix.

Analysis - Nicole's and my first fuck was one of the most treasured moments in my life. By her own admission, it was also one of the high points of her life. Through the years, Nicole and I not only continued fucking but became close friends as well. I wrote letters of recommendation for her when she applied to both undergraduate and graduate schools. She now makes a lot of money working in Public Relations. Living in the same city and attending the same church as my family, she also has gotten to know them, especially my mother, quite well. We still remain in contact to this day, almost 15 years later. Now that we're both adults and she is happily married (with two boys), she loves to regale people we both know with stories of how I was "her first" (and "best" when her husband is out of earshot). A few years back, she even told my mother about our "past," although she thankfully said this all happened five years later than it actually did. I'm not telling you all this to boast, merely to point out that many Humbert/Lolita relationships can extend through the years and turn into lasting friendships. As you can see from the details I've provided, Nicole exemplified all the key aspects of the Average Girl which I unwittingly, but successfully exploited. While my first experience with Tracey (see Introduction) broke me into Lolita hunting, my seduction of Nicole paved the way for future conquests and helped formulate the germ of a theory that became the Lolita Method. I used the Eve in the Garden technique with great success after that, and I'll always owe that bubbly little cutie-pie a debt of gratitude. TAKING her "forbidden" pussy that golden summer was part of what transformed me from a BOY into a REAL man. Thanks, Nic.

Lolita: Rhonda, age 10 (Rowdy Girl) Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 21 Technique: Eve in the Garden variation

Rhonda was the little sister of Nicole best friend, Bev. The next summer, Nicole and Bev went to a cheer leading camp instead of regular summer camp because they both wanted to try out for the cheering squad when they started junior high the following fall. I knew that Bev knew about Nicole and I. They were best friends, and Bev had covered for us quite a few times the previous summer when we were off together. I didn't know whether Nicole or Bev had ever told little Rhonda about me being Nicole's "older boyfriend." I suspected she knew something about Nicole and I, but I had no idea how much until camp started. Rhonda attached herself to me immediately. At the end of day one, everyone was calling her my "groupie." Rhonda was a cute yet pudgy girl who was shaped somewhat like a beach ball. She was not the early bloomer that her older sister was. She still had a lot of baby fat on her, which looked adorable to an adult but made her the object of teasing from her peers. Rhonda compensated for this by being loud, bossy and acting up. She pretty much ran roughshod over the girls in her age group, some of whom were bigger than her but not as aggressive. She was the ringleader among her friends -- the first one to start name-calling, take a dare or turn a simple difference of opinion into a full-blown scuffle. She was also the new president of my fan club.

She and her cronies followed me around all day, causing trouble one minute and asking to help the next. On the first night she asked me if she could be Captain of the Dining Hall Clean-Up Crew, which was once again my responsibility. I had a few older kids who were better suited for the job, but I compromised and made her my "secretary." This essentially meant she would double check to see that everything was done after clean-up and report back to me. She liked this job, and the responsibility did seem to calm her down. With Nicole gone, I was anticipating what I thought was going to be a routine summer. Laura, the counselor who had acted as my pretend girlfriend the summer before, was back, and I was pretty much resigned to just starting up with her again. She certainly seemed glad to see me, sending off immediate vibes that she's be more than willing to "get serious" that summer if I wanted. Ironically, we hadn't done anything the previous year because I'd told her I wasn't ready yet (what a laugh!). Now she thought I was a super-sweet guy, and she seemed intent on corrupting me. All this was going along right on schedule until the fourth day of camp when I found out about Rhonda's "peeping" games. It seems Rhonda had taken to sneaking out of her cabin with some of her friends during the boy's shower time and trying to catch a peek inside the stalls through The Hole. The Hole was knothole in the back wall of the showers that stood about waste high and gave any interested party a good glimpse into one of the back stalls. At one time a second pipe had entered the building from that point, but a change of plumbing had made it obsolete. The hole remained, though, because it was a handy place to run a hose through from the shower area to the outside. Everyone who'd been to the camp from previous summers knew The Hole was there. There was a big cartoon face drawn around it, so that The Hole was a mouth and a coat hook was the nose. Anyone taking a shower in the stall just hung their bathing suit or shorts over the hole, or plugged it up with toilet paper. Sometimes veteran campers "neglected" to tell new campers about The Hole, though, and if some unfortunate rube didn't notice it a lucky passerby could get a free peep show. Rhonda was a longtime camper and knew all about The Hole. She also knew that the chances of catching a glimpse of anything were pretty much nil. This didn't stop the little troublemaker from devising a plan whereby she could use The Hole and make some money in the process. Her scheme was simple. She offered boys a quarter to shower in the back stall with The Hole uncovered for one minute. Her only rule is that they had to show "everything" at least once. Then she charged girls \$.50 to watch for one minute (which she timed on a stopwatch she lifted from one of the counselors). After three days, her little scheme was netting her quite a tidy little sum - about \$5 day after she paid out the boys. She would sneak the girls out of her cabin early in the morning after the girls shower time when the boys were in the showers. In case anyone is wondering, girls went to the showers before boys because, according to the camp director, it took girls "longer to get ready" than boys. Boys, on the other hand, benefited from the lack of warm water (the girls used it all up) because it "curbed their hormones"; this once again in the words of the camp director. Well, Rhonda's "clients" sure "got ready" in a hurry, and since breakfast immediately followed shower time they would just tell their counselor they were heading to the dining hall early to get a good table and help set up. Instead, they would go over to the showers, and Rhonda would set up shop. In retrospect, Rhonda's little scam would have continued through the next two-and-

half weeks, too, if one of the boys hadn't had some problems collecting his fee. One of the girls who had paid to peep told Rhonda the boy didn't "show anything," so Rhonda refused to pay him. The boy said he did and demanded his money. A full-blown argument broke out after breakfast when the boys got paid, and, lucky me, I was the one to break it up. When I isolated both of them and tried to find out what was going on, I was in no way prepared for what they told me. It was like something out of Meatballs (one of my favorite films), and I just wanted to laugh my ass off. Instead, my job required that I play ADULT and bring these kids into the camp director for immediate discipline. FUCK THAT! By this time, both of them were crying, begging for mercy and promising to do anything to avoid getting in trouble. I told them that I wouldn't tell anyone if they promised to "knock it off" and if Rhonda and the rest of the boys gave back all the money. If they didn't get 100% cooperation, everyone would be "busted." They agreed and went running off to make restitution. I kept mum about the whole thing for two reasons. For one I didn't want to hassle with the camp director and discipline kids for just being kids. I also couldn't help but think this whole thing might give me another opportunity to get some fresher, even MORE "forbidden" pussy. I admit, by this point in my life, even at the age of twenty, I was pretty much addicted to the fantasy and reality of "forbidden" girls. The thought of little loud Rhonda pimping boys to expose themselves got me VERY hard. When I daydreamed about all those girls looking at my big, hard nine-inch cock, I got EVEN HARDER. I didn't even have a plan that same morning as I went off to take my own shower. You see, as a senior counselor, I had some savvy and privileges now. I was allowed to take my shower after breakfast and dining hall clean-up (which was always a pretty grimy task) while the rest of the campers got ready for morning activities. At 9:00AM sharp, I had to report to the Daisy Barn, sound the bugle (I was the camp bugler), lead the pledge of allegiance, take roll call, and read the day's announcements. Until then, I had what usually amounted to half-an-hour to forty-five minutes of freedom depending how quick my crew got the dining hall cleaned up. I took my shower then, after all the hot water filled back up again, and let my CITs and junior counselor worry about getting our cabin ready for morning inspection. At precisely 8:45AM, the Camp Director toured each of the 10 cabins and inspected the premises. The winning cabin got to hang a Gold Dustpan outside their door, and all the residents received extra helpings of dessert that night at supper. This routine kept everyone inside their cabins and out of my hair, and this really constituted my only "quiet" time. That day, however, after Rhonda's little brouhaha, I was feeling anything but "quiet." The whole affair had given me a raging hard-on, which I relieved myself of in the shower. It was precisely at the moment of my orgasm, my mind filled with images of Rhonda and a bunch of her little friends watching gape-jawed as I palmed my nine-inch prick and busted a big spewing nut, that a mad scheme suddenly popped into my mind. My body was shaking the rest of the morning as I refined my bold plan. That day after lunch, I called Rhonda over after Dining Hall Clean-Up and asked her if she's returned all the money yet. She nodded yes and looked like she might cry again if I lectured her again. I told her that as long as everyone got the money back I wouldn't tell the Director and no one would get in trouble. She seemed very relieved to hear this and smiled at me. Then I took a huge chance. I looked around to make sure no one was watching or listening to us, then I got down on one knee and looked

her in the eye. "I know why you did what you did," I told her. She seemed a little nervous, probably thinking I was going to lecture her again. But she brightened as my voice got softer and gentler. "It's normal that you'd want to look at boy's naked," I told her. "It's all right ..really .." She brightened even more. "There's nothing wrong with what you did, just how you went and did it. Charging money and paying people to do those things was wrong. Do you understand that?" She nodded slowly, and I could see she was confused. "You see," I explained, "charging money for things like that is wrong. People who want to do those things should be able to and not have to pay money. Charging money takes all the fun away and makes it dirty instead of fun. If people want to look at naked people, they should find someone who wants to do it, too. Then they can share and no one has to pay money. That's how grown ups have fun. Do you understand?" "Is that like you and Nicole last year?" she suddenly asked out of the clear blue sky. "You know about that?" I was shocked to hear the words come out of her mouth, but not really surprised. "Yeah, she and Bev told me. She said you were 'going with' Nicole last summer and did stuff with her like kissing .. and other stuff, too." "Really? What kind of other stuff?" "Sex stuff," she whispered. "Yes, we did," I told the truth, figuring she knew already. "Did Nicole tell you how much fun we had?" She nodded. "Would you like to have fun like that sometime?" I asked, trying not to stammer and keep my cool. She nodded again and gave me a nervous smile. "If you and your friends want to see someone naked, you can come over to the showers after breakfast when I take my shower. I'll leave The Hole open and you can all look in. But you can't charge any of them money, okay, because that's wrong, isn't it ..?" She nodded quickly and smiled. "Can I be your girlfriend this summer?" she suddenly asked. "I promise I'll be a good girlfriend, and I won't get in any more trouble." "We'll see," I told her. "Now get going, and don't tell anyone what we talked about or we'll both get in big trouble. If you bring some of your friends by to watch me in the shower, you have to pretend it's just an accident that I have The Hole opened. You can't tell them we planned it. It'll be our secret. If you can keep that secret, you can be my girlfriend, okay ..?" "Okay," she was all red and flushed. "Can we do other stuff, too, like you and Nicole last summer?" "Yes," I nodded, "but we'll have to be very careful, just like Nicole and I last summer. That means you can't tell anyone, not even your best friend. I'm not supposed to have girlfriends at camp, you know, so we have to be very secret so we don't get in trouble. Okay .?" She nodded, hugged me quick and ran off. The next morning, she managed to get three girls out of their cabin and they came over to the showers. I was peering through the hole, waiting to see if they'd show when I spotted them. Then I went into action. While my little Peeping Tomboys gawked, I lathered up my hard, thick, nine-inch dick and ball and worked myself over for almost fifteen minutes before I blew my load. I heard gasps, giggles and then the sound of feet scurrying away. From that day forward, little Rhonda was as docile as a puppy. All the counselors and the Director marveled at how my influence seemed to have shaped her up. None of them had any idea I was giving peep shows to her and her friends and getting Rhonda alone up in Peek-A-Boo for some private tutorials. We started two days later with kissing, French kissing, mutual masturbation and oral sex - all during that first encounter. She'd obviously heard about everything from Nicole and her sister because she was game for everything. I ate her for a long time, and although she got all worked up and told

me how good it felt she didn't cum that first time. She stroked and licked my cock, though, and really enjoyed making it cum "just for her." Later that day, we stole back up to Peek-A-Boo after supper clean-up, and I continued trying to eat her bald, plump pussy to its first climax. This time she relaxed more, and I popped her off after twenty minutes. Then she had to go before anyone missed her. The next day, she told me after breakfast that she'd gone back to her cabin and played with herself until she came again. That same morning, while taking my shower, I heard her at The Hole again. "I'm alone," she whispered. She obviously wanted a private show. I stroked my dick for her, and after about five minutes she asked: "Do you think it can fit through the Hole?" I hadn't thought of that, but I crouched down slightly and slid my hard, nine-inch dick through The Hole. And there it was, my first Glory Hole experience with a ten-year-old girl licking my dick to climax through a summer camp shower stall. That afternoon, after lunch clean-up, we stole up to Peek-A-Boo and she showed me how she jacked herself off, but she stopped before she came, telling me she liked when I did it better. Then I taught her how to suck cock, not just lick it, but get it in her mouth. Then I laid her on her back and rubbed my cock against her bald, slick pussy lips while I diddled her little clit just like she showed me. Then I licked her pussy to an orgasm, she sucked me again and I came all over her face, which she finally tasted. I told her if she really wanted to be my girlfriend, that she should always lick up my cum. I told her that's what women did, and that's what separated women from little girls. She asked me if she was a woman, and I told her she would be by the end of the summer if she listened to everything I told her. After that she did, always making sure to lick up my cum whenever I busted a nut. I ended up fucking that tight, extremely "forbidden" pussy a few days later when I couldn't hold out any longer. I was terrified of hurting her and making her bleed, but we worked up to the deed slowly. I told her about her hymen and explained that she would feel pain and bleed when my dick broke it. She said she wanted to fuck me, though, so I got some old sheets out of the laundry and put them across the bed four thick so we wouldn't get blood over anything. That first time was rougher than it had been with even Nicole. I tried everything I knew to lessen the pain and get her off, but I still think Rhonda didn't enjoy it very much. Afterward, I made sure to tell her how wonderful she was and how she wasn't a little girl anymore, and that seemed to help a lot. I was wondering whether the pain had been too much for her, though, and if she'd even want to fool around the next day or any other day for that matter. The next day she surprised me by giving me a note during breakfast telling me she loved me and wanted to "do that stuff" again. She was back with some of her friends at The Hole that same morning, and she hovered around me like she'd been doing all day. Meanwhile, rumors of my huge dick were spreading around camp, and I noticed a lot of the older girls and CITs eyeing my bulge, especially in the swimming pool. In the following weeks, I bet almost every girl in camp came by The Hole at least once to check me out. To this day, I'm amazed no one told any of the counselors, especially Laura, my still pretend girlfriend. Poor Laura, who finally got her wish one night when we were on liberty, was VERY surprised at the size of my tool and VERY happy because she thought she had this BIG SECRET all to herself. Little did she realize she was sharing my dick with almost every pair of female eyes in camp, while I was saving all my really good fucking for my little girlfriend, Rhonda. After a week of week of steady fucking,

Rhonda's "forbidden" pussy stretched and grew quite acclimated to my man-sized cock. After that summer, I received a few love letters from her and we got together a few times over the years. When her sister and Nicole got home from cheer leading camp later that summer, Rhonda bragged to both of them about our relationship. This of course, inspired Nicole to call me up and invite me over one day when her parents were gone. Two days later, I was headed back to school, and the next summer I graduated from college and took the summer off before I started teaching middle school and pursuing my first Master's degree.

Analysis - Upon first glance, it would appear as if I stumbled onto Rhonda just as I had the three previous "forbidden" girls I'd bagged: Tracey (see Introduction), Lydia (see Case Studies under Romantic Artists), and Nicole. Upon closer examination, though, the beginnings of a pattern, a fledgling strategy if you will, begins to appear. I was able to bag Rhonda because I'd previously been with her sister's friend. This was when I learned how powerful a force gossip can be. When Lolitas get fucked properly, they tell their friends, and the savvy Humbert starts getting a reputation. Just like with Lydia, who was best friends with Tracey, Rhonda also had prior knowledge of my sexual prowess, which made her much more susceptible to my advances. At this young age, I was also learning how important it is to make Lolitas FEEL like women instead of girls. Simultaneously, I was recognizing the effectiveness of what I was later to call the Eve in the Garden technique. Overall, I was learning the critical nature of pleasing "forbidden girls" sexually and making them cum HARD. This alone is the best means of keeping Lolita from blabbing about your relationship to the authorities. When you get her off GOOD, she'll do almost anything to keep this going indefinitely. Humberts who don't learn this valuable lesson early pay the price later.

Lolita: Cindy, age 13 (daughter) Humbert: Bill, age 38 (father) Technique: Eve in the Garden (with accomplice)

Note - This case study chronicles Humbert Bill's seduction of his oldest daughter, Cindy. Bill currently fucks each of his three daughters, and his wife is still oblivious. The story of Bill's introduction to Lolita hunting and his subsequent seduction of Cindy's best friend, Desiree, is related in the opening of this book.

I guess I knew when I started fucking my daughter Cindy's best friend, Desiree, that I'd eventually end up seducing my own three daughters. Somewhere in the back of mind, I must have realized that my desire to initially fuck Desiree was actually a sublimated urge to begin a sexual relationship with my own eldest daughter. Still caught up in a parental guilt trip, however, I couldn't admit these things to myself at the beginning. In the end, it was Desiree who made me realize the truth. After over a year of fucking, Desiree was a full-fledged sex freak by the time she was ending the sixth grade. It came as no surprise, then, when I learned she was seducing girls her age into sex games with her. She would tell me with such pride when she got into another girl's pants and "got some pussy." I was seeing Desiree in hotel and motel rooms almost twice a week when she could sneak out of her house. One day when I picked her up, there was another girl with her. It was another friend of my daughter, a chubby blond named Lori. Des had told me she and Lori were regularly playing sex games with each other, and I quickly found out that Des had told Lori about us and sworn her to secrecy. Lori then asked if she could "play" with us, and Des brought her along. I was in heaven

that day - two "forbidden" pussies to lick, suck, fuck and savor. Lori was a very obedient little girl, too, doing whatever Des or I told her to do. She really enjoyed herself, too. Des had already broken her in to the point where she could take something shoved up her tight, young cunt and chase her cum. As Des was sitting on Lori's face and watching me fuck the girl, she said something that struck me immediately: "I wish Cindy was here, don't you ..?" The question cut right to my soul, and I felt myself turned on so much at the thought of fucking my own daughter that I really started pounding into poor Lori. She didn't seem to mind, though, bouncing on the mattress and squealing in delight when she came for the second time that afternoon. Des saw the reaction Cindy's name had sparked, so she kept on referring to my daughter as we fucked the rest of that afternoon. She'd be sucking my cock or eating out Lori, look at me and say: "Don't you wish this was Cindy doing this?" Yes, I did wish that. Afterwards, while we were showering off in the bathroom, Des told me she had gotten Cindy into some sex games a few weeks earlier. She hadn't told me because she thought I'd be angry. In those days, I was terrified my daughter would find out about me and Des. Naturally, I asked for details. Des told me she would always pick playful little fights with Cindy so the two would wrestle. Cindy was a strong girl for her age, already the roughhousing jock she would demonstrate years later on high school and college basketball and volleyball courts. Des was no match for my daughter in wrestling and always lost, much to Des's delight I might add. She loved being pinned beneath Cindy's strong body, especially because Des always picked the fights when the girls were in bathing suits, PJ's, or otherwise scantily-clad.

Des usually picked the fights by tweaking one of Cindy's budding tits, slapping her ass or goosing her. Thus, when Cindy ended up getting the advantage over Des, she would reciprocate with some sexual torture of her own. Des would refuse to say "uncle," spurring Cindy onto further abuse - spanking, tickling, bouncing, etc. - before Des finally relented (sometimes secretly cumming, too). Des then confessed that she'd kissed Cindy with her tongue before when they were goofing around, and had even given Cindy some nude massages all over. Des said she'd made Cindy cum once by rubbing her ass while Cindy humped her little pussy into a pillow. Then Des spoke aloud what had been on my mind all afternoon: "I think we could get Cindy to play with us, too." I asked her how, and she said I could walk in on them fooling around at my house when no one else was around. She said she could get Cindy to go along with us if she had the chance. Terrified at the prospect of getting caught, but in too deep to stop myself, I agreed. The big day happened a few weeks later. Des and Lori came over one day to "work on a school project" with Cindy when my wife and my two youngest daughters, Jackie and Tanya, were at my in-laws. I had already told my wife I needed to work a few hours that afternoon, and we both agreed that we could trust Cindy alone in the house with her friends for a short while. My wife actually thought it would be a good idea to start demonstrating trust in our eldest daughter while giving her more independence and responsibility. Before I left, then, I made Cindy promise to behave herself. Then I told her I'd be back in a three hours and drove off, ready to return when Des gave me the proper signal. Des told me she'd close the living room drapes when she had the situation "under control." So I spent the next hour or so driving past the house looking to see if the drapes were drawn. Finally, at almost the one hour mark exactly, I saw the drawn curtains. I pulled onto the

street about four houses up and cut through some backyards to my house. As I crept through my garden towards the back door, which I'd left unlocked, I tried to imagine what Des, Lori and my daughter were doing, what I would walk in on. Afterward, they all told me. Several days before the big day, Des, Lori and Cindy had arranged the day to be alone so they could have a "make-out party" with three older boys Des knew, Josh, Mike and Paul. Des was fucking Josh, and she fixed up Lori with Mike and Cindy with Paul. Cindy knew she was supposed to "go all the way" with Haul, and she wanted to do this so she could be like her two best friends and not be a little girl anymore. So after I left, Des called the boys, and they arrived a short while later (Mike lived about five minutes walk from my house). In fact, I'd even seen the three boys walking over to my house while I was driving around, although I didn't know who they were or where they were going at the time. When the boys got there, Des convinced Cindy to break into my liquor cabinet so they could spike their soda pop with whiskey, vodka and gin. Des also talked Cindy into going into my closet and ransacking my supposedly "secret" library of porno tapes (I later found out that my two oldest daughters, Cindy and Jackie, had known about my porn stash for a few years, sneaking looks at my magazines whenever they had a chance). With everything now set-up, the "party" began. They all sat around watching a porno tape and making out. Des was the first to get serious, stripping down and getting Josh to do the same. Mike and Lori and then Cindy and Paul followed suit. Then Des started sucking Josh's cock, Lori followed her lead, and Paul asked Cindy to do the same. This quickly turned into all sorts of play - blow jobs, pussy licking, 69, and eventually fucking. At some point, Des closed the front drapes, and this was my signal. They had been messing around for probably twenty minutes when I came in the back door, walked into the living room and took in the sights. Des was getting fucked doggie style bent over my leather chair (the little slut). Lori and Mike were doing 69 on the couch while Paul was vigorously mounting Cindy in the missionary position on the floor. By the splotches of blood staining their upper thighs and my carpet, I deducted that Cindy had just had her cherry popped moments before. She looked to be in pain, gritting her teeth and trying to get through the pain. I felt so protective of her, like I wanted to tear the boy from her right then and thrash every last breath from his body. I knew this wasn't what needed to be done, especially not if I wanted my daughter to still love me and give herself to me out of this love. "And this is your idea of behaving yourself, young lady?" I finally spoke out loud. The look on the boys' faces was priceless. Cindy's was even better. Even Des and Lori, who knew what was going down, seemed startled by my sudden appearance. Before the boys could even think of running, I ordered them to stay put. They froze. Cindy looked like she was about to have a heart attack. She was too mortified to say anything or even cry. She just lay there on the floor quaking in terror. I walked over to one of the half-empty liquor bottles, a fifth of Jack Daniels, picked it up, looked at it, and took a swig. "Great party," I grinned. "Glad to see you're using condoms." "Hi, Bill," Des smiled at me. "Hi, Bill," Lori chimed in. "You're Bill?" Josh seemed impressed. Obviously Des had told him something of me. "Awesome." He turned to Cindy. "Your dad is so cool." Cindy looked puzzled and utterly stupefied. She was expecting me to kill them all. Instead I walked over to my leather chair guzzling some more Jack. While every kid in the room watched, I unzipped my fly, popped out my dick and slid it

between Des's lips. "Awesome," Josh grinned before he started doggie-fucking Des again. "Go on," I motioned to Paul and Cindy, who were still frozen solid. "It's cool," I sighed in pleasure as Des sucked on my balls. "Really .." I took another swig of the Jack. "Go on." The guy fucking my daughter was obviously no rocket scientist. But he did understand that if Cindy's dad was standing a few feet away getting a blow-job from her best friend that her dad probably really didn't give a shit if some guy was fucking his daughter. So Paul just started screwing away again. Cindy looked like she was trying to get away for a minute or so, but he put his weight down on her, pinning her to the floor while he slammed inside her. Moments later, helpless and in shock, she slowly just forgot I was there and gave into her natural instincts. And that's how it happened. I watched the guy take my daughter's cherry like a typical BOY, getting her all hot and bothered for a few short minutes, then dumping into his condom while his softening dick sloshed out of her hungry young pussy. "Shit!" he exclaimed. His limp dick had now stalled at the entrance to Cindy's eager primed cunt, leaving my daughter very frustrated and VERY unfulfilled. Coming down off her carnal high, she suddenly remembered where she was and what was going on around her. She flashed me a horrified look, then started trying to crawl away. I had to act now. I slid out of Des's greedy little mouth and walked over to my daughter. "Never send a boy to do a man's job," I quipped, the swigs of Jack Daniels killing any inhibitions I may have been experiencing up to that point. While my daughter looked up at me with a mixture of horror, confusion and lust, I knelt down to the floor, pressed my cock-head against her slick tender pussy lips, teased her clit with my skilled fingers and just sank into her tight, bothered pussy. She tried to pull away, but I pulled her into me. "Shh .." I whispered in her ear, feeling her go limp the minute she began receiving the pleasurable stoke of my experienced cock. "It's going to be all right, darling. Daddy's here now. Shh .." As her young, cuddly body molded around my hard, steady thrusting, the only words she said were: "No, daddy .. no, daddy, please .. no .. daddy, please .. no .." In another minute, though, the "no" became "oh," and then eventually "yes" as I turned her athletic young body to an almost 90-degree angle. I was now entering her from the side, smashing her itchy little clit up against her cervix with every thrust. Her face had now lost all the horror and shock, her eyes washed over with a glaze of utter bliss. Every nerve and cell in her body wrapped itself around me, responding to every nuance of every thrust in perfect tandem. To feel your own daughter, the most precious thing in the world to you, cum around your stiff loving dick is a feeling every man should experience once. To be able to give someone you love so deeply so much pleasure is the greatest gift any god could grant one of his creations. When a father knows he is also the first man to ever take his daughter to such heights of pleasure, this supreme physical, mental and emotional high becomes even more stratospheric. To possess her young ripe body, full of the wisdom that she will forever-after worship you as her first and best lover transcends the mortal man to veritable Godhood. That I could share this life-altering experience with my own precious, beloved daughter stands as the single defining moment in my life. All my past, present and future shortcomings ceased to exist in that moment as I shared a love so deep that the bond will never be broken. I fucked my daughter masterfully, popping not only one but TWO exhilarating climaxes from her dewy nubile body before I took her in my arms, slammed myself up to the hilt of her young cunt and

poured my fatherly passion into the springtime of her soul. And that is the story of how my oldest daughter joined the ranks of Club Lolita at the hands of her loving father. After that day, my daughter truly came into her own because she had truly experienced the love of a REAL man. With her daddy stroking her Lolita Urge through her adolescence, her turbulent teenage years have been anything but. She excels in school, athletics and popularity. So much for the scars of incest.

Analysis - In preparation for this new edition of The Lolita Method, I contacted Humbert Bill to ask his permission to revise and release our book. He consented, and I asked him about his daughters who have since aged ten years since the first edition of the book. Cindy is a college grad, a school teacher, happily married with two kids. Bill says she is the most well-adjusted woman he has ever met. She harbors no ill will towards him at all, and they occasionally fuck for old times sake. So much for the scars of incest.

Lolita: Stephanie, age 13 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 23 Technique: Being There, Educating Lolita, Groupie Gambit

Stephanie was the kind of girl we used to call a "summer bummer" back when I was in school. A "summer bummer" is a girl who goes home at the end of a school year incredibly average and then comes back the following fall as an incredibly hot piece of ass. What made this a "bummer" was the fact that a normal schmo actually had a shot with such a girl pre-metamorphosis. After her transfiguration, however, the opportunity is lost forever. "Summer bummer" never talk to the average BOYS again, not unless they grow up to be savvy Humberts. Stephanie was a student in my seventh-grade English class my first year of teaching. She was quiet, shy and caught my eye as much as the next Lolita, but no more. I did strike up a relationship with her towards the end of the year, though, when she needed at least a B on the final to pass my class. She came in after school every day for three weeks, and I helped her study English, Science and Pre-Algebra, all of which she was failing. Stephanie's problem wasn't a lack of intelligence. She was as smart or smarter than most of the girls her age. Stephanie's problem was boys. She was dreamy and boy crazy. Her folders and notebooks were littered with the names of boys he worshiped from afar but never spoke to. Whenever a boy walked by the door or window of the classroom, she stared. I managed to get her through her finals, though, and she ended up passing into the eighth grade. I never made a move on her, though, mostly because I was occupied with cruising Burn-Out girls and fucking Rae Anne, an eighth-grade Ugly Girl (see Case Studies - Ugly Girls, Rae Anne). I decided to just "be there" for Stephanie and keep her on the back burner, so to speak. Well, let me tell you, the day she strutted into eighth grade with a freshly-sprouted pair of tits, curvy hips and an ass that shrieked "POUND ME!", she went straight from the back-burner into the lake of fire. All other Lolita hunting was now secondary to bagging Stephanie. Luckily, the scheduling Gods were smiling on me because she was assigned to my only eighth grade English class. When she saw me sitting at my desk, she strutted up and proclaimed: "Hello, Mr. Donner. I'm back, your favorite student!" The shyness was gone. She now spoke with the authority of a young Lolita who's looked in the mirror and seen her tits grow from non-existent to riveting. Every girlish wish for a woman's body had been magically granted over her summer of transformation. Ironically, when the boys she'd pined over started paying attention to her now,

she only found them silly and immature. In true Lolita fashion, she retrofitted her old girlish attitudes to fit her new womanly body. Stephanie was never going to be satisfied with a BOY again. In a month, the eight-grader would be dating a high school sophomore or junior who could boast a car, a later curfew, and a fake ID. Well, NOT IF I COULD HELP IT! I had lost out on every "summer bummer" who crossed my path when I was younger. Some of these girls had even LIKED me before they transformed. Afterwards, they didn't even remember my name. I REFUSED TO LET THAT HAPPEN NOW! I started in on Stephanie's Lolita Urge right away. At that time in my life, I hadn't formalized or perfected The Lolita Method yet, but I'd learned enough to know that my path to any Lolita's cherry lay in my ability to make her feel "special" and give her what she wanted most. What Stephanie wanted most, I surmised, was to be treated like the woman she saw herself to be, not the big-titted "girl" all the boys felt was now "good enough" to notice. I complimented Stephanie on her whole change of personality and attitude. I told her she'd showed me a lot last year when I tutored her, and I added how proud I was that she'd passed all her exams with flying colors. I then told her I could use someone to come in during the day and help me grade papers and organize the classroom, etc. I dangled a permanent pass out of her "silent" study hall, before her eyes, and she snatched up the bait like a good little Lolita. In the following weeks, I worked her like I've never worked a Lolita since. We talked about her life endlessly, and I listened to her every anecdote, problem and observation like she was Marie fucking Curie. When she went on about the immature BOYS who asked her out now when they didn't even know who she was the year before, I offered my cynical analysis of their stupidity before quickly adding how she'd just need to wait for them to catch up to her. When she asked me how old they'd be before that happened, I told her "about my age." This, of course, got her thinking on the right track. As we grew closer, she started asking me more questions about my personal life. I told her I really wasn't supposed to talk about my personal life with students, but in the same breath I added that since I considered her an adult now I'd forget the rules. So I told her about my life. I told her how I played in a band, and lived in a house with three of the other guys from the group. I neglected to tell her about my fiancée', though, and since my betrothed was out of state in grad school that whole year I figured the point was moot. Eventually, I let slip that my house mates were throwing a party one weekend, and that I wouldn't be able to grade any papers those days so we needed to get them done pronto. She milked me for information about the party, and when I told her my band was going to be playing there she expressed a fervent desire to go and hear us play. Um .. just in case you haven't figured it out yet, this meant that I NOW HAD HER CHERRY in the palm of my hand. I pretended to think about her request for a second, then I invited her to come. I reminded her she'd have to keep everything a secret, though, because of the "stupid school rules," which were designed precisely to prevent such a thing from happening. She asked if she could at least bring along her best friend, Katie, and seeing no way around it I consented. The plan was for both of them to go over to Katie's house, get dropped off at the mall to see a movie, then take a bus over to my place. Stephanie said this would give them to 10:30PM because when she and Katie went to the 8:00PM movie their parents would always let them get ice cream afterwards at the parlor located by the mall. Stephanie insisted that if I could get

them back to the ice cream parlor so she could call her mom at 10:30PM that no one would ever know what she'd done. It sounded like a plan, so we went with it. The party was on a Saturday night, so I spent the rest of Friday and all day Saturday preparing to get my "summer bummer." I knew if I could just get Stephanie alone that I could close the deal. My past experiences had made me that confident. The only obstacle was Katie, Stephanie's best friend. I needed to separate them - divide and conquer - or I'd never get Stephanie in the frame of mind to GIVE it up. Luckily, I had just the remedy for such a sticky situation. His name was Daryl, and he was the guitar player in our band. He also liked Lolita pussy as much as I did, although he'd never sampled any as young as Katie. I pitched him the idea and showed him Katie's yearbook photo from last year. He looked at me as if I was crazy. "You really think we're going to be able to fuck a couple of eighth graders?" he asked incredulously. "I know I will," I answered. "What's wrong? Don't you think you have what it takes to bag a thirteen-year-old?" "Just watch me, brother," he took up my challenge. Needless to say, we were both on pins and needles all day and evening until the party started. People started filing in around 7:30PM, and the band was due to play the first set at 8PM. Once things started hopping, time began moving in a blur of pot and beer. We went out on the back porch at 7:45PM and did a sound check. Fifteen minutes later, we were blasting away. As we played, I scanned the people filing into our backyard. Daryl had his eyes peeled for the young stuff, too. I was stoned out of mind - half from chemicals, half from the prospect of finally TAKING some "summer bummer" snatch. The band was into its third song - Papa's Got a Brand New Bag, I still remember - when I finally saw Stephanie and Katie emerge. I looked at Daryl, he looked at me, and we smiled. That song had solo spots that featured both myself and Daryl, and then after our main solos we traded shorter 4-bar solos in a call and response type thing as we riffed out. It was the perfect feature to get two little Lolitas all groupie-eyed and gushing. By the end of the song, they were right at the edge of the stage-porch, waving to us to get our attention. We did two more songs, then closed the set with a tune I chose - Color My World. It was a ballad that I did vocals on, and I played a solo, too. I picked Stephanie out of the crowd and sang directly to her. I could smell her eighth grade pussy from where I stood by the end of the number. We finished off the set with a rousing version of "Born to Run," then broke. As luck would have it that evening, Stephanie and Katie were not the only cunts in the crowd who had their eyes on Daryl and me. This always happened when we played a gig. Chicks see guys on stage, and they automatically get wet. I believe it has something to do with CONTROL. They see guys up there, in front of everyone, and they seem to have such perfect control - over their instruments, over the music, over the audience. I think cunts put themselves in the place of a musician's instrument, thinking that if he can coax music out of a hunk of metal or wood he has to be able to play their pussy like a Stradivarius and give them the Beethoven's Ninth of orgasms. This is why we always had girls all over us after a set, and that night was no exception. Two cunts in particular had us in their sites, and their names were Shannon and Bobbi. Shannon was friends with my fiancée, but that didn't stop her from making a play for me every time she had the opportunity. She had made it clear in no uncertain terms that she was "there for me" if I ever missed my betrothed and "needed someone to lean on." I probably would have taken her up on it, too, if I

hadn't been getting all the "forbidden" pussy I could handle. Besides, I knew if I fucked Shannon that it would eventually get back to my bride-to-be, and that wouldn't be a very bright idea. So I just strung the cunt along, saving her up for a rainy day. Bobbi, on the other hand, was a total slut, and Daryl had banged her a few times already. Daryl had banged Shannon, too, by the way, and had even done both of them together after a gig. They had invited me to make it a foursome, but that was when my fiancée was still in town over the summer and misbehaving wasn't even an option. These two sluts were fully intent on living the dream with me and Daryl that night, however, and they were on us like sharks out for blood when we left the porch-stage. Stephanie and Katie saw these two older sluts moving in, and they immediately hung back. Their Lolita Urges were being sent into a tailspin. In their little pea-brains, they saw two REAL women getting the two REAL men they wanted. I knew the jealousy was making our prey even hotter for our cocks, so I decided to exploit the situation to the utmost. I let Shannon show me everything she had - every wanton gesture, every flash of cleavage, every seductive lick of her lips. Daryl didn't know what I was doing, but knew I had to have a plan (I always did), so he played along. Shannon and Bobbi practically got down on their knees and blew us right there while Stephanie and Katie hung on the outskirts of the crowd, sipping their beers, growing angrier and hornier, and preparing to leave at any second. Then, in an instant, I turned the tables on everyone. I caught Stephanie out of the corner of my eye, smiled, glanced sideways at Shannon and rolled my eyes. A simple gesture that bagged my little Lolita in an instant. With a wag of my head, I indicated to Stephanie that she and Katie should come over and "rescue" us. The eighth grade girls made a beeline through the throng to reach us. "Hi .. Scott," Stephanie stammered nervously. I had told her the previous day that she needed to call me "Scott" and not "Mr. Donner" if she came to the party. This was the first time she had ever done so, and under the circumstances she must have been very nervous about it. I smiled at her, reached out and hugged her. I could feel her melt in my arms. Meanwhile, the looks on Shannon's and Bobbi's faces were priceless. "Hey, Daryl," I stepped back so my buddy could see the ripe, "forbidden" pussy we were about to score that night in all its pubescent glory. "These are the ladies I was telling you about .. Stephanie and Katie." "Hey," Daryl was definitely hard for Katie. Stephanie's best friend was short, cute and stacked pretty well for an eighth grader. Her dark brown hair was teased up with a whole can of Aqua-net, and she looked positively poured into her V-neck yellow sweater and blue jeans. Standing beside Katie, Stephanie made an equally as alluring Lolita. She was wearing a black and red checked blouse with a short black mini-skirt. Her coltish legs were bare, toned and tanned, and she was wearing a pair of cowboy boots that went halfway up her calf. I was so hard I thought I was going to rip through the crotch of my jeans. "You guys were awesome," Stephanie gushed. "Yeah, awesome," Katie chimed in. I could see Shannon and Bobbi looking at their "competition" with utter contempt. They were just about to shove the girls aside when I did the unthinkable. I turned to the two older sluts and asked them to excuse us. They stood there in shocked silence as I put my arm around Stephanie and walked her into the crowd. Daryl and Katie were right behind us. As I looked down into Stephanie's eyes, her expression was priceless. I'd not only stroked her Lolita Urge, I'd turned her into Cinderella at the ball. To her little adolescent brain, it

must have seemed like every eye at that party was on her as she walked arm in arm with ONE OF THE MUSICIANS. She must have felt like every cunt there was envying her. For the first time in Stephanie's young life, she was a REAL woman. The girls were positively gaga over us. This giddiness combined with three beers a piece from our keg ignited them with a radiance that crackled from their tender, tanned skin. My divide and conquer strategy seemed to be working like clockwork, too. Katie was definitely IN LOVE with Daryl, who was every bit the blond-haired, blue-eyed, sun-tanned rock-and-roll god. We all got some beers from the keg and went inside the house to "talk." Things were still noisy downstairs, though, so I suggested we sashay upstairs and mellow out in my room. The girls chattered nervously. They were obviously aware what was going to happen next. We all were. Once we reached the upstairs hallway, Katie vanished into Daryl's room to look at his guitars and his album collection (vinyl back then, not CDs). Stephanie followed me into my room, her eyes still a tad nervous even though she was finishing her fourth beer. "You party?" I asked her. In the vernacular of the day, I was asking her if she liked to smoke pot. I doubted she'd ever done that before, but I knew what her answer would be. "Sure," she nodded eagerly, not wanting to do anything to make her appear anything less than a REAL woman in my eyes. "Cool," I responded, digging in my trunk for my bong, pot and lighter. When I turned around, she was perched nervously on the end of my bed. "So you liked the band, huh ..?" I asked as I walked over back over to the bed. "You guys are the best band I've ever heard," she cooed. "You should quit being a teacher and become rock stars." "Come on," I laughed as I set up the bong on my nightstand. "We weren't that good." "Yeah you are," she protested. "I wouldn't just say that, you know." "I know," I smiled at her. I finished with the bong and motioned her to come over. She cautiously crept up the bed. "You ever do this before?" I asked. "Kind of," she lied. "Just suck on this when I light it," I told her. I put my hand against the back of her neck and stroked her hair. She about shivered out of her skin she was so terrified. I was raging. Playing always got me so horny, and I swore to myself that I could smell her damp, dewy pussy just waiting to be ripped. She slowly wrapped her delicious lips around the end of the tube, and I pictured that same, sweet, "forbidden" face suckling the head of my bloated, nine-inch cock. I lit the bong, and she sucked. Erupting in a fit of coughing seconds later. "You all right?" I asked, rubbing her shoulders. "Yeah," she coughed some more as a stoned glaze started seeping across her eyes. "Strong, huh ..?" "Yeah," she nodded dreamily. I took a hit, then offered her another one. She hesitated, smiled and took a second draw. This time she only sputtered a little, handling the smoke and the rush much easier. I took another hit, then flopped back on the bed. She looked down at me, and I could see she wanted to fall in right beside me. Something was holding her back, though. I'd done everything right, but I still hadn't torn down that last line of defense. "What was your favorite song?" I asked. "Color My World," she said slowly, like I knew she would. "I was hoping you liked that," I answered. "I always think of you when I hear that song. I don't know why." "Were .. it .." she started, then cut herself off. "What ..?" I prodded her. "It was like .. like you were singing that for me." "I was," I replied. "I made the band wait till you showed up. I wanted you to hear that, so you'd know how I feel about you." That did it. She sank into my arms, and we kissed tenderly, picking up the heat as our tongues slashed at each other. As I drew her closer, I snaked my hands under

her black and red checked top and ran my fingers up her smooth, flat tummy to the lacy bundle of her blooming breasts. She groaned, tearing her mouth from my lips and whispering, "Oh, Scott .." "Oh, Steph .." I replied, cupping her ripe tits in my hands and sliding my fingers into each lacy cup. She remained motionless, just shuddering as I massaged her firm boobs and showered her neck in wet, sucking kisses. Slowly, I worked her top up her torso, over her bare arms and off her shoulders. Her little body slender writhed under my touch, and she rubbed her chest against my face. I unsnapped her bra from the back, letting it fall on my chest as I leaned forward and flicked my tongue against the kernels of her pink nipples. "Oh .. oh .. oh .." she gasped as I inhaled her entire perky tit into my wet, warm mouth. I worked my hands under the hem of her mini-skirt, cupping her magnificent young ass through the fragile cotton of her panties. Her whole bottom and crotch was soaking wet. I rubbed my fingers up her ass groove, tweaked her pussy and kneaded her firm, teenage butt cheeks. We were kissing again now, and as I slid her skirt down her hips she started sucking my neck. I rolled her over as I pulled her skirt down her bare, tanned legs. She flopped on her back and kicked her legs out to make it easier. In another second, she was naked except for panties and her boots. I crawled up her body, licked her tummy, suckled her tits and then found her mouth again. Her hands had now begun to explore my body, rubbing my chest and stomach. I took her fingers in a gentle grasp and placed them below my waist. Her hand hesitated, and I squeezed it. She then moved her fingers down slowly until they bumped into the raging bulge of my crotch. She started, but I held her hand right there, pressing her fingers around my hard lump and squeezing. She kissed me passionately and started pumping my hard dick through my jeans. I let her hand go and started working of her panties. Overcoming her inhibitions, she now petted my cock with utter abandon. When my fingers wormed into her panties and slid into her moist tight twat, she jerked her whole body into a rigid spasm, then sank back down into the bed, purring as I rubbed her pussy and teased the flesh around her irritated clit. While I diddled her snatch, she pumped my crotch furiously. I was so worked up that I began losing control. She was going to jack me off, and I hadn't even gotten my jeans off yet. I immediately pulled my lips away from her mouth and glided back down her torso. I simultaneously worked off her panties, and she raised her legs to help me. Seconds later I was feasting on her bare young cunt as she threw her boots over my shoulders. I was kneeling on the floor now, my mouth buried in her sweet pussy with her legs pressed against my back. I strafed her clit hood with my tongue and dipped my index finger into her slot, gently fucking it in and out as she squirmed in ecstasy. "Tell me what feels good ..?" I whispered to her. "Right there," she moaned back. "Right like that. Oh .. Scott .. oh .. oh .. oh .." Each "oh" was punctuated by a kick of her legs as she pressed my face harder into her sweltering pussy. "Oh .. Yes .. oh .. Scott .." When me tongue dug under the flap of skin over her love-button, she kicked up in a seizure, tossing her head around and running her hands through my hair. "OHHHHHHH!" she howled suddenly, and I felt her whole body quake and convulse. In an instant, she was kicking off me and holding her tender your pussy. I leaned back and watched her ride out the cum storm like a wounded animal going through death throes. "You all right?" I asked after almost of this. "I .. I've never .. oh, Scott .." she flopped back on the bed and threw her arms open. I climbed back on her and we hugged and kissed for endless

minutes while she half-laughed, half-sobbed and showered me with hot kisses. I knew I had her now. It was time to move in for the kill and TAKE her totally - body, mind and soul. "I love you, Steph," I whispered in her ear. "Oh, Scott, I love you, too," she bawled. That was my cue. I stood up, kicked off my shoes and began undoing my jeans .. FINALLY! She watched me with a look of absolute worship and surrender. She was going to get her cherry popped. She knew it, and I knew it. The whole fucking world KNEW IT! We were about to share a moment we'd both remember our whole lives, and the only sound was our breathing. When she caught sight of my cock outlined against my briefs, she sucked in her breath slightly and started instinctively rubbing her virgin pussy. I walked over to her, stood at the side of the bed and offered her the honor of pulling down my shorts and unveiling the agent of her deliverance from girlishness to WOMANHOOD. Her shaking fingers reached up and stroked my nine-inch prick cautiously through the cotton, like she was petting a beast she thought might snap her hand off. I took her head in my hands and pressed her lips gently into her abs. She kissed my rock-hard stomach, and her hands rubbed my ass and the back of my thighs. Then she tugged at the elastic of my waistband and pulled down my shorts, her lips working down my stomach until my hard cock snapped free and slapped up into her anxious face. Without saying a word, I took my prick-helmet between two fingers and rubbed it against her wet lips. She licked it with her tongue, then opened her mouth to accept it. She sucked on it like a big piece of hard candy, getting it all slick and sloppy in the process. I now leaned over and we altered our positions slightly so that she could lie back and suck and I could play with her pussy. I wanted to keep her as wet as possible for the big cherry popping finale. I let her suck me for a few minutes to get used to it. I figured we'd have plenty of time for blow-job lessons in the weeks to come, and right now we both wanted me to make her a REAL woman. So I broke away from her, and laid her back on the bed. I opened the drawer in my nightstand, took out a pack of condoms, broke one out, and unfurled it over the nine-inch length of my rampant and ready cock. Then I knelt down between her legs, spread them wide and eased my dick-head between her tense, "forbidden" pussy lips. She yelped. I pushed in deeper. She but her lip white. I pushed in deeper. She yipped and wrinkled her face into a determined grimace. "I love you so much, Stephanie," I whispered to her as I intently forced more of my engorged cock into her tight, virgin slice. "Oh, Scott, I love you, too .." she bawled. "OH god!" she screeched when I finally just said "hell's bells" and barreled straight ahead into her stubborn hymen. "OH MY god!" she repeated as I backstroked and peeled the inside of her bloody pussy back along the length of my hard, sharp shaft. I withdrew every crimson-tinged inch of my prick but the tip of my head. Her ripped virgin pussy was turned inside out, the blood-slickened flesh sticking to my dick-meat like a pink latex glove. I slowly and decisively drove my prick into her tummy again, and she kicked her legs around, gasping, "OH god .. OH god .. OH god ." over and over again. I gradually established a gentle, firm rhythm inside her until she began to adjust to the sensation of having her virgin pussy stuffed with nine-inches of hard, merciless cock. After five very difficult painful minutes, I could feel her start climbing up my cock. Instinctively, she began anticipating my next thrust and bucking her hips up to parry each stroke. Soon we were fucking in tandem. She wrapped her legs around my back and ground her pelvis into my stomach. She had fucked through

the pain now, taking all of my cock inside her, every last enraged inch, and riding it to ecstasy. Her virgin pussy was so tight I kept resting inside her periodically so as not to cum too quickly. That first fuck lasted a good fifteen minutes before I finally popped off inside her. Then we just laid on my bed holding each other, and I must have told her about a hundred times how much I loved her. Daryl and Katie knocked on the door about half an hour later, and Katei said they needed to get back to the ice-cream parlor and call Stephanie's mom. We got dressed, and I delivered them back safely into their world.

Analysis - This stands as one of the foremost seductions of my life. Before Stephanie, I was just a twenty-something guy getting his jollies fucking "forbidden" girls before he had to get married and start being an "adult." After Stephanie, though, I was a changed man, and I became totally devoted to hunting and bagging Lolitas not just for sport, but as a way of life. I began studying my seduction methodology, tweaking and tinkering with my techniques in an effort to find a sure-fire way to seduce Lolitas while continually broadening my spectrum and increasing my kill ratio. My relationship with Stephanie lasted the entire school year, as I found out one very REAL drawback to student fucking. Public schools are such small, self-contained worlds that you can only be involved with one student at a time. As long as I was involved with Stephanie, I couldn't risk seducing any other students. So, in order to bag my quota of "forbidden" pussy, I was forced to step outside the school into our Lolita arenas. These circumstances, in turn, forced me to perfect the other Lolita hunting methods described in the previous chapters - Striking the Deal, the Poet's Pitch, etc. Without Stephanie, then, I might never have devised The Lolita Method as we know it. I think Humberts everywhere owe her a debt of gratitude.

Lolita: "Slugger", age 16 (Jock Girl) Humbert: Humbert Bill, 50s Technique: Daughter's Friend/Friend's Daughter

Note - When I told Humbert Bill I was planning on revising and republishing The Lolita Method on the internet, he gave me his permission, wholehearted support and this little recent anecdote. As anyone can see, the years have been kind to Bill, not slowly him down one bit. He's still as sharp as ever, and he STILL knows the best way into a Lolita's panties is through her pea-brain.

I started coaching girl's softball when my oldest daughter Cindy began seriously getting into sports at the age of 13. I became assistant coach of her summer softball team, then took over as head coach a few years later. After she grew out of the league, I remained the coach, even though my two youngest daughters, Jackie and Tanya, have never expressed a desire to play. Of course, I remained coach to score some Lolita pussy. Every summer since then I've bagged at least one player on my team, sometimes two or three. Since I keep my Lolitas well-fucked and well-pleased, they've never had any reason to rat me out or tell anyone but their close friends about our extra "batting practice" sessions. Some of these girls have been responsible for spreading my reputation to other willing Lolitas on and off the team. So, overall, coaching summer softball has been one of my most consistent hunting grounds for "forbidden" pussy. This last summer was no different, and from the first day of practice I had my sites set on a delicious little girl-jock I nicknamed Slugger. Slugger was 100% Italian-American, from her raven-black hair to her olive-skin to her gorgeous face and bombshell body. Like

all Italian girls, she was also covered with a soft down of dark black pubic hair on her lower arms and upper lip. Slugger had just relocated to the area the previous school year, so this was her first summer in our softball league. When she sent her first batting practice pitch to the pitcher's mound of the adjoining diamond, I knew I had my star player. I'm not kidding when I say that Slugger batted around 800 and hit a home run, triple or double practically every time she stepped up to the plate. After awhile, the other teams just intentionally walked her, even if it meant scoring a run. My daughter Cindy could hit a softball well, but slugger creamed it very time. I've never seen such control and coordination with bat - even with boys or the men in my softball league. Slugger was even being scouted by colleges and the Olympic team, she was that devastating. I fully expect to see her on a Wheaties box in the near future. Well, I knew I wanted to fuck this baseball-swatting dynamo from day one, so I started priming her right off. I made her captain of the team and talked her parents into letting her hang around after practice for "special tutoring." Of course, at first this was strictly baseball related. I drilled her as hard as if I would a boy her age, something I couldn't really do on a team full of other girls so far below her skill level. She worked hard, too, and pretty soon she was knocking my fast-pitch stuff even farther than the slow-pitch softballs she was lobbed in our league. I worked on her fielding, too, which was her weak point (if she had any). I hit her grounders and pop ups for an hour straight, making her run down each one at top speed, and throw the ball in at full strength. I was building up her endurance to see how much she could take. To the layman, this would have appeared to be about softball. To me, drilling this gorgeous girl and making her sweaty and tired was sexual. Three weeks into the season, after practice and our "special session" she asked me if she could have a ride home. She usually ran the seven miles to her house after we picked up. But she'd twisted her ankle that day and was still hobbling. I told her I'd be happy to take her home, and as we started out I asked her if she was hungry and wanted to get a bite to eat. She said she couldn't because she had to get home and do her chores, but maybe some other time. I knew I'd have to wait then until she provided the opening. I figured it would only be a matter of time seeing as how close we were getting. Every time we got together, we talked about her future and what she wanted out of life. A couple of times, she mentioned problems with her boyfriend, Terry, who obviously felt threatened by her athletic prowess and physical superiority. She suspected he was cheating on her with a girl who was a cheerleader in school, but he denied it. Meanwhile, EVERYBODY talked about it, and it upset her. Of course, I told her that her problems were with BOYS, not men. I told her a REAL man wouldn't be threatened by her athletic ability. She asked me how she'd have to be before BOYS became men. I told her most of them never did, and she should always watch out for them. She asked me how she could spot a REAL man, and I told her she'd know him because he'd love her and think she was the most beautiful girl in the world when she was being herself, not what he wanted her to be. She seemed to like that answer, especially when I implied she was beautiful. A few days after that conversation, the topic came up again, and she asked me if I thought she was pretty. I told her she was one of the most beautiful WOMEN I had ever seen. She laughed at that and said she was just a tomboy. I told her she certainly wasn't. Then I hit on an idea. I told her I wanted to take her shopping to get a new glove because her old one was worn out, and

she'd certainly need a better one since she was going on to bigger and better things - college ball, maybe even the Olympics. She seemed excited about this, so she arranged with her parents to have me take her glove shopping. Her parents already knew and trusted me, so there was no suspicion on their part whatsoever when they knew I'd be spending all day with their daughter. I also filed them in on part of my plan, the part that made me look like the world's nicest, most caring coach. You see, the glove was merely a pretext for something bigger. We went to a few sporting goods stores before ending up at my real destination, a sporting goods store located in the city conveniently located next-door to a friend's photography studio. Greg, my photographer friend, has a thriving underground business developing the photos of like-minded Humberts such as myself, who sometimes enjoy photographic records of their exploits. On the outside, though, Greg operates a thriving, totally legit photo shop - senior pictures, wedding and family portraits, etc. He also shoots a lot of actress and modeling portfolios and resume' shots, and his wife and daughters are skilled make-up artists. When I told Slugger's parents Greg was a friend and I could arrange a small session at his studio for a deep discount they were THRILLED. They even shelled out the money to fund my little seduction, pulling out all the stops and paying for his wife to do make-up and wardrobe. So, after buying the glove, I told Slugger I had a surprise for her, and we went across the street to Greg's shop. When we got there, I told her she needed to get some publicity shots ready to send out to the media next year. She was entering her junior year in high school, and I had no doubt her face would be in the paper every week for high school sports. In addition to softball, she ran track, swam, played soccer, basketball, volleyball and golf, excelling at each. Slugger was surprised, then absolutely elated when Greg's wife took her into wardrobe and make-up for a complete make-over. In no time at all, my little Slugger was an absolute vision of "forbidden" fuckability. Every few minutes or so, I would hear her squeal my name to "come quick." When I'd go into the wardrobe, she'd be modeling another outfit - some were formal, others businesslike, others sporty. Greg's wife loved working with Slugger, and kept telling her she had the kind of face and figure that looked great in anything. Up to this day in her life, I think Slugger knew she was attractive. But now she was finally seeing herself as something more than an Average or slightly-above Average Girl in the looks department. My little make-over, modeling session, photo shoot stroked her Lolita Urge in a way softball and sports never could. As she posed and pranced around, I could smell the pussy juice fermenting in her panties. In a matter of an hour or so, Slugger was leading me around by my hand and hanging on my arm as we looked at all the outfits and chose the proper one for her portfolio. Three hours later, we were done, and as we walked out my car, my little Slugger leaned over, hugged me hard and kissed my cheek. "Thank you for the best day in my life," she gushed, not letting go as we kept walking. When we stopped at my car, I unlocked the door for her, turned around, and she was inches from me. I embraced her, and she closed her eyes and tilted her head back. Seconds later, I was inside her mouth with my tongue, tasting her lips and showing her the way a REAL man kisses - gentle yet decisive. She was putty in my arms now, passively allowing my hands free reign over every inch of her bombshell bimbo body. We made out like that for another couple of minutes before finally getting in the car. She was now leaning on my shoulder and nuzzling my cheek. I put my arm around her, backed

out of the lot and hit the street. "I've wanted to do that like forever," she finally sighed. "Not any longer than I've wanted to," I replied. "Get out," she backed up slightly and playfully hit me. "Dirty Old Man ." she half-joked. "You're not a girl, dear," I replied. "You're a woman. I mean look at you. You saw how you looked today. I saw that YOU every day we were together. I just wanted you to see it, too." She said nothing, just smiled and wrapped her arms back around me. "What do we do now?" she asked after a long silence. "I don't know," I answered. "What do you want to do? Where would you like to go? We have the whole afternoon .." "No," she shook her head. "Not today, I mean NOW .. now that we're .. like this. I mean it's not like we can go out or anything." "Why not?" "Well, you're a married guy, and I'm in high school still ..?" "That only matters if it matters to you," I answered. "Does it?" "No," she shook her head, "but .." "But what?" "I mean how do we do stuff? Like go out ..?" "We just go out, have fun and be careful. We find places where we can be alone, or where no one who knows us will see us. If we do happen to be seen, we make sure we're not doing anything that causes suspicion. I'm your coach and your parents trust me. It's not like I DO this all the time, you know." I tried not to laugh. "No one will ever suspect we're together. Trust me. I'm not an idiot, and neither are you. We just have to be careful, that's all. That doesn't seem so hard, does it ..?" She seemed to think about this as we drove and kissed. I asked her if she'd like to go somewhere we could have fun and be alone. She said she would. So I got on the highway and took her into the big city about twenty miles away. There we got a room at the ritziest hotel downtown. Half an hour later we were swimming, drinking pina coladas and getting massages. Eventually, we ended up back in our room. I went into the shower, and a couple of minutes later I heard the door open. Slugger slid back the shower curtain and stood before me, her nude, olive-skinned body displayed before me in all its "forbidden" glory. Her big firm tits were even more mouthwatering than I had imagined, with big brown aureoles. A few black hairs decorated the rubbery skin around her nipples (like I said, she was a real Italian girl), and her tummy also had a soft down of black hair that led like a treasure map to her hairy bush. I took her hand and helped her step, shivering, into the warm water. I soaped up my hands and began exploring every contour of her shuddering, buxom body. We kissed and rubbed our naked wet bodies together. My hard cock snapped up between her muscular thighs, and she clamped her legs around the shaft, forcing the head into the brink of her labia. "You need to get a condom," she gasped when I started pushing inside her. "I had a vasectomy a few years ago," I told her. "You don't have anything, do you ..?" I asked, trying not to ruin the moment. "No," she shook her head. "You don't, do you ..?" "Absolutely not." "Then fuck me!" She bit my ear and jumped up, wrapping her legs around my waist like a gymnast. I felt my feet slide slightly on the bottom of the bathtub, so I pressed her back against the wall while she desperately ground her hips into my dick. Finally, my dick-head slid into her slick slot, and I drove myself up to the hilt. Our bodies at long last interlocked, I began moving my ass in circles, passionately fucking my little Slugger. I was a little surprised how experienced she already was. I'd always suspected she wasn't a virgin, but her level of expertise belied more than a few fretful fucks with high school BOYS. She was hopping up and down on my cock like a high-mileage whore, managing to fuck in a position that's awkward to say the least. I gave it to her that way for a few minutes, before carrying her wet body out of the shower

and into the main room. I threw her down on the bed, and she squealed in delight. She laid back, propped her head back on the pillows and let me straddle her chest. Her big firm tits were still wet and slick with soap, so my hard cock slipped inside her cleavage like a well-oiled piston. I tit-fucked her while she stabbed at my prick-helmet with a thirsty tongue. "Let me suck it," she moaned after a few minutes of tit-fucking. "I want to suck your hard cock!" I plunged my dick between her hungry lips, even more puzzled now at lasciviousness. I pumped in her mouth while she played with balls and massaged my glans. After five minutes or so, I came in her mouth, and she sucked all my cum down her throat with a big slurp. Then she kept kissing my cock, obviously attempting to keep it hard. "Fuck me now, Bill .."she gasped when my dick was sufficiently hard again. I lowered myself down her body and slid between her outstretched thighs. My cock sank into the pink hole visible beneath the glistening curls of her black forest. We kissed with our tongues as I hammered into her slit. She crawled up my cock, and maneuvered her hips and pelvis in such a way that I was smashing pleausurably into her clit. "Fuck me .. oh fuck me .. fuck me hard, Bill .." she groaned, riding my cock to a hard cunt-cum that wet the bed beneath us. We kept fucking like that for a few minutes when she asked: "Can we try it doggie-style now. I like that." I obliged. She got on all fours, and I really began giving it her hard, listening to my stomach whack her big toned ass as I slammed into her. "That's it, Bill," she grunted as she played started rubbing her clit "Keep fucking me hard like that, and I'll cum again." By now, I'd gone from puzzled to pissed off. This Lolita was fucking me like she'd been riding Humbert cock for years. As I looked into her face, I realized what had happened. Some other Humbert had beat me to this piece of ass long ago. No BOY could teach a girl to fuck like this and know her own body so well. Only a Humbert could condition a Lolita to respond like this. She popped herself again in a matter of minutes. I continued fucking her, then, until I came in her pussy. Since my vasectomy, I haven't worried about leaving my load inside "forbidden" pussy. Afterwards, she cuddled up to me. "That was awesome," she cooed. "This was the best day ever." I wanted to ask her who the guy was who had taught her how to fuck like that. I wanted to kill the bastard. Who wants to catch a fish someone else has thrown back. She prattled on about a lot of stuff I couldn't even pretend to care about anymore. We fucked through the rest of the summer, and as school neared she started talking about our future. She had it in her mind that she could finish high school and we could "be together" officially once she went away to college. She would talk about me leaving my wife and us getting a "place" together by her school. After listening to this for a few weeks, I knew why her original Humbert had dumped her. She was a hearts-and-flowers, picket-fences type of Average Girl. When she started calling me at home and hanging up when my wife answered, I knew it was time to call it quits. The next time we got together, I got us onto the subject of sexual fantasies. She asked me what my ultimate fantasy would be, and I told her it would be to have her and another woman at the same time. She seemed a little put off by this, so I pressed it. I said I knew this woman who worked as a stripper and dancer who liked to do threesomes. When she brushed it off, I kept at it, telling her I didn't want to cheat on her, that I loved her, but I also wanted to explore this fantasy with her. She then started asking me how I knew this stripper, and I told her that I went to a lot of dance clubs. She asked me why I did this, and I said I liked to. This upset her,

and she asked why she wasn't enough for me. I told her I loved her, but I just couldn't stop doing what I enjoyed. I told her I hadn't "cheated" on her since we started fucking, but that I couldn't be a one-woman man forever. Then I explained that if we started having threesomes with other women I wouldn't be cheating because she'd be there, too. Needless to say, she never called me back after that. I called her twice pretending like I wanted to talk. This made her think she was "breaking up" with me when she told me never to call her again. I often wonder what poor Humbert she's managed to hook now. Even though she is an incredible piece of ass, I feel sorry for the guy. She's definitely not worth the hassles.

The Romantic Artist

Lolita: Lydia, age 13 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 19 Technique: Poet's(Musician's) Pitch

Note - This case study is a continuation of the events described in the beginning of this study. These experiences occurred during my second summer as a counselor in training (CIT) at a music camp for gifted youth sponsored by a local college. Lydia was my second Lolita kill and the best friend of my previous summer's conquest, Tracey. (See Part 1, Chapter 1, In the Beginning, for further details.)

When I returned to The Camp the following summer, I was a second-year CIT with quite a reputation among the returning campers. Alas, Tracey, my Romantic Artist prey from the previous summer, did not return to The Camp. She had been awarded a flute scholarship to a much more prestigious camp. Naturally, I was a little devastated. I loved fucking that tight Lolita pussy, and I was sure I'd never see that kind of action again. In fact, I was resigned to spending the summer romancing one of the older girls or CITs. I figured my little "indiscretion" with Tracey was just a fluke. At that point in my life, I saw no future in fucking "forbidden" girls. I told myself it was time to grow up and get a "real" girlfriend. Tracey's best friend Lydia had other ideas, though. Lydia had been Tracey's best friend the summer before, and I knew she knew what had transpired between us. Like myself, she would surely be missing Tracey that summer. At supper on the first night, she sat at my table and during dinner asked me if I'd heard from Tracey. I told her what I knew about Tracey's scholarship, and we compared notes. "So you guys still stay in touch ..?" she asked. "Yes," I answered. "Oh .." she looked crushed for some reason. I was so dense at that time in my life that I didn't read the signals. I just kept talking, and she brightened up a little. Then out of the blue she asked me if I was in charge of dining hall clean-up again that summer. I told her I was, and she asked if I had picked a crew yet. I told her I was going to ask people after we ate, adding that she was on my list. This seemed to lift her spirits, and she said she'd love to do it. Now, this struck me as odd. NO ONE liked to dining room clean-up, especially after supper. Of course there were some perks with the job. They got to work with the coolest counselor in camp (that would be me) and I let them steal an extra dessert or two. Every camper had to do one daily chore - clean the practice rooms, set up the stands for band and orchestra practice, etc. - and even though dining hall clean-up at supper was one of the shittiest jobs my crew last summer developed a kind of Dirty Dozen-style pride about their jobs. We took a crappy job and had a lot of fun with it. Still, Lydia's desire to work clean-up puzzled me a bit. Lydia wasn't like Tracey. Where Tracey

was shy, thin, somewhat awkward and dreamy, Lydia was a full-blown, in-your-face virtuoso Romantic Artist. She was short and even at 13-years-old stacked like Dolly Parton. Her face featured big, pouty blow-job lips and a peculiar brownish birthmark below the right corner of her eye. She walked around in a wave of peasant skirts, tight tie-dye tee-shirts and patchouli. Unlike most of the kids at the camp, Lydia was truly talented, too. She played viola (which is a big-sized violin to you non-musicians), and she was definitely the star musician among the campers. In fact, she had had a dozen scholarship offers to other camps - Tanglewood, Eastman, Interlochen - but she'd chosen to stay with this crappy college camp for some inexplicable reason. Like I said, I was dense at that time in my life, and I didn't see WHAT she was doing at all - asking me about Tracey, asking if we still stayed in touch, asking to be on my dining hall clean-up crew. Over the next several days, Lydia was there every time I turned around. One day I was in the recital hall goofing around with some kids after brass choir practice, teaching them the tune Cherokee and how to improvise through some standard chord progressions. One of the regular counselors could play some decent piano, so he was comping behind us while I threw out a few choruses and encouraged the kids to do the same. Lydia was coming in for string quartet practice, which started in about fifteen minutes. She was watching us play while she got out her viola. Then she marched up and started whipping out some pretty hot fiddle - mostly arpeggios and scale patterns, but she was in the chordline and playing by ear, which is pretty good when you're only 13. I encouraged her to take another chorus, and she played through the changes again. Then I came in and started playing off what she was doing in a call and response type thing. The faster she played, the faster I played, matching her every idea note for note. When we were done we had about twenty people stopping to listen to us. The string quartet director, a REAL classical prick, came storming up demanding to know what I THOUGHT I was doing. I just kind of smiled at him and said, "You wouldn't understand." Then I just packed up my horn and left. That night at dinner, Lydia was gushing all over me. She wanted to know everything there was to know about jazz music - how to play it, what to listen to, whether we could do a jazz group at the camp. And, she wanted me to teach her personally. I was so caught up in her musical enthusiasm that I never saw her ulterior motive. She asked me if I had time to teach her jazz after evening orchestra rehearsal, and I said yes. This gave us an hour alone every night up in the practice rooms, the same rooms where Tracey and I had fucked like rabbits the previous summer. By now, Lydia's machinations were starting to sink in. She was orchestrating as much time as possible to be around me. At first I told myself I was crazy, that the previous summer had been a fluke. I began thinking about fucking Lydia a lot, though, especially when she'd bunch up close to me while we were practicing. Her standard ploy was to feign some difficulty in the music, stop and point to the page with her bow. As she did this, she'd lean her big "forbidden" tits over and rub them lightly against my arm. The first time she did this, my cock, which was already rock-hard at the first whiff of her patchouli, started doing somersaults in my cut-off shorts. I thought I spied her dropping her gaze to my crotch for a second. When she made her little move again, I watched her eyes again. It wasn't my imagination. The buxom bimchette was crotch peeking. Suddenly everything made sense to me. The events of the last few days crystallized into a flash of

revelation, an epiphany. I continued with the lesson for another few minutes, before I cut off and asked her if she wanted to quit early and take a walk. She said "yes," and the next thing I knew we were heading across the campus aimlessly -- talking, laughing, bumping into each other. Under the shadows of a large tree we paused, and I took her in my arms. We shared a passionate kiss, and that was the beginning. I asked her how early she get out in the morning, and whether she'd want to meet me in the practice rooms before breakfast. She said she'd try, and I walked her back to her dorm. The next morning, I arrived at the practice rooms to find her already there waiting. We went into one of the rooms, closed the doors, and started making out again. In a few minutes, I had her tee-shirt up around her neck and was sucking on her big, bimbo boobies. She was gasping and squirming, and I told her to sit down on the chair. Then I lifted her skirt and plunged my head beneath the folds. She only offered one futile "No .. don't .." as I peeled back her silky panties and licked her moist slot. When my tongue hit her clit, she squealed and began mashing her cunt into my face. I slipped a finger into her slice and finger-diddled her while I tickled her love bump. "Oh, Scott .." she kept moaning as I took her to the brink of an orgasm and beyond. Her pussy juice soaked the metal folding chair and my face. I pulled my head out from under her skirt and stood over her. My bulging crotch was inches from her face, and I rubbed my short against her cheeks while she rubbed legs and ass. Then I pulled back and she bit her lip. In another second, she was unsnapping and unzipping my cut-offs, fishing for her first man-sized cock. Tracey must have told her something about my dimensions, because she was almost frantic to see and touch my nine-inch cherry-buster. When she finally had it free, I spanked it playfully across her cute face, strumming it against her alluring birthmark while she giggled. Then she kissed my dick lips and tongued the inside of my glans. "I've never done this before," she confessed to me after a few perfunctory slurps. "Don't worry," I reassured her. "You're doing fine." "I'm going to be better than Tracey," she whispered with determination, half to me and half to herself. Then she just got down to the task of sucking. I told her to just relax her mouth, then I began fucking her face gently while she struggled to take every inch I fed her. For a girl who had never sucked dick before, handling a nine-inch prick her first time must have been very humbling. I started seeing her face get very frustrated whenever she gagged or let my cock-head slip out of her lips when I down stroked. "It's all right," I cajoled her as she jumped back in the saddle and gave my mouth-stallion another ride. "It's just like playing jazz," I joked. "It takes practice. You have to learn to think a whole new way." She nodded her head and kept at it for a few minutes before drawing back. She had definitely improved, so I petted her hair and told her how well she did. I let her watch me jack my cock off to a finish then, and she just stared with big wide eyes at my furious stroking. "Put your hand out," I told her when I finally felt my nut start to bust. She reached out and cupped her little hand my throbbing prick-helmet as it pulsed and pumped out a thick spurt of spunk. The first jet shot up and strafed her cheek, and she started back with a yelp. The rest spewed into her open palm, and she now took over milking me dry with her other hand. Years of viola playing had made her grip and powerful and delicate at the same time, and her hand job was exquisite. When I was finally done dumping my load, I took her cum-filled hand and pressed it against her lips and cheek. She nodded, opened her mouth and sucked the glob into her mouth.

She alternated then between cleaning off her fingers and my dick, spit polishing both as I stoked her hair. And that's how our first "practice session" went. Each morning and evening after that, we devised the means to steal a few private minutes for "further lessons." She lost her virginity to me five days later in the same room. After the oral preliminaries, she just leaned back in the metal chair and said, "I'm ready now. I want to, okay ..?" I nodded, asked her if she was sure, and listened to her repeat her desire to "lose it" right then and there. So I told her to lean back in the chair while I took her plump legs in my hands. I lifted her feet up and her skirt tumbled to her waist. I told her to peel her panties back while I bent her legs up even farther. That must have been a hell of a way to get her cherry popped, bent up in that metal chair like a hairpin, her ankles practically at her ears. She didn't complain, though. She just wore that same determined look she always did. All her years of intensive musical training had made her realize that sacrifice and pain are a large part of growing and developing your full potential. Calmly, as she shivered anxiously, I told her to spread her pussy lips and tickle her clit. I bent her legs back even father, then lowered my raging nine-inch cherry-shredder into her virgin sluice. I butted my cock-head between her puffy pussy lips three times, hitting her hymen with successively stronger strokes, before I let my fury rip full-force on the forth assault. I could feel the tough membrane give with a sharp tear before her tight young cunt tunnel just sucked me inside. Lydia bit her lips until they bled as I buried myself to the hilt in her fresh, fallow fuck-hole. My balls slapped the pillowy cheeks of her young plump ass as swiveled my hips and reveled in her deflowering. Then I fucked her passionately, cuing her to keep stroking her clit while I piled rived my prick into her blood-soaked, pubescent pussy. She stifled her groans by biting her lip even harder. I was drilling into her like a jackhammer, lost to the moment, not caring whether I hurt or pleased her. Her pretty face was contorted in fuck-agony, and she had taken to biting her tongue now to quell the screams pounding out of her lungs. "Fuck .." she hissed before her body went totally limp and slid out of the chair. She landed on the floor with a flurry of legs and arms. Blood stained her cunt and upper thighs. My cock, free from the vise-like grip of her vulva, just started spurting cum wildly, splattering and soaking her hair, face, stomach, tee-shirt, and skirt. She reached up, grabbed my dick and sucked the last few drops of my seed into her thirsty mouth. "I love you," I told her as she sucked. I didn't know what else to say and figured that was probably what she wanted to hear after such an ordeal. "Oh, Scott, I love you so much," she cooed as she sucked. After that day, I possessed her entire being the rest of the summer.

Lolita: Suni, age 16 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 24 Technique: Personal Ad, Poet's Pitch

One of the great Lolita hunts I ever pulled off involved a "forbidden" Thai girl I met through a Personal Ad I placed in the classifieds of a local free weekly tabloid:

Bored writer, WM, mid-20s, new to the area, ISO of sensual yet innocent poetess to resurrect me. I'll be your Muse if you'll be mine. Age, race unimportant.

A week after placing the ad, I received a whole P.O. Box filled with epistles from Romantic Artists who considered themselves the next Sylvia Plath. Most of these girls were in their 20s, however, but there were a couple from bona fide Lolitas. One included a yearbook photo of an adorable Asian girl named Suni who's father

worked as a doctor at one of the prominent local hospitals:

Dear Bored Writer, I saw your advertisement in the *** magazine today. Although you are a white man in your twenties, I thought I would write to meet you because you said age, race unimportant. I hope you are serious saying this because I am sixteen year's old and a Thai-American girl. My name is Suni. I hope you are not upset by this. I will know you don't want to meet me if you do not write back or call me. You are perhaps looking for a woman closer to your age. I understand. The girls I know my age are so immature that I can see why you wouldn't be interested in us. I am very mature, though, and I like older men and not boys my age. In Thailand, where I am from, this is the normal way. I am not like American girls. I appreciate wisdom and maturity, and I find older men more handsome than boys my age, although not so old. Your age sounds just right. I hope I am not talking too long about this. I just want to explain myself to you. I write to you because you are a writer, too, just like me. I am a poetess, just like you say in your ad. My teachers say I am a very good writer, even though English is not my first language. I get straight A's in school for my writing and other tests. I write love poems and small stories. I write most in Thai, then I put them in English. I want to show you some of my poems. Please tell me what you think.

Untitled

The dry place is dark We stand on the mountain Where the wind comes from.
Nothing moves us. Then birds scatter From the trees like ashes.

Untitled

Let us kiss until dawn. Let us lie in the dark field Like constellations in the night
sky. Man and woman Eternal, our whispers Melting like snowflakes.

For You

We meet in our dreams In a dark restaurant Lit with candles. I am drunk on wine
And your eyes. When our hands clasp

We both awaken.

I hope you like these poems. I try very hard to write. I am new here like you, so I
don't have many friends yet. This is why I write so much. I am hoping we can
become friends and meet. Then we will both have a friend and not feel so much
like strangers. Please call me or write back. I would like to hear from you every
much.

Love, Suni

Okay, after reading this letter my dick was practically radioactive. I couldn't
believe my good fortune. All that innocence and desire primed and ready to be
pounded out of her virginal 16-year-old body. I looked at the photo about a
thousand more times. She looked just like a porcelain figurine. This would be the
kill of lifetime. The postscript of her letter listed her address and phone number. I
waited until I was sure she'd be home from school, and then I dialed her up. She
answered the phone, and the sound of her nervous voice told me she was waiting
for my call. She seemed very excited to talk to me, and we chatted for over half
an hour. Somewhere in our conversation, I made plans to meet her in two days at

a coffee shop in her part of town. When the day arrived, I was nervous to say the least. I really wanted this tender piece of sushi and was determined to close the deal ASAP, that day if possible. She looked absolutely priceless in person. She came walking meekly through the doors wearing a black turtleneck, tight jeans, and a beret. Her eyes lit up when I called her over to my table. She looked more than relieved to see I wasn't some 4 ft. 3 inch troglodyte. She looked positively pleased as punch. We ordered some coffee, sat there and talked for over an hour. I had brought along some old poems I'd written in college, and let her read them. She got all wet reading that drivel, and then listened intently as I explained to her how I didn't have a chance to write poetry anymore. She asked me what kind of writing I did now, and I told her I wrote for a travel magazine. I produced three copies of the magazine and pointed to MY articles. The articles were actually written by some guy I often posed as when pulling my Poet scam. My story was simple - disillusioned writer now cranking out commercial tripe and looking for creative redemption. Of course, the Romantic Artist suddenly envisions herself as the Muse who can set everything straight again. She sees herself as a soul mate, and believes we can both HEAL each other. Suni was playing into my trap easier than any Romantic Artist I'd ever bagged up to that point. She had no shame about boldly stating that she thought we were "meant to be together." With no skepticism at all, she had thrown herself headfirst into US. In her naiveté, she had quickly convinced herself that I was the love of her life, and we would be together forever. When I asked her if she would like to come back to my place to see some more of my writing, she quickly accepted. Now at this point in my life, I was still married to my first wife. We had a house which her rather wealthy parents had helped us finance. When I began seriously Lolita hunting a few years before, I knew I would need to get a "safe house" where I could bag bimbettes beyond her ever-present radar. So, I established a false ID and rented a modest studio apartment in an old neighborhood across town. I paid the rent and financed my Lolita hunting with my teacher's salary and a lucrative bar tending job I'd managed to land through a friend. My wife never paid much attention to our finances, focusing most of her energy to her career. She made money enough to support the both of us in style, so she never looked at my paychecks or questioned how I spent my money. So, I had the wherewithal and means to create a secret life far away from my wife's sphere of influence. My neighbors knew me as a friendly guy who was "on the road" a lot. Some thought I was a musician, others a writer, others a photographer. I always paid my rent, though, and offered a hearty "hello," so despite my air of mystery I seemed to be a decent, albeit reclusive sort. None of them ever seemed to notice all the Lolitas I brought home with me, although I'm sure if I'd ever been busted they would have been brimming with stories to tell. I took Suni back to my apartment, then, and we shared some wine while I got out some more drivel I'd written in college. She cuddled up to me on the couch, and we started kissing. She offered no resistance as I worked her turtleneck off and kissed her firm budding breasts through her plain white bra. As I worked off her jeans, I stopped and asked her if she was "okay" with everything. She smiled up at me and told me she wanted to make love to me more than anything in the world. I had her naked in a minute, and I stripped, too. She was very excited when she saw how muscular and endowed I was. I told her I wanted to make her first time special, so I lifted her in my arms

and carried her into the bathroom. I set her down on the toilet and ran the bath water for her. The water was warm and I dumped some bubble bath and bath beads into the water. We kissed and fondled each other's naked bodies as the tub filled. Then, when the bath was ready, I lifted her up and set her down in the tub. Then I preceded to give her a bath, massaging her luxurious skin and firm "forbidden" flesh. I then soaped up her pussy and ass and started working my fingers inside her holes. She lay back in the tub and groaned as I fingered her to a HARD cum. I then lifted her out of the tub, dried her off and carried her to my bed. I lay her down on her tummy and massaged her back again, kneading firm ass-cheeks and working my fingers into her holes once more. When she was wet and ready, I turned her over so she was staring up at me. Then I balanced myself in the air above her, and put the tip of my cock on her forehead. While she lay there shivering in anticipation, I traced my cock-head all around her face like a paint brush - teasing her eyelids, her nose, her dimples, her mouth, her chin. I teased her like this for a few minutes before moving down to her torso. I then swirled my dick around her pointy nipples and flushed aureoles, spanking her firm tit flesh, before gliding down her flat tummy. After almost fifteen minutes of this play, my nine-inch dick hovered at the entrance to her virgin slice of sushi. As suavely as possible, I reached over to my nightstand, opened the drawer and drew out a condom. She watched with bated breath as I cracked the pack, and unfurled the latex sheath along my rampant cherry pricker. Full protected, I now pressed my bloated prick-helmet between the rose petals of her labia. Her whole body shuddered. "This is going to hurt," I told her. "No it won't," she gasped as she waited for the pain. "Because we love each other, and we can never hurt each other." "I don't want to hurt you," I repeated. "I'll try to go slow and gentle." "Just make love to me," she moaned. "Don't worry about me. I will be fine because our love will make me strong." * Have it your way, * I thought to myself. Then I just ripped into her with one quick, savage, decisive thrust. Her hymen ripped like tissue paper. She groaned in agony as I started TAKING her tender body with passionate pace. She hugged me and drew me deeper inside her. "You are so big," she moaned. "So big inside me." I pounded her for about ten minutes until her tight pussy just clamped down and milked my pulsing prick into the reservoir of the rubber. After I came, I stayed inside her and we lay in each other's arms for quite awhile. She prattled on the way Lolitas in love do, suddenly that my cock was still hard and throbbing in her pussy. "You want to make love again?" she giggled. "I want to make love to you forever," I told her. I put on another condom, and this time I took her from behind. My pelvis slammed into her skinny brown ass-cheeks so hard, I bruised them. I came again after quite awhile, and she just curled up into a ball afterwards, falling asleep. That was the beginning of a two year relationship that only ended when she went away to college. By the time she came back to town, I had divorced my wife and relocated to New York. Sometimes I wonder whatever happened to Suni. I also wonder if she ever thinks of me.

Lolita: Sonia, age 15 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 34 Technique: The Poet's Pitch Note - I've added one of my most recent experiences to this new edition of The Lolita Method.

I've been frequenting the same coffeehouse on and off for a number of years now. Back in my younger days, I picked up my first Romantic Artists, Virgin Marys and

Average Girls there while my oblivious first wife just thought I liked the coffee there (she was forever finding Frequent Sipper cards in my pockets when she did the wash). There was a short interregnum of a few years when I moved to NYC, but when I got back to my home town I took up my roost back at my favorite trolling spot. After all these years, I've become a fixture there by now, and a lot of the regulars have grown up there under my watchful eye. Many of the girls who patronize the place can point to me as their "first," and my insatiable nine-inch dick is a bathroom wall legend. In the coffee house, I am known as Anton because of my uncanny resemblance to Church of Satan founder Anton LaVey. I can be found at one of the back tables submerged in a pile of books and a few tablets of writing and drawing paper. I read, draw, write and basically hold court with anyone interested. A lot of the counter girls are my past lovers, and they let me drink all the regular black Joe I want for free. Rick, one of the managers, once told the owners that I was good for business. Regulars come in to talk to me and listen to me rant on whatever topic I choose. Newbies are always fascinated by the strange guy who is really nice yet HATES everything. I've carefully cultivated a few legends about myself there. Many believe I used to be a Hollywood screen writer for television because of my unparalleled ability to spout off TV trivia. Others think I used to work as an operative for the CIA because I always have all the latest theories and "research data" on international cabals, cover-ups, extraterrestrials and government-sponsored mind control programs. Still others think I am a poet and short story writer who "got screwed" a long time ago and retired from the artistic community. In my coffeehouse, my name is Legion, and I shift and drift from false-bio to false-bio, never letting anyone truly get a handle on me, but always providing just enough to keep them interested. So this is the setting for what happened last year with Sonia. Sonia had Romantic Artist written all over her pierced face and mendi-covered body. She started coming in with a group of friends, and her exotic Mediterranean looks quickly pole vaulted her to the top of the coffeehouses most-fuckable list. The coffeehouse studs all lined up to worship her, while she flitted from them like a bee going from flower to flower. Yours truly watched all this with amusement, hanging back and learning everything I could about this ravishing Lolita. Wouldn't you know, she wanted to be a "famous writer," and she was very interested in exploring her lesbian side. She hung with the "grls," holding hands and exchanging a few stolen kisses and caresses. All the guys had pretty much given her up for lezz, but I just laughed. She was playing the grls just like she was playing the guys. She was so impressed with her "artistic ability," that she looked at others as mere subjects for her poetry and short stories. During all this time, I may have spoken three total words to her. She tried to engage me in conversation a few times, but I would just grin at her almost disdainfully and go back to what I was doing. Then she would see me talking and joking with everyone else BUT her. After a short while of this, she told everyone what an ASSHOLE I was, and how she "couldn't stand" me. Mission accomplished. I was now someone who stood out from the other coffeehouse zeros who fluttered about her like sycophantic courtiers. I let her animosity grow. Misplaced ire is one of the most easily manipulated of human emotions. Sonia "couldn't stand" me because I wasn't in love with her. Turning the tables became an elementary affair. The coffeehouse holds weekly open mike poetry nights where teen angst runs as thick as molasses. Some of the older Marxists, lesbos and Rastaman wannabes

also contribute to the doggerel fest. I always abstain, telling people I don't read my work anymore. Of course, scores of Lolitas I've slammed have read my shit, and since they're fucking me they think my poetry is great, too. They tell everyone I'm Wallace fucking Stevens, and with this many brain-dead bimbettes doing your PR you build a rep. Ironically, I was actually considered a REAL poet because I didn't read there. People would watch my face for clues as others read their shit. If I smiled or looked like I was enjoying it, they would, too. If I buried my nose in a book, they would quickly rush the reader off stage. Enter Sonia, goddess of Poetry. One night, she strode up to the small stage in full confidence. She launched into a poem. It was pretty good actually, the kind of rhyme-metered stuff that would make a competent Jewel or Sheryl Crow song. Everyone looked at me, and I .. got up went to the can. I guess this was devastating, because when I got back Sonia wasn't at the mike anymore. She was nowhere to be seen. I smiled, finished my coffee, listened to some more hacks, then called it a night. When I got outside, I was accosted immediately. Sonia came at me, her eyes crazed with tears and her pierced tongue flashing in the moonlight. "You fucking asshole .." she started, then proceeded to shower me with a litany of curses while about ten people looked on, half-embarrassed and half-fascinated. When she was done, I just looked at her, smiled and said: "Now that was poetry. That was fucking brilliant. That's where your head needs to be at - out there, on a tightrope of emotion. No one cares what you have all 'figured out.' Don't be so quick to heal your wounds, let them bleed the fuck over everyone." With that, I just walked away from her. I had sent her into stone silence and added another page to my ongoing legend. When I returned to the coffeehouse a few days later it was late afternoon. I took up my usual spot, started reading and waited for something to happen. I didn't have to wait long. Sonia appeared with some of her friends a few minutes later. She spied me, excused herself and plopped down in front of me. I just looked up at her and smiled. "What's on your mind?" I asked her without even saying 'hello.' "Let's hear some of your poetry," she challenged, her body shaking. "You go around like you know so much, let's hear your stuff." "You shouldn't care so much what others think," I countered. "So I didn't like your poetry. Get over it. You want to be a writer, you'd better develop a thicker skin that. I didn't even SAY anything. Imagine how you'll react when you get slammed for the first time in a review." "You're dodging my question," she kept at me. "It's not relevant," I went back to my book, leaving her sitting there in a dazed stupor. She had probably never been dismissed by ANYONE before, especially a guy. She sat there a few more moments, then got up and stormed out. Okay, I know by now what you're thinking. How is making some cunt hate you going to get into her pants? Well, watch and learn. The next open mike night, the audience was amazed to see me go up front with a sheaf of paper. Sonia was there, glaring at me. I looked back at her and started reading. After all these years, I know what these pseudo-intellectual, coffeehouse dilettantes eat up, and I can deliver it to them. The poems sounded good out loud, and everyone was mesmerized. They were all pieces of crap, though, and I'd written them the night before after a few shots of bourbon. But they were "powerful" and filled with enough tricky images that the words sounded like "serious" poetry. When I was done, the audience went crazy. Sonia sat there trembling. I nodded to her, smiled and took my seat. Someone called her name. Her tirade last week was already coffeehouse gossip, and her

encounter with me a few days before had made the rumor rounds, too. The denizens were looking for conflict at the open mike, and they weren't disappointed. Sonia walked up to the stage slowly. Her flowing, queen bee strut was gone now. She looked cold and vulnerable. She stammered as she started, an effect that gave the opening line to her first poem -- "I Know Where the Trees Are" - a curiously bewitching quality. The poem was about a site outside of town where a black man had once been lynched because he's fucked a white woman. This was the only REAL lynching that ever occurred here, and it's a hidden part of the city's history that few ever learn. According to the poem, Sonia learned the story from a old black man while waiting for the train. As she listens, she finds herself half-sickened and half-turned on by the account of forbidden sex. At the poem's end, she expresses a desire to make love to the black man and prove to him that she "knows where the trees are." The Christ conceit was obvious, and the "Why can't we all just get along tone" was clichéd, but I had to hand it to her. The subject matter was raw and original, and she'd managed to evoke some great images while she was at it. I didn't get up and leave this time. I smiled, nodded my head and clapped. You would have thought I'd just handed her the Nobel prize for literature the way she beamed. She read a few more poems everybody now loved, then left the stage. While some others took their turns. I went up to the bar to get some more coffee. She was at my side a moment later. "You didn't walk out," she bit her lip as she grinned suspiciously at me. "That was nice work," I told her. "Is it new stuff." "Just wrote it yesterday," she answered. "Open wound .." she added, referring to my comments the previous week. "Don't tell me you actually listened to me ..?" I laughed. "You sound surprised," she replied. "I am," I answered. "I guess you're not some bimbo poseur after all." "That's what you think I am?" she winced. "Look, I didn't know you were really serious about this." We continued talking after I picked up my coffee and headed back to my table. She was right on my heels. I had her. It was that simple. "A lot of girls your age read some Sylvia Plath and then they decide everyone should care about their pain, too. They play at poetry because it makes them 'romantic.' None of them are willing to bleed for it, though. They think poetry is about solving things, encapsulating them in words and putting them to rest. They think their personal suffering is somehow tragic and operatic, and they revel in other's pity and praise. It's like Münchhausen's by poetry," I punned to see if she got it. She didn't. She was as dumb as a bag of hair. Yet she hung on my every incomprehensible word like I was Robert fucking Frost. We continued talking about writing, and I got to learn all her juvenile fancies and opinions and pretend I was fascinated. Two hours later, we were heading out the door together. I was "driving her home." As I opened the door for her, she rested against my side and I put my arm around. We were tongue to tongue in seconds, and headed to "my place" minutes later. When we got there, I pushed her gently to her knees the moment the door closed behind us. While she knelt there looking up at me, I unbuckled my belt, unsnapped my black jeans and ran the zipper slowly down my fly. I then took her hand and put it into my crotch, pressing her fingers through the leg hole in my underwear, making her dig her hands for my dick. She'd obviously heard my rep because she licked trembling lips in anticipation as I lowered my elastic waistband. She wasn't disappointed. She licked my bloated cock-head then allowed me to take control of her head and slide my prick-stalk between her stretching lips. I pushed her hands away as she tried

to grip my cock shaft and balls. "Take off your top," I told her. "Your tits are so beautiful .." She undressed herself while I battered into her mouth. Her saliva drooled from the corners of her mouth, and her lips smacked and popped whenever I pulled my dick-helmet out and spanked it across her pierced nose. She let her blouse and bra fall to the floor, and worked my cock with just her mouth as her tits jiggled and wobbled free. After several minutes of that, I lifted her gently by her hair and took her into the bedroom. I pointed to the bed and patted the mattress. She climbed on. "Your skirt and panties now," I commanded, standing above her, stroking my cock inches from her wide, lust-filled eyes. When she was all naked, I reached into my closet and took out two pairs of handcuffs. She didn't say one word as I fitted each one over her wrist, then attached them to opposite bedposts. She was now splayed between my bedposts, her arms spread and her naked tits flopping free. I got out some rope now and lashed her ankles to the other two bedposts. She said nothing and offered no resistance. My guess is other girls at the coffeehouse had told her of my penchant for "games." So she was prepared for what I had in store for her. She wanted this. She wanted to have her horizons stretched and stuffed with new vistas. I took her pierced nipples and tugged at them while I spanked my dick across her gasping face. I cupped her firm, forbidden tits and slapped them until her aureoles swelled into a delicious pink color. I then found a long tin chain in my closet and ran it through the matching rings piercing her nipple. While she groaned, I lifted the two ends of the chain up so that her nipples stretched up to the ceiling. I pulled her up slowly by her tits, then, and she was moaning so loud I stuffed her panties in her mouth. Then I took both ends of the chain and ran them through her nose ring, unclasping the end links and re clasp them around the thin metal band of her nose ring. Now her pierced nipples were chained to her pierced nose. Every time she moved her head it stretched and pricked her nipples uncomfortably. While she struggled in her sudden discomfort, I took out some spider clips and began attaching them to the bare, exposed undersides of her young tit flesh. Every time the clips clamped into her skin, she would jerk her head and yank at her nipples. More clips emerged. I have hundreds of them in all various shapes, sizes and tensile strengths. These were excruciatingly applied to almost every inch of her bare, young flesh. I worked my way down her young body - her face, her chest, her tummy, her hips, her thighs, her calves, her ass. Everywhere but her sopping wet pussy. She just lay there helplessly now, her entire body shivering like one giant exposed nerve. Tears and sweat coated her gagged, clip-covered face. Her muffled shrieks grew even more intense when I took out a long, thick vibrator and set it humming. As she writhed about like a trapped insect, I slid the whirring pussy-melter between her steaming pussy lips. Her whole body quaked along my mattress. Her dilated pupils followed my movements as I floated over to the candle holders on my bureau, withdrew two long matches from a box and fitted two candles into the holders. I set the wicks ablaze with a whoosh. They were the only light in the room and I held them against my face as I made my way back across the room. Standing above the bed, I used the candles to illuminate my hands as I rifled her purse and withdrew a condom. "Fucking little slut," I jeered at her. "You knew you were going to get fucked tonight, didn't you, you little whore." She moaned as I opened the condom pack and dangled the furled latex before her eyes. "Well, slut, I knew I was going to get fucked tonight, too. And I knew who it

was going to be, too. See?" I shined the candles against my mirror where I'd written in blood-red paint I FUCK SONIA TONIGHT along with the date. "Your pussy was mine from the first time I saw you, whore," I berated her. "Now I own you .. every last inch of you." She winced and flinched before I even dropped the first spatter of wax on her tender flesh. Her screeches were like the howls of a wounded animal as I painted the hot wax across her flesh. I traced the intricate designs of her mendi tattoos and played mercilessly with the clips biting into her soft flesh. After a few minutes of this, she was nothing more than a gibbering, frazzled mess of frayed nerves and zombie-eyed drool. I withdrew the vibrator from her pussy and pressed it just below the hood of her erect clit. Then I lifted her ass off my mattress and stabbed my sheathed cock into her sopping snatch, slicing her in two with one vicious stab. She was no virgin, not at her age living in the circles she traveled, but she was still low-mileage pussy and tight as glove. As I burrowed inside her, I continued dripping hot wax on her tits and tummy while buzzing her bump. She could only take half-a-minute of this at the most before her eyes rolled back into her forehead. She gurgled against her panty-gag then snapped into a seizure that bounced me up and down on top of her, thumping me deeper and deeper into her womb. I dispensed with the candles now and just concentrated on fucking her brutally while ruthlessly strafing her clit with the vibrator. She came once more and then once again very suddenly. As I thrash fucked her, I slapped her clipped tits and tugged at the chain running through her nipple rings. Her climaxes started popping off like Chinese firecrackers, then, and her pussy gripped my cock shaft like a pulsating, velvet vise. I growled like an animal and redoubled my fury inside her. I pounded the top of her head into my headboard and gave her every ounce of rage I possessed. I kept up that pace for almost five straight minutes before I felt my balls twinge with cum-fire. I pulled out of her smoking snatch, ripped off my condom and squeezed the pre-cum out against her cheeks and nose. While she stared in wide-eyed awe, I brought my piss-hole up to her mouth, yanked out the gag and then sprayed her lips, tongue, cheeks, nose, eyes and hair with a thick, scalding load of hot, white rage. In between sputtering mouthfuls of cum, she just kept chanting "fuck" over and over again. To shut her up, I slipped my dick between her slavering lips and power-fucked the stuffing out of her vacant skull. She could do nothing but lie there and take her choke fucking like the slut she was. I knew it would be quite while before I could cum again, so I just enjoyed the utter domination of her pretty face, using it like a cock socket as she gagged and spewed up slobber. I must have choke fucked her like that for almost fifteen minutes before I dismounted her mouth and unlocked the handcuffs. I then moved down to her ankles and untied the ropes lashing her to the bedpost. I let her rub her ankles and wrists for a few minutes before I slapped her on her ass and Told her I was going finish her off by TAKING her ass. I asked if she'd ever been ass-fucked before, and she shook her head slowly, demurely. I told her to get on all fours, stick her ass up in the air and arch her back. She obeyed with utter passivity, and I got out another condom and some lubricant. I worked my whole hand up her ass as I primed her for the invasion. She didn't seem to really be enjoying the sensation of my fingers splaying her cheeks and spreading her sphincter, but she bit her lips and took it like a good slut. When I finally pressed my cock-head into her butt-hole she grunted and tears streamed down her face. She was trying so hard to be a REAL

woman, able to take the extreme sexual variations of a real nonconformist and social rebel. This is what makes fucking Romantic Artists so fun. They'll do almost anything to prove how hip and non-status-quo they are. Little Sonia was going to allow me to butcher her shit pipe just so she could tell all her friends how GROWN UP and EXPERIENCED she was afterward. I laughed to myself, and then just caved in her ass, stomping her sphincter like a soft watermelon. I took her panties again and ran them through her teeth, telling her to bite down on them like a bit. Grasping the ends of the panties in one hand, I bent her neck and head back as I pulverized her shit chute into smithereens. I fucked her so hard my condom split and shredded up inside her anus. By that time, neither of us cared and I just kept smashing away. I finally dumped my load deep into her ass, feeling her bowels fart out my fuck sludge as I continued pummeling her wrecked rectum. I let her panty-bit go, and she drooped over into a fresh-fucked swoon. I let her sleep there, went downstairs and poured myself a bourbon. Then I fired up my computer and wrote this all down so I wouldn't forget it.

Lolita: Jane Does/Unknown, age ranges 13-17 Humbert: Todd, age 32 Technique: Groupie

Note - Todd is a musician who used to back a major act that played state & county fairs, as well as shopping malls and other such venues. His career routinely places him in the path of "forbidden" groupies, many of whom are Romantic Artists. The following mini case studies are excerpted from a letter he wrote in response to the first edition of The Lolita Method (the following was edited for spelling and grammar).

" .. I'm always getting the real Lolitas. I watch for them from the stage, then I'll wander over their way after the gig or on a break. Usually they come right up and talk. I'll always say stuff like "Do you go to high school or college around here." They always lie and say they're older. I'm kind of into heavy metal a lot so I look like a real stoner, so all the girls who are into that always want to talk about witchcraft and stuff. When I get these kinds of girls, I always tell them how much "power" they put off. They'll start telling me about weird experiences they've had, and then I'll tell them I can sometimes conjure a demon. So we end up going back to my place or a motel room after we're done. Sometimes there's a few of them and some of the guys in the band come along. But when I get the real young ones around 12 or 13 I make no one knows except me and them. ".. We talk a lot first and I make them thing I'm real interested in what they're saying. They all want to be rock stars or poets mostly, and they all think they're witches or something. Some of them read my fortune and stuff like that. Then I'll say let's conjure this demon, and I tell them we have to be naked to do so. I put this pig's blood over us and tell them we need to burn our cum together. I get some of this from Crowley's stuff. I tell them we need to fuck and both cum, then take that and put it in this bowl in the middle of a pentagram and light it with these herbs. This brings the demon. So they just let me put pig's blood all over them and fuck their brains out. I don't really believe in witchcraft or anything, but when I found out this works I do it all the time now. A lot of them say they see the demon, but I never do. I'm usually too busy looking at their tits and pussies after I've just fucked them. I get mostly girls about fifteen or sixteen, but I do get them younger sometimes. I get two girls at once a lot, and sometimes if I get them stoned enough I can get them

to go with each other. I like fucking one girl while she's eating out or another. Or fucking one girl doggie while the other one is sucking my balls or licking my ass. I get a lot of girls like this but I'd like to do more. I think your book will help me do this. Maybe if you catch one of my shows sometime we can fuck some Lolitas together. I know you'd understand about how I like the younger ones. I think most guys would think that's sick and narc me out. That's why I don't tell anybody. You're the first people I ever told. Thanks.

Analysis - Todd's letter prompted us to include the Groupie technique in the second edition of The Lolita Method. Since then, I've learned a lot more about this strategy. Groupies such as Todd describes, those dabbling in the "black arts" are really not true Romantic Artists, nor are they true Virgin Marys. Given the context of Todd's exploits, I decided to include them in this Case Study section.

The Virgin Mary

Lolita: Bridgette, age 12 Humbert: Reverend Cal, age 52 Technique: Discipling

Note - The following two case studies are provided by a Humbert who goes by the name Calvin, or more commonly Reverend Cal. The good reverend pastors a small, non-denominational church which is a mixture of Scripture-based fundamentalism, Pentecostalism and Christianity Identity (Scripture-backed white supremacy). Cal is the Humbert who introduced us to the category of the Virgin Mary, which did not appear in the original edition of The Lolita Method. Before Cal contacted us and shared his experiences with us, I had Virgin Marys lumped in with Average Girls, and called them do-gooders. I had used religion to seduce one Lolita (see Jenn below) before encountering Cal, but his exploration of the issue caused me to revise my theories. Thus, I incorporated the Lolita-type now known as the Virgin Mary into the second edition of The Lolita method and moved Jenn's case study to this, the appropriate, section. The following two case studies are excerpted from Cal's correspondence.

" .. I call this technique discipling, and I have been using it for years with likely candidates. I choose a young girl who seems particularly susceptible to all the hokum I preach. Part of my role as shepherd means I must discipline the flock, especially the youngsters and women. I administer stern beatings as required by traditional Old and New Testament law, at least that's what I tell my flock. Many of the beatings are done in front of the congregation on Sunday before the service. I also discipline the young ones during weekly youth counseling sessions. "It is during these times that I spot girls conducive to total submission. I manufacture laws which they then "break," thus requiring the rod of discipline. As I beat them, I take note of their body cues, both verbal and non-verbal. When I find girls who seem deeply inclined to follow my word as the Word, I know I have a prime candidate. "Recently, I recruited a fat, flaxen-haired 12-year-old named Bridgette. As I whipped her each time, she prayed to Yahweh for mercy, and begged me to take the sin out of her soul. Her sins were her lust. She would sneak cassette tapes of black rap musicians into her house, hide them with her Christian tapes and covertly listen to them. When her parents discovered this, she was brought to me. I immediately made Bridgette tell me all her lust-filled thought concerning these black savages. Separation of the races is an integral part of our church's theology, and my flock trusts me to guard my parishioners against miscegenation.

"After making Bridgette tell me all her lustful thoughts, I then beat her and made her scream "Niggers go to hell" over and over again after every blow. Each week after that, I made her detail every random thought and daydream she had concerning black men. By forbidding her this fantasy, I was making it an obsession she could not get rid of. This in turn made her confess more, which meant she received more discipline. "Finally, I told her the only way she could rid herself of the black lust demon would be to KNOW the love of a white man of god. I of course was that white man of god. While I fucked her, I made her recite the prayer "Go to hell niggers" over and over. This of course, connected the image of the black man to the sexual sensations in her body. This caused her to fantasize and lust after black men even more. "I think you can appreciate the cycle here and how it works. I have used similar techniques on many girls throughout the years, all with excellent results as long as I choose the right girl. She is kind of like one of the types you discuss in your book, but she is not one of them. This type of girl embraces the Word and submits to herself to Its prophet. You may want to investigate this further.

Lolita: Mary Anne, age 14 Humbert: Reverend Cal, age 53 Technique: Eve in the Garden, Discipling

Note - this is also excerpted from Reverend Cal's correspondence.

" .. I was quite taken by your description of the technique you call Eve in the Garden. I like your use of the Biblical symbols here because they are appropriate. Eve will always be tempted when presented with the opportunity to debase herself in sin. I never thought of using this on my girls before. Your theories have opened a new door to me. "I arranged for a girl in my church, Mary Anne, to babysit for my infant son while my wife and I attended a day long pastoral conference. To prepare, I put some pornographic videos behind my collection of Christian videos. Before leaving, I told Mary Anne she could watch some of my movies. At the conference, I feigned illness and excused myself. I left my wife to take notes and represent our church. I knew she would be gone until the evening. "I drove back to the house hoping to find that Mary Anne had found the pornographic videos and was watching them. I was not disappointed. I caught her in the act. I told her Yahweh had sent me a message that she was falling into sin. She believed I had been sent there to deliver her, and she submitted to my authority immediately. "As the movie played on the screen, I made her watch every scene, then duplicate what she witnessed with me. I told her that she would only be able to rid herself of the lust when she experienced the reality of her foul desires. I made her act like a whore, then asked her how that felt. She said it felt horrible. Then I made her pray to god for deliverance from her lusts as she committed the acts. "This went very well. The more acts she committed, the more inflamed her lust became. I think she even orgasmed once while I had anal sex with her and beat her. After that session, I told her she needed to come over to my house and watch the movies with me whenever she felt the urge to lust. She has appeared at my door many times since then, and I am always willing to spend time disciplining her and instructing her in the mysterious ways of Yahweh .."

Analysis - Long before reading The Lolita Method, Reverend Cal had independently explored many of the same seduction scenarios as the authors of The Method,

arriving at many of the same conclusions we also discovered. As you read the next study, keep in mind that I used many techniques similar to Cal's repertoire years before we ever met.

Lolita: Jenn, age 14 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 24 Technique: Discipling
I've had quite a few rollicking successes playing The Prophet over the years. Many of these occurred while I was teaching school and volunteering with after-school "intervention" group. At the time, I hadn't devised The Lolita Method yet, and the Virgin Mary type hadn't been identified and explored yet. I was acting solely on instinct, and the Intervention Group helped me develop the techniques I would later mold into playing The Prophet. The premise of the Intervention Group was simple. We invited kids to sit in and talk about what was troubling them, hoping to counsel them out of committing rash acts like drinking, smoking, having sex, shop-lifting etc. The Group was supposed to consist of kids counseling kids, with me supervising the whole shebang. In reality, though, the Intervention Club was just a forum for the school's do-gooders to get together and pass judgment on everybody else. Not surprisingly, kids stayed away from the Interventioners like the plague. I was disappointed by this at first, thinking that such a group might get me leads on some troubled kids in need of my "special" kind of guidance. After my initial disillusionment, though, I recognized that these little do-gooders (as I called them then) were just as susceptible to manipulation and seduction as other Lolitas. Like I said, at this time I didn't have any context with which to deal with these girls. I was years away from formulating The Method and encountering Reverend Cal's ideas. Thus, at that time, I didn't possess the systematic Prophet approach. What I used was basically the same Teacher/Student dynamic I'd been exploiting, but with a slight twist. These do-gooders were hiding behind a very thick veneer of "morality." They were so self-satisfied with their "values" that they would never fall for the straight seduction techniques - gifts, flattery, sympathy, attention - that had proved so successful with other bimbettes. They also posed a very real danger should I misstep. These were exactly the kinds of girls who got Humberts tossed in the State Pen. I needed to be cautious, but I also needed to bag one of these little cunts just to prove to myself it could be done. Seducing a do-gooder then became Number 1 on my To-Do list. I had the field narrowed down to one of the three Interventionist cunts in the group. Jenn was a pretty, trim, redhead with green eyes, wall-to-wall freckles and a tight little ass; she was a sweet albeit self-righteous girl who truly wanted to SAVE people in the name of Jesus Christ, her Yahweh and Savior. Erin was a fat, sow-titted loudmouth who was also a Born-Again bimchette, but unlike Jenn she wasn't trying to win souls for Jesus through good works and setting a Christian Instead, Erin preferred to pray out loud in class and harangue anyone and everyone to take Jesus into their hearts or they would burn in Hell. The last girl, Shaula, was a rake-thin, sharp-faced pain-in-the-ass feminette. She detested Jenn and Erin and their "hung god" and spent her every waking moment in school railing against the "patriarchy" and "male oppression." She absolutely hated the fact that I, a white male, was the advisor to the Intervention Group, and she constantly blamed the Group's inability to attract problem students with my "authoritarian" presence. Looking at the field, I naturally chose Jenn seeing as she was the only girl in the Group I could remotely stand. I began things in a very circumspect fashion. I asked the Group to nominate and elect a president and officers - treasurer, vice president in charge of public

relations. Since the Group had no student participation, I figured this would give them something constructive to do. I was banking on the fact that Jenn would be elected to one of the positions (the Group only had 8 members). She was by far the most popular girl in the Group. She ended up being elected President. This put her in the perfect position for step 2. I then arranged some brainstorm sessions with her during free periods. We would talk about how we could get students to use the Group and become involved with helping themselves. She drafted an action plan, which we then presented to the Group for discussion and ratification. They sent back some suggestions, and she met with me to discuss her revisions. This went on for a few weeks, and during this time we talked about A LOT in relation to her involvement with the Group. Jenn truly wanted to help others. She also believed that problem kids needed to have "faith and direction," and that this was only possible if they "believed in god and themselves." We talked a lot about her religious views, and I continually reminded her that the Group could not be run according to overtly "religious" principles because this was a public school. She then asked me about my religious beliefs, and I saw my opening. I told her that I couldn't discuss those with her inside school grounds because of my status as a public school teacher. She told me she wanted to know my beliefs, though, so I asked her if she would want to go out for coffee some afternoon after the Group met. She suggested we invite the Group, but I said we couldn't because that would be, in effect, a meeting of the Group, and the non-religious content rules would apply even if we were off school grounds. She accepted this totally bullshit answer, and we made arrangements to go out for coffee the next week. When that day came, I was nervous. I had no idea to proceed with this Lolita. She wasn't like the others I'd pulled this gambit on. She'd be on the lookout for inappropriate behavior. She may have even had a crush on me, but she'd never let herself be enticed into an immoral act no matter how much she may have wanted a hard cock shoved up that tight-assed twat of hers. So I wasn't expecting anything. I was still going to try, but I wasn't going to push things and risk her going ballistic. We went and got coffee and started chatting. She asked me about my religious beliefs, and I told her .. I was a Born-Again Christian. Now religion has always been an interest of mine, and irrational extremist religious beliefs have always been my particular forte. I'd debated scores of Fundies while I was in college and even more in grad school. I knew their dogma inside-out, and I could pass as one with no problem. I'd never used this knowledge to bag a bimlette before, but at that moment I found the irony too sweet to pass up. She was surprised to say the least. I came across as so liberal in class, she observed. I told her that was my intention, that I needed to get deep inside the Beast (i.e. the educational system) before I could change it. If that meant posing as a liberal teacher for awhile, gaining trust and then burrowing into the "inner circle" (the liberal educational ELITE) that was what I would have to do. As I described my evangelical secret agent role to her I noticed a change come over her. She was suddenly so INTO me that the moral veneer dissolved, and she was staring at me with the same puppy dog eyes I'd seen in dozens of infatuated Lolitas before her. Yes, I'd found her weakness, but I couldn't get too cocky too fast. By the end of that first meeting, I'd planted the seeds I'd be reaping in the weeks to come. In Jenn's mind, her somewhat abrasively liberal teacher was now some kind of Christian super hero. She got caught up in the glamor of my "mission," and her focus now shifted from

the Group to assisting me in my "work." We went out for coffee the three following weeks, and as I fed her more bullshit the more enamored she became. We talked about everything now - especially the coming Rapture and the Tribulation period where humanity would suffer for their sins and refusal to accept Jesus Christ. She really liked to hear me play "Pin the Tail on the Antichrist," where I would go over the news headlines like a poor man's Jack Van Imp and analyze current events in light of End Times Scripture prophecy. It was during one such episode that I got lost in the moment, took her hands, squeezed them, looked in her eyes and proclaimed: "I want more than anything to be with you when humanity is called before the Divine Throne of god's Judgment!" In Fundie lingo this is tantamount to saying: "I want to fuck your hot tight cunt so hard that your pussy cums out of your ears." She squeezed my hands back, and we shared that "forbidden" look. Suddenly I pulled away and began castigating myself as a "pervert" and a "whore-monger" for having such "feelings" for a fine, upstanding Christian woman. As I berated myself and said we would never be able to see each other again because of my lusts, she cried, begged me to listen to her, and then confessed that she had the same "wrong feelings" that I had. We prayed for each other's souls, and suddenly god gave me an answer. I started going through the Old Testament and pointing out where various prophets and patriarchs were all blessed with young, beautiful, VIRGIN wives, even though they were much older. In 1Kings 1, the Israelites bring the aged David a young virgin, Abishag, to "get his heat up." I came up with some more examples - Yehudi and Tamara, King Lot & his daughters, etc. I had been doing my homework over the last several weeks preparing for this final move in the gambit, and it paid off. I had been banking on the fact that Jenn, as the product of a Fundamentalist Church, would not be at all familiar with the more unseemly passages of the Scripture that I was citing. As it tuned out, she wasn't. Seeing the verses in print in her own Scripture was a complete Revelation to her. As she sat totally enraptured at my ranting, I outlined the entire plan of my seduction chapter and verse. When the Rapture happened and all Christians were transported to Heaven to avoid the Tribulation, there would still be a few Chosen Messengers left to preach the Word for the Final Great Conversion. These Messengers would only be the most Faithful among the Flock, those willing to Martyr themselves for the Cause. I told Jenn we had been Chosen to be part of this Messenger Corps, thus we would not be Raptured but "left behind." At this point, my twisted Scripture became even more convoluted. When the Church disappeared with the Rapture, the Remnant left behind would no longer be under the New Testament Gospel that Jesus delivered. The Word be reverted back to the Old Testament Law that existed before Christ's First Advent. This Old Testament Law would be in effect for the Seven Years of the Tribulation as the Remnant awaited Jesus' Second Coming where the New Testament Gospel would finally be delivered and completed in its Totality. I won't bore you with the chapter & verse proofs I used in this seduction argument. Most of these arguments can be seen in various religious cults and sects who use Old Testament Law to control their flocks and render their women and girls into utter sexual submission. As we sat in a corner booth at "our restaurant," I mapped this whole scheme out to Jenn. When I was done, she just sat there waiting for me to tell her what she needed to do next. I insisted that we needed to be married secretly, joined as man and wife before god and live as such so that we would be bonded

together before the Rapture. This would assure that both remained here on earth to preach as part of the Remnant. Jenn was thrilled to be Called as part of the mystical 144,000 evangelists foretold in Revelation 14:3, but she still had one question - what about my wife? Divorce was prohibited in the Fundamentalist doctrine she followed. A quick trip into the stories of Abraham and Isaac cleared all this up, however. Both these patriarchs were allowed to have younger wives when their first wives proved to be unsatisfactory. Noah also had three wives, and he was responsible for repopulating the barren earth and re-establishing God's Covenant with Mankind. She gratefully accepted all these teachings, took my hand and expressed her desire to be married to me in the eyes of God. We left then and I rented a motel room where we would not be disturbed nor "spied by the eyes of men." There, in that motel room, I read some nonsensical Scripture passages, which I then tied together to form a wedding/bonding ceremony. Jenn pledged to be mine and follow my every command, serving me as I served the Church and the Church serves Yahweh Jesus. We then moved to the Final Act in our little Passion Play - The Consummation. I made her stand before her new Husband and strip for me, displaying all her pale, freckled charms for my approval. She trembled as she did this, her shivers turned to violent shudders as more and more of her bare flesh was exposed. I actually thought she was going to vomit she was so distraught. I asked her if she was ashamed to be disrobing before her new Husband, and she confessed she was. I scolded her haughtiness and willfulness, and barked at her to keep stripping until she was totally nude. As she quaked and dry heaved, she took five long minutes to remove her bra and panties. When her first alabaster, freckled tit peeked out from her fallen B-cup, I reached out and squeezed the hard kernel of her erect nipple. As I stretched the nipple out and inspected it, she winced and started dry heaving again. I told her to be "strong for Jesus" and chided her girlish skittishness. "I thought I married a WOMAN," I berated her. "I thought you were a warrior for Christ. You react this way before your Husband, the MAN you pledged yourself to before God. How ill you react when the Tribulation starts and you are subjected to the torture and abuse of Satan's minions. As a female Messenger, you will be raped and beaten with a sadism so evil we cannot even imagine it in our minds. When the Church and Yahweh's Grace leave this earth with the Rapture, The Beast will be given free reign, and there will be nothing to check the inhuman lusts raging inside the human heart. How will you be able to withstand these things and testify Yahweh's Name if you cannot even bear to GIVE yourself to your Husband who loves you and has sworn to cherish and protect you as his OWN .." As I ranted on, she finally stripped completely. I walked around her and poked and kneaded every inch of her bare, milky-white, befreckled skin. She began to weep as I stroked her ass-crack and licked her shoulder blade. "Yahweh have mercy on your soul, wife," I spat. I then commanded her to bend over and place her palms on the baseboard of one of the beds. I took off my belt, folded it in my hands,, and then whipped her creamy white ass to deep pinkish hue. Every time she cried or even made a peep, I beat her ass again. "You are not worthy to be part of the Remnant," I chastised her. "You are weak. Pray to Jesus to give you the strength to take your punishment like a true Warrior. Then thank your Husband for making you a stronger, better servant for our Yahweh, his Church and your Master Husband." In a few minutes, I had her mewling "Dear God, please make me strong enough to Take your

Punishment. And thank You for giving me my Husband to Discipline me." While she droned this mantra, she bawled like a baby. When she felt my hands callously begin invading her virgin cock-slots, she began vomiting while she prayed for strength. As I fingered her clit, I made her repeat "I love you Husband" over and over again. This was the first time I ever encountered a Lolita who didn't respond almost immediately to my skilled pussy manipulations. Poor Jenn had so many "issues" clouding her pea-sized brain that it was clogging her plumbing. My slick, dexterous fingers roused nothing more in her "forbidden" pussy than some modest moisture. I abused her patiently, waiting for the inevitable flood of pussy juice, but it never came. Finally, I decided her fuck juice would never froth. The little bitch was so fucked in the head by the naked guy on the cross that he'd rendered her frigid. I walked around to her face after beating her bare, milky ass and molesting her dry, virgin crack. I asked her if she wanted me to consummate our marriage or cast her away as unworthy. She wept and begged me to make her my wife. She said she would submit to me as her Husband in the name of Jesus Christ, her Yahweh and Savior. I then instructed her to remove my pants and withdraw my Scepter. She tried to hold back her tears as she did this, but they flowed out of her eyelids. I then remembered one of my favorite sexy Scripture passages. I ordered her to lower her head and wash my cock with her tears. As she did this I picked up the motel's Gideon Scripture and read from Luke, Chapter 7.

37 And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment.
38 And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

When she heard me read this, she blubbered even more, but she understood and obeyed the Word. She wet my cock with her tears. Her tears, I told her, would be the lubricant I would use to enter her virgin cunt with my cock and plant my seed in her womb. Then I told her when I was finished, she would clean my cock with the ointment of her saliva and then wipe it dry with her flaming red hair. All this she did, wetting my raging nine-inch Gospel-giver with her tears until it was sufficiently wet enough to enter her dry pussy without causing me any discomfort. Then I bent her back over the bed, having her reassume the previous position she had endured during my ass-beating marathon. I ordered her to point her milky, svelte ass straight up and arch her back. I then pressed my hand forcefully down on the back of her neck, threatening to choke off her air supply, thereby subduing her completely. With my free hand, I guided my tear-slickened Eleventh Commandment to the outer ridge of her dry shriveled labia. Her unaroused pussy lips chafed slightly as I butted my bloated warhead against her cunt cleft. I gritted my teeth and steeled myself for a rough ride. I pressed harder, trying to breach her defenses and gain some access to her Holy of Holies. "Spread your legs .. WIDER .." I commanded, and she tearfully obeyed. I could hear her mumbling The Yahweh's Prayer to herself, and encouraged her to continue louder. She raised her voice and sobbed the words while I tried to force more of my rock-hard Redeemer inside her Well of Sorrows. I shoved my hips forward with a tremendous blow, and sliced the dry slit like I was cleaning a fish. She began howling the 23rd Psalm now

- "Yahweh is my shepherd" - as her cunt walls shredded into bloody strands around my engorged prick. "He maketh me lie down in green pastures .." she continued as I pulled out my cock all the way to the brink of her labia. " .. he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul .." she blubbered as I slammed back into her dry slot, separating the folds of her pussy like the waters of the Red Sea. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." She tried to squirm off the crucifix of my blood-slickened fuck-nail. "Yeah, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," she squealed as I pressed my hand down into the back of her throat. " .. I will fear no evil: for thou art with me," her choked whisper grew fainter. "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." I drove my free hand into the small of her back, punching her stomach into the corner of the mattress. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," she gurgled meekly. "Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of Yahweh forever." I was dwelling in a different kind of house now -- a wet, tight, blood-greased house with one small door now blasted wide open. She sobbed into the mattress as I sacrificed her body on the altar of my Total Authority. I fucked her to the rhythm of her prayers for the next fifteen minutes before I anointed the inside of her womb with my Sacred Oil. If any of you are wondering, I had undergone a vasectomy several months before this at the request of my first wife who did not want any unplanned children cluttering up her already full life. I agreed because I knew our marriage would never last, and I wasn't thrilled with spending the rest of my life shelling out cash to support a child I would probably never see. This meant I had no qualms about pumping a loud of choad into Jenn's virgin womb. I knew I didn't have any "social diseases," and I was positive Jenn's pussy was as clean as whistle, so I just pumped away without a care in the world. When I was finally spent, I plopped my fat cock out of Jenn's wrecked womb and grabbed her long red tresses. I yanked her face around so that she was eyeball to piss-hole with my bloody, slimy cherry-shredder. She choked back another dry heave, lowered her head in utter subjugation to my Majesty and dried my cock with her soft, luxurious hair. After deflowering Virgin Jenn, we said some prayers, and then I took her home. I spent the next several months thoroughly preparing her for the tortures she would be undergoing in the Tribulation. During this time, Jenn never really learned to enjoy fucking. In this instance, I found her frigidity to be extremely arousing as she painfully subjugated her body to my animal instincts. Because of our religious beliefs, I prohibited oral or anal sex of any kind, choosing merely to bend her over in the doggie position, whip her ass for any transgressions she committed, then mount and rut her dry, red-thatched pussy like a brood mare. She merely relented to the assaults out of her wifely duty, and I encouraged her to HATE the sex act and say her prayers as I pronged her thoroughly unaroused cunt. I'm proud to say that I played the part of Prophet so well that she never did "get it." She really wanted to conceive a child by me, and could not understand how I could be dumping gallons of sperm inside her womb with no results. I would often use her barrenness as an excuse to beat her milky, freckled ass mercilessly before I savaged her pliant passive body once again. Eventually, her parents ended up doing me favor and moving to another state. Before she left, Jenn and I held a prayer/fuck ritual where I received a vision that the Rapture and Tribulation were imminent. I instructed her to have Faith as

we parted company, assuring her we would be together again at the Throne of Judgment in no time. I left her with a warning, though. If she wavered in her belief in US at all, she would not be able to join me and be part of the Remnant during the Tribulation. She understood and promised she would stay Faithful to me as her husband while awaiting the Second Advent of Our Yahweh and Savior Jesus Christ. Over the next year, I received scores of blathering letters from her and responded in kind. When I finally divorced my first wife and moved to New York City, I left no return address for Jenn. I imagine she's gotten tired of waiting for me by now, although I'm certain she's still waiting for the End Times with the rest of the Fundies. Too bad she won't be able to stand before the Judgment Throne in the white raiment of a virgin bride of Christ.

Lolita: Roberta, age 16 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 34 Technique: Discipling, Counseling Her Pants Off

Note - This last Virgin Mary case study has been added to this newest edition of The Lolita Method. The events described took place a little over a year ago.

One of the cool things about having fake identities is getting the opportunity to infiltrate various spheres of existence that would definitely be closed to the REAL you. Case in point, I've developed an alternate identity over the last several years that has allowed me to get into the closed world of psychological counseling. I do possess an extensive post-graduate education in psychology, so I have been able to pull off the ruse with absolutely no trouble. My name and degree belong to a shrink who "dropped out" and went to live in a foreign country. He was disgusted with the profession and just kind of willed me all his effects - diplomas, papers, etc. I've parlayed this cache into quite a lucrative scam since returning back to my old home town several years ago. Using his ID and credentials, I took on some part-time work last year as a counselor in a drug and alcohol treatment center for troubled youths. The center is based on the AA model, so they offer group as well as individual therapy. To guard against savvy Humberts such as myself, the Center established the policy that men doctors could only counsel boys while women are limited to counseling girls. The group sessions are open to all, though, so I quickly signed on to lead the 16-17 group, which was the only one open. Once inside the Center, I quickly learned how to get access to all the "guest" files. These include personality profiles, biographies, school records, police records, and therapeutic evaluations. The savvy Humbert can learn a lot of useful information in files such as these, and I used my research time to pinpoint the most likely prey wandering the Center. In my group alone, I identified seven very ripe Lolitas, and successfully began engaging them as Stoners. Publicly, inside the group, I insisted that all the girls had "substance abuse problems" and were in denial. Privately, however, I confided to each of them that I didn't believe they really had any "problems" other than parents and guardians who didn't "understand" them. I told them I would help them get through the experience with their sanity intact. I befriended them, provided them with drugs and anything else they desired, and they were quite "grateful" if you know what I mean. I only asked that they play the game with the rest of the staff so they could get out of the program as quickly as possible. All of these Stoner Girls followed my lead and fucked my brains out until they were free. All except Roberta, that is .. Roberta's alcohol and drug use had led to a tragic automobile accident. She had been driving while stoned out of her mind and hit a

telephone pole. Her best friend, sitting next to her in the front seat, went through the windshield and was suffering from partial paralysis because of the misadventure. Roberta held herself personally responsible, and she, unlike every other kid in the Center, was committed to her Recovery. She wanted to atone for her past sins and make a NEW SELF. She may have succeeded, too, if she hadn't caught my eye. I WANTED this one. In addition to her long brown hair, pretty face and plump curvy body, she exuded an intoxicating mixture of fragility and hopefulness. I looked at her, dangling at the precipice of self-destruction, clinging desperately to the hand she thought was I outstretched to save her, and I had to TAKE her. I needed to feel myself crush her struggling spirit and extinguish whatever light remained wavering in her soul. I looked over her file looking for an "in." Before the accident, Roberta had been a normal sex, drugs and rock'n'roller. She'd been in and out of counseling a few times in her early teens, but had shown no desire to "get with the program." She partied and slept around with impunity. After the accident, however, she was a different person. She became committed to the sobriety Cause, and she was determined to make this stay at the Center the last chapter in her old life, and the first step in a bold new direction - adulthood, responsibility, a sense of higher purpose. Within my group, Roberta played advocate for everyone. She wanted to SAVE everyone. She was so blind she thought I was the greatest shrink in the world because within a few short days I had transformed the unruly girls in the group to docile, cliché-spouting zombies. It never occurred to her that I might be feeding the cunts drugs and cock. She also failed to notice that my counseling had barely even a negligible effect on the boys in the group. Quite frankly, I ignored them and spent most of my time getting the girls to open up. When the boys found out I wasn't going to hassle them, they just kind of slept through the group sessions. At least they didn't cause trouble. In Roberta's eyes, I was a miracle worker. I noticed her adulation and cultivated it. The Stoners I was fucking thought this was hilarious, and I think they wanted to see me fuck "Miss Goody Two Shoes" as much as I desired it. So they kept quiet, sat back and watched me work on the little Virgin Mary. I made Roberta the Group secretary, which meant she kept the meeting running smoothly according to the AA guidelines. These she knew by heart. I also encouraged her to do a lot of the talking. The others appreciated this. Roberta's anecdotes also allowed me to learn even more about her, stuff that wasn't in her file. All this while, I showered her with attention and praise,, and after two weeks she felt she could "tell me anything." So, that's what she started doing. She'd track me down in the cafeteria or the library and start yammering. She told me her counselor, a bitch I nicknamed Petty Betty, was totally inept, and she preferred talking to me. So she talked .. and talked .. AND talked. I soon learned everything there was to know about her, and I quickly developed a plan to bag her and pin her panties over the headboard of my bed as a trophy. My plan was simple. She already worshipped me and followed every word of advice I gave her. Now all I needed to do was transfer that passivity into a sexual context without "making a move" on her. I knew Roberta pretty well by then. If I proceeded with her as I had with previous Lolitas, she would balk, start singing to one of my higher ups, and my little "forbidden" pussy train would come grinding to a halt outside the State Penitentiary. I went over all my notes and reread Cal's experiences concerning Virgin Marys. I needed to find SOME WAY to get us even closer, to get her CAUGHT

UP in some big Cause so she couldn't see what I was doing. Then I recalled something in her file. It was a three-page paper she'd written about inadequacy of youth treatment centers. Her major thesis was that adults who had no idea WHY kids turned to drugs and booze designed these Centers. She proclaimed that the "old answers" weren't valid anymore, that kids didn't get high for the same reasons as their parents did. Consequently, a Center designed by young people would invariably help and reach more kids than one designed by adults. I had my "in." Never letting on that I'd seen and read her paper, I brought up an idea similar to hers in passing. She JUMPED on it, chattering non-stop about how she had the same idea. I told her I was very interested in this, and she started bringing me all her plans and notes. She said she'd given up on the plan months ago because "no one seemed to give a shit." I, on the other hand, was just the person to encourage her and cultivate her obsession, all the while pretending it was my dream as well. Our meetings became more and more frequent as the days wore on. I was edging her nearer to the kill. As she got more and more wrapped up in her quixotic Cause, the more I convinced her I "knew some people" who might actually make her fantasy a reality. In my spare time, I scouted a deserted location that I told her we could get "for a song" with the proper funding. I loaned her some books on non-profit fund raising, and she threw herself even deeper into the Cause. Meanwhile, I asked if she wanted to come out to the Location with me and check it out. She said yes and became very excited at the prospect. Now our only problem lay in getting her off Center grounds under my supervision. No one on staff knew anything nor even suspected I was using the Center as my own personal "forbidden" warehouse. Still, they were not about to allow a male staffer take a female "guest" off property unsupervised. The only realistic way we could out together was in an emergency situation. So I devised another plan and Roberta went along with it for the Cause. She feigned having a terrible stomachache. The Center's doctor looked at her, and she was so convincing that he recommended she go the emergency room that day. Roberta and I had staged our ruse for the day when I was acting as "Operations Chief." The position of Ops Chief rotated daily, and each morning a new Ops Chief took over the day-to-day running of the Center. Decisions such as how to transport a sick "guest" to the emergency room rested in my hands. A call to the hospital's private ambulance service would cost money, something the Center was always short on. The drive was only three miles away, so I volunteered to take Roberta myself, thus saving the Center the bill. No one even questioned my command decision. So Roberta and I left the grounds and went to the hospital. There we waited long enough to have a doctor see us and examine Roberta. By that time, she was "feeling better" and the doctor attributed her severe pain to cramping combined with acute indigestion. He gave her some antacids and sent us on our way. The wait in hospital emergency rooms is notoriously long, so no one even suspected anything "funny" when Roberta and I arrived back at the Center three and a half hours later. Of course, after she was released we went out to the Location, an old deserted farmhouse I'd found two counties over. She loved it, running all around the property and brainstorming design ideas. I pretended to be caught up in the moment, too, and as we stood in the upstairs hallway envisioning the rooms filled with "troubled kids getting help" I suddenly reached out, put my arm around her and embraced her. The look in her eyes was priceless. She bent her neck back

and peered into my gaze with her dewy, fluttering eyes. She knew I was going to kiss her. She was wrong. I let her go and buried my face in my hands. "I can't believe that happened," I started ranting. "I can't believe I let myself .. I am so sorry. That was SO wrong. I just .. god, I am such an asshole .." I continued berating myself while she stood there in shock. When I started faking tears, she melted. "It's all right," she came over to me, threw her arms around me and buried her face in my heaving chest. "I know .. I know why you did it. I'm not offended. Not at ALL. I feel the same way. I've felt the same way for a long time now. I had no idea you were feeling it, too. I thought I was just a .. you know .. a kid to you." "You're hardly a kid," I protested. "I mean look at you. You know you're not like the others at the Center. They're kids. You're a woman - a bright, sensitive, compassionate woman who is going to work to make her dreams come true. You can't believe how beautiful that makes you to me. When I'm around you, when I hear your voice, it's like someone's punched a hole in my heart." She leaned up now and kissed me - on the lips. I pretended to resist, then suddenly relented to the passion roiling inside me. I parted my lips and let her tongue flick inside my mouth. My own tongue tentatively lashed against hers, then threw itself into the kiss with a full frenzy. "I love you," I gasped between mouthfuls of her "forbidden" passion. "I love you so much." These words triggered off the response I was looking for. Before becoming Virgin Roberta, this little Lolita had been quite a promiscuous Stoner Girl. She'd been tested for pregnancy once (a false alarm) and arrested for "public indecency" in the back of a car with a high school boy. She'd submerged those "evil ways" beneath her "new morality," though, and those repressed desires had spent the last several weeks festering beneath the surface of her healing wounds like a cyst. I popped that cyst, however, letting the pus of her passions infect her blood to a seething boil. She lost her top; my Dockers fell to my knees; her jeans spilled to her ankles; my shirt buttons popped open; her bra-straps slid down her plump shoulders and she shrugged her swollen boobs free from their cups. Her "forbidden" boobs were almost all aureole, the pinkish brown tit-skin covering almost her entire breast. I was fascinated by these adorable puffs and took them between my suckling lips. She shuddered, threw her neck back and pressed me deeper into her ripe bosoms. We staggered back into one of the deserted rooms. We laid our coat on the floor as a makeshift mattress and resumed our heavy petting. She stroked my hard dick through my shorts, then snaked her hand beneath the elastic when I breached her panties and found her moist, eager slot. Our underwear came off slowly, and as we kissed we manually played with each other until we needed more. "Can I make love to you?" I asked with all the faux sincerity I could muster. "Yes," she gasped. "Do you have protection?" "Yes," I replied, fumbling in my wallet for the condoms I always keep handy. "Are you ..?" I started. "Yes," she cut me off. "I'm on the pill. I have been for a year." "I love you," I whispered as I ripped open the Trojan wrapper and unfurled the latex cock-glove down my throbbing nine-inch cunt-buster. "I never .." she stopped, her pea-brain searching for the words. "None of the guys I ever did EVER had one that big," she pointed to my sheathed rape-saber and half-giggled. "Promise to be gentle ..?" she half-joked, trying to hide the concern and anxiety in her voice. "I promise," I kissed her fiercely. "But not TOO gentle," I quipped as I leaned her back, parted her plump thighs and stabbed myself into her sopping snatch. I sank deep into her tender cunt, and she grunted every inch up into her

belly. She was VERY wet, so it made the process of acclimating her to my MAN-sized member that much easier and more pleasurable for her. She moaned and bucked her hips when my busy fingers found the skin around her clit-flap and bothered the bump beneath. "Oh, that feels so FUCKING AWESOME!" This was the first time I had ever heard Roberta swear before, and as I continued feeding her my dick she let loose with a string of obscenities that would have made a whore blush. "Slam that big old dick inside me, baby. Let me ride that fuck pole. Use me, use my cunt like a fucking slut. Fuck me with that big cock. Slam my pussy with your big hard cock. That's it. Use my pussy. Fuck me like an animal. Fuck me! Fuck me!" I did as she asked, diddling her clit while I plowed into her until she exploded in a thrashing climax. She tried to push me away, then. She was obviously one of those girls who cums so hard they can't stand having their pussies touched afterwards for a few minutes. Well, FUCK THAT! I pinned her to the floor, still humping away. Ignoring her gasping pleas to "get off," I slid my long dick out of her cunt until the tip barely dangled outside her labia. Then I drove my hips down and forward, gutting her and vacating her back and forth. One minute she was stuffed full of cock, and the next she was achingly empty. She quit struggling after a few minutes and just lay there moaning as I repeatedly filled and voided her. I wanted to time my cum to coincide with her second climax. I had fucked her behind the tenderness of her first orgasm now, and she was bucking her hips to meet my pounding thrusts. Feeling her chasing her cum, I redoubled the fury in my strokes and urged her on like a filly racing towards the finish line. "Tell me when," I hissed as our bodies slapped together like two hydrogen atoms in a fusion reactor. "Al..almost .." she gurgled. "Almost ..there .. right there . right now .. OH Jesus FUCKING CHRIST FUCK ME WITH THAT BIG DICK! FUCK ME!" I relaxed as I felt her pussy pulse around my cock. I dumped a fresh load of cum into the reservoir of my rubber and pummeled her through her second orgasm in under half an hour. When I was done being milked by her tight cunt walls, I just settled inside her. We lay entangled within one another kissing and cooing like lovesick teenagers. My cock had only cum once, so it was still VERY hard and alert as it snuggled in its newest home. "You're still hard," she gasped with surprise a few minutes later. "I need to cum again for it to go down," I told her. "We can't have that," she giggled. She slid off my fuck-pole and told me to lie on my back. Then she started sucking my dick and my balls. "I like having my ass licked, too," I told her as I petted her hair. She looked at me oddly, but complied with my wishes, snaking her cautious tongue up my butt while she jacked off my cock and balls. After a lot of encouragement, she seemed to grow used to ass-licking, and when she finally surfaced she had the most adorable shit-eating grin (pun intended). "Do you got another rubber?" she asked mischievously. "In my wallet," I told her as she dug the package out. "Why?" I asked she peeled open the pack and began outfitting my love-gun for another assault. "I want to ride that big dick of yours," she told me as she scooted her pussy on top my raging prick, impaling her tight wet cunt down its entire length. She crucified her pussy on my cock for almost ten straight minutes, gasping and swearing the whole while, before I pulled her body close to mine, sucked her puffed boobs and unleashed a spunk-storm inside her ravaged twat. After that day, we started seeing each other regularly inside the Center, catching stolen moments for blow-jobs and such while the other staffers milled obliviously around us. The members in our Group knew

I'd TAKEN Miss Goody-Two Shoes the next time we had a session, though. One Stoner Girl told me they could see it in Roberta's eyes. She had needed a hard cock to "chill her out," I was told, and all the other girls in the Group seemed amused that I had bagged her and turned her into a total slut. A week later, Roberta checked out of the Center. I hung on for a few more weeks or so, getting some more "forbidden" pussy before I felt it was time to move on. I continued seeing Roberta and feeding her pipe dreams about designing her own Treatment Center for kids by kids. She possessed only false information concerning my real ID, so I wasn't that nervous about her turning obsessive on me. She never did, though, and we still fuck almost two years later. By now she's in college, though, and pretty much over her Virgin Mary phase. The last I heard, she wants to go into business management, which is a long way off from opening up a treatment center and saving the world. I also know for a fact that she drinks, smokes pot and fucks around again. So maybe, in my own way, I really did help her get through a difficult time and grow as a human being. I mean stranger things have happened.

The Ugly Girl

Lolita: Rae Anne, age 13 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 22 Technique: Educating Lolita, Understanding the Pants Off Her

Rae Anne was a bony, tall, awkward, bespectacled girl with braces and dirty, short, straight hair styled into a bowl cut. She sat in the back of my third period, 8th Grade English class during my first year of teaching, and for the first several weeks of the year she never said a word. The kids called her Lurch, and she spent the majority of the class period picking her nose and eating what she found. Not exactly a beauty contest winner by any stretch of the imagination, which made me curious. What would it be like to fuck a truly hideous geek-girl like this? I had to know. I had never bagged a truly Ugly Girl before. My previous kills had been all bubbly, bright Lolitas, who differed in their personalities but shared one trait in common - physical attractiveness. In my relative inexperience, I had developed an ego and the very limiting misconception that fucking Ugly Girls was beneath me. As a fledgling Humbert, I only wanted to sample the pretty Lolitas, the perky, pretty "forbidden girls" all older men would die to taste. Then one day, I had an epiphany that changed not only my cunt-hunting strategy but my total outlook on life. One day, as I was handing back papers, I stopped above Rae Anne's desk and looked down at her as I slid the paper in front of her. As she peered up at me through her soda-pop bottle goggles, my mind flashed on a sudden image. Rae Anne's face was staring up into my dominating presence the same exact my previous Lolita lovers had all gazed up at my masculine majesty before sucking my almighty cock. We locked eyes for a moment, and in that instant I saw my future - Ugly Rae Anne sucking my thick, veiny nine-inch dick. A random, fleeting daydream then became an obsession. As luck would have it, I didn't have to work very hard to realize my objectives. I quickly learned that Ugly Girls pretty much bag themselves the moment a Humbert pays them any kind of positive attention. Rae Anne began developing a very obvious crush on me the minute I started playing her. A few smiles, a friendly word, then a compliment on one of her writing assignments - practically overnight, Rae Anne vaulted into the position of my "number one fan." One morning soon after I began Operation Rae Anne, I saw a folded paper note on my desk. I had just arrived at school, but my room had been

open for almost half an hour and students were already in the halls from AM detentions and the early buses. I picked up the note, not knowing who it was from, and began reading absently as I got my lesson plans ready for first period:

Hi, Mr. Donner!

How are you today? I really like your class. You're a great teacher, too. Have a great day.

Your number one fan, Rae Anne

Every teacher's dream .. or their worst nightmare if they're not a savvy Humbert. The situation was obvious. Ugly, booger-eating Rae Anne had a crush on me. My flirting attentions had paid off .. IN SPADES. Now it was time to start collecting my winnings. I decided to play things cool at the start. I smiled at Rae Anne in class and flirted more. She got all googly-eyed, flushed and flustered, but she loved it. I could practically smell the aroma of her wet sex wafting up from beneath her desk as she knocked her bony knees together. Two days later, my attentions paid off in another note:

Hi, Mr. Donner! (again)

You're the coolest best teacher in school. You're also the cutest.

Your number one fan, Rae Anne

When I got this second note, I knew it was time to put the little geek out of her misery and just bag her. On top of the graded quiz I was handing back I left a note myself:

Rae Anne, see me after class today. Mr. D

She was shaking like the proverbial leaf as she approached my desk forty minutes later. I kept it very short. I told her we needed to talk, and I asked when she had a free period. She said she had 7th period study hall, so I wrote her a pass and told her to report to my room. She didn't ask me what it was about. She just took the pass and nervously left. My head and cock were pounding until seventh period. My seventh period class was busy working on an in-class writing assignment when Rae Anne arrived. I told the class I would be in the hall, and I ushered Rae Anne outside. The hall was quiet and empty, and all the classroom doors were shut, so I had some ability to speak freely. Simultaneously, the spot was public enough where I could never be accused of "seeking privacy" with a student should my scheme suddenly go awry. Remember, at this stage in my career I was a fledgling Humbert and a first-year teacher. Granted, I had a few noteworthy kills under my belt already, but those had occurred while I was still somewhat in between the realms of late adolescence and full-blown adulthood. As far as fucking Lolitas goes, there is certainly a big difference between being a student/camp counselor and a professional teacher. If I'd been busted dipping my wick the previous summers, I probably would have just been run out of the camp on a rail and publicly shamed. Being caught in a similar indiscretion now, however, meant certain jail time, not to mention the loss of a career, a rich fiancée and a solvent promising future that was basically signed, sealed and delivered. Thus, I knew I had to be careful and avoid even the hint of impropriety. Although I knew I was equal to the task of major-league Lolita hunting, I certainly didn't want to blow the

opening game in my rookie season. So I proceeded ahead cautiously, dotting every "i" and crossing every "t". I began by telling her I'd received her notes and thanking her. "Am I in trouble?" she asked, the terror palpable in her eyes and voice. "No," I reassured her. "Not at all. I was flattered, actually .." I added. This admission seemed to relieve her slightly. "I just don't want this whole thing to get either of us in trouble, that's all." I started explaining. "Trouble?" "Listen, you know how people feel about this stuff. Someone finds out that one of my students is writing me notes, they're going to think something is 'going on' between us." I gaged her reaction to this. Her expression was half confusion, half exhilaration. The thought that anyone could ever think SHE was screwing around with a popular good-looking teacher like me absolutely thrilled her. At the same time, the gravity in my voice made her realize how serious such a situation could become. "If that ever happens," I continued, "we could both be in for a lot of trouble. I know you wouldn't want that to happen." "You aren't mad at me, are you ..?" she asked. "No," I shook my head. "I'm not mad at you .. honest. Please don't ever think that." "Okay," she nodded. "Is everything all right with you?" I decided to change the subject and start talking about a Lolita's favorite topic - her own angst. "Yeah, I guess .." "You're always so quiet in class," I tried to take things deeper. "If any thing's wrong, I hope you know you can come and talk to me about it. I'm always here after school for an hour or so. A lot of days I could use the company." I smiled at her. "Even if I just want to hang out and talk about nothing?" she asked. "I'm your man," I reassured her. "Mindless conversation about nothing is my specialty." She smiled. "Okay." "You'd better get back to study hall," I told her. "And I have a class to teach." I signed her return pass, and sent her on her way. The next day, Rae Anne couldn't take her eyes off me in class. A couple of times I swore I caught her rubbing herself. I wasn't surprised, then, to see her face peeking in my door after school later that afternoon. "Hi," she almost whispered. I was alone at my desk putting in my obligatory after school period. My cock hardened and I waved her in. "What's up?" I asked her. "I just wanted to talk," she sat down at the desk directly in front of mine. "You said I could, remember ..?" "I certainly do," I told her. "So what would you like to talk about?" "I don't know .. stuff .. you know .." "What kind of stuff?" I kept at her. I needed her to set the pace, make her think she was the center of attention here. The more she talked, the more she would be convinced she was dictating our relationship, never realizing I was merely feigning interest so I could "understand" her pants off. "Do you think girls my age should go out with boys and stuff?" she asked point blank. "It all depends," I answered. "On what?" "On who she is," I answered. "How mature she is. Whether or not she's ready to handle things yet." "What things?" she asked. "There's a lot of stuff that goes when you start dating .." I began. "You mean sex and stuff?" she interrupted. "Sex is only a small part of it. The physical part of relationships is really just a reflection of the emotional part." I looked into her vacant eyes and realized I had to explain myself. "What I mean is people should only be physical with each other if they're emotionally attached in a strong way." "Then it's all right, then?" she asked. "It's not that simple," I shook my head. "You see, in most relationships one person can feel very strongly while the other person doesn't. Lots of times this just means the two people don't get together. They may be friends, but that's all. Sometimes, though, people take advantage of how other people feel even if they don't feel the same way. They may go out with someone who they know likes

them just to have fun with that person but with no emotional attachment. If they do anything physical, it's just fun to them. They don't FEEL anything like the other person does. When the other person finds this out, they can get very hurt. A lot of times, people think they can make someone FEEL something by doing things with them. Then they find out this isn't true, and they really get hurt." "So what you're saying is two people should only DO STUFF when they're like emotionally attached to each other," she concluded. "I guess so," I nodded. "That's why it's so hard when you start going out with people. You might be ready, but the other person isn't. Or you both aren't ready. Or you're both ready, you're just not the right people for each other. Things don't work out a lot when people start dating, and they get hurt a lot at first. It gets better, though, as you grow older." "What about me?" she asked. "Do you think I'm ready to start dating?" "I don't know," I turned it back to her. "What do you think?" "I don't know either," she answered. "I think I am, but .." "But what?" "I'm not real popular or pretty or anything. Guys here don't like me very much. They think I'm a scuzz." "You're not a scuzz," I told her. Then I tried something. It was a gamble, a risk, but I felt it would pay off somehow. I was playing a hunch. If it worked, I'd be slamming Ugly Rae Anne into a drooling fuck zombie with impunity. If it failed, I'd watch her slip through my grasp and be forced to turn my attentions elsewhere. "You could work on your appearance a little, though," I offered. She looked at me with very serious eyes. She didn't seem hurt, just intense. I carried on my gambit. "You're in eighth grade now," I continued. "You're not a girl anymore. You're a woman. Maybe you'd feel better about yourself if you started trying to .. come off better." I had to choose my words very carefully. "You know I'm not good looking," she replied. "Why even try?" "You're a lot better looking than the way you come off, though," I pressed. She looked at me skeptically. "Why don't you try something for me ..?" "What?" she asked. "Try to make yourself a little better tomorrow," I said slowly, not sure if I was going to make her cry or not, and having no idea what to say or do if I did. "What do you mean?" she asked. "Wash your hair for starters," I said point blank. She just looked at me blankly, so I went on. "Do you have any make-up?" I asked. "M..my sister does," she answered. "Put a little on .. not a lot, just a little." "I .. I d..don't know how," she admitted. "Could you ask your sister to show you?" I asked. "I .. I g..guess," she stammered. The prospect obviously didn't thrill her. I was sensing from her tone that she didn't get along very well with her sister, that maybe she was jealous of her some reason. "Is there a problem with asking your sister for help?" I asked. "We .. uh .. kind of don't get along real well," she said. "She's a real prep, you know, and she's in high school. She thinks I'm a real geek." "Maybe that's because you sometimes act like one, don't you .?" I pushed it. She didn't say anything, but she wasn't crying and running from the room either. I went on. "Why do you think your sister thinks you're a geek?" I asked directly. "I don't know," Rae Anne shook her head. "She's just a stupid prep. I don't why. I'm not Miss Perfect like she is, I guess .." "I don't think that's it," I disagreed. "Can I tell you something, Rae Anne? Something I want to tell you as a friend, not a teacher." "S..sure, I g..guess," she stuttered. This conversation was opening up some real wounds inside her. I was either going to get her to bare her soul (among other things) or send her scurrying back into the brush. "Think about how you come off to other people. Think about what you do and how other people see you when you do it. You act pretty strangely sometimes, and it makes people think

you're strange. People don't like to be around strange people. It makes them uncomfortable. That's why they tease you, because you make them feel uncomfortable. If you quit doing that, they wouldn't tease you anymore." She nodded her head slowly. I could see she was fighting back tears. I needed to be very delicate here, strike just the right balance between frankness and tenderness. "I'm not telling you to quit being you. You don't need to conform and be a prep like your sister to get people to like you. You just need to find your own style, something that lets you be you without coming off as strange and making people feel uncomfortable. Does that sound like something you'd like to try?" She nodded, sucking back the tears. This was painful, but she didn't seem angry at me or frightened. She trusted me. Even if I everything I was saying wasn't sugarcoated, she still wanted to listen, she still wanted to let me help her. She believed in me. The rush of power was incredible. Even more so than any of my previous kills, this one was proving the most rewarding, and I hadn't even scored any "forbidden" flesh yet. I knew it was only a matter of time before I feasted on her virginity. Right now, though, I was enjoying the heady thrill of mind control. This little Ugly Girl was slowly becoming programmable under my tutelage, and I was savoring her gradual subjugation. "Whenever I see you acting strange from now on, I'm going to give you a signal," I told her. "When you see that signal, you'll know you're doing something strange, something that you should stop doing. I think you don't even realize you do these things anymore. They've just become nervous little habits, and you do them subconsciously. That's why I think it will help me to signal you when I see you doing them. This will alert you that you're acting strange, and you can stop. Do you want to try something like that?" I asked. "Do you want me to try and help you?" "I g..guess so," she said slowly, then nodded quickly. "Yes, I do. I want your help." "You have to trust me, though," I added. "And no one can know I'm helping you either. Like I said before, they wouldn't understand, and I could get in trouble just for trying to help you. Teachers aren't really supposed to do things like this, you know ..?" "Wh..why?" "Teachers are just supposed to be your teachers, not your friends," I answered. "Y..you're my friend, Mr. Donner," she smiled weakly. "Yes, I am, Rae Anne. Always remember that. I'm always here for you, and friends always help friends." "Okay," she nodded, a nervous smile on her face. "Here's our signal, then," I told her as I scratched my nose. "When you see me scratch my nose like this," I demonstrated, "that means you're doing something strange, something you shouldn't be doing. Okay ..?" "Got it," she bit her lip. "I'll really try, Mr. Donner." "Good," I nodded. "And when we're after school like this being friends, you can call me Scott, okay ..? In class or in front of people, you still have to call me Mr. Donner, but here, when we're alone, just call me Scott. Okay ..?" "Okay, M.." she caught herself, "S..Scott ..?" "Great," I smiled and patted her on the shoulder. She turned a deep shade of crimson. "When do you have to be home?" I asked, sensing that this first session had reached a good stopping point. "My mom's picking me up in a few minutes," she said, looking at her watch. "Okay," I nodded. "I have some papers to grade now. Do you mind waiting outside for your mom? I don't want you spending too much time in here because .." "People won't understand, right ..?" she interrupted. "Exactly," I nodded, smiled and patted her on the shoulder again. "Bye, M.." she caught herself again. "Scott!" she pronounced my name with authority this time. She left my classroom, and I smiled to myself. This was going

to fun. Thus began Operation Rae Anne, Phase Two. The next day, the change over Rae Anne was subtle, but noticeable to my eyes. She'd washed her hair and put on a little make-up. She still was a spastic mass of geekdom, though, and my behavior modification began almost immediately. That day in class, I kept my eyes peeled for all her quirky habits - the nose picking, the booger eating, the hair chewing, the nail biting, the crotch scratching. My class must have thought I had massive allergies the way I kept scratching my nose every few seconds. Rae Anne didn't take her eyes off me, and she kept flashing me startled glances every time I caught her in flagrante delicto. I was right. Her weird eccentricities had become so ingrained into her subconscious behavioral patterns that she didn't even realize she was doing anything. The first time I caught her with her finger jammed up her nose, the look in her eyes was pure horror. I did the same for every other offense, and by the class's end she was sitting perfectly still. She walked out of the room without saying goodbye after class, and I was scared I'd gone too far. But there she was at my door after school. "Are you busy?" she asked. "For you, never," I waved her in. "I .. I never realized," she gasped, collapsing into the chair closest to my desk. "I .. when you kept .. do you think I'm crazy?" she asked. "Not at all," I shook my head. "But all that stuff I do. I mean I guess I kind of knew I was doing it, but I didn't know anyone could actually see me doing it like that. I think I'm crazy." "You're not crazy," I reassured her. "You're not doing those things now are you ..?" I asked. She shook her head. "You weren't doing them yesterday when you were here after school, were you ..?" She shook her head. "And you STOPPED doing them the moment I pointed them out and you realized you were doing them, didn't you ..?" She nodded this time. "See?" I smiled. "You're not crazy. If you were crazy, you'd be doing that stuff 24 hours a day and unable to control yourself. You can control yourself, though, can't you ..?" "Mm hmm," she nodded, slowly understanding my point. "But that's only because you're helping me." "Pretty soon, you won't need my help anymore," I patted her shoulder, and she blushed. "This is nothing. Just some stupid habits. There's a lot more to this than that, and the other stuff won't be so easy." "What other stuff?" "Don't worry," I patted her shoulder again. "It's nothing bad, we just have a lot of other stuff to work on, stuff that will help you." I paused. "You look a lot better today," I complimented her. "Did your sister help you with the make-up? It looks good." "Yes," Rae Anne smiled. "I couldn't believe it. I asked her, and she did. She was actually pretty cool about it. She asked me who the guy was," she giggled. "I told her it was a secret." "Oh, you did, did you ..?" I smiled back at her. "Yep," she smirked. "It drove her crazy." "You want to really drive her crazy?" I asked.

"Yeah," she responded eagerly. "Good," I nodded. "I have an idea." "What?" she asked. "I was wondering if you'd want to try a little experiment some day after school." "What kind of experiment?" "Well, that's a surprise .. and it has to be a secret, too," I added, suddenly very aware that I was sticking my neck way out on the line. "A secret .. why ..?" she was really puzzled. Not in a suspicious or frightened way, thankfully, but still noticeably anxious. "You'll have to trust me," I told her very intently. "You do trust me, don't you ..? Because if you don't, I'm not going to be able to help you." "I .. I want to help me, Scott .." she suddenly seemed terrified that I might pull away from her, that she might say something to drive me off. "I know, but you have to trust me, too" I repeated. "I do," she blurted. "I trust you more than anybody." "Then you can't ask me any more

questions, okay ..?" I watched her nod. "You're going to need to do something, too." "What?" she asked. "Can you get free some day after school?" Yes, I'd taken the final step. There was no turning back now. "I guess so," she replied. "Why?" "I need to take you somewhere," I told her, "and it has to be a secret." "I can get free on Thursdays," Rae Anne said thoughtfully after a moment's hesitation. "My mom works late. I'll just tell her I have to stay after school, and that I'll take the city bus home." She stopped and looked up at me. Where are we going, Scott?" she used my first name again. "You'll see," I promised. "You just have to keep this TOTALLY secret, understand ..? It's like I told you before. This is nothing BAD, but people wouldn't understand. If they found, I'd never get to help you. You do want me to help you, don't you ..?" "More than anything in the world." "Good," I patted her shoulder again. "Don't come here after school anymore until next Thursday. We don't want anyone wondering why you're here every day, especially your parents or the other teachers." "Okay .." "I'll still keep signaling you in class until then, though .. okay ..?" I watched her nod. "You should also continue having your sister help you with make-up and other stuff." "Other stuff?" "We need to work on your clothes next," I told her. "Ask your sister to help you look better in your clothes. Maybe go out clothes shopping with her and get some new clothes." "I don't think my sister would do that," Rae Anne said. "Just try," I told her. "You didn't think she'd help you before either, did you ..?" She shook her head. "Remember," I smiled at her. "We're going to make your sister and everyone else crazy when we're done. Everyone is going to wonder what happened to the old Rae Anne. They're going to be so surprised it will drive them crazy." "Cool," she gushed, totally caught up in my web now. Over the next week, I saw Rae Anne go through a rather startling transformation. She started washing her hair every day, wearing make-up and dressing better. She'd even gotten some new outfits that looked pretty decent on her tall, thin frame. Of course, the BOYS in school never noticed. To them, Rae Anne was still Lurch. But some of the other girls noticed, and once I'd helped Rae Anne eliminate her weird geeky habits the girls were didn't treat her as such a pariah anymore. The table was set, then, for the Big Day. That following Thursday after school, Rae Anne reported to my room and I filled her in on the beginning of my plan. She was to take the city bus to the shopping mall and meet me inside the entrance to one of the big department stores. I told her I'd meet her there in an hour, and that it was crucial she get there by 4:00PM. I explained I couldn't drive her because it wouldn't look right if anyone saw us. She asked me more questions, but that was all I would tell her. She left, and I waited about forty minutes before I headed out the door. I drove to the mall, and when I got inside she was waiting right where I had told her to wait. She was bursting with excitement. We really hadn't talked in a week, and she had SO MUCH to tell me. She told me all about how her sister was so nice to her and took her shopping, and how she'd made three new friends ever since she'd started acting and looking better. She also kept asking me what we were doing at the department store. Her questions were answered when I walked her over to the store's salon and told the receptionist Rae Anne was there for her 4:10PM appointment. Rae Anne just looked at me with this flabbergasted face as they took her away. I'd shelled out a few hundred for a complete makeover, making sure that Rae Anne would be also be instructed on the proper way to make herself look good every morning. I had then arranged for one of the saleswomen in the

Teen Fashion boutique to help Rae Anne pick out some great outfits that would help transform her in her WHOLE NEW LOOK. The whole process took about two hours, and I went back to check on her at 6:00PM. What greeted my eyes was STUPEFYING to say the least. Now, I'm not going to lie. Rae Anne wasn't ready to pose in Seventeen Magazine by any stretch of the imagination, but she did LOOK GOOD. With the right make-up and clothes, she'd gone from a scuzzy 1 to a thoroughly fuckable 7.5 or even an 8. She was so ecstatic with her NEW LOOK that she ran up in the middle of the store, threw her arms around me and hugged me. I held her for a moment, told her how BEAUTIFUL she looked. All the women who'd worked on her were hovering about her, too, telling her how great she looked and giving her last-minute tips. While I was paying the bill, the Teen Boutique's manager took my hand, squeezed it and said what a wonderful man I was to do this for "my sister," which had been my cover story. When we left the mall, Rae Anne was dancing on air. She never asked me why I'd spent the money on her. I think in her mind she knew what was expected of her now, and she didn't seem to object to the idea one bit. In fact, she huddled up beside me and allowed me to put my arm around her. She had worn one of her new outfits - a tight sweater dress that hugged her slender body and accentuated the buds of her blooming breasts --out of the store. I told her it would be a waste to go home and not show it off a bit, and then I asked her if she wanted to grab some dinner. She could barely answer she was so excited that her Cinderella afternoon wasn't coming to an end just yet. I told her she needed to call home and come up with a good excuse. She called from the pay phone at the fancy restaurant I chose. Her sister picked up the phone, and Rae Anne told her she was out with her new boyfriend and to cover for her. Her sister kept asking her questions, and Rae Anne said she'd tell her later. I got us a table in back and splurged. I told the waiter Rae Anne was my sister, and it was her birthday and then I slipped him an extra \$20 to look the other way if she had a few glasses of wine. We ate and I got her pretty ripped. As we finished and left the restaurant, I knew it was time to finally close this deal. I told her she needed to change before she went home, and offered to let her use my place. Of course, she accepted. All the way to my house, my little Ugly Girl turned Swan was shivering despite the rather warm September evening. Only one of my house mates was home when we arrived, and he was in his room fucking his girlfriend. The sound of their carnal excesses (his girlfriend was a real moaner) shocked Rae Anne into a contemplative silence as we passed his room. I showed her the door to my room, and opened it. She stepped inside and turned around as I stood in the entrance. She didn't say anything, but her eyes told me she wanted me to come in. I entered my room and closed the door behind us.

"You really do look SO BEAUTIFUL," I whispered to her as I crossed the room.

She closed her eyes, stood there shivering and waited for me. "Shh," I breathed in her ear as I took her gently in my arms. Her gangly body shuddered as I embraced her, then relaxed as I brushed back her bangs and traced my index finger along her parted lips. She tilted her head back, scrunched her eyes closed and waited for my lips - for what was possibly her first kiss .. ever. I pressed my mouth against hers as tenderly as I could. She started back with a shiver, but I held her tightly, and she leaned her face forward. We kissed for a few minutes before I let my tongue venture forth. She started shuddering again as I licked her lips. Her own tongue then emerged, and played cautiously with mine while my hands

roamed over her thin, awkward frame. "You are so beautiful," I repeated again. My mouth moved down her chin and kissed her gulping, swanlike neck. My hands lifted the bottom of her dress and hiked it up to her narrow, flat ass. Her thin torso slunk about like a wriggling insect in my embrace. As I raised her tight sweater dress with one hand, my other hand slid underneath the folds and grabbed a palmful of her bony, panty-covered ass-cheek. Kneading her tender butt, I realized she wasn't wearing plain cotton schoolgirl panties anymore, but filmy silky lingerie. The little slut had gotten herself a new pair of sexy undies during her makeover. I wanted to kiss those salespeople. I peeled back the silky crotch and found her virgin cunt-meat. Her body went completely rigid and she bit into my shoulder as my pinkie finger slit her tight, "forbidden" slot. My Ugly Duckling turned Swan was puddling up into a squishy lather. She started squirming about again when she felt one, then two more of my longer, thicker fingers begin prying her open. We kissed and I jacked her off her "forbidden" pussy slowly, deliberately, allowing her to relish every new sensation as it crackled through her frazzled nerves. The wine from dinner had settled into her pea-brain by now, killing any capacity for judgment or self-control. She was just a "forbidden" id on a very long leash now, and I was the masterful hand at the other end. She climbed up my leg like a tree, wrapping her bony thighs around my waist and humping herself up as I strummed her like Clapton playing the blues. She buried her tongue in my mouth and muffled her howls into my lungs. She'd experienced her first cum in under five minutes. This was one VERY horny Lolita. I spun her around and fell atop her as we crashed onto my bed. I lifted her dress all the way up over head and tore at her new bra. When her egg-sized puffs popped out, I tasted each with my ravenous lips and tongue, then inhaled them one at a time. She kicked her gangly legs up in the air and started going into another spasm. My fingers went back to her "forbidden" pussy and parted her labia. As I sucked on her small, underdeveloped boobs, I spread her tight cunt as far as my fingers could go. Rae Anne had the tightest, skinniest cunt I'd ever encountered. Even the "more forbidden" girls I'd TAKEN hadn't had such narrow fuck tunnels. She was blessed with the vaginal dimensions of a girl half her age. My cock twitched when this realization hit my brain, storming about in my shorts like an angry bull trying to bust down its pen. I skimmed my mouth down her flat, bony torso and licked her ribs and navel. She threw her arms back and started flopping around like a seal when the tip of my tongue pricked the sore flap of skin around her erect little clit. The tiny nubile was now totally exposed, sticking up through her soupy pink flesh like the nose of microscopic shrew. I licked around the bump, sending her into a flurry of knobby-kneed kicking. Slowly, steadily and ruthlessly, I managed to work two fingers inside her narrow sink hole, fucking them in and out of her virgin slot while my tongue strafed her clit to flushed frenzy. "I'm going to take my pants off now, okay ..?" I whispered up at her. "Yyyyyyyy .." was all she could manage to babble. I put her own fingers on her cunt now and worked them around so she'd get the idea. She began playing with herself now as I stood up and stripped. "Open your eyes," I told her as I was about to lower my shorts. Her eyelids fluttered open, and she squealed in shock when she saw my cock snap free like a cobra in the dim light. She sucked in a succession of quick, hyperventilating breaths as she watched me peel open a condom pack and sheath my thick, nine-inch twat-thresher. "You're so beautiful," I whispered, taking her bony, clammy

hand and placing it around my latex-covered shaft. "I love you so much," I coaxed her, taking her hand in mine and showing her how to pump my cum-cannon. "That's it," I caressed her hot, feverish brow and brushed back her bangs. "That's what you've been wanting, isn't it .?" I asked rhetorically. "My big thick cock inside your beautiful virgin pussy." She nodded dumbly, tears starting to well in her eyes. She was finally realizing that this was it. This was what she'd been dreaming of her whole life, a REAL man to TAKE her and fuck her into WOMANHOOD. The BOYS she knew had all rejected her, but I wasn't a BOY. I was a REAL man, and I recognized the BEAUTY inside her, and I LOVED her. She'd heard me say the words, so she knew they had to be true. I loved her. I wouldn't lie to her. And now I was going to make love to her, to make her a WOMAN. But she was suddenly scared. My MAN-sized dick was too big for her tiny, tight twat. She looked at my length and girth, and in her mind she did the math. Her index finger could barely gain access to her tight slot. My dick would tear her open like an overripe peach and split her gangly body apart like a wishbone. My cock would kill her, crucify her if it sank into her pink wound. She couldn't stop caressing my rock-hard prick, though. It's appearance mesmerized her, it's feel intoxicated her. "It's time, Rae Anne," I pulled my dick gently from her desperate, terrified grasp. "It's time for you to show me how much you love me. You do love me?" I asked, my voice dripping with mock concern, as if she might say "no" and rend my heart asunder. "Y..yes .." she stuttered. "Say it," I prodded her, stroking my cock inches from her face. "I l..love you, Scott," she spoke directly into my menacing prick. Her hot breath condensing like dew on the latex. "Play with your pussy and get it real wet," I told her. "And lick this and suck it and get it all wet. The wetter my cock is, and the wetter your pussy is, the less it will hurt when I enter you and take your virginity. Okay ..?" "Okay," she mewled before I pressed my condom-covered cock-head between her gurgling lips and let her suckle like a nursing baby. For the next few minutes she sucked and licked my dick while she rubbed her pussy into a frothy soup. Her inexperienced mouth kept losing my dick, and I would spank it against her face before reinserting it. She would have to learn how to suck dick properly, and I would have to teach her. For right now, though, my main concern was getting her cherry popped. "Do you want me now?" I asked her finally. "I .. I don't know," she gasped as I plopped my cock out of her mouth, and spanked it against her hollow, huffing cheeks. "Shh .." I reassured her. "It'll be all right. It'll only hurt for a few minutes. Then it will be the most wonderful feeling in the world. You do love me, don't you ..?" "YY .." she stuttered when she saw me move away from her mouth. She knew what was coming next. "NNN .." she gurgled as I lowered myself back down to the bed and teased my cock-head against her irritated pussy lips. She tried pushing my dick away from her hole and squirming away, but I pinned her down with one hand and used my other to guide my warhead into her firing hole. "Nnnn .." she pouted futilely. Her hands quit fighting when she felt my golf-ball-sized prick helmet part the soft petals of her pussy lips. She looked up at me, and I kissed her passionately as I butted my battering ram forward. With one decisive thrust I achieved penetration, blasting through her fortress walls and pressing onward, forward, deeper. She was so narrow and tight, that even when fully-lubricated it took me endless minutes to grunt, push and work my thick, veiny cherry-picker just one-half inch into her zip lock snatch. The sweat was pouring down my brow and dripping onto her naked, bony torso. She

shuddered as each droplet splattered against her hot, pale skin. I looked in her eyes and gritted my teeth. "Just relax," I tried not to hiss as I tried another assault. "This will hurt, but you have to relax. Or it will hurt even more. You're so beautiful. I love you so much. I don't want to hurt you. I want to make love to you. Please, let me make love to you. Please .. I love you .." "Pllll .." she moaned. The edge of my rape-saber found the stubborn hem of her worthless hymen again, and she bolted up. I wrestled her back to the bed, then leaned down, letting all my weight rest on her skinny, awkward frame. While I crushed her into submission, I gave up on being gentle and just hacked away inside her, punching the sharp end of my prick into her hymen until I felt it shred like cheese cloth. "OOOOOOHHHHHHH!" she shrieked. Her bony, gangly body stiffened, and her narrow snatch clamped down on my cock like a vise as I pressed forward. Her cherry juice mixed with her fuck-slush now, lubricating the walls of her uncharted cavern as my dick drilled even deeper. "Shhh .. shhh .." I soothed her burning brow as I tore away inside her. The squishy, slopping, sucking noise inside her cock-trough grew louder and louder as I pounded away. With every thrust, I could feel more of her pristine pussy flesh ripping open. "You're so beautiful," I cooed in her ear. "You feel so good around my cock. I love you so much. Oh, Rae Anne, make love to me .." I was laying it on thick now, with both my words and my cock. Her incredible tightness felt so sublime as it strangled my cock that I blasted away harder, totally obliterating any muscle tissue in her cunt canal while she gurgled and gasped for mercy. I was hurting her. I knew that. I also knew that she wouldn't do anything to me no matter how much of an ordeal I put her through. She loved me like she had never loved anything or anyone in her life. I OWNED my little Ugly Girl, and she would submit to ANY abuse I deigned to bestow upon her, as long as I kept telling her how beautiful she was and how much I loved her. The rest of that first fuck was painful for her. She only started riding me towards the end of my pummeling , maybe a minute or so before I finally dumped in my rubber. I stayed inside her though, and let her climb up my still-hard dick to acclimate herself to the sensation of being stuffed without being slammed. She genuinely seemed to like this, and I played with her clit as I let her buck herself gently up and down my shaft. She groaned and then she went limp, cumming with a sublime rush that made her faint into my mattress. I cuddled up with her then, still semi-hard inside her. Then I let her nap for an hour so with my cock snuggled up into her wet, warm womb. I finally woke her, got her dressed in her old clothes, and drove her home. I dropped her off a block from her house at a convenience store, and watched her walk the rest of the way back.

Analysis - After our first time together, Rae Anne was a changed girl. She went from an Ugly Girl to an Average Girl overnight. The BOYS noticed her now as each day he clothing, body and whole new LOOK became more provocative and confident. We fucked almost every day for three weeks straight, and after that first painful time she adjusted to the ecstatic agony quickly. She also learned how to suck cock like a whore and to eventually take it up her svelte, narrow ass. When BOYS started asking her out, she asked me what she should do. I told her she should start dating so people would think she was a normal girl her age and wouldn't suspect the TRUTH - that she was a WOMAN now getting fucked by a REAL man. She followed my advice and started dating, although she never did anything with the BOYS and quickly earned a reputation as a tease. A "tease" she

certainly was. The years of verbal abuse at the hands of BOYS had made her vindictive towards them, and she would regale me with stories of how she promised them "relief" and left them hanging. She did this, she said, so she could "save all her love for me." I reciprocated by training her to fuck like a whore. She slowly drifted away from me after she left the middle school and started high school. I heard she'd taken up with the phys ed teacher there, and the two of them had been caught. I sweated getting busted myself, but she never mentioned me, probably because I always did her right. The phys ed teacher must have wondered what other Humbert had gotten to Rae Anne first, and he must have considered himself the luckiest guy in the world until everything fell apart.

UPDATE - Since the previous edition *The Lolita Method* I have moved back to my hometown, and by coincidence Rae Anne is attending the college my present wife teaches at. When she found out who my wife was, she passed along a note saying "Hi, remember me?" I told my wife about Rae Anne, and she was very turned on by the story. She invited Rae Anne over for dinner one night, and the three of us ended up fucking for about four hours. Rae Anne is now a regular lover in my wife's little "play group," and I see her frequently these days. She loves to tell all our friends how I "broke her in." She's read her story in *The Lolita Method* and feels honored I felt her significant enough to include. She also told me that the high school phys ed teacher she was screwing got busted because he was also screwing some boys, as well. When the charges were filed, the boys' parents didn't want their sons labeled as gay, so the prosecution dropped those charges and only pursued the activities involving Rae Anne. The phys ed teacher was eventually sentenced to ten years, and was paroled in 1995. He currently works in phone sales and calls Rae Anne constantly. She is not interested!

Lolita: Wendy, age 14 (Ugly & Rowdy Girl) Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 24

Technique: Calling her bluff

Note - The following case study presents one of the most bizarre and riskiest Lolita kills in my career. Whereas the rest of these case studies can be used as blueprints for seduction, the following events come with one of the few disclaimers I've ever issued. In other words, "Don't Try This At Home," not unless you're able to vanish into thin air without a trace if circumstances suddenly go south.

My first marriage was ending after not even two years of unholy matrimony. My wife's sexual ambivalence coupled with my compulsive satyriasis rendered us doomed from the very beginning. By the end of our time together, I was fucking Lolitas six times a week and my wife maybe six times a month (if I was lucky). My wife asked for a dissolution, and I put up no struggle. She kept our house, which was actually HER house (her daddy's to be precise), and I moved full-time into the apartment I'd been renting under a false name for the previous two years. I had decided to finish out my year of teaching. Then I planned to relocate to New York City and pursue a graduate degree in criminology. I had sent out applications to five of the programs in the NYC-area and had already been accepted by two. I was just waiting to hear back from all the schools and make my choice. Until then, I was living, fucking and teaching on "short-time." My Lolita cruises were almost daily, and I had actually begun selling some of the drugs I was using to bag Stoners. The profits from this were then pumped back into my "Lolita supply" of

primo stuff for the Burn-Out girls who were now paging day and night for The Man. Meanwhile, beside my Stoner Girls, I was fucking two Average Girl students as well as a Puerto Rican single mother in my apartment complex who also danced in a strip-club I frequented. At this same time, I also experienced one of those chance encounters that make life worth living (sometimes at least). A month after my separation began, I met Bill, the fellow Humbert who co-authored this study and helped me formulate The Lolita Method. (These details are related in Case Study - Sex Freak, Desiree.) Finding a like-minded soul and having the opportunity to discuss strategies, relive past glories and plan future kills had given me a new lease on life. I wasn't alone with my obsessions anymore, and as Bill and I began comparing notes - triumphs and tragedies -- we began to feed off each other. This couldn't have happened at a better time for me, too. Throwing myself headfirst into perfecting the sport of Lolita hunting took my mind off my failed marriage and my upcoming life upheaval. Basically, I was burning my candle at both ends, attempting to drain my soon-to-be-former life for every last ounce of "forbidden" pleasure it still held. My mental state was somewhere between a grunt leaving the bush in 'Nam and a high school senior enjoying his last few days of glory before setting off into the anonymous uncharted waters of college. I was fucking anything that came my way, and that included a fat, ugly, loud, obnoxious 8th grade cunt name Wendy. My brushes with Wendy had begun at the beginning of the school year, before my life had begun unraveling. She sat in the back of my eighth period study hall chewing gum, passing notes, talking to her neighbors about very inappropriate topics, and picking on girls and boys that were afraid of her. Wendy was big and hefty, 5'8", 175 lbs. with frizzy brownish hair and an eye that drooped lazily down her chubby cheeks. She made it her business to challenge any authority figure she came across, and since I was the teacher running her "silent" study hall she focused her attentions on me. By this time, I was a teacher with a few years under my belt. I was also one of the most popular teachers in the school, getting along with members of every clique and social group. Kids didn't give me any trouble because I could usually "give it back" in ways that were quite embarrassing to them. Besides, I think they sensed that, in reality, I was one of them. I didn't want to be there either, but I needed to pay my rent and they were my job. In all my years of dealing with kids, I'd never had one discipline problem. I'd had kids act up on me before, but I'd always managed to deal with them quickly before they even thought of fucking with me again. That's why I was so dumbfounded when I encountered Wendy. None of my tricks worked on her. When I embarrassed her and everyone laughed at her, she'd just wait until after class and pound the shit out of them. Everybody was afraid of her - boys and girls. The guys who could have beaten up stayed away from her because who the hell wanted to be known as the guy who beat up a girl, even if it was Wendy. Thus, Wendy lost each and every engagement she had with me, but she always resurfaced for another round. I was at my wit's end with her, and since I knew I wouldn't be back the next year I decided to just wait out the storm with her. So I just tried to ignore her. She took this as weakness on my part, though, and her behavior grew even worse. Then it happened - I still remember the date, May 18th. Wendy was in the back of study hall carrying on with her best friend, Holly. Their conversation was revolving around cock size. They were, in effect, going from desk to desk and estimating the sizes of boy's dicks out loud. I didn't

realize what they were doing right off because I was grading papers. I told them to shut up twice, and when they didn't obey I perked up my ears and managed to catch on to their topic before I lost my cool. I marched back to their desks and pulled both of them up by their jeans jackets. "You both have detention," I yelled at them. "And if I hear another word from you EVER AGAIN you're both going down to the principal's office, and we can call your parents and see what they think of your discussion. GOT IT?" They nodded and sat down, silent but pretty much unruffled. As I walked away, I heard Wendy whisper, "2 inches I bet." I pretended I didn't hear them, and when I got back to my desk they were giggling but silent. They didn't want to go to the principal's office, so they shut up. As the period closed, I handed them their detention slips for after school. When the school day closed, they appeared in my room for detention. The whole thing was big joke to them, and I got the idea my run-ins with them were far from over. I instructed them to sit on opposite sides of the room. When they did this, I got up, closed the door, turned back to them and walked towards Wendy. "Would you mind telling me what your FUCKING problem is," I said when I was just a few feet away from her. My unbridled anger caught her slightly off-guard. She wasn't too intimidated, though, and shot back with: "I just want to know how big your cock is, Mr. Donner." When Holly heard this, she burst into laughter. Wendy was under the impression I had my hands tied. I was a teacher, and according to the RULES I couldn't do or say anything to really hurt her, especially when her unruly behavior involved sex-talk. "I heard you have a big dick," Wendy went on. "Is that true, Mr. Donner?" she baited me. "Do you have a big dick?" I looked her in the eye. I was not going to let this fat beast girl get the better of me. School or no school, no CUNT gets away with calling me out like that. I leaned over so that my mouth was right up to her ear. "Why don't you come over my house tonight and find out, you fat, disgusting pig." With that I pointed to the door and told them both to "get the fuck out of my sight." Wendy wasn't laughing as they left. I grinned at her. "Remember what I said," I said as she walked out of earshot. What I'd done was pure idiocy. Nothing was preventing Wendy from stomping down to the principal's office in tears and getting me fired except her own embarrassment. If she divulged what I said to her, then she'd have to tell the principal all the events leading up to my outburst. I, on the other hand, had a bunch of students from the study hall that would be more than willing to witness to her obnoxious behavior. In fact, I could easily counter her accusations by saying she was lying in order to get back at me for giving her a detention. Holly wouldn't want to get involved either, and since she hadn't heard what I'd said she couldn't really be a witness. I was curious to see how Wendy would respond to my insulting challenge. I wasn't half surprised then when I got home later and found a message on my answering machine. "Fuck you, Mr. Donner," Wendy's voice screamed. "Pencil dick! You have a pencil dick. I hope your wife is there to hear this, pencil dick. Fuck you!" I laughed. The little bitch had found out my phone number, which wasn't hard. She'd probably called my old house (the number was in the phone book) and got my wife, who probably gave her the number. I cracked open a beer and flipped on the TV. An hour or so later, the phone rang. I picked it up. "Yeah, hello .." I said absently. "Hey, there, Mr. Donner, pencil dick!" Wendy screamed into the phone. "How are you doing with your little pencil dick?" Her voice sounded slurred and drunk. "How big is it, pencil dick? How big is your pencil dick?" "You know what I

told you," I spoke into the receiver, totally conscious of the fact that she was probably recording our conversation. My "fat disgusting pig" had hurt, and now she was trying to get even. By getting me to insult her over the phone, she probably thought she could get me fired or even arrested. "You don't have the guts to resolve this matter, though, do you?" I chose my words very carefully. "Do you?" "Fuck you!" "Spoken like a true coward," I was the one getting to her now. "How brave, hiding there on the phone. Have a nice night." I hung up, cracked open another beer and waited for the phone to ring. A minute later it rang again. "Yo!" I answered. "Fuck you, asshole!" she screeched. "I wouldn't give you the thrill, you fat pig," I shot back, suddenly not caring whether she was recording our conversation or not. "MOTHERFUCKING ASSHOLE!" she shrieked. "Why don't you come over here and say that to my face, you disgusting blimp. Oh, that's right, I forgot. You're scared, aren't you ..?" I goaded her. "You're all tough until someone calls your bluff. Then you're nothing but a fat, ugly disgusting blob." "You have a fucking pencil dick you fucking pencil dick asshole!" "Why don't you just find out, fatty?" I challenged. "Drag your fat ass over here and find out." I then told her where I lived. "Or are you too scared? Big tough Wendy is scared of a guy's dick. Or is it because you've never even seen a dick before ..? I mean who the fuck would show a fat slob cunt like you their dick, you fucking whale. Tell you what, cow. You drag your fat ass over here and measure my dick, and if it's under nine inches I'll give you one-hundred fucking dollars. Come on, sow? Come on over? What's wrong? Scared of my pencil dick? Or maybe you're just scared of dick? Maybe you and your pal Holly are fucking rug-munching dykes ..? Is that it, blimp ..? Are you a dyke? Of course you are, because no fucking guy will have you, you fat fucking sow? Big tough Wendy the pussy-licking dyke. Scared to death of a guy's dick." "F..f..fuck you .." she stammered. "Come on, whale. I've got a hundred dollars over here. You too scared to come over here and get it?" "F..fuck you .." she spat before hanging up. This time she didn't call back.

After an hour had passed, I figured Wendy had called her little campaign of terror quits. Then I heard the doorbell ring. I looked through the peephole, and the fat pig was standing there, leaning against the door. I opened up, and she fell inside. I slammed the door behind her. Her entire body stank of beer and vomit, like she'd been bathing in it. "Well, look," I laughed. "If it isn't Wendy the Whale." "Don't call me that, asshole," she stammered drunkenly. "Or what?" I grabbed her by her frizzy hair and dragged her into the living room. "Are you going to BEAT ME UP? I'm so fucking scared!" I pulled her face up so she was staring up at me. "So you finally got some guts, huh, cow? You want to see my dick, don't you .? DON'T YOU?" "Fuck you," she bawled. I took out the hundred I'd offered her and waved in front of her nose. "Come and get it, whale!" I jeered at her, pointing to my pants. "Remember the deal. If my dick is under nine inches, you get this." I waved the bill. "Oh, yeah, we need something to measure with, don't we ..?" I took her by the hair and dragged her crying head across the living room to my desk. I opened the top drawer, and took out a ruler. "This will do. Now open my pants and get to work, blimp. Come on!" I yanked her hair and slapped her fat face. She burst out into sobs, so I slapped her again. I had totally lost it at this point. This was the first time in my life I had ever struck a woman before. Much less a girl. It felt good. It felt REAL good! It felt natural. From this point on - both that evening and for the rest of my life - I wasn't turning back. You might say this was the night I was

BORN. "I said DO IT, fatty," I hissed. "This is why you came over, isn't it, you blimpy pig ..? To see your first real live cock ..? Well, come on, cow. Take out my pencil dick and measure it. I don't have all night." "Let me go," she blubbered. "Wendy's scared of dick, Wendy's scared of dick," I mocked her. "Fucking useless tub of goo." I kicked her in the stomach, and she puked at my feet. "NOW!" She scrambled for my zipper with her shaking hands. Her vomit stained her gasping lips. I took the hundred dollar bill and waved it in her face with the ruler. "Remember, pig. Anything less than nine inches, and this is yours." As she wrestled with my jeans, she kept sobbing. I mashed her teary eyes into my underwear when she finally had my jeans down to my knees. When she felt my rock-hard dick pressed against her fat, ugly cheeks, she gasped. "Come on, blimpy," I pressed the ruler into her hands. "Let's see what I've got. Pull them down. NOW!" She obeyed, and pulled my shorts down. My cock jutted up and knocked into her chin. It was thick, veiny and fully enraged. I rubbed it against her blubbery cheeks while she wept. "Measure it!" I pressed my foot against her fat gut again. She gulped, nodded and put the ruler alongside my cock. "Read off the inches," I told her. "Starting at one .. NOW!" "One," she mewled, then stopped in a fit of tears. I pressed my foot against her bloated gut. "Two," she gasped. "Three," she continued. "That's good," I laughed. "I have a counting pig here. Come on, blimpy. COUNT!" "Four," she bawled. "Five .. six .. seven .. eight .." she paused. I yanked her hair HARD! "Nine," she finished in a fit of sobs. "There's more, isn't there, whale?" I pressed her. "Read the ruler." "And t..two eighths," she barely whispered. "You don't win the \$100, do you ..?" I mocked her and pulled her hair HARD again. "Do you?" She shook her head. "How'd you like another chance?" I asked her. "Sure you would," I answered for her, making her nod her head up and down. "Here's what I'm going to do," I told her. "I'm going to wrap this bill around the end of my cock here." I wrapped the \$100 bill around the base of my dick shaft like a paper cock-ring. "I'm going to hold it right there. If you can suck all the way down my prick and swallow it in your mouth, it's yours." I took her head and drove her weeping mouth so that it rested on my quivering piss-hole. "Open wide, pig. Let's see you earn that money." I shoved her head forward, and she had no choice but too involuntarily swallow my bloated cock-head. She gagged as my dick pressed down on her tongue, trying to pull away. She was too drunk to put up much of a struggle, though, and I was too hopped up on my newfound power to let up. I shoved her head forward even more, and she took about an inch then. She gagged and sputtered out of the corners of her mouth. I shoved harder, force-feeding her another inch while she puked, sobbed and resisted feebly. "Come on, whale," I chided her. "That's not even two inches yet. Seven more to go. I thought I had a pencil dick, blimpy. How's this for a fucking pencil dick?" I sneered, slamming her head forward and thrusting my hips forward. Why she didn't bite down on my dick, I'll never know. She could have crippled me for life and stopped her throat rape right then and there. But the sobbing sow didn't fight back. She just cried and accepted every inch of my prick as I began humping her fat face with a blind rage. When I felt her nose smash against my abs, I realized I'd managed to impale her windpipe with every steely inch of my cock in just three strokes. Her eyes flowing with tears and her stomach retching acid, she just looked up at me stupidly and let me power-fuck her throat like a \$20 whore's pussy. I let the \$100 bill go as she enveloped it with her lips. It slid into her mouth

and I continued fucking her face, getting the cash all scummy with with saliva, puke and my pre-cum. With one hand, I gripped her face beneath her chin while I pressed my other hand on top her skull. Holding her head like a football, I drove my choke-pipe repeatedly into the end zone of her esophagus. As her eyes glazed over into semi-consciousness, I dumped my choad load down her windpipe, withdrew my dick-head, and spattered the remnants of my cum across her ugly, fat, droopy-eyed face. She was upchucking spit, puke and my cum now. I dipped my cock in the putrid froth and rubbed it across her horrid features until it coated her face in a sticky, foul mess. Then I wiped my cock dry in her frizzy hair before putting it back to her lips. "Spit shine it, pig. NOW!" I barked. She let a glob of drool dribble out of her mouth onto my cock head. Then I took her mouth and placed it back on my dick-helmet and rubbed her lips across my shaft to polish it into a glistening hardness. She gasped when she saw that my cock hadn't shrunk at all after firing that first load of cum. "Stand up and strip for me, cow!" I sneered. "Let's see that blimpy whale body of yours." "No .. please .." she bawled. I kicked her in her fat gut again, and she got the message. She stood up and began peeling her clothes off that fat, disgusting body. First the jeans jacket, then the smelly sweatshirt, then the boots and socks, and the jeans. Finally, the fat disgusting mess stood before me dressed only in her panties and bra. She shivered and tried to cover up her flabby, bloated frame with her thick, floppy arms. But I knocked them away and started laughing as I stretched out the elastic waistband of her jumbo panties and snapped them against the rolls of her bruised, fleshy gut. "Jesus, Jesus, you are so fucking disgusting," I spat at her stomach. "Look at you. Do you ever look at yourself in the mirror, whale. You are the ugliest, filthiest, fattest, most disgusting blimp I have ever seen. MY god, " I howled as I tore off her bra and her fat tits bobbed out into the open air. "This is the ugliest pair of tits I have ever seen. Do you know how ugly you are?" I asked her, getting right in her teary eyes. "Do you? Do you ever fucking look at yourself in the mirror and say to yourself, 'I am the ugliest fucking creature on this fucking planet?' Do you?" She just bawled now, uncontrollably. She sank to the floor and hugged my knees, puking at my feet once again. Her whole body was wracked with drunken, anguished nausea, and I just pushed her forward so that her face was on the floor, her tits and belly were drooping down, and her fat ass was in the air. Then I stepped around her, ripped open the back of her panties to the crotch, and started kicking her fat ass with my Doc Martens while I fished in my wallet for a condom. I'd already had my vasectomy by this point, and I was pretty sure she'd never had the opportunity to get an STD before, but I wasn't taking a chance riding bareback into this filthy pig's hairy, smelly pussy. Her cunt reeked liked it hadn't been properly cleaned EVER! Shit-peas dangled from the hairs in her ass. I kicked her ass a few more times until I could see the marks from my tread on her wide-load butt cheeks. Then I bent down and stabbed my dick into her fat crack while she blubbered into the ground. I placed both my hands on her huge mud flaps and just started slapping them like bongo drums while I pounded into her. If Wendy had a cherry, she'd already popped it herself somehow because I encountered no blood or resistance as I tore into her blubbery cunt at full-throttle. Her sobbing soon turned to gasps, though, when I reached beneath her, found her protruding clit and strummed that bump like a bass guitar. In minutes, the fat pig was grinding her hips back down my cock and slamming her ass-bags hard into

my pelvis. "You like that, don't you, whale?" I asked. "You like getting your ass rutted like a sow in heat while I play with your fat, disgusting clit, don't you ..?" "Ygggrrrhlll .." she gurgled, her face pressed into the floor. I moved my legs up so my feet were on the floor. This gave me more leverage and let me drive in even harder and deeper. The thwack, thwack, thwack of my cock pistoning into her cunt grew more intense as I stepped my one leg over her big bottom and started pummeling her from a side angle. I was fucking her fat body with no more regard than a bull would show a cow. With my free hand, I dug my fingers into the folds of her tummy flab and pinched and stretched the flesh while she howled in anguish. The other hand worked her clit to a devastating orgasm, though, and before she could stop herself she was coming in a frenzy of flab and fuck froth. Her whole fat body shook like a tub of Jello and her cunt flooded over onto her thick thighs like a burst water balloon. As she collapsed in a heap, I pulled out of her and walked around to her head. I took my rubber off and picked up the \$100 on the floor. Wrapping the bill around my prick helmet like a Kleenex, I let my piss hole sneeze its whole load of cock-snot across Benjamin Franklin's sanctimonious grin. I then pressed the bill into Wendy's fat hand as she lay there at my feet staring at me with her droopy zombie eyes. "There," I sneered at her. "I'll let you know when you can earn some more. Now get the fuck out of here. I have a date coming over." I sat back down on the couch, cracked a beer and watched the fat, dazed girl get dressed and slink out of my apartment without a word. I half expected to be arrested and booked that night. Then the next day. Then the day after that, and the day after that. But the shit never hit the fan. Instead, Wendy the Whale walked the school halls a mere shade of her former self. She said "hi" to me whenever we crossed paths, and she never spoke up in my study hall again. She did call me a few times, and I let her come over to suck and fuck me if she begged me hard and long enough. Roughly two months after our first encounter, I moved to NYC and lost all contact with her. I often wonder whatever happened to Wendy the Whale.

Analysis - I still don't know why Wendy didn't turn me in. For all intents and purposes, I raped her that first night. At the least, I took advantage of a drunken minor. I should have done some jail time for that little escapade, but I didn't. Instead, I turned her into my fat fuck pig for weeks afterward. I can only surmise that my attentions, as degrading as they may have been, were still better than what she'd received from BOYS up to that point. I do think that if I hadn't been able to pop a cum out of her fat pussy that first time that she wouldn't have been so forgiving with me, nor so enamored. Like I said before, this was an odd experience, and I don't recommend trying anything like this yourself, especially if the cunt knows you. Still, this case study does give us some interesting insights into the pea-brains of Ugly Girls. It also demonstrates what can happen if you call a "tough girl's" bluff. Food for thought indeed.

Lolita: Janine, age 15 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 35 Technique: Being There, Understanding the Pants Off Her

Note - This case study is new to this edition of The Lolita Method. It details events that happened to me this spring.

I've already described the apartment complex in which I have my studio-office (see Case Studies - Gold Diggers, Verlinda & Tamala). My apartment overlooks a

large courtyard where tenants congregate and "forbidden girls" overrun in the summer months. One such Lolita is named Janine, fat fifteen-year-old with pudgy cheeks, huge tits and a round, plump ass. I first spotted her sunbathing with two other girls her age. The other girls were slender Average Girls wearing skimpy two-piece bathing suits. Janine was so ashamed of her fat, forbidden body that she was in a one-piece suit and wrapped in a big beach towel. Now it was summer and I was feeling lazy, so I didn't particularly desire any drawn-out, tricky, potentially expensive gambits with a couple of Average Girls who may or may not pay off. The dynamic didn't look promising either. Average Girls tend to be very close-legged when they cluster in pairs. The only way to get one of them would be to separate her off from the pack somehow. Too much work for a lazy summer hunt, so I opted for a sure kill - Janine, the fat Ugly Girl. Unlike Average Girls, Ugly Girls are easy to separate from a pack, especially when the other girls are Average Girls. Janine's body language told me she was ashamed of being fat and very insecure around her cute, skinny friends. All I needed to do was show her positive attention while she was around her Average Girl friends. I also needed to treat her friends as if they were just silly GIRLS and she was a desirable WOMAN. So that's what I did. I started out with small things. I just stared at her. Not them, but her. I would go outside while they were sunbathing and follow her with my eyes as she moved about. She would catch me staring, and I would smile. When she started smiling back, I started waving. Then I'd look out my window, spy her going out and arrange to bump into her. We'd say "hi," and after a few times we started chatting. After this began, we began talking in the courtyard when her friends came over. I always spoke to her, and only to them if they talked to me. One day, I walked over to where they were and asked Janine if she wanted a beer. She smiled at me and "sure." Her friends got all excited and asked if they could have beer, too. I looked at them point blank and asked them if they were "old enough." Janine started to laugh. Her friends didn't think that was too funny, though, and one of them started telling me Janine wasn't any older than they were. "She just looks older 'cause she's fat," the girl said. "She looks older because she looks and acts like a WOMAN," I replied. "You two look and act like fifteen-year olds." I turned to Janine. "Honestly, I thought you were 18 or 19." My fat prey was positively red, and it wasn't sunburn. The other girls left in a huff, and Janine brought her blanket over by mine. We talked some more, and I asked her if she wanted to come up to my place for that beer. She said "sure," and the rest of the story is almost moot by now. Half-an-hour and three beers later, fat Janine was naked on her belly, her fat ass sticking in the air and grunting like the little piggy she was as I rutted in and out of her virgin cunt. She bled a lot for a stuck pig, but she really didn't complain about that much pain. She settled into cock-riding like most fat Lolitas do. She was so thrilled by my attentions and my rejection of her skinny friends that she was willing to do anything to show me she was the REAL WOMAN I'd pegged her to be. She allowed me to choke fuck pretty ruthlessly, and even seemed to enjoy it. She took to tea-bagging, titty-fucking and even ass-licking like a real trooper, too. Even I was surprised, though, when I went for broke, suggested some ass-stretching and she surrendered that cherry to me as well on our FIRST time. Like I said, there's nothing like an Ugly Girl for an easy, fun-filled, totally satisfying kill. Janine became my chubby "forbidden" plaything the rest of this summer, enthusiastically engaging in any sexual activities I

suggested. I was a little worried when she found out I was fucking Cherise, the black single mother in our complex. But Janine seemed more curious about my sex-capades with Cherise and her two daughters than anything. She was always asking me about black people - men and women - and what they were like to fuck. Realizing she was fascinated by blacks, I told her everything I thought she could handle, and that satisfied her. One day, my wife's brother, Rico, came over and we were out in the courtyard when Janine and her two skinny friends came up. Rico stands about 6'5" and is the prototypical big black stud. His cock is eight inches and extremely thick. I'd already told him about Janine's "dark curiosity," and he was looking forward to plump pink piggy pussy that afternoon. When Janine's two skinny little friends popped up, too, I saw the glint in his eyes glow even more intensely. We were up in my apartment in a matter of minutes. Rico had some "bud" with him, and the girls were getting wrecked on some grade-A herb before we knew it. Janine's two friends had wasted no time cuddling up to Rico, and each one was nestled under one of his arms smoking a "j". Across the room on the love seat, Janine was in my arms. She hadn't taken her eyes off Rico since she'd first been introduced, and I could feel her pussy soaking through her bathing suit and wetting my bare stomach. While she smoked her "j", I worked her top off, exposing her big bare boobs to everyone in the room. "Damn, bitch," Rico commented. "Now that's what I call some motherfucking titties." "You want to suck these milk bags, bro'?" I scooped up one of her massive mams, squeezed it and waved it across the room to Rico. He laughed. "Go over there and feed my bro' some of those tits, slut," I commanded Janine. I pushed her to her feet, and she walked across the room towards Rico in a daze. She stopped right in front of him, and while her friends looked on in amazement Janine cupped her big fat boobs in her hands and presented them to Rico. The big black stud leaned over, put his mammoth hands over the football-sized tits and just flopped them around in his hands. Janine stood there and took it, breathing slightly harder as he slapped her nipples before sucking her large, swollen aureoles between his thick black lips. As he sucked her nipples, her friends giggled, the smoke tickling their feeble brains. "Take my dick out," he told the girl on his left, and she giggled. "I ain't kidding, bitch," he suddenly went from cool to ice cold. "Get on that dick. You heard me .." The girl stopped giggling and got up off the couch backing away. Her friend just kept sucking her "j" and looking very confused. Janine shook her head, muttered, "kids," bent down and worked Rico's zipper down. "That's it, bitch," he smiled at her approvingly. "You got this bitch trained well, cuz," he complimented me. "Always do," I got up now and walked over to the couch. While Janine wrestled down Rico's jams, I peeled her whole one-piece suiting down her fat, curvy body. She stepped out of it when it slid to her ankles, not losing a beat as she snaked her hand inside Rico's shorts and drew out his thick, eight-inch, ebony slut-fucker. The other two girls looked they didn't know whether to cry, giggle, run away or jump in. I ignored them for the time being, figuring they'd get involved if they wanted to. Right then I was concentrating on Janine. Rico was, too. His big black hands were priming her pussy as she bent down and took his thick black dick between her experienced lips. Even though she'd been handling my nine-inch cock for the last few weeks, Rico's thickness presented some new challenges for her "forbidden" mouth. When fully erect, Rico's dick is about as thick as a can of beer - no exaggeration - and most women can't even get their lips around the

head without weeks of his customized stretching exercises. Janine was having the same problems, and she was getting frustrated. "Just spit on it and lick it, bitch," Rico counseled her. "Get that bone all nice and nasty. We gonna be doing the pussy thing in a minute." She slicked up Rico's monster-cock while he fingered her pussy, spreading apart her puffy petals with his thick fingers and stretching her open. Meanwhile, I was using her pussy juice and my pre-cum to grease up her plump shit hole. I had three fingers worked up inside her now, and she was lubed fairly well. "Hey," I called to one of the girls. "Can you go in that desk there," I pointed to my desk. "In the top drawer there's some condoms and some lube." She giggled, looked at her friend, then traipsed over to the desk. She got out the items, looked at them and me as if we were from a different planet, then walked them over to the couch. She handed me the items, and I got to work. I passed Rico an extra-large Trojan, then broke open my own pack. I set the tube of lube in the small of Janine's fat back, and unfurled the latex sheath over my slut-sword. I then took the lube, greased the latex stretched over my cock-head, and then worked some more lube into Janine's primed ass-crack. I looked at Rico. We' double-stuffed a lot of cunts before, and we worked well as a team. We liked to effect our entries simultaneously, RIPPING our prey apart in both holes and feeling them squirm in agony as we tandem-plowed each tender hole. I looked at his lips and he mouthed the words "three." I counted to three, watching him do the same. On "three" we tore up into her fat pussy and ass like a well-oiled machine. She howled like a stuck pig - which she was - and we started grunt fucking her, showing the fat cum dumpster no mercy whatsoever as we tore her flabby, fleshy fuck hole into smithereens. We double-stuffed her like that for ten, fifteen, twenty, and then twenty-five straight minutes before I blew my load in the rubber wedged in her sphincter. I slid my dick out, removed the scum-filled rubber, then squeezed the contents into her mouth. Meanwhile she humped Rico's thick truncheon for another minute before he shoved her off. Before she could react, I grabbed her by the hair and held her face inches from Rico's flaring piss-hole. An instant later, he bathed her gasping face in his hot, Afro-cum, rubbing his ebony meat all across her face and glazing her chubby cheeks and lips with his seed. When the two girls saw all the attention we showered on Janine as she cuddled up between us - rubbing her back and feet and shoulders - they finally decided they wanted to play, too. Their bathing suits came off, and their skinny, suntanned bodies glistened in the sunlight that crept in through my drawn blinds. Rico and I both stood up and pointed to the floor. As they knelt before our god like phallus, their cunt-training began. As they sucked our bloated cocks, we passed their heads back and forth like blond haired basketballs. Janine laughed hysterically as she watched her two skinny friends try to manage the cock rampage we inflicted on their poor mouths. Now it was her turn to feel superior to them. She laughed even harder when we turned the two skinny girls on their suntanned bellies and rutted their tight twats like brood mares. To add insult to injury, we made the girls jack off their own pussies while we slammed into them. Janine went into absolute hysterics when we pulled out half an hour later, pulled the tanned teens around by their hair, and dumped our choad in their gasping faces. Afterwards, we ordered some pizza, smoked some more "bud," and fucked our bitches all over again. Since then, Janine and her friends are regular visitors to my apartment-studio, along with Rico and some of his friends. We figure the bitches all have

about three years of fucking left in those "forbidden" pussies until they're totally wrecked. For now, though, we're just going to enjoy the ride.

The Sex Freak

Lolita: Lindy, age 15 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 24 Technique: Personal Ads

The following events took place several years ago during my first marriage. I was still teaching school at the time and had just come into my own as a Lolita Hunter, having already bagged a number of students while successfully cruising for Stoners and Strawberries. Inspired by my recent triumphs, I decided to experiment with some theories I had concerning Lolita hunting. Thus, I ventured into the uncharted territory of Personal Ads. I was curious if I could meet "forbidden" girls through the Personals in a free weekly tabloid that I knew "forbidden" girls read all the time. I placed the following ad, which I constructed to include certain buzz-words I hoped would attract the right respondents.

Bored? Ready for anything? Depraved WM sex maniac, 26, seeks the hottest, horniest slut this side of Kelly Bundy. Looks, age, race unimportant. Homecoming Queens need not apply. If you've been looking for someone to teach you the ropes, try giving me a climb.

This ad represented my first foray into the world of Lolita trolling via the Personals. Since this initial success, I've run this scam dozens of time and bagged many a bimlette, from Gold Diggers to Romantic Artists to Ugly Girls. I'll always remember Lindy, though, because she was not only my first score in the Personals, but also the first bona fide "forbidden" Sex Freak I ever encountered.

Lindy's reply to my ad read (I've edited it for spelling and grammar):

Dear Mr. Depraved Sex Maniac:

My name is Lindy, and I'm 15 years old. Is that too young for you? I hope not because I am horny for sex. I don't care how old you are, or if you're black, white or yellow. I do like older guys, though, especially if you have a big dick. How long is your dick when it's hard? Thick? Big dicks are good but not necessary if you know how to use it (ha ha). Plus if your cock is smaller, that means you can fuck me up the ass. If you have a big dick we could do anal, too, but probably not all the way.

Could you send me a picture of your dick even if you don't want to meet. I like to look at cocks and get myself off. If you can, take a picture of it with cum cumming out. I love cum. I'll swallow it, or you can squirt me in the mouth and on the tits, and I'll lick it up. I like it all those ways.

I'd like to meet you. I'm very horny writing this? Are you? I told you I like older men, but not too old. You sound just right.

Do you like to eat girls? You don't have to, but I like it when a guy does that. I know a lot of guys don't like to, and I guess I understand that. I wash mine all the time, though, so it's clean.

I bet you're wondering what I look like. Sorry, no picture. I won't ask you for one either, though, except of your cock (ha ha). I don't care what you look like, and I figure we'll see each other when we meet. It'll be a surprise. Then you won't think

I'm so ugly because you'll be horny and ready to fuck.

Bad news - I'm pretty fat. 5'5", 165 pounds. I know you probably want a skinny girl, but you said looks didn't matter. I wish I was skinny. Then guys would always want to fuck me. But I'm fat and not so popular in school. I do have big tits, though, and a big butt, too. Do you like that? Some guys do, you know. I know because I've fucked guys who do. That was cool, but I'd really like a boyfriend so I could fuck all the time. Are you looking for a girlfriend or just fucking? It's cool with me either way, but if I was your girlfriend we could fuck all the time and do lots of other stuff. Anything you want. I like to fuck and do everything.

Well, I'm going now. I want to meet soon and fuck. Here's my phone number so you know this isn't a joke. 111-2222. Call me so we can fuck soon.

Sex, Drugs + Rock & Roll Lindy

Needless to say, I was highly suspicious of this letter. I figured it was written by some cop who was cruising the Personals looking for pedos to bust. Still, the handwriting and grammar (I really cleaned up the letter) seemed genuine, and I doubted the cops could actually enlist a real "forbidden" girl to write them a sting letter. So I called the phone number she provided from a pay phone. These were the days before Caller ID, star 69 and cell phones, so if this was a sting I was pretty much untraceable. I was shocked when I asked for Lindy, and the girl's voice on the other end said: "This is Lindy." That's how our conversation began. After making some small talk for a few minutes, I asked her when and where she could meet. She said anywhere. I asked her where she lived and she told me. I knew the bus routes around there pretty well and suggested a MacDonald's right on one of the main roads and conveniently located by a string of motels. She said that would be cool, and we made plans to meet in an hour-and-a-half. And that was that. It was that simple. I hung up, bided my time, then drove out to the meeting place early to check it out. There was a drug-store nearby that had food, beer and wine, so I bought a pack of condoms, a case of beer and a jug of wine. Even though I didn't see any cops around the area, I still thought the whole thing might have been a set up. I decided to play things smart and went to one of the motels - a two story travel lodge - and got a room. I requested one on the second story and street side so I could watch the MacDonald's for any activity. Then I stationed myself by the window, cracked open a beer and waited for what seemed forever. Finally, the appointed hour arrived and passed, and I didn't see anyone resembling a 15-year-old fat girl enter the MacDonald's. I was about to give up on the whole enterprise when, 7 minutes later, a bus stopped in front of the MacDonald's I watched breathlessly while fat girl got off the bus, looked around and headed into the MacDonald's I was across the street and some distance away, but she appeared to be the real thing. There were no cops around either, so I left my room and headed across the street. She was sitting at a booth sucking down a milkshake when I entered. I walked right up to her and sat down. She saw me walking over and a big smile came over her face. She wasn't THAT ugly, just fat. She had somewhat frizzy hair and glasses, too. She was wearing a low-cut white sweater that showed some cleavage from her fat tits, tight black jeans and lots of make-up. We made small talk for a few minutes while we scoped each other. I told her I had a motel room across the street if she wanted to come over. She smiled,

and we got up and left. When we got back to my motel room, I was kind of timid because I didn't know what I should do next. There hadn't been any seduction involved. This Lolita was ready to fuck just like that - no fuss, no muss. She stood there in the room and looked at me, her eyes asking me what I wanted her to do. Finally, not knowing what else to say, I told her to strip. She started taking off her clothes, working off her sweater so that her fat tummy and tits plopped free. Then she stopped, looked at me and waited for me to take off something. I took off my shirt, and I could see she liked my build (this was back in the days when I worked out like a fiend). "Your jeans now," I told her, getting bolder. She sat on the bed, scuffed off her shoes, then stood up again and unzipped her big black jeans. As she pulled the dark denim down her hips and waist, the loose flab above her panties jiggled across her big tummy. Her pubic hair was a real bush, extending above the elastic waistband of her white, jumbo, cotton panties and running in a thin line up to her wide navel. As she kicked off her jeans, I moved in closer to her and put my arms on her shoulders. She looked up at me, and we French kissed for a few minutes. Then I pressed down on her shoulders, and she got the message, slowly sinking to the floor on her knees. I pressed her face into the bulge in my jeans and she kissed it while she worked at my zipper and snap with her fingers. When she scooted my jeans down past my crotch, she started back when she saw my nine-inch cock bursting out of my jockeys. I pressed her startled face back into my bulge and she sucked at my dick through my sweaty underwear. She pulled down my shorts with her hands and rubbed my ass. When my hard cock sprang free she started back again. I took her gently by the hair and held her fat face in front of my raging prick. While she gasped and licked at the long thick shaft, I spanked my bloated cock-head against her fat, rouge-covered cheeks. She had so much make-up on, it covered my dick-helmet with a thin layer of pinkish dust. "Open up!" I told her softly but decisively. She immediately obeyed, and I guided my huge hard dick between her pouting, salivating, "forbidden" lips. She struggled to control my raging hard-on as I butted it against her chubby cheeks, stretching her mouth into obscene contortions. She had definitely sucked some cock before, but not like this .. not a REAL man's relentless cock. She gurgled and gasped and tried to settle in to a standard blow-job, but I wouldn't let her. I slapped her hands down to her sides and snapped: "No!" She got the message and soon stopped trying to control any of the action. She just went kind of limp and allowed me to palm her head like a volleyball and fuck her mouth like a whore's slobbering pussy. I must admit, I'd dominated a few girls in my life before then, but that evening with Lindy was my first real force-fuck. The little Freak offered no resistance, and I just used her fat body like a blow-up doll. With no consideration for her at all, I power-fucked her skull and drove my dick down into her windpipe while she coughed and gagged submissively. This was the first time I'd ever made a girl dry-heave and puke over my cock before, and I couldn't believe how much I got off on the feeling of absolute power. I would just hold her head still, my cock lodged in her throat, listening to her mewl and sputter, feeling her convulse and constrict as she tried to breathe. Then, almost as if I knew exactly how much she could take, I pulled out slightly and let her catch a gasp of air before I buried myself back into her esophagus. Almost twenty-five minutes later, I blew my load all over her fat face, and bitch-slapped her chubby cheeks with my throat-throttler as the cum oozed all over. She was absolutely exhausted, and just kind of

swooned while I pumped round after round of splooge across her quivering lips, flaring nostrils and fluttering eyelids. I guess she thought I'd take a breather after that, but I didn't. Still hard and even more enraged now, I lifted her up and threw her on the bed. She squealed in delight as I peeled off her jumbo cotton panties and buried my face in her hairy cunt forest. With both my hands, I reached up and popped her fat tits out of her bra. While I strafed her wet bush with my tongue, I squeezed and mashed her twin floppers together occasionally pinching her nipples for emphasis. She groaned and thrashed about in ecstasy, grinding her fat hairy cunt into my face and wrapping her thick pillowy thighs around my forehead. I took one hand off her tits and moved it down to her gaping pussy. As I licked around her chubby clit hood, I dipped one, two, three then four fingers into her fuck hole, screwing my hand around until I could work in my thumb and make a fist. Fist in pussy, tongue at clit and hand on tits, I throttled that fat Lolita pig until she started kicking and writhing like a slaughtered sow in its death throes. Her fat hairy cunt gushed with pussy juice, soaking my face and the mattress beneath us. Then she went limp and just whimpered while I climbed up, mounted her, poked my rejuvenated cock between her plump thighs and just barreled into her fat body. All her pale, flabby, "forbidden" flesh jiggled as I thrash-fucked her into oblivion. The top of her head was now banging against the headboard, but she didn't complain. I slammed into her so hard that my thrusting pelvis mashed her clit up against her cervix in such a way that her hairy cunt erupted in another climax while she drooled "fuck me .. fuck me" under her gasping breath. I was good for another half hour/forty-five minutes now, so I pounded her in the missionary position through her second cum, then flipped her on her side and pronged her that way before slapping her fat butt and barking at her to get on all fours. Still managing to stay inside her fat, sloppy. Stretched-out pussy, I now climbed up her back and drove my dick deep into her pussy, rutting her like a wild boar mounting a squealing sow. She was big enough that I could balance myself against her ass, crouch on the balls of my feet, take advantage of the extra leverage and squat thrust into her fat cunt at full-fury. As I ripped open her pussy further, I began priming her asshole with spit and pussy juice. She'd told me in her letter that she liked ass-fucking, so I didn't even ask. I just worked that shit pipe open until it was wide enough to get two fingers inside. She was babbling something, but I held her face down in the pillows so I didn't have to hear it. Then I withdrew from her farting pussy, pressed my dick-head against her greased ass groove and shoved myself inside her big butt. Her muffled howls spurred me on, and I fucked her ass as mercilessly as I had skewered her pussy, feeding her all nine inches after two strokes. I could feel her shit tube resisting at first, then just relax as I pummeled and gored her colon. When I finally fired my load, I shot deep in her ass for the first volley, then slowly withdrew on each successive burst of cumfire. When I finally popped my dick out of her fat butt, her sphincter popped inside out and cum and shit just dribbled down her pale, doughy ass moons and cottage cheese thighs. Somewhere along the way, the Lolita pig had fainted .. with a big old smile across her face. I got up, showered and left her there in the bed. I guess she woke up later and took the bus home. I called her again after a few days, half expecting her to be very pissed at me for just cutting out on her. But she was nice as can be, and begged to see me again. Luckily, I had arranged a fake ID to use on her, so I met her routinely for several months and fucked the

hell out of her before I grew tired of her and just disappeared.

Analysis - I've included Lindy in the Sex Freak category because during our relationship I did everything to Lindy imaginable - bondage, S&M, even gang bangs. She did it all with a smile on her face, actively seeking even more bizarre and extreme violations with very session. Her obsession with me grew unbearable, though, and she kept demanding more and more of my time. She found out I was married, too, and started asking when I was going to divorce my wife and marry her. When I heard this, I started worrying that she would one day discover my real ID and track me down. So I just vanished. The year after I dumped Lindy, I got divorced and relocated to NYC. When I left NYC and returned back to my old stomping grounds I ran across Lindy in a whore-bar out by the airport. She didn't look much different, still fat and wearing too much make-up. She recognized me immediately and came over to chat. She told me she needed some money and propped me for \$100. I told her "no thanks," and we talked a little longer. She dropped her price to \$50, but I told her I wasn't interested. She told me she needed to get money for a room, and offered to reimburse me for it once she got enough "clients" to make up the difference. I told her I'd do that if she gave me one hour unlimited. She agreed, and I got the room for her. I FUCKED THE HELL OUT OF THAT FAT WHORE FOR ONE STRAIGHT HOUR, then I drove her back to the bar so she could make the money to pay me back. For the rest of the day, I sat in that bar and watched her work, keeping track of her tricks and watching the street for any road traffic she picked up. She came up to me after a few hours and gave me back my money. Then she basically asked me if I wanted to be her pimp. I told her "no thanks" and headed out the door. That was a few years ago, and I see her occasionally curb crawling around. I don't stop, though. Time wasn't kind to her at all.

Lolita: Desiree, age 12; age 13 Humbert: Scott/PRED, age 25 & Bill, age 40s
Technique: N/A

Note - The following case study presents one of life's truly fortuitous chance encounters. At the time these events happened, I had recently moved out of the home I'd shared with my first wife of less than two years. I was living in the apartment I had rented under a false identity while still married. For more information on Bill and Desiree and how they got together consult the opening chapter of The Lolita Method, part 1, Bill's Story.

I started answering ads in swingers' magazines on a lark one Saturday afternoon. I finally had my own place - no roommates, no wife - which meant I had my own address and phone number. Now no one needed to know ANY of my business, so I decided to branch out a bit and see what else life had to offer besides hookers and Lolita hunting. So I picked up a few swingers magazines and tried to make some local contacts. I figured I was a show-in to make it in the swingers' scene, I was young, hung, decent looking and I had a fun personality. I also had great sexual stamina and knew quite a bit about pleasing the ladies. Imagine my surprise then when no one wanted to meet me. In the swingers' world I was just one more single guy trying to get laid. I know that some single men score in these groups, and I'm not saying they are a total scam. I'm just alerting you all to the fact that the success rate among single men on the swingers' circuit is about 1 hit for every 99 misses. I was just about to give up on the whole deal when I got a

phone call from one of the ads I answered:

WC, May-December. She would like to meet young hung stud for satisfaction and other kink. If you are REAL you won't be disappointed. No gays or bis.

A picture accompanied the ad, a man who appeared to be in his forties or fifties (his face was dotted out) fucking what appeared to be a young, slender ass; the woman's face was not included. I had answered this ad in a slew of responses, and I didn't even recall the specific ad until I looked it up after speaking with the man who called. He asked me some questions, nothing TOO personal, then asked me if I was indeed the man in the photo I'd included with my letter. I answered "yes," and then he paused and asked me what seemed to be a very strange question. "What won't you do?" he asked. I didn't understand the question, so I asked him to repeat it. "Is there anything you wouldn't do sexually?" I figured he was worried about the gay thing, so I told him that I wouldn't have gay sex with a man, although I had no problems with gay people or having straight men in a room while I fucked. He asked me to go deeper, never mentioning anything specific, just trying to get me to open up. He was obviously looking for something. I wasn't creeped out at all, just curious. That's why I kept talking. I told him I wouldn't drink piss, eat shit or fuck animals, although I had no problem if someone else wanted to ingest my bodily waste or get dicked by a dog. We moved to the topic of bondage and S&M, then, and I told him I was a straight Dom. I lied a little and said I'd done some pretty heavy stuff (actually, at that point in my life, I had only dabbled, mostly with Lolitas who knew less than I did). He didn't seem satisfied, though. I asked him what he was looking for, and he said something else cryptic. "Someone to fuck my girlfriend, I mean give it to her REAL good. She's pretty experienced for her age. I'd like someone to knock her down a peg or two. Do you think you could handle that? With no qualms about 'right and wrong', and no questions asked?" "I'm your man," I told him. And suddenly he was arranging a time and place to meet. The big day took place one week later. We had arranged to meet in the restaurant bar of a large hotel by the airport. I arrived a little early to check the place out. I was kind of at a disadvantage. The man knew exactly what I looked like while I had only seen a blurred photo of him in the magazine with his face dotted out. Given our conversation, I had pretty much decided this guy was on the up-and-up. Still, I didn't like having someone else call all the shots. Arriving early and taking a spot where I could scope out the door yet remain somewhat hidden made me feel like I'd regained at least a little control. I looked at my watch when the hands reached the arranged meeting time. No sign of anyone. I sipped my Scotch, and looked down at my watch again. When I looked up, a man walked into the bar. He was the same approximate age and build as the man in the picture. He looked around the bar. It had to be him. So far he looked "okay." I plunged in. "Hey," I called from my booth, sticking my face out from behind the potted plant obstructing his view. "Bill?" I asked. He looked at me and then smiled. "Scott?" "Yeah, have a seat," I motioned to him. I looked past him to see if he was with anybody, but he was alone. "She's up in the room," he nodded, answering my unasked question. "Don't worry. This isn't a scam. She just .. She needs to stay upstairs while we talk a bit, okay ..?" "Sure." I ordered a round for us. "I know this is a pain," he said when we were alone again. "But you'll see why I'm being so cautious in a few minutes." He paused. "Would you mind

answering a hypothetical question for me?" he asked. "No problem," I answered. Despite the fact we'd just met, I found myself liking and trusting Bill immediately. "Shoot." "What would be your wildest dream?" he asked. "If you could walk up to my room right now and find ANYBODY, what would you want her to be?" "You mean like black or Asian or with big boobs?" I asked, puzzled at his question. "Anything," he pressed. "It doesn't have to be so prosaic or ordinary. I'm talking your wildest fantasies. What would you REALLY want?" I knew what I really wanted, what I always REALLY wanted. A "forbidden" girl. "Aside from a twelve-year-old nymphomaniac ..?" I half-joked. He smiled and shook his head. "No need to go any further," he said as the waitress delivered our drinks and I paid. "I think I've just found my answer," he told me after the waitress. "Finish your drink. I have something to show you." We polished off our cocktails, and then I followed him out of the lounge to the elevators. We had been making small talk for the last few minutes, and this continued during the elevator ride, down the hall and to his door. The small talk stopped the minute I entered his room. "Scott, meet Des," he said as he closed the door behind me. I was frozen dead in my tracks, my eyes glued to the bed. Bill's girlfriend really was a GIRL, a "forbidden" girl. Her pretty, painted-up face was framed in dark pigtails, and her nubile, ripening body was all wrapped up in a pair of pink, bunny-covered Dr. Dentens. She was sipping a wine cooler and watching soft core porno on the hotel's satellite TV system. "She's not twelve," Bill commented, alluding to my quip of a few minutes ago. "She's 13 .." "Fourteen in two months .." Desiree cut in. "But she's definitely a nympho," Bill finished. "Sex freak is more like it." "Really?" was all I could manage to say. For the first time in my life, I was tongue tied. A thirteen-year-old fuck toy was the last thing I'd expected to encounter that night. "I like to fuck," Des looked at me and flashed a killer smile. "You have a big dick, huh ..?" she asked me, rubbing her crotch through her Dr. Dentens. "Bill showed me your picture. I never fucked a cock so big before. Is it really 9? Take it out. I wanna see it." I looked at Bill, and he just grinned. "What are you standing there for, Scott?" he joked. "Why don't you show the little slut what you've got." "I fuck a lot," Des prattled as I began unzipping my Dockers. "Bill fucks me good, and so do some of the guys from high school. But I like to fuck, you know ..? I just can't get enough, you know ..? I wanna fuck your big hard cock." She scrambled over to the side of bed, poising her face inches from my crotch as I pulled down my Dockers. "Man that looks fucking huge in there," she squealed in delight as she spied my rock-hard dick cutting a grim outline under my BVDs. "You weren't lying, was he, Bill ..?" she kept blathering. "He's got a big old dick, don't you ..?" she gushed when I finally pulled my cock out and wagged it in her face. "You gonna fuck me, ain't ya," she spoke directly to my dick. "Oooo, I wanna suck that dick. I ain't never sucked no big that big before .." I cut her off by shoving my dick in her babbling mouth. "That's it, Scott," Bill laughed. "Shut the little cunt up. Shove that big cock down her fucking throat. She likes the big ones, don't you, cunt ..?" he berated her as I took her pigtails and used them as handle bars. "I see you know what to use pigtails for," Bill seemed delightfully surprised. "Don't worry about hurting her. She's a freak. I haven't found anything she doesn't like yet." "We'll see about that," I joked. While she gasped and gulped, I steered her face back and forth over my nine-inch dick, battering tonsils and throttling her tight, gagging throat. She was an experienced cocksucker, that much was obvious. It was also apparent that she'd already

handled some pretty big tools at her young age. Judging by the ease with which I slammed into her windpipe, I knew she'd been trained to withstand moderate choke fucking, too. But my nine-inch face-fucking fury was something she'd never encountered before. She tried to pull away and push me off, but my grip on her pigtailed was too strong. I impaled her esophagus and bottomed out in her pharynx, my abs slapping her nose and mashing her face flat. Bill was behind her now, pressing her face into my gut and not letting her slide back down my cock to breathe. "UUUUGGHH!" she waved her arms about frantically while Bill held her skull in place. She was getting hysterical as she tried to breathe. "This turns her on," Bill told me. "Just watch." He held her head in place for another half-minute before releasing his pressure. She tore her mouth off my dick, and her spit slobbered everywhere. "Awesome," she coughed as she gasped wildly for breathe. "Fucking awesome cock." "Lie down now, cunt," Bill commanded, and she obeyed. He turned to me. "Sit on her head and just crush fuck her throat with your cock. Choke-fuck the Jesus out of her. I'm going to fuck her. This will get the little cunt off good." I did as he instructed, straddling her face and sitting on her neck. She opened her mouth obediently and let me shove my dick in full-force. I could feel her little throat grip and milk every inch as I thrust my rape-saber deep into her windpipe, cutting off her air supply. Behind me, Bill had opened the flap on her Dr. Dentens and was mounting her "forbidden" pussy. He bent her legs back so that her body was now curled up like a hairpin. Her ankles were resting against my thighs now as Bill and I pounded into her in tandem. "Just keep pounding her skull like that," Bill advised me. "Let her breathe, but don't let her get too much air. Ration it out so she gets real light-headed. Then bury that big dick in her throat and choke her off when I tell you. She's got to get real close to cumming. Then you strangle fuck her, and you gotta see what happens next. We've never done this with such a big cock before. One of the high school guys she fucks has over 7, but it's not nearly as thick as yours. You look like you've choke-fucked some cunts in your life, too," he kept talking as he plowed Des's pubescent pussy. "I get my share," I grunted back, driving my spit-covered dick in and out of her throat. "Bet you never fucked a cunt this young .." he hissed, slapping her ass when she started trying to kick free. "You'd be surprised," I growled back. "She's about medium age for me," I added. "Nice, though. Primo pussy. Never had one this young so submissive before. You train her yourself." "Basically," Bill smiled proudly. "We'll talk more about this later. Right now we have a cunt to fuck up. Now choke her off. Stuff that cock down her windpipe ALL THE WAY and choke her off so all she's breathing is your big dick. Ram it down in there. Don't worry. She knows what's she doing. She fucking GETS OFF on this." He grunt fucked her brutally now, and I noticed his skilled fingers diddling her clit into a blur. I looked into her eyes, and they were glassy and vacant, like a zombie's eyes. I locked gazes with her as I felt Bill obliterate her pussy with a succession of crashing strokes that bounced the bed on the floor. Then I saw her eyes begin to roll back in her head. "Keep choking her off," Bill huffed, each word timed to coincide with one smashing thrust of his hips. "The little cunt is almost ready to blow. Strangle fuck her fucking throat. How's that, cunt?" he jeered at her. "Do you like that, you fucking FREAK!" Suddenly her body heaved up with such strength that she threw me in the air. My cock-head, lodged in her windpipe, tore free and popped out of her mouth like a gunshot. The adrenaline rush from her cum gave her the strength

to kick off Bill, as well. So we just knelt there on the bed, panting and watching in awe as the little freak began to writhe and thrash about in what looked like an epileptic seizure. In an instant, bodily fluids - piss, pussy juice and loose shit - began emptying like sewage from her urethra and bowels. Bill cracked up and lit a joint, and we shared some herb while we took in the show. She flopped around in her own filth like a pig, rolling around in agony and furiously pinching and rubbing her clit. Then she started humping her hips up and down on the mattress like Linda Blair in the exorcist, The girl was tearing a gut-wrenching series of multiple orgasms from her womb, each one a miniature Hiroshima as she lost all control of her muscles, consciousness and other bodily processes. I had never seen or even read about anything like this, and I've never seen any cunt cum like Desiree since. I've heard sex therapists tell women they needed to "let go" during orgasm, but Des had taken this advice to what appeared dangerous extremes. "You teach her to do that?" I asked in absolute awe. Here I was all proud of myself fucking my little Lolitas, and this guy was TURNING his "forbidden girl" into some kind of programmable fuck-zombie straight out of a comic book. "Wish I could take all the credit," Bill mused, taking a long draw on the "bud" and passing the "j" back to me. "I just got her started. She did all the rest. You know how some girls are great at sports, and others at music or art or whatever. Well, Desiree is a fucking virtuoso Sex Freak. I was just lucky enough to be the one to discover her and put her on the right path, that's all." "You are one lucky motherfucker," I shook my head in awe. "You handled yourself like a REAL man back there," he commented. "And you didn't think twice about TAKING the cunt when you saw her sitting on the bed. Thirteen years old, and she didn't even phase you. You just whipped it out and started slamming, showing the cunt no mercy. Now that's something to be proud of. Most guys RUN when they get as far as you. You know they want to POUND the little cunt, but they just can't get themselves past the fear .." "The fear?" I asked. "They're afraid because they know they'll enjoy it. That fucking a young girl will answer all their dreams. They've always known it since they first got a hard-on. Society, especially FUCKING CUNTS, tell them it's wrong, though. Everyone says don't fuck the young ones. It hurts them. It ruins their life. They're not ready yet. Well, look at that cunt, Scott?" he pointed to Desiree, who was now reassembling herself after enduring her cum-blitzkrieg. She looked up and smiled at both of us. "Does she look like she's 'not ready'?"

"Not at all," I shook my head. "Can I ride cocks now, Bill?" Des suddenly piped up, hugging the knees of the man who had just single-handedly changed my life. "Please ..?" "In a minute, cunt," he chucked her chin playfully. "We're talking. Go clean yourself up and change the sheets." She nodded obediently and followed his orders. We got up off the bed and sat down in the two chairs by the window. On the table between the chairs, Bill had a bottle of Jack Daniels and a glass. "Get Scott a glass, cunt," he called out to Des. She ran into the bathroom and retrieved one of the glasses by the sink. She handed it to me. "Ice, too, cunt," Bill slapped her ass. I watched as she threw on a robe and stole out the door with an ice bucket. "Does she look abused?" he asked, suddenly bringing back up the point he'd left dangling a minute earlier. "She looks perfectly happy to me," I replied. "Of course she does. She's a Freak and she's getting well-fucked. Depriving her of cock is like telling some child prodigy violinist that music is 'bad' for her. The stigma we have about young girls fucking is all bullshit put out by the Church and

the cunts. If men could fuck young girls with impunity, all their dreams would be realized and they'd have no need for god. The old cunts don't allow it because they know if we ever had open season on young girls they wouldn't get ANYTHING any more. It's all about power. Fucking young girls empowers men. In this day and age that's wrong. So they invent all this child abuse bullshit and tell us 'pedophilia' is wrong. Funny thing is, though, it's not the guys who really pursue it. They're too scared of prison and losing their families. It's the little young cunts who make it happen. They want it as much as we do, and they're the ones who make it happen. If a guy knows what to look for with the little cunts, he can start bagging their pussies left and right. It's like shooting fish in a barrel." By this time, Des had returned with the ice. Bill poured some Jack over the rocks and we sipped our drinks and started philosophizing long into the night. Meanwhile, Des jumped from chair to chair, climbing on our laps, impaling her cunt with our cocks, hopping up and down, twirling herself around, and riding our pricks like pogo sticks .. for three straight hours. Every time one of us said "I'm cumming, cunt!" she'd slide off our poles, scoot down on her knees, peel off our rubbers, plant her face right in front of our piss-holes and bathe her face with our sperm. Bill didn't let her wipe any of our splooge off either, and she seemed to enjoy the feeling of the hot spunk as it dried into a sticky, messy mask over her face. That was the night the DREAM was born. As Desiree rode our cocks to paradise, we discussed much of what would later be put down in these very pages. I hope you've benefited from our collective experience and wisdom, and the insights of other Humberts like Cal and Todd. As a fitting close to this book, I'd like to leave you with some thoughts from little Desiree herself.

Afterthoughts

Everything in this book is true. Girls like me want older men to fuck them. We just don't know how to do this all the time. That's why we need you men to make the first moves on us. If you don't, we'll just forget it or find some guy who will. If you read this book, you'll know how to make the flirt move and get girls like me. It isn't hard. Don't be scared either. We want you. So come on and do it.

Love you all xoxoxox, Desiree "The Freak"

The Lolita Method

Part III-A

Afterthoughts

Much has happened in my life since I finished penning the revised edition of The Lolita Method back in 2000. Over the last few years, we've seen the world go through

some pretty drastic changes – economically, politically AND culturally. In an effort to

distract us from confronting society's REAL ills and evils (most notably the squelching

of free speech and the abolishment of personal privacy), the media elite's well-

coiffed

Muppets yammer ON AND ON about pedophile priests, predatory educators, internet

kiddie porn busts, brash child abductors and various other “dangers” lurking in the brush

waiting to pounce upon innocent, helpless, gullible Lolita. If you listen to the fear mongers out there, you can't help but believe that EVERYONE out there in the Big Bad

World is scoring forbidden pussy except the one person who truly deserves some ...

namely you.

Meanwhile, however, the same media manipulation machine also bombards us with a constant glut of fresh, tantalizingly forbidden female flesh. Bored with Britney?

Christina not cutting it anymore? Alicia filling you with ennui? Jessica, Mandy and Monica getting a little long in the tooth for your discriminating taste? Well, then, how

about trying on Avril Lavigne for size, or Kristin Kreuk, or any of the other countless

prefabricated pubescent playthings being ground out by Madison Avenue on a monthly basis.

Face it, fellow PREDophiles, our society feeds our PREDilections precisely because Lolita Lust is hardwired into the prefrontal, primate pons of every healthy,

happy, horny, heterosexual male the world over. I've said it before, and it bears repeating every time you hear some dried-up old hag decry Society's psycho sexual

obsession with young, thin, beautiful babes. PREDophilia is BIOLOGY, nothing more and nothing less.

Human evolution has determined that the continuing propagation of our species depends upon Man's instinctual attraction and obsession with the youngest females in our

various herds. For those of you unfamiliar with the basic tenets of sociobiology, let me

provide the Cliff's Notes version.

Despite the propaganda foisted upon us by the limp-dick leftist ruling class and their cult of Gaea (the so-called “earth mother goddess”), older cunts offer the WORST

reproductive opportunity and environment for potent male sperm. When our primate

ancestors mated with the older cunts in their respective packs, they found their pre- and

post-menopausal wombs either completely barren or unable to safely birth live young.

Those few older cunts that managed to squirt out the occasional pup then found

themselves unable to lactate on a regular basis. If the child of an older cunt did manage to survive infancy, its mother still had to expend a considerable amount of physical energy to rear and care for the whelp. When she invariably failed at this task, the pack then had to assume the collective responsibility for raising the babe, which taxed their communal resources and created social upheaval. Younger childbearing cunts, on the other hand, bred better; their wombs were fertile, and they were better able to withstand the physical rigors of not only bearing but also caring for their young. Over successive generations of human genetic drift, those primitive men with a PREDilection for younger cunts procreated more successfully and thus propagated the species in substantially greater numbers than our apish ancestors who preferred used-up uteri. The hunger for young cunt, then, became the dominant trait among men, while a proclivity for hag-humping became bred out of man's genome like a host of other detrimental phenotypic features – tails, webbed digits, albinism, etc. Therefore, the Ascent of MAN rests squarely on the shoulders of our male progenitors who possessed a STRONG, relentless, primal drive to couple and mate with young cunts. Hundreds of thousands of years later, this PREDisposition is indelibly STAMPED into the controlling subconscious of the overwhelming majority of all healthy, potent, heterosexual males. In fact, those so-called men among our human herd who are NOT attracted to the Lolitas are the ABNORMAL, PERVERTED and INFERIOR ones. Why do you think it is that so many celebrities, entertainers and athletes are routinely found to be consorting with forbidden girls? The alpha male, he that RULES the various roosts of human society, will ALWAYS choose the youngest, thinnest and prettiest among the available population. Psychologically, a young cunt fulfills the REAL MAN's need to impress his physical prowess upon weaker prey and wield his Natural authority over the tastiest morsels in the sexual food chain. Physically, the feel of nubile flesh and supple sinews feeds the REAL MAN's tactile desire for softness, smoothness and succulence. Aesthetically, Lolita's sleek, symmetrical lines and eager, obedient countenance satisfy the REAL MAN's longing to return to a simple, childlike state, where sex is part prerogative, part puissance and part play. Somewhere along the way, though, our cultural evolution took a sharp divergence

from the course of our biological predetermination. The very aspect of MAN's nature that ensures the survival of our species - namely MAN's PREDilection for pubescent paramours and brood fillies - is the very thing CONDEMNED by the self-proclaimed Protectors of our human rights. Only the truly enlightened among us - MEN and cunts - see TRUTH for what it is. Suppressing the Lolita Urge among healthy, heterosexual men is the surest way for the Leftist Power Elite to KEEP their power while simultaneously privately indulging in the self-same "depraved" and "perverse" activities they so routinely and publicly condemn.

In the last ten years, we've seen a president satiate his Lolita Urge by throatfucking a fat, insecure intern with the mental and emotional IQ of a cunt ten years her junior. For all intents and purposes, Prez Bubba should have been crucified - if not as a full-fledged PREDophile then at least as a 'tard fucker. Coincidentally (yeah, right ..?), the same administration continually attempted to stifle persistent rumors that abounded concerning both our "co-presi-cunt" as well as this nation's chief law enforce-cunt official. Word on the beltway has it that both these "ladies" covertly expressed Sapphic PREDilections for DC Party Girls with acne, braces, underdeveloped bodies and high, squeaky voices (sounds like someone's daughter we know, doesn't it ..? hmmm ...)

I'm sure if you started digging through the closets of all the world's movers and shakers, you'd find similar adolescent and anorexic skeletons. Meanwhile, these are the same people making so much sound and fury about "saving our children" and "cleaning up" Hollywood and cyberspace. Hypocritical? Well, DUH! Just like your guns, the Leftist Power Elite wants Lolita all for itself as well. Those in POWER always control the supply and demand of Lolita, doling her out in bits and pieces for the rest of us plebes. As a society, they benevolently allow us to ogle the carefully-packaged, pubescent charms of the Olsen Twins, Charlotte Church, Olympic gymnasts and scores of belly-shirt wearing Britney-clones at the local shopping mall. Yet, as individuals, we are denied our rightful legal access to the same forbidden cunts THEY so sadistically dangle before our eyes.

To sate our Lolita Hunger at all, we need to play by THEIR rules - i.e. look but don't touch. We are forced to mouth platitudes about "victimizing the young" and

“keeping our children safe.” Meanwhile, behind closed doors, the same Power Elite who crafts Megan’s Law and Amber Alerts enjoys a daily revelry of forbidden female flesh via the international white-slavery and child prostitution ring. Before you start thinking old PRED is off his paranoid rocker here, let me just fill you in on a little secret. It’s ALL CONNECTED – missing children, satanic cults, serial killers, Islamic fundamentalism, the Bilderbergers, the Federal Reserve, the Learned Elders of Zion, UFOs, Microsoft, the Freemasons, Jesus’ “crucifixion,” the Pyramids of ancient Egypt, etc., etc. And how do I know this? Because I’m in charge of it all. I am THE ULTIMATE EVIL. I AM PRED ... and you’re not.

**Welcome to My World;
I Hope You Like the Taste of Blood
PRED
08/17/2002**