My name is Misty

by Misty Meadow

I slowly wake up, the pain behind my eyes almost unbearable, feeling the hot sun beating down on me. I'm sitting on a bench in a small park wearing nothing but a towel, hardly long enough to reach my thighs. Two men approach me dressed in the uniform of the Guardia Civil. I must be dreaming that I'm in a comic opera set in Spain, but the churning gut of my hangover is all too real. One of them addresses me in Spanish.

"Where am I?" I ask. They look at each other and grin.

"Las Ramblas is close," he replies in accented English.

Barcelona? What the fuck am I doing in Barcelona?

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We're sitting in a circle, taking turns to speak. Now all eyes are on me.

"My name's Misty," I say, nervously.

"Hi, Misty," they chorus.

"This is my first meeting." A smattering of applause erupts. "This morning, I woke up in a park in Barcelona dressed in nothing but a towel." Lots of smiles of recognition, a few chuckles. "The last thing I remember is after work on Friday, when I had two or three - better make that four - martinis here in London. I lost thirty six hours. It's all a total blank. I've blacked out a few times before, but not like that. Fortunately, two cops guessed which hotel I'd booked into, and escorted me there and my wallet and credit cards were in my room, so I was able to settle the enormous bill and book a flight home. I was really, really scared!" I pause. All the other speakers in the room, after introducing themselves, had added, "I'm an alcoholic", but am I? Probably. Some friends have used that word to describe me. What the fuck, I might as well go along with it.

"I think I might be an alcoholic." There. I've said it out loud. Rather than feel shame I experience a small surge of relief. They're still smiling, some nodding their heads. No one condemns me. "That's all." Now the applause is loud and lasting. They seem to know that admitting my problem was an enormous hurdle that I've overcome. The next member starts speaking and my mind drifts, wondering what life might be like without alcohol. It's unthinkable. My relief is dissolved in depression.

After the meeting closes with the serenity prayer, I sit, not wanting to go home. A girl sits beside me, younger than I, slender and pretty.

"I'm Willow," she says. "Welcome to A.A. Keep coming, it works."

"I can't imagine life without drinking," I say.

"Of course you can't. You have to live it first, then you find it's okay. That may be hard to believe and it takes a leap of faith."

"Faith? I don't believe in God."

"You don't need to. I don't either, just grab on to any power greater than yourself. Hey, wanna go somewhere and get a coffee?"

More coffee? I'm jangley enough already but I don't want to be alone. "Yes," I say gratefully.

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We find a Starbucks, sit at a corner table, our heads close together and Willow gives me a quick run down on her drinking years, fewer than mine, but equally disastrous. "I'm nearly two years sober," she adds. Two fucking years? I think, I don't even have two days and it's sheer hell.

"I really need a drink," I tell her.

"I know. The worst will be over in a few days, then you can start to rebuild your life. Take it one day a time."

"I'm not gonna get through the night, not on my own."

She hesitates. "Wanna come home with me?" she offers. "My bed's big enough for two." I lean back and look at her. Now, knowing I won't have to fight my urge to drink unaided, my anxiety level is dropping and can I look at Willow through the eyes of Lesbian Misty, the randy cunt hound who'll sleep with anyone who doesn't have a dick. Willow's quite pretty. I have to smile. If I'd had an offer like this, a week ago, I'd have cum in my knickers.

"Will you sexually molest me?" I ask, still grinning.

"Not tonight. You're too fragile. Anyway, A.A. suggests we refrain from intimate relationships for at least a year, so I'm gonna have to keep my hands off you." A year? My mind recoils. A year with no live sex, just videos, my vibrator and my fingers? She's got to be joking! Still, I'm in no position to argue and for the moment, I'm not going to make any decisions about my life. I'm in her hands and whatever she suggests, I'm going to go along with it. I lift my coffee cup to take a sip, but my hand is trembling uncontrollably. She takes it from me, pours the top inch into her own cup and hands mine back to me. Now I can drink without spilling it. How did she know to do that?

\* \* \*

We're in her flat, really just a bedsitter with a bathroom and kitchen and we talk all evening. She cooks a meal, but I can't eat so she finishes my portion. I discover she's twenty four, three years younger than I, but is a lot more mature. Like me, she's gay, but I'd already guessed that. It was a gay A.A. group after all. I tell her all about my drinking, the story pouring out and she listens without uttering a single word of condemnation. The feeling of relief is surprising.

It's bed time, and she undresses, quite unselfconciously. Her slender, petite figure is beautiful. I take my own clothes off, a procedure that'd be quite exciting under other circumstances, but sex is far from my mind. We get into the bed and lie in the darkness. Half a bottle of vodka would help me to sleep, but that's out of the question. I'll just have to tough it out.

I suddenly find myself crying, awash in self pity. I'm never gonna be able to drink again and the idea overwhelms me. Willow rolls over to face me and takes me in her arms. On any other night, my hands would be all over her, but this is different. She's not a sex partner, no she's - what - a friend? She might be my road back to sanity.

\* \* \*

I haven't told you about my business. I own a small art gallery just North of Trafalgar Square. Upstairs on the first floor is a small office, my apartment and a moderately spacious studio. Not only do I deal in up-and-coming painters, but I paint well enough to actually sell a few works of my own, and I hold two art classes per week, Monday and Thursday evenings, for two hours. I have half a dozen or so regular amateur artists, seeking to improve their techniques.

Lately, things have been falling apart. No surprise there. Appointments missed, sales botched, clients pissed off at my attitude, this is what happens when alcohol controls your life.

But from now on it's going to be different. As soon as the shakes diminish, I'm going to be painting again and perhaps now that I don't stink of booze, customers won't recoil when I talk to them.

\* \* \*

Two months have gone by and with the help of Willow and A.A. meetings five nights a week, I've been working the programme. I've written my moral inventory and now I'm ready for step five, which reads, "We admitted to God, to ourselves and to another human being, the exact nature of our wrongs."

This is pretty huge for most members. We all have shitty little secrets that we're going to take to the grave, but they have to come out, or they'll be an impediment to sobriety. My human being will be Willow, of course. She knows almost all there is to know about me, but not everything. We decide that Sunday evening, after the meeting, will be a good time.

We arrive at her flat and sit down facing each other. I have a yellow legal pad on my knee with my inventory written on it. I take a deep breath and begin.

"I have one huge moral defect that I have to get out of the way before anything else." I know that there's no danger that Willow will go to the authorities or tell a single soul what I'm about to say. Fifth step secrecy is as solid as the sanctity of the confessional, but how will she feel personally about me when I tell her? I take a deep breath.

"I don't regard being gay as a character defect, but what no one else knows is that I'm attracted to young girls." Willow doesn't react. "Very young girls." Still no reaction. "Girls as young as ten. Preteens. Prepubescents." Her face is neutral. Where are her expressions of disgust? "And it's more than just attraction. I've had sexual encounters with some of them. I'm a paedophile."

In a perfectly ordinary voice, she asks, "So I'm guessing you cuddled and kissed?" I nod. "Touched their private parts?"

"Uh-huh."

"Fingered and kissed their vaginas?"

"Yes."

"And did they return the favours?"

"For the most part, yes."

Her eyes lock on to mine. "Now, were those encounters all mutually consensual?"

"Absolutely!" I say, emphatically. "In fact some of them came on to me. I know that sounds like a paedophile's excuse, but it's true."

A huge grin breaks out on her face. "Oh, Misty," she says. "I thought you were gonna tell me something terrible, like you were a professional hit-woman or something. Now I'm gonna tell you my secret. I like little girls too. Their innocence and vulnerability excites me more than any mature woman can. When I see little girls leaving school in the afternoon, with their short skirts and white ankle socks, my heart just melts and my knickers get wet. We're just alike, you and I." She laughs. "A couple of gay paedoes."

A huge wave of relief washes over me. She hasn't condemned me, just the opposite, in fact.

"A.A says no relationships in the first year," I say, "but what does it say about having sex with preteens?"

"It's silent on the subject. For me, there are only two rules. One: everything must be consensual; no kid should ever feel afraid, embarrassed or uncomortable."

"And two?"

"Don't get caught."

I finish sharing the rest of my inventory, nothing spectacular, some financial debts, the pain I put my parents through, a few badly handled relationships, but it all has to be brought out into the open. I finish and she embraces me.

"Welcome to the world, Misty. Good job. I still love you."

"And I love you, Willow. Listen to us, we sound like a couple of love struck kids. If you weren't my sponsor, I'd fuck your brains out."

"Me too, but I think we'll both be a lot safer if we stick to little girls, as long as we don't let jealousy to enter the picture."

"Why would we be jealous. I'd have my 'friends' and you'd have yours."

"Which would be fine, but I'm thinking of something better, something unique. I'm fantasising about you and me finding a little girl to share."

"A threesome?" Holy cow! I've never thought about it and my gut churns with excitement at this new idea. "Wow, just imagine, you, me and little Lolita together in one big bed. Oh, my God, my knickers are getting wet."

"Hold on, we've got to find a willing little girl first. How're we gonna do that?"

\* \* \*

One afternoon, with almost no visitors in the gallery, I spot a woman and a child looking at a nude portrait in charcoal of Willow that I'd dashed off one evening. I quietly approach them, introducing myself and admitting to being the artist.

"It's impressive in its economy," the woman said, "So few lines to depict so much. It's very good. By the way, this is my daughter Jade. She likes to draw. Show the lady some of your stuff, Sweetheart." The kid, who looks to be about ten or eleven, reaches into her backpack and pulls out a small sketch pad and hands it to me. I flip through half a dozen pictures, a cat, a horse, some trees and a house. It's not one of those kid's two dimensional houses with a door, four windows and smoke coming out of the chimney, no, this is a real picture, in perfect perspective. For a child of that age, it's remarkable.

"Wow," I say, "these are good. You have talent, Jade. Are you gonna be an artist when you grow up?"

"Absolutely!" she says, firmly.

"You know, with a little instruction, you could become quite skilled." I tell her mother about my evening classes and the little girl gets very excited.

"Oooh, Mum, it sounds awesome. I wanna do it. Please, please, Mum!"

I outline my fees, modest enough, and she agrees, two evenings per week for the foreseeable future. She pulls out her cheque book but before she writes, I say, "This portrait that you were looking at is of a friend of mine. I was hoping you might want to buy it, but given that Jade is going to be my student, I'll let you have it for free." She tries to insist on paying for it but I'm adamant. No, it's my gift to her. I ask Jade to hold the drawing up in front of her and I take a picture of them both. Mum writes a cheque for a month of lessons, takes Jade's hand and leaves, the picture rolled up under her arm.

I have to sit down. Holy shit! That kid is gorgeous! Only now can I allow my mind to dwell on her and what might result from this encounter. I won't be able to get her alone for a while as my other students will be here, but I'll be able to figure something out. As for the portrait of Willow? Shit, I can knock out another one of those during a TV commercial break.

\* \* \*

Willow climbs the spiral staircase from the gallery up to my apartment to find me cooking dinner. I wipe my hands on a tea towel, air kiss her cheek and proudly announce, "I've found one!"

"One what?"

"A darling little girl. She gonna be taking my art class twice a week. She can't be more than eleven and wait till you see her. You're gonna cream your jeans. Here, look, I took a picture of her." I show her my phone, mother, daughter and sketch on the screen.

"Oh, my God, she's adorable! That's it, I'm signing up for your art class."

\* \* \*

Thursday has finally arrived and my students assemble in the studio. Willow has been waiting for a hour. Jade arrives last and the instant she sees Willow, she says, "She's the lady in the picture you gave my mum!" It's a tribute to my skill that she's able to recognise my friend. I introduce them and Willow has a hard time keeping a neutral face, but I can see the lust in her eyes. I get everyone set up with easels, paints, brushes, whatever. I suggest to Jade that she start with a pencil sketch, and I arrange a still life for her to depict. Willow decides to do the same.

When the class ends, I take Jade on one side. "I have a favour to ask you," I begin. "Some of my clients want to paint a nude, but none of them want to be the model. How would you feel about sitting for us?"

"But then I wouldn't learn anything."

"You could sit with a pad and charcoal, sketching something, maybe gazing wistfully off into the distance, modeling and working at the same time."

"I suppose I wouldn't mind, but don't tell Mum. She'd freak out!"

"There's no need for your mum to know. You're not too shy then?"

"Shy?" She chuckles. "I'm always being told off for hanging out in my undies or even nothing at all. I like being naked. My dad always says that I should be proud of my body. He has lots of pictures of me skinny dipping and stuff."

"So you'll do it? Thanks a lot. You've got me out of a jamb." Truth is, none of my other students has requested a nude model. The whole scheme is designed to get Jade comfortable being naked. It looks like this is going to be a lot easier than I thought.

After Jade leaves, I tell Willow and her face lights up. "Oh, my God! We're gonna get to see her lovely little body, showing off her tits and sweet little cunt. I can't wait!"

"She doesn't have tits and she won't be "showing off" anything. We're producing art here, not child porn."

"Not yet, anyway," she says with a smirk.

\* \* \*

It's Monday and Jade has arrived early. Willow is already here, waiting impatiently. I show Jade the screen behind which she can undress, but she says, "What's the point of a screen. You're gonna see me naked, so who needs a screen?" She boldly strips off, piling her clothes neatly on a chair.

"I can lend you a dressing gown if you like, while you're waiting"

"No need, I'm not cold." It seems that this girl has no problem being undressed in front of relative strangers. I seat her in a chair in the middle of the room beside which is a small table with a wine glass, a book and an apple to serve as a still life for her to draw. I furnish her with a large drawing pad and some sticks of charcoal.

"Just concentrate on drawing," I tell her, "and ignore everyone."

One by one my students arrive and seat themselves in a semi circle round Jade. I've already set up easels and canvases for those who use oils, and pads, pencils and charcoal for the sketchers.

"As some of you have requested a nude model, Jade has graciously volunteered to sit for us." Faint applause. They look around, wondering who made the request, unaware that it's a fiction. "Take your time everyone, Jade will be available for the foreseeable future, so you don't have to finish today. You oil painters, start with a charcoal outline and let me see it before you proceed. Sketchers, I want you to . . . " I drone on and they start their work.

Willow has seated herself at one end of the semicircle which gives her a nice view of Jade's treasure between her slender legs. "Just do an outline," I whisper to her, "and I'll come by from time to time and touch it up for you." I don't want the others to discover that Willow is a terrible drawer, no talent whatsoever, lest they suspect that she might be here for reasons other than art.

After two hours, I call time and they all stack their work in a rack I've provided to prevent smudging. They trudge out, leaving Willow, Jade and me alone. I look at Jade's sketch. It's quite remarkable and I compliment her on it. Willow's - well, not so much. It's so fucking bad I don't let Jade see it, or she might wonder, too. We watch as Jade dresses, still quite unselfconciously. For us, it's like a strip tease in reverse.

"Jade," I say, "You have more talent than the rest of my students put together. Next week I want to start you on oils but there's quite a lot to be learned before you put brush to canvas; preparation, for example, mixing colours, brush versus palette knife, I could go on and on. Could you come over nother evening or at the weekend so I can give you some one-on-one instruction? It can't be during gallery hours though, just evenings, or Sunday. You can tell your mum that I won't be charging any extra. Your gift is beyond price and to let it wither would be a crime."

Her face lights up. "I'd love to, Misty. I've been wanting to use oils for ages now, but mum won't spring for canvases and paint and brushes and stuff."

"Everything here in the studio is at your disposal, my dear. Let me know when you can come." I give her my phone number. Smiling to herself, she leaves.

"Fuck me," says Willow, "I've been looking at her darling little cunt for two fucking hours and my knickers are dripping wet. She's so fucking sexy!" I look at Willow's sketch and it's awful. She's made no attempt to draw a face, just a blank oval shape. I'll fill it in so the other students don't suspect how inept she really is.

"When she comes," I say, "I'm gonna ask her to pose for some preliminary photographs, with the aim of painting my own full length portrait."

"Dirty pictures? Awesome!"

"No, you fucking Philistine. Artistic pictures."

"Will they show her cunt? They'd better. I need something to stimulate my imagination when she's not around."

"Will this stimulate you?" I put one arm round her waist and the other between her legs, pushing her dress up. Her knickers are soaked.

"Oh Jade, Jade," she murmurs. "My darling little angel, kiss me!" If she wants to fantasise that I'm an eleven year old girl, fine by me. I'm doing the same. We fall on to the chaise lounge that I've bought for the comfort of reclining nude models. I've found a use for it earlier than I'd predicted. I've also ignored A.A.'s suggestion that newcomers wait a year before embarking on an intimate relationship. But my sponsor, Willow, says it's okay, so how bad can it be?

Afterwards, lying side by side on my big bed, I ask her to move in with me.

"Yes!" she cries, excitedly, rolling on top of me. I wrap my legs round her back and kiss her deeply.

\* \* \*

I spend the next three evenings at A.A. meetings. I don't announce to the group that I'm having sex with my sponsor/roommate. I'd probably get some disapproval but the truth is I feel perfectly comfortable with my head between her thighs (and hers between mine). The fact that I'm grooming an eleven year old for some threeway lesbian adventures is a little more troubling but the truth is I haven't felt the need for a drink since that first night when I cried in Willow's arms and though I'm feeling pretty secure in my sobriety I have to guard against complacency.

I call Jade's mum, asking her to approve of her daughter's extra visits to my studio, going on at great length about her daughter's talent, calling her a prodigy and emphasising that to fail to help her develop would be ill advised. She readily okays my offer of free tuition and asks if I have any charcoal portraits to match the one I'd given her. I promise I'll create a couple and give them to Jade (at no charge; I need to stay on Mum's good side).

Thursday comes and goes. Jade is becoming much more relaxed and familiar with us. I tell her that Willow and I are in a relationship and advise her not to tell her mum that on Sunday, when she agrees to come over, she'll be alone in my studio with two committed lesbians. She admires the two sketches I've done of Willow, full body nudes with slightly more detail than the first one and rolls them up to take home.

"Christ!" mutters Willow after Jade has gone. "I just can't wait to get my hands on that little tease. She saw me looking at her cunt and I swear she parted her legs just a shade to give me better view. My cunt was so wet I could smell myself."

"Well Sunday's only three days away and then we'll have her to ourselves alone."

"How do you plan on . . . how should I put it . . . breaking the ice?"

"I'm thinking you should get naked, too, posing for more sketches."

"Oh, my God, the thought of little Jade looking at my naked body is making me even wetter."

"I'll take pictures of both of you. If things go well, I'll show her some selected pix of naked young girls from my internet collection and see if she picks up on . . . "

"Your paedophilia?"

"Our paedophilia, my darling cradle snatcher. We should just make ourselves available and let her initiate any moves. If nothing happens, we'll re-think our strategy. Now, about your wet cunt; I'm gonna take your knickers off and bury my face in them, and then I'm gonna lie you down on your back on the lounge, spread your legs, take a nice, long look at your cunt, then lick it dry."

"It'll just get wetter."

"Then I'll just have to keep licking it."

\* \* \*

At last, it's Sunday. I've set up an easel with a half completed sketch of a lewdly posed naked Willow. Now she's waiting, dressed in a short robe, left deliberately open, ready to play the part of a not-too-innocent model. I'm wearing a long, paint-stained T shirt with nothing underneath. Jade arrives, all smiles and eagerness. She sees the sketch on the easel.

"Oh, that's so good! But if you're busy drawing Willow, I can come another time,"

"No, no, I can sketch Willow any time I want. I wanna take this time to plan an oil portrait of you and I'd like to take some pictures first, to get an idea of exactly how to pose you, if that's alright."

"Nude pictures, huh?"

"Of course." She sits on the couch and lifts her legs to take her sneakers and socks off, giving us a delicous upskirt view, like an hors d'oeuvre before the main course, then stands and lifts her dress over her head. I'm taking pictures as she does this, catching the mischievous grin on her face. We stare at her, transfixed as she slides her knickers down and steps out of them.

"Da-dah!" she sings, spreading her arms wide.

"Oh, my God!" Willow gasps. "You're fucking gorgeous!"

"You've seen me naked before."

"Yes, but the whole class was there and I didn't want them to know how excited I was to be allowed to look at such a beautiful naked angel, so I didn't react. But Misty knows I'm kinda smitten by you, so now it's alright to tell you how sexy you look."

"I'm smitten, too, Jade. You're stunning! Lie on the couch. Lie back. Ooh, that's perfect!" She's lying along the length of the couch with one knee raised, her cunt perfectly visible. Then she lifts her leg over the back of the couch, offering a much lewder picture. The camera flash is going off every few seconds. She sits upright and lifts her feet on to the edge of the couch, her knees under her chin, her little slit compressed between her thighs, then she parts her knees and leans back, as if to say "I'm all yours".

"Oh, my God!" I whisper.

"Fuck me, Jade, you're getting me excited!" Willow groans.

She grins. "Photograph this," she says, getting on all fours on the couch, her back to us, her upper body lowered to deliberately display her sweet little brown rosebud and the slit of her cunt. Then she rolls on to her back, lifts her knees up beside her ears. Nothing could be more provocative.

"Sit beside her, Willow. I wanna get you both in the picture." She sheds her robe and sits beside Jade who lowers her legs. Willow puts an arm round her and they lean back, thighs invitingly spread as the flash fires.

"How about a kiss?" I suggest.

Willow looks at Jade, an expression of longing on her face.

"Yes. Kiss me, Willow." My pulse races as I see Willow lean across and press her lips to Jade's. This isn't a friendly peck, it a long, intimate kiss lasting about ten seconds. They come up for air.

"Where did you learn to kiss like that?" asks Willow, her face flushed.

"Girls at school. A few of my friends like to play at being lesbians and kiss and touch each other. It fun. I really enjoy it."

Willow is incredulous. "Do they touch you? Your boobs? Your cunt?"

Jade laughs. "I don't have any boobs, but yes, we touch each other down there."

Before Willow can ask the obvious question, I interrupt. "Willow, will you take some pictures of Jade and me?" Reluctantly, she stands up. I peel my T shirt over my head and stand, letting Jade stare at me. Electric thrills run through me as her as her gaze runs up and down my naked body. I sit beside her and ask her to lie with her head in my lap. I lean down and gently press my lips to hers, feeling her tongue probing. I suck it into my mouth, then let her suck mine. Then I run my hand over her flat chest, down over her tummy until I arrive at the gates of heaven. I pause.

"It's alright, Misty, you can touch me there." My heart skips a beat and my head is swimming with delirious joy as my fingertips gently stroke her slit. She lets out a sigh of contentment. Emboldened, I press my middle finger into her. It goes in with no resistance. Her hymen has already been invaded, presumably by the fingers of her little friends. I wish I'd been there to see that. I wonder if . . . no I'm getting ahead of myself; the three of us are enough for the moment. Her legs part, letting me know she wants my finger and I push it all the way in, about three inches of it. Willow has been snapping pictures of it all, but now she puts the camera down and kneels by the couch, staring at my fingers which are exploring the little girl's cunt.

Jade reaches up and places her palm on my left breast. My nipple immediately becomes hard, almost as big as the tip of her little finger. She gently pinches it, making me even more excited. I put my arm under her shoulders and lift her so she can suck on it. Her teeth nibble at me.

"Bite me," I whisper. "Bite me harder. It's alright, I like the pain."

Willow pushes my hand away, leans in and plants a kiss on Jade's treasure.

"I've been longing to do that," Jade says, releasing my nipple.

"Kiss or be kissed?" I ask.

"Both. Some nights I lie in bed, touching myself with my fingers, pretending that a girl is kissing me down there. It feels so good. I'd like to make another girl feel that good." Oh, sweet Jesus, our little darling is well on the way to being a full blown lesbian.

Willow moves round to the end of the couch, leans over the arm and plants another kiss on Jade's cunt, a long lingering kiss, her tongue probing. Jade gasps.

"Oooh, that feels awesome!" The camera is on the floor, out of reach, but I burn the vision of Willow eating Jade into my memory for future masturbation. Willow lifts her head and gazes adoringly into Jade's eyes.

"I want to lick you, lick you both," Jade says. "I'll do anything you want me to."

"You should lick Misty," says Willow in an unexpected display of generosity. "She found you, so she gets the first bite of the apple."

Jade rolls of the couch and kneels between my thighs, her big dreamey eyes looking up at me adoringly.

"Go on, Jade. Do it! Lick Misty's lovely big wet cunt! You're gonna love it!"

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She does love it. I love it. We all love it. In my bedroom we lie in a triangle, eating each others pussies, then change ends so eveyrone gets to lick everyone else. Then Jade watches as Willow straps on a big, fat dildo and vigourously fucks me with it. We lose count of our orgasms.

\* \* \*

Tonight, I've been asked to address the A.A. group, to share my story, telling them what I was like, what happened and what I'm like now. I think about what I want to say. The twelfth step talks about carrying the message to others and it's an important part of recovery. The meeting opens and I begin.

"My name's Misty and I'm an alcoholic."

One day in some utopian distant future, I'd love to be able to say, "My name's Misty and I'm a paedophile" and share my hidden secret experiences with no fear of condemnation. After all, a few decades ago, we gays and lesbians lived in secret, ashamed of our own natures, and today, gay marriage is celebrated with enthusiasm, cheers, confetti and champagne. So will paedophilia, the love of children, ever become acceptable?

I'm not holding my breath.

The end.