

“Let Me See Your ID First.”

Cody Wilson’s situation really bothers me, aside from the ridiculously statist “age of consent” stuff which goes against biological and mental reality (not discounting the *real* age of consent which is going to vary among individuals, and probably isn’t any of your business to determine for someone else).

One thought that keeps running through my mind is that believers in the State must expect everyone to swap “government-issued ID” when they meet (and be able to tell if it is “real”), just in case anything happens later on. Maybe they believe the State should issue “Approved for Sex” cards, with age restrictions on which partners you’re allowed, of course. Otherwise you are going to have to rely on someone’s word, and people lie (and believe lies) when they really want something. And you can’t always rely on what your eyes tell you about someone’s age.

Years ago, there was a mom and daughter who regularly came into the pet shop where I worked. Both of them flirted with me a lot, and I flirted back. It was all completely innocent, but I really did like them both and thought they were both very attractive. I think “hot” was the word which came to mind.

One day they were in the shop and the daughter told me it was her birthday. I told her “happy birthday!” and asked how old she was.

I had always figured she was 16 or 17; maybe a bit older. She certainly looked and acted like she was.

She said, “I’m 12”.

I was totally shocked and didn’t believe her, but her mom confirmed it. Maybe her mom was lying in order to play a joke on me, but if so, she never admitted it.

So, all the time we had been flirting, she had been 11 or younger? The other store employees gave me a lot of good-natured ribbing over that- having overheard the whole thing. But they admitted they thought she was much older, too. I should be thankful the pair of them never offered me a threesome.