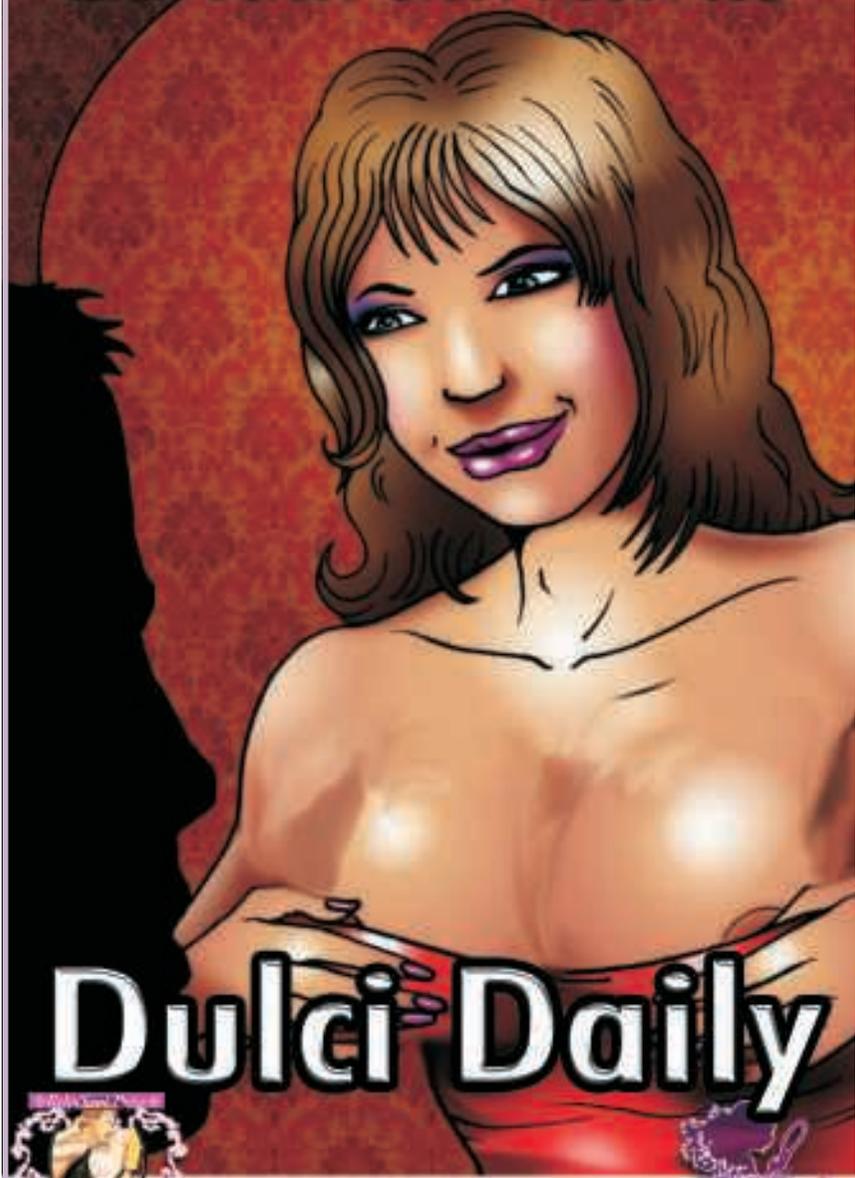


**The Case of the Strapless Stripper**  
*and other short stories*



**Dulci Daily**



A "Spectrum Tv" Novel



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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# **The Case of the Strapless Stripper and Other Stories**

**by Dulci Daily**

## **THE CASE OF THE STRAPLESS STRIPPER**

Jim Gainsmill rode his bicycle slowly through the thick crowds in Grand Stimson Park, not far from his apartment on the Capitoline Hill below the Pacificum State Capitol. It was Sunday, the only day of the week for Gainsmill to get some much-needed rest and relaxation after a hard six-day week's work as an associate at the high-powered law firm of Farquhar, Hardart & Frick. The weather was perfect, a rarity of rarities, and everyone in Greater Pacific Heights seemed to have the same idea of crowding into Grand Stimson Park to enjoy the day.

Gainsmill could hardly ride without bumping into someone, but that was all right with him. It only gave him greater opportunity to indulge in bisexual viewing pleasure. He ogled the girls and guys alike, imagining what it would be like to have sex with either or both.

An especially lovely girl with curly chin-length blonde hair caught Gainsmill's sharp eye at a distance from behind. She was pink-skinned and buxom-looking, with bare shoulders above a tight, white strapless tube top. Her waist was not slender, but her hips were big, and swayed delightfully in her hot pink shorts—very short indeed, revealing her entire thighs, which were plump but enticingly well-formed. Gainsmill had to imagine that sex with her would be most delectable indeed.

Gainsmill kept his eyes fixed on the girl, gaining slowly on her until he was close beside her. His slender five-inch penis was fully erect. He had to meet the girl, and it turned out to be unbelievably easy.

The girl turned to look at him, and seemed to like what she saw. Jim Gainsmill knew he was a ruggedly handsome, strong-looking, intensely masculine guy, though his skin had too much of the pallor of the office-bound life. He smiled at the girl, and she smiled back at him.

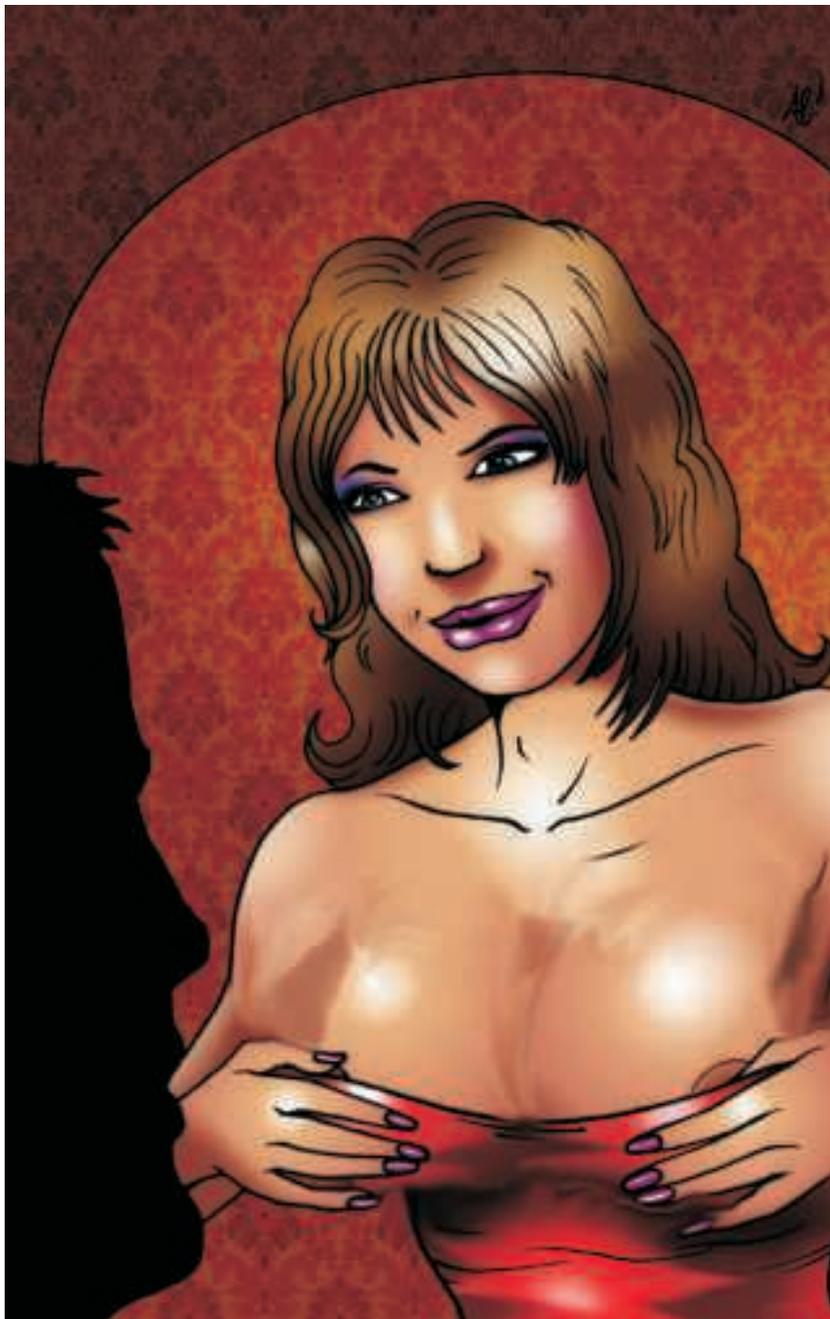
Then the girl did something that Jim Gainsmill had never before seen even the most daring, sex-crazed girl do in public. While looking straight at him, still smiling, she reached up to the top of her strapless tube top and pulled it down—stripping her breasts fully nude, for she was not wearing a bra. Her breasts were quite small for a buxom girl's breasts, but perfectly formed. Her deep pink, pointy nipples were good-sized and fully erect. Gainsmill's eyes almost leaped out of his head, and his hard penis began to throb at once at the sight.

He had to speak. "Uh, hi, I'm Jim Gainsmill," he said. "What's your name?"

"Ruthie Doolittle," the girl said—but Gainsmill was not sure her voice was a girl's voice. His eyes darted down to her shorts, and then stayed there. Sure enough, the girl had a penis, one that was growing longer even as Gainsmill gazed, and her shorts were too short to keep her big, beautiful bulb from peeking out beneath the hem.

Wow! Let's do it right here, right now! If it hadn't been unsafe and illegal, Jim Gainsmill would have said it, and done it. As it was, he knew he had to restrain himself within the limits of more or less polite conversation. He strained to think of something more or less polite to say.

"Hey, Ruthie, it's great to meet you," he said. "Um, do you work around here on the Hill?"



“Yes, I’m a receptionist at the Pacificum Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Sex Act Center,” Ruthie said. She grinned, as if she knew how this information would affect Jim Gainsmill. It did. His eyes bulged, and pre-coital fluid began to ooze out of his penis. The Pacificum Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Sex Act Center! he was thinking. Oh my God, that’s incredibly hot!

“Wow, that sounds like a great place to work,” Gainsmill said. “I’ll bet you meet a lot of interesting people.”

“Oh, I meet some really disgusting weirdoes,” Ruthie said with a giggle, “but I meet some very nice people too.” She was inching closer to Gainsmill, as if she thought he seemed to be a very nice person indeed. He glanced down again. Her bare breasts were very close to him now. He could reach out and touch them with both hands, if only he dared.

Gainsmill forced his eyes to return to her face. It was a pretty, very girlish-looking face, with big blue eyes, round cheeks, and full, deep pink lips. Gainsmill now thought her the loveliest girl he had ever seen. “Uh, do you ever, um, make use of the facilities there yourself?” he dared to ask.

“Oh, every now and then,” Ruthie said. She rolled her eyes; then she looked straight at him and grinned. “Why do you ask?”

Gainsmill’s rip-roaring desire broke loose. “Oh, I just wondered if you might like to go there with me sometime,” he said, “like maybe right now.”

Ruthie giggled. “Oh, Jim, this is so sudden!” she said. “But I’d love it!” Gainsmill’s eyes darted down yet again. Below her breasts, he could see that her entire bulb, deep red and swollen to the size of a ripe plum, was sticking out beneath the hem of her shorts. Her penis was at least as long as Gainsmill’s, much stouter than his, and incredibly lovely.

“Let’s go, then!” he was just about to say—but an intruder stopped him.

“All right, let’s go, babe,” the intruder said, grabbing Ruthie. “You know that’s against the law.” The intruder was a big female police officer with a bicycle, accompanied by a smaller male one with another bicycle.

Ruthie looked at the officer in shock. “But—but I’m a male!” she protested. “It’s not against the law for me to—to show my bare chest!” Notwithstanding her pro-

test, she pulled her tube top back up over her breasts at once.

“Bullshit,” said the big female. “Hey, Mike, have you got your code book handy?”

She turned away, looking toward the male officer behind her. Swiftly Ruthie pressed her erect penis into hiding between her plump thighs, and tried to stand up straight. It didn’t quite work; her spine was curving more than before, and her big butt was sticking out even more than before, but at least her penis was hidden. She crossed one leg tightly over the other to make sure it would stay hidden.

“It’s right here,” said the male officer. “It says it’s public indecency, a Class 3 misdemeanor, to reveal any part of ‘the female breast’—not ‘the breast of a female’—with less than a fully opaque covering of any part of the nipple. So, if a male has female breasts—which this male definitely does—and shows them off in the nude, that counts.”

“Damn right it counts,” said the female officer. “You’re going to jail, babe.” She handcuffed Ruthie and started to call for a police vehicle to transport her.

“Wait!” the outraged Gainsmill cried out. “Ruthie, I’m an attorney. Here’s my business card.” He pulled out his wallet and gave her a business card. “I’ll help you out.”

Ruthie looked doubtful. “Oh, thank you, Jim,” she said, “but I’m not sure I can afford an attorney.”

“It’s on the house. I’ll do it pro bono,” Gainsmill replied at once. The firm encouraged the attorneys to do a bit of pro bono work now and then, and Gainsmill had been pretty slack about doing any, what with all the billable hours he had to accumulate. This would be a terrific chance to do some, for an incredibly worthy client.

“I’m a big Perry Mason fan,” Gainsmill told her truthfully. “Perry Mason made some of his money from representing wealthy clients in civil matters, and some of his clients in criminal cases paid him pretty well too, so he could afford to handle some criminal cases pro bono. Well, so can I.” Gainsmill failed to mention that, unlike Perry Mason, he had zero experience representing defendants in criminal cases. He figured he could beg for help from “the Oak”—R.B. Oakham, the only attorney at Farquhar, Hardart & Frick who handled

criminal cases. After all, the charge was only a misdemeanor; how hard could it be?

“Give me a call on my cell phone,” Gainsmill said. “The number’s on the card. I’ll be glad to help.”

“Oh, thank you so much, Jim!” Ruthie said, giving him a terrifically beautiful smile. “I’ll call you as soon as I can.”

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I’ve got to see if Ed’s home, Jim Gainsmill thought. Ed Pumphries was Gainsmill’s upstairs neighbor in the same apartment building, and was often amenable to mutual blow jobs. Gainsmill needed relief, as soon as possible, and Pumphries was by far the best bet.

Gainsmill sent Pumphries a quick text message: “Hey Ed—interested?” He knew Pumphries wouldn’t need to ask, “interested in what?” Within a minute or so, he got a response: “Damn right! Come on up!”

Gainsmill came on up. “Oh, man, you’re just in time,” Pumphries said. “I’m horny as hell—and pissed as hell, too! I need relief!” He kissed Gainsmill on the mouth, and his tongue went in deep. Gainsmill could feel Pumphries’s massive eight-inch erection through his pants.

“What are you pissed about?” Gainsmill asked. He didn’t say “What are you pissed about now?” because it would suggest, insultingly but accurately, that Pumphries was almost always pissed about something or other. He did ask, though, because being pissed actually seemed to make Pumphries hornier. Gainsmill had read that Hitler actually underwent orgasms while getting incredibly pissed during speech-making, and he had to wonder if Pumphries was a bit like Hitler in that way—although Pumphries was much more harmless than Hitler, and he didn’t have orgasms until his penis was deep in Gainsmill’s mouth, or at least his hand.

“God-damn Ozzie and Harry again,” Pumphries said. He pointed to a copy of the Pacific Heights Informer, showing photos of what appeared to be a gala same-sex wedding of two men wearing identical tuxedos. “Nobody has any principles any more. In my day, we stood up for progressive principles against the reactionary elements in society. We stood up for freedom from the traditional slavery of marriage. Two totally free, equal,

independent, manly men could be proud of coming together for mutual blow jobs, hand jobs, or cock-rubs, and then going their separate ways, with no idiotic crap about everlasting love and commitment." Pumphries's stout, bearded face twisted in scorn. "Now that's all gone down the drain. Everyone's rushing to go back to the '50s, or the worst reactionary idiocy of the '80s. Everyone's highest ideal in life is to ape Ozzie and Harriet—or Ronald and Nancy Reagan!"

Pumphries was getting good and pissed, all right. Gainsmill knew he would want mutual blow jobs really soon. "Well," Gainsmill said, "at least you and I don't want to ape Ronald and Nancy Reagan." He hardly knew what he was talking about, having been only about two years old when Reagan's last term as President ended. Ed Pumphries was from another generation, at least 20 years older than Jim Gainsmill, and he actually remembered the Reagan years, having been about high-school and college age back then.

"Hell, no," Pumphries agreed. "You and I are about the last of a dying breed. Don't ever change, Jim."

Gainsmill didn't answer. He didn't have to. Pumphries's tongue was in his mouth again, and Pumphries's hands were on his lean, taut, totally manly butt. He did to Pumphries exactly what Pumphries was doing to him, knowing that—aside from getting pissed—the exact symmetry of two totally manly men's sexy deeds was what got Pumphries "hornier than hell" above all else. Pumphries didn't approve of butt-fucking (to take one of a huge number of things he didn't approve of), because he thought it "aped" a traditional man-woman sex act, symptomatic of the slavery of marriage.

Soon the two totally independent, manly men were lying down in the nude, and their penises were in each other's mouths. Pumphries was becoming frantic as Gainsmill licked and sucked his gigantic bulb, which was almost all of his penis that would fit in Gainsmill's mouth. As for Gainsmill, he was thrusting as hard as he could, aiming for an overwhelming orgasm in Pumphries's big mouth—but Pumphries would have been pissed as hell if he could have known what Gainsmill was thinking. Far from paying any attention to how independent, equal, and manly he and Pumphries were, Gainsmill's racing heart was secretly crying out with every thrust, "Ruthie! Oh, my God! Yes! Ruthie!"

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“Ruthie!” Gainsmill said with delight, answering the phone that evening. “Hey, it’s great to hear from you! What’s going on?”

“Oh, I got booked in at the jail, and I bonded out as quick as I could. Now I’ve got a preliminary hearing tomorrow morning at 8:00. Can you be there?”

“You bet.” Gainsmill would e-mail his supervisor at the firm, Bob Ficcollo, and let him know he would be a bit late because of some important pro bono work.

“Thank you so much. I’ll be listed as Rutherford B. Doolittle VI. That’s my legal name.”

“Funny, you don’t look like a Rutherford.”

Ruthie giggled. “I don’t act like one, either,” she assured him, as if he needed any assurance. “I’m sure my great-great-great-grandfather, Rutherford B. Doolittle I, would be horrified at my scandalous conduct. Even my dad, Rutherford B. Doolittle V, wouldn’t be too pleased if he knew all.”

“Well, I’m pretty sure I’d be pleased,” Gainsmill assured her. “Tell me all at an early opportunity. Anything you say will be totally confidential and protected by the attorney-client privilege, you know.”

“Ooh, I’m looking forward to it!” Ruthie’s words were piercing Gainsmill’s heart like Cupid’s arrow. He had to remind himself sternly that an attorney could get in terrifically big trouble for having sex with a client.

“OK, then, see you tomorrow,” Gainsmill said. His penis was erect again, even though he had ejaculated in Ed Pumphries’s mouth not many hours ago. He tried not to think too much about Ruthie’s totally feminine-looking breasts and her stout, excitable penis with its luscious-looking red bulb, but he didn’t succeed.

After the phone call ended, Jim Gainsmill tried to return to the Perry Mason novel he was reading, *The Case of the Deadly Toy*. This was one he’d never read before, even though he had read quite a few Perry Mason novels, Agatha Christie mysteries, and other “old reliables” to keep his brain from overheating while studying for the bar exam, less than three years ago. He wondered what Perry Mason would have done with Ruthie’s case—“*The Case of the Strapless Stripper*,” he thought

with a laugh, imitating the alliterative titles of many of the Mason novels. Mason's specialty was showing that someone other than the obvious suspect had committed the crime, but that wouldn't work here; Gainsmill could hardly prove that someone else, perhaps a real female, was the one whose bare breasts had been revealed. There had to be some way to defend Ruthie successfully, though, and Jim Gainsmill was going to find it—no matter what the cost!

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Before 8:00 next morning, Gainsmill was in the basement of the Seaview County Courthouse, searching the long lists of the misdemeanor defendants by whom he was surrounded. All kinds of people were in the crowded halls, from cute young girls who probably got caught shoplifting, to repellent old men who probably possessed child porn or did some other disgusting thing. Gainsmill found Ruthie's name on the list for Misdemeanor Courtroom 4, and made his way there with the guidance of big overhead signs.

The courtroom was as crowded as the hall, and getting more so. Gainsmill had to scan a great many people from behind, but at last he spotted what looked like Ruthie's chin-length blond hair on a person sitting in the middle of one of the old pew-like benches for people attending the court proceedings. He made his way toward the person as fast as he could. Sure enough, it was Ruthie, wearing a pretty pink dress buttoned up almost to her chin. Beneath it was a bra that made her breasts look slightly bigger than they really were—and Gainsmill vividly remembered exactly how big they really were.

"Hey, Ruthie," Gainsmill called out. Ruthie looked toward him and smiled. "Hi, Jim!" she said. "I'm so glad you could come!"

"So am I," said Gainsmill, trying but failing to avoid thinking of "coming" in the sense of having an orgasm. His penis was getting hard at the very sight of Ruthie, even though her breasts were invisible beneath the bra. He hoped the bulge in his trousers wouldn't become too horribly obvious, but he feared it would.

He squeezed past the other people seated on the same bench and sat down next to Ruthie. It was so crowded that his leg and his arm were pressed tightly against hers. Almost at once his penis was fully erect.

“All rise!” a man in a green Seaview County police uniform called out. “The Seaview County Superior Court, Misdemeanor Division, is now in session, the Honorable Ralph M. Cigarro presiding!”

A big man with a big black moustache and a big frown on his face, wearing a big black robe, swept into the courtroom and sat at the bench in front. “Thank you, you may be seated,” he said in a big, commanding voice. “All right, let’s go.”

“People of the State of Pacificum versus Arthur X. Friggbeame,” a short young man announced; then he read off a forgettable case number. Gainsmill guessed he must be the deputy prosecutor for this courtroom.

“Good morning, Your Honor, Inticus Futch on behalf of the defendant,” said a man almost as big as the judge, in a voice as deep and impressive as his. “We’ll waive formal reading of the charges, enter a plea of not guilty, and ask for a status date two or three weeks out.”

“Very well,” said the judge. “Get your status date from the clerk’s assistant. Next case.”

Gainsmill watched the attorney go over to speak with a young lady at one side of the courtroom, presumably the clerk’s assistant. Hey, great, I can just do the same as he did and get out of here, Gainsmill thought. He was glad the preliminary hearings in Pacificum were nothing like the big California ones in which Perry Mason so often showed who the real guilty party was.

Gainsmill watched the proceedings for a couple of minutes and breathed deeply, hoping his erection would go down. He saw that attorneys were giving little slips of paper, apparently with the names and numbers of their cases, to the deputy prosecutor. When his erection was on its way down at last, he whispered to Ruthie, “I’ll try to get your case called and get you out of here.”

He got up and squeezed past the people again, facing forward so they wouldn’t see the remnant of the bulge in his trousers. He grabbed a blank slip of paper, wrote the name and number of Ruthie’s case on it, and handed it to the deputy prosecutor when he could get his attention. He saw that several other attorneys were waiting ahead of him, and he tried to look like just another one of them.

“People of the State of Pacificum versus Rutherford B. Doolittle VI, case number 42-SU-MI-16249,” the

deputy prosecutor called out at last. Gainsmill stepped up to face the judge while Ruthie squeezed past the people and came forward.

“Good morning, Your Honor, James M. Gainsmill on behalf of the defendant,” Gainsmill said. “We’ll waive formal reading of the charges, enter a plea of not guilty, and ask for a status date two or three weeks out.”

“Very well,” said the judge. “Get your status date from the clerk’s assistant. Next case.”

Gainsmill breathed a silent sigh of relief as he went to get the status date. Soon he and Ruthie were out in the hallway.

“OK, now, we’ll get together soon and discuss your options,” he told the expectant Ruthie, not mentioning that he would have to get some idea what the options were from the Oak before he could tell Ruthie about them. “I’ll give you a call, OK?”

“Fine with me!” Ruthie said. “Just say when!”

“As soon as possible,” Gainsmill assured her most earnestly. He would see her again almost at once, if it was up to him. It would have to be in his office, of course—not only because that was the proper professional place to meet, but also because he would be far too tempted to have sex with this incredibly attractive client if they met anywhere else.

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It was late in the afternoon before Jim Gainsmill got a chance to talk with the Oak. “Hey, Oak,” he then said at once, “have you got a minute to talk about a misdemeanor case I’m handling pro bono?”

“Sure,” said the little balding man with big gray eyes and a big white moustache. “What’s the case about, and how did you get involved in it?”

“Well, it’s a public indecency case, and how I got involved was, I saw this, uh, feminine-looking guy getting arrested for, er, revealing his bare breasts in Grand Stimson Park.” Gainsmill didn’t think he needed to go into what happened before the arrest.

Oakham laughed. “This guy must have had something out of the ordinary to reveal!”

“Well, yeah. One of the officers said he was a male with female breasts.”

“Hmm, so they were just as good as real female breasts for the purpose of arousing excessive interest among male observers?”

It was Gainsmill’s turn to laugh, but he feared he was blushing too. “Well, yeah, I guess they were.” He was perfectly certain they were, but surely he didn’t need to say so.

“Now, there’s an interesting case!” said Oakham. “I gather your client doesn’t want to just plead guilty and admit his breasts are the equivalent of female breasts.”

“No, I’m pretty sure he doesn’t. I’m going to talk with him soon about his options. I was hoping to ask you about them.” It seemed bizarre to talk about Ruthie as “him,” but Gainsmill guessed he would have to get used to it—at least so long as the attorney-client relationship endured.

“Well, in many misdemeanor cases,” Oakham leaned back and said, “the parties can agree on a referral to MDP, the Misdemeanor Diversion Program. What that means is that the defendant pays a fee to the prosecutor’s office, stays out of trouble for a while, and then the case gets dismissed—or it doesn’t get dismissed, if the defendant doesn’t stay out of trouble.”

“So, basically, the defendant pays off the prosecutor to dismiss the charge?” Gainsmill asked, slightly shocked.

“Basically, yes,” Oakham said, “plus, if the defendant doesn’t stay out of trouble, the prosecutor keeps the fee, but the charge doesn’t get dismissed. It’s not a good deal for defendants who aren’t likely to stay out of trouble. For those who are, though, it’s a good deal because it’s often the only way to guarantee they won’t be convicted.”

“Well, I’ll tell my client about it,” Gainsmill said. “What about getting the charge dismissed because my client isn’t a female?”

“Hmm. Who’s the judge?”

“Judge Cigarro.”

“Ugh. Good luck getting him to dismiss any charge at any time. I’m pretty sure he’d say the issue of whether

your client is a male with female breasts is one to be resolved at trial, not on a motion to dismiss.”

“How about asking the prosecutor to dismiss the charge?”

Oakham laughed again, but not because he seemed genuinely amused. “Zero out of one billion chances in hell,” he said. “You’d have to talk to the misdemeanor czarina, Harriet Forridan, about that. She lost her latest husband to a so-called shemale, and she’s out to punish every shemale she sees in retaliation—although of course she doesn’t say that. She takes every case involving a transgendered defendant herself, and she never dismisses them.”

Gainsmill’s anger was rising. “What if I need to take it to trial, then? Should I ask for a jury trial?” His knees were shaking, since he had never handled a jury trial in his life. His days were spent largely in working on motions for summary judgment and other motions in civil cases, and he was afraid he might feel like turning tail and running if he got in front of a jury. He would stick it out, though, if he had to—for Ruthie’s sake.

“Yes, you should,” Oakham said. “That would be your best shot, if you can’t get Misdemeanor Diversion—and frankly, I’ll be mighty surprised if you can. You don’t want a bench trial in front of Cigarro, but he’ll bend over backwards for the defendant in a jury trial, because in trials he lives to avoid getting reversed on appeal, and bending over backwards for the defense is the best way to do that. In a bench trial, he knows he’ll get upheld almost no matter what he does, but not in a jury trial.”

“Well, OK,” Gainsmill said with great reluctance. “I may be asking you some questions about jury trials, then.”

“Any time!” Oakham grinned. “It sounds like a great case! I may come and see the trial myself!”

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“Well, Ruthie,” Jim Gainsmill said at their meeting in his office the next day, “we don’t have a lot of options. I’m pretty sure we can’t get the case dismissed before trial, and you’re not guilty, so the laws of Pacificum wouldn’t allow you to plead guilty even if you wanted to say, ‘I’m not guilty, but please let me plead guilty anyway.’”

“I don’t,” Ruthie assured him. “There’s no need to talk about pleading guilty. So is there going to be a trial?”

“Well, yes, unless I can get you into the Misdemeanor Diversion Program. That’s a program that guarantees you won’t be convicted if you just stay out of trouble and pay a fee. If there’s a trial, there’s a risk you might be convicted.”

Ruthie sighed. “I really don’t want to be convicted,” she said. “Maybe you should give it a try.”

“All right, I will,” Gainsmill said.

This couldn’t be the end of the meeting already. Ruthie was far too lovely. Her face was so fresh, clean, and innocent-looking, and what lay below—especially her cream-colored blouse, through which her low-cut bra could be discerned—was so delicately enticing, that Gainsmill had to keep her here as long as reasonably possible.

“And now, uh, if you’ve got a few minutes, maybe you could give me some—um—background on this remarkable case,” he ventured to say. “Like, uh, how did you get to be who you are today?”

Ruthie laughed. “Do you really want to know my complete personal history?”

“Well, sure, um, I mean, if you want to talk about it.” Gainsmill’s eagerness to hear her talk about it must have been obvious in his eyes and his posture, though not in his burgeoning penis, which was concealed not only by his trousers but by the desk that kept him and Ruthie a proper distance apart.

“Oh, sure, I’d be glad to,” Ruthie said, leaning forward onto her side of the desk as Gainsmill was doing on his. Her breasts were on the desk. He dared not, must not, would not reach out and touch them.

“Well, I guess it all started when I was about 11 or 12,” Ruthie said. “I was incredibly fascinated by girls and, um, it made me really excited to see girls’ breasts. Then I discovered my own breasts were growing bigger than, you know, what a boy was supposed to have. I just couldn’t keep from touching them and, well, pretending I was a girl.”

“I can understand that,” Gainsmill assured her truthfully, his penis fully erect.

“Before too long,” Ruthie went on, “I wanted to have a boyfriend and let him kiss my breasts. I was afraid to do it for a long time because I didn’t know a boy I was sure I could trust—but at last, in high school, I let a boy know my secret. He kissed my breasts and put his hand, uh, between my legs.”

“Lucky guy,” Gainsmill exclaimed most sincerely. His hard penis was throbbing at the thought of doing the same, and more, with Ruthie.

“I guess so,” Ruthie said. “I thought I was in love with him, but—well, before too long he got tired of me. Then I found out he’d told other boys about what we did, and they started wanting to do it too.”

“What an idiot,” Gainsmill said.

“Yes,” Ruthie agreed, “but so was I, for thinking he wouldn’t tell—and I guess for thinking I was in love with him too. I never did it with any of the other boys who wanted to, because I knew they weren’t in love with me, and I wasn’t with them.”

What if you were in love with me, and I was in love with you? Gainsmill couldn’t say it, of course, not now; it would be wretchedly improper. Still, his heart was beating so hard he had to force himself not to say the words. Ever since he himself was 11 or 12, the thought of being in love with a girl had haunted his heart. He had beaten it off, beaten it away, with masturbation and blow jobs and intercourse with women he didn’t love—even if he falsely said he did love them, to get them to do it with him. Now, in the presence of this girl so lovely it seemed impossible she could be a male, he could beat it away no longer.

He came as close as he dared to saying the words—too close, he feared. “Uh, so, did you ever find a guy who was really in love with you, and you were with him?”

“No,” Ruthie admitted. “I kind of gave up. When I went to the U, I started wearing girls’ clothes in public and hoping some guy would fall in love with me. A lot of them only wanted sex with me instead, and I guess I decided that was the best I was going to get. So, I figured I might as well go to the Sex Act Center, where it was totally anonymous, and give up all hope of finding the love of my life.”

You’ve found him! It’s me! I’m right here in front of you! Gainsmill’s heart was screaming. He strangled the

words in his throat. He would say them, yes, as soon as he could, but he couldn't say them here and how.

Jim Gainsmill breathed deeply and looked away from Ruthie. He must save her, his heart was demanding—not only from going to jail, but from despair of finding the love of her life. He began to imagine that, no matter how pissed Ed Pumphries might get about it, he was actually going to ask Ruthie to marry him when he was free to ask. Feelings of tender love for her were overwhelming him at the very thought. Ruthie might even be the perfect wife for him, he fancied. After all, how was a bisexual like himself supposed to fulfill all his needs in one marriage, if not by marrying a lovely, totally feminine woman who was secretly a male?

“Well, uh, thank you very much for telling me all this, Ruthie,” Gainsmill said. “I have to say, uh, I hope I'll still be seeing you after our attorney-client relationship comes to an end.” Pre-coital fluid was spurting out of his penis as he spoke. He tried to exercise rigid self-control to keep from ejaculating in his trousers.

“Oh, so do I!” Ruthie said with a big smile. Gainsmill's heart was hers, totally hers. He had to marry her—but first he had to keep her out of jail, no matter what.

“Um, well,” Gainsmill said, “I guess it will come to an end really soon if I can just get you into the Misdemeanor Diversion Program. I'll set up an appointment with the prosecutor as soon as possible and see about doing that.”

“Thank you so much, Jim!” Ruthie said. Gainsmill was forced to imagine that her heart was beating as hard for him as his was for her.

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“Bullfuck!” cried the misdemeanor czarina, Harriet Forridan, when Gainsmill proposed putting Ruthie in the Misdemeanor Diversion Program. “Over my dead fucking body!”

Gainsmill stared at her, almost in disbelief. Her dark, angry eyes stared back at him from within her thin, heavily lined, aging face, beneath her short jet-black hair. Her language forced him to imagine her engaging in sexual intercourse after death. He pressed his lips together tightly so he wouldn't laugh.

“Let me get this straight,” the czarina declaimed. “This fucking shemale shows off her tits, which look identical to a female’s tits, and practically begs any male who sees her, Fuck me! Fuck me right here in the park in front of everybody!—and you think I’m going to put her on MDP? Buddy, if you think that, your brain needs a total fucking overhaul!”

Gainsmill sat silent, not convinced it was his own brain that needed the overhaul. The czarina grabbed a printed form, scribbled some words on it, and thrust it at Gainsmill. “Here’s your plea deal. Take it or leave it. It’s for 60 days executed. It’s a good deal, because the max is 90. If you go to trial, I’ll ask for 90, and I’ll get it.”

Gainsmill, outraged, stared at her; then he looked away. “My client,” he said slowly, “has already made it clear that, uh, he is not interested in pleading guilty.” Should he, he wondered, rip the plea offer to shreds in front of the czarina’s eyes? He knew it would make her even more pissed, and yet he couldn’t resist. He ripped it, again and again and again, and tossed it in the wastebasket. “I’ll see you at the trial,” he said with as much suave coolness as he could muster, which wasn’t much.

“You sure as fuck will,” the czarina retorted, “and your client is going to jail for 90 fucking days!”

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Jim Gainsmill’s six-day work weeks turned into almost seven-day weeks as the trial approached. For Ruthie’s sake he worked harder than ever, in hope of mastering the intricacies of opposing the czarina’s pre-trial motions, selecting a jury, and trying a case, with a bit of much-appreciated help from Oakham.

Every Sunday afternoon, though, he squeezed out a little time to visit with Ruthie, in a place where they would be sure not to have sex—the library, the state historical museum, the capitol building. They walked and talked, looked and laughed, not even touching each other, with Ruthie always wearing decent feminine attire, and Gainsmill grew ever more deeply in love with her. Fantasies from olden times—of the knight in shining armor saving the damsel in distress, the Western lawman conquering the badman who abducted the innocent maiden for vicious purposes, and the like—rose up in Gainsmill’s heart every time. The fantasies always ended in the same way: the good, strong

man (Gainsmill) sought the lovely lady's hand in marriage, and the lovely lady (Ruthie) ardently responded, "Yes!" Every week after they parted, though, Gainsmill's desire for Ruthie was so intense that he had to seek relief in mutual blow jobs or hand jobs with Ed Pumphries.

So full of activity were Gainsmill's days that he had little time to think about the implications of a few questions from Fiona Flagtree, a reporter for the Pacific Heights Informer, about the upcoming trial. He answered the questions offhand in an unguarded moment, and then almost forgot about them—until the reporter's big article appeared.

"Bare-breast trial tests limits of law," the headline read, almost as if Ruthie's bare breasts were to be on display at the trial. From reading the article, a person might have thought this was one of the most significant cases in the legal history of the State of Pacificum.

"It may seem incredible in this day and age," the article began, "but outrageous discrimination between males and females may still be enshrined in the law of Pacificum, to this very day. A little-noticed case, coming to trial next Tuesday in the Seaview County Courthouse, Misdemeanor Courtroom 4, brings this unfairness into unforgettable focus.

"Rutherford B. Doolittle VI, the defendant, is a male with beautiful, feminine-looking breasts. He is charged with revealing them, totally bare, in the midst of a thick crowd of people in Grand Stimson Park.

"A female with identical-looking breasts, under the law as it now exists, would unquestionably commit the crime of public indecency by doing exactly the same thing. Yet Doolittle has dared to plead not guilty and go to trial, solely because of his privileged status as a male."

Shock and anger suffused Jim Gainsmill through and through, especially when he read on: "Doolittle's attorney, James M. Gainsmill of the high-powered law firm of Farquhar, Hardart & Frick, has admitted as much. 'My client,' Gainsmill says, 'is a male. The law, as it is written, applies to female breasts, not to male breasts. All we are asking is that the law be enforced as it is written, and not as it is not written."

"This is an outrage," retorts women's-rights advocate Carmen Oriflamme. "As a woman, I should have every right to reveal my bare breasts in public just as a male can. This law is a relic of the Dark Ages, when

women were confined in dungeons and burned at the stake for daring to express their sexuality.’

“There is no question,’ says Chief of Police Gunnar D. Robursson, ‘that the public-safety implications are the same when female-looking breasts are revealed in public, regardless of whether they technically belong to a male or a female. In either case, there is the same danger that putting the breasts up for public view will lead to unsafe or illegal consequences.’

“Some people may imagine,’ says leading surgeon Dr. Richard Oglestone, ‘that only females have female breasts, and males do not. Medically, this is not correct. In the medical condition known as gynecomastia, a name derived from the Greek words for woman’s breasts, a male may actually develop female breasts.’

Gainsmill was horrified to find himself becoming almost convinced. Ruthie’s breasts were indeed so womanly that anyone who did not see her penis, or hear her not-quite-feminine voice, surely could not tell the difference. Only Gainsmill’s grim determination to keep his beloved Ruthie out of jail, by any means necessary, kept him from succumbing to the siren’s lure—the seemingly obvious truth that Ruthie, though a male in reality, had female breasts.

He did not have time to finish the article. The Oak burst into his office holding a copy of the Informer. “Have you seen this?” he demanded to know, showing Gainsmill the article.

“I’m reading it right now,” said Gainsmill, who had been reading it on the Informer’s website.

“That stinking, cheating cunt!” cried Oakham—shocking Gainsmill as much as the article had done, for the Oak rarely used such language. “This is a new low for her! It’s not the first time she’s done something like this, though. She’s sneaked prejudicial publicity into the Informer before, when she was going all out to win a case that she was blowing way out of proportion. Of course her pet reporter on the Informer, Fiona Flagtree, plays along and pretends she has no idea where it came from—although how the hell would she find out about a few little misdemeanor cases, among thousands of others, if somebody on the inside didn’t tell her?”

“Harriet is obviously hoping she can roll right over you and you’ll never know what hit you. Well, this means war! You don’t mind if I do a little more pro bono work on your case to help you out, do you, Jim?”

“Hey, no, I don’t mind at all! That would be terrific!”

“OK, then. Now, I don’t think Harriet will call this Oriflamme female to say women should get to bare their breasts in public, but I’m pretty sure this article means she’s actually going to call the chief of police and the Moob Doc to say the same crap they’re quoted as saying.”

“Um, the Moob Doc?” asked Gainsmill.

Oakham’s eyes widened. “Yeah, you haven’t seen his ads on TV?”

“No, I don’t watch commercial TV.”

“Well, I guess you’re not missing a lot, but you’re missing the Moob Doc’s ads. They’re pretty hard-hitting. They practically come right out and tell guys with ‘moobs,’ short for ‘man-boobs,’ that they’re going to get raped up the butt and things like that if they don’t get surgery from the Moob Doc.”

“That’s sickening,” Gainsmill said, horrified at the thought of Ruthie’s lovely breasts being surgically mutilated. “But hey, if he testifies, I can impeach him for bias, right? He’s got a strong financial motive for claiming males can have female breasts, to embarrass them into getting surgery.”

“Yeah, that’s right!” the Oak said approvingly. “You’re catching on fast! Now let’s discuss this case in detail!”

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“How about the art museum?” Jim Gainsmill asked Ruthie on Sunday afternoon. From their past conversations, he knew that Ruthie loved art and music, and she was pretty well informed about them too. She was obviously much more intelligent and educated than your average receptionist, Gainsmill imagined. She was incredibly sweet and lovely and kind-hearted, too. Gainsmill was going to ask her to marry him for sure, as soon as possible after the trial.

“Ooh, I think it would be more exciting,” Ruthie said, “to look at some art books in the library. I’d like to show you some of my favorites.”

“OK, then,” said Gainsmill. “I’d love to see them.”

He could hardly love to see pictures in art books more than he loved to see Ruthie herself. Gainsmill thought as they rode the trolley-bus down the steep hill toward downtown. Today, unlike past Sundays, she was wearing a white sleeveless top that showed some of her feminine-looking cleavage, and a short pink skirt that displayed generous portions of her plump, pretty legs. Gainsmill's leg was pressed tightly against Ruthie's, just as it had been at the preliminary hearing, and his penis was hard again. He had to force himself to remember they must not have sex until after the trial—shortly after, he fervently hoped.

At the library, Ruthie showed Gainsmill almost nothing but pictures of beautiful bare-breasted women in art books, starting with collections of paintings by Renoir and Ingres. Then she showed him one he had never looked at before, Sister Wendy's 1000 Masterpieces.

"Some of my greatest inspirations are in here," she said. Expertly she flipped through the pages, seeming to know by heart the location of every picture of a bare-breasted beauty. "Here's one that reminds me of myself in my younger years." She showed him a picture of a near-nude girl with bare budding breasts, so young that it would unquestionably be illegal to get sexy with her, but not too young for her to indulge in flagrant temptation of men.

"I wish I could have seen you back then," Gainsmill told her most earnestly, "although I probably would have wanted to do something totally illegal."

Ruthie laughed. "Ooh, you mean you would have wanted to be my boyfriend?"

"You bet!"

"Well, maybe it's not too late." Their legs were touching under the table. She touched her thigh with her hand; then, for an incredible instant, she squeezed his penis through his pants.

"Oh, my God! No, it's too early!" Gainsmill cried. "Don't do that again until after the trial!"

"Well, all right, if you insist." Ruthie removed her hand and flipped through the book again. "Here's one of my very favorites," she said, showing him a picture called "Young Girl Defending Herself Against Eros." It showed a dark-haired, smiling beauty with luscious bare breasts, holding a nude Cupid at arm's length as he prepared to stab her in the heart with an arrow. "Is-

n't that the most bogus resistance you ever saw?" Ruthie asked with a giggle. "Here's this girl who's practically in the nude, grinning at Cupid and really doing nothing to keep him from stabbing her in the heart! Can you believe that?"

"That's incredible, all right," Gainsmill dutifully said—but, in reality, he could well believe it. His own resistance to having sex with his lovely client, he feared, was just as bogus as the near-nude beauty's resistance to Cupid. If only he could get away with it, he feared, he would do it, without waiting for the trial. Only his flimsy expectation that he would not get away with it, and would get in terrifically big trouble, kept him from seeking sex with Ruthie underneath the library table right now.

"Here's one of the sexiest," Ruthie said, showing him a picture called "Perseus Rescuing Andromeda." It showed a nearly nude, red-haired young lady with very small bare breasts, her nipples erect, looking upward toward an armored man on a flying horse, descending to kill a dragon with a sword. The picture unmistakably suggested that the young lady was well prepared to have intercourse with the man as soon as he could kill the dragon and strip off his armor.

"That's great," Gainsmill said. He laughed. "That's you and me! I'm going to save you from the misdemeanor dragon, and then—well, you know, we'll see." We'll get married, he thought but did not say.

He looked at the picture again. "Her breasts are smaller than yours," he said. "Let's hope the police didn't get any photos of yours, or we'll have a tough time arguing that it wasn't against the law for you to show yours, when it sure would have been for this Andromeda to show hers."

"I don't think they got any," Ruthie said. "I pulled my top back up quick. But I'm not sure no one else got a picture of me while it was down."

"Well, if they did, we'll deal with it—and we'll still win," Gainsmill assured her, hoping fervently that it was true.

"Ooh, you'll be my hero!" Ruthie gushed, putting her hand on his shoulder for a brief, tender, unforgettable moment. Gainsmill's heart almost burst with heroic pride and manly love, just like in his fantasies.

She flipped through the pages again. "Isn't this one exciting?" she asked, showing him a picture of Cupid

caressing Venus's nude breast, ready to kiss her, and with his big butt sticking way out, poised for sexy action.

"Oh, Ruthie, it's too exciting," Gainmill protested. His penis was protesting too, spurting pre-coital fluid and straining to escape the stern confines of his will. "Maybe we shouldn't look at any more of these right now."

"Well, all right." Ruthie sighed. "But let me just show you one more of my favorites. This one doesn't have any nudity."

She turned to a picture called "The Stolen Kiss" by Fragonard. It did nothing to relieve Gainmill's excitement, to say the very least. It showed exactly what the title implied, a man stealing a kiss from a woman who seemed afraid they would be discovered.

"Um, is this one of your greatest inspirations too?" Gainmill asked. The bonds of his will were breaking. He was going to steal a kiss too, right here in the library, if Ruthie gave him even the least bit of encouragement.

She gave him more than that: a big smile, and the murmured words, "Try me and see."

Gainmill's eyes frantically darted back and forth, trying to see whether anyone was looking. He had to believe no one was. His lips met Ruthie's, and her tongue met his. Deeply their tongues delved into each other's mouths. He had to let her go, he desperately thought—and yet he could not bear to keep from going farther. He reached beneath her low neckline, pressed his fingers under the edge of her bra, and caressed her erect nipple. Far from offering even the most bogus resistance, she encouraged him by pressing his hand with her own through her clothing, right there in the library.

The dam was breaking. Gainmill's will was powerless. His mouth was stuck to Ruthie's, and his hand to her bare breast, by a force far stronger than any fear. Only the knowledge that he could not resist the urge to ejaculate in his pants, that his pants were already wet with semen and were getting wetter by the second, kept him from begging Ruthie for secret sex that very day and hour, in defiance of the legal profession's grim prohibition.

"Oh, my God!" he gasped. "Uh—to be continued, after you're found not guilty!"

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The fateful day and hour had come. The courtroom was packed, no doubt largely with people who had read about the trial in the *Informer*—including the Oak. Judge Cigarro had finished up a few short hearings before beginning the jury trial. Now his voice boomed out, “The People of the State of Pacificum versus Rutherford B. Doolittle VI, case number 42-SU-MI-16249. Are the People ready for trial?”

“Yes, Your Honor,” said Harriet Forridan, her eyes blazing with indignation.

“Is the Defendant ready for trial?”

“Yes, Your Honor,” said Jim Gainsmill. Ruthie rose to stand beside him. A man’s dark gray suit and subdued tie almost completely disguised her feminine figure. Gainsmill’s ardor for his lady love, he knew, must be equally well disguised by professional propriety—until after the trial.

“Very well,” said the judge. “Are the prospective jurors present and accounted for?”

“Yes, Your Honor,” said a woman in a county police uniform.

“Very well.” The judge began to instruct the prospective jurors. Gainsmill looked them over, keeping his pile of juror questionnaires close at hand. He knew, from his discussions with Oakham, that the czarina was going to want female jurors. They would either think it unfair that they didn’t get to reveal their bare breasts, like Carmen Oriflamme, or else they would probably disapprove of revealing anything that even looked like bare female breasts, so in either event they would be hostile toward Ruthie. Gainsmill himself, on the other hand, was going to want male jurors, who would probably see nothing wrong with a fellow male getting nude above the waist—even, or especially, if the fellow male had something very special to reveal. Both Gainsmill and the czarina would have to struggle frantically to come up with purportedly gender-neutral reasons for selecting jurors of the gender they favored.

Gainsmill tried to pretend he was Perry Mason, with all the impressive characteristics of Mason as famously played by Raymond Burr, and all the daring of the wild and crazy Mason portrayed by Warren William in the 1930s movies—as well as the suave coolness and in-

vincibility of Mason in the books, who was not quite like either of the actors, though he was more like William than Burr. For the love of Ruthie, he was going to be invincible indeed—no matter what the misdemeanor czarina threw in his way.

The time came to select the jury. The czarina started trying to cheat right away. “Do any of you,” she asked the first six prospective jurors, “think there is anything wrong with the law that prohibits revealing bare breasts in public?”

She had to be stopped, at once. “Objection, Your Honor,” Gainsmill protested. “The jurors’ personal opinions about the wisdom or unwisdom of our laws are irrelevant. What matters is simply whether they can and will follow the existing law, in accordance with the court’s instructions.”

“Sustained,” said Judge Cigarro, frowning at the czarina.

Gainsmill knew he wasn’t supposed to try to get the jurors to agree with him at this stage. He confined himself to asking whether they would follow the existing law whether they agreed with it or not, and whether they would give the defendant the benefit of any reasonable doubt, and things of that kind. Only if a juror gave some definite indication of questionable or hostile thinking did he follow up with specific questions.

When the time came for the first round of strikes, Gainsmill successfully challenged a couple of female jurors for cause. One of them, holding Oriflamme-like views, had expressed hostility toward “shemales” as unfair competitors, if they got to crowd out real females from males’ attentions by showing off their bare breasts with impunity. The other had maintained that indecency was indecency, whether it was a male or a female who displayed female-looking breasts.

What was more, Gainsmill aggressively attacked the czarina’s challenges to male jurors, forcing her to come up with supposedly gender-neutral reasons that were often weak to the point of silliness. Judge Cigarro didn’t buy most of them. When the first round was done, three males and only one female were seated for the six-person misdemeanor jury.

Two more prospective jurors were escorted up. Gainsmill’s heart leaped for joy when he saw one of them, a fat guy wearing a T-shirt that showed his breasts were even bigger than Ruthie’s. This guy would be sure to sympathize with Ruthie, Gainsmill hoped.

He would go all out to try to keep the czarina from striking him.

She struck hard at first, and missed. After trying as hard as she could, and failing, to elicit some indication of actual bias from the fat man, she told the judge at the bench, "I want the fat guy off for cause. Look at those tits. He's sure to be biased in favor of another guy with oversized tits."

"Your Honor!" Gainsmill cried, but softly, so the jurors supposedly couldn't hear. "I object! That's—that's just wrong! It can no more be presumed that a male with the condition known as 'gynecomastia' will be biased in favor of another male with that condition, than that a—a white person will be biased in favor of another white person, or a female in favor of another female!"

"Defense counsel is correct," said Judge Cigarro, cutting off the czarina from saying any more. "I'll overrule the challenge for cause."

"All right, then I want him out on a peremptory," the czarina insisted.

Now Gainsmill had to think fast and be creative. "Your Honor," he said slowly, "this challenge arises from gender discrimination. It could not be imagined that a female, with breasts identical in appearance to those of this prospective juror, would be subject to a challenge of any kind because of her breasts. This juror is being challenged only because he is a male. If counsel for the People disagrees, let her produce a gender-neutral reason for a peremptory challenge, and then let the court determine whether it is merely a pretext for discrimination."

"He's too fat," the czarina said. "That's gender-neutral. Obesity has been shown to be correlated with mental abnormalities and character disorders."

"Pretext for discrimination," Gainsmill shot back. "There were two fat females she didn't strike." It was true. One was the female who had been selected, and the other was the one with the Oriflamme-like views. Gainsmill had made sure to get the czarina to say that one was OK with her.

"I'll find that the proposed peremptory challenge is discriminatory," said the judge, "and disallow it."

Harriet Forridan was pissed to the maximum, and her face showed it. Gainsmill discreetly smiled. He had won the first battle, the battle of jury selection. The

other prospective juror was a female, a shy-looking, mousy little one, but Gainsmill did not oppose her. She actually seemed willing to give Ruthie a fair trial, and that was all that would be needed.

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“Ladies and gentlemen,” the misdemeanor czarina said after the judge had sworn the jurors in and instructed them, “as Judge Cigarro has instructed you, the Constitution of the State of Pacificum makes you the judges of both the law and the facts in this case. The facts, on the surface, are simple: the defendant is a male, but was dressed as a female, and revealed his, or her, bare breasts in public. Those breasts looked absolutely identical to female breasts. The law unquestionably prohibits the display of bare female breasts in public. The question for you to answer, as judges of both the law and the facts, is whether that law applies to breasts identical in appearance to female breasts. In other words, the question is whether a male may actually have female breasts, for purposes of the law against the public display of bare female breasts.

“The People of the State of Pacificum maintain that the answer to that question is yes, without a doubt. The evidence will prove to you that the answer to that question is yes, without a doubt. You will hear evidence that, for public safety purposes, there is absolutely no difference between a female breast and an identical-looking breast that happens to be possessed by a male. You will hear medical evidence proving that a male may actually have female breasts. You will be convinced that the defendant is guilty, beyond a reasonable doubt, of public indecency, a Class 3 misdemeanor.”

The czarina sat down. Her fists were clenched. Jim Gainsmill rose to speak.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he said, “one of the most fundamental principles of the law, which you are sworn to apply, is that of fair notice regarding what conduct is permitted, and what conduct is prohibited. You have a right to be told, ahead of time, what you can legally do and what you cannot. The Constitutions of the United States and of the State of Pacificum require that no ex post facto law shall ever be passed. What this means is that, if you have not been fairly informed ahead of time that a certain act would be illegal, you cannot later be punished for doing that act. What this means in the

case you are to decide today is that, if a male has not been fairly informed ahead of time that it would be illegal to reveal his breasts, which he very reasonably believes are male breasts, then he cannot be punished by someone who comes along after the fact and says, 'No, your breasts look too much like female breasts, and we say they are female breasts, so it was illegal for you to reveal them.'

"Objection!" the czarina cried out. "Misleading the jury! This is totally irrelevant!"

"Overruled," said Judge Cigarro. "Counsel is stating a valid theory of defense."

"We do not agree," Gainsmill went on, "that the defendant does have female breasts in reality, even if observers may have thought they resembled female breasts in appearance." Exercising self-control as rigid as that of Raymond Burr playing Perry Mason, Gainsmill almost succeeded in excluding from his mind the very thought that he himself had been such an observer, by means of touch as well as sight, and had been gripped to the core by the extreme resemblance. "And that brings up another of the fundamental principles of law, ladies and gentlemen—one so fundamental that we might take it for granted, if not for all the jokes about lying lawyers and legal fictions. That fundamental principle is that the law is about reality, and not about mere appearance." He hoped the czarina would object again, so she would look even more foolish, but she did not.

"But even if fantasy were to come true, and the defendant were somehow found to have genuine female breasts," he concluded, "the evidence will show that the defendant, as a male, never received fair notice that he did have female breasts, or that any male could have female breasts. He thought he was simply doing something that it is perfectly legal for every male to do, under the law as it now exists. He did not knowingly or intentionally display any bare female breasts. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, you must find the defendant not guilty."

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"I received a report of a female revealing her bare breasts in Grand Stimson Park," said the big female officer who had arrested Ruthie, Officer Clintella Jones. "I proceeded to the area of the reported offense with my

bike patrol partner, Officer Mike Frogmorton. I observed what appeared to be a blond-haired female in a white tube top and pink shorts. The tube top was pulled down so that her bare breasts were fully visible.”

“From looking at that person’s breasts,” the czarina asked, “did you have any doubt that they were female breasts?”

“None.”

“Did you discover that this person with female breasts was, in reality, a male?”

“Yes. I observed that the person had a penis, the end of which was sticking out below the hem of the person’s shorts, which were extremely short. After I turned my back for a second to speak with Officer Frogmorton, however, I observed that the person had hidden the penis between the person’s legs.”

“If not for the penis, could you have told from looking that the person was not a female?”

“Absolutely not.”

“Do you see that person in the courtroom?”

“Yes. It’s the blond-haired person sitting at the defense table.”

“Let the record reflect that the witness has identified the defendant.”

“All right,” said the judge.

“Did all this happen here in the City of Pacific Heights, County of Seaview, State of Pacificum?”

“Yes, it did.”

“Thank you. No further questions.”

“Any questions, Mr. Gainsmill?” asked Judge Cigarro.

Gainsmill tried to think what Perry Mason would have done. He probably would have smiled, with total confidence, and said, “No questions.” Gainsmill did.

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The czarina's questioning of Officer Frogmorton was much more unexpected. "Officer Frogmorton," she asked after a few questions about his observations at the scene and his identification of the defendant, "are you a homosexual or bisexual?"

"No!" the short male officer exclaimed. "I'm a heterosexual!"

"Have you ever acquired an erection from looking at what you knew to be a male's bare chest?"

"Never."

"Have you ever acquired an erection from looing at a female's bare breasts?"

"Yes, certainly."

The czarina moved in for what she evidently believed to be the kill. "Did you acquire an erection," she asked, "from looking at the defendant's breasts?"

"Yes, I did."

"Thank you. No further questions."

Gainsmill thought fast. "Officer Frogmorton," he asked, "have you ever gotten an erection from looking at a picture of a female's bare breasts?"

"Objection, irrelevant," the czarina protested.

"Your Honor," Gainsmill said smoothly, just as Mason would have done, "if you'll allow me a little latitude, the relevance will quickly become apparent."

"Oh, all right," said Judge Cigarro. "Overruled."

"You bet!" said Officer Frogmorton after Gainsmill repeated the question. "I have to admit I'm a regular reader of Pumphouse magazine—and, uh, not only for the articles."

"From a painting or a sculpture showing a female's breasts, if it was a good enough imitation of the real thing, could you also get an erection?"

"Well, sure."

"But in reality, a painting or a sculpture, or a photograph of a female's bare breasts is not the same as the

actual bare breasts of a female. Isn't that right? They just look like the real thing, but they're not?"

"Unfortunately, that's right," the officer agreed.

"And the same could be true of the defendant's breasts, couldn't it? They just look like female breasts, but in reality they're not?"

The officer hesitated for a second, but then plunged ahead. "No way," he insisted. "Those were real female breasts, even though he was a male."

"How do you know?"

"I already told you. I am not a homosexual or bisexual. This was no painting or sculpture, it was a real person with real bare breasts—and they were female breasts, because only female breasts give me erections!"

"Is that all?"

"Yeah, that's all."

"All right. No further questions."

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"For public-safety purposes," said the chief of police—whom the czarina had called to testify, as Oakham had predicted—"there is no difference between the public display of a bare female breast and an identical-looking breast that happens to be possessed by a male. Both have exactly the same tendency to lead to unsafe or illegal consequences, in the form of disruption and distraction of traffic, sexual assaults, and much more."

"Why is that?"

"Well, because both have the same tendency to arouse erections in men. And when men get erections, their behavior often becomes erratic, sometimes extremely so. That is why, in the eyes of the law, a male must be considered to have female breasts if his breasts have the same tendency to arouse erections in men as do the actual breasts of a female."

"Do they both have the same tendency to produce harmful effects upon family life?"

“Absolutely. If anything, the tendency is greater when the possessor of the breasts is a male. You see, married men often fear that sexual involvement with another woman will lead the other woman to make unwanted emotional demands upon them. That fear is lessened in the case of involvement with a so-called ‘shemale’ who, in reality, is a male, but looks like a female.”

“I’ll object and move to strike that answer,” Gainsmill said with a smile. “The witness has not been qualified as an expert on sexual psychology.”

“Sustained, answer will be stricken,” said Judge Cigarro.

“No further questions,” said the czarina.

“Chief Robursson,” Gainsmill said, “as the chief of police, you’re required to have a pretty fair knowledge of the law, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I am,” said the chief.

“Where in the law, if anywhere, does it say that a male must be considered to have female breasts if his breasts have the same tendency to arouse erections in men as do the actual breasts of a female?”

“It doesn’t need to say so. It’s a matter of plain common sense. Some things are too obvious to need to be said in the law.”

“So it doesn’t say that anywhere.”

“Objection, asked and answered,” said the czarina.

“Sustained,” said the judge after a moment’s hesitation.

“Then the law has no standards by which a male could evaluate his own breasts and say, ‘OK, these are male breasts, it’s OK to reveal them in public,’ or ‘oops, these are female breasts, I’ve got to keep them covered up.’”

“It’s not a matter of evaluating his own breasts. If he really wanted to know, he could conduct a survey, or something like that. Send out pictures of his bare breasts on the Internet, and see if heterosexual men reported that they got erections from looking at them.”

“So, all on his own, he could never know.”