

The Case of the Strapless Stripper

and other short stories



Dulci Daily



A "Spectrum Tv" Novel



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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.”

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!”

"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!

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.

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!”

“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.

"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!”

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!”

“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 misdeemeanor 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!"

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.

“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."

"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.

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."

"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.”

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

“Sustained,” the judge repeated.

“Thank you, chief,” said Gainsmill. “No further questions.”

“Dr. Oglestone,” Gainsmill said after the czarina put on her show with the Moob Doc, “you testified that, in the condition known as gynecomastia, a male actually has female breasts.”

“Yes, that’s correct.”

“Now, correct me if I’m wrong—but I’m thinking you surely didn’t mean a person who otherwise is male all over, with male DNA and everything, would have female DNA in his breasts. You didn’t mean that, did you?”

The big doctor smiled. “No, it’s not a matter of female DNA. Medically, what matters is diagnosis and treatment. The diagnosis ordinarily arises when a male patient complains of having female breasts. The treatment ordinarily consists of surgery to turn the female breasts into male breasts. In principle, it’s the same as turning a male into a female, or a female into a male, by means of surgery and hormone treatment—although it’s a much simpler procedure.”

“So, if a male doesn’t complain about having female breasts, there’s no diagnosis that he does have them?”

“No, there would still be a potential for such a diagnosis if he did have them, but there would be no actual diagnosis.”

“And without an actual diagnosis, you would have no medical basis for saying that a certain male had female breasts?”

“That’s correct.”

“You have not diagnosed the defendant as having female breasts?”

“No, because the defendant has made no complaint to me that he did have them.”

Gainsmill grinned, but promptly erased the grin. He knew, what the jury would never know, that the czarina had filed a pretrial motion to compel Ruthie to submit to a diagnosis of her breasts—but Gainsmill had successfully opposed the motion, and the czarina had been ordered not to mention the matter at trial.

“You have not seen the defendant’s breasts?”

“No, I certainly have not.”

“So, to the best of your knowledge, there is no medical basis for saying the defendant does have female breasts.”

“In the absence of a diagnosis, that is correct.”

Gainsmill wondered whether he should try to impeach the doctor’s credibility by asking how much money he made from mutilating men’s lovely female-looking breasts (although he wouldn’t use those exact words)—but he decided against it. The doctor had said everything Gainsmill needed him to say. He remembered some sound advice from a famous trial lawyer he had seen in law school: ask needed questions, get needed answers, and “then stop. Stop. STOP!!!”

Gainsmill stopped. “No further questions,” he said.

“The People rest, Your Honor,” said the czarina.

“Does the defense have any evidence?” the judge asked.

“Yes, Your Honor. The defense will call Rutherford B. Doolittle VI.”

Ruthie, still in her male disguise, arose and went to the witness stand. Gainsmill had thoroughly discussed the question of whether Ruthie should testify, with her and with Oakham. She had no prior convictions that could be used for impeachment, and Oakham thought she would make a sympathetic witness in the eyes of any jurors who weren’t loathers of so-called shemales. The czarina would undoubtedly try to rip her to shreds on cross-examination—but that might just backfire, and blow up in the czarina’s face.

“Sir,” Gainsmill called her with a perfectly straight face, “Please state your name for the record.”

“Rutherford B. Doolittle VI.”

“Are you a resident of the City of Pacific Heights, County of Seaview, State of Pacificum?”

“Yes, I am.”

“What is your occupation?”

“I’m a receptionist.”

Gainsmill did not ask her where she was a receptionist. “On Sunday, July 20, 2014, were you in Grand Stimson Park on the Capitoline Hill in Pacific Heights?”

“Yes, I was.”

Gainsmill swallowed hard. The memory must not be allowed to give him an erection now, or to fuddle his mind. He tried to conjure up Raymond Burr as Perry Mason, who presumably never got erections during trials. “How were you dressed?” he asked in a bland, toneless, totally professional voice.

“Well, I was wearing a ladies’ tube top and shorts.”

“Is that your normal attire when you go for a walk in the park?”

“Yes, that kind of thing.”

“You are a male, but you are accustomed to wear women’s clothes in public?”

”Yes.”

Gainsmill swallowed again. “Did there come a time,” he asked, trying to keep his voice perfectly steady, “when you pulled down the top edge of your tube top, so as to—er—reveal your bare breasts?”

“Yes.”

“Were you aware that your breasts might be mistaken for—for female breasts?”

“Yes, I was,” Ruthie was blushing, and she too was having a hard time keeping her voice steady.

“Now, Mr. Doolittle,” Gainsmill asked, in a tone approaching that of grim severity, “what was your reason for doing such a thing?”

“It was just a joke!” Ruthie said. “I just thought it would be fun. And—well, I saw a nice-looking man

looking at me, and I just thought I'd give him an eye-ful."

Gainsmill clenched his teeth, but kept his lips pressed tight so they wouldn't show. No one must suspect that he himself was that nice-looking man.

"Did you know it was against the law to display the bare female breast in public?" he asked when he could bring himself to unclench his teeth.

"Well, of course."

"Did it occur to you that you might be breaking that law?"

"No, of course not! I do know I'm really a male, not a female. I was just pretending, just like when I wore the ladies' clothes."

"What was your reaction when you were accused of breaking the law?"

"Well, I couldn't believe it. I was totally shocked."

"Did you utter any protest?"

"Objection, Your Honor!" cried the czarina. "The question calls for a self-serving out-of-court statement, which is inadmissible under the hearsay rule, even if offered by the defendant while testifying."

Gainsmill was prepared for this. "Your Honor," he said, "the defendant's protest would be admissible as an excited utterance. The defendant was under the stress of a very shocking event, that of being accused of a crime for engaging in conduct he believed to be totally lawful, and there was no opportunity for reflective thought such as could have preceded a fabricated statement."

"I'll overrule the objection," said Judge Cigarro.

"Did you utter any protest?" Gainsmill asked again.

"Yes, I said, 'But I'm a male! It's not against the law for me to show my bare chest!'"

"And yet you were arrested anyway?"

"Yes, I was."

"Thank you, Mr. Doolittle. No further questions."

The czarina arose to begin the planned shred-ripping. "So, Mr. Doolittle," she said with a vicious emphasis on "Mr.," "to you, this was all just a joke. Is that right?"

"Well, yes, it was."

"You saw some nice-looking man, you thought you'd give him a nice big eyeful of your beautiful breasts, and then when he predictably got attracted to you, you'd laugh and say, 'Ha, ha, the joke's on you! I'm no female, I'm a male!' Is that the idea?" Gainsmill thought of objecting, but he couldn't figure out the right objection on the spot.

"Well, not necessarily," Ruthie said, with some reluctance.

"Oh, so maybe you wouldn't say the joke was on him? Maybe you'd be pleased to find you were exciting him by showing off your lovely breasts?" Gainsmill dropped the ball again, failing to think of an objection.

"I don't know," Ruthie said. Then, daringly, she added, "Maybe I would."

"And you knew no heterosexual male would get excited from seeing some other male's bare flat chest, didn't you?"

"I—yes, I suppose I did."

"And you knew a heterosexual male would get excited from seeing your fine, womanly breasts, didn't you?"

"Well, I wasn't sure."

The czarina actually snorted out loud. "Have you ever shown your bare breasts to a male before?" she demanded to know.

To this, at least, Gainsmill did know the right objection. "Objection, Your Honor!" he said. "Evidence of the witness's prior sexual conduct, if any, is inadmissible. Sexual conduct, in the context of the charged offense, would include the display of—of bare breasts that appeared to be female."

"Sustained," said the judge.

"Your Honor!" the czarina protested. "This is admissible to show the defendant's knowledge that he could easily arouse a male to sexual excitement by displaying his bare breasts!"

“I’ve sustained the objection,” said the judge.

The czarina was silent for a moment. “You know,” she then said, “that you are capable of inducing a heterosexual male to become sexually aroused, simply by revealing your bare breasts?”

“Same objection, Your Honor,” Gainsmill said at once. “This is simply the same question as the previous one, in slightly disguised form.”

“Sustained.”

The czarina seemed pissed to the maximum. She did not give up. “Did that nice-looking man who was looking at you,” she inquired, “become sexually aroused when you showed him your bare, luscious breasts?”

“Objection, Your Honor!” Gainsmill cried. This was stabbing far too close to home. He had to think of an objection, even if there wasn’t a very good one. “The question is irrelevant,” he said, “to the issue of the defendant’s knowledge regarding whether his breasts were male or female breasts.”

“But it’s totally relevant,” the czarina shot back, “to the issue of whether the defendant’s breasts were male or female breasts!”

Judge Cigarro frowned. “I’ll overrule the objection,” he said after a moment’s thought.

“Did that man,” the czarina asked again, “become sexually aroused when you showed him your bare breasts?”

Ruthie was blushing hotly now. “Well, yes, I believe he did,” she admitted.

“How did he display his sexual arousal?”

“Well, uh—he asked me to go to the Pacificum Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Sex Act Center with him.”

“Thank you. No further questions.”

“If any member of the jury has a question for the witness,” Judge Cigarro said, “please write the question on your notepad and hand it to the bailiff, who will give it to me.”

Only one of the jurors, a big, totally masculine-looking man, had a question. Gainsmill and the czarina approached the bench as the judge read the question in

silence. Then he showed it to them. It read, "Can we see the defendant's bare breasts?"

"I say—I mean, the People say yes, Your Honor," the czarina said at once. "The jury needs to get a full and fair idea of what we're talking about here."

Gainsmill could think of plenty of objections to this, but he wasn't sure it would be wise to raise them. He would have protested vigorously if the czarina had demanded a jury view of Ruthie's breasts, but it was different when the request came from a juror.

"Your Honor," he said, "may I have a minute to consult with the defendant about this?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

Gainsmill walked back to the defense table. "What, right here in front of everybody?" Ruthie asked when he told her about the question.

"No, it would have to be in the judge's chambers."

"But still, that would be awfully embarrassing!"

"Yes," Gainsmill agreed, "but we don't want the jury to think we've got anything to hide. If I objected, they could easily think I was trying to cover up—uh—"

"To cover up my breasts?" Ruthie giggled.

"Well, yes. They could easily, uh, draw an adverse inference if I objected."

Ruthie sighed. "Well, all right, Jim," she said, "if you say so."

Gainsmill went back to the bench. "Your Honor," he said, "the defendant consents to an in camera jury view of h—his bare breasts."

"Very well," said Judge Cigarro. Raising his voice, he said, "the bailiff will escort the jury and the court reporter to my chambers. The court will be in recess."

The judge rose and left the courtroom. Gainsmill, the czarina, the bailiff, the court reporter, and the jury followed him into his chambers near the courtroom. "All right," Gainsmill said to Ruthie when they had assembled, "just remove all your clothing above the waist and let them see."

Ruthie complied, turning her back toward the little assembly. Then she turned around. Gainsmill tried not

to look, lest he get another erection, but he didn't succeed. Ruthie's breasts were as lovely, and her nipples as erect, as when Gainsmill had seen them in the park. Soon Gainsmill's penis was fully erect. He felt sure the other men in the room were getting erections too.

"Er—does counsel for either party have any questions for the witness, in view of this response to the jury question?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said the czarina. "How could you possibly say, with a straight face, that you thought it was legal to show off these beauties in public?"

"I thought so because I was a male," Ruthie replied simply, "and so I believed that, legally, my breasts were male breasts, not female breasts."

The czarina snorted. Gainsmill said he didn't have any questions, and the defense rested. Everyone re-entered the courtroom, and the judge announced that closing arguments would begin.

There was nothing new in the closing arguments; they were just a rehash of the opening statements, except the czarina was even more vicious. The judge gave his final instructions to the jury, and the jurors retired to deliberate.

Oakham came up to Gainsmill and said, "Jim, that was terrific! Why don't we grab a cup of coffee and a donut while we wait for the jury to come back?"

"Fine with me," said Gainsmill. "Is it OK if Ruthie comes too?"

"You bet. Let's go."

They went out of the courtroom, up to the main floor, and out of the courthouse. "Jim," said the Oak, "your talent is being wasted in motions practice. You're a natural trial lawyer. I sure as hell didn't do as well as you did in my first jury trial. I'm going to recommend to the firm that you get some trial experience ASAP. Then, in a few years, maybe you can take my spot as a partner when I retire."

"Hey, that sounds really interesting," said Gainsmill, with visions of being a real-life Perry Mason dancing in his head. They crossed the street, entered The Decen-

cies restaurant, and got coffee and donuts. Then Gainsmill listened to Oakham talking about white-collar defense, drug defense, getting bad boys and girls from rich families out of trouble, and more, while Ruthie looked on and asked an occasional question.

They had not yet finished their coffee and donuts when Gainsmill's cell phone rang. "Oh, really?" he said. "OK, we'll be right over."

"The jury is back already," he said to Oakham and Ruthie.

"Hey, that didn't take too long," said the Oak. "That's either a really good sign, or a really bad sign."

They walked back fast to the courthouse, descended to the basement, and entered Misdemeanor Courtroom 4. The czarina was there already. Gainsmill notified the judge that he was there too.

"Very well," said the judge. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

"We have," said the big man who had asked to see Ruthie's bare breasts. He evidently had been chosen as the foreman.

"What is your verdict?"

"We find the defendant, Rutherford B. Doolittle VI, not guilty of public indecency, a Class 3 misdemeanor."

Excited talking broke out at once in the packed courtroom. Ruthie's face displayed a broad grin. "Thank you so much, Jim!" she exclaimed, primly shaking his hand.

"My pleasure," said Gainsmill. The thought of far greater pleasure to come—to come really soon—was rolling into him like a rip tide.

"Terrific job, Jim," said Oakham, gripping his hand and shaking it hard. "I knew you could do it."

Harriet Forridan did not shake Gainsmill's hand. Instead she simply said, "Don't bother trying to get any plea deals for your clients from me from now on. It won't happen."

Gainsmill smiled coolly. "Don't worry, I won't!" he assured her.

Ruthie stood up and handed Jim a card—the same business card he had given her when she was arrested

in the park. On the back she had written, "See you after work in my apartment—515 Randwick, # 2, just above the park?"

Oh, my God! Jim Gainsmill thought. This is it! She really wants to! We're going to do it! His penis rose to full erection almost at once.

He grinned and nodded "Yes." They shook hands again. Then Ruthie walked out—quite properly, Gainsmill thought. It would never do for an attorney to appear to be going to have sex with a former client immediately after the attorney-client relationship ended, even if he really was going to. He contented himself with watching her big, swaying hips, discernible even through her boring men's trousers, disappearing through the courtroom door.

Gainsmill tried to keep cool and calm as he walked up the stairs to Ruthie's second-floor apartment, but he utterly failed. His hand shook with excitement as he knocked on the door. Ruthie opened it a crack, smiled, undid the chain, and let him in.

She was wearing nothing but a short, sheer spaghetti-strap negligee. Gainsmill could plainly see that her pointy nipples were hard already. Her penis was concealed between her legs. "Oh, Jim, I'm so glad you could come," she told him.

"So am I," he said. He wasted no time. The marriage proposal could wait. He clasped her waist, drew him close to him, and kissed her on the mouth. Almost at once his hands descended to her big, womanly buttocks. Their tongues were penetrating each other's mouths as deeply as possible.

Gainsmill touched her breast. She pressed his hand tightly against it with her own.

"Oh, my God, Jim, I'm so hot," Ruthie murmured. "Let's go into the bedroom."

Gainsmill eagerly complied. Ruthie let her penis out of hiding and entered the bedroom before him. Then she sat down on the edge of the bed and pressed her penis—or her big clitoris—back down into hiding between her legs. Gainsmill sat next to her, kissed her on the mouth again, and slipped his hand between her legs to stroke her clitoris. She clutched his hand tightly be-

I'm home! Gainsmill thought, keeping his still-erect, condom-sheathed, semen-drenched penis fully inserted into Ruthie's vagina. This is where I belong—for life! An almost-forgotten fragment of poetry from some largely forgettable English class wafted into his mind: "Home is the hunter"—how did it go? "Home is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill."

"Wow, Ruthie, you're the greatest," Gainsmill praised her. "I mean it. I'll always love you." He could wait no longer to ask: "Will you marry me?"

Ruthie took a deep breath and squeezed his penis with her vagina. "Oh, Jim," she said, clutching him tightly, "at a time like this, it's so terribly tempting! But—I'm afraid I just don't think it would be right."

"What?" Gainsmill could not have heard her correctly, and yet he feared he had. "What do you mean—it wouldn't be right?"

Ruthie sighed. "Oh, dear," she said. "I do love you, Jim—but I've got to admit I love my freedom more. If we were married, I wouldn't want to cheat on you or reject you—but I'd be cheating on you if I did this with another guy, and I'd be rejecting you if I decided I didn't want sex any more. I've got to be free to do either of those things—to do it with another guy if I want, or to have no sex with anyone for a week, a month, a year, or more. Do you understand?"

No! Gainsmill's heart was screaming—but his mind could not agree. He did understand, and could not pretend to himself that he didn't. Ruthie was thinking like Ed Pumphries, except for the hot air about "progressive principles"—and except that Ed would never abstain from blow jobs for a year or more.

"So, um—you don't believe in marriage?" Gainsmill asked.

"For people who have children, or hope to have them, I do," Ruthie responded. "For them, I think divorce is the most loathsome thing. My parents were divorced, and I know what I'm talking about."

Gainsmill listened in silence, trying to keep his dwindling penis inside Ruthie's vagina as long as possible. "But as for me," she said, "well, I obviously can't have babies myself, and I—I've never been able to have an erection for a woman, only for a man. So I really don't see what would be the point of getting married."

Gainsmill knew what seemed to be the point, or points, for many same-sex married couples: tax benefits and other legal advantages, plus the hope of recognition that their sex relationships were just as good as traditional marriage. These benefits, he had to admit, had never tempted him to marriage before, and he couldn't urge them upon Ruthie as good reasons for marriage either. Still, his heart begged him to believe, there must be some point to marrying this loveliest of ladies who was really a male.

"But what about—love, and commitment?" Gainsmill ventured to ask. What about faithfulness? his heart begged him to add. Faithfulness to sex partners had never before been one of Jim Gainsmill's strong points, but his fantasies of marrying Ruthie had inspired him to hope for it. "Um—what about faithfulness?" he dutifully added.

"Faithfulness to a dear friend," Ruthie said, "would be one of the most wonderful things in my life, if only I could have it." Gainsmill's penis, now limp, slipped out of Ruthie, leaving the used condom half on his penis and half still inside her rectum—no longer her vagina, for the magic of the moment had vanished. Ruthie was still claspimg him tightly with her hands, arms, and legs.

"But not marriage," Gainsmill said. He was still deeply disappointed, and yet he was not sure he wouldn't get over his disappointment surprisingly soon. Another fragment of poetry from a largely forgotten English class bubbled up from his memory: "He who binds to himself a joy / Doth the wing? life destroy." Had he narrowly escaped from something that would have turned out to be a disaster? He did not know, but he could not be sure he had not.

"No, not marriage," Ruthie confirmed. "But I do hope you'll still want to be my friend, Jim."

Gainsmill sighed deeply. "Yes, I do," he said. "Faithfulness to a dear friend it is, then." He smiled. "Um—maybe we could go to the art museum together sometime."

"I'd love to."

He feared he was treading on thin ice, and yet he had to ask: "Um—and maybe we'll both feel like doing this again sometime, at the same time?"

Ruthie laughed and clutched him even more tightly. "Oh, I certainly hope so!" she exclaimed.

Gainsmill thought of asking her if it might be in less than a year, or even a month, but he figured he'd better not. There would be time enough when it happened—and it would surely happen, if Jim Gainsmill got his wish.

"See you sometime soon," Gainsmill said when they parted. He caressed Ruthie's face and kissed her softly on the lips, with no tongue insertion. Then the door was shut, and Gainsmill descended to the street.

The sky was gray, as usual in Pacific Heights—unlike the rare, brilliant day when Ruthie had first entered Jim Gainsmill's life. He would keep her in his life always now, he hoped, even if she decided she didn't want sex for a year or more. Marriage or no marriage, he would be a faithful friend for her, even if not a faithful lover.

His phone made noise. The ringtone indicated that a text message had arrived. It was from Ed Pumphries, predictably asking, "Hey Jim—interested?"

"Sorry Ed. Not in mood right now." The words sprang to mind, and Gainsmill had used them before, but he wondered if they were really the right ones. Would he ever be in the mood for mutual blow jobs with Ed Pumphries again?

"Don't ever change, Jim." Pumphries's words returned to haunt him. He had totally defied them. He had changed greatly; he had fallen in love with a so-called shemale; he had "aped" the traditional man-woman sex act with Ruthie. Pumphries would be totally pissed if he knew, but he didn't need to know—or did he?

"Sorry Ed. I've changed. In love with shemale. No more blow jobs." The words would be so easy to send, but would Gainsmill regret them after sending them?

He did not know; he just could not be sure. The bridge between his old life and his new life was not quite ready to be burned, although he foresaw that it might well have to burn someday. If Ruthie was ready to stay away from sex for a year or more, and he himself was not, he might return to Pumphries after all from time to time. He did not know; he just could not be sure.

“Sorry Ed. Just had sex with shemale. Not in mood for blow or hand job right now. Maybe some other time.” Yes, those were the right words. Pumphries would be pissed about the “shemale” part, but Gainsmill couldn’t and wouldn’t try to conceal it. He sighed in sadness, still sorry he was unable to say, “Sorry Ed. Getting married to shemale, will be faithful. No more blow or hand jobs.”

Jim Gainsmill sent the message with the right words. Then he put his phone away and turned toward home. Yes, he was still single, and he sighed again at the thought—not for the last time, he was sure. Still, he hoped and imagined, his new life would be more blissful than the old, more full of laughter and loving-kindness—more like the married life he could not have.

##

A GIRLFRIEND AT LAST

Another day, another dollar, Bill Rabian thought as he entered his lonely cubicle—and then another beatoff!

He gazed at the walls of his little cubicle, covered with more than 100 pictures of nude, small-breasted beauties. That was one good thing about working in the male-dominated world of a computer programmer, Bill thought: no feminist fanatics would be peeved about the lovely sex objects in his imaginary harem. His little three-inch cock was hard in his pants almost at once when he looked at them. No one would care if it was hard all day, as long as he kept coding. Glances at the beauties would keep him going through the long hours of coding, until at last he escaped and went home for the high point of his lonely day.

He quickly selected a beauty for tonight's beatoff session. It must be Serena, he thought, one of his very favorites. All his beauties had names, bestowed by him, just as if they were his real girlfriends. In reality, he tried not to remember, he had never had a girlfriend in his life. At almost 35 years of age, he had done it with girls more than 6,000 times in fantasy, but never once in reality. No girl had ever even looked at him twice, except to verify that he was indeed as short and ugly as he looked at first glance.

He gazed upon Serena and pretended she loved him. She was a bright-looking, fresh-faced, bespectacled, brown-haired beauty, looking to be about 25 years old or so—except for her tiny breasts, which looked like those of a girl no more than 11 or 12. Bill couldn't stand sickoes who actually wanted sex with girls that young, but it drove him wild with desire to see mature ladies, even grannies, whose breasts looked like they were still at that magical budding stage.

"Oh, God, Serena," Bill murmured, "do we have to wait until tonight?" Bill's brain was roaring with mighty fantasies of ardent lovemaking with Serena, and his cock was already starting to drip. He had to cut this out at once, he figured, or he would ejaculate in his pants for sure.

He heard a soft sound from somebody behind him, at the entrance to the cubicle. He stiffened at the thought that it was probably one of the guys silently laughing at him for being so crazed about imaginary beauties, knowing he would probably never get a real girlfriend in

his life. Still, he guessed he should turn around and see who it was.

He turned away from Serena and looked toward the opening of the cubicle. His heart, already pounding hard, took a double leap at what he saw there. It was a girl, a real girl, or someone who looked a whole lot like a girl, though she wore guys' clothes. The girl—if it was a girl—was plump, blue-eyed, and bespectacled like Serena, with breasts like hers but slightly bigger. The girl's hair was like Serena's hair too, brown and wavy down to her shoulders. Incredibly, the girl was smiling, just like Serena—smiling straight at Bill.

"Uh, hi," said the girl—and she sounded like she wasn't a girl after all, though Bill was powerless to shake off the strong impression that she was. Her voice was soft, but distinctly a male voice. Bill was shocked. His eyes darted down to the girl's pants. Sure enough, they were bulging, and the girl's clitoris looked bigger than Bill's little penis.

"I'm Dean Ringgold," said the girl with the male voice, before the speechless Bill could regain his own voice. "I just graduated from the U and got hired here. My cubicle's the next one over. I just thought I'd, uh, say hi."

"Uh, hi," said Bill. "I'm Bill. Uh, welcome aboard." This guy Dean is gay for sure, Bill was thinking. He didn't want to be attracted to a gay guy, and yet he could hardly believe how girlishly attractive Dean was—especially when he looked at Dean's breasts, and he could hardly rip his eyes away from them. He knows I'm ogling his breasts, Bill thought. I've got to stop, or he'll think I'm gay too! So he thought—and yet he couldn't stop.

"Thanks!" said Dean. He looked to the cubicle walls. "Wow, you must be a pretty girl-crazy guy!" he exclaimed. "Look at all these pictures!"

"I do look at them," Bill affirmed. "Pretty often, too. Yeah, I'm girl-crazy, all right." He put too much emphasis on "I'm." He wondered if he dared to ask, "What about you?" The worst that could happen, he guessed, was that Dean would say, "Hell, no, I'm gay all the way," or something like that. Then Bill would say, "Well, I'm not," and they would go their separate ways, and that would be the end of that.

He asked. Dean opened his big blue eyes wide, making his pink, hairless face look even more like a girl's face than it already did, what with his full, deep pink

lips and all. Dean could actually pass for a pretty girl above the waist if you didn't look too close, Bill thought. He didn't look too close, or at least he tried not to.

"Well!" Dean said, giving a sharp, nervous-sounding laugh. "Um—yeah, I'm pretty girl-crazy too, in my own way!"

What's your own way? Bill almost blurted out, but stopped himself. Dean looked embarrassed enough already. He was actually blushing. Not only that, but his nipples were sticking out, plainly visible through his tight T-shirt.

Bill stared at Dean's breasts for way too long. Yes, Dean had real breasts, chubby little ones a lot like those of some of Bill's nude beauties, and his T-shirt showed their exact size and shape. He ripped his eyes away at once, though, when he saw that Dean had caught him looking. Bill feared he knew the answer to his question already: Dean was crazy about being a girlish gay. Dean, unlike any real girl, was going to want sex with him. Bill wasn't going to do it—or was he?

"Uh, how's that?" The words were out of Bill's mouth before he could stop them. He had to know, and Dean's hot blush told him how eager Dean was to tell. Bill was sweating with embarrassment at having been caught ogling a guy's breasts, and yet he couldn't force himself to keep from looking at them again. Oh my God, Bill thought, it's just as exciting as seeing a real girl with no bra!

"Well, you see," Dean said. He hesitated. He drew closer to Bill. Bill could have reached out and touched Dean's breasts, if he hadn't forced himself not to. His three-inch cock was at least as hard as it ever got from looking at pictures of nude female beauties.

"Can you keep a secret?" Dean said, in a voice barely above a whisper.

"Sure I can," Bill said. His heart and his three-incher were throbbing hard in unison.

"I'm—I'm crazy about being a girl," said Dean. "In secret, I call myself Dee Anne."

"Wow!" Attraction and revulsion were fighting each other to the death in Bill's hot heart. He wasn't gay, and he didn't want sex with a gay—but Dean, or Dee Anne, was such a lovely girl, even if she did have a male voice and a bulge in her pants!

“Hey, that’s a cute name—Dee Anne,” Bill said. He wasn’t gay, but he figured he could play along, and be friends with Dee Anne. She had confided in him, after all; he didn’t have the heart to let her down. “And, uh, you’re a pretty cute girl, too!”

“Oh, do you really think so?” Dee Anne laughed. “I’ll—uh—I’ll have to let you see me wearing girls’ clothes sometime!”

“Wow, I can hardly wait,” said Bill. “Uh—us girl-crazy guys need to stick together, you know what I mean?” He dared to look Dee Anne in the face, and even to grin at him. After he said the words, he realized she might think he meant “have gay sex” when he said “stick together.” He even started to imagine himself sticking together with her in that sense, though he tried to force himself not to.

Dee Anne gave Bill a big smile, looking more like a girl than ever. Bill couldn’t help casting another lightning-fast glance at her pants. They were still bulging, all right. “Yeah, I think I know what you mean,” Dee Anne responded.

Dee Anne tried hard to be cool and calm as she arrived home from work. She had been thinking about Bill all day. She had always had a soft spot in her heart for wimpy-looking little guys like Bill—and he sure had a cute grin, although his swarthy, sharp-featured face wasn’t what most girls would call handsome. And when he told her, “Us girl-crazy guys need to stick together”—could he have imagined Dee Anne’s response, vivid fantasies of herself and Bill “sticking together” in the most literal sense?

This had to stop, Dee Anne insisted to herself. She was a good girl, and she would never do such a thing with a guy unless they were married. She hardly even knew Bill yet, and she didn’t dare hope he might ever marry her. But still, she had been swept away by fantasies of marrying a good man ever since she discovered her secret girlishness at the age of 10. She could hardly pretend that fantasies about Bill, in their turn, wouldn’t sweep her away—this very night!

Shedding her everyday identity as Dean, Dee Anne stripped off her boring men’s clothes, crowned herself with a pure white good-girl headband, and began to put

on much lovelier clothing. First came a lacy little bra and a generous pair of white panties; she slipped her big clitoris into hiding between her legs before putting them on. Then came a half-slip and one of her treasured "heirlooms," a peasant blouse just like girls used to wear in the '50s. It didn't show her cleavage, of course, for good girls didn't wear blouses cut that low—but still it delicately suggested that, if she were to bend over in just the right way, a man might catch a glimpse of something unusually lovely. Her bra was cut low enough that, if a man were to see her in it, he would see a good deal of her cleavage—but of course that would not happen! Finally there was a knee-length flowered skirt, long enough to make it clear that Dee Anne was a good girl grown up, but short enough to give men a fair chance to see her plump but pretty legs.

Bad thoughts were tormenting Dee Anne, thoughts of stripping and letting Bill see her nude like the beauties in his cubicle, but she steadfastly refused to give in to them. Though she was born in the bad, sexy '90s, Dee Anne loved to play the old-fashioned good girl from days long gone by, the '50s and early '60s, when (she fancied) a good girl could still get respect from boys, without being constantly bombarded with demands for sex. She would let Bill see her, though, she decided—only not nude, nor even bending over to give him a glimpse of her breasts. She had to let Bill know she was not like those females on his walls, who got nude to be seen by every man in the universe.

Dee Anne had a seven-inch tablet, unheard-of in the old days, but very useful for portraying herself as an old-fashioned girl. She was going to take pictures of herself for Bill, showing her secret girlish self. She was terribly tempted to take one of herself in the nude, but she resisted.

She took several pictures of herself. None of them showed her cleavage, though she was sweating from the effort of resisting the temptation to show it. Then she put on a thin pink sweater—not too tight, she hoped, but at least as tight as a good girl would ever wear—and took several pictures of herself that showed off her breasts to good advantage. Finally she took the plunge, stripped again, and put on her one-piece swimsuit. It wasn't quite decent-looking, for Dee Anne's legs were short and her waist was long, so the neckline of the swimsuit was pulled down quite low, revealing far too much of her cleavage. By now, though, she was too excited to care. She took picture after picture of herself showing off her pretty figure—which looked even prettier than it really was, since the cups of the swimsuit

were too big for her and had to be stuffed with hankies to fill them up.

Her heart pounding hard at the thought of letting Bill see her secret girl-self, Dee Anne then tried to relax with a romance novel. It wasn't a hot one, of course, but Dee Anne herself was dreadfully hot and bothered. She tried to cool down, really she did, but she utterly failed.

At last she knew she must seek relief. Good girls surely didn't do it, but she couldn't help herself. She stripped again, lay down on her back in bed, and rubbed her breasts, keeping her knees up, her thighs together, and her big clitoris hidden beneath them. Her mouth was open, her hips were pumping, her thighs were clenching in rapid rhythm, her clitoris was growing ever hotter and harder, throbbing even harder than her heart. At last she thrust one hand between her thighs while keeping the other on her breast. Gasping for breath, she clutched her forearm with her thighs, bucked her hips up and down with all her might, pressed her hidden clitoris as far down as it would go, and rubbed it frantically until it gushed. "Oh, yes! Bill! I love you!" she whispered at the climax, while pretending Bill was thrusting into her and ejaculating.

"Dee Anne, I love you," Bill whispered. Dee Anne was fully female in his fantasy—or so he thought. She gave him a big, lovely smile, just as she had done in reality. He was kissing her on the mouth, kissing her nipples, feeling the heat and moisture of her womanly opening between her legs, and rubbing her hard little clitoris. He was almost ready to enter her—but now he imagined that her clitoris was growing bigger, far bigger than a girl's clitoris should be, until it was at least as long as his own three-inch cock.

He couldn't back off now. He mounted her dog-style, stroking her gigantic clitoris with one hand and her breasts one by one with the other. At least her tight, hot vagina was fully womanly. Her hips were bucking hard and Bill was plunging her, straining hard to keep his three-incher inside, but succeeding masterfully. Soon they ascended together to orgasm in fantasy, while Bill alone ejaculated in reality.

"Oh, God, Dee Anne, you're so great," Bill murmured. "You're the only one for me!"

Do I really dare? Dee Anne wondered. It had seemed so easy and so exciting to take the pictures last night, but this morning she was gripped with fear. What if Bill not only didn't like the pictures, but told hateful bigots about them? Magnum Supreme was a huge company, and Dee Anne was sure some hateful bigots worked here. What if bigots beat her up, or worse?

She stared at the walls of Bill's cubicle, in which Bill had not yet arrived. What if Bill treated her, or tried to treat her, like one of these nude beauties—good only for fleeting excitement, nothing more? He wouldn't succeed, of course; Dee Anne was a good girl, never to be degraded like that. But did she really want to risk a painful scene with a sex-crazed little loser, never to be a true lover?

She started to turn away, but found herself face to face with Bill. Her tablet was in her hand. She could show him the pictures right now, and see how he responded, at least. Maybe he would be kind to her, after all—or even more than kind!

"Oh, hi, Bill," she almost gasped. "I was, uh, wondering if you'd like to see some pictures that show, um, how girl-crazy I am." She was getting too close to him, almost whispering in his ear, fearing he could hear the pounding of her heart.

"Hey, sure," Bill said. "Right now?"

"Uh, yes. They're on my tablet." She showed him the tablet, although no pictures were visible yet.

"Wow, yeah, let's see!" Dee Anne took a deep breath, tried to let it out silently, and showed him the first picture.

Bill's eyes bulged when he saw the pictures of Dean in girls' clothes, doing a terrific job of looking like a pretty girl. He forced himself not to look at the real Dean, only at the pictures. When he got to the ones of Dean in the tight pink sweater and the ones in the bathing suit, he was sweating, and his three-incher was engorged.

Bill felt as if he was choking. Dean, in the pictures, looked like an incredibly desirable girl—but in reality he was a gay guy, and Bill didn't want sex with a gay guy. Still, he wasn't going to reject Dean just for showing him the pictures. That would make Bill no better than all the God-damned girls who rejected or ignored him just because they thought he was a weak little wimp!

He decided to play along. Dean was a nice guy, after all. Maybe at least they could be friends, he thought, though he was starting to tremble irrationally at the thought of being friends with a beautiful, effeminate guy.

"Wow, Dee Anne, these are great," Bill said. "You look like a terrifically cute girl!"

"Ooh, thank you so much!" Dee Anne's smile grew even bigger and brighter. Bill had to gaze upon her breasts again through her T-shirt, although he knew she would see him gazing. Sure enough, her nipples were erect. Oh, God, she wants me! Bill thought. The only girl who's ever really wanted me, and she's a gay guy! What am I going to do?

Bill's lonely heart could not resist. He wasn't going to butt-fuck a gay guy, no matter what—but at least he could play along. It would be worth it, to get a girlfriend at last.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Bill said. "How about a date—Dee Anne?"

"Oh, yes! Thank you so much for asking!"

"What about tonight after work—and after you change into some of those clothes you were wearing in the pictures?"

"I'd love to! Would you like to go out for dinner and dancing at Oldio-Goodio? It's one of my favorite places, and not very expensive!"

"Sure thing. See you right after work."

This is for real, Bill had to force himself to think. This is really happening. Dee Anne was really getting into his car, dressed in girls' clothes. She was wearing a full knee-length skirt and that tight pink sweater that had

almost driven Bill wild even when he only saw it in a picture. Dee Anne was wearing a bra underneath it, with a little bit of padding that made her breasts look slightly bigger and hid her nipples, but Bill was sure her nipples were hard inside the bra. She must know his manhood was hard inside his pants, too, although she didn't know it was only three inches long.

"Uh, wow, you look great," Bill truthfully told Dee Anne.

"Ooh, thank you!" she responded. "I feel great, too! I haven't been on a date with a guy for a long time, and the ones I have been on were, uh, not so great."

"Oh, that's too bad. Um, what was wrong with them—if you don't mind me asking?"

Dee Anne sighed. "All the men wanted was sex," she said, "and I wasn't going to give it to them. I'm a good girl, you know. I've got moral standards, and I'm going to stick with them."

Bill stared at her, and had to force himself again to remember that this was real. Dee Anne wasn't going to push him to have gay sex! Maybe he could actually relax and have fun with her, just as if she was a real good girl!

"Hey, that's great," he said. "Not too many girls these days are like that, I guess—I mean, not that I've really got any way of knowing for sure. Girls have never been begging me for sex—except, you know, in my fantasies." Bill felt a strange new sensation of starting to be ashamed of his fantasies, of wishing Dee Anne didn't know about them, even of wishing he didn't have them.

"I was afraid you were going to try to treat me like one of the women on your wall," Dee Anne admitted. "I'm really glad you're not."

"Hell, no, I'm not!" Bill insisted. "I'm going to be a gentleman, for a change, and treat you like a lady!"

He did treat her like a lady, although it wasn't easy when he felt her eagerly letting him press her breasts against his chest. Almost as soon as they entered the Oldio-Goodio Restaurant and Dance Hall, Dee Anne asked him if he liked to dance. "I could give it a try," he said. "I did learn a few dance steps once upon a time."

"A slow waltz, like this?" she asked him, as the band began to play one.

"Yeah, I think I could handle that. Just watch your feet, OK?"

"Fair enough!" Then she was in his arms at once, making no effort to hold her breasts aloof. Her big butt, though, she did hold back. Bill wondered if she had an erection and was trying to keep him from finding out.

He looked to her face, trying to forget about what was inside her skirt, and what was inside his pants. She was smiling at him as if she liked him a whole lot. His heart was thawing to her. If this kept up, he wouldn't even care whether she was really a gay guy.

"Hey, this is great," Bill said. "I've got to hand it to you, you make a great girl."

"Ooh, thank you!" Dee Anne responded. "I'm so glad you think so!"

Bill gulped. Did he dare say more—or did he dare not say more? Was this his only chance to get a girlfriend, a beautiful one, who wasn't shy about letting him know she liked him a whole lot? If it was, how could he ever forgive himself if he passed up the chance?

"Yeah," he said, "and I think you'd make a great girlfriend, too, if you don't mind my saying so."

Dee Anne's eyes shone with delight. "I don't mind at all!" she assured him. Now her breasts were pressed even tighter against Bill's chest.

"Well, then," he said, "what are we waiting for?" He raised his face to hers, making it obvious that he wanted to kiss her. She was ready for him. Her full lips met his thin ones, and their tongues briefly touched. She even forgot to hold her butt aloof, and for a moment his pants touched her skirt. Sure enough, she had an erection, although she pulled it away at once when the short kiss ended.

"Oh, dear!" Dee Anne exclaimed. "That's quite enough of that for now! I really don't think it would be ladylike, or gentlemanly, to keep on like this in public!"

How about in private? he wondered. How far would a good girl go—and how gay would she turn out to be? Of course he didn't ask her—but he was going to find out. He held her tight and they danced on, toward a future Bill would never have dreamed of yesterday.

"You don't really want a girl like the ones on your wall, do you?" Dee Anne asked Bill while they were eating dinner. Urgently she hoped he didn't, but still she felt lingering fear that he did.

"Hell, no," Bill assured her. "I only want a girl exactly like you!" Dee Anne's heart leaped for joy. "Those pictures are nothing but narcotics—just totally legal, totally free narcotics."

Dee Anne laughed, although she guessed it wasn't really funny that Bill had needed narcotics. "Did you need narcotics because you were lonely?" she asked him directly.

"You guessed it." Bill swallowed hard. "Damn lonely," he had to admit.

"Well, I hope you won't be any more." Was she flinging herself at him, as a good girl wouldn't do? She feared she was, and yet now she hardly cared.

His eyes met hers, and did not look away. He seemed to be afraid of something, and yet struggling to conquer his fear. "No, I sure hope not," he said, "and—and I don't think I will."

You never will again, if I have anything to say about it! Dee Anne's heart cried out. Of course she didn't say it—that would be flinging herself far harder than any good girl would ever do—but she could feel her eyes silently telling Bill exactly how she felt. Soon they would dance together again, and her whole body—yes, her whole body—would dare to tell him too.

"Hey, there's another slow waltz," Bill soon said, showing his eagerness. "Shall we go at it again?"

"Oh, yes! This is one of my favorites!"

They arose and came together to dance. This time Dee Anne did not hold back her butt. Bill could feel her erection pressing tightly against him, and he knew she could feel his too, despite its small size. He never could have imagined that it might be this exciting to feel a gay guy's erection—but Dee Anne was far from being just

any gay guy, and this was far from being just another dance.

"Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you," the old-fashioned crooner in front of the band was singing. Dee Anne looked Bill straight in the face and gave him the biggest, sweetest smile he had ever seen, even from her. Is Dee Anne really in love with me—already? Bill wondered. And—could I even be in love with her?

Bill had always imagined it would be stupid to fall in love at first sight, as if love required no more thought than beating off after getting an instant erection from viewing a picture of a nude beauty. He struggled with the thought that this wasn't really at first sight, because he was getting to know Dee Anne. Still, he figured he needed to get to know her better.

"Um, I'm glad you're the kind of girl who wouldn't, uh, go all the way with a guy unless you were, you know, married," Bill told her truthfully. "I always used to wish I could get a girlfriend like that—until I kind of gave up hope and got on the narcotics."

"Oh, did you really? I'm so glad!" She really meant it, Bill could see. "I'm afraid not too many guys are like that. You're really special, Bill!" Her eyes were glowing. She wasn't just bullshitting, like too many people did, about being special. She actually admired him—and his heart was in her hands.

Oh, my God, I'm falling in love with her fast! Bill felt alarmed at the thought. I'm going to ask her to marry me if this keeps up! And then what? Gay sex? He sure wasn't going to butt-fuck her, but then he couldn't very well imagine her wanting to be butt-fucked. But what if she wanted him to give her a blow job?

If I loved her, Bill thought slowly and reluctantly, I'd probably even give her a blow job, if she wanted one. But would she want one? Did he dare ask her that? Or could he bear not to ask her?

"Wow, Dee Anne," he ventured to say, "thanks! You're mighty special too! Hey, you know, if you don't mind me saying so, this soon and all, I might even think about asking you to marry me sometime—I mean, if we agreed on everything we'd need to agree on." He was hot and sweaty. Dee Anne was blushing, but radiant.

"Oh, I don't mind at all," she said, seemingly trying to make light of it. "Tell me what you'd like me to agree with you about, and I'll see if I can do it!" She laughed.

He had to ask. "Well, uh," he said, "you know, if we were married, one thing we'd need to agree on would be, uh, how we were going to, you know, do it."

"Yes." She seemed unable to say more. Her breath was coming hard, and Bill could actually feel her erection throbbing through her skirt.

"Well, uh," Bill said, "if you could do it with me any way you wanted, would you mind telling me what you'd want? I mean, just whisper it in my ear?"

Dee Anne took a deep, trembling breath before she did whisper in his ear. "I'd want to do it like a woman," she told him, "with my—my you-know-what hidden between my legs, and you putting yours right next to it between my legs. I've dreamed of doing that ever since I was 10 years old, when I first found out how exciting it was to pretend to be a girl. I could never have been a normal boy after I discovered my secret girlish self."

She looked around, as if to see whether she would be detected. No one was watching. Most of the couples at Oldio-Goodio were old themselves, and paying attention mainly to each other. Suddenly she backed away from Bill and did a deep bend with her hand between her legs. When she straightened up and resumed dancing with him, her steps were a bit more awkward, but her erection was hidden between her legs. She pressed very close to him, to let him feel her girlish, suddenly cockless delta through her skirt and his pants.

"I can't keep this up for long," she said, "but I wanted to let you know. You don't think I'm too weird for wanting to do it that way, do you?"

Bill laughed. "Hell, no!" he exclaimed. "Dee Anne, you're great! You're the girl for me!" He was gone. He wanted her. He was actually going to ask her to marry him.

"You know," he said, "I really think I'm going to ask you to marry me."

"That would be wonderful," she whispered in his ear. "I'm sure we could make it work. Of course, if it ever didn't, you know . . ." She didn't have to say what they both knew, that it would be easy to dump their marriage in the trash and move on. "But I'm sure we could. I know I'd do everything I could to make it work."

"So would I," Bill assured her, and he really meant it. No nude beauties, he resolved, would ever again narcoticize his soul.

“So, uh, what are we waiting for?” Bill said. “Dee Anne, will you marry me?”

“Oh, Bill, this is so sudden!” she laughed. “But so lovely! Yes! Yes, I will!”

Now she didn’t even look around to see if anyone was watching. She kissed him full on the mouth, this time with more than a brief touch of the tongue, and she pressed her delta hard against his little manhood. She didn’t even pull back when Bill dropped his hands to her round, delectable, womanly butt.

“Oh, God, that’s enough of that for now!” Bill groaned, afraid he was going to ejaculate in his pants if this went on. “Until then!”

“Until soon, I hope! Shall we go to the Big White Chapel in the Road?”

“Whatever you like! How about tomorrow after work?”

“Yes! Please! I’m ready! I’ve even got my wedding gown ready to go—a white one, of course, because I’m a virgin.”

“Of course!” Bill laughed. “How long have you been expecting this to happen, anyway?”

“Well, I’ve had fantasies about getting married for a long time. In fact, I’ve probably fantasized at least as much about getting married as you have about, you know, the girls on your wall!”

“No more fantasies for me,” Bill firmly declared. “This is the real thing!”

It was the real thing indeed, if the state of Bill’s cubicle walls the next morning was any indication. They were almost bare, with no nude beauties anywhere in sight. Bill must have come here quite early, Dee Anne thought, to get the job done before she arrived.

“Well, that’s an improvement!” she congratulated him. “I’m honored to be—uh—the only girl in your cubicle now!”

“Not as honored as you will be,” Bill declared, “when I put up a picture of our wedding.”

“Oh, Bill! I can hardly wait!” She looked around to see if anyone was looking; then she hugged him tight and kissed him on the mouth, right in the cubicle.

The Big White Chapel in the Road, the well-known high-speed wedding chapel on Queen’s Bluff, welcomed the young lovers that very evening. In recent years it had toned down and mainstreamed its image; no longer were the clients and guests greeted by the infamous statue of dogs copulating, bearing the slogan “Why Don’t We Do It in the Road?” Still, it continued to lead the way in innovation for the wedding industry, and the very first same-sex marriages in the State of Pacificum had been performed there.

Bill and Dee Anne walked together, hand in hand, through the wide doors below the golden script letters spelling out “Big White Chapel in the Road.” Dee Anne was wearing a white wedding gown, sure enough, though hardly the most virginal-looking one ever seen. Her shoulders were bare, and her neckline was cut deep to show maximum cleavage. Bill figured she must be wearing a strapless push-up bra. He tried not to get too excited too soon at the thought that soon he would be removing it and baring her breasts.

“Hi, welcome to the Big White Chapel in the Road,” a smart-looking young woman greeted them. “Would you like traditional, contemporary, or ultra-extreme?”

“Traditional,” Dee Anne said at once.

“OK, we’ll have it arranged by the time you’re ready.” She pushed some keys on a computer. “Default pre-nup, or custom? Default is you each keep everything you had, plus everything you each earn or buy with what you earn, and split what you both go in on, according to your contribution.”

“Um, default, I guess,” said Bill.

“OK, here’s the default agreement.” The young woman produced three copies of a legal agreement. “You each get one, and we keep one. In case the marriage doesn’t work out, we’ve got lawyers right here on our staff who can help you through the formalities, or you can choose your own lawyers.” Bill and Dee Anne looked at the agreement and signed it.



“Now, who’s paying the fees for the marriage license and the wedding service,” the young woman asked, “or is it half and half?”

“Half and half,” Dee Anne said, and Bill nodded approval.

“Credit, debit, cash, or check?”

“Debit,” Bill said, and Dee Anne echoed him.

“OK, just fill out the registration forms and then make the payment.” They filled out simple forms, produced their debit cards, and conducted the transaction.

“OK, that’s all there is to it. Just go down to the end of the hall, where you’ll see the list of music selections; push the buttons for the ones you want. Then go through those double doors, and you’ll see the sanctuary for the traditional wedding ceremony. Stop by this desk on your way out to get your copies of the marriage license and certificate, and to get your wedding photos.”

“You can pick the music,” said Bill, who didn’t know much about music. Dee Anne picked Purcell’s Trumpet Voluntary for the processional, and Handel’s Water Music for the recessional. Then they went through the double doors, and the processional began to play on cue.

At the end of the aisle beyond the doors, in the otherwise empty room, stood a man in a blue robe. He waited for the processional to get done and for Bill and Dee Anne to get near him; then he began to speak at once. “Dearly beloved,” said the man, although he didn’t know Bill or Dee Anne, “we are gathered today, on this solemn occasion, to join two persons together in marriage.” He looked at a paper to verify the two persons’ names. “Bill, do you take Dee Anne to be your lawful wedded spouse, to love, honor, and cherish, so long as your marriage shall endure?”

“I do,” said Bill.

“Dee Anne, do you take Bill to be your lawful wedded spouse, to love, honor, and cherish, so long as your marriage shall endure?”

“I do,” said Dee Anne.

“I now pronounce you lawfully married spouses. You may kiss your spouse.”

Bill and Dee Anne kissed, long and deeply. Bill's hands were on Dee Anne's butt before the kiss was done. Dee Anne's erection wasn't hidden between her legs, and she discreetly rubbed it against Bill when he pressed her butt. The man in the robe didn't seem to care.

"Go in peace, and may your marriage be filled with happiness," said the man in the robe. At once the recession began to play; Bill figured the man must have touched it off with a wireless device. Bill and Dee Anne walked back through the aisle, hand in hand, and through the double doors.

They quickly got their license and certificate, and sat for the photographer. When they saw the pictures, Bill ordered a framed 8x10 of the best one, which showed them looking straight at each other with big smiles on their faces, and gave a pretty fair view of Dee Anne's cleavage too. It was a bit pricey, but Bill was too far gone to care. It took only a few minutes to print their pictures; the photographer explained that he was using the latest ultra-high-resolution digital camera, which actually rivaled old-fashioned 35-millimeter film in image quality.

"This is going up on my cubicle wall tomorrow morning," Bill assured Dee Anne.

"Oh, Bill, I'm so honored!" Dee Anne said. "And you're so brave, to put it up without being afraid of what hateful bigots might say!"

"Anything for you, my love," said Bill. "Let bigots boil in outrage; our love will still endure."

"Enjoy your marriage," said the smart-looking young woman when they were leaving.

"We will," Bill assured her. "Oh, God, will we ever!"

"Let's go to my place," Dee Anne said as soon as they left the chapel.

"Great idea," said Bill, whose slightly slovenly apartment would not have been a good place to welcome his new bride.

Dee Anne drove, not far, for she had an apartment on Queen's Boulevard facing downtown. A glance

around the apartment told Bill he had made the right choice, for Dee Anne's apartment was neat, clean, and feminine-looking, with pink and floral prints all over. He had not long to look, though. Dee Anne herself must hold his attention now.

He looked at her; he held her face in his hands; he kissed her deeply on the mouth. While the kiss went on, he was already pulling the bodice of her wedding gown down, revealing her strapless bra. She clasped him tightly, and more tightly still when he unhooked her bra and stripped it off. Almost at once his lips descended to her breasts, kissing first one erect nipple and then the other, while she gave soft moans of pleasure and closely caressed every part of him she could reach. His hands were on her big, womanly butt, clasp-ing it tight, pressing her big erection firmly against his loins.

"Let's do it in the shower," Dee Anne begged. "That was where I first dreamed of doing it with a boy, and pretended I was doing it with a boy, when I was only 10."

"Wow, I bet you were one of the sexiest 10-year-olds in the history of the universe!" Bill exclaimed.

"I was awfully sexy, even then," Dee Anne admitted. "Actually I was almost 11 when I had my first orgasm, but after that I pretended I was doing it with a boy almost every night—never with a girl. It took me years before I decided to be a good girl and try to save myself for marriage in my fantasies, although I've never really done it with a boy or a man before."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" said Bill. "Let's hit the shower!"

Bill stripped off all his clothes, and Dee Anne her gown, at top speed. Soon they were nude in the shower, the water was very warm, and Dee Anne was pushing her erection into hiding between her legs. Bill gripped her butt and kissed her, making her pump her hips for him, loving the feel of her girlish cockless delta against his loins.

"Oh, Bill, soap me up quick and come into me!" Dee Anne pleaded, clutching him hard. "I'm ready!"

Bill rubbed soap onto a wet washcloth, lathering it up well. Dee Anne pulled his hand, with the soapy washcloth, down between her legs. Bill could feel her hidden erection. He reached way down to rub it along its entire length and to feel the big, hot, beautiful bulb

at the end, making Dee Anne shiver with pleasure and grip him even harder. Never again would Bill think it wouldn't be exciting to touch a gay guy's cock—at least if the gay guy was Dee Anne.

“Bill, please! Now! Come into me!” Dee Anne was gasping for breath. She grabbed his three-inch erection and pressed it into the hot, tight, wet, soapy opening between her own erection and her thigh. Then her hips were bucking hard, but her thighs were claspig Bill's little cock even harder. Bill pressed her back against the shower wall, gripped her lovely feminine buttocks, and plunged her with all his might. He felt Dee Anne's orgasm coming on, but not before his own, for the rapid rhythm of her clenching thighs and her great quaking buttocks was catapulting him into the mightiest orgasm he had ever known, far greater than any imaginary one with any bare-breasted beauty on his walls. Bill thrust his cock as deep into Dee Anne as it could go, again and again, spurting sperm with every thrust, until he could spurt no more. When he knew she too was starting to spurt, he reached around and down beneath her fast-moving buttocks and clasped her backward-facing bulb, feeling her semen gushing into his hand.

“Oh, God, Dee Anne!” Bill gasped. “I love you! You're the greatest! I could never have imagined!” He had stopped spurting at last, but he was still in her. He would stay in her until he could stay no more. He kept his hand beneath her buttocks to caress her bulb. Her erection was still big and hard, she was squeezing out the last of her spurts, and her bulb was getting ever more gooey with her semen, protected from the shower by Bill's hand.

“No, Bill,” Dee Anne murmured when she could speak. “I'm not the greatest. You are!”

Bill and Dee Anne didn't arrive at work together next morning, for she had to change her clothes for work. When she arrived, she saw that Bill had already put up the framed wedding picture on his otherwise bare walls. She hoped Bill would like her new work clothes, and she was pretty sure he would.

He did. “Wow!” he said. “That's a big improvement! I hope nobody gives you too hard a time! Good thing the laws against discrimination here are tough!”

“I’m glad you like my new professional attire,” Dee Anne said with a little laugh. She was wearing a tight pink top with a low enough neckline to show some cleavage, made more noticeable by her slightly padded push-up bra. Her skirt was short but not tight, with a bright-colored floral print design. “I figured that, if you were going to put up our wedding picture, I should make it pretty clear that I was the girl in the picture.”

“Well, you succeeded,” Bill affirmed. Without even looking around to see if anyone was watching, Bill kissed her on the mouth and caressed her butt. “Oh, God, Dee Anne!” Bill murmured in her ear. “You’re the only girl for me! We’re going to live happily ever after for sure!”

##

HOMO ON THE HOME FRONT

I had my dad to thank, though he didn't know back then. It all started when I was 12, when a bad boy called me a "queer" at school. I was a good boy then, and pretty naïve; I didn't know what a queer was, and I sure wasn't going to ask that bad boy. I just told him I wasn't one (without knowing what one was).

At home I asked my dad, "Hey, Dad, what's a queer?"

My dad frowned, but answered the question. "A queer," he said, "is a homosexual—a 'homo' for short. That's a boy who acts like a girl, wears girls' clothes, and kisses boys. Where did you hear that word? At school?"

"Yeah. A guy was calling another guy one." I didn't think I needed to say the other guy was me. I was already getting an erection at the fascinating thought of acting like a girl and wearing girls' clothes. Even kissing boys, I fancied, might not be so bad if they were good, kind, handsome boys who wanted me to play girlfriend for them.

"You'll hear all kinds of foul language at school, Sammy," my dad said. "A lot of it doesn't mean anything."

"OK, Dad, thanks for telling me," I said. I quickly vanished into my room and shut the door. I didn't have any girls' clothes, but I had paper and pencils, and I could draw pictures of myself in girls' clothes. Before long, in my imagination and my pictures, I was looking just like a pretty girl in a tight-fitting dress. Then I stripped off my dress and my slip to reveal myself in my panties and my tiny brassiere. I imagined a boy was looking at me, and then kissing me; then he pulled my panties down and stripped off my brassiere to see me naked. I even pretended I had a vulva, which was what girls had instead of wieners. All the while I was rubbing my little wiener raw through my pants.

At last my wiener couldn't stand it any more. It started squirming and squirting something wet and goey into my pants. I didn't know what it was or why this was happening; it had never happened to me before, even in a dream. I was afraid it was a sign of the sickness of being a queer, a homosexual. If it was, though, it was the most exciting sickness I could have imagined.

I'm a homo for sure, I was thinking before too long. I was drawing many more girlish pictures of myself, and wishing I had some real girls' clothes to wear. I wondered if any boys at school would want to kiss me, if they knew I was a homosexual. I wanted to kiss a boy for real, and even to touch his wiener and let him touch mine. I was afraid to try to do it, though, because I now knew boys could get beaten up for being queers.

When I was 14, I became even more sure that I was a homosexual. I still hadn't kissed a boy, but I learned that homosexuals couldn't be drafted into the Army. This was 1940, and the peacetime draft had just started; nobody knew how long it would stay a peacetime draft, since the war was already going full blast in Europe.

"When you get older, Sammy," my dad told me, "try to stay out of the Army, if there's any possible way." My dad hadn't stayed out in the First World War, and he hated it.

"You bet, Dad," I said. "I sure will." I didn't tell him that being a homosexual would be my way of staying out. I was pretty sure Dad wouldn't like it if I was a homosexual, even if it did keep me out of the Army.

By the time I was 16 I was well known as a queer, even though I'd still never kissed a boy. I looked like people's idea of a queer, being short and chubby, with embarrassingly plump girlish breasts and a girlish-looking face. I didn't go out with girls, not that any of them would have wanted to go out with me anyway. Guys sometimes pinched my butt, trying to see if I wanted to go queer with them, but I never dared to show any interest because I was afraid I'd get beaten up. The only time I ever actually got hit for being a queer, though, was one time in the spring of my junior year, a few months after I turned 17.

There was a lonely stretch through a wooded area on the way home from Rutland Ridge High. One day a big, strong guy named Eric Ruggruck followed me through there. I was afraid, but I knew I couldn't outrun him, much less outfight him.

“Hey, kid,” he said to me when we reached the middle of the woods. “I hear you’re a queer. Is that true?”

I knew he wouldn’t believe me if I said I wasn’t, and I wasn’t going to lie. If he beat me up, he would beat me up regardless. “What’s it to you if I am?” I said.

Before I knew it, he had punched me in the stomach and I was lying flat on my back, unable to breathe. “That’s what, God damn it,” he said. “My brother’s in the Army, and he’s probably going to get killed—while you queers get to stay at home and laugh! I ought to kick the shit out of you! You fucking asshole, why don’t you grow up and be a man?” He spat in my face and walked away.

I lay there, looking up into the gray sky and trying to breathe. “God damn it,” I whispered, echoing Eric. “It’ll serve you right if you get killed in the war, too—and I’m sure as hell not going to!”

This was serious. America was in the war, and there was no telling when it would end. Americans were actually getting killed. It was time for all-out queer action, if I meant to survive.

I already knew there was a lot more to being a homosexual than kissing boys, but now I wanted to know as much as possible. I went down to the biggest and most notorious filth shop on Harbor Avenue, Harbor Nights Books and Novelties. There I found a book called *Those Homo Moves*, which I was sure must be legally obscene. It had photos of every conceivable homosexual act, with descriptions of how to perform each act in the most effective way. With my earnings from my part-time job bagging groceries, I bought the book and some rubbers.

At home, I devoured the book. I just had to try what the book called the “marriage act,” in which a feminine homosexual lay on her back with her knees up just like a woman having intercourse with a man, and a masculine homosexual entered her rectum as if it were her vulva. The book assured me that, with a good pre-lubricated rubber, it could be done almost as easily and painlessly as heterosexual intercourse.

I got naked, hugged myself, and pretended I was kissing a nice boy. Lying on my back—on the floor, so my bed wouldn’t creak—I put a rubber on my middle finger and caressed my buttohole as if it were a girl’s vulva. Then, gingerly, I started to put my finger in. It hurt at first, but I persisted, pulling it back a bit, then pushing it in farther. Before too long it was in as far as

it could go, and I fancied I was really feeling like a girl being fucked by a boy. I pumped my hips and thrust my finger in and out, faster and faster, until I was ejaculating and my rectum was quivering like a girl's vulva in intercourse.

"Oh, God," I murmured to myself when it was over. "This is the real thing! I've got to do this for real!"

Doing it for real was easier said than done. Of course I couldn't do it with any guys at school, or I'd get beaten up for sure. I had to look like a girl, too, or else it wouldn't be the real thing. At Harbor Nights I gradually accumulated a feminine wardrobe, complete with a short, curly blonde wig, panties, falsies, a tight pink sweater, a short skirt, bobby socks, and loafers. It wasn't until after I turned 18 in my senior year, though, in the early spring of 1944, that I finally struck homo pay dirt.

I was prowling the book aisles at Harbor Nights one Saturday night, in full feminine regalia, looking at the sexiest books I could find and hoping a guy would notice me, when one finally did. He was skinny and almost as short as I was, and he wore a sailor's uniform. I knew they didn't want homosexuals in the armed forces because they said it would ruin the men's morale—but I couldn't see that it would do any harm at all for a sailor on shore leave to get sexy with a homo.

"Hey, babe," the sailor said, walking right up to me. "I'm looking for a fast girl. Would you happen to be one?"

Would I be here looking at sexy books if I wasn't? I almost said it, but I wasn't sure of my voice. What if this sailor wanted a real girl, not a homo? I decided I had to try to get him as excited as possible before he found out I wasn't a real girl.

"Does this answer your question?" I murmured in a soft falsetto voice, hoping I sounded convincing. I turned to face him, pressed my falsies against his chest, gripped his butt, and kissed him on the mouth, thrusting my tongue deep in, while keeping my own butt back so he wouldn't feel my little three-inch erection.

"Wow, does it ever!" he exclaimed. "What are we waiting for?"



We weren't waiting for anything. Harbor Nights had private rooms for sex. He paid for a room and we went in. I struggled to unbutton his pants before he could get my falsies off and find out my breasts weren't nearly as big as they seemed.

"God damn, you're the fastest girl I've ever seen!" he cried out in admiration when I had succeeded in getting his pants off and putting a rubber on his wiener—which wasn't much bigger than mine, only about four inches, and as skinny as the rest of him too. That was good, I thought; it would make it easier for him to get it into my vulva, which I was pretty sure was much tighter than a real girl's vulva.

"Let's leave our tops on," I begged, stripping off my skirt and panties. "It's faster, and sexier, that way." I pulled him down with me onto the cheap mattress, raised my legs, and opened my vulva for him, hoping he wouldn't realize too soon that it was really my rectum.

It hurt more than doing it with my finger, but he successfully pressed his wiener into my vulva, and I was getting even more excited than when I had finger-fucked myself. "Wow, you're tight!" he said. "You're really tight, and hot!"

I clenched him with my thighs as he plunged me, slowly at first, then faster and faster, thrusting his wiener into my ultra-tight vulva as far as it could go. I knew he could feel my wiener now, but he was too excited to care. At last he was thrusting as fast and hard as he could, and I too was going wild in orgasm.

"Oh, babe!" he moaned, with his wiener still in my vulva. "You're the greatest!"

"I hope," I dared to say, "you're not disappointed that I'm, you know, a homo, and not a real girl."

He laughed. "Hell, no!" he said. "That's perfect! I knew that from the start! That's what I wanted! That means I'm a homo too! With any luck, if you'll help me out, I should be able to get disqualified from combat!"

I felt a cold shock. I started trying to squeeze his wiener out of my vulva, but I didn't succeed. "Uh, what do you mean, help you out?" I asked.

"You know, tell the docs you're a homosexual, and you did it with me, and I'm one too."

My eyes opened wide in horror. I wondered what would happen if every able-bodied man could get out of

fighting in the war just by doing it with a homosexual. We would lose the war, that was what. That wasn't what I wanted at all. I wanted us to win the war with no help from me, except what little I could give here on the home front—not to lose it with the help of a lot of men who, unlike me, were just pretending to be homosexuals!

His wiener was out of my vulva now, and it would stay out forever. "Just because you did it once with me," I informed him, "doesn't mean you're a homosexual. Me, I'm a real homosexual. I started wanting to do it with guys when I was only 12. I've been wanting it for years. I've had a reputation as a queer for years. I've even been beaten up for being a queer. You're nothing but a pretender. You can fuck me and pretend you're fucking a girl, so what! It's no different to you than fucking a real girl! That doesn't make you a homosexual!"

"What the hell are you talking about?" he snarled. "Are you trying to get me killed, or what? Of course I'm a God-damn homosexual! Haven't you got enough decency to help me out?"

"No," I told him truthfully.

"Well, I ought to kick the shit out of you," he said. "I ought to rip that sexy sweater and those fake tits off of you, and shove you out in the street for everyone to see! You little hypocrite! You think it's fine and dandy for you to stay away from the God-damn war, but you won't lift a finger to help anyone else get out of it! You're nothing but a piece of shit!" He spat in my face. Then he ripped the rubber off his wiener and threw it in my face too.

I lay there in silence while he grabbed his pants and, still nude below the waist, went off to take a shower. I lay there for a long time, until I was pretty sure he would be done with his shower and out of here. I tried not to cry like a girl, but I didn't succeed.

At long last I dried my eyes, got up, and went to the shower room, still wearing my wig, my falsies, and my sweater, but nude below the waist. I had to walk along the edge of the open shower area to get to a locker where I could stow my clothes. The only person in the shower room, except for me, was a big, strong-looking, white-haired Negro who was lathering up his immense, erect wiener, at least nine inches long.

The Negro looked at me, and I looked at him. He grinned at me at once. I tried to smile, but I felt too

much fear. I knew the Negro was going to want sex with me, and his wiener sure wasn't going to fit in my vulva as the sailor's wiener had.

I stripped off my sweater and my falsies, but kept my wig on. I knew the Negro was staring at me all the while, but I tried not to look at him. I walked into the shower area, keeping my eyes down, until I got to the shower-head right next to the one the Negro was under. I lathered up my wiener and vulva, and cleaned them off well. Then, at last, I looked up at the Negro.

"Hi there, sweetie," he said. "You're looking mighty fine tonight. You know, you look a lot like Shirley Temple in the movies—except Shirley Temple's getting almost grown up now, but so are you. You ever see the movies where Shirley Temple dances with Bill Robinson, known as Bojangles?"

"Uh, yes, I've seen them," I said. When I was younger, my dad used to take me to every new Shirley Temple movie that came out. I remembered bits and pieces of them, including the dances with Bojangles. The memories that stayed with me longest, though, were from Young People, the last Shirley Temple movie we saw. That, I would always remember, was the one where Shirley Temple had breasts. They were very small, even smaller than mine, but they were unforgettable. Since then, I had often imagined myself as a homosexual version of Shirley Temple.

I could see what the Negro was thinking: he wanted to dance with me like Bojangles dancing with Shirley Temple, except our dance, unlike theirs, would be a sexual one—a homosexual one. I was getting excited at the thought; I had an erection again, although I had only recently ejaculated with the sailor.

Sure enough, he said so. "I was thinking," he said, "maybe you and me could do a little dance too, like Shirley and Bojangles. Is it OK if I call you Shirley?"

"Uh, sure," I said. "Should I call you Bojangles, too?"

"You bet! he laughed. "Our dance will be a little different than theirs, though, Shirley. I'll stand behind you and guide you through the moves."

I had to think fast. I remembered a section in Those Homo Moves where it said, "for those who want rear entry, but the manly one is too big to fit into the womanly one, here's the next best thing." It described how a womanly homosexual could squeeze a manly one's "cock" (his wiener) between her thighs and rub it with

her hand, while he stood behind her and rubbed her breasts.

That was what I had to do, I knew, and I had to do it right now. As soon as Bojangles stood behind me, I reached between my legs, gripped his massive wiener, and pulled it forward. Then the Negro clasped my breasts and we began to dance, while he softly sang, "Me and my shadow, strolling down the avenue"

Pretty soon Bojangles stopped singing. He was thrusting hard now, while I was quickly twitching my butt like Shirley Temple's little butt when she danced with the original Bojangles. My little wiener was rubbing hard against his big one, faster and faster, and then we were moaning together in orgasm.

"Oh, baby," Bojangles moaned when the orgasm was over. "Oh, Shirley, sweetie, you're the greatest! We've got to do this again!"

"Yes, soon," I agreed.

"Hey, Shirley, tell me about yourself," he murmured in my ear, with his hands still on my breasts and his wiener still between my legs. "Are you still in school?"

"Yes. I'm graduating this spring."

"Ooh, have to watch out for the draft then?"

"Well, I'm—I'm hoping to get out of it for being a homosexual."

"Hey, that's a mighty fine idea! You know, I'm way too old for the draft now, but that's how I got out of it in the first war. Nowadays I'm a music teacher at Crispus Attucks High, down in the District. Have to keep these night-time activities pretty discreet, but I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one. You know what they say about artists and musicians." He gave my breasts a little squeeze.

"Uh, yes, I do," I said, pressing my hands against his. "I'm an artist myself."

True, my art consisted only of homosexual portraits of myself, but I figured that still counted.

"You sure are," he agreed, "in more ways than one!"

When we finished showering, Bojangles said, "You know, if you were to draw some pictures of you and me together, and show them to the draft board, they'd be sure to classify you as a homosexual. There's nothing

like a sissy little white boy doing it with a big old black man to make them think that little sissy is a far-gone homosexual for sure. You know what I mean?"

"Uh, yes, I think I do," I said.

"Just make sure, if you draw any obscene ones, you don't show them to the draft board, or they'll bust your pretty little white ass for possession of obscenity." He laughed. "You make some that show you and me with clothes on, but you in pretty girls' clothes like what you were wearing, and show you kissing me, and me putting my big black hands on your sissy butt, and that kind of thing—but don't show too much! That sound like a good idea to you?"

"Yes, a great idea!" I agreed.

Bojangles and I agreed that we would meet again at Harbor Nights, as soon as possible after school was out for the day, three days from now. I kissed him on the mouth before we left. The very next day, after school, I drew the pictures. One showed me and Bojangles with our arms around each other; I was wearing my tight sweater and my skirt, and he wore nondescript men's clothes. Then there was one that showed me kissing him on the mouth, while his big black hands were gripping my butt and pulling my skirt up, showing my legs way above the knees.

"Shirley, that's perfect," Bojangles told me when I met him again at Harbor Nights and showed him the pictures. "That draft board won't have any way to deny that you're a homosexual when they see those!"

He embraced me, clutched my butt, and kissed me on the mouth. "You know what, though," he said when the kiss was over, "there's just one more thing to make you even more of a confirmed homosexual. You know how two people can get married in front of a ship's captain when there's no preacher around?"

"Uh, yes."

"Well, the owner of this store, Captain Jack McGuckins, is an old ship's captain, and he's been known to perform marriage ceremonies for homosexuals, which the preachers won't do. There's no mess with divorce if they don't stay together, like there is with a regular marriage, but it's a fine ceremony that makes

your life more beautiful, and there's no question that you're a real homosexual if you've gone through a certified private marriage ceremony with another homosexual—like me, for example.” He looked me in the eyes. I didn't look away. My heart was pounding harder than it had ever done before.

“I'm a real homosexual, all right,” I said. “Let's do it.” We kissed again.

Hand in hand, we went to the store office to find Captain Jack. “Hey, Captain Jack,” Bojangles said, “this here's Shirley, my bride-to-be. How about getting us hitched?”

Captain Jack, a short, stout, incredibly red-faced man wearing a sea captain's hat, stood up at once. “I'm always ready to perform the duties of a captain in matrimonial matters,” he said, “for an appropriate fee, of course. And would your lovely lady like to appear in a rented bridal gown?”

“I'm sure she would. Shirley, this is all on me. It's my pleasure.”

Captain Jack took my measurements and brought out a sleeveless, strapless white bridal gown, together with a low-cut, padded strapless brassiere. I stepped into a dressing room and put them on. They fit me perfectly and made my breasts look big.

“All right, then,” said Captain Jack. “Do you, Bojangles, take Shirley to be your lawful wedded wife?”

“I do,” Bojangles loudly proclaimed.

“Do you, Shirley, take Bojangles to be your lawful wedded husband?”

“I do,” I said more softly.

“I now pronounce you man and wife,” said Captain Jack. “You may kiss the bride.”

Bojangles embraced me and kissed me deeply on the mouth while clutching my butt. My tongue darted into his mouth again and again. Sure enough, I was wearing girls' clothes and kissing a man, just as my dad had said homosexuals did.

“And now you may enter the bridal suite,” Captain Jack told us. He led us down a dimly lighted hallway and opened the door of a little room, containing noth-

ing but a big bed that left little space for people to walk around it.

“Shirley, my love,” Bojangles said, “this is what I’ve dreamed of all my life.” Rapidly he stripped off my bridal gown, and stripped himself nude. I had to think fast and remember what to do from reading *Those Homo Moves*. I figured it had to be what the book called the “modified marriage act,” for those who couldn’t do the unmodified marriage act because the manly man’s cock was too big.

I lay down on my back on the bed, raised my knees, and welcomed him. Instead of letting him put his gigantic wiener in my tiny vulva, which would never have worked, I slipped my hand in between our tummies and pressed his wiener against me. Then I bucked my hips just like a woman receiving a man, while he gave me mighty thrusts just like a man plunging into a woman, until my hand was covered with his hot gush and my little wiener was gushing right next to his big one.

“Oh, baby, honey, Shirley, my love, you’re the greatest,” Bojangles murmured.

I could not speak. I was trying to envision my future as a homosexual. I did not think I could tell my parents I was married to a Negro man more than twice my age; they would never understand. At least, though, I could let them see me wearing girls’ clothes. That would be enough to let them know. Then they, too, could help me convince the draft board: “Yes, I’m a real homosexual!”

My parents were eating dinner when I got home. I was wearing my wig and my regular girls’ clothes, with the tight sweater, falsies, skirt, loafers, and all. I tried to be as nonchalant as possible, as if it were perfectly normal for me to dress this way in my parents’ presence. My dad just stared when he saw me, but my mom screamed.

“Sam, why are you—what’s the meaning of this?” my dad sternly demanded to know.

“The meaning,” I said, my heart pounding wildly, “is that I’m a homosexual.”

My mom screamed again. “No! Anything but that!” she cried out. She fled from the dining room. Soon I

heard the unmistakable sound of Mom retching into the toilet.

My dad still stared in silence. At last he asked me, "Sam, is this because of the draft?"

"Well, um, yeah, kind of," I admitted. I hesitated, but decided I had to tell all. "But I really am a homosexual. I've—gone all the way with men."

Dad frowned. He stayed silent for quite a while. Then, at last, he said something I never would have expected to hear from him. "You know, Sam," he said, "I've never told your mother this—but I was a homosexual too, in my younger years. I wore women's clothes, and—I went all the way with men. I never used it to get out of the draft, because I was afraid I'd be branded as a homosexual for life—but I know how it is."

It was my turn to stare in silence. "But I outgrew it," Dad assured me. "There's no reason why you can't outgrow it too—after the war is over."

I didn't think I was going to outgrow it, but I didn't tell Dad that. After all, I couldn't say I was perfectly sure I wouldn't outgrow it.

"I'll tell your mother it's just because of the draft," Dad said. "She still won't like it, but at least she'll understand. She'll hope you'll get over it after the war." He sighed. "You know, it would break your mother's heart if she thought she was never going to have any grandchildren. Don't tell her she'll never have any, OK?"

"Uh—OK, Dad, I won't."

"Good." He shook my hand. "Uh—have you given yourself a girl's name?"

"Um, yeah. It's Shirley."

"All right," he said, speaking softly to be sure Mom wouldn't hear. "Just between you and me, we'll call you Shirley, for as long as you like. But try to keep from making it too hard on your mom, all right? Don't rub it in. This is going to be hard enough for her as it is."

"OK, Dad," I said. "I'll try to make it easy for her, if I can."

"Good. Now, maybe you should go to your bedroom right away and change into your PJs. You won't wear a girl's nightie or anything in front of her, will you?"

"Uh, no, not in front of her."

“OK—“Shirley.” My dad started to smile, but quickly turned his face away. “Good girl,” he said, while not looking at me.

“Thanks, Dad,” I said, my eyes wide in wonder. I started to turn toward my room, but I turned back. I had to tell him: “Thanks for everything.”

##

YOUNG GOODWIFE GREENE

“Hast thou ever played the woman?”

Those words! Those words that fixed my doom on earth! Was I predestined to hear them—and to respond to them as I did?

From an early age it seemed to me that I was indeed predestined to play the woman, though my father would not have said so. Tailors were often suspected of heresy in New England, and my father richly deserved the suspicion, for he denied predestination. Only in strictest confidence, to be sure, did he say so to those of his own mind, for heresy meant certain death to the unrepentant. He did not speak of his heresy even to my mother, for she did believe in predestination, and she would have been sore troubled had she known of his unbelief.

In me, though, he did confide, as soon as he could be quite sure of my loyalty. My father and mother were both dear to me, and I would never betray their confidence. I was of a serious mind, eager to know the truth, and I listened to them both speak of the Almighty and of predestination. My father thought it blasphemy to charge the Almighty with making men unfree to determine their eternal destiny; my mother spoke of His unfathomable will, without which nothing could be.

At last I found what I thought to be true, though it would have seemed strange and unheard-of to both my mother and my father. Like my father, I could not charge the Almighty with dooming men and women to sin and be damned; like my mother, I must recognize the Almighty as the source of all blessings, even of all our good deeds. Must it not be true, then, that the Almighty predestined all that was good, but naught that was sinful and vile?

But what of my womanliness, my secret womanliness, that gripped me so strongly and tenderly from an early age? To no one at home could I admit it, for my father would have thought it sin as surely as my mother. Sometimes I myself feared it might be sin, when I yearned so deeply to play the woman for a man, for any trustworthy man, and unite with him in the flesh—and yet it seemed so good and right to me that I could not acknowledge it as sin. I knew only that, if my womanliness were sin, it was not predestined; but if predestined, it was not sin.

By the time I was nineteen years of age I was well skilled in the tailor's trade, making both men's and women's clothing. No one need know, I thought, that I had made women's clothing for myself. I was loath to leave my family, but I knew I must not grieve them by playing the woman in their sight. I told them I would set out for the town of Providence (where heresy and sin were said to be rampant, though I did not say so), to try to make my fortune. They were sad to see me go, but they wished me God's speed, and prayed I would return home safely.

Was it predestined, then, that I should stop in the town of Tauntsbury for the night on my way to Providence? Had the Almighty a hand in bringing me to the little inn where I met my destiny?

As soon as I entered the inn, the young innkeeper set eyes on me, and he did not take them away. I wondered if he could somehow see my womanliness; I fancied perhaps he could. Though I wore men's clothing, I had women's attire in my traveling bag; even without it, I looked as much like a woman as I dared. My blond hair was as long as ever seen on any man; my blue eyes, I fancied, had a soft and tender look, shining with promise of womanly delight. My slender form swayed with pleasure in the young man's gaze, and at once I began to wonder if I could trust him with my secret.

"Good evening, goodman," he said, though he looked as if he thought that "goodman" was not the right word. "I am Goodman Reed. Thou art right welcome in my little inn, and I have every hope that thou wilt be satisfied with your sojourn here."

"I am glad." I felt my flesh rising. In his eyes, brown and burning, I seemed to see his flesh rising too. I hoped he was trustworthy. I felt myself fully ready to play the woman for a man. If I felt he could be trusted, I might even lie with him this very night.

"I will help thee to thy room," said Goodman Reed. "Shall I know thy name?"

"I am Elijah Greene." I did not yet tell him my secret name, "Eliza."

"A warm welcome to thee, Goodman Greene! A warm welcome indeed!"

We entered the little room where I was to stay. My heart was racing at the thought that he might see my women's dress. I thought I might even make sure he did see it—but he forestalled me. Softly, but unmistakably, he said the fateful words: "Hast thou ever played the woman?"

Mine eyes were as wide as ever they had been, when young Goodman Reed first said those words to me. My soul and body trembled as one in fear, and yet in secret delight. I was a faithful Christian to all appearances, and yet I knew full well I had not the fear of God to keep me from playing the woman, the wife, for Goodman Reed.

"O what have I done," I coyly begged him to tell me, with my heart in my mouth, "that thou shouldst think I might ever have played the woman—or might someday play the woman, if I never have?" My hidden member, overcome with fiery heat, was very far from playing the woman now—but my heart was not.

"I seem, I ween, to see thy womanliness in thine eyes, and in thy lips," said Goodman Reed, with his dark eyes fixed upon me and holding me fast. "The Almighty hath given me the gift of prophecy about such things as this. I see that thou wilt look upon me with kindness, and with tender love. Thy heart will seem to me as warm, and thine eyes as welcoming, as those of any woman in my dreams. Thy face is a woman's face, soft and smooth, with full red lips quite unbecoming in a man. And thy touch—thy tender, loving touch—will be as womanly a touch, I ween, as ever man has given to a man."

I sighed, knowing how womanly my sigh would seem to him. I was fully carried away with desire, heedless of what might befall. "Yea, I have played the woman," I whispered in his ear, "though never yet the wife. I have worn women's dress, and I cannot think it to be truly damnable abomination as we have been taught. I will play the wife for thee, if thou wilt have me—though it be death for both of us, if ever our secret be known to the prying eyes of men. So womanly is my heart indeed—and so great, so everlasting, will be my love for thee." The gift of prophecy was arising in me as well. Whether it be true prophecy or false, I did not stop to think.

"And mine for thee." Young Goodman Reed embraced me, and his lips met mine. My heart was aflame with desire for full union with him, that very night.

“Hast thou thy woman’s dress?” he begged to know.

“I have.” Without a further word, I opened my bag and retrieved it all, down to the undergarments. Then I shamelessly stripped off my men’s attire in the sight of Goodman Reed, giving him a brief glimpse of my long, hard, burning member before I slipped it into hiding between my thighs in true womanly style. If it be true that clothes make the woman, I was then transformed into a woman in the goodman’s sight.

“Thou art all beautiful, my sister, my spouse,” he quoted from the Scriptures, “no longer Goodman, but Goodwife Greene. Thy two breasts shall be to me like two gazelles, as in the sacred Book.”

“Thou hast a little sister, and she has no breasts,” I admitted. It was my one defect in womanliness. “But she has the heart of a woman, great enough to give thee all the fullness of joy that a husband can receive from his wife.”

“Thou shalt then be my wife this very night, young Goodwife Greene,” said Goodman Reed, “in the sight of God and all the heavenly court, though the dim, defiled eyes of man shall not see.” He embraced me again and kissed me full on the mouth. This kiss was longer, and his tongue ventured deep within. By the time it ended, I hardly cared to think whether our newfound love be truly pure and holy in the sight of God, or whether it be damnable sin.

“I will lock up the inn for the night,” he said. “Then I will quickly return, and we shall consummate our marriage.”

He did return quickly, and we wasted little time before the consummation. “Young, lovely Goodwife Greene!” he cried when he returned. “What is thy woman’s name?”

“It is Eliza,” I told him.

“Loveliest of names! So like Elijah, and yet so utterly distinct! Oh, yes, my Eliza, my dearest, my wife, love of my life!” With all his manly ardor he enfolded me in his arms and kissed me deeply, strongly, sweetly.

Soon I was on the bed, letting him know my nakedness, with my member hidden between my legs as be-

fitted a goodman playing the woman. Then our legs were entwined, his stout member pressed between my long, slender one and my thigh. I fancied him going in unto me and knowing me fully as a wife. His thrusts were like unto the thrusts of a bull, his grip upon me like unto the grip of a lion. His issue came upon me with full force, while mine own issue secretly betrayed my manhood beneath his thigh.

“Oh, my love,” he groaned most deeply. “Thou hast most fully known my manhood, and I thy womanhood! Has not this been predestined since before the beginning of time? If this be sin, shall God Himself, who hath predestined it, be charged with sin?”

“If this be not sin,” I groped for thoughts, “shall God be charged with lying, by saying it is sin? Or shall mere men be charged with usurping the right to speak in the name of God?”

“I know not,” he admitted. “I know only that, if this be sin, then I am predestined to sin—and if this be not laid to God’s charge, to whose charge can it be laid?”

“I know not,” I said in my turn. I was silent. I feared it was blasphemous to lay sin to God’s charge—and yet, here in New England under the godly rule of the elect, might it not be deemed blasphemy to deny this blasphemy?

“Shalt thou indeed leave me so soon, my beloved, my wife?” Goodman Reed asked me next morning as I prepared to depart according to plan.

“I have thought to go to Providence, to make my fortune,” I said.

“But may not thy Providence be here, more surely than in the town that bears that name? What is thy trade?”

“I am a tailor.”

“Why, this is Providence indeed! We have need of a tailor here, since the death of old Goodman Warrick left us without one! Eliza, my love, wilt not thou stay and supply our need?”

I needed little coaxing. “I will,” I said, “and gladly.”

I set up my shop as a tailor in old Goodman Warrick's place, and soon I had business in plenty. By day, to all appearance, I was a man skilled in the tailor's art; by night, I was transformed again and again into the loving wife of Goodman Reed. Was it not indeed, I wondered, no less than Providence that had led me here?

Had mine own heart governed the world, I would have kept up my life in the same way for years to come—but prying eyes and wagging tongues soon took deadly aim at our love. Why, the gossips wondered, did young Goodman Greene, who had no wife, still stay at the inn of Goodman Reed, who had none either? Too soon, not far behind my back, the hissing started: “Sin of Sodom!”

“Wilt not thou fly with me to Providence?” I begged Goodman Reed one evening. “There we are not known, and heresy is said to be rampant. Might not we live there in peace,” far from the constant whispering of the sin of Sodom?”

“That I cannot, my love,” my secret husband said. “This was my father's inn, and I could hardly sell it, even if there were a buyer. I could not go to Providence, where I am not known, and start my life anew. But thou canst live apart, and so still the whispering tongues.”

“But what of our—our married life?” I protested. “Thou wouldst have need to come to my house, or I to return to the inn; then eyes would see, and tongues would wag, as ill as they do now!”

“My love, it is the only way.” Was Goodman Reed, even then, plotting his separation from me, and my destruction? Were his protestations of love, in truth, naught but a cloak for lust and sin? I knew not. I knew only that I must do Goodman Reed's bidding, as a good wife would be submissive to her husband and do his bidding.

Goodman Reed's inn, I thought, was secure against invaders—but my path to and from the inn was not, when I had moved into the little home behind my tailor's shop. Men and women spied and saw how often I



made my way to and from the inn for our brief trysts of wedded bliss, as I still thought it then. The worst of them, Jack Ragsdale—a stout young goodman in name, badman in truth—seemed to have no better occupation for his evenings than to walk behind me hissing, “Young Goodwife Greene, I know thy sin, the sin of Sodom! Thou durst not deny it, for thou knowest it is true!”

“Thou dost me grave wrong,” I protested, “to accuse me of sin, when naught but thine own depraved mind hath created the appearance of sin.”

He glared at me with malice unconcealed. “I shall have proof!” he proclaimed. “Thou canst not conceal thy guilt from the Almighty, nor from His faithful servants!”

Better occupation than this had he none, but a worse one he soon found. I knew not how he concealed himself from the eyes of Goodman Reed to enter in, but so he did. One evening just after our marital union was complete, when we were lying naked together, Goodman Ragsdale burst out of hiding and proclaimed, “Your sin is known, and you are in my power! I have caught you in the act—and here is proof!” He snatched up my woman’s dress and started to flee with it. Goodman Reed leapt up and tried to fight, but he was weakened from the issue of his seed, and Goodman Ragsdale stunned him with a single blow of his fist. Then he was gone, holding my woman’s dress, and we were in terror—or at least I was in terror.

“We must fly!” I cried. “We must fly to Providence this very night, for it is death to us to remain here!”

“Nay, my goodwife, we cannot fly,” he flatly said. “We must stay here and ride out the storm.” Was he thinking, even then, of saving himself by damning me? I knew not. I knew only that, if I were to fly, I must tear myself away from Goodman Reed—and that I could not bear to do, at least not yet.

The full extent of his malice Goodman Ragsdale made known to me next day, in the tailor’s shop, when none but we were present. “Lie with me, Goodwife Greene,” he whispered, “or it will go ill with thee! If thou do not, thy secret will be known—and thou knowest well it would be death to thee!”

My horror was unbounded. I saw that Goodman Ragsdale was no sincere hater of sin, but a loathsome hypocrite and scoundrel to the core. "I will not lie with thee, though it be death to me," I cried. "And it will be no death to me, but to thee! Thou it is who seekest to lie with a man as with a woman!"

"Nay, thou it is who liest, and with a man! Durst thou deny that this woman's dress is thine own"—he held it up before mine eyes—"and that thou hast played the woman with Goodman Reed, as I have seen with mine own eyes?"

I was silent. I dared not deny the truth, and yet I dared not affirm it.

"Thy silence proclaims the truth!" he cried. "Think not to deny it! Nay, I will drag thee to the constable, and we will go to Goodman Reed and have the truth!"

He did drag me, for he was stronger than I. "Constable Gardner!" he cried at the door of the constable's house. "The sin of Sodom has been committed by Goodman Reed and Goodman Greene—who wears this woman's dress, to play the wife, for secret trysts in Goodman Reed's house! I have caught them in the act, and seen it with mine own eyes!" He showed my dress to the tall, lean, sharp-eyed constable.

"The sin of Sodom cannot be endured, lest we suffer destruction as did Sodom," the constable declared. "It is as I feared. I have received information concerning these secret trysts. We will go to Goodman Reed and have the truth."

The constable and Goodman Ragsdale grasped my arms and dragged me to Goodman Reed's inn. "Open in the name of the law!" the constable shouted, pounding on the door. Goodman Reed did open, his eyes wide with incomprehension at first, and then with terror.

"Thy sin is known! Goodwife Greene hath betrayed thee to the constable!" Goodman Ragsdale cried with glee, knowing full well it was a lie.

Goodman Reed's eyes darted hither and yon like sparks escaping from a fire. Did not he know of my faithful heart, a heart that would never betray him? He must have known—and yet, I found to my horror, he had not the courage to stand with me and declare the lie a lie. "Goodman Greene," he said instead, "is a witch, and hath bewitched me! I repent in dust and ashes! Show mercy to me, I beg thee—and let the wrath of God fall upon the witch alone!"

After that, I had hardly the will to live longer on earth. Only my love of truth kept me going forward. When the magistrates, Goodman Braintree and Goodman Goodman, came to try to make me confess, I tried to stand in the truth, no matter what might befall.

“Goodman Greene, we have received information that thou hast sinned,” said Goodman Braintree. “Wilt thou confess thy sin, and repent in dust and ashes?”

“All men have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,” I quoted Scripture.

The tall, lean Goodman Braintree drew himself up and tried to give a look like the look of God from the pillar of fire that cast the Egyptians into a panic at the Red Sea. “True,” he said, “but not all men have committed the sins of sodomy and witchcraft! Come now, say what thou hast done, and mercy will be shown thee.”

“I have sinned with Goodman Reed,” I admitted, “but I have not bewitched him. He it was who first beseeched me to play the woman with him. I know nothing of witchcraft.”

“Why, if thou knowest nothing of witchcraft,” said the short, stout Goodman Goodman, “how canst thou know what it is, that thou mayest know thou hast not committed it? See, here we have caught you in a plain lie!”

“Nay, it is no lie,” I protested. “I know that witchcraft is commerce with Satan, but I know nothing of it by experience.”

“Another plain lie!” retorted Goodman Goodman. “Why, thou hast admitted thy sin of sodomy! All sin is commerce with Satan! How canst thou say thou knowest nothing of it by experience?”

Even Goodman Braintree, I weened, was put off by the depth of Goodman Goodman’s illogic. “See here,” he said to me, “let us speak of the sin thou hast confessed, the sin of sodomy. Goodman Reed, thou sayest, did first propose this sin to thee, beseeching thee to play the woman. And how did he induce thee? Wast thou reluctant to play the woman for him?”

“No,” I admitted, saying no more than the truth.

"Did he excite thee, within the secret depths of thy being, by the very suggestion that thou shouldst play the woman for him?"

"Yes," I admitted. I hardly dared imagine that Goodman Braintree himself might be excited, within the secret depths of his own being, by the same suggestion.

"And were not those secret depths of thy being created by Almighty God?"

I stared at him. "Yes," I had to acknowledge.

"Then dost thou confess that it is Almighty God Himself who hath predestined and foreordained thy sin for all eternity?"

Now it was my turn to stare. He was trying to make me confess to heresy, or else to charge Almighty God with sin. "I do not," I said, though I feared it would mean my death. "If predestined, it would not have been sin; if sin, it was not predestined."

"Why, this is plain and obstinate heresy!" cried Goodman Goodman. "None but a witch, or one bewitched, could say so!"

"We have heard enough," said Goodman Braintree, not saying from whom he had heard enough. "We will bring this matter before the grand jury."

That they did. The grand jury returned an indictment for sodomy, witchcraft, and heresy. Soon the sheriff summoned me to my trial.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the white-haired Judge Rackwright, who looked like the Ancient of Days without the beard, "I must charge you to attend most carefully to the evidence in this case, and to the charges, which are of extreme gravity. This man, Elijah Greene, is charged with three of the foulest crimes ever conceived by the mind of sinful man: sodomy, witchcraft, and heresy. If true, these charges mean that Goodman Greene has lain with a man in the manner of a woman; that he has had commerce with Satan, and used the power of Satan to abuse, afflict, and mislead a man; and that he has obstinately denied the truth revealed by Almighty God. Your duty is to determine whether these charges are true."

The Crown's Attorney, Goodman Farrick, called the first witness, Goodman Ragsdale. He strutted like a cock as he came before the jury and took the oath. With

little prompting from Goodman Farrick, he began to tell his tale.

“Ever since Goodman Greene came to Tauntsbury, a stranger among us,” he said, “I have held him in suspicion. His trade of a tailor was against him; before long I learned that his destination had been Providence, that hot-bed of heresy and sin. Yet he, who had no wife, stayed here instead, at the inn of Goodman Reed, who also had no wife. Was not all this enough to raise suspicion in any honest man?”

“Goodman,” said Goodman Farrick without answering, “what didst thou to confirm or disconfirm thy suspicion?”

“Only by bringing to light what was hidden in darkness, I knew,” said Goodman Ragsdale, “could I confirm it. I entered the bedchamber of Goodman Reed and secreted myself out of sight. That night I heard the sounds of sodomy: professions of sinful love exchanged, with moans and groans of passion, growing ever louder until the unmistakable moment of emission of seed. I then revealed myself to the sodomites, proclaiming that their sin was known.”

“Didst thou obtain proof that Goodman Greene was indeed a sodomite?”

“I did. It was his woman’s dress.”

“Is this, then, the dress?” Goodman Farrick held up my dress for all to see.

“It is. To be sure, Goodman Greene did not wear it during the act of sodomy; but I am confident that you will find it a fine fit.”

“Your Honor,” said Goodman Farrick, “Let the bailiff be commanded to strip Goodman Greene in private, and to put this dress upon him, that the jury may see the fit.”

“Bailiff, so shall you do,” commanded Judge Rackwright. The bailiff stripped me and put the dress upon me in private; then he brought me out to show me to the jury.

“See now, is it not a fine fit?” cried Goodman Ragsdale.

“Your Honor,” said Goodman Farrick, “command that the prisoner continue to wear this dress throughout the trial.”

Judge Rackwright frowned. "This I am not sure that I can rightly command," he said. "The man shall not wear that which pertaineth to the woman; it is abomination." He appeared thoughtful. "And yet," he said at last, "if the man hath chosen this abomination, there can be no sin in revealing what he hath chosen. Yes, I command it: the prisoner shall wear this dress throughout the trial."

So it was that, when Goodman Reed came forth to testify, he saw me in my woman's dress, which I had stripped off for him so many times. "Goodman Reed," said Goodman Farrick, "say truly what thou knowest: hath this man in woman's clothing bewitched thee?"

"Yes," said Goodman Reed at once. "From the first moment of our meeting, Goodman Greene's eyes, his lips, and his whole bearing proclaimed him the kind of man who would play the woman. Never before had I thought of such a thing, but he bewitched me into fascination. My fleshly weakness, I confess, soon betrayed me into sin, and I have repented in dust and ashes."

"His witchcraft, then, worked upon thee to conceive an abomination, which never before had entered thy mind until he bewitched thee with womanly pretensions?"

"Yes. The abomination took me fully by surprise. Never before had I desired aught but the natural use of the woman."

"And thy flesh rose up, then, only at the witch's instigation, without any prompting of nature?"

"It did. I knew, indeed, that it was contrary to nature, but Satan entered into me through the witch, and made it seem right and good."

"And did the witchcraft befuddle thy mind, leading thee to think and speak the most arrant nonsense?"

"It did. My mind was so foully befuddled that I even spake to Goodman Greene as if we were married to each other—yes, I even called him my wife! May Almighty God have mercy on me for my sin!"

Goodman Reed was weeping. Judge Rackwright commanded the bailiff to lead him away.

"Now, as to the charge of heresy," said Goodman Farrick, "the only witness needed, I ween, will be the prisoner himself, who will condemn himself out of his

own mouth. If he do not, Goodman Braintree and Goodman Goodman will testify to his admissions.”

“Then let the prisoner speak of this,” said the judge.

“Goodman Greene,” said Goodman Farrick, “dost thou confess, or dost thou deny, that thy sin of sodomy with Goodman Reed was predestined by Almighty God from before the beginning of time?”

I knew my answer would be death to me, but I no longer cared for aught but the truth. “I deny,” I said, “that this or any sin is predestined by Almighty God. Now that the words were out, I must say more: “I hold it to be blasphemy to charge God with being the cause of any sin. Blessings, indeed, he doth predestine, but sins he doth not.”

“We have heard enough,” said Judge Rackwright. “Prisoner, dost thou still confess thy sin of sodomy?”

“I do, and of that sin I repent in dust and ashes. I had vainly imagined that Goodman Reed sincerely loved me, as if I were his wife indeed. I now know that he loved me not, and took foul advantage of me before casting me off.”

The judge glared at me. “But, had he not cast thee off,” he said, “thou wouldst have committed sodomy with him still, to this very day.”

I could not deny it, and denial would do me no good now. “I would,” I admitted.

“This is no true repentance,” the judge protested. “Now, what of thy sin of witchcraft? Dost thou still deny it?”

“I do. Goodman Reed it was, not I, who first spake of playing the woman. If bewitched, he was bewitched only by his own desire, not by me. I know no witchcraft, nor wish to know any.”

“That will do. We shall see if this can be believed.”

That was the close of the evidence. Judge Rackwright turned to summing up the case for the jury. “Gentlemen of the jury,” he said, “you have heard the prisoner’s confession to the foul and unnatural sin of sodomy, and the prisoner’s feigned repentance of that sin, while yet he confessed that he would have committed it to this very day had not Goodman Reed cast him off. As to this charge, there can be no doubt of

your verdict." I glanced at the jurors, who seemed to agree that there could be no doubt.

"As to the final charge, the charge of heresy," said the judge, "there can be equally little doubt. One who denies that the Almighty preordains only some men to eternal blessedness, but others—indeed, the great bulk of men—to sin and eternal damnation, denies that the Almighty is indeed Almighty. You have seen the prisoner's obstinacy in uttering this denial, which is obnoxious not only to our holy faith, but even to the bare rudiments of human reason. You know your duty as to this charge, and I am confident that you will do it."

Judge Rackwright paused in silence for a moment before going on. "Now, as to the charge of witchcraft," he said, "the matter may seem doubtful to you at first glance. It may seem that, as the prisoner said, Goodman Reed was bewitched only by his own desire, not by the prisoner. But what of Goodman Reed's evidently sincere protestation that he had no such desire, at any time, until Goodman Greene bewitched him? I ask you, when a man hath never desired sodomy, and then of a sudden doth desire it, doth it not appear that Satan, through witchcraft, must be the author of his desire? I should rather think it a clear indication of witchcraft when a man is led into a sin that he hath never before desired, a sin that he knoweth to be contrary to nature, a sin that befuddleth his mind so thoroughly that, until the influence of the witchcraft ceaseth, he even confuseth sodomy with holy matrimony! If so it seem to you as well, you will find the prisoner guilty of witchcraft, in addition to his other crimes; but if you believe his fanciful account of Goodman Reed desiring sodomy of his own accord, you will acquit him of this charge."

After such a summing-up, there could be no doubt of the jury's verdict. I was found guilty on all charges, and sentenced to be hanged from a tree until I was dead. It was, I supposed, a more merciful death than burning at the stake or such like, but still I feared it.

Knowing now that I would die soon without a doubt, I tried to make my peace with the Almighty. "O God of heaven and earth," I prayed, "thou knowest my sin, and thou knowest that I have not sinned in every way these men say I have. Have mercy on me, forgive me all my sins, and cast me not out of thy presence into the lake of fire and the bottomless pit, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched!"

The very next day, I was led forth to the tree where I was to be hanged, still wearing my woman's dress as a

sign of my shame. Almost everyone in Tauntsbury was gathered to see the great event. I did not listen to the speeches, trying to fix my mind on God and the future life alone. Then I was asked if I had anything to say before the sentence was carried out.

Having nothing left to lose in this world, I tried to say all that was on my mind. "I thank God," I said, "for putting it into the mind of Goodman Reed to cast me off. I was a fool to imagine that he had any true love for me, and I repent in dust and ashes of my sin with him." A few people in the crowd applauded and cried, "Hear, hear."

"But I do not repent," I said, "of the womanliness that led me to make and wear this dress, for it was God himself who made me womanly, and God cannot be charged with sin. I have rejoiced within to hear myself called 'Goodwife Greene,' though he who called me so was unworthy to bear the name of a husband; and I trust I shall rejoice again." Now more than a few people cried out in outrage, and Goodman Ragsdale shouted, "Thou shalt see how greatly thou wilt rejoice in the lake of fire, wherein are all sodomites and blasphemers who have died as thou shalt die!"

"As for heresy and witchcraft," I said, ignoring him, "I am guilty of none such, and I know that God will acquit me of these charges, though men have condemned me. I trust in his mercy, and not in the judgment of men." In truth, I was trembling within at the prospect of going so soon to face my Maker, but I did not say so.

"Then thou shalt go before him now," said Goodman Braintree, "and thou shalt see what mercy he hath for such as thou! Hangman, do thy duty!"

The hangman did his duty speedily. I felt the noose around my neck; I felt myself falling; I felt the shock of the rope arresting my fall. Then I was dead, so far as men could make me dead.

Now I am clinging, for dear life, to the face of a sheer cliff. Straight below me are the lake of fire and the bottomless pit—toward which I must never look back, lest I be consumed. I cannot tell why I have not fallen into them, for surely mine own strength is not enough to hold me up. A voice, almost unheard, whispers to me that I have come through the lake of fire, I have as-

cended out of the bottomless pit—but this I can scarce believe.

Above me is the blue and cloudless sky. The air is far fresher than any I knew on earth, seeming to fill me with freshness to the core. I see that the cliffside seems covered with grassy earth, unlike any other cliffside I ever heard of. Walking toward me from afar—yes, walking upright, though straight down the side of the cliff, as surely no one ever walked before—is a woman clothed in white.

I watch her as she approaches, and she fills my vision. Her hair is long and dark, her skin golden brown, her eyes almost black, but shining with inward light. My paltry womanliness fades into nothing in comparison to hers—and yet she does not think so, to judge from her words.

“Goodwife Greene?” she addresses me. Her voice is low and rich, with the hint of a foreign tongue; she surely did not learn to speak English in New England.

“Yes—yes, that is I,” I stammer.

“I have come to lead you upward,” she says. “My name is Esther. I was never a queen, but I was named after the famous queen who saved her people, our people. I have come for you because you and I have much in common.”

The woman, Esther, sits down beside me on the cliffside. The first hint of a thought arises in my mind: perhaps it is not a cliffside after all, but simple, solid, level ground.

“I, too, played the fool and the harlot for a man,” she tells me at once, without reserve. “He told me he would put away his wife and marry me, and I believed him. In truth, he wanted only to have his way with me, and then to put me away. We were caught, as you and Goodman Reed were caught, when I was letting him have his way to the fullest. He had friends in high places, and they let him escape—but me they did not let escape. I was to be stoned to death, as an example to all women who might wish to play the harlot.”

Mine eyes and ears are wide open to her. “And were you stoned to death?” I ask. “Is that how you came to be here?”

“No,” she says. “A man saved me. He told the men who caught me that the one among them who had not sinned should cast the first stone.”

I thought mine eyes and ears could open no wider, but they could, and now they do. I have read of this woman, but the thought of meeting her has never before entered my mind.

"The men who caught me," the woman says, "were not willing to confess that they too had sinned, and some of them even picked up stones. But then they saw that this man was writing words in the dirt on the ground—and, when they saw the words, their faces changed. Their eyes and mouths opened wide at first; then some of them closed their eyes, clenched their fists, and even gnashed their teeth. I could tell that they hated the man who was writing, and yet they feared him too."

"What was he writing?"

"I do not know. I can only think it was something that showed he knew their sins, so they could never pretend in his presence that they had not sinned. They would not confess their sins in words, but in their actions they did, for they went away in silence, and none of them cast a stone."

The memory of the bottomless pit and the lake of fire has begun to fade. I dare to raise myself up on my arms, the better to see the woman. "Let us arise," she says in response. "We will go upward."

More daring still, I look behind me. The bottomless pit and the lake of fire are now nowhere to be seen. The cliff is no longer a cliff, but a gently sloping hillside.

"We will go upward," I agree. I stand, as she now stands. She takes my hand in hers, almost as if we were lovers. I see that I am clothed in white as she is, looking quite the same as she does. She begins to lead me upward and I follow, not yet seeing where we are to go—and yet, I ween, I know where we are going, and have always known.

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