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Tracey's Court Case

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Part One

Tracey was sitting at home one evening when she heard a police car driving along her street. With her track record of bad experiences with the law she felt an instant shiver down her spine. Her feeling of apprehension only got worse when she saw through the window of her flat that the Panda car was pulling up right outside her block.

Almost cowering in anticipation, Tracey sat rigid in her chair and then, sure enough, the door bell rang. Tracey answered it and then gasped in shock at the news.

'Yes, OK, you'd better come up,' she said reluctantly.

Two police officers made their way to her flat, one male, one female.

'Tracey Smith?' the male officer asked.

'Yes,' said Tracey miserably. 'What seems to be the problem?'

'We'd like you to come down to the station with us,' he told her.

'What am I supposed to have done?' Tracey asked, a brief flicker of defiance passing through her.

The man laughed.

'It's not a question of what you're supposed to have done,' he said. 'More a case of what someone else has done to you.'

Tracey stared at him in amazement.

'I don't understand,' she said finally.

'Well, what it is, basically, is - well, do you remember being treated in hospital last week?'

'Yes, I remember.'

'It seems that while you were asleep the doctor - took advantage of you.'

Tracey blushed with embarrassment.

'I see,' she said quietly.

The woman cop spoke for the first time.

'Do you remember anything about the circumstances of your hospital visit? And in particular do you remember the doctor touching you in an inappropriate way?'

'I'm afraid not,' Tracey admitted. 'He gave me a sedative and I wasn't conscious so I don't know what he did while I was under the anaesthetic.'

The woman cop looked at her and asked her if she wanted to press charges against him.

'I don't know,' said Tracey quietly. 'I've had a few previous - unfortunate experiences with the law and I'm not sure that if I did press charges it wouldn't end up going wrong for me!'

When she said the lady cop smiled at her.

'Look, if this man interfered with you he needs to be arrested and charged. Otherwise he might carry on doing the same sort of thing to his other patients. You have a civic duty to report him and see he pays for his crimes.'

Tracey asked the next question that was at the back of her mind.

'What - exactly - did he - do to me?'

'Apparently the whole episode was captured on video. So we'll know more when you get down to the station.'

The two officers drove her to Eastfield police station and took her into a room. To Tracey's surprise it was quite a large room and then the two coppers told her to sit down while they sat across the desk from her. They started asking Tracey some questions - if she remembered anything about her visit to the doctor, if she remembered anything else about the events of the day, if she'd ever seen that particular doctor before. As it happened Tracey hadn't seen him before, remembered nothing about the hospital visit and not much about the other events of the day. She explained that the sedative had made her feel groggy for quite some time after she came round and so she'd passed the rest of the day in a bit of a mental fog.

Then the male copper gave her both a careful look.

'Before I go any further,' he said, 'I'm going to bring another officer into the room. Please wait here a moment.'

Of course she did and he then returned with another woman officer. She sat down and then the first cop carried on.

'I'm afraid we're about to deal with some very - sensitive areas,' the second lady cop said.

Tracey looked miserable but just nodded.

'I understand,' she said finally.

'OK, if that's what you want. Well, the doctor stripped you naked while you were unconscious and he - touched you in an - intimate way. The whole incident was taped, presumably for his own enjoyment.'

Tracey stared at the cop in stunned silence. In the end she picked up the courage to speak.

'Did he - did he - go any further?'

'No, he didn't do that. You were sexually assaulted by him but not raped.'

Tracey was still sat there in silent shock but at least she hadn't been raped. She glanced around and saw that about a dozen other officers, all male, had now entered the room and were looking over at Tracey.

"Miss Smith, we need you to view the video tape to confirm that it's you on the tape."

Tracey nodded miserably but gave her consent. All the coppers stood around watching as the first male cop started up the DVD player and the TV screen began to transmit the video. The tape began with a close up shot of the doctor entering the treatment room and turning on his video camera. Then he cut away and the next shot was of a short blonde woman lying on a table. Tracey recognised herself at once and also recognised the doctor.

Then the tape continued, showing Tracey being stripped slowly naked by the doctor. He took off her blouse, her bra, her skirt and finally her knickers. She was soon completely naked on the table.

Once she was naked the doctor began fondling her breasts. A mortified Tracey watched footage of him squeezing her tits and as she watched her humiliation the officer in charge of the video stopped the tape just as the doctor had moved his hands away. Tracey noticed that he'd paused the tape at the point where her full breasts were entirely on view to the watching audience of police officers.

'Well, Miss Smith, is that you on the video?' the first male cop asked her.

Tracey was still transfixed in horror and staring at the screen in disbelief. She almost whispered the word 'yes.'

Tracey was so shocked and traumatised by the sight of herself being stripped and fondled that she hadn't noticed that an even bigger crowd of other, mainly male, cops had now walked into the room and were staring at the screen intently.

When around another dozen cops had made their way into the room the officer started up the DVD. This time as well as continuing to fondle and squeeze Tracey's breasts he started to lick and suck them. Tracey almost died with the embarrassment of watching him sucking on her nipples.

Then the doctor moved down lower, fingering her blonde bush and then slowly rubbing her vagina. He then stuck his middle finger up inside her and began to stimulate her clit as with the other hand he squeezed a nipple hard. The cops all watched intently and Tracey's face was redder than a beetroot with shame and embarrassment. She started to wonder if the tape would ever end.

Not for the first time the male cops looked back and forth between the film and Tracey sitting on the chair and watching the record of her own humiliation. Then the officer switched off the tape to her intense relief.

'OK, Miss Smith, I think we've all seen you were abused by the doctor,' said the woman cop. 'I really want you to press charges against him or he'll just carry on doing it to other women patients. You can stop him and get him put behind bars and struck off.'

'OK,' a weary and thoroughly shaken Tracey agreed. 'Go ahead and press charges.'

A week later Dr Chambers was arrested by the police on charges of sexually assaulting a woman patient. No details of his victim were given to Tracey's relief but she did receive a call from the police asking her to be ready for the trial. It was scheduled for a month's time and Tracey reluctantly agreed to go.

A couple of days before the trial Tracey was approached by the Crown Prosecution Service. She was interviewed by a middle-aged lawyer who seemed confident that they could make the charges against Dr Chambers stick. After they'd finished talking Tracey hoped she could put her nightmare behind her.

On the morning of the trial Tracey turned up in court deliberately dressing in as conservative a way as she could - a long dress, a sensible coat and sensible shoes. She wanted to look mousy and anything but enticing just in case - as she had a nasty feeling might happen - the defence tried to present her as some kind of slut.

Tracey then had an unpleasant surprise when the prosecution lawyer introduced himself.

'Tracey Smith?' he asked. 'I'm Jack Rogers. I'm afraid I've had to take over your case. The original prosecutor was reassigned to the trial of a major gangster so I've been asked to fill in.'

Tracey looked at the young man without enthusiasm. He was young, nervous and looked very raw to her.

'Is this your first case?' she couldn't help asking.

'No, it's my second but the first where I'm in charge,' he admitted.

'Oh God,' said Tracey, a nervous feeling beginning to form in the pit of her stomach. 'Can you tell me anything about the judge or the defence

lawyer?'

'I've never seen either of them before but the prosecutor who would have handled your case if he hadn't been called away told me that the judge has a track record in sex cases of being sympathetic towards the defendant. As for the defence lawyer, he's notorious for his shenanigans in court. Several judges have warned him about his antics but we just have to stick to the facts. After all, we've got the DVD of your assault as evidence so I don't think you need to worry. It might get a bit unpleasant at times but we're bound to win this case.'

'Let's hope you're right,' said Tracey. 'I really don't want to put myself through all this humiliation and shame for nothing.'

Then the judge came into the court. He was in his early fifties and gazed around the courtroom with an attitude that was somewhere between boredom and contempt. Tracey didn't like the look of him at all.

'The Crown versus Dr Malcolm Chambers,' came the announcement by the Clerk Court. 'Mr Jack Rogers for the CPS and Mr Bernard Stephenson, QC, for the defendant.'

Tracey gazed at the jury and saw eight men and four women. Six of the men were young and two middle-aged; two of the women were middle-aged, one elderly and one young. It was impossible for her to work out what they might be thinking about her or the doctor.

'Well, Mr Rogers,' said the judge. 'Are you ready to proceed?'

'Yes, Your Honour. I begin by entering exhibit A into evidence - a DVD of the assault on Tracey Smith by the defendant.'

Stephenson leapt up at once.

'Objection, Your Honour! The ALLEGED assault.'

'Sustained. Rephrase, Mr Rogers.'

'I begin by entering exhibit A - the DVD of the - incident in the hospital,' Rogers tailed away nervously.

'Any further exhibits?'

'No, your honour.'

'Well, get on with it. Call your first witness!'

At first Tracey was reassured when Rogers called the doctor's assistant to the stand. She was introduced as Miss Ann Foster and she remembered Tracey's admission to the hospital.

'And did you assist at her treatment?'

'Briefly, yes, but then the doctor sent me away.'

'And what happened when you got back?'

'I saw his patient lying naked on the table.'

'Were you surprised to see her - like that?'

'Yes, I was. It was completely unnecessary.'

'And did you question the doctor about what you saw?'

'Well, no,' she admitted. 'I just assumed he must have had a reason for it.'

Rogers looked at his brief and asked his next question.

'Is it true that other female patients have - complained about Dr Chambers?'

Stephenson leapt to his feet again.

'Objection! Irrelevant and leading the witness!'

'Sustained,' said the judge. 'Pursue a different line of questioning, Mr Rogers.'

Rogers looked flustered and for a moment he didn't seem to know what to do. Tracey's heart sank as she saw that the older and vastly more experienced barrister was going to make mincemeat of her young and untried prosecutor.

'Has Dr Chambers ever made improper advances towards you, Miss Foster?'

'Objection!' Stephenson shouted once more. 'Irrelevant and leading the witness!'

'Sustained,' said the judge. 'I've already warned you to avoid this line of questioning, Mr Rogers.'

'My apologies, Your Honour.'

Rogers was becoming more and more flustered and he decided to play safe while he tried to represent his case.

'Miss Foster, what happened when you returned to the surgery and saw Miss Smith lying on the table naked?'

'Nothing happened. The doctor finished his work and then I took the patient away to a bed.'

'Still naked?'

'I dressed her and let her sleep.'

'I see. And did you ask Dr Chambers any questions about her treatment?'

'No, I didn't. I assumed he knew what he was doing.'

'And have you seen the DVD - that has been entered into evidence?'

'Yes, I did.'

'When?'

'A day or two later. I was going through some files and other stuff on the doctor's desk and saw it. I wasn't sure what it was but I put it in his computer and watched the first few minutes. It was immediately obvious to me that something that shouldn't have happened had taken place.'

'And what did you do then?'

'I collected the DVD and telephoned the police.'

'And did they interview you?'

'Yes, they did.'

'At the hospital?'

'No, at the police station.'

'And how did you feel about what you'd seen on the DVD?'

Stephenson leapt to his feet once more.

'Objection! Irrelevant!'

'Sustained,' said the judge. 'Mr Rogers, I won't warn you again. If you cross the line once more I shall hold you in contempt of court.'

'My apologies, Your Honour. No further questions.'

Then Stephenson began to cross-examine Ann Foster. He adopted a rude and bullying tone towards her from the beginning.

'Foster, how long have you been working at the hospital?'

'Six months.'

'And have you assisted Dr Chambers previously?'

'Yes.'

'How many times?'

'Only once.'

'And did you notice anything - untoward - on the previous occasion?'

'No.'

'I see. And have you ever met Tracey Smith before she was admitted to hospital?'

'No.'

'And how long was she in hospital?'

'Including the operation about eighteen hours.'

'I see. Now let's look at your own conduct, shall we? What business did you have in looking at the DVD?'

Ann looked confused.

'I needed to know where to file it,' she said. 'I thought it might be something medical and so I'd need to know what place to put it because it wasn't labelled as they usually are.'

'A likely story!' Stephenson sneered. 'You were snooping around in the hope of finding something to your advantage, weren't you?'

'No,' she protested. 'I already explained what I was doing.'

'Well, for the time being we'll ignore your disgraceful behaviour in prying into the doctor's private possessions. why did you play the DVD in the first place?'

'To see what it was and where I should put it.'

'And why did you ring the police?'

Ann stuck to her guns in spite of the hectoring way he was talking to her.

'Because I thought that a crime had been committed and that the police needed to investigate.'

'I see. Now let me turn to another subject. Isn't it true that you'd just received a performance assessment a week before?'

This time Rogers made his first protest.

'Objection, Your Honour. Irrelevant.'

'Overruled,' said the judge. 'Continue, Mr Stephenson.'

'Yes,' Ann said quietly.

'And who was your assessor?'

'Dr Chambers.'

'And how did he assess your performance, Foster?'

'Unsatisfactory.'

'Interesting,' said Stephenson. 'Here, Your Honour, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, we have a clear motive on the part of Foster for attempting to get her employer into trouble with the police. She stole a DVD that was NOT her property and then proceeded to try and have Dr Chambers arrested on trumped-up charges as an act of revenge. No further questions.'

A thoroughly embarrassed Ann left the stand and Tracey spoke quickly to her lawyer.

'You're not going to call ME to the stand, are you? I don't think I could stand being bullied by that horrible man.'

'No, Miss Smith, I won't call you to the stand, don't worry. I'll rely on our evidence and hope the jury sees the truth.'

'So what happens next?'

'I call our next witness.'

When Tracey saw the woman cop who'd been quite decent towards her down the police station she felt reassured. Surely she'd be able to deal with that bullying barrister representing Dr Chambers?

The woman copper took the stand and Rogers began questioning her.

'You are DS Laura Peters?'

'Yes.'

'How long have you worked for the police force?'

'Eight years.'

'Do you have any special responsibilities that are relevant to this case?'

'Yes.'

'What are they?'

'I'm a senior officer for the Rape and Sexual Offences Unit.'

'And is that how you met Tracey Smith?'

'Yes.'

'And you watched the DVD of - the incident in the hospital?'

'Yes.'

'And in your opinion was Miss Smith sexually abused by Dr Chambers?'

'Yes.'

'No further questions. Your witness.'

Stephenson stood up and smiled at the woman officer.

'Well, DS Peters, I'm sure you have extensive experience in the field. But isn't it true that you have a hidden agenda and that my client is the victim of that?'

Laura looked at him coldly.

'I'm not sure I understand you. I am a police officer and I serve the law.'

'Yes, yes, I'm sure you do. But isn't it true that you wrote an article last year in the feminist magazine 'Bitch' in which you wrote - and I quote from the article which is, Your Honour, also defence exhibit A - 'the attitude towards victims of rape and sexual abuse in the police force is still archaic. The presumption remains that the girl must have somehow done something to encourage the man and every possible excuse is found not to prosecute rapists or sexual abusers.' Do you admit that you wrote that article?'

'Yes.'

'And do you stand by what you said?'

'Yes.'

'So that's a clear motive for you to pursue a vendetta against an innocent man on the basis of your belief that women who complain about rape or sexual abuse are always being truthful and that men are predatory rapists and abusers?'

'I didn't say I believed most men were rapists or sexual abusers.'

'I see. Only the ones you take a dislike to, I assume.'

'I follow the law, Mr Stephenson. On the basis of the DVD we had no choice. Dr Chambers was arrested and charged and he is here in court today. You are defending him and that's his right. But if you think I'd let my personal feelings get in the way of justice you couldn't be more wrong.'

Stephenson realised he couldn't crack this particular witness and so he decided to move on. He hadn't been able either to put a dent in her testimony or to discredit her as a person so he gave up.

'No further questions.'

The judge looked at his watch.

'Let's take a recess for lunch. After we return call your next witness, Mr Rogers. Court dismissed!'

Tracey felt much more confident after watching the policewoman give evidence and not be browbeaten into submission by the bullying tactics of Stephenson. She felt a lightening of the spirits and decided that even though it might be unpleasant in court she'd win the case.

But Tracey was an incurable optimist!

Part Two

After lunch Rogers decided to call his final witness.

'You are Dr Adams of the Sexual Trauma Unit at Eastfield Hospital?'

'I am,' answered a man in his mid-forties with an impressive deep voice.

'And how many cases of sexual trauma have you treated in your career?'

'Around a hundred.'

'Have you seen the DVD of - the hospital incident?'

'Yes, I have.'

'And in your professional opinion was Tracey Smith the victim of a sexual assault?'

The doctor was about to answer when Stephenson leapt to his feet.

'Objection! Irrelevant and leading the witness!'

To Tracey's surprise and probably Rogers' too the judge disagreed.

'Overruled. The doctor's specialist experience is clearly relevant. Continue, Mr Rogers.'

'Thank you, Your Honour,' the surprised but relieved Rogers said. 'So can you answer my question please?'

'In my considered opinion Tracey Smith WAS the victim of a sexual assault.'

'Thank you, doctor. Your witness.'

'No questions, Your Honour,' Stephenson said smartly.

'Do you have any more witnesses to call, Mr Rogers?' the judge asked.

'No, but I'd like to show the jury the DVD of the - incident in the hospital so they can make up their own mind.'

'Very well. Proceed!'

Then Rogers started up the DVD and Tracey had to watch her nakedness and violation all over again in front of an audience while a large crowd watched from the public gallery as well as counsel, the judge and jury.

To her relief he stopped the tape at last and Tracey hoped that her humiliation would be worth it and the doctor would be found guilty of assaulting her.

'The prosecution rests, Your Honour,' said Rogers.

'Very well,' said the judge. 'Mr Stephenson, present your case for the defence.'

'Of course, Your Honour,' Stephenson smiled. 'I shall begin by calling my first witness for the defence.'

Tracey saw a man in his early fifties in the witness box and wondered who he was. She soon found out!

'You are Dr Simon Barker of Westfield Hospital?'

'Yes, I am.'

'And you have particular expertise in matters of a sexual nature?'

'Yes, I do.'

'And what is your professional opinion of what you saw on the DVD?'

'In my professional opinion what I saw on the DVD was NOT any kind of sexual assault but entirely consensual sexual activity between the doctor and the defendant.'

Tracey gasped when she heard that and some of the jurors - especially the female ones - looked rather dubious at his remarks.

'Could you explain why you think that?'

'Tracey Smith was certainly naked on the DVD and the doctor was certainly touching her. But she made no attempt to resist or to protest about what he was doing. Therefore the only possible conclusion is that the sexual activity between the two of them was entirely consensual.'

Rogers stood up and protested.

'She was in an anaesthetised state - she couldn't possibly have given or withheld consent to anything!' he said angrily.

'Mr Rogers, please sit down and be quiet,' said the judge. 'You will get your chance to cross-examine this witness shortly. Continue, Mr Stephenson.'

Ignoring Rogers' outburst Stephenson continued with his questioning.

'So in your opinion the DVD is simply a record of consensual sexual activity?'

'Yes, it is.'

'And why do you think that Tracey Smith is trying to make out that she was assaulted?'

'Well, there are two possible explanations. One is false memory syndrome where someone imagines that they have been the victim of a crime but in reality the 'events' they describe are entirely fictitious. The other possibility is of course deliberate lying on her part.'

'And why do you think she would lie about being sexually assaulted?'

The doctor laid down his glasses on the witness box and smiled.

'Again there are many possible reasons for such behaviour. A desire for notoriety, a desire for revenge, a sense of embarrassment or guilt, and of course an attempt to extort money under false pretences.'

'And which of these scenarios do you imagine might be operating in the case of Tracey Smith?'

'Well, I would suggest that she is deliberately lying and that she is primarily motivated by a sense of guilt or embarrassment. But I'd need to give her a psychiatric and medical evaluation to be certain about that diagnosis.'

'Thank you, Dr Barker. Your witness.'

Rogers got up and faced the doctor. He was still nervous but he was determined to try and achieve justice for Tracey even though he knew that his adversary was a formidable one.

'Dr Barker, is it true that you have been called in to evaluate and treat 64 cases where claims of rape or sexual assault were made by the women?'

'Yes, it is.'

'And in how many of those cases did you come to the conclusion that the women were lying?'

'In twenty-eight of the cases.'

'And in how many of those cases did you come to the conclusion that the women were suffering from false memory syndrome?'

'In twenty-three of the cases.'

'And in how many of the remaining thirteen cases did you come to the conclusion that the women were entirely, largely or partly to blame?'

'In eleven of them.'

'So out of 64 cases of rape or sexual assault claims you consider that only two were genuine?'

'That is my considered opinion, yes.'

'And is it also your considered opinion that - I quote from your article on 'Female Fantasies' in the magazine 'Medical Delusions' - 'the overwhelming majority of women who claim to have been raped or sexually assaulted are either fantasising or deliberately lying?' Is that your considered opinion on the subject?'

'Yes, it is.'

'I see. Are you aware that out of your 64 evaluations no fewer than 44 were looked at again by other medical experts who took an entirely different view of the cases from you resulting in all but four of them being passed on to the police with recommendations of further action?'

Barker looked at Rogers arrogantly.

'Some of my colleagues practise medicine in name only. Their real goal is to achieve guru status by pandering to the delusional fantasies of feminism.'

'I see. No further questions.'

'Call your next witness, Mr Stephenson,' said the judge.

Tracey felt that so far the case was going quite well. Rogers was beginning to get over his nerves and though his inexperience showed constantly he was getting in some shrewd hits. Slowly she began to think that he was right and that it would be when rather than if she won and justice was served.

Part Three

Stephenson then called his next witness. Tracey didn't recognise her but within three or four minutes she felt her heart leap up into her mouth with fear.

'You are Detective Inspector Lucy Jones of Westfield Constabulary?'

'Yes, I am.'

'How long have you served with the police force?'

'Eighteen years now.'

'And in that time have you ever had any dealings with Tracey Smith?'

'Yes, I'm afraid so.'

Tracey was baffled at first but then as Lucy continued she felt the cold finger of terror gripping her heart.

'In what context do you know her?'

'In a criminal context.'

'What do you mean?'

'Smith is well known to us as a habitual offender. She has convictions for shoplifting, prostitution, drug use and drug smuggling.'

'I see. Has she served any time in prison for these offences?'

'Yes, she has. So far she's been sentenced to a total of two years in prison and two years of community service.'

'Quite an impressive record. Has she ever made allegations of rape or sexual assault previously?'

'Both, as it happens. Of course we investigated on each of the three occasions she made these claims and we found out that they were entirely bogus.'

'So what happened to her as a result of making these false allegations?'

'She received a caution and was given six months community service.'

'Is that in addition to the two years community service for her other offences?'

'Yes.'

'Interesting,' said Stephenson. 'No further questions. Your witness!'

Tracey trembled and leant to whisper in her lawyer's ear.

'We need to talk,' she said urgently.

Rogers stood up reluctantly, clearly shaken by Lucy's testimony.

'Your Honour, I request a ten minute recess to confer with my client.'

'Granted, Mr Rogers.'

Tracey and Rogers left the courtroom to discuss the new situation.

'You didn't tell me about any of this,' he said accusingly.

'I didn't think it would come up,' Tracey mumbled.

'Well, it has and I need to hear your explanation. And it had better be a good one or I'll be forced to abandon the prosecution.'

Tracey's eyes filled with tears.

'Please, Mr Rogers, please don't do that. I'll explain everything to you and then you'll see how it all came about and how I was an innocent victim of frame-ups.'

'I'm listening,' said the lawyer, a hard tone in his voice for the first time.

After Tracey had given a detailed account of her various unfortunate encounters with the law and had furnished him with correct information about the situations, verdicts and sentences Rogers felt more confident. He quickly ran a check on Lucy and a smile passed over his face as he looked at the results.

'Let's get back in court and win this case!' he said cheerfully.

'Right, DI Jones, I'd like to ask you a few questions. You've already mentioned the criminal record of Tracey Smith but you've only told part of the story. Surely you are aware that in every single case her conviction was later overturned as being unsafe and she was declared not guilty of the offences with which she'd been charged?'

'Well, I think she got away with it to be honest. But of course you lawyers are always trying to undo all the good us police officers do in putting criminals behind bars.'

'Strange that I'm the prosecutor in this case trying to do exactly that and you're a witness for the defence. But let that pass. Are you aware that in all but one of the convictions that Tracey Smith received the court found - I quote from the official verdicts of the appeal courts - 'there was clear and unmistakable evidence of corrupt activity by some police officers and that it was impossible for any reasonable person to come to any

conclusion other than that Tracey Smith had been deliberately framed by these corrupt officers.' Rather a powerful charge to make against the police, I'd say. And in the only one where her conviction was overturned for different reasons the verdict of the court was equally clear - 'gross negligence and incompetence on the part of the police officers assigned to investigate the case.' So we have a clear pattern of incompetence, negligence and corruption. And as it happens you were one of the officers supposedly investigating Tracey Smith's alleged crimes. A coincidence perhaps but it certainly throws the value of your testimony into considerable doubt. What explanation do you have to offer for these findings by the courts?'

'Like I said, lawyers love to try and do us coppers down. Far as I'm concerned Smith was guilty of all the charges against her and the court undone all our good work in putting the bitch behind bars.'

'And is that the only explanation you can offer?'

'It's good enough for me,' said Lucy almost haughtily.

'Well, I doubt if it will be good enough for the jury,' said Rogers. 'Now is it true that you were investigated five years ago on suspicion of planting evidence and attempting to frame an arrested man?'

If looks could kill Lucy would have shot Rogers right through the heart.

'Yes, it's true. But the investigation found me not guilty.'

'That's not entirely true, is it? They found that there was - I quote - 'insufficient evidence to warrant taking disciplinary action but there remains strong suspicion that the officer behaved improperly and we have issued her with a warning as to her future conduct.' Do you recognise those words, DI Jones?'

'Yes,' said Lucy, quiet for the first time.

'Now as to this particular case - did you observe the incident at the hospital?'

'Only on DVD same as everyone else here.'

'So you're NOT an evidential witness at all, are you?'

'No. I was called as a character witness.'

'A character witness. I see. So basically you came here today to testify about a number of crimes for which Tracey Smith was unjustly convicted and of which in EVERY case she was subsequently cleared? And of which you KNEW that she had been cleared?'

'I suppose I'd forgot she'd been cleared of them all. I thought maybe she still had some convictions against her.'

'Ah, I suppose that would be the 'negligent' side of you talking, would it?'

Lucy looked away in embarrassment.

'Suppose I just made an honest mistake,' she said reluctantly.

'Let's hope so,' said Rogers. 'No further questions.'

'Mr Stephenson, call your next witness,' said the judge.

Tracey felt more and more confident as the case slowly seemed to be tilting in her favour at last.

Part Four

Stephenson then called another woman to the stand.

'You are Dr Emily Brown?'

'Yes.'

'You are a psychiatrist by profession?'

'Yes, I am.'

'And how long have you been practising psychiatry?'

'Ten years.'

'And in that time have you had to deal with claims of rape and sexual assault?'

'Of course.'

'How many?'

'Around fifty.'

'Have you seen the DVD of Tracey Smith in the hospital?'

'Yes.'

'And do you believe that she was sexually assaulted by my client?'

'No, definitely not.'

'So how do you interpret the - situation on the DVD?'

'It shows clearly that the sexual activity between the two of them was entirely consensual.'

'On what basis do you make the claim that the sexual activity in the DVD was consensual?'

Emily gave a cool smile at that question.

'In the first place she made no kind of protest throughout the whole process, Secondly the expression on her face was calm and tranquil. Thirdly the DVD is simply evidence that sexual activity took place and there is nothing on the DVD to give rise to any suspicion of non-consensual sex. Without that you cannot reasonably assume that she was raped or sexually assaulted.'

'Can a patient under anaesthetic be presumed to be 'consenting' to sexual activity?'

'She gave her consent to be anaesthetised, didn't she? That means that she gave a blanket consent to any form of treatment that the doctor considered advisable.'

'And do you consider stripping her naked, fondling and sucking her breasts and stimulating her vagina in a - lubricious manner - any kind of - to use your words - reasonable treatment?'

'She seemed to enjoy it,' Emily smiled.

Loud laughter filled the courtroom at that remark. The judge frowned but made no attempt to call for silence. Rogers felt that it wasn't worth trying to react to that and it might even win Tracey some sympathy from the women on the jury so he let it go.

What he hadn't noticed as he watched Stephenson cross-examining Emily was the look of increasing worry on Tracey's face. He had no idea of the bombshell that was about to come his way.

'So in your professional opinion the doctor did nothing wrong and his method of treatment was perfectly justified?'

'Absolutely.'

'And you believe that the DVD represents nothing more sinister than a record of consensual sexual activity between the doctor and his patient?'

'Yes, I do.'

Stephenson paused for a moment before continuing with his questioning. The effect of his next statement was electrifying.

'You've had professional dealings with Tracey Smith before, haven't you, Dr Brown?'

'Yes, I have.'

'In what capacity?'

'I've had to give her psychiatric evaluations several times in the past.'

'I see. And what conclusion did you come to?'

Emily smiled.

'Without doubt she is one of the most deeply psychologically disturbed women I've ever had to treat.'

Rogers was sensing more revelations that would undermine his case and gave Tracey a look that this time was almost furious at her failure to tell him about this information. He watched in horror as Stephenson continued his assault upon Tracey's reputation.

'How many times have you had dealings with Smith over the course of your professional career?'

'Half a dozen.'

'And when did you first come across her in the course of your work?'

'When she had been arrested by the police and they were concerned about her erratic behaviour. That was eight years ago and that was my first encounter with her.'

'Why had the police arrested Smith?'

'Objection!' Rogers said. 'We've already seen that Tracey Smith's criminal record was either fabricated or mistaken so the nature of the fictitious offence for which she was mistakenly arrested is irrelevant.'

The judge thought about it for a moment and then gave his decision.

'Sustained. Try a different line of questioning, Mr Stephenson.'

The lawyer seemed surprised but not in the least disconcerted by the judge's decision.

'Well, Dr Brown, would you describe your first meeting with Smith?'

'Certainly. She had been arrested and was being held at Eastfield police station and I was called in to give a psychological evaluation of her.'

'And what were the conclusions you came to?'

'That she was a habitual liar, sexually promiscuous, a nymphomaniac and a masochist.'

'And during the other meetings you've had with Smith have you had any reason to change your mind about her?'

'Only in the sense that I believe her mental problems are more severe than I believed on our first meeting.'

'In what sense?'

'She has a deeply rooted paranoia and a firm sense of victimhood. She constantly imagines that other people are out to get her and she also wrongly believes that she has been raped on numerous occasions. Tracey Smith has deep fantasies about being raped, sexually abused and even about being enslaved. I've rarely met such a psychologically disturbed young woman.'

'Thank you, Dr Brown. Your witness.'

Rogers sat in stunned silence, unable to believe what he'd just heard. Tracey was in a state of abject despair and her eyes were full of tears. She remembered the hateful Emily Brown only too well. And now the defence had brought her back into her life to inflict more misery!

'Mr Rogers?' the judge said almost in a tone of pity.

'Yes, Your Honour. May I have a ten-minute recess to confer with my client?'

'That might be advisable, Mr Rogers. Court in recess!'

Part Five

As the two of them sat glumly in a room Rogers was so angry he actually glared at Tracey.

'Have you got any more surprises for me?' he asked angrily.

'I don't know,' Tracey said, sobbing in her despair.

'Well, can you at least try and explain? Do you know this Dr Emily Brown?'

'Yes, I know her.'

'How?'

'Well, we first met when I was a teacher and she was a pupil at school. I was taking a school party on a trip to the local mental hospital and...'

Tracey broke off in confusion. She still remembered the horror of her brief incarceration.

After she recovered she explained how Emily had tricked the doctors into thinking that Tracey was a mentally ill schoolgirl and had her admitted into the hospital.

'And the next time I met her was a few years later when she'd already made a career in psychiatry. And because on a few occasions - well, mostly I just had bad luck but sometimes I was tricked - I ended up in the asylum. Where of course Emily was one of the doctors. So she - 'treated' - me there - if you want to call her regime of torture, pumping me full of drugs, psychological dehumanisation and sexual abuse any kind of 'treatment' which I don't.'

Rogers stared at Tracey in utter disbelief.

'Are you really telling me that you've spent time in mental hospital because of - well, a - practical joke by a schoolgirl, some sort of malicious pranks by other people and bad luck? If you can't do better than that I've got no choice but to throw in the towel.'

So Tracey, blushing furiously, gave him chapter and verse and explained how in every case her incarceration in a mental hospital had been discovered to be unjustified. The authorities had explained it away with excuses like 'a case of mistaken identity,' 'diagnostic error,' 'diagnosis based on insufficient evidence' and 'further evaluation showed that the initial diagnosis was too simplistic.' The two most important things from Rogers' point of view were that in every case except Tracey's initial committal as a result of Emily's malicious prank the 'diagnosis' of her 'mental illness' had been made by Emily herself and that subsequent evaluation of Tracey by other psychiatrists had found her to be sane.

'Well, I'll do my best with what I've got,' said Rogers. 'But you must admit it doesn't look good for you right now and I'm not sure how much of a dent I can make in Dr Brown's testimony. Don't forget - you have to convince a jury that Dr Chambers is guilty. And I'd say right now the odds were in favour of acquittal. So if there are any more skeletons in the cupboard you need to tell me about them instead of springing surprises on me all the time.'

Rogers and Tracey returned to the courtroom and the young lawyer looked nervously at the woman psychiatrist on the witness box.

'Dr Brown, I believe your acquaintance with Tracey Smith goes back rather longer than you've told the court. You were once a student at Eastfield High, weren't you?'

Emily guessed what was coming but put on a confident front all the same.

'Yes, I was.'

'And Tracey Smith was your teacher there?'

'For a few months, yes.'

'And she had to leave the school suddenly, didn't she?'

'Yes, she did.'

'Why was that?'

Stephenson stood up and tried once more to throw his weight about.

'Objection, Your Honour! Irrelevant!'

'Mr Rogers, can you explain why this line of questioning is relevant?' the judge asked.

'Certainly, Your Honour. I intend to demonstrate a clear pattern of malice towards Tracey Smith from Emily Brown beginning when Dr Brown was a pupil at Eastfield High and Miss Smith was her teacher. Part of this malice included tricking the doctors at the local asylum into incarcerating Miss Smith as a mental patient when she was taking a school party that included the now Dr Brown among them.'

'I see,' said the judge, turning directly to Emily. 'Do you deny that these events happened?'

'No, Your Honour. It was only meant as a practical joke.'

'I see. Well, in the circumstances I am minded to allow Mr Rogers to continue to explore this matter more. You may proceed.'

Rogers then went through every step of the school visit to the asylum beginning with Emily's deliberately moving Tracey's details from the dummy database of patients to the real one, with her deliberate hypnotism of her teacher and her deliberate humiliation of her through an enforced strip search.

'Shall I go on to detail the methods of - treatment - that you encouraged the doctors at the hospital to use on Miss Smith?'

'No, I admit I was wrong,' Emily said, for the first time not as confident as she had been. 'I was 18 years old and I wanted to play a practical joke on my teacher.'

'A rather cruel and elaborate joke, wasn't it?'

'Yes, I suppose it was.'

'And after her release Tracey Smith was so traumatised that she had to give up her teaching career?'

'I heard she did, yes.'

'And of course your failure to mention this when you were asked by Mr Stephenson to - and I quote his own words - 'describe your first meeting with Smith' you replied that - and again I quote your reply to his question - 'she had been arrested and I was called in to do a psychological evaluation of her' - is simply not true. It was anything but your first meeting with her and that answer is, to be frank, perjury. You had a clear duty to tell the court that you had known Miss Smith as your teacher at school and that you had chosen to play this cruel and deeply unfunny practical joke upon her. Your silence was clearly a deliberate intent to mislead the court and to try to present a false picture of Miss Smith to the jury. There is a clear pattern on your part of conscious malice towards her that renders your testimony totally valueless. And the fact that you have now come close to perjury makes it impossible for the jury to take anything you say seriously. Do you admit that you lied about Miss Smith under oath, Dr Rogers?'

'I suppose I didn't think it was important enough to mention,' Emily said quietly.

'It's for the court to decide what's important and not important,' Rogers said. 'And when you are called to testify to the alleged mental state of Miss Smith your own previous behaviour towards her is absolutely relevant and as it demonstrates a clear pattern of hostility towards her by you it is crucially relevant. Your Honour, I request that this witness be arrested on the grounds of perjury!'

Stephenson rose to his feet shouting and gesticulating. The judge looked at him and then made his decision.

'Mr Stephenson, Mr Rogers, approach the bench.'

The two men stood before the judge and waited.

'Well, Mr Stephenson, it's clear your witness withheld information that was relevant to this case. Perhaps you are willing to offer an explanation?'

'I assume she felt that it wasn't relevant, Your Honour. But of course an honest mistake is very different from a deliberate lie.'

'Yes, it is. On the other hand when as Mr Rogers points out there is a clear pattern of hostility towards Miss Smith by Dr Rogers dating back a number of years it is hard to interpret it as anything other than a deliberate attempt to mislead the court. I will consider my decision when we recess after Mr Rogers finishes questioning the witness.'

'No further questions, Your Honour.'

'Very well, Court will adjourn!' said the judge.

Part Six

Tracey was still in a state of shock after Emily's performance on the stand and even though Rogers had tried to discredit Emily in the eyes of the jury neither he nor Tracey were sure how much damage she'd done.

After recess they returned to court and then the judge turned to Stephenson.

'Any more witnesses?' he asked.

'Just two, Your Honour. I shall begin by calling Dr Chambers to the stand. Unlike the prosecution who did not choose to call Tracey Smith I have

no hesitation in calling upon my client to testify to his innocence.'

Chambers came to the witness box with almost a swagger in his steps. Stephenson began questioning him and both Tracey and her young lawyer were surprised by his line of defence.

'Dr Chambers, did you sexually assault Tracey Smith?'

'No, I did not.'

'Can you explain the scene on the DVD which appears to show you touching her in - an intimate manner.'

'Certainly. That DVD was made by myself and involved entirely consensual sex.'

'With Tracey Smith?'

Then the bombshell dropped.

'No, not with her. The DVD is a private home movie made by me and it portrayed myself and another woman who unfortunately bore a striking resemblance to Tracey Smith.'

'So you are saying that the woman in the DVD is NOT Tracey Smith?'

'Absolutely not. I would never touch a patient in such an intimate way.'

Rogers and Tracey were gaping open-mouthed at the brazen cheek of the man. Stephenson gave another of his oily smiles.

'Of course not, Dr Chambers. So are you denying that you engaged in sexual activity with Tracey Smith?'

'Yes, I am.'

'Thank you, Dr Chambers. Your witness.'

Rogers got to his feet in a mixture of confusion and annoyance. He was not at all happy at the way the facts of the case and the testimony of the parties involved in it kept changing.

'Well, this is certainly new information, Dr Chambers,' Rogers began. 'It makes me wonder why defence counsel has spent so much time and effort trying to trash the reputation of Tracey Smith if it was a simple case of mistaken identity. But let that pass for now. Does this - other lady with her - curious resemblance to Miss Smith have a name and address?'

'Of course,' Chambers smiled.

'Well, perhaps you would like to give it to the rest of the courtroom?'

'I'm afraid that isn't possible. She's a married woman and it might cause problems for her if her name and details were to be revealed in such a public setting.'

'Well, perhaps you need to remember that you are under oath, Dr Chambers. Perjury is a serious offence and I put it to you that the reason you do not wish to disclose her name is because she doesn't exist and never did. You are simply trying to mislead the court by attempting to create the impression that you did not sexually abuse Tracey Smith when you know perfectly well that you did.'

'Are you asking a question or making a speech?' Chambers smiled ironically.

'Well, since you persist in refusing to disclose the identity of this alleged body double of Miss Smith I think it is only reasonable to assume that she is as mythical as a unicorn. I must insist that you provide the details of this woman or what other conclusion can the jury reasonably come to except that you have fabricated her out of whole cloth?'

'That is a terrible mixed metaphor,' Chambers said coolly. 'And I do not propose to disclose her identity. If you wish to suggest to the judge that he charges me with perjury then do so. It would not trouble me in the least.'

Chambers' flippant attitude was beginning to make the young lawyer lose his temper. He had already sailed close to the wind earlier with the judge and had to make a supreme effort to control himself.

'Your Honour, might I ask for a ruling on this matter?' Rogers tried desperately.

'Well, you may ask, Mr Rogers, but you may not be happy with my answer,' the judge replied. 'In essence you are correct and undoubtedly Dr

Chambers' refusal to testify about the woman in question is wholly against the spirit of an open and honest trial. On the other hand he is within his legal rights to refuse to do so and therefore he is within the letter of the law in his course of action.'

Realising that he could go no further down the absurd road that Chambers was creating, Rogers gave him a sullen look and resigned himself to waiting for the case to close. He sat down and assumed that the final witness for the defence would be yet another 'expert.' Within less than a minute he got the shock of his young life!

Part Seven

The judge had just turned to the defence lawyer and asked him wearily if he was ready to call his final witness.

'Yes, Your Honour. The defence calls Tracey Smith to the stand.'

There was an audible gasp in the courtroom when he said that. The colour drained from Tracey's face as she'd seen enough already of the rough tactics of the defence lawyer and realised she'd be in for a mauling on the witness box. She spoke quickly with the prosecutor who told her that she had no choice but to take the stand.

Reluctantly Tracey made her way to the witness box and was sworn in. Then the ordeal began.

'Tracey Smith, you've made a serious accusation against a respected member of our community. I'm curious to know on what basis you dare to bring such charges against him,' Stephenson began.

'I don't quite understand what you mean.'

'Well, don't you think it's rather strange that you didn't even realise you'd been - intimately touched - until the police contacted you? Surely if this was a genuine case of assault it would have been against your will and you would most certainly have been aware of it? And yet you didn't even remember that it had happened. What is your explanation of that?'

Tracey blushed as she realised he was trying to make her look unreliable and dishonest in the eyes of the jury.

'I don't know. But you've seen the evidence of the DVD!'

'Ah, the DVD,' he smiled. 'I'll come back to that in due course. In the meantime there are quite a few questions I need to ask you.'

Tracey looked helplessly at her useless young lawyer but he seemed as lost as she was.

'How do you account for the fact that you were completely unaware that you had been - as you claim - intimately touched by Dr Chambers?'

'I suppose I was out cold with the anaesthetic.'

'But patients go under anaesthetic every day and still remember what has happened. Why should you be different?'

Tracey looked at him helplessly. She had no idea how to answer that question because to be honest she hadn't remembered what happened and now that was making her look as if she was lying!

'I don't know,' she said lamely. 'But all I know is what I saw on the DVD and from that it's obvious that the doctor was molesting me while I was out cold.'

'Interesting,' Stephenson smiled. 'So you are asking us to believe that a respected doctor touched you intimately and you have no recollection of that happening?'

'Well, yes.'

'And you have no evidence of the alleged assault besides the DVD?'

'Well, no.'

'I see,' Stephenson smiled again. 'Not a very strong basis on which to charge a thoroughly decent man who has devoted his life to helping others with a crime, is it? A DVD which we have good reason to believe does NOT show you but in fact was a private recording of Dr Chambers engaged in CONSENSUAL sex with a woman who unfortunately bears a resemblance to you. The fact that you have no memory of the alleged assault also weighs heavily against your testimony. We have also heard from both the police and mental health professionals that you have a criminal record and long-term psychiatric problems. So all in all there is NO reason why the court should choose to believe you over a respected physician. Why should you expect us to condemn a thoroughly decent man on the testimony of a woman who can't even remember what she claims happened to her?'

'I... but the DVD shows...' Tracey stammered out.

'Yes, the DVD shows something, certainly. But there is only one way to make sure.'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, since Dr Chambers wishes to protect the anonymity of the lady on the DVD she cannot be called to court to testify to his innocence. You, on the other hand, ARE here and could be called upon to settle the matter one way or another.'

'I don't understand.'

Stephenson gave a broad grin as he delivered his next bombshell.

'Miss Smith, the easiest way to establish whether you are or are not the woman on the DVD is for you to strip naked in the courtroom!'

At that point he started up the DVD again and paused it at the point where Tracey was lying on the table naked and exposed to the view of everyone in the courtroom.

Tracey gasped in horror and was speechless. The prosecutor looked stunned by this latest stunt on the part of the defence counsel.

'But...' Tracey stuttered out, 'but... I can't... I mean, it's not right... I mean...'

She tailed off into incoherent shock. Rogers stared in disbelief at the defence lawyer and somehow found the courage to speak.

'Your Honour, the defence has claimed that the woman on the DVD is not Tracey Smith but another woman. They have failed to produce her as a witness and this is simply a stunt and an attempt to humiliate my client unnecessarily. There is no basis for Miss Smith to be required to strip naked in public and I object strenuously to this suggestion.'

The judge nodded but then surprised everyone by his next words.

'I will call a fifteen minute recess in my chambers where both counsels will meet with me and we will examine the points of law involved in this case.'

Tracey was still frozen in shock and could only hope that somehow Rogers could persuade the judge that the whole idea of making her strip naked in a public courtroom was not justified.

Part Eight

Tracey gazed helplessly as the two lawyers disappeared into the judge's chambers. She noticed that the DVD was still paused on the scene of her naked and exposed on the operating table.

Meanwhile Stephenson and Rogers put their arguments to the judge.

'Your Honour, this is ridiculous,' Rogers protested. 'Mr Stephenson has been turning this trial into a circus from the word go and this is just another of his stunts. It's totally wrong to put Tracey Smith through yet more public humiliation. We've already seen more than enough of her on the DVD and I suggest that it would be better to ask Dr Rogers to produce his mystery woman to testify. I ask you to throw out Mr Stephenson's request.'

'I am not happy with the way that either of you have conducted this trial,' said the judge sternly. 'It's quite true that Mr Stephenson has crossed the line on several occasions with his theatrics but on the other hand you, Mr Rogers, have not best served the interests of your client. I appreciate that you are young and inexperienced but on two occasions you were completely caught out by defence evidence which shows that you hadn't prepared your case properly. Did you really think that just showing the DVD in court would be enough evidence to secure a conviction against Dr Rogers? And you made no attempt to prepare Tracey Smith for the possibility that she might be called as a witness by the prosecution. In addition both of you have made - interventions - that were out of place in a legal framework and at times both of you have come close to being cited for contempt of court.'

He paused and then nodded.

'I'll hear your arguments now, Mr Stephenson,' he said.

Stephenson cited several precedents in sexual cases where women had been either allowed or ordered to strip naked or at least partially expose themselves in court to establish their identity when it was in dispute. The judge gave him a sour look but nodded.

'Before I make my decision on this matter I am going to sum up how I feel about this case and the way it's been handled by both of you. I suspect strongly that the mystery woman with the curious resemblance to Tracey Smith does not exist and that Dr Rogers is deliberately lying. I further

strongly suspect that he IS guilty of molesting Miss Smith. On the other hand in order to secure a conviction in court his guilt needs to be established beyond a reasonable doubt and you, Mr Rogers, have signally failed to do that. Leaving aside the remote possibility that the woman on the DVD may not be Miss Smith, it is a serious problem for the defence that Miss Smith had no memory of the assault and if the police had not contacted her and taken her to view it at the station then she would not even have known about it and this case would never have come to court. It does not help that even though there is a clear pattern of long-standing hostility between Dr Emily Brown and Tracey Smith her psychiatric analysis of Miss Smith may still be accurate and if so then it casts serious doubts on her mental stability. So at the moment I am considering the possibility of dismissing the case on the grounds of insufficient evidence. There are two possible courses of action open to me. If I allow Mr Stephenson's motion and order Miss Smith to - disrobe - at least there can then be no possible doubt as to whether or not the woman on the DVD is her. If it is her than of course there can be only one possible conclusion, that Dr Rogers is guilty of perjury and that he is also guilty of an indecent assault upon Miss Smith. If it is not Miss Smith then I will have no choice but to dismiss the charges. So in spite of my reluctance to add to the mixture of melodrama and farce into which this trial has declined I feel that I have no choice. I will allow Mr Stephenson's motion.'

Stephenson grinned and Rogers looked depressed. He could only hope that it WAS Tracey Smith on the DVD and that at least if it was even though she'd be publicly humiliated yet again at least he'd win the case and Rogers would be found guilty and locked up for his crimes.

Tracey knew at once by the hangdog expression on Rogers' face that the judge had ruled in favour of the defence. Even so she still hadn't quite taken in the full horror of her situation.

'Miss Smith,' the judge addressed Tracey directly. 'I've had a long discussion with both counsel about this matter and I'm afraid I've come reluctantly to the conclusion that I have no alternative but to allow the defence's motion. I must now ask you please to undress.'

Tracey gasped in horror.

'But... you can't... I mean, it's not fair!'

The judge gave an almost sympathetic look at Tracey before he spoke again.

'Take your clothes off, please, Miss Smith. Every one of them.'

Tracey trembled and gazed forlornly at her useless lawyer who spread his hands in despair. In a sudden expression of defiance, she looked straight at the judge and answered him.

'No, I won't.'

'Miss Smith,' the judge said wearily, 'this is my courtroom. If I give you a direct order you obey it without any argument or complaint or hesitation. Otherwise I'll have no option but to sentence you to spend some considerable time in prison for contempt of court. Now let's get on with it, shall we? Strip naked!'

Tears started to fall from Tracey's eyes but she knew she had no choice. Reluctantly she took off her jacket and looked around helplessly. The prosecutor walked over to the witness box, picked it up and placed it on a table. Tracey's large breasts were now evident through the white blouse she was wearing underneath the jacket.

'Now remove your blouse,' the judge ordered.

Trembling slightly, Tracey reluctantly began to unbutton her blouse. She opened it slowly, revealing the petticoat that was at the moment still protecting her large breasts from complete exposure. Once more the prosecutor walked across and took the blouse and put it down on the table.

Her eyes travelled around the courtroom as if pleading for mercy but none was forthcoming. The judge gave his next order.

'Now remove your petticoat,' he told her.

A mortified Tracey took it off and once more the prosecutor collected it and put it on the table. She was shivering with the fear of what was about to happen next.

'Now take off your bra,' he told her.

Tracey looked down at the floor in shame and embarrassment and for a moment a flicker of defiance made her think about refusing to do what he'd said but then she remembered his threat of jail time if she didn't follow his orders. With a heavy heart she unhooked her bra, pulled the straps away and slowly removed it.

Now her large tits hung loose and free as Tracey stood in front of the court topless. She was gazing at the floor and was trying to cover her now exposed breasts with her arms.

All eyes in the court were now fixed on her breasts and there was total silence as she stood there embarrassed and now a little frightened as well.

'Now remove your skirt,' the judge told her.

The first faint tears began to form in Tracey's eyes as she removed her arms. Almost shaking with shame and fear she began to unzip her skirt. She took it off and once again the prosecutor walked over and placed it on the table. Now she stood in the courtroom wearing just her knickers and tights.

Of course in the act of removing her skirt she had to take her arms away and her proud full breasts were fully on display to the courtroom. Every eye in the place was staring at Tracey's tits and she knew it and the shame of it filled her with a sense of utter despair.

'Now your tights,' the judge said quietly.

Tracey's eyes were now awash with tears as he gave that command but she took them off and once again the prosecutor went over to her and collected them before placing them on the table.

'Now your knickers,' the judge told her.

Tracey felt a momentary rush of anger and she was tempted to refuse but then the thought of being sent to prison if she did refuse made her reluctantly assent. She pulled off her knickers and stepped out of them and the prosecutor walked across and took them before placing them on the table.

In a last desperate attempt at modesty Tracey tried to put her arms across her breasts and cover her pussy with her hand but the prosecutor was having none of it.

'Your Honour, Miss Smith is defeating the whole object of the exercise,' he said cruelly. 'Please order her to remove her hands and arms.'

'In the circumstances, Mr Stephenson, you leave me with no choice. Miss Smith, remove your arms and hands, please.'

Tracey was shaking and sobbing almost uncontrollably now at her public humiliation but she had no choice. Reluctantly she dropped her arms to her side and stood there, still keeping her gaze fixed firmly on the floor beneath her which at that moment in time she longed to swallow her up.

If Tracey thought her ordeal was over she was wrong as usual. The prosecutor was determined to milk the situation for all it was worth and so he made a further 'request' to the judge.

'Your Honour, we need to let the jury get a closer look,' he said cruelly. 'Will you instruct Miss Smith to step out of the witness box and walk slowly past the jury so they can see her properly for themselves?'

The judge gave Stephenson an exasperated look but nodded.

'Very well. Miss Smith, step down from the stand and walk past the jury, please.'

Tracey gasped in horror but by now she was too numb to refuse or even protest. Meekly she walked slowly by the jury with her gaze still fixed firmly on the floor beneath her. The eyes of every member of the jury were caught by the sight and not one of them looked away as she passed their intense scrutiny. Tracey walked past them and in spite of her efforts to walk as slowly as possible and minimise her body movements her large tits couldn't help moving and her arse cheeks also moved as she made her slow and shameful procession.

'Stop!' Stephenson said after Tracey had been forced to walk past the jury twice.

'Is that it, Mr Stephenson?' said the judge finally.

'Not quite, Your Honour. I'd like Miss Smith to walk past the prosecution area and then the defence area as well.'

'Very well. You heard him, Miss Smith.'

Tracey shuffled her way past both of them and then as she stood before the defence bench Stephenson ordered her to stop.

'Have a good look at Miss Smith, Dr Chambers. Make absolutely certain that she's not the woman on the DVD!'

A mortified Tracey had to submit to Chambers coming up to her and giving her a close visual inspection.

'Well,' said Stephenson, 'is that the same woman?'

'No,' Chambers said.

'Maybe you'd better feel her up just to make sure,' the smirking Stephenson suggested.

'Don't mind if I do,' the doctor laughed. 'She's got a great set of tits on her!'

'Your Honour, really!' Rogers protested. 'This is going beyond the bounds of any kind of reasonable doubt!'

'I'm inclined to agree with you, Mr Rogers,' said the judge. 'But since we've let the circus get this far we may as well see it through to the bitter end. Dr Chambers, you have the court's permission to - conduct a tactile examination of Miss Smith.'

The utterly humiliated Tracey had to submit to Chambers fondling, squeezing, sucking and biting her tits before turning his attention to her cunt where he expertly massaged her clit to the point of climax before cruelly removing his finger and denying her the release of orgasm.

'Her nipples are as stiff as boards,' Chambers laughed. 'And her cunt is as wet as an April day in the Lake District!'

The judge looked at him with an exasperated expression on his face.

'Never mind the - state of arousal of the subject,' he said coldly. 'Is that the woman you had sex with - the one on the DVD that we've all seen?'

'I'm not sure, Your Honour. But I don't think so.'

'Why am I not surprised?' the judge retorted.

He looked at the defendant and his lawyer with an expression of complete irritation on his face.

'How much longer do you propose to keep this circus going for, Mr Stephenson?'

'We're almost done, Your Honour. I'd now like to ask Miss Smith to stand to the side of the screen on which the DVD is displayed. It will help the jury to come to a final decision.'

A thoroughly tearful and embarrassed Tracey reluctantly made her way to the screen and stopped when Stephenson gave the order. He was openly grinning and so was Chambers and Tracey felt absolutely helpless and degraded by the whole circus.

'That's it,' said Stephenson. 'Take up that position, Miss Smith, and hold it.'

Tracey tried to stare at the floor but the lawyer was merciless.

'Raise your head and keep your eyes firmly fixed on Dr Chambers,' he said.

Tracey reluctantly did as she was told and waited for the final stage of her humiliation.

'Now, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, take a good look at the woman on the DVD,' he said. 'You will observe that there is a remarkable similarity between Miss Smith and the woman with whom Dr Chambers had entirely consensual sexual relations. Both have big tits' - Tracey blushed when he said that - 'but there are also differences. To demonstrate them more clearly I must now ask Miss Smith to spread her legs wide apart so that the jury can get a good look at her cunt.'

Tracey glared at the lawyer but did as she was told. The smug smirk on his face got even wider when she did so.

'You can see the close similarity of the tits in the case of both women,' Stephenson said cruelly. 'But if you take a close look at the DVD you can see that the woman on the table has a pronounced and quite hairy bush around her cunt while if you take a close look at Miss Smith's cunt you can see that her pubic area has been shaved.'

Tracey gasped in horror as she realised that last week she'd decided to shave off her bush as an experiment and so it now looked as if she was NOT the woman in the DVD after all. Oh God, she thought frantically, all this public humiliation has been for nothing. The fucking bastard is going to get off!

'As you can see, Your Honour, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, Miss Smith's cunt is clearly shaved while the woman on the DVD has a distinctly hairy bush. It is obviously not the same woman and I ask you to dismiss the entirely unfounded charges against my client.'

The judge gave a weary look at Stephenson when he'd finished his latest theatrical gesture.

'Very well,' he said quietly. 'This has been one of the most ineptly conducted and disgracefully farcical trials over which I have had the misfortune to preside. In the circumstances I think that there is no point in either the prosecution or the defence making any kind of closing statement to the jurors. I now ask the jury to retire and consider their verdict in this case.'

There was a quick murmuring among the twelve jury members and then the foreman stood up and spoke.

'That won't be necessary, Your Honour,' he said. 'We've already agreed upon a verdict.'

'Is it a unanimous or majority one?'

'Unanimous, Your Honour.'

'Very well, Please deliver your verdict.'

'We find the defendant Dr Chambers not guilty of the charges against him.'

Tracey's eyes swam with tears as she realised how the whole circus of her humiliation in public had been in vain. Both Dr Chambers and Stephenson grinned at each other and shook hands in delight.

Part Nine

In a dream or more accurately a nightmare the bewildered Tracey, still reeling from the not guilty verdict against the doctor, moved towards the pile of her clothes that lay on the table in front of the prosecuting counsel. As she bent down to pick them up the judge intervened sternly.

'Don't touch those clothes,' he said quietly. 'I still have quite a lot to say before this trial can be concluded.'

Meekly Tracey stood still, naked, ashamed and frightened.

'Very well,' said the judge. 'I'll begin with the first part of the verdict. Dr Chambers, the jury has found you not guilty of sexually assaulting a patient and so you leave this courtroom without a stain upon your character.'

He paused for a moment as Tracey knew that the doctor had got away with sexually abusing her and that if only she hadn't decided to shave off her pubic hair he might have been found guilty.

'The consequence of that verdict,' the judge continued, 'is of course that Tracey Smith is by definition guilty of the crimes of perjury and contempt of court.'

Tracey gasped in horror as she heard the judge's words.

'Both are serious crimes, particularly the charge of perjury. Tracey Smith, stand and face me while I consider what to do about you.'

A tearful Tracey made her way to the judge's bench and stood in front of him, still naked.

'You have attempted to traduce the reputation of an innocent and respected doctor,' he began. 'You have maliciously brought false charges against a worthy man and you have lied in court as well as refusing to display the required degree of respect for the judicial process. Now, depending upon your response to my question, I will award you a greater or lesser punishment for your crimes. Do you admit that you lied upon oath and that the whole prosecution was motivated by malice on your part?'

Tracey gasped in horror as she took in the implications of what the judge said. He had told her he'd give her a less severe punishment if she 'admitted' her 'guilt' but then again that meant her reputation would be ruined and as in any case Tracey knew that she WAS innocent she bitterly resented being forced to 'confess' to a 'crime' she hadn't committed.

The prosecution lawyer was in a state of shock himself and could hardly bring himself to speak. In a desperate attempt to salvage something from the fiasco he stood up and gestured to the judge.

'Your Honour, might I have a word with you, please?'

'Mr Rogers, you have had ample opportunity to present your 'case' to the court,' the judge said dismissively. 'I will allow you to have a brief word with your client however before she responds to my question.'

'Thank you, Your Honour.'

Rogers frantically moved across to Tracey and spoke with her quickly.

'You'd better plead guilty, Miss Smith. It will mean a lesser sentence if you do.'

'But I've done nothing wrong!' Tracey protested. 'And anyway, how much of a lesser sentence are we talking about?'

'I honestly don't know. But I'd advise you to take the guilty plea and the lighter punishment rather than insist on your innocence and risk a more severe sentence.'

Tracey burst into tears again as she contemplated the hopelessness of her position. Whichever course of action she took she was going to be

totally fucked.

'OK,' she said reluctantly. 'I DID lie under oath and I WAS motivated to bring the prosecution out of malice.'

'And are you sorry for what you did?'

Tracey forced herself to say the hateful words.

'Yes, Your Honour, I'm sorry for what I did.'

'Do you admit that you falsely accused an innocent man of a shocking crime knowing full well that he was not guilty?'

'Yes, Your Honour, I admit I falsely accused an innocent man.'

'And you knew you were lying?'

'Yes, Your Honour, I knew I was lying.'

'So you deliberately lied in the hope of incriminating an innocent man?'

'Yes, Your Honour, I did.'

'I see,' said the judge. 'That is thoroughly reprehensible behaviour on your part and I can only hope that the expressions of remorse you have made are genuine. Even so,' he continued, 'your remorse alone is not a sufficient punishment for your behaviour. I now have to decide upon the most appropriate way to deal with you.'

He stared at Tracey with cold eyes and she felt like a butterfly pinned on a board by a cruel boy.

'Tracey Smith, you have been found guilty of perjury and contempt of court. On the charge of contempt I sentence you to a year in prison.'

Tracey gasped in horrified disbelief.

'But you can't, Your Honour!' she protested. 'That's too harsh!'

'Be quiet if you know what's good for you,' the judge warned her 'I can increase your sentence if you continue to show the bad attitude you have displayed throughout this trial.'

'On the charge of perjury I sentence you to a further two years in prison. Both sentences must be served consecutively and not concurrently so you will spend a total of three years in prison.'

Tracey was utterly crushed by his words. She started crying again and hung her head as she realised that even though she had been the injured party SHE was the one who was going to be sent to prison!

Rogers got to his feet and made a forlorn plea for mercy.

'Your Honour, couldn't you perhaps impose a less serious punishment on Miss Smith? She has expressed her remorse after all.'

'Yes, she has, and I have taken her - expressions of penitence - into account in my sentencing. My decision stands.'

Rogers spread his hands helplessly and sat down. This case had been a bigger disaster than he'd feared even in his worst nightmares.

The judge turned to the stricken Tracey. His tone was completely different from earlier in the trial.

'Stand in front of me while I consider whether or not you deserve any additional punishment for your disgraceful behaviour.'

Tracey got to her feet slowly with her eyes brimful of tears. She could hardly believe what had happened to her.

But the judge hadn't finished with her yet!

'In view of the fact that you show clear signs of mental disturbance and that you have a history of psychiatric problems I have also decided that you will spend two days a week as a patient at the Eastfield Asylum for Women. I have asked Dr Emily Brown to prepare a preliminary assessment of your state of mind and a recommended course of treatment to attempt to cure your delusions.'

Tracey gasped in horror at this latest bombshell.

'If at the end of your three year sentence Dr Brown feels that you are still not fully recovered you will be held at the Eastfield Asylum for Women as a patient on an indefinite basis until she believes that you have been cured.'

Tracey crumpled to the floor in shock. This was the final blow. She knew that the ruthless Emily would never release her from the dreaded asylum.

'Get up, Smith,' the judge commanded. 'Or I'll increase your sentence!'

Tracey staggered to her feet still in a state of utter disbelief and shock. Somehow she managed it and with the sudden realisation she had nothing left to lose she glared at the judge defiantly.

'I'm innocent,' she said angrily. 'I was the VICTIM in this case and yet I'm the one who's being 'punished' for something I never did. And the sentence you just gave me is so inhumane what have I got to lose by objecting to it?'

The judge glared at her coldly.

'Handcuff and shackle Smith,' he ordered.

Tracey tried to run but the police officers in the court easily grabbed her and cuffed her wrists behind her back and then fitted a set of shackles round her ankles.

'Let me go!' Tracey screamed. 'I'm innocent! I'm the victim in all this!'

'Gag her,' said the judge coldly. 'We've heard enough nonsense from this bitch already.'

Quickly her mouth was forced open and a ball gag forced inside and tied behind at the back of Tracey's neck.

'Take her away,' the judge ordered. 'And if I ever see you in my courtroom again I'll give you life even if it's only for something like dropping litter!'

Behind her gag Tracey's tears flowed freely.

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Edna Sweetlove - Very woodenly written; the dialogue is more wooden than an oak tree.

Aug 2016



Donna Barber - Well, I guess you don't like erotic fantasy with humour. As for the dialogue being wooden, well, you can't expect the sort of literary standard for a humorous BDSM-type piece that you would with a 'literary' story.

Or maybe you're a Puritan - or a feminist?

Either way, why did you bother commenting at all if it's not your cup of char, me old china?

Aug 2016

[Read more →](#)



Edna Sweetlove - Your author's notes specifically asked readers to comment: "What did you think" was what you wrote. If you required only sycophantic comments you should have said so.

Your comment that "you can't expect the sort of literary standard for a humorous BDSM-type piece that you would with a 'literary' story" is ludicrous. Are you saying you write unrealistic, wooden dialogue because your story is intended to be humorous?

[Read more →](#)



Donna Barber - By the way, did you read my comment on your 'God Save the Queen' piece?

Aug 2016



Edna Sweetlove - No, but I will do so.

Sep 2016



Donna Barber - Maybe you need to chill out a bit. I always welcome comments but there's a difference between genuine criticism and just random slagging off. For what it's worth I'm very highly regarded on BDSM sites for my writing but I'm not bothered about that.

Now by definition the scenario was a fantasy.

[Read more →](#)



Yuki Ahzula - This is a good one. I can only imagine how long it took to write this piece of art. Keep up the great work. Did not see any grammatical errors or anything else that would need to be fixed, so Great work!

Jul 2015



Red Goddess - poor Tracey takes it in the knickers again. Ya do tease the hell out of this theme Donna another delightfully funny tale. 🌹 😊 😊 😊

Jul 2014



Donna Barber - Ah, I'd forgotten all about this one! I'm working on a Tracey story at the moment where she ends up winning (once or twice I let her win but Katie - her creator - doesn't really like it when I do that!)

Jul 2014



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