

The Curious Case of the Mutating Flasher

The agency had been going from strength to strength in the past few months since Anthony and Angela had officially become partners. Not that Mark saw that much of Anthony around the offices as it was Angela who was the far more useful of the two. Work from the Insurance Company had been steady but mostly unexciting work, but since it paid the bills Mark was happy. His home life had been rather strange over the past months too, the transformation in Theresa a revelation that had made his life so much easier. Yet Mark had agreed with his wife when she had insisted that she wanted to try and recover her memory. She had set up some appointment with some expert next week and Mark had had to reluctantly agree, even though having the old Theresa back would not have been his favoured option.

This morning they had a new prospective client and Mark waited in the waiting area, anxiously waiting for Anthony to turn up. They tended to see clients at their own offices, but for larger more important clients they were quite prepared to go out and see them. It was only good business sense really. This new customer was quite high profile and Mark was keen that their detective agency make a good impression. The bored secretary pretended to be typing on her computer as he waited, but her work rate seemed very slow to Mark. That and the fact she seemed to be flicking around a lot made him think that she was probably typing something to her friends on Facebook than actually working. He wondered if the Vice-Chancellor knew that his secretary was being less than efficient and abusing her work time.

Bang on time Mark spotted Angela trotting through the door in her heels. He was pleased to see that she was wearing a sensible business suit today rather than one of her normal less respectable and more revealing outfits. He never really got his partner's desire to become a rather wanton woman but it was a talent that was vital to the success of the business.

"Miss Angela Clemence. I'm from the detective agency with Mr Entwistle-Houghton." Angela told the secretary.

"Yes, take a seat." The bored secretary replied. "Vice-Chancellor Stanton will be with you as soon as possible, he is a very busy man you know."

Angela came and took the seat next to him and crossed her nylon clad legs. Mark had been to the University in Swansea a couple of times before during his time in the police but had never been to see the Vice-Chancellor before. It was a modern 1960's campus with a small portion in the corner of Singleton Park with much older buildings. Singleton Hospital was grafted next to the University at the opposite end of the University from Singleton Park. On the campus were three tower blocks that were halls of residence mostly for first year students and from the higher floors you got a fantastic view all over Swansea Bay. Pity that day he'd been investigating a stabbing caused by a jealous boyfriend who'd later been sent down for 3 months for it.

Angela nudged him and whispered.

"Sorry I'm late, but I had a bit of a malfunction on the way."

Mark knew that Anthony was talking about part of his Angela disguise but couldn't for the life of him think what it might be.

"That's OK. It looks like the Vice-Chancellor is running late anyway."

Just as he said it Mark heard a buzzer go and then caught something mumbled coming through the intercom.

"Vice-Chancellor Stanton will see you now." The bored secretary told them.

Mark headed into the Vice-Chancellor's office assuming that Angela would follow him. The office was modern in design but had an old fashioned bookcase in the corner filled with a number of crusty old books. On the back wall were several academic certificates in frames. Behind the modern desk was a man in his late forties with thinning black hair. Mark shook the proffered hand.

"Mark Entwistle-Houghton Sir, and this is my associate Angela Clemence."

"Good of you both to come." The Vice-Chancellor began. "Take a seat. I'm a busy man so I'll get straight to the point. We've had several flashing incidents at the University recently mainly around Singleton Park. There was a flasher called James Read about a month ago but he was caught and expelled from the University. Now we seem to have a copycat and it is starting to gather quite a bit of attention. The police seem to be of little use in catching them too. We caught the last one ourselves purely by chance. I don't like seeing things like this." With that he put a copy of the student newspaper in front of Mark. He looked at the headline.

Man flashes two in a night. Are women safe at Swansea?

"We have quite a strong feminist society here at Swansea University and they are demanding action. If you take this job on then it will be based on results. You catch the latest culprit and we'll pay your normal rates and reasonable expenses. No results and we'll pay you nothing." The Vice-Chancellor told them somewhat belligerently.

"I accept your terms Vice-Chancellor, but we may need some additional assistance. I would like to have access to your student records for a start." Mark looked at Angela for anything else that she might want.

"Yes, I think it would be useful to have someone on the inside. Would it be possible to enrol an associate of mine temporarily for a week or two so we can start investigating this from the inside as well?" Angela asked.

"I guess we can accommodate both those requests. You'll have to provide me with the details of your associate and which course you'd like them to be on and we'll put them into Singleton Hall with the other students." The Vice-Chancellor said after some thought.

"Then we have a deal." Mark said boldly and offered his hand. The Vice-Chancellor took it and shook it firmly. Mark decided to usher Angela out of the office before she said or did anything that would get them into trouble. Angela had a habit of adding in something just for the fun of it. Often it would involve him in doing lots of tedious footwork and he could really do without that.

Anthony was tempted to try one of Angela's usual tricks, but Mark was getting wise to it now and ushered her out before she had a chance.

"Spoilsport." Angela said as they left the building. She pouted so that Mark could see how upset she was, but he just laughed at her.

"It only works on people who don't know you as well as I do." Mark added. "So what did you have in mind exactly?"

"Well I thought I'd try out the new mask and suit I'd been making. The only way to catch this individual will be to get out there amongst the students. The young girls in the college are really not going to talk to the likes of us, and if I can catch the culprit red handed then we'll have a result."

"I guess you're right. Do you think you can stand being a teenage girl for a week? Actually come to think of it, do you think that Anwyn will let you?"

"I'll handle Anwyn. She's not due to give birth for three weeks so I won't have that hanging over me and to be honest she's been trying to get me to those ante-natal classes again. I just fall asleep in them, they're so boring. I'll have a good excuse to not to go them."

Angela headed towards the car park, her heels clicking noisily on the concrete and several of the male students looked over at the attractive smartly dressed businesswoman. Several of the male students whispered behind their hands at each other, and Anthony was secretly thrilled at being checked out.

Angela arrived at her car and turned to face Mark again.

"Have you an angle that you want to check out on all this?" Angela asked seriously.

"Either the Vice-Chancellor is right and they are just copy cats or there is something connecting these students. They might be a co-ordinated ring or perhaps something else, but I bet my bottom dollar that there is some connection. That means records and interviews with those caught so far."

"Rather you than me in the records lab." Angela replied.

"Rather you than me being a teenage girl all week." Mark replied.

"Touché mon ami."

"Anyway I'll catch you back at the office Angela. I've got to go pick Theresa up from her Psychiatrist appointment."

"Go on then. I still don't know why you are going along with helping the evil witch back." Angela replied meaning every word she said. Angela had started a course of hypnotherapy here at the University with one of the Professors to try and get her memories back. Professor Munro was one of the foremost experts on the mind and he was examining the effects of amnesia. When he'd found out about Angela's case he had offered to help them try and get Angela's memories back. Anthony thought it was all a waste of time. Angela was much nicer now and everyone was happy.

Angela opened her car and got in, sliding her legs in so as not to let her skirt ride up. Inwardly Anthony was grimacing slightly as his hidden member trapped beneath his legs throbbed painfully. The emergency he'd referred to earlier was that his trapped member had grown sore from being hidden within his suit and he'd needed to remove it and apply a liberal amount of antiseptic cream on it. He'd need to drive back to the office as Angela, but as soon as he got there he would need to remove the suit and wait until the following week to ensure his privates healed. It looked like there wasn't really going to any chance to try on the new suit now before he had to debut the new girl.

Theresa had been scared going into her appointment with Professor Munro, but the Professor had managed to put her at ease almost at once. He was in his late forties and his hair had started thinning on top but his easy-going manner and soft Scottish accent had instantly started to take away her fears. She'd had countless tests in NHS hospitals and spoken to a number of doctors all with the bedside manner of a spider.

He'd asked that she called him Archie and had offered her some chocolate to help her relax. She'd explained about what had happened and that she couldn't remember anything for the past three years. The doctor listened patiently and had made sympathetic noises at her before announcing that he could help her heal using hypnotherapy.

"Wee lassie, it's only your brain has shut off part of it off. Yer jus' need to reconnect it again and yer memory will come flooding back."

"Do you think so Professor?" Theresa asked hopefully,

"Ai I'm sure of it. It may tak a little time lassie, but once we find tha' right bits of yer brain to connect on up." Professor Munro.

"How do we do that then?" Theresa pressed.

"Weel we'll haf ta do a little hypnotherapy ta get at the root of the problem. I ken start it today, but I think it'll need several sessions afore we get ta the root of the problem. Are ya up for it?" Professor Munro asked.

"Yes, whatever it takes. I need to be whole again. I know it sounds crazy and I know Mark says he loves me whatever, but I need to remember everything about him and why I love him." Theresa said with a small tear in her eye.

"Weel we'll get straight onto it then. Now keep ya eyes on my watch lassie." The Professor said as he began to move a watch backwards and forwards in front of her eyes.

It only seemed a short time later when Theresa awoke. The Professor was very apologetic but he'd been unable to find the connection this time. Theresa decided that she trusted the Professor to help her and so she made another appointment next week before going out to meet Mark, who'd arrived to pick her up.

"You want to do what?" Anwyn demanded.

"Its work, it's not like I have much alternative." Anthony replied.

"When I said that you were to keep your hobby at work I didn't mean that you could work twenty-four hours a day." Anwyn continued. Anthony knew that when she was in full flow she was an unstoppable force and he didn't fancy being an unmovable object. That was a recipe for disaster, and doubly so when Anwyn was heavily pregnant.

"Look I'll have a word with Mark and tell him that option is out then, but it'll be a hard case to crack otherwise." Anthony conceded.

"No, you have to work." Anwyn conceded as well. "But don't make a habit out of this and only for one week. The baby is due in three weeks and I want you there for the birth."

Anthony was learning to get around Anwyn's little temper flare-ups. It had taken him a while, but he'd finally realised that a little give on his part would soften her approach. Perhaps it was spending so long now as a woman that he was starting to see the female side of things. Anthony decided that perhaps that was not something he wanted to dwell on.

The 'conversation' now over, Anthony headed up to the spare room. Most of the masking stuff had been removed at Anwyn's insistence and taken to the secret room at Mark's office. Anthony had however brought with him the mask that he was going to use the following week as he wanted to check a few things out. He fired up the computer that now sat on the desk in the place of his latex mask kit. The desk had needed to be thoroughly cleaned and re-waxed as it had bits of stray latex had ruined the finish on it. Anwyn in her inimitable way had insisted that he pay for it to be done, since it had been his fault it had got into that state in the first place.

Once the old computer fired up Anthony started to do the research that he needed to do. He pulled the folder from the desk drawer with the drivers' licenses that he'd rescued from being destroyed at the DVLA and sorted through them until he'd found the one he wanted. This one belonged to one Rebecca Willis, an 18 year old girl from Northampton. It was well away from here so Anthony hoped that he would not get into any similar problems like he had as Angela. To make sure this time that there would be no such problems; he searched for her on the internet and started looking through the results.

Family Die in Horrific House Fire – 12th October 2012

A family of four were tragically killed last night in a house fire in the northern part of the town near Knightsthorpe. It is not yet clear how the fire started, but it is possible that it was caused by a faulty gas appliance. The brother of Mr Willis, Mr John Willis of Cambridge has demanded an inquiry into the deaths.

The fire claimed all four of the family as victims. Mr Willis, 47, worked as a salesman at a local carpet outlet and was a member of the local dramatics society. Mrs Willis, 43, was prominent with the local Women's Institute. Their two children Rebecca 17, and Julian 14 were both promising young athletes with Rebecca training to be a figure skater. They will be buried in Knightsthorpe Cemetery next week.

Rebecca Willis – Northampton County Grammar

Rebecca Willis (Beccy) was a fine pupil who will be sadly missed by all her friends at the school. She was a bright bubbly girl with a good future ahead of her, having already achieved 8 A grades and 3 B grades at GCSE and was going on to take History, French and Media Studies at A level. She was a member of the hockey team and popular with all her classmates. Her friend Alison Weston summed Beccy in a moving tribute at school assembly. "Beccy was a true friend. She was the girl next door who worked hard, was sociable and who always had time for others. We are all going to miss her greatly."

Facebook – Beccy Willis

"Hi, I'm Beccy Willis, I'm 17 years old and I live in Northampton in the UK. I like boys (duh), One Direction, and Skating. Next year I hope to start practicing skating full time so I can take part in the National Figure Skating championships. Please like me and send a friend request if you want to be my friend and chat. If you're interested in hearing my views on life then go to my blog [here](#)."

"Please don't spam me with messages if I friend you else I will have no alternative but to remove you afterwards. You have been warned!"

Anthony read through the blog to get an idea on her views on life. Most of it shouldn't be important but from his point of view it was important to get an idea of her character so that he could become her. The most important thing to him though, was that she shouldn't have too many relatives who knew her and she might bump into whilst at the University. He couldn't ice skate to save his life, but no one would know and that would likely never come up.

Anthony picked up the mask that he'd brought from work and slipped it on. He spent some time adjusting the hair on the mask so that it was tidy like her photo on Facebook, but for now he didn't blend the edges in. This was only a brief test and there was no point in going the whole way now.

"Hello, I'm Beccy Willis." He said in a feminine like voice. He wasn't happy with it though as it sounded too much like Angela. He tried again, this time making it sound more breathy. It sounded more like a porn star and Anthony was not happy with it at all.

His talent had always been for mimicry, which was where this had started with him impersonating his neighbour Claire. Since then he'd done impersonations of Irena Galanov the model, his wife Anwyn, and Theresa's niece Olivia Houghton. He noted he wasn't so good at coming up with voices on his own, so he headed to YouTube where he spent an hour watching teenage girls tell the whole internet their problems and how they would fix the world. Finally he found the voice he was looking for.

"I'm just not into all these rock bands. There often have just too much noise. One direction have proper harmonies and like everything." The girl on the video said. Anthony put it on pause.

"I'm just not into all these rock bands. There often have just too much noise. One direction have proper harmonies and like everything." Anthony repeated back in her voice. He carried on for a while playing the video and repeating what the girl said in her voice, but he already knew that Beccy had found her voice.

“And next week I get to finally go to University.” The reborn young woman named Beccy said.

Mark decided his first port of enquiry would be to talk to the Police about what they’d uncovered so far. He knew that officially they’d tell him nothing, but his friend Sergeant Ed Jenkinson might just let a thing or two slip, especially if it was over a pint or two in the local.

The pub was pretty empty as it was early evening still, but Mark kept glancing at his watch nonetheless. He was anxious to get back to Theresa as she was much more nervous about being left alone in the house in the evening after what had happened to Mark and Anwyn with that awful Wesley Caplin. He was just about to give up and go when he spotted Ed coming into the pub still in his uniform.

“Sorry I’m late mate. Last minute crisis.” Ed apologised.

“Don’t worry; I know how it is in the Police.” Mark commiserated with his friend.

“The crisis wasn’t the force.” Ed began. “It was Irena. I love her to bits Mark, but sometimes she drives me up the wall. She has more insecurities than a cow in a slaughter house.”

“I know what you mean. Tre is getting that way a bit now.” Mark replied.

“Theresa, scared of anything! I never thought I’d see the day. So what’s up Mark?”

“Well I need a favour. I have a new case and I’d like a little information.” Mark said cagily.

“I hope I’m not going to be your source for all your cases. My Chief Constable might start getting a little narked. He already has his eye on me. What’s the case?”

“It’s about the flashers at the University.” Mark replied. “I hear you arrested someone for it a few months back.”

“Yeah, though there’s a funny thing about that.” Ed replied before launching into the story.

Anthony unlocked the door to his secret room in the office and closed it behind him dropping his three bags in the corner. Today was the day he finally got to try on the new suit and he was both nervous and excited. He slipped quickly out of his male attire and hung it up on the peg. He wouldn’t need those clothes for another week at least, but it paid to keep them tidy. Next he opened up the cupboard that he’d decided to call his “Cupboard of women”. Inside were three full size female suits hung up without a head and patches of pubic hair above the vaginas. Angela with her ginger pussy was near the front. Next was the one that he’d used for Claire way back in the day. Finally he had the suit he’d used to be Olivia Houghton, though now the pubic hair had been died brown, for Rebecca Willis was no blond. It was this one he carefully took off the hook and put it on the desk.

Anthony got out a tub of KY jelly and began massaging his cock with it. After the injury he had last week he wanted to ensure that living as a woman for a whole week wasn’t going to give him the same problem. As he rubbed the KY jelly on his cock began to get an erection at the thought of

being in disguise of another beautiful girl. Anthony couldn't have an erection when he put on the suit as his cock needed to be tucked beneath his in the pocket next to his new vagina. So he knew what to do and pulled a tissue so that when his masturbation reached a climax he had something to clean it up with.

Having dealt with his libido, Anthony got into his corset and tightened it around his waist. He then began to put on the suit. He stepped into the legs and gradually eased it up, smoothing out the latex as he went. Then he pulled the hips with their padding over his own and reached down with his hand into the confines of the suit to fit his jelled up cock into the hidden pouch below his new vagina. Having fitted it in, Anthony then pulled the torso up over his own torso held in by the corset and reached around to fit his arms in the suit.

Even with the arms in the suit it still flopped a bit at the front and his new tits weren't properly aligned. So Anthony reached around and began to do the tiny zipper up at the back of the suit, pausing occasionally to ensure that his new breasts matched the alignment of his own. Once he was done he had the body of an 18 year old girl but the head of a 24 year old man.

He soon fixed that however as he took the mask from its stand and began to fit it to his face. Then with make-up he blended the seams, straightened her hair and applied a light natural make-up to Beccy's face.

Once done he headed to one of the cases he'd brought with him and opened it. Unlike Angela who had sexy lingerie galore, Beccy had more boring cream panties from Primark that she slipped on her legs and pulled up over her curves to hide her female sex. With practiced ease Beccy then put on a bra on to hold in her 34B breasts.

On seeing her photo on her Facebook page, Anthony had decided that he needed to replicate her style and had bought matching clothes to her photo. So Beccy slipped on a plain orange top and pulled up a tight pair of jeans before putting on a pair of flat trainers to complete her student look.

The new Beccy Willis picked up her cases and took them out to the main office where she found Mark waiting for her.

"Can you give me a lift to University please Uncle Mark?" Beccy said quickly in character to Mark.

"I don't know how you do it Anthony, I really don't." Mark said amazed at his partner's transformation into a teenage girl.

"Yes you do, latex and padding in the right places, but that's just our little secret." Beccy replied with a wink.

On the journey to the Halls of Residence at Singleton Park, Mark filled Anthony in on what he'd learned from his friend Ed.

"The kid who the University caught was a kid called James Read. He was a quiet and shy individual who the police seemed to think wasn't really the type to be a flasher. The fact that he had psychological issues was deemed to be the reason that he had gone off the rails. I got the impression

that they didn't really go into it much as the kid was caught doing it and he couldn't really put up any defence."

"He got put on the sex offenders register and a suspended sentence. The kid was in Singleton Hall, so maybe you can find out a bit more about what he was like from the people who knew him there. I'm going to go to speak to him directly and see what he has to say for himself, though he lives in Devon so it'll be quite a drive for me tomorrow."

"Interestingly enough the Police seem to think that there was another flasher before James Read, though they believe that he committed suicide. There had been a report of a flasher a year before James Read got to University. The next day a kid by the name of Oliver Deacon was found hanging in a private student house with a suicide note saying that he had done something terrible and that he couldn't live with the shame. As far as I know neither of these two knew each other."

"OK, well it's a start anyway." Beccy replied in a serious tone as they pulled up to the Halls of Residence at Singleton Halls. "I'll let you know if I find anything useful by phone when I get the chance."

They got out Mark's car and the new Rebecca Willis waited patiently at the back of the car looking on expectantly.

"What are you waiting for?" Mark asked.

"I'm waiting for my big strong Uncle to carry my heavy cases in to the Hall." Beccy replied. Mark shook his head. He wasn't sure whether it was cheek or brilliant acting on Anthony's part. Nonetheless Mark opened the car up and picked out Rebecca's heavy cases before closing it up again. Rebecca just carried her handbag in to the Halls of Residence with her introduction documents in hand whilst Mark struggled with the heavy and very feminine cases.

At the desk the Hall Porter looked at the pair above his half read paper, assessing whether he actually needed to do anything.

"Can I help you both?" The Porter asked.

"Hi, my name is Rebecca Willis and this is my Uncle Mark, I'm moving in today if you can tell me where my room is." Rebecca said smiling to the Porter passing over the papers. Mark marvelled at how Anthony could just channel a teenage girl. He was worried at first how his partner would fit in here, but not now.

"You're in room 231 on the second floor." The Porter replied handing her a key, realising that he would have to put down his paper and show this new brat to her room.

"It's alright Brian, I'll show her where her room is." A male voice said behind them. Mark turned to see a young guy with curly brown hair in Rugby kit smiling at Rebecca. "I've just come back from my early morning run and I'm heading that way anyway."

The young man held out his hand to Rebecca and ignored Mark completely.

“Hi, I’m Phillip Simonson. It’s nice to see a new face around here.” He said to Rebecca. Mark translated that in his head as ‘I’m pleased to get to the new talent first.’

“Rebecca Willis, but call me Beccy please.” Anthony said smiling and really getting into character. Mark laid odds that one of the boys in this place would make a move on the new Beccy within the week, if not the day.

“You can call me Phil, everyone else does. Are you into sports much?” Phillip asked obviously trying to keep the conversation going as they headed up the stairs. Mark laughed inwardly as he had the heavy cases and Phillip couldn’t do the gallant thing and offer to take them for the lady. Phil listened to Rebecca's replies and told her that he would need to head off soon as he had an appointment.

As they walked along the corridor Mark spotted a young woman with short spiky hair ahead of them. They gradually got closer and she spoke to them.

“I’d watch our Phillip if I were you.” She said to Beccy. “He thinks feminism is a woman’s perfume. If only he’d learnt to read then he could have evolved into a human being.” Mark had seen the type before at college. Full of fire and ideals and had zeal to spread those very ideals to all who would listen.

“Charlotte doesn’t get any so she has to shove a great big chip up there to keep herself happy.” Phillip chuckled as he replied thinking himself clever. Mark with his wider experience of woman knew that Phil had said entirely the wrong thing. He wondered how Anthony would react.

“That’s no way to speak to a woman Phillip.” Beccy said in shock. Mark knew that the shock was feigned but he had to admit it looked pretty genuine.

“Well she asked for it with her snipe at me.” Phillip tried to defend himself. “She’s always trying to stick her feminist views on everyone.” Mark decided that Phillip was perhaps deficient in his self survival gene. No doubt he did alright in the clubs for the odd one night stand where he couldn’t say too much because of the loud music, but his sparkling personality would scare them off shortly afterwards.

Thankfully Phillip found his one brain cell and kept quiet until they got to Rebecca’s new room.

“There you are, Room 231.” Phillip said more politely. “Hopefully I’ll see you around.” With that he scarpered pretty quickly.

The fake Rebecca Willis opened the door and Mark was somewhat surprised to see that the room already had an occupant in one of the two beds that was in the room. The young woman in the bed sleepily raised her head showing a mass of ginger curls and the tops of her nightie. By now it was half past ten and most normal working people had been up and around for hours.

“Wha, who’re you?” She asked sleepily.

“Hello, I’m Rebecca Willis and I’m your new roommate.” The fake Rebecca said brightly. Mark was sure that Anthony was not counting on having to share a room and he chalked up another little smile point for all the times that Anthony as Angela had embarrassed him in the past.

“Oh, right. Janet Longbottom. Don’t laugh, need more sleep. Talk later.” The redhead said as she put her head back down under the pillow to shut out the light.

“Perhaps we should just put your cases down Rebecca dear and leave Janet to sleep.” Mark suggested doing just that. “We can go and you can get registered with admin and you can unpack and meet your new friend later.” Once they’d finished and were out of the room, Rebecca shut the door again and locked it.

“Now be careful Rebecca dear.” Mark couldn’t say what he really wanted to as Anthony was supposed to be his niece not his partner. He hoped that they’d already discussed everything that they needed to earlier.

Anthony had been over to the Media Studies department and registered on the course there as well as heading to the Students Union building to get signed up there. By the time he’d done all that he was pooped and he had Rebecca head to the Student’s Union Coffee bar for a much needed cup of Coffee.

“Hello again Rebecca.” A female voice said behind him as he queued up. It took Anthony a moment or two to recognise the voice.

“Janet.” Rebecca said turning. “I see you’re amongst the living again.” Janet was now sporting a pair of dark glasses and Rebecca wondered if she really was or if she was hiding something else under those shades.

“Not out of choice.” She replied. “Can I buy you a coffee? It’s the least I can do after my warm greeting for you earlier.”

“Late night was it?” Rebecca asked.

“You could say that, though that would imply that I was in bed before the crack of dawn this morning.” Janet confided. They got to the front of the queue and Janet good to her word bought Rebecca a coffee which they took to an empty table and sat down at. Not quite sure what to do with his bag here, Anthony just tucked it beside his hips in the comfy chair that he sat in.

“Is it always like this in Singleton Hall?” Rebecca asked. Anthony was hoping that he could turn the subject to the flasher somehow, but he needed a way to divert the conversation to it. Janet played with her hair, pulling some of the tangles out of it as she waited for her coffee to cool. She laughed before replying.

“No, you just caught me on the wrong day. I bet you think I’m like the stories of most students who parties all night and never goes to lectures.” Janet said. “I’m really not like that. So tell me about my new roommate Rebecca Willis then?”

“Oh well, I’m eighteen, studying Media Studies, I come from Northampton and I like Skating and One Direction. So how about you? Who is Janet Longbottom when she’s not drinking the night away?” Anthony said quickly thinking on his feet.

Janet sipped at her coffee to avoid answering immediately but it was still too hot and all too soon the silence was longer than it should have been. Anthony knew there was a story here that she didn't want to tell and he wondered if she would spill it.

"Oh, I'm just a normal girl from Southampton. I'm studying Media Studies too so maybe we can go to lectures together. I'm not a fan of manufactured bands like One Direction; I'm more of a rock chick to be honest. To be quite honest with you Rebecca I was quite enjoying having the room to myself. Is that wrong?" Janet replied finally.

Anthony knew she hadn't said what was on her mind and wondered why she'd asked what she did. What would a real teenage girl say to that he wondered. He decided to press on anyway.

"No. Why would you think that?" Rebecca asked.

"I guess you'll find out soon enough anyway." Janet replied, sipping her coffee again. "The girl who had your place in the room, Heather Underwood was taken away to the mental hospital. She kind of flipped out after she discovered her boyfriend was a flasher. I liked her, she was a nice girl but after James was arrested she went off the rails. I had a hell of a time and when she left, I just enjoyed having the room to myself and peace and quiet that it entailed. It just feels selfish and wrong." Janet replied sadly.

"It's ok I understand." Rebecca replied touching Janet lightly on the arm to reassure her. "I had my own room at home for many years until we had to downsize the house. Then with one fewer bedroom my little brother moved in with to the same bedroom as me. I resented him for several years and we'd fight like cats and dogs." Anthony made up the story to empathize with his new roommate. He decided that she held the key for unlocking this case and getting on the good side of her was the best way of doing it.

Janet downed her coffee.

"Thanks. Sometimes I think I'm a bad person."

Now why would she say that? Anthony had some suspicions and decided to be brave and do what needed to be done. Rebecca leaned forward and took the sunglasses from Janet's face. She started to put her hands up to her face to hide the shiners that the heavy make-up was failing to hide. She stopped when she realised that it was too late.

"That wasn't very friendly" Janet said defensively putting her hand out to demand the shades back.

"I'm sorry but I had to see for myself." Rebecca said giving the sunglasses back. "Who is he and why do you stay with him?" Janet put the sunglasses back on in the hope that no one else will have seen what was beneath.

"It's not a man. Her name is Rosalind Levine." Janet replied simply. The various options whirled around Anthony's brain. He was being slow today, but eventually he understood.

"You're a lesbian?" Rebecca concluded. She didn't look like Anthony's vision of a lesbian, she looked like a normal girl.

"Is that a problem?" Janet asked.

"No, but just so we're clear I'm straight." Rebecca replied. It was true, Anthony was straight and though it would have been tempting to experience life making love to a woman as a woman, he was married to Anwyn now and he was determined to be faithful to her.

Janet laughed at this.

"Don't worry you're not my type."

"I don't think your current girlfriend should be either." Rebecca replied, honestly worried about her new roommate.

It was later in the evening by the time Mark had finished talking to James Read. The journey there had taken two and a half hours and then it had taken him another hour to track down Mr Read to a cafe. Then he'd made several attempts to persuade Mr Read to talk to him before he succeeded, but now he had a better idea of the man. Just as he was about to get into his car to drive back to Swansea his mobile rang.

"Hello Uncle." He recognised Rebecca's voice on the other end.

"Anthony, what's up?" He replied automatically.

"It's Beccy, your niece." Anthony insisted on the other end. It was fun sometimes to wind up his cross-dressing partner and this case was proving to be a gold mine for opportunity.

"Yeah right and I'm the Queen of Sheeba. Come on what have you got?"

Mark listened carefully as Rebecca related the story of Janet's former roommate and he concluded that perhaps he needed to make a visit to see this Heather Underwood and get her side of the story.

"James Read seems a broken young man now, but what I can tell you is that his psychological problem wasn't anything major. He had a fear of flying and he was seeing a psychologist to try and cure himself so that he could take his girlfriend away on a holiday. Does that sound like a man who'd go and expose himself? Everything that I can find out here indicates he was a nice quiet young man who was a bit on the shy side. Not the sort of person who'd go round exposing himself. See what else you can pick up about him there and also see if you can find anything about this other guy from the year before who killed himself."

"Will do. I've gotta get my sexy little arse back inside as they're having a welcome meeting for me in ten minutes. More like being thrown to the wolves I think." Rebecca replied.

"Alright, just tell Uncle Mark if any of the young bucks tries it on with you." Mark laughed.

"Bye for now then." Rebecca said.

Rebecca had been to the welcome meeting and met all the students on her wing of the Singleton Hall. It was only 11pm by the time that it had wound up and she decided to go and explore the building whilst she had a chance. She headed down to the ground floor and found the refectory, the TV room and the games room. It was in the last of these locations that Rebecca encountered Phillip again with another two men and a woman all playing cards.

"Beccy." Phillip started. "I'm err sorry about earlier. It's just Charlotte really gets to me sometimes and I said things a bit too hastily. I'm not really like that. Will you forgive me and come and play cards, we've only just started?"

Phillip was being quite sweet with his apology and Rebecca wanted to get to know the students anyway so she accepted.

"Sure, what are we playing then?" Rebecca replied.

"Strip Poker." One of the other men chimed in, who Rebecca later found was called Henry. It was too late now to back out and Anthony decided that it would be a good test of his disguise as well as really get to know the others. Besides Anthony had played a bit of poker in years past.

"You can sit next to me." The other blond haired man said. "I'm Charlie Becker." He said holding out his hand for Rebecca to shake. Rebecca took his hand and gave it a limp shake. Anthony was a young girl now and he didn't want to show his strength.

"Hi Charlie, I'm Beccy Willis and I've just arrived today."

Charlie introduced the other two to Beccy. The guy who looked like a rocker was called Henry and the other girl was called Yvonne. It seemed that Yvonne, a geeky girl with glasses, came from near to Northampton and she started asking awkward questions about the clubs and pubs that Beccy liked in the town. Since Anthony knew nothing about Northampton he knew he was in trouble.

"Oh, I didn't get out much, I'm not a great drinker really." Beccy replied.

After an hour it was becoming obvious that Anthony was not as good a poker player as he thought he was. Rebecca had already lost both shoes and both socks, but her only consolation was that Phillip was doing worse than she was. He had just lost his shirt showing his chest with its carpet of brown hairs. Rebecca had a full house, kings over sevens and she was sure that she was going to win here. Everyone else but Charlie, who was still fully clothed, had dropped out and Rebecca through in her remaining chips to see Charlie's hand. Charlie gradually revealed a hand of four threes. Rebecca tried to keep her composure as Charlie pulled all the chips his way.

"Sorry Beccy." He apologised, though he knew the consequences for Beccy.

She would need to remove a piece of clothing to buy back in chips. She had a choice now of removing her top or her jeans. Rebecca decided to remove her top, revealing her plain bra underneath and getting back a bundle of chips for it. She noted all the guys staring at her chest. Anthony knew that in their position he'd probably have done the same, but in his current circumstances he felt like he was the meat on the market. Normally Angela would have loved the attention, but as Rebecca, Anthony was feeling more exposed.

Henry, now without shoes and his denim jacket dealt out the next hand. Rebecca ditched two cards and got back a whole load of nothing, giving her just a pair of sevens. Last time she'd bluffed she'd lost heavily so she just paid the blind then dropped out. Phillip went in heavy with a bet and Yvonne matched it. It seemed that Yvonne was fairly desperate for Phillip to bleed chips and so far she'd been quite successful at it. Rebecca suspected that Yvonne really liked Phillip, but Phillip's attention was currently focussed more on Rebecca's chest than on her. Rebecca sat back in her chair which had the unfortunate effect of pushing her chest out. Yvonne gave her a look that flashed daggers at her.

The bids between the Phillip and Yvonne escalated and eventually Phillip paid to see Yvonne's hand. She revealed a full house and Phillip's face fell. He dropped his cards onto the table showing he had only a flush. Yvonne pulled his chips towards her and grinned.

"You dropped your cards, now you'll have to drop your trousers to stay in."

Phillip undid his belt and took his trousers down and got more chips from the bank. Rebecca noted that Phillip's underwear was full to bursting and Anthony was a little jealous that he had so much more down there when his own was smaller and safely tucked away next to his false vagina. Yvonne looked very pleased with herself, though Phillip hardly noticed her.

The game went on for a while longer. Eventually Rebecca lost her jeans and then finally the game ended when Phillip would have lost his underwear to buy back in.

"That's it, I'm not buying back in." He said and with that the game quickly disbanded and the various participants put their clothes back on. Becky couldn't believe that she'd done so badly and she headed off after Phillip and Henry, though on whom she headed back towards the room. Charlie and Yvonne were talking quietly, but Rebecca decided to listen at the door without revealing herself.

"You're still not too good with the marks, but you got the result you wanted." Charlie said. "That's two weeks' worth of lecture notes you owe me. I should let you off some as that new girl showed up and showed her assets, but that wasn't your doing, so I'll just take that as a bonus."

"You're so generous and a complete letch Charlie." Yvonne replied. So the whole game was rigged for Yvonne's benefit. Shame that she probably didn't get what she really wanted. Rebecca scarpered quickly back to her room. She didn't want them to catch her listening at the door, especially as Yvonne wasn't best pleased with her.

Theresa sat on Professor Munro's couch once again for her weekly appointment. He was such a nice man and he'd already made her a cup of tea and made her feel at home once again.

"Now lassie, I'm going to hypnotise you to make see if we can get to the bottom of all this. Are ye feeling relaxed and ready?" Archie asked her.

"Yes Doctor, I'm quite ready." Theresa declared relaxing back on the couch.

She looked at Archie's watch going backwards and forward and gradually her eyelids began to get heavy and she fell into a deep sleep.

She awoke some time later, though for Theresa it seemed like seconds had passed.

"Err Archie, how are we doing?" Theresa asked.

"Oh we're making a lot of progress lassie. There's something in there that yer jus' don't want to give up. Now it may be the trauma of the whole experience with tha' nasty man, but it could be something else." Professor Munro replied. "I'm sure we'el have it out soon."

"Oh thank you Archie. It will be such a relief to me when I'm cured and I can be whole again." Theresa replied somewhat relieved that soon she would be whole again.

"I'm only too happy ta help ya lassie. It's wha makes ma job a real pleasure." Professor Munro replied.

Anthony had assumed that Media Studies would be a soft option to study, after all it was only looking at a few films and commenting on them. He did that every time he went to the cinema after the film ended after all, whether Anwyn wanted his opinion on it or not. This was much harder though, as it focussed on looking at the techniques used in making a film and getting the message across. Rebecca had sat next to Janet throughout the lecture and made notes in her new notebook, but Anthony really didn't have a clue on most of the technical film detail that Professor Castle was going on about.

Rebecca and Janet left the lecture together, backpacks on their backs and notebooks still in hand. It made a real change for Anthony not to be in a dress or skirt with heels. Without them he felt he blended in much better with the general student population, but also he felt he was no longer noticed. When Angela had walked down the same part of campus she had turned the male student's heads. Rebecca got the occasional look, but largely went unnoticed. Anthony felt somewhat unappreciated in his efforts at the perfect disguise, but he knew it needed to be done.

"Hey Beccy, a number of us from our wing of the halls of residence are going out to the Cricketers pub on the other side of Singleton Park. Do you fancy coming?" Janet asked.

"Sure Roomie, if it helps you stay away from that psycho girlfriend of yours all the better." Rebecca replied.

Anthony felt it was an ideal chance to get to know the other students and perhaps get some more information from them. Perhaps he'd find a little club of the boys doing this, though having spoken to them last night he doubted it. He'd met most of them the night before and made an assessment of each.

Rory was a Engineering 2nd year student who was not good with girls. He had a Chinese mother and he was dedicated to his work. He was nice and polite and was so focussed on his work that Rebecca didn't think he had time for girls. Danny was an arts major that seemed to be slightly nocturnal. He was charming, chatty and had already tried chatting Rebecca up last night using a lot of clichéd lines that Anthony had used in the past. Chris was a business student from Newcastle with a broad Geordie accent. He was full of northern spirit and very direct. So direct that he'd asked

Rebecca out there and then. Anthony had dug into his reserves to fend off his advances without being rude to him.

The other girls consisted of Melanie (Mel) who was a quiet psychology student from Carnarvon in North Wales, Nadia an ethnic Indian biologist from London and Trisha. Trisha was another business student from St Albans and she was the life and soul of the party. She was larger than life and immediately had taken Beccy aside to give her notes on all the men in the wing and who to watch out for. She was an outrageous flirt with the men but always seemed to be in control of the conversation.

"She's not that bad." Janet said defensively, bringing Beccy out of her reminiscences. "She's lovely most of the time."

"She's bad enough to make you wear sunglasses for two days even though its pissing it down." Beccy replied. Anthony could not believe she was defending Astrid to her. Sometimes love really was blind, though if she kept in that relationship she might end up blind.

"It was a misunderstanding that's all." Janet replied still on the defensive.

"Yeah a misunderstanding involving two fists." Beccy snarked back.

Anthony had enjoyed himself as Beccy in the pub, though he'd now had his arse felt up twice by Chris as Beccy had gone past him to go to the ladies. Normally he could hold his beer but with his dick pulled back up under his suit, it seemed to make him want to go quicker. As Beccy entered the ladies he found the door held by Trisha as she followed Beccy into the toilet.

"I see Octopus arms has taken a fancy to you? I've been there, done that." Trisha said. She was very direct Anthony noted, much more so than a man would be.

"Sometimes I think that the men here are all in some sort of club to see who can get to us first." Beccy fished.

"Hell honey, they're men and you're a pretty woman." Trisha said. "They're only following their nature's. Besides you should have gone casual if you didn't want to attract them. You are fresh meat on their menu after all."

Anthony had decided on a red dress and heels as he had been fed up with being the drab girl around campus. Now he was perhaps regretting his choice.

"I suppose I should have gone casual, I just wanted to make a good impression." Beccy said as he went in the stall and he dropped her peach panties and hefted his dress to sit on the loo. He was getting used to the process by now as he released the flow through his dick to the false urethra in his vagina.

"Chris and Danny certainly have noticed you." Trisha said from the next door stall. "You interested in either Beccy?"

"Neither are really my type of guy." Rebecca replied. Anthony hoped that his taste in men would no longer be the subject of discussion, but he was wrong.

"So what is your type then? I know a lot of guys around campus and I'm sure I could introduce you to someone suitable." Trisha was not going to give up and Anthony would have to think fast. He finished peeing and stood to get a bit of paper to wipe before heading to the sinks.

"Well I only really had one boyfriend at home." Beccy replied, thinking very quickly. " He was a musician and he was sweet really. We broke up when we both came away to college."

"Oh I know the perfect guy for you. Craig plays the guitar in a rock band that plays a few of the pubs round here. I can set you up if you like?" Trisha enthused as she joined Beccy at the sinks to wash her hands. Beccy politely checked her makeup whilst she waited for the other girl.

"We'll see. I'd like to get settled in first before I start any relationships." Beccy said at last. "I still think that men are all in it together in some kind of ploy to get us into bed."

"They have one tracked minds if that's what you mean." Trisha replied as they exited the ladies together.

The girls had decided that they had had enough to drink, whilst the boys decided to stay for a 'lock in'. The quickest way back to the Halls of Residence from the pub was across Singleton Park and the girls set out a slow staggering pace. This was mostly because of the amount of drink they had had and Beccy was determined to avoid speaking too much less her voice start drifting away from normal.

Beccy walked with the others in silence therefore listening to them talk and gossip. Anthony was by now regretting wearing heels, even though he was quite used to wearing them during the day as Angela. The Park however was still wet and muddy and Rebecca's pointed heels sank into the turf as she went and she had to really struggle to prevent them getting caught in the mud. After the third time they got stuck, Rebecca took them off and decided to walk bare foot in the mud, carrying her heels.

"There's no way the ENTs committee will get any decent bands down here." Nadia said. "They never do." She was a second year student and used now to the crop of second rate bands that would brave coming down as far as Swansea.

"But Carl Montague has promised that they will get three big bands this year." Trisha replied.

"He doesn't have the budget." Pascha replied. "And he's talking rubbish."

As they continued walking Rebecca saw a movement in the trees. Then all of a sudden a man in a trench coat and a balaclava leap out in front of them and opened his trench coat revealing a rather erect cock with a mass of brown pubic hair above it. His chest was similarly covered in brown hair.

Mel did a little shriek and Nadia shrunk back from the man.

"Well now I won't need a towel rail." Janet commented. "Cos I have no use for that otherwise." This had Trisha and Beccy burst out into laughter. This set Nadia and Mel off as well and faced with a bunch of drunk women howling with laughter the flasher fled as quickly as he had arrived.

The women had reported the incident when they got back to the halls of residence and first campus security and the then police had come to question them. Rebecca gave her full name and her address at the Halls of Residence and hoped that they wouldn't check any further into her background. When Janet and Rebecca got back to their room it was nearly one in the morning. Janet immediately began to strip out of her clothes and Rebecca almost did a double take in her slightly inebriated state before she inwardly shrugged and started stripping off her dress herself and started to take off her make-up before bed.

"So did you have any idea who it was?" Janet asked her.

"No. I was thinking of having an identity parade of little soldiers." Rebecca replied. "I'd know that prick anywhere." Janet laughed along with her new roommate.

"I wasn't really that interested." Janet replied at last.

Anthony wasn't being entirely truthful when he said that Rebecca had no idea of who it was. In fact he already had his suspicions but as yet no proof who it was.

Rebecca tried to catch Phillip the next morning in the refectory, but by the time she had dressed and done her make-up to her satisfaction she was too late, seeing him heading out the door as she arrived.

"Where's Phillip off to?" She asked Charlotte.

"That great ape?" She replied. "Probably going back to the zoo. He's a sexist pig, forget about him. Why don't you come along to the Feminist society tonight?"

"It's not for me. I need to talk to Phillip about.." Anthony needed to think of some reason quickly why Rebecca might need to talk to Phillip without being interested in him personally. "..the noise his music was playing at last night till midnight. A girl needs to get her beauty sleep and that was just inconsiderate."

"Yeah, really. He's a jerk. " Charlotte replied. "He's off to see Professor Munro."

"He's not doing Psych" Rebecca said confused.

"No, Munro's helping him quit smoking. The Rugby coach has told him he has to quit or he'll be thrown off the team. They should just throw the jerk off anyway, not that most of the others on the team are much better. A bunch of sexist arseholes if you ask me." Charlotte replied.

"Thanks." Rebecca replied as she headed off to get breakfast. Rebecca ate at a rather unladylike speed and picked up her backpack and headed off to the University in search of Phillip. Just as she got onto Campus her phone rang.

"It's coming early." Anwyn almost shouted down the other end. "Awwwwwww" She screamed as the contraction came.

Shit and I need to find Phillip too.

"It's alright Anwyn dear I'll come for you, though I'm going to have to get the bus home to pick up the car." Anthony said quietly in his own voice so not to be heard by the other students around.

"You better get here Mister or I'll have your balls off." Anwyn said firmly down the phone.

"Well currently you won't see them anyway, but I'll be there as soon as I can." Anthony whispered back. Anthony ended the call and walked as Rebecca over to the bus stop to wait for the next bus.

Mark had not be able to see James' ex girlfriend until now as there had been no visiting hours at the hospital the previous day. The Cefn Coed Hospital was a little way north of Sketty in Swansea and it hadn't taken Mark long to get there. He headed up to ward C where the female patients were situated and asked the day nurse if he could see Miss Heather Underwood. The nurse told him that she was soon going to be released and it would probably do her good to have some company. Mark was directed through to a day room where many of the patients were sat. Heather was knitting quietly in the corner when he arrived.

"Miss Underwood. My name is Mark Entwhistle-Houghton. Do you think I could join you and ask you a few questions?" He asked gently. Heather looked up at him nervously.

"You're not from the police are you?" She asked.

"No. I'm a private investigator trying to clear your ex-boyfriend's name." He replied.

"Oh well, I wouldn't bother. He's a pervert and I was so stupid to not see it at the time." Heather said rather too quickly.

"Really? Perhaps we can take a walk and you can tell me all about it." Mark said gently.

As they walked Heather told her story. She'd met James on the first day of college. They'd accidently bumped into one another and James had tried to apologise but his stutter had made the whole thing take longer than necessary. He was good looking but painfully shy and she'd had to ask him for a coffee. They had dated for two months, barely getting past the holding hands stage when they'd caught him exposing himself.

"It must have all been an act." Heather said. "Professor Munro told me that sometimes guys like that bottle it all up and have to somehow let their libido's go. he could have let it go with me, I wasn't waiting for anything." She said almost in a sob. "I felt let down and betrayed after he was caught and I started to take things maybe I shouldn't. The doctors here say that some people are more genetically disposed to bi-polar disorders and the drugs often set it off."

"Wait a minute you said Professor Munro from the University. What did he have to do with this?" Mark asked.

"Oh he was treating James for his fear of flying. When I went off the rails he said he felt sorry for me and he came to help treat me here. He's been ever so kind and he's explained about all the psychological problems that James really has." Heather replied.

"Did he now?" Mark arched an eyebrow.

"Oh yes. We had weekly sessions until about a month ago. Now that I'm better and I see James for what he was he's stopped coming." Heather replied. "I should be out of here in a few days. I think I'm going to go home and find a job and find a nice man to settle down with."

"That's a nice dream." Mark replied seriously. This Heather was not the Heather Underwood who he'd read about in her University reports. Something had changed within her. It might have been her spark was diminished with the mental illness, or it might have been something else.

"Thank you for your time Heather."

Anthony arrived at home to find Anwyn already packed and ready for hospital.

"I've just gotta get out of Rebecca and I'll be right with you honey." Anthony said in his own voice.

"No, you're going to get me there aaaaaaaaaahhhhhh NOW BUSTER!" Anwyn screamed.

"But, honey." Anthony started.

"Don't honey me. Drive me to the damn hospital and be quick about it!" Anwyn said forcefully. Anthony knew that voice and he knew it was suicide for him to not obey it.

Anthony helped Anwyn into the car and then set off to the hospital and at Anwyn's urging he went a bit faster than he ought to. He was worried that she was so early and too late did he see the police car flashing it's lights in the rear view mirror.

"Shit!" Anthony said. It wasn't as though even if he had his driver's license on him that he'd have wanted to show it to the police dressed as Rebecca as he was. he had no choice however but to pull over and get out of the car.

"In a hurry are you miss." The tall dark haired policeman said.

"Yes actually my ..." Anthony as Rebecca had to think quickly again. "...sister is in labour and I have to get her to the hospital quickly."

"Oh yes Miss. I've heard that one before can I see your license?" The Policeman asked the dreaded question that Anthony didn't want to answer. It was lucky that he had the license he'd rescued from the DVLA. Anthony reached into his handbag and pulled out Rebecca's purse and gave the officer her license before going back to the car. The Policeman did a PNC check on the license and then brought it back to her. Just then Anwyn screamed in agony with another contraction.

"Miss Willis, I apologise." He handed the card back to Rebecca. "I will escort you ladies to the hospital so as you can get there quicker but also in a safe manner."

The Policeman went back to the car and fired up the lights to escort them to the hospital.

Theresa watched as the young man with curly brown hair left the Professor's office. It was so good of him to make her an extra appointment at short notice. He was such a nice man. Professor Munro's secretary ushered her in and she headed straight for the couch where she made herself comfortable.

"Miss Entwhistle-Houghton, it's a pleasure ta see ya again lassie." The Professor said. "Would ya like a cuppa tea afore we start lassie?"

"No Archie I won't thank you. I had to drive myself here today and my husband is off with his work and I don't want to be crossing my legs on the way home."

"Fine, then we'el ge' straight down to it then lassie."

Once again the Professor brought out his watch and slowly began to hypnotise her until Theresa fell into a deep sleep.

Rebecca thanked the nice policeman for his consideration and help in getting them to Singleton Hospital and watched as the Police car drove off. The Policeman had been diligent in leaving his name Robert so that they might use it if the baby was a boy.

Before going in to the hospital Rebecca made a short call to Mark. There was some vital information he needed.

"Mark." He whispered into the phone once his partner had answered.

"Anthony, good it's you. I have a theory. Both the previous flashers were treated by Professor Munro. I think he's doing something to them under hypnosis."

"I think you are spot on Mark, and I think I know who the latest one is. His name is Phillip Simonson from our Halls of Residence and he is seeing Munro to help him stop smoking." Anthony replied in a whisper.

"Bingo, it all makes sense now." Mark said.

"Look, I can't be long Anwyn is in labour. I'll catch up with you later." Anthony said as he rang off.

Professor Archibald Munro decided that perhaps he needed a little insurance policy. It was fortuitous that the University had decided to employ the husband of this woman with amnesia to investigate his little experiments. Now that the first phase of the testing was nearly done and all the

loose ends tied up, he just needed to make sure that he had a way to defend himself if those nosy Private Detectives got too close.

"Now ma dear, when ya are given tha code words 'Anarchistic Behaviour' by me Lassie in the future I wan ya ta gee and get ya husband's gun and shoot the first policeman that ya see. Ya'll only do this on the code word that I give ya lassie and you'll ne'er tell anyone about this command."

Archibald Munro then set about finishing the work that he had begun on restoring Theresa's memory. It was simple really. She didn't like her husband working with his new partner, some woman named Angela. Rather than face up to the prospect of having him work with this bitter enemy her mind had retreated with the blow on the head to try and forget this other woman so that she could cope.

Now that he had got to the bottom of this, Professor Munro knew how to fix it. He had to get her mind to face the reality of the situation and thus restore it.

"Theresa, when ya wake up lassie, ya will remember how ya really feel 'bout ya husband's partner Angela Clemence. This will make a connection in ya mind that'll link back to all ya memories o'er the past few years. This connection will form a bridge for ya tha twill see those memories come trickling back ta fill ya waking mind again until ya are whole again lassie."

"Now I will wake ya in 5 seconds. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1." Professor Munro snapped his fingers and Theresa awoke on the couch.

"Angela the little bitch! Now I remember." Theresa swore as she woke from the hypnosis.

"Ya are starting to remember then lassie." Professor Munro smiled.

"Yes, thank you doctor. Things are starting to fall into place for me. I'm pretty sure that the rest will come back now that I've made the connection. How can I ever thank you. You've been wonderful." Theresa said slightly more reserved now that she realised where she was again.

"We'll I'm glad tha' I could help ya lassie." Professor Munro said. Causing trouble for the investigators hired by the University would only help his cause. "Ma secretary will give ya the bill on the way oot."

"Thank you again Archie." Theresa shook the Professors hand before she headed out.

Mark had made one stop before going to Professor Munro's office. He'd been to the Student's Welfare office to take a look at the records to see about Oliver Deacon and any treatment that he may have received at the University. There it was in black and white. Mr Deacon had been to see Professor Munro about an insomnia problem that he had been having. That was three out of three who had been to see Professor Munro about a problem and had courses of hypnotherapy before they began flashing. Mark's theory that he had been fermenting just got the last piece that fit into the jigsaw.

As he got to Professor Munro's office Mark saw Theresa talking with the Professor's secretary a broad smile on his wife's face.

"Tre, how are you doing?" Mark asked his wife, still worried about her.

"Don't you Tre me, this was all your fault." Theresa hit back at her husband. Mark was taken aback.

"Sorry what was my fault?" Mark asked.

"My amnesia. It was the shock of your business venture with that damn Angela that caused it." Theresa continued.

"But, dear, you said it would be alright." Mark spluttered.

"I'm going home. You can pay for my treatment and we'll talk about it when you get back." Mark knew one of Theresa's veiled threats. He'd known her long enough, but he'd been enjoying being with the amnesiac Theresa whilst it had lasted.

Theresa swept out of the office a force of avenging nature and left Mark to deal with the Professor's secretary. He looked at the bill that she presented him with and the number was larger than he'd thought. Neither the less he paid the woman on his VISA card and asked if he could go in and talk with the Professor.

"The Professor doesn't have another appointment till 3pm, so I expect he may have time. Let me just check for you Mr Entwistle-Houghton." The secretary said. She used the intercom and after a brief exchange told him that the Professor could see him now.

Mark headed into the office to see the Professor seated at his desk writing some notes in his book.

"Professor Munro. First of all thank you for treating my wife. I know she really appreciates having her memory restored to her." Mark began.

"It wa a pleasure laddie to help yer wife." The Professor replied calmly.

Mark didn't quite know how to broach the subject. he decided to try a neutral tack.

"Professor Munro, I have been doing some investigation into the recent spate of flashers at college and I have found that both of them were treated by you before they began this strange behaviour." He said at last.

"Ach well laddie, tis no a surprise really. They were both troubled lads." Professor Munro replied.

"I hardly think that a fear of flying and a sleeping problem are what I would call troubled." Mark replied.

"Ah well, since when did ya become the expert laddie? Everything in tha brain is linked see." Professor Munro countered.

"That's as maybe but both James Read and Oliver deacon both started after you gave them hypnotherapy. And now Phillip Simonson has started flashing when he's been coming to you for help to stop smoking." Mark accused the professor.

"You hav na evidence that ma hypnotherapy is causing this and quite frankly as you ha' found the culprit I'd be watching him rather than harassing me, a respectable professor who I might add has just used the same hypnotherapy ta cure yer wife. Next you'll be accusing ma of implanting a suggestion in her mind ta go off tha rails! Please Mr Entwhistle-Houghton lets no talk about this craziness anymore." The professor countered. Mark hadn't thought of that and the Professors implied threat could be very real.

"Very well I just wanted to point out the co-incidence is all." Mark came back weakly.

"Well I suggest ya leave these wild theories behind ya laddie and concentrate on catching tha new flasher. I expect he won't wait long and will be up to his old tricks soon, tomorrow would be ma professional opinion. After all the University is na gunna pay ya for some wild theory. They want results." The Professor was right. They wouldn't pay for a wild theory that he couldn't prove. He was going to have no choice but to catch this Phillip and hand him to the Lions else they would never get paid for this job. And the Professor had told him when the next trigger was going to be pulled.

"Well thank you for your help in the Professor." Mark forced himself to say.

"That's no problem laddie. Just sa long as we understand one another?" There it was that veiled threat from the Professor again. He knew that Mark knew, but he also knew there wasn't a thing he could do about it. Now he would be forced to throw this Phillip Simonson to the wall else they wouldn't get paid. And if he tried to make a fuss about Munro , the Professor would unleash whatever he'd put in Theresa's mind.

"Oh we definitely understand each other." Mark said as he left the Professor's office.

The nurse had asked Rebecca what relation she was to the mother. Anthony could hardly tell her that he was the father, she just wouldn't have believed him.

"I'm her younger sister, here for moral support." Rebecca said finally.

"Is the father not coming?" The nurse asked, an outraged tone to her voice.

"No, that no good fwcar couldn't come." Anwyn replied as they wheeled her past into the operating theatre.

"Don't worry my dear, your sister is in good hands. Doctor Handleman is very good and they'll give her a local anaesthetic and painkillers." The nurse said sympathetically. "It's just as well she has a supportive family member around her."

Anthony as Rebecca was forced to wait in the waiting area whilst Anwyn had a Caesarean Section and it was only some time later that they doctors came out and told her that her 'sister' had given birth to a beautiful baby girl.

It was not until about 9pm that Anwyn was awake enough in the ward to receive her 'sister'. Anthony had been desperate to see his newborn daughter, but since he wasn't currently the husband he couldn't force the issue. When Rebecca came into the ward she saw her daughter for the first time hooked up to an incubator next to Anwyn's bed.

"She's beautiful Anwyn." Rebecca said. Anthony couldn't say what he really wanted.

"Yes, I think she has all my good looks. Luckily she got very little from my husband." Anwyn replied. Anthony realised that the drugs had probably worn off by now and Anwyn was still in pain.

"Yes, that no good fwcar couldn't even come to the birth." Rebecca replied and saw Anwyn's expression soften.

"So are you going to name her after me?" Anthony said as Rebecca.

"No, she's going to be called Cerys after my grandma." Anwyn replied.

"Doesn't the errant husband get a say in the name?" Rebecca asked.

"Nope. I think he owes me this one." Anwyn said firmly and that was the last that they said on the subject.

The following night had been planned meticulously. Rebecca had gone to the Cricketers pub with the others from her floor, but this time had decided to dress more sensibly for the night out. In addition to her casual clothes though she was wearing a wire and had an earpiece disguised as an earring so that Mark could keep in contact with her and let her know when Phillip was in the park. Mark would watch the hall for Phillip and follow him to the Park. He'd warn Rebecca when Phillip was there and that would be the cue for Rebecca to get the girls to leave. Once Phillip had performed his flashing routine, Mark would pounce on him and call Campus security and hand him over.

That was the plan they had concocted anyway. What transpired that night was somewhat different to that. In the pub Chris had taken to trying to monopolised Rebecca and wasn't being subtle about his attentions either. This meant in the crowded pub that Anthony had trouble hearing Mark's voice in his ear. Then just as Mark gave the word that Phillip was in position all hell broke out in the pub when Chris started to fish down Rebecca's top and she was forced to slap him before he found the wire. Rebecca feigned outrage and went to the ladies, which was downstairs in a bunker which blocked out Mark's signal.

Phillip continued on with his plan unknowing that he was now not doing what he was supposed to be doing. In the dark in the distance he saw a couple kissing, a biggish looking man and a pretty young blonde woman kissing in the park. He decided that perhaps these two would be a better target than the gagging of girls who'd laughed at him the other night and he approached them and got their attention to flash them.

What they turned to face him he opened his man and revealed all. It was only then that what he had thought was a man kissing the girl was in fact a rather manly looking woman with short close

cropped hair kissing another woman. The young blond shrieked and the bull dyke took a swing at him but missed.

At the sound of the scream Mark was forced to leap into action and started to try and take the Rugby player Phillip down. Phillip was stronger than he thought and it was only with the assistance of the big bull dyke that he was able to pin Phillip down and call campus security.

The Campus security had taken statements from both the girls and Mark that would be used by the Police. It was only the following day that Rebecca realised that one of the girls involved was Rosalind Levine.

Rebecca got Mark to make a copy of the statements and then found Janet in their shared room.

"Janet, I think you should see this." Rebecca said as softly as she could to her Roommate. She waited patiently staring out of the window whilst Janet read the proffered files. She turned to see the look of anger on her Roommate's face.

"Is this your way of telling me I shouldn't be a lesbian?" Janet said at last.

"No Janet." Rebecca said calmly. "It's my way of telling you that you're with the wrong woman. I tried to tell you when we first met, but you wouldn't listen. I'm sure that there's a woman out there who's perfect for you, but Rosalind is not the one."

"Alright point made. I'm sorry I got angry at you Beccy, but it just hurts me so much here." Janet put her hand on her heart as a tear started to fall from her beautifully made up eyes. Anthony knew enough about women to know that was his cue to hold her and Beccy pulled her close and did just that, letting her roommate pour out all her anguish.

"I'm sorry Janet, but you're going to have to get used to another new roomie." Rebecca said at last.

"Why are you leaving?" Janet asked at last between sobs.

"Yes, sorry but this course is not working out for me. I'll miss you though." She said, meaning every word of it.

"Chris and Danny will be disappointed." Janet replied.

"I'm sure they'll get over it as soon as another pretty face comes along." Rebecca replied.

Phillip had been expelled and the papers sent to the police for a prosecution. Mark's company had been paid the fee the University had promised, but Mark couldn't help but feel responsible for not being able to catch the real culprit and let Phillip get the blame. He'd explained to Anthony that they wouldn't be able to pin the blame on the Professor and he'd not been pleased about the decision. Phillip's job prospects would be nil after this and Mark didn't want the young lad to end up like Oliver or James after all this.

Sooner or later they would need to expand and would need someone to do a lot of the leg work for them. Someone who was big and strong and was quite intelligent, especially as Angela / Anthony now had three weeks paternity leave off.

Mark mulled it over as he sat on the camp bed in his office. Theresa had thrown a fit when he had got home that night telling him that if he preferred that 'pervert' Angela to her then he could just go and sleep with her. It was just like old times in some ways now that Theresa was gradually getting her memories back. He dreaded to think what would happen when she met 'Angela' again.

Anwyn was pleased to have her husband back once she had got home from the hospital. She hadn't completely forgiven him for being a woman when their first daughter was born, but the fact that he had three weeks off from his job to help her out and above all be her husband had counted for a lot.

When she'd threatened to burn his suits nearly nine months ago she'd asked him to keep his work separate from their private life and for the most part he'd done that. However now she realised that it would not always be possible and that his lifestyle was going to lead to difficulties no matter what. She rocked young Cerys in her arms until her little eyelids closed.

"Sometimes you're going to have two mummies darling and I think you're just going to have to get used to it." She said softly to her daughter.

The first stage of Professor Munro's experiment had finally gone to plan after a couple of false starts. Dealing with the mind like that was always a complex issue and with the wrong subject it could have dramatic effects. But you couldn't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs on the way and he had finally satisfied himself that the first experiment was now completed. Besides with those nosy detectives on his tail he didn't want to go any further with the small scale experiment, he had bigger fish to fry.

Professor Munro pulled his car up at Caswell Clinic in Bridgend. As a consultant psychologist he often visited patients here to help provide expert opinion on cases here, so none of the staff were surprised to see him or request access to one of the medium secure patients they had here. They quickly arranged a visiting room for him to perform an preliminary assessment on the patient, one who had committed heinous crimes and had been locked away here for years after his plea of guilty with diminished responsibility had been accepted.

"Well laddie, I hear that ya have a thing fer dressing up as a woman? How'd ya like ta continue tha with a little help from yer Uncle Archie?" Professor Munro said to the tall man opposite him.

Wesley looked up at the middle to late aged professor opposite him.

"You are testing me aren't you?" He said.

"No I'm not laddie. With my help I can make you a woman and we're going ta make a mint."

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