

## The Doyen of Fashion

Mark had been summoned to the offices of the Independent Mutual Assurance Company on urgent business. They'd not said exactly what that urgent business was, but he knew that urgent business meant work for him, so he hurried to make the appointment. He headed to the office of his regular contact there Mr Walpole, and he was promptly shown in by Walpole's buxom young secretary.

"Thank you for coming so quickly Mr Entwhistle-Houghton. The insurance company has a rather large problem. We insure Miss Irena Galanov's body on behalf of her modelling agency for a nearly a million pounds and it seems that of late she has been receiving threatening letters. The nature of these letters are such that Miss Galanov is petrified of going to Wales and fulfilling her obligations to the International Fashion show that is being held here. Naturally her agency are concerned and have contacted the police, but whilst they have said that they will look into it, they will not afford her any protection. We would like your company to provide that security for Irena. Do you think that you could do that?"

"Of course" Mark replied confidently, though in his head he was rapidly trying to work out how he was going to do this.

"Oh and you must not disrupt the Fashion Show either. Only the models, make-up artists and the designers are allowed in the back stage areas."

"That's going to make it somewhat more difficult," Mark ventured, "but I take it my operatives could go under cover in those roles."

"Yes of course. Now as to the fee. Three days protecting Miss Galanov. As long as nothing happens to her shall we say £10,000?"

"We could say that but I'd need to have extra associates on this one so I'll say £20,000." Mark knew that he was pushing it but the man had said that he was desperate at the start of the conversation.

"I don't think that the company could go that far." Mr Walpole replied. They negotiated for some time and in the end Mark settled on £14,000 plus expenses.

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Anthony was in a meeting with his boss at the DVLA when Angela's mobile phone started ringing.

"Aren't you going to get that?" His boss asked him.

"No, probably just my fiancé in a panic over the wedding." Anthony lied. "I should have switched the phone off. I'll call her back later."

As soon as Anthony finished his rather tedious meeting, he headed outside to the car park to find out who was calling Angela. There were only a few people who had the number, but he dare not answer it in Mark's voice and he couldn't use Angela's voice in front of his boss.

*"One new message. Beep. Hi this is Mark here. I have a job in a couple of weeks time that I'm going to need your help on. There's a 3 day Fashion Show on in Cardiff and I need to organise some protection for."*

The message ran out before Mark could complete the sentence. Anthony decided that Angela had better call Mark back. With Theresa's warning at the Country Club he had been afraid to take any work from Mark recently and always made up an excuse. Anthony checked around to ensure that the car park was empty before dialling Mark's number.

"Hi Mark. I got your message." Anthony said as Angela into the phone.

"Hi Angela. I'm sorry but I don't think I managed to finish what I was saying. I hate talking to machines. There's been a threat made to Irena Galanov by someone in this country. She's due to appear at the International Fashion Festival in Cardiff in two weeks time and I've been hired to protect her. Problem is that I can't really go back stage, and I'll need you to help me there."

As Mark was giving him the details several ideas were flashing through Anthony's mind. Foremost amongst them was recreating the Irena suit that had been destroyed several weeks ago in the disaster at the Country Club. It was the perfect opportunity, but he still had Angela's warning reverberating in his head.

"I can't Mark I'm afraid. You know how much your wife dislikes me, she'd kill me if she found out that you were employing me."

"That's OK, I won't tell her and she'll never find out otherwise. I'll pay you a couple of grand if you'll help."

That did it to seal the deal for Anthony. Not only was he going to get the chance to actually finally create and use an Irena suit but he was also going to get paid real money for it. He'd need to take a couple of days off work, but his penis was already anticipating the job.

"Alright I'm in, but Theresa must not find out about this. I have some ideas how we can protect Irena as well Mark. We'll need to meet up to discuss them."

"Great. You're a pal Angela. I promise you that Theresa won't find out about this."

As the phone call ended Anthony decided that he really needed to go and attend to his raging hard on in the toilets before heading back to his desk to request the time off.

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"You want me to go to a fashion show?" Bernard said incredulously. "I can barely stay awake for five minutes when you drag me round the shops, why am I going to like this?"

Claire knew that this was going to be an uphill struggle, but with Angela otherwise busy, Anywn not really into the whole fashion lark and Theresa out of town at a funeral she was hoping for some company to go to the fashion show. It wasn't like they had anything like this in Wales normally, they closest anything this big normally came to them was London. With this special show being in Cardiff, Claire saw it as her ideal opportunity to go to one of these events. She tried a different tactic.

"Charlotte Brunfeld and Irena Galalov will be there with the other models on the catwalk." She said hopeful that Bernard would be more enthused if their friends were going to be there.

"You mean that loads of fit birds parading up and down in front of me wearing sexy clothes. Why didn't you say so in the first place Claire. Of course I'll come!"

Normally such an expression of interest in other women would have run a red flag up for Claire, but seeing as she was going to get her way this time she purposely let it slide.

"You'll drive me there and back?" She asked.

"Of course I will." Bernard replied enthusiastically not really listening to her now.

"And you'll buy me dinner each evening?" Claire ventured.

"Yes" Bernard replied. Claire knew that his mind was elsewhere now.

"It would be lovely if we could stay at a hotel near the convention centre too for the three days." Claire knew that she was pushing it now.

"Sure." Bernard said absently, his mind elsewhere. He'd probably regret not listening to her later when she reminded him that he'd agreed to it all.

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Anwyn hit the roof when she heard about Anthony's idea to help Mark.

"We only just got rid of that other suit, and you promised that you wouldn't make another one." She told him firmly. Things had been a lot quieter over the past couple of weeks and Anwyn had hoped that Anthony had taken her seriously when she'd had a word with him.

"This one won't exactly be an Irena suit. Think of it more as a new Angela suit with a new separate Irena mask."

"Still I'm not sure that your not backing out on your promise though." Anwyn countered.

"Look I wasn't exactly looking to do this Anwyn, and I would be protecting Irena whilst doing it." Anthony tried to defend himself.

"Yes at the cost of making you the target you idiot!" Anwyn snapped back.

"Look I'll be getting two grand for doing this. Even if you factor in the latex, breast forms and wig, we'll still have around £1,500 left over that we could use for a really nice honeymoon in the Seychelles." Anthony said reasonably. Anwyn knew that Anthony was moving onto fertile ground. The wedding had taken up most the money he'd got previously from Mark as well as their savings and they'd not been able to afford the kind of honeymoon that Anwyn wanted without having to take out a loan.

"It won't be much of a honeymoon if this nutter kills you though will it?" Anwyn was weakening she knew it, but she also knew what a risky enterprise this was.

"Don't worry Anwyn darling. Mark will be around protecting me."

Anwyn was not really mollified, but somehow she said yes to him eventually and Anthony headed straight upstairs to begin casting for the new suit and two masks. The holiday in the Seychelles was too tempting for her, but that alone wouldn't have allowed her to say yes. Mark was good and would do his best for Angela, but there was only one person who would protect her with all her life and that was Anwyn herself. She wasn't interested in fashion but perhaps it was time for Alex to go to the fashion show as well to keep his eye on Angela. She decided to make a mental note to herself to book those days off from work.

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Angela had to go up to London that Saturday to make a cast of Irena's head. Mark had arranged it all through the Insurance company, explaining the reasoning behind it and they had persuaded Irena to accept.

Anthony had decided that Angela should wear something fashionable to meet with Irena for the first time. After all it wouldn't do for her to show up in jeans and a T-Shirt as she would need to convince Irena that this would work. Underneath his coat he had a medium length figure hugging dress that was cut low enough to show Angela's bounteous cleavage with matching green heels and a bag. The teenager opposite him on the train kept checking out Angela's legs and breasts and kept mumbling to his mate next to him. Anthony pretended that Angela was bored and looking out of the window, but he could see the teenagers reflection in the window. Anthony was an attention whore as Angela and he secretly loved getting checked out.

Irena lived in a large flat in the fashionable part of Knightsbridge together with her new boyfriend, the Chelsea footballer Ronaldo Giadini. After several counselling sessions she'd calmed down somewhat from the whole experience at the Country Club and had ventured out to a party in London where she'd met Ronaldo. Her boyfriend was away playing in the north of England somewhere that afternoon, so Angela was alone in the house with Irena.

"I'm still a bit worried about all of dis. Zu know that I've had a few bad experiences in the past viv people impersonating me." Irena said somewhat nervously.

"Yes, so I've been told Irena, but this time it's being done with your permission and you are in control of this." Angela replied soothingly.

"I know, but I'm still nervous. Vat do ve hav to do?" Irena asked.

Angela talked Irena through the process as she mixed up the various pastes and towels that she needed to make the mould of Irena's face for her Angela mask. At first Irena panicked slightly at having her complete face covered with only straws poking through her nostrils to let her breathe, but after a time she relaxed a bit. Angela filled in the silence enforced by the fact that Irena couldn't talk by chatting away to Irena about her journey up, how worried she was about wearing the right clothes today and anything else that came into Anthony's head. Anthony had not admitted it, but he was nervous about meeting Irena, and his way of coping was to babble on aimlessly whilst doing the mask mould.

So when Irena finally got the mould removed from her face she felt much more relaxed around the other woman.

"I suppose dat it'll be alright dis time since it von't be some pervert man impersonating me" Irena told Angela. Anthony decided not to answer that one.

"Besides you'll get to be me some of the time. That'll be fun too won't it?"

"I suppose ve be just like two girlfriends swapping ze clothes. Charlotte uses zor mask much I think." Irena replied. "Tho I hav no need of it for zat purpose." She added.

"No I suppose not. I'll just tidy up here Irena then I'll be on my way. I hope that we can catch whoever is doing this."

"Zo do I Angela."

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Angela had left early that morning to go to Cardiff, and Anwyn had pretended to be still sleepy, but had kissed 'her' goodbye and wished her luck. As soon as Angela had gone however, Anwyn bounced up and quickly began to get ready as Alex. Anwyn had made a reservation in Cardiff for the two nights as Alex as she was keen to ensure that no lunatic would get to her future husband. Anwyn had already packed a case for Alex. She knew that if Anthony spotted Alex he'd recognise that she was checking up on him, but Anwyn was hoping to try and keep a low profile. Anwyn had selected a cap and sunglasses to try and ensure that Anthony stood less chance of spotting her.

Anwyn quickly grabbed a cup of tea and some toast before heading out to her car. She was worried sick about what Anthony was letting himself in to here and she wanted to be there as soon as possible to keep an eye on him. She'd shout at him when she thought he was going too far with Angela, but she loved him too much to lose him now.

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Mark waited for Angela at the steps of the Cardiff Venue Centre, which was part of the University there. Fortunately Theresa had been forced to go to a funeral for her Aunt Cecile in Cheshire so he'd not had to make up another excuse to keep her away. He spotted Angela running up the steps in her heels and a skirt that was too short for the weather which was beginning to turn wet and windy. She was carrying a large bag by her side as well as her handbag. Ever since he'd known Angela, she nearly always wore a skirt and heels and he rarely saw her in trousers.

"You must have got up at the crack of dawn to be here this early" Angela told him.

"I came last night to check out the venue and the hotel." Mark told her. "I have drawn plans of the venue and all the exits. You'll need to memorise them. You know the original plan was for you to be a make-up lady here." Mark said carefully.

"Yes" Angela answered intrigued what Mark was going to say.

"Well there's been a change of plan. One of the models has had to drop out at the last minute and I managed to get you included as a replacement. I did sort of have to tell a few lies and say that you'd done a bit of modelling before. Are you Ok with that?"

"Sure." Mark could see the cogs spinning round in Angela's mind. "How hard could it be?"

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Unlike the other professional models, Angela did not have a make-up person to do her make-up for her. Since Anthony did not really want anyone else getting a close look at Angela's skin that didn't worry him overtly and he started to do it himself in the way that he usually did. Behind him he heard a pair of heels approach and he turned to get a glimpse of the woman coming up behind Angela.

"Angela, I hear that you're going to be running the runway today?" Charlotte Brunfled said excitedly. "I hope that I'm not going to be out of a job now!"

Not knowing the etiquette Angela decided to go for a bit of air kissing with Charlotte.

"I doubt it, I'm just sort of filling in. I'm so nervous about falling over on my heels or tripping over my dress. Do you know the designer I'm supposed to be modelling for today." Angela asked nervously.

"I heard you're going to be modelling for Gemma Shotten. She's a new up and coming designer showing off her first real collection, so I bet she'll be as nervous as you." Charlotte replied. "I'll introduce you when I see her. Anyway, I must go and get my hair done. I'm doing Karlos Luger today. Oh and thanks again for all the help with Gavin." Charlotte winked at Angela as she headed off to her own make-up table. All around the model's room was in chaos with half naked women dashing about and makeup people all in a panic.

"You're not in your first dress yet?" A petite woman with short dark hair told Angela.

"Sorry, I haven't been given a dress yet." Angela replied still in her jumper and skirt that she arrived in.

"Look I don't know which agency they booked you from, but you need to be able to get changed quickly between walks or you'll be heading straight back there." The woman continued.

"But I haven't got the dress yet." Angela insisted.

"You're the third model for Gemma Shotten are you not. The racks over there are all labelled. You go and get your own dress from the rack, change and get ready for your next walk. They're labelled GS3 for you and they will go from 1 to 15 for you. Gemma will be here soon, so you better be ready for your first walk and she is opening the show." The woman gave her the lecture, then turned to go and sort out another model on the other side of the room. It seemed that conversation and pleasantries were not required back stage.

Angela went to find her first dress on the rack and eventually found the one labelled GS3-1. It looked a bit like a giant pyramid shaped tea-bag including a fine gauze mesh as the material and chocolate brown shaped knickers and bra. There was a hat that went with the dress that was shaped

like the lid of a tea-pot. Angela obediently disrobed from her own clothes and started to put on the new underwear. If Anthony had not been super confident in Angela's new one piece suit then he'd have been a bit more worried about being naked amongst so many other women. As it was he didn't even have the time to leech at the other women himself as he was concentrating hard on getting the new chocolate underwear on. Then he tried to get into the oversized pyramid dress and he was glad for the help of the pretty brunette next to him. Finally he put on the lid hat on his head and headed to the entrance wing where the other two pretty blonde models were waiting. Angela initially felt a tinge of jealousy that the other two women were more attractive than her, but she quickly quelled it when she realised that it was silly.

"Oh you three look delightful" A female voice said softly behind Angela and she turned to see a plump woman with long black hair and red streaks in it. Anthony assumed that this must be the designed Gemma Shotten.

"Now you all know what to do I hope. One walk to the end, turn and then back here to change for the next one. Take your time, and show off the dress to the best. Good luck everyone, I have to be out front now." With that Gemma blew them a kiss and headed off.

"Damn muff muncher" One of the blondes said out loud as she went.

"I thought she seemed nice" Angela replied.

The other blonde just tutted and blew a bubble from the bubble gum that she'd been chewing. The announcer introduced Gemma Shotten and then music started. The first model lead out and began strutting her stuff out on the runway. When she eventually came back the second vapid blonde woman spat out her gum and went out to the end of the runway. As she came back in Anthony realised that it was now his turn to go out and show the world what a doyen of fashion Angela was.

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Bernard settled himself down next to Claire in their seats at the show. The front two rows were reserved for the press and the fashionistas, but they had managed to get seats in the fifth row quite close to the front. Bernard would have brought some popcorn along if Claire had of let him, but he had to make do with some sweets that they'd bought in the service station on the way up.

The show hadn't started until after an hour after they arrived and Bernard had needed to make small talk with Claire whilst they waited. Finally when the show started a skinny blond woman who looked like she hadn't had a decent meal in a year strutted out wearing what looked like a teapot. Bernard was disappointed that he couldn't really see any of her breasts under the teapot, after all that was what he'd really come to see. The next woman was another skinny blonde who could have been the sister of the first model. She was wearing what looked like a knitted tea cozy with knitted tights. Once again Bernard felt that he'd been cheated as the knitted tea cozy was hiding all her best bits.

The third model entered wearing a tea-bag. This was see through however and he got a good view of her large assets in a chocolate coloured bra as she strutted out down the catwalk. He was so

busy looking at her large breasts that he only noticed who it was when Claire nudged him and pointed it out.

"Hey, that's Angela up there. She never told me that she was a model!" Claire exclaimed.

"Bloody hell you're right" Bernard replied and he wolf whistled before calling out loud. "Go Angela!"

Bernard saw Angela stumble slightly on her heel as he called out but she managed to avoid falling and she carried on with her sexy strut. Bernard wasn't sure that he'd seen a model wiggling her arse in such a sexy way before, but he was used to occasionally seeing Angela around. Bernard was finally enjoying the show, though he could see a few disapproving looks from the fashion press. At the turning point on the runway Angela did a little twirl in her tea bag and milked it for all it was worth before starting to strut her sexy arse back down the catwalk in a slow and deliberate way. Bernard thought that perhaps it was a little more hooker than model but from the view he was getting he wasn't complaining.

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Anthony had to change outfits several times over the next forty minutes very quickly and none of them were things that he'd have worn as Angela. He'd been in some fairly tight spots in the past where he'd needed to change disguises quickly and quick change was nothing to him really. Some of the outfits however were slightly too weird even for him to work out how to get them on. The nice brunette called Zoe next to him assisted him with the last one, which a particularly difficult dress shaped as a radar dish. There were several wires coming down from the dish part and Zoe showed him that they actually suspenders that held up some fishnet stockings that made up the tower. He'd had a load of fun wearing that one in the end, doing his sultry walk, but now it was all over and he was exhausted. Angela took off the radar dish and hung it back on the hanger before sitting on her chair and putting her heels up on the make-up table.

"Zat was slightly unusual, but I zink you got der attention." Irena said from behind her.

"I'm an attention whore, what can I say. Any sign of your stalker?" Angela asked.

"No and I am due on zoon. Zen I will hav to be you for the night. I'm not sure that I can fill your heelz Angela."

"No, that will be a big task indeed. I'll have to tone it down to be you of course."

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Mark should have been very surprised at Angela's performance on the catwalk, but after her performance when she entered his office for the first time, nothing that she did shocked him anymore. In many ways she was the ultimate decoy, though he hoped that Angela could manage to be a little more subtle as Irena.

Mark had scanned the audience for anyone who was looking suspicious. The only one that he spotted who was looking somewhat out of place was a smallish man with a cap who was paying particular attention to Angela, Irena and Charlotte. Mark wondered if perhaps this small runt was



the one threatening Irena and he decided that once the show was over he'd follow him and see what he was up to.

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By the time that Irena finished her stint on the catwalk Angela had changed out of the fishnets and back into her own sweater and short skirt.

"Are you ready?" She asked Irena. "I suggest we go and do it in the ladies."

Irena followed Angela as she headed off to the ladies toilet with a bag swinging at her arm. Irena then went into the neighbouring stall as Angela instructed. Once there Angela stripped down to her panties and bra and Anthony felt the pressure of his cock swelling deep within his fake pelvic region. Disguising as another real woman always turned Anthony on and he'd been wanting to try being Irena for ages, his thoughts heading back to the man who'd disguised as her within the hotel in Swansea.

Angela passed her clothes over the top of the stall to Irena together with a mask with a shock of long red hair on it. Irena then passed her clothes back across to Angela and Anthony then began to slowly dress in them. He was disappointed that the clothes included a trouser suit alongside Irena's pretty white blouse, but at least she was wearing heels. Angela fitted the blouse over her bra and then pulled up the slacks up her legs. Finally she put the jacket over the blouse and slipped into her heels. Finally Anthony fished another mask from the bag he brought with him, this one having the luscious brunette locks of Irena attached. Anthony fitted a wig cap and then the Irena mask over the top of it. He'd never double masked before and he hoped that none of the seams would show around the eyes.

The new Irena came out of her stall and went to check herself in the toilet mirror. The lustrous brunette locks gave real authenticity to the illusion, but Anthony saw the imperfections around the eyes and started to touch them up with a little blending make-up. It was never going to be a perfect solution, but Anthony hoped that it would be good enough for the short time he would need to fool people. Irena, dressed as Angela, then came out of the other stall and asked the figure dressed as herself to check her mask. Again Anthony had to blend around the eyes to ensure that the seam would not be clearly visible to one and all.

"It feelz zo strange looking in ze mirror and seeing your face Angela. Also looking at a copy of me iz very veird." Irena said at last. "I hav bad dreams of people copying me still, I cannot help it."

"Don't worry, this is for your own good Irena and I promise not to do anything you wouldn't or make you look bad." Anthony replied as Angela.

"Now I zink zat I must be getting back to the hotel." Anthony continued trying to impersonate Irena's voice. It wasn't perfect, and would only probably fool someone who didn't know Irena really well but he hoped that it was good enough.

"Zu are very good mimic Angela. Despite my reservations I thank you for doing zis for me." With that Irena as Angela kissed Anthony pretending to be Angela disguised as Irena on the forehead gently.

"Now zu must go."

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Anwyn knew that she somehow needed to follow Anthony out of the Convention Centre to ensure that whoever was threatening Irena didn't get a chance at him. Since she already knew the plan that Angela would disguise as Irena and go back to stay at the hotel , pretending to be her overnight. That way the real Irena would be safe, disguised as Angela, whilst the fake Irena would draw the lunatic out. So she knew that all she needed to do was wait for 'Irena' to emerge from the stage exit from the Convention Centre into the general mass of students of the university.

Alex adjusted his balls in his trousers as they had moved around into an awkward position that made walking troublesome. Anwyn mused that Alex probably looked like an Italian cupping himself as he kept watch at the back door. It was just then that Alex felt a hand slap him on the back.

"Alex fancy seeing you here mate!" It was Bernard with Claire on his arm. Anwyn was glad that the disguise was much better than her first attempt since Claire would have seen through that very quickly. She was also much more observant than Bernard.

"Oh you know I enjoy talent" Anwyn desperately hoped that Claire didn't detect the voice translator.

"Don't we all. Any one of the models in particular you think is particularly talented?" Bernard asked with a wink. Anwyn had meant the designers being talented but she saw where this was going and she decided that as a man she would have to carry on the pretence.

"Well that new red haired model was particularly interesting." Anwyn said. She felt that she couldn't betray Anthony now since she loved him despite his unusual hobby.

"Do you mean Angela?" Claire asked. "She's a friend of mine. Perhaps we could see if we could fix you two up. Angela deserves a bit of happiness in her life too after all she's done for me." Great she was going to get another date with her husband out of all this in reverse gender.

"Sounds fun" Alex replied to them. Bernard and Claire had to dash off then much to Anwyn's relief and she kept watch on the door until she saw 'Irena' come through it. It was only a short walk to where the limo was waiting to take 'Irena' to the hotel, but Anwyn decided to follow so as to ensure that she made it.

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Mark had been right. The runt of a man with a cap had come outside early before the show had finished and had been standing around outside the model's exit. As soon as the man had moved to follow Irena, Mark knew that he had found the perpetrator. The man followed the fake Irena until she got into the limo, followed by two other blonde women and watched as the limo departed safely to the hotel. Mark determined to himself that he'd need to keep an eye out for this man once he got to the hotel.

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Just as he was getting into the limo, the two blondes who had shared the show with him as Angela pushed up towards him. Now that he was in closer proximity to them Anthony noted that the

roots of the two blondes were not as blonde as they should be. They'd need to get the bottle out again soon he mused if they were to keep up their pretence.

"You don't mind Cathy and I share a ride do you Irena?" One of them said to him.

"Of course she doesn't Tiffany" The other one replied for Irena. "After all we are all stars of the show unlike that little red-haired tramp. What did she think this was a floorshow or something?" Anthony seethed inside his suit and mask, but couldn't show his anger.

"I think she was different, but good different." Irena replied in an even temper. Anthony hoped Tiffany and Cathy didn't know Irena well. The driver in a peaked cap said over the intercom to them in an annoyed voice.

"I wasn't told about extra passengers!" Much as he'd have liked to kick the two annoying women out, Anthony felt that perhaps for the short ride to the hotel it wouldn't be a problem.

"Zees ladies will be coming back to hotel with me." Anthony said as Irena. The driver sighed and pulled away from the Convention Centre.

"See I told you she wouldn't mind Cath." Tiffany said before starting to suck up to Irena. "You were fabulous as always Irena, unlike the tramp they saddled us with." It was nice to know what your co-workers thought of you, but in the case it wasn't the good news Anthony wanted.

"Zank you darhlinks." Anthony knew he was embellishing Irena's accent a bit but he was having some fun. "I give zu a tip. All ze top model now sniff black pepper. Itz ze in thing!"

"Ohh thanks for the tip Irena" Cathy cooed. Anthony inwardly snickered to himself at the thought of these two vacuous women sniffing pepper. The limo pulled up at the Marriott hotel and the fake Irena let the other two women get out first. Since he was wearing slacks Anthony did not worry about how he got out the limo, but he ensured that he was steady on his heels before he let go of the limo. As soon as he had let go the grumpy driver drove straight off.

Anthony as Irena headed into the reception of the hotel and looked in Irena's handbag for her hotel key to check the room number on it. Room 317, she was on the same floor as Angela was located. Anthony headed into the lift and noticed the number of people checking him out. He was used to being checked out as Angela by men looking at her breasts, but here they were looking at Irena Ganalov the famous model and it was not just the men checking her out.

Anthony used the key-card to get into his room and was pleasantly surprised to see that she was in a super-deluxe room. Across the room he spotted something strange on the little side table and he headed over towards it. On the table was a bunch of black tulips in a vase and a note. Anthony picked up and read the note.

*Come and be mine forever Irena or forever rest in peace.*

It was creepy and Anthony knew that the stalker had somehow got into the room and left the flowers and note. He decided to call Mark, but then realised that Angela's phone with Mark's number in it was in Angela's handbag. The handbag that Irena now had. There was not much he could do therefore until Mark got in touch, so Anthony decided to have a look in the wardrobe. Irena

had a nice little selection of dresses, tops and skirts that she'd brought with her. Since he had nothing better to do Anthony decided to give himself his own fashion show courtesy of Irena's wardrobe.

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Anwyn had headed up to Irena's room and had decided to watch the room for a while to ensure that Anthony was safe. She'd been there about fifteen minutes when she felt something pointing into her back.

"Got you, you pervert" Mark said in her ear.

"It's not like that" Anwyn said as the voice translator gave her Alex's voice.

"Really? We're going to get away from her room. Move to the end of the corridor and into the room at the end. Any hasty moves away and you're a dead man." Mark told her. Anwyn had little choice but to move as indicated and when they got to the room Alex was handed the room key to put in the digital lock.

When she got into the room she turned and faced Mark who was holding a pistol aimed at her.

"It's not what you think" Anwyn said as Alex.

"Oh I think it is. You have the hots for Irena, a beautiful young model who you can't have. You send her flowers and letters and she doesn't answer them, so you start sending threats. Then when they don't work you have to act on them." Mark told her.

"No it's nothing like that. I'm Anwyn" She replied. Mark looked unconvinced.

"You don't sound like anyone called Anwyn, or is that some perverted name you call yourself."

"Look, I'm Anwyn, Anthony's finance." She said desperately.

"I find that hard to believe. I have no idea how you know Anthony and Awyn though."

"I AM Anwyn, it's just this suit and voice changer that make me look like this. Ask me anything that Anwyn would know."

"I still don't believe it, but I'll play along for a second. Who tried to kill us all at the Country Club?"

"Sally Chang." She replied quickly. "Look I could get out of this mask if you want and show you."

Mark kept the gun pointed at her as she removed the mask of Alex. She watched as his expression changed from outright suspicion to major surprise.

"I don't know what to say. Care to explain?" Mark asked as he lowered the gun.

"It's a very long story that really started with Anthony making the Angela suit, and I'm not sure I have time to go into it all now." Anwyn confessed using her real voice now that the mask with the translator was removed.

"Sorry did you just say that Angela is really Anthony in another of these suits?" Mark said incredulously.

Anwyn realised too late that she probably shouldn't have told Mark that. Still there was no use backing out on it now, and it might mean that if Mark was disgusted enough he would stop trying to use Angela in these dangerous cases.

"Er yes. I expect you have a problem with that? Most men would and I really don't blame you."

"No it's incredible. I would never have credited such things were possible." Anwyn noticed that something had clicked in Mark's brain. "Now I understand why Theresa hates both Anthony and Angela."

"Oh I think she just hates Angela on basic principle, but I'm sure that the hatred of Anthony has a lot to do with this." Anwyn stated. She didn't add how much she hated Mark's wife, instead she asked Mark something else. "Is that thing loaded?"

"This," Mark said looking at the gun, "only with water." With that he pointed it at Anwyn and squirted her in the face with the realistic looking water pistol. "I'm not licensed for a real gun, but I thought that this might help catch our criminal."

"You're not repulsed by this then?" Anwyn asked hoping that Mark would want nothing more to do with Angela.

"Oh no, it'll be very useful in my business. I knew Angela was good with masks but I had no idea of the real scope of Anthony's talents."

They discussed things for another half an hour and in the end Mark concluded that it might be best for Anwyn to stay disguised as Alex until the investigation was over.

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Charlotte's day had been long and tiring at the fashion show but she still looked forward to her time alone in her room with her husband Gavin Rodgers. Now that she had understood his needs, Charlotte had finally given in to Gavin's fantasies and had been experiencing the best sex she had ever had.

"I'm just going to go and find someone else to keep your little friend occupied tonight. I'll be back in a short while." Charlotte told her husband. With that she took the Angela mask wrapped in a plastic bag and went to find somewhere private where she could slip the mask and wig on. She could have changed in the bathroom in her room, but Gavin had insisted that the role-play go a little further and it seem that the mysterious red-haired woman enter the room and take him.

Having found a suitable cupboard to put the mask on, Charlotte headed back to her room with naughty thoughts in her mind.

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Anthony had ordered room service and had polished off the light meal some while ago, and he was starting to go stir crazy staying in Irena's room. He'd long ago finished playing dress up and now

there was only the TV left to keep him amused. Mark had instructed him not to leave the room as Irena, but that hadn't precluded him leaving the room as Angela. He decided that perhaps he could just take the room service tray back downstairs as Angela for a change of scenery, after all that wouldn't hurt would it?

Taking the tray downstairs had taken no time at all, and Anthony as Angela was soon heading back up to Irena's room.

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Irena had decided to go down to the bar for a while, confident in her relative anonymity as Angela. When she was herself she couldn't go anywhere without people coming up to her and asking for autographs, or the press trying to take photos. As Angela she had the freedom of moment without that attention, although her generous bust still garnered a fair amount of attention. She'd enjoyed it for a while, but she couldn't really talk as Angela as her accent would give her away in a second. So after one drink she decided to head back up to her room.

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Bernard and Claire got back to the hotel late that night after having had an expensive meal out in the new marina district. Bernard didn't remember agreeing to it, but since he'd had a great evening out with his wife he'd quit complaining. The several beers washed down with an after dinner glass of Absinthe had helped his mood as they headed back up to their room on the 3rd floor.

As he headed along to his room he spotted Angela dressed in a short skirt and sweater heading back into room 308. He thought nothing of it until they went a bit further along the corridor and he happened to glance down the side corridor. He spotted another Angela dressed in stockings and suspenders and a very naughty looking outfit heading into room 342. Bernard rubbed his eyes, perhaps he was seeing things earlier and it wasn't really Angela going into that other room. They carried on walking towards their room and ahead of them Bernard spotted Angela dressed in a black pant suit, pretty modest for Angela really. That was the third Angela that he had seen tonight.

"But, but I just saw Angela back there ..... twice." Bernard muttered aloud. Claire who had not seen the other Angelas looked at him with a face that said 'You've had a bit too much to drink, but I love you anyway.'

"Yes dear, I hear that she gets around a bit." She replied reasonably. Bernard thought to himself that she was probably trying to humour him.

"But they were all wearing different clothes!" He tried in his defence.

"Were any of them wearing a green tutu and dancing around like a fairy dear. I told you not to try that Absinthe. It has a very bad reputation."

Bernard gave up and fumbled for his room key. There was one thing the Absinthe had done and that was make him very horny. Right now he began to think about some rough and tumble with his wife, and the three Angelas had slipped completely from his mind.

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Anthony now safely back in Irena's room decided that there was not much else to do but watch some TV and go to bed. He re-applied the wig cap and Irena mask and checked the seams in the mirror until he was satisfied. He then stripped out of the heels he was wearing and Irena's pants suit before removing his bra and panties. Anthony examined his named female form in the mirror and started getting turned on by it. Alas he didn't have any of his toys here to do anything about his raging hard on, so he had to satisfy himself with putting on Irena's silk nightie and turning on the TV.

He'd fallen asleep curled on the bed with the TV still playing so consequently he hadn't heard the door click. He awoke however to the gentle touch on his back, and he quickly turned to try and identify Irena's assailant. He knew the man behind him however, it was the footballer Ronaldo Giadini who was Irena's new boyfriend. Anthony had a bad feeling about this.

"I'm a sorry to frighten" Ronaldo said in broken English. "I a, how you say, come to make you love. I a miss you." This was very bad news, but Anthony could see no way out of this. For tonight and tomorrow night he was Irena, and he had promised to live her life and do what she would normally do. He'd just not expected it to include having to make love to her new boyfriend.

"Just a sec lover" He said as Irena as he slipped into the bathroom. He needed something to make his pussy moist. It might look very realistic but without something to lubricate it then it wouldn't feel real. He looked around the bathroom and found some scented body lotion that the hotel provided complimentary to their guests. It wasn't perfect, but it would have to do. Anthony squirted some up his pussy and did a final check on his Irena mask before heading back out into the lion's den.

Ronaldo had removed most of his clothes that now were sprawled around the floor. Irena moved up towards the bed, a sexy wiggle to her movements as she went. Ronaldo drew her down towards him on the bed and he started to kiss her as he massaged Irena's breasts. Anthony could not feel Ronaldo touching Irena's chest, but he knew that he needed to react in a very feminine way.

"Oh zu are zo sexy" She said breathlessly between appreciative moans.

Ronaldo put his left hand under Irena's nighie and began to search for her clitoris. Then once he found it Ronaldo began to rub it gently and the fake Irena was forced to continue the pretence that she was enjoying this. Anthony pulled down Ronaldo's underwear to be faced by the largest penis that he'd ever seen. Ronaldo was an athlete who trained every day and his muscles were well toned all over. If he was a real woman then Anthony would have been in hog heaven now. Alas he was not a real woman and he was definitely not in hog heaven even though he was pretending he was.

"Do me now big boy!"

Ronaldo was surprisingly gentle, manoeuvring himself onto Irena and massaging her luscious breasts as he pushed himself inside her. Ronaldo's large engorged cock slid into the fake vagina and expanded it to its fullest extent, pushing the latex walls against Anthony's fake cock. For the first time that he'd been a woman having sex, he could actually feel the man on top of him thrusting inside him and it stimulated his cock more than any vibrator had ever done in the past. Ronaldo french kissed his girlfriend as he fucked her hard and Anthony tried to imagine that it was a sexy young woman giving him tongue. Ronaldo was an athlete and he kept pounding away at Irena for some fifteen minutes before he finally came. By contrast Anthony had cum inside his sexy suit some

ten minutes before and had to keep his legs splayed apart for another ten minutes until he could rest.

Ten minutes later after more fondling and kissing Ronaldo was ready to go for round two. Irena was a lucky woman, though right now Anthony didn't feel that way.

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Next morning Anwyn awoke stiff and uncomfortable. She'd fallen asleep by the fire hose opposite Irena's room whilst watching the door. She got up and kneaded her muscles to try and remove the stiffness from them. She was going to need to freshen up and get some coffee and breakfast if she was going to be any use helping out watch Anthony this morning.

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Ronaldo had left early in the morning and Anthony awoke alone in bed. Ronaldo had made love to him four times last night until he'd been so tired that he'd fallen asleep. He'd told Irena that he had to leave early to catch up with his team ready for training before the match on Saturday, and Anthony was somewhat relieved that he wouldn't get up to be greeted by another pounding from his boyfriend.

Anthony had already selected what he wanted to wear from Irena's wardrobe that morning. His fashion show the night before had allowed him to work out which of her outfits he thought would look hottest on her. It was a red semi-see through flowery medium length dress with a thick red belt around the waist. The large red flowers ensured that Irena's modesty was maintained. He'd already located some red heels and a bag that went with the outfit and he put it all out on the bed so that he could get into it after he'd bathed. He needed a bath to get rid of the Ronaldo's semen from his fake vagina and the smell of sex that now permeated his suit.

After bathing he found a pink bra and panty set to wear underneath the clothes he'd selected and promptly dressed as he made himself a cup of morning tea. He was a model now, so in true model style he skipped breakfast and headed downstairs to find his limo driver.

'Irena' headed down to the car park of the hotel, her heels echoing throughout the car park as they clicked on the floor. She spotted the limo parked up in the far side and headed over towards it. Inside the driver was half asleep, so she knocked on the window and woke him with a start. It was the same grumpy driver that had driven her to the hotel with the two fake blondes the day before.

"Are you going my way?" The fake Irena said. The driver settled himself in his seat and replied.

"You want to go to the Conference Centre Miss Ganalov?" He asked.

"Yes" She replied as she got into the back of the limo and settled herself on the seat, crossing her nylon clad legs.

The limo drove out of the car park and onto the streets of Cardiff. As it left the hotel the locks on the back doors of the limo automatically went down.

"Irena, you're going to be mine now forever." The driver said across the intercom.



Anthony suddenly realised the danger that he was in. He'd found the stalker or rather the stalker had found him. He'd been an excellent decoy, so good that in fact that the stalker had really thought that he was Irena. The problem was that the stalker might do something that would mean that he find out that Irena was just a really clever disguise for a rather clever impersonator. After that he didn't fancy his chances of staying alive much longer.

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Mark realised that something was wrong about 10 minutes after Irena was due to arrive at the Centre. The real Irena had arrived and removed her Angela mask ready for the day's modelling, but the fake Irena, who was actually Angela, who was actually Anthony, was missing. Mark went and found Anwyn disguised as Alex to tell her the bad news. It was Anwyn who suggested they get Bernard to help them with the search and Mark had approved of the idea just not the reason. Mark pulled out a device from his pocket which had a red flashing dot on it.

"This is a tracking device that we put in the Irena mask for safety. We can use it to track down Anthony's location and rescue him." Mark said. "But you're right a little extra muscle won't hurt when we catch up to them."

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The wall of the lair of the stalker was plastered with pictures of Irena Ganalov. There were flowers in vases nearby and the driver of the limo had started a CD playing a romantic song. In the corner of the room there was a dead man's body dumped like a sack of potatoes. Anthony guessed that it was the real limo driver. Anthony felt that as long as the stalker was trying to woo Irena than things might still be safe for him. As soon as things started to turn ugly that's when he needed to worry. He'd been fucked by one of the best last night, and although slightly distasteful to him, he could live with it. The limo driver was a big man who'd obviously been working out and he'd not been able to resist the man's strength. The fact he was also now tied tightly to a chair made it all the worse.

"You have ignored me too long Irena. Now I have you to myself" the Limo driver said menacingly. "Don't even think about shouting for help. This room is sound proofed."

"Zu hav my attention now." Anthony answered not wanting to antagonise his captor. "Vhat do zu vant?"

"What I've always wanted - you Irena. Now you are going to be my perfect woman forever, you're going to please me whenever I want and you're not going to nag or criticise. In fact lets help that along shall we?" With that the man searched around the room and found a ball gag with a hole through the middle that he fitted into the fake Irena's mouth.

Anthony could not talk now with the huge red ball in his mouth. His arms were tied behind him to the chair pushing his large breasts out in front of him and his feet were securely tied to the legs of the chair so his heels were together.

"That's better isn't it Irena. Now let's see you start to make me happy." With that his captor unzipped his trousers and freed his erect cock from his underwear so that the fake Irena could see it

right in front of her face. He then proceeded to slot his member through the hole in the ball gag and began to thrust in and out of Anthony's mouth.

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They'd found Bernard and the three men had headed across town in Mark's car to the place that the tracer bug had indicated. However when they got there, they just found a patch of waste ground that was bounded by advert hoarding and a sign saying that it was going to be the site of a new John Lewis store which would be opening in July next year.

"This tracer bug has never let me down before" Mark said as he entered the site trying to pin down the exact location. He hoped that the tracer found had not fallen off or that the perpetrator had not found it and thrown it away. He headed to the exact spot that the tracker indicated and found no trace of the bug.

"I can't think what's wrong. It's definitely here but there's no sign of them." Mark still puzzled by the devices lack of accuracy.

"Have you thought that they may be underground?" Alex chimed in and pointed to an old sign across the street. It said 'Car Park' and underneath it there was a second sign that said 'Closed - Use Alternative at West Gate Street.'

"Damn I think you have something there An, Alex" Mark nearly slipped up in front of Bernard. "Back to the car."

Mark drove the short way to the car park and sped through the barrier that was still down. It was something that Mark had always dreamt of doing, like something from an American cop show. Until now had never had a reason to do so however. They sped down the three levels of the car park seeing nothing except the odd rat, and then finally on the third level down they saw the white Limo abandoned with the back door open next to the car park attendant's office. Mark checked his tracker which confirmed that they were in the right location.

"We're here. Any one got a plan beyond just bursting in and taking the stalker down?"

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The big stalker had cum into Anthony's mouth and he was forced to swallow the salty taste as the ball gag left him little other option. The stalker withdrew and began stroking Irena's hair in a creepy way.

"I knew that we'd always be together darling, now that you're over your silly shyness. Don't worry I'll look after you and attend to your every need. When I'm recharged we'll go again eh love, this time we'll try the back entrance. I'm saving the best one until last dear; I don't want to spoil the moment by gorging myself on the best bit first." With that he sat on the fake Irena's lap, ripped the front of her dress and pulled down her bra to reveal her bounteous breasts beneath. He then began to massage her glorious mammaries. Anthony felt no need to react to this even though he could have moaned through the gag. The whole thing revolted him and now he started to understand the violation that a woman felt when she'd been raped.

Just at that moment the door to the room he was in burst open, the lock splintering the wood on the doorframe by the force of the entry.

"This is a bust" Bernard shouted as he tumbled into the room with the momentum of the force of his kick. Mark quickly followed him into the room with a gun, but Anthony was surprised to see Alex follow the other two men into the room.

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The stalker moved quickly at the sound of the door bursting open and produced a knife from his belt as he jumped off Irena and went round behind her to look at the invaders to his shrine to Irena. He flicked the knife to Irena's throat.

"Come any closer cops and she's a dead little model." He rasped at them. This had not been part of his plan. He assessed the men who'd burst into his shrine. Of them the small runty one didn't seem to be any threat at all. The one with the gun was certainly dangerous, but he didn't think that the cop would fire whilst he was at Irena's throat. The final man was a big man who looked like he could handle himself.

"You two get out of here or the model has a fatal dose of knife. I'll negotiate with that runt for my safe passage out of here." He said menacingly. The three consulted for a moment with the runt of a man being very animated in the discussion and finally the other two withdrew.

The stalker relaxed a bit and withdrew the knife slightly from Irena's throat.

"So little copper, I want safe passage out of here. The way I see it the Limo should provide for my escape so I want those others out of my way when I move with my darling towards the car." With that he moved his knife down to cut the ropes at the back of the chair.

"Fine" the runty man replied to him taking a casual step closer. He'd need to free Irena's nylon clad lovely legs from her bindings if she was to be his hostage to the car, so he bent down to use the knife to free those bonds.

It all happened then in a blinding second or two. The runty copper advanced and kicked him expertly in the head and he fell back from the chair. He recovered slightly to bring his knife up to stab him, but the runt was already moving away from the knife and using his own force to turn him and apply pressure to his arm. That pressure made him drop the knife he was holding and then all of a sudden he was felled by a karate chop to the side of the neck. The last thing he remembered was an intense agony in his balls and the man saying to him quietly.

"No one does that to my future husband and gets away with it!"

The blow to his face was too much for the stalker and he blacked out at that point. Much later he was unsure exactly how he got many of the other bruises that littered his body when he awoke in the police station.

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Anwyn removed Anthony's ball gag and sucked in air in a pause in her attack on the stalker.

"You can stop now Anwyn, I think he won't be getting up in the near future." Anthony said gently to her.

He noted that she gave him another ferocious kick in the back before she stopped.

"I didn't know you could do that" Anthony told his future wife.

Alex was still breathing heavily with the exertion and couldn't answer for a while. Eventually Anwyn recovered her breath and looked at her husband with his realistic looking breasts hanging out the front of his ripped dress.

"I did self defence classes in my youth to bolster my confidence. I got to a orange belt in Karate before I gave it all up as it wasn't really helping with my confidence issues, but you don't forget it once you've learnt it. Are you OK Anthony?" Anwyn said with Alex's voice.

"I think I will in time. This is not an experience a woman gets over easily, but it's lucky that I'm not a real woman." Anthony stood up and pulled the pink bra back up over his breasts and did the best he could to hold his dress back in place. "Come on we should let the others know that we've subdued the stalker."

With that Alex led Irena by the hand from the office back out into the car park where the others were waiting.

"You'd better call the police Mark, though I doubt he'll be getting back up for some time." Alex said. Anthony was amazed at how rational and calm his wife was after the frenzied attack on his large captor. "Bernard, go back to the hotel and find some new clothes for Angela."

"Angela, what do you mean Alex, that's Irena" Bernard told her firmly. Anthony felt Anwyn go around behind him and put her hands under his long brunette hair. The sound of the velcro ripping as she undid the mask from the back was loud in his ears and he felt her pull the mask over his head. Anthony now stood in front of the others as Angela wearing a wig cap. Anwyn then carefully removed that as well and Angela's red tresses spilled out down her back.

"Guess again Bernard" Alex said to him.

"Fuck me, that's amazing" Bernard replied slightly in awe and shock at the revelation.

"Time for explanations later Bernard, but for now Angela needs a new dress." Anthony noted that Bernard quickly picked his jaw up off the floor and turned to obey Alex. Once he'd gone Angela thanked Mark and Alex for rescuing him in Angela's voice.

"You don't need to pretend in front of me Anthony" Mark said. "Anwyn told me everything last night." There was not one revelation there but two and Anthony's brain was still in overload from all the shocks he'd had today.

"Why Anwyn?" He asked simply, still in Angela's voice.

"Well it was either that or be shot by Mark's gun for being the stalker." Anwyn replied somewhat tentatively. Anthony remembered the gun that Mark had pointed at the perpetrator.

"I'm glad you didn't try and shoot him Mark. No offense, but the chance of you shooting him before I got a knife in the neck were slim." Anthony said still speaking as Angela. He couldn't quite let go of his wonderful disguise.

"It wouldn't have done much good anyway even if I had," Mark responded, "not unless he was scared of water." With that Mark squirted Anthony with the water pistol he produced from his pocket.

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The designer's party that evening was for everyone who'd been involved in the fashion show. The party was now in full swing in one of the other rooms in the conference centre with plenty of wine and dancing on offer. Mark, Angela, Alex and Bernard had arrived just in time after having spent most of the afternoon making statements to the police about the capture of Irena's stalker. The evidence against the stalker was pretty damning, but as a former policeman himself Mark had insisted that they go through all the correct procedure for the arrest and charging. After all, they didn't want the perpetrator, whose name turned out to be Simon Ashmore, to get out on a technicality.

Anwyn had insisted on dancing with Angela at first, but was surprised when after the first dance a plump woman with red streaked black hair wearing a tuxedo and bow tie cut in for the next dance.

"Zat is Miss Gemma Shotten, she iz the designer who Angela modelled for yesterday." Irena told Alex. "I understand zat you ver also responsible for 'my' rescue today. Perhaps I could hav a dance to thank you." Anwyn had had lessons and was now practiced at dancing the wrong way round. Seeing as it was probably expected of her as a man she accepted Irena's offer.

"Iz Angela going to be alright?" Irena asked. "I hear zat the man did some not nice things to her, and I feel guilty as zat could hav been me." Anwyn could see the sadness in the pretty brunette's eyes she was dancing with. Irena felt these things hard and had already suffered so much in the past.

"I'm sure she'll recover" Alex said boldly and hoped above hope that she wasn't being too optimistic. Anthony had not told her everything that had happened to him in that prison, but her imagination had led her to some nasty conclusions. "Angela is tough and she knew what she was getting into here. All the same there will be someone who loves her to take care of her."

"I'm zo happy that she has a gud man like zu Alex." Irena replied resting her head on Anwyn's shoulder.

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At first Anthony wasn't sure who was supposed to be leading when Gemma Shotten cut in for a dance. He was still a bit phased from everything that had happened earlier, and so when Gemma started to lead, he mindlessly followed.

"Look I'll come straight to the point" Gemma told Angela as they danced. "You are one of the worst models I've ever seen, but you did something yesterday that no other model could have done. You gave my show publicity the like of which I could never have had, even if I could have afforded the best models in the world. Which quite frankly I can't. All the press were talking about my debut

yesterday because of you. Now initially they were just saying how bad you were, but then they started to talk about my clothes. Then today you topped it all by helping to catch the stalker that had been plaguing Irena. There's a news team outside who want to do an interview with you Angela, and I'd rather like it if you did so representing my label."

It took a while to sink into Anthony's addled brain. So much had happened today and it seemed even more was now happening.

"You're offering me a job?" Angela asked at last.

"Well more like an open ended contract so that you can come and give my shows an occasional boost, but yes that's the essence of it."

"I'd like to, but well there are other considerations too. Can I think about it and let you know later?" Angela told Gemma.

"You mean that young man who helped rescue you? Not my type you understand but you make a cute enough couple. Sure, let me know tomorrow before the show ends."

As they danced round the far end of the room Anthony caught sight of Tiffany and Cathy sneezing away on the sidelines.

"Are you sure .... achoooo .... we're ..... achoooo ..... doing this ..... achoooooo ..... right Tiff?" Cathy said between sneezes.

"Choo .... I couldn't .... Achoo .... get black pepper .... a-a-achooo .... so I ..... choo ....got the ordinary .... a-a-chooo ..... stuff Cath." Tiffany replied.

The dancers natural rhythm moved them away from the bottled blondes and Angela began to laugh. Finally Anthony had something to smile about.

"What's funny?" Gemma asked him, worried that she was making a fool of herself.

"Oh it's just a little new trend I think I've started" Angela smirked. The smile that had been washed away by the constant teeth cleaning and gargling of mouthwash during the course of the afternoon had finally returned.

When the dance finished Angela thanked Gemma for the dance and the offer and was heading back over to Alex when Mark cut in for the next dance.

"I still find it hard to believe that this is you Anthony under all those bits of padding, though I believe Anwyn when she tells me it is true. She showed me her mask, I think it's the only way she could find to convince me. I guess it's easier for me to believe that a woman can disguise as a man than the other way round." Mark said.

"Women wearing trousers has been accepted for a long time in society, but a man wearing a dress may never be in vogue." Anthony replied. "I'm just glad this suit is as good as it is. How much did Anwyn tell you?" He wondered what Anwyn had said about Claire.

"I don't know how much there is, but she told me about how you invented Angela to help Claire and a few other things after that. You have a real talent you know Anthony, and though my brain is still coming round to accept the reality of the situation, I see the potential. Angela has helped my business really take off you know. I don't think it would be where it was today without her." Anthony listened carefully and kept dancing to Mark's lead.

"I'm glad to help, despite the fact that we didn't get off to the best of starts Mark." Angela said at last.

"I've said for a long time now that I need a partner," Anthony noticed that Mark was nervously licking his lips as he spoke. "I think that the partner I need in the business is right here in front of me. You have the talent for investigation, and your command of disguise, together with my gadgets will make a winning business."

Anthony thought about it for a moment.

"Are you offering the job to Anthony or Angela?" He asked at last.

"Either, whichever you feel more comfortable as." Mark replied. "We'd be partners fifty-fifty on all the profits."

"I'd have to talk it over with Anwyn first," Anthony replied, "and you would need to get it past the Wicked Witch of the West."

"Theresa's not that bad. I'll make her see reason" Mark said confidently but Anthony was not that sure, particularly in light of Theresa's final warning to him at the Country Club.

"Says a man with true love in his eyes. We'll talk again next week about this."

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Anwyn finished dancing with Irena and then watched Angela finish dancing with Gemma. She watched as he started to come over to her and get picked up by Mark. Angela had been very subdued all afternoon, which wasn't like Anthony at all when he was Angela. Something had happened in that room that had changed him she was sure. She hoped it hadn't left any permanent scar on him. Then she'd seen Angela burst out into laughter as she danced with Gemma and she knew that there was hope that the old Anthony would recover. She seen that grin and that laugh from Angela before and it was an encouraging sign.

When Angela had finished dancing with Mark she came over to 'Alex'.

"Well I didn't expect that. I've been offered two new jobs." Angela said excitedly. "Both are likely to far exceed my old salary at the DVLA on their own."

"Who was offered the job Anthony?" Alex said sternly.

"Oh well Angela was offered a modelling job with Gemma's label and I'm not sure who's been offered the job with Mark." Angela replied.

"You're not going to accept the job with Mark are you? Not after your run in with Theresa!" Anwyn couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"Mark can straighten it out with her, or so he says. It's a partnership and potentially I'll be able to double my salary doing it." Angela almost begged.

"Look at the trouble he got you in today. If I hadn't been there to save you, that goon would have filleted you!" Anwyn hadn't gone through all this only to have Anthony get himself into worse trouble."

"I told him I'd think about it" Anthony conceded at last. "It's a great opportunity though. Now I have to go. Mark and I have a TV interview to go and do, I'll see you later love." Angela kissed Alex full on the lips and slipped off.

Anwyn watched him go. This couldn't go on forever. Sooner or later there was going to be a reckoning, and she worried about the collateral damage that might come out from it.

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Theresa had parked up in the Service station to use the ladies, and get herself a bite to eat on her drive back from the funeral. The funeral had been a noxious affair with all her relatives competing for attention, and trying to get one up on the other relatives. That's the way it had always been in her family. She'd had to endure several comments about her absent husband and had drawn deep into her reservoir of defensive barbs to defend herself. You had to know how to survive family affairs with the Houghton's or you'd get chewed up and spat out the other side. On reflection she felt it better that Mark wasn't able to come because of his business commitment. Mark would have been eaten alive by all the sharks in her family. They'd only been nice to him at the wedding as you don't tend to insult a groom at his own wedding. Now that the wedding was over he was fair game for the family sharks.

Theresa headed towards the ladies and looked up at the TV in the nearby restaurant to see a picture of her husband on the news. Intrigued she headed over to get a better view and to try and hear what was going on.

*"...earlier today Mark Entwhistle-Houghton of Entwhistle Investigations and the model Miss Angela Clemence successfully caught the stalker who had been plaguing the renowned model Miss Irena Ganalov. Miss Clemence made the news earlier in the year for saving the life of the former welsh scrum half Gavin Rodgers. We got a chance to catch up with the pair who were praised by the police for their bravery in catching the suspect, Simon Ashmore.*

*'Mark, how did you manage to capture this dangerous criminal?'*

*'Well it really was the undercover work of my colleague Miss Clemence who managed to flush him out.'*

*'You're too kind Mark, but it was your hard work in tracking him down that caught him.'"*



Theresa had heard enough. That little pervert trollop, man-woman, Angela-Anthony had gone too far this time. He'd ignored her warning and now there'd be hell to pay. I am not a vindictive person normally, Theresa thought to herself, but that Angela man-woman has crossed the line this time.

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The other prisoners in Swansea jail at first been surprised that Wesley Caplin had agreed to the part of Helena in the prison production of Midsummer Night's Dream, but then many of them had found his bizarre mood swings recently to be quite confounding. Wesley had been taken under the wing of Kiss Me Keith, a former conman who'd taken to using a variety disguises, including many women, to con all manner of people out of their life savings. Keith had been given the role of Hermia as well as some other minor female parts.

"See the thing is Wesley, people are always more sympathetic to women so you can get away with more. Men will fall for a pretty face, but women are more likely to feel sorry for another plainer woman. A really pretty girl will be seen as a challenge to them, so it's usually best to pick a less pretty face for a mixed audience." Keith began to show Wesley how to do his make-up as he chatted away pleasantly about the art of the con.

"So will I make a nice looking woman then?" Wesley asked cautiously. He'd never considered such an assault on his manhood before. In some ways he was revolted by what he was doing to himself, but in others he was fulfilling some inner need. Back in the past when he was little he'd read comic books and he'd been fascinated by the character Harvey Two-Face. Was that what he was doing? Turning himself into - a man with two genders?

"You've lost a ton of weight in the last few months Wesley, I think you'll do just fine. I think your height will be perfect for the part of Helena."

"But won't I look like a freak because I am so tall?" Wesley asked concerned.

"Oh don't worry about that Wesley love. There are plenty of tall women around. You'd be surprised just how much a good pair of pins will attract a man's eye. Let me show you how to do your make-up yourself."

Wesley contented himself with letting the slightly effeminate Keith fuss around him and giving him instructions on how to do his make-up. When Keith was done he stood up and looked at himself in the mirror. It wasn't a bad first effort but he knew it could be done better. The prison theatre didn't have much in the way of realistic padding, but over the next few weeks he'd find out all he needed from his new friend. Then all he'd need was an opportunity to escape.

He'd heard that the syndicate on D-Wing were planning something, but he hadn't been included in their plans yet. He knew he'd be able to get in on the plan, but it would mean taking the next step in his conversion. He'd already made love to a man, now all he'd need was to let a man make love to him. He looked at the woman looking back to him in the mirror and blew a kiss. Gary Strange the biggest brute on D-Wing had his favourites, but Wesley was convinced he could become one of Strange's harem and a place on the escape plan. The new Wesley Caplin would do anything for his revenge.

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