

The Lady of Leisure

Theresa's promise of membership of the Country Club had in fact taken over a month and by the time confirmation had arrived in the post it was turning Autumn. Anthony had noted the membership type was associate member and had needed to look at the club's website to understand exactly what that implied. The nub of the matter was that an existing member had to be there to sign them into the club. The expletive that he uttered about Theresa when he found out was quite graphic and it was loud enough for Anwyn to come running to the dining room where the computer was located.

"What's wrong?" She asked.

"That bitch queen has screwed me over." Anthony told her. "We need her every time we want to go to that Country Club of hers."

"I could just do with a break. A nice long weekend in the Country would be a perfect way to relax. The wedding planning is getting to be a bit too much aggravation at the moment. With your parents being divorced and not talking to each other being only one of the minor problems, I'd love to just get away from it all for a while"

"Well I could talk to Mark as Angela. He'd know when they were next going up there and we could take in a long weekend there. Perhaps Bernard and Claire could come too. That'd be fun all of us there together."

"You want to invite my lousy brother?" Anwyn demanded. Anthony still hadn't worked out why Anwyn was so annoyed at Bernard

"Sure he's my mate and Claire's husband."

"It's not like we don't see them most of the time now that they're are our neighbours." Anwyn tried a different tactic. Bernard had moved in with Claire just as Anwyn had moved in with Anthony. Bernard was now trying to sell the small family home that he and Anwyn had shared since no one was living there now. Anthony wondered if she was annoyed at that.

"All the more reason to be neighbourly." Anthony said sweetly. He knew that he'd get his way in the end, but he wondered whether he was right about the house. Suddenly Anwyn caved in quicker than he'd expected.

"Ok I suppose it will be nice having Claire to talk to whilst you boys go off and do your own thing." She replied.

Sally Chang had been let off with a suspended jail sentence for defrauding HM revenue, but it had not helped her much. She'd been unable to secure another good job like the one she'd had at Airtracks Ltd until she was sacked. Although it was in a niche end of the market making uniforms for air crew and other occupations, Sally had thought that her experience would count in a number of other jobs. Her criminal record though now counted against her and she'd had to try and survive the last month on the small amount she'd got from working at her brother's restaurant.

She was desperate to get more work and so had sought out a less reputable contact that she knew from the Immigration Welcome Centre.

"So can you get me a new identity to work then?" She asked desperately.

"I can do anything my dear" the big fat Jewish man replied, waving his arms into the air to give weight to the multitude of things he could do. "It'll cost you £250 for the new papers or for £300 I'll even throw in something a little extra."

"What do you mean?" Sally asked intrigued.

"Well you don't exactly look like someone called Katie Everheart my dear do you? You'd need something along these lines." He reached down below the desk and grabbed something that he threw onto the desk. It was a mass of blond hair with something fleshy underneath.

Sally Chang smiled a toothy grin.

"£300 it is then. I'll go borrow it off my brother."

Anthony had meant to destroy the Anwyn suit and mask as he'd promised her but when it came to doing it, he'd just not been able to do it. The suit had cost money and the mask had taken him ages to craft. In the end he'd hidden it in the loft and told her he'd destroyed it. Sometimes he mused what Anwyn didn't know wouldn't hurt her. Moving the suit had meant that there was a little more space in the disguise den, but that had been quickly swallowed up again by the clothes that Angela had bought with some of the money Mark had given her for helping catch Wesley Caplin. Anthony thought about maybe buying Anwyn's old house just to store all of Angela's clothes, but that wasn't a realistic option. The clothes were only part of the issue though, he also needed to find somewhere to store his new secret project so that Anwyn wouldn't find it.

It was one of those new outfits he'd bought with the Insurance money that Angela was currently trying to squeeze herself into. The label had said it was a size 14 but the reality of the matter was proving to be somewhat different. Anthony was used to men's clothes sizes which pretty well were what they said on the labels. He'd been learning that for women's clothes different shops had different ideas of what the size should be, and just because the label said one size, it didn't mean that it was that size. He'd wanted Angela to wear this one tonight, but he resignedly started to strip off the dress and put it back on the hanger. That would teach him to be lazy and not try it on in the shop. Finally he settled on a mauve sweater and a long pink skirt to replace the dress. He picked up his handbag and coat and headed downstairs.

"You look nice Angela." Anwyn was being sweet to Angela. Either something was wrong or it was because Angela was going to go and talk to Mark about them going away for that long weekend break that she'd been fixated on. Poor Anwyn had been tearing her hair out over all the wedding planning.

"Thank you Anwyn. You look lovely yourself."

"Don't be long. I'd like to book some time with my fiancée this evening if you don't mind." Somehow this was worse than her shouting at Angela.

"I'll bring Anthony back as soon as I can. He has some exercise classes that he thought the two of you could engage in later up in the bedroom."

Mark was meeting Angela at his office rather than at his house. It was safer that way since Theresa and Angela got on like a fire and water. Things with Theresa had been great ever since Angela and him had helped her escape the sack at work, but she didn't really approve of him seeing Angela. So he told her he had a client coming over to his office after work and that he'd be home soon afterwards. They had however been having great sex since he'd discovered that his wife liked having sex in risky places by accident when one Sunday afternoon they'd spent walking in the woods and the pair had found a little hollow and got it on.

Angela was wearing somewhat more restrained clothing today he was somewhat relieved to see. It was always off putting the clothes that she normally wore.

"Good evening Angela." He greeted her.

"Hi there Mark. I see that the business is continuing to do well." Angela smiled sweetly.

"Yes, thanks to you." Angela had been a great help to Mark over the past few months. There were sometimes things that Mark couldn't do either as a man or alone and he'd called on Angela a couple of times to help him keep tabs on suspects. She'd also helped make a couple of masks for him too when he'd needed to not be recognised on a job.

"Your silent partner at your service. Well not silent exactly since I'm talking now but you know what I mean." Angela was babbling a bit.

"Indeed. What did you want to see me about?" Mark asked.

"Well actually it's about the Country Club. Anwyn and I would like to go down for a long weekend but we need a member there to sign us in. When are you and the lovely Mrs Entwhistle-Houghton going to be there?" Mark could hear the sarcasm dripping through the word lovely but let it slide.

"Actually we're heading up there for a three day weekend in three weeks time. Would that suit?" Mark answered.

"Perfect. Thanks Mark."

"Good I'll have to let Theresa know to expect you Angela and Anwyn, though I'd have thought Anwyn would have been coming with her fiancé." Angela took a while before she replied.

"Oh it's a girly get together you know before the wedding." Angela replied at last. "We may get Claire along too, though I suspect she'll bring Bernard too."

"Oh well fair enough, you know how to get there?"

"Yes I think so. Let me know if you need a hand with anything. I think you're going to need to take on a partner soon if the business keeps growing. I only have so much time that I can give to help."

"Will do and thanks again for everything Angela." Mark offered his hand and Angela took it, winked at him and then sashayed out of his office. He was glad that Theresa wasn't here to see that little exchange, she'd have hit the roof.

It was the first time that Anthony had made a mistake like that for a long time. He'd replied to Mark accepting the invitation thinking he was Anthony and of course he was Angela talking in her voice. Mark had rightly assumed therefore that Angela had wanted to go to the Country Club. Anwyn was going to kill him when he told her.

He stripped straight out of Angela when he got back and went downstairs to find Anwyn hunched over the computer still trying to sort the seating plan out for their wedding. He massaged her shoulders and looked at the still incomplete plan.

"Uncle Evan can't sit on the same table as your Aunt Maude he said bluntly. You know how he tells blue jokes all the time. She really wouldn't approve, what with her work on that feminist magazine. And I wouldn't sit Iain next to young Julia, not unless you want a teen age pregnancy in the family. That boy will chase anything in a skirt."

"Even you?" Anwyn asked.

"Yes. Angela looks real enough to fool him."

"Hmm you may be right." Anwyn replied agreeably, enjoying the massage. "How'd you get on then?"

"Well I have some good news and some bad news" he said evenly.

"Good news first."

"OK we're on for a long weekend away in three weeks time." He said in the happiest tone he could manage.

"Great and the bad news?"

"You'll be going with Angela." He didn't need to wait long before she hit the roof.

"What! This was going to be a relaxing weekend for the two of US!" Her voice gradually increased in volume at the end of the sentence as she turned.

"Yes it was but I made a bit of a mistake and Mark assumed I meant Angela. I didn't do it deliberately." His defence might have been honest but it sounded weak.

"You buster" she jabbed him "are going to have to make this up to me somehow." She threatened. I hope Angela thinks it's worth it.

Katie Everheart had found that getting a job was nearly as difficult as Sally Chang had. She had no references to go on and didn't have the experience on her CV. All she had was her youth and experience to try and get herself a position. She'd eventually got a job as a low paid domestic in some posh Country Club outside Swansea. It wasn't what she wanted but it would be money coming into her bank account until she could find something better.

Charlotte Brunfeld's sex life had picked up since she'd taken up Angela's suggestion of using different characters and masks to get her husband's interest in sex going again. It was not the intensity that they'd had when they were first going out together, but she knew by talking to girlfriends that the force of passion when a couple first was going out could never be maintained. She had a different problem on her plate now. Her friend and one of her fellow models on the circuit, Irena Ganalov was starting to fall apart emotionally. The police had searched her house and questioned her about her whereabouts after someone had impersonated her and done some robbery or something. Charlotte couldn't quite get all the details straight out of her between sobs, though she did pick up that the double had actually been a man.

Charlotte knew that there were female impersonators around; she'd seen a very good male Brittany Spears impersonator on America's Got Talent when she'd been in New York doing publicity work. However this man had apparently been good enough to fool another man into having sex with him, but Charlotte could not fathom out how that would work.

So it was that she had invited Irena down to the Margham Country Club near Swansea in a few weeks to get away from London life. She and Gavin were members there and went there a fair bit after his heart attack to recuperate and relax after his heart scare. She thought that perhaps the relaxing countryside might help her friend.

Anwyn had waited and waited for her chance to get revenge on her stupid brother for destroying her Sindy Doll and house as a child, and now she thought that she'd found a way. Claire and Bernard had gone out for a meal the night before their weekend away and so their house was empty. Anwyn had located the copy of Claire's side door key that she given the neighbours to water the plants on their honeymoon and put it in her jeans pocket. Anthony was upstairs sorting out all the clothes he was going to pack for the long weekend as Angela, so she shouted up at him.

"I'm just going to pop down the Spar to get some more milk dear." Anthony had shouted fine back at her, so she headed out round to her neighbour's side door which she unlocked and entered.

Anwyn headed upstairs to the bedroom that Bernard and Claire shared and was glad to see their two cases already packed. The slightly larger one was a plain Samsunite case and the other one a smaller pink case with flowers on it.

"Well I think that this one will be yours Bernard then?" She said to herself lifting it on the bed and opening it.

"Now you won't need these." She continued aloud, taking all his underwear from the case and locating the drawer to put it back into. Gradually she emptied his case and hung all his clothes back up in the closet.

"Hmm I think we need to give your case a bit of weight now though Bernard. What would you like to wear? Oh I know, how about this pretty dress." Anwyn took one of Claire's summer dresses from the closet and folded it neatly in the case. She packed a number of outfits to go with it as well as some of Claire's shoes.

"Oh silly me, you'll need some underwear too. Let's find something nice for you." With that she went through Claire's lingerie draw and neatly packed that into the case. She packed a number of other items that a girl would need before folding the case back up and putting it on the ground.

"There I hope you like your new wardrobe you Sindy murderer." She chuckled to herself. It had been a long time coming but she would finally have her revenge on him. Now that she was one up on her brother, she could be nice to him again for a while.

Anwyn headed out of the house and locked the door again. She was about to go back into her house when she stopped.

"Oh silly me, nearly forgot the milk!" With that she turned and headed off to the local late night shop.

Theresa had expected a long fight to get Anthony, Anwyn, Angela, Bernard and Claire membership of the club, but in the end it had been easier than she thought. Phillipa Pennington-Smythe who was currently membership secretary had of course started to object to their applications, partially on the grounds that they were 'the wrong sort' and partially on the grounds that Theresa had nominated them. Phillipa had decided she wanted to be the Treasurer in this year's elections that were being held on Saturday night. Now that the Squadron Leader was stepping down from the role, Phillipa had decided to run and had taken exception to Theresa running against her. The thing that had swung it had been help from Charlotte Brunfeld. Theresa knew that the Gavin Rodgers and Charlotte were friends of Angela's from the wedding and had not so subtly sent as letter to Charlotte indicating that they could do with her support.

The Country Club had been thrilled that an international model and star Rugby player had applied and joined their ranks some years ago. They were the crème de la crème of celebrity. So with her backing all the other members fell into line supporting the application and Phillipa could no longer be seen to be blocking it. It was a master stroke Theresa thought, even if she didn't like having to help Angela get membership. Now of course she'd made an enemy in Phillipa, a dangerous enemy. Phillipa was the better at the game than Theresa was, and with the election ending this weekend she was going to have a battle royale on her hands. Theresa had tried not to show to her husband just how displeased she was that Angela and her crew would be turning up just at the critical time, but it was so difficult. It was something that she was just going have to manage.

Anthony had packed a little something extra in Anwyn's mini before they left unknown to her. He'd had to remove the spare tire from the boot to hide it under the boot floor and before putting their cases back on top. They'd not need the spare, the chances of getting a puncture were very remote these days. Their weekend cases now sat atop the false floor in the boot and the spare type hidden at the back of the garage.

He'd decided on to wear something a bit more sensible for the drive down to the Country Club. He'd chosen a pair of very light pink trousers with a belt at the waist and a pink cashmere sweater. He swung his heels in the passenger side and closed the door.

"Time for us to head off and be ladies of leisure" he said to Anwyn as she started the car.

Bernard and Claire arrived first at the Country Club in Bernard's Range Rover with the Manor Zoo logo alongside a roaring tiger emblazoned on the side. Bernard went round to the passenger door to help Claire down from the high door on the vehicle and then went to retrieve their cases from the boot. As he was starting to lug the cases into the old looking manor house Bernard spotted Anwyn's mini coming up the gravel drive.

"Looks like beauty and the beast have arrived" Bernard commented to Claire.

"Don't be mean to your sister love. She's nice really and we're here to have a nice relaxing time this weekend." Claire replied.

"Alright boss, but when she grows fangs and starts to bite your neck don't come running to me." Bernard ventured.

"Bernard." Claire said sternly.

"OK, OK, I give in. I'll be as nice as pie to Anwyn all weekend."

Anwyn's mini pulled up and Angela got out and waved to them. Bernard decided to wait up for the two girls and put the cases down whilst he waited. Bernard noticed Anwyn get out and spotted that Angela had to go and get both cases. Typical of his sister he thought. Claire had headed over to Anwyn and gave her a hug. The two of them had become a lot closer over the last few month having a regular weekly get together when he met Anthony in the pub. Bernard couldn't hear what they were saying, but he spotted Angela bringing their cases over to where he was.

"Hello gorgeous!" Bernard said aloud.

"Hi Bernard" Angela replied "You'd think they could tarmac this drive, it's hell to walk on in heels."

"I'll get them to start this afternoon" Bernard joked as he stared at Angela's breasts. Angela laughed along with him and politely ignored his stare.

The two other women caught up with them and they all headed inside to a vast hallway with stairs either side. Angela was feeling quite relaxed and looking forward to the weekend. Ahead of

them a woman dressed to the nines in twinset and pearls spotted them and called back into the room behind her.

"Theresa, your council estate recruits have arrived." Wow, Anthony thought she can even out bitch Theresa. After a second or two Theresa came running into the hallway.

"Thank you Phillipa. Hello Claire welcome to our little club." Angela noted that Theresa was studiously ignoring her and not countering the Council estate jibe. Whilst it was true that the road he lived on used to be a council estate now all the houses had been bought by their owners since Thatcher had given them the right to buy.

"I'm sure you can remember the way to show them around Tre, just make sure they don't take any of the silver with them when they leave." God that woman made Theresa look like an amateur Angela thought.

"Excuse me, do you get off on being rude to people you've just met?" Claire demanded. Anthony realised he should have said something like that.

"I'm sorry, are you on the committee here? Do you actually matter?" Phillipa took umbrage and turned on her heels and walked out in mock umbrage.

"Some welcome" Angela commented. Maybe it was not going to be quite as relaxing as Anthony had hoped.

Theresa made them all sign the associate member's book and explained to them all that they had been put in the guest rooms. These transpired to be an old servant's block some way away from the main manor house that was used as an overflow. Angela translated this as 'I don't want you lot anywhere near the main house and I have given you the worst accommodation that we have here'. Several other club members came to gawp at the newcomers who stood out like a sore thumb in the hallway. Angela noted that several of them whispered behind their hands to each other.

Then as Theresa was explaining to them how to get to their new accommodation an old man dressed in RAF uniform came slowly into the hallway using a stick to balance on. Angela reckoned that he must be well over eighty.

"Good to see you bringing some new young blood into the club Theresa" the old man said unsteadily.

"Er, thank you Squadron Leader" Theresa it seemed was uncomfortable taking praise for bringing them here, though it was the first praise that Angela had heard about them since they arrived. "This is Squadron Leader Blenkinsop. Here's the current outgoing Treasurer of the club."

"Yes dammit, I'm getting too old for those books. I can't see like I used to anymore. There was a time in the war when I shot down three of the filthy hun with one shot you know." The Major sidled up to Angela slowly as he spoke and looked down at her. If he didn't know any better Anthony would have sworn that the Squadron Leader was looking down at Angela's breasts. Perhaps, Anthony thought, his eyesight is not as bad as he claimed.

"You can regale them all with your war stories later Squadron Leader. I need to get them all safely parked away in the new block." Theresa said cutting the conversation short. Angela suspected she meant 'out of my way' but didn't say anything. It was then that it happened.

Sally Chang had spotted that the evil woman Theresa Entwhistle-Houghton was a member of the club earlier this morning when she arrived, but her duties had taken her away from where Theresa was sat with her husband. By lunchtime she had been given the job of polishing the brass throughout the main manor house. She was currently cleaning the brass plaques on the pictures that surrounded the landing above the main entrance hall when she heard the voice of the bitch below. She looked down over the railing and spotted that Theresa was located right below where the statue of the founder of the club, Sir Arthur Cavendish, was located. What if the statue was to come loosened from its plinth and accidentally fall below? Its weight would probably do the bitch in for good. No one would probably mourn her, except maybe that lap dog of a husband of hers.

Sally headed over to where the statue was located and gave it a little push before quickly heading off around into another corridor with her polishing rag. She heard a shriek and a crash below and she gave a little smile to herself that she may have done the world a favour.

The statue had fallen and spun as it fell; meaning that only part of the weight of the statue hit Theresa on the head. Theresa had fallen and blood had started to ooze slowly from her head wound. Angela quickly headed over to where Theresa lay and took her pulse.

"She's still alive. Someone go and get napkins or something similar so we can staunch the flow of blood. Leave her lying down." Angela said sternly to a uniformed man and when he returned she took the cloths from him. She used the cloths to apply pressure to Theresa's wound.

"Wha happened?" Theresa said. At least it has taken some of the bile out of her Angela thought.

"It's alright stay still there's been an accident."

"Ang. Why you help me?" Theresa asked her speech still a bit funny.

"Because you are a human being Theresa and I couldn't live with myself if I didn't." Or at least I have no proof as yet that you're an alien in disguise sent to torment me, Angela thought to herself.

"Is she alright?" Mark asked somewhat concerned.

"She'll live," Angela replied, "but I need to concentrate on holding this for some time." You needed to keep the pressure on for at least 15 minutes Anthony remembered and that meant that he had to stay in close proximity to Theresa throughout that time. There was panic and pandemonium going on all around.

"Can you think of anyone who might want to hurt Theresa." What was he saying the list probably included most of the human race except for Mark. He'd often wanted to throttle her himself, but he knew that he hadn't done it.

"Well not specifically" Mark hedged. At that point a fussy looking woman with a short blond bob came through one of the other doors.

"Let me take over, I'm the club nurse." Angela let the nurse take over holding the pressure on the wound and Anthony realised that he had her blood on his hands. Angela got directions to the ladies to go and wash her hands and wondered just who might want Theresa dead. Anthony imagined that Theresa made enemies on a daily basis but that those enemies were what he thought of as social enemies rather than people who might actually want to kill her. Anthony had ruled out an accident already in his mind and knew that he'd need to find out a bit more about what was going on here. Theresa was locked in an election with that horrid Phillipa woman to be the new Treasurer of the club Mark had told him previously, but could he really see that super-bitch trying to kill her rival? Anthony mused on this as Angela headed back to hallway.

Another person who had ruled it out as being an accident was Mark, Theresa's husband. After checking that she was going to be alright he had headed up the sweeping staircase to the balcony from whence the statue fell. The plinth was now at an angle that said to him that it had been moved. The clean un-dusty square where it had sat for many years was now partially visible. It was too heavy to have just shifted there by itself, which meant that someone had moved it. That was all the confirmation that he needed that someone had tried to murder his wife.

Mark headed straight to the President of the club's office, knocked on the door and entered without waiting for an answer. Stuart Templeton was a man in his fifties with short greying hair who looked up at him from a book as he entered.

"Mr Entwhistle-Houghton, if this is about the election on Saturday then I really do not have the time right now." Stuart told him. Mark looked at the dry dusty book that Templeton had quickly closed and spotted the pages of a magazine coming from the top. Yes, very busy he thought to himself.

"Clearly" Mark replied, "But you would have time if someone had tried to murder my wife wouldn't you?"

"What, murder here? Preposterous!" Stuart Templeton proclaimed boldly. Mark proceeded to tell the President of the club exactly what had happened in the hallway to the best of his knowledge and what he had found at the scene of the crime.

"I want you to call the Police." Mark demanded. Stuart Templeton licked his lips nervously as he replied.

"Look, it will do the reputation of the club no good at all to have the police involved. I'm sure there is a perfectly reasonable explanation for the statue falling. I'll have one of the maintenance bods check it out. Besides I'll have to try and find someone now to see if they can repair it. After all, it was our only statue of the club's founder."

"Sod the statue, my wife's life is in danger!" Mark said firmly. "I want this investigated!"

“Well look here, you are a Private Investigator yourself are you not?” Stuart said in an oily tone. “Why don’t you investigate it? The club will pay you your normal rates. We can’t have the police involved and a scandal at the club. What would all the society members think?”

“Fine. I’ll do it myself, but once I find the perpetrator I want the police in to arrest them whoever they are.”

“I’m sure we could get a plain clothes detective to do it quietly. Theresa is OK is she?” Only now did the snake deign to ask, Mark thought his temper rising.

“She’ll live, but I want her watched in case this person tries it again.”

Claire and Bernard had found their room and put their cases down to unpack. They’d discussed the incident in the hallway as they made their way to the room, but neither had any real clues to what had happened so they’d let the subject drop. Claire decided to check out the closet space in the small but well appointed room, whilst Bernard sorted his case out on the double bed.

“What the ‘ell is this luv” Bernard exclaimed “have you packed your stuff in the wrong case?”

“No” Claire replied turning around to see some of her dresses on the top of Bernard’s case. She went over and opened her own case and found the things that she’d packed. “Look my things are all in my case. Is there anything you want to tell me?” She teased.

“No. Look I packed all my things the night before last, you saw me!” He raised his voice a little and Claire knew that he was telling the truth.

“I think someone has played a practical joke on you then” Claire told him. “Any suspects?”

“Only one comes to mind. My bloody little sister, it’s just the sort of thing she’d do.” Claire tried to keep a serious expression on her face and not to laugh. She’d have to get that spare key back off her neighbours she decided and maybe have a word with Anwyn.

“You’ll have to get some more clothes somehow, unless you think you’ll fit into one of my dresses.” Claire teased.

“Not bloody likely. I’ll go into town tomorrow morning and pick some things up. For now though I won’t need to do any unpacking, so I’m off to get a drink. I’ll kill that sister of mine if I see her.”

Bernard found the bar and ordered a beer from the barman whose name he spotted on his tag was Jim.

“It’s been a rough day already so far mate. Could I have a beer please?” Jim obliged and set a pint in front of him which he promptly paid for.

“You got a TV lounge here so I can watch the match tomorrow afternoon” Bernard enquired. Since he couldn’t go to the match in person due to this enforced weekend away, watching it on the telly

was the next best thing. It turned out that there was and that Jim was also a Swansea City fan. They got talking during the course of the remainder of the afternoon and Bernard lost track of time as the beers went down. Bernard talked of his job at the zoo and Jim started telling him about the goings on at the club. It seemed that most of the staff here were ordinary working people like himself, but each had their own quirks and foibles. There was Kevin Black who was the maitre de at dinner who really wanted to climb the social ladder and be a member of it. Then there was Francis Bridger who was a secret transvestite, or at least he thought it was a secret. The rest of the staff all knew about it, though he thought that he was being discreet. Finally there was this new girl on staff called Katie Everheart. She kept to herself petty well but Jim thought she was sexy and wanted to ask her out. Bernard had been so enjoying the talk that he'd not noticed where the time had gone.

"So that's where you've been hiding is it?" Claire asked him from behind.

"I wouldn't say hiding no, just talking with someone normal. This place is quite short on those." Bernard replied.

"Well you can buy me a drink then and I'll join you to make that three normal people then." Claire replied.

Angela and Anwyn decided that they'd spend the remainder of the Friday afternoon exploring the club before they were to meet Claire and Bernard for dinner. With Theresa still recovering and Mark off on his own they didn't really have a guide to show them around the place. The various snobs and bitches who were the regular members of the club were not terribly helpful, and the two ladies were forced to explore on their own.

"I wonder what's in here?" Angela asked excitedly opening a large wood panelled door. Anthony was getting a kick out of nosing into places at the club that he probably shouldn't. The door led into a games room, with a large snooker table that took up the majority of the room, which was set for billiards rather than snooker. Around the walls there were stags antlers interspersed with crossed shotguns. Inside the Squadron Leader who had been quietly dozing in a chair woke up suddenly at the sound of someone entering the room.

"Oh hello my dears. Sorry I must have drifted off. Now what were we talking about again?" The Squadron Leader seemed confused; perhaps he was having a dream about my breasts Angela thought.

"You were telling us a little about the room." Angela replied.

"Oh, was I?" Squadron Leader Blenkinsop said, still confused. "It's mainly only used for billiards these days, though many of the youngsters here don't play. Used to get used a lot back in the day for the shooting party socials, but now all the blighters here shoot is clay pigeons. No sport in that at all! Those club shotguns are all useless too. They all shoot to the right, that's why I always used my own. That stag in the middle of the wall over there. He was mine he was. I bagged him back in '62. It was a lovely day and Masie Wilson, God rest her soul, said that it was the biggest stag she'd seen except me." The Squadron Leader's mind started to drift imagining that time some fifty years ago. Eventually Angela realised that he was now snoring again quietly in his chair.

“He’s the only decent one of the bunch here.” She whispered to Anwyn quietly as she indicated that perhaps they should leave him to his sleep. With that they crept back out of the Billiard Room.

Sally Chang dressed as Katie Everheart was due off shift as soon as dinner had finished. She’d been sorting out the cutlery for the evening meal and was taking a particularly dirty Steak knife back to the kitchen to be washed when she spotted the other woman who had provided evidence against her at the hearing with another mousy woman she’d not seen before. That transsexual woman Angela had been as responsible as that bitch Theresa for her circumstances, and a sudden anger erupted in Sally. She had to pay as well for what she had done and a sudden thought occurred to her. They could not see her in the servant’s corridor and she had the perfect weapon in hand. A good throw from her would see another of her tormentors dealt with. She threw and spun on her heels to get away as quickly as possible from the scene of the crime.

Anwyn saw the problem immediately. The steak knife had hit Angela in her left breast but had not been heavy enough to dig into it and had subsequently fallen to the floor. It had produced a large nick in the false breast however and it had started to leak the silicone gel that was inside the false advertising that Angela was so proud of. With other members of the club around who’d seen the knife clatter from Angela’s breast she needed to cover up the fact that there was no blood. Anwyn pulled a napkin from the side table near where they were stood and put it over Angela’s leaking breast.

“I have some bandages in the room. I’ll patch her up. You lot go after her assailant” Anwyn ordered. None of the assembled snobs moved, and just watched as Anwyn did her best to cover up the leaking gel on Angela’s jumper with the napkin and guide the shocked Angela out of the manor house. Useless bloody lot, she thought to herself.

She got to their room and smuggled Angela inside. She was pretty sure that she’d gotten away with the cover up without anyone noticing the lack of blood. Anwyn removed the towel that was covering Angela’s chest and ordered her to remove her jumper and bra. Angela, still in a fog, obeyed her immediately, unhooking the bra with practiced ease that men normally did not have. Anwyn inspected the damage on the breast. It looked hopeless as over half the gel had seeped out through the hole in the cut in the latex and Angela’s asset on the left side was subject to a severe deflation. Even if she could repair the cut, there was no way that the breast would pass muster now. Anwyn decided to try and stop any more of the fluid leaking out and went to the bathroom to fetch her plasters.

When she returned it seemed that the shock that Angela had been experiencing was starting to fade.

“Don’t patch it yet.” She told Anwyn. “There’s no way we can use the form now. We need to replace it, and to do that we will need all the fluid out from the one that’s in there. Those forms are set into the latex and I cannot remove it and put another one in. The only way forward will be to squeeze that one dry and then put a new one behind it.”

“But we don’t have a spare breast in the right size with us?” Anwyn responded.

It was then that Angela confessed to her about having brought a secret stash in the boot of her mini. It was obvious that Angela couldn’t go out as she was now, so Anwyn agreed that she would go and fetch this mysterious case from the boot of the car whilst Angela squeezed her breast dry.

Anwyn picked up her keys and headed out to her car. She unlocked it and opened the boot, looking under the false bottom within the boot that normally hid the spare tyre. There was the case that Angela had mentioned. She wondered what was inside it as she hauled it from her car and locked it again. Was Angela keeping more secrets from her?

She entered the room once again to find that Anthony was in the bathroom sorting his breast out, so she decided to open it to find out what was in the mysterious case. Inside were two suits and two masks. The Claire suit and mask she’d seen before, but there was also a Theresa mask that she'd never seen before. The other suit inside was something different although though. It had full arms and legs attached and the mask was all built in as part of the suit. She looked closely at the face on the attached mask and had to squint to see who it was, but eventually she recognised the distinctive features of Irena Galalov looking back at her.

Anthony squeezed all the remaining fluid from Angela’s left breast and then undid the zipper from the back to ease down the torso revealing his slightly sticky and hairy chest beneath. He washed his chest and the inside of the ruined suit as best he could to remove all the sticky silicone gel that had leaked out. He hoped that it wouldn’t cause a blockage in the drains, but at the moment that was the least of his worries.

“Care to explain these?” Anwyn called from the bedroom. Anthony finished towelling himself down and then went to confront her, the Angela torso with remaining good breast flopping in front of him as he went.

“I brought them as an insurance policy. I didn’t know whether Theresa had planned anything against me this weekend and I just wanted some insurance in case she did.” She replied.

“OK I can buy that for the Claire suit and masks for Claire and Theresa, though Theresa is taller than you so you’d be taking a risk there. But what about this?” Anwyn pointed to the Irena Galalov full body suit. Ever since he’d spied on that scene in the hotel with the bald man impersonating Irena Galalov Anthony had not been able to get it out of his thoughts. Could he make a full body suit that didn’t require blending around the shoulders and thighs? That way the difference in his skin tone and the latex wouldn’t notice and he would no longer need to shave his arms and legs. He’d obsessed about it for some time, such that when he’d chosen to make the full body suit he’d chosen the same subject as his first trial.

“It’s something new that I wanted to try, a full body suit to see if it would work. Looks like I’ll never get to try it though. The breasts on the Claire suit are not a good match for Angela, but for that suit I used the same size forms as I used for Angela.” Anthony replied. He could see that Anwyn had pursed her lips as there was more she wanted to know but she left asking the questions for now.

“Get the nail scissors from the bathroom; we need to do a bit of breast to breast surgery.”

Anwyn obeyed him and fetched the scissors from her vanity case as he sat down on the bed and put his hand into the back of the Irena suit. He carefully felt around the breast and using the scissors that Anwyn handed him he carefully cut the latex around the form and removed it. As soon as he looked at it however he realised that he’d made a mistake and had taken out the wrong breast, so he was forced to repeat the process on the other side. Throwing the now ruined suit aside, he took the left breast and inserted it in the space where the now completely deflated breast form was still stuck to the outer part of his suit. Holding it in place he then got Anwyn to apply her plasters over the cut hole. It wasn’t perfect and the breast was not as fixed in as he’d like, but he mused it should be good enough for now.

Anwyn helped Anthony do the suit up at the back whilst he held the loose breast in place. The tightness of the suit was enough to keep the breast where he needed it for now and Anthony was satisfied with the repair. The new Irena suit was ruined however. He’d need to start all over again as the whole idea of a one piece suit needed to be made in one go.

“I’ll finish up, here and change clothes. Could you go take that” he pointed to the Irena suit “and get it out of here.” Anwyn nodded and took the remains of the suit in a summer bag she’d brought with her. Anthony had assumed that she was taking it to hide in the car. He then put the jumper and bra in the hatch for the laundry service for the club.

Anwyn took the suit out to the back of their rooms. She’d spotted some large trash bins with the swing tops on her way out to the car, and that was all that this thing was suitable for now. She opened the bin and pulled the suit from her bag and heaved it in before shutting the lid down again. She’d have words with Anthony later about this. They were not supposed to have secrets from each other anymore.

On her way back she spotted her brother Bernard coming out the room. Damn, that was the last person she wanted to see now.

"I want a word with you little sis. What exactly is your problem?" He demanded. He'd put two and two together she reasoned and make four.

"I don't know what you mean?" She tried to deny it.

"Your little joke with the cases. Now I can take a joke the same as any man but that little stunt is going to cost me money. I have to go into town tomorrow and buy new things. I can't wear these clothes all weekend."

"I'm sure there was something that would match your colouring in your case" Anwyn sniggered no longer denying it.

"What's all this about really?" Bernard demanded.

"You should ask Sindy, God rest her soul. Murdered by a brutish man years ago and only recently new evidence has come to light on the crime." Anwyn said boldly. She could see the cogs slowly ticking in Bernard's brain. The only one he'd told this to had been Anthony, or so he thought.

"Bloody hell Anthony told you that?" Bernard stated. "Besides that was all years ago."

"Yes he talks in his sleep poor darling." That wasn't strictly true but Anwyn didn't want Anthony to get in trouble with his friend. "You know that I don't let these things lie."

"Anthony doesn't know what he's letting himself in for with you sis." Bernard said. "Is that it now are we all square, or am I going to find a tarantula in my bath next?"

"That's it we're even now. Don't even think of trying to get even Bernie or you'll get it back worse." With that Anwyn turned and headed back to their room hurriedly to make sure that the repairs to Angela were going to plan.

Charlotte stormed out from her room that she shared in the main mansion with Gavin Rodgers. How dare he suggest that? She'd suspected for some time now that Gavin had had a thing about Angela Clemence, but their recent success in masking had she hoped put all that to bed. However when he suggested that Charlotte get a mask that looked a lot like Angela with her long red hair, she knew that he was still hung up on his rescuer. Suggesting that she be Angela for him during sex had gone way too far. She'd not forgive him for this easily. So she went to get solace from her friend Irena. She was supposed to be giving Irena help, but this was an emergency and she needed a girl's shoulder to cry on.

That evening everyone (except Theresa) had checked that Angela was alright and she'd enjoyed the attention showing all and sundry the bandage around her chest and ensuring everyone that she was alright now. Mark had been concerned about the whole thing however and had taken Angela aside to have a talk with her.

"That's two attempts on people's lives in a day," he said, "and that's probably not a co-incidence."

"Yes, there's some connection here." Angela replied. "If they were just after Theresa then you'd have to suspect it being something to do with the election. But with the killer going after me as well. There's only one person that I can think of that both Theresa and I have upset jointly, and that's Sally Chang."

"You're right. I was thinking the same thing. But I've not seen Sally Chang here and when I asked I was told that no one of that name works here."

"I wonder if it's some relation of hers or friend. We should probably out to check the members list or the staff rota." Angela left it hanging and Mark nodded.

Anwyn had finally given in to Anthony's suggestion after a long argument that had included a discussion on the reason for the new suit. Anwyn had discussed boundaries to his masking and she felt that the Irena suit went over these boundaries. Anthony had reluctantly agreed that he would not make another Irena suit, but mentally decided that it would not stop him trying to make a new full body suit version of Angela in the future. Anwyn in turn had reluctantly agreed that they needed to look at those staff lists and that the only person who would have access to that area of the manor house would be Theresa.

So later on that evening around midnight Anthony had stripped out of his repaired Angela suit and mask and was now putting on the Claire suit together with the Theresa mask. He couldn't really do her voice but he decided that he'd have to bluff if he met anyone in the building at this time of night. Anwyn had lent Anthony some of her slacks and a jumper since all Angela's clothes were too large for Theresa.

The false Theresa headed into the manor house and crept up the stairs to where the record office was located. So far she'd not encountered anyone wanting to ask questions of her and she slipped into the room carefully only to find Mark sat at the desk pouring over the records himself using a torch. Mark looked up at the fake Theresa in the half light.

"Honey I thought we agreed that I was going to come and sort this out myself." Anthony could not impersonate Theresa well and he hadn't built a voice disguiser into this mask yet. There were only three courses of action he could take and he didn't like any of them. He could bluff it out trying to use Theresa's voice and failing, he could run away which didn't seem likely, or he could try and keep things quiet between them. He decided that the third option was perhaps the best and he put Theresa's finger to his false lips and headed over to Mark with the books.

"Oh honey, you want to do it here. I thought you're head still hurt. How naughty of you!" Mark said quietly. "Turn around and bend over the desk and I'll give you a good spanking." This was perhaps something that Anthony didn't expect and he really didn't want to know about their sex life, particularly as he was now about to get involved in it. Mark got up and turned the fake Theresa around and began paddling her arse with a book quite gently. "You're a bad girl Theresa, but I love you" Mark whispered in his ear. Ewwwww, this was getting worse by the minute. Anthony could feel Mark pulling down the fake Theresa's slacks, followed by her tights and her knickers whilst he was bent over the desk. He could see little of what was happening, but he felt Mark's penis slip inside his fake pussy and the pounding on his rear started followed by the massaging of his breasts by Mark's arms round the front of him. Anthony was forced to pretend to moan with pleasure as Mark grunted from behind, each thrust of his cock put pressure on Anthony's front on the desk below him. The lack of lubrication in Theresa's false pussy meant that Mark quickly came much to Anthony's relief and Mark sat back down in the chair spent after his exertion. The fake Theresa pulled up her undergarments and slacks and then moved into a less lit area of the room.

"Well the only members to join in the last 3 months are us, but there have been 3 new staff to have joined. Their names are Evan Wilson, Deanna Meade and Katie Everheart, none of who sound Chinese to me. Evan is on shift tomorrow morning so I'll check him out then, but the two ladies are not on shift again till tomorrow evening now." Mark said quietly. "Don't worry honey I'll find the assassin before they do anything to hurt you." Anthony nodded Theresa's fake head and then slipped out the room, determined to be out of sight before Mark realised that the woman he'd

banged was not really his wife, hoping that he believe that she's slipped back into their room before he got back.

The next day Angela had been enjoying herself sitting on a longer by the indoor pool reading a book. The ladies had been out playing tennis together that morning and Bernard had gone to the local town to see if he could buy a few new clothes. So Angela had put on her one piece bathing suit and enjoyed a dip and relaxed by the pool. Anthony thought that he could get used to being a lady of leisure.

Sometime close to lunchtime he felt water on his chest and he looked up from his book to see Anwyn and Claire in their sports skirts and T-shirts. Anwyn had an empty paper cup still in her hand and it was obvious to work out where the water came from, particularly as neither of the women could stop giggling.

"You have got my attention Anwyn. What can I do for you?" Angela asked.

"We've just found out that they do horse-riding so we're all going to go out for a ride" Anwyn replied excitedly.

"Oh well I hope you have a good time." Angela said.

"No silly! We are all going, all us girls together." Claire chimed in.

"I've never ridden in my life before" Angela told her.

"Not what I'd heard. I heard you liked riding!" Anwyn gave him a big wink.

"Who's been talking about me behind my back then" Angela said in mock outrage.

"If I didn't know that you were just friends I'd have thought you two were flirting" Claire said. "Come on Angela live a little."

"I don't have anything to wear for riding." Angela tried her final excuse to get out of it, moving away quickly from Claire's comment that was closer to the truth than she knew.

"That's ok you can borrow a riding hat and boots here. Oh come on Angela, it'll be fun. Besides, we've already booked it for the three of us." Anthony could see that Angela was being given no choice.

"Let me go change out of my costume then, since I have no option."

Claire noted that Angela seemed to be wincing as she rode. She should never have let Anwyn persuade her that it would be ok for Angela to ride after Angela's injury the day before. The poor woman must be really hurting where the knife had pierced her breast. They should have taken Angela to the hospital as she'd suggested, but Anwyn was having none of it saying that it was less serious than it looked. Claire was an experienced rider, she'd been with the pony club when she was

young and had only given it up in her teens. Angela she could see was clearly not experienced and was obviously suffering as they trotted through the countryside.

It was not the pain in Angela's breast that was causing Anthony agony. The source of the pain came from elsewhere. When men rode a horse, their genitals were in front of them in the saddle. As Angela, Anthony's penis was tucked back between his legs and secured there using a pouch that linked to the catheter at the end of it so that he could pee as a woman through the tube it connected to. Its position meant that every time the horse beneath him rode up with its gait he was sent into the air and landed back down in the saddle heavily on his sexy arse. The crunch on his balls and his dick made him wince in pain each time the gait of the gentle mare beneath him caused him to come back down after being thrown up from the saddle. Claire slowed the horses down and moved alongside Angela.

"Are you alright Angela?" She asked.

"Yes, though it's quite painful. Do you mind if we stop this early?" Angela responded. "It's where I had the operation. It can still be a little sore if pushed too hard." Anthony thought the lie might just cover it.

"Yes you poor dear. I didn't think about that. You'll have to get off and walk her back though as it's a good couple of miles back to the club from here. Anthony dismounted the horse and felt the pain in his balls as he did so. A two mile walk back would probably be better than riding, but it still wasn't going to be a walk in the park.

Bernard had returned from his morning shop to get clothes to find that the ladies had all gone off riding. Well that suited him as he wanted to watch the match anyway this afternoon. The problem was that his team were doing badly. The worse they did, the more he drank and by the end of the game Jim politely suggested that he go and take a lie down in the lounge. Feeling the beer go to his head, Bernard agreed and he was soon asleep, legs up on the armrest and snoring away. Many of the other members whispered behind their hands – just how low could the standards of this club go? Were they letting any football larger lout in now?

Francis Bridger had emptied all the bins from the extension old servants block and was now transferring the contents of the bins to the dumpsters at the back before he finished his shift. As he opened the dumpster he got the shock of his life, there was a body in it. Looking again closer however he realised that it was not a body but a flayed human skin with a full head of long luscious brunette hair. Curiosity got the better of him and he fished it out of the dumpster. What he found when he examined it was a transvestite's wet dream. It was a full bodysuit of Irena Galanov with the breasts cut out. He examined the suit closer and he found that inside the pelvis part of the suit was a pouch where a man could put his penis. Francis' cock sprang to attention and he wondered whether Irena Galanov, who he knew was staying at the hotel at present, was really a man in disguise. The prospect excited him nearly as much as the prospect of trying on the suit himself.

Francis folded the suit up and put it in a plastic bag as he finished up and headed to his staff locker. Inside his locker he had a sports bag with the items for his evening's excursion as 'Frances' including a wig, underwear, a corset, a nice dress, heels and most importantly breast forms. He added the plastic bag to his sports bag and put it under his housecleaning cart.

Eager to find out the truth, he hurried along to her room and knocked. When he got no reply he opened the door using his maintenance key and slipped inside with the cart. On the bed he saw a number of discarded dresses including some paperwork that was strewn all over the bed. He did a quick read of the police report. It said something about a man using a realistic bodysuit to disguise as Irena. He stopped reading any further, he now knew Irena's secret. If the man pretending to be her had discarded the useless suit then he probably would not be back. That gave Francis all the time in the world to try it on and even some of her clothes.

Francis gave the suit a wash first to remove the smell and fitted a waist nipper. He then proceeded to enter his feet into the leg pieces one at a time before pulling it up and smoothing out the legs. It was a little small, but the latex was able to stretch a bit and he located the pouch for his penis and connected it up to the catheter. He then pulled the remainder of the suit up and awkwardly, trying not to rip the broken latex front tried to get his arms into the arm pieces of the lovely Irena suit. He then pulled the headpiece over his own head and was blinded, first the latex that needed adjusting correctly to fit the eye holes to his eyes, and then by the mass of brunette hair that he had to brush back out of his face. Doing up the zip at the back was awkward but he eventually found it at his coccyx and was just about able to pull it up without ripping his arm from his shoulder. He looked a bit like Irena now and he was getting excited. Using the breast form glue he then glued his forms in place to try and cover the holes and further hid them by adding his bra and panty set. There, Francis thought to himself, not at all bad. He was going to have fun being Irena in this new suit. He took the dress that was lying on the bed and began getting into it, zipping it up carefully as he went.

The new Irena Galalov began to pose in front of the mirror, trying to imitate her style from the catwalks. Inside the pelvic region Francis was hard and was really enjoying himself. That was right up until the point when the real Irena Galalov opened the door to the room and saw her twin posing in front of the mirror. Irena screamed and then fainted beside the door.

Francis had no time to think. He gathered up his male clothes onto the cart and headed out the door. Then he heard footsteps starting to come from the lift area and he had no choice but to flee the other way into the next door room.

Charlotte and Irena had been out walking discussing their problems and Charlotte hoped that her friend was starting to get over her identity problems, what with having a man impersonate her. Irena had not been too helpful with Charlotte's problem though, she had merely suggested that Charlotte do what her husband wanted, after all it was Charlotte who he'd be making love to, which was infinitely better than letting Gavin go off and do it to the real Angela.

Charlotte had stopped off at the front desk to see if she had any messages, but was only a short way behind her friend when she heard her scream. She rushed out of the lift and headed down the corridor until she got to the right turn that led down the corridor where Irena's room was located.

Once there she found her friend out cold on the floor. Still part way in the doorway she tried to revive her friend but it was a slow process. Eventually though with a few slaps and a bit of water Charlotte managed to revive Irena.

“He was here again trying on my dress” Irena said still weak from the faint.

“There’s no one here.” Charlotte said. “Are you sure you didn’t imagine it?”

Francis was trapped in the last room of a dead end corridor. There were only two ways out of here where he wouldn’t be spotted. One was the fire escaped that he knew was alarmed, the other was the window. If he could move along the ledge past Irena’s room he could get to a room where he could slip in and then away out of sight of the other woman who was blocking the corridor. Francis pushed the window up and began to move out onto the ledge outside, the autumn wind blowing his dress about. Carefully Francis inched along the ledge as quietly as he could. When he got to the window of Irena’s room he peeked in it and saw Charlotte Brunfeld slapping Irena. Good he had a chance. He took a deep breath and counted to three as he started to inch further along the ledge, in front of the window. He was pleased with his progress as he got most of the way across and then it happened.

Irena had awoken still slightly unsure of herself. Maybe she had seen something because it had been on her mind so much lately. Maybe Charlotte was right?

“I suppose zat I could have imagined it” Irena said slowly still recovering her wits. Then she looked up into the room and saw her doppelganger at the window. She screamed again and fainted a second time.

Sally Chang’s shift as Katie Everheart had started early that evening and she was disappointed to learn that both of her targets had survived her earlier attempts to kill them. As she was clearing away some plates she happened to hear the Squadron Leader fellow arguing with that prissy Phillipa woman.

“Those guns have with the club for nearly seventy years now. They are part of our heritage.” The Squadron Leader said proudly.

“Still that means that they are probably worth a pretty penny and will sell well. We can use the money to re-invest in a nice new tanning station for the ladies. When I’m treasurer, I’ll see to it that we invest in the future.” Phillipa replied. “Besides there are no bullets for those things that I’ve seen.”

“They don’t take bullets. They take shot and we have plenty of that in the drawers below. They are the easiest things in the world to load and shoot.” The Squadron Leader responded.

That gives me an idea to finally sort those bitches out, Sally thought, thanking the old man profusely in her mind.

They returned to the stables some hours later and Angela had made a real meal out of the walk back. They'd changed back into their own clothes and Claire suggested that they go and find Bernard. Angela had wanted to go and find Mark to see how the investigation was going, but she'd insisted that they find her husband first.

When they found him Claire noted with disgust that he was drunk and asleep on the furniture. They had tried to prod him awake but he'd merely rolled over and mumbled something about Swansea being robbed before falling asleep again.

"I doubt that there's much that we can do about him now, he's just going to have to sleep it off I think." Claire said. "Let's go find Mark then."

They found Mark sometime later in the main hallway with Theresa. There was a hive of activity going on and two of the larger waiters were leading a woman away, gripping her on each arm roughly. Looking again though, Claire saw that it was not actually a woman, but a half man, half woman the person's head being that of a man with a second mane of hair attached to a flesh coloured object hanging down in front of his face. Below the head though the person looked all woman to her. Claire noted that Angela was just staring at the half man-half woman with her mouth open and then glancing at Anwyn. The poor girl must still be suffering somewhat after all the problems she had earlier with the horse riding she figured.

"Oh they've just caught the pervert whose been tormenting Irena Ganalov" Mark said calmly to them.

"What exactly happened?" Angela asked before Claire got a chance.

"It was one of the household staff here. Disguised himself as Irena and went around trying to frighten her." Luckily someone spotted him outside her window and we were able to intercept him.

"Is this our assassin do you think dear?" Theresa asked her husband.

"No, but we have those two suspects left from the three I found last night, Deanna Meade and Katie Everheart. The other one I checked this morning was in the clear."

"That's Deanna over there." Theresa pointed at a petite black haired woman.

"No time like the present then," Claire told them as she strolled over to the small woman. Angela was being usually quiet after the ride and walk back and so Claire decided that she would take the lead.

"Are you Miss Meade?" She asked the woman.

"Yes. What can I do for you madam?" Claire realised that she was not actually a detective and that she really didn't know what to ask her. She looked around hopefully and Mark stepped up to the plate.

“Can you tell us where you were at around 1pm yesterday?”

“Yes,” she looked around embarrassed, “though I’d rather not.”

“Please this is very important you tell us.” Mark said. I have the full backing of the President of the club in this investigation.”

“I was in the stables.” Deanna said finally.

“You’re a domestic aren’t you what were you doing in the stables and do you have any witnesses that can corroborate that?” Mark pressed.

“Well” Deanna started now very embarrassed, “I was having a ride if you must know and Mr Fotherscue, the social secretary, was there too. We were sort of riding together if you get my meaning. Please this isn’t going to go any further. He’s a married man.” Claire could see Theresa filing that one away for future references in her mind, but it was Mark that replied.

“No we’ll keep your confidence, but thank you for your help Miss Meade.”

The group moved away from Deanna Meade and Claire said what was on all their minds.

“We have only one suspect left then.”

Bernard finally awoke about five minutes after they had left when Jim the barman had emptied a glass of water on his head.

“Whas that for?” He slurred.

“I believe that your wife has returned” Jim replied and I think it prudent that you go and find her; if my experience with ladies tells me anything, its that you never keep them waiting.”

“Mabe yur right I’ll go outside an’ get some fresh air an’ see if I can fin’ ‘er.” Still a little unsteady on his feet Bernard ambled outside to try and find his wife.

Mark had asked around and found out that Katie Everheart’s duties currently had her in the library taking the dust down from the lofty bookshelves. They decided that given the previous accidents that had happened that they would be safer in numbers when confronting Miss Everheart, though Anthony in his Angela suit couldn’t really work out what this Katie Everheart had to do with Sally Chang. The rest of the club was still in turmoil from the events with the man impersonating Irena Ganalov so at first they had to struggle to get where they wanted to go.

“When I get my hands on her, I’ll wring her neck” Theresa threatened as they went. “The ugly bump on my head is going to be there for days yet.” They headed straight into the library and they immediately stopped by what they saw when they got there. Katie Everheart was loading up the shotguns that she had taken from the billiard room and just in time she put down the one that she was in the middle of loading and picked up one that she’d already done and pointed it at the group.

She gestured for them all to move against the wall at the far side of the library away from the open windows, keeping the gun pointed at them at all times.

“Don’t make any sudden moves any of you.” Katie Everheart said to them “Or you’ll all be pushing up daisies.” Sally couldn’t believe her luck. Both her targets had come walking in to where she was, all begging to be shot. The fact that there might be a bit of collateral damage as well no longer bothered her. If she was going to kill one then she might as well kill the lot. That way there’d be fewer witnesses and it would seem like a mad women had done it. With the mask and fake identity no one would know that it was really Sally Chang who’d done it. The fact that she’d have to go and get another job didn’t bother her. She hated this one as it was, what with all the snobby bitches and she could always pay for another mask an identity.

“Sally you need help.” The transsexual told her. She snarled her response back.

“How do you know who I am?”

“Good guess that you just confirmed for me,” the woman called Angela responded. Well so what if they knew who she was; as long as no one else did it wouldn’t matter as this lot would all be dead soon. “Only one person I know wants both me and Theresa dead.” That Angela continued.

“You just found out then?” Sally Chang asked them waving the shotgun to get them to answer.

“Yes my darling husband just worked it out and now you’re going to jail you cheap little Chinese yellow trash.” That bitch Theresa replied immediately. That was all she needed to know,

Shit, Anthony thought to himself, Theresa has just signed our death warrant. I don’t want to die in a female suit and have my parents to find out the hard way what I’ve been up to. If there is a God in this world then can you take my good deeds recently into account when totting up the balance sheet, Anthony thought to himself. Sally Chang still with her mask on had one of the shotguns pointed at the group grinned at them through her false face, a definite maniacal gleam in her eye.

"You've wrecked my life you racist bitch. Stay back!" She changed mid sentence and moved the focus of the gun from Theresa to Angela. Angela risked a side step to move further to cover Theresa from the path of the gun.

"You don't want to do this, you're not a killer" Angela tried to use all her persuasion on Sally.

"You don't know that, and you ruined my life too Mr Miss, so you will be next after the racist bitch. Poor little Katie Everheart the non-existent domestic who went on a gun rampage will puzzle the police for years."

"Sally, the consequences will live with you forever, don't do it!" Angela tried again. Out the corner of her eye she spotted a movement at the back of the room behind Sally.

"It's too late for that, say your prayers false lady." Sally told Angela. With that Angela heard a double shot and saw all of Anthony's life flash through her head. She would have liked to have freeze

framed the bits where she was checking out her sexy rear, but it was too late for that now. Angela prepared herself for the pain, even more pain than her still aching dick trapped between her legs in her false hips and bum. When it didn't come she looked up and saw Sally falling face forward instead. In her behind was sticking a large dart, and peeking out through the window was Bernard with his tranquiliser gun.

"Females ar' always easier to 'it - bigger targets in their arses" Bernard said still suffering from the effects of the alcohol. "Ish everyone a'right." There were a number of yeses and nods from the others. Bernard drunkenly pushed himself and fell through the window before going over to embrace Claire clumsily. She hugged her husband and rescuer back.

Angela saw the smoke coming from the shotgun that had fallen from Sally's hand and looked around his her right. A number of books were ruined where the shot had gone into the bookshelf. The Squadron Leader had been correct; the shotguns all pulled to the right.

Sally Chang was carried away by the Police half an hour later. The Club could no longer ignore attempted murder with their own shotguns from the club, and was forced to get the police involved. Sally had not awoken in the time since the shooting and Bernard reckoned that there was enough of the knock out mixture in the dart to keep an elephant under for 5 hours.

Anwyn really had not been surprised that Theresa had won the election to be the new Treasurer that evening. The sympathy that she'd generated from her near escape with death and the Squadron Leader's unexpected backing had given her a momentum that meant that she'd won by a clear two to one majority.

"So you want to tell me what happened to the Irena suit then?" Angela demanded once they were alone again in their room.

" It was no use any more, you said so yourself, and you promised not to make another suit of her, so I threw it in the bin." Anwyn replied simply.

"I was expecting you to put it in the boot of the car so we could dispose of it safely at home." Angela responded.

"Oh well I didn't know that did I, and I wasn't to know there'd be someone who wanted to re-use it." Anwyn defended herself. It's not every day you come across a man who wants to look like a woman some of the time. Indeed Anwyn thought that she was the only woman in Swansea with such a man until tonight. "It just goes to show that you have to been really careful with this little hobby of yours. You need to scale it back. Look at the problems you had today."

"I need to be careful!" Angela spluttered. "I wasn't the one who left the suit in the dumpster and I didn't want to go riding if you recall."

"Well it looks like that bitch Theresa managed to get what she wants out of all this after all." Anwyn quickly changed the subject. "People like her don't deserve that kind of luck. Anyway it's our last

night here so let's make the most of it eh? How about you let me have my husband back Angela and I'll make love to him?"

"I don't know that I can dear, not after that horse riding earlier. My balls are black and blue from that ride. I did say I didn't want to go." Angela repeated to emphasise the fact.

"I'm sorry honey, I just didn't think about that. Is there nothing we can do?" Anwyn said disappointed.

"Well I do have the female to female adaptor if you're up to a little girl on girl Anwyn. The gentle vibrator of the double rabbit may be ok on my privates." Anwyn thought about it for a minute. It had been her fault with the riding and she could see the very real pain that Anthony had been in under his sexy suit.

"OK then missy you're on. But don't think I'm making a habit out of this rabbit in a hole routine."

Gavin Rodgers was surprised when Charlotte came back to the room that they'd shared. She hadn't been back since she stormed out the night before last. She'd been staying with her model friend Irena, or so he'd found out when the whole fake Irena incident had erupted last night.

"I'm sorry" he said. "It was wrong and thoughtless of me to ask. Deep down I don't really want Angela. I know she used to be a man and I don't want that part, but there is some part of me that wants the woman that she represents. I don't know if you can understand that Charlotte."

"I think I'm starting to work that out. As long as it's me that you really want then I think I might be able to embody the feminine side of her for you. As long as it's only me that you do this with, then I think that we can work something out. I will however need a little help from a friend of mine with this, so you can't have your present yet big boy".

Gavin nodded enthusiastically and replied to his wife.

"That's all I want Charlotte. I hope that this brings us closer together. Is your friend Irena alright now?" He asked softly.

"I'm not sure, she's had quite a shake up. She may need some serious therapy after this" Charlotte replied, going over to embrace her husband.

Anthony wondered why Theresa had summoned Angela to her new office next morning as the new Treasurer of the club. He knocked quietly on the door and heard Theresa tell her to come in. It felt a bit like being sent to the headmaster's office.

"My dear husband had the right of it all along" Theresa began.

"Oh how's that?" Angela asked.

"He knew that you were a fraud Angela, and now I've pieced it together." Oh shit Anthony thought to himself as he kept quiet. "See I see little details that others don't because I may always need something to defend myself."

"Do you actually have any evidence here or are you going to carry on with this little self congratulatory speech because I have things to be getting on with?" Angela demand archly.

"Oh I have evidence all right. See it was funny that there wasn't really much in the way of blood when you got the knife in the breast Angela."

"It was only a nick" Angela responded quickly. Theresa reached down into the drawer to her left and produced the sweater and bra that Angela had sent down to the laundry.

"See I was curious, so I went and recovered these items. Not a drop of blood on either of them, just some other sticky gel like substance. So those large breasts of yours aren't real Angela and that leads me to believe that neither are you. Since you came with Anwyn and Anthony and her are engaged then I'd guess you are him. You almost had me puzzled though as both Angela and Anthony turned up to Claire's wedding, but I've even figured that out now. Anwyn went as Angela, just as she pretended to be Claire when she suggested you could help me. She forgot that Claire doesn't drink anymore of course." Theresa had got much of the detail wrong but she'd nailed the essential facts.

"Ok say that there might be some basis in what you say. If you reveal me to the world then you'll expose yourself." Angela countered. "Both you and your husband would be in big trouble for lying at the tribunal and your key witness there would be invalidated."

Theresa turned her back on him and continued.

"When you came to see me at my house to help me you said that you were not doing it for me, you were doing it for Mark. Like you I will do what I must for Mark and I will keep your secret you little pervert. You may not believe it, but I do love my husband very much. He is ALL man. So I'll not say anything to the authorities, or to anyone here in the club. However when you leave the club today, I want you and your little floozy to never come back here. You'll still be members of course, just not members who will use their membership. Oh and leave my husband alone, I don't want you spreading you perverted filth any further. Do we understand each other Mr Danforth?"

"Yes" Angela said through gritted teeth. "What about Claire?"

"You saved my life the other day so I don't think I'll tell her for now, but she deserves to know one day. You and Anwyn should be the ones to confess your sins to her. Now get out of my office you little perverted tramp."

Anthony turned on Angela's heels and left the office, too angry and worried to wiggle her sexy behind as she went.

They headed off later that morning in the drizzle. Anthony had told Anwyn of his conversation with Theresa and she was worried at first. They drove away from the Country Club in silence, both deep in thought about what might happen.

About half way home the rear left tyre burst in the middle of nowhere having just passed a village a mile back and Anwyn was forced to pull into the lay-by.

"What was it you were saying about never getting a puncture these days?" Anwyn told Angela.

"It's just rotten luck that's all. Two punctures in a weekend and both on the left side. I'll ring the RAC on my mobile." Angela replied getting the phone out of her handbag. Anwyn watched as she tutted and prodded at the phone before starting to get angry at it.

"Damn thing's run out of batteries" Angela growled."Haven't you got your phone?"

"No I didn't bring mine as I thought you had yours Anthony."

"I only brought Angela's as having Anthony's phone going off in the club would have been somewhat of a giveaway" Angela responded.

"Well I guess you'd better push then. The next village is another half a mile away." Anwyn said patiently.

"In these heels?" Angela replied.

"Well you should have brought something more sensible to wear. I have to steer." Anwyn looked in the mirror as Angela got out. Anwyn saw her put the hood of her coat up to stave off the rain as she went round the rear of the car.

By the time they got to the next village Angela was exhausted and soaked through pushing the car and Anwyn felt sorry for 'her'. Indeed she knew that Anthony's member was till tender from the horse riding experience and pushing the car in the rain like that couldn't have helped matters.

"So much for wanting to be a lady of leisure this weekend" she said softly.

In Swansea Jail, meanwhile, inmate number 906151 sat on his bunk bed a broken man. He'd been so assured of his sexuality. He was the dominant man who could get any lady he liked, even the model Irena Ganalov had fallen for his charms. But it was all a lie. He'd fucked and allowed a man to do things to him that he'd never dreamed of before, and that had changed Wesley Caplin. Prior to the whole experience he'd would have been revolted by it all. He'd still been like that the course of the first month that he'd spent in jail, but as the days wore on he was coming to see that he'd been in denial. He'd enjoyed fucking her, even if it was a man. What difference did it make anyway as long as he'd had pleasure out of it, and there was a whole wealth of pleasurable experiences he could still have if only he could get out of prison. Like getting his revenge on that private detective and that stupid little secretary who'd put him in jail for example. He'd heard all the evidence in court and he knew just where the blame lay. He picked up his chalk and added another line to count of says as the clock struck midnight.

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