

The Mistress of Good Breeding

It wasn't until Theresa had got back into Swansea that she remembered that she had promised Aunt Jasmine and Uncle Lionel that they could visit them in Swansea in a few weeks time. She'd still have to make the final arrangements, but it would mean they would have direct access to be able to get at her husband whilst there. What was probably worse was that they would undoubtedly bring their two child menaces, Olivia and Yvette with them.

The Houghtons of Cheshire thought of themselves as minor nobility despite the fact that the truth was somewhat different. It was true that back about four generations they had been related to the Aston's of Cheshire, but since then the blood had been somewhat diluted. The Houghton's of Cheshire had considered themselves of the finer stock however, and had looked down upon Theresa's father when he had chosen to marry a young valley girl from Swansea. Family visits to Cheshire had made Theresa very conscious that she had a status to keep up, lest she be laughed at by the rest of her family. It was important to her that she and her husband were seen to be doing well therefore, possibly more important than a number of other things she should have been concerning herself with.

She arrived back at her middle class home and just got through the door when the phone started ringing.

"Good Evening Mrs Entwistle-Houghton speaking" she said into the phone.

"Theresa, I hope you had a good journey back to your little country residence" Jasmine Houghton dug the needle in.

"Yes it was a lovely journey thank you Jasmine. I'm surprised to hear from you so soon." Theresa wondered what the bitch wanted.

"Oh well I just saw your husband on the news. Fancy him all being famous like that. Lionel and I are so looking forward to meeting him and his business partner. We're always keen to meet up and coming celebrities, and it seems you have bagged two darling." The warning bells started to go off in Theresa's head but she couldn't naysay it to Jasmine.

"Well you know how I like to keep in with the right set. Not all the old faded has-been nobility." There, take that Jasmine, Theresa thought to herself.

"We like to have a mixture. You can't beat old fashioned class, but it's always nice to have a bit of modern success as well. We'll look forward to meeting your husband and his business partner then."

Theresa realised she'd been trapped into agreeing to them coming by an expert in the game. Now she no alternative but to try and get Angela to come round to meet the worst part of her family. Knowing that tramp Angela, she would show Theresa up and it would all be around the family within seconds. Theresa had to do something, but what?

"Look we'll be heading back home tomorrow and I just think Angela can have a little rest after all this excitement." Anwyn said in the privacy of their hotel room in Cardiff.

"I'm going back to work next week, so Anthony will be folding me up and putting me back in my box. He's just so mean to me!" Anthony made Angela pout as she said this. Normally Anwyn would have laughed at this little self put down, but this was serious and Anthony was avoiding the issue.

"You could have been killed today Anthony. Don't hide behind your fake persona to fob it off, because I can't forget that the man I love nearly got himself killed disguised as a woman." Anwyn was not going to let this lie.

"Look Anwyn is this about Mark's offer?" Anthony said now in his own voice. It was odd his voice coming out of Angela, but Anwyn thought that he was obviously taking it more seriously now.

"Partially about that, but mostly about how dangerous this is all getting. Ever since Mrs Clemence threatened to expose Angela as a fraud, things have just been spinning more and more out of control. Can't you see that?" Anwyn had to make him see the danger.

"Look I know things have been a bit hectic of late Anwyn, but this little problem is all sorted now and we just have a six quiet weeks ahead of us until the wedding." Anthony tried to reassure her.

"But this job with Mark. If it's anything like today then it's going to be dangerous. Someone is going to end up getting killed."

"Mark's major clients are people with lost cats, wives whose husbands are cheating on them and dole cheats. Honestly there's no danger there Anwyn." Anthony could be very persuasive when he really wanted something. "Look I'll take the partnership with Mark as Anthony if it makes you feel any better."

"So you do want to take it then? Anthony, he wants you for your disguising skills so you'll be going round as often as not as Angela, no matter who has the partnership."

"You're against it then?" Anthony asked somewhat sadly. Anwyn knew that he really wanted this, and knew she'd regret it if she stood in his way.

"Not entirely," she hedged, "I'm just worried about you."

"Then you're OK with the idea then?" Anthony pushed. She knew that she'd either have to stand in his way and forever be seen to stand in the way of his big chance in life, or support him and have to live with the consequences.

"I'll go along with it, but a few conditions." Anwyn said firmly.

"Name them." Anthony pressed.

"Firstly Angela and all your other creations stay at your new work. She does not come home with you. I get Anthony all to myself when you're not working."

"OK" he said. "And the other conditions?"

"You don't put yourself in any danger. Anything dangerous and you tell Mark he's got to work out another way of doing it."

"I'll try, but that's going to end up being a judgement call on what's dangerous."

"Finally you are going to start coming with me to Karate classes. That way you can learn to defend yourself against big thugs and we can have a nice normal hobby that doesn't involve masking."

"Done." Anthony concluded. Anwyn decided that perhaps Anthony didn't realise the bruising and battering he'd be getting as a result of his last promise. She keep that little bit of fun to herself until a bit later.

Mark wondered to himself just how he was going to talk Theresa round to letting Anthony be his partner in the business. He'd talked big to Anthony about being able to convince her, but his argument basically revolved around the fact that Anthony/Angela had managed to single-handedly triple the size of the business. That was on the plus side, but he had to weigh Theresa's complete and utter hatred of Anthony/Angela against that and that was a pretty big negative to overcome.

Theresa had been quiet most of the night since she'd arrived back and had the phone call. That wasn't like her at all. Mark wondered if it was an enforced silence after he'd told her that he wanted to take Angela on as a business partner. Even if she hadn't had this new bombshell to chew on, she usually came back from where-ever she'd been and complained extensively about something. It didn't matter what it was, she'd have found something to criticize and tell him all about it at length. Mark had learnt to tune out the endless complaints and to say 'yes' and 'no' sympathetically in the right places. To his mind it was one of the secrets of their marriage. The problem was that tonight there was silence and he no longer had to say 'yes' and 'no' periodically and it worried him.

"What's wrong dear?" He asked at last to break the silence.

"Nothing, I was just thinking." Theresa replied. This was dangerous ground Mark knew. Theresa thinking meant either she was thinking how to best punish him, or she was plotting something else. Either way it was somewhat a daunting prospect.

"A penny for your thoughts?" He tried cautiously.

"Well if you must know I thought we'd invite Angela round for dinner to celebrate your new partnership with her." She said sweetly. Mark knew that something was very wrong here since Theresa hadn't used any form of insult with Angela's name. Perhaps she was thinking of lacing Angela's meal with arsenic?

"Oh so you have no objections to the idea then?" Mark was very worried. He'd expected a long drawn out argument on this.

"Well I can't say that I'm happy with her as your chosen partner, but if that's what you've decided then who am I to stand in the way. After all it is your business!" That was not what she'd said in the past. In the past she told him that the business was their future stability when they had children and as such, she should have a say in major decisions about it. "I thought we might invite Claire too and that Rugby friend of hers, Gavin Rodgers and maybe his wife. Perhaps you could get Irena Galanov to come?"

“This is going to be a big dinner party then. Is there anyone else coming?” Mark asked suspiciously.

“Now that you mention it, I thought we might have it in a few weeks time when my Aunt Jasmine and Uncle Lionel come to visit with their two teenage daughters. That way it can be a real family celebration.” Theresa told him.

Now some facts had started to come out of the woodwork, he could start his investigation into what was really going on. Mark had met Theresa’s relatives at their wedding at the start of the year, and whilst they had been pleasant to him on the day, Theresa had warned him to be on his guard around them. The parents had been fairly snooty, even more so than Theresa. In many ways the daughters were worse, aspiring society belles who would stop at nothing to get what they wanted in life. They had regaled him with stories of their search for a suitable man and how they had so casually discarded those that did not measure up.

Mark had seen that much of Theresa’s behavioural quirks were a mask that she used to put on an act to defend herself from perceived threats. Underneath that she really just wanted to be loved and he had managed to get beneath that surface persona when they had been dating. People didn’t understand why he loved Theresa, but then they only saw her defensive exterior. Her own family was perhaps the thing that Theresa felt most threatened by, though she would not admit it to him. She ran a list of the invitees to the dinner party through his head. Gavin Rodgers, a famous Welsh Rugby star. Charlotte Brunfeld, a famous model. Irena Galanov, another famous model. Angela Clemence, famous for saving Gavin and helping him catch Irena’s stalker. So why did she want Claire? Because Claire knew them all and could be the glue to make it happen. Theresa was gathering all the famous people she knew around her in a defensive shield. That didn’t explain yet why she would invite Angela. She could have had her party without Angela and still have plenty of famous people there.

“Do you want me to tell Angela the happy news?” He asked Theresa.

“No I’ll invite her personally in the week. You do have her number don’t you?” This was yet another surprise. She was definitely up to something but he couldn’t tell what. “If you could ask Irena I’d appreciate it.”

“Sure.” Anthony or Angela hadn’t even accepted his offer yet. Anthony was going to get a big shock this week.

It was Wednesday evening when Angela’s mobile phone rang. Anthony and Anwyn were about to head out to the local sports centre to go and enrol in a Karate class and Anthony had to fumble with the phone to answer it.

“Is that Angela?” Anthony got the shock of his life; it was Theresa on the other end of the line.

“Theresa, I’m alone with Anwyn so we don’t need to pretend. What is it you want?” Anthony demanded in his own voice, afraid that she’d phoned to threaten him after he ignored her and worked for Mark.

“There’s no need to be like that. I thought that since Angela is going to be my husband’s business partner I’d throw a little dinner party to celebrate.” Theresa was being too nice and she had jumped to some conclusions. Anthony had not yet accepted the offer. Something was up here.

“That’s assuming that I accept Mark’s offer. I seem to remember you having a few objections to Angela working with Mark.”

“Surely that’s a formality. I only objected to you being a part-time interferer in Mark’s business. If you were a full partner, then you’d have a vested interest in making sure it was a success and I’d have no objection to that. It doesn’t mean that we’re going to be best of buddies mind you.” Angela was great at twisting things to suit her current world view.

“I still have to talk this over with Anwyn mind you Theresa, but assuming I accept when would this celebration dinner be?”

“Two weeks on Friday. There’ll be a number of other guests including some of my relatives so I want Angela on her best behaviour or else I may need to take further steps if you know what I mean?” Anthony knew a veiled threat when he heard one. All that sweetness and light at the start of the call was just Theresa trying to get what she wanted again.

“I told Mark I’d let him know by next weekend about the partnership. I’ll let him know then about Angela’s attendance at this little soiree of yours Theresa.”

“Well I look forward to you accepting then.” Theresa was back to the sweetness and light. Anthony wished he was starting the Karate this week as he felt the need to go and hit something.

“Bye Theresa.” He hung up.

“What did that conniving bitch want?” Anwyn asked him.

“To have my balls crushed in a vice and then display them to all her relatives I think. I’ll tell you on the way.”

The shoe hit the door and the steel heel on it made a dent in the wooden door.

“And don’t come bak zu two timing, lying veasel faced bastard.” Irena wanted to hurl more insults at Ronaldo even though she knew he couldn’t hear her. Instead she went around and picked up everything that she could find of his from her penthouse flat and threw it out of the window. She was particularly pleased with the replica FA cup trophy hitting the ground with a thunk, indicating that it now had a sizeable dent in it. Ronaldo had commissioned it the other year especially and doing damage to it really satisfied her. She would have liked to get his Porsche but the footballer managed to speed away in it before she found something to throw at it.

The newspaper pictures stared at her from the table. Ronaldo had several other lovers in different parts of the country that he would visit when he wasn’t training. The newspapers were full of pictures of his conquests and the lurid details from his kiss and tell floozies. Irena was running out of

energy to destroy things, and now that her destructive phase was over she started to feel really sorry for herself.

Just then her phone rang. It was probably the press wanting a quote from her or to try and get an interview. They'd be swarming around her house like flies soon wanting to get pictures of her crying and feeling sorry for herself. She really didn't want to let the world see that this was exactly what she was feeling. She may be a well known model, but she valued her privacy.

"After the beep, please leave a message." The automated voice said on her answer machine.

"Hi Irena, this is Mark Entwhistle-Houghton. I hope you remember me from a few weeks ago. My wife is having a little dinner party at our house in Swansea on 15th and we were wondering if you'd perhaps like to come. Charlotte and Gavin will be coming as well as Angela. Anyway I hope you can ..." The message cut off. With all this media attention on her, getting away from London might not be a bad idea, Irena thought to herself. She picked up a handkerchief and blew her nose. She'd need to get out of London without being seen by the press, but an idea was forming in her brain there.

She headed into the bedroom and searched what she called her 'junk' box. Lying on top was the mask of Angela she'd used a few weeks ago to avoid the stalker. With some short skirts and low cut tops she knew that she could physically look like Angela. With the press keeping their eyes out for her she could slip away to the Country Club or a hotel and stay there for a few weeks until all this blew over.

She wiped the final tears away from her face, picked up the phone and pressed the ring back button on it.

Mark had agreed to meet Anthony on Saturday night in the King's Arms to discuss the partnership offer that he had made the previous week. The pub was a haven to men, but he was not sure whether Anthony or Angela would be turning up to the meeting. Mark looked up from the pint he was sipping to see Anthony coming into the pub. He waited patiently until Anthony had got his own pint and sat down.

"So you decided that Angela couldn't brave this male bastion then?" Mark commented.

"No, Angela can brave anything; she's a game girl. I just thought it more appropriate to come to this meeting as myself." Anthony replied. Mark wondered to himself just how much the experience in Cardiff had affected Anthony and his alter ego.

"So have you made a decision then?"

"I've discussed things extensively with Anwyn and I'd like to go for this, but Theresa has somehow managed to complicate things. It's clear to me that the partnership has to be with Anthony, but Theresa seems to be announcing to the world that it will be with Angela. So what I propose is instead of a 50 / 50 partnership there instead be a 50 / 40 / 10 partnership with myself taking forty percent and Angela taking ten percent. That way it looks like you are still the senior partner to the tax people and Angela can still be seen to be a partner to all the people that she's going round telling."

“Interesting idea and I have no objections to it” Mark said simply. He sipped his pint. “Are you still happy to be called Entwistle Investigations?”

“I have no issue with that. After all it’s an established name now and I’d prefer you to be fronting things.” Anthony replied. “I’ll have to give the DVLA a month’s notice so I wouldn’t be able to start officially till then. Oh and Anwyn doesn’t want me doing anything dangerous!”

“I bet she doesn’t. I’ll try and avoid that where possible, but I can’t guarantee it. You know how it is?” Mark replied seriously and watched as Anthony nodded. “I do have a bit of an issue with this dinner party myself though. Theresa is wound up tighter than a spring at the moment because her relatives are coming to stay for a long weekend. I know you don’t get on with Tre, and you might think that she is the devil incarnate but her relatives are much worse. I get the impression that they bully her socially, which is why she wants Angela to come round for etiquette lessons before the dinner.”

“What, you’re not serious?” Anthony nearly spilled his beer.

“I’m afraid I am. Look Theresa is in a real panic over this, though she won’t admit it to me. I’ve only met her relatives once, but although they were nice enough to me on my wedding day, I get the impression that they are seriously nasty pieces of work.” Mark was worried about all this and he didn’t quite know how to get it across to Anthony.

“They do say that it runs in the family!” Anthony said gleefully.

“Hey, that’s my wife you’re talking about!” Mark said in mock offense. “Seriously, I know Tre often isn’t the easiest person to get along with, but I think that’s because she’s been scarred by her family for years. They’ve conditioned her behaviour and she says and does things because she thinks it’s normal.” Mark paused briefly; the next bit was the hard part. “I think she invited Angela to the dinner because subconsciously she knows that you can do something about them.”

“Wait a minute; you want me to help Theresa, the woman who has threatened me on numerous occasions, sort out her family?” Mark could see that it wasn’t going down well with Anthony. He tried a different tack.

“Look we’re going to be partners and I don’t want there to be a cloud of my wife coming between us. I just figured although she has agreed to the partnership that this might help make things easier in the future.”

“Tell me a bit about them.” Anthony said neutrally.

“I brought some of my wedding snaps with me, so I can point them out as well. This balding man here is Lionel Houghton. He’s a property magnate in Cheshire, buying up properties on the cheap doing them up and renting them for exorbitant fees. He’s not the nicest of landlords according to my source in the Cheshire police. The plump matriarch wearing the gold and purple dress next to him is his wife Jasmine. She doesn’t work anymore and seems to divide her time between shopping and social hobnobbing. You think that Theresa is a bitch; my information is that Jasmine makes Theresa look like a rank amateur. I have some separate pictures of her out and about.” Mark laid out several photos that seemed to have been taken from a distance.

"I take it that you've been catching up with your relatives?" Anthony asked.

"Well yes, I did a little personal work on the company time. You can shoot me later when you become a partner. The worst of the bunch seem to be the two daughters Olivia and Yvette. Olivia is now twenty and left school at sixteen with next to no qualifications. She's trying to get into society as a debutante and from what I gather has pretensions to be a model. The younger daughter Yvette, is now eighteen and is a little more intelligent. She stayed on to do 'A' levels, but I wouldn't like to say that makes her the brain of Britain. From what I gather from talking girls at her private school she has her own little clique there that pre-occupies themselves with bullying the other state funded girls at the school." Mark laid out a number of other pictures on the desk for Anthony.

"You're right they sound a hideous bunch. Are they greedy too?" Anthony asked.

"Oh yes. They take money from whoever they can. They don't care."

"Well I have some ideas, but I dislike the idea of being the white knight coming to Theresa's rescue yet again."

Anwyn could not believe it when Anthony told her about Mark's plan to help Theresa out with her relatives.

"I can't believe that you are going to help that bitch out again!" She said perhaps louder than she intended. "She didn't even invite me to her damn dinner party!"

"I didn't say I'd do it to Mark." Anthony replied bluntly.

"But you're going to though aren't you?" Anwyn knew her fiancé well enough by now.

"I'm not going to, we are dear." Anthony started. "That's why I need your agreement. I'm planning on having a little fun whilst we do it too. If I can't have fun doing it then there's no way on earth I'd be helping Theresa. However I do now have to consider my new business partner, so I thought what the hell, I'd have some fun whilst helping."

Anwyn looked at her fiancé, arms folded to say that this had better be good or else there was no way on earth that she was going for it.

"So amaze me" She said simply in the end.

Theresa was a hive of activity as her guests arrived for her course in social etiquette at dinner. Bernard and Claire had arrived half an hour ago and Theresa felt that perhaps Bernard was going to be the one that would require the most work. She hadn't really wanted him to be there, but Claire had insisted that her husband accompany her. To make matters worse news of Bernard's inclusion had got to Anthony and he had insisted that Angela have her 'boyfriend' Alex accompany her to the meal. Theresa had spoken to Mark about the whole thing and he had confirmed her suspicion that Anwyn and Alex were one and the same. So she not only had to contend with Bernard, who could be

at best described as the social equivalent of toxic, but also two freaks who engaged in twisted role reversal games.

“Angela, how nice to see both you and your ‘boyfriend’ Alex.” Theresa said without any enthusiasm. She had to be nice to the freaks to get them along to the dinner party but she didn’t have to like it. Angela she noted was wearing a dark green evening gown and heels, whilst Alex was in a smart suit. At least the freaks were getting into the right spirit with this, Bernard had turned up in a jeans and T-shirt. Indeed she felt that perhaps he might not have changed from his work clothes. The thought disturbed her and she decided she would spray the room tomorrow just to be on the safe side.

“Hello Theresa, hi Mark!” Theresa noted the muted welcome that she got, and the enthusiasm for Mark. This was going to be an interesting night.

“Come through and take a seat in your allotted place. I’ve put your place names at your allotted place.” Theresa had decided that to be creative and had put the male names in blue and the female in pink, though she had deliberately reversed the colours for Alex and Angela. She needed some way to show her disapproval of Angela, though she would not be able to get away with this on the night of the actual dinner. “Now first of all we’ll go through general manners. We all know how to use please and thank you don’t we?” Theresa asked condescendingly. When they nodded she continued. “Good. So next we don’t have any elbows on the table during the course of the meal, I’m sure your mother taught you that Bernard?”

“What? Oh no, we usually ate in front of the TV. We never had much truck with formal dinners except perhaps the Sunday roast and even then mum didn’t insist on nothing special.” Bernard replied. Theresa was glad to note that Claire gave him a look and hopefully a kick under the table. “I suppose I could try and remember though.”

“Good, that’s settled then. Also please do not talk with your mouth full of food and wait for me to start before eating. We’ll move onto cutlery now. We’ll deal with which bits to use and when.” So far, so good Theresa thought, though the proof of the pudding would be in the eating next week. “Now the little fork on top of the spoon to your right is for your appetizer and is to be used first of all, and then the spoon underneath it is for your soup.”

“My spoon is dirty Theresa” Angela said. “Can I have a new one please?” Theresa spotted the hint of rebellion in her eyes but had to bite back a retort.

“We’re only practicing dear, here have mine if it makes you feel any better. We must push on as we have a full 8 courses to get through.”

Angela could only take so much of Theresa’s Mrs Beaton routine without giving in to his natural desire to throttle her. Anwyn dressed as Alex, normally the restraining influence on Angela had actively supported her in her subtle sabotaging of the whole farcical affair. Bernard had just done what came naturally to him, and had taken to the lessons like a brick doing swimming lessons.

So it was that during the mid ‘course’ break that Mark came up to Angela for a private chat on the patio outside. If it hadn’t been for all the latex and padding Anthony would have been cold out there

in the chilly autumnal evening. A real woman would have felt the chill on her legs under the flimsy dress that Angela was wearing.

“You do know that Theresa will make you pay for this rebellion at some point in the future, don’t you?” Mark said to Angela simply.

“Perhaps, but for now it’s the only pleasure I’m getting this evening.” Angela replied looking out into the gloom of the garden.

“How’s the plan going?” Mark asked Angela leaving out any detail that might be overheard.

“Oh I think the new girls will be ready in time. They’re not perfect, but they’ll be good enough I think. You’ll have to text me when they go out on Saturday. What happens if they don’t go out?” It was one of Anthony’s major concerns. There were just a few too many variables in the plan for his liking.

“With a choice between going out and having fun and sitting in with their parents, I’d like to think they’ll choose the former. I’ll try and make some hints though.”

“Did you manage to get Theresa to get the uniforms our sizes?” Angela asked.

“Yes, they’re upstairs. You can pick them up before you go, but we’ll need them back the following day. What about the documents?” Mark asked conspiratorially.

“Here.” Angela reached into her large handbag and brought forth a folder. “You know what to do with them?”

“Yes, now we’d better get back inside before my wife comes out here searching for us. She’s already curious about the uniforms you know. She thinks it might be part of a twisted sex game of yours you know.”

“No, but I’m going to have fun with this, even though this will be the third time I’ve helped your ungrateful wife.”

Anwyn looked at the uniforms still in their packages in the back of Anthony’s car as they drove back and could not resist peeking under the packaging. They looked just like the real thing to Anwyn, but then she reflected that was probably because they were the real thing. Technically impersonating a police officer was a criminal offense, but then so were a number of other things that Anthony had done in the past, so one more on the list wasn’t going to matter. The fact that Theresa worked for a company that had made uniforms hadn’t really registered with Anwyn before, but Anthony had latched onto it straight away and had checked out the company brochure online as soon as he knew that he might have to go through with this plan.

“I’m going to be the sergeant,” Alex told Angela, “and you will have to be the lowly police constable.”

“Do you think you can pull off the authority needed?” Anthony asked Anwyn still using his female voice with his sexy disguise as he drove.

"If I can order you about missy, I can certainly order about two spoilt brats who deserve a good spanking." Anwyn said quietly with the voice changer doing its work to create Alex's voice.

"Talking of spanking, I told Mark that the only fun I was going to get tonight was in winding Theresa up, but not if you have that sort of thing in mind!" With that Angela winked at Alex suggestively.

"I only spank my fiancé. If I find him tonight, then I just might oblige him for getting me into all this." Anwyn replied.

"We haven't got a rat problem here have we love" Bernard shouted up at Claire.

"No why?" She popped her head round the banisters at the top of the stairs as she replied.

"Oh, it's just Anthony said he had some more rats to deal with." Bernard shrugged his shoulders and headed back to the kitchen. He could lend Anthony the tranquilizer gun on Friday before they went to the torture that was to be Theresa's social event. The practice event was bad enough and now he was having nightmares about whether the fish course came before the Palate cleanser. He also wondered whether Theresa would let him have a beer or two with his meal. All this wine of whatever colour really wasn't to his taste and did funny things to his head.

Mark had now spent several hours in the company of Mr and Mrs Houghton and their two horrific daughters and had been subjected to several snide remarks already. He had been considering ringing Anthony up and telling him to cancel the plan earlier in the day, before the 'outlaws' had arrived. Now that they were here, he couldn't wait to put it into action.

"It's so far away from civilisation out here though" Jasmine Houghton pressed. "Don't you find it just a bit provincial?"

"No it's just fine. We have everything we need in Swansea." Mark replied.

"Do we really have to share a room?" Olivia whined. It was the third time she'd asked and she already knew the answer.

"My young niece is too poor to afford a proper house with enough bedrooms in my dear. Whilst we're here we'll just have to slum it I'm afraid." Theresa was hard at work in the kitchen preparing the night's eight course meal, something that Aunt Jasmine no doubt would have paid people to do for her.

Mark didn't like the idea of his house being called a slum and was about to interject when Olivia piped up again.

"I don't see why I can't have their room. After all they should make allowances for the comfort of their guests." Olivia persisted.

"The spare room is quite comfortable Olivia. It'll be just like when you were at public school." Mark tried to keep his voice even toned.

“Oh don’t remind me of that horrid time.” Olivia stormed clearly still not happy with her lot. “I suppose I will have to slum it, but if my complexion plays up it will all be your fault.”

“I expect you’ll be heading out to see the delights of Swansea tomorrow night anyway.” Mark changed the subject.

“Are there really any delights here?” Olivia snipped back.

“Well there’s plenty of night life in town; plenty of action for a young lady to enjoy if you know what I mean.” Mark hoped he wasn’t overselling it.

“I’ll think about it, given the quality of the alternative here.” Olivia said rudely.

Mark was busy watching the younger of the two teenage terrors poking around his trophy cabinet. Yvette was very close to the folder that he wanted the ‘outlaws’ to find.

“What was this for?” Yvette asked in a bored tone.

“Oh that’s my shooting trophy from police Academy in Hendon.” Mark said proudly.

“So did you kill anyone?” Yvette asked, slightly more interested this time.

“No I never had reason to use a gun whilst I was in the force. They only issue them here on very rare occasions, and usually only to SWAT squads.” Just a bit lower, Mark thought to himself. As if by magic Yvette opened the folder below the trophy cabinets.

“What’s this?” She asked in a none too interested tone.

“Oh it’s some research I’ve been doing into the treasure of Jollity Jake Evans. He was a notorious pirate round these parts in the seventeenth century. It was said that he left a fortune in treasure somewhere here in Swansea. I think I might have found it. When I get some time off in a month I’m going to follow the clues I’ve found and take my metal detector to go and try and find it.” Mark glanced over to where Theresa’s Uncle Lionel was lounging on the sofa with a glass of sherry. He noted the man’s attention pick up at the sound of a fortune in buried treasure.

“I didn’t know you were a treasure hunter. Sounds like an easy way to make money. There was some bloke in Kent that found a hoard of Roman coins last year. Now he’s worth several million pounds. How close do you think you really are?” Lionel suddenly sounded intrigued.

“Well I’ve been scouring the library for clues and i think I may have an annotated map that might just lead me to the gold!” Mark enthused.

“That’s if some blighter doesn’t beat you to it first. “ Lionel told him. Mark knew that the hook had now been well and truly baited.

Bernard was trying to be on his best behaviour, but it was very difficult. He had to concentrate very hard on which piece of cutlery to use, on top of keeping his elbows from the table, and finally one of a hundred other different rules for things he wasn’t supposed to do. All this whilst trying not

to stare at Irena and Angela's breasts that were conveniently located just opposite him. Bernard licked the butter from his knife, though would have liked to lick the butter from somewhere else entirely. Angela's low cut gold and ochre dress showed her ample cleavage off to great effect and Bernard hardly heard most of the conversation going on around him. Bernard dunked his roll into his bowl and chewed on it thoughtfully making sure that his elbows were not touching the table. Bernard took a slurp of his wine. One solid mouthful and it was nearly gone already. He'd need some more.

"Any chance of a top up mate?" He asked Mark who thoughtfully began to pour. No, wine was definitely not suiting him. No sooner had you started it than you needed your glass to be refilled. He noticed one of Theresa's relatives give him a look. He hoped that she didn't fancy him or something like that. That would be really awkward!

Irena had been content to watch the others at the party make polite conversation for the first course but the young woman who was sat next to her suddenly began to monopolise the conversation.

"So who do I see to get a modelling job then?" Olivia suddenly asked her bluntly.

"It iz not that simple my dear. Zu hav to get a portfolio together and an agent my dear." Irena replied kindly, though she did not think that the young lady really had what it took to be a model. Then again she didn't think that Angela really did either, but somehow she had managed to get a lucky break.

"Well you could get me in couldn't you Irena, you know a word in the right ear?" Olivia pressed.

"It does not vork like that my dear. Zu hav to put in hard vork on the ground level first. Zu even hav to hav a portfolio for catalogue work."

"Ewww I don't want to be in one of those." Olivia declared. "They're so common! I wouldn't be seen dead in a housewives favourite dress."

"You hav to vork vere you can to get your name known." Irena decided that this young lady was probably a bad job. With that attitude she would never get on in the business. Irena remembered how she had got her first job. She hadn't liked having to toss the man off in his office, but it thankfully had been over quickly and she had managed to get the start that she needed from it. The cleaning bill for her skirt that day had been a lot of the money to her then. Today it would be a drop in the ocean.

"But I could be your protégée" Olivia proudly announced. "Then I wouldn't have to go through all that tediousness."

"My dear. Zu hav to learn zat there are no shortcut in life. Zu always hav to vork for your place in life." Irena felt sure that this Olivia probably had never done a scrap of work in her short life.

"When I get a boyfriend he won't mess around with other women around the country." Olivia said spitefully. Irena thought that she'd managed to get over her break-up with Ronaldo in the past week,

but that nasty little reminder was too much for her. The days at the club followed by her short spell in the hotel in Swansea had helped heal the wound, but now that wound had been re-opened.

“Excuse me. I need to go to ze lavatory.” Irena headed to the downstairs loo and burst into tears.

Angela on the other side of Irena had heard exactly what that little bitch had said to Irena, and was boiling inside with rage. Mark had been right. The younger members of the Houghtons were the worst, although Theresa’s Aunt and Uncle were doing a good job of their own making Theresa’s life a misery. Normally Anthony would be applauding anyone doing this to Theresa, but this load of her relatives was worse than Theresa. The old saying used to go ‘The enemy of my enemy is my friend’. Anthony did not agree with the saying, indeed these enemies were just the worst thing that evolution had spawned.

Angela picked her napkin from her lap and hurried on her heels to the hallway. She could hear Irena crying in the toilet.

“Are you alright Irena?” She asked.

“I (sniff) am Ok Angela (sob)” Irena said obviously still crying. Angela decided to make a mental note to try and find Irena a good man to take care of her, though who that would be she didn’t have a clue at the moment.

“Ignore that little bitch Irena, she’ll be getting her just desserts soon enough.” Angela told her.

“It’s not her (sob), Angela, it’s me. (sob) I cannot keep ze boyfriend. (sob) There iz something wrong wiv me Angela.” Irena said still crying.

“Irena, you are beautiful, intelligent and kind. There is nothing wrong with you at all.”

“If only you had been born a man. Zat would hav been so nice to hear coming from a man, Angela.” It seemed that Irena had finally stopped crying.

“You’ll find the man of your dreams eventually Irena. Don’t give up now.” Angela spotted Charlotte coming into the hallway. It seemed that there was to be solidarity amongst the modelling community.

It was all going wrong for Theresa. First of all that oaf of a husband of Claire’s was doing everything wrong. She couldn’t help but notice the disapproving stares of her aunt and uncle, which were quickly followed up by comments on the standards of today slipping. Then that flighty model Irena took offense at something that Olivia had said and had dragged half the dinner party in the hallway. Now to cap it all she was getting the comments.

“They say that models are highly strung. I wouldn’t advise you to go into that business Olivia. She’s probably high on something anyway.” Aunt Jasmine started.

“My wife is a model and she’s just fine. She also doesn’t take anything.” Gavin Rodgers stated firmly. Theresa could see him bunching his muscles, spoiling for a fight just as he had done when he’d hit Mark at Claire’s wedding.

“Oh I don’t think she meant Charlotte, Gavin dear.” Theresa stepped in quickly. “Charlotte’s the nation’s favourite after all and she wouldn’t take anything illegal.” She couldn’t have her social dinner party end up in a brawl. What would the rest of the family think of her then? She’d be a social pariah within the family. Gavin seemed to back down for now. Theresa would have liked to blame all this on Angela, but so far she’d behaved perfectly, unlike at the lessons last week.

“It really is the most unusual dinner party that I’ve ever been to.” Uncle Lionel commented. That one could have been taken in many ways. Theresa needed to put a lid on this really quickly so she decided to change the subject.

“Gavin, it must be fascinating working on TV now. How does it compare to playing Rugby?” The conversation drifted back to less tension orientated things and Angela, Charlotte and Irena came back into the dining room. You’d think that a model would know when to put a bit of make-up on to hide her red eyes where she’d been crying, Theresa thought to herself.

Bernard had helped himself to some more wine whilst the others were all pre-occupied. The bottle was now empty and next time he’d need to get a third bottle. All the knives and forks seemed pretty well the same to him now as he struggled to keep up with the conversation going on around him. If only the portions of food were a bit bigger to soak up the alcohol he’d been drinking.

“Well there’s a lot of preparation work before the games and I’m really nervous when on TV. I’m much more nervous than when I was actually playing.” Gavin Rodgers was saying.

Bernard noticed that Angela and Irena had returned and concentrated on looking straight ahead at their glorious globes with the conversation relegated to the background.

“I expect its live TV that’s your issue Gavin. At least on Gardener’s World we are pre-recorded and any boobs can be edited out.” Only one word of Claire’s response permeated Bernard’s drink fuelled brain.

“Boobs! I s’like all the boobies.” Bernard slurred in response. Everyone looked at him like he was an alien coming down to the Earth for the first time. “Whatdyi say?”

Anthony started to get ready from around five o’clock that Saturday for the planned activities of the evening. He had to get Anwyn to help him tighten his corset as far as it would go to try and get as close as possible to Olivia’s figure. The pain of the tight corset was more than he’d ever experienced before during his time impersonating women. He hoped that it would not restrict what he could do too much this evening as he wanted to have some fun during the course of events.

Anthony pulled the new half suit from his make-up table. He didn’t really need a full suit with arms and legs for this evening and would have to make do with blending the seams. Making a full

suit like the one he'd created for Angela took a long time and was quite a lengthy process. With the time available to him this was the best option. Anwyn had only needed masks as she already was the right sex to impersonate the young Yvette.

Anthony carefully put each leg into the Olivia suit and inserted his now flaccid penis into the pouch and connected it to the catheter. Anthony had previously taken care of his excited penis so that it would take a while for his excitement to spring it back to life. Impersonating a new woman, one who was young and nubile was turning him on, and he was conscious to try and keep that information from Anwyn.

He pulled up the torso and slotted his arms through the arm holes before aligning the 'B' cup breasts into place. Anthony hoped that he'd got the sizing right as he'd had to guess it from the photos that Mark had supplied him with.

"Anwyn can you come and do me up?" The suit being very much tighter meant that it was much more difficult to get the small fiddly zipper done up behind him. Anthony held the fake breasts in place as Anwyn pulled the zipper up to the top. Anthony was disappointed in the smaller assets now on the front of the suit. They were so much smaller than those that he normally wore as Angela. As Anwyn headed back downstairs, Anthony began to blend the seams of the torso at the tops of his thigh, around his biceps and along the neckline. Once complete he turned to inspect his new naked body in the full length mirror beside the table. Even his fake hips and bum were smaller than Angela's, though the extra tightening on the corset had served to ensure that the feminine curves were still accentuated.

He looked over at the dressing table at the Olivia mask, but knew that it would have to wait, unworn for now. Instead he picked up another mask of an older woman in her thirties with long dark hair and slipped it over his head. After adjusting the eyeholes and blending them in, he brushed out the long dark hair of the wig until he was happy with the style.

"Hello WPC Bratcatcher." He said to himself in a generic female voice he'd previously used. "It's time for you to get dressed." Anthony stepped into a pair of white cotton lacy panties and pulled them up so they covered his new straw blonde thatch and padded rear. He then ensnared his new breasts into a matching bra, and performed another sexy pose in front of the mirror. Then he carefully rolled up a pair of black tights up each leg and felt the sensual caress of the nylon on his own legs. It was something he'd missed now that he had the full Angela suit, and in a way he regretted the change. It was so much more realistic doing it that way, but it reduced the feeling on his own skin. Finally he put on a plain white blouse and buttoned it up over his breasts.

Anthony un-wrapped the package that Mark had supplied him and began getting into the black policewoman's skirt and affixed the checked cravat in place. Finally he slipped on the WPC's jacket and into a pair of flat black shoes. Anthony preened a bit more in front of the mirror before deciding he needed to do his makeup to finish the disguise.

"Well I think I can safely say that I look arresting now." Anthony said in his own voice. He then grabbed the Olivia and Yvette masks, some makeup, blending makeup and the tranquilizer gun that Bernard had lent him that morning. Anwyn would need to get ready soon, but he was sure it wouldn't take her as long.

The dinner party the previous evening had gone downhill. Theresa had done all she could to rescue it from the barbs of her relatives, the drunken behaviour of Claire’s husband and Irena’s mood hovering permanently close to a breakdown into floods of tears. Mark admired his wife for trying her best in the face of such hopeless odds, and in normal circumstances the party would have been a wondrous success. As it was the following day had been a difficult one in the Entwistle-Houghton household and the two younger Houghtons had become more determined to head out from the atmosphere that was now thick within the house.

Olivia and Yvette had taken ages to get ready for their jaunt into Swansea nightlife and Mark waited patiently as the upstairs bathroom was monopolised by the two young women. This was followed by an extended period whereby the two women decided on exactly what they were going to wear. Finally around eight o’clock the taxi arrived to take the two women into town. Mark took out his phone and texted to Angela’s number.

‘The rabbits are heading for the hutch’.

Anwyn followed the taxi into town in her little mini with Anthony sat beside her. Underneath her long coat she was wearing her police sergeant uniform, just as she knew that Anthony was wearing his WPC uniform underneath his coat. The hats were sitting on the back seat next to the blankets ready for the next stage of the plan. Anwyn parked up in a deserted side road whilst the young women paid the taxi driver for their fare.

Anwyn quickly removed her overcoat and picked up her hat as she exited the car. She walked down towards the Kingsway and fitted it on her head over her short blond hair. Here goes Sergeant Pestcontroller, Anwyn thought to herself as she stepped out in front of the two provocatively dressed young women.

“Excuse me ladies but I have had some complaints of prostitutes working this area. Please can you accompany me and show me some identification.” Anwyn stated boldly.

“I can’t believe you are mistaking us for streetwalkers.” Olivia exclaimed.

“This is outrageous!” Yvette chimed in.

“Nonetheless my colleague will need to confirm your identities using a PNC check” Anwyn hoped she’d remembered the term correctly. The two young women complained bitterly as they followed the police sergeant around the corner. As they rounded the bend into the deserted side street Olivia felt as stinging in her thigh.

“Ouch, I’ve just been stung!” She exclaimed. Yvette felt the same in her chest.

“Oww. Me too they must have big wasps in this dump.” Yvette confirmed as Olivia slumped to the ground. “What’s happening?” Yvette managed to say before herself falling to the ground.

“Your identity is nicked you piece of trash!” Anwyn said. Having witnessed the young women’s behaviour the previous night she had no sympathy with these pampered, snotty stuck up women. Anwyn started to drag Yvette back to the mini whilst Anthony in his police woman disguise came and did the same for Olivia. Then they loaded the two women into the back of the car and began to strip them down to their underwear, lay them down and cover them up with the blankets.

“Those darts should take them out for about 5 hours, but to be on the safe side we should allow three hours for our fun and then we’ll need to release our caged beasts to the wild.” Anthony told her as he began removing his policewoman’s uniform and stripped off his female mask. Anwyn followed suit and did the same.

“We should have used your car Anthony; it has more room in it for changing,”

“Yeah but it’s far harder to park and would be noticed more easily.”

Anwyn fitted the Yvette mask over her head and tried to line up the eyes. Anthony could see she was struggling and helped her, blending in the seams of the mask around the eyes. She decided to leave brushing out the long straight blond wig until she’d finished dressing. Yvette had gone for the Britany Spears jailbait look that Anwyn was somewhat reluctant to put on. It went against her natural instincts for clothes that she would wear, as it would draw attention to herself. It was much more the sort of thing that Anthony would have loved to wear as Angela.

Eventually she inwardly shrugged and began to put the clothes on in the confined space of her mini, just as Anthony in his Olivia mask with her flowing straw coloured locks next to her, was dressing in Olivia’s former clothes. She could see that Anthony was delighting in wearing Olivia’s hold up stockings, short pink skirt, pink heels and low cut T-Shirt with the words ‘Bad Girl’ emblazoned across it. For some reason Anthony loved wearing heels, where as Anwyn secretly hated it. It was a thing men liked in women she suspected, but heels always felt uncomfortable to her so she wore them infrequently. She was glad that her white pumps only had 2” heels, whereas Anthony would have to manage those rather tarty pink 3” heels.

She couldn’t get Yvette’s rings on her fingers and had to satisfy herself with the bangles, earrings and necklace to complete her Yvette disguise. She carefully brushed her hair out and did her makeup before stepping out of the car to take the police uniforms and put them into the boot of the car. When she came back she found that Anthony dressed as Olivia was still preening in the passenger visor mirror.

“Come on ‘sis, don’t be all night or else we’ll miss all the fun.” Anwyn was still surprised the first time she used the voice changing device in the neck of a mask. Angela had recorded the conversation during the dinner the previous night and spent all day programming the chips to simulate the voices of the two brats.

“Don’t hassle me Yvette. I have to look nice for all the boys out there.” The fake Olivia replied to her.

“I still don’t understand why you needed to dress as a police woman too you know” Anwyn said as Yvette, changing the subject. “I think you just wanted to wear the uniform!”

“Police go round in pairs, you know that. Besides we might have a chance to have some fun with the handcuffs later!” Olivia replied to her.

Anthony carefully slid out of the car swinging his legs out so that he wouldn't show the world what was up his skirt. Not that he needed to do it, since there was no one around to see. He was just trying to stay in character with normal feminine movements. The pink short skirt he was wearing was tight on his arse and restricted his leg movement. Not that he wanted to be doing long strides in the high heels he was now wearing. Anwyn looked amazing as Yvette, but she was nervous on her heels. He hoped that she would be able to maintain an outgoing personality during the course of the night since they were now two young women out for a night of fun.

He held on to Anwyn's arm as the two young women strutted along the Kingsway heading for the nearest wine bar. He loved the sound of their heels clicking on the pavement as they went. The real reason he'd wanted to go in Anwyn's mini was because that meant that he was able to drink all evening, whilst Anwyn would have to just drink Lemonade. Yvette was only just old enough to drink now, so to him it had made a strange kind of sense.

Surprisingly, given the way that they were dressed, the two young women were not hit by any men whilst in the wine bar. Anthony was starting to feel his bladder fill up and he decided that he needed to go to the lavatory.

“I need a pee young 'sis” Olivia told her. “Let's split this place and I'll show you how to have fun.” The fake Yvette arched her eyebrow, posing a silent question to her fake sister. Anthony rose from his seat and wiggled his fake tush as he left the wine bar, expecting Anwyn as Yvette to follow him. He headed out into the Kingsway, giggling to himself as he went. He checked the street until he could see the CCTV camera and placed himself strategically where he could be seen by the camera, ignoring those around him, he pulled down his panties, squatted down and urinated on the pavement. Olivia got several horrified looks and muttered comments from passersby as she went about her business and then pulled her knickers back up.

“Amazing how they have toilets all over Swansea.” Olivia said. “In fact I'd heard that it was just one big toilet!”

Anthony watched as Yvette giggled at his joke nervously. Anwyn hadn't yet got into this bad behaviour lark, years of being a good little girl at school had drummed into her the need to behave properly.

“Now let's go clubbing little sis.”

Mark had been anxious for them to go to bed early that night and had it not been for the atmosphere in the house after the dinner party, Theresa would have smelt a rat. They had been cuddling in bed after having had some very passionate sex when Theresa thought she heard the door go.

“Did you hear that? Is that burglars?” She demanded of her husband.

“No, it’s probably just the trash going out.” He replied cryptically. “I’ll have to give it fifteen to twenty minutes I think before warning the police.” A number of suspicions filled Theresa’s mind at this point.

“What do you mean?” She pressed.

“Well I hear it’s illegal to vandalise someone else’s property, so I thought I’d tip off the police about some suspicious activity.”

“You’re up to something, what is it?” Theresa continued.

“Well you know my recent interest in treasure hunting; it’s a little bit of a lie designed to entrap some greedy, rude relatives who should know better. That fake treasure map to the pirate’s gold. It’ll lead them right to the middle of the Vetch Field, you know the home of Swansea City football club. They start digging there and I think that the police might want to question them.” Mark replied honestly.

“I don’t approve at all of this framing of my Aunt and Uncle.” To prove exactly how much she didn’t approve, Theresa gave Mark a passionate kiss and began to fondle his manhood back to life. She teased his cock for the next fifteen minutes as she kissed him and let him fondle her breasts and her sex.

“I want you now, Tre. “ Mark exclaimed now fully excited.

“I think you have a call to make first as your duty as a public citizen before you can get your reward.” Theresa smirked. The Mistress of Good Breeding had been down this weekend, but she certainly wasn’t out of the game, thanks to her loving husband.

Anthony had strutted up to the nightclub, and went to the back of the short queue that had formed to enter the club. Anwyn followed ‘her’ into the queue but was somewhat more nervous. Yvette was young looking for her age and she was nervous about being turned away. She looked into Yvette’s bag for some sort of ID card as she shuffled up in the queue. She was shocked to find amongst the other possessions, such as a mobile phone, purse and makeup, that Yvette had several condoms in her small bag. Olivia wasn’t paying attention to her having been chatted up by some blokes next to her in the queue, so Anwyn quickly hid them at the bottom of the bag before searching out Yvette’s ID. Maybe they’ll come in useful later when Anthony and I celebrate afterwards Anwyn thought.

“Kevin, this is my sister Yvette.” Anwyn looked up as ‘Olivia’ introduced her to strapping 6’2” bloke who towered above her.

“Hello” Anwyn said simply. She was not a fan of dating other men other than her fiancée, though she understood that this somewhat different.

They chatted pleasantly to the two men behind them before getting to the bouncers on the door. As she expected Anywn was ID checked, but confidently produced her photo card driving license for Yvette.

Once in the club the two men, Kevin and James insisted on buying drinks for the ladies before going down on the dance floor to dance. Anwyn noticed that Anthony was really letting it rip as Olivia, performing sexy gyrations with James as she danced. To her mind, Anthony was leading him on, and when she had a moment alone with her 'sister' she reminded him that he needed to be careful about taking this too far.

"Don't panic and let your hair down. We're supposed to be bad girls!" Was all that she got in response to her warning.

Anthony had expected some resistance from Anwyn in letting her hair down. He didn't really want to let her in on the full extent of his plan though, as he was afraid that she would object to it. So when Anwyn as Yvette headed off to the lavatory, Olivia led James away from where they'd left their drinks to a quieter and darker part of the club.

"You're nice." She said pushing her rear into James' crotch. James obediently put his arms around her and began to feel 'her' breasts. Olivia reached round behind her felt his rising phallus before unzipping his trousers and freeing it from its prison and slipping a lubricated condom on it.

"Oh you are a cheeky one." James said as he felt the condom go on and pulled up Olivia's tight skirt. She slipped her hand into her panties to pull them down to her knees and bent over slightly. James obliged by inserting his engorged member into Olivia's pussy and began pumping away. Anthony could feel the thrust of James' hips against his arse, but couldn't feel much else and so he faked moaning and purring in pleasure. James began fondling Olivia's breasts as he kept thrusting away and Anthony was surprised at how long the young buck was lasting. He could do little else but stand there against the wall with his panties down and receive the pounding until James had come. Just then he began to get a sense of renewed vigour from James, and he knew that the young man was on the verge of coming so Anthony intensified his moans to fake having an orgasm. As James withdrew his now deflating penis, Olivia reached around and slipped the condom from the stud complete with its load intact. She pulled up her knickers, and pulled down her skirt, before tying a knot in the condom and putting it in her handbag.

"We mustn't make a mess now should we lover" she said to him and led him back to the dance floor.

The Police arrived at the Vetch Field to find a large hole in the centre of the pitch and two figures working to make it large with a shovel. The two constables, together with Sergeant Jenkinson, who'd been sent as a result of the tip off approached the figures slowly from different directions. As they got closer they saw that the figures were a man and a woman in clothing not really suitable for such outdoor activity.

"Excuse me, but can I ask you what exactly you think you are doing?" Sergeant Jenkinson asked rather politely. The man looked up, a shocked look on his face.

"I, I'm looking for buried treasure." The man responded pompously trying to put a brave face on it.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to arrest you both for criminal damage. You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence against you."

"I know the magistrates and Chief Constable in Cheshire." The woman said proudly. "I'll have your badges for this."

"I see so you feel that you can use influence or otherwise bribe officers of the law to avoid prosecution. Constable, please could you make a note of that in your notebook." Sergeant Jenkinson wanted this all done by the book.

"Look, this is all just a ghastly mistake!" The man said.

"I know, and it looks like you've made it Sir. Now please come along quietly will you."

Anwyn was glad they'd ditched the young men and had left the club. James was getting rather too fond of Olivia and she'd had to tread a very fine line between flirty and 'hands off' with Kevin.

"What next?" She asked the straw haired girl next to her, who was actually her fiancée in a sexy female suit.

"Well I plan on doing a bit of criminal damage and carjacking next. When I steal the car, you'll have to go and get your car with the two sleepers in it and meet me down by the marina. Park up by the slipway."

They spent the next 10 minutes keying a few cars and letting down a few tyres in full view of the CCTV before Olivia found one who unwisely had not locked their doors.

"Now let's see if I can remember how to do this." Anthony said in Olivia's voice. With that he fiddled under the dashboard with some wires until it roared with life. "See you later honey."

Anwyn was forced to walk back down the Kingsway in her heels and suffer a few more leers from passing drunken men before she got back to the little side street that she'd parked up in. She checked under the blankets to ensure that the two brats were still out cold before taking off her mask and clothes and putting back on some quiet comfortable clothing she'd brought with her. She then redressed Yvette in her finery and headed off for the rendezvous point at the marina.

She suspected that Anthony had been up to something, after she'd returned from the toilet to find Olivia and James missing. However at the moment it was just a suspicion in her mind.

Anthony stopped off briefly to buy some bottles of alcohol at a late night off license. The man behind the counter checked out Olivia in her tight fitting clothes before ID checking her. Anthony's ID, for Miss Olivia Houghton from Cheshire checked out, so the man sold her the two crates of booze which he paid for using cash from Olivia's purse. Anthony made sure to wiggle his behind as he walked out of the shop in his heels. After all the man had been nice to Olivia as he'd served her.

He then took his stolen car down to the slipway on the marina, which at this time of night was deserted. The tide never rose too far up the ramp, but Anthony got out of the car to double check where it would come up to. He didn't want to drown the two bitches, just give them a scare. Then he waited, practicing posing in various sexy positions, until Anwyn turned up in her mini. He took off the Olivia mask and stripped out of Olivia's clothes as Anwyn had done earlier. Anwyn helped by redressing Olivia as Anthony put back on his police woman's clothes and mask. Then they hefted the two women into the stolen car, Olivia in the driving seat and Yvette in the passenger side. Anthony then plied the two women with drink and splashed it around the car.

"Just one more thing before we go." Anthony said cheerfully, producing the used condom from Olivia's handbag and a pipette from his police woman's uniform. "I think Olivia might have had rather a good time don't you?"

"Just where did you get that?" Anwyn stated firmly shocking Anthony with the intensity of her voice.

"Oh, James was kind enough to donate it to Olivia" Anthony replied lightly. "So I was going to give it back to her."

"No you're not Anthony Danforth! I draw the line there." Whenever a woman used your full name like that you knew you were in trouble. "Under no circumstances are you going to deposit those fluids anywhere on that woman. I don't care how evil or nasty she is, you do NOT DO THAT. He could have aids or some other disease for all you know." The vehemence that came from Anwyn at that point stunned Anthony. "Besides I want to know exactly how you came by that?"

"I err, you know, got a deposit" Anthony said uncertainly. This wasn't going how he'd planned.

"How exactly did you get it? Did you have sex with James?" Anwyn demanded.

"Well Olivia had sex with him, yes." Anthony said defensively.

"There is no difference, you were Olivia then. You are blurring the boundaries too much and I don't like it. How could you betray me and have sex with a man? Are you bisexual Anthony?"

"No I don't fancy men, I'm strictly straight." Anthony responded. "I only did it to, you know, enhance the revenge."

"You need to get your priorities straight, Anthony Danforth, and if you are not careful you're going to lose me. I am furious with you at the moment and if it wasn't for the fact that we both need to get out of here quickly I'd have left you here. Now throw that thing away and get in before I change my mind. There'll be a price to pay for this Anthony I'm telling you."

Anthony tossed the used condom into the sea and quickly got into the car, pulling the overcoat around him tightly. Anwyn said not a word to him as she drove them home.

Next morning Claire switched on the news at lunchtime. Bernard was out; he'd headed off to go to see the local Swansea game at the Vetch Field. She'd only been partially paying attention to the

news as she prepared the turkey for Sunday dinner later on. Something however caught her attention as she worked.

“A man and a woman were arrested last night whilst digging up the pitch at the Vetch Field. The game today has been postponed as a result, and it is believed that the couple might be disgruntled Manchester United fans still angry at the injury caused by the Swansea left back in last month’s game. The man and woman, a Mr and Mrs Houghton from Cheshire have been charged with criminal damage. In a separate incident the couple’s two teenage daughters ran amok in Swansea last night and were found drunk and passed out in a stolen car. The police have charged them with theft, criminal damage and drink driving.”

I suddenly clicked in Claire’s brain that the news bulletin must have been referring to Theresa’s relatives. It was strange, but she knew what it was like to wake up in such a situation. She thought to herself that even though they were an obnoxious lot, that perhaps she ought to ring Theresa and find out how she was coping.

As she picked up the phone though the doorbell rang, She opened it to find Anwyn on her doorstep.

“I have something to tell you that you may not like, but I think you have to hear now.” Anwyn said simply. Claire invited her neighbour in and listened carefully to what the mousy young girl told her.

Jasmine Houghton stood next to her husband and daughters in the line holding the number board in front of her.

"Smile for the camera duck." The photographer said to her. She didn't know what was worse, being photographed as a criminal, or being called 'duck'. Her friends back home would never talk to her again. She'd be ostracised from her social circle and wouldn't get invited to all the best parties. She should never have let Lionel talk her into going after that treasure. Yes, she thought to herself, it was all his fault. Perhaps she should divorce him and take him for half the money whilst he still had something to take. She could plead that he'd forced her into all this and maybe get away with a suspended sentence.

She couldn't think what had got into her girls, though. She'd always thought they were good but she'd never really supervised them when they went out, so she didn't really know what they got up to. Well maybe now that she did, she reflected, maybe she could make their allowances conditional on a number of things. The girls had insisted that they'd done nothing wrong and had given some cock and bull story about two policewomen knocking them out, but the CCTV footage that the police had shown them of the girls urinating in the street and trashing and stealing cars had shown her the truth. They'd not be going out for quite some time, that is assuming the girls managed to avoid a jail sentence.

Theresa had been phoned by a number of her relatives including her father who wanted to know about exactly what had got into her Uncle Lionel and Aunt Jasmine. Theresa had delighted in telling

them the tale of woe including their bad behaviour at her dinner, their greed and lack of manners. Theresa had been astonished at how quickly the family had agreed with her that they'd always been the black sheep of the family and how 'none of them had been surprised' at how they'd gone bad. Theresa decided to give a special thank you to her husband for helping to sort out her family. She didn't want to extend the thanks to Angela, though she suspected that she, no he, had had a hand in all this. She couldn't bring herself to feel obligated to that little tramp/pervert, and decided that for now she would merely have to turn a blind eye to all this and accept that Mark's business partner had helped.

If Angela got too big for her boots she still had the ultimate sanction of telling Claire all about that little perverts activities. For now though she decided he was useful, and that using the ultimate sanction was not a good idea.

Anwyn had given him the silent treatment for the best part of a day after the events of that Saturday night, and it was not until after he'd come back from returning Bernard's tranquilizer gun that Sunday evening that she'd decided to talk to him.

"You're going to hurt someone eventually with this you know." She said at last. Anthony had expected her to shout at him.

"No I was just trying to help." He replied.

"I'm sorry but you weren't. You didn't have to help Theresa. You admitted it yourself that you don't like her or helping her. You did this because you got to dress up as a sexy young girl and prance around enjoying yourself." Anwyn said bluntly. "I should never have let you persuade me that this was a good idea."

"Look I'm sorry if I went too far Anwyn. I just wanted some fun whilst sorting out Theresa's relatives." Anthony apologised.

"That's the problem Anthony. You just don't know how to behave properly as a woman. Angela has always been this exaggerated sexy version of a woman that you as a man likes to visualise. You did the same thing here as Olivia. The week where we swapped jobs was supposed to teach you what it was really like to be a woman for a week. Did you learn nothing then?" Anwyn was still cross at him, and Anthony didn't really know how to deflect this.

"I did learn a lot Anwyn I swear, but I'm sort of addicted to this fantasy version of a sexpot. As soon as I become a woman I turn into a bit of a self absorbed tart. I don't know why." Anthony didn't like having to confess these things to Anwyn. "Look I promise to try and keep a lid on it in future Anwyn, and I'm sorry if I hurt you yesterday."

"This is your last chance Anthony, I mean it. This hobby of your has got to have boundaries that you stick to or else we are though. I waited a long time for you, but if you can't stay true to me then I'm going to have to let you go."

"I promise honey. I don't want to lose you." Anthony said shyly.

Irena sad all alone in her hotel room again. None of her friends had called her and she felt very lonely. The TV was babbling with some vacuous soap opera in the background that she was not at the least bit interested in. She cut her arm and watched the blood flow from the wound and then for a moment she felt alive, knowing that bits of her empty life were draining away. Now she found the difference between life and death she could feel the life in her veins. All to soon the small wound clotted and the feeling went from her.

Even men had been better at being her than she was. That man who'd worn some elaborate disguise of her to entrap that banker had the same beauty that she possessed, but had got the man coiled around his little finger. She couldn't even be herself and keep a man. The young girl at the party had been right. She was a failure at life. She knew that she would have to wait a while before she cut herself again and she bit her lip in frustration. She had to find some way out of this cycle she knew deep down in inside, or else she would end up killing herself. But would anyone care?

Sergeant Edward Jenkinson knew where the tip off had come from for the collar at the Vetch Field, but had kept the information on his informant from his report. He'd been friends with Mark Entwistle during their time in the force together and Mark's contact details were still on his phone. So when the anonymous text had come in, it had been flagged as coming from Mark. Amazing coincidence that the culprits had been relatives of Mark's wife he mused to himself. He should probably get out the force and find himself a wife, he thought briefly. The hours were long though and he never got time to meet the right woman. He cleared his head of all such nonsense. He had an aging mother to look after at the Sunnysides Home and that took up most of his spare time and money.

He ought to meet up with Mark though and thank him for the tip. It was a good high profile arrest that had got him noticed by his superiors.

The following week, the armoured van taking the prisoners to the playhouse for the final rehearsal of the play suddenly lurched to the right as a tyre burst beneath it. All the guards were surprised at this turn of events, but a number of the prisoners held on tightly as the van began to career all over the road. Wesley Caplin smiled to himself. It was all going to schedule. The unexpected problems of a couple of the minor cast members meant that emergency replacements had been sought. Wesley had not surprised at the new volunteers for the theatrical society as it had all been carefully planned on 'D' wing.

Eventually the runaway van came to a screeching halt into the side of a wall. The knocked gas that now filled the front part of the van was probably not necessary given the blood that Wesley could see on the two guards foreheads. Inexplicably the airbags had failed to go off. Well not inexplicably. It was quite explainable given the rest of the meticulous escape plan for the fifteen prisoners that were to take part in the play. The heavily bolted doors were unlocked from the outside and two masked men ushered them out of the back of the van. Wesley stepped out and smelt the sweet air of freedom. He ignored the other prisoners who were all lining up to get into the other escape

vehicle and away from here. Wesley had other plans. He wanted to stay in Swansea to get his revenge. There was no hurry as he wanted to savour every sweet moment of his revenge. For now though he'd have to find somewhere to lie low until he could sort himself out.

It was gone one o'clock in the morning when Wesley arrived in the centre of Swansea. He'd taken some clothes from a washing line that were ill fitting but at least he no longer had his prison overall on. It didn't matter as these clothes were only temporary. The first port of call was to break into the Transvestite shop that Kiss me Keith had told him about. It's funny how you could live in a City all your life and never know that such a thing was here. The back door had proven to be easy to enter with a brick through the window and he'd headed round to find the things he needed. He picked up the breast forms first, weighing up the different sizes in his hand to get a feel for the ones he wanted. Then he chose several wigs that fit his head, some padding for his hips and bum, several corsets and gaffs. Satisfied with his haul, Wesley headed out of the shop towards the Quadrant shopping centre.

He's decided on hitting Debenhams as they seemed to have whole floors dedicated to women's clothing. The security guard had not known what had hit him as he patrolled, and was now lain flat out on the ground by the counter with a bloody wound on his head. Wesley was not sure if he was dead or not, but at the end of the day it didn't matter to him. He was now wearing the foundation garments from the transvestite shop and the blonde wig. He held up a mauve dress to his frame.

"What do think" he said to the unconscious or dead security guard. "Do you think it goes with my hair?" Wesley went over and pulled the full length mirror to the counter to inspect it himself. He had to be careful to avoid the smashed glass of the security camera that now littered the floor. He put the dress on over his new curves.

"I don't know. I think it might make my bum look too big." Wesley bent over and slapped the security guard. "I don't like what your implying young man. Yes I will need some underwear as well but one thing at a time. I think I might need to go to the luggage department to get a suitcase for all my purchases. Of course this wig will need to go, there's far too many CCTV cameras around here and I'm sure the cops will do a search. Once I'm done though, they won't recognise me." Wesley kicked the prone guard in the back with his heels and promptly fell over. That, he mused, was perhaps an area that he'd need a bit more practice in before he could get his revenge.

If you enjoyed my work here, check out my two novels under the name Katerina Hellam on Amazon:-

- 1) Finneas Awakes – A Contemporary Fantasy Adventure with Cross-dressing and a background that spans decades.

The fact that van delivery driver Finn Maguire is a martial artist and a transvestite are just two of the more common place things about him. Weeks after the death of his girlfriend Marianne, Finn flips and decides to do his job en femme for the day as a V sign to his overbearing supervisor Martin Henderson. When Finn comes across a young photographer

being mugged he can't leave without helping, which spirals off into a series of strange and mystical events.

https://www.amazon.co.uk/Finneas-Awakes-Transgender-Adventure-Awakenings-ebook/dp/B07NJSWGRL/ref=sr_1_2?keywords=Katerina+Hellam&qid=1582905685&sr=8-2

- 2) Kitten's Freaky Fairy Tales – A collection of 15 twists on classic fairy tales each with TG elements.

Some heroes are born, some are created. Kitten in Heels did not start life as a feline in fine shoes, indeed she didn't even start out as a lady. However you take what the dice of life throw at you and make the best of it. The best for everyone that is in the strange Kingdom of Farosia.

https://www.amazon.co.uk/Kittens-Freaky-Fairy-Tales-Transgender-ebook/dp/B0849Q7LWT/ref=sr_1_1?keywords=Katerina+Hellam&qid=1582905760&sr=8-1