

The Moment of Truth

Wesley walked somewhat unsteadily in his heels out of the shopping centre with a case in his hand. A stray dog wandering the streets took one look at the sight of this tall woman-like person with heavy case and decided to bolt. At this time of the night the only other people around were those staggering out of the nightclubs, trying to make their way home. Wesley spotted another woman lurching unsteadily on her heels towards the part of the town near the ruined castle where the taxi rank stood. He headed after her, as fast as he dared go in the hell that was the heels on his feet until he caught up with her.

"Excuse me, you look lost. Can I give you a lift home?" Wesley said in his best female voice. The woman looked somewhat blurredly at the figure in front of her wearing a dress.

"S'all right I'll get a taxi" She slurred.

"No, no, I insist." Wesley said leading the woman away by the arm. The woman somewhat fuzzily eventually realised what was happening and began to protest.

"Leave me alone." She said more firmly, the alcoholic haze beginning to fade. Wesley pulled the bat from the sleeve of his dress and hit the woman hard on the back of the head and she went down like a stone.

"Oh but I do insist. Why don't you show me where you live?" With that Wesley reached into the woman's handbag and checked her driving license. Wesley was in luck, the woman whose name was Ruth lived up by the airport, a less populated area of Swansea. "Let's go find a car shall we?"

Wesley carried the woman over his shoulder back towards the car park of the shopping centre. On the first level of the car park he found a car that he smashed the rear window with his baseball bat and put the woman and the case on the back seat before getting in the front and hotwiring the car. Being in jail really taught you a thing or two, Wesley mused to himself. There was a freedom associated with being on the run that he'd never felt before in his life, that freedom coming after all his responsibilities had been severed by his prison term. Now there was nothing to stop him doing exactly what he wanted.

He drove the car to Ruth's farmhouse cottage close to the airport. The heath land up there was sparsely populated and Wesley was pleased to see that Ruth's closest neighbour was some quarter of a mile down the road. He bundled her body into the house and then went back for his case.

"There's no place like home." Wesley commented out loud to no one in particular and then bent down to Ruth. "Now we'd better make you nice and comfortable with some rope and a gag little lady. Tomorrow you'll have to leave whatever job you were in. It's a shame but I'm sure I can help you with your resignation letter."

Claire had wondered during the day whether she should mention to Angela that she knew her secret, but had ultimately decided that she enjoyed the faux woman's company. She didn't want

there to be an awkward air during the day so had chickened out from confronting the situation. Besides Anwyn had asked her to be one of her bridesmaids at the wedding and she'd decided that perhaps she would leave that conversation with Anthony until they had returned from their honeymoon.

The wedding details had been finalised weeks ago, but that didn't mean that there wasn't still a bunch of things that needed to be done. One of the most important was the trip to see the local registrar in the town hall in Swansea. Anwyn had taken a long lunch-break off to meet Anthony outside the Council buildings to go and see the registrar. Anthony was on his final week of work before he officially left the DVLA. He was due to start working as Mark's partner straight after they got back from their honeymoon.

Anwyn was pleased that Anthony had scaled back his masking activities and had been paying her a lot more attention recently. Angela hadn't completely disappeared from the scene, it was just he'd only been her once in the past three weeks.

She was excited as she waited patiently in the cold outside the Council Offices. After today they'd have the go ahead for their wedding which was now just two weeks away. She'd need to go for her final dress fitting next week, though Anwyn was confident that she hadn't put any weight on during the intervening time. She'd been exceptionally careful about what she'd eaten over the past few weeks and that combined with all the exercises from the Karate classes should serve to ensure she hadn't put any weight on. She spotted Anthony bounding up the steps to the doors where she was waiting.

"What time do you call this?" She demanded.

"Bang on time Anwyn." He replied smartly.

"I wish you'd paid as much attention to your clothes as you do Angela's." Anwyn flipped the attack. "Your shirt is all crumpled and you have a stain down your jacket." She wasn't sure why she was being so picky since he'd been good as gold these past two weeks, but she mused it didn't hurt to keep him on his toes.

"I had a bit of an accident bolting down my lunch to get here on time love. Now shall we see if the nice man believes we love each other before all out war breaks out between us."

"I just wanted to make the right impression" Anwyn defended. She knew why she was on edge but she needed to get it confirmed first. She was late, but at the moment it was within the normal variance for her monthly present. By next week she'd have to do a test to see whether or not her suspicions were realised. No use in telling Anthony about it yet, at least not until she knew definitely. "Come on then, lets head in."

Irena ignored her mobile phone as it rang. She'd missed a modelling appointment she assumed, and her agent was probably ringing her to find out what had happened. What did it matter though? She wasn't desired, no one really wanted her and she was just being used to push products on those

that believed that their life would be fulfilled by having what she was modelling. It was all a lie. Pretty clothes would not make your life fulfilled and she believed that her life would always remain and empty shell.

"Time to feel my life again" she murmured quietly to herself as she picked up the knife to cut herself again.

Sergeant Edward Jenkinson had been kept busy over the past two weeks. The breakout from Swansea jail had meant that all uniformed and un-uniformed officers were working overtime to try and track the missing prisoners down. Most of them had seemingly disappeared into thin air, though one in particular had left a trail of destruction in Swansea before disappearing. The detectives had been over the orgy of evidence from the Quadrant shopping centre and the crossdresser's shop, but after that Wesley Caplin had just disappeared.

The obvious evidence was that Wesley was somehow trying to disguise himself as a woman, but since that meant he could look completely different to how he normally looked meant that he would be extremely hard to find. They'd listed all the stock that Wesley had taken from both locations, but there was enough stuff that Wesley could have any number of different looks. The instructions had been for uniformed officers to keep a look out for a tall transvestite, but that hadn't been very helpful instructions.

The car that had been stolen from the Quadrant centre car park had been recovered by the Mumbles with blood soaking the rear seats. The car's owner had been traced, having taken a taxi home that night after an evening at the pub had been rather more extended than planned. The blood had belonged to a woman and was type A rhesus negative, but there was little more they could discover from there.

So Ed had been sent to once again to go and question the man's ex-wife to see if they could find any more clues as to where he might be hiding. Wesley Caplin's wife Martha had divorced him as soon as she could when she found out that he'd not only been cheating on her, but also involved in criminal activity. She'd pretty well taken him to the cleaners and now had the house, car as well as their holiday home in Spain. The holiday home had already been checked by officers in Spain just to be on the safe side.

Martha Caplin came to the door wearing an ochre blouse and fitted jeans.

"Can I help you officer?" She asked him.

"I'm afraid that I'm required to ask you some more questions about your ex-husband." He asked politely. "May I come in?" Martha Caplin invited him in and started to make him a cup of tea.

"I've already told the other detectives everything." She said as she poured the tea into two bone china cups. "I'm not sure that I can be of any use to catch that lying weasel."

"Mrs Caplin, can you tell me if your husband had any predilection to crossdressing before he was jailed?" Ed asked.

"No, I'm pretty sure he was straight. I'm sure I would know that."

"Mrs Caplin. Most crossdressers are heterosexual you know. Now can you think of any clue that you might have had that he enjoyed wearing women's clothing?"

"No nothing at all. He was fine the first time I visited him in jail to tell him I was divorcing him, then when I went to get him to sign the papers he was quite peculiar. I think jail must have done something to him. You hear all sorts of stories about things going on in the showers in these jails. Still, serves the cheating rat right. Has anyone pulled their finger out and agreed to my protection? He's likely to come after me you know for divorcing him." Ed had read the psychologist's report from Swansea jail. Something had snapped in the man shortly after he was jailed.

"No, sorry mam but we don't have the manpower at the moment what with all the other prisoners on the run, but I'll mention it to the Superintendent again if you'd like. Who else is he likely to go after?"

"Well he might go after that Russian model that he thought he was chasing. You know he didn't really get her, so he might feel like he wanted to get the real thing. I don't know. The sooner you catch him the better though."

Ed decided that perhaps he ought to check on Irena Ganalov. The newspapers had some disturbing stories about her recently what with her not showing up to her last show. If Wesley Caplin had kidnapped her and no one knew about it then he may be able to find more clues to the prisoners location.

"Thank you Mrs Caplin you've been very helpful, and thank you for the tea as well."

Mark had been working very long hours recently to keep the business going. He really needed Anthony to start soon to help him out. Theresa was getting tetchy that he wasn't home enough for her, but he needed to keep her in the fashion that she was becoming accustomed to. Just then his mobile rang.

"Hello Entwistle Investigations, how may I help you?" He answered.

"Mark, it's Ed Jenkinson here from the station. I've been meaning to ring you for ages to thank you for that tip off the other week. It was a nice collar. Can I buy you a drink sometime to thank you?"

"Sure, I'm really busy at the moment. How about next Monday?" Mark suggested.

"It'll have to be 9pm as I don't get off shift till then. That suit you?" Ed asked.

"Yeah that'll be fine mate."

"Oh one more favour Mark." Ed asked him suddenly. "Do you by chance have the number for Irena Ganalov on you? I heard you did some work protecting her a while back and I need to contact her to do with some enquiries I'm making at present."

"Yeah it's on my phone so I'll have to text it to you. Seeing the papers I doubt you're the only one looking for her though. I'll catch you next week." After he hung up Mark texted Ed the number as he promised, then he went back to pouring through the contents of the bin of a suspected benefit cheat.

Irena's mobile phone went again and she once again ignored it. She decided that she'd wait a minute and listen to her messages after a minute or two. She had little else to do and the TV in the hotel was just playing some inane childish cartoon. She listened to several messages from her agent, he model friends and one from Ronaldo trying to explain his behaviour away. The final message was something a bit different though.

"Beep. Hello this is Sargeant Ed Jenkinson here." He had a nice sounding baritone she thought to herself as she listened. "I would like to talk to you Miss Ganalov as I believe that you might be in danger from an escaped prisoner called Wesley Caplin. Please call me back on 07822 124509 please."

She was in danger. Did that mean he wanted to kill her? Would she finally manage to feel something or would the pain of life seep away quickly? Still it was at least exciting in a twisted kind of way. Let this man come she thought to herself. At least it might give me the release that I need.

Wesley had practiced his make-up in front of Ruth several times already but he wanted to get it just right. He'd used her computer to get make-up tips from real crossdressers and he hoped that he was getting better.

"What you do think Ruth? Do I look desirable?" By now the trusted up Ruth knew to make encouraging noises through her gag. Wesley had taught her that to try laughing at her captor through her gag was not a way to avoid pain. Wesley was happy with his make-up but he was still not thin enough. He had starved himself all week, but he estimated that he needed another week of very little food before he was thin enough to get into the majority of dresses he had stolen. He fitted the light auburn wig over the wig cap he had stolen and adjusted it until he was happy.

"Don't worry Ruth, you'll soon have plenty of other people to keep you company. It was so good of you to let me crash at your house. It'll be time to ring your mum again soon. Remember that if you give any sign of trouble then I'll blast you through the head with that shotgun of yours." It was important that no one suddenly started to miss his captive, so he let her make supervised calls with the incentive of a shotgun aimed at her temple.

He'd spent the day before scouting out his targets in Swansea. Mark Entwhistle had offices in Swansea and he would be easy to track. Wesley had decided that Hannah Greengrass would be making an appointment with him next Monday; an appointment that Mark would not be recovering from. The little mousy ex-PA of his, Anwyn Thomas he'd watched go into work that morning. He'd pick her off next Tuesday and then he'd be able to start getting his revenge.

He wasn't convinced about the mauve make-up with the auburn wig. He decided to scrub it off and start again. Out of impulse he scrubbed off the make-up from only one side of his face and looked at himself in the mirror. Two faces, that is what he had now. Whatever it was that he was turning himself into it was no longer Wesley Caplin. Wesley was as dead to him as that detective and he ex-PA would be once he'd finished his revenge on them.

Sergeant Edward Jenkinson had left three messages for Irena Ganalov and had finally decided to utilise his contacts within the police to perform a tracer on Irena's mobile phone. That information had finally come to him the following Monday afternoon and it had told him that Irena's mobile was somewhere near the station in Swansea. The Grand Hotel was right next to the station and assuming that she was not getting on a train, Ed had decided to try there.

The desk clerk at the Grand had eventually confirmed to him that Irena was staying in the hotel and had been for some weeks. The staff there had been given orders not to disclose her location to the press on pain of being sacked, but since Ed was the police the clerk had rather reluctantly given him the information.

Irena's room was on the second floor and Ed knocked three times without answer. Eventually he concluded that either she had already been kidnapped or she was out. Ed decided that he needed to find out however, so he went and got a maid to open the door for him. What he saw when he entered the room shocked him. Irena was on the bed with bandages on both her arms. A bloody knife lay on the bed and it was clear to Ed that the wounds had been self inflicted. He'd seen enough self harm in his times as a policeman to know it when he saw it.

"Irena, are you all right?" He got no answer so he hurried to her bed and checked her pulse. It was weak but she was still alive. It looked like she had hardly eaten much over the past two weeks either, which given she was a supermodel meant she was now painfully thin. He gently slapped her face to awaken her.

"Irena, wake up. Looks like you need some help." Ed saw the model's beautiful eyes flutter open faintly and try and focus on his face.

"Are you an Angel?" She asked him gently.

"No Irena, but I am here to save you. My name is Sergeant Ed Jenkinson of the police."

"Police? I haven't done anything wrong have I?" Irena asked quietly.

"No you couldn't do anything wrong. But you seem to be hurting yourself Miss Ganalov and that is not good for you." Ed looked down at Irena and stroked her hair gently. He knew that he probably shouldn't be doing it, but she was so vulnerable and she needed comforting.

"Hold me. I need to feel again." Irena told him. She was one of the most beautiful women in the world and she was asking him to hold her. It was against all police protocols, but Ed knew that she needed him. She needed comfort. What was worse in his mind was that he had a crush on her, but that he should not be taking advantage of it now of all times. He held her nonetheless.

"Your safe and your with me now. That Wesley Caplin won't get to you now."

"Was he going to come and take away my pain?" She asked. "I'd have thought that he'd have gone after that detective Mark and his ex-secretary who helped put him away first though. Pity, I was looking forward to ending the pain." Ed realised how stupid he'd been. He knew that Mark had helped put Wesley away since he'd read all the case notes, but it didn't occur to him that Wesley would go after him. He was due to meet Mark later tonight, but for now Irena needed him. Without help she would allow herself to die, and he could not let that happen. He picked up the phone and dialled room service.

"I'd like whatever the special is please in room 236. Oh and can you bring up some iron tablets and some plasters as well please." The food would help give her the energy she needed and the iron tablets would help restore her iron levels in her blood. What he then needed to do after that was to start to get her head straight, but that would be a much longer task.

Mark's last appointment of the day was with a woman by the name of Hannah Greengrass. She had a strange voice when she had phoned. She'd told him that she wanted to see him as she suspected that her husband was cheating on her. He had hoped that he was beyond such cases but he still needed all the money so that he could get to keep the business running. He knew that he could really use Angela on this one now, but he didn't want to disturb Anthony as he was preparing for his wedding.

Mark leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, imagining a beautiful femme fatale coming into his smoky office wearing tight clothing from the thirties. He loved the glamorous image of the old noir thrillers, though he'd not had such an encounter since Angela stepped into his office some months back. He heard a knock at the door and sat up.

"Enter." He shouted out.

The woman who came into his office was very different to his film noir fantasy, being tall with long legs encased in nylon. There was something odd about her as she entered, though for some reason Mark could not put a finger on it. She was heavily made up that was true, though her eyes bore down on him through the mascara.

"You must be Hannah Greengrass." He said simply to her.

"Oh yes I am." She said in her odd voice. Mark couldn't place it, but something about it was nagging at his mind. "I think my husband is cheating on me." She really was heavily made up, though she was as thin as she was tall.

"Tell me about it?" He asked her.

She walked past him stepping very deliberately in her low red heels to the window.

"It was last week when." Mark felt a sharp blow to the back of his head and then he started to lose consciousness. He just heard one last thing before he completely faded out of consciousness.

"Now you're going to suffer Mr Private Dick."

Whilst Anthony had gone out to the pub with Bernard, Anwyn had popped round next door to have her weekly girly night in with Claire. Claire had got out a bottle of red wine for Anwyn and some juice for herself and they'd sat down for a nice chat. They'd discussed everything from their partners funny habits, through to the details of the wedding when the subject of periods came up. Anwyn had several glasses of wine by then and her tongue had been somewhat loosened.

"I'm about over week late now." She confided in Claire.

"Does that mean that you're expecting?" Claire asked intrigued.

"Well I don't know, but it's likely. I'm going to do the test tomorrow to find out for sure."

"Well if you are then let me be the first to offer my congratulations Anwyn. It'll be nice to have the patter of tiny feet in the street. I must admit I'm getting a bit broody too now. I suppose I should have the talk with Bernard, but half the time I don't think he listens to what I'm saying."

"No men do that, then they have the cheek to tell you that you never told them when you mention it later." Anwyn said.

"Too right. If it's not to do with sport or sex then Bernard's attention definitely wanders. I think if I could somehow combine the two then I'd have his full attention."

It had taken Ed some time to comfort Irena, and even then she still wanted to cling onto him. After he'd been to the station to report, he'd had to head off straight to his meeting at the pub with Mark.

He waited half an hour before trying Mark's mobile. There was no answer. It was possible that Mark was driving here after being late, so he waited another fifteen minutes before trying again as he finished his pint. He still didn't get an answer so he left a message. Something was wrong he knew. It was not like Mark to be this late for a meet up. He decided to head to Mark's office to see if Mark was still there or if he could get any clues.

When Ed got there he found the office in a real mess. The paperwork was all over the floor and the telephone was knocked on the floor. It looked like there had been a struggle here and Mark feared the worst. He checked Mark's appointment diary. The last appointment today was for a Mrs Hannah Greengrass. He guessed that Mrs Greengrass did not really exist and that Wesley Caplin had struck and taken his first victim for revenge. Ed was suddenly very worried for Irena. What if she was next?

Ed rushed to the Grand hotel to find Irena up and about looking much better than when he had found her earlier. When he knocked on the door she rushed into his arms and hugged him. After several minutes of the hug Ed was starting to get embarrassed by it.

"You look better." He said. "I'm glad to see you are safe. I think that Wesley Caplin has struck and taken Mark Entwistle-Houghton."

"That's terrible news. Please can you stay with me tonight?" She said. Ed's small flat was all that awaited him later tonight.

"I shouldn't." He said.

"I want you to stay. Please." She looked at him with her big brown eyes. She wasn't a witness or under police protection currently, so in theory there was no conflict of interest. Ed therefore decided to stay.

Ed held her in his arms on the bed until she fell asleep. He was deep in thought and it took him a while to fall asleep himself on the bed. He was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of Irena though, and was careful to ensure that he didn't take advantage of her. His mum had brought him up to be a good boy; she'd have given him a good hiding if he'd not treated her right.

Anwyn headed in to work the next day. She wished that she'd been able to get the week off like Anthony had, but she'd not got the holiday left after taking her remaining leave for the honeymoon. She still had the pregnancy test that she'd taken that morning in her handbag, but as yet she'd not dared to look at the results. She knew that she ought to look, but she decided to wait until she was in the office and she would head to the ladies to check it.

She parked her mini in the Northern Bank car park, and spotted another woman with her car bonnet up. The woman was quite tall and not someone she recognised from the Bank, though she didn't know everyone in the building. Perhaps it was a new starter she thought to herself. Anthony was always telling her that she shouldn't be so shy and she should make friends when she had the opportunity. After locking her car therefore she headed over to the woman.

"Hi, you seem to have a problem?" She asked. The other woman looked up, and Anwyn noticed that she had a bit too much make-up on. She decided that perhaps it would be prudent not to comment on it.

"Oh yes my car started smoking." The woman said to her "I don't know what that bit is." The woman had a deeper throaty female voice and Anwyn thought she knew that voice, though couldn't place the woman. Anwyn wasn't an expert on cars, but Anthony had shown her a bit about the various parts, so she obediently looked in under the hood.

As she did the hood slammed down on her head. She suddenly felt very woozy and everything started spinning. She heard the voice say more clearly.

"You little cunt, now you're going to pay."

The hood slammed down on her head again just as she realised where she knew that voice from. He'd been trying to disguise it, but it was definitely the voice of her ex-boss Wesley Caplin.

By the following morning Theresa was getting worried. On the rare occasions that Mark had needed to stay out late for a stakeout for his job, he had always phoned her to tell her that he was working late. He had never failed to phone her though. Theresa wondered if perhaps that pervert Anthony had somehow lead him astray, but she did not have time to really check it out now as she had to go to work. She left a message on his mobile, and decided that she would have words with him when he got home tonight. It would not do for Mark to do this repeatedly.

When she got home that evening she found that Mark was still not back and she was now seriously worried. He should have been back or called her by now. Theresa considered who she could call to see if she could find out where Mark had got to. Just then the phone rang in the hall.

"This is Theresa Entwistle-Houghton speaking." She answered in her telephone voice.

"How posh!" The voice answered. Theresa could place it and was unsure if it was a man or a woman's voice. "I have something that belongs to you."

"What do you mean?" She enquired.

"Your private dick." The person on the other end chuckled in an insane way at their own joke.

"You've got Mark? What do you want?" Theresa felt her pulses racing as the anxiety increased within her.

"I want the money that he made on me so I can go away and live a new life elsewhere." The person said.

"Who are you? How much?" Theresa found herself babbling out questions in a most unusual manner.

"You can call me Two-Genders and the money I want is the money that the insurance company paid him for the Northern Bank heist." The person chuckled like a maniac. Theresa had read about the prison break the other week, the paper had been full of the news. Then it just clicked with her, this person calling himself Two-Genders was Wesley Caplin. Now that she knew who she was dealing with some of her arrogant confidence returned.

"Mr Caplin, I'm sure that the police will be very interested in our conversation." Theresa threatened. She was never one to take crap from anyone.

"Go to the police Mrs Entwistle-Houghton and you will be searching for parts of the remains of your husband all round Swansea. Get me the money or I send you part of him. I'm going to start small, maybe a finger first. Which part do you value of him the most?" Wesley laughed again. Clearly he was stark raving mad, and clearly she couldn't go to the police.

"I need time to get the money together. Give me a week." She told him.

"You have three days. Then I send you the first part of your husband. Each day after that, you will get a new bit of him for your collection."

"Look, I ..." The phone went dead as Theresa was about to try further bargaining. She put the phone down and desperately tried to think about what she was going to do. She could call the police, but if

they made a mess of things then Mark was probably a dead man. She loved her husband, despite the way she treated him sometimes, and that was not an option for her. She could hand the money over, but she doubted the sincerity of the madman on the other end of the phone. The people at the club would be no help at all to her in this, and although she knew a lot of people socially, they were more acquaintances than friends. There was one person that she could think of who could help, but she'd been trying to avoid thinking about him. The more she thought about it though, the more she had to conclude that Anthony was the only person who might be able to help. She hit the wall in frustration at the thought, before calming herself down and straightening her work clothes. She'd got around the little creep before, she could do it again she realised.

Anthony had spent the day shopping as Angela in the Quadrant Shopping Centre in Swansea and had now arrived home late that afternoon. Since he no longer had any work commitments until after the honeymoon, and Anwyn was at work, he had all the time in the world to relax and enjoy being a beautiful young woman. Several driving licenses of men and women were arrayed on the table in front of him. They were his last little scoop from the graveyard before he left the DVLA last week. It never hurt to have a number of aliases if he needed them in his new line of work.

He'd bought Angela several new dresses and he had spent a considerable time trying them all on again and checking himself out in the tall mirror in Angela's den. He particularly liked the blue cocktail dress, though he was unsure that blue was really a good colour for Angela. Anthony figured that he had plenty of time to play since Anwyn was due to be going to her final wedding dress fitting tonight on her way home. After getting into the tight blue dress he strolled out into the garden and practiced modelling as Angela up and down the garden path. He'd not had any more modelling shows to do yet, but it didn't hurt to practise. Anthony loved strutting up and down the garden in his heels and wished that he could film himself and then watch his performance back on the TV screen. He was starting to get turned on by the swish of the dress against the nylon of his tights and had to start taking smaller steps less his growing erection explode inside his suit.

Anthony wondered briefly what Angela would look like in a Wedding dress, but quickly dismissed it. He'd promised Anwyn that he'd behave, and let her have her moment as the blushing bride marrying her sweetheart at the weekend. Anthony's suit and frock coat were hanging up in the bedroom he shared with Anwyn. Though it was nice and would look OK on him, Anthony decided to himself that women had much the nicer deal in clothes.

He headed back inside as it was starting to get dark and was about to strip out of the blue dress when the phone rang downstairs. He'd have to answer it in his own voice, despite being tempted to answer as Angela.

"Hello." He said simply into the mouthpiece.

"Is Anwyn there?" The voice said on the other end of the phone. Anthony couldn't place the voice or tell if it was a man or a woman. He didn't know too many of Anwyn's friends.

"No she's not in, and not likely to be back until later. Who shall I said called?"

"Oh she won't be coming back tonight." The voice said. "She's nice and safe here with me." Anthony was rapidly trying to work out if someone was yanking his chain.

"Who is that?"

"Well at the moment I'm Hannah but I could be anyone. You can call me Two-Genders if that makes you feel better." It sounded to Anthony that some sicko had kidnapped Anwyn. But why her? She'd never hurt a fly.

"What do you want?" He asked.

"I want a little revenge and a lot of money." Anthony could understand the revenge and the money, but this was different. This evil person had Anwyn. "I want what Anwyn made from the Northern Bank collar." Someone who knew about Anwyn's involvement in the arrest was obviously trying to cash in. Of course what they didn't know was that it wasn't really Anwyn who'd found out the information and passed it onto Mark.

"We don't have the money. We spent it on the wedding."

"Then I'll have whatever money you have and I want your wedding. I want the rings, the cake, the honeymoon tickets and the dress. I will take from her as she has taken from me."

"I can't just get my hands on those things right now." Anthony said at last.

"You have two days, else you'll start discovering parts of the good little PA at your door on a daily basis. I'll be in touch again with you tomorrow night." Two-Genders menaced.

"If you touch a hair on Anwyn's head then you will regret it." Anthony threatened.

"I'll do more than that and you'd do well to be nice to me." With that the phone went dead.

Anthony put the phone down and was furious for not seeing this coming. He'd need to get the Wedding dress somehow, but the shop wouldn't let him have it as he was the bridegroom. With Anwyn not able to attend the fitting tonight there was only one alternative. Anthony headed up to the loft to retrieve the Anwyn suit that he'd deposited there months ago. He was now glad that he hadn't destroyed the suit and mask as Anwyn had demanded.

He'd just hauled it down from the loft and put the ladder away when there was a knock at the door. Still dressed as Angela he had no alternative but to go and answer the door as his alter ego. For the second time in his life he was surprised to see Theresa stood at his door wearing a grey pin striped business suit and heels.

"Theresa, I'm afraid I don't have time for our usual insults right now, can this wait until later?" He told her bluntly.

"No it can't wait Anthony, Mark has been kidnapped by Wesley Caplin and he needs your help." Anthony had to process this statement on several levels. Firstly he kicked himself that he hadn't realised that Two-Genders was Wesley Caplin. It was obvious now that Theresa had told him, but at the time he hadn't twigged it. Secondly, he noted that Theresa had twisted it to say that Mark needed his help, when in fact she meant that she needed his help, but she couldn't bring herself to

say it. Finally it registered that Wesley had kidnapped both Anwyn and well as Mark. He really was going all out for revenge.

"OK Theresa, we do need to talk. You'd better come in. He has Anwyn as well." Anthony replied in Angela's voice. Despite the fact that Theresa knew it was him, he couldn't bring himself to drop the charade in front of her. "We should call the Police."

"He said if we got the police involved he'd kill Mark. He's a sick man that deserved prison, but I can't let him dismember my husband." Theresa said as she entered the house. Anthony remembered that she'd called him a pervert not long ago, so it seemed that her standards were somewhat flexible.

"He won't be touching Anwyn either if I have my way, but first we need to find out where he is holding them. To be honest that was Mark's area of specialty. Once we know where they are, then I will get them free. We have a few days to plan. Can I suggest we think about it overnight and then meet up tomorrow to discuss ideas?"

"Very well." Theresa said somewhat miffed. Anthony assumed that she thought he should have the solution right this minute.

"I'll come round to your house at 10am tomorrow then." Anthony said as Theresa got up to go.

"Anthony, your partner is relying on you to rescue him." Theresa poured the pressure onto him, but he could hear the desperation in her voice. Once she'd gone he bounded upstairs to the disguise den and took off Angela's face and put on the Anwyn mask. He then headed back downstairs and found the number for the Wedding dress shop on the phone.

"Hi, it's Anwyn Thomas." He whispered into the voice changer. "I'm afraid I'm going to be half an hour later for my final fitting, can you hold on for me?"

"Ah Miss Thomas we were getting worried about you. Yes I can hold on a bit." That was all he needed to know and after putting the phone down he went to strip out of Angela and once again don the Anwyn disguise.

Wesley put the phone down and chuckled to himself. They'd spend ages trying to fulfil his demands, meanwhile he'd have plenty of time to start to damage his victims. He'd had a nice life, house and job until these two had ruined it all for him and fundamentally changed him. His revenge was not as simple as money or possessions. No he wanted to get his revenge by breaking the detective and his ex-PA. There was nothing worse that he could think of doing than taking something from you and giving it back broken. As he sat down his knickers began to ride up, and he was forced to pull them away from his bum crack. He headed out of the phone box and got back into Ruth's car to head back to the cottage. When he got there he headed straight to the living room where Mark was tied up.

"Hello my dear. Did you enjoy your medicine and that little drink that I gave you earlier?" Wesley cooed. Mark couldn't really reply due to the gag in his mouth and his grunts were unintelligible. "Oh you did! How lovely!" The crushed Viagra in the orange juice had really done its job. Wesley looked down at Mark's bulging trousers and knelt down to unzip his flies. This was the first time Wesley had

initiated such an action. In Swansea jail he'd let the men on D wing do it to him, but it had been hard for him to accept such an act at first. Now he was doing it voluntarily.

"Oh you are excited to see me." Wesley's manicured hands moved down to rub Mark's cock. "I'm afraid you're going to have to go in the back entrance as I'm afraid it's my time of the month. Well to be honest it's always that time for me. Wesley lowered his knickers, gaff and tights before lowering his rear onto Mark's cock. He then pumped his arse onto Mark's cock until Mark eventually came.

"That was nice wasn't it? I'm afraid not everything that we do is going to be as nice as that Mark." Wesley chuckled to himself as he headed to his other captive's room.

Ed was not on rota for the next day, so he spent the day with Irena. During the morning they had talked extensively, but after a while Ed persuaded Irena that they should get some air. They'd headed out to Singleton Park and on their way Ed had dropped into the station to make a request for a report on Mark Entwistle-Houghton's phone records for yesterday. Ed knew that it would take a day or two to get the report, so he enjoyed the time that he'd spent in the park with Irena. It seemed that Irena had been pretty messed up over the years and that she had a number of issues. However Ed was a good listener. He'd had lots of experience listening to his mother drone on about the war and other tales of the past in the home she was now in, and he absorbed everything that Irena told him. He'd even tried to offer suggestions to help.

Ed realised that although she was really screwed up but that he also really liked Irena. Underneath all the neurosis's and issues that she had, Irena was a kind and gentle soul.

"I'd like to help find Mark as vell iv I can." Irena said that evening. "I'm no detective but him and his partner Angela helped me in Cardiff and I'd really like to repay ze favour."

"That's kind of you Irena, but I'm going to struggle to find him as it is. If there is anything you can do I'll let you know though."

Anthony had tightened the corset up as much as he could by himself, but he still thought that he hadn't done enough. Anwyn's clothes were tight over his latex body and he hoped that he'd be able to fit into the wedding dress to convince Mrs Emsworth in the shop that he was Anwyn. The tight clothes made Anwyn's breasts more pronounced than normal as he entered the shop in one of Anwyn's spare work suits and flats. Anthony would have preferred being in heels, but he was pretending to be Anwyn so he had to stay in character.

"Good evening Iris." The fake Anwyn said.

"Miss Thomas, glad you could finally make it." Iris Emsworth replied. "Come through and get those clothes off quickly. I have to get home in twenty minutes to get my kids tea."

Anthony slipped his flat shoes off and pulled down his long business skirt. Then he took off her jacket and unbuttoned the tight blouse to reveal her matching white bra and panty set.

"You'll need to put the corset on first" Iris said handing the fake Anwyn a white waist nipper. Anthony wondered if it would be effective as he already had a corset on under his Anwyn suit. Mrs Emsworth kindly tightened the corset up for him and then assisted him in getting into the white gown. It was supposed to be unlucky for the bridegroom to see the dress before the wedding, but Anthony decided that since he was currently Anwyn that it wouldn't count. Besides if having your future wife kidnapped didn't count as bad luck he didn't know what did.

"You've put on a little you know. I'll have to take out the bust a bit." Iris continued to fuss around him. "You won't be able to take it tonight, it will probably be done the day after tomorrow."

"That's OK, I have some time off then Iris. I'll come and pick it up then." Anthony admired the image of Anwyn in the mirror looking back at him. She was going to make a beautiful bride. He wished that she wore more girly things like this more often. "Now if you can help me out of this then I'll get dressed and let you get home to your children."

The real Anwyn heard the noises from downstairs and knew that her captor would be coming for her soon. She tried to free herself from the bonds but Wesley had tied the knots too well for her to escape. On the other side of the bedroom from where she was tied up was her handbag on the vanity table. She really didn't want her captor to look in her handbag as the unviewed pregnancy test was still sat inside there. If it was positive, then there would be two lives at stake here and not one. She really didn't want Wesley to know that and have more power over her.

She heard Wesley coming up the stairs and saw him enter the room. He was still wearing the same dress that he had on when he kidnapped her and now that she could study him in detail she didn't know why she hadn't spotted earlier that he was a man in drag. It was not like she didn't have experience with this sort of thing, Anthony was exceptional at it after all. Whilst Wesley had got many things right, he was certainly no expert at cross-dressing. Now Anwyn could see little things that gave the game away, such as his breast forms being slightly misaligned, his stubble starting to re-emerge and the size of his hands. Anthony was a small man who wore a mask and he got away with such things, but Wesley could not. She cursed herself as to why she didn't spot these things earlier.

"Don't feel left out my little hummingbird. It's your turn now. Since I made such a mess of your hair earlier with all that blood I feel it only right to do something about it." Anwyn could see Wesley produce a pair of kitchen scissors from behind his back. He then proceeded to hack away at her mousy brown locks until all that was left were short tufts of hair. Anwyn could see in the mirror on the bedroom wall by the vanity that she now looked a fright.

"Much better don't you think?" Wesley said cheerfully. He was clearly mad. "Your fiancé will be delivering your dress, the rings and the cake in a few days so there will be everything we need to get married. I no longer have a wife now because of you and that detective, so I need a replacement. If he thinks that I'm going to let you go after this he has another thing coming. Revenge is such a delicious thing don't you think?"

Wesley pawed at her messed up hair a bit as he continued to tell her everything he had planned. Why the hell did he think that she wanted to hear about it? Anwyn tuned out from her captor's

monologue, and began to think about Anthony. She hoped he'd be planning something by now, he always seemed to have some idea in mind when it came to these things. She concentrated her thoughts on him and imagined some bold rescue plan, though as she continued she guessed that he'd somehow manage to involve Angela somewhere into the plan. It's not that she minded Angela too much, it was just that Anthony didn't seem to know where the boundaries were. In her own way she was sort of becoming fond of Angela in a best girlfriend kind of way, but she really wanted to have a man in the conventional sense of a relationship. Anthony was not strong, or classically tall dark and handsome, but he was clever and he loved her. That was all that she asked.

Suddenly the dull moan of Wesley's speech was gone, and Anwyn realised that she was alone once again. Briefly she wondered what Wesley had been saying, but she quickly dismissed it. She didn't want to know how he was going to do to try and screw her up. She just needed to concentrate on what was good in her life and she knew that she'd be fine.

Theresa tried to wait patiently for Anthony to show up the next morning, though she was not at all a patient woman. As a result she began pacing up and down her living room and periodically looked out of the window for Anthony to show up. About ten minutes after he was due to turn up, Theresa got the shock of her life when she saw Anwyn walk up her garden path. Had Anthony managed to free them both already without her? She rushed to the door and opened it for Anwyn.

"I was expecting Anthony. How did you get free from that monster?" Theresa demanded.

"Let me in," Anwyn said to her, "and I'll explain." Something was odd here, but she moved aside and let Anwyn in.

"It's me, Anthony." Anwyn said. The figure in front of her looked and spoke exactly like Anwyn, and had she not already known that Anthony had a talent for dressing up as women, then she would have dismissed it.

"That's incredible. I really did think you were Anwyn. Though that brings your perverted activities to a whole new level Anthony. Dressing up as your fiancé really takes the biscuit."

"Knock it off Theresa, we have to focus on the rescue." Anthony replied. "The good news is that I now have a plan of sorts, though I'm going to need you to find me something. Mark had a locator bug and a device for finding the bug in Cardiff. We're going to really need that for all this to work. Wesley wants me to give him Anwyn's wedding dress, our wedding rings and cake. I'm proposing to put the locator in the dress so that we can track him back to where-ever he is holding Mark and Anwyn."

"Ok, I'll have a look in Mark's workshop in a minute." Theresa replied sternly. "But that still doesn't answer the question as to why you are disguised as your fiancé."

"Oh, that's simple. Anthony can hardly go and pick up Anwyn's dress now could he?" The fake Anwyn replied to her.

"No, I suppose not." Theresa didn't extend her thoughts to Anthony any further on this. There were whole areas of perversion involved in all this that her mind instinctively disapproved of.

Theresa headed into Mark's electronics workshop and began hunting for the device that Anthony had asked for. She didn't like to say so, but she was not really sure exactly what she was looking for. Mark had a load of electronics parts strewn around the workshop, and she'd given up trying to tidy it all up. When they had visitors around she'd simply locked the small room to ensure that no one accidentally came in here and saw all the mess.

"What exactly did it look like." Theresa called out at last to Anthony. The figure of Anwyn demurely came in to the room taking small careful steps in her flat shoes. Theresa couldn't believe how well Anthony was mimicking Anwyn's mannerisms. She wondered how many times she had met Anwyn and it was really Anthony in his superb disguise.

"The controller was a small grey box with two lights and a needle on it. The bug was a small device like a little press stud." Anthony replied.

They continued looking and Theresa caught occasional peeks at the fake Anwyn. She couldn't see much of her skin as it was covered by a cardigan and slacks, but her small breasts and perky little rear were exactly as she remembered the real Anwyn.

"I think this is it." The fake Anwyn told her, picking up a grey looking box. "You don't mind if I take this with me do you?"

"No, fine. However I want you to go through the full plan." Theresa was nervous that she didn't really know what Anthony had planned. She didn't want to get another surprise in all this, and she wanted to ensure that she got Mark back safe and sound.

Ed was on duty the following day and had to leave Irena at the hotel. She had begged him to stay with her, but he had to go into work. He promised her faithfully that as soon as he was off shift that he'd return to her. She was extremely needy at this time, but only because she was so vulnerable. Ed wanted to protect her with all his heart, and he hoped that he had enough to give so that she would stop tormenting herself so.

When he got into the station he went to check whether Mark's work phone records had come in. The constable on the desk told him that they hadn't yet, but that they were expected later in the day. There was little he could do but wait therefore and go about his duties on his beat.

Sometime later in the day he found an excuse to head back to the station where he once again checked to see if the list was in. The Constable behind the desk this time produced the document and asked him why he needed it.

"Just some enquiries into the missing prisoners Joe." He replied.

Ed proceeded to start to work his way down the list of numbers that had called Mark during the day. He crossed off the numbers that he knew, his own numbers and the calls that came from Theresa he managed to eliminate quickly. He was left with seven numbers that he couldn't instantly identify and he knew that he would need to go online to try and find out the addresses from the phone numbers. He headed to the library in Swansea and sat down on one of the computers to

begin going through the numbers. He got six addresses and the seventh one turned out to be a phone box up near the airport.

He worked out that he probably had time to go around to four of the addresses today. He decided that tomorrow on his day off he would go to the other two and the phone box with Irena.

Anthony headed to the discount wedding dress store where he thumbed through the racks until he found something vaguely suitable in Anwyn's size. The woman behind the counter came up and asked her if 'she' needed any help, and Anthony decided that he needed to try on the dress before buying. Even though it was a discount second hand wedding dress, it was still going to cost him £120. He needed it to look vaguely like the real dress, though he doubted that Wesley would have any idea what the difference was.

He took the dress into the changing rooms and began stripping out of Anwyn's cardigan, sweatshirt and slacks. Underneath he had a pair of lacy topped stockings and sexy underwear that no one else could see. Anthony loved the thought of his wife in this sexy underwear, though she rarely wore anything like this except on special occasions. Today though he had little time to fanaticise about the clothes he was wearing and he quickly donned the dress. It pretty well fit him and although he would normally reject it due to a number of style issues that the dress had, he decided it would do. There was little time to get this sorted and he still needed to pick a fake cake up before the end of the day. The rings and the tickets he wasn't going to fake. He hoped that he would be able get them back from Wesley once this had all finished.

Irena had been waiting in the hotel room all day, nervously awaiting Ed's return from his work. What if he didn't come back? What if his promises were like all the other promises she'd had from men in the past? Ronaldo hadn't been the only man to cheat on her. She could feel the adrenaline pumping around her body as she paced the room. The temptation to get the knife and ease her suffering had been intense during the day, but somehow she had managed to get through the day without giving in to her impulse.

Ed showed up ten minutes early much to Irena's relief still wearing his police Sergeants' uniform. Irena thought he looked really smart in his uniform. She decided that she liked a man in uniform.

"No luck today." He said simply. "I have some leads that we can check up on tomorrow though." Irena brightened as she replied.

"I vill help zu Edvard. We vill find Mark, you vill see." Irena pulled the man who had appeared suddenly into her life towards her and smelt the musky odour of man on him. She smiled as she pulled him closer for a kiss. There were other ways to make you feel alive in life than cutting, and Irena was determined that she would experience it in a positive way from now on.

Wesley had enjoyed torturing Mark after he had left Anwyn, but he knew that he needed to start to get his plans into motion for tomorrow. The burns on Mark's chest and arms would heal

eventually but would cause him pain for some time yet. Anwyn he would deal with properly tomorrow once that dippy fiancé of hers had provided him all the items he needed.

Wesley headed out from the house to Ruth's car. It was about a mile to the phone box, but he really didn't want to walk it in a dress and heels. He was getting better at walking in heels, but he still didn't fancy his chances down a rapidly darkening country lane. As he got into the car he briefly wondered why he was doing all this. Why he was wearing women's clothing to take revenge and what all the point of it was? He reached down and felt his own smooth touch on his nylons and the promise that the silky smooth touch on his legs gave him send signals of pleasure to his trapped cock pushed back between his legs. Is that how the man in the fake Irena suit had felt, being the thing that he loved? Wesley still loved women and had strong desires to make love to one as a man, but in jail he had conditioned himself to accept a man making love to him. He no longer understood himself and perhaps that was the source of his confusion. The self pleasure was one of the few things that he had left that he truly understood.

The drive to the phone box was short and he got out of the car to walk to the phone box when he discovered that it was already occupied by a teenage boy. Didn't they all have mobile phones now? Wesley was tempted to forcibly rip the boy from the phone box and add him to his collection of hostages, but that would bring too much attention to the location here in the middle of nowhere. So he was forced to wait until the boy had finished. As he left the box the boy gave Wesley a quick visual inspection, though the distance and the darkness had meant that whatever view the boy had gotten, it had merely said a middle aged woman was waiting to use the phone.

Wesley rang the home number for Anwyn Thomas once again and waited patiently for her dozy fiancé to answer. This was going to be like taking candy from a baby.

"Hello Anthony Danforth speaking." The other end of the phone answered.

"Do you have the goods?" Wesley said as menacingly as he could in his fake female voice.

"Yes I have the wedding items. What do you want me to do with them?"

"Pack them up neatly so that the cake and the dress don't get damaged then go tomorrow morning at 9am sharp to the old abandoned industrial estate in Sketty. Wait in the middle of between all the offices. Come alone or the future Mrs Danforth dies."

"Understood. Then you'll free Anwyn." The voice on the phone stated.

"We'll see. " Wesley said putting the receiver down. He had no intention of letting her go, but there was no reason to tell this Anthony person that now was there?

Anthony felt strange being himself for the first time in days. He no longer had any breasts, however his waist was still being nipped by an infernal corset. After he'd finished the exchange of the wedding items he'd need to get changed quickly, and he wanted to get a head start on it. He had the Wedding dress, tickets and the rings in a case, and a separate Tupperware box with the cake in it sitting down by his side.

He felt a little stupid standing in the middle of an empty business park with a bunch of wedding accoutrements, but this was necessary to get Anwyn back. The creep Wesley was late and he scanned his watch for the fifth time to see how long had passed since the last time. Another five minutes had passed. He was worried about Anwyn and how she'd cope with being kidnapped. She was shy at the best of times, but having a psychopath kidnap her, that could really send her into her shell.

He heard the sound of a van approaching with its lights on. Anthony could just make out a black figure in the driver's seat who stopped the van in front of him and got out. Now that he could see the man out of the headlights he spotted that he was wearing a brown uniform with UPS on the side.

"You got a package for me then?" The driver said.

Anthony looked at the man slack jawed. He'd expected Wesley to come himself, and just wasn't prepared for this.

"Oh yeah, they're here." Anthony said pointing at the suitcase and the box. "Careful with the Tupperware there's a cake in there."

"Sure thing mate." The driver said. With that he picked up the case and then slung it into the back of the van. He then went back for the Tupperware and Anthony had a horrible suspicion that it was going to get the same treatment.

"So where are you taking them then?" Anthony asked pleasantly.

"Sorry mate. I have specific instructions on the docket not to tell you that. More than my jobsworth to go against a client's instructions." With that the UPS driver slung the Tupperware into the van with less care than the case.

"OK mate, no worries." Anthony said as he signed the pickup sheet. He looked at the docket but could not see any information on the person who'd ordered the pickup. He waited until the van drove away and then hung around for another ten minutes. He had no way of knowing whether Wesley was watching the exchange or not and he wanted Wesley to feel safe that he wasn't following the van. After the ten minutes were up he headed home to go and change.

Theresa had never been involved in her husband's work before. She was feeling both nervous and excited tension as she followed the little blip on the screen in her BMW. The van first of all headed in towards Swansea city and then out again towards the airport. It finally pulled up on the outskirts of the airport and the driver left the packages in an old hut. Theresa pushed her dark glasses up on her nose and then pulled up the collar on the Macintosh she was wearing so that no one would recognise her in her car as she waited. She finally felt like a real detective.

Ed had checked the last two phone numbers out; both had been legitimate contacts of Mark's. He was now just left with the phone box out near the airport as his last suspect. Somehow he'd known

all along that it would be the phone box where the call was made from. Far easier to hide if you use a public call box. Deep inside, Ed knew that he probably shouldn't be bringing Irena with him, but she had begged to come along. She told him she couldn't stand to be without him and that she wanted to do all she could to help Mark. Irena was not really dressed for a stakeout, with a pink chemise, long black skirt and high boots. Mark hoped that she would wait in the car whilst he checked the phone box.

The box itself was empty, but hanging around nearby it on a BMX bike was a teenager who really should be at school. Ed headed over to the teenager who looked at him warily.

"I'm looking for someone who's started using this box recently. Have you seen anyone matching that description?" The teenager gave him the finger but then stared wide eyed at something behind him.

"Are, are are you Irena Ganalov?" The teenager stuttered nervously.

"Yes." She replied from behind Ed. "Ve really need to know if zu hav seen anyone new around zis box." Ed guessed that Irena coming here was a wet dream come true for the lad, who'd perhaps seen far too many pictures of the model in The Sun.

"There was some tall bird here yesterday. Showed up in an old Ford." The lad answered her. "Can I have your autograph? Clive will never believe I met you."

"Ov course. You can't remember ze number plate can you?" Irena said kindly getting some paper and a pencil from her bag. She signed the paper 'With Love Irena' and gave it to him.

"Yeah it was M155 RTH. Can't miss a personalised number plate, even if it was a crap old car." The kid told her, glowing at the piece of paper that Irena handed him.

"Thanks kid." Ed said to him. The kid stuck his tongue out at him and blew a kiss to Irena as he cycled off. Ed was sure that the kid should have been in school, his police instincts kicking in.

They headed back to the car and Ed picked up his police radio from the dashboard.

"This is officer 1966 requesting a PNC check." Ed said into the radio. "Mike, one, five, five, Romeo, Tango, Hotel."

"Car is a brown Ford Escort. Owner is a Miss Ruth Capshaw of Rectory Cottage, Bryn-afel." Ed was excited. They'd finally got a location and he could feel that he was really on the scent of his quarry now.

Anthony had changed into the Anwyn suit as fast as he could and donned her spare work suit to match as closely as possible what she was wearing when she was kidnapped. As he was changing Angela's mobile rang.

"Anthony, the package was delivered to an old hut on the airport grounds. It was picked up by a tall freak in women's clothing and I tailed her back to some house in Bryn-afel." Theresa said.

“Good Theresa. Now keep watch from a distance and wait there out of sight until I get there. Under no circumstances should you go in. Got that?”

“Yes I understand what you are telling me.” Theresa replied in a snotty tone of voice and she hung up.

Anthony knew he’d need to get out there as quickly as he could. The plan was a simple one, but he would have to rely on Theresa for it to succeed and he’d never gotten on well with Theresa. He would pretend to be Anwyn having escaped from captivity and would get Wesley to chase him. Meanwhile Theresa would go in and untie the hostages and free them. He hadn’t had a lot of time to do Anwyn’s makeup properly, but the mask and suit would be good enough to fool Wesley he thought.

When he got to the small hamlet by the airport it took Anthony a while to find the right house. Theresa’s car parked nearby though eventually gave the game away. The problem was that Theresa’s car was now empty. Where the hell had that damned woman gone now?

Theresa was not going to be ordered around by that little pervert. She was the one who’d found where her husband was, and she’d be damned if Anthony was going to prance along and take all the credit for her hard work. It was simple really. She’d sneak around the back of the cottage and when that creep Wesley wasn’t looking she’d sneak in and rescue him. What could be simpler?

With the help of an old abandoned crate she hefted herself over the fence into the back garden of the cottage and proceeded towards the cottage. There was nothing to this detective lark. She could have been her husband’s partner, and she had a good mind to tell that Anthony to take a hike when all of this was over. She never liked him anyway, and now she was doing all the work whilst that pervert was playing his silly perverted dress up games again. She concentrated on the rear door as she approached the cottage and completely failed to see the wire in the grass that she stripped over. The noise of a load of cans connected to the wire clanking down to the ground was pronounced and Theresa suddenly felt much more afraid.

Theresa struggled to pick herself up from the ground. As she began to rise she saw the door opening and a tall female figure approach her with a baseball bat.

“It’s so nice of you to join us.” The feminine figure said in a distinctly male voice as the bat connected to the side of her head and everything went black.

There was nothing for it now but to try and confront Wesley, Anthony thought. He headed to the front of the house and found the door locked. He knew that he’d have to break a window and enter, though he was unsure exactly how quiet he would be doing it. He did a quick punch on the window and was rewarded with a cut across his knuckles. Ignoring the pain, Anthony unlatched the large window and climbed through into the house. As he did so the door opened and a tall figure in women’s clothing entered with a shotgun in hand.

"How did you....? Wait a second you have all your hair, you can't be Anwyn!" The figure demanded in a male voice. Anthony needed to think quickly now. He hadn't taken into account that Wesley would have done something to his wife.

"You have my twin sister here. I'm the real Anwyn." Anthony said in Anwyn's voice. "I'm here to pay you back for all those gropes on my bottom as well as kidnapping my twin."

"Now I'm going to do more than grope your bottom Anwyn. I might remind you that I am the one with the shotgun. So tell me. If indeed you are the real Anwyn, tell me what flowers I asked you to get for my wife on that last fateful week?"

"Tulips. " Anthony replied.

"Very good, it seems I do indeed have the right Anwyn now. You deprived me of my wife and now you are going to be my bride. Follow me." Wesley motioned for him to move out of the dining room into the lounge where Mark was tied to a chair looking really concerned. Ruth and Theresa were sat bound and gagged on the sofa. Theresa looked back vacantly at him, unconscious with blood streaming from a head wound.

"I have my witnesses for the ceremony, now strip and get into the dress that your fiancé kindly provided me." Wesley pointed at the suitcase in the corner that Anthony himself had packed earlier. Anthony was forced to strip out of Anwyn's spare suit, taking off her jacket, long skirt and blouse revealing his undergarments. He finished out the Wedding dress from the case and started to pull up the dress. He'd already checked that it fit without another corset so he was able to pull the cheap wedding dress up around his waist without any difficulty. Doing up the back though was beyond him in this monster puffball wedding dress and he struggled with it until Wesley came up behind him with the shotgun in his back and did it up.

"Good, now go and collect your bouquet and we can begin." In the corner of the room, next to the cake, was a small bunch of flowers that had come from a garage forecourt. They still had the price tag showing £5 on them. As Anthony turned around with the flowers he heard the Wedding March coming from an old tape recorder.

"Time for our shotgun wedding my love." Wesley had by now removed his wig and looked a strange sight in his dress and makeup with his short manly hair. After the Wedding March finished Anthony heard a male voice come out of the tape. He wasn't sure but he thought it was actually Wesley trying to do an old man's voice.

"Dearly beloved we are gathered here today to celebrate the Wedding of Wesley Caplin and Anwyn Thomas." The tape droned on for a while, Wesley clearly enjoying his role as the fake vicar performing a ceremony.

"Do you Wesley Arthur Caplin take Anwyn Thomas to be your lawfully wedded wife." The tape said.

"I do." Wesley replied to himself.

"And do you Anwyn Thomas take Wesley Arthur Caplin to be your lawfully wedded husband?" Wesley pointed the shotgun at the fake Anwyn menacingly. Anthony took a deep breath and after a second or two was forced to reply.

"I do." This sick and twisted game was only going to end up one way. Anthony really did not want to be forced to consummate this sham marriage with Wesley.

"Does anyone have any objections to this union between this man and this woman? If so speak now or forever hold you peace." Mark and Ruth looked on unable to respond properly through their gags, grunting as best they could. Anthony prayed that someone would intervene now, but everyone who could help him now were tied up in this house. He was really screwed now.

Ed and Irena approached the house from the road, and noticed two cars out the front. He recognised Theresa's BMW and wondered to himself what it was doing parked up here. He quickly informed Irena that he would go around the back and scout whilst she waited here.

Ed spotted the box that Theresa used to get over the fence with, and then saw the mess she'd made of the flower beds as she'd scrambled over the fence. He followed her trail of destruction in the garden, including the wire lying in the path with all the cans still attached. He noted the blood on the grass. Very carefully he approached the house and looked in the lounge patio door. There he spotted Wesley wearing a dress aiming a shotgun at a mousy brown haired woman in a wedding dress. Tied up on the sofa he spotted Mark, Theresa and another woman. This was going to be a tricky one since the suspect was armed and very dangerous.

Then suddenly he spotted Irena striding into the room in her heeled boots. Oh shit, he thought to himself, what the hell is she doing going in there. He decided that he'd have to do something now before she got herself killed.

"I object." Irena said out loud, bold as brass as she entered the room. Wesley looked at her stupidly, his jaw hanging open. "Zu do not luv zis woman Vesley." Wesley could not believe what he was seeing. Irena Ganalov the beautiful woman he thought he been fucking as he plotted to get the money from the Northern bank robbery was here interrupting his wedding.

"Are you really Irena or another fake?" He asked finally pointing the gun at her.

"I am very real Vesley, and I hav leant zat luv iz the thing zat keeps us going in life. Vithout it ve will just go mad." Irena said confidently.

"I always loved you Irena." Wesley said somewhat sadly. "Even though you weren't the real Irena at the time. If you are the real Irena, then I will marry you instead of this plain bitch." Wesley said pointing the gun at her.

It all happened so fast then. Ed burst in through the patio door and clocked Wesley on the head with his truncheon. Wesley went down like a sack of potatoes and dropped the shotgun onto the floor which went off, narrowly missing Irena.

"Zu see, I am prepared to die for my luv Vesley, and I know he vill always come for me." Irena said sadly as Wesley fell to the ground. Ed headed over to make sure she was alright. "Zu just hav a lust for the version of me zat zu see in the papers. It's fairly common, but my Ed really luv's me."

After embracing her, Irena helped Ed and Anwyn untie the various people in the room. Anwyn did not hang around but dashed upstairs, though Irena could not fathom out why. She untied Theresa but the poor woman was still not moving.

“Ed, I zink that zere iz a problem with Theresa.” She said as a concerned Mark came over to his wife.

Anwyn could hear the wedding music downstairs and was puzzled as to why Wesley had not dragged her downstairs to participate in his absurd fantasy. This was followed by a sound of glass breaking, a thunk noise and then various mumbled conversations downstairs. Then Anwyn beheld the most surprising, absurd and amazing thing that she had ever seen. Coming into the bedroom where she was held was another version of herself in a wedding dress. She knew exactly who it was looking like her in that dress.

“Are you alright? He hasn’t hurt you has he?” Her double asked her.

Her double came over to her and started to untie her, though it was only once the gag had been removed that she could finally answer Anthony.

“No I’m fine, it’s just my hair he’s ruined, and that will grow back eventually. I think though that we need to have a talk once we get home Anthony. Now go down stairs and get everything ready for us to leave before the police get here. I doubt we’d be able to explain two Anwyn Thomas’ to them.”

Anthony nodded his agreement and headed off, whilst Anwyn headed over to her handbag. She’d been itching to look at the test result for days and only now would she find out the truth. She pulled the test out of her bag and examined it. The light blue strip in the centre of the test paper was now a bright pinky-red colour. Things were going to be much more interesting from now on she thought.

Mark rushed to his wife’s side and checked her pulse. She was still alive but her pulse was very weak. He needed to get her to a hospital quickly. He asked to borrow a mobile to ring for an ambulance and Irena Ganalov obliged him, whilst Ed called the police on his own mobile. It was all a bit much for Mark, after having been starved and tortured by Wesley for days, and he kicked the prone form of Wesley on the floor. He headed over and picked up the shotgun and pumped it to remove the empty shell and load the other barrel. He then headed over to the prone form of Wesley lying on the ground and pointed it at his head.

“Don’t do it mate.” Ed said to him. “You don’t want to be arrested for murder. You are better than that!”

“Stay out of my way Ed. He has ruined my life and now he has to pay.” Mark could still feel the pain in his balls where Wesley had beaten them black and blue with a baseball bat. He wondered if he’d still be able to have children now, assuming that Theresa survived the blow to her head.

“You know I can’t let you do this. I’m a policeman and I must report what happens here Mark. You of all people should understand that.”

Mark kicked Wesley again in frustration and un-cocked the shotgun.

"Theresa better be alright." Mark said angrily or I really will be gunning for this creep.

"You promised me that you'd destroyed this" Anwyn demanded holding up the Anwyn suit and mask that he'd deposited on the bed after removing it.

"Well I just couldn't bring myself to do it in the end. I'm sorry Anwyn." Anthony apologised.

"I told you that I didn't want any lies between us Anthony. I'm not sure that I can marry you on Sunday now Anthony. I can't marry a liar."

"Honey please. I'll get rid of it. I'll do anything at all, just say so! You know I love you!" Anthony pleaded desperately.

"There is one thing that you can do that will satisfy me now Anthony. You can choose. Either choose me, a family and a future or choose to continue with your masking and Angela. I understand the thrill and excitement of the masking, but you can't have both. Not if you want to stay a decent honest man. The lies must go."

Anthony looked down at the suit and then back into Anwyn's eyes. He'd come to a decision. Now was the moment of truth.

"I'd choose you all the time Anwyn. There really is no choice, but please could you grant me one favour. Let me be Angela one last time, so that she can have proper send off. Claire needs to understand." Anwyn looked at Anthony a smile on her face and she wrapped herself around him and kissed him.

"Fine. You can destroy all the masks and suits together after you come back then. And I'll have a surprise for you when you come back."

Angela knocked on Claire's door for the final time. Claire came down and answered it, surprised by the visit of her friend.

"Angela, this is an unexpected surprise." She said brightly.

"I'm afraid I have some bad news to tell you. I'm going to be going away to Australia tomorrow." Angela said sadly. At least that is where all the convicts used to be sent, Anthony thought.

"Oh dear, so I won't be seeing you any more like this then Anthony?" Claire said unexpectedly. "I'll really miss our little outings together."

"You knew?" Angela replied "How?"

"Anwyn and I discussed it a while ago. I admit that I found it shocking and weird at first, but I remembered something that you said yourself to me when I first met Angela. You said that Anthony could never have helped me when I was in dire trouble as I would never have trusted him. I really

needed help then, and you as Angela were able to give it. So thank you Angela for all you have done for me. I for one will miss you, though I'm not sure whether Anwyn thinks she will, even though I suspect she will. She'll have plenty on her plate soon though I suspect with a little one on the way."

It took a few seconds for it to register.

"Anwyn's pregnant? She didn't tell me." Anthony was a little outraged and Claire looked embarrassed.

"She's not sure yet, but she told me that she thought she might be a few days ago. She was going to check, but Anthony she's awfully late." Claire replied red-faced.

"Thank you for letting me know. Now I had better go back and see my future wife." Angela gave Claire one final hug before heading back to Anthony's house.

Anwyn watched from the top window as Angela walked back to the house confidently on her heels. She had a determined expression on her false face though Anwyn noted with mirth that Angela was maintaining her sexy wiggle as she went. Hopefully Anthony had settled the decision in his mind and that he was starting to accept Angela's fate. Anwyn headed downstairs to meet him at the door.

"All settled?" She asked.

"Yes, but I learned something interesting from Claire!" Angela said rather forcefully. What could be wrong?

"Really, now I have to wonderful news to share with you."

"I already know; Claire told me."

"Oh." Anwyn hadn't figured on this. "You are pleased aren't you?"

"Yes but I'd have rather heard it from you."

"I'm sorry, I was going to tell you straight after we got back, but then you wanted to say goodbye and I decided to wait until you came back."

"You shouldn't have waited you know." Angela told her.

"Yes, I said I was sorry, but I only confirmed it earlier today. Now are you going to do what you agreed then?" She asked.

Angela nodded her lovely head, and walked slowly upstairs to be removed from the body of Anthony Danforth that was safely held inside its latex boundaries. Anwyn sat down and waited in the armchair for her future husband to return.

It was some fifteen minutes later that Anthony returned with a large cardboard box containing loads of latex appliances, breast forms, full suits and wigs. Anwyn thought that Anthony looked like a lost puppy as he headed outside and then headed to the shed to get some petrol for the grand

burning. Anwyn followed him outside and stared at the pile of suits and fake male and female parts. She noted that the Alex suit was also included in the pile. Did she really want this she wondered to herself? What she wanted, what she always wanted, had really only ever been was Anthony. But if she cut him off from this would he resent her for the rest of her marriage? Would he still be the Anthony that she knew and loved? She'd only really wanted him to prove that he wanted her as much as she wanted him, and the ultimate test was whether Anthony was prepared to give up his hobby for her. She'd won that particular battle, and now she felt bad about it. Anthony was just about to tip the petrol can onto the box full of latex appliances.

"Wait Anthony." She said suddenly. "You'll need Angela for your job. You can't get rid of her. Oh and I'd like to keep Alex too. That one you'll need for your disguises in the business too." She continued on until only the Anwyn suit was left.

"So it's just you for the Viking funeral then it seems." Anthony said finally. "I thought we only burned effigies on Bonfire night and that was two weeks ago."

"We don't need to be each other and the Anthony suit is already gone. I think we understand each other well enough now darling. Light them up and bring the rest back in to the room upstairs. Just make sure that they are for your work only though now, and not for your pleasure. You and I can make our own pleasure Anthony. Oh could you rescue the wig from that suit for me. I would really like a proper head of hair in my wedding photos, and I'll need to wear it until my hair grows back properly." Anwyn watched as Anthony did his best to remove the wig from the mask and handed it to her.

After Anthony had lit the remainder of the Anwyn suit, he picked up the box of other disguises and took Anwyn's hand as they went back into the house. In a few days they would be husband and wife and they would be embarking on the whole new adventure called marriage. Soon they would have a young child as well to think about. Anwyn just hoped that their son or daughter would have a more normal hobby when they grew up.

Mark held his wife's hand as she lay in the hospital bed. It was Sunday and he was supposed to be at Anthony and Anwyn's wedding, but there was no way he could go with his wife in the condition she was in. She'd only regained consciousness an hour ago after a three day coma, but the doctors had warned him that there might be complications.

"Mark, tell me again about our life together?" Theresa asked him. The amnesia was an unexpected barrier that he hadn't been prepared for.

"We live together in a nice house on the outskirts of Swansea. You are a manager at a uniform company and I run my own private detective business with two partners, Anthony Danforth and Angela Clemence."

"What are they live? Are they nice?" Theresa asked. Mark thought very carefully before answering her.

“Anthony is a small, clever man who is talented with disguises. Angela is a somewhat enthusiastic red haired woman who has been a really big help to us both in the past Theresa.” He answered her question but left out many of the details.

“Do you think I’ll get on with them?” She asked concerned. “I don’t remember them at all. My memory since we left school is a complete blank Mark.”

“I’m sure we’ll all get on famously in the future.” Mark said. He didn’t add that they would be getting along as long as Theresa’s memory was faulty.

Ed had decided to take Irena to meet his mother at the Sunnyside home that Sunday evening. The home was relatively quiet at this time of the evening and he enjoyed the fact that Irena clutched tightly to his arm as they entered the reception area. He greeted the lady on the desk, who knew him by sight now. They'd stepped up security considerably since a few incidents a few months ago.

“Your mother is awake Mr Jenkinson, if you want to go through. Poor Mrs Clemence though is not doing at all well though, so could you be quiet as you go past her room.”

“I wonder if she is related to Angela?” Irena asked Ed speculatively. Ed had never met this mysterious new business partner of Marks and just shrugged as they headed to his mum’s room.

Just behind Ed and Irena came a flame haired woman accompanied by a hospital nurse. The lady on the desk enquired who they were and the nurse told the receptionist that this was Angela Clemence who was Mrs Clemence’s daughter.

Anthony already knew the directions to Ruth Clemence’s room, but pretended to take them all in as the receptionist explained them. It was a strange experience doing this nightly visit on their wedding night and he was surprised that Anwyn had agreed to it given her recent demands. With Ruth Clemence on the verge of death though, this would be their only opportunity to see her before she died as they were about to embark on their two weeks honeymoon. Ruth was now on a drip and she opened her eyes when she saw the Angel of her daughter.

“I’ve come to take you to heaven now mum.” Angela said softly. Ruth blinked her eyes twice and moved her head slightly to get Angela to come closer to her so that she could hear her.

“Watch over after your half brother for me Angela.” She said in a crackling whisper. Anthony did not know what to say. He didn’t know that Angela had a half brother.

“I will.” He said finally and with that Ruth Clemence let out a final contented sigh. Angela and her faithful nurse headed out of the hospital and back to the hotel they were staying at after the wedding. Anthony smiled as he realised that he’d have to carry Anwyn over the threshold as Angela. Once he’d removed Angela he thought he might like to play a little game of doctors and nurses with his new wife.

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