

The Mysterious Case of the Vengeful Lothario

The changing rooms were empty now all except Laura Robson, the Captain of the hockey team and it was time to make a move. Laura was in the shower and was singing the latest Rita Ora song completely out of tune. That alone might not be a reason for this, but it certainly added to her crimes. She took off shoes and then undid the zip at the back of her skirt before letting it fall to the floor. Slowly, deliberately she undid the buttons of her white blouse before removing it and putting it on the peg. Having removed her blouse it now revealed her lacy pink bra which formed a matched set with her panties. She reached behind her back and unhooked the bra, releasing the creamy white breasts beneath and letting gravity take them once again. She put the bra on the peg as well before slipping the panties down her hips and down to the floor where she retrieved the skirt as well to put on the peg. The mirror now showed her naked reflection in its full glory, but she did not have time to absorb her own image. She picked up her towel and something else from her bag before depositing the towel on the rail before entering the showers.

Laura nodded to her as she entered and then turned to continue to wash her body of the mud from the hockey field as she continued to sing tunelessly. Turning away from her was a mistake. The last mistake that Laura Robson would make as the other girl slammed her head against the shower wall leaving a smear of blood as she fell down in a heap. The other girl adjusted her still now still form so that she had her head to the floor and her arse above her legs. She licked her lips as she turned the shower off that Laura had been using.

The girl felt her breasts with her hands and began speaking to Laura, whose unconscious breathing was very shallow.

"I don't like snitches, especially ones that are jealous of my beautiful body." She said. "But my body has something a little extra. Something you might be surprised about."

The girl standing over Laura Robson took her hands away from her breasts and moved them down to her vagina. At first it seemed that she was going to pleasure herself with a bit of masturbation, but instead she moved her hand into her pussy and began searching around for something. As she did so she winced at something. Finally she seemed to find what she wanted and a distinctive sound of Velcro ripping could be heard. She winced again as she pulled something out of her vagina. That something was a large penis that once freed from its prison was standing fully to attention; removing the catheter and bending it to get it out of her vagina had obviously been painful. She now stood there a strange looking figure - a senior girl with an erect penis sticking out of her vagina. She opened her other hand to reveal a condom still sealed in its packaging and ripped it open with her long nails. Careful not to rip the condom she rolled it onto her erect cock.

"See I didn't think you'd expect that." She said to the still form below her as she knelt down behind Laura and inserted her penis into Laura's pussy. The sight of the two girls coupled together in the shower was completely incongruous and the girl who was now fucking Laura hard smiled an evil smile at the thought of what she was doing. The man inside the girl suit got harder as his fantasies were becoming realised and he knew that he wouldn't last long before he would have to bow to the inevitable. He pulled out for a minute to try and make it last longer so that he could savour the

moment, but as soon as he'd put his cock back into her he exploded in an orgasmic rush, spurting his cum into the condom. Having satisfied himself the man-girl withdrew from Laura again and unrolled the condom from his cock tying the end in a knot so nothing leaked out.

The girl's cock was still erect as it was yet to go down after sex, so she quickly headed out of the showers back to where he clothes were hanging on the peg. she put the sealed condom in the side of her bag and extracted another one from the same place. The man-girl found it nice moving again with his penis freed from its prison but the sight of it coming out of his cunt looked very strange as he moved back to the shower with his replacement condom. Quickly he picked at the knot in the condom and inserted the open end into Laura's vagina before forcing its contents down the rubber and out into her pussy. He hadn't really enjoyed collecting that sample, he was straight and sex with another man was not really his taste, but it was essential for the plan. Indeed he'd need to do it again a couple more times if he was going to complete his plan.

"I'm sure they'll get onto him eventually and when they do my revenge will be complete." A distinctly male voice said from the girl.

Laura was beginning to stir on the shower floor and he couldn't have her calling out. Casually the man-girl raised Laura's head by pulling it up by her hair and then smashing it down onto the shower floor such that she flopped limply to the ground. He felt her pulse. She didn't have one anymore. It was so much easier the second time around he reflected.

He turned on the shower and washed his now shrivelling penis sticking out of his pussy as well as the suit and the pubic hairs all around his fake pussy. He couldn't have any evidence of his manly activities on him, since he really was a good girl. After he finished washing himself he knew it was time to sort himself out and leave the scene of the crime. It was next to impossible to get his penis back in once he'd taken it out like this, so he reached behind his back and found the near invisible zipper disguised as her spine. He pulled it down slowly and opened it out from the back. Once it was loose enough he reached into the gap with one hand and made a bit of room inside the suit by the crotch area. With his other hand he pushed his flaccid penis back into the pussy hole. He got a hold of it with the other hand and manoeuvred it back into the pouch with the catheter that he connected up inside his vagina using the hand within the suit. Using the hand that was outside the suit he reached into his pussy and found the open Velcro strip that he sealed it back up again. It was so much easier doing this from scratch that doing it this way he mused.

With his secret safely tucked away he removed both his hands and did the zipper back up his spine. Then the girl went to get her towel from the rail to dry herself off. She did so in front of the mirror in the changing room so she could look at her perfect body. He'd loved her body for years and now it was his to play with whenever he wanted. In some ways it was better now than last year as he could do whatever he wanted with her body and she wouldn't say no. She rubbed her beautiful tits with the towel, but she didn't have time to really play now.

She quickly donned her lovely pink bra and panty set before putting her green checked skirt and white blouse back on. She'd left her green cardigan in the playground and she decided she'd head back there to pick it up next. Slipping her shoes on she suddenly remembered the other condom in the shower. She wiggled her hips in a sexy walk as she headed back into the shower and picked the condom from the floor.

"Goodbye bitch." She said now in the voice of a seventeen year old girl.

On the way out of the changing rooms she picked up her bag and slipped the condom in the side. She skipped out the doors and headed to see Fiona Mills. As she went she strutted like a catwalk model down the corridor. Fiona had some great gossip that she'd been itching to tell her in class all morning, but Mrs Edwards had stopped them gassing in his class. Besides they were going to practice doing their makeup together in the toilets so they would look totally hot at Jessica's party tonight.

Mark and Theresa had gone on holiday for two weeks to the Caribbean to try and patch up their marriage which had been on the rocks ever since Professor Munro had cured Theresa of her Amnesia. This had left Angela in charge of the office with Phillip Simonson, their new intern as her underling. Anthony as Angela had been enjoying teasing the young man. He was still on probation after his flashing incident and he was desperately trying to keep his nose clean, even to his work colleagues with whom he was very conscious to be very polite to.

Angela leant forward across the desk, her low cut top revealing her glorious bosom to the young man. Phillip tried to look away out of the window but he kept having to focus his eyes back on his boss as she spoke to him.

"We need some more work. Mark's going to kill me if we've done nothing for two whole weeks whilst he's been off." Angela said. She leant back in her chair and put her high heeled nylon clad legs on her desk. This had the effect of letting Phillip see her yellow knickers up her skirt. Anthony knew what he was doing and let the young man squirm.

"No one's been in with a case Miss Clemence, so there's nothing really we can do." Phillip replied politely.

"How many times have I told you Phillip to call me Angela? We're not formal here at Entwhistle Investigations." Angela told him.

"Sorry Miss, I mean Angela." Phillip said and Angela flashed him a smile that could melt any man's heart in gratitude.

"There's a good boy. Go make me a cup of coffee will you Phillip dear." Angela said in a sexy tone. She loved having a man at her beck and call who thought she was really sexy. If Mark was here he'd have stopped Anthony's game pretty soon after it started, but he wasn't. Anthony had not got tired yet of the his little games and he had another eleven days to play yet. His little pet Phillip trotted off to obey Angela's petulant little demand. Of course a week on Friday, the silent partner Anthony Danforth, would need to come into the office on some pretext and give the young man some advice on how to handle Angela before Mark got back. Until then he could have endless fun with their intern.

The police had been at Queen Mary's School for the best part of the day and the headmaster, David Thornton was exhausted. They'd taken DNA samples from both him and Ken Wright, the

caretaker, since there had been signs of sexual activity, possibly rape on the girl. The worse part of the day however had not been that. No it had been telling Laura's parents what had happened. They had initially been shocked and deeply upset, but then had started asking him so very pointed questions. "How could they allow this to happen in their school?"

David Thornton had not had any answer that he was happy with to give Mr and Mrs Robson. All he could do was assure them they were doing everything they could to find the culprit, and that the police were investigating. He wasn't sure though that they were doing everything that they could. The police had done what they normally did but had left now for the day none the wiser who might have murdered Laura. David remembered that the University had experienced some problems a month ago that a private detective agency had cleared up for them. The Vice-Chancellor, William Stanton had been most enthusiastic about their services. He'd said that they sorted out the problem within days when the police had been stumped. If only he could remember what the name of the agency was!

David Thornton decided that he'd give the police three days before he took any other action. He had no doubts that the parents association would be up in arms about all this and would be demanding action before long.

Fiona Mills was staying in tonight as her mum and dad were having a dinner party at which her presence was required. She'd complained bitterly about it since her boyfriend Rob had wanted to meet up with her. She'd proclaimed just how unfair it was and how she hardly even knew her dad's boss and didn't want to meet him anyway. Her friends had commiserated with her about the general unfairness of life. One of them however had secretly given a silent thank you to her parents for an ideal opportunity.

This girl had told her parents that she was going out to the cinema with her friends to see the latest Jennifer Aniston romantic comedy. They'd agreed all too easily and even gave her £10 to get popcorn for the film.

The girl had slipped out with a rucksack on her back whilst her parents were watching some drama on the television. She headed into the local McDonalds and went straight to the ladies. Once in the stall she reached at the back of her head and lifted her hair up to find the Velcro that would release the mask she was wearing. Once released she pulled it forward to reveal the middle aged man beneath the mask. It was only the second time he'd been out of the mask in the past six months, excluding the few brief times when he'd removed it to wash. He opened the rucksack and took another mask out of it. This one had a mop of straight black hair and when he straightened it out, it looked a lot like Fiona Mills. Indeed it was her splitting image.

The man fitted the Fiona mask over his head and once it was all smoothed down he brushed Fiona's hair out so that her locks looked smooth and silky. Fiona stripped out of the other girl's clothes down to her lacy black panties and bra with red love hearts on it and put those clothes on the toilet seat. Opening her rucksack again she took out a bottle with a nozzle on it and took the cap off. She reached into her sexy knickers and aimed the nozzle up her vagina squirting all of the sticky semi solid liquid inside.

She then took out the little black dress from her rucksack and stepped into it, pulling it up over the curves of her hips and fitting the little straps over her shoulders. She reached behind herself and zipped it up so that it hugged her figure. Next she took out a pair of black pumps from her bag and slotted them on her feet. Finally she completed her look with hoop earrings, a fake diamond bracelet and an oversized ring. Fiona stuffed the other girl's clothes and mask into the rucksack before exiting the stall, remembering to flush before she did. She headed over to the sink and checked herself out in the mirror.

God you look sexy. I'd do you myself if I could. The fake Fiona thought to herself.

Fiona admired her curves and fake chest in the mirror before practicing her expressions in the mirror. He'd fooled Rob before but that was a quick fumble in the dark. This time it would be a longer exposure and was much more risky. He would have to endure Rob all night but he needed to do it if his plan was to continue. He hadn't spent months dieting and preparing for it all to go wrong now.

The toilet door opened and a middle aged woman entered.

"Oh you look nice dear. I hope he's worth it." She said almost casually.

"Thank you. I hope so too." Fiona replied. It wasn't perfect and he'd have to practice the voice on the way to Rob's house the man pretending to be Fiona thought. She passed the middle aged woman and exited the toilet.

On the way to Rob's house the fake Fiona hid her rucksack in a hollow in a tree in the local woods. taking her black strappy handbag out first.

"Hi Rob, the dinner party got cancelled." She practiced. Still not quite right.

"Hi Rob, the dinner party got cancelled." She tried again. Better, but not perfect. He was too used to being someone else.

"Hi Rob, the dinner party got cancelled." That was it. He had it. Now all he had to do was keep it up all evening.

Fiona headed out of the woods, then down Trevelyan Road, her heels clicking on the pavement as she went. Underneath everything she could feel her dick being massaged by the sexy strut that the dress and heels naturally made her want to do. The sound of the heels and the rubbing on her hidden cock brought it to life. She didn't need this right now as she needed to concentrate on her role. Fiona paused at the door before she rang the doorbell of the Glossop family residence.

This is it. Into the Lion's Den.

A man in his forties came to the door.

"Mr Glossop. Is Rob around?" Fiona asked.

"Please Fiona, I've told you to call me Alan. Mr Glossop is so formal sounding. Rob, Fiona is here!" Alan Glossop shouted up the stairs. The fake Fiona gave him a nice smile and she could she Mr

Glossop checking her out as he let her in through to the living room. Mrs Glossop was reading a book and looked up.

"I didn't think we were expecting you tonight Fiona." She said conversationally.

"Oh well my parents dinner party got cancelled." Fiona replied as Rob came bombing down the stairs. The voice was holding up at the moment.

"Fi. What a pleasant surprise." Rob said with a broad smile on his face drinking in her curves in the sexy black dress she was wearing. The fake Fiona didn't blame him as he'd have had the same reaction as a man. There was something natural and primal in men finding a sexy woman attractive.

"Do you want to go to the pictures maybe?" Rob asked politely. "There's a new Jennifer Aniston film you might like." The fake Fiona couldn't think of anything he'd rather not see, but he was a girl and they liked that sort of thing.

"Oh yes, I'd love that." The fake Fiona answered to her boyfriend, feigning the delight that the real Fiona would have.

"That's settled then, I'll just get my wallet."

Rob had put his arm around her half way through the picture, which quite frankly had been a relief given the quality of the picture. He had however started to fondle the side of her left boob with his hand. The fake Fiona had no idea if she normally let him do that and decided not to make a fuss about it, particularly as she couldn't really feel it. She needed to let him think that he really was with his girlfriend and would have to take what Rob gave her. As the film finished Rob moved in for the kill and kissed her. His tongue forced its way into her mouth and she was forced to reciprocate.

On the way home he'd slipped his hand in hers and she took it and gave it an encouraging squeeze. She needed him to deliver again tonight as she didn't want to have to go through this without achieving her objective.

As they neared the Glossop residence she let go of Rob's hand and moved a little ahead of him giving him a great view of her sexy arse. The fake Fiona looked back over his shoulder and gave Rob a little wink. She hoped that he didn't need any more signals to let him know that she would be receptive to his advances tonight.

"Do you want to come in to hang out?" Rob asked her.

"I thought you'd never ask. Can we skip the meet the parents?" Fiona replied. The fake Fiona wanted to keep her interactions to a minimum.

"Sure" Rob replied and unlocked the door. They headed straight up to his room, which Fiona noted was covered in pictures of semi naked women.

At least I'd have something to look at whilst he's at it

She looked at Rob's jeans and noted they were bulging. She moved up close to him and closed her eyes to let him kiss her. She felt his strong arms hold her around the waist and feel up her padded behind, followed shortly afterwards by his lips meeting hers. She wobbled a bit in her heels as he began to fondle her arse more forcefully. The excitement of doing something so daring and wrong was causing the fake Fiona's hidden member to grow, though she was not sexually attracted to Rob.

"That dress must be very hot." Rob said. "Let me help you off with it." With that his groping hands moved up to slowly unzip her little black dress as they started to kiss again. Rob moved the straps from her shoulders and it fell to the floor leaving her in her underwear and her nylons.

Fiona pulled Rob backwards towards the bed and when she felt it on her calves she fell back onto it with Rob on top of her. With her lying back on the bed Rob pulled off his sweatshirt revealing a very manly chest and began massaging Fiona's breasts. The fake Fiona realised that she should be enjoying this even though she couldn't feel it, and moaned softly in pleasure as she slipped off her shoes then wrapped her legs around him. Rob's rock hard cock was straining in his jeans and the fake Fiona could feel it sticking into her thigh.

That's it get ready to give me the seeds of your doom.

Fiona kissed Rob back and felt his arse, looking at the poster of Katy Perry on the wall and fantasizing that he was really kissing her. Rob adjusted his feet to remove his shoes and then got up slightly to release his trousers and slide them down his legs. He then reached behind the fake Fiona's back and fumbled trying to unhook her bra.

Typical. Didn't the boys of today practice getting a bra off a woman.

"Let me." Fiona said finally after an embarrassing minute of failure and pushed Rob back so she could come of the bed slightly to reach behind her back and unhook the bra. Rob took the time to remove his trousers and socks leaving him just in a pair of Batman boxer shorts.

"Time to see the boy wonder." Fiona giggled. The boy wonder was doing it's level best to make Rob's boxer shorts into a tent. She pulled his boxers down as he pulled down her silky black panties. Rob eased her back onto the bed and climbed on the so that he was the other way to her. The fake Fiona's face was looking straight at Rob's rock hard penis as she felt his head go between her thighs.

This wasn't what I had in mind. Lucky I added my special lubricant earlier.

She felt Rob's tongue enter her pussy and begin lapping at her juices. As he lapped 'she' could feel his tongue slide against the walls that held her hidden cock and prayed he couldn't detect it. She had to make sure he couldn't and decided on a distraction tactic, taking his engorged penis in her mouth and started moving her mouth up and down it. Rob stopped lapping at her pussy as she felt her lips around him.

"Oh God that feels amazing" He said and went back to work on her trying to nail her G-Spot with his tongue.

This is no good, I need his sample, but not in my mouth.

She wanted to come off him but he pressed his pelvis further into her to increase the sensation. She had him on top of her and so she had nowhere to go but finish him off. It was not long before he started to buck and she started to taste a salty taste of his semen in her mouth. She had no option but to swallow it quickly.

Ewwwww.

Rob set about her with more vigour. He had come and he wanted to bring Fiona off too. The fake Fiona now without the boy wonder in her mouth started to moan and build it up until she 'came'. Rob rolled off her and came back up on top of her the right way up. He kissed her hard and Fiona could taste the juices of her pussy in his mouth. It was quite close to the real thing but an experienced man like that inside the fake Fiona could tell the difference. He still needed to collect the sample and would need to put some more lubricant in his pussy hole. She caught her breath after she kissed him.

"That was wonderful. I just need to nip to the bathroom." She said. Reluctantly Rob got off her and she pulled her dress over herself in case Rob's parents were around, picking up her handbag before heading onto the landing to the bathroom.

The fake Fiona really did need the toilet after the bucket of diet coke she'd drunk at the cinema. She locked herself in as she sat on the loo to relieve herself. It was the one thing he'd never really gotten used to since he'd become a woman. It was so much easier peeing standing up, but he was a girl now and girls didn't do that. Fiona gave herself a wipe with some toilet paper before flushing. She got the little squirty bottle from her handbag and aimed the nozzle up her cunt again. There wasn't much left but hopefully enough for a fuck with a condom.

Quickly she headed back into Rob's room and slipped her dress off again before pouncing on him like a hungry tiger. She needed his seed and she didn't want him to end the encounter before she had gotten it. Rob responded by massaging her lovely tits but he was still a bit soft down below. She reached her hand down to give the boy wonder some encouragement. Rob started kissing her and to her relief the fake Fiona could feel the boy wonder starting to rise again. As Rob was kissing and fondling her Fiona reached into her bag and found a condom. She used a nail to open it and slipped the jacket over the boy wonder.

"We can't be too careful darling." She said between kisses. Rob eased her back down onto the bed and the fake Fiona opened her legs wide revealing her lovely rose to him, waiting for it to be plucked. Rob didn't need a second invitation and he plunged his growing willy into her.

"Oh Jesus!" She exclaimed as his cock rubbed against her own hidden member. She looked up at Katy Perry again and thought of her as Rob sucked on her nipples. Rob started to pound into her like a jack hammer and he started to breathe heavily. The fake Fiona began to make her noises of pleasure and the pounding she would have been getting had she been a real woman. As she detected Rob getting close, she stepped it up until she seemingly came just as he did. She kissed him hard.

"That was wonderful." She said after as she held onto the condom as he withdrew from her, tied it and put it in her handbag.

She kissed him a bit longer before adding.

"I have school tomorrow."

"So do I" He replied. "But I suppose you should get back. Do you want dad to give you a lift home."

"No, I'll be fine." The fake Fiona replied. The last thing she wanted was to be taken back to Fiona's house now that she had achieved her goal. Besides she'd need to pick up her stuff and change before she got home. At least though she could tell her parents all about the wonderful Jennifer Aniston film she'd seen.

Lily Fowler entered the deserted school library early whilst everyone was still outside in the playground waiting for the morning bell to go. There was a book in the library that she needed to check. The book was one that had not a single stamp in the front of it entitled "Sexuality in Ancient Greece". The fact that it had no stamps in it and had never been looked at was what had drawn Lily to the book in the first place. It was a perfect vehicle to be used to pass messages, ones that she didn't want anyone else in the school to see. She turned to page 256 and found the small note that was tucked into the page.

Meet you at 6:30 in Sketty - V

Lily smiled as she read the note. Victoria wanted to see her after all. She really didn't want any of the other girls knowing that she was a lesbian and whenever boys were around she'd be the one to shout the loudest, but she never seemed to get anywhere with them. She dared't use email or the web as her brother was forever using her laptop and nosing around. Once she thought he'd sussed her out when he'd looked up her internet history and discovered a site about lesbians who thought they were Vampires. She'd told him when questioned she was doing some research for a Halloween costume and hit that page by accident. So instead they used the note system.

Lily looked up to see another girl enter the library. Quickly she took the note and put the book back before looking up. She was relieved to see that it was one of her friends and she smiled as she went out to greet her.

"You're here early what's up?" Lily asked her friend.

"Killing you bitch!" The girl replied in a strange lower pitched voice. Before Lily had a chance to scream the other girl produced a large spanner from her back and thwacked Lily on the head. Surprise, fear and alarm rose up in Lily as she faded into unconsciousness.

The girl who had just entered the library put down the blood splattered spanner and hauled Lily's body up onto one of the desks in the library so that she was laying on top with her legs spread apart. Then she took removed the pink panties of the unconscious girl and grinned.

Two down, just one to go.

She reached down and lifted her own skirt to push down her tights and blue satin panties so they were down to her knees. Then she reached down into her pussy with her left hand and fumbled about until she found and undid the Velcro binding. Once again the girl's cock came out of her vagina followed by a set of hairy balls. The girl winced at the slight discomfort of bending her hidden dick to escape its prison. Quickly the man-girl took out a condom from her bag and fitted it over herself.

There, now we are ready for the fun part of my revenge.

The man-girl entered her cock into that of the unconscious form of Lily splayed on the desk. He was too excited at all this and knew he wouldn't last very long before he came. Conscious that he wouldn't have long here he accepted that a quick revenge would have to do, and soon his seed started to squirt out of him into the condom as he orgasmed. He quickly took off the condom, tied it and hid it in the handbag she had been carrying before taking out another soiled condom and emptying its contents into Lily's fanny.

There, now the police will know it's a serial rapist and will have the same DNA in both.

The man-girl's cock went down quicker this time and without enough time to put it back properly he tucked it between his legs and pulled up his panties and tights. Now back together as a girl, she took a deep breath and picked up the spanner again. This time the blow to Lily's head was harder and the girl's skull made an audible crack. She left the spanner next to the body. Hopefully the dullard police would soon work out it had belonged to Rob's family before she'd stole it from their yard last night. She checked that Lily no longer had a pulse before taking the empty condom and heading to the ladies.

Once in the stall the girl flushed both condoms down the toilet and began trying to re-arrange her equipment down below so nothing of the inner man showed. It would not do for any of the staff or any of the other girls seeing the bulge that was her secret under her tight school skirt.

She exited the toilet quickly, eager to sneak back out into the playground past the sleeping caretaker before he woke up, or before someone found Lily's body.

Angela got a call later in the day in their office. She'd been busy in her inner office and had said to Phillip that she wasn't to be disturbed. Phillip burst in with all the enthusiasm of a lost puppy to tell her about the call, only to see Angela making repairs to the mask of Beccy Willis. It wasn't like he hadn't been told that Angela was a mistress of disguise, but until that moment he hadn't really seen the reality of it. In his mind he'd always thought they were pulling his leg when they told him that Angela had been Beccy all along.

"There's a call for you Miss Clemence." Phillip said with his mouth open.

"Ok, I'll come out. Shut your mouth Phillip a fly might go into it." She told him. It was just as well Anthony wasn't changing when Phillip had burst in. They would somehow need to keep Phillip out of this room or perhaps explain the truth to him.

Angela put the mask down and headed into the main office to get the call. She had a sly grin on her face as she noticed Phillip go into the inner office and pick up the mask of Beccy.

“Hullo, this is Angela Clemence speaking. Can I help you?” She answered into the phone.

“Oh, I was after Mr Entwistle. I had a recommendation about your firm and I have a problem I’d like him to look into.” The male voice on the other end of the phone replied. Why did they always assume that she was some flunky secretary and not one of the partners in the business?

“Mr Entwistle-Houghton is currently on holiday. I am his partner, and can assist you in any way that he can.” There Angela stuck it back to the sexist pig. Often it was subtle and they didn’t know they were doing it. Anthony had often noted the difference in attitudes at times when he was Angela.

“Yes of course. The matter is somewhat delicate and so perhaps you could come and see me. I’d rather not discuss it over the phone. My name is David Thornton and I am the headmaster at the Queen Mary's School. Do you know where it is?” The man on the other end of the line said.

“Yes I can find it.” Angela replied. It was not like she couldn’t read a map or anything.

“Good can you make it here in an hour?” David Thornton asked.

“Of course. I’ll see you then.” Angela put the phone down and started to plan what she was going to wear. She had to look professional and she didn’t want this guy treating her as the kind of bimbo that she often played up for fun.

Angela looked into the inner office to see Phillip still staring at the mask. She’d have to lock the door to the inner office when she went out. No better yet, she’d take Phillip with her. That way he’d wouldn’t be able to poke around and find the hidden compartments with his other bodysuits in there. Phillip might not be as broad minded as Mark was about these things.

The second body had turned up that morning before he’d made the call. The police had once again been here and David Thornton had been fending off calls from angry and anxious parents.

“So you see we have a bit of a problem. The parents association are up in arms and many are threatening to take their children out of school over this. We must catch this killer quickly before the reputation of the whole school is in tatters. “

“Yes I see your problem Mr Thornton.” Angela replied in a professional voice. “I take it the police have no leads?”

“No. They know it's a man because of the rapes, but Queen Mary’s school is an all girl’s school. The only men here are myself and Mr Wright the caretaker, and we have both provided DNA samples to eliminate ourselves as suspects. There are some CCTV cameras in the streets around here and the police have examined all of them. Unless they are extremely crafty there were no men entering the school at that time. So you see Miss Clemence we have a bit of a mystery.” Mr Thornton continued.

“Have you had any new staff in the past month or any supply teachers filling in perhaps?” Angela asked. The solution was obvious to her, but not one she wanted to tell the headmaster now. Someone had a clever female disguise, and was pretending to be one of the teachers.

“No, the last new member of staff was months ago, Mrs Eleanor Drake who came in to take over running the drama department.” Mr Thornton replied.

Angela decided that she had to be the chief suspect at the moment.

“Do you have any teaching roles that I could come in on undercover?” Angela asked. It had worked well enough at the University, so why not here as well.

“I’m sorry we are currently full up with staff at the moment. We’re always taking new pupils on and with the recent deaths we now have two vacancies, but I’m not sure that this helps us.” Mr Thornton replied.

“We need someone on the inside to find out what is going on.” Angela replied knowing that she had only one option left to her, now that she couldn’t be a teacher.

“I have a niece who is seventeen and has already left school. She’s not the most academically gifted pupil, but I’d like her to come here as a pupil and see if she can dig out what is going on here.” Angela continued.

“I think we can accommodate that request. I’ll ask the teachers to go a little easier on her, but she will still have to complete the homework assignments given to the other students.” Mr Thornton replied. Angela inwardly groaned. Anthony had never been a whizz at school and the prospect of more homework did not thrill him. Then a little light lit up in his brain. Phillip was an undergraduate. Angela could get him to do the homework and give her all the right answers. She smiled back at the headmaster.

“Then I think you have Entwhistle Investigations on the case.” She stood up on her heels to shake the man’s hand.

In the car afterwards Phillip looked at Angela quizzically. It was strange enough that the very agency that had caught him had taken him on, but it seemed that they also had some rather unusual methods. Even with touching the mask of Beccy in the office he still found it hard to believe that Miss Clemence had been her all along.

“So what exactly is the plan Miss Clemenece?” He asked simply.

“How many times must I tell you Phillip, its Angela. The plan is simple enough. I’ll go into the school in disguise as a student. I’ll need a parent to drop me to and from school each day. Since Mark is not here, you can be my father. We’ll need to find you a mask to age you up a bit. Whilst I’m investigating on the inside of the school I want you to do some digging. I want you to find out anyone who might have a grudge against either the school or the two pupils who died. I want to know what the connections were to these pupils, who their friends were. May be a good idea for you to talk with the parents of the dead girls to find that out, but be sensitive Phillip! Oh and I want

you to find out everything you can about Mrs Eleanor Drake. She's the last one to arrive at the school and therefore the one I'm most suspicious of."

Phillip listened to his boss detail instructions of what she wanted, but the only thing that he could think of was – *I'm going to wear a mask too*. The mask of Beccy Willis had looked so real in his hands. When he touched the hair on the mask it felt just like real hair. He knew it was wrong, but he got hard just thinking about Beccy so he had turned away so that Miss Clemence could not see the raging hard on in his pants. Not that Phillip didn't find Miss Clemence attractive mind you, because he most certainly did. He had already spent several nights thinking about her whilst masturbating in bed. The mask of Beccy had however sent him over the edge. Phillip was rising again as he began thinking about Beccy, but he knew he had to be careful. He was on probation for a sexual offense and he couldn't be caught getting involved in anything like that again.

"Oh and you are going to do my homework for me each night." Miss Clemence concluded.

The school uniform had been easy to buy for Angela for her 'daughter' from the local supplier. The mask had been a trickier proposition. Anthony had been up most of the night making the new mask of Miss Megan Ross, much to Anwyn's annoyance. He'd come in early to get changed into the tighter Beccy Willis suit and fit the mask. He'd considered using the Beccy mask as well, but when he looked at it critically she'd looked too old to still be at school. So when Phillip finally got there at 8am, Anthony was already dressed and fitted out as a new girl at Queen Mary's school and his jaw nearly hit the floor.

Anthony inwardly smirked at the reaction of his intern, but there wasn't really time to have fun and tease the lad.

"What do you think?" He asked in his Beccy Willis voice. Anthony was a good mimic but here he didn't have a voice to copy, so he had to settle for one that he'd already.

"The pigtails look a little too young. You're supposed to be a teenager." Phillip replied once he'd got over the shock.

"Alright, I'll brush them out. Here, put this on whilst I do." Angela threw Phillip a mask of an older man in his forties. It was one Anthony had used years ago to get some petty revenge on the guy, though now he couldn't for the life of him remember what it was about. It didn't take Anthony long to brush out the pigtails, and he waited for Phillip to correctly fit the mask. The young intern was making a bit of a hash of fitting it around the eyes and getting it properly smoothed down.

"Come on pop's I don't want to be late for my first day at a new school." Megan said trying to get into character.

"I'm not used to this whole mask thing," Phillip replied. "I don't know how you can do it so quickly Angela."

"Now the first rule is that I'm now Megan when I have this on and you are my father, Arthur Ross." She replied tartly.

“Well.” Phillip said finally getting his mask in place. “The first thing you are going to do Megan is give me some respect young lady!” Maybe Phillip did have some talent for this buried deep down after all Anthony thought to himself.

Anthony soon discovered that Queen Mary’s school sixth form definitely had a pecking order to it, and as she was the new girl, Megan was at the bottom. The only one who would really talk to her was a rather shy Chinese girl by the name of Suzy Ho. It seemed that Suzy was the previous recipient of the bottom of the pile award and she was desperate to make a friend at this school.

“I hear there have been some recent tragedies at the school Suzy. What happened?” Megan asked her new friend.

“I don’t know too much. People don’t tell me things.” Suzy replied.

“What do you know?” Megan pressed.

“Oh well four days ago Laura Robson got killed in the changing rooms and yesterday Lily Fowler, she get murder in library. My family is worried about me now too.” This was all stuff that Anthony already knew from the police reports. Indeed they had been far more detailed than the sparse information that his new friend had.

“Yes, my dad was nervous about letting me come here after he heard, but he spoke with the school governors who convinced him.” Megan replied including some of her agreed back story.

“I know Lily, she was a lesbian.” Suzy said helpfully. “I see her and Victoria Skillet kissing down in the Mumbles. She think they alone, but I sometimes go to Mumbles Castle to think and I see them.” This was an interesting little fact that wasn’t in the police report. Did it help? Anthony wasn’t sure yet, but he decided that he needed to go and try talking to Victoria Skillet, whoever she was as soon as she could.

“I doubt that had anything to do with it and the police will sort this out very quickly.” Megan reassured Suzy, though she really wasn’t sure that the police could even comprehend what was going on here.

The bell rang for Megan’s first lesson. It was drama with Mrs Drake. Anthony had decided that Drama was a good choice for Megan since firstly he was pretty good at that already, the subject wouldn’t have much homework attached and finally he could keep his eye on Mrs Drake to see if he could spot any imperfections in her behaviour that might indicate that she was really a man.

“I go to maths class now. See you later Megan friend.” Suzy said as she waved goodbye. Megan waved back absently as she began to think about how she was going to do this. If Victoria was a lesbian it could be because she was really a man who wanted to keep his hand in with the women whilst he preyed on the others. But why would he kill the girl he was secretly going out with? That line of enquiry made no sense.

“Come on Miss Ross, stop daydreaming on your first day.” A voice came from behind her. “I believe you’re in my class next.”

"Mrs Drake, I'm sorry. I was lost and couldn't find the drama room." Megan said hastily in reply.

Mrs Drake was a relatively tall lady with dirty blond hair and a haggard face. Anthony couldn't get a good enough look to see if it was a mask and if there were any imperfections if it was.

"Come on then I'll show you." Mrs Drake led her along to one of the larger port cabins at the edge of the school. Megan tried to watch her stride in her low heels to see if he could detect any lack of femininity in her gait. He'd watched women a lot in the past to study how he needed to behave, but there were always differences in all of them. Mrs Drake's gait wasn't the sexy gait of the models he'd been with in the past, but it also wasn't the gait of a man. Anthony decided that the evidence was not strong either way.

Once they got to the classroom Mrs Drake settled all the girls down. In all there were nine girls doing the drama A level.

"Now we are going to need to improvise a bit since we've lost Laura and Lily. I'm going to take Laura's part as Romeo and our new member of class, Miss Ross will take Lily's part as Benvolio. I hope you don't mind Miss Ross but we are doing Romeo and Juliet and some of you will have to be boys. It will be a bit of a challenge really for your acting skills. Are you ok with that?"

Anthony's mind spun. So he was a man pretending to be a woman, pretending to be a girl, pretending to be a man.

"Yes Mrs Drake, I think I can manage that." Megan replied.

"Good. Pick up a book from the stack, we'll begin just into Act II."

Servant - *Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.-- In good time.*

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BENVOLIO - *Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning, One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish; Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning; One desperate grief cures with another's languish: Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the rank poison of the old will die.*

ROMEO - *Your plaitain-leaf is excellent for that.*

BENVOLIO - *For what, I pray thee?*

ROMEO - *For your broken shin.*

BENVOLIO - *Why, Romeo, art thou mad?*

ROMEO - *Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is; Shut up in prison, kept without my food, Whipp'd and tormented and--God-den, good fellow.*

The play continued and Megan soon realised that Mrs Drake was very good at performing the part of Romeo. Her voice was pitched lower and she even started to hold herself in a more open masculine way as she read from the book.

“Very good Miss Ross, you’re a natural.” Mrs Drake complimented her and smiled a very feminine smile. They moved on to another part of the play where Benvolio had no involvement

Megan was able to sit back and watch the others in the class. Both dead girls had been in this drama group and Victoria was as well. There was something about this that made Megan think it might be linked.

Victoria Skillet was a larger girl with long red hair and freckles. She didn’t look like a lesbian, but from Anthony’s recent experiences he knew that you couldn’t just rely on looks for these things. She could certainly be a man if that man had slimmed down enough to get into a latex suit. However her eyes were red from crying and Megan wondered if those had been genuine tears or ones put on in an act by the killer. Megan put her in a possible suspect category.

Jasmine Granger was a pretty tall raven haired girl with just a little more meat on her than would be considered a good figure. That added weight and her height which was bordering on five foot ten made her a good possibility of being a man in her suit. Megan decided to put her just below Victoria in her rankings.

Fiona Mills was a stunning brunette and definitely one of the alpha females in school. Early on in the day he had learned that she was dating the Captain of the Rugby team of the nearby school. She was about five foot seven and well proportioned, but a man would have to be very slim to get into a suit of her. Also he would need to be having regular sex as a woman, so Megan put her into the probably not category.

Louise Roberts was a small nerd with short mousy hair and glasses. Indeed Megan wasn’t sure exactly why she was doing drama as she looked more like a maths genius than a drama student. The fact that she looked so out of place here counted against her, but her size meant that she was a very unlikely candidate.

Holly Blenkinsop was a blond with a lovely smile and similarly good figure to Fiona’s and around 5’7”. She was also pretty and a friend of Laura’s and one of the Alpha females here. Megan decided to file her in the same category as Fiona.

Deborah Cummings was a midget in comparison, only getting up to about 5’3. She had a short bob of dark hair with purple dye in it. The way the alpha females were ignoring her, made Megan think that she was in the alternative crowd, bordering on a Goth. Her height and dress sense made her a non starter in Megan’s eyes as the culprit.

Gemma Constantine was a flaxen haired buxom girl about average height with lovely wavy hair. The fact that she was buxom meant that a man could easily fit into her curves but that man would need to be short to do it. Gemma was very bubbly and exuberant and she had an infectious laugh. Her acting skills were poor, which meant either she wasn’t the culprit or the killer was very clever in acting to pretend she wasn’t good at acting.

Finally there was Trisha Cox. Trisha had long blond hair and looked like a leggy model. She was Vice-Captain of the hockey team and well as Captain of the netball team. Indeed sports wise she couldn't be beaten and she was definitely in the alpha female category. Academically though Megan thought that she was on a par with her. Her height and her physicality made her a distinct candidate. Her breath stunk of cigarettes and Megan could see why she kept away from Mrs Drake. That is unless of course this was all a clever ruse by a clever man inside a very convincing female suit.

Mrs Drake of course was still top of Megan's list. The way she could flip between her female teacher persona and the male Romeo in the play was astonishingly good. Mentally Anthony was putting together a list of things he'd need to make a suit of Mrs Drake and he found that it was just altogether easy to image how it would work.

Megan was drawn out of her ponderings by the bell for lunch. After lunch she had gym class with Miss Fox and she would get to see all the girls in her year in the nude. Perhaps she would be able to spot an imperfection in any disguise there.

Phillip had spent the morning doing research into goings on at the school in the past year. He'd managed to find out a few bits and pieces, but none of it really seemed to help much.

About a year ago one of the Governor's of the school a Mr Lionel Swallowfield had been involved in a serious disagreement over the way the school was run. In a tempestuous Governor's meeting Mr Swallowfield had resigned in fury. It was highly likely that Mr Swallowfield might still bear a grudge.

About 3 months ago the drama teacher at the school had been caught having an affair with one of the pupils and had been forced to resign. Though the girl was over the age of consent it was felt the man, Henry Stillwater would never teach again. Mrs Drake had replaced him. Mrs Drake was a single divorcee who had come recommended by one of the other teachers, Mrs Brown the French teacher.

The previous caretaker Mr Graham Branson had been caught with some rather racy material about nine months ago jacking himself off. He had been put on final warning, and when he was found doing it again and promptly sacked. Mr Branson was obviously someone who might have it in for the school.

After doing his research he'd tried to go and see the parents of Lily Fowler but they weren't in, so he instead headed to see Mrs Robson. Phillip was a little nervous of doing this as it was the first time he'd ever had to talk to someone so recently after they'd lost someone. Phillip decided that perhaps Mr Ross might be a better person to talk to her. He didn't want to get himself into any trouble after all. He knocked on the door and was answered by a woman wearing black with bloodshot eyes.

"Mrs Robson, I'm sorry to trouble you but my name is Arthur Ross and my daughter has just started school at Queen Mary's school today. I've just heard about the death of your daughter and would like to extend my condolences to you." Philip said in his best older man voice.

"Thank you." She replied simply.

“To be honest I’m a little worried too about my daughter as there was another death there yesterday.” Phillip pressed.

“Yes, first it was my Laura, then poor dear Lily. I can’t believe it” Mrs Robson sniffed.

“You knew Lily then?” Phillip asked surprised.

“Oh yes, Laura and her were part of the gang. I told the police the deaths must be connected since they had been good friends for years. Laura, Lily, Fiona, and Holly have hung out together since they were six years old. I’d be more worried about the other two girls than your daughter Mr Ross.” Mrs Robson replied a tear forming at the side of her eye. She plucked out a handkerchief and wiped it dry, smudging her eyeliner as she did so.

“Why would anyone want the girls dead?” Phillip asked incredulous.

“I don’t know.” Mrs Robson confessed. “Laura and Lily went away on holiday together last summer to Ibiza, maybe they met someone there. Perhaps Fiona’s old boyfriend Daniel Froome is jealous of her going out with Rob. Holly’s had a few problems, but that was all resolved months ago.”

“Alright well thank you for your time Mrs Robson. You eased my fears a bit for Megan.” Phillip replied. Mrs Robson nodded sullenly and as soon as he turned his back she shut the door. He distinctly heard her start to sob hysterically from the other side of the door.

Phillip had picked Megan up at half past three and driven her back to their office. Megan hadn't said much on the journey back, letting Phillip spill out everything he had learnt during the day. This wasn't so much because Megan was listening intently to the man posing as her father, but mostly because she was still recovering from the afternoon's gym class.

The class itself hadn't helped at all. Megan had changed with all the other girls and deep within herself she had gotten quite aroused at being around all the other naked girls showering in the changing rooms. She had made every effort not to stare at the other girl’s breasts and vaginas but just get a brief glimpse to see if she could see anything obviously wrong but that line of enquiry had not proven fruitful. Megan was now even more convinced that Mrs Drake was the only real candidate for the killer. She had complete access to the school, she was single and could act easily like a man or a woman. She was also the only one who arrived here in the right time frame.

What he needed to understand was who the man beneath the Mrs Drake suit really was, and why he was killing these girls. Indeed why would the French teacher specifically recommend her. They needed to find that out to help solve this.

"I want you to find out more about Mrs Drake. Who she is, where she comes from and how she knows the French teacher Mrs Brown. Find out about more about Mr Swallowfield. What was the argument over, and where is he now. Same with the teacher Henry Stillwater and the ex-Caretaker Graham Branson. I also want you to find out about Fiona Mills ex-boyfriend Daniel Froome. What's he doing now? You've done well but you've only got half the story. You have though helped outline who the next targets might be. I guess Megan will need to try and get to know Holly and Fiona a bit better if she can."

Fiona got home and called out to no one in particular as she opened the door. Her mother wouldn't be home for another hour, and her dad sometime after that. She was going to go and try and sneak in the local club with Holly on Sunday night, but tonight she wanted to see Rob and let him hold her in his big strong arms. She decided that her homework could wait until tomorrow (Friday) night but tonight she was feeling emotional over the deaths of Laura and Lily. She and Holly had had a good cry together lunchtime as she'd recalled stories of their friends in the generator room under the school. Holly had been as upset as she was, and they'd hugged as the tears came down for their friends. It was good to see Holly finally start to come out of her shell again after that terrible experience she'd had with that Drama teacher. She'd had an affair with him, but once it had all been discovered Holly had realised when her friends had rallied round her that she'd been naive and that their love had not been real. Ever since then, Holly had been nervous around men, and it was great to see her finally suggest they go and try and get into a club.

Fiona phoned Rob and arranged to meet him later that night. He'd seemed very pleased to hear from her and his enthusiasm brightened her spirit a bit. Shortly after she'd settled down in front of the TV her mum came in. Instead of going straight into the kitchen her mum came in with a serious look on her face.

"The police came to see me today at work." She said. "They said that you and Holly were the next likely targets of the killer and that you both had to be careful. I want you to be extra careful and make sure that you have someone else with you at all times, indeed stick in a group if you can. It may be best for you and Holly to stick together. You've known each other all your life and hopefully you can back each other up."

"I'm big enough to take care of myself mum." Fiona replied.

"So were Laura and Lily and look what happened to them." Her mum pressed.

"Alright, I promise to be careful. I'm usually with Holly most of the day anyway, so I'll be fine mum."

Deborah sat in her room that evening and applied her heavier make-up with the black eyeliner. The bitches at school were getting even worse and she was glad that two of them were dead now. They'd never been nice to her and she really couldn't empathise with them. She logged onto her computer and started up a browser. She entered www.gothsdomain.org into the toolbar and entered her login details. She started a post.

Some girl at school got the finality of death's embrace today. She didn't understand the significance and how lucky she was to finally get the kiss of death. That is the second of my classmates in two weeks to finally meet the grim reaper in all his glory.

Holly had had the same talk with her mother than evening as well. Mrs Blenkinsop had been much less forceful in her words than Mrs Mills had been. Holly had cried when she'd been told about

the police's concern and had promised her mother faithfully that she would stick with Fiona as much as she could.

Holly wiped away the tears in her room and cleaned herself up before re-applying her make-up where she'd ruined it. She sat herself on the bed and took her diary out from her secret compartment. She noted that it wasn't in the same position as she had left it and wondered if her mother or father had taken it out and read it. It wasn't fair that her private thoughts were constantly being invaded. She began to write.

Yesterday was a terrible day. One of my best friends Lily was brutally murdered in the school library. After Laura was killed in the changing rooms last week, the Police are starting to think that Fiona or I might be next. I don't know why someone is targeting us, but whoever it is they are sick and twisted. I put on a brave face to mum, but secretly I'm scared. I'm going to follow mum's advice I think and stick with Fi. Hopefully the police can catch this maniac before he strikes again.

Next morning Megan got her 'dad' to drop her off a little way from school so that she could walk the last part in and try and bond with some of the alpha females who walked to school. Phillip had already had his instructions the night before so they didn't need an extended conversation in the car.

Megan had to run a little to catch up with Fiona and Holly who were slowly walking as they were chatting together quietly.

"Heya" Megan said enthusiastically.

"Ah the new Dweeb." Said Fiona.

"Fraid so Fi." Holly replied. This was going to be a tough crowd Megan felt, but she had to interact with these two somehow.

"My dad said that the police are homing in on the killer." Megan said enthusiastically.

"Yeah" Holly said suddenly interested. "Who have they got in the frame?"

"Er well no one, but they think that he's targeting your little group." Megan was forced to admit.

"Ah, they are real super sleuths then." Fiona replied mockingly. "Glad to know we have a real Sherlock Holmes on the case."

"Yeah, I feel much safer knowing that." Holly said before glowing a huge pink bubble with her gum.

"Look I was just trying to help." Megan said trying to keep up with the other girls who had increased their pace.

"Trying was the right word." Fiona commented. Holly laughed. Megan was getting nowhere.

"I was hoping we could be friends, maybe go out clubbing or something sometime." Megan tried once more.

"We choose our friends very carefully. We do have standards after all. We're going out on Sunday to Martha's and you are not invited." Holly reposted. Megan could see that those had told her that how the clique of alpha females worked was not exaggerating. Men could be obnoxious at times but never as cruel as these girls.

Phillip had been having a strange morning so far. He had been to try and find out more about Mrs Drake, but he got no answer from her house. He had headed to the library and had begun doing searches for her on the internet. He found very little that directly related to her, and it was almost like she didn't exist. Phillip was not an experienced detective and he was starting to run out of ideas as to how he could find out much about her.

He'd almost gave up in defeat until he finally had an idea. He'd go and ask the school to let him have a look at her file. David Thornton had been hesitant at first in letting someone look at the school personnel records, as it was an invasion of privacy, but he figured that if they were onto something and could help catch the killer then it was worth the risk.

Her application file showed that she was born in a remote part of Norfolk and that she had attended a drama school in King's Lynn. She'd appeared in several local productions of plays before taking a teacher training course after her husband died in a road accident. All very believable Phillip thought, but it did not explain why Mrs Brown had recommended her.

Whilst he was in the files he had a quick look at the records of Henry Stillwater. He was an actor who'd had a number of minor parts on TV, mainly cross dressers and transsexuals. That settled it Phillip decided the man was a faggot and couldn't be responsible for all this, since the killer had raped the girls too. That wasn't what a queer would do to Phillip's mind.

The address for Graham Branson was in the file and Phillip decided that he would go round to the ex-Caretaker's house next and see if he could find out what he was up to now. When he rang at Graham Branson's door, Phillip was surprised to find him in and answering the door. Mr Branson was about fifty and going thin on top. He was wearing a cotton vest and a pair of trousers.

"If you're selling sumtin' then I don't want it and you can bugger off." He said to Phillip.

"Er, no sir. I'm here on a rather delicate matter and I'd like to ask you some questions."

"Questions? What questions?" Mr Branson exclaimed.

"Mr Branson, there is someone killing and raping the girls at the Queen Mary's school. I need to eliminate you from our enquiries." Phillip said politely.

"You a copper then?" Graham Branson replied indignantly.

"Er no, I'm a private detective."

"Then you can bugger off then." Graham Branson told him as he slammed the door in Phillip's face.

Megan's first class of the day was Media Studies. Anthony had decided to try and stick as much as possible to the easy sounding subjects to not show up his lack of educational ability. He thought that watching a few old movies would be a doss. It was apparent that a number of other students had thought the same, but the teacher Miss Ulverstone was having none of it.

She had them performing a scene by scene analysis of Citizen Kane in pairs. Megan had been paired with Suzy, and in a way she was quite pleased to be paired with the Chinese girl after his morning chat with the alpha females.

"You settle in alright Megan?" Suzy asked her.

"Yeah I'm getting the hang of the layout of the place, but I doubt I'll ever get the hang of the dinners they serve up here." Megan joked. Suzy was kind enough to laugh at her joke, though that attracted a glare from Miss Ulvertstone. Megan waited until her attention was elsewhere before continuing.

"So what's your theory on the killings then?" Megan asked her friend.

"I don't know Megan. Whoever it is really wants to push home the message that they hated these girls. If they just want to hurt the school, he just kill them. No this man want the power over the girls too, so he have a personal motive." Suzy said thoughtfully.

"That's very insightful Suzy. Do you think he's going to kill again?" Megan asked.

"I don't know Megan. I hope not. Can we talk 'bout something else?" Suzy asked in a quiet voice.

"Alright Suzy. So what do you make of Mrs Drake then?" Megan asked.

"She don't teach me, so I don't know her well. She an old school friend of Mrs Brown. I hear Mrs Brown talk to Mrs Edwards about their old schooldays. I like Mrs Brown, she a nice teacher. She say I could be a translator when I leave school." Suzy replied.

"That or a French teacher I guess." Megan replied. So that's why Mrs Brown recommended her. It explained something but it didn't mean that she couldn't still be a fake.

Phillip was not having the best of days. He decided to go and see Daniel Froome next. He'd got a tip that Daniel had left school now and was working in a record shop in Swansea, so he headed on into town and went into the record shop.

Daniel Froome had a pony tail, stubble and was wearing a trendy leather jacket. He sat behind the till playing on a Nintendo, largely ignoring everything else going on in the shop. Phillip headed up to the counter.

"Excuse me, are you Daniel Froome?" He asked.

"Er, yeah man. What's it to you?" Daniel replied.

"I was wondering, do you work here every day?" Phillip asked.

"No, they give me two days off. Tuesday and Sunday. Did you order something from Rich or Tamsin on one of my days off then?" Daniel asked.

"No." Phillip replied. "But I was looking for Tamsin." Phillip was trying his best to improvise, though he wasn't good at it.

"She's off today."

"Oh. What are her hours?" Phillip pressed.

"She has Wednesday and Sunday off, otherwise she's in every day 9am to 6pm." Daniel replied helpfully for a change.

"Thank you very much you've been most helpful." Phillip replied and walked out. It couldn't be Daniel as he was working here during both of the crimes.

Finally he headed see Mrs Blenkinsopp. He'd singularly failed to find any trace of Henry Stillwater and Phillip figured that he might get some hints from the family as to what happened to him. By the time he got to the door he was a bit nervous of knocking on the door and starting to dig up painful memories for Mrs Blenkinsopp. Even more so after the treatment that he'd received from Graham Branson. Phillip took a deep breath, and drew some courage into himself and knocked on the door.

That lunchtime Megan had just finished lunch and was heading out into the playground when another girl came running up from behind where she was.

Megan was surprised to see when she turned around that it was Victoria Skillet who had been chasing after her. Victoria's face was blotchy still where she'd obviously been crying earlier in the day, and not fixed her make-up properly. Megan decided not to mention it and rub it in. After all she wasn't one of the bitches and she felt sorry for Victoria. That is, as long as she wasn't really the killer who was doing a very good job of acting that she was really upset.

"Megan, I haven't really had a chance to talk to you so far and welcome you to the school." Victoria said to her.

"Victoria is it?" Megan replied knowing the answer.

"Yes that's right. Sorry I haven't been myself much recently. I know it's no excuse for not welcoming you to the school, but I'm afraid I've been really caught up with things recently." Victoria told her.

"That's alright. Things have been tough around here what with the two murders, I understand." Megan said sympathetically.

"Look, I err, wanted to mention something delicate to you Megan." Victoria said, carefully trying to put the right words together.

"Go on Victoria, I won't be offended." Megan replied.

"Oh well, I err couldn't help noticing during gym class yesterday that How do I put this delicately? Checking out the other girls when they changed." There it was out there now and Victoria seemed both relieved and scared.

She thinks I am lesbian as well, but she doesn't want to admit it if she's wrong! Why is it all the girls at these schools and colleges seem to think I'm a lesbian?

"Oh I see." Megan replied wondering whether it would be better to admit being a lesbian or confirm the fact that she was straight.

"There's some of the girls here who'd take it the wrong way Megan. I heard of a girl in the fifth form who was beaten up for it after some of the other girls found out on the way home from school." Victoria told her with a distinct warning tone in her voice.

"I see, I'll try and be more careful in future." Megan told her ensuring she neither confirmed nor denied it.

"Good. We can't be too careful here." Victoria said conspiratorially.

She definitely thinks I'm gay now!

"I'm a bit nervous about showering in front of others is all." Megan said weakly.

"Oh you needn't worry about that you have a lovely body. Oh, I didn't mean it to come out like that Megan. What I meant was that you're no different from any of the other girls. No that didn't come out right either. I mean you're perfectly normal and nothing to be ashamed of." Victoria finished finally.

"Thank you Victoria. I appreciate your candidness and hope we can be friends." Megan said as she smiled at the red haired girl. Mentally she decided that it probably wasn't Victoria and she crossed out Victoria's name in her mental list.

Holly and Fiona had made a pact that they would walk home together for safety. They didn't live far from each other, and it was much safer for them to be together. They'd stripped out of their school shirts due to the heat and put on skimpy tee shirts that showed their matching bras underneath that the pair had bought on their shopping outing the previous weekend.

"You still on for Sunday night Hols?" Fiona asked her friend.

"Of course, wouldn't miss it for anything Fi. You doing much tonight?"

"History homework, unfortunately. You done it yet Hols?"

"No sorry Fi, I have to do it too, but I'm going to wait till Saturday."

"You sure you're ready to go clubbing? Assuming we can get in, you know the men will be all over you Hols." Fiona told her friend.

"I'm fine. It's taken me a while to get my confidence back Fi. I'm think I'm over that monster now."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that Hols." Fiona replied and hugged her friend. "I was beginning to worry that you'd been scared off men completely. Hey if we find you a nice guy maybe you can come on some double dates with Rob and I."

"Yeah I'd like that." Holly replied disengaging herself from the hug. "I'll come over early on Sunday night so we can get ready together. I should have finished my monthly problem by then too."

"It always comes at the worst of times for me Hols, usually when I'll planning a big weekend together with Rob." Fiona commented.

"Your mum doesn't mind that you're active with Rob then?" Holly asked.

"The 'rents kind of got used to it when I was going with Dan. Mind you Rob got the third degree from my dad when he first met them. They like Rob, so I think I'm pretty lucky."

"Hopefully my parents will be a little more understanding. They flipped a lid when they found out about Henry."Holly told her friend.

"As they should Hols, he was a monster."

"He wasn't all bad, but I think I got taken in by his charm. Next time I'll be more careful. See you Sunday night Fi." With that Holly gave her friend another hug and took the road off towards her house.

That afternoon Phillip picked Megan up from school and drove her back to the office. On the way he recited what he'd found out so far and the conclusions that he'd reached.

"So it can't be Henry Stillwater because he's a faggot actor turned teacher and he wouldn't have raped those girls. Her mum was kind enough to even let me look at her diary." Phillip concluded. "Holly's diary even says that she was disgusted when she found out what he liked to do. Her friends rallied round and talked to her about it all after they found out about Henry and convinced her he was no good for her. You know the pair even met in the Whispering Wood a week after that faggot got fired from the school. Of course Holly told him where to go, but I think she was really scared after meeting him again, as he her writing in her diary got considerably worse afterwards. I think she's just starting to get over things now by the latest entries, though she admits to being scared by these killings. She's putting a really brave face on things."

"I also checked out Mrs Drake and she comes from King's Lynn and she did some am-dram acting before she got a teaching scholarship. Her husband died a few years back from a car crash so she's got no one else. She moved here and lives alone."

"Oh that Mr Branson, he's a creepy guy. I think it's him, still mad at the school over his sacking as he hasn't found another job. He reads porno, so he's bound to want to do those girls. Nasty piece of work if you ask me."

"Oh and Daniel Froome couldn't have done it either as he was at work on both the days of the murders." Phillip finished.

"Phillip you are an idiot, yet you are brilliant with it." Angela replied from Megan's mouth.

"Er, what did I do wrong Miss Clemence?" He replied as he drove.

"Angela, I keep telling you to use my first name. Well first of all you've found our man." Angela's voice replied from Megan.

"Really who?" Phillip asked.

"It's Henry Stillwater."

"No way. Not that faggot!" Phillip exclaimed unbelieving.

"Yes. The killer is someone disguised as a woman. We know this as the only males in the school have already been ruled out. We know the killer sexually assaulted them so it stands to reason that it is a man dressed as a woman. We know that Henry Stillwater was not only an actor, but also one who specialised in dressing as a woman. We know that he is pissed off at the school for sacking him and angry at the three girls turning him against Holly. I wouldn't be surprised if Holly wasn't going to be his fourth and last victim since he is a lover spurned. Finally, it might surprise you to learn that most transvestites are heterosexual. That makes Henry very much in the frame for the rapes and also suspect number one. The fact he has disappeared off the face of the earth only goes to re-enforce the earlier evidence. Which goes to show your brilliance in uncovering him but your stupidity in not realising it." Angela lectured.

"Oh." Was all Phillip replied, slightly sullenly.

"The problem is though that we don't know who the killer is currently disguised as. My money is on Mrs Drake as she doesn't have any dependents and joined the school after Henry Stillwater was sacked. What better way to get back into the school than becoming the teacher who replaces him." Angela concluded.

"So are we going to get the Police to arrest Mrs Drake then?" Phillip asked pulling up at the office.

"Er no, actually. The major problem is that I have no evidence that it's her, and I really don't want to be embarrassed by arresting a real woman. It's Friday today, so we're not going to make any more progress till next week, but I'm going to want you to start staking Mrs Drake out come Monday." Angela said as she got out the car.

Anthony hated to admit that other than his hunch that it was Mrs Drake, he had no real idea who Henry Stillwater was posing as. If he was a good actor, then he could even have been inside Victoria, sneering at Anthony. Or maybe Suzy trying to throw him off the scent.

It was Friday night and the girl slipped out again from the family house. Her parents had gone out to dinner with some friends of theirs, and believed that she would be in all evening doing her homework. She was wearing an old pair of jeans, a purple scoop neck top and some pink and white

sneakers as she headed towards the old hollowed out tree in the Whispering Wood. There she once again took her rucksack from the inside of the tree and headed towards the McDonalds in town.

Once at McDonalds, she headed to the ladies toilets and locked herself in one of the three stalls. She stripped out of her clothes down to her matching turquoise bra and panties. The man inside the girl felt the need to go, and though it was tempting to get his manhood out and do it the old fashioned way, there really wasn't time and putting it all back in was more trouble than it was worth.

The girl cleaned off the seat with some toilet paper, pulled down her panties and sat on the loo waiting for the release. It was much harder with the catheter tube attached to the end of his penis tucked underneath him, as it made him so much more self conscious. Even now after all this time, he had to wait for a minute or two until the flow started and made that feminine trickling sound into the toilet. He sat for a minute or so afterwards to make sure he had really finished. In its awkward position his dick had often tricked him in the past when he'd first worn the suit and he'd pissed his panties by accident when he thought he'd finished.

The fake-girl wiped and pulled up her lace trimmed panties. Next she took some nearly nude pantyhose from the pocket of her rucksack and rolled them up her smooth legs. She then took the beautiful white dress with sequins on the side out of the rucksack and unzipped the back so she could step into it. She felt the tightness of the dress as he did the zip up at the back. She took some little white strappy heels out the rucksack and slipped them on her feet.

"Silly me. I need to get my face on." She said in her close approximation of Fiona's voice. With that she reached up behind her neck and felt underneath her hair for the Velcro that secured the mask onto the man-girl's face. There was a slight ripping sound as the mask loosened and began to sag on the man-girl's face. He opened it out and slowly removed the mask from his face leaving behind the face of the thirty year old Henry Stillwater beneath. It was odd having his face on her body, but that would be only temporary as he removed the mask of Fiona from the rucksack.

He always enjoyed slipping on a new mask and took a moment to study the empty eyed face of the girl he was to become before putting the mask on. His silky dark hair was perfect, but he would only have this face temporarily. Indeed it was the last time he would use this mask tonight and in two days it would all be over. Then he would have a new life.

He took the mask and slipped it over his head, settling it into position and lining up all the holes and ensuring that there were no wrinkles. Once Henry was having with its position he got out a brush to smooth down Fiona's luscious hair. The fake Fiona took out some earrings and fitted them to her fake earlobes before completing the look with some bracelets on her right hand.

The new Fiona stuffed the other clothes and mask in her rucksack and went to check herself out. She realised that the make-up would need redoing on the mask and quickly set about her task. Once done she checked herself out, her beautiful fake breasts peeking out from above the cups of her beautiful dress. The man inside felt the surge of his penis deep within his latex disguise. It was only then that he realised he'd forgotten to take care of his vagina.

She picked up her rucksack and went back into the stall, locking the door behind her in a mood at forgetting the essential component for the night's entertainment. She fished around in the side

pocket of the rucksack for her special container of love juice. She hiked up her dress and then felt under her sheer pantyhose and knickers to squirt the container into her fake pussy.

Quickly she settled her clothes back down and disposed of the plastic container. It was time, the disguise was complete, and all she had to do now was hide the rucksack back in the tree and take her specially made new handbag with her to meet her former beau.

Phillip was feeling a bit disheartened after Angela left for the night. He'd been taken aback at how she thought that he had overlooked the import of half the information that he'd gleaned. He had, after all, done all the leg work that week whilst Angela had just played at being a school girl all the week. He wished that Mark was back soon. Mark wasn't emotional and quite frankly unstable like Angela was. She couldn't help it obviously since she was a woman with all her hormonal imbalances making her quite so unpredictable.

Phillip's eyes were drawn to the mask that Angela had discarded before she left. Normally she put it away carefully in her inner sanctum, but tonight she hadn't been bothered and had slung it down on the couch. The dirty blond hair of the mask splayed out across the leather and looked just like real hair. Phillip couldn't help himself. He'd seen that mask on Angela and she looked just like a schoolgirl. Angela was a hot woman herself, but dressed as Megan gave him more of a thrill.

He know knew what he was going to do. He went over and picked up the mask, putting his hand up inside the mask to get a look at empty eyed face looking back at him. He went and fetched the wig stand to mount it on, and then put onto Mark's desk. Then he went to lie on the couch himself and looked over towards the desk. His hand reached down, unzipping his flies and put his hand into his pants to jack himself off to the image of the face Megan.

Fiona stood outside the door of the flat belonging to Daniel Froome. She checked herself in her little compact mirror to make sure that her hair and make-up were just perfect for the honey trap she was about to spring. Once she was satisfied, she put the compact back in her bag and checked that the camcorder had not moved from the position that she had secured it. Its lens peeked through the hole in the side of her bag. The memory in the camcorder would last for six hours. She hoped that she wouldn't need it all.

Ding dong.

Fiona waited as the doorbell reverberated around the flat with her hands seductively planted on her sexy hips. The door opened.

"Hello again Dan." She said to the dishevelled man in a curry stained T-Shirt and baggy sweatpants who opened the door. Daniel Froome had a cigarette smouldering away in his mouth.

"Fiona. What are you doing here?" Dan asked whilst keeping the cigarette in his mouth.

"I've chucked Rob. He's such an inconsiderate bastard." Fiona said with a determined look on her face. "May I come in?"

"Sure babes." Daniel said, ushering her in.

"Oh Daniel I should never have left you. I made such a mistake with Rob. He's not mellow and relaxed like you were. He's always so jealous of me. Tonight I just had enough of his jealousy and I told him that it was over." Fiona started crying at that, and Daniel saw no alternative than to go over and comfort her.

"Hey babe, it's alright." He said soothingly. Then as he was stroking her back whilst hugging, his face changed. From the corner of her eye Fiona spotted this change in the mirror, and she pushed her bosom up nice and close so Daniel got an eyeful.

"I feel used such an idiot." Fiona put her arms around Dan's neck and kissed him softly on the top of the head. "Thank you for holding me Dan. You always did know exactly what I needed."

"That's cool babe. You want a spliff?" Daniel asked.

The man inside the fake Fiona had never smoked so much as a cigarette before, but he assumed that Fiona and Dan must have done so in the past. Hell if he was going to have to screw this scruffy teenage mess of a boy then a spliff might just make it not seem so bad.

"Sniff. Yeah that'd be nice Dan. Sniff." She said between fake tears.

Dan let go of her waist, turned the TV off and went to go and get his tobacco to roll another joint. Fiona meanwhile went to the sideboard and carefully put her handbag down on it. She reached inside and flicked the switch of the camcorder on. Having done that she looked around for some glasses to go with the bottle of scotch that was sitting on the sideboard. She poured two large ones and headed back to Dan by the couch.

"I poured us a drink. I hope you don't mind." Fiona told him as she handed him one of the glasses of scotch.

"Nah babe, that's Ok." Daniel handed her the spliff with his own still hanging out of his own mouth.

"To old times." He said as they clinked glasses.

"To the ones to come." Fiona said in reply and downed her glass. Daniel couldn't get his down in one and had to have three goes at finishing it.

"I'm feeling very isolated tonight Dan. I need some company, she said putting her glass down and locking her arms around his neck again.

"Don't you want your spliff?" Daniel asked, his sweatpants started to form a distinct bulge in them.

"No." She slipped her right hand down from his neck into his sweatpants. "I want this." She gave his cock a little squeeze and she felt it get a little bigger in her hand. Henry regretted not having the spliff now, but he had wanted to get this over with quickly. He could see why Fiona had chucked this loser.

"Oh baby. This is so sudden." Daniel commented as she played some more with his balls. "But I can give you what you need babe."

He reached up and began to grope her breasts through her dress, the cigarette still in his mouth. Fiona reached up with her left hand and took the cigarette from his mouth, tossing it into the ashtray beside the couch. She then took a deep breath and kissed him, getting a taste of nicotine as she did so. The man inside the Fiona disguise wasn't at all turned on, but had to keep up the pretence that Fiona was really turned on. She pushed him back onto the couch and pulled his sweatpants off revealing a skunky striped pair of boxers beneath.

Fiona reached behind herself and did a slow striptease out of her beautiful white dress, revealing her turquoise underwear and sheer pantyhose beneath. Dan ripped his curry stained T shirt over his head revealing a skinny chest with a little chest hair at the top.

"Have you missed me Dan?" She asked him.

"Yes Fiona. God you're making me horny." Fiona slipped her pantyhose down her legs and then slowly lowered her panty to reveal her beautiful pussy rose beneath. With her bra still on, she moved in and pulled his boxer shorts down and climbed on top of his rock hard penis, impaling it into her fake vagina.

"God, your wet down there already babe." Dan said as he held her beautiful tits and tried to thrust from underneath.

"Let me do the work." Fiona replied as she started to grind her groin in and out of his, sucking his big cock in and out of her wet pussy. He could smell her juices from above her pussy and revelled in the feeling of his engorged manhood slipping in and out of his ex-girlfriend's vagina.

"Oh baby that's fucking incredible." Daniel said as she carried on moving backwards and forwards on his cock.

"Ooh I can really feel you inside me now big man." Fiona said breathlessly. She wanted to avoid kissing him again if she could at all costs.

Daniel began to grunt and move his pelvis to match her rhythm. The fake Fiona could now smell the distinctive musk of pre-cum from her lover below and she knew that she wouldn't have much longer to go. She upped her speed to try and bring the climax about faster, but amazingly he held it for several minutes longer. The man inside the Fiona suit was forced to fake her moans and started to buck as though she was coming to try and persuade her stoned lover to do the same.

"Oh God, I'm getting there. Oh baby you're fucking incredible." He said as he finally started to spurt his love juices into her. 'She' couldn't believe how much he had in him as he bucked much longer than Rob.

Well he might be a loser, but he had some stamina about him.

Fiona got off her lover and kissed him on the forehead.

"That was wonderful lover, but I should go and sort myself out. I'll call you next week." She told him searching for her knickers on the floor and slipping them back on.

"You can stay Fiona if you want." He said weakly.

"No, I have to get back to the parents." She replied, rolling her sheer tights back up her legs. She retrieved her dress and stepped into it doing it up at the back before slipping her heels back on.

"I really enjoyed it Dan and you really cheered me back up." She said, bolstering his ego as she fetched her handbag.

"Er great babe" She blew him a kiss as she strutted out of the door wiggling her sexy arse.

The man inside Fiona was relieved that his last ordeal having sex with a man was over. He was secretly delighted at his performance though at how much the man had been taken in by his disguise. He was so sexy that Later that night he'd be able to masturbate himself in bed, but first he'd need to change out of his Fiona disguise, head home and then edit the video for its publication to Rob on Sunday night.

Anthony was relaxing in his house with Anwyn on Sunday night. He'd been himself all weekend and they'd taken their daughter to the park today. She was still only a baby and far too young to go in the playground, but they'd spent a pleasant day walking together and Anthony had had a chance to play daddy.

The TV was on in the background and Anwyn was watching a documentary on the Hitler diaries. Anthony was only half watching it as the voice of the presenter droned on.

"Many of the experts had looked at the diary and had looked at the some of the characteristic letters of Hitler's writing. Since they matched they declared that the diary was genuine. What they had failed to do though was look at the complete style of the writing. It was only when one particular expert started to look at this that doubts started to creep in. This expert was .."

"Tell me I'm an idiot Anwyn." Anthony said.

"Anthony Danforth, you're an idiot. Why are you an idiot dear?" Anwyn asked.

"Because Phillip told me the answer to this case and I didn't see it. I have to go out Anwyn." Anthony said seriously.

"Anthony, its Sunday." Anwyn started to protest.

"I have to go and save a young girl's life." He replied seriously.

"Oh, OK," Anwyn replied somewhat mollified. "Go get the bad guy honey."

Anthony phoned Phillip as Angela and told him to meet the Anthony, silent partner in the firm at the office. Anthony would not have time to get into his Angela suit now and it was perhaps better if he could use his manly strength in the situation. Angela told Phillip she was in the bath and wouldn't be able to get there in time.

"I'll be back as soon as I can honey." Anthony promised as he kissed his wife goodbye.

Fiona had had a fun evening in the club with Holly. They'd got past the bouncers without being ID checked and had danced with a few guys there, but none of them seriously. Fiona was heavily involved with Rob and was always conscious that she had to behave herself. Holly had been doing a bit of dancing but was still nervous around guys and Fiona couldn't blame her with being cautious. As they had school the next day, they decided to leave the club around 10:30 before the guys who'd been eyeing them up all night started to make their move.

Fiona had wanted to take a taxi home, but Holly had insisted they should walk, even though they were both in dresses and heels.

"After all those Bacardi Breezers, I'm a bit skint. We can take the short cut through the woods." Holly insisted and Fiona gave in. She was saving up so that she and Rob could go abroad together in the summer. Wasting money on a taxi would not help that cause.

They walked in silence until they got to the woods. Fiona was a bit spooked in the dark woods and decided to start a conversation to relieve her nerves.

"Laura and Lily would have jumped straight on those guys." Fiona slurred.

"Yeah, they'd have not known what hit them." Holly replied. "Just like now." With that Holly hit the other girl on the head and she went down like a sack of potatoes.

Holly went to the tree with a hollow that held her hidden stuff, and took out a strong cord that she used to tie Fiona up. She then pulled out a gag and put it over Fiona's mouth. Finally she pulled Fiona's knickers off and squirted water into her face until she woke up.

"Welcome to Hell bitch." Holly said.

"Mmmmm" Fiona replied.

"Oh yes, I'm afraid you don't know what this is all about. Let me explain shall I? You ruined every chance I had with Holly, you and horrible boyfriend after you caught us together. Then you went to the authorities and got us split apart."

"Hmmm" Was all Fiona could say.

"Oh, didn't you realise that I'm not really Holly. Anyway you are your boyfriend exposed us and together with those other bitches you persuaded Holly that I didn't love her. You said I was just a crazy homosexual with perversions and that I didn't really love her. Once she'd imbibed all your poison, she didn't want anything to do with me."

"But none of it was true. I did love her and I set up a meeting to try and persuade her to come back to me. She wouldn't listen, your poison had run too deep you bitch. But I didn't mean to hurt her, it was an accident really. I wanted her to come back to me, but I hit her too hard and she didn't get back up again. I had nowhere to go now, no prospects after I was fired, and if I wasn't careful the police would be after me. I knew Holly extremely well and I was a consummate actor. So I took her place and have been building myself up ready for my revenge."

"Mmm hmm mmm." Fiona said.

"How am I going to get away with these murders? Easy, I have found the perfect person to hang them on - your boyfriend Rob."

"Hmm hmmm hmm hmm."

"Oh he was very obliging with his seed, though I'm not sure about his navigation skills. Holly produced a mask of Fiona from behind her back. He couldn't even tell us apart."

"Hmmm mm mmm"

"What you think I blundered? Why would Rob kill you Fiona? Because last night you went back to your old boyfriend. I emailed the video to him tonight. Let me see now. Enraged and jealous, he came and found you and hit you several times because of your betrayal. Alas he went too far and killed you. The police will lock him away for life. Then I will have my revenge on all of you."

"Poor Holly will be the last of the gang left alive. I'll pass through school and go to stage school. No doubt Holly will be more successful at acting than Henry was. Eventually she'll start exploring being a lesbian and I will have a normal sex life again. I'll have take on Holly's life full time. Holly and I pledged that we would be together forever, did you know that? Well in a way we will be, there will always be a bit of me inside Holly. Actually, that's not strictly true, I'll always be inside Holly. The life that she was to live will be mine now."

"Now just one thing to do before I kill you."

With that Holly pulled down her tights and knickers. She reached her left hand down inside her pussy and found the Velcro that she knew was there and pulled it aside removing the catheter as she did so. Gradually she pulled something out of her vagina and Fiona's eyes went wide when she saw what it was. It was a fully erect penis complete with a pair of hairy balls.

"Time for your penance bitch before you die." Holly sneered now in a masculine voice.

Holly reached leant forward to start to move in on her victim but was suddenly pulled back by two very strong hands. Phillip held the she male in his strong arms as she struggled.

"Got you, you little faggot." Phillip said.

"We are making a citizen's arrest." Anthony said from behind Holly. "Henry Stillwater you are under arrest for the murders of Holly Blenkinsop, Laura Robson and Lily Fowler."

The figure that looked like Holly Blenkinsopp struggled in Phillip's hold whilst Anthony undid the ropes that were around Fiona and made sure that she was alright.

"Here, tie him up with this whilst I get the police." Anthony passed Phillip the rope whilst Fiona pulled her underwear up and tidied herself up.

"I don't understand, how did you know who I was and where we'd be?" Henry Stillwater said in his own voice. It was odd coming out of the mouth of Holly.

"Simple, my friend Angela figured it all out, Henry. A man who was an expert in drama, who in the past had specialised in transvestite roles. It was simple to understand that you were not only her lover, and thus knew her very well. Additionally you were also the man who had motive against all three girls. As to how we found you, we followed you from the nightclub. We would have stopped you before you hit Fiona if someone hadn't tripped over a tree in the dark. Now we just need to keep you quiet as well. Get the gag Phillip."

Anthony dialled 999 on his mobile and asked for the police.

"I can't believe that was a man. Holly looked so much like a girl. It was only when he produced his dick that I really believed it." Phillip said.

"It's amazing what you can do with latex." Angela replied absently as the two of them waited outside the Headmaster's office. Anthony had been remembering times past when he'd been outside the Headmaster's office of his old school for mimicking the teachers and making fun of them to all the other pupils. His old Headmaster had said that he should stop messing around and apply himself to really useful skills or he'd never amount to much. Little did he know how useful that was going to be in later life.

"But, he was just like them other girls. I couldn't tell that she was a man." Phillip continued and blushed furiously. Anthony suspected that what he really meant was that he fancied Holly and he was now feeling angry and hurt at being duped.

"Henry was a good actor and he specialised in playing transvestites. I wouldn't feel bad about it." Angela consoled him. "He had everyone fooled for so long."

"How did you work it out though, I don't think I'd ever had seen it." Phillip asked trying not to think about 'her'.

"You pointed it out to me Phillip. You really are brilliant and stupid at the same time." Angela replied.

"Er, I'm not sure if there was a compliment there or not." Phillip said uncertainly.

"You commented on the change in Holly and her handwriting in her diary after the meeting with Henry. Unfortunately you put her change in handwriting down to her being scared by the meeting, as was indicated in the actual words that Henry wrote. But that was what Henry wanted everything to think, that Holly had been scared to the very core. That way he could portray her as less outgoing so that she was a little afraid of men. The reality was there was a change in her handwriting as there had been a change in the person writing it. I should have seen it earlier alongside all the other pieces of information."

"But he was a fag, so why'd he not want men's attentions. I mean surely he'd be loving it." Phillip asked confused. Angela realised that someday soon she was going to need to break Phillip of his macho homophobia.

"Just because he liked dressing up as a woman didn't mean he was gay. Indeed the evidence seems to be that he was very much into women."

"Seems like a gay thing to want to do to me." Phillip replied sullenly.

"So you see we are in a bit of a delicate position." David Thornton told them.

"Yes, well I can see that you wouldn't want to publically admit that one of your 17 year old students was really a 31 year old man in disguise." Angela replied. "However I don't see how this affects us."

"The problem is that we do not want the information leaking out in any other way. We have an official version of events whereby our ex-teacher still had keys to the school and could sneak in through the side entrance. That is an acceptable story, one that we can promise to tighten up the school security and that it will never happen again." David Thornton told them.

"As such we don't want anything to contradict this version, so we would appreciate it if your agency stuck to that version of events in any publicity or any other communication."

"You want to gag us about the case?" Phillip asked.

"Gag is not the word I was thinking of young man. I would like to think of it as a loyalty bonus." David Thornton stated firmly.

"How much would that loyalty bonus be?" Angela pressed suddenly, sensing an opportunity.

After that it was just a matter of negotiation.

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