

The Strange Case of the Jittery Jury

Angela looked down at the letter again. It just wasn't possible. Another letter with the same header on sat on her desk, but she wasn't so concerned about that letter at the moment. Though it truth she'd probably rail against that one later. She read the crucial part again.

Miss Angela Clemence

- *You have been selected for jury service*
- *Your name has been randomly selected from the electoral register*

Anthony had not considered this problem when he decided to put Angela's name on the electoral register to try and ensure that she was a real person who could have a job, a bank account and pay taxes. Angela now had not only a driving license, but a passport as well as a bank account. She was a real citizen of the United Kingdom again now and as a consequence the state was clawing back it's due from her.

Angela slammed the letter down and picked up the other one. She glared at this one as though it didn't have a right to exist in this reality.

Mr Anthony Danfoth

- *You have been selected for jury service*
- *Your name has been randomly selected from the electoral register*

The dates on the two letters were the same. They were in the same batch of letters to be sent out. There was no way that Anthony could attend Jury service as both Angela and himself at the same time. There was a £1,000 fine for failure to attend. Agitated Angela crossed her legs and glared angrily at both letters. She considered a fiery death for both pieces of paper. That would have achieved much, but she would've had some satisfaction in getting revenge on the bits of paper that were annoying her. Then she had another thought, one which didn't involve setting fire to anything.

"Mark! Can you come into my office for a moment" Angela said sweetly.

Phillip was out trying to find a lost cat for Mrs Peabody, honing his newfound detective skills on a job neither of the senior partners wanted to do. Mark came in studying a magazine. When he reached Angela's desk he looked up.

"What's up Angela?" He asked keeping the pretence that his partner was really a woman to ensure he didn't slip up when Phillip was around.

"Sort this out for me would you?" She smiled sweetly as she passed the papers up to him. Mark took them one at a time and read them.

"Looks like you have a problem." He said as he handed the papers back to Angela.

"No, WE have a problem." Angela emphasised the word 'we'. "If they find out that I'm not a real person then you will be in trouble too. So can you be a darling and sort it out for me." Angela batted her eyelashes at him.

"I'm not falling for that Angela. You can bat your eyelashes all you want." Angela pouted back at Mark in response to his comment.

"You'd be sooo much better at sorting it out than me." Angela purred and gave him a doe eyed look. Mark burst out laughing.

"Why can't I stay mad at you?"

"Because I'm gorgeous and sexy that's why!"

Marco De Torini was upset, and when he was upset either things were done to remove the cause of the upset or people got hurt. The head of the Swansea Mafia sat behind his desk and glared at the two men on the other side of it.

"They cannot be allowed to pin anything on my boy Gino." He said. It was not a request or an order. It was something more than that.

"Boss. We have one of da top men coming down from London. If anyone can sort dis out then he will be able to." Tony said.

"Yeah. Well find da witnesses and da jurors and we'll put da squeeze on dem Boss." Vincenzo added pounding his fists together.

"Yeah, tanks for the support boys, but they ain't going to get away with dis. Trying to pin someting on my boy jus' cos they can't get nothing on me." Marco says. "Have you boys got da information on the clerk of the court?"

"Ya boss." Tony flung down a file on the desk. "Some broad by the name of Yvonne Rawlinson. All the details are in the file."

"Send the file to London Tony." Marco said urgently. "Ensure that it gets there pronto. In fact ensure it gets there sooner than pronto. We gotta have that info and the sooner we get it, the better."

Anthony had not managed to get to the pub on their regular Monday night every week with Bernard since his daughter had been born, but this week he had special permission from Anwyn to meet his friend at the local. He'd not realised that he needed permission to go to the pub until fairly recently, but the whole permission thing had kind of crept up on him. Marriage seemed to involve a lot more unwritten rules that he was still getting to grips with. It was funny, but once he was Angela he was free of all those rules, free of any responsibility. Was that why he spent most of the time in the office as Angela when he didn't need to? He now spent almost more time as a woman during the week than he did as a man, and he was now getting extremely used to wearing heels.

Anthony decided he didn't want to think about that as he sipped his pint and waited for Bernard to arrive.

"Watcha mate!" Bernard slapped him on the back as he arrived. "I had a bitta good news today. I got called up for jury duty. Three whole weeks off work. That's bloody brilliant that is!"

That was the opposite reaction that Anthony had had. He decided not to show his friend his true feelings about the news.

"Yeah I got called up too as did Angela." Anthony replied dryly.

"Even better. The three of us might be on a jury together. That Angela is one hot woman Ant, I don't mind telling you. If I hadn't hooked up with Claire I think I might have made a play for her." Bernard replied enthusiastically.

"I'm not sure you're her type Bernard." Anthony said to try and mollify his friend. It was one thing to be an attractive woman who was desired, but it was another thing to be actively pursued, particularly by his best friend.

"Oh well, her loss mate!" Bernard's chirpy enthusiasm was insatiable at times to pull you along into his world where everything was great. It was one of the things that Anthony admired about his friend; nothing ever seemed to be a problem for him. It was probably why he got on so well with Claire.

"So do you think we'll get a juicy murder trial or anything like that?" Bernard asked.

"Oh I don't know. Those are quite rare I think." Anthony replied. "I guess most of the trials are boring things like tax evasion or a benefit cheat. Don't expect a major case." Bernard seemed a little crestfallen at his friend's response. He took a sip of his pint and then brightened up.

"Well at least there may be some fit birds in the court to distract me from the tedium of the case then." Bernard replied. All in all, Anthony thought, Bernard was not the kind of juror that the system was hoping for.

Nico had studied the file that they had sent to him now that his assignment as Chardonnay was over. The new suit that he was wearing was older than Chardonnay but was sexy in its own way. Sitting in the back of a transit van in the heat of the summer however was not in the least bit fun and Nico was itching to get back out and into action.

They'd matched Yvonne's clothes as much as possible from when they spied her entering the Magistrates Court building that morning, but it had not been possible to get exactly the same clothes that she was wearing. Nico checked the picture they'd taken of her again. The pattern on the white cardigan was slightly different and the earrings were not an exact match, but it was good enough to fool most people.

"She's leaving the building now Miss Harte." The driver of the van told him. He'd come down to Swansea in the Yvonne Rawlinson suit but with another mask attached to the suit with so as not to

raise any questions from the local heavies. They wouldn't dare touch him because of his connections, but he didn't want to have to deal with all the 'fag' comments all day.

"OK sweetie. Wish me luck." Nico said in character as Miss Harte, the operative from London, as he stepped out of the van in his heels. The tight black skirt meant he had to slide himself sideways out and then steady himself on his 3" heels.

Nico as Miss Yvonne Rawlinson headed into the Magistrates Court smiling sweetly at the security guards.

"Forgotten something Yvonne?" One of the guards said as he approached. Nico had not had a voice sample in the hurry to get all this together so had no reference to base her voice off.

"MMmmhmm." He replied in a feminine voice as he passed through the check point. Nico quickly made his way into the clerk's office and headed for the filing cabinet. The room was empty as it was lunchtime, but he knew he needed to act quickly.

Usually Nico liked having long nails as they made his hands look sexy, but when sorting through the papers in the drawer looking for the right one, they were a handicap. Finally, after longer than he would like, Nico found the one he wanted; the list of potential jurors for the De Torini trial. Taking it with him he headed for the photocopier, his tight skirt forcing his hips to naturally sway as he went.

What a waste! Nico thought. *No one here to appreciate my sexy wiggle.*

Nico copied the page and quickly returned it to the filing cabinet where he got it from. He'd like to really show off his new suit but without the voice to go with it the whole thing would be inherently risky. After the disaster last time in Swansea he didn't want to risk it. He headed straight out of the building quickening his stride as much as he could, given his tight skirt, to get past the overly friendly guard as soon as possible and back to the van.

The driver helped him get up into the back putting his hands on Nico's peachy arse not only to help give her the boost into the van but also to cop a feel. Nico inwardly smiled at the touch, though he knew he should be cross.

"You got the goods?" The thug asked.

"Yes" Nico replied shimmying his chest to let his boobs bounce up and down. "And I got the bit of paper that we need to. Get us back to your boss and we'll work out our next move."

Mark was dreading coming into work that morning. He'd been putting off telling Anthony his news and the agreement that he'd made with Theresa. Each day over the past four weeks he'd said to himself that he'd tell Anthony the next day. Then it had never quite been the time when it came around to actually do the deed. Later each night he'd cursed himself for being a coward and that he'd definitely tell Anthony the next day.

Now Theresa was sitting beside him on his drive into work and there was nothing for it. He was going to have to tell Anthony as we would be finding out soon anyway.

He pulled up into his reserved parking spot by the office.

“Er honey, can you let me go in first and give me a couple of minutes.” Mark asked his wife.

“Whatever for?” Theresa replied. “You’re not backing out on our agreement now are you?” Theresa replied.

“No honey. There’s just something I have to take care of. Please honey, just a few minutes.” Mark begged.

“All right. I’ll listen to two songs on the radio then I’m coming in.” Theresa replied sternly. She didn’t want Mark to think he’d had the upper hand in all this. After not telling her the truth of her memory loss she was determined to ensure that she was on top in the relationship now.

Mark jumped out the car and ran into the office, aware he only had a brief window now to tell Anthony the truth. As he came through the door he spotted Angela in her office with her feet up on the desk in a very unladylike fashion. He could see past her heels to the pair of pale yellow panties that she was wearing under her tights. Mark didn’t want to think about what was underneath those. He needed to stay focussed on his task.

“Angela. I have some good news and some bad news for you.” Mark started. Anthony as Angela looked up from the paper he was studying.

“Oh good you’ve sorted the Jury service thing then?” She replied sweetly.

“Sort of, but I’ll come to that in a second.” Mark replied. “You know that the office organisation is a mess and our filing system is almost nonexistent? Well I’ve got us some new to help out.”

“Oh that’s great news. Now that we’re doing well I suppose we can afford it, and Phillip is useless at paperwork. When do I get to meet the new person? I love meeting new people.”

“Er well, she’s not exactly new. It’s Theresa.” Mark confessed.

“What!” Angela exclaimed slightly louder and more shrilly than intended.

“Yeah it was that agreement that we came to whilst on holiday. She wanted more say in the business now that it was our primary income and I knew we needed the help in the office. She quit her job as office manager and she’s starting this morning.”

“You could have told me sooner.” Angela replied. “I’m just not ready for this.”

“Tough, you little pervert.” The voice of Anthony’s nemesis came from behind her husband. “And I’m going to ensure that you don’t get up to any of your perverted tricks either.”

Mark stepped to the side, revealing Theresa made up to the nines wearing a dark grey business suit. Theresa in turn got a good view Angela’s unladylike behaviour.

“And you can take your feet off the desk and stop flashing your knickers at my husband.” Theresa continued. “You can play your perverted games on your own time, not on company time.”

Angela quickly took her feet off the desk and for once didn't have a response to Theresa. Mark knew that having Theresa and Angela in the office together was going to be like a ticking time bomb waiting to explode. But he'd not had any choice in the matter. Either he'd agreed to bring her into the business or they were going to head for a messy divorce. At the end of the day though he loved Theresa despite her faults and he would do anything to keep their relationship alive. So it was that he'd caved in to save his marriage.

“Oh and about the Jury Service. I said I'd sort it out. I made a plea to the Clerk of the Court, a Miss Rawlinson. I told them I couldn't have two employees off work with jury service at the same time as we are such a small company and they accepted that.”

“Oh good. That means we can get on with work then.” Angela replied, satisfied that at least one thing was going her way.

“Well no actually. See she accepted that we couldn't have two off work at the same time, but it meant that one of you still has to go do jury service.” Mark said knowing that he was about to make the hammer fall a second time,

“Which one of us?” Angela demanded.

“Why, you of course Angela.” Mark replied, now having got all his bad news out took a tremendous weight off his mind.

Professor Munro sat in his temporary office in the Caswell Clinic mental hospital and waited for the governor of the facility to grace him with his presence. He didn't like being kept waiting but technically he wanted a favour from the man, so he was willing to for him his tardiness for the sake of getting what he wanted. All the preliminary tests for his plans had now been completed and he was confident he had everything he needed for phase two. Well, everything except this little permission that is.

The door opened and Governor Ellison entered the room. He was an ex-doctor and a capable administrator, but he was a man set in his ways. Professor Munro knew he may have to work hard to get what he wanted out of the man.

“Governor, so good of ya ta see me.” Professor Munro began, rising to shake the man's hand. Hypnosis was only good if they let you put them under.

“I only have a few minutes. I have a meeting of the release board at 10.” Governor Ellison barked back. He was clearly a man in a hurry.

“I would like ta tek a patient out on day release. I have some treatments I'd like ta use on him tha' I'm hoping will help him.” Professor Munro asked.

“That's highly unorthodox you know.” Governor Ellison replied.

"We'll yes, but ya ken na fix tha mind without doing some deep analysis. I ken assure you tha' I will tak every precaution. I hav ma reputation ta consider." Professor Munro pressed.

"Very well, but you'll need to go through all the paperwork with my secretary before you can do it." Governer Ellison replied looking at his watch.

"Oh don't ya worry laddie. Weel dot all the i's and cross all tha t's first before we do anything." Professor Munro replied beaming. Phase two could now start in earnest.

The Council of War at the Torini estate had all Marco De Torini's lieutenants gathered together with the mysterious Miss Harte from London to discuss their approach to the upcoming trial.

"Intimidate the dumb fucks on the jury until they know what's best for them." Harry Styles said.

"The list of potential jurors has fifty names on it. I doubt we could find leverage on all of them and even then they may not be selected." Ken Stanton, the head of the drugs operations chipped in.

"Besides, the Serious Organised Crime dumb fucks are sniffing all over this. If we intimidate the jurors and they find out we could be in deeper shit than we are now." Jonjo 'Thumbs' Nesta added.

"What we need is a voice on the inside of the jury. Leading them to the verdict that we want." Miss Harte suggested.

"Yeah, but as we just pointed out there is fifty potential jurors and they only need twelve. We can't guarantee getting our man in there." Harry Styles rebutted.

"We could if we could replace one of them after the jury was chosen." Miss Harte suggested.

"Yeah but how are we going to do that? They'll be locked up so tight that we'll never get at them and besides, how are we going to get to look like them anyway." Harry Styles poured more water on the growing embers of an idea.

"You'd be surprised at how far masking technology has come Mr Styles and wherever they are keeping the jury overnight will not be a fortress. It's usually a hotel. I admit that they will be guarding it, but the hotel will still have staff to run it. Luckily I have the name of the hotel they'll be using thanks to Miss Yvonne Rawlinson. We can do research on their staff and their rotas to get disguises made up in advance. The first day of a trial is just the selecting of the jury and the reading of the charges. Once we know who has been selected, we can make the switch that night."

"So great, you thought about it. But who's going to be our stalking horse on the jury?" Jono asked.

"Why me of course!" Miss Harte replied. "The prosecution will want to pick as many women as they can to be on the jury as they will feel that they will be more likely to find Mr De Torini junior guilty due to his supposed crimes against women. If we give our lawyer the best matches for my figure I'm sure we can arrange for him to ensure they say yes to the ones we want. A woman will have much more credibility in getting the others to come around to a not guilty verdict."

“Alright. You makka it so Miss Harte. I don’t want no screw ups, and I don’t expect failure else your boss will be getting a right earful.” Marco De Torini told her firmly.

Nico looked down the list of potential jurors. He’d already selected four or five he thought would be suitable candidates from their photos. He’d need to send them off to London to get masks made ready for the trial in a week and they’d need to do much more research. Perhaps the clerk of the court, Miss Rawlinson could visit them all to check they were happy to do jury service.

Phillip had put up posters for Mrs Peabody’s cat but so far he’d had no response. It wasn’t quite the glamorous detecting job that he’d imaging, but after getting chucked out of University he was just grateful to be employed. Mrs Peabody lived in a ground floor flat in Morriston a way out from the centre of town. It was a poorer area known for its drug dealers and prostitutes and Phillip wasn’t altogether comfortable being there. Mrs Peabody was an old relic of a former age still living there and not rich enough to move to a better area.

In theory Mrs Peabody wasn’t really allowed to have a cat in her flat, but she’d got away with it for years and felt she’d earned the fight as her husband had fought in the war and all. Phillip had had to be patient with the old woman who’d insisted on making him a cup of tea when he’d gone round to report his lack of success in finding Spitfire, the rather mangy looking ginger tom.

“I’m glad that them women on the third floor have moved out you know. They had men folk turning up at all hours you know. I think one of them was foreign even. I bet she was one of them illegal immigrants hiding out, that’s why the police have been all over that flat like a rash. It’s not right you know.” Mrs Peabody told him as she put down her copy of the Daily Mail. To Mrs Peabody foreigners and dole cheats were why this country was going down the tubes. If Phillip had a pound for every time she’d said that he’d have been a rich man. It was not that he didn’t have some sympathies with the conservative view; it was just that the old folk always seemed to look at the past through rose tinted spectacles.

“It’s most likely that Spitfire has got trapped somewhere Mrs Peabody. I’ll head out again in a bit and have a look around the old cement factory, see if he’s got caught up in the machinery there.” Phillip wanted to get away before she offered him another cup of her dishwater tea.

“No it’s them horrible catnappers who’ve taken my sweet little Spitfire. I’m expecting the ransom note anytime soon.” Mrs Peabody responded.

Most of the neighbours he’d spoken to about the cat did not think that Spitfire was in the least bit sweet. Indeed the cat had a reputation for fighting all the other cats in the neighbourhood and indeed even had chased off some of the dogs. Phillip wondered if one of them had got rid of the cat because of its nasty nature, but he didn’t want to say that aloud to Mrs Peabody.

“Well I really must be getting on Mrs Peabody. Thank you again for the tea.” He said as he got up to leave.

When Angela got to the waiting room, Bernard was already sat there chatting to a rather good looking brunette woman sat next to him. Most of the other fifty were there with him already. Angela had been relieved to discover that only twelve of their number would be selected for the trial this morning. Another twelve would be selected for the afternoon trial. Those that were not selected would be released. Anthony worked out he would have a 50% chance of Angela not having to do jury service at all.

Angela in her smart business suit walked over to a spare seat and sat down next to a rather smart looking woman in her late twenties.

“Angela Clemence.” She held out her finely manicured looking hand to her neighbour. The woman took it.

“Liliana Templeton.” The woman responded. “But please call me Lily. I can’t believe I’m getting time off work for this. What trial do you think we’ll get?”

“We might not get any if we don’t get picked.” Angela crossed her legs to try and move the hidden member in her panties into a slightly more comfortable position within its latex prison.

“Oh but then I’d have to go back to work.” Lily moaned.

Miss Angela Clemence, please step through into room 2. An announcement came over the tannoy.

“That’s me. I might see you later.” Angela said as she got up on her heels and walked towards the room with the number 2 on it.

Mark had been phoned by his friend Sergeant Ed Jenkinson out of the blue that morning. It seemed that the Chief Constable had requested their agency by name and had left it to Ed to make the call. It was a little worrying that the Chief Constable wanted to see him. Had he found out about Angela’s secret and wanted to expose them?

Mark entered the station and told the desk Sergeant that the Chief Constable wanted to see him and was led upstairs to his office.

“Mr Entwhistle-Houghton, thank you for coming in.” The Chief Constable got up to shake his hand.

“Thank you. I must admit I’m a bit perplexed as to what this is about.” Mark replied.

“Don’t worry it’s nothing bad. We want to use your agency, that’s all.” The Chief Constable said.

“But, you’re the police. Why’d you want to use a detective agency?” Mark asked, curious now.

“Well two reasons actually Mr Entwhistle-Houghton. Firstly the police do not have infinite manpower. Government cuts have meant that we struggle to meet our arrest targets. Secondly we have used all the legitimate channels and we have come to a dead end.”

“If you don’t have the resources, then how can you afford us?” Mark asked.

“Because this will be a performance related contract. If you don’t come up with the answers you don’t get paid.” The Chief Constable told him.

“So I’d be taking a risk taking this work on then?” Mark stated.

“Indeed. Are you interested? I don’t want to go any further until you’ve signed up to this.”

“Yes OK. Give me the papers and I’ll sign up.” Mark was intrigued now. The Chief Constable passed Mark several pieces of paper for him to sign including a confidentiality agreement which he signed.

“I take it that you’ve heard about the trial of the son of the local Mafia boss Gino De Torini. We have considerable evidence to show that he was running a brothel in Morriston including numerous witnesses who paid to use the services of the two women. This is all good evidence that has gone to build up the case. Unfortunately we can’t find the two women. Either the Mafia has killed them or moved them away from the area. We have checked all the airports, ports and trains leaving Britain to try and find where the girls went, but they have completely vanished. If we can find them, then we have a water tight case against him and we can hopefully persuade them to tell us about the Mafia’s human trafficking operation. Find either of those two women and you’ll get paid Mr Entwistle-Houghton. Detective Norton will give you a copy of the file to look at, but I must stress that you must keep the contents of that file a secret.”

“What are your views on women’s rights Miss Clemence?” One of the lawyers asked. It was not a subject that Anthony had really ever thought about that deeply.

“Well, everyone has the same basic human rights Sir. I don’t see how it should be any different between men and women.” Angela replied at last. Was it a trick question? They’d been quizzing her on a number of things for three minutes now.

One of the lawyers nodded. The other one eventually nodded also.

“Welcome to the jury Miss Clemence. The Court usher will instruct you on where you will be staying and will take your formal oath.” The Judge said looking over at her through his spectacles.

Angela was led away from the witness box by a young man in his twenties. She was too stunned to even put on her normal sexy walk for him. Had she answered incorrectly? How had it gone so wrong? Now she was stuck in Swansea’s trail of the year away from Anwyn and their daughter for up to two weeks. Anthony could hear Anwyn fuming at it all when he told her.

“Miss Clemence I need you to raise your right hand.” The young usher said. Angela did as she was bid and repeated the oath, still partially in shock.

“I swear that I will faithfully try the defendant and give a true verdict according to the evidence.” She didn’t even try and do it in a sexy voice.

“Now you will be put up in the Grand Hotel near the station for the next two weeks. I’m afraid that you are not allowed access to TV, radio, the internet or any outside influences whilst you are in the hotel and you will not be allowed to communicate with outsiders. Can you give me the name of someone to contact who can bring your packed suitcase to the hotel?”

Angela hadn't packed a suitcase. Anthony was sure that Angela wouldn't need one despite it having mentioned it in the final instructions that he'd been sent.

"Mark Entwhistle-Houghton." Angela replied. "He's my business partner."

Mark was still mulling over his latest case in his mind when he got back to the office and was greeted by his wife. She'd been busy in his absence and all the files were all over the floor being indexed. He leaned over to kiss her. There were some perks to having your wife work with you. Just then the phone rang.

"I see clothes for two weeks." Mark repeated back "I'll get something packed and come down to drop it off at the hotel."

That would mean they would need to do without Anthony / Angela for two weeks. Mark had no idea what a woman would need in terms of clothes.

"Tre. Angela is going to need clothes for two weeks. Can you help me choose stuff to pack for her from her wardrobe in her office?"

"Sure honey." Theresa said almost sweetly. It was so nice to see his wife starting to think fondly of Angela.

The full jury was brought in that afternoon to witness the defendant's plea. There were a total of eight women and four men on the jury including Bernard, the woman Angela met called Lily and the brunette that Bernard was talking to, whom Angela had since found out was called Julia Barnes.

Angela watched as the defendant, Gino De Torini was brought into the courtroom accompanied by a policeman on either side. The defendant looked around eighteen years old with dark black hair and a sullen look in his downcast eyes.

He looks like a right villain to me. Angela thought to herself.

"Mr Gino De Torini you have been accused of several counts of Trafficking for Sexual Exploitation, causing, inciting and controlling prostitution for gain, and keeping a brothel. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty." Gino De Torini replied. His answer was barely a whisper and most of the court struggled to hear it.

"Please could you repeat that louder Mr De Torini." The Judge asked sternly.

"Not Guilty!" Gino De Torini answered again, this time louder as he looked down at his feet.

"Very well." The judge said. "The trial will begin with the opening statements tomorrow morning. The jury will need to select a foreman overnight."

Mark dropped off the suitcase and then headed to the address in Morriston where the two prostitutes had lived. It was a block of flats in a rundown neighbourhood and they had lived on the third floor. Mark was not sure that coming here to look around would help much, as the Police

would have been over the place like a rash, but it would help get the picture of the women. As he was approaching the building he spotted Phillip who waved him over.

“Come to help me find Mrs Peabody’s cat then?” Phillip asked with a grin.

“To be honest I forgot you were up here on that case. No, I have another case looking for some missing women, though I’m afraid I’m not allowed to go into any details.” Mark responded.

“Not those whores up on the third floor then? Mrs Peabody said they always had men going up there.” Phillip asked. Mark was slightly put out that Phillip already seemed to know a little about his secret case.

“I cannot comment I’m afraid, but tell me what you know of these women?” He answered at last.

“Oh only that Mrs Peabody said they were whores and that they always had men coming and going. She didn’t approve and the police have been all over that apartment. Mr Wilson in number five used to keep a tally of when the visitors came apparently so as to send a complaint to the council.” Phillip responds.

“Worth knowing, I might call in and talk to Mr Wilson then.” Mark says. “Keep up the good work with Mrs Peabody’s cat.”

They’d elected Julia Barnes as their spokesperson over dinner. Angela certainly hadn’t wanted to be in charge and Bernard was quite happy to put the hot looking women in the hot seat. Many of the others hadn’t really cared and Julia, who was a management consultant, felt much more like a candidate for the Apprentice when she’d put herself forward to the role.

With nothing much else to do Angela had headed up to her room in the hotel after dinner. Her case was already placed on the bed and she went over to it to find something to change into. Anthony loved wearing sexy clothes but heels did make his feet sore after wearing for quite a time. Angela opened the case and her jaw dropped as she saw what Mark had packed. It was all the sexy gear from her closets with very little that she could actually wear in the Courtroom. There was one semi smart suit that would be ok, but otherwise it was short skirts and low cut tops. If she wore that in the Courtroom she would look like a right trollop.

Angela sighed and stripped down to her underwear to get out of her hot clothes. The matching lacy black underwear set was much cooler in the hot evening weather. The weather had been bad enough for normal people, but for Anthony wearing a hot latex suit it had been hell all day. Anthony wished that he could strip out of Angela completely but he was here in the public eye. Even though she was in her own room Angela couldn’t suddenly turn into Anthony in case someone knocked on the door.

Anthony decided that a cold shower might help cool himself down so he slipped out of Angela’s underwear and padded across the room to the bathroom.

The hotel was a four star hotel and the bathroom was tastefully set up. The bathroom had the shower above the bath and Angela decided that if she was going to get wet then she might as well

go the whole hog and have a cool bath. Once she'd run the bath Angela slipped into the cool waters. The suit was not 100% waterproof and the gaps and the top of the zip area allowed water to seep inside it. It was the first time that he'd had a bath in his Angela suit and it was a weird experience being wet both outside and inside the suit. When he'd finished soaping himself up and was sufficiently cooled off Anthony got out of the bath and lay on the tiled part at the side in an attempt to drain off the suit. He didn't really want to strip out of it in case someone came to Angela's room, but equally he needed to get fully dry. He didn't want excess water still inside it making the whole experience really clammy in the heat.

In the end Anthony concluded that the only way he'd get Angela completely dry was to remove the suit. He locked the bathroom door and ensured that the blinds were fully down before slowly unzipping himself from the back of the suit. The extra water helped the suit come off much more quickly than normal and slowly he peeled himself out of Angela's sexy body leaving his own corseted body behind. The corset was absolutely dripping wet and Anthony realised that he would need to get another one from the case before he could redress as Angela. Carefully Anthony, now completely naked, unlocked the bathroom door and padded across the room to the case where he rifled through the assorted underwear to find a new corset.

Just then there was a knock at the door.

"Angela, it's me Bernard. Mind if I come in? There's no telly or anything to do and I'm bored." Anthony's heart raced as he stood by the case.

"I'm not decent at the moment Bernard. Can you come back in 5 minutes?" Anthony replied in Angela's voice.

"I suppose, though I quite like the thought of you not being decent." Bernard answered.

Nico was dressed as one of the hotel maids as he pushed the cart along with one of the mafia thugs dressed as a porter. They had already got the room number from the front desk and they now made their way along the corridor past a large lumbering man knocking at the one of the doors of the jurors. Their target was much further along the hallway in room number 368.

"Miss Barnes – room service." Nico said in light feminine tones.

"Oh my sandwich. Come in." Nico heard the reply. They were in luck, she'd even ordered something. Nico walked into the room a couple of pillows in hand as Miss Julia Barnes came out of the bathroom with a bathrobe on and a mudpack on her face.

"That's not my sandwich." She complained.

"I'm sorry Miss" Nico replied as the maid as he raised the pillow up to her face and held her mouth against it. She started to struggle, but as she breathed in more and more of the chloroform she gradually lost consciousness.

"Bring the cart in Franco." Nico whispered loudly. The thug did as instructed and helped the woman he thought of as Miss Harte who posing as the maid. They lay Julia Barnes body on the bed, stripping

her out of her dressing gown. Nico fetched the mask with its wig attached from the cart and instructed the thug to remove Julia's jewellery.

"I'm just going to the bathroom to slip into this and out of these clothes." Nico told the thug as he locked himself in the bathroom. He then proceeded to reach behind his neck under the hairline and try and feel for the seam to release the Miss Harte mask. Nico let out a little sigh as the mask peeled from his face, leaving traces of the bonding glue around the eyes and under the nose. He set the mask aside and washed his face to get rid of the bonding glue.

His face looked odd on the body of a woman dressed as a maid but Nico was too busy to be concerned about that. He took hold of the mask of Julia Barnes and undid the seam at the back applying a little sealant glue on a few key parts of the inside of the mask. He then slipped the mask over his own face and started to move it in position over his own features. As usual he needed to align the eyes carefully and began to blend the seams around the eyes with some makeup. He then expertly made up Julia's face with a best guess at her makeup routine. Then he took out a bottle with a nozzle and squirted some of it into his fake vagina.

Finally he stripped out of the maid's clothes and took a spare dressing gown from the door hook before bringing the maid's clothes back to Franco who had by now moved Julia Barnes body into the maid's cart.

"Here hide these in the cart as well. We don't want a stray maid's uniform in the room to be found by tomorrow's room service." The translation chip in the neck of Nico's mask ensured his voice matched the sample of her voice they had taken when they had rung her phone two days previously. Nico liked the pitch of his new voice and he was itching for a romp, but he decided that the man in the hallway would make a better and less risky target than the hired thug.

"Go on, get out of here quickly and dispose of the evidence down the laundry chute." Nico ordered the thug. He quickly took several other items from the cart and stowed them in the room.

Once the thug had gone, Nico waited a minute before heading out in the hallway still dressed only in the dressing gown from the bathroom.

Bernard had been waiting outside Angela's room for some minutes when Julia Barnes, the sexy brunette that he had been chatting to earlier in the day came out of her room wearing just a hotel dressing gown with her hair pulled back.

"It's a bit boring without any telly. Do you want to come in for a drink?" She asked him in a sexy voice. Bernard couldn't believe his luck and was even more pleased when the loosely tied belt on Julia's gown came untied revealing a beautiful rounded boob. Julia quickly covered herself up and tied the robe back, but Bernard had already had an eyeful of the sexy Miss Barnes body. Bernard was not a complicated man and his reaction to the sight of naked female flesh was instant and gave him an instant bulge in his jeans.

"Well if that's alright, then I'd love to Julia." Bernard replied.

"Of course. Bernard isn't it?" Julia asked. Bernard hoped she'd remember from that morning. He followed her into the room.

"I'm sorry I've just had a bath. There's nothing to do without any television to watch." She pulled the towelling closer around herself as she headed to the mini-bar.

"What can I get you? I'm afraid we are limited to what's in the mini bar." Julia asked him.

"Oh, I'll 'ave whatever beer you have in there. I'll put my tongue around anything even if it's warm and wet." Bernard replied. His mind was not on beer however.

"Oh I bet you will. What do you think about the trial?" Julia asked him handing him a can of Heineken.

"Oh I don't care really. I just hope it goes the distance so I can have the whole time off work." Bernard replied casually. His mind really wasn't interested in the trial. Bernard wasn't really thinking at all, his lower extremities doing his thinking for him at this point.

"Well maybe I could give you a pointer of two to help you along as we go." Julia said.

"That sounds swell." Bernard said aimlessly as he chugged on his beer.

"I'm feeling a little hot after the day's heat, mind if I slip out of this." Julia asked him. Bernard couldn't believe his luck. There was a hot sexy intelligent brunette inviting him to take her.

"Not at all luv." He replied. "You want a back rub?"

"Oh, that sounds like heaven Bernard." Julia replied as she removed her robe and turned around to give him access to her back. Bernard got the briefest view of her breasts before she turned. He started to massage her back. It was strange, she had a very pronounced spine, but Bernard put that from his thoughts, instead imagining massaging her breasts.

As he continued fantasising he felt her right hand reach around and pull down his trouser zip. Then she reached her beautifully manicured hand inside his boxers and found her erect penis that she began to stroke softly. Bernard was already hard even before she'd started stroking him, and now he was in ecstasy.

He finished massaging her back and rolled her over on the bed before quickly getting out of his clothes. Now he could fully see her beautiful breasts and as she spread her legs wide he could see the full pussy lips below her brunette thatch. He couldn't resist any longer as he entered into her and began pumping away. She moaned in pleasure as he thrust and so he moved in with his hands to massage her breasts as well as he pumped. Julia's moans of pleasure became shrieks of passion and she called his name as he thrust into her wet pussy.

Bernard tried his best to make it last. Slowing his rhythm to try and stop the rush that he knew was coming from happening, making it last for Julia as long as he could until he reached that point when he could not hold it in any longer and so he sped up once again and thrust as hard as he could into her. He could hear her cumming as he exploded his seed into her.

It was only as he rolled off Julia that Bernard realised what he had done. He was coming down from the sexual ecstasy and as he fell from the heights of pleasure he remembered Claire, and that he was now a married man. Shame hit him hard, but he could not articulate it to the woman he had just taken to sexual heaven. He could not speak of it to her, just as he could never speak of this to anyone else. He rolled away from her.

"I'd better finish up my drink and go. It's going to be an early start tomorrow." Bernard said weakly.

"Must you go so soon?" Julia said rolling onto her back exposing her glistening pussy.

"I think so luv. Gotta be up bright an early tomorrow." With that Bernard quickly dressed and skulked back to his room, inwardly cursing at himself that he'd been so weak.

The fake Julia Barnes rolled on her bed for a while after Bernard had left. The high tec suit that Nico was wearing had transmitted the sensations of Bernard's penis entering into his fake pussy and the man touching his chest. The sensations had excited his hidden member like he was having sex as a man and his hidden engorged cock had emptied its seed just as Bernard had emptied his on into the person he thought was Julia Barnes.

Nico loved sex. It didn't matter if he was doing it as a man or as a woman, he knew that he was a sex addict. It was not until the Russian mafia had brought these wonderful suits across to the UK that he'd been able to fully appreciate the joys of sex as a woman. Now that he had though, he wanted sex all the time. He'd have screwed Bernard all night if he hadn't run off. He had so many positions and other things that he wanted to try. Still there were another three men on the jury that Julia needed to get onside to influence and Nico decided that he would have the maximum fun finding out.

Nico got up and went to the bathroom where he fetched some toilet tissue. His vagina now had both his and Bernard's seed in it as well as the pussy juice he'd squirted into it earlier and it needed a good cleaning out.

Anthony had got his corset on and had retreated to the bathroom to finish drying out Angela and then putting her back on again. It was still warm, but he needed to become her again to deal with Bernard. He was getting much better these days at getting the suit on and fitting it all into place but it was still at least five minutes by the time he was fully in the suit and had put on one of the short skirts and skimpy tops from the case.

Angela opened the door to her room to find no one outside her room. Bernard had obviously given up and gone to bed. She should probably do the same but with the heat she couldn't sleep. Anthony had not slept as a woman in a long time and he decided that Angela should at least put on some night clothes and get ready for bed even if she couldn't sleep.

Angela lay in bed for a while thinking about the trial. She had not wanted to be here, but now that she was here she determined that she was going to see this through. The defendant was a mafia kingpin's son and that made him guilty. Even if they weren't allowed to bring his family connections

out in court Angela knew the family name and what they did in Swansea. The Authorities wouldn't be bringing this trial unless they thought he was guilty, and Angela decided to help them prove it.

The first witness for the prosecution was brought in the next day after the initial statements by the two lawyers. Angela watched for a while as the man in a wheelchair was wheeled in to the witness box, then turned her attention to the defendant. He just sat in the defendant's box stoically with the two policemen either side of him. He didn't react in any way at seeing the witness being brought in.

"You are Brian Jenkins?" The Prosecutor asked him after he took the oath.

"Yes." Brian Jenkins replied.

"Did you know the defendant?" The Prosecutor continued.

"No Sir."

"But you did know the lady by the name of Svetlana Kavelenko of Flat 33 Dragon's Court, Morriston?"

"Yes I did meet her." Brian Jenkins said softly.

"How did you know her?" The Prosecutor continued.

"I ..." Mr Jenkins looked embarrassed, "I used to visit her for the purposes of sex Sir. See since the accident I haven't exactly had much opportunity with the ladies and I have certain needs."

"So you paid her for sex then? On numerous occasions?"

"Er yes, I guess." Brian Jenkins said.

"So in your opinion Ms Kavelenko was a prostitute?" The Prosecutor pressed.

"Well if she wasn't then I want my money back." Brian Jenkins said, relieved that his confession was finally out. Angela noticed a titter around the court room at that.

"Were you aware that Mr Gino De Torino was the landlord of the flat that Ms Kavelenko was living in?" The lawyer asked.

"No. I only dealt with Ms Kavelenko. I never even saw her flatmate when I was there." Mr Jenkins replied.

"Thank you. No further questions." The Prosecution lawyer said, and the defence lawyer took the floor to cross-examine.

"Where did you hear about Ms Kavelenko's services?" He asked.

"I found a photo with her number in a telephone box." Brian Jenkins replied.

"So you never spoke or dealt with the defendant, Mr De Torino ever?" The defence lawyer asked.

"No. I never met him and I never spoke to him. I didn't even know who he was." Brian Jenkins replied.

"No further questions." The defence lawyer concluded.

Angela had to sit through several more prosecution witnesses who all testified that they spoke and arranged the sexual encounters with either Svetlana Kavelenko or with her housemate Nina Keane. None of them ever met or spoke to Gino De Torino, though many of them had disabilities. Angela watched Gino's reaction to all this and she noted that he was implacable throughout. She wondered whether his silence was a front to try and divert suspicion from him. Although she wasn't really a woman, Angela had a distinct dislike for anyone using and abusing women. Unless it was provable beyond doubt that he hadn't done it, then Angela determined that this man would go down for these crimes.

After getting permission from the police, Mark had gone back to the Dragon's Court estate to begin looking at flat 33 where the two women had lived. As he entered the flat he noted that the police had already cleared it of most of the belongings of the young women. No doubt they had been tagged and bagged for evidence long ago. He supposed that he'd better call into the station again later to take a look at whatever they had bagged as evidence.

The sparse apartment still had the furniture in it, but little else. There were two bedrooms with double beds in them and an empty wardrobe. The living room had a rather sad looking sofa in it, an Italian looking coffee table and some now empty bookshelves.

The walls had parts where the paint had been taken off which indicated that they had had posters stuck on them, but these were now long gone and Mark could not get a fix on what they might have been.

The kitchen was a basic functional kitchen with a cooker, a fridge and an old battered washing machine next to the boiler. It was a basic functional two bedroom flat with not much else going for it. Mark guessed that in this part of town the rent would have been quite low for a place such as this, but there was nothing left here that would give him any clue as to what had happened to the women.

He decided to go and talk with the neighbour across the hallway to see if he could learn anything else from them. It took a minute before a scruffy man in tracksuit bottoms and a stringy vest answered the door with a copy of 'The Sun' newspaper in hand.

"I don't buy anything at the door so you can just bugger off." The man said.

"I'm not selling anything. I'm enquiring about the young ladies who used to live opposite you." Mark replied politely.

"You mean them tarts that lived there? You from the police?" The man asked suspiciously.

"No, nothing like that. I am a private detective and I have been asked to trace the young ladies." Mark continued politely.

"Young ladies my arse." The man started to rant. "They were common whores. They had men coming and going at all hours. Used to wake me up sometimes. Can't say I'm not glad to see the back of them. Mind you they were easy on the eyes."

"Ah, that is one thing that I was going to ask. Could you describe them?" Mark asked. The police had not supplied him with a picture of either of the women.

"You sure you're not from the cops?" The man demanded suspiciously.

"No I assure you I am not. Here." Mark produced his private investigator license for the man to look at. The man looked at it suspiciously and grunted.

"I might be able to do better than that if you can see your way to making my life a little more comfortable." The man said. Mark realised that the man was asking for some money so he looked in his wallet and produced forty pounds. This had better be worth it Mark thought to himself.

"Just a minute." The man said as he shut the door on Mark. After a minute or two, Mark began to wonder if his money had just been taken and that he'd been taken for a ride, however just then the man re-opened the door. He thrust two pieces of paper at Mark.

"Here." He started. "There's pictures of them." The pictures were taken at weird angles through a part open door and printed out on a piece of paper from a digital photo. One of the pictures showed a woman with shortish hair that had been dyed a plum red colour. She was wearing a short skirt, heels and a low cut top. The other one was a little out of focus and showed a blonde haired woman arm in arm with a man. She was wearing a business suit with a very tight skirt and a tight white blouse showing her large breasts through the silky top. She was the definition of sexy fantasy secretary.

"Thank you." Mark said as the door shut in his face. Sometimes being a detective wasn't all excitement. Sometimes it was dealing with these sorts of people.

Angela thought that perhaps the Prosecution lawyer had made his point by the time they had got to the third witness, but they had dragged out ten by the time the day had finished. All of the admitted they had paid one of other of the women for sex and had gone to the apartment to do the deed. In all the witness statements they all only mentioned having met one of the two women so Angela wondered if they had some kind of rota going on where they used the apartment for trade whilst the other one went out.

The jury all had dinner together that evening and inevitably the topic of the case came up. Angela noted that the Jury Foreman Julia Barnes had been making eyes at one of the men of the jury, a builder's mate by the name of Jim Roper. She also noted that Bernard was making a conscious effort not to look at Miss Barnes and wondered what was going on.

"I don't see anything linking the accused with these girls at all so far, apart from the fact that he owned the flat." Julia Barnes stated as desert was cleared away.

“But the judge stated clearly that for it to be considered a brothel under English law that two women had to be using the house for prostitution. So if they prove that De Torini knew about the girl’s activities or profited from them then he’s as guilty as hell.” Angela snapped back. She was not going to have Miss Barnes lead the rest of the jury her way.

“Which I think you will find that they haven’t done yet.” Julia responded tartly.

“It’s only the first day of the trial. You can’t expect them to do it all on one day. This trial is supposed to last at least a week.” Angela responded and then inwardly groaned that she was going to be stuck here all week arguing with their self-appointed leader.

“We don’t need to make our minds up yet then.” A timid little woman called Cathy said.

“No we don’t, but we do need to consider whether these girls were acting alone or not.” Julia Barnes said in a soft, almost conciliatory way. The other women and men around the table nodded sagely as though they knew all about it, when in reality none of them knew much about such offences.

Angela knew that she was going to have a tough time nailing this man for his crimes against these women and hoped that the prosecution would get its act together tomorrow.

Julia Barnes got up from the bed where she’d just enjoyed the pleasure of Jim Roper’s large cock in her anus. He’d been a cinch to pull and unlike the man Bernard from the night before, had not run off in panic. She realised that Bernard had suddenly remembered he was married as soon as his dick was no longer in control of him. She'd seen the type before and it wasn't an issue as she could use that to blackmail him if she needed to. The ring on his finger had been a dead giveaway. Bernard, herself and now Jim would give her the three that she needed to ensure that a majority verdict couldn't be given. However if she could get the remainder on her side then she could hopefully earn herself a big fat bonus.

Julia, or in reality the man Nico, had enjoyed sucking the man off before letting him have sex with her. She’d even managed to get him to think it was his own idea to take Julia anally. Nico didn't get anal sex very often and it was a nice change for him. The suit gave him realistic feelings of having sex as a woman, but sometimes there was something a little extra special about feeling it within yourself.

Jim was a healthy young man with a strong constitution and Nico hoped that he could ride the young man all night, but before they continued ‘Julia’ needed to sort herself out a bit. She padded softly over to the bathroom, slipping on a negligee as she went. When she got there she locked herself in and sat down to relieve herself first, the three glasses of wine from dinner now urgently needing to be expelled. Nico’s hidden cock had already exploded its semen three times already that night and her fake vagina needed a refresh before the next round.

The suits were incredible in giving the wearer the feeling that they were actually having sex as a woman, but the only things that they couldn’t do was get rid of any semen created by the wearer and simulate the wetness of a real woman. That had to be added manually by the wearer else the ‘gentlemen’ would notice her being very dry.

Nico finished peeing and wiped his genitals. He then got a circular brush out that normally was used for doing dishes and after wetting it inserted it up his fake vagina to begin scrubbing it out. The touch of the brush inserting itself in and out of his fake parts rubbed up against his fake G-Spot within his pussy and as he was cleaning himself out Nico began getting turned on all over again. He continued cleaning as long as he could without releasing his seed and then washed the brush out in the sink.

"Are you coming back to bed Julia? I'm missing you already!" Jim said from the bedroom.

"I'll be back with you shortly honey." Julia purred from the bathroom as she hurriedly looked for her bottle of lubricant. Finding it she squirted a generous dose into her hole and then checked her reflection in the mirror.

Time for round Four Nico thought to himself.

Julia padded back across the floor to the bed and was instantly wrapped in Jim's arms as he kissed her hard. That was not the only thing that was hard Julia noticed and she reached down with her beautifully manicured fingers and wrapped it around 'little Jim'. As she did so she felt Jim's hands go straight to her breasts and start to massage them. When they got to the nipples the suit started to send little electric impulses down to a sensor pad that aligned with Nico's own nipples. Nico loved the feeling of being able to feel being felt up by a man and his cock expanded in its hidden pouch once more.

Just then Jim stopped and got off the bed.

"Let's try the mermaid position." He said. Nico had no idea what that was, but he was always willing to try something new. It sounded like Jim had been doing some extra credit in the Karma Sutra.

"Sure honey." She replied as Jim manoeuvred her awkwardly towards the edge of the bed with a pillow under her arse and raised her legs together in the air. Then standing in front of her he thrust into her and began pumping. His penis felt bigger and she felt tighter as he thrust into her. Nico decided to try and open his legs slightly before closing them again and felt the keen thrusts of his man touch the secret G-Spot inside his suit which caused the pouch that held his hidden penis to massage his dick in the most wonderful way. Nico cooed in Julia's voice and began to encourage Jim to work harder.

"That's it baby do me harder." She said between moans. Jim continued hammering her at a pace, well past the point that she had cum deep within herself. After a while Jim began to grunt as he approached the climax point himself and he planted his seed within her.

After sex they lay back on the bed for a while just holding each other.

"That was fantastic baby. By the way you were right earlier." Jim said at last.

"Oh yes?" Julia asked intrigued where this was going.

"Looks like those women were doing it all by themselves." He said at last.

Next morning Mark decided that he needed to go and look at the two ladies possessions in the police compound. As an ex-policeman, Mark knew all about the procedures and in fact he even found he knew the Sergeant in charge of the lock up.

"Vince, how's it going?" He asked.

"Oh you know the usual." Vince replied. "Terrible shift pattern, and lousy pay to go with it."

"That's why I left." Mark replied. "Can I see the items from the De Torini case?"

"Have you got the release form? Sorry but even though I know you I still have to go through procedure for a civilian to see the items." Vincent said apologetically. Mark showed him the form that the Chief Constable had signed.

Vince led Mark through the security barrier into the evidence storage facility and headed towards the more recently acquired section. There was evidence in here that went way back to the 1970's Mark knew, but they couldn't throw it away in case the case became live again.

"I'll have to stay I'm afraid. It's procedure." Vince apologised. Mark understood exactly why, since if the evidence was tampered with Vince would be placed under suspension pending an inquiry.

Mark started opening the boxes and looking inside them. The first of the boxes had skirts, blouses, dresses, underwear, stockings and makeup. Mark looked on the box lid. It was labelled Svetlana Box 1 (De Torini case). He looked at the next case. It was labelled Nina Box 1 (De Torini case). This one also had a variety of women's clothing and makeup in it.

There was perhaps a slightly greater variety than in Svetlana's box. He went through the other boxes. There were some perfumes, bath salts, basic cooking foodstuffs and the missing posters. All in all there wasn't a terrific amount of stuff. Could the women have taken a bunch of their stuff with them when they left? If so then that would exonerate Mr De Torini of their murder at least, though that wouldn't please the Chief Constable who Mark suspected wanted the bodies to pin a murder charge on the mafia boss' son.

There was something was wrong here, but Mark couldn't quite put his finger on it yet.

"Who were the detectives investigating this case?" Mark asked his old pal suspecting he knew the answer.

"Jones and Rezlaw. Two of Sleaze Division's finest." Vince answered with a grin. Mark knew Matt Jones and Ian Rezlaw by reputation. Hard drinking, no holds barred cops who liked to think they were the scourge of criminals everywhere. In reality they were very direct men and Mark suspected they'd seen what they wanted to see here. He wanted to get back and talk with his wife. He couldn't talk with Angela as she was out of communication whilst she was doing jury service.

"Thanks Vince. At least it's quiet here. I think I've seen enough." Mark told his old colleague and turned to head out of the facility.

Angela had now used up both her skirt suits, and had had to send them down to be cleaned by the hotel laundry service. That meant that she now had to resort to the less than suitable clothes that Mark had packed. The skirt was far too short, the heels far too high and the blouse far too low cut for a day in court. At least, Angela thought, they will be a bit cooler to wear in this unusually hot spell of weather they were having.

She had already gotten looks from two of the men at breakfast but there was little she could do about that now. Jim Roper however had been far too exhausted to look at her and Angela wondered if he'd had problems sleeping. Bernard had the look of a man who desperately wanted this all to end.

The prosecution continued its case by trying to prove a link between Gino De Torini and the girls. First of all they produced bank statements showing that the two women paid money to Gino De Torino. The Prosecution Lawyer then made Gino De Torini take the stand himself. Angela noted how when he walked to the stand he was completely emotionless.

He's a real cold fish that one. She thought.

"Mr De Torini. Both these women made regular payments into your bank account. Do you deny this?" The Prosecution lawyer asked smugly.

"Not at all." Gino De Torini answered. "I was their landlord after all and they were good at paying the rent."

"Do you not feel that £400 a week was excessive rent for that flat." The lawyer asked.

"No. There's a housing shortage on and some people will pay for a bit of privacy." Gino De Torini answered flatly.

"Did you know what the young ladies who were your tenants did for a living Mr De Torini?" The Prosecution lawyer asked.

"No. I don't poke my nose into other people's business. I have a number of properties and I don't make a habit of being nosy."

"How regularly did you visit the property?"

"Not that much at all. I went in once to look at the boiler that needed some attention." Gino replied.

"Did you not notice that the women were prostitutes?" The lawyer asked pointedly.

"My tenants were not in when I let myself in. I only went and looked at the boiler to ascertain whether I needed to get an engineer in to fix it." Gino De Torini replied.

"You mean to tell me that you couldn't tell that you couldn't tell that they were running a house of ill repute?"

"What does that look like? They were two women in an apartment. They had women's clothes and makeup in there. How then hell should I know what they did there?"

"When did you last see your tenants?" The lawyer changed tact.

"It was probably a month before the police raided the house." Gino De Torini said casually. "The Russian girl Svetlana was behind on her rent so I went there to find out why."

"Was there a particular reason?" The Prosecution lawyer enquired.

"She told me that her grandmother back in Russia was ill and that she'd had to send money there to help pay the medical bills."

"The man across the hall from the flat, a Mr Kempstone, reported hearing you and Ms Kavelenko arguing on 16th May. Shall I tell you what he heard?"

"Go on. I have nothing to hide." Gino De Torini replied defiantly.

"He told the police that he heard raised voices and he heard you threatening her, stating 'I don't care how you get the money, but if you don't pay the rent by they'll be consequences.' Can you tell me what consequences you meant by that?"

"I meant that I would have to evict them. I'm a businessman after all and I have costs I have to pay on the mortgage." Gino De Torini replied.

"Are you sure that you didn't mean that you'd kill her?" The lawyer pressed.

"No I didn't mean that."

"I put it to you that Ms Kavelenko and Ms Keane got behind on the rent again that month later and further I put it to you that you made good on that promise of consequences which is why you had them killed." The Prosecution lawyer postulated.

"Objection." The Defence lawyer said immediately. "The Prosecution is trying to lead the jury based on no factual evidence."

"Sustained." The Judge agreed.

"I withdraw my question. No further questions for this witness your Honour."

Whilst the Defence lawyer started to cross examine his client establishing his good character Angela started to scrutinize Gino De Torini further. He was a small weasel like man with slick black hair. Angela could just imagine him getting angry with a cudgel in his hand and bludgeoning the two women to death with them when they failed to pay their rent for the last time.

As she was looking around Angela spotted Gordon Hallisham, one of the other two men on the jury looking down at her overly short skirt and stockings. Normally Angela liked being the centre of attention, but here in the middle of the Court she was very self-conscious of being ogled at by a man. She continued to look around and she noticed that there were three or four men in the public gallery staring at her breasts looking down on her low cut blouse. Even worse she then spotted the Judge glaring at her in a way that indicated that he was not at all happy with the way that she was displaying her assets. Angela slumped down a bit in her seat to try and get her breasts below the level of the railing that held the jury in the box.

Mark headed back to the office deep in thought and as he entered he nearly bumped into Theresa carrying some files across the office.

“Sorry Tre.” He apologised. “I was doing some thinking.”

“Careful or you might overload it.” Theresa commented wryly.

“Honey, just how many clothes would you expect a woman to have?” Mark asked.

“It would really depend on the woman. We’re not all the same you know.” Theresa said pointedly.

“Yes I guess. I suppose that I should give you a bit of context to the question. I went to have a look at the stuff of the two missing women at the evidence lockers and it just felt to me that they really didn’t have the volume of clothes that I’d expect.”

“Tell me; were these women shoes or handbag ladies?” Theresa asked interested now.

“Er what do you mean?” Mark asked in return. He didn’t really understand the question.

“Generally women either collect loads of handbags or loads of shoes. In very rare circumstances they’ll have lots of both and it’s only tom boys and other strange types that have neither. If these women were prostitutes then I think we can rule out the latter. So which were they?” Theresa explained.

“Well I’m not really sure. They had about 2 or 3 handbags each and about 6 pairs of shoes each.” Mark recounts. Theresa stops for a moment and starts to do a few calculations in her head.

“That sounds like enough for one normal woman, not two.” Theresa said. “And she would be a shoe’s woman rather than a handbag one.”

“That’s what I suspected. I think that we are only looking for one woman and not two. She’s just split her clothes between her two identities. If the police can’t find either of the women, then it’s quite possible that neither of them really exist, and that both identities are fake.” Mark deduced.

“That sounds possible.” Theresa conceded. “But you would need more proof.”

Marco De Torini paced across his living room waiting for Tony to return with the news from the trial. They’d managed to slip a mobile phone in with Miss Harte, the London agent and had been expecting a full report on his progress with the jury. Just then Tony came back with the mobile.

“What news Tony?” He demanded.

“She got two others on side. Dey can’t even get a majority verdict now boss.” Tony told him.

“Well that’s sometink anyway.” Marco De Torini. “But if we hav to ‘av a retrial then the damn lawyers will bleed me dry. She has to work harder on de other Jurors Tony. I want my boy exonerated of all de charges.”

"She's working on it boss." Tony replied.

"I lost my wife fifteen years ago Tony. I'm not losing my only boy to the damn cops. Gino was learning da business with that little operation he had. He was doing well and I was going to step him up to a running a district soon. Now the damn cops will be crawling all over 'im even if he gets off."

"Boss, we'll make it work, and dat broad from London is a smart cookie." Tony replied.

"I just hope so Tony, I really do."

The evening meal was a strange affair and Bernard tried to keep his head down during the whole thing. Julia had moved on to targeting Gordon Hallisham, but she was making very little headway. Jim was still giving her all his attention and Gordon had fastened his attention on Angela. Bernard's memory of Angela was that she loved the attention and the outfit that she was wearing certainly gave more evidence to that notion. However over dinner Angela was not revelling in the attention from Gordon, so the whole tableau was a strange affair.

The conversation at the table once again turned to the events of the trial during the day.

"It seems to me that he carried out his threat on those girls." Angela said bluntly.

"How do you know that then?" Julia responded quickly.

Bernard watched as the two women debated the issue back and forth. There was definitely a power game going on between them and Bernard couldn't make up his mind which was right. He'd always had a bit of a thing for Angela, but he'd given that up when he married Claire. Then he remembered that he'd cheated on Claire with Julia the other night and he wondered what would happen if that got out. Reluctantly he realised that he had no choice now. He had to support Julia, else she might turn on him.

"I think Angela is right." Gordon says getting into the debate and drinking in her curves. Bernard spotted a flash of hatred directed at Angela from Julia Barnes as Gordon said that. He was getting a little confused it all, but clearly the two women had something going on between them.

"Honey, I'm not sure you are right. Why don't you come to my room later and we can talk it through." Julia replied. Bernard looked back towards Gordon and saw him looking expectantly at Angela for a response, so he in turn looked at Angela.

Bernard saw Angela lean forward over the dinner table exposing her cleavage above the skimpy top that she was wearing for the rest of the table to see.

"We can talk it all out just as easily here." She replied at last. "Then everyone can hear what you have to say." Bernard turned just in time to see the disappointment on Gordon's face.

"I'm quite happy to talk now if you want to." Julia returned sweetly. "Tell me what evidence you have that the defendant killed those girls?"

“Well, it was obvious. He threatened them as they didn’t pay the rent so he killed them.” Bernard heard Angela reply from behind him.

“So he killed the two people who were making him money. Even if they were behind on the rent the money would be accruing and he’d be earning that money when they paid him.” Julia Barnes replied. She had such an innocent face, but Bernard knew that she was manipulative and she’d already manipulated him into supporting her.

“A debt never paid back wouldn’t be earning him anything.” Angela replied. It seemed to Bernard this old friend really was quite determined. “And he’d probably take months to get them evicted, all the time he’d be losing money. So he took the easy way out and hid the bodies.”

“I don’t believe we have seen any evidence that proves this.” Julia Barnes replied. Bernard had to agree with her. All the prosecution had done was implant suggestions and make up suppositions.

“That’s a maybe,” Angela said a perhaps a more haughty tone than she intended, “but the trial isn’t over yet.”

Bernard had been keeping his eyes on Gordon periodically throughout the exchange and his final glance told him that Angela had lost him.

Next morning Mark headed out once again to Morriston, where he had decided to see if he could get a hold of Mr Wilson, the man whom Phillip had mentioned a few days before. He’d said that Mr Wilson had a record of the comings and goings at the house and therefore he might well hold the key to the question that been swimming around in his mind over the past day or so.

Mr Wilson lived on the ground floor near to Mrs Peabody and Mark hoped that he’d find him in early in the morning. As it transpired Mark managed to get the man out of bed when he called. Mr Wilson was in his late seventies and was missing half his teeth.

“So what do you want, now that you got me to bed and all that?” Mr Wilson said.

“I’m sorry to bother you this early in the morning but I was hoping you could help me.” Mark started. “My colleague told me that you had records of the people who visited the ladies upstairs. I’d like to take a look at them, but first a question. Did you ever see the two ladies together?”

“Thems weren’t no ladies. They were damn prozzies.” Mr Wilson replied. “And ta answer your question; no I never saw thems together. I think they musta worked shifts or sumtink.”

“Did you not see them both when they moved in?” Mark pressed.

“No. The English tart moved in first. I didn’t see the Russian one till the next day.” Mr Wilson stated. This confirmed what Mark had suspected. He decided that whilst he was here he’d take a look at Mr Wilson’s records.

Professor Munro had finally got all the paperwork that he needed to get Wesley temporarily transferred from the Caswell Psychiatric hospital into his care. They'd insisted on inspecting his personal facilities before they'd signed it off. Still now the Group 4 van with security escort was on its way to him with its precious cargo. The Professor was glad he could finally get started; it had all taken much longer than he'd hoped.

Professor Munro signed at the bottom of the form the security guard presented him after Wesley had been placed in the locked room that had been converted into a cell for him. When the guards had left Professor Munro headed into the cell without any fear and stood above the man in the strait jacket sitting on the bed.

"Ya'll be free soon jus' as I promised ya laddie. Now there's just one thing ya haf to do fer me afore I get you your new life. It's jus a little thing but I think ya may enjoy it. Did ya ever have fantasies about nurses when you were younger?" Wesley nodded mutely in answer to the Professor's question.

"I bet ya ne'er had a fantasy about being one though?" The Professor said. Wesley looked up at him, his face registering surprise.

"There's a certain very wealthy man who 'as his oon private room in a hospital. He's a bit paranoid and he oonly lets his personal nurse and doctor in whilst he's ill. See tha' thing is I really don't want him to recover from his operation. In fact I want him to hav a complication on a complication. That's where you come in. His nurse is a big strapping lass named Amelia Fosdyke. It's not going ta need much, just adding a little squirt into his drip bag. I doot he'll recover from tha' squirt. So are ya up fa it laddie?" The Professor finished.

Wesley just nodded mutely. The Professor slapped him on the back like an old comrade in arms.

"Good laddie. All ya need will be in this box." The Professor reached just outside the door to push a box into the cell before he exited and shut the door. "Give me a shout when ya' done laddie, or should I say lassie."

The Professor wondered how long it would take Wesley Caplin to get in the realistic female suit he'd acquired at great expense. He hoped that all the pre-programming of feminine traits and mannerisms that he'd been doing with Wesley in his sessions were really going to pay off now, but it really was theory over practice until now. This would be a good test of whether the main plan was going to work. If it all went wrong and Wesley got caught, they would find the Professor unconscious by the cell door and all the blame would be on the contractors for not constructing the cell properly.

He was confident that the conditioning to stop Wesley betraying him would hold. He'd tested that a number of times now and it was fool proof, but making someone acquire skills they never had in the first place, this was much less a much less certain proposition.

The Professor had not bought any clothes for a woman for a long time. His wife had died some twenty years ago now, and although he missed the sex, he didn't miss her. He'd married beneath his intellectual capacity and he'd soon grown bored with her incessant prattle about totally trivial things. She'd been his secretary in the early days and he'd been young enough that the sexual attraction had overrode his common sense. The female underwear that he'd bought for Wesley to

wear under the nurse's uniform had given him a thrill when he'd bought it from Anne Summers. The black lacy bra and panties with red edging had made him hard, but not how you might normally think. His wife had been wearing a similar set of underwear when he had strangled her just after he'd made love to her. Now he was letting Wesley touch the same finery as he was about to murder the man who was in his way.

It was amazing how easy it had been to get away with as well. Earlier in the holiday he'd been talking with a young man who'd wanted him to hypnotise him to help him quit smoking. Professor Munro had of course obliged and had also implanted the suggestion that he fantasised about killing Kaitlin Munro. Professor Munro had waited until he'd seen the young man come back from a heavy drinking session and then went out to meet the man. He'd used the implanted word to put the young man under and give him the dagger. He'd then told the man to act out his fantasy.

The man had been caught by the Spanish police and charged. Professor Munro had acted suitably upset and had sworn revenge on his wife's murderer, but he was secretly pleased. He was free of the incessant nagging, and he'd found a new use for his talents. He'd worked hard all his life and he'd never got the respect of wealth that he felt he deserved for his talents. Now the world was going to pay, and everything would seem to be absolutely legal and above board.

There was a knock on the cell door. Professor Munro came out of his memories and went over to the cell door to take a look at the results of his protégé. The suit had fit Wesley perfectly and there was now a light brown haired nurse stood in the cell where Wesley Caplain had been. Professor Munro inspected the figure to see whether he could see any maleness of Wesley Caplain left. Wesley's weight loss, corseted waist and slight padding in the suit had given him the perfect figure of a tall woman.

"Ya look luvly ma deer." The Professor told Wesley. He was all business now and all thoughts of sex and underwear were gone from the Professor's mind. His mind was in overdrive going over the plan.

"Are ya liking all tha features of the skinsuit?" He asked genuinely interested in his minion's reactions. The suit had cost him a lot from the underworld and the main part of it would need to be reused later.

"I'm feeling complete now Professor." Wesley said with a woman's voice that was not his. It would also not match Nurse Amelia Fosdyke either, but the Professor hoped that it wouldn't be a problem.

"Good lassie. That suit will be yer reward when this is all done. Now leet me tell ya about where you'll be going."

Angela was relieved that her skirt suit had come back from the hotel cleaning service that morning. She felt much more relaxed and less self-conscious now that she was appropriately attired. It was only now that Anthony was really starting to realise what it was like for women to be judged and ogled at. He'd always until now been very happy with all the attention that he'd gotten when he was dressed seductively, but now in this goldfish bowl environment it had really hit home.

Breakfast had told Angela two things. Firstly that Gordon had turned to the dark side and was now firmly in the Julia Barnes camp of believing the defendant innocent. Angela finally realised that she was fighting an uphill struggle to get this man put away. Secondly she noted that Julia herself was looking a little tired herself this morning.

Perhaps she had been up all night with her conscience bothering her. Angela mused.

The trial started up again with the Prosecution trying to establish that Gino De Torini was making money from the prostitutes. The financial expert tried to produce figures and show accounts to prove that the money that Gino De Torino made from the rent was laundered through various accounts. Anthony crossed Angela's legs in frustration and smoothed her skirt down as he didn't really understand any of it. His mind started to wander as Julia Barnes had already seemingly got three of the men on her side already. The last man was a weedy man with glasses who worked in IT called Sean Iverson. So far Julia hadn't got her claws into him, but then Angela suspected that he'd have run a mile from her. Angela decided that during the lunchtime interval she'd go in gentle and try to get to know him.

"Sean is it? I'm Angela" She said. "Look, I hope I'm not looking too dense but I didn't understand half of the evidence this morning."

"Err hello." Sean said timidly. "It's not that difficult really." With that he stopped, not going any further with the explanation. Angela decided this might not be easy. Sean was looking down and not making eye contact with her.

"So can you tell me about it?" She asked gently.

"Yes." Sean replied nervously. This was really like pulling teeth Angela decided.

"I'd really like it if you could explain it to me." Angela asked softly.

"Well I'll try and put it simply." Sean began. "The account of Mr De Torino has various standing orders that purport to be used for various services but in actuality they are going through to offshore accounts that are then siphoned up and washed in legitimate stock accounts which are then sold and the proceeds going to the Torino family." Once he got going Sean was quite animated.

"Why would they do that? It makes very little sense to me since the rent itself would be a legitimate payment in the first place." Angela replied puzzled.

"I think the implication was that it was mixed with other mafia money to make it grey rather than completely dirty." Sean replied. Angela got the distinct impression that the Prosecution were trying their best to cast aspersions on the money and bamboozle the jury with a financial expert. For the first time during the trial Angela wondered whether the Prosecution had any real evidence.

"Oh I see. What do you think about the accused's guilt?" Angela asked.

"I don't know." Sean replied. He didn't expand any further, going back to his former shy behaviour. Angela considered his answer and decided that perhaps he had the truth of it. Whilst she passionately thought he'd done it, the evidence had yet to back it up. Still at least Julia would have

as much of an issue with Sean as she had. She was sure that Sean would run a mile from Julia if she came on strong with him.

After talking with Mr Wilson, Mark had headed to a number of other residents houses to see if he could pick up any more information. Of those residents that were in Mark received multiple confirmations that the two women had never been seen together. He was just about to give up when he saw Phillip down the road hunting in the bushes. Mark decided to check up on his protégée to see how he was getting on.

“Phillip, how’s the hunt for Mrs Peabody’s cat going?” He asked conversationally.

“Not good. The damn thing’s been missing for days and no one has seen it. I’m beginning to think it’s been catnapped.” Phillip replied dejectedly.

“I’m sure it’s probably just got stuck somewhere. It’s not some ultra-rare breed of cat is it?” Mark asked.

“No, it’s quite the opposite in fact. Mr Wilson described it as an infernal ‘moggie’ that was forever killing other innocent animals”. Phillip told him.

“Well there’s something. What open areas are round here?” Mark asked.

“Well there’s Morriston Park, and the Golf Course fairly near. I’ve been all over them with no luck.” Phillip said.

“What about that Allotment over there?” Mark asked.

“It’s not exactly huge and it’s right next door to the flats. I’d have thought the cat would have been able to get home from there.” Phillip replied.

“Indulge me a minute Phillip.” Mark said, starting to walk over to the allotment. The space contained loads of little vegetable patches, each with their own little shed assigned to it in the corner. No doubt the male elderly residents would spend many a happy hour in their sheds to get out the house.

“Let’s start looking.” Mark added to Phillip who was dashing to catch him up.

Phillip headed off and started calling for Spitfire whilst Mark stood still and started to survey the area. Most of the plots were neatly maintained with rows of vegetables and barely a weed in sight. There was one plot that was just completely overgrown with weeds. Over on the far side was an old man puffing on his pipe outside of his shed.

Mark went over to the man and wished him a good morning.

“I was looking for an allotment and I expect there is a waiting list, but that one over there doesn’t seem to be being used at the moment. Do you know who owns it?”

“That belonged to them tarts that the police nicked.” The old man said through his pipe. “They never did nothing with the land, it was a damn shame. The council should have taken it away from them.”

“How often did they use it?” Mark asked, his interest suddenly picked up at this.

“I don’t rightly know. Only saw one of ‘em coming out of it late in the evening once when the Missus wanted me out of the house.” The old man recounted. Mark was now really interested in that particular shed, the cat completely forgotten.

“Didn’t the police search it?” He probed.

“I didn’t see none of those coppers there, no. You’d think the council would have cleared it out so decent folk could use the land.” The old man grumbled.

Mark thanked the old man and headed over to the allotment shed, which had seen better days. Holes in the woodwork had seemingly been blocked up by patching and the whole structure wasn’t as solid as it could be. It was however padlocked, but Mark’s strength was sufficient to rip the hinge from the woodwork. Just as he did so inside the shed he could hear the faintest of meows.

“Phillip.” He called across the allotment. “I think I have found Spitfire.” With that Mark opened the shed door and picked up the cat before it could dash out the now open doorway. The cat, true to its nature fought and scratched at its rescuer, and Mark was quite glad to hand the beast off to Phillip when he came over.

“You’d better get Spitfire back to Mrs Peabody as soon as possible.” Mark told his protégée as Phillip snuggled the cat tightly into his arms to avoid the worst of its fury. Philip seeing the sense in the instruction then moved quickly to obey, leaving Mark all alone to investigate the allotment shed. He wondered to himself which of the two women was real and which of the women was a false identity.

Once he’d found the light switch, it didn’t take long for Mark to find the answer. At the back of the allotment shed was a makeup table with mirrors and two masks sat atop them. The two masks looked uncannily like the two women in the pictures that he’d got a few days earlier. He was about to conclude that neither of them was real and wondered who the woman was and why she had wanted to be a prostitute when he noticed the wardrobe beside the half eaten mouse on the floor. The cat had gone through a hole in the shed chasing a mouse and had knocked a shoe box over the hole.

Mark went over and opened the wardrobe. Inside it were hangers with women’s clothing, corsets and two skin coloured objects hanging up. Mark had a feeling of *deja vu* as he pulled out one of the flesh coloured objects by the hanger it was dangling from. The fake skin felt super realistic to Mark and had a beautiful pair of breasts attached to the chest piece. Mark became more convinced of his supposition and decided to check the inside of the genital area for a final confirmation. The interior of the vagina had two sheaths. One for a man’s penis that connected to the urethra outlet and one that provided a vaginal cavity that connected to the outer vaginal opening of the suit. This one had sensors on it that connected across to the penis sheath. Mark had never really seen Anthony’s suits this close up but he imagined that they were similar, if not as complex as this one. Just standing there holding this false female form in his hands was now making Mark feel strange somehow.

So it had been a man had been posing as the two women all along. This certainly put a different perspective on the case, though it was not up to him to find out who at the end of the day. He'd just been asked to find the women, which he'd now done. Giving the police the suit and the masks would be enough for him to get his reward. The fact that there was only one person really living there though was significant. It meant that the house could no longer be considered under the prostitution laws. The Chief Constable was not going to be pleased.

Just before he left the shed Mark had an idea. Only one suit and the two masks were sufficient evidence to show that the man had been posing as both women. What if he could take the other suit as a present for Anthony to butter him up to having Theresa work with them now? The more he thought of it, the more he liked the idea. Anthony had often talked about the time they'd found the ruined hi tech skin suit all those years ago and Mark knew he secretly would like one. Mark rolled up the suit he had in his hand and found a bag to put it in. Then he shut the shed up and put the bag in the boot of his car before he called in to the Chief Constable to announce his discovery.

The Private ten-bed Hospital at Port Eynon overlooked the sea in a picturesque setting. Wesley Caplin, now dressed as a nurse called Amelia Fosdyke did not care for the view but was watching the hospital intently for behind the hedgerow just outside the hospital. He knew he could not go in there until the real nurse had left for her lunch break and the waiting with the sea breeze blowing up his skirt despite the heat was frustrating to him. He wanted this over with so he could get on with his new life. He knew that what he was doing amounted to murder, and that given his current circumstances it shouldn't matter, but in a way it did. There were those in the past that deserved it, like that bitch Anwyn Danforth. But he didn't even know this man. Killing someone in such an abstracted manner just felt strange to him, and he wanted to get it over quickly.

Finally the nurse came out of the hospital towards her blue mini and drove off towards the little town to get her lunch.

It's now or never. Wesley thought.

With that he started to walk steadily in towards the little hospital keeping his gait low and his stride as small as he could, given his long legs. He almost felt at peace now in the nurse's uniform and women's underwear. It relaxed him and made him feel no longer under any pressure. He was someone else now, someone who was more at peace with himself than he'd ever been in the past. Wesley walked that the door and passed the two security guards on the desk. He'd been told that his quarry was in room 5 and he followed the signs to the room, ignoring the cheery comments of the guard on the desk.

If I do this, I can get to be freed from who I was forever. Wesley's mind told himself. *The Professor really would look after me just as he promised.*

Wesley picked up a clipboard chart before he entered the room and pretended to make notes on it to avoid talking with the security guard posted outside the room. The Professor had warned him that although the voice on this suit was female sounding it would not match that of the nurse he was impersonating. He did not want to get involved in any idle chit chat.

Fortunately the guard was too busy playing games on his phone to even bother to try chatting and the fake nurse just walked past him into the room. The man in his late fifties, early sixties was on the bed asleep, even though it was the middle of the day. Wesley reached into the front pocket of his nurse's dress and pulled out the needle.

Just one small prick and a thrust with the arm and it'd all be over. Wesley thought to himself. Despite that he hesitated before actually plunging the needle into the top of the drip feed bag and depositing the deadly contents.

There, that wasn't so bad.

Hiding the syringe back in his nurse's dress pocket Wesley quickly headed back out of the room. Wesley had no idea how long it would take before that cocktail, whatever it was, would start to filter into the older man's blood stream. However he certainly knew he didn't want to be around to find out.

Wesley made it back to reception only to be accosted by a young couple in their twenties.

"Excuse me Miss, could you tell me where the Taliesin Room is please?" The man asked the fake nurse. Wesley had no idea and he was not sure he wanted to answer, but here out in the reception he could hardly just ignore the man. Thinking on his feet Wesley pointed down one of the other corridors. It didn't matter if he was wrong or not as by the time the couple found out about their error the fake Nurse Amelia Fosdyke would be gone.

Wesley walked steadily out of the building and then once he was outside moved back at a faster rate until he was back at the Professor's car.

"It's done." He said. "Now I want my reward."

"All in good time, lassie. We have a switch ta make yet, and then you'll be ganning to a funeral."

That evening Angela headed into the dining room, somewhat jaded after the boring Prosecution lawyer had finished summing up his case. She'd briefly considered heading back to her room to remove her heels that were killing her, but instead she'd decided to go to the ladies and freshen up before dinner.

She was therefore the last one to enter the dining room, and was surprised to see Julia telling jokes and everyone laughing along with her. Angela had to give it to her rival; she really was the life and soul of any party. The most annoying thing though, was that she might be right. Despite all her hatred of the man in the dock, logically Angela couldn't find him guilty even though her heart said that he was.

"And then he walked into the bar and said 'I don't suppose you need a Taxidermist do you?'" The room burst out in fits of laughter and Angela noted that even Sean was laughing along too.

"Oh Angela, don't stand around, come and join us!" Julia said sweetly. Angela was forced to trot over to the table and sit at the only place left next to Bernard.

“She’s been telling some cracking jokes.” Bernard said to her. “Why are you looking so glum Angela?”

“Oh, it’s nothing really.” Angela replied absently.

“Go on tell us what’s bothering you Ang?” Bernard said. Anthony was not sure he liked Bernard calling Angela that, but he let it slide.

“It’s just I think he’s guilty but the evidence doesn’t support it.” Angela replied a bit sulkily.

“I wouldn’t let that bother you. There’s plenty of good food here, loads of free booze on the house and we don’t have to work. Why are you so bothered?” Bernard told her.

“I just don’t like seeing a man treating a woman badly.” Angela confessed.

“Neither do I babe.” Bernard consoled her. Anthony ignored the babe remark for now, though he knew he should probably have squashed that now. “But unless we really know it happened we can’t just decide that it did.”

“But I’m sure he’s guilty.” Angela countered, realising her weak it was.

“That’s not how the law works here thank God. If everyone who looked shifty was found guilty, men with squints would always being locked up.” Bernard told her. Anthony as Angela didn’t know what the world was coming to when Bernard was giving him sensible advice.

“I suppose you’re right.” She conceded.

“That’s the business Ang babe. Now let’s have a drink and enjoy this freebie whilst we can.”

The Chief Constable of Glamorgan was not a happy man. His former officer now detective had done exactly what he’d been asked to do – find the two women. Unfortunately that had created more problems than solved and now he had no case against Gino De Torini. Where there were two prostitutes living at the address, now all of a sudden there was only one and it was some creepy crossdresser. With only one person actually soliciting at the house that meant that it was no longer a brothel and the charges would need to be dropped against the mafia bosses son.

Now he had to make a call he’d rather not as well.

“Hello Agent Wilkes here.” The phone said.

“Ah Agent Wilkes, this is Chief Constable Henshaw of the South Glamorgan force here. I’m afraid to say we’ve found another one of these female body suits down here in Swansea. It has connections to the mafia down here, but nothing we can prove. There’s also two masks. What should we do with them?”

“I’ll send an agent down there to pick them up once you’ve finished with them for evidence purposes. I’ll like a copy of all the paperwork on this as well please.”

“Of course, Agent Wilkes. The quicker I can get rid of this thing the better.” The Chief Constable replied.

Julia Barnes was feeling tired, but she knew that she still had work to do. It had taken quite a bit of effort to put on the display of jollity earlier even when the man inside the lovely Julia Barnes was feeling shattered from all the nocturnal activity that she been having over the past few nights. Nico loved sex, but even he had endurance limits. Still he had a job to do as Julia Barnes and she had to keep up her persuasive powers. She drunk down some coffee quickly to try and keep herself awake.

There was a knock at the door and she headed over to answer it. Sean was waiting for her on the other side looking nervous.

“You said you had a problem you wanted me to look at?” He asked nervously.

“Oh, you are so sweet Sean. Yes I have.” She purred back at him. Sean waited on the doorstep shuffling his feet. “Oh come on in honey.”

Sean entered the room nervously and stood a little way into the room. She waved him further into the room and he came to table where she’d delicately perched herself on one of the chairs.

“It won’t start up.” She said pointing down to the mobile phone on the table and pouted. Sean gasped in response.

“We’re not allowed those in here. That’s so naughty.” He said.

“Oh I only play games on it. I couldn’t be without my apps, I’d get so bored.” Julia replied. Nico figured that the kid was a gamer and if he could get him talking about games then he’d have him hooked.

“What games have you got?” He asked.

“Tetris, Pac-Man, and Bejewelled.” Julia answered swiftly. “We could play a bit if you can get it going.”

“Oh can we? I get so bored here of an evening.” Sean brightened up as he started to look at the phone. Nico figured it wouldn’t take Sean long to find the connection terminal off the battery. After a few games on the phone, Nico felt he should be able to get the young man to play a few different games. Nico had already prepared Julia’s nether regions for just such an eventuality.

Angela couldn’t sleep. It wasn’t just the heat that was causing her inability to fall off to sleep. She was having a crisis of consciousness what with Bernard’s words to her over dinner. She’d been so sure that she was right about Gino De Torini, but she’d been ignoring the evidence. Evidence was the thing she’d always been trained to look for during all the cases that Mark and her had had over the past year. She’d never relied on a gut feeling before, although she’d come close on her last case at the school.

Was Anthony becoming emotional just like a real woman when he was Angela?

Anthony knew that he'd changed a lot over the last few years. He'd gone from a bitter man taking revenge on those he'd felt had done him wrong to someone who righted wrongs, finally to a man that was comfortable in the guise as a woman being an investigator. It had made him a better family man and husband, but it had also put quite a strain on his relationship with Anwyn.

He was spending so long in the guise of a woman these days that he was starting to sympathise with the pains and trails of being a real woman. Was he taking it all too far? Was he losing himself in Angela?

Next morning after a bad night's sleep Angela went down to breakfast only to see the dewy eyed look that Sean was giving Julia Barnes. That woman was truly incredible in the way she had gone through the men on the jury. By now though Angela had given up competing and now all she wanted to do was end this nightmare and go home.

Angela was surprised when the jury were seated in the court that the Judge started the day's proceedings by addressing them personally.

"Overnight the police have uncovered some new evidence that has been passed to the Crown Prosecutors office. In the light of this new evidence the Prosecution has decided that the accused no longer has a case to answer. Therefore I propose to dismiss this case and release the jury from their duty."

Angela's face lit up at that. She was free and could go home without any more long boring days sat in this court.

"Oh bloody hell. I gotta go back to work then tomorrow." Bernard blurted out.

Angela couldn't wait to get back to her room and pack her case. Instead of ringing up Mark and getting him to pick her up, she ordered a taxi to head back to the office to unpack her things.

Angela shuffled into the office banging her overstuffed case on the door as she went. She noticed Theresa leap up as she entered and smirk at her.

"Did you have a nice holiday? Hope I packed the right things for you." She said sweetly at Angela.

That bitch! She sabotaged my suitcase. Now I have to put up with her in the office all the time.

"There were a few unusual choices." She replied casually. Angela didn't want to give her the satisfaction.

"Angela, you're back!" Phillip came through and gave her a hug. "I solved my first case." He added excitedly.

"Well congratulations to you!" Angela beamed back; glad she didn't have to focus on Theresa any more.

“Actually I had some help from Mark, well quite a lot really. But Mrs Peabody was really pleased and Mark solved his top secret case at the same time!” Phillip continued, still really pleased with himself. Angela wondered what the top secret case was that Mark had got himself whilst she was tied up as a juror.

“Well done Phillip. Is my partner around?” Angela asked.

“He’s in his office.” Phillip replied. Angela headed on through without another look at Theresa.

“Heya handsome, I hear you solved a super-secret case whilst I was out.” Angela said chirpily. “And your wife has already started digging her claws in.”

“Look, I’m sorry about the Theresa thing. I meant to pass it by you earlier but the right time never really came up.” Mark said.

“There’s never a right time for that kind of news.” Angela countered.

“Well maybe. Look I mean to make it up to you. I have got you a present.” Mark told Angela who raised an eyebrow at that. “Make sure the door is shut. I don’t want Phillip seeing this.” Angela bolted the door just to be sure.

Once everything was secure Angela watched as Mark brought a plastic bag up to the top of the desk and took a flesh coloured object from it. It looked like a latex suit.

“What is this?” She asked.

“It’s one of those advanced tech female suits. I know you always wanted one. I picked it up when I was investigating the disappearance of the two prostitutes from the Gino De Torini case. I found two of these in the shed belonging to the women on an allotment. It seemed there was some man posing as these two women and.... and well you know. The police only needed one suit and the two masks, so I thought you might like the other one. I know you always wanted a high tech suit.” Mark concluded.

“Wait a minute.” The words were starting to percolate Anthony’s brain. “This was the Gino De Torini case?” Angela pictured the sad stolid face of Gino De Torini sat in the dock.

“Yes, it was..” Mark replied.

“Now I fully understand exactly what is going on here.” Angela replied. “Thank you for the gift, I have to go and speak to someone.” With that Angela gathered up the suit and went to her office to get a couple of things before heading back out.

“My boy! I’m so pleased you’re free.” Marco De Torini said enthusiastically as he hugged his son Gino.

“Thank you. Papa!” Gino replied, his face still set in a fixed stoic state.

“And I wanna thank you Miss Harte and your boss for sending you down here.” Marco De Torini

“You’re welcome, I’m sure my boss will be coming back with a favour or two he needs doing. There are still a lot of issues with MI: 6 to resolve.” Miss Harte replied sleepily.

“I’m sure he will. But for now, let’s celebrate my boy!” Marco De Torini enthused. “Tony, go get the champagne.” With that the bodyguard headed off into the kitchen of the mansion to do as his boss had bid.

“Papa, I might have been cleared of this, but the cops are not going to stop looking.” Gino De Torini stated.

“We need to make sure they’ll never find them prostitutes Gino. Where’d you dispose of dem?” Marco asked.

“Don’t worry Papa, they won’t find them. But they will be keeping me under surveillance no doubt.” Gino said.

“That’s true. I would think that the cops will be embarrassed with quite how the trial fell apart.” Miss Harte chipped in from the edge of the room.

“So you stay low for a while. Puts a bit of a dampener on your training for de family business, but they won’t pin nuttin’ on you.” Marco De Torini stated firmly.

“Ok Papa. I’ll think on it.” Gino replied obediently.

Angela did some quick research to find Gino De Torino’s mobile phone number. It was somewhat easier to find that she had thought it would be, considering he was the son of the local mafia boss. Somehow, she thought that they would have kept their numbers private so that only other mafia people could phone them. It did not appear to be the case. Angela took her own phone out of her bag and made the call.

“Hello, Gino De Torini speaking.” The voice answered the phone.

“Mr Torini, my name is Angela Clemence. I know your secret.” Angela said hurriedly and then regretted how this came out.

“Is this some sort of blackmail?” Gino asked anxiously.

“No, not at all. I have some sympathies with your secret and I want to help you.” Angela continued.

“Look, I don’t know who you are, nor what you are talking about.” Gino stated firmly.

“Really? You don’t know about the two female skinsuits and masks then?” Angela stated even more firmly.

“No.”

“You see I think that your father doesn’t know and wouldn’t approve. I think that do not want to live in the macho world of gangsters but didn’t want to disappoint your father. That’s why you couldn’t say anything at the trial. Why you couldn’t say that you enjoyed dressing up and experiencing life as

a woman. You felt you had a duty to your family, but you didn't want to give up your secret fantasy. I can help you. If you are interested then meet me in the Duke's Head pub in an hour." Angela finished.

"Maybe." The voice of Gino De Torini said nervously. Angela wondered if he would come or not.

Angela sat in the pub and looked at her watch. Either Gino De Torini was late or he was not coming at all. Angela shook her head sadly, since if he didn't come then she wouldn't be able to help him. She decided to down her drink and go. She could always use the high tech bodysuit herself as Mark had intended. Just then she saw Gino De Torini enter the bar nervously looking around for the mysterious woman who had called him. She waved him over enthusiastically.

"Are you Angela? I remember you from the jury at the trial." He said still somewhat suspicious.

"Yes that's right. For a long time I thought you were a horrible man who had abused and possibly murdered two women. Now I know differently and I want to help."

"I see. You do realise that I cannot possibly affirm any of that in case you are from the police trying to entrap me." Gino said.

"I can see that you might be suspicious, but if I was from the police I would never be allowed on the jury. Also I have brought you this." Angela opened the bag she had brought into the pub to show Gino the skin suit of Nina Meade inside.

"That looks like an interesting object." Gino said, still being cagey.

"It is, and I think you have worn it before. The masks unfortunately went to the police alongside the other suit. However I can make you a new mask, and I have something else that might interest you." Angela pulled out a driving license ID from her purse. The ID was for a twenty five year old woman called Geena Bellman and she was a pleasant looking blonde lady.

"I have a number of these I plucked from the DVLA dead pile nearly a year ago." Angela began. "Miss Geena Bellman was apparently a stewardess who died in a boating accident whilst she was abroad. I use these spare identities when I go undercover. This one is yours if you want it."

Gino De Torini looked at Angela aghast, not really knowing what to say in response to her offer. The sense of suspicion was gradually receding from his face only to be replaced by curiosity and finally by desire.

"What would you want for this?" Gino asked finally.

"Only one thing. Tell me honestly about yourself and it is all yours." Angela said.

"Well, if that's all you want then that is easy. I'm the only son of Marco De Torini. You know what he does, so I don't need to spell it out. My mother died when I was young and my dad wanted me to take over the family business. I was born here so I'm more Welsh than Italian like my Papa. The thing is that I'm not cut out for the family business. When I was sixteen I realised that I was gay. It's not something that is a good career move in my family so I kept it quiet."

“My Papa kept on that I had to learn the business, and I was sent up to London to begin my schooling in the business. Then after just two days my luck changed and the authorities raided the operation in London. Everyone was on the run and I found myself in one of the safe houses in London. In the closet I found these two marvellous suits together with their masks. It was not something I’d thought about before, though I knew as soon as I had them in my hand that I wanted to try them on and look like a woman. I changed into one of them and got dressed in the clothes that were there before taking the other one with me in a bag and heading back to Swansea.”

“My Papa kept pressing me that I needed to do something for the business, and then one day an idea came to me. I could have everything I wanted and more. I would set up a brothel to keep my dad happy. I would wear the suits of the girls myself so as not to hurt any real ladies. I would advertise for those people who really needed my services to help them. That way everybody was happy. In fact I started liking it too much, being a woman that is. I enjoyed being made love to by a man. It was all going so well until the police raided the flat whilst I wasn’t there and then came and arrested me.”

“That’s all to tell really. I thought that it was all over and that I’d be back into misery until you came along. I’d rather have gone to jail than tell my dad the truth you know.”

“That was a brave thing to tell me all that Gino. Don’t worry, I understand completely and as I said I’m going to help you.” Angela responded. “You need a chance of a new life. Come back with me and we’ll get you sorted out.”

Angela finished up her drink and they left the pub together.

It was finally time to start Wesley’s new life. To make the switch the Professor had insisted that Wesley stay in his cell until he had settled down his victim.

“I’m not late am I?” The young Evie Taylor said as she looked round the doorway into the Professor’s office. She was a tall woman dressed in a sharp business suit.

“Nay lassie, yer just in time.” The Professor said. “Sit yerself down on tha couch an weel begin in a moment. Are ya still having those strange wee dreams tha we talked about last time?”

“Oh yes Professor and they are only getting worse I’m afraid.” Evie Taylor said as she settled herself down on the couch. The Professor picked up his watch and went over to sit beside his patient on the couch.

“Now ya just watch my watch lassie an weel soon sort ya out.” The Professor said as he began to swing the watch from left to right. “There now lassie, you are getting sleepy.” It did not take long for her to fall into a deep trance.

“Now we are going to deal with your little fantasy tha you are a woman.” The Professor said. “You have even come to me dressed as a woman today. You are to remove all those signs of femininity right now.” Evie Taylor sat up and began to remove her clothes as instructed.

“You are a sad man called Wesley Caplin who has fantasies about being a woman you understand. You are to stop those fantasies right now. From now on, you’ll only consider yourself a man. Here put this undergarment on.” The Professor handed Evie a flesh coloured object and she started to put it on as though she was wearing overalls. The Professor had to help her a little with the crotch area as he didn’t want her waking up in mid trance, The inner part of the penis had a solid tube that fit over and into her vagina. She pulled up the ‘overall’ which had built in padding around her waist to even out her feminine curves and a more pronounced manly chest that fit over her breasts. The Professor helped Evie into the suit and then noticed her nails.

“Weel hav ta clip those talons of yours Wesley. You’ve been a naughty laddie growing those.” The Professor said as he got out a pair of scissors as he began to cut Evie’s nails so that they were short and would not break the suit. Then on a whim he chopped on her gorgeous long hair as well. The Professor then helped her get her arms into the suit and straightened out all the creases.

“Nearly there laddie. Jus slip this o’er yer head.” The Profesor gave Evie a mask that looked exactly like Wesley Caplin. She began putting it on with the Professor’s help.

“Who are you laddie?” He asked.

“Evie Taylor.” She replied. The conditioning still hadn’t fully taken.

“You canna be Evie Taylor. Yer a man. Besides, this is Evie Taylor.” The Professor opened the cell door and out of the cell stepped a nude Evie Taylor carrying some male prison clothing.

“Here you go Wesley, why don’t you get fully dressed and we can put you back in your cell?” The new Evie Taylor said. She sounded exactly the same as the old Evie Taylor.

“You’re Wesley Caplin, a convicted felon. Now head back inta yer cell afore I hav ta call the guards.” The Professor said. The person who was Evie Taylor, but now looked very much like Wesley Caplin before his weight loss nodded mutely and took the overalls and went back into the cell.

“Yer better get dressed Evie. You hav a busy week ahead ta you at the bank followed by a funeral in ten days.” The Professor told the new Evie.

The new Evie picked up the lovely light blue slip panties with yellow flowers and sniffed them. “They still have my scent on them. I think I’m going to love this Professor. Thank you very much for everything.” The new Evie slipped them over her newfound curves and then put the matching bra on as though she had been born to doing it all her life. She then rolled up the tights and slipped her feet into them one foot at a time, luxuriating in their silky feeling on her legs. The Professor watched as she reached down for her skirt and zipped it up over her well rounded arse. She then put on her blouse, almost forgetting that the buttons go the other way round. The feminine conditioning programme was obviously not perfected yet the Professor mused, but it was still very good. Finally she put her jacket on and buttoned it up past her beautiful breasts and slipped into the Jimmy Choo heels.

“Do I look the part?” Evie asked.

“Ya look jus’ fine lassie, but don’t forget ya handbag. A woman never goes without it.” The Professor warned.

“Of course Professor. I feel so much better now that you’ve treated me. I don’t think I’ll need to come back for any more sessions.” Evie said with a swing of the hips as she padded towards the door.

“No, I don’t think ya will. Jus’ don’t ya forget the plan noow.” The Professor warned as the new Evie Taylor departed to her new life. Professor Munro knew he should be excited that the final stage of his plan was going into operation, but he knew he still had more work to get on with. The new Wesley Caplin was going to need several hours of conditioning to get used to ‘his’ new status before he would be transferred back to the mental hospital. You couldn’t lose a prisoner when they were in your custody after all.

The transformation of Gino De Torini into Geena Bellman had taken about three hours. The mask that Anthony had made for himself to wear should the need arise, had needed several adjustments to fit Gino De Torini properly. The bodysuit had already fit Gino so no adjustments were required there. By the time they were finished a naked woman sat in Angela’s office that looked just like her driving license.

Angela pulled up her facebook page that no one had thought to delete after her death and compared Geena to some of her photos there. All in all they seemed pretty good and Angela handed her some sweat pants and a loose fitting top to wear.

“You’ll have to get your own stuff permanently but these should do for now.” Angela said to the new Geena.

“Thank you Angela. I just don’t know what I can do to repay you.” Geena replied.

“I’m sure I’ll think of something in the future.” Angela said with a grin. “What will you do now?”

“I’ll tell my dad I’m moving abroad until things start to settle down.” Geena said. “Then I’ll try and get a job, a respectable one this time and make a new life for myself.”

“Well good luck with that Geena. No doubt you’ll have to come back and see your father sometimes, but you make the best of your new life.”

It was about five days later when Angela got a call unexpectedly from Geena. She told Angela to meet her at Cardiff airport but was being mysterious and wouldn’t tell her anything else about what was going on.

Angela was not otherwise occupied so she did as she was instructed. At the airport entrance she was greeted by Geena Bellman dressed up in a Dragon Air Stewardess uniform.

“Geena!” Angela said in surprise as she air kissed her.

“Do you like it? I just got a new job.” Geena said excitedly.

“You look fabulous darling.” Angela replied gobsmacked.

“Well you said that I was a Stewardess before it happened and I looked around on the web and found my CV on an airline jobsite. So I downloaded it, memorised it and applied to Dragon Air. It seems they were short on numbers and Geena’s CV is pretty good.”

“That’s super news. I hear that with all that travel, there’s plenty of opportunity for a little action during the overnight stays.” Angela gave her a naughty wink.

“Well we’ll have to see about that, but I wouldn’t say no.” Geena replied.

“So this is goodbye then. Do pop back and visit and tell me how you are getting on honey.” Angela said.

“Oh I will, and thanks for everything.”

Angela waved Gino De Torino who was now dressed as Gina Bellman farewell, happy that she had done her good deed for the day.

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

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

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