

## The Unusual Case of the Vindictive Ghost

Ian Broadway was finally going to get married. After the trauma of the previous failed attempt, he had been in therapy for years afterwards. He had not trusted himself to fall in love again; well not until he'd met Holly that is. She was the one who he loved, would marry and finally unlock the family fortune! Ian had just returned home from work at the Chester Sofa Emporium when his mobile phone rang.

"Mr Broadway, this is Kath Saunders your neighbour here. Your fiancée is with us in our house and I'm afraid she's had a bit of a shock. I found her passed out on the pavement an hour ago. She claims to have seen the ghost of your first fiancée." The voice on the phone said.

Ian Broadway dashed out of his car and knocked on his neighbour's house determined to ensure that Holly was safe and well.

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Erin Saunders was fit, sexy and Dominic Olsen had been admiring her arse all evening. He'd spent most of his remaining money taking her out for a meal and drinks. Surprisingly they'd been getting on extremely well. Dominic was short and skinny and he rarely did well with the ladies, so he was elated that everything was going so perfectly. As a college student he was always skint. Now he had a little job that was going to earn him a bundle of money for very little work and then he'd be able to wine and dine Erin for some time to come. The job was not pleasant for Dominic, but he figured it would be over quickly and it wasn't like many people would know.

Erin laughed at his latest joke as he opened the door to his flat so that they could enter for 'coffee'. It wasn't as though he had any expensive coffee in the house, but it was a euphemism for what Dominic really wanted to round out the evening. Everyone understood that when you said you were going back for 'coffee' with a woman that it was a precursor to something else.

"Make yourself at home and I'll go and put the kettle on." Dominic said going into the kitchen and doing just that.

"Nice place." Erin said. Dominic watched from the kitchen as Erin smoothed her short skirt out and sat down on Dominic's couch. As she sat down Dominic got a nice view of Erin's cleavage down the front of her top.

The kettle boiled and Dominic poured the water onto the instant coffee in the mugs.

"It's only rented alas. Do you take milk and sugar?" Dominic asked.

"Just milk please." Erin replied. Dominic wondered if she really did want coffee and had just come in to be polite. He sniffed the milk before putting a little in each cup to check it was still in date. He really didn't want to give his beautiful date a cup of horrible coffee, even if it was only Nescafe. Dominic brought the mismatched cups through to the living room and sat down next to Erin.

“There you go.” Dominic smiled as she took the cup and took a sip of the hot liquid through her perfect lips. The smile was in anticipation of what was hopefully to come.

“I had a lovely time this evening.” Erin said with a smile as she put her cup down on the coffee table. “It feels special.”

Dominic hoped he was getting the signals right as he leaned in to kiss her. At first the kiss was a light brushing of the lips, but when Erin didn't object Dominic went in with the tongue as well as moved his hand up her smooth nylons and under Erin's short skirt. Dominic's little friend started to get excited as he felt her leg and brushed closer to his ultimate goal. Then suddenly Erin pulled away from him.

“I'm sorry, I don't know if I'm ready yet.” She said as she stood on her heels and faced away from him towards the window. Dominic had a perfect view of Erin's peachy arse cheeks from where he was sitting and he desperately wanted it, but he knew he would have to play it carefully if he was going to achieve his goal tonight.

“That's alright Erin. We can take things slowly.” Dominic rose as well as came up behind her and put his arms around her waist and kissed her gently on the side of the neck. He groin was now enlarged and pointing directly at Erin's arse in front of him. No doubt should feel his toy poking into her.

“I like you and everything, but ...” She left it hanging for a moment. “...but I've never, you know, been with a boy before.”

Dominic instantly put two and two together and made four. She was a seventeen year old virgin! This would make the conquest even spicier if he could pull it off tonight.

“That's alright Erin. We won't do anything that you don't want to do.” Dominic said soothingly and then kissed her lovely neck again beneath her chestnut coloured locks. He wanted to move his hands up to touch her breasts, but he knew that he couldn't hurry this. He let go of her waist and moved around to face her. Dominic gently lifted her face and noted the small tear in the corner of her eye. If she were to cry it would smudge her perfect mascara. He leaned in and gently kissed her on the forehead.

“I want to, you know. It's just I'm a bit scared that I won't be any good at it and I want my first time to be special.” Erin said hesitantly at last. Dominic knew that the signal to go ahead had been given, but that he would have to be a bit careful.

“I'm sure you will be just perfect Erin. I could not imagine it not being heavenly with you.” Dominic replied. He thought that perhaps he'd laid on the charm a bit thick, but Erin responded well to it by kissing him.

Dominic smiled. “Are you ready for your journey to adulthood?” He took her hand and led her into the bedroom. Erin looked up at him nervously. Was that line too cheesy he thought? There was a touch of fear in her eyes so he kissed her again.

“Be gentle with me.” Erin said as he unzipped the short skirt she was wearing and eased her back onto the bed. The skirt fell to the floor as her legs rose due to her falling on the bed. Underneath Dominic could see a pair of mauve striped panties beneath Erin's tights. His imagination was in

overdrive now. Her delicate rose with its hymen covering it was just beneath that thin lacy layer. Dominic wanted to hurry to get at the goods, but he knew that he couldn't. He had to take this slow and easy. He took off his T shirt and unzipped his jeans before he moved in down on top of Erin and gently kissed her. He was pleased when she tentatively kissed him back.

Dominic touched her shoulder gently and eased the straps of the top down as he did so. The tops of her creamy white breasts were revealed and he bent down to kiss them too. He wanted to rip her delicate panties off and plunge his throbbing member into her virgin pussy, but he stopped himself and instead made do with completely taking Erin's top off and gently sucking on her breasts.

"I want you inside me." Erin said at last. That was all the invitation that Dominic needed. She eased down her panties and held them aloft before throwing them away revealing her virgin pussy. Eric lowered his own underwear to reveal his engorged cock. He'd never seen an intact hymen before and soon he would not be seeing it anymore, so he took the time to drink in its virginal beauty. Once his voyeurism was sated, Dominic plunged his erect penis through Erin's hymen into her vagina. It felt very moist down below as he began to thrust his groin into hers. It felt so good and he watched as her pert little breasts bounced up and down as he thrust. Dominic bent down to suck on those sweet nipples. Erin began to make panicky moans that he'd never heard from a girl before.

"Are you OK?" He asked instead of sucking.

"Is it supposed to be like this?" She replied tentatively.

"Yes, you are not in pain are you?" Dominic checked with her.

"No, but it feels kind of funny." Erin said. Dominic noticed that her legs were splayed but were flat on the bed. She was at the wrong angle.

"Raise your legs up a bit." Dominic suggested. "The angle of entry is important so that I can hit your G-Spot." Erin raised her splayed legs in response and Dominic began pumping her again. This time she was vocal, but in a good way.

"Oh my God! Oh yes, yes, yes!" Erin vocalised. Dominic suspected that she was going to be a noisy one.

Dominic kept thrusting away and fondled her breasts as he went. He was so turned on by taking her cherry that he knew that he would not be able to last long, but he was doing everything he could to make it last for them both. He grunted as he continued to thrust and had to slow up a bit to prevent him from shooting forth his seed. However he couldn't resist it, and he soon began to pump hard again into Erin. She began screaming with pleasure and Dominic hoped that he neighbours in the flat next door either had ear defenders or were away.

"Oh fuck!" He said as he had the most extreme orgasm that he had ever experienced. He withdrew and looked down at his cock. It was covered in blood, and indeed so were his white sheets.

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Erin still lived with her parents and had to get home before midnight, so having satisfied his lust Dominic was left alone in his flat. He didn't bother getting dressed again as he was going to go to

bed soon. There was something else he was going to do first however. He headed into his room and went into the back of his wardrobe where he pulled out the box and lifted it onto his bed. Then he took the old jumper that his mum had given him years ago from the top of the box to reveal a flesh coloured object beneath with a mass of blonde hair atop.

Dominic pulled the mask and the wig out of the box, feeling very strange inside as he did so. The empty eye sockets of the mask stared back at him. Though he didn't want to, he knew that he would have to practice. Being with Erin all evening had given him the inspiration to model his other self on. He slipped the mask over his head and straightened it so that the eye sockets, mouth and nose holes all aligned correctly. Next he put the long blonde wig over his head on top of the mask. When he did this for real, he'd probably have to glue it on, but now was just practice. When he looked in the mirror he saw an attractive blonde haired woman's head a top his manly body. Perhaps he might be able to pull this off.

Next he withdrew a corset from the box and fitted it around his midriff. He'd never really seen a girl in one; well not one that wasn't on the telly anyway. He reached around behind his back and began to tighten the laces on it. On the initial attempt he wasn't satisfied with the shape, so he tried again and pulled harder before lacing it up. There was just one more thing left in the box and that too was made of latex and flesh coloured. He felt a shiver go down his spine when he held it up in front of him as it looked like a rather deflated woman. He felt really odd; what he was doing was completely wrong and yet his dick was twitching again with excitement at the prospect.

The suit looked like a deflated woman with her breasts and rear sticking out. When Dominic looked inside the suit through the opening at the back he noted the padding around the hips and bum as well as two tubes. One tube had a hole he could put his penis in it and pee out of the urethra, and the other one came to an end and connected to the vagina.

Dominic started to slip his legs into the suit one at a time and pull it up over his hips. It took him some time fiddling about trying to get his erect penis into the right hole. In the end he pushed it into a hole only to find it puncture through the hymen on the other side of the vagina. Dominic decided to leave it for now and pulled up the top part and put his arms into the latex arms of the suit. He struggled to reach around his back to pull the zip up.

He had decided to put on the pair of high heel s that were in the bottom of the box to practice walking in them for when he had to do this for real. He tottered on the heels for a few steps and then promptly fell over hitting his erect penis on the floor as he did so.

Dominic crawled back to the wicker sofa in his bedroom and sat on it, splaying his legs to try and cool down his throbbing penis that was still sticking out the front of his fake vagina. He decided that this simple little job was going to be harder than he thought. He hadn't even got to the twenty page dossier on the woman that he was supposed to be for the day yet. He decided that he was going to need more practice if he was going to be able to do this and earn the money. He decided that maybe he'd practice after college tomorrow before he met his benefactor. For now he had some bloody sheets to change.

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It was Saturday morning in the Danforth household. Baby Cerys was quiet for a change and Anthony was sat around waiting for the post. Anthony was not being quiet like his daughter however, he was pacing the room ranting.

"I can't believe that bitch Theresa. You know that she's ripped up all our business cards so that she can add her own name on them as a partner." Anthony ranted.

"Look you can't let her wind you up. She'll just score it as a win; you know what she's like." Anwyn replied reasonably.

"I know exactly what she's like and I didn't like it when she wheedled her way into the business. Mark is such a soft touch and he can't say no to his damned wife." Anthony replied. Even now Theresa set his teeth on edge.

"You've just gotta learn to ignore her. Either that or I'll come to the office and sort the nasty woman out for you." Anwyn told him none too seriously.

"Oh would you? She's even tried to wrap Phillip around her little finger. She's been so nice to him and she's been bitching about Angela to him behind her back." Anthony was only semi-serious in his reply, but he wasn't joking about Theresa's attempts to turn Phillip against Angela.

"My poor baby!" Anwyn came over and stopped her husband pacing by giving him a big hug. After she finished the hug, Anwyn gave Anthony a cheeky slap on the bum.

"Ow! What was that for?" Anthony said in mock hurt.

"That was for being an utter wuss in the face of that bitch dragon Theresa. You are a big boy now, or should I say you're a big girl now when you're at work and you don't need me to fight your battles for you." Anwyn told him firmly.

The morning post just dropped through the door and Anwyn headed over to pick it up from the mat. Anthony watched as she sorted through it and strolled back over to him with three of the four letters in her hand.

"We seem to get more mail for Angela than we get for either you or me these days." She told him. "Why am I not surprised, she has already taken over the rest of our lives." Anwyn scanned the last envelope. "Oh and this one is hers too. It's a special offer from Kay's Catalogue for 50% off casual and work wear. Hey I could use some more work clothes and Cerys is growing up too."

"How did we go from Theresa to Angela's clothing habits?" Anthony asked.

"It's a common subject around here." Anwyn replied dryly to him as Anthony began to open the first envelope addressed to Angela Clemence. There was a letter inside it and Anthony began reading the contents.

*Dear Angela,*

*I guess you know I've been trying to get myself together again after my disastrous attempt to get wed five years ago. It's been hard for me to cope with what happened then and I've not been able to think about my dad's legacy until recently, when I finally met the right woman*

*again. She's been a fantastic help in trying to get my head straight and I think she is the one for me. Indeed we are planning on getting married in two weeks time, but we have been having some really strange experiences recently.*

*I had a letter from the executors of our mother's estate last year that listed you as one of the beneficiaries of her will. They were concerned that you had not collected the ring and jewellery that mum left you. I know that you and mum didn't always get on when we were young Angela, but I'd hoped you had patched it all up by now.*

*I'm hoping that you are not upset with me as well, but I had the executors give me your address. I know we haven't spoken since my aborted wedding, and I was kind of hoping that it had all blown over now and that you are cool with it. When I found out you were a Private Investigator everything fit into place and I knew I had to see you again. Look, I need your help Angela with some very strange goings on and there is no one else in the world I trust than you baby sister. Please come to our house at the address above and help me. I don't know where else to turn.*

*Your Loving Brother,*

*Ian Broadway.*

Anthony never had looked up Angela's half-brother like she had promised Mrs Clemence, and now Ian was writing to Angela begging for her help. Anthony was feeling bad that he'd failed to follow through on his promise to a dying old lady. Now the perfect chance to make right on that promise had arisen Anthony knew what he (or rather Angela) had to do.

"Damn, take a look at this." Anthony showed Anwyn the letter. He waited as she read the short letter and looked back up at him. "Well?"

"I'd say you've got an obligation to fulfil. You haven't had a holiday since the firm started. Why don't you take some time off and get out of the office. Taking time away from Theresa sounds like a good move at the moment." Anwyn replied. Of course she was right as usual. He had promised Angela's mum that he would look after her half-brother and he'd singularly failed to do anything in that direction so far.

"Alright, but if you're coming too, then we'd have to work out who you and Cerys are relative to Angela." Anthony replied.

"Simple, I'll be your assistant." Anwyn said. "Holmes had Watson. Morse had Lewis. All good detectives have them."

"They don't tend to have small children along for the ride." Anthony commented.

"Well no, but all the detectives have something special, something unique about them." Anwyn replied.

"You don't think Angela has something special already about her?" Anthony enquired curiously.

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The Reverend Gareth James had been running the local church for a couple of years now ever since the previous vicar had unfortunately died. Ian's fiancée Holly Taylor had known the old man very well, but had not really warmed to the new young clergyman. Reverend James was of the school of happy clappy preachers and Holly liked her church services much more traditional. They had to see him however to discuss the banns that he would be reading at the service on the weekend.

"I have not seen either of you in our Church over the past year." Reverend James stated. It was a fact but it also was made to sound like an accusation.

"I used to come regularly." Holly replied. Ian knew why she had stopped coming but they couldn't tell the vicar that.

"She has had a number of nervous attacks this year and she has become nervous around crowds." Ian offered by way of explanation. "I hope you understand."

"Oh, of course." Reverend James replied, though it was clear on his face that he was less than happy. "We are all God's children and we all have our little inadequacies." It was not the sympathy that the old Vicar would have given them.

"You will be coming to church tomorrow evening for the reading of the banns though won't you?" The Reverend pressed. They had no choice really if they wanted to get married in Holly's local church.

"Of course we will Reverend James. My fiancée will endeavour to overcome her fears despite the fright she had the other night." Ian replied.

"Oh dear, what was that." Ian hoped that the new Vicar would at least be able to get some sympathy into his voice, though he obviously was not good at that.

"She thought she saw a ghost again. The ghost of my ex-fiancée from five years ago." Ian replied.

"There is no such thing as ghosts. Well, except the holy ghost of course." This young trendy vicar really didn't have much sympathy in him.

"Well it's just something that no one can say for certainty." Ian had spent quite a while sorting his own mind out after the whole debacle with his first attempt at marriage so he could sympathise with his fiancée's current difficulties. There was almost certainly a logical explanation for all of this, but Ian was not going to pour scorn on the love of his life by doubting her word. He did wonder however why this ghost was targeting her rather than him. Ian hoped that his letter had reached his half-sister Angela and that she would come up next week and help him with all of this.

"I think you've been watching too many of these 'Ghost Hunter' shows on the television Mr Broadway. It's all just TV trickery." Reverend James replied.

"I'd have thought that as a believer, you'd have had more of an open mind about this sort of thing." Ian asked.

“Look, faith is a very personal thing Mr Broadway. You don’t see God, you feel his presence in everything that you do. Seeing a ghost is clearly nonsense.” The Vicar replied. Ian watched as Holly squirmed a bit in her chair at that. She was clearly still very upset about both the incidents and it had been fortunate that the neighbour had found her and cared for her after she’d fainted each time.

“Well I’m sure that has reassured us.” Ian replied sarcastically to the vicar. He wasn’t sure if the Reverend James would get the sarcasm or not. “If that is all then I’ll be taking my fiancée back home and we’ll see you tomorrow for the banns.”

Ian Broadway led Holly out of the vicar’s office fairly rapidly. Once he was out of earshot of the young vicar he whispered to Holly. “Don’t listen to that idiot, we’ll get this all sorted out.”

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Evie Taylor sat in her bedroom and looked over at the light blue bridesmaid’s dress that was hanging on the outside of the wardrobe on a hanger. She was a young woman and she should have been more than happy at being offered the chance of being a bridesmaid, but Evie Taylor had a secret that only one other person in the world knew. Deep down inside her psyche she was really a felon by the name of Wesley Caplain who had been conditioned by Professor Munro to believe that he was a woman called Evie Taylor. The conditioning had gone pretty deep, but there were things that were missing, that could never completely make Wesley into a whole woman. One of those was the sheer joy of the experience of being a bridesmaid.

It had been three weeks since he had taken over the life of Evie Taylor and he had already adjusted to working at the Northern Bank. He’d also gotten used to having Evie’s boyfriend Gwyn Mattherson screwing Evie’s brains out at weekends. Wesley was not sure if it was the Professor’s conditioning or the feelings of the suit, but he was starting to enjoy sex as a woman. Wesley had been petrified the first time but the idiot Gwyn hadn’t noticed any difference in his fiancée. Wesley had felt a strange erotic terror that he (as Evie) had been required to attend the funeral of Gwyn’s father, Eric during that first week. After all Eric was the man whom Wesley had callously murdered whilst dressed up as sexy a nurse. It was even stranger when the evening after the funeral, Gwyn had almost torn off her black dress, fondled Evie’s lovely tits and screwed her brains out. Evie had been a passive and supportive lover throughout the whole experience, whilst inside the suit, Wesley’s psyche had gotten off on being able to make a man so desperate to screw the woman he appeared to be. Gwyn had not explained the cause of the event, and the whole subject was dropped the next day when Evie headed back to her own flat.

Evie looked at the big dress again. She knew that she would need to try it on to see if it still fit the new Evie Taylor. Whilst Wesley had drastically slimmed down and done everything he could to get into Evie’s clothes, these dresses were often made to measure by hand. Evie gave a little feminine sigh and got up from the bed to bring the dress down from its hanger. She would need to try it now before the final fitting on Wednesday as there would only be a few days to get it altered next week. Wesley was sure there would be a few adjustments required, as although the suit was a good match for the real Evie’s body, it was not perfect. She would then need to hunt through Evie’s messy address book to see if she could find the number of the seamstress or shop who’d made it. Professor Munro’s file on Evie’s life had been fairly comprehensive but alas it had not included every single little detail.



Evie held the dress against her frame to see if it would suit her and she was surprised to see that it probably would match her colouring well. Evie hung the dress back up for a minute and then unzipped the back of her dress. She eased the dress down past her hips and let it drop to the floor before stepping out of it revealing a pair of yellow cotton slip-panties and a plain white bra. Evie had a week off work at the bank to prepare for the wedding of her sister. She had a dossier from the Professor on Evie's sister and Wesley had taken time to read through it again. The idiot Gwyn might not have noticed the difference in Evie, but the more perceptive Holly might see through her. Plus, she would have to survive the Hen night on the Wednesday yet which would be full of real women. All that and then she still had to start getting the Professor's plan into action.

Evie sighed as she slipped into the dress and pulled it up over her new hips. She would probably need to wear it with a slip when she went to the wedding, but for now her bare legs would need to do. She pulled the dress up over her shoulders and adjusted it around her breasts before trying to do the zip up at the back. It was tight, very tight. It must have been made to fit Evie's form exactly. The new Evie eased the zip back down and padded back into the living room in her undergarments to look for the seamstress's number.

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Anthony had gotten into the office early that Monday morning and changed into Angela before everyone else in the office had arrived. As was usual for her, she was wearing a little low cut flowery dress revealing more cleavage than perhaps was wise for businesswoman. Anthony knew that Angela's rather sexy attire really distracted both Mark and annoyed the hell out of Theresa. Which was precisely why he chose this particular dress this morning for Angela to wear.

Angela was just sorting out some clothes and putting them in a suitcase when Mark and Theresa came into the office. Anthony could hear Theresa's heels clonking on the wooden floor in the main office with a sense of inevitability about it. Anthony steeled himself ready for the argument, but it was Mark who entered Angela's office and not Theresa.

"What ho partner! Good weekend?" Mark asked personably as he couldn't help himself staring at Angela's assets.

"It was certainly an interesting one I think. Mark." Sighed Angela. "I have to take the week off. I have some personal business I need to take care of." Angela said without her usual flirtiness.

"I don't see why not; we only have one case at the moment and Phillip and I can handle that. Going to spill the beans on what it is?" Mark asked.

"It's Angela's half-brother. He's getting married." Angela replied.

"Oh, I see." Mark understood the issue and didn't really know what to say. "You'll need to fill in a holiday form."

"What?" Angela replied incredulous. There were only four of them working in the office, why did they need a holiday form.

"It's one of Theresa's new initiatives." Mark replied, making no comment on the practical use of this innovation.

“Fine, I’ll go and fill in the form.” Angela said putting several pairs of knickers, bras and tights into the case.

Theresa was making herself comfortable in her chair, her nylon clad legs crossed near the ankles. She had decided to go for a bit of power dressing this morning, no doubt to make a statement to Angela, wearing a pin striped skirt suit, heels and cream blouse. She had ensured that her desk was next to Mark’s to make sure that she was seen as his equal and Angela’s was in the annex with Phillip. She looked up and scowled when Angela approached her desk.

“I need your new holiday form. I didn’t get the memo about needing to fill it in.” Angela said snippily.

“Oh didn’t I tell you? I’m sure I did the other day by the coffee machine but as usual you weren’t listening to a word I was saying.” Theresa snarked back.

“It’s often easier that way, since then I can concentrate on important things in the business.” Angela countered.

“You always were a nasty piece of work Angela, and I can’t see that has changed much.” Theresa said huffily.

“Ladies, please stop the pitch battle.” Mark came back in to end the hostilities. “Theresa honey, could you get the form. Angela if you would then just fill it in, we can all move on.”

Theresa went into the filing cabinet and produced a piece of paper from it which she handed over to Angela. Angela took it and spun on her heels to go back into her office. She was not going to go through the indignity of filling the form in whilst still in front of Theresa. She’d decided to take her time packing, before filling it in and giving it to Theresa at the last possible minute. That way there would be no chance that Theresa could complain about any mistakes.

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Ian had gone to work on Monday morning. He hadn’t managed to get time off from his job until Thursday, so Holly was left on her own for the day. She had to phone her chief bridesmaid Martha Wendell when she was on her lunch break at work to help plan the Hen night, but for now she was on her own. When she went to the fridge to get milk for her cereal she realised that they’d run out and that she’d need to head around to the local shop.

On her way back Holly stopped to look around behind her, nervous about the ghost appearing again. She heard footsteps behind her. Dare she look around? Was it the ghost following her again? She quickened her steps to try and get home before the ghost caught her. Why was it targeting her, she hadn’t done anything wrong. Ian hadn’t told her much about his first wife or what had happened to her, other than that she had attacked him and he had defended himself. The ghost was definitely following her she was sure. She started to run for the house now that she could see it in the distance at the end of the road.

Holly reached the door panting, dropping the milk and fumbling into her handbag for her keys to the door. She couldn’t get the key in the lock, her hands were shaking too much to slot it into the hole.

“Excuse me, I’m looking for Ian Broadway’s house. Number forty-seven; is this it?” A woman’s voice asked.

Holly turned around and drew a sharp intake of breath and nearly fainted there and then, but seeing as it was not the ghost she managed to retain her consciousness.

“Err, yes he’s my fiancée.” She replied between gasps as she turned around. Behind her was a red haired woman wearing a green suit and a pair of matching green heels. In the distance down the street she could see another mousy brown haired woman leaning out of the door of a car.

“You must be Holly. I’m Angela Clemence and I’m Ian’s half-sister.” The red head said offering her hand to Holly. Holly tried to calm herself down, by taking a deep breath before taking the woman’s hand. Her grip was strong and Holly was relieved when she let go. “That is my assistant Anwyn Danforth.” The red head added.

“Err you’d both better come in. Ian’s at work and won’t be back till this evening, but I can make you a cup of tea.” Holly offered as she regained some composure.

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Ian checked the clock again but it was still not lunch time no matter how many times he looked at it. The phone rang.

“Hi Ian, its Graham here.” His best friend and best man for the weekend said at the other end of the phone. “The stag do is going to be starting at 7:30 on Wednesday night in The Feathers.”

“OK. I assume you have all the entertainment lined up?” Ian replied. He was somewhat suspicious of what his friend had planned. Graham was known as a bit of a practical joker at school and from what he’d heard from Graham’s work mates that hadn’t changed much.

“Certainly have my man. It’s going to be awesome.” Graham told him.

“I don’t suppose you are going to tell me more about it then?” Ian asked.

“You bet your life I’m not going to tell you!” Graham replied. Ian knew he would say that. Graham was always scheming and wasn’t going to give up his scheme easily.

“Look mate, don’t do anything that will cause Holly to have to castrate you will you.” Ian joked. His wife would not even hurt a fly, but it was good to remind Graham not to get too carried away with his japes.

“Look you know me. It’s just a bit of harmless fun.” Graham told him. Knowing Graham he would be left naked half way to Scotland without so much as a penny. That was one of the reasons that Holly insisted on having the Stag do mid-week.

“It better be Graham.” Ian told him. “Holly wants me back in one piece without any damage so I can get hitched at the weekend.”

*"Don't worry Ian. I'll get you to the Church on time. That doesn't mean that there won't be a few surprises on the way for you. See you Wednesday."* Graham told him as he hung up. Ian wondered just what he meant by that last comment.

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Holly had even brought some little fairy cakes out for Angela and Anwyn to go with the tea that she had made.

"Ian hasn't really spoken a lot about you Angela." Holly told her. "He mentioned that he had a half-sister of course, but I've only ever seen some very old photos from his album. You look quite different in the flesh."

Anthony hoped that he didn't look that different as Angela and that Ian would still recognise 'her' as his half-sister. Anthony had no way to know what the real Angela's voice was like or indeed what she had really been like, so he could be in real problems here. The only thing in his favour was that at least he looked like the real Angela.

"I hope the years have been kind." Angela replied to Ian's fiancée. Inwardly Anthony was thinking *'and no one notices the differences'* to himself.

"You're looking very good." Holly complimented Angela. How much of a likeness were those photos? Anthony had no idea but decided he'd have to bluff it out.

"I like to keep myself in shape." Angela replied quickly. Anwyn had to stop herself sniggering next to him. "Why don't you tell us a bit about the strange experience that frightened you Holly?" It was a bit forward, but Anthony had to start getting the facts of the case. Holly sipped nervously at her tea before answering. It was almost as if she dreaded telling the story.

"You know all about Ian's last attempt at getting married and what happened don't you?" Holly started nervously.

"Yes of course, but why don't you tell it all again so that my assistant can get down all the details." Angela replied with a friendly smile. She had to nudge Anwyn to get a pad and pen out.

"Oh very well. I was hoping to short cut all that." Holly said matter of factly. It was obvious she didn't want to recount what had happened but now she was obliged to.

"Ian's father was an eccentric and had put a stipulation in his will that Ian would only get the majority of his fortune once he was happily married. He was an old fashioned sort, who believed that the lady in a marriage should be a virgin, so the stipulation was that the bride had to be certified as a virgin else Ian would not get any money and it would go to the local dog's home instead. I'm to go to the doctor on the morning of the Wedding to get a signed affidavit to prove my credentials in that matter."

"Anyway Ian met an apparently nice young girl called Jaqueline Hunter who told him that she was a virgin. They fell in love, they had so many things in common. This was of course not a surprise once you realise that the young girl was not really a woman at all but some pervert called Jeffrey Minter in a realistic skinsuit of a woman. This Chesterton character was a former employee at the same

company as Ian who had heard him recount the details of his father's will. He'd got to know Ian and had found out all about what Ian liked so that he could create the perfect little woman to entrap him."

"Of course Ian couldn't make love to her, not if he wanted the money to come his way. So it wasn't until his wedding night that he found out that she was not who she claimed to be. You see the disguise wasn't as good as this Jeff Minter thought and they ended up fighting instead of making love in the matrimonial bed. Ian fighting for his life against a man who he'd previously thought was his wife, managed to grab a lamp and smashed it against the fake woman's head. He hit his assailant so hard that it gave his attacker permanent brain damage. Jeff Minter ended up nothing more than a vegetable, before his family finally decided to turn off the life support system."

"The marriage was annulled and Ian was cleared of any assault charges, but the whole thing still had a deep effect on him. He was in counselling for years. It is only now that he's been able to date again. I was fortunate to meet him and we connected. Initially I was shocked at being asked to take a DNA test, but once I understood the history of it, I didn't object."

"So anyway recently I have begun seeing Jaqueline Hunter around the place, or at least someone or something that looks like the "figure" in Ian's old photos. I have a bit of a nervous issue and I'm afraid I've fainted several times now after having encountered this ghost. The nice woman next door, Mrs Saunders, found me a couple of times now and brought me around with a nice cup of tea. I guess it must be just my imagination running away with things or something. It's silly really. Ian shouldn't have worried you about it all Angela." Holly seemed embarrassed by the whole affair.

"Perhaps we could talk with Mrs Saunders and see whether she saw anything?" Angela asked kindly.

"Yes, I guess so. She should be back later, probably before Ian gets home from his work." Holly replied. She quickly changed the subject. "Now how about you Angela? Being a detective sounds exciting. You must have some interesting stories to tell."

"Well yes I do. Perhaps I should tell you the tale of Mrs Brevin's lost pooch Pomfry. The trail was long cold by the time we took up the case, but there was one important clue that had been left behind in the dining room floor." With that Angela launched into the full tale and Anwyn knew that it'd be another three cups of tea before her husband in the guise of his alter ego would finish.

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Mrs Katherine Saunders came home around 4pm with several bags of shopping in her hand. She was just locking her old beat up Ford Escort when a well-dressed red-headed woman came out of the next door neighbour's house and started walking over to her.

"Hello, can I help you?" She asked the well-heeled woman.

"Hello, Mrs Saunders? I'm Angela Clemence. I'm Ian's half-sister." The woman smiled and held out her hand to Katherine Saunders. She took it and shook it, revealing several old fashioned rings on her hand as she did so.

"Oh right. You're bridesmaid number two." Kath Saunders said as a sudden brainwave hit her.

"I don't know about the numbering system, but I think I'm down for that duty. Can I ask you a couple of questions about the day you found Holly on the ground after she fainted?" Angela asked her doing her best to put on a disarming smile.

"I guess so. What do you want to know?" Kath said perplexed.

"Can you tell me what happened when you found her?" Angela asked. Kath Saunders had to think for a moment before she replied.

"Well I was just coming home from shopping, a bit like today. I'd got kippers for Derek's and Erin's tea, but Erin never came home that night. I think she's got some boy, though I don't want Derek to find out as he'll skin the kid alive."

"Anyway I saw a glint in my rear view mirror and it turned out to be Holly's ring glinting in the sunlight. She was laid out on her lawn outside her house. It looked like she'd had a tumble and she didn't come round when I tapped her on her shoulder, so I struggled to lift her inside to my place. I thought I could bring her round with some smelling salts and if not I'd call an ambulance. Fortunately the smelling salts did the trick. I made her a cup of tea and she told me that she thought she'd seen a ghost. I must say I was a bit doubtful about that part." Katherine Saunders concluded, looking into the house as though she was keen to get away.

"Thank you. Was there anything else you noticed? Footprints or any sign of where the ghost might have passed?" Angela pressed. Kath thought again for a moment.

"Oh no, not that I remember seeing." She concluded.

"That's very odd. A ghost and no sign of its passage. Thank you for your help." Katherine Saunders watched the red head for a second as she headed back to the Broadway's house before she did the same to her own house.

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Reverend Gareth James would occasionally get donations for the church jumble sale, but today he got a trawl that exceeded his expectations.

"Mrs Ferndale, these are truly beautiful quality dresses. Are you sure that these are donations?" He said as he held up a particularly nice blue patterned dress against his body.

"Oh yes, that's last season's stuff. I wouldn't be seen dead in these now." Mrs Ferndale replied.  
"I'm sure that the poor can make use of it."

"I'm quite sure that someone will make use of it." The vicar corrected stroking the material.

"Oh well I don't mind who has them vicar as long as they go to a good cause. I know that you desperately need the funds to repair the roof."

"Yes indeed we do, we are a desperately poor parish. Sometimes we must do anything to help the house of God." The vicar concluded.

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Ian Broadway came home around 6:30pm and was surprised to find his half-sister, her assistant Anwyn together with a small baby and his fiancée all chatting merrily away. Ian had not seen his half-sister for a number of years now and he was afraid that she was still being distant to him after his last attempt at a wedding. Physically she had not changed much and she still looked young and beautiful. Her taste in clothes had changed, she had moved away from slacks and blouses and now was wearing a white business suit with a short skirt and heels. Perhaps this was down to her new job, but the tone of her voice had changed a bit also. Had she been smoking heavily since they had last met?

“Ian, this is my assistant Anwyn and her daughter Cerys. We came as soon as we could.” Angela told him. At least she was concerned about his well-being now. Five years of silence from her had made him think that she didn’t care.

“Ange, it’s good to see you again.” Ian went in for a hug and was overpowered by his sister’s perfume. She really had gone for the whole power dressing business now. Angela hugged him back and then backed away.

“Ian, I think you’ve made a wonderful choice in Holly this time around. I never did approve much of the last one.” Angela told him.

*Now she tells me that!* Ian thought to himself. She’d never really mentioned it before, but then she was often drunk as a skunk. It seemed this new job had really straightened his sister out and made her more responsible and honest. Ian never thought he’d see the day.

“Thank you. I know Holly will appreciate that. How about you? You have a new job, new clothes, and a new attitude. Have you got a new beau? I was surprised you didn’t bring your latest boyfriend with you. I know I asked you here in a professional capacity, but you could have brought a man along.” Ian thought back to Angela’s previous boyfriends and inwardly shuddered at the thought of the previous losers she had brought along to see him.

“I need Anwyn to write up the notes I’m afraid Ian and I’ve been far too busy with work to worry about men at the moment.” Angela told him.

“Well I wouldn’t worry too much about being left on your own during the dancing in the evening. I have a number of single friends who’ll no doubt all be queueing up to get a dance with you if you know what I mean.” Ian smiled, hoping it would put Angela at ease, but she seemed more nervous and uncomfortable now.

“We’ll see.” She said at last. “I need to concentrate on this case though. We’ve already been and spoken to Mrs Saunders next door. Tomorrow I think we’ll arrange to meet up with Holly’s chief bridesmaid, Martha wasn’t it?” Holly nodded in response.

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Martha Wendell was already waiting nervously from them in the Starbucks next day, sipping her coffee when Angela, Anwyn and Cerys arrived. Martha was in her early thirties but was dressed younger and more casually with straight dark hair. She seemed to want to cling to her youth, even as she was getting older. Angela had found out from Holly that her ‘best friend’ and Chief Bridesmaid

had only actually been afforded that status for the past six months. It was strange that a woman that she'd known for a very short period of time had suddenly been elevated to the position of Chief Bridesmaid when in theory that job (according to Anwyn) usually went to a friend from childhood.

"Martha, it's good of you to take some time to meet us. I wanted a chance to talk before we met up for the fitting on Wednesday. I really hope that Holly adding me to the list of bridesmaids won't cause any problems." Angela said kindly as Anwyn went to change Cerys in the mother and baby room. She offered Martha her hand and she stood to shake it before sitting back down again.

"It's not really my problem. It's going to be more of an issue though if the bridal shop doesn't have a dress in your size though. What size were you again?" Martha asked as Angela smoothed her skirt and sat down in the chair opposite.

"I'm a size 14. I hope that won't be an issue. How much did you say they were?" Angela asked.

"They're £950, or at least mine was when I paid for it two months ago." Martha replied. Anthony as Angela wondered if he could get away with it on his expense account, but then he remembered that Theresa was now perusing all spending like a hawk. He sighed as that would now have to come out of his and Anwyn's savings.

"Well we just have to hope that they have one in my size." Angela replied, though Anthony actually was hoping just the opposite. Martha nodded and sipped her coffee.

"So how did you first meet Holly then?" Angela enquired.

"Oh, we met at Bingo of all things!" Martha replies. "My mother likes to play and she's old enough that she can't get there on her own now. Do you play?"

Anthony thought this sounded like a perfectly normal occurrence, but wondered how this had developed into a lasting friendship.

"No, I've never really enjoyed that kind of thing, but maybe one day you, me and Holly and can have a go together? So how did you become friends then?" Angela quickly pressed before Martha got around to setting up a Bingo date.

"Oh well we both enjoyed going out and dancing. Holly had just moved here and didn't really know too many people. You know that she's an orphan don't you?" Anthony didn't but filed it away under useful information. "Well she'd lived in the same town as her sister Evie for most of her life, but had come here to Chester as she had got a job in a call centre. It was difficult for her to make friends at work, what with having to be on the phone all the time. So when we got talking I suggested that we go out together for some fun girl's nights out. That was where I introduced her to Ian." Martha told her as Anwyn came back.

"So you already knew Ian then?" Angela probed.

"Oh yes, we've know each other since school." Martha added. "We met briefly at Ian's last wedding if you remember but I didn't get much of a chance to talk with you Angela." Anthony didn't remember. He wasn't there and couldn't confirm or deny it. Still he had to take it as read that she wasn't lying about this.



“Vaguely, I was out of it a bit that day.” Angela replied trying not to sound too nervous.

“So you knew about the will and Ian’s dad’s bequest then?” Angela pressed again Anthony remembered Ian’s comment about drink and hoped that he’d hit the nail on the head.

“Yes you’d had a few too many. I never got on with the fake woman, who’d arranged all her own bridesmaids for the event. I never thought she was right for him, whereas Holly truly is the right one. We really hit it off. She even comes around sometimes now that she’s given up her job and helps me care for my mother.”

“That’s nice of her.” Angela commented. Anthony decided he needed to ask a more direct question about the situation. “What do you think about this ghost then?”

“Someone is obviously playing silly buggers. I don’t know why. Maybe Holly has a rival who wants to get at Ian’s fortune and is trying to frighten her to death? I don’t know. I wish she’d called the police about it though, but Ian didn’t want the embarrassment after the last time when the whole thing got into the papers. Angela made a mental note to check the archives to see what they said.

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Tuesday was a college day for Dominic, finishing around 4pm after his film studies class at Chester College. He managed to get home half an hour afterwards. Dominic quickly donned the suit again and began to get dressed in a black patterned sundress that the mysterious stranger had provided. He couldn’t face burying his dick in the fake pussy, so he once again let it poke out from within the fake vagina. He didn’t bother with any underwear and he quickly left the house with a handbag over his shoulder.

He had to meet the mysterious man who had promised him the money if he pulled off this little joke in the park. The man said he had to convince him that not only would he do it, but that he could pull it off before he would pay Dominic the first half of the money. He added a pair of sunglasses so that he couldn’t be recognised and then slipped on the heels.

Dominic felt funny walking down the streets in a dress and heels. He kept thinking that people were looking at him. Given that he was a beautiful looking girl now with a pair of beautiful breasts, the odds were that he was probably right.

The park was deserted in the early evening. It was too early for the creeps and doggers to come out and too late for the parents with their children. Still there were a few people walking through and Dominic looked anxiously at each to see whether they were the strange looking guy who’d given him the suit. He was there for around ten minutes before the guy in the trench coat shuffled along. The guy looked like a flasher and Dominic was nervous going up to him.

“Not at all bad Mr Olsen. If you tucked your dick in and wore some underwear so that there wasn’t a bulge coming out of your dress, I’d nearly have bought it.” The strange man told him. Dominic checked to make sure there was no one else around and lifted his dress to reveal his hard on.

“You mean this? Proves I’m a real man!” Dominic said in a display of macho emotion in contrast to the suit and clothes he was wearing.

“You better not do that when you are giving him his birthday surprise Mr Olsen.” The stranger warned. “The money is dependent on you trying to stay in character as the groom’s intended for half an hour. Then we’ll all jump out and give him the surprise of his life. As long as you can do that you’ll get the rest of the money. Now try the voice.”

Dominic wasn’t expecting this. He hadn’t really done much practising on a voice. He wasn’t really an impressionist let alone good at doing women’s voices. He tried pitching his voice several octaves above its normal contralto.

“Why hello there big boy! Would you like me to come and play?” Dominic said in his high pitched voice.

*Hey what a babe I am!*

“That’s going to need some work. Play the tape I gave you and practice the voice. I’ll dock you £500 if you don’t do it well.” The stranger informed him.

*Shit this guy was serious and there wasn’t much time till Saturday.*

“Yeah well it’s a work in progress. You got the money. I did what you asked and dressed up like a babe. This better not be a wind up matey boy to make me look silly.” Dominic threatened.

“No, this aint no wind up Mr Olsen and I really need you to fulfill your end of the bargain.” The stranger reached into his trenchcoat and pulled out a bundle of notes. “£500 as a downpayment for this demonstration. The remaining £1,000 when you complete the job. If you are really convincing then and the groom is really taken in then I’ll double that to £2,000.”

*Two and a half grand! Shit this guy is really desperate. Mind you so am I? I wouldn’t do this unless I was desperate.*

“I’ll be really good come Saturday. I’ll be the perfect little pussy whipped girly for you don’t worry.” Dominic told the stranger as he counted out the notes. It was all there.

“Alright, just don’t screw up. We’ll be watching and we know where you live if you back out now.” The stranger concluded.

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Holly was late for her final appointment for the fitting of her wedding dress. She couldn’t get Ian to come with her; it was bad luck for the groom to see the Wedding dress before the day so she’d asked her sister to come along too. Since Evie needed to get some adjustments made to her bridesmaid’s dress too it was ideal for the two of them to meet there. Holly hadn’t seen too much of Evie in the past year; the hen night had been the first time they had got together in months. Evie had been busy with her own rich beau that she’d been dating for a couple of years now. It was ironic that both sisters had landed rich, gorgeous and kind prospective husbands. Holly parked up her car quickly and fished out some change from her purse to put in the meter.

When she got to the shop she dashed in through the door past two other women admiring one of the dresses in the window. She was still panting as apologised for being late to her sister. Evie was

already there and was checking the adjustments to her bridesmaid's gown on the turntable with three mirrors surrounding it. She was so much taller than Holly, looking like a model up there on the podium.

"Wow sis, you look great!" Holly told her between gasps for breath. She really needed to do some more fitness she realised. Evie was looking stunning she thought and hoped that her sister wouldn't out shine her at her own wedding.

"Oh, I'm far too tall. I look like a crane waiting for a fish." Evie complained.

"Sis, you got dad's height and I got mum's dumpy features. There's many a woman who'd kill for pins like yours." Holly said. Evie smiled at her.

"You're just imagining it Holly." Evie told her. Odd she normally called her Hols. Perhaps the fact that they hadn't seen each other for so long had meant they had grown apart?

"You always used to call me Hols. It made me sound like I was going away somewhere nice." Holly told her sister.

"I thought we might have grown up since then, but maybe not Hols." Evie replied. It was so much better hearing her sister call her the name she'd used ever since childhood. She knew that they had both grown up, but in some ways Holly still liked to be a girl. Perhaps that was why she'd never had sex or married until now. It was a worry that she would have to perform on her wedding night. She'd no longer be that young girl any more after that.

Maria Brennan, the seamstress finally finished the adjustments to Evie's dress. Holly was happy to see that her sister had put a bit of weight on since the original measurements. It wasn't a vast amount to let out, but she'd obviously been porking out a bit since they'd last met. She would look better as the bride and not be so upstaged by her beautiful tall sister.

Holly went to the fitting room and was helped into her dress. It was perfect, and still fit her wonderfully. Of course she was helped by the fact that she'd not been eating much since she first saw the ghost. Maria Brennan fussed around the train and the hem of the skirt as she heard the door to the shop go. She spotted Angela walk in cautiously in the mirrors around her.

"Come on through Angela, Martha. They'll get to you in a bit when they're done with me. What do you think?" Holly asked as Angela stepped into the little turntable area followed by the Chief Bridesmaid Martha.

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Angela was nervous going into a bridal shop. It was enemy territory to Anthony but it shouldn't have been for Angela. Besides there was a potential £950 bill coming her way should they be able to accommodate her. Martha entered just behind her and gave her an encouraging smile as they made their way over to where Holly was talking to another tall woman in a big flouncy bridesmaid's dress who was just stepping down from the turntable.

"You look beautiful Holly." Angela told her. Anthony certainly knew what to say to a woman in that regard.

“Thank you. This is my sister Evie by the way.” Holly added. The tall woman Evie was staring intently at Angela, making her feel quite uncomfortable.

“Hello Evie. I’m Angela, Ian’s half-sister.” Angela held out her hand to the tall woman who eventually took it and shook it with a firm grip, almost too firm. Angela smiled weakly at the handshake.

Angela made some small talk whilst she waited for Maria to finish checking and adjusting Holly’s wedding dress. She really did make a beautiful bride and Angela’s thoughts wandered for a while wondering what she would look like in a Wedding dress. She’d been a bridesmaid before of course but never the bride.

At last it was Angela’s turn. Angela was expected to undress in the middle of the store, behind the screens. She found the experience of undressing in front of the four other women embarrassing, though she did not show it thanks to the latex mask that covered Anthony’s blushes. Now just wearing her black lacy bra and panties, Maria asked her to step onto the podium and started to take measurements of her body. Anthony found it an odd feeling having her bust and her hips measured by the woman, but just stood there and acted like a dumb mannequin. He was confident his Angela suit was perfect, after all he’d even been on the catwalk before. He inwardly smirked as Maria lifted Angela’s breasts to fit the tape measure underneath it; the casual attitude that women had to getting on with the task of sorting out the business of their clothing needs amused him.

“Looks like you are in luck Angela. I have one of the blue chiffon and lace Oriana dresses in your size out back. Let me just go and fetch it so you can try it on.” Maria told her with a happy smile. Angela reflected her smile but didn’t feel happy inside.

“Oh that’s wonderful news isn’t it Holly?” Holly nodded to her comment, pleased that she would have all her bridesmaids in matching outfits.

Angela expertly slipped on the dress and Maria helped her do it up at the back. “Look, it’s a perfect fit!” Maria said enthusiastically, sensing another sale. She was right, Angela couldn’t deny it and she couldn’t even deny that she looked pretty hot in it either, but then Anthony thought that Angela looked hot in any nice looking clothes.

“Yes, it’s wonderful.” Angela found herself saying.

*Now all the single men will be queueing up to dance with me with evil on their minds.* Angela thought bitterly.

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Wesley looked on as the woman, who had helped that bitch Anwyn put him away in jail for the second time, paraded on the pedestal in the matching dress to the one that he was wearing. It was not part of the Professor’s plan, but he was determined to get some revenge on this annoying woman who had helped his nemesis whilst he had the chance. The problem was that he couldn’t actively show his animosity to the woman. He had to be seen to be a friend to her, whilst plotting revenge on the bitch. Plus he had to be very careful. This Angela was perceptive and from what he knew she was a detective to boot.

*What were the chances that she would be coming to this wedding as well?*

Evie smiled as Angela inspected the dress on herself in the three surrounding mirrors. Wesley had to admit that she looked quite good in the dress and in the past, when he was young and before his transformation, he'd have probably gone for the redhead himself. Now though he was a woman and he had to think about being female and enjoying all the pleasures of womanhood that this fantastic suit afforded him. Not only did he look like a woman, but with the magic of the technology in the suit, he could truly feel the pleasures of being a woman as well. It had been quite the revelation to him the first time he'd had sex as Evie. The power of the orgasm that the suit had transmitted to his hidden penis and the sensations he'd gotten through the sensors hidden in his beautiful tits.

He just needed to ensure that he periodically filled up the reservoir with his female juices so that Evie's fiancée could slip himself into Evie's vagina nice and easily after he'd played with her clitoris. He'd only had to do the refill a few times so far, but it was a pain as it involved getting out of the suit and using the packets of spare pussy juice that the professor had given him to fill up the little reservoir and make him into a real woman once again. At the rate he was going he'd need to ask the Professor for another supply.

Angela had to pay, that much was certain, but Wesley couldn't do it himself. He couldn't blow his cover as Evie lest the Professor be furious with him and Wesley couldn't show his own face around town lest it be seen and the police alerted. No, he had to think of something else; some other way of getting his revenge. Then suddenly he remembered one of his old cell mates who was now on remand after his five year stretch for date raping a woman after giving her a mickey fin with Rohypnol. Perhaps Rohypnol Rob might be interested in a cute little red head out on a hen night with the incentive of some money thrown in? After all these hens were always up for a bit of fun!

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Angela left the Bridal shop around three and already running late to meet up with Anwyn and Cerys at the local pub halfway across town that was near the hotel they were staying at. The major difficulty was that Angela really couldn't run in her 2 inch heels, and business suit with its tight thigh length business skirt. She put her bag over her shoulder and started walking faster to get there quicker only to plant her left heel right in the crack in the pavement which caught it and sent her flying, her skirt riding up revealing her black lacy knickers as she fell flat on her face.

There was the deafening shriek of a wolf whistle that filled the air. Angela looked up to see several builders working on a new set of offices looking down on her and her sexy arse. Normally Angela would have worked it, but today she was annoyed at the blatant sexualisation that the men exhibited. Was Anthony becoming more female the more he impersonated one?

Angela picked herself up from the pavement and pulled her skirt down, embarrassed from falling over and angry at her treatment by the builders. Anthony realised that he would have laughed his head off had he seen that happen to a woman before he'd started becoming Angela every day. It was a different matter when you had killer heels that could catch in any little thing that you had to navigate with care alongside all the other things that you had to remember as a woman.

Angela arrived at the pub fifteen minutes late. Anwyn had been nursing a diet coke with little Cerys asleep in a sling around her waist. Anthony knew she was cross that he was late by her expression but was relieved that she couldn't shout at him, lest she wake the baby.

“Sorry I’m late Anwyn. I got caught with the girls and I had to wait to try on my dress?” Angela told her.

“You’re getting a dress? I thought this was work?” Anwyn said softly, but with an edge to her voice.

“I’m undercover Anwyn. I’ve gotta blend in to do my investigating.” Angela replied meekly.

“So how much is this dress?” Anwyn continued her soft interrogation. Angela was under no illusion that she was hopping made. Best to lower the cost to make her sweet.

“£450.” Angela replied, halving the cost.

“What? That’s ridiculous for a bridesmaid’s dress. More like a cheap wedding dress!” Anwyn frowned.

“Let’s not forget he is my only brother” Angela held out her hands pleading and fluttered her eyelashes at Anwyn.

“He’s not really your brother Anthony.” Anwyn shot back and glared at her, but instead of continuing her interrogation, she inexplicably changed the subject. “I spoke with the Vicar as you asked. He was being a little evasive about where his last parish was when I asked him, so I rang Mark up at your office to get him to do some digging. It turns out that prior to joining the church our friendly vicar did time for theft some five years ago.”

“So when did he come out?” Angela asked.

“About a month after Ian’s last abortive wedding.” Anwyn replied, seeming quite excited about something.

“Suspicious timing. What else? I can see that there is something else that you found out.” Angela prompted.

“The Vicar was into amateur dramatics in his youth. Guess what his last starring role was?” Anwyn asked cryptically.

“I don’t know Anwyn, it could be anything. What’s this got to do with the case?” Angela asked.

“His last starring role was Juliet in Romeo and Juliet. If that doesn’t ring any alarm bells I don’t know what does.” Anwyn concluded triumphantly.

“Alright you get a point for that Anwyn. We’ll need to get an eye on our local Vicar I think. We better get back to the house as I have to get ready for the Hen night tonight.” Angela said without any enthusiasm.

“Boy are you in for a surprise. You might think Stag nights are raucous, but you wait till you experience a real Hen night.” Angela did not like the sound of that at all.

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Evie had gone back to her hotel room, pulled all the blinds down, and removed the mask so that Wesley's head was showing and he no longer had the voice changer at his throat. It was weird seeing his head on the body of Evie in the mirror as he dialled the number from memory.

"Hello is that Rob there?"

"Yeah who wants him?"

"It's Wesley Caplin calling you from prison. I was wondering if you could do a little favour for a friend of mine for a monkey. I know you'll enjoy it."

"Five hundred quid? Alright you've got my attention Wesley. What's this favour and who is your friend?"

"There's a girl I know called Evie who needs a rival taken down a peg or twenty. She needs a good seeing to if you know what I mean. I said that you'll enjoy it."

"I gotta be careful, I'm on probation Wesley. I don't want to get caught and get sent down again." Rob told him.

"Evie will give you all the details and pay you the money if you're interested in meeting her. She even has some suggestions to help you stay incognito if you can meet her in Chester in two hours at the bus station."

"You have my interest. Alright I'll see this broad of yours. I like to stick two fingers up to the coppers as much as I like sticking it in a hottie."

Wesley smiled as he put the phone down and pulled his mask back on checking the seams were properly blended, making Evie whole a person again. She smiled an evil grin in the mirror and then went to her case to fish out a few things she'd need for her meeting.

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Graham had things to do and places to go now that he'd finished work. The Stag do tonight was going to be the best one ever and he had prepared the best surprise for the groom ever. Ian was going to be absolutely shocked at what he had in store for him. Most Stags just had to put up with being tied to a lamp-post or have a stripper embarrassing in the pub. However Graham had connections and access to far more than any other amateur prankster ever had. It wasn't the first time he'd used his friend for these resources and certainly wouldn't be the last. Tonight was going to be epic!

Graham knocked on the door of the rather plain looking house and it was answered by a woman.

"Have you brought him?" She asked.

"No, the others are dragging him round here." Graham sniggered at his own little joke.

"It's going to take a couple of hours you know. I can't work my magic in 5 minutes." The woman told him.

“No, that’s fine. We don’t have to be to the pub till 8pm. We might have to hold him down though.”  
Graham sniggered.

“You’re a bad man Graham. You better come in off the street. I don’t want the neighbours getting the wrong impression.”

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Evie Taylor sat on the steps in the bus station with her long legs crossed looking at her watch waiting for Rob. Rob was a low life scum that the old Wesley would never have had anything to do with in the old days, but it was amazing what a stretch in prison would do to that perspective. Now Rob was useful in getting his revenge without having to drag Evie into it directly. It was not the most respectable place for a woman wearing devil’s horns in a short dark blue mini-dress to be waiting, but Evie was expected be at the Hen night soon after this.

“You Evie.” Rob leered down the front of her top. It was amazing what a pair like that would do to a man.

“Yes, you must be Rob right?” Evie replied pleasantly. Rob nodded his affirmation of the fact. “The Job is for you to take one of the other Hen’s off after our Hen night and to ensure that she gets the full Rob junior treatment. Her name is Angela and she’s a striking red head. You won’t miss her. She probably won’t be up for it, but I’m sure that you can make her see things a little differently.” Evie told him sweetly.

“I told Wesley, I ain’t going back inside for doing this, not even for a monkey.” Rob told her. Evie smiled back sweetly at him and fished around in her oversized handbag.

“Of course not. I have the perfect four items for you. Let me introduce you to a new concept. It’s called latex. This is for your face.” Evie produced a latex mask from her handbag of a rather handsome half-cast Caribbean looking man and put it next to her on the steps.

“These are for your hands. You won’t leave any fingerprints with these on.” She deposited a pair of latex gloves in the same skin tone next to the mask. “Finally another modern marvel in latex for you. It’s called a condom and you wear it so you don’t leave any of your evidence in the mark.” Evie deposited a packet of three in the pile.

“Now if that’s good enough for you, I’ll give you half the money now and send you a picture of the target. She’ll be with me most of the evening in Birch’s nightclub. I’ll leave the rest of the details to you.”

Money handed over to the lowlife Rob, Evie got up from the steps, pulled her mini-dress down and strutted away to find a taxi to go pick up her ‘sister’.

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Ian was brought to the house by two more of the Stags from his work place. After his marriage he would have no more need for a job with the fortune that his father’s legacy would bestow on him and his bride. His friends from work had supported him through his previous failed marriage attempt



and they would still be his friends even after his marriage. He just objected that he was blindfolded in the back of Terry's car as he was taken to this secret location and led up some stairs.

"We'll need to shave him first." He heard a woman say.

"What's going on? Graham?" Ian asked to the room, not knowing who exactly was in it.

"Don't worry mate. We're going to make a few changes and then we're going to impart some pre-Wedding wisdom into you." Graham told him.

"What are you talking about Graham? This is a stag do, and a booze up isn't it?" Ian asked from behind the blindfold.

"Oh yes, you'll need a few drinks in you tonight mate, but I wouldn't get too far gone if I were you!" Graham continued.

"You are still not making any sense Graham. What is going on?" Ian pressed.

"Tonight, my old mate, you are going to experience what it's like to be a woman so that you can sympathise with your wife during your marriage." Graham chuckled.

"What! You can't do that!" Ian spluttered.

"No, I can't. However Delores here can. She's a professional who specialises in turning men into passably good looking women. A bit of padding here a bit of makeup there. You just have to hope that she does a good enough job that you don't get recognised as a man. Oh and you better hope that she doesn't do too good a job else you'll have men queuing up for you. You'll certainly not forget your stag do!" Graham told him to the sounds of snickering in the room.

"But, but this is my Stag do. You know strippers and everything!" Ian wailed.

"Now that's not the kind of behaviour you want your wife to find out about now do you?" Graham replied to him.

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Dominic could not believe how hot Erin was now she had been sexually released after her awakening earlier in the week. He'd taken her out to see a movie after college and now they'd gone back to his apartment once again. Erin was still wearing her old school uniform and this had given Dominic a boner all evening.

He didn't hesitate to whip out his cock as soon as the door was closed. Erin, seemingly unsure of what she should do now took his cock into her hand and looked up at him expectantly. She still had a lot to learn about sex, but he knew that she would get the hang of it soon.

"I want you to suck me off so badly Erin. Put it into your mouth and then move in and out on it." He told her.

Hesitantly she put her lips around his cock and swallowed the first part within her mouth. She had barely a third of his member in her mouth, but the sense of anticipation from Dominic was acute.

“Take me whole. Bob up and down on it Erin you sexy bitch.” Dominic told her. She did as he demanded and nearly gagged the first time she took over half his massive member in her mouth. Dominic knew that it would not be long before Erin would be getting her reward for her labours. He couldn’t hold the flood back and very soon a thick creamy mass squirted in the back of Erin’s throat causing her to cough and splutter.

“You need to lick it all clean now that you’ve caused such a mess.” Dominic told her. She was forced to swallow the salty substance down before she could lick his cock clean. Dominic wondered briefly whether she was enjoying this, but quickly dismissed the notion from his thoughts. His member softened as she cleaned it, and then Dominic tucked it away again.

“You want a drink?” He asked as he headed across to the drinks cabinet. He wondered if she’d hit eighteen or not yet. Not that it mattered really.

“I guess. It would be nice to wash the saltiness out my mouth.” Erin replied.

Dominic opened a couple of cans of lager and passed one to Erin. She hesitantly took a sip at hers whilst he chugged down a third of his can. She really was still quite innocent. Dominic thought that perhaps that was the attraction, to be able to mould and corrupt the innocent little flower that she was into something wild and sexy who was desperate to please him.

“So you enjoy the film then?” Dominic was not good at small talk. He rather fancied that if his dick could do all the small talk then he would be excellent at it.

“Er, I guess. Why were the aliens so mad at the troops?” She asked him. It was possibly the first time anyone had asked that question about Aliens.

“Well, they’d probably disturbed their sleep or something. Plus the Aliens like to breed in humans.” Dominic replied. It was odd how the female mind worked. Why the fuck did it matter? Still he might need to know that on Saturday when he did his task. Probably be a good idea to study Erin’s behaviour so that he could do his female impersonation right and get all the money. Little Dom was getting excited again, so he chugged down the rest of his beer and started to undress.

“Erin, you ever wanted it up the ass?” He asked. Most women weren’t very adventurous but Erin was still an uncharted territory who could possibly steered towards his idea of heaven. He might as well enjoy himself whilst he was doing his homework for the weekend.

“Err, well I don’t know. I never really thought about it before. Does it hurt?” She replied.

“Not with a bit of lube it doesn’t.” Dominic told her.

“Then I guess so.” Erin replied. She slowly and coyly started to undress as well.

Dominic smeared K-Y Jelly on his cock and then he led her through into his kitchen. The smooth shiny worktops were just the right height to bang her in the behind. Erin got herself into position above the cold hard worktop surface and then Dominic speared her from behind with his erect cock.

He begun thrusting into her anus. It was a very different experience from taking Erin in her virgin pussy, in many ways it was easier and looser than he imagined it would be. Erin moaned as he thrust

himself into her rear with increasing intensity. She obviously seemed to be enjoying it, perhaps more so than when he'd taken her cherry earlier in the week.

Dominic figured that maybe the first time must have been painful for her. It hadn't been painful for him, but he was sure that she would adjust and it would become normal for her soon enough.

He shot his load into her arsehole and grunted heavily as he did so. She had been squealing in pleasure for a while, so he hoped that she'd had enough fun now. He needed to study and work on his feminine mannerisms, but that could wait. Sex with Erin was more fun and frankly much more enjoyable.

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Anwyn had warned Anthony that he was to be back at a reasonable time and that he was not to be noisy in his heels when he came in drunk as Angela as he would wake Cerys. Anthony as Angela had promised faithfully that he would be back promptly and that he would be quiet.

For all his brashness and sexiness as Angela, Anthony was really quite nervous about going out to Holly's hen do as a woman. Deep down inside the suit, he was really a man with male sexual urges. It was not that he didn't enjoy teasing and using his sexual power as a woman. That was all part of the fun for him, whilst getting on and doing his job. However it was just that. A bit of fun for him. This was something slightly more real, a whole closer experience of being a woman. He was about to participate in the rituals of young womanhood that a man should never really see.

She was wearing a bright red dress and a pair of devils horns on her head as was a tradition amongst women on a hen night. Anwyn had given Angela the horns earlier in the day and had given her some white garters to hold up her red tights. Angela pulled her rather shorter than she liked dress down and held on tightly to her handbag as she entered the nightclub.

The others were already there when she arrived and Evie gave her a friendly wave to call her over to the private area where the hen party was in progress. Holly and all the other girls were all busy singing along to Abba's dancing queen from the jukebox. Angela didn't quite feel in the party mood yet so she went up to the bar and got ordered herself a cocktail.

"Do you come here often?" A young man with a spotty face and a cocky attitude asked Angela. It was the oldest and corniest line in the book.

"No, it's my first time. I'm not from around these parts." Angela replied hoping that the young man would realise that she was looking to get away from him. No such luck though.

"Well hopefully you're up for a bit of fun before you head back then." The man continued. Angela sighed, she wasn't going to get rid of him so easily.

"I am, but I'm with all my girlfriends." Angela headed over to the roped off area. The young man tried to follow, but Angela stepped over the rope, revealing her garter tops as her skirt rode up. Angela headed into the safety of the hen party with her drink and began mouthing the words to the song.

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Evie smiled as the girls all drank down their cocktails. It was a bit like a stag do, but some of the women were far more dirty and disgusting than any stag do that Wesley had ever been to. Evie was being especially nice to Angela during the evening as Wesley didn't want her to have any suspicion that she was behind what was to come.

The girls had formed a line and were doing a line dance to Copperhead Road whilst eyeing up the bums of the men in the rest of the club. Wesley had never done any line dancing before so it was a whole new experience for him. His wife had not really approved of dancing and so the whole concept was difficult for Wesley to get into. However he wasn't Wesley anymore and he couldn't think like the Wesley of old. He or rather she was now Evie Taylor and she was on a night out with the girls having fun.

Evie moved her long legs in time with the other girls as they marched in a line together towards the bar, did a little kick and a clap. It was amazing how just this synchronicity of movement and timing promoted the fellowship between all the women. Then Martha missed her step, stumbled on her heel and fell into Angela. Angela wobbled on her heel and couldn't keep herself upright and knocked into Holly who reached out to Evie to stop herself falling and brought the both of them down onto their bottoms. Evie couldn't help laughing as the four of them at that end of the line ended up on their backs, legs in the air and showing their knickers. The laughter was infectious and the others all soon joined in the laughter even as several men from the main part of the club were watching the ladies underwear with interest.

Secretly Evie was quite glad of the padding in the rear of her suit that helped cushion her fall. Her disguise was so good that the yahoos in the bar didn't notice anything wrong with the tall girl at the end and indeed were actively lusting after her. Assuming all went well tonight and Angela got her comeuppance, Evie decided that she was in such a good mood that her fiancée would get a treat later tonight.

"Come on Evie. Everyone who fell now has to drink an extra cocktail as punishment!" Martha grinned at her as she offered a hand to haul up the tall girl. "Shame it isn't a nice cock to suck on!" She added.

She hadn't yet treated Gwyn to a proper blow job and if she was to be a real wife to him in the future, then she needed to be able to give him the full menu. The Professor's conditioning had stripped away any last vestige of resistance Wesley had had about making love to a man, but something had stopped Evie going down to suck on her fiancée's man parts so far. She needed to overcome that and embrace her role fully.

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Holly knew that there would be a stripper. She'd been expecting it all evening. You couldn't have a hen night without a stripper. So when a young man in a Police uniform came into the cordoned off area her senses told her that the time was now.

"This party is being far too noisy Miss. I need to take down your particulars." The young Policeman said to her.

“Only if you take your own particulars down first.” Holly chipped back, more than a little drunk by now.

“Miss, I don’t think you understand the trouble you are in.” The Policeman said getting out his notebook. “Now what is your name?”

“Holly Taylor. And what is yours handsome?” She asked back.

“PC Michael Kent. Now Miss Taylor are you going to co-operate or am I going to have to handcuff you?” The Policeman said. Holly was growing less certain that this actually was the strip-a-gram and her brain was starting to think that perhaps this was the real deal.

“No, I’ll be a good girl.” She replied to him. She’d been good all her life and she only needed to be good for a few more days.

“Alright. You will keep the noise down then?” The Policeman told her. Holly nodded mutely.

“Now I need to get my truncheon out so I can spank you.” The policeman said and ripped off his trousers, the Velcro pulling them apart quickly and easily revealing a rather bulging posing pouch beneath.

Holly shrieked in surprise at the sudden turn in events and put her hands to her face.

“Boy, do we have a shrieker here. That’s going to mean extra spanking!” The fake policeman told Holly as he drew her to him and put her over his knee. Being turned over so quickly after having had so much to drink was almost too much for Holly and she had to struggle to hold all the alcohol in.

The fake policeman proceeded to lift Holly’s skirt, exposing her bear ass cheeks covered by a pair of pink floral panties and then gently paddled her behind. She could feel the bulge in his pouch digging into her leg. Soon she would feel the ardour of her own husband for her and she was a little embarrassed at feeling this stripper’s manhood beneath her. Finally he was finished with her and he stripped of his top.

“Now who’s next? The saucy little redhead. I can see you’ve been a bad girl too.” The fake constable said. Holly saw Angela waving ‘no’ with her hands, but the other girls were going to have none of that and led Angela towards man’s lap like a lamb to the slaughter.

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Angela had never been spanked before and found the entire experience extremely surreal. Angela’s behind covered by a little red thong was well padded within the latex exterior so Anthony could hardly feel the spanking anyway. However she had to be seen to be enjoying herself as part of the whole experience and made little yelping noises followed by laughing between each spank whilst the stripper held up her naughty red dress. It was the best that Anthony could manage in the circumstances, which quite frankly were well beyond his normal experiences.

Once it was over a couple more of the girls had their turns with a spanking before the constable proceeded to perform a strip routine for all the hens. Angela clapped along with all the rest of them, but was quite glad that the attention was now focussed primarily on Holly. She was feeling a little

woozy from all the cocktails that she'd had. Anthony could usually drink four pints back home without any trouble, but here as Angela he was mixing his drinks with some fairly powerful spirits in them.

Angela decided to take the time when everyone was focussing on Holly to sneak off to the toilet and then on the way back get herself another drink. Standing at the bar was a half caste man with a broad grin.

"Hello pretty lady. Perhaps I can buy you a drink?" The man asked her.

"No, thank you. I'm with my girlfriends tonight and I don't need company." Angela replied. Anthony certainly wasn't looking for a man, and getting picked up in a bar was definitely not what he wanted even in his drunken state.

"Pity. You really are the most beautiful woman in the whole place." The man continued. The barman put her cocktail in front of Angela and she gave the barman a £20 note.

"Angela, you have got to come and see this!" Evie waved to her drunkenly across the room. Angela turned to see just what was happening. It appeared that the stripper had put balloons in front of his genitals and the hens were taking turns to pop them to reveal a bit more. Angela sighed and turned back to receive her change. She was relieved to see that the half caste man was gone now.

By the time she had finished her drink Angela really wasn't feeling well. The room was spinning and she was becoming increasingly disorientated.

"I'm not feeling too good." She managed to say.

"Someone can't handle her drink!" Martha accused her.

"Lay off Ange." Evie defended her. "It's been quite a night. Tell you what, I'll help you find a taxi." Evie offered. It was probably a good idea Angela thought, after all Anwyn was expecting her not to be too late.

"Shounds goot." She slurred back. Angela waved goodbye as best as she could and leaned on Evie as she staggered out of the club. Evie was having to do a lot of supporting of her and Angela was grateful that the tall woman was strong enough to handle the period collapse of her legs.

"Fanks Evie. Yer a real pal." Angela managed to slur as Evie led her down past several cars to one at the end of the row. She almost flopped into the back and called out the name of her hotel as Evie shut the door and waved her farewell.

The world spun as the scenery passed her by outside the car. Anthony could no longer really tell where he was and hoped that the taxi driver knew where they were going. It was not long before the car stopped and the taxi driver yanked Angela out of the car roughly and unzipped the back of her dress.

"Hey!" Angela tried to fight back once she'd realised what was happening but she lacked the strength and the co-ordination. Her tights and her panties were roughly pulled down and then her

bra was removed so she was essentially naked by the side of the road, her clothes in a pile next to her.

“Sleave me alone bushter.” Angela told the taxi driver, but he ignored her and unzipped his pants.

“Help! Help!” Angela cried out weakly as the taxi driver fondled her breasts. No one answered her cries and Angela was not even sure that anyone else was around. She tried once again to push the taxi driver off, but her limbs just seemed weak and unresponsive.

*Shit he’s going to rape me!* Angela thought to herself. Of course Angela was really Anthony and he couldn’t feel much through his suit. His breasts were just silicone gel underneath the latex and his fake pussy was just a very realistic looking hole, but the principle was the thing here. He was about to be violated in the most intimate way by another man.

Angela could vaguely see that the taxi driver was a half caste through her blurred vision but when the man pulled his enlarged cock out the colour seemed much lighter. Angela found herself wondering briefly in that rather spaced out area of her brain whether a man’s cock could be lighter since it didn’t get as much exposure to the sun. It was all just the idle speculation of a spectator as Angela could do very little to prevent the event itself. The taxi driver ripped open a condom and fitted it over his engorged penis.

“Yo bitch, ready to take this!” The taxi driver said in what was so obviously a fake accent.

Angela could not, or perhaps did not want to reply. It was inevitable what was to happen now no matter how much she struggled. Anthony had experienced sex before as a woman of course, but in the past he had at least been in some control of the situation. Now it was different, and although Anthony could feel the man pushing his groin area against Angela’s, he could not really feel the penis within his fake vagina.

*It must be so much worse for a real woman.* Anthony thought to himself as the man continued to violate Angela. The constant pounding on the lower half of Angela’s body together with the alcohol and drug in his body was wholly disconcerting to Anthony. It made him feel exposed and empty.

“Yo bitch, you’re one dried up prune down there.” The rapist told her between grunts.

Anthony didn’t care about his comfort, he just wanted the whole experience over and done with. Angela was stiff as a board underneath the rapist, occasionally trying unsuccessfully to fend him off. Eventually the rapist came within Angela’s false pussy, almost screaming as he ejaculated during his massive orgasm. Anthony was disgusted, but could do little except hope that he was not going to come back for seconds. Angela was fortunate that the man had decided that getting his rocks off once was sufficient for that night. He dismounted from her, pulled off the condom and then proceeded to throw it at her. He got back into the car and drove off.

Angela was left naked beside the roadside, her clothes strewn beside her. The tears came down her beautiful face as she groped around for her clothes and tried to put them on correctly. It took her some time, having to do it all by feel rather than rely on her eyesight that was blurred through both tears and drugs. Having got herself back together as best she could, Angela started to try and find her way back home to her hotel in this strange town.

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After all the drinks at the Hen night, Holly had not been able to keep herself awake to wait for Ian to come back home from his stag night. Next morning she had found Ian passed out naked in his bed. He was snoring pretty loudly and Holly was curious as to exactly what Ian's penis looked like, so she peeled back the covers to look. She was shocked to see that Ian's body was now completely hairless. Why had he shaved himself? She looked closer at Ian's face and was shocked to discover that Ian was wearing lipstick.

*How dare he kiss some floozy!*

She shook Ian awake and demanded to know what he had been up to last night. It was soon apparent that he was still hung over and that it was taking a while for him to register what she said.

"What?" He replied somewhat blearily.

"Who were you kissing last night?" She demanded again.

"No one." Ian replied.

"Then why have you got her lipstick all over you?" Holly demanded, her arms folded to show she didn't trust him revealing the bottom of her tattoo on her right arm.

"I didn't kiss any woman Hols." Ian repeated.

"So that lipstick just magically appeared all by itself." Holly replied sarcastically.

"Not exactly. Graham had something usual in mind for me for my Stag do." Ian hedged.

"Don't give me some crap about you going paintballing and you getting hit in the mouth by a red pellet. I know lipstick when I see it."

"Look. They dressed me up as a woman right and took me to a club." Ian said very quickly, somewhat embarrassed still.

"Graham did what?"

"He dressed me as a frickin' woman so I could appreciate what a woman goes through. I got hit on by at least six blokes and all Graham did was laugh." Ian said somewhat bitterly. "They did such a good job on the transformation that one bloke tried to snog me and feel up my skirt. It's not what I was planning for a Stag do and I'll get him back if he ever gets married." Ian added.

"So that's why you haven't got any hair on your body!" Holly replied somewhat relieved and trying not to laugh at the fate of her fiancée. She failed and started to burst out laughing.

"It's not funny Hols. One guy even slipped me his phone number!" Ian replied somewhat hurt.

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Anthony had got back late and had made a right old racket when he'd come in last night despite having been told specifically that he was to be quiet. Anwyn had turned her back on him,



determined to give him the cold shoulder had he tried to cuddle her in her single bed. Angela hadn't and had just gone straight to sleep. Having not been able to demonstrate her disapproval last night, Anwyn decided to give Angela the silent treatment this morning at breakfast. That didn't seem to be working either as Angela just kept herself to herself. Maybe Anthony had a hangover, Anwyn guessed, and she decided on a different tactic.

"So we need to go and talk with Graham, the best man, today." Anwyn said to Angela a little louder than she needed to. Angela just nodded in response. She definitely was looking below par today and not at all cheerful.

"I've made a list of all the suspects that we have so far and notes on them all." She added. Still no response from Angela beyond a nod.

"The vicar is really suspicious. He's a real happy clappy type and he's got form too." Anwyn told Angela.

It was somewhat later in the morning when she met up with the best man Graham that Anwyn was starting to get a little concerned. Graham was hung over, but he was more communicative than Angela was. When Anthony was in his Angela persona he was always vivacious and flirty, but today he was completely the opposite. Indeed Anwyn had to take a lead on the questioning.

"Graham, how long have you known Ian?" She started. Graham drank down some more water before answering.

"We've known each other since school. We're old drinking buddies." Graham replied confidently.

"And, you've always been friends? Never fallen out then?" Anwyn asked.

"Look, I won't lie. We've had our disagreements over the years, but we're mates still." Graham answered.

"Like?" Anwyn asked intrigued. Why was Angela not joining in with the questioning?

"Well if you don't count the argument over him cheating and hard boiling his conkers, we did have a bit of a bust up several years back. It was all a bit silly really."

"Do tell Graham." Anwyn was starting to get both annoyed and worried at Angela's lack of interaction.

"Oh well I told you it was silly. Can you believe that we fell out over a restaurant bill? He wanted to split it 50-50 and I wanted us to pay for what we had eaten. You have to understand that Ian had scoffed half the menu and I was just recovering from a bout of flu, so hadn't eaten much. We had a major bust up over it. Of course nowadays Ian will be able to buy the restaurant once he's married. Quite a silly squabble." Graham confessed.

"So are you jealous of him getting all this money then?" Anwyn asked.

"Me? No, not now I'm not. We've both moved on since being poor starving students. I'm more jealous of him marrying Holly. She's gorgeous." Graham replied.

Anywn was starting to get stuck for asking the best man any more questions. This wasn't really her job and she was really only here for taking notes. There was an awkward silence for a minute whilst Anwyn waited for Angela to chip in.

"Well, I guess that's all for now Graham. We'll see you on Saturday." Anwyn said and then hurriedly left with Angela.

"What's got into you Angela?" She hissed at her disguised husband.

"I've just got a few things on my mind that's all." Angela replied sounding like she was far away.

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Erin came home late afternoon on Friday and as she entered the door she called up to her mum. "Hi mum, I'm back." She shouted upstairs before shutting the door.

Rather than go the kitchen Erin raced up the stairs glad she was in trainers, her heavy rucksack bashing against the banisters as she went. She dumped the bulky rucksack in her room by the door and began to strip out of the clothes she was in.

She slipped off her pink trainers and kicked them across the room so that they fell on the other side of the bed. Then she reached up to pull the pink low cut T-shirt over her head revealing a lacy pink sports bra underneath holding in her supple breasts. She reached around and unhooked her bra letting her breasts swing free leaving her just in her little grey pair of shorts.

Erin pulled down her shorts and threw them on the bed before slipping her grey and white striped panties down her legs revealed her trim and sexy pussy beneath.

Her clothes were now strewn in various places around the floor just like any other teenagers room. Erin decided that she would do something about them later. Instead she walked naked across the landing towards the room of her parents, not concerned that anyone would see her in the interior of her own house. Without bothering to knock Erin entered the room and put her hands up to her face in shock at what she saw.

"Mum!" She exclaimed in horror. "What the ...?"

On the sofa in the corner of her mum's room there was the flat skin lying down of Mrs Iris Saunders together with a bunch of her clothes. It looked like something from a horror film in that someone had skinned Erin's mother.

"Oh my God what is going on? Mother is just a skin suit!" Erin exclaimed in shock. Erin reached inside the suit on the bed, untangling it from all the clothes and straightening it out so that she could see into the opening in the back. Down where her mother's vagina was there was clearly a pouch for a man's penis to go into. The breasts were solid too with a silicone insert filling the inside of each breast.

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Angela picked up the phone and dialled the number at the office. She didn't really want to call in, but she hadn't done so all week and Mark would be concerned. Angela was still feeling violated and hurt after the events of Wednesday night and she didn't really want to make this call.

"Hello Entwhistle Investigations, Senior Partner Theresa Entwhistle-Houghton speaking!" Theresa answered on the other end of the line. Theresa had managed to get Angela's goat up already and she hadn't even said a word yet.

"Is Mark there?" Angela said tersely back to Theresa.

"Oh hello there Angela. I wanted to talk to you about the holiday form you filled in. You didn't get it signed by Mark before you went." Theresa told her primly.

"I don't need to, I AM a senior partner." Angela replied. At least Theresa was managing to bring Angela out of herself. Theresa always managed to get a rise out of her.

"I'm afraid you do according to the new policy I drafted. I told you that you needed to read it." Theresa hit back.

"Theresa, stop with all this bureaucratic bullshit. I need to talk to Mark." Angela snapped back.

"No need to take that tone with me young LADY." Theresa emphasised the word lady to indicate that she knew that Angela obviously wasn't. "You can't, Mark and Phillip are out on a stakeout. Is there anything that I can help you with?"

"I need to talk with Mark's contacts in the police. I need a DNA test done." Angela replied holding up a rather soiled looking condom next to the phone.

"We'll I'm afraid they won't listen to me. You'll have to wait. Have you solved this case yet?" Theresa countered.

"No, not yet." Angela said through gritted teeth. "It's a work in progress." She didn't want to admit to Theresa that she didn't have a clue here and felt out of her depth.

"Well you can't stay on it any longer. You'll need to get your little tush back here on Monday morning and we can have a proper chat about your attitude." Theresa told Angela who put the phone down on Mark's wife.

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"My God! Mum's really a man!" Erin dropped the suit back onto the couch wide eyed and put her hand up to her mouth with a little gasp. From where she was she could see the surprised reaction on her face in her mother's make-up table mirror.

Erin went and sat down on the stool by the make-up table, her head in her hands crying. After a minute or so of sobbing she looked up and an evil smile swept across her face.

"But then again, so am I. It's so easy to get immersed in the character." Erin said as she reached around behind her neck under her hair and pulled undid the clasp that allowed her to pull the mask forward and reveal the face of the young man with a shaven head and blue eyes beneath. The man

who was Erin popped open the top drawer and pulled out a contact case. Carefully he took out the contact lens from each eye and put them in each side of the case. Then he reached into his mouth and removed the dentures that gave Erin her beautiful smile and put them in another case marked 'Erin' on them in the drawer.

The half man, half woman who had been Erin reached behind his back and slowly pulled the invisible zip down his spinal cord such that the latex suit started to loosen and he could ease the suit of his shoulder. The lovely young English rose gradually came away from the body of a painfully thin young man wearing a corset underneath; the girl's breasts flopping onto the make-up table. The young man now half in the suit stood up and eased the suit down over his buttocks, reaching in to disengage his penis from the sheath that it was bound in. Very carefully he picked the suit off each toe and eased himself out of it like he was taking off a pair of tights.

He put the Erin suit on the bed and picked up the Mrs Saunders suit. The suit now in hand, the boy went to one of Mrs Saunders closets and opened a secret compartment in the back where he hung the suit up next to Mr Saunders bulky latex form.

Eric had been pleased with not only how well he'd performed as the virginal Erin on her first night of passion, but also with how the fake hymen had performed. He had been worried that the prototype would go wrong and burst at the most inappropriate moment, spilling the blood that was inside it all over Erin's clothes. He'd had a raging hard on all evening that night on his date with Dominic and he worried that his own erection might have split the hymen or worse been detected by his lover. He needn't have worried, it had worked like a dream and now he'd fitted the same device to the suit of Holly Taylor that was in the locked workshop in the basement of the house.

The prototype Holly suit that he had made for Dominic had been done using photographs taken of her from Erin's bedroom window as she went past during the day. He'd made it weeks ago and it was really lacking in any convincing detail and the vagina was a pretty basic construct on it. The wig he'd bought for the mask was an approximate match for her hairstyle, but not close enough that it would match any long term inspection. Dominic was supposed to be the fall guy in all of this, so the accuracy of the suit wouldn't matter. He was the guy who would be blamed for all the hauntings and trying to take over Holly's life. Tomorrow after Eric had kidnapped the real Holly, Dominic would become Holly thinking that he was playing a practical joke on a friend. They would soon realise that Dominic was a fake, the test he'd done with Dominic in the park had shown that. They would race around to Dominic's flat and find all Eric's latex equipment there and Holly tied up to the bed. Not the real Holly of course. It would be Eric disguised in his perfect disguise ready to be ravished on his first night as Mrs Broadway. His hymen would be broken on their first night of passion and Ian Broadway would be confident in the belief that the terms of the will had been fulfilled. The real Holly of course would die of thirst locked in the basement of the Saunders house whilst he was enjoying his honeymoon as the new Holly with her new and now very wealthy husband. Eric could always slip next door when he needed to once they were back from honeymoon and remove the body of the real Holly to bury it.

Eric hadn't decided when he was going to do away with Ian. He couldn't do it too soon, else it might be suspicious, yet he did not want to have to make love to the man who'd killed his twin brother for too long. Eric inwardly decided that a month before Ian had an accident might be about the right time.

Having put the Mrs Saunders suit away he headed downstairs in the semi-nude and unlocked the cupboard under the stairs where the stairs that led down to the secret basement. The walls were strewn with hundreds of pictures of Holly taken whilst she was unconscious during her apparent fainting fits. On the trestle table in the middle of the room was the finished Holly suit. Eric wanted to touch the virginal vagina, but he knew he shouldn't. He didn't want to damage it. Just as the real Holly Taylor was having her final fitting today, then so was he. Eric would be fitting himself into Holly, whilst the real Holly was fitting her wedding dress. Next to the suit were the real Holly's measurements from all over her body. The suit would need to match those exactly if he was to be able to wear the same wedding dress that she was going to wear.

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Come Friday Angela was feeling slightly less out of sorts than she had the day after she'd been date raped. That did not mean that she felt any better about what happened, but the shock and humiliation was starting to fade slightly. Anthony could tell Anwyn was mad at him, but it all just hadn't seemed that important after what happened. Anwyn was often cross with him for one thing or another and he knew that they would make it up eventually. Getting over the experience of being raped though would take time to heal. Time that they didn't have if they were to solve exactly what was going on here.

Angela had to confess to herself that she still didn't have a clue. The perpetrator last time was dead, so this ghost really couldn't be them. Anthony really didn't believe in ghosts so that line was definitely out.

Of the people around the wedding, the vicar had a dodgy past, dressed as a woman in amateur dramatics, but he couldn't see a motive for the vicar to scare the groom who after all was going to be paying the church for his services at the wedding. Martha had just met the bride fairly recently, but seemed to genuinely like the bride. The best man was a practical joker, had a friend who did makeovers on men and he'd had a falling out with Ian in the past. However Graham had been friends with Ian for longer than anyone and Angela couldn't really see a motive.

Usually Anthony's brain would have clicked into gear and would have made the connections in time to figure all this out, but now his brain was dulled and it just kept going back to the incident after the hen night. Angela couldn't go back to Mark and tell him that he'd failed in solving the case, and more to that Angela would have failed the dying old lady that she'd made a promise to look after her half-brother Ian.

Angela held her head in her hands. Her red locks spilling down the front on her face as she contemplated her failures, glad that Anwyn was currently busy with little Cerys.

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Reverently he looked down on the suit on the trestle table and undid the invisible zipper down the back. This suit had a little more padding than the Erin suit. Erin was a slip of a young girl and Eric had struggled to get himself down to that weight. He eased off the corset a little and re-tied it before picking up the suit. This was the bit he loved most. Slipping into the form of a real person and pretending to be them. Being Mr and Mrs Saunders, Erin and the shady man that had promised Dominic money had been fun and all, but being someone real was where the real challenge lay.

He had rented this house for the last six months now, ever since he had found out that Ian Broadway had found a new girlfriend. He'd watched and interacted with Holly daily as Erin and her parents so that he could get a feel for her life and her personality. The only thing he felt he didn't know about her was what she was like when she had sex, but then Ian didn't know that either, so Eric was on safe grounds there.

Eric put his foot into the completed suit; a shiver going down his spine as he stepped into the suit that was going to be his form for the next month or so. Very carefully he eased the suit up his legs, afraid that he would tear it if he was not careful. The vagina on the suit was much more delicate than the other suits since the hymen was made to be penetrated and provide the realism of the blood. Eric really didn't want to break it, not now that he was so close to his goal. He carefully eased his excited penis into the pouch and then pulled the suit up over his hips. His dick was extremely excited and Eric prayed that the pouch that held it back between his legs attached to a catheter and linked to Holly's urethra was strong enough to hold it back.

Eric pulled the main part of the suit up and slid his right arm into the right arm of the suit. As he fitted it down to match up to his fingers he checked out the unique sunburst tattoo by her right shoulder in the mirror. Holly's tattoo was the main reason that everything had taken so long to get ready. The tattoo had had to be just right and it had taken Eric several sessions with the real Holly to get it exactly right. He'd messed up the first suit he had been making by getting the tattoo wrong and had needed to start again, setting him back several months.

Now he'd been more careful on this second one, but that had necessitated Holly being available to get it exactly right. This in turn meant that Holly had to appear to have several fainting fits. Eric decided that the best way to achieve this in Holly, who was a rather delicate woman, had been to impersonate the ghost of Ian's ex-fiancée. The bodysuit had been easy to acquire. It was his half-brother Jeff's spare suit from 5 years ago that the police had never found. The never found it of course because Eric had stolen it and hidden it before they got to it.

Eric slipped into the other arm and reached around to carefully slide the miniscule zipper up his back to close the suit. The breasts on the front of the suit perked up as the suit was completely done up. Eric admired his new tits in the mirror, larger than little mousy Erin's tits, but smaller than the more voluptuous Mrs Taylor whose breasts were starting to head south with their supposed age. He gave one of his new breasts a playful squeeze and was pleased with the little sensation that the suit gave to his own nipple. It was nothing like the real feeling that a woman would have, but would give him a prompt that Holly's man was playing with her assets, just like they had when he had been Erin Taylor.

He was now a woman on the bottom half and a man on the top half. He needed the completion of the mask to give him the full sensation of being a gorgeous woman. He went over and got the mask and slipped it over his head before putting in the contact lenses and the dentures. It was a real thrill finally getting to see the completed suit on of a real sexy woman. Eric couldn't believe how sexy and real he looked in the mirror. He positioned her in a sexy pose in the mirror and smiled a slightly coy smile before laughing evilly to himself. He stopped in short order and sighed reluctantly. He couldn't prance around all day; he had work to do in preparation for the big day tomorrow.

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Evie sat at the table in her hotel room with a mug of coffee in hand. Gwyn would be arriving soon to join her after he'd finished work and Wesley wanted to be fully prepared to greet her fiancée. He'd already filled up his vagina with Evie's love juice and knew what she needed to do to distract her man.

Whilst she had time before Gwyn was due to arrive, Evie ran through the Professor's plan in her head. It was not a simple plan, but for an insurance investigator specialising in banking, Wesley was in the ideal position to pull this off.

The trigger event would have to be just right and there would need to be enough nervousness in the markets for all this to work. No doubt the Professor would have already sold out of his shares, but that alone would not have generated any panic. Wesley knew however from comments Evie had received at the bank that there was a certain amount of nervousness about Gwyn taking over as CEO of the family company following his father's death. It was just one more little factor that went into ensuring that there was a distinct worry in the markets. Evie would be able to do all the rest.

She heard a knock on the hotel door and she quickly put away the folder as Gwyn came in, still dressed for the office.

"Hello sweetie, did you miss me?" He said as he came into the room.

"Of course I did you silly great bear! Let me give you a kiss." Evie darted up from her chair and wrapped her arms around Gwyn. He responded in kind by putting his arms around her waist and French kissing her. Inside his feminine enclosure Wesley let himself go to the Professor's conditioning and became the perfect woman for her man. She reached down with one of her hands and grabbed Gwyn's cock and balls through his trousers.

"Someone is very pleased to see me." She said teasingly.

"It's been a long week without you around honey." Gwyn said between kisses. Evie pulled her fiancée over to the bed and loosened her dressing gown as she went revealing her ample assets beneath.

"I don't disagree with you there. You'd better get those clothes off." Evie said naughtily. Wesley knew that Gwyn was always an easy mark when he'd just got his rocks off.

Gwyn didn't need telling twice and he began tearing off his own clothes so that he would be just as naked as his girlfriend. Once disrobed he hopped on top of Evie on the bed and began kissing her and fondling her breasts. Wesley could feel the sensations of his nipples being squeezed through the network of sensors in his suit. Wherever the Professor had got this suit from, it really was some advanced technology. Wesley loved the sensations and was becoming attached to making love as a woman.

Gwyn finished playing with Evie's breasts and started teasing her cunt by pressing on her clitoris. That was the magic button for Evie and the suit started releasing its juices as well as providing sensations to Wesley's hidden cock. Evie moaned in pleasure at the attention she was getting and Wesley was not faking it.

“I want to feel you inside me.” She whispered between moans as she cupped his balls in her hand. Little Gwyn twitched in response as it grew to its full extent and his balls became firmer. Gwyn played with Evie’s cunt for a little while, but Wesley knew that it would not be long before he would not be able to resist her and plunge his cock right into her.

Evie could feel everything in her fake cunt as Gwyn’s dick plunged right into her hole. The sensors in the suit multiplied and applied the sensation to Wesley’s nether regions and once again he had no choice but to lie back with Evie’s legs in the air and feel Gwyn thrust into her whilst also fondling her breasts at the same time.

“Oh my God!” Evie cried out. Wesley was not faking it as his hidden cock exploded in the best orgasm he’d ever had. Gwyn however was not finished and was maintaining an impressive rhythm in pounding Evie’s pussy. The sensations in Wesley’s nether regions continued despite the fact he’d shot his load.

Eventually Gwyn shot his load into Evie in amongst a mass of grunts. “God I love you Evie. You send me to heaven.” Gwyn told her as he collapsed back on the bed.

“And I love you too.” Evie replied, and just for a moment Wesley actually meant those words as Evie lay back on the bed after their marathon session. However Wesley had a job to do else the Professor would expose him. After a few minutes Evie added. “You know what, I’ve been thinking about those issues you are having with the company honey. You should start buying a number of your components from China. Those British companies are ripping you off, and you’ll get a much cheaper deal in the east.”

Wesley knew that the company’s reputation was dependent on the quality of its goods, and the reason that the British companies were more expensive was because they held quality marks.

“I’ll have a think about it honey, but no business talk now, this time is just for the two of us.” With that Gwyn got back on top of her and gave her an enormous kiss as his member began to swell again.

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Holly had a busy schedule on the morning of the wedding. Her first point of call had been to see her doctor to get a certificate to verify her status of a virgin. This would be required as proof to the lawyer who was the executor of the estate of Ian Broadway’s late father. With that safely tucked in her bag, Holly had visited her hairdresser to have her hair done ready for her big day. Julie, her hairdresser, had chatted excitedly to Holly all about the plans for the big day and her excitement at finally getting married. This had made the time in the salon go quickly and by the time that Julie had finished, Holly still had plenty of time to get back home to get ready.

The salon was not that far from her house and since she did not drive, Holly had decided to walk back. The day was pleasant and Holly was glad that the sun was out as it would make the wedding photos look so much better.



It was when she was nearly home that Holly noticed a young woman lying on the ground in the alleyway ahead of her. It was only when she got closer to the young woman, who was holding her leg, that she realised that it was Erin the daughter of her neighbour.

“Gracious! Erin, are you all right.” Holly bent down to take a look at the girl. It was obvious that she’d done herself an injury somehow.

“I think I’ve broken my leg. Will you have a look at it?” Erin complained. Holly was no medic, but she was always willing to help those in trouble. She poked at the offending area and Erin gasped in agony.

“I think you’ve definitely done something to it. Put your arm around me Erin honey and I’ll help you get home, then we can see if your mother feels you should go to hospital. Holly knelt down and let Erin put her arm over her shoulder and pulled the young woman to her feet. With Holly’s help she limped back to the Saunders residence and Erin suggested they go round the back as the door would be open.

Holly just got Erin in through the back door that led into the kitchen when she felt a rag cover her nose and mouth. There was a strange smell to the rag that she tried to place even as she struggled against the tight grip that Erin had on her.

“Mmmm mmm mmm ...” Holly tried to ask why the injured young woman was doing this even as her consciousness faded and she dropped to the kitchen floor.

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Erin let the other woman slide down onto the floor as she lost consciousness and then started to drag the limp form of Holly Taylor over to the cupboard under the stairs. Erin put the body of Holly Taylor down on the ground so that she could unlock and open up the cupboard. It revealed steps going down to a basement beyond the door. Erin picked up the limp body and roughly dragged it down sure that the chloroform would keep Holly from waking up with all the bumps. At the bottom Erin hefted the body into a chair and began to strip Holly of all her clothes and jewellery. As she did so, Erin began singing the refrain from the Portishead song in a malicious little voice.

“Give me a reason to love you  
Give me a reason to be a woman  
I just wanna be a woman. “

Having stripped Holly of all her clothes, Erin quickly bound and gagged her captive and tied her to some manacles against the wall. A little way from the real chained Holly, the latex bodysuit that looked eerily familiar to the captive hung on a hook next to all the pictures and notes of Holly and her life.

“I’ll be you in a moment.” Erin told the unconscious woman as she too began stripping out of all her clothes to reveal her naked form. She lifted up her long straight brown hair and searched for the seam that would remove the mask of Erin. Having found it the mask was removed, leaving the form of a young thin man’s face beneath it. Then the man under the Erin suit searched for the tiny zipper at the top of his back that would free the person inside. Having located it, he zipped it all the way

down and began to peel himself out of the form of Erin Saunders. The heavy frontage with the small perk breast forms fell forwards as he slipped out of the arms and revealed the tight corset that the man had on underneath. The legs were harder to remove as he had to carefully extract his penis from the pouch at his groin that connected to Erin's fake vagina. The man's penis was small but rock hard at its full extension.

"God, I'm sooo horny." Eric said to no one in particular. He put his hand down to his cock and began to stroke it. It did not take many strokes for Eric's seed to come bursting out. Eric grabbed a rag and wiped himself clean. He then smeared a slow drying mild adhesive to his body and took the Holly suit off the hook. He didn't want Holly to show any wrinkles or come off him at an inopportune moment. When the glue dried, the suit would move just exactly as he was moving. He would be Holly completely and it would be difficult to remove.

The young man wasted no time in rolling up the legs of the Holly suit and then he carefully inserted each leg into their latex twins. He pulled the padded hips and behind over his own and then fished around within the suit to try and insert his penis into the hidden pouch within the suit. Without being able to see the interior, Eric fumbled for a bit before creasing his brow and pushing the hips back down a bit so that he could locate the penis pouch that would go between his legs and link to the catheter that attached to the urethra of his Holly suit. The pouch was designed to hold his flaccid penis and prevent it getting too big and causing an unnatural bulge in Holly's bottom. It would be painful at times, but that was the price he would have to pay.

Having fitted his genitals into position, Eric finished pulling up the suit over his butt and smoothed out all of the latex into position. He worked his way up, fixing Holly's larger breasts into place over his own before doing the near invisible zip up his back.

He smeared more of the glue onto his face and the wig cap affixed to his head before slipping the Holly mask onto his head and smoothed it out. Then he put more glue on the top of the mask and lifted a blonde haired wig the matched Holly's hairstyle from the stand and adjusted it perfectly on top. He fitted a set of dental caps to his mouth and coloured contact lenses in his eyes, making him the spitting image of Holly.

Eric made a final check, smoothing over of any creases in the mirror before standing there nearly entirely still. The glue would take some ten to fifteen minutes to dry inside the suit and now that it was perfectly smooth he did not want to move and spoil the entire effect which if noticed would give the whole game away. Standing still for so long was frustrating for Eric, since the whole plan was on a clock, but getting the transformation right was also crucial.

The real Holly was just starting to stir a little as the clock on the wall indicated that the time was up and the glue would now be fully dried. Eric patted his behind and jiggled his new breasts which bounced up and down like real female breasts, unlike Erin's more fixed pert breast forms on that suit.

The real Holly's eyes suddenly opened wide as she realised that not only was she bound and gagged, but that the naked woman in the middle of the room had an identical tattoo to the one on her arms. The neatly trimmed little matt of pubic hair above the pussy on the figure looked pretty

similar to her own as did her breasts. Then she looked at the face of the woman she gasped into the gag as she recognised it as her own.

“You are a little early waking my dear. Give me a minute and I’ll finish getting dressed. I have an appointment to meet with my fiancée later.” The fake Holly said to her in her own voice. Holly noted the discarded clothes and bodysuit of Erin on the floor. The opening at the back showed the breast forms stuck into the suit. Clearly a man had been wearing it and Holly guessed that the same man now wore her form.

The fake Holly in the centre of the room picked up her plain white cotton panties and sniffed them before carefully putting a leg into each side and pulling them up over her pussy and her tush. She picked up the bra and then put it down again.

“Silly old me. I forgot to fill up the tank for later. We wouldn’t want to disappoint Ian later with a dry pussy now would we?” With that she pulled her left nipple outwards so that it popped out from her breast and then slid it upwards revealing a hole behind it. Then she went over to a bench and picked up a large bottle with a thin nozzle coming from it. She fitted the nozzle into the hole and squeezed the clear gel like substance into the breast. She fitted the nozzle back down and popped it into place and then repeated the process on the other breast.

“You see I couldn’t just squirt the lubricant into my pussy from the front as I really don’t want to ruin my beautiful hymen and I can’t refill it from the inside as the suit is now part of me. Additionally I needed a blood vessel next to my vagina to simulate my virginity and there wasn’t room down there with my hidden manhood as well to hold my female juices.”

“So I had to come up with an alternative method of making myself wet for my man. Since he is bound to play with my tits by squeezing them I decided to build a thin capillary tube down the inside of the suit into the latex. Squeezing my new gorgeous tits causes the pussy juice to move down the capillary tubes into my vagina. When I want to, I can then refill them in private. Plus as I’ve got large enough jugs now, there’s enough in the tanks for up to ten fucks with my new husband.”

The real Holly looked at her fake twin in shock and horror at what she was witnessing. The real Holly smirked at her reaction and fitted Holly’s bra over her nice new tits before pulling on Holly’s denim shorts, a black under blouse and a denim jacket. Finally the fake Holly put on the Jewellery and briefly admired her sparkling engagement ring.

“Soon there will be another ring to go with that.” The fake Holly said aloud. “Not that you’ll be there to see it. I doubt you’ll last the week there sweetie. Sorry, it’s nothing personal to you but that bastard Ian killed my brother and that deserves revenge.” With that the fake Holly dashed up the stairs, locked the door and headed over to Dominic’s apartment.

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The house of Ian Broadway was awash with women with all men having been banned from the house. Martha, Evie, Anwyn and Angela were all there, sorting out their clothes, hair and makeup ready for the ceremony that afternoon. All they needed now was the bride to arrive back from her hairdressing appointment and all the bride’s party would be together.

Holly was late coming back and Angela was growing a tad nervous. This whole ghost business had to mean something and Angela was pretty sure that whatever it was that was going to happen was going to happen today. It was quite possible that Holly was late because she had got talking to the hairdresser, or even any other number of possibilities, but Angela didn't like it. She would have been pacing by now if Anwyn wasn't fiddling with her hair. Angela could hardly go to a hairdresser herself, after all her hair didn't exactly grow back, so Anwyn was a good safe pair of hands for the job.

The doorbell rang downstairs and Angela wondered who it was. Holly would have her keys and would have let herself in. Angela pushed herself up from the chair; Anwyn frowned as she was forced to get the hairdryer out the way quickly in response. Evie had beaten her to the door and was just opening it as she arrived.

"Hello, where's Ian?" A woman who looked a little like Holly replied in a slightly fake sounding voice as she bounced into the house. A blond haired woman wearing a rather awful patterned orange and white sundress with white heels stood there in the doorway. The likeness to Holly was only peripheral at best however, and it was obvious to Angela that not only was this not Holly, but it was unlikely to be a woman either.

"He's not here." Evie said with her hands on her hips.

"Who are you?" Angela demanded.

"Why I'm Holly Taylor of course! I've got a surprise for Ian!" The obviously fake Holly replied.

"Look I don't want to put a dampener on your enthusiasm, but you are not Holly Taylor. I'm her sister Evie and you are definitely not Holly." Evie said flatly.

"Yes, I'm not sure who you think you are turning up on her wedding day pretending to be Holly, but you will not get away with this." Angela told the fake Holly and grabbed her hair which came off in her hand leaving a bald figure with a seam at the back of the mask. Angela completed the job by removing the man, revealing the head of a young sweaty man beneath it.

"You were saying Mr Holly!" Angela said unimpressed. "Evie could you go call the police please. This young man has some explaining to do."

"But, but it was just supposed to be a surprise for Ian." The young man protested.

"You can tell all that to the police when they get here."

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The police quickly had Dominic's name and address from him and they headed over to Dominic's little bedsit in the poorer part of town. Martha, Evie and Angela had gone with the police as concerned citizens for Holly's welfare.

The police would not allow them to go into the apartment straight away, but once the all clear was given, Angela dashed in to find a young policeman untying Holly who had been tied up to a chair. In the back of the living room was a bunch of latex body parts and the suit of another woman

whom Angela guessed was the mysterious ghost that they had been hunting for. The wall was covered with ten or twelve photographs of Holly.

The gag was the final thing removed from Holly and she leapt up and ran into Evie's arms.

"Oh sis, it was so horrible. I can't believe that this horrible man was trying to take over my life." She wailed. Evie patted her on the shoulder and said 'there, there' to her sister, but didn't seem to be doing the greatest job of calming her hysterical sister down.

"You're quite safe now, we've caught him and the police have him in a cell. He's making up some story about a surprise party for Ian, but from this and your kidnapping it is obvious that he was up to much more." Angela said absently. It was all very convenient and easy and something was nagging at her. However she had not really been on form ever since the hen night, and even though Theresa had helped snap her out of her melancholy she didn't feel that her senses were operating on full power. She shook her head to clear the malaise but that didn't work either.

Holly spent a while crying on Evie's shoulder. It was obvious that Evie was the strong one of the two sisters as she held steadfastly there until her sister had cried herself out. The police wanted Holly to make a statement, and Angela had to hang around whilst Holly told them of how this man had come up behind her and chloroformed her. She'd awoken here tied to the chair as the man started to dress up in that horrid latex suit. At last the police finished with them.

"We'd better hurry. We still have to get Holly back and ready for the Wedding this afternoon. That's if you're up to it after your ordeal Holly honey?" Angela asked the frightened woman who nodded back.

"Yes, I'll be alright. I will have all you to protect me now. I just want to get back to the happiest day of my life." Holly replied.

They got back to Ian's house with only two hours remaining before the wedding itself. Angela knew that they would need to get a move on for Holly to get ready in time. It was traditional for the bride to be late for her wedding, but she really couldn't be hours late as the damn Vicar would not wait for them forever.

The girls all led Holly upstairs to the room she would be sharing with Ian where her wedding dress was waiting for her on a hanger along with Maria from the bridal shop. Holly quickly changed out of the old clothes she was wearing and fitted on her white lacy bra, stockings, veil, suspenders and white lacy knickers. Evie gave her a blue garter for her to fit on her right leg.

"Something borrowed and something blue for you sis." She said with a wan smile. Holly nodded and fitted the garter before Maria made her get on a chair so that she could step into the Wedding dress. She struggled to get into the dress and Maria had to help her do it up at the back before she slipped on the white heels to bring her more up to Ian's height.

Angela nodded approvingly; Holly was looking really hot and that Ian was going to be a lucky guy tonight.

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The fake Holly was nervous. It was not just real wedding nerves though. This was the nerves of someone who was doing something highly illegal and also highly dangerous. However that danger and the whole impersonation also had a sense of thrill to it.

Holly's sister Evie was leading her up the aisle and although the two of them had known each other twenty five years, Evie had not managed to detect that Holly was in fact a fake. If she could fool Holly's sister, then Eric felt much more certain that he could fool Ian. The skin glued on was now effectively his own as she walked up the aisle to where Ian was waiting by his best man and the vicar. The swish of her dress and the brushing against Holly's stocking clad legs felt erotic to Eric, but he could not let any of that show as he maintained Holly's nervous appearance.

The Vicar droned on about religion, love and marriage and Eric was forced to try and sing the hymns as Holly. He was glad the Ian and Graham were loud singers and mostly drowned out his attempts to sing as Holly. Eric was relieved when no one had spoken up to object to the marriage. Finally, the Vicar got onto the part that he had been waiting for, the vows.

"Repeat after me, I, Holly Jane Taylor, take thee, Ian Edward Broadway, to be my wedded Husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth." The vicar asked her. It was Eric's big line, he was determined that Holly would not fluff it.

"I, Holly Jane Taylor, take thee, Ian Edward Broadway, to be my wedded Husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth." The fake Holly spoke out loudly and clearly.

"Repeat after me Ian. I, Ian Edward Broadway, take thee, Holly Jane Taylor, to be my wedded Wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth." The Vicar then asked Ian who duly repeated the line. The Vicar nodded to Graham to bring forth the ring. The idiot pretended to have lost it before laughing and handing it over to Ian.

"With this Ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Ian said as he slotted the ring on her finger. Eric was relieved that the ring actually fit his finger.

*Too right, all your money is now mine.* Eric thought silently to himself.

"I now pronounce you man and wife. You may now kiss the bride." The Vicar verbalised. Holly leaned in to receive her kiss. Eric was just going to go for a peck, but Ian had other ideas playing tonsil hockey with his new bride.

Ian, Graham, Evie and the new Mrs Broadway went over to the register to sign it. Eric had been practising Holly's signature for months and was confident on getting it right. Holly smoothly signed the register and no one blinked an eye. As they moved away the fake Holly spotted that half-sister of

Ian's going up and checking the signatures and inwardly smiled to herself when she saw Angela nod in satisfaction.

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Angela had checked the signature against a previous sample she had taken from Holly. Something had been nagging at her brain ever since they had gone to the imposter's apartment, but this pretty well confirmed in her mind that everything was now set to rights. They had been a perfect match and Angela was now convinced that Ian had at last married the girl of his dreams. She'd dodged on catching the brides bouquet, not that Holly's sister Evie wasn't always going to get it. She was a tall girl and was always favourite. Plus she already had a man who'd proposed to her, so it was probably all for the best.

Now all Angela had to do was survive the evening do. Holly had not been wrong about men queuing up to dance with her. The best man Graham had been the first to ask and as the best man she could hardly refuse him. Graham had not been a gentleman and had proceeded to spend the whole dance feeling Angela's padded behind and trying to get her phone number out of her. Angela was still thinking about the hen night and didn't want another man touching her.

Next it had been Holly's cousin Benjamin from Shrewsbury. He was in his early twenties and was a lot more reserved, but he was really trying to impress her with his dancing. He was also trying his best to look down the front of Angela's bridesmaid's dress to get a good look at her breasts. In times past Angela would probably have played up to this and given the lad a good look at what he was after, but now Angela was a lot more reserved.

The final straw had come with Uncle Pete. Angela was not quite sure who's Uncle Pete he was, but he was the biggest leech in the entire room, who had more hands than an Octopus. His wife had apparently died recently and he was on the lookout for a new wife. Apparently he had settled on the cute redhead bridesmaid and he had cornered Angela for the third time with a second drink in his hand.

"Another wine?" He said showing his rather mismatched teeth with a crooked smile.

"No thank you. I had a bad experience with drink the other night. I don't want to get too drunk tonight." Angela replied.

"Pity, you really are a most charming woman. I'd like to get to know you better." Uncle Pete told her. Angela was less than keen on the prospect of that happening,

"I'm afraid I have a boyfriend back home in Swansea." Angela lied. She could see the crestfallen look on Uncle Pete's face, but Angela really couldn't care. She was already getting looks from Anwyn who was sat on the side-lines giving Angela 'the look'.

"Ah well, I'm sure that he's a nice young man and I wish you well with him." The deflated Uncle Pete sighed.

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The new Holly held the hand of her new husband as she headed up the stairs to the bedroom. The stupid Idiot Ian had a little too much to drink and would be putty in her hands tonight. There was no way he would tell that his bride was not the real deal. They stopped at the entrance to the bridal suite and Holly waited while Ian adjusted himself to put his hands under her bottom and picked her up to take her over the threshold. He staggered a little way past the doorway of the room and put her down.

She moved in to kiss him and pushed him back onto the bed. The new Holly had no idea how experienced Ian was in the bedroom department, but she wasn't going to take any chances. Ian pushed his tongue into her mouth and played tonsil hockey with his tongue. She wanted to make sure that he had a good time on his wedding night so she didn't squirm and pretended to enjoy the whole thing. He removed his tongue and slurred.

"I love you Holly."

"And I love you too honey." The false Holly told him. "I want you to make me feel like a proper woman for the first time in my life. You'll need to help me out of my dress first."

Ian held her around the waist in a terrific hug and Holly could feel his arousal sticking into her back. The wedding dress was not easy to get out of and it took some while for Ian to remove it and reveal Holly's white stockings, blue garter and matching lacy white bra and panties. Ian started massaging Holly's breasts and the man inside the Holly suit began to moan in rhythm to his fumbling gropes. There was nervousness about Holly. Maybe it was because it was because it was her first time, or perhaps it was something else. This was a critical test now, one that she had to pass. Deep within Holly's crotch something twitched at the prospect of what was to come but was held firm in its prison, not able to fully extend to match her excitement at what was to come.

"You will be gentle with me." The fake Holly asked with a slightly nervous sounding stutter in her voice.

"Of course I will. I'm so glad you waited for me." Ian replied, but in his half drunken state he couldn't wait to unwrap his new wife and finally taste the goods inside. He unclipped her garters that held up Holly's stockings and let her kick off her heels. The heels had been killing Eric all day and he was glad to be rid of them, even though they did make him look really sexy. Ian pulled down Holly's lacy white panties revealing her virgin pussy beneath.

"I love you Holly Broadway." Ian repeated as he kissed her. The fake Holly kissed him back and told him that she loved him too. After all it was what the sap wanted to hear on his wedding night and Holly had to be the perfect little wife for him. She drew him over to the bed.

"Aren't you going to remove your clothes so I can see your hunky body?" Holly asked him. Ian couldn't get his clothes off fast enough revealing that he was in no way suffering from brewers droop. Now naked Ian eased Holly back down onto the bed and she spread her legs slightly.

"It might be a little painful first time Hols." Ian said gently.

*The bastard was trying to be nice. When it came to killing him, Eric wouldn't be going easy on Ian, no matter how nice he was being now.*



"I, I understand." Holly replied hesitantly as Ian eased himself down on top of her. Ian massaged her breasts that were still held in their lacy cups before he reached down around to her back to unclasp it and free her breasts. He then started to suck them carefully, each in turn causing Holly to throw her head back and coo gently. The tweaking and suckling of Holly's nipples released some of her juices down the capillary tubes and into Holly's fake pussy. Eventually Ian decided that he'd had enough of playing with Holly's beautiful tits and turned his attention to her pussy. He began to gently rub her clitoris and Holly responded by moaning as though it really was turning her on.

*Come on you bastard, spike my pussy and watch the blood flow.*

Ian finally decided to do just that, his engorged cock slicing straight through Holly's hymen. It broke through the latex shield which then released the blood flow from its secret reservoir. Inwardly the fake Holly smiled as her suit was passing all the tests with flying colours. Blood and pussy juice mixed within her fake cunt to lubricate it nicely as he thrust inside her. Holly winced as though she was feeling a bit of pain and then followed it up with moans of pleasure as though her man was really doing it for her.

"Oh my God it's so big inside me." Holly encouraged Ian as he continued to pound her pussy. She moaned and winced as he thrust, keeping up the pretence that she was enjoying her first time with a man. He was actually quite a stud, more so that Dominic had been and she had to keep up the pretence by bucking her back and 'coming' multiple times even as Ian kept going.

Finally Ian shot his load inside her. Eric would need to clean his pussy out later when the sap had gone to sleep, but for now she just kissed and cuddled her man and told him how lucky she was. She was indeed lucky and would be a very wealthy woman soon, once Ian had his accident. It only took five minutes of kissing, fondling and cuddling for Ian to be ready again. His cock quickly came back to life.

"Let me wash the blood away first honey." Holly told him. She went to the bathroom to do just that as well as wash Ian's cum out. She twisted her tits again to ensure she was lubricated enough down below and then headed back into the lion's den for what she decided was going to be a long night.

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Angela woke up next morning in the bed beside Anwyn finally able to twig to what had been bothering her the day before. She'd been distracted throughout the evening and hadn't been able to think on the problem of exactly what was wrong, but sleep had helped her resolve matters in her head.

Holly had signed the register with her left hand, yet Holly was right handed. That had been the warning to Angela's brain that something was wrong, but it just hadn't registered with her after she'd verified the signature. The whole set up in Dominic's bedroom was all wrong. The scattered photos and the latex had been made to be seem like Dominic was the perpetrator, however there was no smell there.

Angela knew well enough what her spare room smelt like after she'd mixed up all the suits over the years, but that room had none of that smell. The objects had been moved and planted there to make it seem like Dominic was guilty. Someone had gone a long way to making sure that Dominic

seemed guilty, but Dominic had already told them that it was a surprise for Ian. If he'd really been plotting then he would have been expecting to marry Ian that day. No, someone else put him up to it and framed him. But why?

The answer was simple. Someone else had replaced Holly, someone who had been watching her for a long time and had made the detailed photos. Photos that they could only have taken whilst she was asleep, or more to the point unconscious. Which meant that it was Mrs Saunders who was responsible.

"Anwyn, I've got it. I've been such an idiot and I need to sort everything out." Angela shook Anwyn awake who grumbled somewhat at being woken. After Angela finally got her to wake up, she explained what she had worked out. Anwyn agreed with Angela that she'd been an idiot.

"You've been away with the faeries these last three days, it's about time you woke up from whatever has got your panties in a twist Anthony." Anwyn told him.

"Yes, I've had some things to think about." Angela replied simply, not going into any details. "I need to get to the airport and stop Ian before he goes on his honeymoon with that imposter."

Anwyn nodded. Angela could tell that perhaps she hadn't heard the last of this. "Yes alright, but when we get back you are going to need to tell me what's been going on in that head of yours Anthony Danforth. Now let's go solve the case!"

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Ian admired his gorgeous bride's arse as she packed her holdall into the back seat of the car. She was wearing a lovely blue dress with white spots and as he could now confirm from the view he had, she was wearing no knickers underneath her tights. He'd been there several times last night and he was in heaven after finally having married the girl of his dreams.

Having loaded everything into the car, Ian drove away quickly before any of the wedding party could get up and do something to their car. You had to get up real early to beat Ian Broadway and his new wife Ian thought cheerfully. He sped off down the road that would take them onto the motorway that would get them to the airport in Manchester. He was a little tired after last night's marathon sex session with his new wife, but he could still feel the afterglow. He whistled happily after he drove though and looked to the passenger seat where his beautiful bride was smiling back at him.

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Angela was kicking herself inside for being so dense. She'd been so wrapped up in her own misery that she hadn't seen what was really going on. Ian's car was gone and if she didn't hurry then she would be too late to help Ian before he go onto a jet to head to the Caribbean with his beautiful but very fake bride. Whoever it was had an expertise in suit making and impersonation that Angela had not seen for quite some time. He or she was good, really good. She was not surprised that Ian and Evie were both fooled. Angela had tried ringing Ian, but his mobile phone had been turned off so she had no alternative to follow him to the airport.

Angela put her foot down. If she was going to catch the perpetrator. She didn't want to drive above the limit with Anwyn and little Cerys in the car, but there was no choice if she was to catch them. It was then that she saw the red lights flashing behind her. No sooner had she started to break the speed limit than she had been caught. She slowed down and pulled over onto the hard shoulder as the police car pulled up behind her.

Angela decided to get out the car and go and talk to the Policeman. It was time to loosen her blouse and flutter those eyelids. Angela strutted over to the car and fished into her bag for her license, all ready for the sob story when suddenly a woman police officer got out of the car.

"Some days it just isn't my day." Angela said to herself and prepared for the worst.

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The line to check in to their flight was longer than the fake Holly had hoped, but since she was clear of all the hurdles back at Ian's home she had visibly relaxed. The suit had worked like a dream and now she was officially Mrs Holly Broadway. She looked at the passport photo again. It was so close that it could really have been taken of her. Eric loved how the suit now glued as part of her form moved as though it was really her skin.

Eric's thoughts turned to the trio of bathing suits that Holly had thoughtfully packed for him when they got to the resort. Eric decided that Holly would look best in the blue one, though the mauve one and the gold one also had their charms. With Ian's account unlocked she could have what she wanted and would be able to live out the holiday in luxury. Of course she would have to pretend that she loved Ian's attentions, but that would only need to be for a short while.

"Hello Mr and Mrs Broadway is it? Where are you flying to today?" The lady at the desk asked them. At last they were at the front of the queue and they were nearly on their way.

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The speeding ticket had held them up but Angela was still determined to try and get to the villain in time. She left Anwyn to park the car and then dashed into the terminal to try and see if she could find the couple before they went through the gate and beyond her reach. As usual though the airport was crowded and there were people everywhere within. Spotting Ian and the fake Holly would be a challenge that was certain.

Angela decided to try looking in the check in queue for their flight in case they were held up. After consulting the check in board Angela hurried to the relevant queue. She was disappointed to learn that neither Ian nor his fake wife was in the queue and now she had to make a decision as to what to do next. She decided to head towards the passport control, beyond which she could not go as she didn't have her passport or a valid ticket on her.

In the distance she could see the happy couple heading towards the passport control barrier, Ian in a light cotton suit and the fake Holly in a blue dress with white spots and a blue jacket. Angela realised that she would never be able to run and catch them in her heels and was about to remove them when she spotted a familiar face close by the couple. The stewardess Geena Bellman was just in front of the happy couple. Angela knew that the young blonde woman was no more a woman

than the fake Holly Taylor was, having arranged for Geena's transformation some months before. She started running, pointing at Holly and shouting to Geena.

"Geena, stop that woman in the blue and white dress!" Geena turned and saw who it was calling her. As soon as she recognised Angela, the stewardess moved to obey even as the fake Holly dropped her carry bag she was using as hand luggage and began to run.

The scene could have been from a TV comedy as the immaculately turned out blonde stewardess chased the blonde woman in the blue spotted dress and as she closed on the fake bride she leapt and rugby tackled her to the ground.

"Get off me!" The fake Holly called out from the ground. Ian and Angela came running over, a look of outrage on Ian's face.

"Leave my wife alone!" He demanded.

"She's ... not ... your wife." Angela retorted and she dug her nails into the side of the fake Holly's face and ripped downwards ripping away a portion of the latex mask as she did so. The fake Holly put her hands up to her face, but the damage had been done. Behind the ripped latex a man's stubbly face could clearly be seen.

"Shit, not again!" Ian went from angry to despair, holding his head in his hands. Angela put an arm around him as the fake Holly struggled beneath Geena.

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Ian was sat back on his sofa with the real Holly Taylor, an arm protectively around his new wife. The vicar had very graciously agreed to marry them properly on the Sunday after his normal service, but there was no way that they could have another reception. So the remainder of the wedding party had gone back around to Ian's house for drinks to celebrate the nuptials.

"Thank you sis. You don't know what it means to me that you deduced what was going on and stopped it before it was too late. I think both Holly and I would have been dead if you hadn't." Ian told her.

"It's just part of my job now Ian." Angela replied to him.

"I know Ange, but what you've done for us means the world to me. I can't thank you enough." Ian told Angela as he got up to give her a hug.

"That's okay, my boss will send the bill next week." Angela joked back to him.

"Yes, but that'll be peanuts Angela. I want to give you something more. Something to help you in life, perhaps for when you get married yourself." Ian pulled away, a serious expression on his face.

"You don't have to do anything, we're family, and I promised our mother I would look after you." Angela said to him seriously.

“That’s a maybe, but I want you to take this.” Ian reached into his pocket and produced a cheque. He handed it out in front of him for Angela to take. Cautiously she took the cheque from his hand and then, once she had looked at its contents, she fainted.

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The club was noisy as Monday night was talent night. The Right Reverend Gareth James was nervous as he waited in the wings. Mrs Ferndale’s dress had been a perfect fit and with his shape wear and breast forms underneath it, his form was just perfect. It had taken him a long time to find exactly the right wig, but now it was perfect. Now he looked just right and he was sure that he would go down a storm.

Now that he had a respectable job, Gareth no longer had to steal clothes for his expression of his feminine side. To him, no one was truly male or female. Everyone had a bit of both inside themselves. God had made it that way and it was a sin to hold inside what the Lord had made of you. So he had never had a problem with expressing it. Now for the first time though he was going to express it fully to an audience.

“And now for your pleasure at Ivy’s Lodge, we have a whole new talent for your pleasure. All the way from Canada we have Celine Dion to sing for you.” The announcer told the audience of the cross-dressing club. Graham stepped out of the wings nervously in his, up to the microphone stand and began to sing, slightly out of tune, but a close approximation of Celine Dion’s voice.

*Every night in my dreams  
I see you, I feel you  
That is how I know you go on*

*Far across the distance  
And spaces between us  
You have come to show you go on*

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