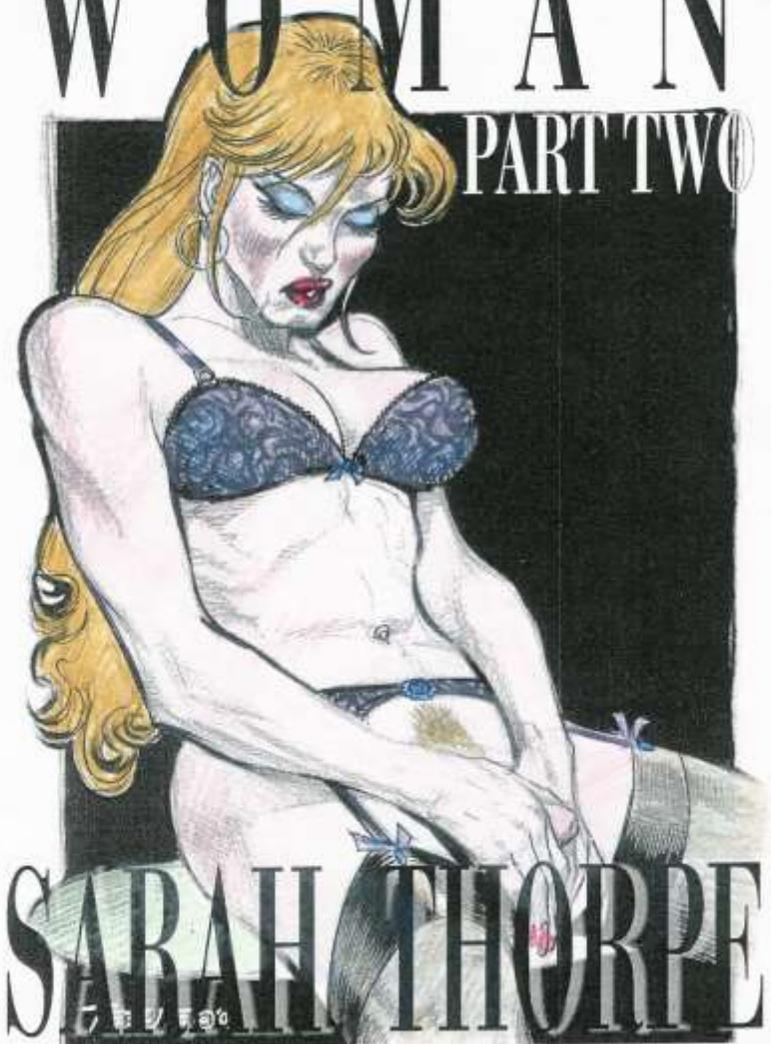


TEMPORARY W O M A N

PART TWO



TEMPORARY WOMAN

• PART TWO •

by **SARAH THORPE**



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The next day Janet was called to Harold's office once

more. This time he had a more serious look on his face. It was as if he didn't know how to start the conversation, so he started off with some small talk. Janet tried to help him, but to no avail. Finally he pulled himself together and said: "Janet, have you heard of Walther Jackson?"

"Isn't he the multi-millionaire who puts money into a lot of movies more or less because we want to have his name on the credits?"

"That's the man, he has also put money into this movie. And he is my friend, the one with the transsexual sister. He's the one who approached me concerning these booklets. He has also heard of you, from whom I don't know. I swear it wasn't me. He called me yesterday and said that he would be coming here next week with his wife and sister. And here it comes; they want Janet to be their escort for their stay. They know that you have to work on the scripts so it won't be a full time job. They also want to meet the author of these booklets, and as far as I know you're the only one here who has met her and know how to contact her."

Janet turned pale. This meant many more weeks as Janet. What would Mary-Beth say? "How long do they plan to stay?" was all she could say.

"Honestly, I don't know. He has an open ended ticket, but I suspect they will at least stay for a couple of months."

"And what else is in it for me?"

"He will at least double your pay, maybe more. What do you think?"

Janet knew she had no choice, this Janet thing was about to go much too far, much further than ever envisaged. "I don't like it, not at all. I've been looking forward to return to Jimmy and all my plans go in that direction. I might dress up for a day or two on occasion, but not for a longer period like I've done now. I've been in this torso for seven weeks now and I'm starting to wonder if my penis and balls can stand the strain much longer. They don't like being hidden away. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I think I understand you, but my hands are tied. In this case Mr. Jackson's words are law. At least you can meet him and try to explain your situation. He might understand. I'm expecting an e-mail from him later today with more information. Let's talk about it then."

"OK. But I don't like the situation. I had hoped to be on location next week as Jimmy, and now I'm stuck with Mr. Jackson. I know I could go as Janet, but that isn't the same thing for me. Excuse me, but I'm really pissed right now." She stood up from the chair and started walking up and down the office. The look on her face was a mixture of anger and fear; she really had to restrain herself for not starting to cry.

Harold understood that Janet was on the edge of a breakdown; he knew he had to calm her down. He stood up and walked over to Janet, laid his arms around her shoulder, and said: "Please Janet, calm down. Let's sit down on the coach and talk about something else." He guided her over to the coach and sat down next to her. He still had his arm around her shoulder.

Janet started to calm down. She felt comfortable having Mr. Brandon's arm around her shoulder. She rested her head on his chest, took out a handkerchief and dried her eyes. She ruined her make-up, but she didn't care. All she wanted just now was some peace and comfort and that was exactly what Mr. Brandon was offering her.

After about ten minutes she sat up and said: "Thank you, Mr. Brandon, I needed that."

"And I'm glad I could help. And please call me Harold; I prefer that to Mr. Brandon. Let me ask you something, how are you doing with these booklets?"

"Fine actually. I've finished with the three stand-alone one's and am working on the double length story. The three I'm finished with are with the author for approval. I expect an answer today or tomorrow. For the last three I've only scratched the surface. I will have to work much closer with the author on those. I plan to combine them into one full-length movie. It's a big challenge since they are crime stories and involves three separate cases. On top of that, one of them is a little difficult to fit into the other two."

"That sounds great. I would like to have a look at them when they're approved, and I'm sure Walther want to as well. And now for something completely different. I've noticed that you have relatively long fingernails and I wonder how it is possible to type fast with nails like that. They must be in the way."

"Actually it's no problem at all, I just type."

"That's the reply I always get when I ask the real girls the same question. I had expected something different from you. You have by all means been typing like a man until two months ago."

"I gave that answer on purpose to see your reaction. I've heard it many times from the girls; even they can't explain the phenomena. But since I have experience from both sides, I have discovered the secret. Look at yourself when you type. Look at any other man when he types. Almost all men type with their fingertips straight down on the keys. Such typing style is virtually impossible with long nails. You can of course use the tips of nails, but that is not very efficient. So what most girls do is that they hold their hands and fingers much flatter over the keyboard. This way they can hit the keys with the underside of their fingers and still type fast and accurate. Just take a look next time you see one of the girls do their typing and compare to how you do it yourself."

Harold took a good look at his fingers and compared them with Janet's. "I see that your fingers are slimmer than mine, and on a real girl they're probably even slimmer still. That might make it easier for them to hold their hands flat over the keyboard without touching other keys. I've never thought of that. Thank you."

"And thank you, Harold. I feel much netter already. I still don't like my situation right now, but I promise I will talk to Mr. Jackson and hear what he has to say. I also have to talk to Mary-Beth about it. I promise I will be the Janet you know for a while longer. I just hope I don't break down like I almost did today. I think I'd better go back to Martin and get some work done." She stood up, straightened her skirt and headed for the door.

Harold also stood up. He walked to his desk and asked Janet to face him. "Just as thought. You'd better stop by the powder room and freshen up your male-up before the others see you. You look terrible around your eyes."

Janet opened her purse and took out her compact. She looked at herself in the mirror and realized that Harold was right. "Where's the nearest Ladies' room," she said.

"Just across the hall. You can use my private exit so my secretary won't see you."

Janet walked over to the other door, opened it and looked down the

hall. There was nobody in the vicinity so she just crossed the corridor to the Ladies' room. Once there she fixed up her face and headed for Martin's office. She knew that it was hopeless to talk with Mary-Beth during the day, so she had to wait until they were home.

Later that same day Harold called Janet back into his office. He had coffee ready for her, poured two cups and told Janet to sit down in the sofa. He decided to remain seated behind his desk. "I have just received an e-mail from Mr. Jackson," he said, "and it states that he will arrive in Oslo on Saturday and check in at the Oslo Plaza Hotel. Further he says that he and his family will just relax the rest of the day, but on Sunday he would like to see Janet and Mary-Beth for lunch. You are asked to be in the lobby at 1 PM. that's all."

"Nothing about his plans for his stay?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Strange. I don't hope he expects me to be his tour guide for the rest of his stay."

"Neither do I, I need both you and Mary-Beth. Most of the crew will move out to location on Sunday and we will start shooting the following day. The weather forecast so far is favorable. I had hoped that both you and Mary-Beth would be there in the morning. It's about two hours' drive from here."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Meet with Mr. Jackson and family and tell him about your obligations. He's a reasonable man and might listen. Give me a call on the cell phone as soon as you know anything."

"I will." With these words Janet left the office and joined Martin again.

That evening Janet and Mary-Beth asked Ingrid and Karl to come to their house. They had a long talk about the new development in Janet's life. Both Janet and Mary-Beth stated that they didn't like the situation; they both wanted Jimmy to come back. Ingrid and Karl understood their predicament and were very sorry on Jimmy's behalf. But since Walther Jackson was in the picture they decided to play along as best they could. Janet promised to lay down her case for Mr. Jackson, hoping he would understand.

After some coffee and a glass of wine, Janet went to check the e-mail. The first one she saw was 'Sarah Thorpe's, stating that she liked the scripts very much, but had anyway made a few suggestions that might improve them. She also asked if Janet would show up on Friday when the TV organization would hold another meeting. Janet mentioned this to Karl and asked if Kari had plans to go. Kari looked at Ingrid. She didn't seem to have any objections so Karl said yes.

Janet was about to open one of the attachments when another e-mail came in. It was from Betsy! Janet asked Mary-Beth to come over and they read it together.

Betsy apologized for not having sent any e-mail earlier, but she had been very busy trying to find a proper location for her Beauty Parlor. So far she hadn't been successful. But at this time she had to take things more easily since she officially was more than six months pregnant. Everything was going fine and she expected to become a mother in late April. She and Ken had already talked about baptizing the child in the same church where they were married and asked if Janet and Mary-Beth would accept the honor of being godmothers.

At this point Mary-Beth pushed Janet from the computer and started writing a reply. She stated that they would be more than happy to accept the invitation since all plans indicated that they would be back in the States in May. She concluded with a promise of sending a much more extensive e-mail the next day. Ingrid and Karl were also allowed to read the e-mails; they had after all heard so much about Betsy and her life with Ken. Ingrid also expressed a wish to meet Betsy and Ken, and would see if she and Karl could come over in July-August timeframe.

As Ingrid and Karl were about to leave, Karl once more stated that Kari would be more than happy to join Janet at the meeting on Friday.

When they out the door Janet turned to Mary-Beth and said: "Darling, what shall we wear on Sunday?"

"We? I thought the invitation was for you only."

"Didn't I tell you? Oh, I must have forgotten, the invitation is for both. It was clearly stated in Mr. Jackson's e-mail."

"OK, I'll forgive you for not telling me at once. Since it's Sunday and lunch at a fancy hotel, we need to dress properly. I'll think of something. If we don't have anything that's suitable, we just have to buy something on Saturday. As you know, our closets are just like any other woman's closet, filled up with 'nothing to wear'."

Before Janet went to bed she opened the attachments from 'Sarah Thorpe' and took a quick look at them in order to get an idea of the change proposals. After closure she forwarded the e-mail to her office address to have a better look at the next morning and to provide Harold with a hard copy. She knew he preferred to read from paper rather than from a screen.

It was Janet that was driving the car the next morning for work. As she approached an intersection about halfway to the workplace, the light was starting to change from green to red. She tried to brake, but soon realized that it was too slippery to stop, so she decided to accelerate instead and drive through the intersection. She saw no other cars on the crossing road so she considered the risk to be minimal, even if the light was red as she entered. But it didn't take long before a police car came up from behind and pulled her over. She looked at Mary-Beth and said: "Now I'm in trouble, all my papers are issued on Jimmy. How can I explain myself if he asks for an ID? You must help me out on this one."

"I'll see what I can do."

The police officer approached her car and indicated that she should roll down her window. She did as instructed. The officer said something in Norwegian and Janet immediately excused herself asking him to speak English. The officer smiled and said: "Good morning, young lady, I'm sorry to say, but you just passed the intersection on red."

"I'm so sorry, officer," Janet said in her sweetest voice, "I know what I did, but I was trying to stop, but the car just slid on the snow and ice. Since I didn't see any other car, I thought it might be safer to pass through than having to stop in the middle of the intersection."

"You're right, of course, but you still drove on red and that is an offence that qualify for a ticket. We were right behind and saw what happened, so we have to give you one. Can you please pull out your Driver's License and Vehicle Registration Papers please?"

This was the moment Janet had feared the most. What should she do? This was either sink or swim. She started with opening her handbag searching for the Driver's License while Mary-Beth opened the glove compartment to pick out the registration papers. It was at this moment the Police Officer was called by his colleague to hurry back to the car. "We have a major traffic accident to take care of," he yelled.

The officer at Janet's car excused himself; he just urged Janet to be more careful in the future and jumped into the police car. They turned around 180j and sped off in the opposite direction.

Janet let out a sigh and said: "This was close. We have to find a solution to this problem or I will have to stop driving. Wonder what Kari's doing when she's in a similar situation."

"We'd better ask her as soon as possible," Mary-Beth replied, "I'm sure she has a solution. As far as I know she's been the driver on many occasions."

At work Janet went through the scripts that incorporated the proposed changes. She made a hard copy of all three and headed straight for Harold's office. He let her in at once, bid her a cup of coffee and sat down with her at the coffee table. Janet handed him the print outs and told him what had happened so far. He promised to read them through and give his opinion whether they were worthy of a movie or not, even if it might be a short one. Janet also told him about her incident that morning and concluded that she needed some kind of ID to show for herself if being stopped a second time. Harold understood her problems and promised to find a solution soon. Then it dawned on him, "What about your bank account card," he said, "it also has a picture on it?"

"You're right, but in the shops I always use the PIN-code as on the ATM machines. I never have had any need for the ID on the backside. Maybe if I want some personal service in the bank, but that has so far not been needed."

"OK, we leave it there then. But if you feel you need help, just tell me."

"I will."

"Good. And be prepared to go on location on Monday if Walt doesn't want you for something else. I have a feeling he wants to be on location himself so I guess you will have to follow him there. In any case, bring winter clothes. By the way, do you ski?"

"I did a lot of skiing in my youth in Minnesota. I haven't done it for a while, but I'm sure I can handle it, at least cross-country."

"Fine, we might be in need of someone who can move around in the snow without too much hassle. Don't worry about skies though, we have been provided with all we need by the Norwegians."

"OK, I'll be ready even if I haven't skied as a woman before."

The rest of the day and the two following days were spent preparing for the move to the designated location.

On Friday Harold came to Janet's desk with a document. "This is a Norwegian Driver's License," he said, "issued in the name of Janet Christine Duncan. It's completely legal; we only transferred the information from your California Driver's License and stated that you were living as a woman for the time being. They also gave us a Driver's License in the name of James Christian Duncan in case you change back. The two licenses contain the same information; only the picture, signature and name are different. Fortunately we had pictures and signatures from both Janet and Jimmy lying around. They're only valid for your stay here. Just in case we have set the date to July 1st."

"Thank you Sir, this is very kind of you."

"Please don't call me sir I've said. And just stay out of trouble the rest of your time here, and everything will be fine."

The next thing was to contact Karl to check if he had some skies lying around. He confirmed that he had an extra pair and that Janet was welcome to test them on Saturday. She only had to find something suitable to wear.

It was Janet that drove to the hotel that evening. They entered the premises around eight and hang up their coats. They were both dressed less glamorous than last time; a plain dress was considered enough. It was after all only a normal get together. Once again Janet joined up with 'Sarah'. They exchanged some wild ideas for the other booklets, but decided to settle on a

more normal level. Janet launched an idea on how she could tie the three Annie Wolfe stories together, an idea that 'Sarah' seemed to like very much. They agreed that Janet should pursue that option.

Kari was most of the evening engaged in heavy discussions on transgender issues with some of her friends in the club. They seemed to disagree severely, but in the end it turned out to be only a change of viewpoints. Janet joined in after her talks with 'Sarah' had ended. She didn't understand very much at first, but when it was discovered that she was there, the talk continued in English.

Around eleven some of the girls wanted to go to a nightclub as usual. Janet and Kari, however, decided to stay and continue exchange of views on transgendered issues. Janet never told them her secrets; of course, she considered them as information not to be disclosed.

Next day it was time to try the skies. Kari had found both a pair of cross country skies and a pair of boots to go with it. Ingrid contributed with suitable clothing, so off they went. Janet and Kari entered the tracks that passed right behind their houses and continued into the forest.

Janet felt it was a long time since she had skied, but soon got the hang of it. The first downhill almost ended in a disaster, but fortunately Janet remembered how to handle situations like that, and managed to stay on her feet. Kari was impressed; Janet clearly knew how to ski. They continued on their trip for about two hours before they returned home.

Back home Mary-Beth had prepared for going on location on Monday. Karl wouldn't join them; he had work to do in town. To surprise Janet and Kari, Ingrid decided to make pancakes for them when they came home. On purpose she left the kitchen window open so the smell could spread on the outside. Kari's senses caught the smell as soon as they left the tracks. "Ingrid's making pancakes for us," she said, "come on in and have a few."

Janet could also feel the smell and didn't hesitate to come along. They placed the skies and boots in the basement before they went upstairs to the kitchen. And there, close to the stove, was Ingrid making her famous pancakes. Mary-Beth had a happy smile in her face, so it looked like she had tasted them already. Janet and Kari sat down at the table and Ingrid placed a

pile of pancakes in front of them. "Dig in, girls!" she said.

Kari lifted the first pancake to her plate. Janet noticed that it was much thinner than what she was used to from home. Kari opened a jar and poured blue jam on the pancake. "It's blueberry jam," she said, "the only decent thing to put on a pancake."

Janet followed Kari's lead. Tasting the pancake she felt it was absolutely delicious, this was a pancake as they should be! Kari and Janet were hungry and soon the pile was empty. Ingrid had a few more in stock, and they ate them as well. "Ingrid, this was fantastic, why haven't you served us pancakes earlier?"

"I just had to wait for the right occasion, and you two going skiing, was just the excuse I needed. But I must say that you girls ate more like a hungry truck driver than like a dainty woman. I'll forgive you for now, but don't let it happen again."

"I agree with Ingrid," Mary-Beth added, "and I too consider the pancakes to be delicious. And before you ask Janet, Ingrid has already given me the recipe."

Kari and Janet felt a little shameful, but soon got back to their good humor. The four girls gathered in the living room for a cup of coffee and some talk. Janet told about the meeting with Mr. Jackson the next day and what that might mean for her future. The others tried their best to keep Janet's spirits up and they seemed to succeed. Janet and Mary-Beth went home at around seven to prepare for the next day.

Janet and Mary-Beth were up relatively early on Sunday. They had breakfast at eight and went straight for the shower. Janet put on a shower cap since her hair had been washed out the night before. Out from the shower with a blanket around her she sat down at the vanity and started to comb out her hair. It took her 20 minutes before she was satisfied. At that time Mary-Beth came out after her shower and started to brush out her hair. While Janet had been in the shower, she had laid out the clothes she thought they should wear at their meeting with Mr. Jackson. For Janet this meant a medium blue panty and bra set, a slip in the same color, tanned pantyhose, medium thick and a blue long sleeved dress with only a slight indication of a v-shaped neckline. As soon as she saw what she would wear, Janet understood what

kind of make-up Mary-Beth wanted her to lay.

Janet took great care in putting on her make-up. Her look should emphasize all the good features of her face without looking obtrusive. She had to be extra cautious with her eyes; they needed only that little extra that would make them stand out against her red-brown hair. She finished off with a bright red lipstick. When she was finished she turned to Mary-Beth and said: "Is this OK for the day?"

Mary-Beth looked at her face closely and said: "Perfect, absolutely perfect. I couldn't have done it better myself."

Janet smiled. "Thank you, darling, at least I know how to make up my own face." She went on with putting on the clothes that Mary-Beth had laid out for her. A pair of black suede pumps with 3" heels finished off her dressing. She stood up and walked over to the full-length mirror to take a look at herself. What she saw pleased her very much. She looked radiant, just perfect for a Sunday lunch. Her dress reached to her knees and clung to her body showing off her perfect figure. A belt accentuated her narrow waist. She knew she was perfect but she still was nervous about what would happen later that day. She turned to Mary-Beth to see how she was doing.

Mary-Beth was about finished. She looked just as radiant as Janet in her red dress. Her dress was in the same general style, but it had a round collar. The two girls looked at each other and smiled, they knew they've done all they could to make a good impression on Mr. Jackson, so it was sink or swim. They finished off with earrings, a discreet necklace, bracelet and watch. Mary-Beth checked the time and saw that it was still early and encouraged Janet to do the same as her, repaint her nails. They went down to the living room to do the job.