



*Reluctant Press*

# Joanne's Heaven

Susan Hulbert



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMOND*

**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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## JOANNE'S HEAVEN

**By Susan Hulbert.**

“Hello, Griffin Agency, Diana speaking, how may I help you?”

“Diana, it's Jonathan, may I speak to Angela please?” I said.

“Her line's busy at the moment, do you want to hold?”

“Yes, I'll wait... I've nothing else to do until the agency finds me something.”

“Well, we got you those voice-over jobs for the commercials last week, and I think there is some more coming soon. I remember typing a letter to you yesterday,” Diana rejoined.

“Well, that's something. I need a few dollars to keep going.”

“Just be patient. Things always look up when you're with this agency. We don't represent turkeys... Oh, her line is free now - I'll put you through.”

“Hello, Jonathan!” Angela's voice boomed through the ear piece. “You were so well on the voice-overs, we managed to get you some more. They loved the English accent, especially when I told them it was for real.”

“That's great, I really need...”

“Look, the details are in the mail - I've have another call. I'll get back to you when there's something more... I'm hoping to get you on a soap... perhaps by the end of the month. Bye now.’

With that she was gone. I replaced the receiver, and looked around my tiny room. It had been a a gamble; leaving England and all that I knew for California... but I had no reason to stay.

I decided that I might as well try my luck there as remain unemployed at home. So, armed only with a few dollars and my English Drama degree I had packed up and flown out.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Well, that's all there is,” the commercial producer chirped as I stepped out of the sound booth. “Eight tracks should see this campaign through.”

“When will they be broadcast?” I asked. I only got paid a small amount for the initial recording, but the ‘residual fees’ from the broadcasts paid more. Residuals, however, are paid only *after* the fact.

“They're scheduled for six weeks time, I think. You'll have to get your agent to check with the traffic guys.”

“Well, thanks.” I smiled and picked up my jacket to leave. “...I just hope I can eat for that long.”

The girl who was operating the sound board looked at me. “Things getting grim, are they?”

“Yes...” I confessed. “I knew it wouldn't be easy here, but I'm just about broke. I do some bar work, but that just pays the rent. I have this eating habit, you know, and I just can't quit.”

“Well, just a minute,” she said. “I've an idea, wait there.”

I stood as she went back into the control room, and watched as she picked up a script and waved it in front of the engineer, she pointed and they both looked at me, then looked away and talked again.

I was about to sneak away quietly, but hesitated. If there was any work, I really needed it badly. Eventually, she came out.

“Can you read this?” she asked. “The script calls for an English woman's voice, but I imaging that if you raised your pitch a little and made the right accent, the producers wouldn't know any different. It's not as if they're going to see you anyway. It's another voice over, and if you can do it, it will save us finding another English voice.”

“That's really kind,” I said. “I really do need the money, I....”

“You can thank me later,” she said. “Just get in there and do it, then we can all go home.” She pushed me towards the recording studio again.

Once inside, I read the script through quickly, and waved to the engineer when I was ready. The red light in front of me glowed, then on the green, I started to speak the lines before me. I repeated the script, then heard the engineer in my headphones.

“Can you make it a little more breathy?”

I complied and spoke the lines again.

“That's better, try a little more husky at the same time.”

I had no idea what he meant, but taking a deep breath, and speaking in as womanly voice as I could manage, I read the script again, then three more times, adjusting the accent and voice each time.

“That's all for now,” the voice in my headphones announced. “We'll tell your agent if we're able to use it.”

I walked out to the door of the studio, and saw the board-op girl waiting for me... she took my arm.

“That's going to be used,” she said. “It's a real low budget job, and they'll use your voice. It sounded just right to me. Besides if they have to search for another actress to do it, it will cost more, and they haven't the budget to wait.”

“Well, thank you.” I said, looking at her for really the first time. “I need the money rather desperately.”

“Come on, I'll buy you a hamburger to celebrate your new found wealth.”

“Wait, what do I call you,” I asked as she took my arm again to lead me through the door. “If you're to be my fairy god mother, you must have a name.”

“I'm Lisa,” she said, holding out her hand to shake mine in mock formality.

“Pleased to meet you, Lisa.” I said bowing theatrically, “May I present myself, Jonathan Standheaven at your service.”

“That's a name!” she said. “Is it real, or one you made up to avoid your creditors. I know all about you actors.”

“No, it's for real, and as there's no other actor with that name in the directory, I decided to keep it. At least it stands out from the crowd.”

“It certainly does!” she laughed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The phone rang in my apartment... at least it was still connected. *I must pay that bill next*, I thought.

“Jonathan, it's Lisa.”

I struggled a little to remember her... it had been over a month since my recording session - my *last* recording session. Since then, I had been struggling just trying to keep my finances afloat.

“Hi, Lisa,” I said... trying to sound more cheerful than I felt.

“I've got some good news,” she said. “the voice over you did last... you remember... the ‘English lady’? It's going on a national campaign. Your agent should be getting in touch soon! And best of all, there's a retainer on its way.”

“You're an angel, Lisa.” I stood in shock. “I really am down to my last few cents and expecting eviction any day now. When should I call the agency?”

“Now! today!” she said excitedly. “This could be a good earner for you. They don't know how you got the job, but they'll be able to give you an advance. I'm talking big budget here. The original company's been taken over and the new advertising budget is huge.”

“Thanks Lisa, give me your number,” I said. “I owe you a hamburger in celebration, but not before I get paid.”

I wrote her number on the pad, then called my agency, and asked to be put through to Angela. She came on the line almost at once, more gushing than ever before.

“Jonathan, aren't you the luck one, I was just about to call you! You have a national campaign coming, and they want you at the studio to do more scripts next week.”

“Angela, I just heard on the grape vine, I was calling you to ask if it was for real, and to thank you.”

“You don't have to thank me, dear. I just take my percentage any way.”

“I know, but I need an advance on my part. I'm broke and I need to repay a few favors.”

“Okay, call over and I'll have a check with Diana for you to pick up.”

“Thanks Angela, you're a life saver.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I was standing outside the studio later that day, when Lisa came out. She was super slim, but curved in the right places. She was as tall as I, but seemed taller in her chunky heeled boots. Her black hair hung heavily down her back and moved sensually as she walked towards me.

“Well, I promised to take you to dinner....,” I started.

“But you just got a small advance, so it's a hamburger instead,” she laughed. She took my arm as we walked to her car... a white Volkswagen Beetle which had seen better days.

We spent the rest of the evening together, and it was late when she dropped me outside the building where I lived. We knew we would meet again in a few days when the next recordings were scheduled, and just before I got out of the car, she kissed me lightly on the cheek. I stood to wave as her car turned the block, out of sight.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Jonathan!” Lisa saw me as soon as I walked into the studio - a week later that I had expected. We kissed formally... a peck on each cheek, like old friends.

“I'll get your scripts. There are six different ones in this series, all using that lady's voice. Think you can do it again?”

“As long as they're paying, I'll do it.” I laughed.

I spent the whole day in the recording studio. As a result, we had several takes of each script from which the director could make his selections.

I was pleased with myself, after all, the money would keep me afloat for a few more weeks, but I would have to keep the bar job.

“Are you taking me to supper?” Lisa asked, as I waited for her to pack up the scripts.

“Naturally,” I replied. “I need to look after my fairy god mother... you changed my luck!

“Not *too* expensive,’ she said. “That’ll have to wait until I get you some real parts.”  
\* \* \* \* \*

“Jonathan!” It was Lisa’s voice on the phone. “I’ve got some good news. The commercials were a success, and they want another series recording. The money’s better, and it’s your voice they want above all.”

“That’s great,” I replied. “You’re a marvel.”

“Well thank you kind sir,” she mocked. “But they want an exclusive contract with you. No other commercials.”

“But they don’t know who I am.”

“No, and I didn’t tell them. I just said you were sent by the agency when you were between acting parts. They’re going to send a contract to your agents.”

We talked some more, and arranged to meet at the week end. I called the agency, but Angela was away for a couple of days, so I just left a message with Diana saying that I had some work coming, and she should contact me when the offer came.

I had a great weekend with Lisa. We walked on the beach and in the hills, doing little other than enjoying each other’s company.

She didn’t seem to want to be physical, and I didn’t push it; I was just happy to be there. We ate in a couple of small bars we came across as we traveled, and slept in separate rooms in a small hotel on the Saturday night.

I tried to get near to Lisa... She was beautiful. But if she didn’t want me to be that kind of friend, I was content just to be her companion. I knew I wasn’t the muscular actor type, not much of a catch for an ambitious girl... I had no money and no stability in my life.

“I’m ambitious, you know,” she confided. “I don’t always want to be the sound girl or even the engineer. I want to be a manager to one of the big stars, then I can travel to exciting places, and see things I’ve only read about.”

“So, how do you do that?” I queried.

“If I knew, I wouldn’t be here would I?” She smiled, “I guess you just have to be in the right place at the right time, and work your way up with a rising star... someone who would come to depend upon you for everything, even when they got to the top.”

”Well, stick with me,” I offered - half kidding, half hoping. “I’ll take you with me.”  
\* \* \* \* \*

It was the following Wednesday when the telephone rang once again. This time it was Angela, who asked me to come to the office to see the contracts.

If she sounded a little worried about anything then, I did not detect it, but when I arrived in her office, it was a different story.

“You didn’t tell me that these voice-overs were for a girl. You impersonated an actress!” She shouted.

“Yes, I mean no,” I replied. “They asked me to read the scripts, they recorded me, submitted the tapes, and the producers decided to use my voice. I've never seen them.”

“Well, now they've sent a contract. It reads quite normal. It's a good deal... pays well,” she said. “There's just one problem; It requires that the actress under contract does no other work for commercials and the like for a year, with an option to renew.”

“So? If it pays well, where's the problem.?”

“Actress, Jonathan, *actress!*” She scowled and waived the papers at me in irritation.

“But they've never seen me, and I would guess that there would be no need for them to see me in the future,” I countered. “I don't want to turn away the money, but be realistic, as an actress I'm not likely to work for anyone else, am I?”

“Yes... I see what you mean,” Angela conceded. “And I don't want to turn away the money either. Hmm.... okay, we'll think of a suitable name for you, and accept the offer. But there's a risk.’

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, you're signing this contract as an actress,” Angela glared. “The danger is that someone may expect you to actually *be* one.’

We both laughed at the absurd notion of me being an actress... never dreaming what that signature on the contract was going to mean.

\* \* \* \* \*

The advertising campaign went wonderfully. I heard my voice, or rather “Joanne Heaven's” voice (the name Angela invented for the contract), both on the television and the radio. It became a popular voice, imitated by comedians, and copied in other campaigns.

My repeat fees kept coming as the commercials were played in Canada and other countries. Even where the majority of the sound track was dubbed into a foreign language, they kept my English voice.

The commercial campaign had turned into a good earner for me - which was fortunate, for there was no other work coming my way. Perhaps I was not as desperate as before... Now I could pay my bills regularly.

I spent time working on my suntan, enjoying the warmth and the outdoors. Lisa was also becoming a bigger part of my life, but we were friends rather than lovers. That is what felt comfortable... Neither of us wanted more at that time.

The phone rang one unseasonably cold and wet morning. I was just out of the shower, and wrapped a towel around my hair, which was unfashionably long and dripping as I dashed to answer the incessant rings.

“Jonathan... or should I say *Joanne*, are you sitting down?” Angela’s excited query took me aback.

“I'm standing, why?”



“Well, sit down, and listen to this,” she instructed. “I’ve got an offer in for you. It’s a radio play.”

“That’s fine, I’ll do it, whatever it pays.”

“No, It’s not fine!” Angela screeched. “The offer is for *Joanne Heaven*. It’s *her* voice they want. They want her to be the narrator for a modern trilogy.’

“Well, I can do that. No one will see me on the radio.” I wasn’t really thinking ahead. “Accept it for me.”

“Okay, Jonathan, but don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

I thought I detected a slight smirk in her voice.

All went smoothly: The recording was a breeze. I just went to my usual studio, and using my female voice, recorded the script, just as I had done the commercials. Lisa acted as my engineer, and the finished tape was sent to the producers for mixing and editing in New York.

It seemed quite simple and after the check came in, I gave the matter no more thought. I received a preview cassette of the finished production, and was quietly proud of the overall effect.

My voice, as narrator, had been mixed into the final production so that it moved seamlessly through to an exciting conclusion. Being English, I had always a fondness for radio plays and this was no exception.

In the weeks following these recordings, I lived a much easier life. I had money for the first time since I had come to California. I spent the week ends with Lisa - exploring, doing the tourist bit, and generally being young and carefree. They were happy times. The repeat fees from the commercials and then the radio play kept me feeling very good.

*Angela's warning had quite fallen from my memory.*

\* \* \* \* \*

It was some time later when the phone rang early one morning.

“Hello?” I mumbled, fighting to wake up.

“Jonathan...” I recognised Angela’s voice. “Remember when I warned you about accepting that last job as Joanne? You didn’t take the warning.”

“If I’d turned it down, how much work would I have done?”

“Well... Who knows, but you wouldn’t be in the mess you’re in now, would you?”

“Wait a minute!” I sputtered. “You’ve lost me on that... What mess am I in?”

“I’ve been associated with you from the first ‘Joanne’ bookings, so I’m your agent, *whoever* you are,” Angela began. “Well, now I’ve a good offer for a radio soap - for *Joanne* that is. In fact they won’t take ‘no’ for an answer. They say the part has been written with your voice in mind, and they insist I book you. I said you were working in England to stall them, so they even offered to let you do your part of the pilot episodes on tape.”

"That's sounds like a good deal to me - I'll do it!" I replied without hesitation. "I need the money."

"If Jonathan has no work, then Joanne can work instead, Just don't book them on the same script," I joked.

"But Jonathan, listen to me, think this through..."

"There's nothing to think out. Nobody will see me on the radio. I'll do it - get the contracts signed before they change their minds."

"Okay," Angela sighed. "But don't say I didn't warn you!"

The next day, Diana called me to go in and sign the contracts. She was quite enigmatic in her smile and barely concealed amusement as I waited for Angela to see me.

"Are you really going to carry on this Joanne character?" Diana probed.

"Yes, I am," I responded in my most matter-of-fact tone.

"I think you ought to listen to the warnings," Diana cautioned. "It could back fire on you."

"Nonsense!" I snarled. "I need some money, and until Jonathan gets something, this will have to do."

Before she could say another word the door opened, and I went into Angela's office.

"Is there any point in me asking you to reconsider this?" Angela seemed to almost beg. "You're only signing for the pilots here, but they have an automatic right to renew if the first episodes take off. It's a pretty standard contract, but..."

"No more 'warnings,' Angela," I cut her off. "I've decided to do it."

"But you must read the renewal clauses carefully," she protested.

"If they want to renew, do they have to pay me more?"

"Naturally, there's the standard clause about extension and repeat fees, it's all correct. Anyone else, and I'd say sign right away, but..."

"Then I'll sign. Can I withdraw if you get work for me as Jonathan?"

"Yes, subject to contractual notice, but..."

"Well that's great. If Jonathan gets a job, I'll leave. Until then, Joanne can earn for both of us." I was being flippant again, but I was getting tired of Angela's silly warnings.

"Right, I'll drop it."

She handed some papers across the desk, and a pen. "Sign here, and here, and then at the bottom, on each copy."

"These are standard contracts?"

"For 'Joanne Heaven,' *yes* ...they're standard contracts. Are you sure you don't want to think it over?"

"No, I just want to get working and earning again," I insisted... Then I signed my life away.

"I want to remind you that I warned you before you signed, but you didn't want to listen," Angela rejoined.

She took the documents from me and folded them into an envelope.

"I'll let you know when the scripts arrive. You can make arrangements with Lisa to record them and get them forwarded to the producers."

"But they think I'm in England, wouldn't it be better if we sent them to *you*?"

"Yes, that's fine," Angela muttered. Then her expression changed into a broad grin... "I hope you realize just what you've let yourself in for!"

I laughed. Obviously, I didn't realize anything of the sort.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I've delivered the tapes to Angela's office," Lisa began when I answered my telephone. "But she's given me some papers for you."

"Why didn't she just send them here?"

"I think she wanted them put carefully into your hand, in a controlled environment," Lisa ventured. "Can you come over here tonight? I don't think we should talk about this on the telephone."

"Okay," I replied, intrigued over the paperwork mystery but glad to be going to see her anyway.

"Right, I'll pick you up about eight."

It was only when she had gone that I *really* began to wonder what was going on. *Why was she being so mysterious?* I tried to call Angela, but she was away. I suspected Diana knew something from her tone of voice, however.

She arrived on time - I heard the distinctive rattle of her car's engine and was out to meet her before she could come to a stop. I got in and we left immediately.

I could see she was both excited and amused by the way she grinned at me... I presumed that this was something to do with whatever Angela had given her.

"Well?" I asked.

She grinned at me again.

"You're going to love this! Angela said she tried to warn you, but you went ahead and signed anyway,... *Joanne*."

I didn't get what she meant.

"Oh no, you don't mean she finally got me some work now that I'm stuck with this soap?"

"No, nothing at all like that," Lisa replied. I could see she was determined to keep me in suspense for as long as possible.

"What *is* it, then?"

"You'll have to wait until we get to the restaurant," she teased.

"What restaurant?"

"The one you're taking me to, in order to celebrate your big success, she laughed. "Remember, you promised me a real meal one day."

"And you'll tell me there?"

"Yes, but after the meal - when we're relaxing."

We drove through the suburbs and out towards Lisa's apartment block. She parked in her allocated space, then taking my hand, lead me to the front where we could listen to the ocean. It was a short and pleasant walk, making small talk, to a small restaurant overlooking the sea.

Lisa was greeted by name when we walked in, and we were shown to a small table with a wonderful view. I tried to pump her for information, but she saw through my clumsy attempts at subtlety, and told me to wait.

"Well, you can't delay any longer," I said as we sipped our french liqueur after a wonderful meal.

"No I can't." She smiled mysteriously, and reached into her bag for an envelope which she handed to me. "You'd better read the parts of your contract I've marked. They're the parts Angela tried to warn you about."

I reached across and unfolded the papers, turning to the highlighted sections. They were overwritten in legal jargon, something about the contracting party consenting to relevant publicity in the artistic endeavor. I read, then re read the parts then looked up at Lisa.

"Still haven't got it?" She was looking straight into my eyes in a way that I liked; interested and amused.

"Perhaps this will make it clearer..." She handed me a letter.

I read in silence as I took it in... I was wanted, or rather *Joanne Heaven* was wanted - for interviews and photos... they wanted her biography and her pictures!

As I read, it became clearer and clearer, what they wanted was a real live *actress*. I felt a wave of panic and looked up to see Lisa still grinning at me.

"I see what Angela meant!"

"Well it's too late now, the tapes have gone to be edited, and the first broadcasts are scheduled. If you pull out now, you'll be in breach of contract and any hope of working in this town will be gone forever," Lisa said - still smiling.

"What do I do? Do I disappear for a few months?" I demanded... still in a panic.

"Don't be silly," Lisa giggled. "Angela knows what you've done, - the contracts have your address on them - and ultimately you could be sent to prison for deception... *impersonation* or something."

"Well, that would get me out of a jam, and stop the show going out."

"Don't you believe it," Lisa laughed. "The producers would like that, they'd have all that free publicity, you know, the kind that comes with notoriety. Angela would go along with them, she'd have to keep her business afloat."

“Why didn't I listen?” I half cried. “How do I get out of this one? It seemed like easy money...”

“Well, there *is* a way,” Lisa replied.

I looked up and saw even more amusement in her eyes. “What's *that*?”

“You do what they want!” She said this without even blinking.

“What you mean I go and confess and let them...?” *I could not finish the sentence... I seemed to be staring at some unthinkable finality.*

“No, silly!” Lisa took my hand... “You give them *Joanne*.”

“You mean you'd go and be Joanne for me, and everything...? But they'd guess with the voice and ...”

“No, you're still not on the same page - I'll spell it out for you: You signed that contract as Joanne Heaven, you simply *become* Joanne Heaven for the duration.

“I can't do that!”

“You can't work again if you don't, and you *could* end up in prison.”

I shuddered at the thought. “Okay, lets think this one through...”

“I've had all day to think it through,” Lisa interrupted. “It could work, and what's more, you could be the one I've been waiting for to take me to the big time. If you're willing to try it, I'm with you!”

I could see she was serious, really serious. “Are you sure *you* want to do this?”

“Yes, I'm sure! I've had a while to think it through, ever since Angela explained it to me when you signed.”

“Wait a minute!” I interjected. “Angela explained all this to you when I *signed*? That was *weeks* ago, why didn't she tell me?”

“She tried, but you were too stubborn to listen. Now for being pig headed....you're going to be....I don't know, air headed....if you can say such a thing.”

She started to giggle, put her hand in front of her mouth, and giggled more. It was infectious, I started too, taken over by the total absurdity of it all.

I stopped laughing first, calculating rapidly that this would get me closer to Lisa. If my career took off, nothing would please me more than having her as my assistant, and maybe more, although there was nothing physical between us.

“Okay, I'm in!” I said.

“No, that's not good enough,” Lisa retorted, suddenly getting serious. “I want a contract with you for this.”

“Do we have to get lawyers? I mean, the fewer people who know about this the better.”

“No, no lawyers, just a verbal contract between us... One with just two clauses: One, you do whatever I say, without question, and I want your promise on this. I'm not joking, total obedience, nothing less.”

“Okay, I promise, you're in charge! I'll do whatever you say.”

“Promise?”

“Promise totally... So what's the second clause?”

“Oh, that's easy,” Lisa grinned. “You pay the expenses, then pay me twenty five per cent of what's left. Not the gross, just out of what's left...Until one of us decides its over.”

“Agreed!” I held out my hand for her to shake. “Does this mean we're a partnership?”

“You'd better believe it, Joanne.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The next couple of days passed quite normally. Nothing happened. I waited by the telephone, but it didn't ring. I neither saw Lisa, not heard from her. There was nothing from Angela either.

At the end of the third day, I was beginning to get a little worried... then the phone rang.

“I've cleared everything with Angela,” Lisa said. “I'm your personal manager. Is that okay?”

“Yes, but what about Angela?”

“She's still your agent - agent for both of you, really - Joanne and Jonathan But she'll deal through me in future.”

“What about...you know...what we discussed?”

“I told her what we agreed, and she's in favor, but wants to approve Joanne before any public appearances. I told her she could do that.”

“What does *that* mean?”

“It means,” Lisa explained, “that if Joanne looks totally unlike her voice, like a truck driver in a dress for example, she has the right to go public, to say she was deceived.”

“Then what would happen?”

“Then it's curtains for Jonathan. No work...ever...here at least, and at the worst, prison for deception. She's serious, she has a reputation to maintain, remember that. Angela's not running one of the up and coming agencies for fun. She's deadly serious about business.”

“Right, I understand... What now.?”

“I want you at my place this evening for a preliminary session, Lisa commanded. “I'll pick you up at seven.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I was ready and waiting when I heard the familiar engine outside, and ran down. I got in the car, and fastened my seat belt. When I looked up, Lisa was looking at me strangely.

“What's the matter?”

“I'm just wondering how good you'll look as Joanne. I've got plans for you.”

Her gaze was so intense, that I laughed with nervousness, with embarrassment, and with a little bit of fear too.

In no time at all, we were climbing the stairs to her apartment.

“First we've got to do something about your skin,” Lisa announced.

She caught my hair into a long pony tail, then fastened it on the top of my head with a big butterfly clip.

“Get all your clothes off, then I'll help you with the first stage.”

I obeyed, not daring to ask what the first stage entailed, or how many other stages there were to be.

When I was naked, she began to rub a foul smelling cream all over my body from neck to feet (with the exception of my pubic region). I was made to stand there, naked and feeling foolish, while she asked me questions about my weight, height, shoe size and the like. Then, instructing me to wait, she went into her bath room, and I could hear the water running.

“I've put some bath cream in the tub, but you'll have to shower first. If you go now, the bath should be ready for you.”

I did as I was instructed and soon was standing under the jets of hot water. I saw as I gratefully washed away the cream, that all the hairs on my body seemed to dissolve away. I was left totally hairless.

*It was strange to look down and see my legs and arms denuded.* They had been quite hairy since I was about twelve years old.

I stepped from the shower stall into a sweet smelling bath, which soothed and calmed me as I lay back and relaxed.

When Lisa called I got out, dried myself, then wrapped the towel around my waist and returned to the living room.

“No, not like that!” Lisa snapped, taking the towel from me. “You're learning to be a lady now, and we ladies always wrap the towel over our breasts.”

“But I haven't got any breasts!” I protested, as I raised my arms to allow her to wrap the towel under my arms and secure it at the side. Her look was quite mischievous.

I laughed, not knowing what was in store for me later.

“Now we know you can do the voice,” Lisa said, “but I want you to do the voice all the time, not returning to Jonathan's voice at all, so that it's second nature for you to stay in a higher register. It's your voice that's got you this job, so let's make sure it's there all the time.”

“Right, I'll try.”

“Not good enough, Joanne!” Lisa chided. “I mean all the time, like from now onwards, and *forever*.”

“Is this better?” I breathed in the Joanne voice.