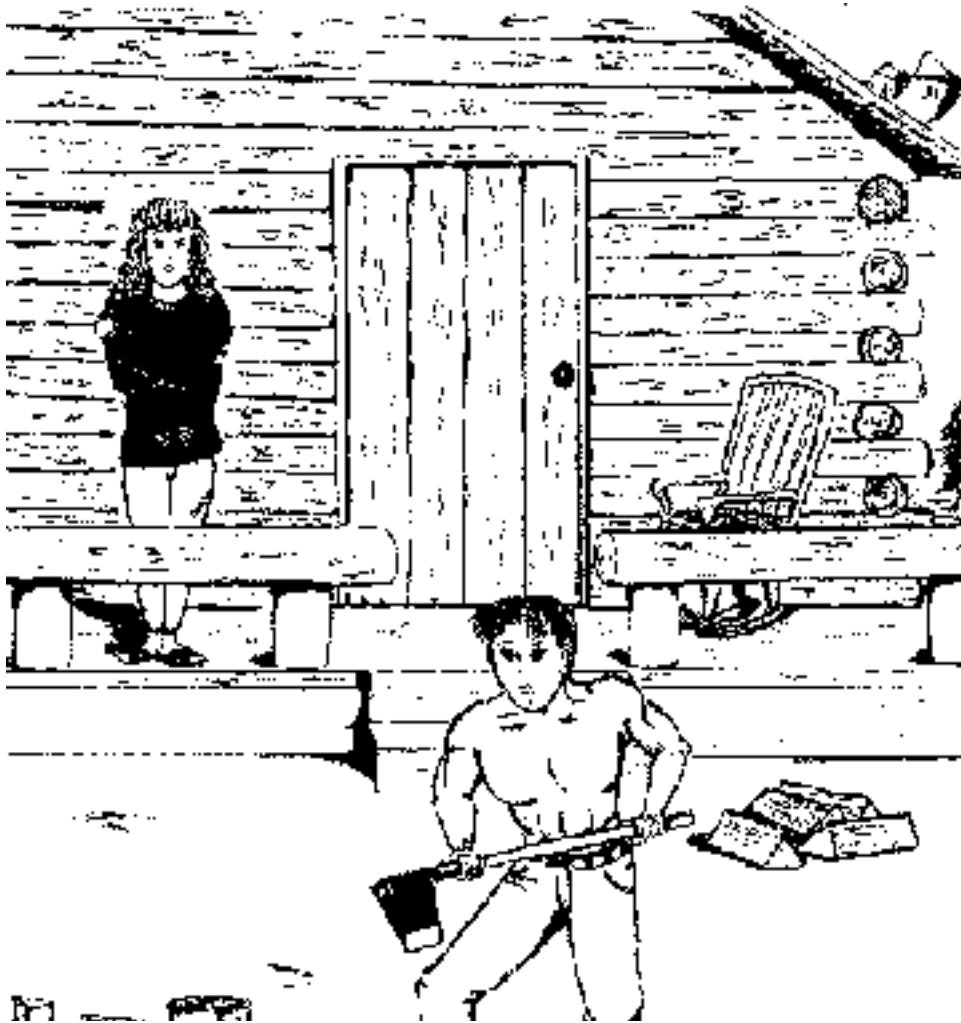


STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT

By Gerri Becken



ILLUSTRATED BY C. PITTS

THREE 'NEW WOMAN' STORIES

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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WISH TO GET INTO HER PANTS

By Gerri Becken

Sally Sue was just about perfect. Her body was built for one thing and one thing only, pleasing men. Many a man got hard just thinking about seeing her. And best of all, she was about to become lucky number thirteen. The thirteenth notch on my bed.

Like those before her, she needed to be handled with care. One wrong step and everything could come tumbling down around my ears.

Still, I was the master and had played others just like her with the skill of a master craftsman.

Over the past several months I had been laying the ground work for this coming weekend. Dinner and movies had established me as a gentleman in her mind. Besides the other guys in the office were envious of me. None of them had even gotten to first base with her. I was planning a home run.

This weekend would be the fitting end of all of my work.

We were leaving early Friday afternoon and driving up into the mountains to a cabin. It was miles from the nearest neighbor and even further from town. Once there, I would soon have her, all of her.

I made the final arrangements Thursday afternoon from work. Everything was all set up. I had been thinking of this weekend all day.

As I left work, I noticed the first star of the evening.

Always a little superstitious, I made a wish.

Star Light, Star Bright.

First Star I see tonight

I wish I may, I wish I might

Have the wish I wish tonight.

I wish that I can get into Sally Sue's pants
and top starting tomorrow night.

I couldn't help but wonder, for at least the five thousandth time during the drive, how Sally Sue was able to pack all of her curves into such a tight pair of jeans. I figured that they needed to be at least a little uncomfortable. Her breasts were barely contained within her low cut top.

On the drive here, she had slept some. While she did I thought of how she looked. Sally Sue was a little shorter than average, she was exactly sixty three inches tall, in bare feet. her waist was a thin 22 inches while her hips an inviting 33 inches. her breasts were not overly large, but on her small frame, plenty big, she was a 34 C. her slightly over 100 pounds was just over half my weight.

It was difficult for me to keep my eyes on the road instead of watching the rhythmic rise and fall of her breasts; barely contained as they were by her low cut top. My near constant state of arousal made the drive uncomfortable, to say the least.

Everything was going just about perfect as we pulled off the road and into a little restaurant at the foot of the mountain where the cabin was. Sally Sue and I had left a little before lunch and after nearly three hours of driving, had reached the town of Rock Slide. here we were going to have a quick dinner and pick up some food for the weekend.

During dinner the waitress told us about how some small black bears had been seen raiding garbage cans in the town during the last couple of nights.

"I can't remember when they last came down this far off the mountain," she had said. And guessing from her apparent age, that went a very long ways back.

We stopped by the grocery store and picked up plenty of food for the weekend.

The young man who was running the cash register for his father commented on how much food we had. "Going to be up there for a week?" he asked.

"No, I just expect to work up an appetite this weekend," I said thinking of the exercise I planned for this weekend.

Just before I paid for the three bags groceries, Sally Sue came running up, everything bouncing as if trying to burst free. "Oh, Bobby! Look what I found. Can you buy it for me?"

I hated to be called Bobby. The only thing I hated more was to be called Bobby Gene. I had been christened Robert Eugene and for years had tried to have everyone call me Robert. Only Sally Sue was allowed to call me 'Bobby'.

"What did you find, Honey?" I asked just barely succeeding in keeping the dislike for the name Bobby from my voice.

"I found this," she said holding out a small object. "Isn't it just about the cutest thing you have every seen?"

"I can't remember when I last saw something that cute." I looked down upon just about the ugliest paper weight I had ever seen. The clear glass object had a carving of something embedded inside it. "What is it?"

"You don't like it?" Sally Sue said with a pout. "I can tell you don't like it."

"Now that's not true, Honey. I am just not sure what that is inside, whatever the thing is."

"That is an ancient Indian god of some sort," noted the young man behind the counter. "I think it is the Goddess of Women."

“Well that explains why I don't know what it was,” I said. “I am not a woman so I wouldn't know about that thing.” Seeing a cheap way to gain points with Sally Sue. “If you like it then I like it. Of course, I'll buy it.”

I figured that the two fifty was well spent. One more item for Sally Sue to see that she owed me.

“I am just that much closer to getting `into her pants and top!’” I felt my arousal as I thought about Sally Sue's obvious charms.

It was still early when we completed the drive to the cabin. We were about an hour's drive from the town, most of it on a small paved road that looked barely big enough for one large car. Luckily we didn't see any traffic. Three miles down a rough dirt road was easily taken by my four wheel drive truck.

Once we got to the cabin, I moved the suitcases and groceries inside the cabin, placing both in a pile in the middle of the living room noting that. Sally Sue had borrowed her roommate's suitcases which were a near perfect match for mine. What were the chances of two sets of luggage looking so much alike?

Sally packed the food away while I cut some wood for the fire tonight.

Dusk was still several hours away. I was ready to move toward phase two of my conquest of Sally Sue. “Honey, rather than unpack the suit cases right now, lets walk down by the lake. We can watch the sun go down then come back and unpack.”

“Are you sure that it is a good idea? What if there are bears out there?” she asked, with more than a hint of fear in her voice. She was afraid of the bears that the waitress had told us about.

“Don't worry, Honey. The Black Bears in these parts run from humans taller than five foot three and a half inches,” I said with a smile, knowing she was only five foot three inches tall.

“You are a beast,” she protested with a smile, throwing the dish towel at me. she knew I was teasing her.

“And you are the Beauty. Shall we view the lake and maybe Beauty can tame this Beast.”

The lake was beautiful. I knew that at this time of year that the water was not too cold for a late evening swim.

“Let's go for a swim,” I told Sally Sue. “I know the water might be a little cool, but it's really is invigorating.”

“But our swim suits are back at the cabin.” The cabin was about 20 minutes hike from where we were.

“Come on now. I have seen your swim suit. It couldn't cover less than does your under wear,” I said. “Besides, it is a feeling that one can't get too much of.”

“But what if someone sees us?”

“Don't worry Sally Sue. There is no one around here but you and I,” I assured her. “You aren't afraid of me, are you?”

“No. I trust you.” Then making up her mind, she said. “Okay. I’ll do it. Turn around while I undress.”

I turned around and stripped down to my jockey shorts.

“She is just like the others,” I thought to myself. “She is so concerned with appearing proper that she is a creature of habit. And I can use that to my advantage.”

“Ready yet, Honey?” I asked her as I turned around. I had heard her splash into the water before I asked.

“Yes. This water is not invigorating,” she said, shivering. “It is cold!”

“Yes,” I said as I jump into the water. “But it is great.”

I splashed water all over her.

We quickly started splashing each other. I noticed right away how the cold of the water caused her nipples to grow so hard and pointy.

After about 15 minutes, I suggested that we get out and dry off. I had planned for this and had brought a large blanket. It took me but a minute to spread the blanket out on a little point of land above the lake.

“Come on up here and warm up before we get dressed and head back to the cabin,” I called out to her.

Just as I had planned, she came to the blanket and we were soon rolled up in the blanket for warmth. I began to rub some warmth into her body, starting out a little rough. As I became more gentle, I began to work on her remaining clothes. If this worked, I would score even before we made it back to the cabin. If not, well there was still tonight.

I was beginning to arouse her; I was sure. Even more so, she was beginning to arouse me. I reached the point of no return.

“Bobby, I think we should head back to the cabin, before I do something that you will not respect me for doing.”

“You couldn’t do anything that I wouldn’t respect you for,” I told her as my hand *accidentally* unhooked her bra.

“BOBBY!” she almost squeaked, “Please stop.”

I wasn’t about to stop. I had not earned those other twelve marks on my bed from easy women. I knew how to arouse even the coldest of fish; and Sally Sue was neither cold nor a fish.

“BOBBY! I SAID STOP. Please!” she pleaded with her voice, while her body was saying, “go for it big boy.”

I was listening to her body.

SLAP!

My cheek was struck a sharp blow. Before I could recover, she was up and wrapped in the blanket.

"I think you need to cool off!" she said to me as I started to stand up, picking up my clothes.

I felt her hand upon my head and I was pushed backwards a step or two. If I had not been standing at the edge of the point I would have recovered. Instead I stepped back onto, NOTHING.

SPLASH!

I had fallen the five or ten feet to the water. A deep pool had formed here over the years. As I started to fall I flung my clothes everywhere as I tried to grab for anything to hold onto. I had found nothing.

When I surfaced I could see none of my clothes in the dark of the approaching dusk. I swam toward the shore about 50 feet away. I thought I saw Sally Sue running toward the cabin as I neared the beach.

Sally Sue was too far ahead of me to try to catch before she reached the cabin. I went to see what, if any, clothes of mine were left on the point. The point was cleaned of clothes. I must have been holding all of my clothes when I fell into the lake. Well, I had dry clothes in the cabin.

As I painfully made my way across the ground toward the cabin. It took me closer to an hour to cover the mile back to the cabin. I thought how I would convince Sally Sue that she was mistaken of my attentions and that she, not I, was at fault.

The sun set as I continued my painful hike back to the cabin. I was still well out of sight of the cabin when I thought I heard a car engine. It was gone almost before it started. I increased my speed toward the cabin.

I almost walked into the cabin before I saw it. There were no lights on inside the cabin and the trees blocked out the light of the quarter moon. It took me over fifteen minutes to find my way into the cabin, find a flash light, and get some light turned on.

Sally Sue was no where to be seen.

"Where could she have gone?" I thought to myself. *"The Truck! I bet she took my truck."*

It didn't take me long to see that she had indeed taken my truck and her suitcases.

"Well," I said out loud to myself. "I guess I will wait until morning to make my way into town." I went into the bed room and popped my suitcase on the bed. I opened the first suitcase and saw immediately that Sally Sue had taken one of my suitcases by mistake. It didn't take much longer to determine that she had taken both of my suitcases and left hers behind by mistake.

What my next words were are not fit to be repeated. Let's just say that I was a bit upset and expressed myself using various four letter words; some with more than four letters in them.

When I finally calmed down, I decided that I had better figure out what I was do to.

Sally Sue was more than several inches shorter than I had been and weighed much less, as well. True, she did wear 'stretchy' clothes; but I doubted that they were **that** 'stretchy'.

“Well,” I muttered to my self, “Might as well try on some of her clothes to see if I can squeeze into some of her clothes.”

I pulled out a pair of panties, a pair of bike shorts, and an oversized top. Of every thing she had, these things looked like they would be most likely to fit me.

I grabbed a towel from the bathroom and cleaned up as best I could. I then tried to squeeze into the panties, bike shorts, and oversized tee shirt.

The panties went on nearly skin tight. I felt compressed with them on. I felt two funny feelings, as my two testis slipped, one at a time, into me. My penis was compressed against my body. I had no idea how the panties failed to rip apart at the seams. I slipped into the bike shorts. They fit better; most of the compressing had been done by the panties. The tee shirt was tight, but much less so than the bike shorts or panties.

However; to my surprise, I found that the tight panties and bike shorts didn't feel bad at all. *“Maybe not my number one choice in clothes, but they will do,”* I thought to myself. *“I won't look too funny when I hike out of here tomorrow morning.”*

The day had not ended much the way that I had planned it to end. Still, I had tried and lost before and would again. One needed only to remember that there were several other possible candidates waiting out there; each ready and willing to share my bed.

“Maybe that cute chick in payroll, Mary Lou what's her name. Yes. She would make a good possibility.”

As I started to fall asleep, my thoughts were on Mary Lou and her charms. Not quite as good as Sally Sue's but good nonetheless.

“Maybe Mary Lou is not what I need.” I thought as I began to wake up. *“Maybe I need a different type of person. There was that cute mail room clerk. Yes. The mail room clerk would be better than Mary Lou.”* My thoughts were on the new mail room clerk *“What is the clerk's name? Yes. Chris. Fresh out of college and hoping to climb the corporate ladder. Not at all the type to turn down sleeping with one of the managers to gain a rung or two on the corporate ladder. Chris would do better than that clerk in Payroll. Yes. Chris was perfect. He was a stud.”*

“He !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

I sat up in bed now wide a wake.

“What was I thinking?” I asked myself as I brushed my hair out of my face. *“I can't let a little set back upset me so. I came up here with a goal in mind and failed. I am still the same person that I was yesterday.”*

I stepped onto the cold wood floor and went to the kitchen to start the coffee. I needed coffee first thing in the morning. There was no coffee. All I could find was some herbal tea. *“Tea is better than nothing.”* I thought to myself as I started a tea kettle to boil some water. Something seemed to be wrong, but I just couldn't put my finger on it.

While the water worked toward a boil, I returned to the bed room and picked up a hair brush. I brushed my hair as I waited for the water to boil. I continued with my hair as I waited for the tea to `tea' or whatever tea does.

Armed with a cup of hot tea and my hair brush, I moved to the large overstuffed chair. I sat with my legs curled beneath me. I finished brushing my hair before sipping my tea. My thoughts wandered on how I was going to get out of here; flowing in fragments.

"How am I going to get out of here. It is easily 20 miles to town and I don't have anything to wear."

"These clothes just won't do. I must have something more suitable in the suitcases; something that shows off my eyes better."

"I wonder if there is anything else that I can squeeze into. These clothes seem to be fitting better this morning than they did last night."

"Have I put on some weight? 'Once on the lips forever on the hips.' Mother always used to say."

"I wonder if Chris is as good in bed as I think he is?"

"What!" I said out loud. "What am I thinking about. Sally Sue's clothes seem to be affecting my mind. Maybe I should try to find my clothes in the lake this morning."

I got up, took my empty tea cup to the kitchen, and went back to the bedroom to see what else was in the suitcases. I held several items of clothing against me. They all seemed to be plenty large enough to fit my tall and manly form.

"What is Sally Sue doing with such large and masculine clothes?"

Amongst her clothes was her one piece swim suit. In spite of it being one piece, it didn't seem to have much cloth to it.

"If I am going to go swimming after my clothes, I guess I had better wear a swimsuit."

I removed my clothes and stepped into the swim suit. It was, by design, a skin tight swim suit. It hugged every curve of my tall and manly form.

"A little loose up top here," I thought with some disappointment, examining myself in the mirror.

I found a pair of open toed sandals that fit my large and masculine foot. The heel was not too high, only about 2 inches.

With a towel wrapped around my waist, I headed back down to the lake. The day was well passed midmorning when I reached the lake. The morning chill had been replaced by the late Fall's `Indian Summer' warmth. I figured that the water would feel good and invigorating.

I folded my towel neatly and set my shoes on the towel before entering the water and swimming to the point where I had fallen in the water last night.

"The water feels great!" I thought as I swam toward the point. *"Maybe a little cold."* I added, noticing the feel of my nipples growing hard and pointy from the cold. Thoughts

of Chris warming me and my cold breasts flashed through my mind for just a moment; before being forgotten.

The water was clear. The bottom was easy to see, even if it was often 10 to 20 feet below the surface. I swam for over a half hour without finding any trace of my clothes from last night.

The cold was beginning to invade my bones. I returned to the shore and dried myself off.

"Long hair sure is sexy," I thought drying my long trusses, *"But it is hard to take care of."*

My mind wandered to what I might do with my hair once I found that special person for my life. I could almost see that special person, so tall and strong. I shook my head and thought back on reality. I headed back to the cabin, thinking of taking a hot bath.

I was soaking in a tub filled with hot water and bubble bath. I held up one of my shapely legs and rubbed the wash cloth over it. I then did the other. I continued with the rest of my nearly hairless body, thinking, *"I could use a shave, couldn't I. Just because I am in the wilds doesn't mean that I can't be civilized about life."*

Sally Sue had left her razor with her make-up in one of the suitcases. I used her razor to carefully shave.

"Don't want any nicks."

My bath over, I stepped out of the tub and dried off. I wrapped the towel about me, just under my arms and went to the bed room to dress.

"What shall I wear?" I wondered looking over the mountain of clothes. The morning warmth was already beginning to give way to a late afternoon storm. I selected a pair of long pants and a cute sweater to wear.

I slipped into the ample panties. My testis had remained inside me during the bath. I pushed my penis into me to smooth the look of the panties. They felt better also. I pulled the 'hip hugger' panties high up on my hips. I looked at myself in the mirror.

"Not bad," I thought to myself.

Knowing that Sally Sue's shoes would not fit me very well, I decided to wear a pair of her 'knee-hi' nylons instead of regular socks.

The jeans looked to be far too tight. They must have been made from some very stretchy cloth as they molded themselves to my legs and hips. There was even a little extra room around the waist.

The sweater was a wide weave knit sweater that was low cut to show off Sally Sue's ample charms. I was not busty enough to do the sweater justice. I put on a bra, placing my undersized breasts in the cups and hooking the bra behind my back. I pulled the sweater over my head, being careful about not messing up my hair.

I brushed my hair again, getting it nearly perfect. I then looked at my reflection in the mirror. Something was missing. *"Of Course!"* I suddenly saw what was missing. It

didn't take long for my inexperienced hands to apply lipstick, mascara, eye shadow, and eye liner like a pro.

I looked at my reflection once more in the mirror.

"Yes. That is what was missing!" I thought. *"I am truly lucky to be so pretty."*

The storm broke late in the afternoon. As the lightning flashed all around, I sat before the cozy fire I had lit and ate my dinner. The soup warmed me as I worked hard to finish the entire bowl. It was my first meal of the day and I knew I needed to watch my weight as well as my vitamins.

"Things are nearly perfect." I thought as I finished my soup. *"If I only had someone to spend the weekend with; then it would be perfect."*

I sat down the nearly empty bowl of soup and picked up the book I had found in the suitcase. It was a paper back book titled, **MOUNTAIN MAIDEN**. The back of the book said it was a story of a young lady who had lived a simple life, living mainly in the books she read. Roberta was spending time at the family cabin to recover from a long month of work at the company where she was a mid level manager when she discovered, **Him**.

He was a man of the mountain who had been hurt and was trying to get to civilization. **He** made it only as far as Roberta's cabin. she spent several days nursing **him** back to health. She fell immediately in love with **him**, but knew **he** could not love someone like her. **He**, however; saw her as the woman of **his** dreams and wanted her, knowing that there was no way that she could ever love someone like **him**.

"Sounds like a humorous book," I thought, *"Still, it is also a little romantic. Imagine falling for a strange man who possessed such obvious strengths."* I shuttered involuntarily, just thinking of a man such as that being interested in some one like me.

I began to read the book.

Roberta stood looking out the window as he morning mist slowly rose off Clear Lake, hiding the surface under a thin veil of lacy like fog. She thought back over the passed month; a month

As I read the book, I became more engrossed with the story. Several times the story moved to the erotic. When it did so, I felt my breasts enlarge, the nipples growing hard and pointy. I even felt a moisture at the junction of my legs; a need that could not be identified. Roberta was a person much like I would like to be. I saw much of myself in her. I shared some of her fears, her wants and desires, and her values.

It was morning, Sunday morning. I would need to figure out how I was to get down off the mountain and back to town. As comfortable as Sally Sue's clothes were, I was looking forward to wearing my own pants and blouses.

I noticed the morning mist raising off of Stone Lake.

"The morning mist reminds me of a thin veil of lacy fog slowly raising off the lake," I thought as I looked out the window. I had rose early; dressing in a pair of short shorts and low cut sweater. I was cleaning the cup I had used for my morning tea. The lipstick mark from my lipstick was stubbornly yielding to my efforts.

He stumbled into my field of vision. I couldn't tell how long **he** had been without a bath, but even from this distance, I could tell **he** was hurt and had not bathed recently. **He** needed to help. The mothering instinct took over where logic said no. I rushed out to help **him**.

He was a giant of a man; easily 15 inches taller than my 6 foot height. **He** must have weighed nearly a ton, or at least 140 pounds more than my 205. I was able to get **him** up and helped **him** walk to the cabin. **He** fit easily under the 6'8" door jam; clearing it by over half a foot, bent slightly like **he** was.

I laid **him** down on the full sized bed. **He** didn't fit well but didn't overhang very far at either end. I removed **his** dirty clothes and cleaned **his** wounds.

"Just like Florence Nightingale," I thought. **he** seemed more tired than hurt. I left **him** in bed and went to wash **his** clothes.

I worried over **him** most of the morning. **His** wallet identified **him** as Justin Werre. **He** was 6'2" tall and weighed 215 pounds. **He** seemed bigger.

It was near mid afternoon when he showed some signs of waking. I started some soup for him. He looked hungry and I didn't want him to suffer. I was able to get him to eat the soup before he fell back asleep.

I sat up next to the bed all night. I wanted to stay awake; in case he needed anything. Sleep and soup had improved his looks. He looked handsome laying there in the partial light; so strong and manly; like a dream from a Romance Novel.

In spite of my attempts, sleep over took me in the early morning hours. In my dreams, I felt his hands upon my body as he lovingly cared me. He gently laid me upon our wedding bed and we began to prepare to consecrate our marriage.

"WHAT!" I thought sitting up suddenly, my breasts barely contained by my bra and sweater top. I had been laying in bed, alone.

"Had he been a dream; a dream of a woman's needs and wants? No! He had been too real to be a dream. Then where was he?"

"WACK!" Came the sound of an ax biting deep into wood, followed almost immediately by the sound of two pieces of wood falling onto the wooden porch deck.

"WACK!" The sound came again, followed almost immediately by the sound of two more pieces of wood falling onto the wooden porch deck.

I got out of bed and moved to the porch.

"WACK!" Once again an ax bit deeply into wood, splitting a piece into two smaller pieces.

I opened the porch door and stepped out onto the porch.

"WACK!" I watch as Justin raised the large ax and drove it deep into the wood on the chopping block; splitting yet another piece of wood. His back was toward me, I could see the muscles in his back ripple as he moved the wood and as he drove the ax once more into a piece of wood.