



## Captain's Log

I beat the Kobayashi Maru, and I'll beat this dress.

I'm standing in front of the mirror in my room wearing my new uniform, the short little skirt showing off my long legs. I have great legs to show off, and I know it's going to be that much harder to convince the brass I'm still the right man to command the Enterprise.

Based on my conference call with Admiral Komack, I may not have any chance at all to keep my position.

We'd dropped out of warp drive and were making our approach to Starbase 11, when I sat down for what I'd been told was an "informal briefing." I connected the call, conscious to keep my shoulders back, my face blank, and the screen had flickered to life, old man Komack appearing. "Captain," he said.

"Admiral."

"Beginning the moment this call ends, you and all your crew will wear the uniform that conforms to your biological sex. In case that isn't clear enough for you, Kirk, I expect you to wear the woman's uniform." His voice was hard, annoyed.

"Admiral, as you know, I'm not a woman—"

He cut me off. "You have your orders. There is already a great deal of grumbling throughout Starfleet as a result of your decision to violate regulations in the name of your own— false pride. I've even received complaints from women on your ship. You and all your crew will adhere to uniform regulations from this moment on. I'm not going to have a fleet-wide revolt because you don't want to wear a dress. I will see at your hearing. Dismissed."

The screen went blank. I thought about defying his orders, wearing a man's uniform instead, but I knew that would only be used as evidence that I was emotionally unstable, suffering hysteria. In other words, a typical woman.

As I sat there, the admiral's voice came over the ship's intercom. "This is Admiral Komack. Starting now, the uniform of the day..."

I tuned him out. By making the announcement himself, he was clearly demonstrating a lack of faith in my command. Not good.

When he finished, I contacted Yeoman Tatum, my assistant. She was now a man. "You heard the admiral," I said. "I'm going to need you to pick up new uniforms for me. I'll scan myself in my quarters and send the measurements."

"Yes, sir," she said.

I scanned myself: 36C-22-36. My figure mirrors more than a few lingerie models I'd admired over the years, starting when I was 12. I'd seen myself. I knew I had an hourglass figure now, but there was something about seeing those enticing numbers, knowing they belonged to me now— it was another crack in the armor. I turned to the side, looking at my chest. "C cups?" I said, shaking my head. "Me?"

I sent the numbers to Tatum, wondering what she would think about my figure. When she arrived a short time later with my packages, she kept her demeanor blank. "Will there be anything else?"

"No, thank you, yeoman," I said, tilting my head back to look up at the much taller man she'd become. "Dismissed."

She hesitated. "Sir, I do want to say, I'm sorry."

"That'll be all," I said. I'm not used to women feeling sorry for me. I'm used to them wanting to sleep with me. I've been getting messages from a lot of

my former flings, and they've mostly all had the same 'I'm sorry, if there's anything I can do to help' tone. It was like I'd been diagnosed with a fatal illness. I'd rather be hated than pitied, and I know that because Janice Lester has been gleeful about my sex-change, sending taunting messages of me dressed up like a traditional 1950s housewife.

"Tear off the Band-Ade," I whispered, opening the package, spreading the little yellow dress out on my bed. The pantyhose. There were also bras and women's boyshorts— functional underwear, not meant as taunts. I wasn't ever going to wear a bra. I'd made that decision. It was one last act of defiance as I asserted what little right I had left to live as a man.

And so I slipped on my first pair of pantyhose, stepped into my dress, reached back and managed to zip myself up— I'm much more flexible as a woman. Hooray me. Now dressed in women's clothes for the first time, I looked at myself in the mirror, practiced my walk. Nope.

Unzipping my dress, I let it fall to the floor at my feet. I had to face reality: I needed a bra.

Seeing the way I jiggled and swayed without a bra was enough to convince me I needed— I almost choked on the word— support. The black jumpsuit had a kind of built in bra so the bounce hadn't been so bad, but if I walked into my hearing with my breasts jiggling and swaying not a man in the room would be hearing anything I said. God forbid it be chilly and my puppies decided to stand at attention.

I picked up the bra. Made of a soft, cool material, it was a pullover kind of thing, not much different from a tank top, and yet as I touched it I found myself getting slightly turned on, and the thought of putting it on gave me confusing shivers. Bras and women and breasts and sex all went together, and I guess I still got turned on by seeing and touching a bra, even when I was going to be the one wearing it. I pulled it over my head, stretched it out and over my soft, round chest.

I made the mistake of taking a look in the mirror as I adjusted the cups, fitting my breasts into the soft fabric. I had my pantyhose on still, and now a bra, and I once more felt my brain frazzle as I got turned on by the sight of myself.



If you're a guy and you never wore a bra --or needed a bra for that matter-- I can assure you it's hard to feel like a man with those little straps across your shoulders, your back, the cups hugging your breasts.

Now with a bra wrapped around my chest, back in my dress, I looked in the mirror. I didn't see anyone I could pretend was Captain James Kirk. I saw a young woman, cute in her little outfit. I knew what I would be thinking if this kewpie doll came to me saying she wanted to be a captain.

"You're too pretty," I said to my wide-eyed reflection, echoing Bones' words.

I had my orders. There was nothing for it. I walked out of my room and strode down the halls of The Enterprise for the first time dressed as a woman. I felt foolish and ashamed. These clothes were not practical; they were meant to please men, just as I, as a woman, would now be expected to be sweet and agreeable for men. The thought made me want to vomit. I thought about the pictures Lester had of me in a housedress, wearing makeup, smiling brightly as I baked or cleaned house.

Never. Never. Never,

I kept my face blank and nodded in recognition of those I passed. The other changed women all had a chagrined, embarrassed look-- the look of men who were wearing dresses in public for the first time, as well as pantyhose. I just hoped I didn't look the same outwardly, though I felt it inwardly. I needed to maintain an air of command.

The born women mostly all had a barely concealed gleeful look on their faces that seemed to say, "Welcome to our world, boys."

In sickbay, McCoy went over evidence for my hearing. "One of your X-chromosomes is identical to the one you had before the change," she said. "The other contains a great deal of matching material from your Y chromosome, so I can make a strong case to show you are, in fact, James Kirk." She nodded. "That's the good news."

"The bad news?"

"There are other changes that may not help your case. We have women's brains, Jim. Estrogen has an impact on brain development, and we have the brains we would have had if we'd been born girls, gone through puberty as girls. Also, in the same vein, we have a woman's body chemistry now."

"Meaning?"

"Come on, Jim. You remember how men talk about women, how we're hormonal and that makes us emotionally unstable. We have lots of estrogen now just like their wives, their daughters, their girlfriends. And, of course, the increased libido thing. It doesn't look good," she said, touching me on the arm.

"I've faced worse odds," I said, trying to convince myself. I stood up, tugging on the hem of my skirt. It felt too short.

"You look cute in that uniform," McCoy said. "That isn't going to help."

"I know."

"Oh, if you haven't checked out my Deep Fakes, they're pretty damn hot," McCoy called after me. Of course, she would be the one who was thrilled to have racy photos of herself out there, fake or not.

I nodded to Chapel as I left, headed back out into the hall, milling among my crew. I had an overwhelming feeling of nostalgia for the near future. These could be my last hours as the captain of the Enterprise. My last—

what was this? Ahead of me, walking down the hall, her back to me, was what looked like a child. Is this bring your daughter to work day? I wondered, quickening my pace to catch up with her, thinking to dress down whatever crew member had brought this girl onto my ship. I touched her on the shoulder, she turned and looked at me, a quizzical look on her face.

## Collins

Collins walked down the hall, no longer the only changed girl wearing a woman's uniform. He had mixed feelings. He'd been self-conscious, sure, about being a guy wearing girl's clothes, but it had also made him feel special— bold, daring and, of course, there was his whole thing with Breen.

The only thing that marked the changed men now was their short hair. They all had boy haircuts, while the not changed women had long hair, elaborate updos. It was the style for women in Starfleet. Given the way things had gone with Breen, he felt pretty certain he'd have a hairstyle like that soon enough.

He felt a hand tap him on the shoulder. Turning, he saw a pretty young woman in a gold uniform, who suddenly looked surprised and embarrassed. "Collins?" She said.

Only then did Collins realize he was being addressed by Captain Kirk. "Captain," he said, surprised. Collins hadn't seen the Captain since the day they'd been changed into women, and seeing Kirk's pretty face and now in the woman's uniform for the first time, Collins had not immediately recognized the— man?

"I'm sorry about this," Kirk said, plucking at the hem of his dress, seeming to realize as he did so it looked like a very feminine thing to do and then looking even more embarrassed and uncomfortable. "How are you holding up?" The two of them had been on the landing party together— the first batch of crew to find themselves transformed. They'd landed as men and woke as women with smooth faces, soft voices. There was a kind of kinship in that.

"As good as can be expected," Collins said, and Kirk noted right away the little man now spoke with a feminine lilt to his small voice. In fact, Collins

stood in a feminine manner, and Kirk noted now, in retrospect, that he'd been walking like a girl as well, which was one reason Kirk hadn't read the little blonde as a changed man. Collins, for his part, wasn't sure what to say. It didn't seem appropriate to ask the captain how he was doing. That



sort of chit chat didn't happen between officers and crew.

Without thinking, Kirk started to pluck at Collins' hair. It was something Collins had been getting used to. People treated him like a child due to his small size. "You seem to be— adjusting," Kirk said, finding himself disturbed at how the big, powerful man seemed so diminutive not only in body but in spirit. He was

so— feminine.

"I guess," Collins said, not used to having these kinds of conversations with his captain. "I mean, what choice do I have?" He giggled and smiled.

“What choice,” Kirk repeated in a whisper. “What choice, indeed.”

Just then, Spock approached. “Captain, A word.”

“Good seeing you, Collins,” Kirk said. He watched Collins walk away, his walk so fluid, so graceful. It made Kirk think of the pictures of himself in a dress, baking pies. Did he really have a choice?



Collins glanced back at Kirk as the Captain turned to speak to Spock. The Captain had a very nice figure, a pretty face and standing there in his dress, held tilted back to look up at the Vulcan, he looked just like any pretty little woman on the ship. It was the uniform. He didn't look like a captain anymore. He looked like a girl.

Then, another thought popped into Collins' head: I hope they get together. They'd make such a cute couple.

He ended up at the PX. Hannah was there, as always. 'Hey, cutie,' she said. "What's your boyfriend want you to get this time?"

"Makeup," Collins said. "He wants me to start wearing makeup."

Hannah smiled. "I'll get you everything you need."

## Dex

Dex hated everything about being a woman, and it showed. Walking down the hall, the skirt of his dress swishing around his legs, he glared at everyone he passed, his face an angry challenge; go ahead and say something.



Just the act of walking infuriated him. His chest kept bouncing, his butt. What kind of stupid design is the female body anyway with all the bouncing and jiggling, he wondered? A crewman walking toward him gave him a once over and offered an approving smile. Dex was about to tell them man to go to blazes, but in just the most perfect of timing, he felt a serious cramp and instead dropped his eyes, moving away, ignoring the man

and everyone else.

He'd thought at one point to just hide in his room until they'd reached Starbase 11, then make a run for it, but he'd been summoned to work, no excuses. Insane, he thought, insane, that he— Dexter Jackson— was a woman, wearing a dress. On the rag. It didn't seem possible. Couldn't be possible.

He swaggered into the security room. "Cowgirl!" Barkley said, referencing the Deep Fake videos that had been sent around.



“You wanna start something?” Dex had said, hiding his embarrassment at the little girl voice he now had, charging right up to the man. “You wanna go?”

Barkley went right back at Dex. “Maybe you don’t own a mirror, but you’re just a girl now.”

“I can still kick your ass,” Dex shot right back, raising his hands.  
“Perneltium Combat doesn’t take strength, and I’m a master 4<sup>th</sup> class.”

Barkley nodded. “Okay. All right. I’ll see you in the ring sometime.”

“Why not after our shift today?”

“I’ll be there,” Barkley said, looking down into Dex’s hot, angry eyes. Damn, he thought, she is fine as hell when she’s angry.

Dex stared into the other man’s eyes, cementing the challenge, but there was something new that had come out as the two fought and Dex shocked himself as he thought, “I want to kiss him so bad.”

**To be continued**



## Bonus





