



Captain's Log– Unofficial

Add Uhura to the list of men I'm obsessing over. Of course, I really got the hots for her when she rescued me. That's when it really started. I seem to be making a habit of being rescued since I became a woman. Here's what happened: As we tried to escape the alien force field, the ship rocked. I would have been thrown to the deck, but Uhura caught me and held me. Now I want her so bad it hurts. I always thought women had an instinctive desire to be protected by men. It's evolution. Maybe my body is stronger than my mind. I'm turned on by strong men. I can't help it. Can I really deny that I'm a woman?

We did get free of the forcefield and have left planet Turnabout behind. My crew now consists of 60% females and 40% males. Many of those males used to be women. As I pass other changed females in the halls, there's a sense of camaraderie. We're all experiencing the female side of things together, getting used to our new voices, our smooth faces. The bond we share— as much as I hate to admit it— feels like a sisterhood, or at least what I think a sisterhood might feel like. Now that we're heading toward Starbase in the bodies of women, that feeling has only grown stronger.

Setting course felt like a major event. The routine now seemed profoundly significant, the beginning of what might be a new life and a new future for all of us. I found myself sitting in my captain's chair, my shoulder back. I'd learned to maintain better posture. No more slouching. Spock pointed out that I didn't look like much of a leader with my boobs sagging down to my belly. The bridge felt different. Sulu and Chekhov were now women, so the

girls outnumbered the guys. Uhura and Spock were there representing the male side of things. “Ahead, Warp Factor 6,” I said, no longer cringing at the feminine sound of my voice.

“Warp Factor 6,” Sulu repeated, his voice even smaller than mine. Once we were underway, I stood.

“The helm is yours, Mr. Spock,” I said, reveling in the normalcy of routine. “I’ll be in sick bay meeting with Bones.” I couldn’t resist having a little fun, and so I approached the Sulu and Chekov. “You girls sure you’re up to this? You *are* made of sugar and spice.”



“Don’t forget about the vodka,” Chekhov said. “Lots and lots of vodka.” We all laughed. It’s like saying: Sometimes you have to laugh to keep from

punching a hole in a wall. As I headed to the lift, I noticed Uhura watching us. Was I imagining it, or did she look like she felt a little left out?

When I got to sick bay, Chapel, now a tall, lanky man with a handsome face, couldn't help but give me a quick once over. I was getting used to it, and I understood it. As pretty as I am, I can't expect people not to look. Besides, I checked her out, too. What's fair is fair. "Captain," she said in her smooth tenor.

"Nurse Chapel," I said in my own little tea kettle voice. Our eyes met. There was a moment. We both felt it as we silently agreed we'd love to bang each other. I plunged into Bones' office, trying to ignore the attraction, though I was about to find out some very interesting information about why I was suddenly so into guys.

I sat, once more keeping my back straight. "Jim," he said. "I've learned some interesting things about the way we've been changed. It goes beyond biology."

I tensed up. Changes beyond biology could serve as ammo to anyone who opposed keeping me in command. "And?"

Bones chuckled. "I've had a steady stream of blushing new females coming to see me, asking for birth control," Bones said. "The only reason a woman would need birth control is if they are—"

“-- planning to sleep with men,” I finished, maintaining a detached demeanor. “So, you feel the aliens, what, somehow flipped our sexual orientations?”

Bones sat back, crossing his arms under his breasts with a smug look. He liked it when I guessed wrong. “Not flipped. Expanded. The crew have become hyper-sexualized. I’ve found a biological basis. I have no idea how to reverse it.” He paused, thinking, and then said, “I have to admit, I’ve been feeling it myself.” He opened his desk drawer and pulled out a blister pack I immediately recognized as Star Fleet issue birth control pills, the same as I’d seen in Rand’s room back in the day.

“You?” I said. Bones hadn’t exactly been a playboy as a man.

Bones grinned. “I haven’t been this randy since I was in my 20s, but they say a woman hits her sexual peak at 40, so...” He let his voice trail off. It was odd to hear refer to himself as a woman. How about you? Should I write you a script?”

I shook my head. “I haven’t experienced any psychological changes at all,” I lied. “I am not the least bit interested in men.”

Bones eyed me critically but let it pass. He understood. If he scripted me the pill, there would be a record of it, and if word got out that Captain Kirk had become a man-hungry nymphomaniac, that would be the end of any chance I would remain captain. Sure, I slept around as a man, but I was a man, then. It was unfair, but I knew the double-standard.

As I made my way back to the bridge, I couldn't decide if Bones' revelations were good or bad news. I'd been having feelings for men, and not just Kang. There was Uhura and Breen, too. I'd passed her in the hall. She was a thoroughbred, and my body ached for her, especially when I remembered what a badass she'd been when she rescued Collins. I still liked women and had gotten thirsty walking hallways now full of fit, athletic girls in skintight body suits. Sex had been on my mind— a lot.

Could a nympho command a star ship? I started to doubt myself.

Collins

Collins glowed as he made his way back to his room after kissing and cuddling with Laura Breen. His time with Breen had been amazing, and she'd been so understanding about the whole sex thing. He felt a little annoyed at himself for freaking out the way he did, but, well, he hadn't been prepared to face her—python. He remembered the moment he saw her big, hard dick rising from the thick thatch of pubic hair—his body clenched—he moaned softly. He'd seen a penis before besides his own. He'd been in a locker room, seen other guy's junk, but he'd never seen a rock-hard boner like that, and never with a woman's eyes.

Back in his room, he threw himself on his bed and bit his lip. “Am I gay?” He wondered. He was fascinated with Breen's cock. The veins. He wanted to touch it, squeeze it, he wanted to know what it would feel like inside him. “Holy crap,” he thought, thinking these feelings should horrify him, disturb him, freak him out, and yet he pretty much didn't really care. The feelings were too strong to be ignored, and besides the fact that the jackhammer in question belonged to Breen made it an exception to the rule.

He tossed and turned, consumed with the blazing heat of female sexual frustration. Finally, desperate, he turned to self-pleasure. He'd watched a few videos of girls getting themselves off over the years. He'd been into it for some reason. He loved watching their faces, the little sounds they made before they came—or pretended to. It had been fun, but he now felt a

strange sense of irony; he never realized he'd been watching training videos for his future life as a woman.

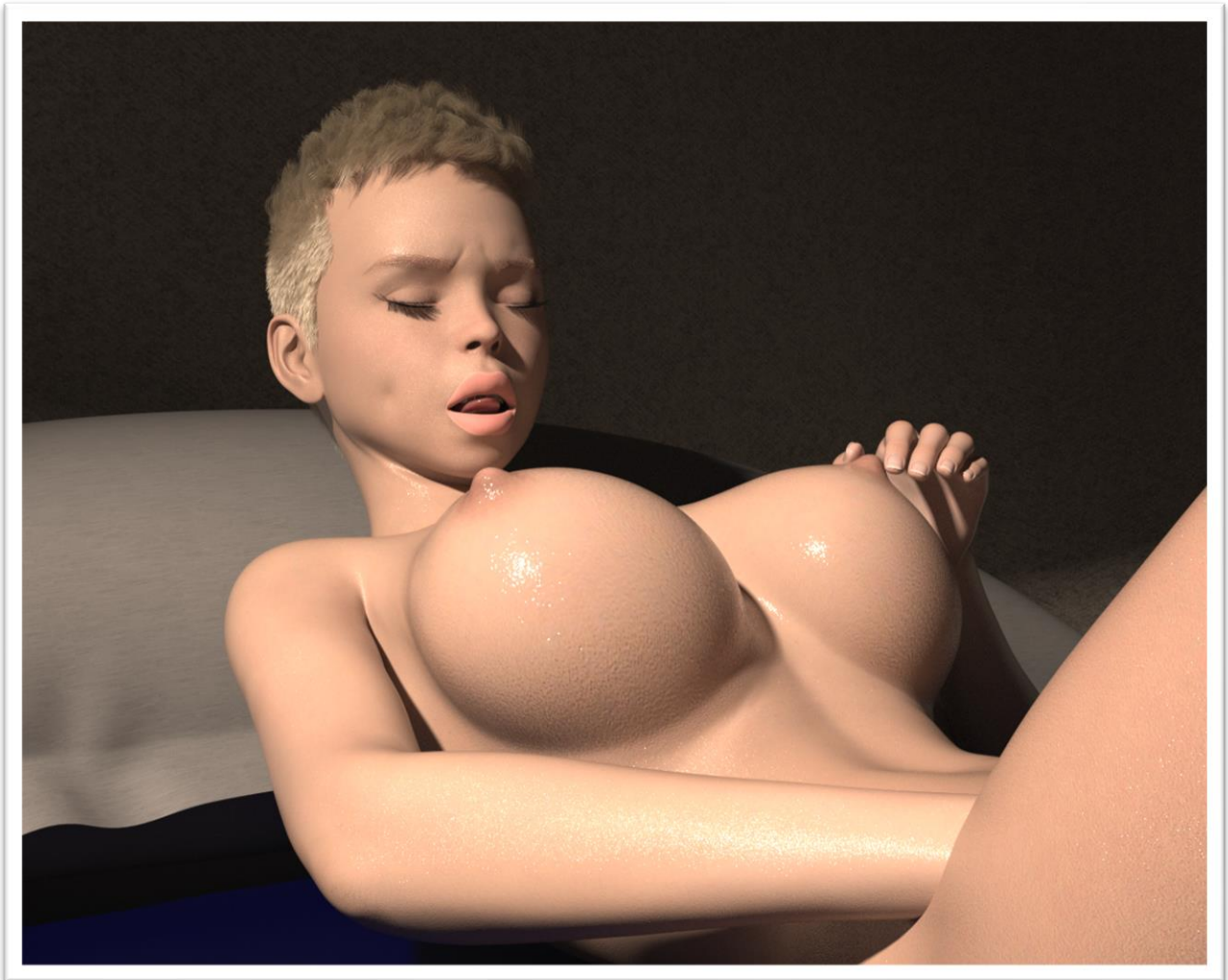
Overcoming a forest of fear, he first gently lay his fingertips on his vulva, squirming at the mysterious female pleasures that spread throughout his body. Frightened to be feeling something only a woman could know, he almost pulled away, but damn he was so desperate instead he slipped one finger between the lips of his vagina.

“Okay. Wow,” he whispered. It felt all kinds of good, and he arched his back as his body called out for more. He began to work his fingers in and out, in and out, no longer worrying about his manhood, whatever that even was, instead lost in animal lust. His nipples ached, and he first cupped one with his free hand and squeezed—yes== he whispered, but his body demanded more and, following some instinct he took his nipple between his fingers and pinched--

“Oh. Oh, my God.”

Working his breast with one hand, he plunged his fingers into himself with the other, and he worked and worked until he was soaked in sweat, and it felt good, but the pressure only built and built and built and he felt like there was a bomb inside him ticking and ticking and he needed to get off.

“Damn it!”



He couldn't get off. He groaned and pounded on the mattress with his tiny fists. Why are women so hard to get off? God Damn it. He curled up and closed his eyes. He lay there, wishing he were a man again and could just rub one out with a tissue and handful of lotion. Finally, mercifully, he slept.

In the morning, he woke up thinking of Breen. He ate breakfast thinking of Breen. He knew she worked the same shift he did, and he thought he might just happen to be in the hall near her room later when she got off her shift. "Oh, hey, Breen," he imagined himself saying, feigning surprise. "Fancy meeting you here." No. Who ever said that? "What's up? Yeah. I just happened to be here." And then, giggling, he pictured himself just walking

right up to her and pulling her down for a kiss, then whispering, “take me, stud.”

But, what if I come across as some desperate psycho? Maybe I should wait and see if she calls me? I don’t know. He remembered how she’d kissed him. How she’d held him, comforted him. She likes me, he thought. She likes likes me, right?

After his shower, Breen went to the mirror and really looked at himself, at his body, for the first time. He’d seen himself since the change, but he’d been unwilling to really see himself. Now, he stood naked in front of the mirror. He shrugged and watched as his breasts jiggled. He shook his shoulders and watched as his breasts swayed from side to side. He had great tits, and it was surreal now to look at his breasts with the same fascination as he’d had when he’d discovered porn as a boy and seen his first topless woman. He had small, round shoulders. Slender little arms. A narrow waist and round soft hips. He looked at his legs, the rounded thighs, the swell of flesh at the top of those thighs right beneath the gap between his legs. He could ‘t see his –V– but he saw the triangle patch of hair that he’d seen on so many women over the years.

Turning to the side, he checked out his ass and confirmed that, yeah, baby had back. “Wow,” he sighed. “I’m hot as hell.” It did not disturb him as it once had but pleased him as a new dimension opened in his mind. It pleased him because he knew Breen liked his new body.

Collins' blissful morning interlude faded and frazzled as he headed to the security office for his shift. With every step nearer to the office, his body grew more tense. He clenched his jaw, wondered how much trouble he would get in if he just took a phaser and disintegrated Dex, the a-hole. There was nothing for it. He had to face him, deal with him just like all the women before him had dealt with guys like Dex. He walked into the office having decided he would pretend like nothing happened and just make sure the two of them were never alone—

He saw an attractive black woman in overalls sitting in the corner. She



looked away and tried to shield her face, but Collins knew. The hot new girl could only be “Dex?” Collins felt thrilled to see Dex had gotten his. The prick. He had it coming. Dex sat with his knees together, and Collins thought about taunting him, making a comment about his tits or how pretty

he looked, but – wait. There was another new woman. Pale, freckles, red hair. Irish. Murphy. He was pretty, too. They all seemed to be pretty.

“Murph,” Collins said. “You, too?”

Murph rolled his eyes. He looked so cute. “I was in the last batch taken before we got out of the force field,” Murphy said in a bright, crystalline voice. “So much for the luck of the Irish, eh?”

“You have freckles,” Collins said, just to say something.

“Oh, I have freckles. And a few other things.” He actually cupped and lifted one of his breasts, looking bemused. “It took me an hour to shower this morning if you can imagine.”

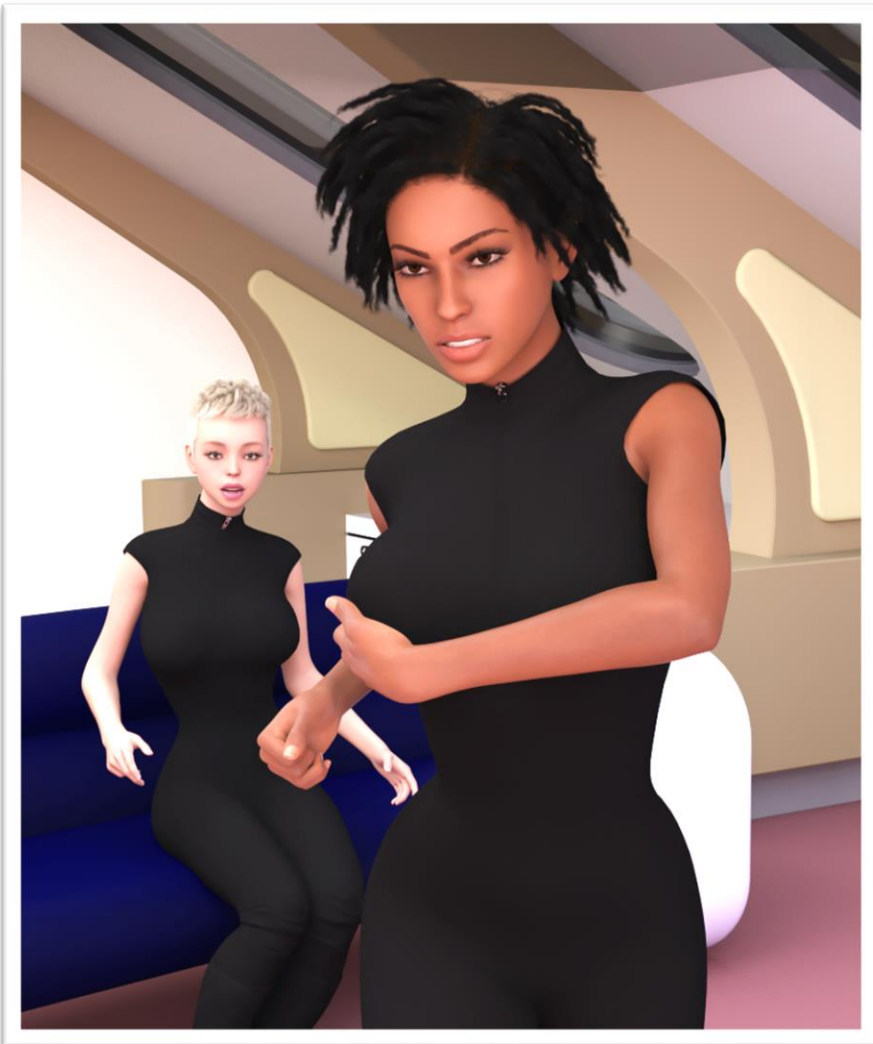
Collins, who’d spent his early time as a woman trying to ignore his puppies, couldn’t believe how okay Murphy seemed with it all. Who was this girl?

“Now that half my team is women, I guess I’m going to have to remember to put the seat down,” Jackson said, seeming amused by the new composition of the security office.

Picking up on the joke, Murphy made a small fist and shook it at Jackson. “You got that right, buster.”

“Speaking of which,” Jackson said, “time to drain the lizard.” He got up and headed toward the bathroom, paused. “It sure is good to be able to stand to pee, right ladies?”

“Shut up,” Murphy and Collins said, laughing. With Jackson gone, it was just the girls. Collins looked over at Dex. He *was* pretty, and he *did* have nice tits. Collins felt complete and total glee that the prick had been turned into a woman. He felt bad for the other guys who’d been made girls, but Dex – well, he had it coming. It was so tempting to rub it in, but his dad had taught him to be better. Don’t sink to their level. Collins decided to take the high road. He went over and sat next to the man. “Dex,” he said.



“I’m sorry...”

“Fuck you,” Dex said in a squeaky little voice. He got up and stormed out of the office, one arm draped across his bouncing breasts.

Murphy and Collins exchanged glances. “Maybe he’s having his period,” Murphy said, smirking, but as the words left his

mouth both men grimaced and shifted uncomfortably. Periods were

something they would both be experiencing sooner or later, and that was one thing they didn't want to think about.

With the blushing Klingon beauties back on their own ship, there wasn't so much to do. Murph and Collins took target practice. The day dragged by, and Collins spent most of the time thinking about Laura and her package. He needed to see her. He got permission to leave early, rushed back to his room for a shower and put on a fresh jumpsuit. Then, he went and found a place to linger down the hall from Breen's room. He kept peeking around the corner, planning to come walking out as she was coming, sticking with the idea of pretending it was an accident.

Breen saw Collins peaking around the corner and smiled. A moment later he came walking out, pretended to just notice Breen and said, "Oh, hey!" The tip of his little nose was already pink. The former big, strong man was now a horny little woman, and Breen loved it. "Hey, beautiful," she said. She saw Collins light up at the compliment, and she pulled him in for a hug, kissed him on the cheek.

A pair of changed women walked past, and Breen saw how Collins glanced at them, saw the look of feminine pride on his pretty face. She wasn't wrong. Collins felt special to have other females see him in the arms of such a stud.

Collins wanted to just strip off his clothes and get down to business, but Breen had other ideas. She dimmed the lights, made drinks, put on music, a lonely trumpet sliding up and down the scales. They sat close together,

kissing, sipping their drinks. Breen took her shirt off, and Collins unzipped his coveralls, climbing onto her lap, pressing his soft breasts against her rock-hard muscles.

He bit his lip, then whispered, "I'm ready. I won't freak out this time."

Breen ran her finger along his jawline, then rubbed her thumb against his cheek. There was a look in her eyes. Mischief. "I need you to do something for me," she said. "It's a fantasy of mine. You want to be my fantasy girl, right?"

Breen was only half aware of what was being said. He needed to get laid so bad. He nodded. "Yeah, he said. Sure. What is it?"

"Look in the top drawer of my dresser," Breen said, nodding toward the dresser.

Collins got up, headed toward the dresser, looking back at her, giggling. His mind raced, imagining handcuffs, or whipped cream or a gag— he'd been with some kinky girls. Breen watched as he opened the drawer, his mouth falling open, eyes wide with surprise. He reached into the drawer and lifted out a lacy black bra. "You want me to wear this?" He asked in a small voice.

Breen nodded. "Very much," she said in a gruff, hoarse voice.

Collins hesitated. He didn't want to wear it. A good rooting was one thing, but putting on lingerie? He felt embarrassed at even the thought of him being the sex kitten in this relationship. It was— a certain kind of woman who dressed like that for a man, and he didn't think he was that kind of girl. "I don't know how to put this on," he said, hoping that would save him.

Breen went over to him, standing behind him, her rock-hard junk pressing against his ass. Collins moaned, his desperate need growing more intense. She reached around and took his wrists, guiding his hands until he held the bra against his breasts. "I want you to get dolled up for me, babe. That would be such a turn on. You want to turn me on, right?"

"Yes," Collins whispered. Yes. He would do anything. He needed relief.

"I'll help you," Breen said, kissing him on the neck then the shoulder. Her voice was so deep, so hungry for him, it gave him chills. She took over. He let her slip the bra straps over his arms, felt it grow tight as she hooked the back strap then pulled the shoulder straps up onto his shoulders. It was tighter than he expected, and it cupped and lifted his breasts, which only drove him more insane with lust as he felt the soft cups against his throbbing nipples.

Breen kept kissing him, whispering compliments. "Beautiful girl...so sexy... such soft skin... .. dream girl... She maneuvered him like he was a doll, and she was playing dress up. She slipped a lace thong up his long legs, pulled it over his hips. He made a small noise like a mouse as he felt the floss ride up between his ass cheeks, and then he was wearing silky

stockings that caressed his legs each time he moved, and then he found himself perched on high heels, giggling, wobbling



The clothes made the girl. Squeezed into the tiny lacy things, he felt silly and feminine and sexy and foolish and—oh. He hoped it would be worth it, because he felt like squeezing into these frilly little things had already changed him.

When Breen grumbled, “dance,” Collins giggled like any silly girl and said, “I can’t even walk in these things.” His voice was breathy and flirty and—
who am I? He wondered.

“Dance,” Breen repeated.

Collins started to dance, just doing a side-step, at first just focused on not falling over as he wobbled on his heels, but as he grew more confident, he swayed his hips, lifted his arms over his head. Giggling, laughing, he turned and let her see his backside, glancing back over his shoulders, blushing. “I can’t believe I’m doing this,” he said, his eyes falling to the raging boner tenting the front of Breen’s pants. The sight made him hot and thirsty. He was still afraid, but he wanted it now more than he feared it. He started to dance over to Breen, but she rolled off the bed, took a position behind him and guided him toward the mirror.

Feeling those big, powerful arms around him, once more moving him around like a living doll, guiding him— Collins moaned softly, thrilled, feeling so small and so safe. It was such a turn on having Breen take charge, and it was just as exciting for Breen to take charge of the little female that had become of Security Man Collins.

“I want you to see how beautiful you look,” she said.

Collins gasped as he saw himself in the mirror. He looked like a Video Sex Girl, dressed like that, a boy toy, a sex object. It shocked him, and yet pleased him, and he met Breen’s eyes in the mirror, and he could see she was loving how he looked, so he giggled again, resisting the urge to beg for them to finally have sex for god’s sake, because Breen was the man and it was her decision.

And she made that decision.

A guttural groan escaped Breen’s lips. Breen picked Collins up and carried him to the bed, throwing him onto the mattress, and then she was on him like a wild animal, ripping his panties off, and then she thrusting into him, grunting and he didn’t even know it was possible for something to go so deep inside him, but he felt himself stretching, felt the walls of his vagina eagerly taking in Breen’s massive member, felt his body grasping at it hungrily. The bed shook as Breen thrust into him. Collins grabbed the sides of the mattress, bracing himself, and he was panting, “oh god... oh god... oh god...” The sound of himself, so much like a woman, turned him on, and it turned Breen on as well hearing this man calling out in his soft voice, like so many girls before him.

The couple stared into each other’s eyes as they made love. Sex had never felt so intimate to Collins, and he longed for intimacy, closeness, in a way

he never had as a man. Breen grunted and sweated and pounded into him, sending his breasts bouncing with each thrust.



He felt the heat rise inside him, the pressure build, that same ticking bomb waiting to go off, and then it was like a supernova in his belly and he screamed in ecstasy as he had his first female orgasm, feeling it from fingers to toe, and he felt Breen cum inside him as she grunted, triumphant, and then Collins was panting, biting his finger, and the room swam with the salty smell of their sex. Breen collapsed on the bed next to him, and Collins

immediately pressed his soft little body against hers, and he realized he was crying tears of joy.

Breen fell asleep and snored.

Just like a man, Collins thought, biting his lip. But what a man.

Later when Breen woke, she sat up and stretched. Collins lay next to her, sleeping on his side, his face toward her. She enjoyed the sight of his pretty face, so peaceful. She gently stroked his shoulder. His skin was so soft. She'd given Collins a very warm welcome to sex as a woman, and it didn't surprise her he was sleeping like a baby. Women tended to do that when they had a cosmic orgasm.

She grinned as an idea struck her, and she knew it was a good idea because her dick started getting hard as soon as it occurred to her. She woke Collins. He yawned, his eyes foggy, but as he focused on her face a sweet, happy smile spread like a spring flower. "Hey," he said, and he bit his lip.

"Hey, gorgeous," Breen said, giving him a kiss. "Coffee?"

"Hell, yeah."

Collins sat up and wrapped himself in a quilt, too lost in bliss to process the fact he was no longer a virgin. This was something he would not be sharing with his parents.

Breen had an old-fashioned coffee set up in her room. She ground beans, tossed them in a French Press and then poured in steaming water. The room filled with the earthy smell of fresh brewing coffee, and Collins closed his eyes and sighed. "That smells so good."

"Wait until you taste it," Collins said.

They curled up in bed and sipped their coffee, and it was good, so good, and Collins savored every sip as well as the gentle rush from the caffeine. "Take a shower. Get dressed. We're going out."

"Where?" Collins asked. He didn't want to go out. He wanted to just stay here, sipping coffee, but—well- Breen was the man it just seemed like he wanted to do what she wanted to do.

"It's a surprise," Collins said, grinning her devil grin. She held out her hand, Collins took it, and she pulled him to his feet, then sent him on his way to the shower with a playful slap on the ass. Collins squealed.

As he headed to the bathroom, he put a little extra sway in his hips and didn't hurry, giving Breen a good look at his ass. He'd captured his man, and he was determined to keep her.

