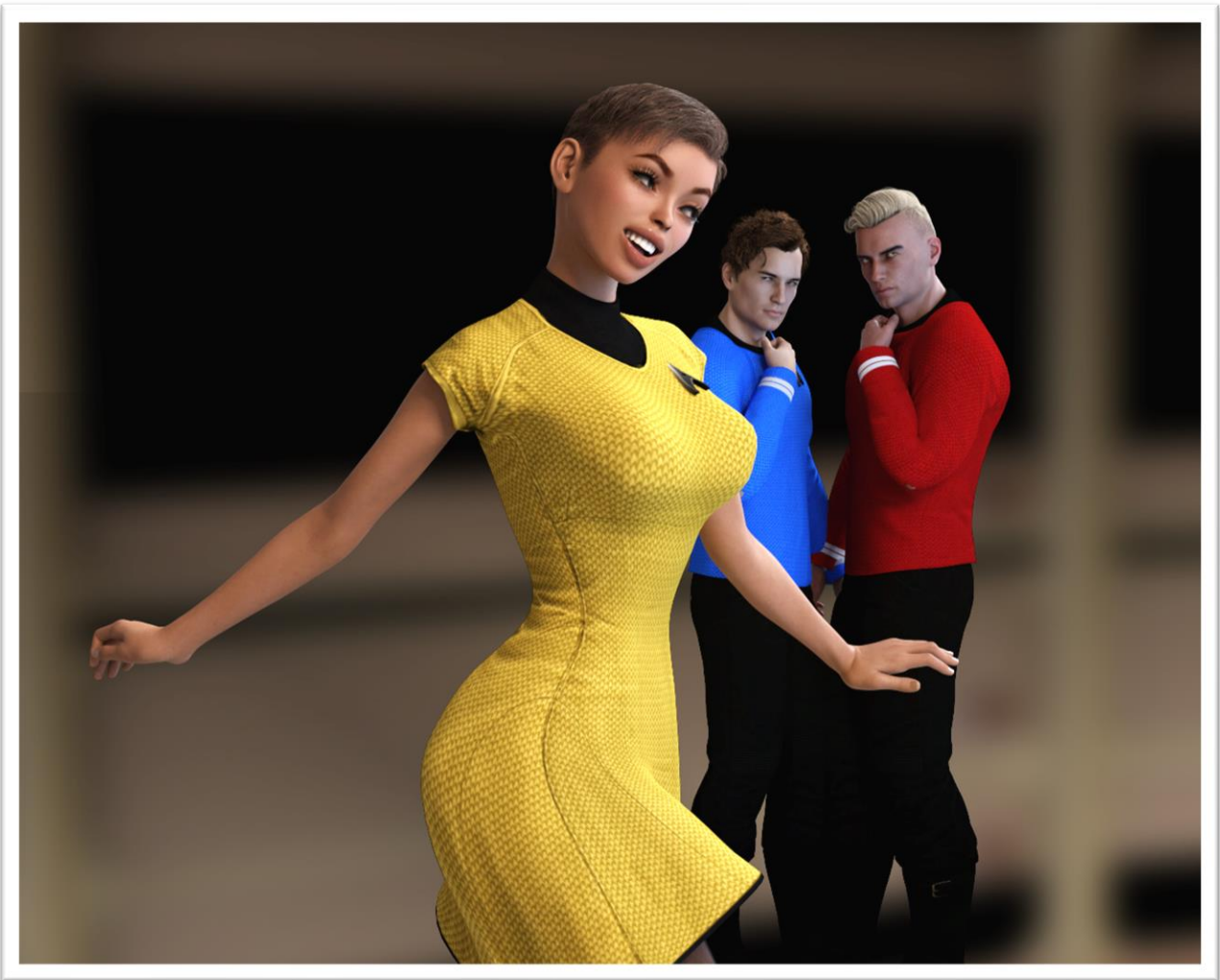




Kirk

As we hurried off to see The Admiral, I noticed some guys checking me out, their eyes resting on my bouncy breasts. Drink 'em in, I thought with a smile. I won't be hauling these puppies around much longer. To my surprise, I felt a pang of regret at the thought. I had great tits, and I'd come to feel even a little proud of them and enjoyed all the male attention. I knew I'd been thinking more like a woman, and I now felt conflicted about going back to being a man and losing my curves.



But I had to. I couldn't lose control of The Enterprise. I was meant to captain that ship and all the versions of my future life as a woman included losing my command. The thought of returning to my place on the bridge, smoothing my shirt instead of my skirt, warmed me. It was a good thing I'd resisted the urge to jump into the sack with a man. It might have been a problem.

When we arrived at the door to Komack's office, Kang grabbed my arm and pulled me to him. "Come with me," he said, his eyes blazing with passion. "We could set this galaxy ablaze!"

The force of his passion shook me. I felt myself blush and struggled to find the words. For a moment, one crazy moment, I thought I might say yes. Then, I felt Spock, who was standing behind me, put a hand on my hip. "Let her go," Spock said. Oh, boy. The men were fighting over me again.

"I believe it to be the lady's prerogative," Kang said, staring into my eyes. He squeezed my arm.

Spock's steadying presence reminded me of who I was, of what I needed to do. I put my hand on Kang's chest. "I'm sure a life with you would be amazing, but I have to think of my crew, my ship. I leaned forward and gave him a kiss on the cheek, then pushed him away. "Goodbye."

I could see the pain in Kang's eyes. "You'll always be my angel," he said.

Spock steered me into Admiral Komack's office. "It will be good to get you back into your male body," he said. "Your female self is too emotional."

"I've always been emotional," I said, irritated, but also mildly amused. Spock had been playing my knight in shining armor ever since I'd become a woman, and it was— sweet— if annoying.

As we walked into the office, I stepped away from Spock, not wanting his assistant, Mildred Devon, to see me being chaperoned around like a debutante. "The admiral is expecting you," she said.

"Expecting me?" I said. "Why?"

"I'm sure he will explain himself," Mildred said, her voice withering. She didn't like me, and I knew why. She'd always been a plain Jane and had spent her life jealous of pretty girls.

Komack looked particularly reserved. "I suppose you heard," he said.

"Heard?"

"Take a seat," he said. I sat as I'd learned to do, knees together, smoothing my skirt feeling my new sense of joy I wouldn't need to do this skirt routine much longer. "You don't know about the Romulans?"

I raised an eyebrow and shook my head. I had no idea what he was talking about, but I could sense that something was very wrong, something he didn't want to tell me. "I figured out a way I can get my body back, and it's so simple it never occurred to any of us." I explained my idea, and the more I talked the more Komack's mood darkened.

"That just might work," Komack said. "But we're never going to find out."

"What? Why?"

“The gender swapping planet,” Komack said. “As you know, it was located in uncharted – and unclaimed– space. The Romulans have now claimed the planet and deployed a fleet to that system. That planet is now off-limits.”

“Romulans?” My brain went to work. “I could take a stealth craft and sneak through their ships, get down to the—”

“Jim,” Komack said. “No. The Romulans have claimed the system. The Federation will not risk war over...” he gestured to my body. “This.” He folded his hands on his desk. A sign of finality. “This just puts things back where they were. You still have the same offer. You can still make history—as a woman.”



To have my shattered, to know this all could have been reversed... if only... if only. My vision blurred, and I started to cry. What did it matter anymore? I was— just— a woman, and I would be for the rest of my life all because I had failed to see the solution in time. I was female, and it was all my fault.

Spock covered my hand with his and I turned and buried my face in his chest. I felt Komack put a comforting hand on my shoulder. "There, there," he whispered. "There, there."

Collins



Security Man Collins checked his makeup— again— and took a deep breath. Breen sat next to him. “It’s going to be enough of a shock to them,” Collins said. “Let me clean off this makeup and let them see the new me just—”

Breen covered Collins’ hand with her own and squeezed. “It’s fine,” she said. “Trust me. From everything you’ve told me about your parents, they’re not going to reject you just because you’re a girl now, even a tiny little kewpie doll of a girl with a voice like a baby.”

“Haha,” Collins said, smiling, feeling better. He’d been a lot more anxious and insecure since becoming a woman, but Breen always knew just what to say to make him feel better. He looked at the girl he’d become once more, her sweet, innocent face framed by her long blonde hair. He was cute. Pretty. Nothing like the man he’d once been. What would his parents think of him now?

“Okay. Let’s do this,” he said.

“Computer, connect call,” Breen said.

“Connecting Call,” the robotic voice answered.

The screen flickered to life, the image of Collins’ mother and father sitting shoulder to shoulder. They both did their best to hide their surprise at the little blonde girl that had become of their son. They’d seen pictures, both the deep fakes and a photo Collins had sent to prepare them, but it was still disorientating to see their big, strong son reshaped into such a pretty girl. Collins has opted to wear his uniform which, though the girls’ uniform, still might help his parents connect his pretty little self to the boy they remembered. It was Breen’s idea.

“Mom. Dad,” Collins said. “You look great.”

“We just want you to know,” Mom said, sounding like she was reciting something she’d rehearsed, “that we don’t love you any less now that— **this**— happened.”

“Not at all,” Dad chimed in. “It’s not like you chose **this**. It isn’t your fault.”

Didn’t choose this. Not your fault. Collins thought back to the conversation he’d had with Breen when they’d thought they did have a choice, when he had said he would choose to remain a woman. There was something about the way they referred to it as “this” that bothered him a little, but he was so relieved they were at least doing their best to accept him, he smiled. “I’m glad,” he said and decided to be honest. “I was worried you’d hate me.”

“Hate? Oh, dear God, no. We love you, and we will always love you.”

“Yeah,” Dad chimed in.

Though Collins had wanted to hear those words, he was still enough himself that he felt uncomfortable with feelings. He was searching for the right thing to say next when Breen chimed in. “I’m Laura Breen,” she said, gesturing at herself. “**This** happened to me as well.”

“Oh! Laura. Yes. Brad mentioned you. Yes, you, I guess, well—”

“I used to be a woman,” Laura said. “Yes. Brad and I were among the first changed and, well, we fell in love.” She put her arm around Collin’s shoulder and Collins looked up at her— his

parents could clearly see they were in love. Collins looked back at the monitor, waiting, hoping, and then Dad harumphed and said, "We'll have to get together for cigars and whiskey one of these days, Laura."

"That would be fine, sir," Laura said.

All four laughed, the tension broken, and then they began to talk freely like any young couple meeting the parents. When the call ended, Breen kissed Collins. "That went well," she said. "Better than I'd even hoped."

"I—yes," Collins said, feeling shaken, vulnerable. It had gone well, and yet it was a lot to take in, meeting his parents for the first time as a girl, having them meet his boyfriend. "Let's go for a walk," Breen said. "Enjoy the evening."

Collins smiled. He'd been worried she would want sex which, as much as he loved it, he wasn't in the mood right now. A walk, though? A walk sounded perfect. She always seemed to know just what he needed to hear.

We held hands as we walked in the moonlight. I was her girl. She was my man. It felt right and good, and I sighed because I knew that I had found my soul mate and that she would always take care of me.



Kirk

Everyone on The Enterprise knew, or at least suspected, I was still a virgin. It was weird and embarrassing, and I felt like I was back in high-school with everyone wondering who would be my first and me wondering who would be my first.

I decided I didn't want my first to be someone I would ever have to see again, so I talked to some of the other girls, and we decided to hit a club. It would be my first time hooking up with some random guy as a woman, and I couldn't have been more excited and excited.

Of course, I landed the hottest guy in the room. He took me back to a hotel room and curled my toes. He was strong, aggressive and well-endowed, took command and made me glad he did. I was a little surprised to find how submissive I was in the bedroom now, but with these men it was so good to just let them take control that I dove right into this new reality. After he fell asleep, I got dressed, mussed my hair and carried my heels out into the hall, slipped them on and strutted off tossing my hair thinking, "I'm Miss Kirk."

It changed me, or maybe finished the change that had already been happening. I was a hot girl



now and a girl who loved to have a good time. Guys were always hitting on me, checking me out, trying to get my attention. I loved every minute of it and though I was always pretty much down to do the dirty I was also a hot girl and would only sleep with the hottest guys.

It was surreal and yet it quickly just became normal for me to be at the gym in my sports bra and short shorts, my hair up in a ponytail, talking to some girl about which guys we liked, who we wanted to sleep with, who was hot but was a lousy lover. Of course, we all drooled over Laura Breen, and he was most certainly on my list. I'd surprised myself at how

easily I'd found myself conforming to the expectations for women growing my nails long, wearing makeup, getting facials. I was competing with the other girls now, and I wanted to win. I felt like most of the changed men had gone all in on their femme selves. McCoy told me it was partly my doing. "The girls are gonna follow the queen bee," she'd said, putting her hand on my shoulder,.

"Me? Queen Bee?" I'd said. "Yikes." Of course, I liked it. Who else would be the leader of the girls?

I didn't feel like a guy in a woman's body or even a woman who used to be a guy. I was a woman now and my former life as a man seemed more and more like a strange dream.

Spock. He became the problem. I dropped every hint I could, giggled and laughed and made it a point to touch him, but he just didn't respond. Stupid Vulcans! I started to think I couldn't take being on the same ship as him, desperately wanting him but never having him. It's harder for a woman, I decided, to want someone you can never be with, and the fact that we'd been friends and I knew Spock cared for me only made my suffering worse. The Enterprise had been getting retrofitted, and so I'd had a few weeks to think things over. I called the Admiral and told him I wanted to make history, I wanted to be the first female captain in federation history.

I was in my room, looking over the specs for my new ship, wondering if I could get excited about being a delivery girl. The make history thing was something good, but not so good as I was completely sold. Still, my other options seemed less appealing to me. As much as running off with Kang sounded exciting on first blush, he would expect me to be his obedient little woman, and I was sure that would grow old with just the two of us in a little spaceship bouncing around the outer systems. Staying on The Enterprise in a reduced role also seemed too embarrassing, especially as I would be now just another girl, constantly running into women I'd slept with back when Jim was Jim.

No. I would just have to accept the lesser of the three female fates. A captain was still a captain. The bell rang. I checked to see Spock waiting outside my door. I cringed and warmed at the same time. I'd been developing feelings for him— girl feelings. He'd been so protective of me since my change, and it was a turn on, but more of a slow burn turn on than what I'd felt with Kang. I had to let him in, of course, so I quickly checked my hair in the mirror, practiced a smile, and then opened the door. I was wearing my nightshirt, and I thought for a moment about changing but shook my head and laughed at myself. Spock was Spock and I couldn't believe I was being such a girl. The door opened. I tilted my head back and delivered the smile I'd practiced. "Spock," I said. "Come in."

"Jim," Spock said.

"What brings you here?" I asked, surprised as I felt intense sexual tension rising between us. I hoped Spock couldn't sense it. I wanted him. Bad.

Spock put his big, strong hands on my shoulders, turned me and steered me toward a chair. "Sit," he said.

I sat. Having him take control like that only made me hotter. "I don't understand."

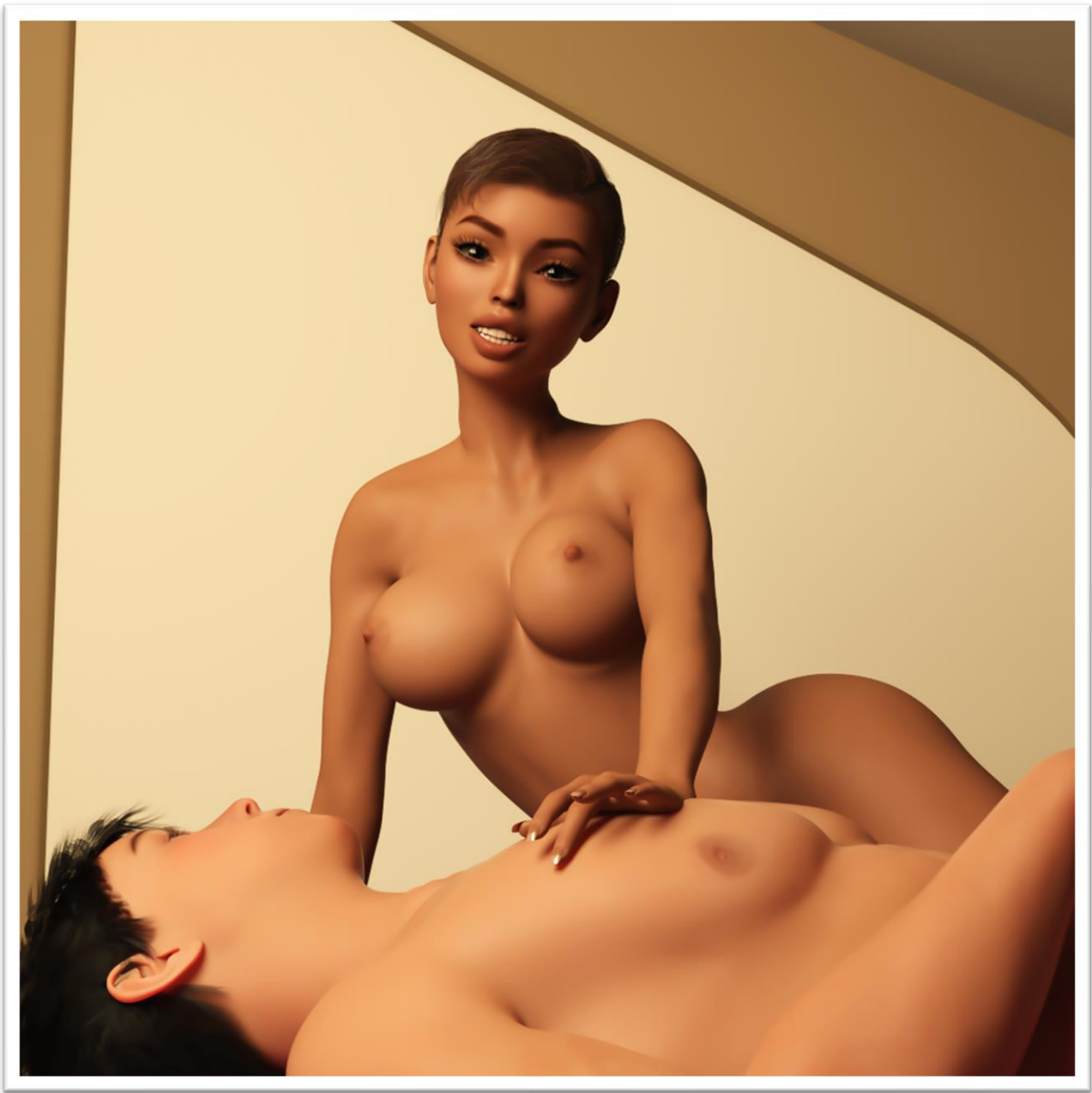
Spock remained standing, looking down at me, his eyes intense. "I want you to stay on The Enterprise with me," he said. "I could use your expertise. You are still Kirk, and you can be invaluable part of the team."

I shook my head. "I don't see how—"

"I will request you be assigned as a Communications Officer. That way you will be on the bridge and available to provide input. I have already spoken to Uhura, and she is open the training you as her second."

I saw myself sitting on the bridge in my little dress, one hand gingerly to my ear, saying, "Hailing Frequencies Open, Captain." Communications officer was girl work. There were people who would laugh at the thought of the once great James T. Kirk reduced to what amounted to a secretary. I shook my head, humiliated to even think about what people would say about me. "I can't. I can't." I dropped my eyes, looked away. How could Spock even ask this of me?

Spock reached down and took my chin in his palm. He tilted my head back. I met his eyes. "I won't take no for an answer," he said, then he leaned down and kissed me. I tried to push him away for a moment, but then— no— it felt so good I kissed him back, and we were kissing still as I picked me up, carried me over to my bed, lay me down and made love to me.



After, I looked over his handsome face, watching his hard, muscular chest rising and falling. I reached out and lay my hand over his heart, feeling the strong beat. I didn't have anything to say, didn't know what to say. I was just enjoying the glow, the perfect feminine warmth of having been made love to by a man, a good man I knew, a friend, a man who'd protected me. It was so different and so much better than what I'd experienced before.

"It is important that we are clear about this relationship," Spock said, once more sounding like a logic machine, though I had seen another side of him now and felt like we were closer than ever. "As captain, I do not feel I can commit to what you humans would call a committed relationship at this time. As a newly formed woman, I believe it imperative that you enjoy a variety of sexual experiences." He cleared his throat. "I am able to control my emotions, so I will

not be troubled by the fact you are sleeping with other people. I hope you can agree to this proposal. We will be friends and lovers, but not exclusive."

"Friends with benefits?' I said, surprised. My hand still rested on his thumping heart, and I felt my own heart beating in my chest, in counter-point. "Are you saying we should be swingers?" I asked.

"I'm saying you should be a swinger. I will be satisfied to enjoy your company. Do you find this arrangement agreeable?"

I bit my lip and nodded. "Do I ever."

And so it was that I traded in my yellow dress for a red dress and officially became Miss Kirk, junior communications officer on the USS Enterprise. Sitting on the bridge, my legs crossed, my hands in my lap as The Enterprise departed from Starbase 11, I watched Spock with his chiseled, handsome features sitting in the Captain's, and he looked so right, and I was proud of him and pleased to think that I had helped make this happen for him. He would be a great captain, and I would be right here to help. I pulled out my compact mirror and checked my hair and makeup, eager for our next adventure.

The End

