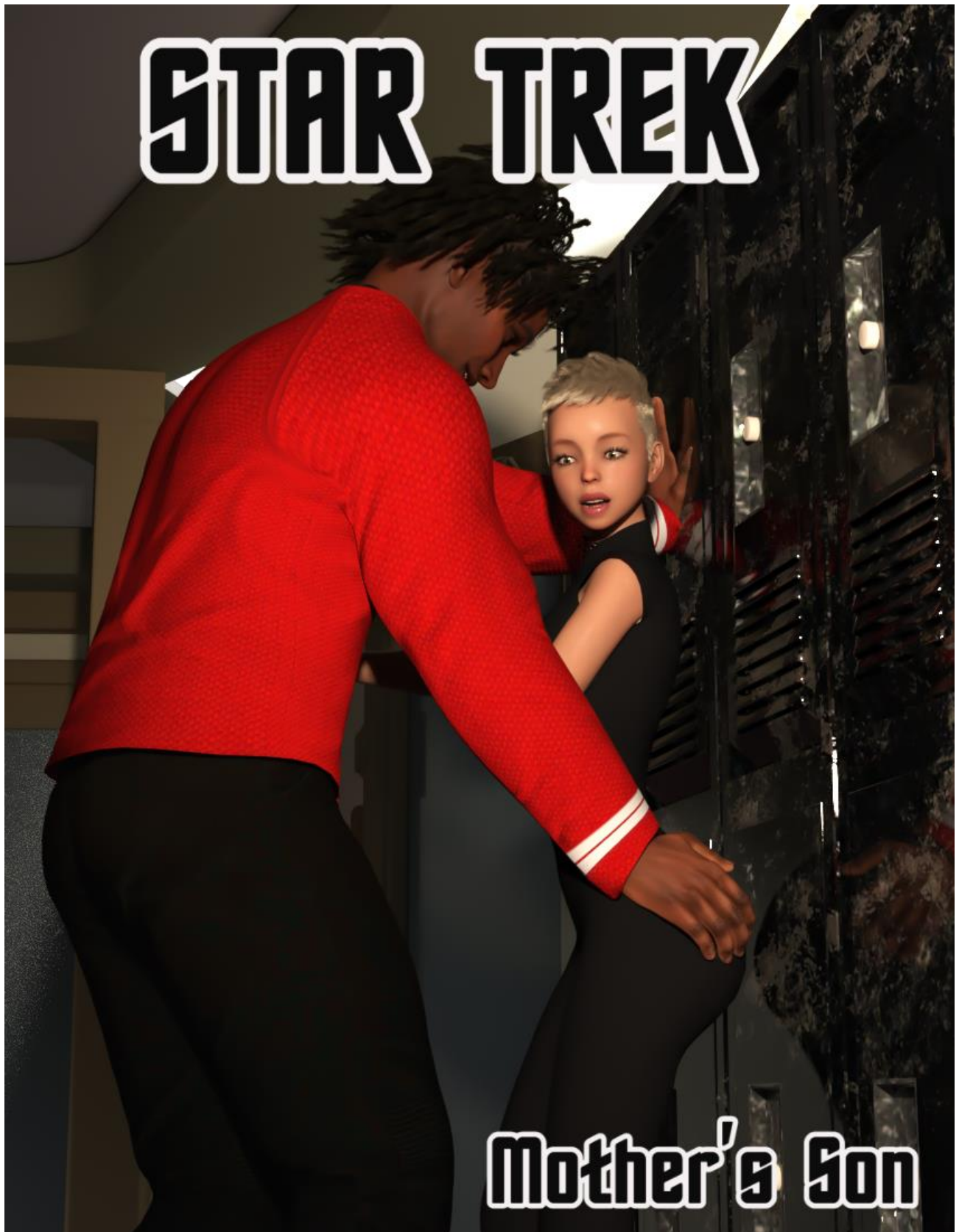




The Unofficial Log of Captain James T. Kirk



My breast aches. I can feel exactly where Kang squeezed. Is it all in my mind? Or, is this female flesh so soft and sensitive that it bruises that easily? Men have punched me harder and left me in less lingering pain, yet Kang squeezes my tit and hours later I can still feel his handprint. I have to consider the possibility I'm experiencing psychic trauma rather than actual physical pain. I've never had breasts let alone had a man grab them, never had a man climb on top of me and pin to the ground, his hot breath in my face as he gleefully unzipped my top, my tits spilling out as he grabbed the phaser I'd hidden in my cleavage and tossed it aside. He squeezed my tit so hard it--

Mother's Son

My tit. I'm forgetting already. This is not my body. These are not my – melons, or jugs or hooters. I am not a woman. Kang had treated me as one, and not in a good way. Part of some mind game.



In addition to **fondling** me—I can't believe I have to even think those words-- He forced me to kneel in front of him while he cupped my chin and tilted my head back, as if I were a woman, and he was—he was trying to show me I was...

Spock rescued me like I was the damsel in distress in an old Hollywood movie.

Mother's Son

I don't think the universe could have conspired more ways to insist I am a woman, but I'm not a woman. I'm James Kirk.

I can't admit to anyone how— confused and angry I am that a man— another man did what Kang did. Star Fleet doesn't allow women to serve as captains. Women are too emotional, too vulnerable, according to Star Fleet. If I start talking about being assaulted, molested, it's over. My focus right now is on getting my ship and my crew free from this planet. I need to keep my mind on my task, but the reality that I may soon be relieved of command due to this body haunts me. This is my ship. I am the captain. This female shape I'm trapped in doesn't matter. It's what's **inside** that makes the man.

In order to free my ship, I need to find some way to work with Kang even after what he did, even after he so much as told me he would — force himself on me— and even though he looks at me like I'm a piece of cake he wants to devour. I wish he would get stuck as a woman. It would serve him right.

There's something else. It makes no sense, but when I replay the incident in my mind, the truth is there's a part of me that—

Spock's here. We're going to the gym, so he can teach me how to fight in this little body. I need to go.

Chapter One

Remember, Collins reminded himself, *stand like a man, walk like a man*. He was about to face his security buddies, and he felt sometimes this top-heavy body with its wide hips and prominent caboose made him move like a woman. He was determined to show these guys he was still a man.

The door to the security suite whooshed open. Conversation stopped. Heads turned. Security officers were all men, so the sight of a woman walking in was unusual in and of itself, and the black coverall instantly told them this woman used to be a man. Collins tried to ignore the feeling he was a bug under a microscope as all the eyes roamed over his body, then his face, puzzled looks followed by recognition, then embarrassment and then two of them looked away, not sure what to say, how to react as they realized the little blonde girl was their old buddy Collins.

Unlike the others, Dexter did not look away nor seemed embarrassed for Collins. He stared. Collins felt the eyes on him, on his body. It seemed like some manifestation of female intuition that he was much more aware of being looked at by men since the change. It had already happened a few times, like when he caught Kang standing behind him, staring at his ass— but he would get this tingling feeling and know. Glancing out of the corner of his eye, he would always catch a guy mentally undressing him. Well, one time it was a woman.

This feeling was that sense at Warp 5, like a red alert was going off in his head. He made the mistake of meeting Dexter's gaze— his eyes were hard and feral, like a shark and a smug smile as he brazenly looked Collins up and down. Collins froze. He had no idea how to react to being ogled like this, and he dropped his eyes, cheeks burning as he just— stood there. He thought of Breen, wishing she were there, feeling she would know what to say.

"Burn a hole in it why don't you," he heard Barkley say.

"She's hot as hell," Dexter said with a laugh. "What do you want me to do?"

She. Hot as hell. He's talking about me, Collins realized. Guy talk. A day before he would have joined in. Now he just wished he could turn invisible. His sense of reality was destroyed, his sense of self shaken. A guy was checking him out. A guy. Collins thought pretend like nothing happened, to go his locker like he usually did, but that meant giving Dex a look at his ass and he did not want Dex looking at his ass and making comments, so he remained frozen, the tension building. The intercom chirped.



"This is your captain speaking," what sounded like a teen-age girl said, though she spoke in the flat, direct style of a man. "In an effort to free The Enterprise from the force field in which we are currently trapped, members of the Klingon crew will be beaming over to our ship." There was a pause. Collins cringed. He'd heard Kirk speak down on the planet, had seen him, but hearing that pretty little voice now over the Intercom he could only think The Captain's days were

numbered. It didn't seem possible and even to Collins this girl was Kirk. It felt like some kind of prank. Captain Kirk sounded cute. A captain couldn't sound cute, could she? He?

"The Klingon Crew," Kirk continued. "Has also experienced the *phenomenon* of the— Siren Planet. All crew are expected to be respectful to our guests. We do not want an inter-galactic incident. Captain out."

"What's that about?" Murphy asked.

"They're all girls now," Jackson said with a chuckle. "The Klingons."

"I'd like to get me some Klingon tail," Dexter said, chuckling.

"Yeah, but they used to be dudes," Murphy said voice sharp with disgust.

"They're skirts now though," Dexter said. "That makes them fair game. I'd eat me some Klingon for sure."

It was just locker-room talk. Collins had been part of it his whole life, but not surprisingly he now felt his skin crawl, his breasts tighten with anxiety. He'd been surprised at how much feedback his new puppies provided him. His breasts were like a new set of sensors, reacting to temperature, talk, gazes—even elevation. He'd gotten on a ladder in his room to reach something on a high shelf and his tits had started sending him signals to be careful. They told him how he should feel, whether he might be in danger. Listening to the guys, he huffed, a new, feminine annoyance at how these— men— talked about women.

I'm still a man, he tried to convince himself, his neurotic feelings about his new reality growing stronger. What ever happened to respecting each other regardless of sex or rank? *Lord*, he thought, annoyed at himself. *I sound like Dr. Lester.*

"Oh, sorry, uh— bro," Dex said, though his tone said he was not sorry at all. Once more, his eyes hungrily played across Collins body who, in spite of a lifetime dismissing women's complaints about the way some men looked at them, found himself suddenly in total agreement with the female community.

"Enough of that," Barkley said. "We're all redshirts."

Dex finally looked away with a kind of nonchalant air like—I don't care.

With the tension broken,

Collins decided his best strategy was to try and defuse things a little. "I'm still me," he said. "You don't have to walk on eggshells or anything. Keep going." He shrugged. "I've always wanted to sleep with a Klingon, too."



There was a pause, the guys looking at each other, then there seemed to be a collective sigh of relief. Collins was still Collins, it seemed. They didn't have to start treating him like some hyper-sensitive girl.

"Take a seat, Brother," Barkley said. "You went planet side with the captain and didn't die. You know we need to have to celebrate tonight, right?"

"That's the tradition,"

Collins said, trying to act cool, walking to the circle of chairs in the middle of the muster room, trying to ignore the ever present feeling of his breasts jiggling with each step. He took his seat, which of course felt over-sized to him now. He started to cross his legs, which he'd often done as a man. Murphy had his legs crossed, but it felt feminine to him these days, and he felt insecure enough about his manhood being a girl and all. He made a point to manspread, take

up space. He dropped one arm between his legs and leaned on the other in what was one of his usual sitting positions. Yeah, he thought, thinking of Dex. I'm still a guy.

Just like in the hallway, the room seemed too big, and all the colors seemed brighter, more distinct. It seemed his female eyes had a better sense of color. The red shirts seemed more red. The walls more— whatever that color was.

"We're going to need a new nickname for you," Barkley said. His tone was the tone men used when they were busting each other's balls, and Collins felt a little more comfortable hearing it. He'd always been one of the guys, loved being one of the guys. "How about Shorty?"

"Hey!" Collins said, mock outraged. His voice sounded even higher pitched and more feminine to his own ears in this room full of men and their deep, booming voices. He became aware, too, of a smell— a manly musk he'd never noticed as a man. Is this how we smell to women? There was something pleasant about it, even if these guys, freshly arrived for their shift, had somewhat hidden it under the crisp smell of soap and shampoo.

"How about Tiny?" Someone else chimed in.

"Or Tutu, as in Too Too Short?"

"I get it. I'm short now," Collins said, getting into the game.

"How about Sugar Tits?" Dexter said.

The room went dead. "What the fuck's wrong with you?" Barkley said. "We were just talking crap, and you had to ruin it."

Collins felt like he needed to show he wasn't suddenly some sensitive female, though he was feeling like one— or at least the way he felt they felt. "I like it," he said, making the cupping gesture under his chest guys always used to suggest breasts. "These tits **are** sugar."



The guys roared.

Collins laughed and plastered a fake smile on his face. As soon as he'd said the words, made the cupping gesture, he'd regretted it. His breasts had risen and then bounced as he made that move, and he saw that the eyes of every one of the guys bouncing along with them. Plus, was that really something a guy would say? As the words came out, he sounded to his own ears like a flirty girl, a ditzzy skirt. The giggly, high-pitched laugh that came out of him right after hadn't helped, either. He was trying to be one of the guys, but he thought maybe he had just proved he wasn't. Or, maybe he had. The guys didn't seem to have changed their attitude at all and the attention they'd been paying to his chest was already over. Maybe? He didn't know. Why did everything have to be so complicated?

Mother's Son

He did his best to think of some way to switch the subject now that he'd drawn attention back to his—curves.

"Hey," Scotty called, poking his head out of his office. "Collins. In here."

Relieved, Collins got up and headed to the office. "If he tries to harass you, scream," Barkley said.

"Nah," Collins said, holding up his skinny little arm and making a fist. "I'll just punch him."

"That's the spirit, Sugar Tits."

Chapter 3



While Collins felt like a child, Breen felt like a giant. She'd been slightly tall for a woman at 5'7", but now she stood 6' 4" tall and what a difference 7" made.

That's what she said, she laughed to herself.

With her new height, she looked down on almost everyone. Most of the men were all shorter than her, and the women looked positively tiny. It wasn't just her height that gave her the sense she was now a titan. She weighed 240 pounds, and it was all solid muscle. An athletic woman who lifted regularly, she felt her physique reflected the aliens giving her the body she would have had if she'd worked that hard as a man. Finally, that injustice had been corrected. It had

always annoyed her that no matter how hard she worked out, there were men who would always be stronger than her. Well, not anymore.

Swaggering down the hall, Breen flexed and stretched and pounded her chest like she was Tarzan of the Apes. She knew a lot of the others—men and women-- were struggling to adjust to their new bodies, but she'd never felt so confident, so right in her body as she did now. It was so stable. No jiggling. No bouncing. No bra tied around her chest. She felt—free, and she felt like a badass. Most of the women she passed gawked, stunned by this hunk of man. It didn't seem to matter she wore a jumpsuit that told them all she had been a girl once. Or, maybe it was actually even more fascinating that another girl was now a DUDE among dudes.

She couldn't wait to ditch the jumpsuit, though. Even as a little girl, she'd begged her parents to buy her a boys' uniform, had run around the backyard with a toy phaser pretending she was saving the other girls from Gorns and Romulans. It had only been her intense desire to be in Starfleet that had helped her overcome her aversion to wearing a dress, and she'd even adopted the elaborate and ridiculous hairstyles popular among the women. Not anymore, she thought, chuckling, enjoying how even her chuckle sounded like a rumbling tank. Her hair was now high and tight. All she had to do was run a hand over it after showering, and she was good to go.

She strode into the PX and went right to the counter for uniforms, recognizing the clerk right away. "Hannah," she said, loving the sound of her deep, booming voice. She assessed Hannah right away, which was not new. She'd always appreciated women, but what was new was looking at them from this angle.

Hannah had pretty eyes, inviting lips and great tits. *I'd do her*, Breen thought, feeling the stirring in her pants. She was learning to control her "buddy." Her guy was always wanting to get hard at the worst times, which seemed like almost all the time. Hannah looked up and went through the whole- who is this? As she reverse engineered the face, her eyes lit up. "Laura? From Yoga?"

"That's me," Breen said, flashing what she knew from looking in the mirror was a dashing smile, then added-- in an attempt at normalcy. "How you been?"

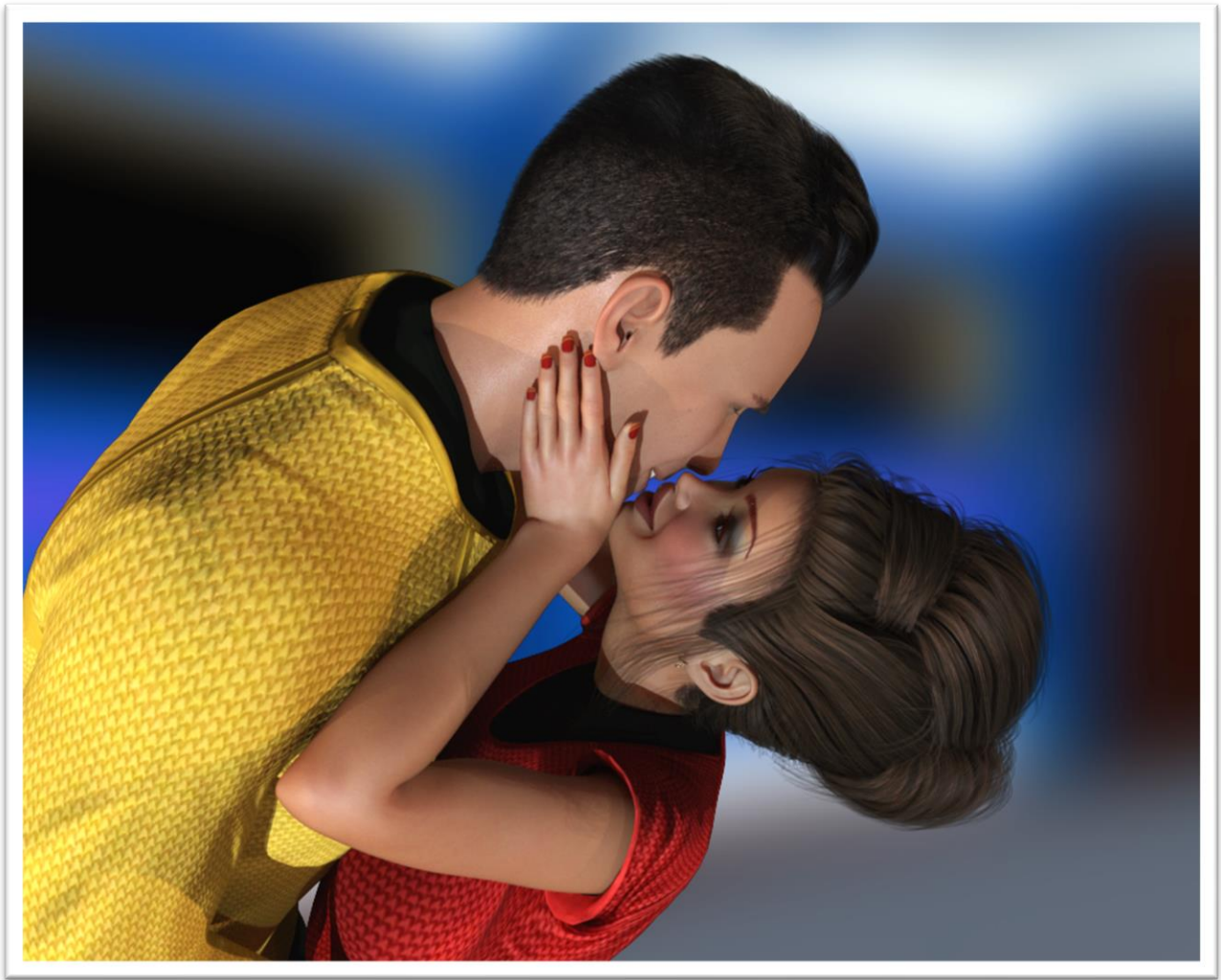
"Me, I'm—" She shook her head. Bit her lip. "I'm sorry, but I just have to say— Oh. My. God You're a stud."



Breen nodded, putting a hand to her hard, muscular chest. "I know," she said and then, reading the cues, added, "you should see what I have going on downstairs these days."

Hannah's eyes went wide. She bit her lip and tossed her hair. Seeing the little female getting all hot and bothered made Breen all hot and bothered, and when Hannah glanced back toward the storage room and sauntered off, glancing back over her shoulder and gesturing for her to follow, Breen grinned and stopped trying to keep her buddy down. Fade to black.

Later, the other workers exchanged amused grins as they heard Hannah moaning, "Laura... oh, my God, Laura..."



After, the two of them emerged, Breen now wearing a man's uniform. Each of them sported that overplayed innocent look in their eyes. "The guys should have to dress like us if they're women," Hannah said, continuing a conversation that had started in the backroom. Hannah had that glow. She'd clearly been very satisfied, and they each started to entertain the idea of having a fling with the studly Laura Breen.

"I think the opposite," Breen said, brushing the back of her hand along Hannah's soft cheek. "Girls should be able to wear pants, just like the guys." She turned and nodded toward the smitten girls who were watching while pretending not to watch, then turned his attention back to Hannah, giving her a hug and a peck on the cheek. "Be good, babe," Breen said and then she sauntered out while the girls rushed over to Hannah to get the deets.

Mother's Son

Breen sauntered down the hall, feeling handsome and powerful and manly as hell. It had been her first time with a woman as a man, and the experience had not disappointed. She'd fantasized many times in her life of making love as a man. The whole thing from flirting with Hannah to delivering the payload had been beyond her wildest dreams. As she looked down on some of the men she passed in the hall, thinking she could kick their asses, she also congratulated herself on being a better lover than any of them. She'd been a woman and knew all the secrets of female desire.

When they'd finished, Hanna had whispered in a soft, breathy voice, "that was the best orgasm of my life."

Breen smirked. *Yeah*, she thought. *I'm a ladies' man.*

It felt as good to be dressed as a man as it was to be a man. The women's uniform was idiotic. Obviously chosen by some old pervert. As much as she'd meant what she'd said to Hannah, she did think the changed men should have to wear the women's uniform. It would give them a sense of how the uniform alone would make made women feel sexualized and inferior. The boy girls would be fighting to for women's rights like she-devils then, she chuckled, loving the idea of all the men suddenly throwing their support behind the Sisterhood.

Who could blame Captain Kirk for refusing to dress like some kind of cocktail waitress at a sleazy spaceport bar?

She pictured The Captain in a little yellow dress, bending over, smiling as he took drink orders from a table full of rowdy officers at the canteen, himself forced to be sweet and smiley, like so many women before. "Hi, boys," she imagined Kirk saying in that pretty little voice of his as he made himself as small and feminine as possible. "Can I get you started with some shots?"

The thought of Kirk all sexy and flirty made her guy start to rise, and the image shifted to a memory: the tiny little blonde Collins had become looking up at her, surprise on his pretty face as he realized **she** had rescued **him**. The feeling of his little body in her arms, the surprise at how small, how light he was, how easy it had been to pick up the little female he'd become, they were all such turn-ons. And, when she'd set him down Collins had stumbled and fallen against

her, briefly leaning on her for support, and knowing what a big, strong man Collins had been, and what a small, feminine little creature he'd become made her all kinds of horny.

Oh, hell, Breen pushed the idea from her mind and focused on not getting a raging boner. She was, quite frankly, virile as hell, ready to go just minutes after her tryst with Hannah. She was six floors away from her room. "Patience, buddy," she said to herself. "I'll take care of you once we get home."

Breen didn't hate Collins anymore than she hated Kirk. She had spent a lot of time in self-examination and came to realize she simply resented the roles she and other women were forced into, resented that they were denied opportunities to lead, to fight, to achieve. This was why the thought of men like Kirk and Collins being trapped in The Female Prison turned her on not because she hated them, but because finally they would understand.

Chapter Four

Collins left Scotty's office feeling good. He was still a security officer. That was something. That was something huge. He barely registered Dexter still sitting on the couch. Scotty had assigned him to stand guard around a group of the Klingons who were working in the engine room, to make sure the guys stayed clear of them. No one wanted an incident. As Collins went to his locker to get his phasor, he sensed movement, and then Dex was behind him, standing close—too close.

"You want to explore that new body, I'd be into that," Dex said, and now Collins felt the man bump into his backside—it was gentle, but it was a violation of his personal space. Feeling claustrophobic, Collins tried to step away, but Dex planted a thick arm across his path, blocking him, and then planted the other on Collin's hip. "Don't be rude," Dex said. "I just want to talk to you."

To be continued...

Bonus Pics



Miss Kirk the waitress in Breen's fantasy.

Mother's Son



An alternate shot of Kang pinning Kirk down.

Mother's Son



Moments before Spock enters the scene.