



Captain's Log– Unofficial

I practiced speaking in a lower voice. McCoy listened. She- he– agreed I sound even more ridiculous– like a little girl trying to imitate a man. I just need to change attitudes about what a leader sounds like.

It's some small comfort that the voices of women have become more and more common on the Enterprise.

My crew of 430 was almost 80% male. With the alien tech snagging 20 crew per hour that number has rapidly changed to roughly 50/50 biological male and female. When I walk down the corridors, there are as many young women wearing black jumpsuits as there are men in traditional uniforms. If this continues, my crew will eventually consist of 80% women.

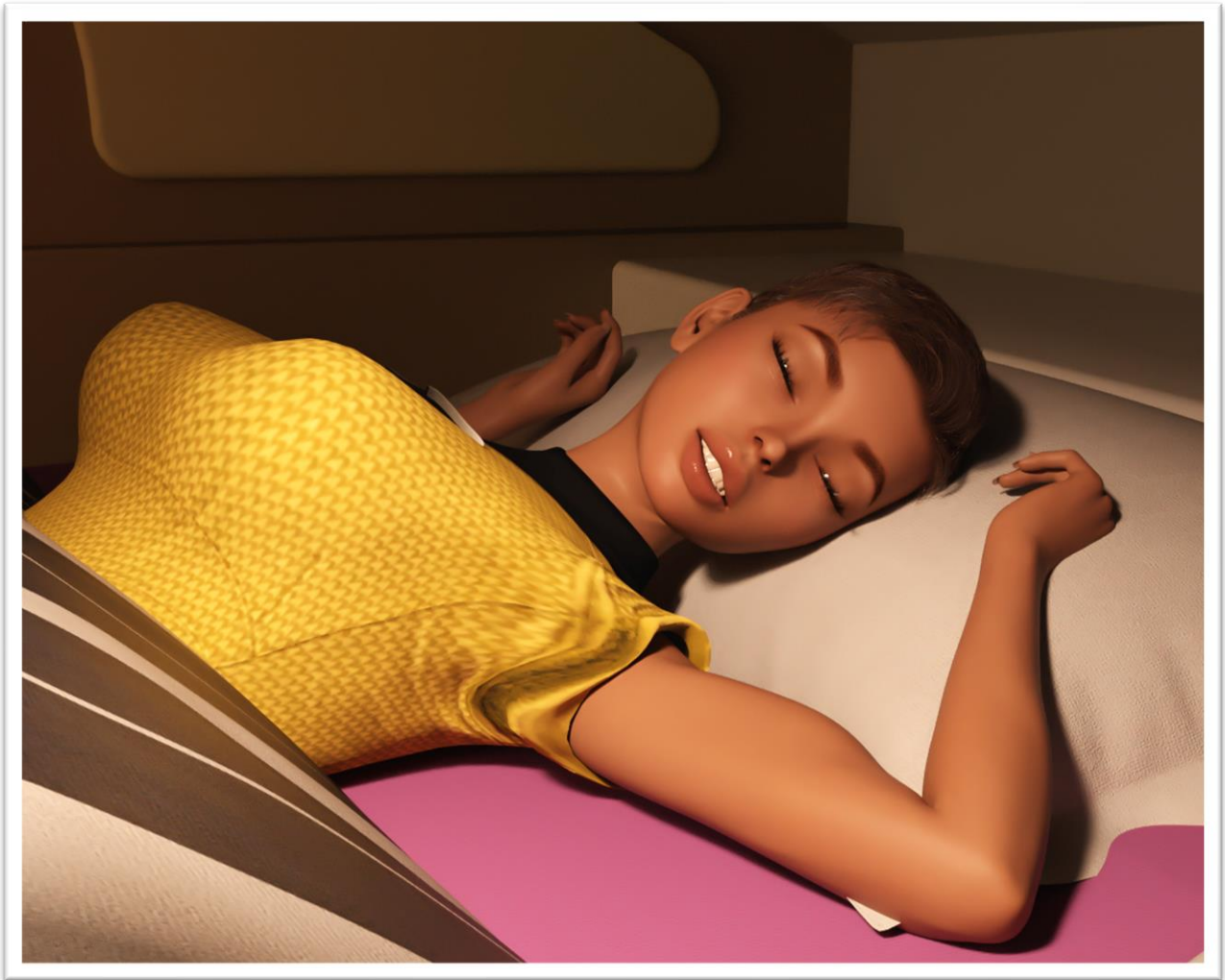


Glass half full: we have a chance to prove to Starfleet that we can run a ship, execute a mission. I can prove that I still deserve to serve as Captain— even if I am pretty.

History teaches things were better for women in the late 20th and early 21st Century. Women were successful in every profession; They were prime ministers and presidents. We— they— proved they could do anything. Then, a lot of shit happened and now they're wearing skirts and pantyhose and impractical hair like a 20th Century model.

Bones suggests psych evaluations for all crew. He feels having your sex changed could be traumatic. I agree, but I've so far resisted the suggestion. Much to my surprise, I find myself feeling attracted to men including— and I have to make sure no one ever finds about this— but including Kang.

What's wrong with me that I could feel attracted to a man who molested me?



Chapter One

Collins found himself with his back against the lockers. Dex towered over him, trapping him, a hand on Collins' hip. Collins put his hands on Dex's chest and tried to push him away, but he couldn't move Dex at all. Collins tilted his head back and met Dex's dark, gleaming eyes. "Get the fuck away from me," Collins said.

Dex chuckled. "You're pretty when you're angry."

"What the fuck is wrong with you?"

“I’m in love,” Dex said, reaching as if to cup Collin’s cheek. Collins slapped the man’s arm away. They both Knew Dex let him.

“You can go but just keep me in mind if you want to have some fun, sweet cheeks.” He removed the arm that had been barring Collins’ escape, and the little man hurried to get away from him. Dex slapped him on the ass.



Collins turned and screamed, “I’ll fucking kill you.”

Dex just laughed some more, amused by the impotent feminine fury burning in Collins’ eyes, surprised, himself, to discover how much he was turned on by this little blonde kewpie doll.

Collins bolted from the room and into the

hallway. He’d been suffering from anxiety ever since he became a woman and was now on the verge of a full-blown panic attack, his chest heaving, vision blurring. No no no, he thought. He had just been told he could keep his job and was he about to prove Scotty wrong by breaking down in the hallway, missing his duty? No no no... this was all such bullshit, all so wrong. I’m not supposed to be a woman, he thought, weaving among all the full-sized people. I’m not supposed to be child sized. Seeing a restroom, he plunged in and dove into a bathroom stall. He screamed,

letting the rage and frustration out. Then, he took deep breaths, calming himself, calming himself...

Someone came in. He saw the boots beneath the stall, the calves covered in nylons. He held his breath, but whoever it was had already heard him. She lingered outside the stall door for a moment, then knocked and said, "You okay in there?" She must have followed me in, Collins thought. She saw how upset I was.

"I'm fine," Collins said, his voice just a little shaky. "I'm fine."

The woman paused, then said, "Just checking." She moved about, Collins guessed she was checking her hair, and then she left.

The sound of her voice, the kind of sisterly concern, much to his surprise it was—okay. He felt better. He checked himself in the mirror. He looked fine. His eyes weren't too red. He didn't want anyone to think he'd been crying. Taking one last deep, calming breath, he headed back to the hall and made his way to the duty station, watching over the Klingon girls as they worked. They were cute, he thought, making sure it wasn't obvious he was checking them out, but he could see it on their faces how deeply ashamed they were to find themselves female. It was worse, he supposed, for Klingons. What future awaited them?

Collins took his meals in his room these days, so when his shift ended, he found himself in his room with some show he didn't care about while he did his best to wolf down a double cheeseburger smothered in Thousand Island Dressing. He got about half of it down before his belly started to ache. Well, he thought, at least I can still eat like a man, even if I can't eat as much as a man. He licked the sauce off his fingers, and then the anxiety came back. He felt as if he were in some danger, some invisible terror rising towards him. The walls of his room felt like they were closing in on him. The incident with Dex kept replaying itself in his mind. He needed to talk to someone. He needed to get out.

Laura Breen stretched out on her bed, which was barely big enough for her. She'd gone to the gym and tested out her new strength, lifting weights she could only dream about before the change. A couple guys— male born guys— had come up to her. She knew them. Paulie and Adam. They'd hit on her a time or two. It wasn't just because she was hot. There'd been two guys for every woman, so on the Enterprise every girl was in demand. "Dude," Bender said. "You're fucking strong as hell." They were impressed. It felt right to her. Finally, she was one of the strongest— and that was as it should be.

She'd showered off and grabbed her smart pad, settling in to read the latest Harry Hammer novel. She loved old-school hard-boiled detective novels. Yeah, they were sexist and retrograde, where the men were men and the dames were helpless, but it had never bothered her because she identified with the guys, and she got totally turned on by—

The bell rang. Who could that be? She wondered, putting her book aside and rolling out of bed. She went to the door. It whooshed open. A prank? She wondered, seeing no one.

"Down here," she heard a tiny little voice squeak. She looked to see a tiny blonde, his face tilted back to look up at her.

"Collins," she said, surprised. She hadn't seen him since the day they'd been changed, and he looked even prettier than she remembered. "What are you doing here?"

"I don't know," Collins said, dropping his eyes, then looking up, meeting hers. He seemed to be waiting for something. She started to ask him again why he was there, but then she realized she was being rude. She'd been caught so off guard. "It's great to see you" she said, opening her arms. Collins stepped in and accepted the hug. She felt his soft body press

against hers, and he felt her hard body press against his. They both thought it felt good. "Come in," Breen said. "Come in. Something to drink?"

"I'm fine," Collins said, looking around, trying to decide where to sit.

He's so tiny," Breen thought. She remembered he'd been made small but seeing him now on the ship he looked like a little girl— accept for those tits and that ass. "Take the couch," Breen said.

Collins sat— over toward the right, so Breen sat on the left, but not so close as to make things awkward. "So, how've you been?" Breen asked, immediately regretting the question. It was so loaded right now.

Breen chuckled. "That is a question I can't even begin to answer."

"Yeah. Me, neither," Breen said, empathizing though, in fact, she was doing great.

Breen looked around the room. "Nice," he said.

"Thanks."

The silence grew and grew. Breen didn't know what to say. Collins didn't know what to say. Breen was just about to make some excuse to send him off when Collins finally found some words. "I think one reason I came was because I wanted to thank you— for saving me. That sounds— anyway, I've been wanting to thank you."

Oh hell. Hearing the former big man thank her in his pretty little voice, seeing the vulnerability in his big eyes... he was an actual fantasy come to life... Breen had banged a girl or two since becoming a man and she loved women, but there was something about Collins, something more.

"Of course," Breen said, her voice hoarse as she struggled to hold back a demanding boner.

Collins' eyes scanned Breen's face. The chiseled jawline. The thick brows. Those cheek bones. She had full lips, especially for a man, and the thought came to Collins unbidden: I bet she's a great kisser. It was unbidden but not unwelcome. He was feeling things he'd never felt as a man, but he got the message his body was sending him. He wanted to be kissed. Held.

Breen saw Collins' eyes grow soft and smokey. His lips parted, and she got a glimpse of his white teeth, his pink tongue. She saw the need, the vulnerability in his face. Her mind and body lit up. It was— a rush— like she'd never felt before. She knew this little woman had been a big, strong man, and seeing him now so sweet, so feminine, his big eyes pleading with her...

Collins reached out and cupped his cheek. Collins felt lightning flash through his body. Omigod. He'd cupped a few women's cheeks in his day, and now he knew why the girls loved it so much. It was everything. A soft sigh escaped his lips a sigh that only enflamed Breen all the more.

Keeping her hand on his soft cheek, Breen leaned forward and kissed him. It was a long, lingering kiss, full of desire and confusion and need. When the kiss ended, Collins moved onto Breen's lap. He felt so small and— oh? He felt her hardening member pressing against his soft rear. Once more, incredible new heat and lightning shook him and excited him and scared him so much he almost pulled away, but Breen wrapped her arms around him and pulled him in for another kiss and he eagerly met her hot mouth with his own, his soft, feminine moans matched by her deep, manly grunts.

They wrestled and kissed, and he felt her cup one of his breasts and squeeze and—wow. She started to take her hand from his breast, and he whimpered, covered her hand with his and put it back. "You like that, eh?" Breen said in her hoarse, manly voice. "Mmmm." Breen yanked his zipper down and he felt his breasts spill free. When Breen now put a hand over his breast, her palm against his hard nipple, he gasped and when she

pinched his nipple he couldn't help but scream as the feminine pleasure overwhelmed his frazzled male mind.

Collins kissed and kissed. He'd never loved kissing this much.

He felt Breen's arms slip under his ass, and then she lifted him. He wrapped his thighs around her torso, feeling his sex press against her body, his soft breasts against her hard chest. Breen kissed him on the neck and blew hot breath into his ear. The sound of his own feminine moans was driving him insane with desire.



Breen lowered him onto her bed. He found himself with his legs spread, and the smell of his female sex brought memories of his conquests, and he was the she now and he wasn't even sure of anything anymore.

Breen looked at him with hard, hungry eyes as she undid her pants. "You're so damn beautiful," she said.

Collins' mind swam with confusion. Is this happening? Are we going to? Hot. Wet. His body ached for it. Something inside him clenched. He became aware of a swelling feeling between his legs. It was a feeling he'd never had, but he knew what it meant, what his body craved.



Terror. Collins, the man, felt himself gripped with terror. He wanted so badly to connect with Breen, and yet the thought of letting a man, even one

that used to be a woman, penetrate him, shook his sense of self. He lay back, propped up on his elbows, passive, thinking, I'll just let her decide.

Looking at Collins there with his legs spread, his cheeks and even the tip of his nose blushing, his wet lips slightly parted, drove Breen into a frenzy. She shoved her pants down, then her underwear, thinking—slow down. Slow down. You don't want to pop off early like a teen-age boy...

Collins screamed. The sight of a big, hard man's part shocked him, terrified him. He pushed himself away from Breen, clamped his legs together and averted his gaze because part of what terrified him so much was just how beautiful and powerful it looked to his female eyes. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not—I haven't..."

Oh, my lord, Breen thought. He's a virgin. Pushing aside her own frustrated desires, she said, "It's okay. We don't have to."

"It's not that I or you or—"

"Hey," Breen said. "It's okay. Her voice was calm, deep and warm. "It's okay."

The concern in her voice instantly calmed Collins down, even as a whole new wave of confusing emotions washed over him. She cares, he thought, and then, she'll protect me. He covered his face. "I feel ridiculous."

Collins climbed onto the bed and stroked his base arm. "We can just hang," she said. "It's fine. I like you, and if you aren't ready for sex, we can be friends, still."

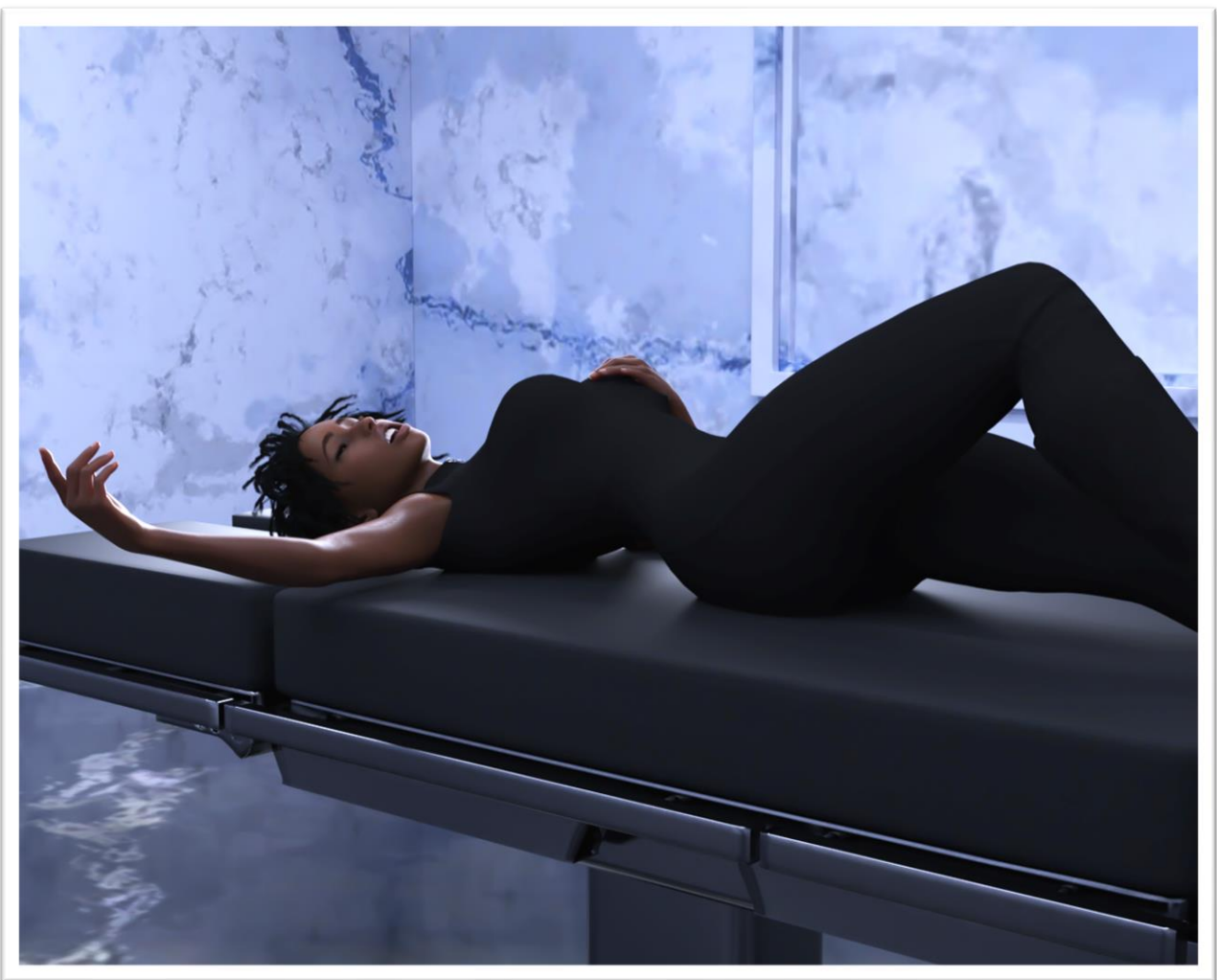
"Really?" Collins asked.

"Really," Breen said, cupping his cheek again. "Really."

The tears poured down his cheeks. He sobbed. Women, Breen thought as she put her arms around him and gently pulled his head against her chest, holding him as his body trembled.

Chapter 3

Cotton Mouth. Did I get drunk? Dexter wondered. Hell, he didn't remember anything. As he slowly returned to consciousness, he felt a weight on his chest. It made breathing a little hard and seemed to move with each breath. In the confusion of early waking, he imagined it was Livingston, the family Siamese cat, and for a moment he felt the warm glow of waking in his parent's home in New Detroit on a cold winter morning, the smell of bacon and eggs wafting up from the kitchen below, where his mother would be



singing to herself as she cooked, his father sitting at the table, his nose in his Smart pad, sipping from a steaming cup of Berallion Coffee. He reached to his chest, meaning to scratch Livingston behind the ears, and instead his hand landed on something round.

What the hell? He also felt a hand on his chest, and it was his hand, he realized, only it felt like it was a foot above his chest, and it felt strange and soft, and his mind began to sound all kinds of alarms because what he was feeling he'd never felt before, and his mind didn't even know how to process the information.

He sat up and looked down to see a pair of full, round, womanly breasts swelling out the top of a black jumpsuit, and for the first time in his life he



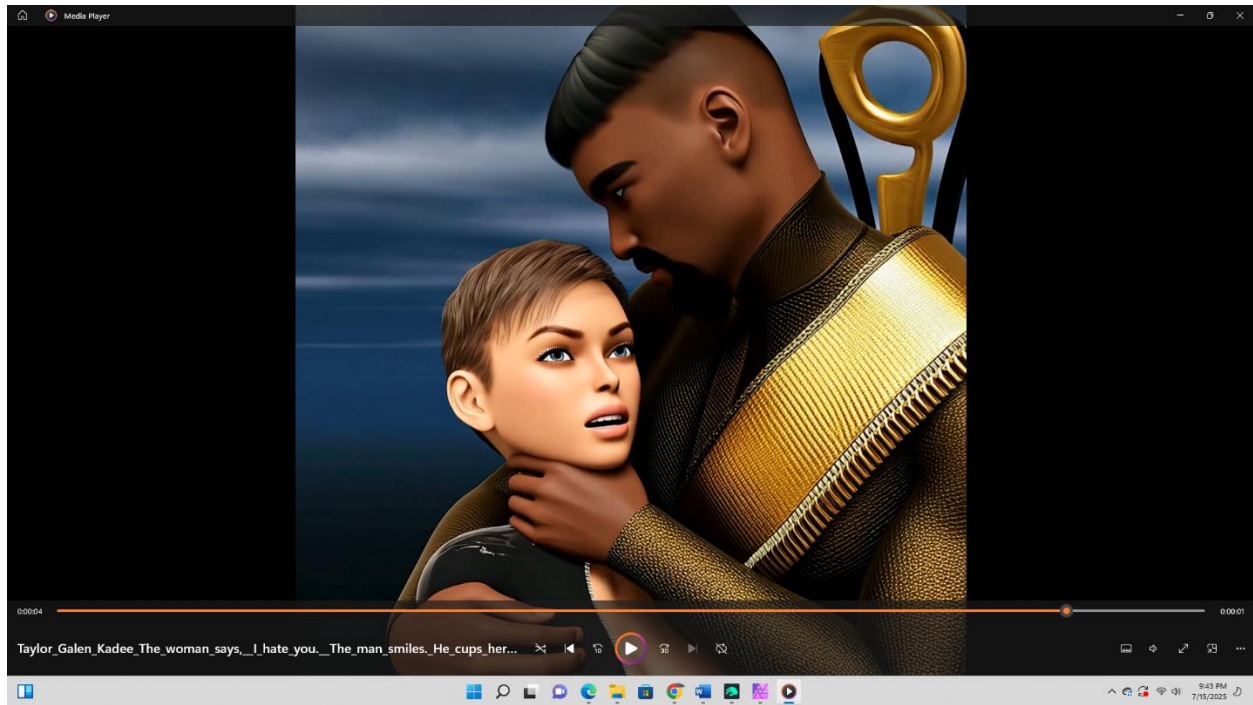
also felt the weight of breasts as they responded to gravity, the soft flesh of his under boobs resting against his ribcage. He cupped his chest, confirming with his hands what his eyes had told him, the implications of what had happened slamming into him like a Gorn's fist.

"Damn," he said, and for the first time he heard himself speak in the voice of a woman.

Alternate shots







AI Weirdness

I asked the AI to have the man cup the woman's chin and tilt her head back. Instead, he started choking her!