

Captain's Log



A good tea bad biscuit kind of day. I'd been scheduled to meet with Admiral Holt via video conference, but a crisis broke out as pirates raided a border system and he had to cancel. I'm ordered to maintain status quo, which means continue to make my way back to SB11. That's the good tea.

The bad tea? Word of my new sex has spread, and some degenerate got an image of my face and has spread deep fake porn featuring "Captain Cutie Kirk" around social media. I'm looking at one of the pictures now of "me" on my knees with one hand raised like I'm fending off an attacker. It's violent and it doesn't exactly say, "Captain Material." I hope Kang doesn't see this.

Women have had to deal with this since the early 21st Century, much more so than men, and I admit freely I never fully understood their talk of being "violated." I do now. Seeing myself portrayed like that I felt like someone punched me in the stomach. It was the most overt act of disrespect I'd experienced in my life, and I burned with shame thinking that people were

looking at these pictures, guys were probably getting off looking at them. Thinking about me.

I briefly thought, and it was a brief thought, I might make some sort of announcement, let the crew know if any of them saw these images that they needed to know they were not real and to remind them of proper decorum, but I decided it was a terrible idea. It would only make me seem weak. I would maintain as I had always done.

I talked to Bones about it. In her usual way, she simply dismissed the whole thing. “Welcome to hot girl life,” she said. “Better get used to it.”

Another punch in the gut. Get used to it? The images gave me chills for other reasons. One of them showed me wearing a corset, with a come hither look in my eyes. Was that in my future? Was that what it meant to be a woman?

Speaking of being or at least feeling like a woman. Spock had offered to work with me on developing fighting techniques I could use in my new body. It meant a lot that he had chosen to support me in my quest to remain captain, and that he wanted me to be able to defend myself. Of course, I knew I had romantic feelings toward Spock ever since he beat up Kang for me, but I convinced myself this would be all business, and I could control feelings. Did I think about putting on a little sports bra and a pair of short shorts as a “joke?” Yes, I did, but instead I wore a baggy sweat suit.

How did it go? Let me put it this way: I won’t ever do that again with Spock or any other man. The third time he pinned me, it was all I could do to keep from kissing him, grabbing his junk. Having a man handle me like that, grab me, control me, left me feeling hot and wet and very much a woman. I really hate that I’m so into dominant men, but I can’t help it. I’ll have to avoid any kind of physical contact in the future, with Spock or any male for that matter. I’m feeling desperate, but my mind is stronger than my body.



So as not to leave a record, I used one of the computers in sick bay to do a search: How to deal with sexual frustration as a woman. The top three answers: Self-pleasure. Distract yourself with a hobby such as pottery or gardening. See a sex therapist. I decided self-pleasure was very likely in my future.

Collins

Collins looked back over his shoulder. Really? He asked with his eyes. Breen, who stood off toward the back of the PX pretending they weren't together, nodded. She motioned with her hand: scoot.

Collins gathered his courage and walked toward the back of the PX, where clothes were issued. He almost turned right back around when he saw Hannah at the counter. He instantly had a mental image of her on her back, hair spread around her face, looking up at him with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. He'd been straddling her at the time, getting ready to make love to her. He felt an ache inside as he remembered what it felt like to have a raging boner. She'd had great tits, he remembered, picturing them, and that memory made his own tingle in response. That ruined that, he thought. Wonderful.

They'd slept together a time or two back when he was a man. She was still a woman, an attractive one, and he cursed that he was going to have to do what he was about to do with a woman he knew. Maybe she won't recognize me, he thought, as he approached the counter. Here's hoping.

Hannah looked up, got that look on her face people make when they're trying to remember a face, then smiled, her eyes going wide, "Brad?" She said, giving him a quick once over. "Brad. Wow." Like most of the changed, Brad looked like the female version of himself—like his own sister, so it wasn't unexpected Hannah had recognized him, but just damned inconvenient. It made what Breen wanted him to do all the more embarrassing.

"It's great to see you," Hanna said, falling back on social conventions. "Though there's so much less of you." She held her hand out like she was measuring him.

“I hadn’t noticed,” Collins said. People loved to remark on how small he was, it seemed. He didn’t love it, but what could a guy do? “You look great as always.”

Breen, listening in, smirked. This whole scenario was a fantasy come true, and the fact Collins and Hannah knew each other just took it to a whole new level. It wasn’t to be cruel, though some may have considered it so. She loved the idea of a man being forced to play the girl, and it was happening now with Collins.

There was a pause, Hannah went into clerk mode. “What ya need?”

“Oh, um...” Collins voice trailed off. “So, well, the thing is, well, um...”

Hannah raised an eyebrow. Collins was barely speaking above a whisper, and his cheeks had blushed pink. He looked so cute. What was he trying to ask for? She couldn’t guess.

Collins moved closer. He gestured for Hannah to lean in. There were some others milling about the store, and he didn’t want anyone else to hear what he was about to say, the words Breen had given him to say.

Hannah made a curious face and leaned down. Her own curiosity was growing.

Be a man, Collins told himself. Just be a man and do it. He spoke the words Breen had scripted: “My boyfriend wants me to get some sexy lingerie.”

Hannah couldn’t hide her shock. Boyfriend? Collins? She remembered him well. He’d been a bull of a man, a powerful, domineering lover. Now he had a boyfriend? And he wanted lingerie? No. There was no way. Not a man like Collins. “Ha,” she said, “you almost had me.”



“I’m serious,” Collins said, the words coming more easily now that he’d started. “Lace. Bows. You know. My boyfriend. It’s for– he wants me to get it.”

“Oh, my mistake,” Hannah said, feeling awkward because she felt she’d made it more awkward for Collins. “I just assumed – well, anyway. Sure. Have you looked in the catalog? I can...?”

“You know, can you pick it out for me? It’s hard for me to make decisions for myself since I, you know, became a woman.” It was another one of Breen’s lines. Collins had laughed when she’d told him to say it, but now saying it out loud, claiming to be this kind of woman who needed someone to think for her, he felt like– it made him feel a feminine fool.

Hannah’s demeanor changed. She put her hand over his and said, “Of course, sweetie. Let me put some things together for you.” Her tone of voice had changed. It was the tone she used when talking to other women as friends. Collins seemed so shy and feminine now her heart went out to him. “Oh,” Collins added, as Breen had told him, “I’d like to try something on as well. While I’m here.”

“Of course.”

Hannah scanned Collins to establish his sizes and then led him back to the changing rooms. The bashful boy soon found himself standing in front of a former conquest in sexy lingerie that celebrated every one of his soft curves. She looked him over, girl to girl, and nodded her approval. He’d only been a woman for a short time, yet already in everyday common moments he wouldn’t be focused on his gender, his body unless it demanded attention in some way. Now, though, with a pair of panties cupping the empty space between his legs, the bra lifting his breasts and a woman looking him over, he couldn’t help but cringe at this curvy new shape, at what he’d lost and what he’d been afflicted with. He just hoped the sex was worth it.

Hannah checked Collins out, admiring his skin, his figure and how perfectly it was packaged in the hot red lace. Given his openness about his boyfriend and the lingerie, Hannah felt comfortable complimenting him the way she would any other girl. “You have a banging body,” Hannah said. “Damn girl. When your boyfriend sees you in those things he’s gonna lose it.”



Collins smiled. He didn't know what to say or think. He felt both flattered and ashamed.

He changed back into his regular clothes while Hannah went to put together some other looks for him. It was kind of sweet, she decided, that Collins wanted to please his man. She wondered how many of the other guys would be willing to do that?

Collins, now back at the counter, looked at Breen. She was grinning, her eyes with that hard look that gave him chills. She walked over and gathered him in for a hug and a kiss, loving the fact that people were there, watching, seeing how she'd tamed this man. "That was so hot I could take you right now," she whispered in his ear, and Collins giggled and sighed.

When Hannah came out with packages in each hand, Breen stood behind Collins, her arms draped possessively around his waist. "I picked out some nice things for you," Hannah said. "Do you want to—"

"I'm sure they're fine," Collins said. "You always had great taste."

"Laura," Hannah said, turning her attention to the big man. "You're the boyfriend. I should have guessed." Collins noticed her flirty demeanor right away, and he felt a flare of female anger.

"Hannah," Breen said. She turned Collins around and kissed him once more, wanting Hannah to see her claiming Collins, wanting Collins to be seen being claimed. It was such a turn on for her to introduce Collins to the role of the dutiful girlfriend.

Hannah, for her part, enjoyed the spectacle, thinking, if any man on this ship can turn a man femme, it's Breen. Sadly, another customer had gotten in line, so she had to move on. "Next?" Hannah said.

"We should all three get together sometime," Breen said with a wink. "You know what I mean."

Oh? Hannah thought, intrigued. Did I just get propositioned for a threesome?

Later

Breen watched as Collins, arms behind his back, struggled and then hooked the backstrap of his bra, then ran his fingers under the slender bra straps, adjusting them, lifting his breasts. She loved seeing him practicing his female skills. It had been fun putting a bra on him and teaching him to do it, and it was fun seeing him struggle, a big macho man wrestling with a dainty little strap of lace. His face was so focused, so intense as he tried so, so hard to

accomplish something a 14-year old girl could do with ease.

Breen cupped his ass and squeezed at the same time she cupped one of his breasts over the stiff, lace cups of the bra, lifted and squeezed. Collins was standing in front of the mirror, watching her fondle him. He wore the lacy little thong panties, a tiny triangle of mysterious black silk between his legs. "And you



want me to wear panties all the time? In public?" He said, hoping she would tell him the whole thing was a joke, but Breen just grunted yes. "And a bra?" Another grunt.

"All the time," Breen said, grabbing the waist band of his panties, pulling so the thong slid even deeper between his ass cheeks. "Just the thought of you wearing these sexy little things under your clothes drives me crazy. You drive me crazy, little girl."

"I don't think so," Collins said, slitting his eyes and squirming at the feeling of the floss between his ass cheeks. He turned and looked up at Breen. "It's—I don't like it."

Breen met his eyes. Good, good, she thought, excited that he was challenging her. It would make it all the more fun for her when she pushed him into doing wearing panties full time. "You are going to wear panties all day everyday," she said, playing with one of his bra straps. "And you need a bra for support or you'll get stretch marks. I've made my decision."

"You're decision? I've been willing to go along with all these—things," Collins said, "but I can't wear a stupid thong all day just because. It just... It's some kind of kink," he said, spitting the word kink out like an accusation. "It's all about you and you don't even care that it makes me uncomfortable."

Breen kissed him on the shoulder, then the neck. "It is a kink," she said in a hoarse voice. Now her hand wrapped itself gently around his throat as she blew hot breath into his ear. "You're wrong, though, that I don't care. I care very much, and I'll reward you by getting real hard and making love to you until you scream. It's my fantasy. You're my fantasy."

Collins found himself panting now, and a soft moan escaped his lips. I'll just lie, he decided. It was easier than arguing. "Fine. If it makes you happy."

“I’ll know if you don’t wear them,” Breen said. “So don’t even try lying to me. If I see you in the hall, I’ll be grabbing that ass.”

It’s like she read my mind, Collins thought. He felt himself grow warm at the



realization. We’re already so close, he thought, loving the feeling of intimacy, the sense they had a deep, soul-level connection. Of course, he would wear the panties if that’s what Breen wanted.

Breen watched as Collins put his overall on over his new underthings. He examined himself in the mirror, worried the outline of his bra might be visible under his clothes, but he didn’t see any sign of it. “At least it doesn’t show,” Collins said. He was looking back over his shoulder in the mirror. He didn’t see

anything other than the smooth cloth of the coverall.

“I gotta get to work,” Breen said, giving him a kiss and then handing him the bags from the PX with the rest of the new lingerie.

Breen, herself, had always worn practical, functional underthings in and out of the bedroom. Collins was right. It didn’t make sense to wear lingerie like that, clothes meant to be worn for seduction, as everyday wear. That, of course, was why it was such a turn on for her that she’d pushed Collins into it. Also, he was wrong. His bra did show when the light caught his back at just the right angle, and then—yeah. The shadow of the straps was there. People would know security man Collins was now wearing a bra—just like a girl. She could have told him, but she decided not to. He was going to have to deal with life as a woman just like she had.

No one knows I’m wearing a bra, Collins thought as he walked down the hall. He was highly aware of the feeling of his bra straps over his shoulders, the strap across his back, the thong deep in a place underwear was not, in his opinion, meant to be. Now that he was out and about, he felt a kind of thrill that he had it all on and that no one knew. It was like he was a spy or an undercover agent, like he was getting away with being—bad. He felt one of his bra straps slipping down off his shoulder, and without even thinking he plucked at it through the jumpsuit, tugging it back up. He noticed a woman looking at him, a small smile of empathy on her face, and with a gasp he realized he’d given himself away.

He’d have to be more careful.

Yet, one after another, he saw similar smirks on the faces of the people he passed. What’s going on? He wondered. Can they all tell I’m wearing panties? He felt someone tug on his back and his bra strap snapped against his skin with a stinging “pop.” He spun. “What the hell?”



It was Bennie, his bitter ex and the one that had been such an ass to him the first time she saw him as a woman. Damn. He tried to step around her, but she blocked his path.

“Already wearing a bra? Most of the men have chosen to go braless, but I always figured you for a cross dresser, Bradley,” she said, only she pronounced it “Bradleigh.” He again tried to step around her, but she stepped with him. “Or should I call you Slut Bunny?”

At one time I could have just pushed past her, Collins thought as he craned his neck so he could look up at her. “What the hell are you talking about?” He

was beginning to wonder if Benny was insane. Her attitude and behavior were so unhinged.

“Your slutty videos,” Benny said. “You can do anything you want to me?” She said it in a mock, breathy whisper. Then, seeing the confusion, she laughed. “Oh, you don’t know?” She laughed some more. “Well, I can’t wait until you find out, you naughty little girl.” She noticed the bag in his hand and snatched it before he knew what was happening. “What’s this?” She said, reaching in and pulling out a pair of pink panties, which she held up at eye level. ‘Oh, my God. You’re wearing panties? Hahaha.” She tossed the panties on Collins’ head and walked on by , laughing, and said to someone in passing, “she doesn’t even know about Slut Bunny.”

Collins grabbed the panties, which were dangling in his eyes, and put them back in the bag, blushing, humiliated, wishing he could just melt into the floor. Everyone knew about a man that wore panties, and now everyone would know and what the hell. What the holy hell.

She’s nuts, he decided. Totally nuts. “Hey... hey...” he heard a woman calling. “Hey.”

He turned. She was one of the changed, she looked familiar, but he didn’t think he’d known her well back before the change. She looked Mediterranean with radiant skin and big, brown eyes. “Lopez,” she said, leading off to the side. “We got drunk of shore leave once. At that strip bar.”

“Oh, Yeah. I remember now. I’m Collins,” he said.

“I know,” Lopez said. “Everyone knows. That’s what I wanted to tell you. I’d want someone to tell me.”

Collins waited. What was he going on about?

“Deepfakes,” she said. “Someone put out a bunch of deep fakes with you in them.”



“Oh, hell,” Collins said. “Come on.”

“I’m sorry,” the other guy said, touching Collins on the arm. Then, he suddenly seemed embarrassed by his own feminine gesture and said, “I gotta go.”

Even in his distraught state, Collins checked out the other man’s ass as he hurried away. Old habits die hard. His mind turned to the deep fakes. He didn’t want to think about them. He didn’t want to see them, but he already knew he would have to look.

Bonus



*The Boys of the
Enterprise*

*Security Man
Brad Collins*

*The Boys of the
Enterprise*



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