



Collins

Collins plucked at the hem of his romper and stuck one leg out to the side, the same as he'd seen women do countless times and wondered— why do they do that? Now that he was the woman, he still didn't know, but it just felt right. He'd been through what was now his everyday routine: He'd shaved his legs, done his makeup, fussed with his hair. It was his everyday routine, but this was a special day.

Breen came out of the shower, the room filling with the woodsy smell of her bodywash.

"Guess what today is?" Collins had said.

Breen, toweling off, shook her head. "Our first shore leave together?"

"That," Collins said, "and also one month since the whole guy-girl thing happened."

Breen smirked, came over and gave Collins a kiss on the side of the cheek so she wouldn't mess up his makeup. "You really are thinking like a woman," she said. "You're not going to get mad at me now if I forget every one of the little relationship milestones you've got stored in that pretty little head of yours, are you?"

"Of course I am," Collins said, giggling. "And I'll freak if you miss all the hints I'm going to drop about what I want for my birthday."

"Oh, boy." They both grinned. They were young, in love, and enjoying the whole role-reversal they'd been going through together. Yet, for Breen there was one little issue she felt she needed to keep making clear. "You know we're not exclusive, though."

"I know," Collins said, turning away to hide the sting of pain he felt each time she felt the need to remind him she reserved the right to sleep with other women. She was new to being a man, and she wanted to experience that to the fullest. He understood, though

as for himself he'd been surprised to learn he was a one-man woman. He wanted Breen and only Breen, and he was sure in time she would want to settle down with him as her



one and only.

Looking in the mirror, he noted how pretty he was and nodded. Yes. The day would come when she realized she didn't need anybody else.

Breen threw on a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt. "Let's go," she said. Collins gave her his arm, feeling just a little jealous of how easy it was for guys to get ready. When they got to the transporter room, Mr. Scott did a double-take.

"Collins," he said.

"You do clean up nicely. And yer bein' escorted by a giant these days."

Collins laughed. "Laura Breen," he said, holding his hand up to emphasize how much taller she was than him. Breen nodded.

“Have fun down there, kids,” Scotty said as he activated the transporter. “But not too much.”

Starbase 11 consisted of an orbital array to service starships and a planet side base on M-11 that served, among other things, as a resort style haven for crew on shore leave. Collins and Breen spent the morning seeing the sights such as the famous Fungi Gardens, as well as the tribbles zoo. They posed for pictures, laughing and smiling. They visited Futurism Gallery, with weird objects d’art they both found ridiculous and made fun of. The busy morning melted into a lunch on the patio outside bistro on the famous “Blue River.” They ate, drank, chatted about their morning. Then Collins, having recovered his strength, asked, “what’s next?”

“Tonight, I am taking you out for dinner and dancing at the most exclusive restaurant on M-11,” Breen said.

“Exclusive?” Collins crinkled his nose, a cute little feminine habit he’d evolved to show worry. “I don’t have the outfit for that.”

Breen loved that her little man was already so conscious of fashion and how he looked. She took his hand and caressed it. “That’s why you are about to experience the ultimate female pampering experience,” she said. “And that will include a dress that will make you the talk of Starbase-11. You, my dear, are about to get glamorous.”

Collins blushed. His heart raced. It was something he’d never thought of before, but now that Breen suggested it, he felt like a secret dream had been revealed to him. “Wow,” was all he could manage.

Breen kissed his hand. “Are you ready?”

“Lead the way.”

Breen took Collins' hand and led him to the entrance of the Nova Spa. Pink marble with an ivy trellis, the name spelled out in script that looked like it was made of ice. Perfumed air flowed from between the drawn curtains. A young woman emerged holding a glass of cucumber water, which she handed to Collins. "Your girlfriend is in good hands," she said to Breen. "I'll take good care of her."

"I know you will," Breen said, and Collins warmed as he noted she hadn't corrected the girl when she'd referred to him as Breen's "girlfriend." Breen kissed Collins on the head. "I'll see you in a few hours," she said. "After you've been transformed."

"Um, what are you going to do?" Collins asked. His voice was sweet and full of feminine concern. They both knew he was worried Breen was going to go off and have a fling.

Breen decided to calm her little boyfriend's worry. "Me and a bunch of the guys are going to play 18 rounds of golf," she said. "I'm going to win all their money."

"Okay. Oh! Good luck." Guys. Cigars. Bets. Good, he thought. Good. Just no girls.

Breen left. As Asha, the beauty tech, led Collins into the spa, she said, "Your boyfriend is a hunk."

"Isn't he?" Collins said as he looked at the pastels, the flowers and plants, the all-together super feminine energy of the spa. Breen belonged on the golf course with the guys. This was his place now; he belonged in the world of women.

Collins' spa day started with a Trellain mud bath. As he relaxed into the mud with a glass of champagne, he sighed, thinking about his life. One month ago, he'd known exactly who he was and what he planned for his life: 20 years in Starfleet, then a second career as a cop back on Old Earth. Husband. Father. Grandfather.

His own father had always told him, “Plan for your future but be ready when life throws you a few curves.”

He chuckled, looking down at his mud-covered breasts. ‘I don’t think these are the curves he had in mind,” Collins whispered. He took a sip of champagne. I should probably be more worried, more freaked out about all this, he thought. There were plenty of changed men who were unmoored now, with no sense of who they were or what they could do with their lives. He was lucky, though. He had Breen, and she had told him who he was now, and she was leading him to become the woman she wanted him to be. There was comfort in that, even as that future began to become more clear.

They’d been just lounging together in Breen’s room, each on their own smart pads. Breen had suddenly said, “Oh, yes. I like that.” She’d shown him a deep fake that had been going around: Captain Kirk dressed up like a traditional wife, holding a homemade pie, smiling. “You’d make a great little wife,” she’d said to Collins.

The comment had warmed Collins, and his reaction had surprised him. Where else was this thing going to go but wifey? He realized. He began to entertain the idea of becoming Breen’s wife someday, and he didn’t even want to fight it. She made him feel safe.

Mudbaths, facials... a device that caused his hair to grow, cascading down over his shoulders. Asha put it up in what she called a “halo braid” and then she did his makeup in all glamorous, night shades meant for a high-class evening on the town.

Asha tied him into a black corset dress that left his shoulder bare. It had a series of diaphanous skirts that fluttered around his legs, and she perched him on stiletto heels with little delicate chains that jingled with each little step he took. She lay more chains over his shoulders, bound them to his wrist, affixed dangling rose earrings from his ears. She handed him a clutch purse and then trotted him over to the mirror.



Collins gasped. ‘I’m gorgeous,” as he looked at the super model movie star in the mirror with all her jewelry and radiant skin. He’d never seen himself all dolled up like this before, and the sight of how beautiful a woman he was dressed to the nines shook him right down to his stilettos.

“Yes, you are,” Breen said, her deep voice guttural as she stepped into the room, took a position behind Breen and put her hands on his hips. “The most beautiful woman in all

the systems.” She shifted so the two were standing side by side. “I can’t wait to show you off.”

Collins’ felt so turned on. Breen now wore a dark suit, and she had never looked more handsome. I love a man in a suit, he thought to himself. He’d heard women say it but had never understood. When he’d been a man, a suit was just a suit, but now seeing Breen all dressed up in formal clothes for the first time? Oh, my God, he thought. “You’re so handsome,” he whispered. “This must have cost a fortune?”

“I come from old money,” Breen said. “The oldest on Parthenon. Money is not a concern.”

Collins mouth dropped open. Looks and money? He turned his gaze back to the two of them there in the mirror. They looked good together. Scratch that. They looked great together. It was important. They were not just two gorgeous people; they were a gorgeous *couple*. I’m the luckiest girl in the galaxy,” Collins thought, overwhelmed with joy.



Dex

“I hate you so much,” Dex said, his voice dripping acid, but his eyes were hungry. “I wish I could kill you.” He’d lost a bet and wore a bikini, had gotten his hair lengthened.



“You know the French call an orgasm “la petite mort” or “the little death” Barkley said. He had one arm wrapped around Dex’s upper chest, and his other hand was on Dex’s belly, sliding down over the soft, smooth flesh toward his bikini bottoms.

“God,” Dex said. “That’s the kind of thing you would say. You’re so pretentious, you make me sick.” He dug his nails into Barkley’s arm, thrilled to be inflicting pain even as he knew his partner loved it.

“Pretentious also comes from a French word,” Barkley teased. He loved driving Dex crazy. Their whole relationship was built on their hate-passion for each other.

“Does it mean dumb ass?” Dex said, struggling as Barkley’s hand slipped under his bottoms and found his new mound. “Don’t you dare, you– unh!”

Fracker squeezed Dex’s breast as his hand explored the other man’s sex. “I thought that might shut you up.”

Dex had felt like he was living some kind of surreal dream or nightmare since becoming a woman. He’d just gone along with it all, disassociated from his body, his new life, watching the Girl-Dex live her life. He wasn’t sure if it was good to so detached, but as Barkley pushed him onto his back and straddled him, he was sure he didn’t care. Barkley let his guard down, and Dex slapped him in the face, leaving a red welt on his cheek. Barkley laughed and grabbed Dex’s wrists, pinning his slender little arms to his chest. “You’ve been a bad girl,” Barkley said, giving Dex chills.

Dex widened his smoldering eyes. “Punish me.”

A warm salty breeze washed over the couple as the sound of the crashing waves drowned out their soft moans and gentle sighs.

Captain's Log



I practiced sitting in my new uniform before the hearing. McCoy had insisted that if I didn't do it right and flashed all the old men a look at my "who-hah" it was over. So, I walked into the room in my little dress, acknowledged the tribunal with small nods, then, knees together, reaching back to smooth my skirt, I knelt into my seat, keeping my chin up. The chair was a little too tall for me. My feet didn't reach the floor. I saw Admiral

Plank smirk, but I kept my face blank. They kept the rooms cold at these things. I thanked the stars I'd decided to wear a bra.

There was no manly way to sit in a short dress. I'd opted for knees together rather than crossing my legs. It seemed the less awful option. Spock had offered- almost insisted- to come with me and speak on my behalf, but it stank too much of a little girl needing to be protected by a man. I'd decided to go in alone. To show them I was still James Kirk.

The tribunal consisted of three old men. The decor was military bland, dull and functional. "The purpose of this meeting today..." Admiral Komack began, going through the required legalese. I tuned him out, running through the series of arguments I'd prepared, setting my intentions. I would walk out of there a captain, I insisted to myself. Failure was not an option.

When Komack finished reciting the necessary preamble, he forced a smile to his narrow lips. "We have decided to offer you a historic opportunity, James," Komack said. "We intend to make you the first woman to ever receive command of a Star Fleet vessel."

My spirits rose. I felt triumphant, though I kept my face blank. They knew I was still me. Still Kirk. Just because I had ovaries it didn't mean—then I caught the look in Komack's eyes. I waited for the hammer to fall.

"Your command will be The USS Artemesia," Komack said. "She's a newly commissioned, state of the art freighter. Not only will you be the captain, but we are moving Checkov and Sulu along with you, so you will have the distinction of leading the first all-female bridge crew in history. Congratulations."

A freighter. The Artemesia. History. The first woman ever to be assigned to a low-level job a man wouldn't want. Hooray. "Permission to speak freely," I said, still believing I could turn this around, that I could win.

“Jim,” Komack said, and the tone of his voice made it clear the decision had been made. “We’ve been friends a long time. Take the win. You’ll still be a captain. You’ll still have command of your own vessel. This is the best deal you’re going to get in your current– condition. ”

Admiral Plank then decided he needed to chime in. ‘If you don’t want that deal,” he said, ‘I could use a secretary with a great pair of legs.” He chuckled that insufferable male chuckle men loved to use when they were demeaning women. The others, to their credit, did not respond. I didn’t respond, either. If I’d had a phaser, though, I might have stunned the hell out of him.

And that was it. Dismissed. In the hall, I fought back the tears– weepiness was a part of my new biology, I’d learned, but I didn’t have to give in to them. In a daze I walked around Starbase 11, eventually wandering into a bar on the outskirts of the base.

I’m a woman, I admitted. It’s time I really explored exactly what that life is going to be like. I had a clear simple plan; get a little drunk, pick up some guy. Lose my virginity.

It was mid-day and the place was mostly empty, but the eyes that were there all turned to me, took me in, assessed and appreciated my body. They starred; I could sense them mentally undressing me. I’m just going to have to get used to this, I realized. This was my life now.

I’d just sat and not even ordered a drink when a portly, half bald older man who looked like Harry Mudd’s ugly brother, approached. “Would you allow me to join you?” He asked. “It pains me to see such a lovely woman drinking alone.”

Are you kidding me? I thought, half amused at my own thoughts. Can’t he see I’m out of his league? I’d come in to explore life as a member of the fairer sex, but with this guy? Not even for practice. “I’m waiting for a friend,” I said, slightly thrown off by the surreal inversion of my life experience, finding myself the one with the soft voice, gently turning

down the advances of a man. I'd been flirting with girls since I was 12. Now, I was the one in the skirt.

"Perhaps while you wait. I'm Ambassador Tregarth".

Oh, no. He was going to be persistent. I couldn't blame him. I would have done the same to pursue a girl as hot as me. The Ambassador was about to sit with me despite the fact I'd declined his lame advance, and I tensed up as I thought about how to get rid of him, when--

"Good evening, darling" Kang said, stepping from the shadows. "I didn't see you come in."

"I presume your wait is over?" Tregarth said. It was a gallant offer of protection in case the hulking Klingon was the one who presumed. I wanted to vomit with these men all playing my knight in shining armor. My gut said choose Kang, but was Kang really a safer choice? I remembered Kang's unzipping my top, pawing at my breasts, climbing on top of me. He'd so much as threatened to take me against my will. Yet--

I made a decision. "Thank you," I said to Tregarth. "Thank you for your offer, but this is the friend I was waiting for."

Tregarth withdrew. Kang bowed. It was an exaggerated, courtly bow. "Miss Kirk," he said. "You look lovely."

The memory of his unwelcome hands on my breasts brought back white-hot rage. I'd imagined seeing Kang and telling him off. Now, with all that had happened-- losing my ship, the unfairness of my whole woman's life, I slit my eyes and barred my teeth. I would dump all my rage into his stupid face. "You have a lot of damn nerve after what you did to me."



Much to my surprise, Kang responded with sheepish, apologetic look. “One of the reasons I came over was to apologize for my vulgar behavior,” he said. “I had not yet become accustomed to the double Y effect your doctor identified, and when I saw you again, how beautiful you looked? My passions overcame me. It is no excuse. I was wrong. Can you forgive me?”

Kang’s voice trembled with shame and remorse. I didn’t know Klingons could even feel such emotions let alone express them. His raw emotion, the unexpected vulnerability, shook me. “Forgive...” my own voice was hoarse and as uncertain as my mind. “I don’t know if I can forgive you...” My voice trailed off. It left Kang an opening.

Kang punched the order pad. “Let us have a drink together.”

I stayed for the drink. I don’t know why.

The drinks came. We talked. Kang waxed poetic. “The two of us could run off together and explore the galaxy. There are a thousand thousand planets... a thousand thousand worlds... where a pair of misfits could find glory and adventure. I cannot return to The

First City, and there is no place in the Federation for a woman with your spirit, your courage...”

Truer words, I thought. Kang didn’t even know I’d lost The Enterprise, been consigned to a low-level job commanding a freighter. Yet Kang knew. He understood what it would be like for a woman with my spirit trapped in a dress. What if we did run away together? It would be like a movie, and my life could still be a great adventure. I could make history for my deeds and not my gender.

The conversation drifted back to our encounter on the planet.

“You know how it is for a man when you see a woman who is so stunning,” Kang said, his speech now slightly slurred. “The sight of you drove me mad with desire.” He pounded the table. “There was something in your eyes, Kirk. I swear you wanted it.” Kang’s face hardened. “The man you’d once been couldn’t surrender to the life of the angel, but the woman? She longed for a man’s embrace.” He took a drink. “Am I right? Did you want it, Kirk?”

I thought about all the times I’d relived the experience. It had become, to my shame and confusion, a fantasy. I’d dreamt of it, and in my dreams I whispered “take me.” I even used it to help me “release the tension” as McCoy liked to say. Now, sitting across from him, I remembered Kang cupping my chin, tilting my head back... the feeling of Kang’s body on mine, him squeezing my soft breast, curling my toes... Had some part of me wanted it? Why else had I been so turned on by the memory?

I found myself staring into Kang’s eyes. There was a challenge there, and I answered. I would not be the first to look away. We stared, each one resolved not to blink.

“Did you want it?” Kang repeated. “Tell me. I must know. I can’t live myself otherwise.”

I put a hand to my smooth, soft cheek. I made a decision. “I don’t know what I wanted then,” I whispered, “but I want it now.”

Kang stood and held out a hand. “Come. I will show you such wonders.”



I took Kang's hand. To boldly go where no man has gone before, I thought, feeling my skin tingle, my heart race, the excitement and the thrill I always felt when about to explore a new world.

We headed to the door, and I walked slightly to the side and behind Kang.

The bar door opened. Spock walked in and gave me an angry look, like a disappointed parent. Kang and Spock stood chest to chest. I plucked at the hem of my dress as the men faced off. "She wants to come with me," Kang said.



"She's not going anywhere with you," Spock said.

"Perhaps we should take this outside," Kang offered.

My head swam with strange new emotions. My heart pounded in my chest. The men were fighting over me and— God help me, I liked it. Yet, some part of me settled back to reality. I felt my boots on the ground. All the soft focus romantic fantasies of running away with Kang faded.

“I’m afraid I have to agree with Spock,” I said, my voice so small compared to the men’s. “Perhaps another time,” I offered, touching Kang’s arm.

Spock took position on my right and guided me toward the door. “You should not be in such a rush to experience certain things and never with certain— people,” he said. “Your emotions are over-ruling your reason.”

“Women are known for that,” I said. The three of us walked along now. I felt so small between the two men.

“*Humans* are known for that,” Spock said. “You must consider your future.”

“Future?” I snorted. “What future? I’m stuck as a woman. You said so yourself. The process is a one-way street it— wait. What did I just say?”

“Verbatim?”

“Spock, I’m not stuck like this. None of us are. We go back to the planet. It plucks us off the ship and swaps us back.”

“It doesn’t swap the same people twice,” Kang said. “You know that.”

“It will if it thinks they are new people from a different ship,” Kirk said. “Bones has said it. We are all normal men and women in terms of our genetics. The planet won’t know we’ve already been through the wringer.” I clasped my hands to my chest. “I can be a man again. I don’t have to be Miss Kirk.”

There were some teenagers taking pictures. "I told you that was Miss Kirk," one of them said as they all got excited at the prospect of getting pics of a celebrity.

"Not for long girls," I said to them. "Not for long."

(To be continued)





