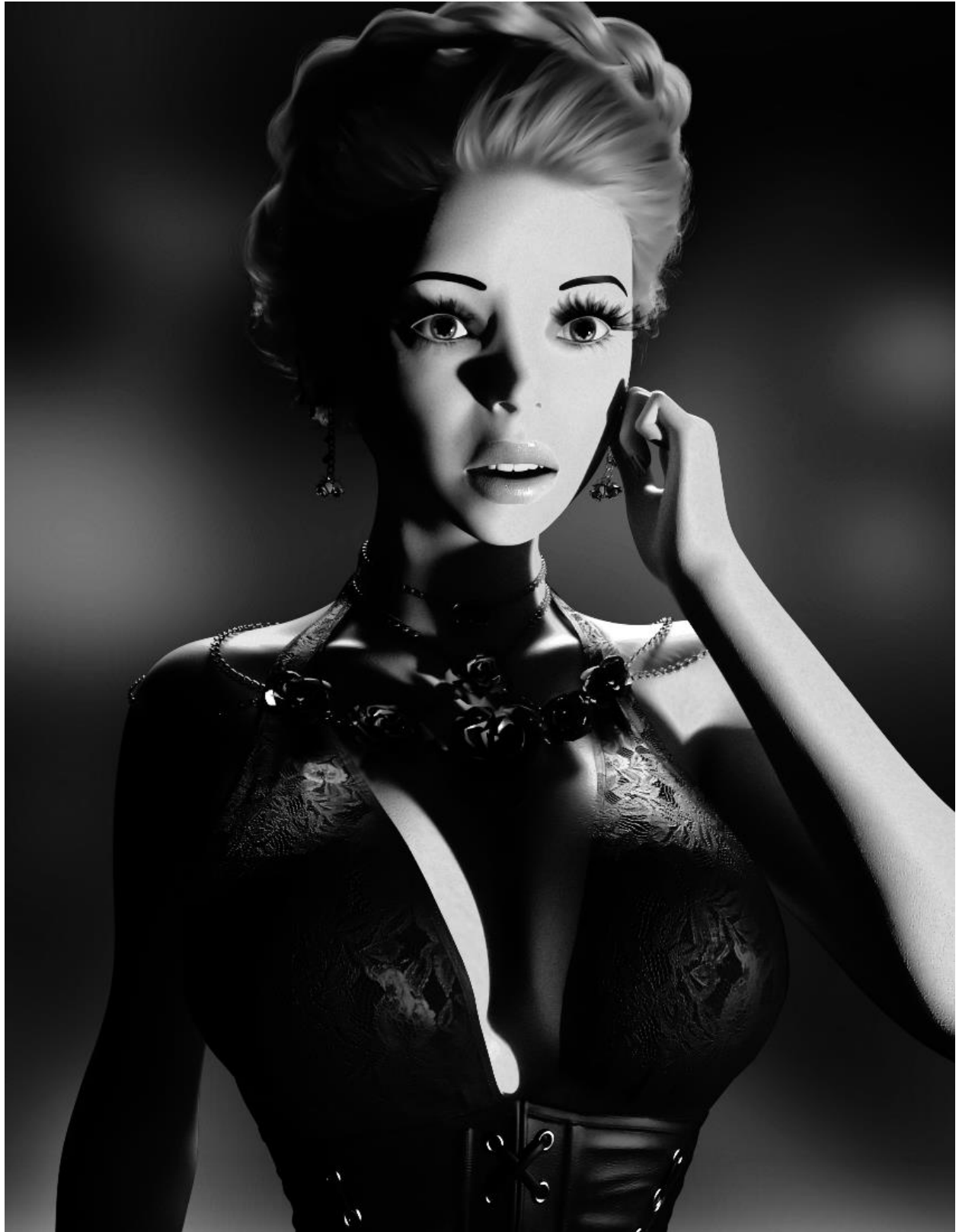




Collins

It was reverse Deja Vu, the feeling that overcame Security Man Collins as he and Laura Breen walked to the restaurant. His mind filled with memories of prom night from back when he'd been a boy in high school. He and his crush, Jenni Grant, had gone to a fancy restaurant for a "grown up, romantic dinner" after the prom, and he'd held the door for her, guided her into the restaurant by putting a hand on the small of her back. She'd looked so hot in her strapless prom dress, her hair up, her lips painted with pink lipstick that looked like frosting. He'd felt like a man, a real man, as he guided his pretty little girl along.

The memories flooded back to him, only now he wore the dress, and it was Laura Breen who held the door for him and put her hand on the small of his back and guided him into the restaurant. For the first time in days this all suddenly felt wrong– the way his corset crushed his waist, the cool air on his bare shoulders, the sound of his high heels clicking as he walked. He was the little female now, tottering on heels. He paused, a hand going to his cheek. This is all wrong, he thought. I'm a man. No, he corrected himself. I'm supposed to be a man. What would Jenni think when she found out her prom date was a girl now?

"Everything okay?" Breen asked.

"Y–yes," Collins said, forcing a smile, gazing up at Breen, looking so handsome in her suit. He didn't want her to know what he'd been thinking. He knew it was important to her that he accepted the pretty new life she'd chosen for him. He took her arm.

Breen squeezed Collins arm. "Breen," she said to the hostess, an attractive young woman in a black dress. "Right this way," the hostess said with a smile.

She led them to a corner table. Breen pulled Collins' chair out for him, once more Collins remembered being the guy, pulling a chair out for Jenni, the way she'd smiled at him. It's

my turn now, he told himself. I'm Jenni. He smiled up at Breen, and it wasn't fake. He felt special, pretty, he felt cherished and protected. He also felt like it was a little wrong, off, strange, but not bad. Just different.



The restaurant was dark and cool, lit by flickering wall lamps and candles on the tables. In the cool darkness Collins could make out oil paintings, sculptures around the perimeter. At the end of the room a fireplace crackled beneath a marble hearth. It was a beautiful place for beautiful people. Collins loved it.

Just as he was settling in and starting to feel more comfortable as the girl in the relationship, he heard a woman whisper from a nearby table. “She’s really a guy. Can you believe he has such a hot boyfriend? It’s so unfair.”

Collins flinched, all his insecurities coming back. Breen turned to face the woman. “It’s rude to talk about people,” she said in a calm, even voice. “And, for your information, I used to be a woman.”

“Sorry,” the woman said, looking chagrined.

Breen turned her attention back to Collins, who mouthed, thanks. That feeling of being pretty and cherished and protected came back times 1000.

Okay, Collins thought. Okay. I’m the girl. I’m the girl, and it’s okay.

Then waiter arrived, but when he started to hand out the menus, Breen dismissed the act with a wave. “I’ll have a steak, medium. The lady will have the Chicken Plantagenet.”

It is okay to be the girl, Collins thought, enjoying when Breen ordered for him, took control like she did. Breen makes it good.

He shivered. He felt cold. He’d constantly felt cold often since becoming a female. The temperatures on The Enterprise were set for men. It was one of the challenges of being a woman. Breen rose and draped her coat over his slender shoulders, then gave his shoulders a loving squeeze. Collins’ cheeks flushed. Yes, Collins thought once more, but this time his inner voice chimed with irony, it’s okay to be the girl. That moment was, it seemed to him, a perfect representation of his woman’s life: more vulnerable, yet more protected.

The question came back to him: what would Jenni think if she found out he was a girl now?

Maybe she'd be happy for me, he thought. Maybe.

They ate. Talked. Gazed lovingly into each other's eyes. Breen ordered desert, and they took turns feeding each other, Breen purposely missing Collins' mouth at one point and smearing a little on his lips. Collins eyes sparkled as he licked his lips clean. Breen's eyes got that hard look, like an angry bull ready to charge. He found himself fitting his little body against Breen, their arms around each other's waists as they strolled along a cobblestone street lit with soft, gas light. The street was gorgeous. Collins found himself more appreciative of pretty places.



“Collins! Collins!” He heard a girl call. Turning, he saw Captain Kirk hurrying along with Kang and Spock. “I have great news,” Kirk said, running up to Collins.

“Captain, perhaps you shouldn’t...” Spock said, but Kirk kept going.

“We can change back,” Kirk said, glancing up at Breen, including her. “We’re not trapped in these bodies.” With that, Kirk hooked his arms into the arms of the men and the three of them hurried off, Kirk actually—skipping?

Collins looked up at Breen, unnerved, confused, filled with vague, unfocused fears. Breen took a deep breath, her eyes focused on the horizon. “I’m staying like this,” she said in her deep, manly voice. She then looked down at Collins. “I love being a man.”

Collins melted against Breen and hugged the man tight. “I want to stay like this, too,” he said. “I love being your woman.”



Kirk

Today was the day. The big day. When the alarm rang, Captain James T. Kirk sat up and stretched, no longer surprised at the weight of his breasts, the way they swayed and stretched out the front of the over-sized t-shirt he'd worn to bed since the change. Today, though, he tugged down on his shirt and admired the full, round shape his breasts made, the outline of his plump, feminine nipples. "Get ready, girls," he said with a smile. "I'm going to need you for today's mission."

He climbed out of bed and took a shower, the warm water drawing him back to full consciousness. Then, he ran the light from his Smoother over his armpits, his legs. After, he caressed his thigh, his calf. His skin was so soft and smooth as a seal. That would help him complete his mission as well.

Breakfast consisted of an egg white omelet with avocado. He hadn't made a decision to start eating like a girl. It was just that his body needed a lot less calories. He'd always prided himself on being fit. That used to mean hard angles. Now, it meant skinny. He wiggled his way into a pair of panties. Pulled on a bra, fitted his breasts into the cups, adjusted the straps. He didn't think he would ever get used to the feeling of constriction, but he'd come to accept that he needed one now and would for the rest of his life. This bra was not the one for his mission, though, but just a functional bra to wear as he prepared for the mission. He would need something much sexier for later.

He started to go on to the next thing but saw the glass on the corner of the sink, opened the cabinet and pushed a little pink pill through the blister wrap. "Can't forget my birth control," he whispered to himself.

Looking in the mirror, he turned to the side, admired the swell of his breasts, his slender waist, the curve of his back and the way his rear flared out, so full and inviting.

“I could wear a sack and still be hot as hell,” he said, laughing, rolling his eyes, surprised and yet relieved that he’d already come to take pride in this female shape.

He stepped into a loose, flowing dress. McCoy had assured him it would make things easier during the pre-mission, but he was half-certain McCoy was enjoying pushing him into a more feminine presentation. He slipped on a pair of what Miss McCoy had told him were called ballet flats. He’d spent hours practicing in high heels, the whole time irked by memories of the taunting video Lester had sent out of him bragging about how good he was in heels, but he needed them for tonight’s mission.

The door buzzed. It was McCoy, looking cute in a day dress of his own. “Hey, girl,” McCoy said. “Cute dress.”

“Can it,” Kirk said, hiding the fact the compliment actually pleased him. “This isn’t an episode of Galaxy Girls.”

“Jim, you’re going to have to get used to interacting with women as a woman now,” McCoy said.

“Maybe tomorrow,” Kirk said. “Sulu and Chekhov coming?”

“They’re going to meet us later at the mission site,” McCoy said. “Let’s go. We have a lot to do.”

Kirk started to head out the door. “Jim,” McCoy said. “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

“What? I— oh.” Kirk went back and grabbed his purse, aligning the narrow strap over his shoulder. Such is my decline, he thought to himself. He hated that he had to carry a purse,

but the stupid dress didn't have any pockets. Besides, McCoy had convinced him he needed to "get used to it."

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"Another item to be crossed off my Tekcub List," Kirk said as he sat on a chair at the salon, his hands in his lap.

"Tekcub List?" The stylist asked as she put the hair grower over his head.

"Bucket spelled backwards," McCoy chimed in.

"Things I never wanted to do," Kirk said, folding his hands in his lap.

The girl, who'd recognized the famous Miss Kirk from the deepfakes, didn't want to say anything rude, so she just laughed.

McCoy settled into the chair next to him. "Don't you think she'd look great as a blonde?" He asked. He'd been trying to push Kirk to go blonde.

The stylist, though, knew better than to get into any of that. She addressed Kirk. "The best color is the one that makes you feel most confident."

"Thank you," Kirk said, giving McCoy a smug look.

The machine did its work and long hair tumbled down over Kirk's shoulders. It had been determined that he should wear his hair down for the mission, so he didn't need much more work than that. He looked in the mirror. He did look hot with that long hair framing his face. It made him look more feminine, more inviting, prettier. He needed to be pretty for his

mission. He had thought that as soon as he got done with the mission, he'd go back to short hair, but seeing himself now he wasn't so sure.

"Ready for your piercings?" The girl asked.

"I can't wait," Kirk said, voice dripping with irony.

He'd signed up for the full package and when he left the salon he had long, glossy nails and sparkling studs in his ears. McCoy had decided to go blonde and now had shimmering golden bangs and a long ponytail that swished as he walked. The blonde hairstyle made him look younger, which was what he was going for. He, too, needed to look right for their mission. "I'm going to work this ponytail so hard," McCoy said as they walked, tossing it from side to side. He glanced at himself in the store windows as they walked, admiring how his hair sparkled in the sun.

As the two of them walked from the salon, McCoy saw Kirk brush his long hair back from his face in a sweetly feminine gesture. They looked like any pretty young women out for a self-care day. Kirk was trying to hide his identity, wearing a pair of big sunglasses, like a 20th century movie star. They made him seem so glamorous and seemed to be working. Of course, a girl as beautiful as him would attract attention and admiring glances, but so far no pictures or comments about "Miss Jamie T."

"I feel more like a woman now," Kirk mused, the hem of his skirt swirling around his legs. It was a day of firsts—the first time he'd chosen to wear a dress, to get his hair done, his nails. He was accepting not just this woman's body, but a woman's life, and a certain kind of woman's life. Janice Lester would love it, he thought, if she could see him now. "Does dressing like a woman alter our mindsets?" He asked. "Am I making myself more—feminine?"

“How should I know?” McCoy said. “I’m a blonde, not a pscyhologist.” He looked over at Kirk. “All I can tell you for sure if you’re hot as hell.”



They next found themselves at a boutique. This was the reason McCoy had suggested Kirk wear something loose and flowing. The two of them were trying on dresses– little, tight dresses that hugged their curves and celebrated their new bodies. Kirk stood in front of a mirror in a little black dress, tugging on the hem. “Does it need to be so short?” He asked.

“Look at yourself with a man’s eyes,” McCoy said. “What do you think?”

Kirk straightened up, put a hand on his hip and arched his back. “It needs to be at least this short,” Kirk said. “For the mission.” He looked cute in his uniform, but the dress? It wasn’t just how small and tight it was. It was, he thought, what the dress meant, and what it would mean in the context of the mission. This dress made a very clear statement, and no man would miss it. Yet, he crinkled his nose and shook his head. “It’s not quite— you know?”

“Try another one,” McCoy said. He was wearing a metallic red dress, posing, practicing his smile.

Kirk went back to the rack of little black dresses. He rifled through and then saw one with a loose, plunging neckline. Very short. His mouth dropped open. This, he thought. This is the one. He held the dress against his body and turned to McCoy. “Thoughts?”

“Oh, my,” McCoy said. “I think— yes, but are you ready for something so—bold?”

“I’m James Kirk,” he replied, throwing a hip to the side and tossing his hair. “Bold is what I do. Besides, it’s for the mission.” Kirk lifted his hair and turned his back to McCoy. “Unzip me.”

They met Sulu and Chekhov outside a small bar, the four of them all in tight dresses, heels and makeup. They hugged and air kissed, then went inside for their pregame, having pretty, fruity drinks, fending off come ons from the guys. Kirk’s resistance to girly life faded, and he joined the others in diving right into the whole girl’s night out vibe they had going now, mostly drawn along by the other three women.

High on all the attention they'd gotten from the men, the four girls poured into a limousine , which whisked them to the curb outside Discretion. A line of hot, young men and women waited outside to get in.

Kirk and the others slipped on their Liz Taylor movie star glasses. "You ready?" McCoy said.

"I'm ready," Kirk answered.

"Now, if things go sideways and the mission fails..." McCoy said, but Kirk cut him off.

"I won't fail," Kirk said with his same old devil may care smile, only much sexier now with his wet, wine-red lips. "I'm getting laid tonight, and it's going to be with the hottest guy in the room."

Sulu and Chekhov threw their slender arms in the air and squealed.

"To losing your virginity!" McCoy said, raising a glass.

"To popping my cherry!" Kirk answered, raising his own glass.

"To getting laid!" Sulu and Chekhov cheered. They clinked their glasses together. Drank.

The doormen came out and helped them out of the car, each of the former men careful not to flash his panties. Cameras flashed. Kirk didn't know if they knew who he was or just assumed any group of hot girls getting VIP treatment in front of Discretion had to be famous, but he maintained an aloof, blank expression like he'd seen supermodels do in similar situations.

The doors opened and Captain Kirk strutted into the club, tossing his long hair, letting his hips sway side to side, his hot girl posse trailing along behind him.



He'd accepted that he was a woman now and would be for the rest of his life, and so that left him with only one choice: to be the baddest bitch in the galaxy. He scanned the men looking for Alpha Stud, the one he would choose to be his first. He'd decided he wanted it to be with someone he wouldn't see again—neither Spock nor Kang. Sorry, boys. Spock was relationship material. Kang was—Kang. Just a few days ago he'd been sure he could be a

man again, that he'd found a solution, but, well, things had not gone the way he expected, that was for sure.



McCoy pulled him onto the dance floor. Kirk hadn't danced in public in years, other than at the occasional formal gathering of officers and those were always traditional dances with controlled, limited movements. Public dancing, club dancing-- it wasn't dignified. An officer or aspiring officer couldn't be seen dancing like a fool. Well, here's to being a girl, he thought as he let loose, thrusting his chest out, his booty, letting it bounce against McCoy's

equally bouncy butt. As he moved, his breasts threatened to bounce free from his tiny dress, and he smiled and tossed his hair knowing he was driving all the men crazy.

From the moment he'd entered the club, the eyes of the men had been all over him. It filled him with a familiar and yet slightly different thrilling sensation. It was not the thrill of the hunt, but the thrill of being the hunted.

And he liked it.

(To be continued)

