



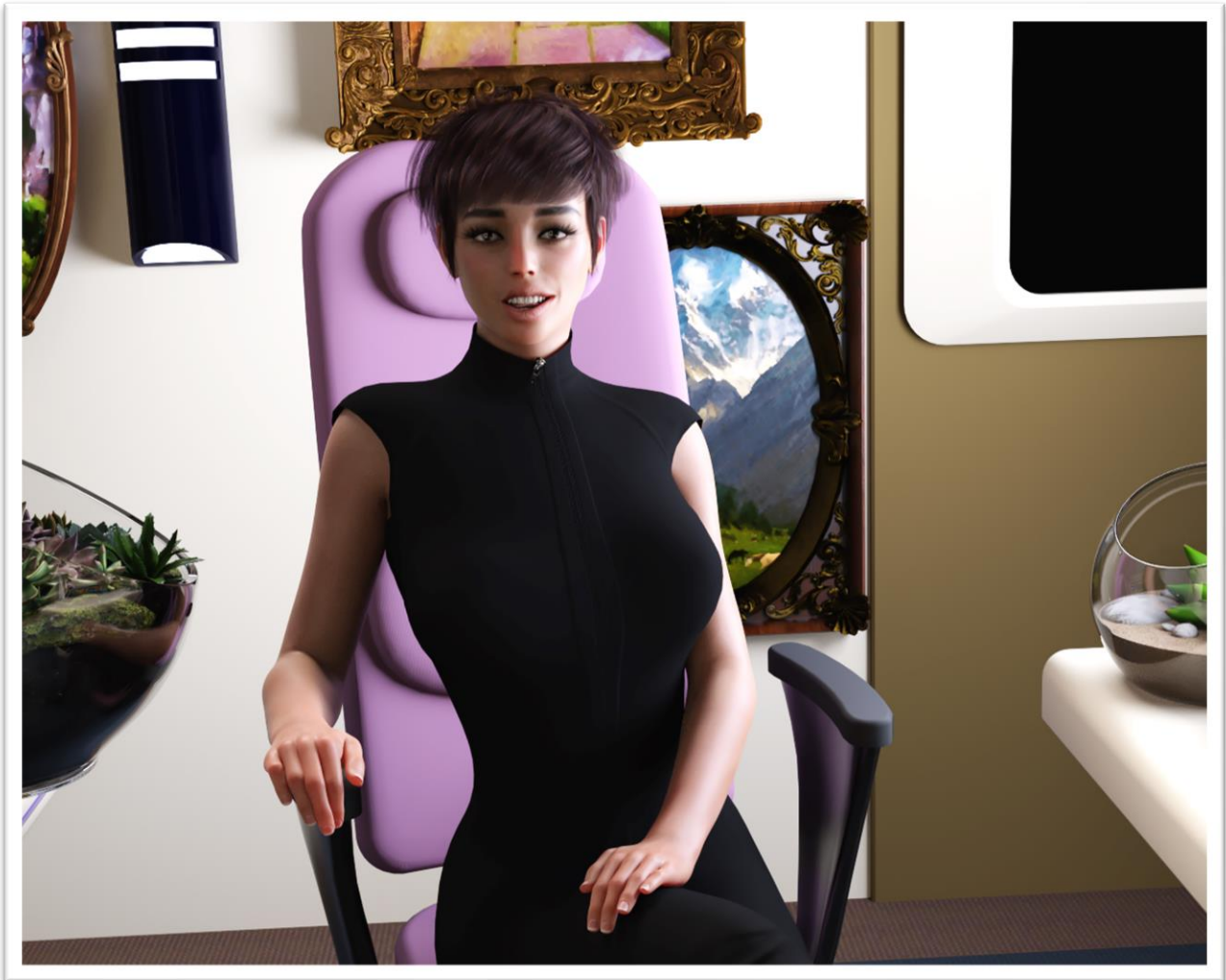
Part 6

Captain's Log

Kang sent me a picture of his junk. Idiot. I was in my quarters when the message came in, and I opened it thinking it was something business related. In deference to the blushing ladies of his now all-female crew, Kang was following us back to Starbase 11. We still hoped to find some way to reverse the sex-changes. I opened the message and there was his stuff with the words: Thirsty, Miss Kirk?

Of course, I deleted it right away, but now the image of his Johnson keeps popping into my mind. Each time my body reacts with an embarrassing clench. I'm being haunted by a phallic phantom.

This body—these urges. I need to do something to quiet them. It's time to see the doctor.



I'm not sure what to make of McCoy. She's either the most well-adjusted member of the new women or she's gone insane. She's changed her hair. Her speech, her mannerisms— she moves and acts more like a woman every time I see her. It's a mature femininity, the kind you would expect from a woman her age, but unmistakable femininity. Is it because she's been having hot, crazy sex as a female, enjoying every shadowy crevice of her new body? I don't know.

She's also made changes to her office. It was austere, to say the least, before her change. Just bare walls. Now, she has plants, paintings on the walls. It's a woman's space. Oh, and the air— it smells like vanilla and coconut from her scented candles. I imagine McCoy in a blue, woman's uniform. She looks comfortable in a dress, comfortable in her life as a woman.

I feel comfortable, too, surrounded by all her girly claptrap. It bothers me. Am I going to go girl? Will I find myself hanging pictures of flowers on my walls, wearing panties with polka dots?

No. Never. Even if some part of me wanted to hang a Killian dream catcher above my bed and begin writing in a diary with a pink pen, I would refuse. I will be Kirk. I will always be Kirk.

Once McCoy got done telling me about her threesome with two other new girls involving hot wax and handcuffs, I saw the opportunity to segway into the topic that brought me here. “Speaking of – relieving tension.”

“Jim,” she said, sitting forward, excited. “Are you ready? I’m telling you, you’re going to love it. I know this girl– really knows how to introduce a man to the pleasures of the female body. She’ll curl your toes, give you an orgasm like–”

I sat back, a little terrified by how excited she was. I held up my hand. “Stop. Stop. I’m not ready for– that.”

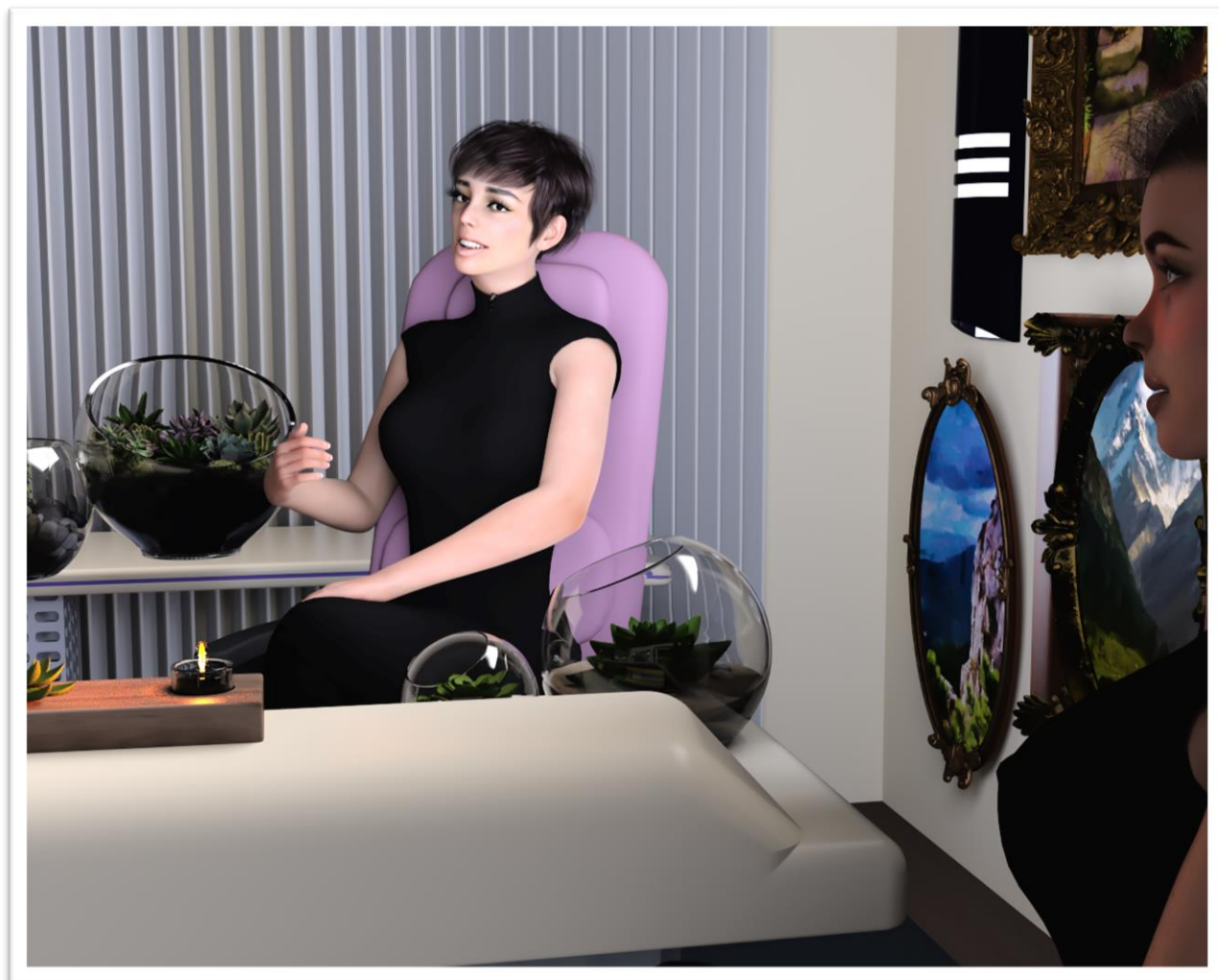
“Then, what?” McCoy said, deflated.

“I want to try some...” I cleared my throat... “self pleasure. I wonder if you can get me a– um– well...”

“A vibrator?” McCoy said, matter of factly, cupping his hand and making the motion to suggest a hand job.

I nodded. I didn’t want to say the word. I didn’t even know if I could say it. “Yeah. That.” I spoke in barely a whisper.

“Jim,” McCoy said. “There’s no need to be ashamed. We’re women now, and we might be for the rest of our lives. Sex toys are part of the experience. Own it, sister.”



I regretted bringing it up and inducing McCoy to go into some kind of girl power sexual seminar speech, but now that I'd mentioned it there was an insistence from my body that I follow through. "Just— can you get me something? I need to keep this confidential."

"Come," McCoy said, "come." He went to a cabinet. I followed him. When he opened it I couldn't help but gasp. The shelves were piled with vibrators, dildoes, leather and cuffs and whips and things I couldn't even name. "Take your pick," McCoy said with a grin. "Or would you like a recommendation?" She picked up a very large, very realistic looking – you know.

"Um, yeah, maybe something a little less..." I picked up a – you know. It didn't look realistic at all, which was a relief, though even the shape of it

and the knowledge of what I planned to do with it caused something to clench inside me in anticipation.

“You’re such a scaredy cat,” McCoy said. He loved the fact he was now the more wild and free of us.

“I am,” I said, holding the— you know— away from me and with just the tips of my fingers. “Where can I hide this?”

“That’s what she said,” McCoy laughed, touching me on the arm. “I’ll get you a box.” She smirked. “I mean, another box, because you—”

“Yeah, I get it,” I said. “You’re hilarious.”

Collins



Collins toweled off after his shower and dutifully slipped into his panties, hooked himself into one of his lacy bras. This set was white with little pink bows. He knew Laura wanted him to be a feminine woman, but wasn't a bra enough? Did it also have to look like something from the Bambi Doll collection?

He fitted his breasts into the cups, slipped his thumbs under the straps and adjusted their position. He tugged at the underwire. Bras were tighter than he'd expected, and he doubted he'd ever get used to the feeling he was wearing a harness, but the cups did keep his breasts

from swaying and bouncing around so much, and he was vaguely aware

that slipping into a bra made him both more and less comfortable at the same time.

He pulled his jumpsuit on, zippered it up. He now knew everyone could see the outline of his bra, so he dreaded showing up for his shift at security. The guys were always busting each other's balls— and he was sure to get a razzing. Of course, there was also the whole Slut Bunny fiasco for him to deal with. He sighed. Damn. It was really a pain in the ass being a woman.

Turning his back to the mirror he craned his neck, feeling a surprising gratitude for the fact his thong left no panty lines. "Thank goodness for thongs," he said, his voice dripping with irony. He hadn't noticed pantyliners on the backsides of many of the women on The Enterprise before the change. He was pretty sure they weren't all wearing thongs. He wondered what their secret was? He would have to ask someone. Not that it mattered for now. As long as he was with Breen, he'd be wearing whatever she told him to wear.

He had a lot to learn and experience about being a woman, he thought, glancing at the box of tampons he'd tossed into a corner. It was Starfleet issued, and they were called "At Liberty" and featured images of happy, frolicking women. "Yeah," he said, "Periods are FUN!"

In order to save the changed men embarrassment, the PX had sent care packages to all the new women— tampons, pads, pills for PMS and douche kits that promised a "fresh scent." There was a box of pregnancy tests, which was another female thing he had to worry about now.

He wasn't sure if it was really an act of kindness or an insult. He really didn't want to be reminded of his pending date with Milady Cramps, as the girls on Basel 3 had called it when he was a boy.

When he was a boy. It already seemed less real, that life when he'd been a boy.

As soon as he walked into the security office, Murphy and Jackson stood, clapping. "Slut Bunny!" Jackson shouted. "Shake it, baby."

Collins knew the guy code. When guys busted on you, you had to show you didn't give a shit. He raised his arms over his head and shook his hips. "I'm a naughty girl," he cooed, in a mock breathy voice like in the video.

"I can't believe they put that shit out there," Jackson said, punching Collins on the shoulder. "Idiots."

Collins rolled his eyes and sat down. "I don't even want to think about it." He noticed Dex was missing. Maybe it just wasn't his shift, Collins thought. Who knew?

Later once he'd gotten off duty, he once again ran into Benny, his smirking ex. "Hey, Bunny," she said, but even as he braced himself for more of her taunting the smile melted away from her face. Just then, he felt a pair of strong hands slip around his waist even as Laura Breen's leather and cedar cologne surrounded him. "Who's your friend?" Breen asked, giving Collins a kiss on the head.

Benny stared, seemed about to say something, then huffed and turned as if to walk away.

"Hold it," Breen said in a deep, commanding voice.

Benny froze.

"Don't mess with my girl."

"Okay," Benny said, dropping her head, walking away, clearly shamed.

"Oh, my God," Collins said, his voice rising to that higher register he couldn't avoid when he was turned on. "Thank you."

Breen turned Collins around and kissed him, her hands cupping his ass, squeezing, lifting, feeling. When the kiss ended, she searched with her fingers and found the waist band of his thong, tugging on it. "You're wearing your panties."

"Yah," Collins whispered, blushing, putting one of his small, soft hands on Breen's hard chest.

"Let's go." The two almost ran back to Breen's room, stripped out of their clothes and jumped into bed. They made love all night and fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next morning when Collins came out of the shower, towel wrapped around his body girl style, he saw the woman's uniform laid out on Breen's bed along with a pair of nylons. Breen stretched propped up on one elbow right behind the little dress. She nodded toward the dress, a playful smile on her face.

Collins had never won an argument with her, so he reached for the dress, meaning to take it to the bathroom and change, but Breen said, "You need to shave your legs. I want to watch."

Collins's eyes drifted to the bulge in Breen's shorts. It would be worth it, he reminded himself, he let the towel drop to the floor, arched his back and thrust his breasts out, giving his man a good look at him, reminding her that she was getting something special, too.

In the bathroom, Breen handed him a can of shaving cream and an old-fashioned pink razor. "No Easy Laze?" Collins said, looking at the ancient technology. These days, people shaved with lasers, not sharpened shards of metal.

"This is sexier."



Collins smiled and rolled his eyes as if exasperated by this latest kinky fantasy, but he liked being sexy for his man. He put on a show, lathering up one leg, his movements sensuous as he caressed the foam across his soft skin. Breem leaned against the wall, watching, her eyes intense. Collins lifted the razor, letting the light flash off the blades. He brought it to his thigh, smiling as he drew it across his leg so slowly it seemed he was moving in slow motion. Droplets of foam dripped from his thigh, each stroke of the razor revealing more of the soft, glowing flesh of his now smooth leg. He made his way down to his calf, and then once he'd made himself

smooth, he wiped his leg with a towel. He ran his fingertips across his now hairless skin. "So soft," he whispered in his breathy, flirty voice.

When his legs were shaved, Breen had him shave his arm pits. They both knew what this was all about- once more, Collins playing the women, making himself smooth for his man. When he was done, Breen caressed his leg. "You need to be smooth from now on," she said, her voice husky.

"You wanna be smooth for me, right?"

Collins bit his lip and nodded.

He'd worn stockings as part of the outfit Breen had picked for him, so he wasn't surprised when he pulled on his pantyhose how the material felt so cool against his skin, how it tingled and massaged his legs each time he moved.

He'd never worn a dress, and as he tugged the hem down, feeling the skirt swirl around his thighs, his slender arms bare, he felt more like a woman, more feminine. His shame as a man at wearing a dress was



countered by the look the woman he was becoming saw in his boyfriend's eyes. Laura made him walk back and forth, demonstrating his efforts at a more feminine walk. She was obviously getting off seeing him like this, and Collins was tuned up as well. He expected Laura to take him in his dress.



wasn't one of those men.

It's Laura's decision, he told himself, trying to feel better about. I'm doing it for her.

He imagined her bending him over a chair, yanking his panty hose down and—

"Let's go," Breen said, offering her arm.

"Go?"

"I want to show you off. I'm so proud of my girl."

"We're going out?" Collins said, facing another fear. People would see him dressed in the female uniform. What would they think? He was pretty sure they wouldn't think he wasn't much of a man, and, well, these days he wasn't. Collins had been turned into a woman against his will, but once he went public in a dress people would think it was his choice and- well, he

He took Breen's arm. He felt proud, too, to have captured such a man. He could feel his cheeks grow hot. They walked together down the hall, like a high-school couple that wanted everyone to know they were together. The people they passed took notice. Collins was famous now as "Slut Bunny" and he thought he saw smirks on the faces of more than a few of the women they passed. Women. The unchanged. They're laughing at me, he thought. He'd been a man among men. Now, even the girls thought he was something less than them. Yet, he had Breen. They didn't. He slit his eyes at the smirking girls, part of him feeling triumphantly female.

Breen steered the two of them into the mess hall. It wasn't as crowded as in the past. Most of the changed were still eating alone in their rooms or gathering with small groups of changed friends. Eyes turned on the beautiful couple and the murmuring died down. Breen was one of the tallest men on the ship and already legendary for her sexual prowess. Collins was the notorious Slut Bunny. They were a celebrity couple, and Collins was wearing a dress. Collins?

The feeling he was more a woman than ever grew stronger. A dress. Collins couldn't believe he was wearing a dress in public, the girl's uniform, his stockinged legs shimmering. He looked even more tiny and delicate standing next to Breen, who pulled his chair out for him and put a hand on his shoulder as he sat.

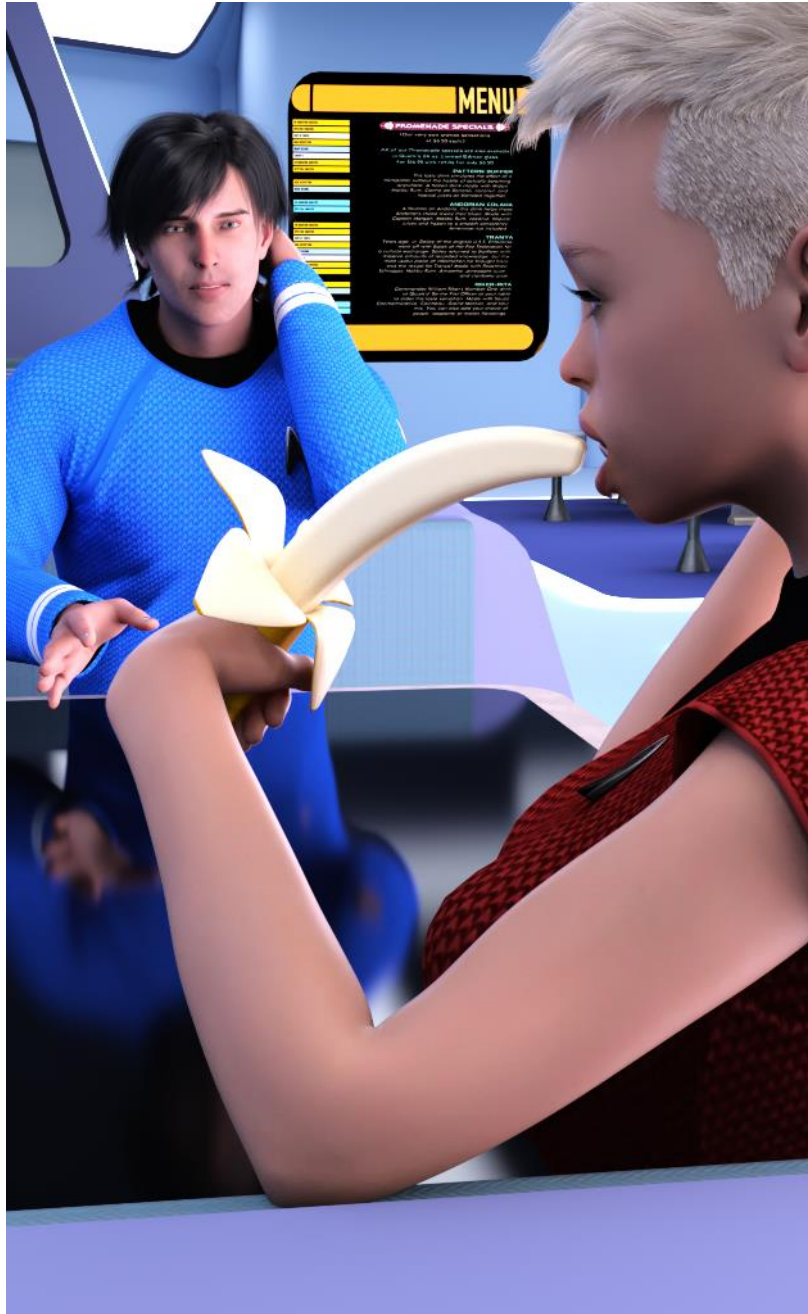
The mess hall always smelled like fried chicken, and that hadn't changed. Breen sat. "I think we're an item," Collins whispered.

Breen nodded. "Beautiful girls always attract a lot of attention." She enjoyed the bight smile that brought to Collins' pretty face. Like all women, he lived for compliments. "I'll order for us," Breen said, tapping out an order on the menu pad.

Collins grinned. He'd never had a date order for him before, and it felt—sexy. "Such a gentleman."

The food came. Steak and potatoes for Laura. Chicken Caesar salad for Collins. Oh, and a banana. Collins raised a slender eyebrow and smirked. “You’ve got to be kidding.”

Breen shook her head. “Appetizer.”



“Everyone is watching,” Collins whispered.

Breen nodded. “Give them something to talk about.”

“I take back what I said about you being a gentleman.” Collins picked up the banana and peeled back the yellow peel, revealing the firm white pulp. Another, deeper push from Breen. Perform fellatio on a banana in public. Even a lot of women wouldn’t do that, and he was a man and there was so much static in his head about blow jobs. He stood on yet another female precipice. Everyone was watching, and they would all think he was

the kind of guy who did this, and it was an insult men threw toward other men, but they expected it from women.

Am I really going to go through with this?

Collins thought about standing tall, a hard on raging, a woman on her knees, smiling up at him, pulling her hair back... the image of her faded and he saw himself as he now appeared looking up, smiling, a cock in his hand. I'm her now, he admitted to himself. I'm the woman. He looked at Laura. She looked so excited. *Well*, he thought, gathering his courage, *Dad always did say if you're going to do something, do it right.*



Remembering how women had done it for him, he licked his lips and slipped the banana into his mouth, feeling it against his tongue, the roof of his mouth, sliding it deeper, then deeper still, the sweet, sugary taste bringing a rush of fluid into his oral cavity. He bobbed up and down, eventually slipping the banana from his mouth, a string of silvery saliva stretching from his mouth, clinging to the tip. Collins giggled, shocked and amused at what he'd just done in front of all these people, then he playfully slipped just the tip of the fruit between his lips and bit the tip off. "Oops," he said, giggling.

"Ow," Breen said, putting her hands over her junk. Then, they both laughed.

Breen smiled and nodded. All around the room, people stared, mesmerized, like they were watching a live action porno. She basked in the glory. This is my woman, she thought. You're right to be jealous.

Collins held the banana next to his smiling face. It glistened with his saliva. He giggled and took another bite.

Dexter

Dexter Jackson had opened the box of At Liberty tampons, tore open the plastic wrap and now stared in horror at what was about to be the first thing he put into his vagina. It was a plastic tube, a string and a bit of cotton sticking out of the end. An “applicator” the directions on the box said.

He always hated everything about tampons, even the wrappers. If his women ever left even so much as the plastic wrapper around he would explode, and never mind if she was so disgusting as to leave a used tampon or pad on top of the trash. As much as he loved and appreciated women— and he really did— he found the idea of their bleeding everything month disgusting.

Now, he was a woman, and he was bleeding, and the experience hadn’t changed his mind. The woman thing was disgusting. His room smelt like blood and copper.

Dex had not even begun to process the reality that he now had a woman’s body when he’d started to bleed. Feeling dirty, rather than run to sickbay and have everyone on the ship know about it, he’d watched one of the “helpful” videos that had been put out to help the “changed boys” understand their menstrual cycles. Everything about it had made him sick from the smiling, cheerful demeanor of Sue Chen to her message: “You’re not sick and there’s nothing wrong with you,” she’d said, grinning, “what’s happening to your body is perfectly natural.”

Sue loved it, and all the woman loved it—men having periods. He could tell. Beneath their fake smiles was a kind of feral glee at the thought that all these men were about to be dealing with – ugh.

He’d had the symptoms— headache, tiredness, irritability, but he’d had them since the day he woke up as a “she,” so it hadn’t occurred to him he was about to have his— thing. He was in the bathroom, sitting on the toilet, his



legs spread just as the instructions had indicated. He put his hand between his thighs and then he slipped the applicator into what the girls in the video referred to as his “vaginal opening.” He squirmed, his skin crawling as he felt himself being penetrated for the first time. There was no male experience he could compare it to, or none he had ever had, at least. It was a feeling only a—woman-- could ever know, and he hated it, his mind ran from it in terror as he tossed the applicator against the wall, hearing it clattering to the floor.

In spite of himself he found himself crying.

“I’m not crying,” he hissed to himself. “It’s mood swings,” he murmured. “It’s a symptom of hormonal-- Fuck. Fuck.” He remembered times his women

had been sitting around crying for no reason, and he'd always thought it a sign of how weak and sensitive women were.

"I'm not like them. I'm not a woman."

He pulled up his underwear, took his robe from the hook next to the shower, wrapped it around himself and went back to his room. He'd taken a sick day and wondered if he could just hide in his room for the rest of his life. Suicide was not an option—probably not an option. He came from Cabelorose, and suicide was strictly forbidden. What did the scriptures of his people teach? "Face whatever trials the Elders place before you. To refuse your destiny is the greatest sin or all."

My destiny. He looked in the mirror at the woman he'd become. The scriptures also taught that a woman had a duty to marry and bear children. He could never go back to Cabelorose, he decided. He could never face his father and mother, his sisters, having been reduced to a mere woman.

"Well," he thought as the tears subsided, going to his computer, planning to research how to disappear, get a new identity, start a new life. There was an email from Gigi Lauren, one of his ex-girls. He opened it and saw an image of himself—his new, female self, with her arms behind her head, thrusting her tits at the camera, dressed up as some kind of cowgirl prostitute, on her knees. Deep fakes. Someone had put out slutty deep fakes of him. His vision blurred as he found himself crying once more, his body shaking with sobs.