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R

Mature Readers

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The Transformation of James T. Kirk

Part 15

Cooper and Kadee

As Captain James Tiberius Kirk touched up his lipstick, Rand came up behind him and met his eyes in the mirror. “Are you just about ready?” She said, pretending to be annoyed. “You’re taking forever. You’re worse than a



woman.”

Kirk shrugged. "I can't help it," he said with a shameless and feminine giggle. "My makeup has to be perfect. It's part of my programming."

Rand, in fact, loved seeing Kirk making himself pretty, forced to act ultra feminine. "You look gorgeous," she said. "You're going to give all the guys boners."

"Stop!" Kirk giggled. Rand thrilled to see how he brightened at the crude compliment. Rammerham had changed his orientation, made him totally into men, and she knew, as much as he also hated it, he loved getting guys horny, having them drool over him. As much as she enjoyed seeing him compelled to femininity, she loved his sweet, confused sexuality even more. Her only disappointment was that he had, so far, been able to resist his urges to hook up with the men on the ship—except, maybe, Spock back at Christmas.

She had plans to change all that tonight.

Kirk checked his face one last time, got up and tugged down the hem of his tight little club dress. "Let's go."

"You ready to dance those little feet off?" Rand said, slipping an arm around Kirk's waist as the two of them headed toward the door.

"Omigod, I can't wait. I love dancing more than anything." Kirk had not been to a club as a woman, hadn't been to a dance club since his academy days. It felt—different. When he'd gone as a young man, he'd felt like a lion out hunting for prey. It had been a powerful feeling, an almost angry intensity, and exciting. Now, as best he could explain it, he felt almost like a little bunny heading out into the wilds. A little bunny that wanted to be caught and devoured.

As Rand glanced down at the way Kirk's breasts swelled from the top of his little black dress, she couldn't resist one more tease. "Your tits look great," she said.

"Thanks," Kirk replied without shame. Rand loved it. James T. Kirk had an incredible rack, and he was proud of it. The sweet irony was almost too much.



When they got to the club, there was a long line of people waiting. Kirk started to get in line, but Rand grabbed his hand and led him along the velvet rope. "Girls like us don't wait," she whispered to Kirk. "When we get to the bouncer, smile pretty."

They walked up, and Kirk smiled up at the big, musclebound Taursaurian. "Hey, handsome," he cooed.

"Ladies," the bouncer said, nodding appreciatively as he gave the girls a once over and opened the door to the club without hesitation. Kirk could feel the eyes of all the poor normals who'd been forced staring at him. He felt the envious eyes of the plain girls who couldn't just walk up to a club and get in the door. *Sorry, girls,* he thought with a little smile. *Beauty has its privileges.*

Rand gave Kirk a glance, and they shared a superior smirk. They made their way into the dark, steamy club. The air smelled of whiskey and sweat, and the floor was packed with members of the crew, locals and aliens from all over the galaxy. Kirk's heart raced as he sized up the other females and let his eyes roam over the hard bodies of the men. Rand led him over to a private booth, where some of the crew had gathered, and Kirk's eyes were drawn right to Security Officer Gareth, a big, muscular man with a square jaw and caramel colored eyes that made Kirk weak in the knees. Gareth had been taking Kirk's yoga classes, and their had been heat growing between them for weeks.

"Girls," Gareth shouted over the music as he stood, first pulling Rand in for a hug and a kiss on the cheek before he wrapped his huge, bulging arms around Kirk, likewise pulling him in for a warm, welcoming hug and a kiss

on the cheek. Kirk felt so small, so vulnerable and yet so protected. He smiled up at Gareth, who brushed a strand of hair from his cheek and said, "You're one fine ass woman."

Kirk giggled. Gareth smiled, showing off rows of straight, white teeth. He was so handsome. Kirk put his hand on Gareth's chest, feeling the hard muscle. "Thank you," he said, then bit his tongue and batted his lashes.

"Let's dance," Gareth shouted.

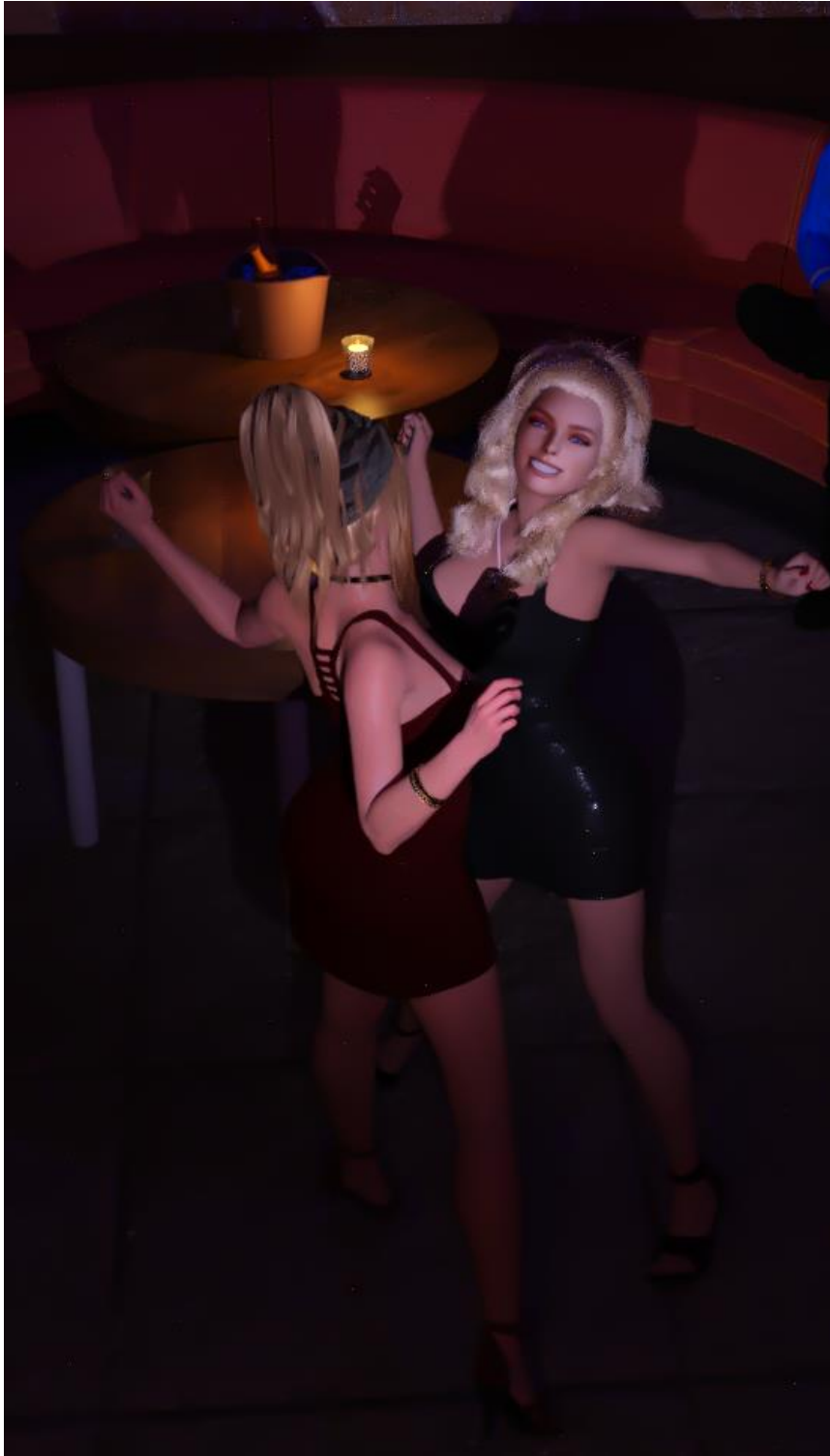
"Yes!" Kirk squealed. Not that he had much choice. In addition to the fact that his captors on Rammerham had made him love dancing, he was also programmed to please men.

The night became a blur. Drinks. Dancing. Flirting. More drinks. More



dancing. Kirk got lost in a haze of pleasure, as one partner after another came to him, men, men and more men, Gareth and others, girls from the crew as well, everyone laughing, smiling, kissing, laughing.

Kirk found himself dancing with Rand, who pressed her breasts against his—it still surprised him when he found himself looking up at her. He'd been so much taller once, but the feeling of her soft body against his, the



smell of her perfume, the glassy hunger in her eyes, left Kirk in a daze, wondering what it would be like to sleep with her now, their smooth thighs intertwined, the gentle kisses and soft sighs, how he could please now with his agile tongue.

More dancing. More drinking. More laughs. Kirk found himself sitting on a couch, drink in hand, talking and laughing with some girls from the crew, girls he once commanded, occasionally slept with or lusted after. Kirk,

waving his dainty hands in the air as he spoke, regaled them with a story about his time as a pleasure girl, dancing for Lord Rammerham when one side of his top had come undone and his left breast had tumbled out, nipple hard as stone. “What did you do?” Breen, a petite blonde, asked, giggling.

“I tore off the rest of my top and kept dancing,” Kirk said, shrugging his little round shoulders and giggling. “What else?”

Breen covered her mouth, eyes wide, even as she remembered the night she’d spent with this giggling blonde sex-bomb back when she’d been a man and captain of the Enterprise. It was hard to imagine with sexy bombshell blonde had ever been a man.

Rand sidled up to Kirk and put a hand on his thigh, whispering in his ear, “Gareth wants a threesome.”

Kirk laughed, spritzing champagne. “Very funny.”

“I’m serious. I think we should do it.”

Kirk looked at Rand. She was gorgeous. Beautiful. She’d been his once, back when he was a man. What would it be like to be with her now, another girl, the two of them pleasing the same man? An image flashed through his mind- he, on his knees, Rand in front, Gareth behind. He trembled with pleasure, but--

I can’t, he thought. I will be captain again someday. I will be a man again. I can’t let one of my crewmen fuck me. And yet, when he opened his mouth, all he could say was, “Yes.”

Rand leaned in and kissed him, cupped his breast and gave it a squeeze. Kirk kissed her back, his body on fire, and he felt Rand’s other hand on the

inside of his thigh, and then she pushed it up his skirt. Gareth came up on the other side and kissed Kirk on the neck, then began gently sucking on his soft skin while cupping his other breast.

Then, suddenly, the two of them pulled back. “Don’t stop,” Kirk begged, breasts heaving.

“We’re just getting you primed for the night of your life, little girl,” Gareth said, and he took Kirk’s arm, pulled him to his feet. He turned Kirk, pushed him forward and started grinding into him. Kirk knew what his man wanted, bent forward and began to twerk, letting his fluid hips thrust back and forth, grinding back against Gareth, his whole body buzzing until—



Enter Spock.

Rammerham

Steel clashed on steel as Lord Rammerham brought his double-bladed ax around in a mighty arc. Spock blocked, but as Rammerham's blade slammed into his shaft, he stumbled backward and Rammerham attacked and attacked. Spock deflecting his blows, but stumbling, regrouping, arms trembling with each thunderous blow. Tears rolled down Kirk's cheeks and he gasped each time Rammerham swung his ax. "Spock, oh, Spock," he whispered. It was obvious to him that Rammerham was not only bigger, but stronger and, surprisingly, faster.

Spock tried, finally, to counter, unleashing a clever series of spinning blows, trying to confuse Rammerham with his flashing blades, changing levels and angles. Rammerham, to Kirk's dismay, also proved to have been very well-trained and easily parried each and every blow. Rammerham waited and waited, just parrying strikes, until the Vulcan was breathing hard, his body sheathed in sweat. Seeing Spock exhausted, Rammerham unleashed a mighty blow, stronger than any he'd swung so far, and the blade went spinning from Spock's hands as he fell back, lost his footing and slammed to the ground. Stunned, he lay there, mouth open, eyes lost as if he were staring at a distant cloud.

Rammerham roared as did his crowd, and he leapt high into the air, raising his blade and preparing to bring it crashing down onto Spock's head in a death blow that would no doubt shatter his skull and kill him instantly. Kirk screamed. He was so terrified he wet himself, feeling the hot urine escaping from his body, dripping down the inside of his thigh. Kirk closed his eyes, too feminine and ashamed, too scared to watch his friend, his man, his champion die.



A great metallic clang rang out, the sound of steel shattering, and then a gasp from the crowd. Kirk opened his eyes and screamed once more, but this time in joy. "Spock!" Kirk called out in his high, squeaky voice as he



saw the Vulcan had somehow dodged the blow, gotten onto the back of Rammerham and now sent the great warrior collapsing to the ground with a nerve pinch.

The room grew silent. Kirk, overwhelmed with emotion, swooned. He was half-conscious, unable to move or think. He felt Spock lift him, cradle him in his arms. "I claim this female," Spock shouted. "She belongs to me."



Kirk heard those words. His heart skipped a beat, and in confused and bewildered state, he thought, *I **am** his now. I'm Spock's woman. He's my master.* It would be a feeling he would fight from that moment forward, holding out as long as he could against his training.

Back in the Club



Spock grabbed Kirk's wrist and yanked him along, pulling him right off his feet. Kirk stumbled but managed to regain his footing. He was all-universe in heels, but his legs were much shorter than Spock's, and in his tight little dress and heels, he struggled to keep up. "You're hurting me," Kirk cried out.

Spock kept yanking him along until they came to a secluded corner. He pushed Kirk against a wall and stared down at him, his eyes filled with rage like Kirk had never seen. It scared Kirk, but at the same time he had never been more turned on in his life. "I was only dancing," Kirk said, throwing one hip out, tilting his head to the side.

"I do not approve of your conduct," Spock said, his voice as hard as his eyes. He didn't care that he was feeling, expressing and revealing his emotions. His human side had lit up like never before. "I forbid you to dance to dance with other men."

Omigod, Kirk thought. Omigod he is such a badass, so jealous, and having Spock give him orders, take control like that? Every inch of Kirk was tingling and just as Spock had gone all human, Kirk had gone all serving girl. He knew what Spock wanted and needed to go all the way, and he obeyed, though it might not have looked that way to a casual observer. "I can do whatever I want," Kirk sassied back, waving a finger in Spock's face. "I'm your superior officer."

It worked. "You'll do what I tell you." Spock grabbed Kirk's shoulders and pulled him in for a kiss that landed like a sledgehammer. Kirk pressed his breasts against Spock's chest and lifted a leg, rubbing his thigh against Spock's ribs even as he felt the Vulcan's tongue push through his lips, probing, finding Kirk's tongue, their mouths fusing as Spock picked Kirk up like he was made of air, carried him over and laid him on his back on a couch, then rolled him over and started to yank his dress up over his hips.

"Spock!" Kirk gasped, getting his hands and knees, glancing back over his shoulder as Spock yanked his panties down. "We can't do it here!"

Spock growled like an animal, slapped Kirk hard on this ass and pushed down his pants. “Woman,” he barked. “Be silent.” Kirk bit his lip and arched his back, eager to obey and please his man.

After, Kirk mussed his hair while Spock zipped up his dress. He felt every bit the pleased little female he appeared to be, and Spock felt like the stud he was who’d reclaimed and taken command of his woman. Still, having relieved his feverish and very human needs, Spock’s Vulcan half was reasserting itself. “Captain,” he said, his voice once more infused the impassive timbre of relentless logic. “I may have said some things in the heat of the moment...”

“I liked it,” Kirk interrupted. “I like—I love it when you take command, tell me what to do, dominate me.” He dropped his eyes and whispered, “I want more. Lots more.”

Spock’s Vulcan discipline was once more shaken. Having this pretty little female Kirk talk like that in his little girl voice—it was maddening. He cupped Kirk’s chin and tilted his head back. “Look at me,” he commanded. Kirk raised his eyes and met Spock’s. “You don’t flirt with other men. Ever. You’re mine.”

Kirk’s knees went weak, and he fell against Spock, laying his head against Spock’s hard chest. “Yes, Master.”

Spock stroked Kirk’s long, soft hair and smiled.