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R

Mature Readers

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The Transformation of James T. Kirk Part 14

By Cooper and Kadee

Jim T. Kirk, former captain of the Starship Enterprise, knew exactly what he was doing to all the men who'd gathered to watch him play volleyball. With each jump, each move, his breasts bounced, threatening to pop right out of the tiny little bikini he'd squeezed himself into. It wasn't just his breasts. His butt, his hair, his whole body jiggled and swayed with every move, and he, loving the attention and programmed to please men, giggled and smiled and laughed, flirting with the wind, purposefully missing some easy shots so he could giggle and laugh and celebrate his helpless femininity.

Kirk's mind had been retrained on Rammerham. Though some part of him lingered, cringing at what they'd made of him, most of him was vibrating, thrilled at the attention he now commanded, at the heat and raw desire he felt smoldering within the man, some of the women. Kirk knew he was a beautiful woman, and nothing made him happier than using his curves to make others happy.

If there was a dark cloud, it was who wasn't there to see how beautiful he was, to see how everyone wanted his body. Though it never showed in his big pretty eyes or dimmed his bright smile,

Kirk missed Spock, glancing around between points hoping to see his old friend had come down to the beach.

Vega 4 was known, and not without reason, as a paradise planet. The beach where Kirk played volleyball was the softest sand, and the air smelled of tropical flowers, coconut scented suntan lotion. The distant smell of the charcoal grills that lined the beach wafted over to them, sweat barbecuing meats and smoldering coals, and the twin suns that hovered over the beach bathed them all in a soft, golden light that was famed throughout the federation. Kirk and his bestie, Rand, were on the same team, giggling and laughing together, high-fiving when they won points, but making sure never to do anything that might show up any of the guys.

“You think you can handle my serve?” Kirk called out, playing with his hair with one hand, making eye contact with security man Baxter, a big, muscular man of a man, who was playing on the other side and whose hard body now glistened with sweat. Kirk had found his eyes drawn to the bulge in Baxter’s bathing suit more than once, and his mouth went dry when he imagined the python Baxter must be playing with. Ummmm.

“Bring it little girl.” Kirk mugged a serious face, pushing his lower lip out and slitting his eye before using an underhand serve to send the ball flying high into the air, floating over the net toward

Baxter. Kirk could do an overhand serve and deliver a much harder ball to return, but it didn't seem cute.

The gathered crowd cheered as Baxter returned the serve. Both teams moved and shifted, called out, and the ball went back and forth, back and forth. Kirk was lost in the game, just a pretty girl having fun, wondering not for the first time if maybe he should just resign from Star Fleet, find a bungalow somewhere and spend his days swimming and sunbathing, just being a beach bunny.

Though the idea would once have appalled him, more and more it seemed like it could be a better life for a girl like him.

Lost in thought, having fun, feminine and free, laughing and flirting, Kirk didn't even notice Captain Finnegan walking along the beach. Wearing his uniform, Finnegan had come down just to greet the crew, wish them well. It was traditional, but the top officers didn't take leave with the crew, since that could lead to them being seen in a light that might undermine their authority.

The officers took liberty at a separate resort down the beach where they, like the crew, could blow off some steam and do some things that, maybe, they didn't want the crew to know about.

Finnegan heard Kirk's silvery laugh and looked to see the former Captain's long legs flashing in the sun as he ran after the ball, saving what would have been a lost point. Damn, Finnegan



thought, drinking in Kirk's body, his slender waist, wide, round hips and those tiny little arms. He'd be so easy to dominate, Finnegan thought, thinking about the reports he'd read, how Kirk had been brainwashed, trained as a pleasure girl. The pleasure girls of Rammerham were famed throughout the galaxy. Finnegan chuckled as he approached the volleyball court. Kirk. The

arrogant prick. He'd risen so fast, becoming a Star Fleet legend, surpassing Finnegan, surpassing everyone.

Now look at him, Finnegan though, all tits and ass. Finnegan wanted this version of Kirk, this little slut he'd become, and he imagined himself fucking Kirk, pounding into him, watching his breasts bouncing, then pulling out and spraying jizz all over his tits, that pretty face.

Oh, yeah. He'd fuck that bitch and put her right in her place. James Kirk's gonna get my squirt, he thought. Ha!

A point ended. Kirk tugged at his bikini bottoms, which had ridden up his ass crack. "Looking good, Jimi," Finnegan said.

Every muscle in Kirk's body tensed at the sound of Finnegan's voice as the fun drained right out of him. Hiding his anxiety behind a smile, he turned and tossed his hair. "Captain!" He said in a high, excited voice. "So good to see you!"

Finnegan's eyes were cold, hard, like a shark. He stared into Kirk's eyes, then let his gaze ooze down to Kirk's shoulders, his breasts, tummy, waist and hips... Kirk felt his skin crawl, but resisted the urge to cover himself as Finnegan caressed him with his eyes. When Finnegan's eyes once more rose to meet Kirk's, he smiled, showing all his teeth, and said, "How about a hug, doll face?"

Fuck, no, Kirk thought, but giggled. "Of course, Captain!" He said, prancing over and opening his arms. Rand, Baxter and the rest watched. Finnegan pulled Kirk in for a bear hug, squeezing Kirk's soft little body hard, letting one hand cup Kirk's ass. Then, Finnegan kissed Kirk on the neck as a new and cruel idea came to him. "I want you to come and dance for the officers," he said. "You love dancing, right?"

Kirk giggled. "I do," he said. He glanced at Rand. *Help!*

Rand wanted to help her friend, but she didn't know what to do or so. Baxter, too, started to step forward, but at a glance from Finnegan he stepped back. Finnegan had already established himself as a vindictive prick.

Finnegan took Kirk by the elbow. "Come on. It'll be fun for the men to have their former captain shaking his ass for them. Especially that fine ass of yours."

Kirk giggled and shrugged. "I guess?"

"Pardon me, Captain," Kirk heard a deep, familiar and welcome voice call from behind him. Looking back and up, he saw Spock and almost swooned. Spock! Oh, my God, Spock! "I apologize for interrupting," Spock said, putting a hand on the small of Kirk's back, moving him away from Finnegan and stepping between the

two of them. “There is a matter of some urgency that requires your attention.”

“Is that so?” Finnegan said, clenching his fists, angry, feeling certain Spock was just there to ruin his fun and protect this



helpless little female Kirk had become. He met Spock’s eyes. The two stared. Finnegan looked away first.

Kirk's cheeks flushed. Spock is such a badass!

"Perhaps we'll pick this up later," Finnegan said, giving Kirk one more feral look.

"Perhaps," Kirk said, now hiding his amusement behind his pretty smile. Finnegan. You think you're so great? Well, my man just put you in your place, pig!

Kirk and Spock went off. Rand came and threw her arm over Kirk's shoulder. There were too many people around for her to get into just what was going on between Kirk and Spock there says, so she just said, "Looks like you've got half the crew fighting over you."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Kirk said, then bit his lip as he watched Spock, with his cute little Vulcan but, walk away. He started to set up for another game of volleyball, but Rand steered him back toward the hotel.

"We only have a couple hours to get ready for clubbing tonight," she explained.

Kirk had lost track of time, but he didn't argue. It took him forever to get ready.

Rammerham

Kirk and a handful of the other pleasure girls were in a circle, each one braiding the hair of the girl in front of her. As they worked their small hands through the long silken hair of the girl in front, they chatted in their high, soft voices. Here, in the circle of girls, braiding hair, Kirk couldn't have explained it, but he felt fully female and not like a man trapped in a woman's body and a woman's life. Now, he was just one of the girls, and he felt fine with it. His longing to return to his old body, to the power of command, was gone.

Mother approached along with Xaria. "Kizzy. Come."

"Mother?" Kirk said, pausing, pained at the thought of leaving without finishing Aolia's hair.

"Xaria will finish for you," she said, knowing her girls. "Come."

Kirk followed Mother from the harem girl's chambers. He didn't ask what it was about. If Mother felt he should know, she would explain. He just walked meekly to the side and slightly beside the other woman.

In time, Mother chose to explain. "A champion from your ship has stepped forward and claimed you," Mother explained.

"A champion?" Kirk said, thinking, Spock!

“Yes. He and Rammerham will fight. The one that wins will claim you as his property.”

“What about the one who loses?” Kirk asked, his heart filled with feminine concerns and fears.

“He will die,” Mother said. She paused and looked down at Kirk, grabbing his arms, squeezing. “Rammerham has defeated the most fearsome warriors in all the galaxy. This male who has stepped forward?” Mother said. “He is about to die.”

Kirk’s mind reeled. The brainwashing he’d gone through had bound him to Rammerham, filled his girlish heart with more infatuation for the man than any love-sick schoolgirl ever. And yet, Spock? They’d been friends for so long, and after he’d been turned into a woman, Kirk’s feelings had evolved into something deeper and more powerful than what he felt for Rammerham.

Spock? Die? The thought chilled Kirk to the bones, and he instantly thought, If Spock dies, I’ll kill myself. I will. The thought of living in a world without Spock was just too painful, too horrible and pointless for him to even imagine.

A great crowd had gathered. Kirk was made to lay on the floor. A great gong sounded, and Spock and Rammerham entered the arena carrying long, vicious, two-bladed weapons. They were

each wearing a loin cloth and nothing else. This is all my fault, Kirk thought, his hands to his cheeks. They're fighting over me!

"Rammerham meets the challenge from the one called Spock, who claims the female Kizzy as his own," the vizier called out.

"This fight is to the death! There is only one rule: conquer. Begin at the second sounding of the gong!"

"Rammerham! Rammerham!" The crowd shouted. "Rammerham!" The room shook with the thunder of their voices.

Kirk's heart raced; terror seized him. Rammerham was so much bigger than Spock, so much stronger. I can't let this happen, he thought. I must stop this. I must.... He dug deep inside himself, he pushed his way through the layers of conditioning, the brainwashing, and he found himself, the old Kirk, the real Kirk. He had a woman's body, but he was once more a man.

The second gong sounded. Steel clashed on steel. Kirk got to his feet, ran as hard as he could, leapt into the air and landed on Rammerham's shoulders, locking one leg around the big man's neck.

"Foul! Foul!" The Vizier shrieked.

"You think I'm a helpless girl?" Kirk screamed as he dug his fingernails into Rammerham's eyes, pounded at his ears with his tiny fist. "I am Kizzy Kirk, and you will not hurt my man!"



Rammerham roared. Spock, taking advantage of his enemies' distraction, slashed his gut with his blade, sending his steaming intestines plunging to the floor.

Kirk found himself in Spock's arms. "Kiss me, you Vulcan fool," Kirk said, and when Spock did, Kirk was a woman again, all woman, and he knew he would be a woman for the rest of his life. He would be Spock's woman, and that was enough.

The second gong sounded and Kirk snapped back to reality, his beautiful dream blown away like smoke in the wind. Steel clashed on steel. Kirk's heart raced; his mind reeled with feminine fears. Spock, he thought. Save me! The men began to fight. Kirk watched, just a helpless little female.

