

The Transformation of James T. Kirk

Chapter 16



“I just can’t stop thinking about him,” Captain James Kirk said as he sat on his bed in just a bra and panties, giggling and twisting his hair.

“He must have been so good in the sack,” his bestie, Janice Rand said. Her former lover, James Kirk, was so obviously a lovestruck female, with that

sparkle in his eyes, the tip of his nose blushing as he gushed on and on about his man.

“Oh,” Kirk sighed, putting a hand to his chest. “It was so different, making love to someone I loved, who loved me. Just the way he looked at me made me weak in the knees. I never felt so connected to anyone, ever. It’s like our two souls were one. I don’t think I’ve ever loved, truly loved anyone before. I had no idea what it was like to give myself to another.”

He sounds like a teen-age girl, Janice thought, amused.

Kirk’s eyes suddenly went wide as he realized who he was talking to. He reached out and touched Rand on the wrist. “Not that I didn’t care about you when we were—when I was still a man and, well...”

“You don’t need to explain,” Rand said. “What we had was sex. What you have now is love. Do you think you’ll he wants to marry you?”

Worry, concern dimmed the bubbling brightness in Kirk’s big, blue eyes. “I—I don’t know. I mean, of course, I hope so, but I just don’t know.”

“Oh, sweetie,” Rand said, remembering how much she had once hoped and dreamt of becoming Mrs. James Kirk. She knew very well what the poor little thing was going through. “You have to drop subtle hints, but make sure he doesn’t feel any pressure. Men are skittish when it comes to commitment, and you don’t want to give him any reason to think you might be anything other than a perfect little helpmate who puts his needs first.”

“I don’t think Spock is like that.”

“They’re all like that.”

After Rand left, Kirk found himself a mess—totally imprinted on Spock, he couldn’t imagine life without him, even though that would mean giving up any hopes of regaining his life as a man or resuming command someday as a woman. The Enterprise had been his life. Was he willing to give it all up to be a wife and mother? Pulling up a catalog and idly browsing wedding dresses—he particularly adored late 20th century lace—he found himself reminiscing on his past life—

“There are certain things a man must do to remain a man.” He’d said those words to Daystrom, after the arrogant fool had installed his villainous M-5

artificial intelligence computer on The Enterprise. He snickered now to remember it, to remember how threatened he'd been at the idea of losing control of his ship to anyone or anything, the idea that there was nothing more important than being a man.

He'd been a woman before, of course, and he remembered now how Spick had performed the mind meld, and, later, as they'd walked down the hall together, he'd grabbed Spock's hand and held it, feeling safe, protected, drawing on Spock's strength and confidence. He'd believed that, somehow, Spock would save him.

Was this always my fate, he wondered? Was it always my secret desire to be Spock's girl?

Oh! His heart fluttered at the sight of a gown. He adored it. He'd never understood before his change how women could get so excited about a dress, a pair of shoes, but he totally got it now. In fact, he couldn't understand why men didn't obsess about fashion. It was so important.

"Model it," he said out loud, and the catalog appeared an image of him in the gown clutching a dozen roses, smiling in a lush garden. He looked so pretty in that picture, it almost made him cry. Captain James Kirk was not certain that he would be happy as a wife and mother, dealing with dirty diapers and crying babies instead of facing down Klingons and Romulans. He wasn't sure that was the life for him, even if he were trapped as a woman. He was sure, however, that he wanted a wedding. Maybe he and Spock could just get married for show?

Kirk checked the time. He needed to eat and then get down to the gym, where he was scheduled to teach a few yoga classes. He wiggled into his little red uniform, checked his hair and makeup, then strutted confidently out the door. He no longer felt the need for a male escort. Word had gotten around that he was Spock's woman now, and no one would dare ogle or make a rude comment to Spock's girl. As Kirk walked down the hall, his status as a prize female infused him with a new confidence. He no longer felt intimidated by any of the men. As he passed them, where he'd once cringed, worrying they would stare at his breasts or pinch his ass, he now breezily acknowledged them with a pretty smile, but one with just a little arrogance to it as well. Behind that smile and his bright eyes was a constant thought—my boyfriend can kick your ass.



Part Two



“Hurry,” Captain Kirk said, looking around the empty computer lab, his heart racing. “We might get caught.”

“Do not worry the little face, devushka,” Chekov said. “I have control over all. You will not get in trouble.”

Kirk bit his lip as he watched Chekov working to hack into the security logs. The repugnant little troll, Till Wimpleton, had refused them access, and then they’d been briefly sidetracked by shore leave. Now, finally, if this worked, he would find out who had sabotaged the transporter and turned him into a woman. Though he’d grown to like himself as a woman and, of course, had fallen madly in love with Spock, Kirk still found himself curious about who

had done this and why. He also wanted to tell them right to their ugly, stupid face how much they had failed, how even if he were stuck in this body and this life, he was happy anyway.

Chekov tapped away. “I’m almost in. Almost—there.”

The image of an empty transporter room flickered onto the screen, the video paused. “Are you sure you want to see this?” Chekov said. “The Pandora cannot be closed once opened.”

“Play it,” Kirk said. “Let me see at long last who thought they could get the best of James T. Kirk.”

The video began to roll. Nothing happened, at first, but then the utility entrance to the transporter room opened, and a figure snuck into the room holding some kind of alien device in their hands.

“No!” Kirk gasped. “No... no... no....”



Part Three

The doors to the bridge slid open.

“You bitch!” Kirk screamed as he charged up to Rand and slapped her across the face. He lunged further, meaning to scratch her face, mark her, but Chekov grabbed him around the waist and pulled him back.



“Cat fight!” Captain Finnegan shouted, laughing, loving the site of the hot little minx James Kirk had become getting into a cat fight with another woman, and looking so hot doing it.

Kirk, kicking and punching, somehow squirmed free of Chekov and chased Rand, who ran over to the communications comm and cowered behind Uhura. “Get the hell out of my way,” Kirk said. “I’m gonna kill that slut!”

“Just calm down,” Uhura said, holding her palm toward Captain Kirk. “This is not the way to handle this.”

Kirk screamed in feminine fury and tried to run past Uhura, but the other woman grabbed him and soon he found himself squirming helpless in Uhura’s arms. “Let go of me!” Kirk screamed.

Suddenly, Spock loomed into his vision, an angry look in his eyes. “Miss Kirk,” he said in a steely voice. “You will stop this behavior now. It is not proper for a young lady.”

Kirk instantly stopped struggling, his cheeks blushing. Uhura let go, and he stood at attention. “Yes, sir,” he said, no longer even thinking about Rand, but focused entirely on his man, his master.

“Come with me,” Spock said, taking Kirk by the arm and guiding him toward the elevator.

“Aw, why’d you have to go and ruin the fun,” Finnegan called while staring at Kirk’s plump rear and long, gorgeous legs. “Damn,” he thought as the elevator doors closed. James T. Kirk is one fine piece of ass.

“Permission to leave,” Rand said.

“Nah. I want you to get me some coffee, and then tell me what you did to drive that little girl nuts.”

“But, sir—”

“Coffee,” Finnegan snapped. “Now.”

“Yes, sir.”

Rand wasn’t half-bad, herself, he thought, drinking in her figure as she got him his coffee. Maybe there would be some way he could use this to get her in the sack.

Part Four

“What should I do?” Captain Kirk said, gazing up at Spock. “Should I use the device to become a man again?”

Spock frowned. “Are you certain you wish for me to make this decision for you?” He asked. “It is, I do not need to explain, a life changing decision. Star Fleet has granted permission for us to use it once, and when we reach Iona 4, we will have to turn it over to Star Fleet command. The decision will be final, and you will—”

“Spock,” Kirk whispered as tears rolled down his cheeks. “Just tell me what to do. I’m a girl-- scared, confused, and so unsure of what I want, what’s right. I don’t even know what to believe anymore, but what I do know is that I believe in you, Spock. You know what’s best, so just end the suspense and tell me who I am going to be for the rest of my life.”

Spock paused, closed his eyes, and thought. Kirk watched, the tension building, fear and anxiety. He’d lied. He’d totally lied. He knew exactly what he wanted; he wanted Spock. He wanted to be Spock’s bride more than anything he’d ever wanted, even command of his own ship. He couldn’t tell that to Spock, though, because Spock needed to ask him for his hand. It was not only traditional, but he’d talked to other women, and they’d all told him; if he doesn’t ask you, he doesn’t really want you.

What if he doesn’t want me? What if I misread the whole situation? The thought terrified Kirk, but he’d already decided that if Spock didn’t want him, he would go back to being a man, make do with that life. The device would not only restore his body to exactly as it had been that fateful day when he’d become a woman, but in doing so it would also reboot his mind, erasing every memory of what had happened since then, including the brainwashing on Rammerham.

He would not remember the girl he’d become, how he’d fallen in love with Spock, become a Barbie, loved dancing and makeup... he would not remember the woman’s life he’d come to cherish, his feminine hopes and dreams... he would never get his big wedding.



Spock opened his eyes and took Captain Kirk's soft little hand. "I have decided," he said, putting Kirk's hand on his chest so Kirk could feel the strong, steady beat of his heart. "However, I must ask you a question."

Kirk batted his lashes as he looked up at Spock.

"Captain James T. Kirk," he said, "will you marry me?"

Kirk squealed and threw his arms around Spock. "Yes, yes, yes," he said as they kissed and hugged. When they finished kissing, Kirk started to worry. Spock hadn't actually asked him to marry. "You do want me to stay a girl, right?"

Spock raised one eyebrow, thinking, he is such an airhead. “Yes. I wish for you to remain a female.”

“I just wanted to be sure,” Kirk said, getting excited. “Now, let me tell you what I am thinking for our wedding...”



Epilogue

“Morning, ladies,” Captain James T. Kirk sang out as he pushed his baby carriage up to the circle of young mothers who’d gathered under an ancient oak in the park near Starbase. His daughter, Kathleen, frolicked beside him, holding his hand. The other mothers greeted him, all smiles and pretty little waves.

Kirk took baby Max from his carriage and sat on the blanket Kira had spread out for them and cradled the baby in his lap as he made eye contact with the other women, making a point to shower each of them with small compliments. Kathleen sat down and started to color.

“I hear you got Kathleen into Golliday Academy,” Kira said. “How do you do it?”

“Oh, just lucky I guess,” Kirk said, feigning feminine modesty. “I think my husband called someone.”

“I think you are just a super mom,” Jane said. The women all nodded in agreement. “How do you manage two kids, while you’re expecting your third, and, yet, I’ve never seen so much as a single hair out of place?”

“Oh, stop,” Kirk said. “You’re gorgeous.” Inside, he felt an old and cherished feeling—the feeling of being a winner. The girls were all friends, of course, and they helped and supported one another, but they also competed, and once he’d found himself a mommy among mothers, Kirk had set his little heart on being queen bee. He’d learned the rules of the mommy game, and they were quite simple if not easy: everything needed to be perfect, and he had to make said perfection look easy.

One thing hadn’t changed for James Kirk as he’d found himself leaning into his new life as a wife and a mother: he still liked to win, and he had. He was Queen Mommy.

Max started to cry. “So,” Kirk said as he opened his blouse, unbuttoned his nursing bra and lifted Max to his teat. “Let’s talk about the book.”

The women all pulled out their copies of the best seller, *All the World’s a Stage*, and Janice started chatting away about the latest chapter. Kirk listened and smiled as he felt Max’s mouth on his nipple, gently sucking, drawing in mother’s milk. He glanced up at the sky, where he knew

somewhere his husband Spock was sitting at helm of the starship Enterprise, exploring strange new worlds, boldly going where no man had gone before.

Kirk gazed down at his baby. Max's eyes were open. They were blue, like his, and as he made eye contact with his mommy, Max smiled. Kirk smiled back and sighed as he let his gaze shift to Kathleen, with her glossy black hair. I'm the luckiest woman in the world, Captain James T. Kirk thought. So, the world didn't consider what he did as important as being a starship captain. So what? He was a mommy, and there was nothing more important in the universe than being a mom.

Even if it did involve changing a lot of dirty diapers.

The End

Bonus Pic



