

# The Transformation of James T. Kirk



**Christmas Special!**

The following material is rated

R

Mature Readers

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“Come on, girls!” Kirk shouted as he pranced in front of the class, doing butt kicks while all the other women followed his lead. “You want that tight ass and gorgeous legs, you gotta what?”



“Work for it!” The exhausted women shouted.

“Ten more seconds! Don’t give up!”

The 10 second timer began to beep.... And when the last beep finally chimed, many of the girls collapsed to the floor, while others leaned on their knees, gasping for breath. Kirk kept prancing, smiling brightly. “What? You’re tired?”

“I hate you!” Janice Rand groaned from the floor.

Kirk did a cute little shoulder shrug and giggled. He’d always been competitive, and he loved showing the other girls how aerobically fit

he was. He had no upper body strength anymore, so fitness had become all about doing the most squats, being able to do jump splits, dance.

“Hey, pretty girl,” Melody Gregorious, his supervisor said. Kirk didn’t sweat nearly as much now that he was a woman as he had as a man, but his soft, bright skin still had a sheen of sweat, so they air hugged and

kissed. Kirk missed getting a chance to share a nice, warm hug with Melody. It wasn't like it used to be— not sexual at all. He'd just found that, since his sex change, he thrived on hugs and really didn't feel himself unless he got at least 4-5 good hugs in per day.

“Team meeting in 15 minutes,” Melody said as she turned to greet some of the other girls in the class.

“Great class,” Rand said, fulfilling Kirk's need for the real thing, wrapping her arms around him, their soft bodies pressing together. They were both sweaty, so it didn't matter.

“Thanks,” Kirk said.

“I'll catch up with you later.”

“Buda-bye!” They both said.

In the locker room, Kirk unzipped his high impact sports bra and peeled it off, then stretched out the medium support sports bra he wore underneath and pulled it over his head. As his breasts swayed free, he sighed with relief. He could finally breathe without all that compression on his ribs. As much as he needed the support— and appreciated the lift— he missed his hard, flat chest and the ease and comfort of movement that had come with being a guy.

As he headed to the shower, Kirk could feel the other girls checking out his body. He could feel their respect, envy, and it brought a little smile to his face. He knew he was hot, and he just hoped he would inspire them to keep working on their own figures— and, of course, their health!

Though he'd gotten used to being naked around other women during his time as a pleasure girl on Rammerham, he still felt bashful about one thing, and he held his soft, pink towel in front of the space between his legs as he headed to the showers. He just hated having women see his vagina.



After a quick shower, he only had 14 minutes to get ready for the meeting. He didn't have time to fix his hair, so he just tightened his gym ponytail and then hurried to do some light makeup— lipstick, eyeliner, mascara. Makeup was a requirement now that he'd been assigned to the Barbies, and he hurried into the meeting with a minute to spare, feeling proud of how good he was with cosmetics. It was his competitive spirit coming through again. He was a woman now, and other women were the competition.

Lieutenant Lubbock, the head of Health and Morale, started the meeting. "Ladies," she said.

Everyone sat up at attention.

"As you all know, the holidays are one of the most challenging times for our crew as they are all away from their families. We help them counter all that with another leg kicking performance from the Gamboling Gals!"

The girls clapped, so Kirk clapped. She doesn't expect me to be one of the Gals? He thought. Certainly, she can't mean for that? He frowned, thinking about the little, Sexy Santa's helper costumes they wore.

"This year's lead dancer, the star of the show..." Lubbock said, then scanned the room of bright, expectant faces, before her eyes dropped to the glum, unhappy face of Jamie Kirk.

Kirk shook his head, no, his eyes pleading. Please.

"The prima donna ballerina..." Lubbock went on, milking it. Following her eyes, all the girls were now looking at Kirk, some of them smirking as his face turned bright red, he shook his head.

"Will be none other than the lovely and talented Miss Kirk!"

Kirk covered his face in his hands as the girls all cheered. One even whistled. As soon as the meeting broke up, Kirk checked his APP, and at

least got a little good news: his period wouldn't start until a week after their performance.

The next few weeks, Kirk had no time at all to continue his investigation. Now, in addition to his busy schedule teaching aerobics and yoga classes, he had to spend hours and hours with the other Gamboling Gals, practicing the dance routine. Thanks to the brainwashing he'd experienced on Rammerham, Kirk had no problem picking up choreography. He had the routine down after two rehearsals, but the other girls were not as gifted, so the rehearsals went on and on. The girl leading the dance team, Ellen Arbor, had an obsession for the dancing style of an old-Earth troupe known as The Rockets, and she demanded absolute precision, which did not come easy.

Kirk loved dancing more than almost anything, so it wasn't exactly torture. He just wished he had time to try and figure out who'd done this to him and how to get back to his own body! On top of all that, he just simply had to get gifts for all his friends, and he spent hours looking for just the right presents to let Rand, Chekov, Uhura, Chapel, Bones, Sulu, Scotty, plus all his new girlfriends among the Barbies know how special they were to him.

Rand dropped by one evening after her shift to find Kirk's room overflowing with packages, wrapping paper, ribbons. "Hey, sexy," she said, amused at the scene. He had, bless his heart, Christmas music playing while he was wrapping gifts.

"Hey, girl," Kirk answered in that sexy little voice of his.

"Obsess much?" Rand said.

Kirk rolled his eyes. "I only have a few days until Christmas, and I have to get all of these wrapped!"

“You know you can have them wrapped?”

Kirk frowned. “That just seems so cold and impersonal,” he said, crinkling his nose.



He is such a girl, Rand thought, sitting down. She really liked the sweet little female he'd become. It had helped her almost totally forgive him for dumping her. Almost. “Let me help,” she said, reaching toward a pair of scissors.

Kirk blocked her hand. “Um, well, I don't want to be rude, but it's really important? How good are you at wrapping presents?”

“Terrible,” Rand admitted. She was not super great at any of the female arts.



“Then, um, you better let me.”

Suit yourself. Rand sat. “What did you get me?”

“You’ll just have to wait and see!” Kirk sang.

“Well, while I’m here, let me tell you the latest between me and Jax.”

“Omigod! Dish!” Kirk squealed.

When Rand left, Kirk put a hand to his cheek as his thoughts turned to Spock. Oh! He sighed. All of Rand’s chattering about she and Jax had gotten him feeling warm and fuzzy, imagining he and Spock were a couple. It wasn’t just that Spock was so tall and handsome, with those cute, pointy ears! He was so protective! Kirk felt so safe with him.

And Christmas was only two days away, and he still had not figured out what to give Spock for Christmas!

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The day before the big concert, Kirk called Spock and asked him for an escort to dinner. “Of course,” Spock said.

Kirk had found himself giggling as he told Spock all about how fun the dance would be. Though most of the time Kirk felt always divided against himself, fighting between the pleasure girl the Rammerhams had made of him and the man he’d once been, not when he was with Spock. There was just something about that man. When Kirk was with him, he felt all woman. “After we perform, there’s going to be a dance and food, fun holiday songs and everything!”

“The evidence strongly suggests,” Spock had responded, raising an eyebrow. “That this social event will have a positive impact on the psychological well-being of the crew members.”

“You’re coming, right?” Kirk asked, as the possibility that Spock wouldn’t come entered his blonde head for the first time.

“Though half-human, I do not find myself in any way impacted by the occurrence of earthly holidays I never observed. Consequently, attendance would serve no purpose.”

“But I’m dancing!” Kirk said. “You have to come!” Kirk grabbed Spock’s big, strong hand in his own, soft little hands and squeezed. “Please, please, please? It’s important to *my* emotional state!”

The hint of a smile actually flickered on Spock’s lips. “I will come for you.”

“Yes!” Kirk said, thrilled. It made him feel good when he could reach Spock’s human side, disturb that Vulcan calm. It made him feel sexy and pretty and proud. It made him feel hope.

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The off-duty crew were all gathered in one of the recreation rooms for the first of the three holiday parties that would be held on the ship. Kirk and the rest of the girls were backstage, Kirk touching up his lipstick. He was so nervous! Just before it was time to perform, the girls gathered in a circle, arms draped across each other’s shoulders, and Ellen had given her little pep talk, ending with, “remember– smile, smile, smile!”

“Smile, smile, smile,” Kirk and the girls chanted back. The music started blasting, an old song called Rocking Around the Christmas Tree. Kirk and the girls strutted on stage in their short little Christmas dresses, long legs flashing, big, bright smiles on their faces.

The crew roared, and the girls broke out into their routine– it was hot, sexy, flirty and fun, and when it ended, the crew roared. Kirk and the girls pranced off stage, all giggling and laughing, hugging and high fiving before heading right back out to flirt and dance with the crew.



Kirk carefully took up a position in the corner and, catching Spock's eye, waved him over. "Captain," Spock said. "Your performance exceeded parameters."

"Oh, wow, thanks!" Kirk said, smiling up at the Vulcan, arching his back, thrusting his breasts forward. "Oh!" He pointed up. Look! Mistletoe!"

Spock glanced upward. "Viscum Cruciatum," Spock observed. "Commonly known as mistletoe. This particular variety."

"Spock," Kirk said, putting his palm on Spock's chest. "If two people come together under the mistletoe, they have to kiss."

"A strange custom."

Kirk smiled. "I am waiting."



“I cannot take advantage of you in your current condition,” Spock said.

Kirk wanted a kiss. Bad. He prepared once more to flirt his way into Spock's human heart. The struggle would make it all the sweeter.

"It's just a kiss, and—"

"Stop this behavior. Now," Spock said, his voice stern, commanding.

Kirk felt like he'd been punched in the gut. He'd been conditioned to obey orders from men. He had no choice, yet it pained him so much to have Spock reject his advances. "You are on duty," Spock continued. "I suggest you perform your assigned responsibilities."

"Of course, you're right," Kirk said, hiding his pain under a bright, flirty smile. "Merry Christmas!"

"Indeed."

Kirk made his way back into the center of the room smiling, greeting, hugging, tossing his hair.

Spock, in spite of himself, could not help but drink in those long legs. Captain Kirk had become a genetically superior female. It would almost be a shame for her to once more become a man.

It was a busy day for the pretty little captain. Between parties and performances, he went around the ship delivering his presents. He'd made appointments to meet each and every one of the people close to him at their quarters so he could deliver the presents personally. It was such fun, and so important to him now to let everyone know how much he appreciated their friendship and support. As a man, he'd always felt independent, self-sufficient, but since becoming a woman he'd come to realize just how important relationships were, how much he needed them. His visits with the men in his life whether it be Scotty or Bones or Chekov, were rife with sexual tension. Kirk didn't mind. He knew how pretty he was,

and they *were* men, after all. Yet, they were also gentleman, and they resisted any urges they might have had to step over the line.

His meeting with Sulu was just plain fun, as was his meeting with Uhura. Between his gift giving and dancing and being the life of not one but three parties, he'd been too busy to even think about Spock and how disappointing it had been not to get that kiss he'd been dreaming of, but after it was all over, exhausted, he headed back to his quarters.

He passed a couple kissing, hugging staring into each other's eyes. It had brought back just how alone he was, here at Christmas.

He'd gone into his room, Christmas lights he'd hung blinking, his little Christmas tree all lit up, and the warmth and holiday cheer he'd created for his room now only seemed to make him feel more cold, empty and lonely than ever.

*I'm such a fool!* He thought. *How could I fall for Spock, the one man on this ship I can never have?* He'd been so sure that he would be the girl who would melt the ice in Spock's veins, shake the human side of him free. Kirk sat and looked around at all the presents his friends had given him, the physical reminders that they cared.

It was—he knew he should feel more grateful, but he could only think of Spock, and standing under the mistletoe, just wanting that one perfect kiss. He looked at the carefully wrapped box sitting at the center of his desk. The one present he'd neglected to deliver. There didn't seem any point. He could even face the man it had been intended for.

His door buzzed. Kirk almost just ignored it, but he forced himself to get up and answer. The door whooshed open. "Spock?"

Spock stood there holding a present wrapped in red and green paper in his hands, with a shy, embarrassed look on his face. "I believe the proper term is Merry Christmas," Spock said. "May I come in?"

"Of course!" Kirk said, feeling all light and fluttery. Spock followed Kirk into his room, the door sliding shut after he entered.

"I acquired this gift for you," Spock said, awkwardly holding the package toward Kirk.

"You're so sweet!" Kirk said, taking the package.

"Do you wish to open it now?" Spock said.

"I can't wait!" Kirk carefully slipped a long nail under the tape and gently unwrapped the box, careful not to tear the paper. Then, he opened it. Inside, there was pretty red and green tissue. "Fancy," Kirk said, growing more curious and excited.

Spock tried to maintain his Vulcan cool, but Kirk could see the excitement on his own face. His human side was winning.

Kirk plucked the tissue from the box, saw what was inside, then looked up at Spock with a sigh, feeling weak in the knees. "Spock!" He sighed.

"Are you pleased with this gift?" Spock asked.

Kirk bit his lip and nodded, glancing back down into the box. There, at the bottom, rested a cream-colored card with gold lettering that seemed to shine and sparkle. It read: One Christmas Kiss. Deliverable Upon Request.

Kirk plucked the card from the box. Holding it with his fingertips, he waved it as if fanning himself. "What about all that stuff you said about taking advantage of my condition?"

"Logic suggests to me it might be wrong for me to kiss you. However, something deeper, something I believe humans refer to as intuition, tells me if I don't kiss you, we will both regret it for the rest of our lives."

Kirk smiled and tossed the card away. "I'd like my kiss now."

Spock, looking for all the world like a bashful 12-year-old, leaned forward. Kirk tilted his head back. Their lips met, and they both felt it—the tingly, warm, electric shock that only came when two people who truly cared for each other kissed. It was not merely their lips that touched, but their souls, their essence, something so deep perhaps it defies words.



The kiss ended, and they stared into each other's eyes, each of them wanting, each of them needing. Then, Spock wrapped his arms around Kirk and lifted him up, like he was weightless, an angel, and Kirk stared down in



wonder at this incredible man, a man overcome with a passion so powerful it had over-ridden years of Vulcan conditioning, a man who had never looked so happy.

Time seemed to freeze. Kirk realized something. Spock had given him the perfect gift, and he'd given Spock the perfect gift in return. "Merry Christmas," Kirk whispered. "And to all a good night."

The End

