

The Transformation of James T. Kirk Part 12

“Is it too small?” Kirk said as he looked at himself in the mirror, tugging on the straps of the itsy bitsy bikini Rand had picked out for him. He was showing side boob, under boob, as the tiny little triangles strained against the weight of his firm, full breasts, and he could see the outline of his camel



toe through the bikini bottom, which hugged his new sex and left nothing to the imagination.

“You let me worry about what’s too small or not,” Rand said, admiring Kirk’s dramatic curves. “Shore leave is all about cutting loose and having fun, girl.” She got up and stood next to him in her own bikini. “We’ll be the hottest bitches on Vega 4.”

“That’s exactly what I don’t want,” Kirk said, frowning as he

looked at himself, unable to deny that he was a sex goddess now. Not for the first time, he caught himself thinking he would love to bang himself. “Men are just– I don’t want them– bothering me.”

“Oh, you don’t have to worry about that,” Rand lied. She was determined to get Kirk on the beach in that bikini. She’d been fantasizing about getting him drunk and luring him into a sweaty, sticky one-night stand with some



random dude. She wanted little Jamie to have the full-on female shore leave experience. “There’ll be so many girls there it’ll be crazy. Besides,” she said, “a lot of the girls on the ship like girls, so maybe you’ll finally have a chance for some girl on girl action?”

“I’m not having sex with anyone in this body,” Kirk said, breaking away from the image of himself in the mirror looking like a swimsuit model. He sat, crossing his legs, picked up his nail file and started working on his nails.

“Why not?” Rand sat down, helped herself to some of Kirk’s moisturizer and started working it into her hands. She loved seeing James Kirk doing his nails. She loved to see him performing woman. She felt it was so perfect, so just.

“I’m just not,” Kirk snapped.

They’d had this conversation before, and Rand knew it was a touchy subject, but she felt he was ready to talk about it, so she pushed ahead. “I think I know why.”

“You don’t,” Kirk said. “No one does. No one ever had this happen to them. You have no idea what it’s like to be a man trapped in a body like *this one*.” Finished with his nails, he gestured to Rand. “Pass me that.”

Rand passed Kirk the moisturizer. He squirted some onto his fingertips and rubbed it, warming it before applying it to his face. He took really good care of his skin. He had no choice. It had been programmed into him on Rammerham.

Rand was not going to be deflected into another one of little Jimi’s you have no idea tangents. She leaned forward, pressing. “You’re scared,” she said, knowing that what was left of the man he’d been hated the suggestion he was afraid of anything.

“That’s ridiculous. You can’t even—”

“You’re scared you’ll like it.”

The shocked look on Jim Kirk’s pretty face, the blushing on his cheeks, told her she’d hit her mark. She went for blood. “Do you really want to die a virgin?”

Virgin. Everyone assumed, and he was grateful for it, that he was still a virgin. Ha. It was so far from the truth. His mind raced back to Rammerham....

He'd been in the harem, dragging a brush through his thick, curly hair, when the Madam had walked up to him and said, "Your Master has summoned you."

"I'm not ready," Kirk had said, and yes, he'd been afraid, because he knew what it meant when The Mater summoned a girl. "I need to—"

"Now."

Terror. Kirk's heart had started racing, his chest heaving. "Please," he'd whispered. "Isn't there some way?"

"The Master does not like to be kept waiting. I suggest you make your way to the Chamber, or I promise you, your first time will be— extra painful."

She offered her hand. Kirk took it, and the Madam had led him down a long, shadowy hall, then pulled a curtain aside and gestured for him to enter.

Lord Rammerham lay completely naked, and he coolly regarded the trembling little female who crept so bashfully into his pleasure chamber, her eyes downcast. Rammerham let his eyes roam over Kirk's slender shoulders, the swell of his full, young breasts, the pleasing slender waist and wide, round hips. Kirk felt the shame of his womanhood deeply, the shame of this soft body, the thrust of his breasts, so pleasing to the male gaze. It was so wrong. He was supposed to be the man. He was supposed to be the one enjoying the sight of a woman's nubile body.

“You’re a virgin,” Rammerham said, a voice as deep and powerful as the very ram horns used by his warriors to signal his arrival.



“Yes,” Kirk admitted, both because he had no choice but to answer his master truthfully, and because he hoped that maybe it would save him. Maybe the king would want to save him, keep him pure? His admission only brought a wolfish grin to Rammerham’s rugged features. Kirk realized his hopes had been nothing more than the silly thoughts of a silly girl. Of course, Rammerham was only more pleased to be the one to take his

virginity. Kirk glanced at the man, and his eyes were drawn to his Roman shield of a chest, the rippling ridges of his abs, and right down to his massive— Kirk looked away, even as his body clenched eagerly at the sight of that— python.

He had to get out of this somehow. He couldn't let himself become another man's sex toy, but he was so powerless. What could he do? Spock! He called out in his mind. Spock, where are you?

“Strip,” Rammerham commanded.

‘Yes, master,’ Kirk responded in the alluring, little girl voice that had been programmed into him. He began to dance, tossing aside veils, bracelets, bras and then in one fluid motion, slipping out of his panties while executing a cartwheel...

He tossed the panties to Rammerham, lifting his shoulders and giggling, now with his knees together, breasts out, head down... a submissive pose of surrender. Kirk's heart was racing faster and faster and his little head swam with conflict— the man he'd been, disgusted, humiliated, terrified that he was about to be taken by another man... and yet, his programming... he had to make this man happy, he had to please him... to fail would be— worse than death! Eyes lowered, Kirk risked a glance at his man.

Rammerham lifted Kirk's panties to his nose and smelled deeply. His eyes grew hard and glassy. “Come closer,” he said.

Kirk, his terror growing, moved closer, but still out of arm's reach.

“Closer, little doe.”

Kirk moved closer, and then— the world spun as he felt rough hands seize hold of him, and then he was on his back, arms pinned, Rammerham's face right in his, hot breath that reeked of garlic blowing on his cheeks. Rammerham's hardening shaft pressed into his body, and the feeling of

that stiff, throbbing member sent shockwaves of desire through Kirk. He wanted to grab it, caress it... suck on it... no... no... he needed to feel it plunge inside him. He wanted all of this because he knew his man wanted him to want it. He struggled, but he could not deny his new... hunger.

With Rammerham's hands locked on his slender wrists, Kirk struggled with all his paltry strength to free himself— his man wanted him to do, he knew, but he was shocked and surprised as he felt— so excited, so thrilled— to be so helpless! To be dominated! Having shown this little female how weak and powerless she was Rammerham let go of Kirk's wrists, and grabbed a fistful of Kirk's hair. He yanked, hard, and at the same time viciously pinched one of Kirk's hard nipples. Kirk squealed. The pain was real, but it hurt so good. So good.

Rammerham effortlessly flipped Kirk over, tossing him around like a rag doll. The Captain of the Enterprise instinctively got onto his hands and knees, arching his back and presenting his ass. He felt so confused and disoriented being tossed around like this, and yet still his mind was consumed with the single need to please... please... "Please," he whispered.

Rammerham laughed, and— WHACK— brought his hand hard against Kirk's soft ass, and then again and again... Once more he seized Kirk's hair and yanked, pulling Kirk's head back. "Ahhhhhhh!" Kirk cried out, but his scream sounded more like one of pleasure than pain.

Rammerham spanked. Kirk mewled and cried out, tears rolling down his cheeks, but all the same the heat growing in him as he felt himself getting wetter and wetter... he felt an emptiness growing between his legs, a savage hunger to be filled...

Kirk felt Rammerham's calloused hands grab his hips and then a jackhammer thrust, the huge cock stretching out the walls of his vagina even as it seemed to pound so deep into him, deeper than he ever would have thought possible... Kirk screamed as Rammerham popped his

cherry— more like detonated it— and his eyes swam with stars as Rammerham pounded and pounded, the slapping sound of flesh on flesh, Kirk's breasts swaying with each thrust as he pushed back with his small arms

He felt Rammerham pull out... And stay out... What? No! Kirk thought, he needed more, but dared not say so... he needed to cum so badly... the tension... but he existed only to serve this man, his master.

Rammerham groaned, and then Kirk felt the man's hot, wet seed spray over his ass, the small of his back... then the man's strong hands massaging the jizz into his soft skin as Rammerham laughed...

With a satisfied grunt, Rammerham pinched the soft flesh on the side of Kirk's hip, hard, and gave him another slap on the ass...

"Uuuuunnnnhhhh!" Kirk moaned, frustrated, unsatisfied, but knowing his pleasure meant nothing, he was only here to serve this man. Kirk started to relax, thinking it was over, but Rammerham pulled Kirk to his feet, lifted one leg and then started again...

It went on... Kirk fell into a fugue state.. He was exhausted, but Rammerham kept going and going... What a man! Kirk thought. How can he keep fucking like this? Rammerham didn't seem to tire; he only grew more intense. He had incredible stamina and what seemed like an endless well of seed. The sex was ferocious, bestial, rough, even brutal, and Kirk thrilled to be taken like this, feeling it was his beauty, his body, his perfection as a woman that had driven Rammerham so mad with lust.



Rammerham pushed Kirk to the floor. He stretched and went over to a table, grabbing a bottle of some sort of liquor, lifting it to his lips and drinking deeply.

A frazzled, dazed Kirk, curled up on the floor, watched, looking at this beast of man with new, feminine eyes. My first, Kirk had thought, once more drinking in the hard, angular body. This time, he looked upon the man's

phallus without shame. It was beautiful, and he felt thirsty, warm, remembering all the pleasure it had given him, though, somehow, he still felt– unsatisfied, like he hadn't gotten off. It didn't matter. Kirk felt himself bonding to this man, this incredible man. I pleased him, Kirk thought. I did.

Rammerham stepped over him. Kirk heard him yawn. "Go," he said. "I'm done with you."



The words stung, but Kirk got up and started gathering his clothes.

"Get the fuck out!" Rammerham bellowed.

"Sorry!" Kirk said, scurrying toward the door.

Just before he left, Rammerham called, “You are a worthy bitch.”

Kirk’s heart sang! Yes, maybe it was a bit coarse, but Rammerham was a man! It was still a compliment, and Kirk’s submissive, feminine heart cling to it.

As Kirk made his way back to the Harem, completely naked, he realized he was leaking Rammerham seed from his nether lips. It was crusted all over his ass, his tits, the insides of his thighs. The scent of Rammerham clung to his soft skin and followed him like a cloud. The man he’d been, the Kirk he’d been, of course, was broken, ashamed.. He realized he was walking a little bow-legged... he was– in pain down there,...

But the woman he was becoming felt– proud. She wore Rammerham’s seed like a badge of honor. I belong to the greatest man in all the galaxy, she thought. I pleased the greatest man in all the galaxy. As she passed other women, she felt a glow of pride in her accomplishment. She felt proud of the pain, her walk... for Kirk, it now felt like the pride he’d once taken in a black eye earned during a tough boxing match back at the academy... she’d been to war now as a woman, and she had the bruises to prove it.

As he entered the Harem, the girls saw him naked, saw the tentative, awkward walk that told them he had been fucked hard. They all stood up and cheered. Someone handed him a robe, and they all gathered in a circle, wanting details. Kirk blushed and smiled, plucking at his hair, feeling a glow as he, finally, felt himself bonding with the other girls. I’m one of them now, he realized, and he didn’t understand it, but it made him feel good.

His days as a man, as a starship captain, seemed so distant, like a dream. Maybe this is my life now, he’d thought. Maybe I better make the best of it.

“Bridge to Jamie. Bridge to Jamie. Hailing frequencies open, Miss Kirk.”

Kirk snapped back to the present. Rand was looking at him funny. "Oh," he said. His face felt hot, and he realized he was blushing.

Rand had a smirk on her face. She wasn't sure what little Jamie had been thinking about, but she was pretty sure it was something kinky. She continued her assault. "It's just like diving into the pool for the first time," she said. "You just have to take the leap."

Kirk sighed. He decided to change tactics. He knew Rand loved seeing him act like a gushy female. Tuning up to extra girly mode, he twisted his long hair around his fingers and said, "If I ever do give up my V-card," he whispered. "I want it to be special. Champagne and chocolate. Candles."

"Gross," Rand said, though she loved hearing such girly girl talk coming from James Kirk. "They really did mess up your head on Rammerham."

"You have no idea," Kirk said, thinking once more about having a man in him, but this time that man was Mr. Spock. "Okay! Enough about my virginity. Help me pick out some more outfits! I need cute clothes for shore leave."

"On that, we can agree."