

Different sex, same attitude

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Different sex, same attitude

by [Prue84](#)

Summary

Spock can't understand the person named Jean Kirk and this will cause him some headaches. Because, it doesn't matter the sex, a Captain Kirk is always a Captain Kirk, even if her attributes are of the other gender. (Always a girl!Kirk)

Notes

Fanfiction betaed by lovely [Spockalicious](#) over at Livejournal.

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Although I posted it on my Livejournal in June 2012, this shot should be dated back to August 2011 - according to the file properties it should be 28 August to be precise.

Spockalicious had it betaed by February but I found the will to post it only in Summer thanks to one fanfiction I was following in which a couple of lines reminded me of a scene of this shot.

Original notes at the end of the fic.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Youngest captain of Starfleet history and first woman ever to command a flagship before. The new captain surely is a peculiar individual, and Spock, while waiting for his new superior to beam on the ship and officially take the command, finds himself illogically intrigued.

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Jean has a peculiar way of wielding command that leaves him puzzled; she relates personally with matters when she could instead delegate to others as her position would require and as other captains do. On a more personal matter, she prefers to bond with the senior crew as if they were all former friends who had frequented the same school instead of maintaining the superior and detached aura every captain keeps.

He watches her burst into boisterous laughter for something that the ship's CMO must have said, and he feels ever more compelled to understand how such a mind could work. He is always wondering how such a way to behave can work with the whole crew, who already love her to the point of worshipping the ground where she walks. Illogical action, obviously.

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The captain is... illogical, there is no other adjective that suits what he is currently thinking about his superior.

He has always respected Nyota's coiffure, the way his former mate dresses her superb, dark hair in a tight ponytail so it cannot impede her job.

He marvels at the odd and yet mesmerizing complicated hairdressing yeoman Rand styles her hair with, admiring its symmetry and delicate making.

He appreciates the way nurse Chapel ties her blonde waves whenever she feels the need to, while at other times she prefers to leave the flowing hair free to fall upon her shoulders.

He absolutely, categorically *cannot* fathom a reason why Jean had beamed back from an afternoon of shore leave with a head full of short hair cut in masculine style where, only few hours before, there were female soft curls of dark blondness. He remains frozen on the spot near the transporter console while she strides to his side, heading to the corridor with the elegance of a consumed model walking the runway.

He will deny he had felt under the grip of shock to then be released from that emotion only to feel overcome by a sense of loss.

At the cost of repeating himself, Captain Kirk is an illogical individual and he feels the first signs of her bad influence.

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Jean has a sharp mind that can rival his own, he discovers the hard way when he is thoroughly defeated during their first four chess matches – using him to “sweep the floor”, had been the colorful idiom used by the woman after the third victory.

She makes use of unorthodox tactics, and she distracts the opponent with apparently random moves to then strike when and where one least expects it.

Claiming that he isn’t fascinated by the way that brain works at this point would be telling a lie, and Vulcans never lie.

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When he starts to notice the way his captain swings her hips whilst striding down the corridors as if the whole ship is her cat walk, it is the first day since leaving Vulcan to enter Starfleet that he feels the compelling need to deeply meditate and center himself again.

Humans are illogical beings and the reasons behind their inexplicable behavior sometimes escapes him. Jean Kirk leaves him in the darkness, always reaching new levels of illogical and every time exceeding her own previous established record.

There is no reason, be it either valid or invalid, that could explain why a human female captain would throw herself in front of her Vulcan male first officer to take an arrow for him.

According to doctor McCoy, the episode has a “twisted kind of sense”, but he doesn’t wish to defer to the medical officer’s expertise while the man is fatigued and vastly intoxicated after having operated for an hour to save the captain’s life.

Jean’s motives still escape him. He only knows that he doesn’t appreciate this reckless side of his superior.

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His captain likes to imbibe intoxicant beverages when the weight of duty is removed from her shoulders.

According to his view of females, it is illogical for a woman of such a rank and reputation to “waste herself”, and he disapproves every time it happens. Every time he states he won’t intervene when she’ll be so drunk that she’ll stumble on her non-standard heels. Every time he beams down to the planet, enters the club and helps her return to the ship, taking care of the foolish woman until she is safely tucked under the blankets.

He will have a talk with his indulging self, even though the very action of reprimanding himself would be illogical.

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When the Sarkians’ king states the Federation will have their dilitium in exchange for the captain, Spock possibly sees green despite the absurdity of his eyes being able to do so.

Aside from the fact that such a brilliant mind and pleasing to the eye body would deserve nothing less than being a queen (and not the nineteenth wife of an alien who could be her father, age speaking), the very idea of caging such a wild spirit to keep it as a concubine is an insult to not only the USS Enterprise crew but to Starfleet and the Federation too.

Applying a nerve pinch is not the exact thing he wanted to do to the noble male, but it is illogically satisfying nonetheless to see the alien’s purple-hued body crumple on the floor.

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Jean can blend into any time they can end up in – and they do travel in time too much for a normal crew’s ratio – but she will never be invisible to the eyes. She can easily pass herself off as a princess just escaped from a dragon’s dungeon, or be mistaken for a human with goddess blood in her body by the powerful being who calls himself Apollo. She can wear an old uniform and be a soldier ready at the frontline or choose a skirt and walk the 1920’s roads.

She can even dirty herself with mud after a long run under the rain while escaping xenophobic tribes who had discovered their true identity, or beam on the ship covered in a ruined tunic torn to pieces after forcing, quite literally, an alien living like a roman who had wanted to make her his to his knees.

She virtually can wear anything she wants and be as disheveled as she likes, but she is always beautiful. When entering a room, she is always at the center of attention.

He can't say he dislikes it.

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Jean must have been created to punish him for some crime he has yet to commit. It's either that reason, or she is clearly insane and must be removed from the Enterprise's command as soon as possible to avoid any casualties.

He is no male chauvinist, he is a firm believer of equality between males and females. He will always state that females are not inferior to men and therefore men and women are equals. He knows his captain is of the same mind.

How this can turn against him to the point that she could feel easy while taking shower in the males stalls is something that still escapes him and doesn't allow him to rest properly.

She moves unworriedly, unashamed for displaying her body in front of a male officer, as if she were a man too instead of a woman. It makes no sense and this behavior puts a strain on his control.

He is Vulcan, a Vulcan's mind has the power to control the body. Yet, he reacts to the wet skin shamelessly offered to his eyes. Closing his eyes has proven to be ineffective, as behind the lowered lids his eidetic memory can provide him every image he wishes to not see.

Having his shaft engorge when his captain is the only other occupant of the same room is... denigrating and an understatement, and it *should* serve the woman to understand that there is a reason why male and female officers have two different locker rooms.

The only reaction he receives as a result of such a mortifying accident is instead a smile and a – by his judgment of intention – comforting look.

“Don't mind it, Spock. You're male, it happens.” must be the most illogical words said to a Vulcan. Only less so than “Go for it. I'm changing and I'm out. Kill the kitten.”

Illogical woman...

Why should he kill the cub of a domestic cat, anyway?

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He will admit, after recovering from the shock of what he has done, that descending on the captain's quarters without being invited and even asking for permission had been a shameful lack of respect for his superior's privacy. At the moment, however, he is only confused and under the influence of hormones he usually is able to control, notably testosterone.

Rude and disrespectful, he was... eavesdropping would be a verb unfitting for a Vulcan. He had barely heard a cry coming from behind Jean's doors when he, as per duty of the first officer, had intervened in case that sound had been caused by someone or something harming his superior. It wouldn't be the first time that beings appeared on the ship without sensors picking them, after all.

He had taken into consideration every possibility of the scene he could expect upon entering, but finding his captain naked on the bed flushed and gasping for breath, he had not been foreseen.

He would have never believed to ever find himself in front of such a sight; his captain, feet firmly planted on the mattress, lips parted and fingers caressing her womanhood, while a pair of green, unfocused orbs watch him as if he were an apparition considered unreal.

He is sure his brain had sent the order to excuse himself for that heavy breach of privacy and turn on his heels to go and meditate on the way the captain had infected him with the “leap without looking” attitude toward life, but apparently the legs hadn't responded.

His eyes cannot remove themselves from the figure sprawled on the bed like a luscious prize; that dark, violent part of him that is heritage of the times before the awakening, wants to claim her.

The sight threatens to make him lose control, risks freeing his savage self and surely cause harm to the captain. Yet... he cannot stop watching.

The chest is rising and lowering swiftly, the breathing labored like after strain, the mammary glands lazily bouncing at every intake, the nipples turgid. The legs are parted enough to show what they usually hide and shelter; pink folds turned red from the blood running faster and supplying the tissues, skin glistening, a transparent liquid slowly running down the perineum.

The signs are unmistakable. Masturbation. Arousing and stimulating oneself until reaching orgasm. He has entered the captain's room while the woman was privately ‘occupied’ with this... *very private* act. Inexcusable.

Instead of covering herself and threatening him with the brig for the shameless act of boldness with no foundations and unjustifiable action, Jean is barely breathing, her eyes slowly focusing on him and his... compromised state.

Suddenly she raises her hand, the one she has used to pleasure herself, and beckons him to come closer. He obeys, mesmerized.

The legs open like petals of a flower showing the source of the nectar to a bee. One, and then another, they move with elegance and not vulgarly. His eyes don't miss a movement.

"Spock..."

His name is said with low, sensual voice. A call impossible to resist. He is a moth in front of a flame, risking to burn itself but compelled to come closer nonetheless.

He burns inside. He needs to quench the flames in him.

He sees Jean lower her hand again, her fingers gently parting the labia majora, spreading to show the folds of red skin he knows as labia minora. They are already swollen. She is still ready and lubricated enough to...

He notices quite suddenly he has stepped forward unconsciously and now he can sense the enticing pheromones lingering in the air. She is aroused. Her scent is arousing him...

"... Want this?"

While keeping herself open and in display, Jean touches one of her firm breasts with her free hand, titillating a nipple with the tip of her finger.

Yes, he does want it. She is *his* to take. He will claim her and nobody else will ever—

He reluctantly takes a step back, fighting tooth and nail to cling to his sanity. To let it go, to let control loose its grip would be a mistake he'd regret, he couldn't, he *would* hurt his captain, his friend...

"Hmm?"

The teasing fingers move, spreading the labia minora, with the forefinger raising the hood to put on display the clitoris. Swollen. Red. It shows that Jean has reached orgasm a few minutes before, or was about to.

No! She cannot! Only he... only...

"...Then you should come and take it..." The voice is low, sensual, irresistible.

He realizes any attempt to resist and disregard those words is futile. She is his, she has offered herself, displayed her aroused state, shamelessly opened her legs: he has every right to claim her!

With a low growl rumbling in the room, showing his capitulation to his savage self, he *pounces*.

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Surprisingly, Jean is a perfect mate. She has stopped flirting, she doesn't show herself as a single, available career woman and she is faithful. She has offered her mind as she has done with her body to a hungry Vulcan without control and, instead of running away scared or officially punishing him, she has bullied him into a satisfying relationship, committing herself to monogamy and fidelity, something he would have never expected so soon.

Now the short hair, the bad habit to ingest alcohol, the reckless attitude, everything has stopped annoying him. Jean Kirk, her wild spirit, her impossible to cage katra, her perfect body, her mind, everything is his. Even the faults are what makes the woman sitting with authority at the center of the bridge, his Jean. He would not change any part of her, he would never change any aspect or side of her.

He would never change her.

End Notes

Originally published on Livejournal on the date **09 July 2012**.

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Here the notes, written back when I wrote the fanfiction (2011), as they can be seen on the original 2012 post at my LJ.

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Original notes: What the hell?? I'd say it's all [Irnan](#)'s fault since just two days before writing this, I was reading her always-a-girl!Jim fics, but I admit I toyed with this idea another time, some months ago (after reading another girl!Kirk I can't remember whom at the moment). I'm the first to ask myself why turn one character to female but... the appeal is heavy. To my point, it can be done as long as they stay in character and not become a parody of their males counterparts. As it was discussed in [Irnan](#)'s comments, the hard job, in a case like this, is have the girl (in this case, a girl!Jim) who *is* a girl and, at the same time, resembles the original male character BUT isn't the male with a pair of boobs and a lack of dick. I won't say I succeed, because I wrote little of her by using Spock's point of view, but... as long as the girl!Jim is believable as woman but retains the characteristics we love in the original Jim(s), I think we're

even! Let me know if I nailed it! :D

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!