

The magnificent captain with a fantastic fashion sense

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The magnificent captain with a fantastic fashion sense

by [Prue84](#)

Summary

Lesson of the day: never let James Kirk go to a photoshoot session unsupervised.

Notes

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This shot is directly related to two Jim Kirk's manips I made, [this](#) and [this one](#). You can open the links now, and have a mental pic of what you're about to read, or not spoil yourself and wait until you finished, it's up to you.

Both manips have been prompted by [a post](#) Wolfi-sama reblogged. I found the right pic so I decided to make a manip out of that, and calling them part of a photoshoot. Then Wolfi-sama reblogged one of the manips with how the scene could go if that really were a photoshoot, and I couldn't help it but write that. The actual prompt, along with additional notes, after the fic.

Fic dedicated to [Wolfi-sama](#), and not only because she actually prompted it, but because I hope this will cheer her up a with, since she's having a bad time. :)

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

Jim hates these things. He's at ease when he's on the bridge of his ship, or following Scotty's mind in one of his visionary new ideas about how to improve the Enterprise performances, or beaming down on a never-before-explored planet, figuring out if the innocent-looking flora is going to drug them all. Even a touch-and-go with the Klingons gets a higher place in his list of favorite things to do, compared to *this*. But at HQ they were categorical: "*pick one of the plenty of interview requests from non-military magazines we get everyday and, while you're at it, be sure to do some PR for Starfleet or you're going to end up on the recruitment posters*". And if there's something James Tiberius Kirk isn't really looking forward to, is seeing his face on a 45-meter-tall poster staring at him from the HQ's building during Starfleet's Recruitment Month. Starfleet doesn't retouch pics – they strive for realism, they! – and he doesn't want to see his moles magnified to the size of a window.

It wasn't really worded as a choice. If there's ever been a doubt, the PADD Starfleet's Public Relations Office has shipped him – physically shipped, instead of sending a file! As if he could, you know, trash it and pretend it never got to his inbox... why would he do something so silly? He'd *never*...! – was plenty clear: his whole week on Earth, while the rest of the crew is virtually allowed some time off and the Enterprise is resting under the care of the spacedock's personnel, is already filled and the schedule is tight. No way to run away either, unless he wants to desert because, apparently, in the captain's contract there's a clause in small letters that binds you to do every kind of PR work and marketing Starfleet sees fit for you.

He reaches the magazine's headquarters housed in the showiest skyscraper of Manhattan, New York – 4 Times Square's the name – and he manages to go through the security at the door just because he flashes out the pass he's found waiting for him on his office's desk. There's this kind of perverse pleasure in going around in his vintage black-framed glasses – *naah*, he doesn't need them and they're just a prop, but he likes how they look – and in clothes that nobody would expect him to wear (people still think he only has white tees and leather jackets in his closet). The pleasure's double when he gets where he's expected, but nobody recognizes the guy with glasses and plaid shirt sipping his coffee as the guest they are so eagerly waiting for. Their faces are priceless, nothing could buy those bulging eyes and dropped jaw in surprise, or the loathing look morph into a welcoming smile.

No wonder he managed to be on Earth for days with no pap catching him.

Sometimes it happened that one didn't fall for the trap and managed to recognize him. Usually it's a smart pap – damn paps, you can't fool them all – and it's because of smart paps that there's a whole set about his tummy exposed for all the world to see when they caught him jeans

shopping at Ralph Lauren RRL's store in L.A..

His tummy and *his crotch*, because apparently it's weird for a man to fix his own crotch when trying a new pair of jeans to see if they fit, so weird it's worth to be captured on camera for the posterity, but hey... at least that – the articles that came along, more than the pictures themselves – made Uhura end up in sickbay due to a sudden and *completely unwarranted* laughing fit. Bones wasn't as amused, but the grumpy bear is harder to crack and it would take more than an article about "*Captain Kirk's Crotch Grab*" to see Lenny on the floor laughing. And no, he wasn't grabbing his crotch to "*make it more prominent*", and he wasn't pulling the front while turning around to see "*if his fine butt is showing nicely*". Please. He doesn't need those tricks. And he knows his butt shows nicely. Always.

Damn shop, by the way: who told the brand that it was a good idea to design their L.A. RRL store as a shop window? Was privacy overrated, in the City of Angels?

No wonder half of his senior crew liked *anywhere else* better than L.A. – or San Francisco, or any other US big city he liked to hang around at – when they had the time to hop on a shuttle and vanish. They *did manage* to completely go off the grid, even Spock with his pointed-ears that made him stand out *everywhere* could go shopping without pics of him leaking online.

Privacy, key word.

A cute Andorian's waiting at the Entrance and smiles when he leans on the counter and introduces himself. He can't help but flirt a bit, just for fun, and the alien seems to appreciate the little attention, his antennae twitching. The male offers to guide him so they take the lift together. The Andorian makes small talk that lasts too short, but for someone who lately has only been at Starfleet's meetings, it's a pleasing change. Especially because, for once, he's treated like an everyday guy, and not the golden bachelor slash perfect hero the media invented. The magazine company takes up half the building, he's explained, and Jim finds himself appreciating the view of the streets below getting smaller and New York's skyline stretching behind the glass as they climb upwards.

The ride stops at the 23rd floor. The magazine's offices, the way they show themselves when the lift's doors open, are even whiter than the Enterprise's corridors and a bit too bright for his liking. At least on his ship the floors are black, while here they're as shiny as the finest porcelain.

The Andorian – Keval – leads the way and they cross the hall, where at a circular desk four receptionists are busy taking calls. There's a sense of *deja vu*: it's like walking into the communication center of the Enterprise again and he almost expects to run into Uhura like that first day they'd been on their ship.

Keval takes his leave not before sending him a look that's, for all intents and purposes, an invitation to ask him out when they'll meet again in the main hall on the ground floor. He'll see: he still has to decide if staying in NY for the night and be back in San Francisco for the 0900 scheduled meeting, or catch the last shuttle and sleep in his own bed.

Announced by the clicking of heels, a woman, wearing an elegant red bodycon dress that shows her long, top model legs and hourglass figure, comes to meet him. Jim affords himself a minute to take a proper look at her while he can. She's a woman who could easily be the lovechild of the timeless panther Naomi Campbell and Kerry Washington. Tall – very much so, probably more than him, with flawless dark skin that glows in the white room, he can't help but drool a bit on the inside even if outwards he's as much of a perfect gentleman as he can be when he doesn't down three or four shots.

He wonders if she's perhaps a retired top model, even if she looks too young to hung up the high heels, or if she's simply just a career woman born with the body of a goddess and who happened to want to work in the fashion industry.

She has the kind of air one would expect from people working for high fashion magazines and Jim believes, for a moment, that she'll fake courtesy at him; she instead creases her perfect red lips in a smile that shows her pearly teeth, a smile that reaches her eyes, and genuinely welcomes him. Perhaps it's just his name that makes her look beyond his clothing style. Or she's less shallow and more down to Earth than the fashion environment want their people to look.

The woman introduces herself as Joelle Kayembe, and she'll be his personal assistant for the duration of his stay. The magazine won't hear any complaint from their illustrious guest, as far as he's concerned.

She asks him to follow and he happily falls into step behind her, his eyes captivated by the way her long legs balance on a pair of gold sandals that look insanely high and uncomfortable. She looks like floating over the floor, her body weightless, if not for the mesmerizing clicking of her heels.

A jolt passed through Jim. He kind of has a thing for shoes, high heels ones especially. It's one of his kinks and, while he'd never discriminate against a woman for her inability to walk on a 5-inches or her choice to not wear a pair at all (with his job he's met aliens who don't even have feet as humans conceive them), the sight of a woman juggling high heels with the kind of feline agility of someone born with them, does pleasing things to his mood. And his hormones. Mostly his hormones.

Nothing he can't keep in check, surely, but nothing he'd willingly give up either. Knowing that Ms. Kayembe is going to be near him for the time he'll need to take care of his task, is both a pleasure and a torture.

The next minutes are a flurry of faces and names coming and going, while his hand ends up hurting for how many he's shaken.

He's ushered to where the shoot will take place. Ms. Kayembe shares with him the programmed schedule – everything planned to the minute, from the make up session to the exact time he'll be granted a break to hit the head before sitting down for the interview. Nothing new on *The James Kirk Show*: a captain's calendar usually isn't any less detailed. Not even a Vulcan's one would probably be more detailed. He'll ask Spock for confirmation. Or not: the bastard would think he feels his day isn't full enough and throw in some additional task.

The set is plain and simple. Just white – so much white, he's gonna develop an allergy and then who'll hear Bones when he'll land his sorry ass in sickbay because suddenly every damn centimeter of the Enterprise has gotten on his immune system's bad side? It'll be hard to talk the Admirals into letting him repaint every bulkhead too, and he doesn't want to be the one who'll have to make that request.

So, yeah, whiter than white scenery. And, at the center of the room, a command chair. His command chair. Or, better, a replica – even if he wouldn't put it past a big-name photographer to ask for the real thing and the admirals to agree for the Enterprise's chair to be lent for the

photo-shoot. It's quite hilarious to imagine Scotty throwing a fit while austere technicians unbolt the chair from the command deck and then watching, helpless, as a special transport shuttle leaves the Enterprise for New York, the chair escorted like a priceless jewel.

He doesn't laugh outright though – he manages to pull out his phone, write Scotty a PM about someone who managed to steal some piece of the Enterprise from right under his nose and that he's very disappointed and he thought he left the Babe in good hands, and then sneak the device back before the new arrival can see.

If Ms. Kayembe has noticed he was jerking his chief engineer around, she doesn't show it.

A guy in plain black tee shows up. Grey short hair, skin too flawless and cheekbones inflated like a baby's, attitude of someone who's used to be treated like a god and his every order to be instantly carried out, and Jim's already drawing on his still-in-development diplomatic skills before he knows it. The pleasing chat with Keval and the company of the amiable Joelle has made him forget the real reason why he's in New York instead of doing some guest lecture at the Academy like the workaholic half of his command duo. His survival instincts are already screaming for him to get the hell out of here, Keval and Joelle be damned, but he knows better than chicken out from a task he agreed to do. He's actually given his word and his hands are tied.

With no preamble, barely the time to introduce each other and for the guy to check him out in a deeply creepy once-over, and the photographer – yes, this Horst guy is the one who'll use him as a Ken doll for the next hour, with written permission from Starfleet – is already back to giving orders to his team of minions.

Two women steal him, Ms. Kayembe nodding and letting them kidnap a famed captain without even say anything. He trusted her, and she's already stabbing him in the back by letting him be dragged to...

the dreaded make-up room.

This isn't the first time he models for a civilian photo-shoot, but nothing can really prepare you to a make-up session when you're pampered and then tortured, in the span of a few minutes. He's Starfleet, he should be photographed wearing no foundation, with all his acne scars visible, yet he finds himself under the hands of a make-up artist who seems, for all intent and purposes, ready to not release him until the last of his marks is covered.

When he's deemed ready, and hankies vanish from his neck, he's dragged like a doll toward a room full of hangers. There must be thousands credits worth in clothes in there. Jim knows he's being one of the lucky few ones who, not working at the magazine, is having access to "The Closet" where they store everything that'll be used for the upcoming shooting sessions.

He would have liked to poke around, if the people around him weren't in such a hurry.

He feels so out of place, with his student geeky look, now, surrounded by suits that cost like a month of his wage and accessories made of precious leathers that are even more expensive.

He feels a little bit claustrophobic too, the room is like *full*, organized with plenty of shelves and tidy like a library, but still... spending his life on a place made of big empty spaces like the Enterprise can ruin anyone. He doesn't even have the time to feel dizzy, though.

A guy who's probably the same age of Pavel, give or take, comes at his side and leads him toward the center of the vast room (no, really, very *very* big in like "bigger than his quarters" kind of), where stands a long table, its crystal top almost entirely covered with all sort of good things that would make a fashionista come in their pants. Bags, mostly, he can tell from where he is, but there probably is also something they prepped for him. He can spot four different suit bags hung on the clothes rack nearby and on the shoes rack four bags.

The guy – Marcus Weiner – introduces himself as fashion stylist and Mr. Horst's assistant. He's definitely chattier than his boss.

"I promise, on Mr. Horst behalf, that we won't make you take any compromising shots. You'll just need to sit down in the chair and... pose a little. We have arrayed some suits and shoes for you to choose from."

Great. Picking his own ridiculous outfit.

"It'll be all classy and simple, as your rank demands. It will be just you and the command chair, so it won't be much different from your everyday setting."

"I barely have the chance to make a face that at least five people notice it and one snaps a photo and uploads it on Instagram. The bridge of a Constitution class is much more crowded than the promotional photos suggest, believe me."

Marcus smiles back. Jim isn't able to tell if its genuine or forced out of politeness. He looks genuine but, then again, he also looks peeved by everything and everyone, so who knows...

"Besides Mr.Horst, there will be twelve people on the set, Captain." Marcus sends him a quick glance. Is that an amused sparkle in his eyes?

"We are authorized to keep the outtakes, and have the right to release them later after signed agreement with Starfleet, so I wouldn't suggest making faces you might be ashamed for later on."

Definitely amusement. A Pavel on the outside, a Hikaru inside. The worst.

They stop in front of the hangers. Marcus opens the four bags. Apparently he's gonna have to pick two out of them. Two outfits out of four: could be worst.

Jim knows he isn't the average Spock, who doesn't know fashion even if it hit him on his pointy-eared head, but even he has his fair share of difficulty in picking what to wear. The first one is a Philipp Plein. Black, with black snake skin on the revers and a narrow tie. He might have tweeted about this very suit some time ago, when the Enterprise was docked at Sporia II and he'd strolled at the local version of Rodeo Drive.

He would have splurged and bought it, if he didn't commit to ten to thirty years of life on a starship, where no civilian clothes of that kind are necessary.

"I knew you'd appreciate, Captain. I've personally raided Philipp Plein's outlets around the planet to find it in your size." there's a smug look of sheer pride on the kid's face.

"How do you--?"

"Know your sizes? As you are trained to calculate if a ship will fit in a narrow passage through a debris-infested area, we can estimate a person's size by photo and video alone. Especially if in the same images there's an object whose size we know down to the centimeter."

Jim's mouth slightly opens. He's speechless.

"I however contacted Starfleet's tailoring department to have my estimates confirmed. There was a discrepancy of two centimeters in your collar size." Marcus does that little bounce that Pavel does when he thinks he's the smartest in the room (he usually is, but that's another story altogether).

Jim shakes his head out of amused desperation and goes for the second one. There's no need to say it aloud, and Marcus's already handing the suit to a woman seemingly appeared out of nowhere. Another in the meantime is busy arranging the shoes out of their bags and onto the crystal table.

The second's a Ralph Lauren, that's what the bag says. Three-piece pinstripe. A white handkerchief already folded in the pocket and a narrow dotted tie hanging over the white shirt.

He likes the trimness of the trousers, they look very fitting. Looks awesome, if you ask him, but he knows enough about stiff dress uniforms to not willingly put himself in a vest. Not if he can help it. Might put the item in his wishlist, though: he's always wanted to explore more his gangster side, after that adventure on Sigma Iotia II. With a more classy, criminal-less twist.

The third's an Armani. Blue, for a change. Two buttons. No necktie. Needlecord. He's not really won over by this needlecord, even if he's tempted by the lack of necktie. It's a first: usually, when he has to give an interview with photo-shoot included or show up in a talk show, fashion stylists like to put a necktie on him. Always.

Armani... He isn't new to Armani. He might've spent a little fortune for one to wear at last year's fundraising party for New Vulcan, in which he participated in civilian clothes. And he still remembers how much time he wasted in the Milan's flagship store to decide which one looked better on him.

The last is an Ermenegildo Zegna. Very simple and elegant, one he'd wear to a formal event. Trousers perfectly creased. Black that under the lights turns into a dark navy. Skinny black satin tie.

All in all, he thinks this would fit him best with the whole "the command chair's waiting for you to sit on" thing going on. If he could, he'd bring home every single outfit, though.

"So, the Plein and the Zegna then. Good choice, Captain. Are all captains forced to take fashion lessons, or is it just you?"

"Never pegged us for men with a fashion sense? Just because we're always wearing a gold delta-patterned shirt?" his tone's ironic, "I don't wear tight pants because I ordered the wrong size."

Not even Marcus's able to resist his patented plotting smile.

"Ok, so we have the suits. Now, for the shoes..."

Four pairs are waiting for him on the table, all laid out neatly over their bags. They're probably in some order that escapes Jim.

The first from left is a pair of double strap monks made of black snake skin and silver metal heel. Long and pointy toe cap. *Very long*. Metal buckles on the straps. He guesses these are meant to be worn with the Philipp Plein, but that's only his opinion: who knows how a fashion stylist's mind works.

At their right a pair that's the opposite, black closed laces oxfords. You couldn't get anything classier.

The third are suede blue full strap loafers. The hue of the blue is... well, he would never wear them. Not even for a photo-shoot. Just *no*.

The last actually beats the second on the classier side – he was wrong about not finding anything classier. Black brush leather oxfords. Glossy. Shoes you'd be expected to wear at some kind of important events.

Marcus's explaining that the loafers are out, since they were matched only with the discarded Armani and that his favorites are the Ferragamo oxfords that were meant to be paired with the Ralph Lauren, but Jim barely pays him attention: his tastes in shoes aren't really refined. In the sporadic times when he has the chance to ditch the standard boots (and not to jump into the dress uniform boots, that are the worst you could get: uncomfortably tight and a bitch to keep shiny clean), he likes to wear sneakers or comfortable boots, fitting like a glove and that go with every casual outfit he picks. He isn't really looking forward to put his feet into a pair of brand new leather shoes that have yet to be broken in and look very much tighter than what was safely comfortable.

He lets his eyes wander, uninterested, until he focuses on the shelf taking up the whole wall and what's on display on it. Marcus is still talking, unaware that he could rather talk to the wall and find a more active interlocutor.

"The New Rock come with the Plein, and I'd rather not split that outfit unless you veto them. Now, for you other suit: we originally matched the Zegna with the Gucci, but the Ferragamo are fine as well so it's really up to you Captain, so if you're so nice to pick which one you liked better?"

"Oh, okay..." Jim turns to have a bored look at the array on the table. They really look the same to him and he should choose one? How, exactly? They're both a pair of black leather laced shoes made by some big-ass high fashion brand!

His mind gives up almost immediately and his attention is called back to the shelf.

... *Hmm.*

It definitely is a bad idea. Uhura'll have his balls for this but she should've known that he isn't meant to be left wandering alone when PRing is involved. Too bad for her she's decided to go meet some of her Earth-bound friends instead of come with him like a good PR officer – who volunteered for the task, by the way – should do with their reckless captain...

The “T. for trouble” in his middle name is there for a reason...

“Wait. Can I wear those instead?”

Marcus makes a sincerely intrigued expression and immediately turns to him, eager to see which pair his guest might be talking about. His face however pales when he follows Jim's index, that is pointing at the shelves of the high heels shoes. To be accurate, to the third shelf, the one with the pumps.

“Hum...” Marcus nervously strokes the back of his neck “uhh... those...” he coughs once. He's the look of nervousness. He seems to not know where to look.

“Those are high heels, Mist– Captain...” he stumbles on the title “I don't know if they're appropriate...”

Jim isn't the least fazed.

“I'm sure they are.”

They also look big enough to fit his feet, at least as long as he doesn't decide to go jogging out on the streets.

“Ah, sir... But you're a ma–”

“Magnificent captain with a fantastic fashion sense? Yes, thank you!”

Marcus looks like he's just eaten a sour lemon. Jim's enough of a dick to not let him have some time to recollect himself.

“I'm sure these will rock with the Plein. Pardon my pun.” he smiles, dangling a pair of black snakeskin platform pumps signed *New Rock*. Like their man's counterpart that were part of that very same outfit.

The platform is burnished silver metal and a ring of studs around it are nothing compared to the sculpted heel which is *gorgeous*. They must be leaning toward 6-inches, give or take.

He sweeps his eyes on the shoes on display, the *New Rock* handed to a frozen Marcus who, despite trying all his mighty, is still finding it hard to overcome the shock. He barely holds the shoes and almost has them fall when Jim lets them go.

“Aaaand...” he licks his lips while his finger runs over the shelf from left to right, until stopping in front of a pair of black pointed-toe pumps. A classic, but with a different touch given by the thin gold metal squared stiletto heel.

“... these Casadei will do *magic* with the Zegna.”

The new pair lands in Marcus's arms and Jim doesn't wait for the guy to open his mouth. He knows the way and goes for the changing room to get into the first suit. Since they'll shoot him in both, it's just a matter of which one he wants to wear first.

He'll see which one he gets his hand on first.

*

He strolls in the room balancing himself on the 5-inches heels with the ability of a consummate top model. Ms. Kayembe blinks two times, unwilling to believe what she's seeing, and then her eyes open wide in shocked bewilderment. Silence falls. Marcus behind him gets the stares of everyone present, either accusing him of having allowed Captain Kirk not to conform with the arranged outfits, or for having lost his mind in suggesting women shoes to the Captain.

Mr. Horst opens and closes his mouth once then twice. Jim makes it to the chair without the need to look at the floor. He takes quick, sure steps and when he sits on the chair – definitely not his, this one's brand-new and the base's different – he feels like a fucking king.

Mr. Horst suddenly lights up like a Christmas tree and barks an order. Everyone scramble to get to their positions.

He's got the happiest look Jim's ever seen on a photographer. He's positively surprised for the change of plans and it's clear from his sparkling eyes that he's already thinking about out to milk this stereotype breakage as much as he can. More work for Uhura. She'll have her hands full for a month, with the whole “Captain Kirk posing with high heels!!” and the resulting – prejudiced – questions about his real gender that will fly his way.

It'll be fun! He might even troll a bit everyone via Twitter while the media coverage is still hot.

“Ok Captain, now, if you would lean on–”

*

Mr. Horst is still beaming when he profusely shakes Jim's hand. And then he's leaving the room, excitedly talking with his crew. Jim watches the retreating figure with both brows raised. He's keeping the *New Rock* in a hand, in a loose grip with his hooked fingers. They were surprisingly comfortable even when standing. This for like two minutes, before his feet decided to remind him that they aren't meant to fit into

shoes that are one size smaller than them (bless Orion models and their big feet, apparently, for shoes only one size smaller). At least not before be worn a bit and heat-stretched by a cobbler. He might have the feet of a top model though, they're known to hit the catwalk with shoes even two sizes smaller than their feet because the brands provide only one standard size for the fashion show. And, if you don't fit that size... well, sucks to be you.

The floor is pleasantly cool under his soles.

Jim, not really looking forward to changing back, is lingering near Ms. Kayembe, who wastes no time in complimenting him on how he walks on heels. She tries to get out of him info on how and where he learned: Jim will never tell, that's a secret. He conveys his wish for keeping the mystery with a wink in reply. She understands and curbs her own curiosity, switching to other compliments about his ankles – yeah, they might have earned him the nickname of “ankle slut” from Carol, for his habit to forget socks now and then with civilian clothes.

She looks more interested in him now, as if she's discovered something that makes him look more charming (sexier) to her eyes, and Jim knows that, before he'll leave, she'll push a card with her contacts in his pocket. He might end up staying in NY for the night, after all.

Marcus moves forward. He looks better now, got some color back on his cheeks. Color, and his professional coolness.

“If you would follow me, Captain, you can get out of the suit and I can bag it for you to bring home.”

Jim raises his brow and follows.

“We bought it specifically for you and, since it's a last year fall-winter, we have no need for it in our samples collection. So you are welcome to keep it.”

Great!

He looses the necktie with his free hand. Marcus takes the shoes from him.

“Thank you. I don't know when I'll have the chance to actually use it, but it'll look good in the closet. You know, hung between the dress uniform and the gangster suit.”

“If you're not planning to wear it, I'll have to take back the offer, Captain.”

Jim raises both his hands.

“I surrender to the blackmail.”

Marcus gets a pleased look that, in another instance, would give Jim goose bumps.

“Did you mention a gangster suit, Captain?”

“Ah. It's a long story. I acquired it some time ago during a mission. I cosplay more than a civilian would ever think.”

Marcus snickers.

“It's a pity I won't see you in the Ralph Lauren, in the end. I personally looked forward to you wearing it.”

“It's a pity I can't bring that too back on the Enterprise.”

Jim smiles back, flashing his white teeth.

Marcus places the New Rock pumps on the table next to the Casadei worn before with the Zegna suit. Jim's eyes follow the movement.

“Forgive me if I'll sound like an ungrateful scrounger, but... may I keep these too?” he points to the two pair of shoes. Marcus raises both his brows.

“I'll pay, I'm not asking to get them for free.”

“Uhm. What... exactly what for, Captain? You covered quite smoothly the distance between here and the chair, but you certainly noticed they're not exactly your right size...”

“Oh, I'm aware. My feet know. And no, you won't have Captain Kirk's ability to walk and run on the conscience. Floors on the Enterprise are too slippery to try my luck and risk a thighbone in my free time.”

“Then, if not to use them, what for, if I may ask?”

“Oh, that's simple. I want to show a certain friend of mine how you're supposed to walk on high heels. She could be a top between the top models, and yet she doesn't go above a 3-inches without tripping. She'd really use a walking on high heels lesson.”

He feels his lips stretch in his best “I'm an asshole” smile.

Uhura's definitely going to kill him this time.



End Notes

Ok, Wolfi-sama commented to one of the manips with the following tags:

#my favorite part about this is that I can totally picture Jim doing this photoshoot like #'yeah so you just need to sit down in the chair and.. pose a little. we have a suit and a pair of shoes for you.' #'oh okay. ..wait can I wear those shoes instead?' [points at the heels] #'uhm.. uhh.. those- ..those are high heels I don't know if they're appropriate' #I'm sure they are.' #but you're a ma-' #magnificent captain with a fantastic fashion sense yes thank you'

Credit for that specific dialogue goes to her.

*

Might be loosely inspired by the tv-show Ugly Betty. Marcus is actually a character from there. I opened a couple of Ugly Betty wikia pages to help me with terms/location.

Another helpful source has been an article about *Vogue USA*'s headquarters.

I know little about men's fashion, so I might've made myself a culture while writing this fic, from the many types of man's shoes to the kind of fabric and their definitions (those came from my mom: translate the Italian term to English has been a tasking job on its own!). Note also that in Italian fashion many terms (especially classic ones) are French as high fashion first started there (we do not call the two pair of shoes Jim wears in the fic "pumps" but "décolleté).

About the translation: do not let me get started about the [shelf-shelf-shelf unit](#) you English people have, or the fact you have no synonym for "hanger": had to rewrite a couple of phrases because of this lack of difference.

*

"Captain Kirk's Crotch Grab" aka [Chris Pine's Crotch Grab](#).

*

Joelle Kayembe is a top model.

Just to change, and not make Jim's assistant as the average blond tall woman you usually see working in a magazine, I decided to look for someone completely different than the stereotype employee seen in Ugly Betty.

Since I couldn't find a name-surname combination for a woman of African descent, I tried to search for black top model who weren't Naomi Campbell. Joelle Kayembe was so gorgeous that I directly kept her for the character's face.

It's been hard to kick an image of Naomi Campbell out of my mind when I needed to have a visual impression of the character as I introduced her through Jim's eyes. I also looked for her in a red dress to see if I could get an idea of which type of dress pick, so. No, Naomi wasn't wearing a bodycon, in the image I found: that at least it's my own imagination doing something.

Almost. Because I might've been unconsciously influenced by NCIS Agent Cassie Yates (Tamara Taylor)'s look from episode 2x22 episode "SWAK".

*

I'm Italian: if you didn't know, in Europe (and like 4/5 of the world), we use metric system. I kept using that, despite Star Trek being a

USA tv-show, because I remembered in TOS be done the same.

Now, I was trying to find the English name for what in Italy we call (translated) “heel twelve” (as in twelve centimeters heel) shoes. I decided to keep the 5-inch definition, which is well known in fashion, even if I then was gratuitously switching to another scale. Apparently, [TOS authors were confused as well](#), because they kept using every measurement type they happened to like at the moment, so I’m imitating canon in the end.

*

The discarded suits are actually suits Pine has worn. Only the Philipp Klein has never been honored to cover Chris’s ~~booty~~ I mean, body. Body!

1. The Philipp Plein is (I think) from FW 2012-2013, as I’ve seen it at Milan’s brand shop in March 2013.

The shoes meant to go with it are a pair of New Rock.

2. Chris wore [this Ralph Lauren](#) in May 9th 2013, when leaving a restaurant in Manhattan. I’m absolutely in love with that look and I wanted to include it in this fic, even if Jim ends up rejecting it.

3. Chris wore [this Armani](#) when he was in Milan for the Men Fashion Week SS 2015 this June. I truly hate the loafers, but Chris looked fabulous in the suit. Well, he looks fabulous in everything you put on him.

4. Chris wore (two) Ermenegildo Zegna at the 2013 Academy Awards. [One of the two](#) looked to me similar enough to the one of the manip so I picked it.

*

“Ankle slut” definition comes from [Pintoinlove’s post](#).

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