



SHIFTED AND SHAFTED!

Starring
CAPTAIN
THOMAS J. CLARK
and
YEOMAN
JANET SAND

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This story was inspired by a series of imaginative art drawings by the excellent artist Tebra. And after my old writing buddy's additions I was inspired to add a great deal more to the story. Especially one of the criticisms of my work has always been I rush my endings!

If you are not old enough to drive a car, you are probably too young to read this story. If so, turn off the computer and get back to class!

And now on to the story...

-BEGIN TRANSMISSION-

The Frontier was known as a ‘happy’ ship. But there was at least one person on board who didn’t fit this state.

The beautiful blonde Yeoman Janet Sand was not very happy. In a burst of youthful enthusiasm she had joined Star Force too young — even lying about her age, adding a few years to get her to barely legal status. Her dad had warned her it would be hard to go from the enlisted ranks to the academy and become an officer. He had been right, damn him.

Several things compounded her problems with promotion, she knew. One, because of her exclusive service as a Yeoman to Captain Clark, people looked down on her as a Captain’s toy and not as another member of Star Force. Two, she was a beautiful blonde, so people thought she was a bimbo. Of course, that was a curse women of the blonde persuasion have suffered for millennia. Also, her superior officers had already branded her an enlisted personal and just a YEOMAN. The label stuck.

Captain Clark did certainly not consider her for promotion! Janet had heard rumors that Captain Clark was blocking any promotion and transfers for her. IT WAS MADDENING! They were ‘not so secret’ lovers! She was the ‘Captain’s Woman!’ Of course it was not official policy, but Star Force looked the other way for its golden boy hero.

Janet usually really liked Clark. She thought he was hot, and the sex, good lord, the sex was terrific! He had a legendary virility! But she had not left her home of Jefferson City, Missouri to be just a secretary and mistress to her boss. For those kinds of 'honors' she wouldn't have had to go further than St Louis at the most.

And the topping was that Clark hadn't even been faithful to her. Not even close! But he certainly expected her to be faithful to HIM. Clark had just finished having a brief affair with that slut Dr. Helen Noel. 'What a Christmas present that was to my self esteem. The woman was a hag compared to me!' she thought, looking proudly

at the gorgeous blonde reflected in the mirror. The Captain claimed that Dr Adam's brain conditioning machine was to blame.

'Right,' Janet thought, 'like Thomas had ever needed help to hop into a woman's bed!'

Curious, she wandered into the top secret storage room that contained the psychotic Doctor Adam's 'Neuro Neuralizer'. They were taking it back to Coalition HQ for study. Most of the crew thought it had been destroyed, as that was the official story given out.

Clark was very unhappy about bringing it back aboard ship. He thought it was dangerous and immoral. Janet knew his opinion as she had transcribed all his reports regarding what Sybok had described as a mind conditioning machine. She was one of the very few who knew about it.

That night she was in Clark's cabin. It was SO kind of him to ask her back to his bed. The bitch Helen had taken a shuttle to a star base to help out as their psychologist had suddenly died. Whatever it was, Janet hoped it was fatal to crazy doctors in general!

She and Clark started to get undressed. He was strong and hot! Her body craved his. She couldn't help herself. Being the captain's woman was all she had.



Clark smiled as he saw Janet undress. She was so beautiful and sexy. Not too bright of course but sometimes he wondered if that might be better in his bedmates. His brief fling with Helen was exciting at first but she'd argue with him and just generally made it clear that she thought him an ego driven man who couldn't relate well to women. It was so damn untrue. He was glad Janet was reasonable about his adventure with Helen. 'I never promised her anything in the way of exclusively from me.' He thought. And god knew Janet was much prettier and sexier than Helen, in fact Janet was one of the most beautiful women in Star Force. Just looking at Janet always turned him on. Also, he liked her submissive nature, she was much more feminine than Helen and unlike Helen she made it her business to please him in bed doing whatever he wanted. He just wished she would get over her wild ambition to become a high-ranking officer. Janet just didn't have what it took. Most women, no matter how intelligent, didn't. And Janet while not stupid was only average in intelligence. As he once told her when Janet had diffidently broached the subject of promotion to officer status.

"Janet, you would be so much better off just accepting yourself as you are and be happy being a beautiful woman." He had grinned his sexy and charming grin. "Hey, cheer up! What's wrong with being a sexy young woman?"

Clark smiled looking at her. God she was so sexy! Why would a woman want to be anything else if they were that gorgeous? He noticed her looking at his new artifact on the wall shelf.

"That?" Clark answered her unspoken question. "It used to be Doctor Van Geikelder's. He gave it to me for saving his life and proving him sane. He told me it had been in his family for many generations and is from one of the fabled artifacts of the ancients who had star traveled 100,000 years ago and then just vanished."

Janet was curious and picked up the oblong, black ball. It felt warm to the touch. The more she held it, the more it came alive.

"Be careful with that, Janet! It's not a make-up kit! It's rumored to contain strange and great power!"

Flushing, Janet went to place it back on the shelf, her emotions boiling with sex, anger and shame. The ball grew hotter! She gasped, and dropped it. Clark and her both reached for it and hit heads. She saw stars, but not the kind seen through portals on the walls. Then she only saw darkness. Janet's body fell back and she hit her head on a shelf while Clark plopped back on the bed, both unconscious.

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A few minutes later Janet came to. She felt odd... weird but not in a bad way. The bed seemed smaller somehow. She felt very strong as she pushed herself upright. A deep, alien gasp escaped from her mouth. Lying on the floor was her body! Impossible! Was she dead? No, the body was still breathing! Thank god! But why was she observing her body as if she were not inside it? Janet looked down and fought down a scream.

Someone had stolen her beautiful breasts!

No, wait... She recognized that chest, even from an unexpected point of view. She was inside Thomas J. Clark's body! How strange! Janet looked at the alien ball. Somehow it had swapped their bodies. Or exchanged their very minds... At least it was logical that Clark was probably in her abandoned, unconscious form.

Janet looked in the mirror. She appeared to be Clark down to the cellular level, at least. She flexed her manly new muscles. God, she felt so strong! Janet looked at her own body. It was much more illuminating than looking at herself in the mirror. For the first time, she saw herself as others viewed her. Damn, she was sexy as hell! Her borrowed body reacted to the vision of beauty unexpectedly, without her permission. It was weird feeling so swiftly excited as blood pulsed into a new body part. Shocked, she realized she wanted to have sex with herself!

'Calm down, girl!' Janet ordered herself. Then she laughed, with a deep, manly laugh. Clark's laugh! It was so ironic. She had wanted a promotion, to be an officer, and now she was Captain of the Frontier! And Clark was the lowly Yeoman!

'What a way to get a promotion straight to the top!' She thought, grinning with Clark's lips.

When he woke up, Thomas would demand his body back. Quite probably, Sybok could figure out how to swap them back . . . But did she even want to go back? It was suddenly so tempting to stay as she was. There's no way I could ever make Captain as myself, in my own body.

She poured herself a drink and looked at Clark, considering her suddenly amazing option.

"Could I get away with it, I wonder? I've been a woman all my life. I like being a woman. Could I be a man? Do I even want to be this man, and Captain of the Frontier at that?"

"Could I BE Thomas J. Clark?"

"Not to mention, it's a pretty dirty trick to play on Thomas... Of course that could be a positive..." she giggled, stopping herself after hearing her giggles as voiced by her new body. She'd have to give that up if she stayed in her new body with its deep, manly voice. Captain Clark definitely did not giggle!

Then she remembered what the great Captain of the Frontier always said. 'It always comes down to survival of the fittest, Janet!' Wasn't that one of the phrases he often used? Thomas would certainly insist upon getting his body back! How indignant he would be as a 'mere' female!

'But it would serve him right, after the shitty way he treated me...' she thought, as she debated what to do next internally.

Plans were formulating in Janet's newly masculine, and somewhat less emotional brain. It occurred to her that she was likely smarter in Clark's body than her own. It simply made sense, as her mind was now operating his brain. She would need to know the things a Captain would have to know. As she thought of some of the memories she would need, she

suddenly realized she had access to many of those memories from his brain. They were jumbled and confused from losing access to the personality that had experienced them, but they were there! It was almost like a biological version of a computer memory backup system.

Her own 'Janet Sand' memories were still intact. But in addition to her memories as a female, Janet now remembered being Thomas Clark, and oddly she recalled Thomas getting the shit kicked out of him at the academy by a grinning Irishman. That was interesting! She also knew all of the key access codes for the ship. Even the self-destruct codes! WOW!

Janet injected Clark with what he called his 'lighten up' drug. He used it on her when he thought she wasn't in the best mood to give great sex. It sure relaxed and turned her on, like going from impulse drive to warp, Janet remembered. It should have the same effect on Clark, inside her beautiful body.

This made her laugh. It was Clark's hearty, yet smug laugh.

Smiling at her newfound strength, she picked up Clark in her body, amazed at how easy it was to lift another human being with her new arms, and carried him/her a few feet to the room with Dr Adam's machine. She placed Clark in the chair, straightening out his short skirt. She might be a man, but she was still a lady! From the knowledge in the secret reports she recorded for Clark, she picked a setting. The sinister machine came on. She placed the sensors on her former neck and forehead, as described in those reports.

"You've always been the beautiful and sexy Yeoman Janet Sand. You ARE her now, past present and future! You love Thomas Clark and live for his love. You love being a beautiful young sexy woman and will do everything and anything you need to do to remain this way. You don't want to lose your man Captain Clark. You know what your humble duties are. You hit your head and have a delusion in the back of your mind that you are Captain Clark but you must fight this possible insanity with every effort of your mind and body, as you don't want to go to back to that horrible Tantalus do you? Imagine you having to live in one of those filthy, dingy cells."

She saw her former head shake, terrified.

Janet continued, "You remember everything you know about yourself, Janet, remember it as though it happened to you. You will embrace as true the memories in your mind of Janet Sand and ignore those of Clark. They come from your intimate knowledge of him. It is impossible that you could be him. Just look down at your gorgeous figure if you have any doubts. You are obviously all woman! You love being a beautiful woman. You ARE Janet Sand!"

"You will answer to the name of Yeoman Janet Sand only. Your head will not turn at the name of Captain Clark or Thomas or Tom. It is impossible for you NOT to be Janet Sand. Who else could you be with your beautiful, feminine body? It is far better to be yourself Janet, and then to lose your mind imagining you are Captain Clark. You know such things are impossible."

The programming she used was like some version of mental martial arts. You use your enemy's strength against them. Clark would use what strength of will he still possessed in her body to hopefully drive away the idea that SHE was not Janet Sand! SHE would much rather be Janet than be insane.

She laughed. She also had Clark's galaxy sized ego working for her. If there ever was a man in love with himself, it was Thomas J. Clark! He would naturally fall in love with himself... with his old body. Janet thought for a moment and later when he gets used to being Janet Sand and with all the attention men would give the beautiful blonde body Clark now occupied, he would fall in love his... no, her new self and love being a sexy, beautiful woman.

Janet grinned. It would be so damn funny seeing Clark being her.

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Janet continued to fill the mind of the semi-unconscious Clark in personal information about her life, and how much she loved Clark, reinforcing the former man's reprogramming.

But now it was time for the physical conditioning to begin...

So Janet began shifting from talk to touch, expertly stroking what had been her own perfect breasts. Janet liked them much better from the masculine viewpoint and she started to feel masculine arousal again.

"This feels good, doesn't it?" Janet said in Clark's most seduce masculine tones. The helpless female body's breath quickened at her expert touch! Beautiful and firm, the young breasts grew ever so slightly larger, the nipples even more so. "You are Janet. You're beautiful! You love to be made love to by me, Thomas Clark, your lover. No man could possibly feel as you feel right now! You love being a woman. You love being the beautiful Janet Sand."



"Being sexy, and more importantly, feeling sexy, is the most important thing in your life now! You love feeling so sensual, so womanly! You love clothes, and though you feel sexy in your Star Force uniform with its tight skirt and revealing cleavage, you wish you could wear even sexier civilian styled clothes more often."

"Now feel this..." Janet, knowing exactly what would feel good on her former body, began touching its most intimate place, slipping strong masculine fingers into her former pussy. "It feels so wonderful, doesn't it, Janet? No man, certainly not I, Thomas Clark, has a pussy like yours! No one has such a sexy, sensual body as you do." Janet's now powerful male hands continued to fondle what had been her own femininity just a few minutes ago.

Janet laughed with Clark's booming laugh. The Captain's pussy was wet! And her powerful, throbbing new penis strained against her pants, demanding to be set free.

She carried the soft, female body back to the cabin and their bed. Soon she had them both completely undressed. Then she changed her mind and put the sexy black boots back on what had been her own small dainty feet. Clark loved to make love to her when she wore those boots. Janet had to admit though uncomfortable, they made her feel even sexier. It was all the better seeing them on her former feet without any of the pain when those feet were hers. Thomas would bear that pain from now on instead of her!

Janet's breath grew faster. She spread the lovely female legs that now belonged to Clark wide apart and gently started kissing the beautiful body lusciously, playing with his world-class tits. The womanly slit grew wider still. Perfect! Janet started slipping her powerful, large and very hard dick into the moist opening. Oh, did that feel so good! It was great to be a man! Janet continued to make love to what had recently been her own beautiful body.

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Thomas Clark was confused. He was having a wonderful, no, incredible dream; a dream of pleasure slowly building like an ocean's tide, overwhelming and unstoppable! He had never felt this intensity of joy and excitement before. What was happening? He slowly opened his eyes and saw himself! HIMSELF!!!

But it couldn't be him, as he was lying on a bed with his very beautiful slender legs spread out, and being royally fucked!

"Janet, you are so sexy!" said the apparent 'Clark'.

Thomas Clark's head swam, but then thoughts fled. His/her climax was coming...

'Oh... my... god!' Clark screamed like a woman possessed!

The handsome man's huge dick felt incredibly good, as did his kisses and the expert way the man touched her tits! She screamed another female scream as multiple waves after waves of sexual pleasures beyond description swept through every inch of her!

"You were terrific, Janet, truly a sex goddess!" grinned the devilishly handsome man above her.

Clark's head swam. It's what I always said to Janet. No, what Clark always said to me. But I can't be Clark. The memories of Janet Sand were a bit jumbled but they were there. She rolled over, her large boobs jiggling distractingly, and saw her beautiful, naked blonde body in the mirror. This woman is Janet Sand. I must be Janet Sand. Feelings and thoughts and memories of being Janet rolled over her. 'Of course, how could I be the Captain? I am a woman! I'm Janet Sand, his Yeoman and his lover!'

But it didn't seem right somehow. 'I can't shake the feeling I really am Thomas Clark. But that's impossible! Clark is right here in bed with me. We just had great sex, and his cum is dripping out of me.' She looked again into the

mirror and smiled smugly. She was so beautiful and sexy! She noticed that Clark had made her wear her high heeled black boots as usual. Boys will be boys! But she had to admit though uncomfortable in bed, the shoes made her feel even sexier! A shameful memory came to her. How humiliated she had been when that slut Helen had taken her rightful place in Clark's bed! That memory could only belong to Janet Sand...

Captain Clark spoke to her. It felt odd somehow.

"I was a little worried about you, Janet darling, you hit your head but you were certainly better than OK in bed."

The Captain reached forward and gently touched the side of her head.

"Ouch!" she said. She felt dizzy and disassociated. Her mouth twisted. She knew without any doubt what Clark would say. That she was having a 'blonde' moment. Could that partly explain this fantasy of being the captain? A voice within her said with supreme confidence, 'You are Janet Sand.'



‘Well that was just silly! Who else could she be?’ She looked in the mirror. No doubt at all, she was Janet. Look at that hot blonde in the mirror. She smiled smugly. She was easily the most beautiful woman on board! But why did it seem ‘wrong’? Why did she still somehow have the wild, impossible fantasy of being the Captain of the Frontier? Of course, she envied him! Who wouldn’t! He was the most wonderful man in the universe!

Clark’s lips found her own. "Ready for another round, Janet darling?"

She was thrilled when he called her darling. Her body was on fire once again as Clark expertly kissed every sensuous inch. And was his dick even more huge and hard? She did envy it, imagining it as her own. Maybe the 20th century psychologist Freud was right about penis envy. Seeing it — as always — was a real turn on. She started to forget to worry about who she was. Whoever she was, she wanted sex; her beautiful body was quivering with desire!

At Clark’s urgings, she went on top this time and began thrusting away with her beautiful thighs. ‘God, it felt so wonderful to ride Clark’s hard cock!’ He groaned and grunted beneath her and she smiled smugly. She certainly knew how to make the Captain come on board! Then her own sexual pleasures built even higher. Once again, the exquisite feminine pleasure overwhelmed her and she screamed and screamed.

"I love you, Janet!" Clark said.

"I love you too, my Captain!"

‘God, what a man!’ she thought with admiration. ‘And he’s my man!’ Soon Clark was up for another go! Of course he was, she thought smugly. I’m so sexy, how can he not be inspired. It was wonderful to be so beautiful and desirable. She suddenly remembered as a little girl how she hoped she would be beautiful and desirable to boys. She remembered with pleasure how they flocked around her after she grew into a C-cup in the sixth grade.

Using the will power of his new body and brain, Janet stayed awake while the former Clark fell asleep with a satisfied smile on a beautiful face.

‘So far, so good,’ Janet thought. "But more reinforcement is needed, I am sure, to make it stick!"

Once again, her powerful male body took Clark’s soft female body back to the machine. Thomas Clark’s powerful ego might yet break out from the programming. The scales needed to be balanced in her favor to make sure Thomas would remain Janet Sand.

And so it continued.

"You are insecure, Janet. You must always be on the lookout for other women who will try to steal your man. When you wake up tomorrow you will be as sexy as you can be and submissive to the Captain’s will and pleasure."

Janet was certain that feelings of insecurity and distractions of jealousy would reinforce the earlier reprogramming. They had certainly been powerful distractions for her!

"You will have no doubt that the captain is acting like the captain. You know your fantasy of being him is impossible and insane."

Another memory of Clark's came to her. 'He' was receiving the medal of Valor. Janet smiled a smug smile. It was good to be a hero! She carried Thomas back to bed and fell asleep beside her seconds later. Sex could really tire out a man!

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The new Thomas J. Clark woke up feeling wonderful! His dick was throbbing with pleasure. 'My god, Thomas Clark is giving me a BJ!' the former Janet thought. 'It's wonderful. WONDERFUL! No wonder Thomas wanted one so often! I can't believe the conditioning is this effective!'

Earlier, the new 'Janet' woke up and looked down upon her sleeping lover. It was so strange somehow. Why did she feel wrong, that something was very wrong, that she was Clark? She touched her temple. Still quite tender... The blow on the head and her frustration at being a lowly Yeoman must be the explanation for her fantasies. Certainly, no man had ever owned a pair of breasts like hers! Obviously she was Janet Sand. This was certainly Janet Sand's beautiful body, and Clark was therefore... well... Clark. She smiled remembering his virility and domination. Sex was wonderful and she felt so desirable. A memory came to her. The first time she met the captain. How strong, powerful and confident — and hot — he was. How her knees had turn weak and watery...

Another memory surfaced of her mother telling her not to be such a tomboy! She remembered looking for the perfect prom dress. No, she was Janet, all right. Who else could she be? She must have the will power to dispel this obvious delusion. Her mouth hardened. She would NOT go insane! Her blood chilled. They might actually send her back to the Tantalus treatment center! What a nightmare! She was determined to banish this delusion before it grew worse. Fight it back, she ordered herself. Body switching was impossible. It had never been done. Probably never would be. She considered how best to overcome this weird fantasy.

She looked lovingly down at the sleeping man. He was so cute. And so boyish while he slept... She'd never really noticed before. Janet smiled affectionately. Clark was the most intelligent, handsome, sexy man in the universe. She knew that for sure. He was almost like a god among mere mortals. An idea came to her. She would give him a wakeup BJ! He always loved that, and it would help banish her weird delusions. Smiling smugly at her sexual power, she went down on the sleeping, sexy man...

He was coming awake now, and how his surprised, happy smile made her heart leap.

"You're killing me here, Janet!" he said.

She paused.

"Don't you dare stop now!"

She giggled with pleasure and savored her sexual power over him. A Starship Captain he might be, but he still wanted and needed her.

Afterwards he returned the favor and went to work on her, and she screamed out in feminine pleasure. 'God, did he know how to turn her on,' Janet thought.

She saw Clark glance at the time.

"I hate to say it, Yeoman, but we need to go on duty now or we will be late."

She pouted. She was hardly done, yet. "But you're the Captain! Surely we can be a little late! Sybok can handle things till you get there."

The real Janet smiled with pleasure to hear the old Clark call her Captain! So far, so great! Now it was time for the rest of the crew to treat them as their new selves. He couldn't wait for 'Janet' to experience the humiliation of almost everyone outranking her, and the menial tasks she would have to do. 'And also the corollary is true, now it is I who must be the captain. I am in charge. It is a dream comes true!'

He patted the beautiful, naked female on her round, soft, sexy rump.

"Sorry, Janet, duty calls. (How easily that name now came out of this new mouth.) We've got work to do!"



"Yes, sir" she said disappointed. It was humiliating to go from being the captain's lover and almost equal (at least in bed) to his Yeoman.

'I sure wish I was an officer!' she thought once again.

The new Captain easily threw on his uniform.

Janet sighed. Men have it so easy! She slid on her sexy panties and struggled with her bra for a moment. That was weird. She should certainly be used to having boobs by now! She checked her legs. No tooth marks. Good. She slid on her hose, careful not to run it. On went her red uniform with no insignia. She was a petty officer. She sighed. Petty is the right word for her duties. Somehow they seemed more demeaning than usual. She was capable of

being the captain if given the chance! Like in the dreams she had last night.

Firmly she focused her mind away from the dreamlike delusion she was Clark! She would NOT go insane. Then she slid on her sexy boots. She frowned at her face in the mirror her

hair was simply awful and her make-up was ruined of course. In the excitement of last night she had forgotten to remove it. Soon her face was looking its normal self though for some reason took a little longer than usual. She smiled remembering how glad her mom was when she finally started using make-up.

"Hurry up!" command her Captain. "Look, I can't wait any longer, Janet. I'll see you on the bridge. Don't to forget to pick up my coffee when you come."

"Yes, sir" she said meekly.

Janet put her head on the special helmet and cursing as she always did, tucked her lustrous, thick blonde hair inside. Thank god for her hair dressing machine. It cost her almost a month's pay but it was worth it. Her sexy and exotic hairstyle would be impossible to do by hand. Afterwards she looked in the mirror with satisfaction. She was as hot as a phaser, if she did think so herself. She banished the thought that would not be totally banished. She was NOT Captain Clark! No man could look like and or feel like she did.

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The formerly female Yeoman now occupying Captain Clark's very male body walked though the corridors towards the elevator. At first 'he' was very nervous, but soon Janet was savoring the looks of respect from everyone as they made way for him. Getting off the elevator on the bridge, 'he' was greeted with respect. It was good to be the man in charge!

"Good morning, Captain." As usual, Sybok was the first to greet the Captain.

"Morning, everyone..." He said, just as Clark always did. He looked to Ujama. "Any messages?"

Ujama smiled. "Nothing urgent Captain, just another commendation and congratulations from Admiral Cartwright about the way you handled the situation on Tantalus.

Janet, now Clark, knew just how the Captain should respond. "Thank the Admiral for me, please."

She nodded.

A little surprised, Janet noticed his now male eyes focusing on the beautiful woman. "God, Ujama's really built! When did that happen?" he found himself thinking. Janet felt that if he was now thinking with a male mind, he should begin to think of himself as a masculine personality. With an effort the new man turned away, sitting quickly in the Captain's chair before anyone noticed the sudden swelling in his recently acquired manhood. 'Looks like I've unleashed Thomas Clark's infamous male sexual drive.' Janet thought. 'It's both amusing and frightening... and rather ill-timed.'

Sybok came over respectfully. It was the first time Sybok had really even noticed Janet, he felt. All it took was a complete body exchange, he thought sarcastically to himself. They fell into a discussion, which the new Clark was able to handle easily as it was all part of daily items he had worked on earlier for the original Clark, and where they weren't, his newly acquired memories of Clark's life filled in the gaps.

The lift door opened and a hesitant, unusually quiet 'Yeoman Janet Sand' entered with steaming hot coffee.

"Thanks Janet." said 'Clark' patronizingly. He wanted desperately to give the former Thomas a swat on his wide and sexy rear end, but knew it would be unsuited to his new position on the bridge as Captain. He ignored the beautiful woman he had been a day earlier and turned back to HIS first officer. Sybok acted as though 'Janet' did not exist.

Janet flushed under the lustful gazes of the male bridge crew and observed the contemptuous and obviously jealous looks from Ujama, who made it clear to her if not the men that she regarded Janet as little more than the captain's whore. It was an attitude that was common on the ship. It was one of prices she had to pay for her beauty and her relationship with the captain. Several women in the ship made 'sympathetic' comments about how bad she must have felt when that bitch Dr. Helen Noel had taken up with Clark. Janet felt her fingers curling into claws. God, she would like to claw the eyes out of that slut. But she had been helpless to stop her. She had no official standing and the bitch was an officer and an MD. Though she hadn't actually seen them together Janet had an image of the two of them in bed together. Grrrrr!

But the slut finally left, thank god, and Clark was hers again! The jealous cats in the crew were so envious of her beauty and the fact she had the great Captain Clark as her lover. Janet gazed worshipfully at him. He was the most wonderful man in the Universe! No other man was more intelligent, or as handsome. One day, he would be commanding all of Star Force. She was lucky just to be his woman.

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The new Captain greatly enjoyed his day. He made all the important decisions and everyone treated him with deference and respect. He was so admired by the whole crew. At a convenient break he hurried to his new plush cabin and placed the alien artifact that had swapped the two of them inside the captain's safe that was now accessible only to 'him' because of voice and retina scans. He spent an hour reviewing and absorbing the early Captain's logs like a drunk at a bar. The logs were very helpful, filled with info the new Clark needed to know. They also seemed to reinforce the new Thomas Clark's access to HIS new memories.

Janet did not have such a pleasant day. She sighed. She should be used to now being patronized and ogled but somehow it seemed to hit home more than usual. And the women were so bitchy to her! The jealous cats were just so envious that she was far more beautiful than them. And most of them would love to take her place in the captain's bed! She couldn't allow that. He was the center of her universe the voice inside her said.

That night when they were in his cabin together Clark noticed Janet's unhappy expression.

"What's wrong, Janet?" he asked

Flattered that he cared she told him how unhappy her day had made her.

The new Clark hid a smile. Welcome to my old world! He thought. He listened fairly patiently for a while, but then cut her off. Women just talked to damn much he thought.

'Clark' opened his cabinet. "I think it would be better if you had some lighten up juice, Janet."

Janet was unhappy about it, but knew from her memories she couldn't refuse it. Soon her body was on fire for his touch. God he was so sexy and virile! 'I'm so lucky to be his woman,' she thought, again.

While she slept he carefully carried her to that wonderful machine. He thanked the ghost of the mad doctor who invented it.

He reinforced the earlier programming and especially strengthened the link between his former body and memories and the new mind in the new and forever Janet Sand.

"You will only feel comfortable with your own memories and feelings, Janet. You are Janet Sand. You've always been Janet Sand. You will actively always be in touch with your own, true memories and any memories of being Clark are obviously false and you will bury them. Rid yourself of them and reconnect to your true memories! You are the sexy beautiful Janet Sand. Who else could you be? Janet, you love me, Thomas Clark! My love is the most important thing in your life. You live for it. You always want to be as sexy and as beautiful as you can to hold my love. Again, connect to your true memories. Ignore your delusional ones. If you do that like a good girl the false memories will be grow less and less and soon your brain will only access your true memories, Janet my love.

"Also, remember to use your body and feminine skills to charm. Do NOT ask for things directly. It is not a woman's way. That is only for clumsy men. You must manipulate, use the sexual powers of a woman to get what you want. As a woman you must coax men. Charm and sex, not strength or forces of will, are the ways to persuade men. Always be feminine and charming. You know how to do it. You've been doing it ever since you were a little girl. " He whispered seductively.

The new Clark laughed inside. It was great having such power and it served the new woman right. It was HER turn to be ignored and be the lowly Yeoman Janet Sand, the captain's toy.

"By the way, Janet you will again wake me up with a BJ. It gives you pleasure to be so sexy and please me, your man."

Clark's usual smug smile fit across his face. God, I love BJs! He thought. He looked again at the very beautiful blonde girl. God she is so beautiful and sexy! No wonder she gets me hard all the time. He now remembered when 'he' first saw her and pulled some strings and arranged for Janet to be assigned to the Frontier and to him. His friend Finnegan had just winked knowingly at him.

"Still the same old hound dog, Jaime me lad!" The Irishman had laughed. Then they went and sparred in the gym.

The smile on the Captain of the Frontier face broadened. I am getting more and more access to Clark's memories. Great! Soon, there will be... can be no doubt that I am the Great Captain Thomas J. Clark and she is the lowly Yeoman Janet Sand. He chuckled as he carried the sexy woman's body back to his bed.

That morning he had the best alarm clock a man can have — a BJ from a willing, sexy beautiful woman.

* * * * *

As she went about her duties Janet sure wished that some how, some magical way, she'd become an officer and get some respect. She had a shouting match with a woman she caught flirting with Clark and barely avoided a catfight with the slut.

One good thing she had fewer delusional memories and flashes of not being herself, Janet Sand but impossibly Thomas Clark! She shuddered. She would never let anyone know. Her position was fragile enough to begin with and besides she hated Doctor McGrath. She remembered vividly how free he was with his hands! It was better lately as she had complained to the Captain and he must have spoken with the old goat. God he must be fifty and she was only twenty... much too young for an old fart like him!

Janet got through the day and followed the captain's orders as best she could. 'I wish I was better educated and more intelligent, she thought. It's hard for me to keep up with him!'

She spent, as usual, a great deal of time fussing over her appearance. It was so important for a girl like her to always look her best. Every time she stared in the mirror she was so glad to see a beautiful woman there. True, she wished her hips weren't so big, but she was keeping them under control... unlike that supercilious bitch Ujama! One day Ujama would be as



wide as the wide Missouri near her hometown of Jefferson City, Missouri. She ignored a flash of false memory that she was from Iowa.

At lunch she gossiped happily with the other female Yeomen and other lower ranks in the dinning hall, giggling at how silly guys were. All, as usual were agog to hear 'details' of her relationship with Clark. Especially the sex!

"Keep giving him BJ's, girl!" said Harriet. "It's maybe the best way to keep a man. They just love them!"

Janet nodded her lovely golden head in agreement.

Meanwhile Clark held a major meeting with HIS department heads. It was like ambrosia to be treated with such respect and obedience from them! As Janet, he was ignored or treated with veiled contempt. It was so great to be Captain Clark. He would do anything, anything to stay that way. The very idea of maybe someday going back to being the lowly, brainless Yeoman Janet Sand filled him with horror!

To dispel such feelings he went to the gym and worked out and sparred with his trainer. It was great to be so strong, so fast, and so skilled.

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Almost every night, whenever the fun was over and 'Janet' slept, the new Clark would reinforce her programming up to the day that the forbidden machine was taken off the ship nine days later. Almost daily, he enjoyed having sex with the sexy Janet Sand. But even more he enjoyed the fact that he was Clark and Clark was Janet — a lowly Yeoman. Talk about a sexual fantasy come to life!

He was sorry to lose the machine, but it had nobly served its purpose. Everyday Janet was acting more and more like his old self. She was using her feminine charms and was very coaxing to try to persuade and to please. It was too funny. The new Clark could not see any trace of what the former Captain had been. Observing her closely he could tell she rarely had flashes of 'alien' memories or feelings. It was wonderful to see the formally haughty and proud Clark completely turning into her. Now I'm the Captain and Clark was the Yeoman! There was justice in the universe after all. He fought down any feelings of guilt. They came with less and less frequency as he adjusted to his new life. After all, the former Clark didn't have it so very bad... SHE was very beautiful and sexy and has me! And she had gained thirteen years of youthful life!

After arriving on earth it was wonderful to walk into Star Force command and to be treated with such admiration and respect. It was more intoxicating than brandy! The press was everywhere as were admiring crowds. At his side and looking uncomfortable and very out of place and unsure of herself was Yeoman Janet Sand! It was too funny.

He met with Admiral Cartwright and other high ranking officers and attended many secret staff meeting with Star Force chiefs of Staff. He was consulted on the Krulons. It was wonderful to be so respected. He smiled. Poor Janet of course was not allowed in any such meetings!

Janet was trying to hide her discomfort. She felt so small and helpless here among the great and she only a lowly Yeoman, Thank god Clark was at her side and would protect her and give her countenance. Except for the occasional lecherous stare from the men or the veiled contemptuous ones from the women she was ignored. She was accustomed to these of course. She sighed. It was her unfortunate place in life and she should be used to it by now. But it still made her uncomfortable and unhappy with her lot in life. No wonder she had once developed a weird fantasy that she was Captain Clark!

Janet wanted to get away and see her folks. At least they thought she was important and special. So after some expert coaxing Clark gave her leave and she went home. It helped when she mentioned she was having her period. As usual hers were heavy and she had to fight cramps. She hated the damn things! But of course it was the curse that all females had to deal with until later in life. Men didn't know how lucky they were!

Janet smiled she could dress pretty and feminine now that she was on leave. She didn't have to wear that damn dull uniform, but could instead dress the way she loved... sexy! And she could wear real heels again. Of course she could see why they were impractical on a star ship, but still she enjoyed showing off her gorgeous legs with at least three inch high heels. Sure they were uncomfortable but so what. She enjoyed being a beautiful young girl! Clark came to wish her goodbye. It was so sweet of him. She warmed to the desire in his eyes as he looked at her and Janet smiled smugly. She planted a burning kiss on his lips and wrapped her lovely, sexy body around him. She didn't want him to forget her.

As the new Clark saw her board transport he thought. God what a sexy babe! I can't wait to have her back in my bed again! He felt a little weird; the former Clark was going home to visit what had been his own mom and dad. For a moment he felt regret but soon put it aside. His new life was just too wonderful! He was helping at the highest levels forming not only Star Force Policy but also the policy of the Coalition itself! Pretty damn good for a one time Yeoman! And no one suspected he was not the original Captain Clark. He was even complimented on being more level headed and being able to keep his temper better!

Janet had tears of joy in her beautiful blue eyes where she saw her folks. It was wonderful to see her mom and daddy and she loved hugs and talking over old times. It made her feel so secure to be daddy's little girl again. The neighbors were impressed that she was in Star Force and served with the famous and great Captain Clark as his Yeoman. His heroic and brilliant deeds were often in the news. At night she took a strange comfort sleeping with her old stuffed animals. It reminded her of her happy days of childhood.

Her mom bugged her about getting married. But what could she say? She was in love with the captain! What a man! But he would never marry her. She knew she wasn't good enough for him.

A few guys tried to flirt with her and she flirted a little back just to stay in practice, but Janet wasn't interested in them. None was a light year close to being as wonderful as her captain! She missed being in his strong arms.

Clark was happy when Janet came back from leave with no suspicions she was not herself and acting more and more like the old Janet Sand than ever. For a moment Clark regretted losing his original parents, but his gains outweighed his loss by light years.

Janet noticed Clark looking her over with admiring eyes and she flushed a little. She was dressed so sexy and were her legs gorgeous. It had been worth all her trouble to make herself look sexy and desirable to see the admiration and desire in his eyes.

Janet hugged and kissed him, thanking him for permission to visit her family and friends. Janet could feel his arousal! It was wonderful he still wanted for, as her inner voice whispered it was what she lived for!

Clark got hard at once.

"I can't wait to get you back in my bed. We'll beam up to the Frontier at once. It can't be too soon for me!

Janet giggled and pressed closer still. She gloried in the power her sexy body had over this strong, powerful man!

The new Captain Clark's first real challenge was during the meeting with the Cobromites. It took some thought and instincts but after sweating it out he came through it to universal praise... especially from his woman.

A deadly test came later. When the Frontier was patrolling the neutral zone The Lomurans chose to attack the outposts with a new warship, it was painted a like bird of prey. It not only had a deadly new weapon but also could cloak itself with invisibility. Peace or war rested on the new Clark and he wondered if he could handle it. It was one thing strutting around in Clark's body making mostly routine decisions now his decisions, his acts could mean a war or the destruction of his ship. 'Can I be the captain?' the former Janet Sand wondered. It was no use trying to switch bodies back with the new Janet even if it could be done! She was so much Janet now she would be terrified and helpless. Of course he could turn over command to Sybok but that would not only mean disgrace but the end of his career. Also, the captain knew with certainty that Sybok was not the man to command in this situation.

The captain called a council of war. It wasn't much help, some were for attacking the ship, and others were against. Dr. McGrath of course was for letting the ship escape and Sybok oddly was firm that the Lomurans should be attacked, as they would consider it a fatal weakness if they didn't.

This decided him. Well if McGrath was against attacking and Sybok was for it — that ended the debate. He would attack.

Janet Sand came into his cabin with cup of tea.

"I thought you could use this, sir?" she said. She was warm and feminine and very comforting.

Clark kissed her tenderly and she blushed. "Thank you for your kindness and being so comforting and thoughtful, dear Janet. "

She flushed with pleasure.

The new Clark fought a brilliant victorious battle and war was averted.

All the Coalition went wild. Captain Clark and Commander Sybok were awarded medals.

Janet basked in the reflected glory. She sighed it was the only kind she was ever likely to get being a lowly Yeoman! Shy and with extreme deference and feminine skill she broached the subject once again of her becoming an officer some day to the captain. She hated the smug, condescending look Clark gave her as he said.

"Janet, you would be so much better off just accepting yourself as you are and be happy being a beautiful woman." He had grinned his sexy and charming grin. "Hey, cheer up! What's wrong with being a sexy young woman?"

EPILOGUE

'Clark' continued his brilliant career. The admiration of the Coalition, of Star Force and of the Frontier crew grew... especially that of his devoted Yeoman. Janet was so proud of her lover.

"I'm so lucky that he loves me and I'm his woman!" she thought.

But her happiness was not to last. After a few months with the same woman, Clark's eyes wandered. He tried not to feel guilty when he cheated on Janet with other women.

'Fair is fair. What goes around comes around, as they used to say!' He thought guiltily. Clark knew he should be faithful, but it just wasn't in his nature.

Often poor Janet would cry her heart out when Clark was unfaithful to her. But what could she do? She was only his woman and a lowly Yeoman, not his wife.



When he eventually broke up with her it was shattering. The shame of being the Captain's former woman got to be too much for her. Janet Sand was still very much in love with Clark when, just four months later, she was transferred off the Frontier. She couldn't take any longer seeing him with other women. Every night she cried herself to sleep. But she had a favor to ask of him before she left.

After some expert feminine coaxing, Clark agreed to be the biological father of her future babies, (perhaps the coaxing was too good, as the former Janet ironically realized he had over-programmed the former Clark on the subject!) Janet, a happy new mother to be, told him she wanted them all to be as smart and wonderful as their father.

Clark was so proud! God, his ego was the size of the galaxy, Janet thought to herself. Though she did want his kids as having a Captain of the fleet, the famous Thomas Clark as their father would be a definite plus!

Janet wanted her kids to have a stable life and so begged Clark for help and he got her a minor job for 4 years at Star Force headquarters. As expected she was a Yeoman secretary to a very smug man. The natural childbirth Clark had insisted on as part of his agreement to being the father was agonizing but the result of having a beautiful son was worth it to Janet. Working and being a single mom was hard but satisfying. Being a beautiful woman was hard in any event in a man's universe. She loved being a mom though. What greater reward could a woman have? Even with her scheduled work she still insisted on breast-feeding her son and two years later her daughter.

Her folks were so pleased that their grand-children had the famous Captain Clark as their biological father. He graciously contributed to their support.

Of course Clark proudly announced the birth of his son to the crew. Lt. Ujama had to promptly excuse herself, barely containing herself until she found some private space where she burst out laughing at the thought of a fat Janet with a baby Clark on her lap! When she finally calmed down, she shed a few tears, realizing a baby Clark would never grace her own lap now.

A few years later after the birth of her son Janet laughed when she heard about the crazy bitch Lester trying to steal Clark's body and pretend to be him. How ridiculous! No woman could successfully pretend to be the very male Tom Clark! What a man he was! The silly plot by Lester reminded her of the time years ago of her own very silly fantasy.

Some time later, after much hard work, Janet became a chief petty officer and eventually a minor bridge officer in Star Force. Occasionally she would run into Clark and for old times sake they had brief romantic encounters. Thank god she was still beautiful and sexy! She still loved him though all these years. Janet was too embarrassed to ever tell Clark of her earlier fantasy of being him. She had numerous affairs once it was clear that Clark had moved on to other women, as she could have almost any man she wanted. She was lucky to be so beautiful and sexy. But she never stopped loving Clark. He was the most wonderful man in the universe, and despite the end of their relationship she eagerly followed his glorious career. All the other girls envied her when they heard that at one time she was his mistress as well as his Yeoman, not to mention that he was the father of her beautiful children.

She sighed. No wonder that at one time I had that crazy Freudian fantasy that I had actually been him!

Just imagine being Captain Thomas J. Clark!

What a wonderful life that would be!

-END TRANSMISSION-