

## The Enterprise Gets a Sex Change

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/618) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/618>.

Rating: [Teen And Up Audiences](#)  
Archive Warning: [No Archive Warnings Apply](#)  
Category: [Gen](#)  
Fandom: [Star Trek: The Next Generation](#)  
Character: [Ensemble Cast - TNG](#)  
Additional Tags: [Humor](#), [Crack](#), [Trans Male Character](#)  
Language: English  
Stats: Published: 2023-07-07 Words: 1,703 Chapters: 1/1

## The Enterprise Gets a Sex Change

by [jamaharon](#)

### Summary

All it takes is a snap of the fingers from Q.

Q had been on the Enterprise's bridge for far too long, taking up the viewscreen with something he called a 'PowerPoint,' as he explained why exactly the human race was so inferior.

"Wage gap, pink tax, pick-me girls," Q rattled off, his laser pointer circling a photo of a Terran woman wearing a backward baseball cap and drinking a beer. "The list goes on and on. Discrimination between the sexes is humanity's oldest and most enduring folly. But it's also its most baffling!" He turned his laser pointer off and spun to face Picard, who was massaging his temples. "The Q Continuum has no distinction between the sexes," said Q, eyebrows raised. "Why do you humans persist in it?"

"A *distinction* between the sexes is not equal to discrimination," said Picard flatly. "Humans distinguish. We do not discriminate."

"Klingons do," Worf volunteered.

"*Mister Worf*." Picard sighed and made an effort to sit up straighter. He forced himself to look Q in the eye. "Q, humanity left misogyny behind in the 21st Century. It is an extinct bias. It no longer exists."

Q scoffed. He made eye contact with Troi and put his hands on his hips. "Men, am I right?" he said. Picard gave Riker a beady-eyed glare for laughing at that. "Look, Jean-Luc," said Q, "if Starfleet is so advanced, how come you always get the good storylines and dear Bev Crusher is always stuck playing nurse?"

"Storylines?" Picard blinked.

"Or how come Willie Riker gets his dick wet every other episode, and that's okay, but Ms. Troi over here can't even try out an arranged marriage without your first officer turning green?"

"Episode?" Troi asked.

"Hey, I don't care who Deanna sleeps with," Riker protested. "She can romance whoever she wants!"

Skeptical hums emanated from all corners of the bridge, including Wesley.

"And don't even get me started on what happens behind-the-scenes," said Q, looking directly at the camera, where he mouthed, 'Denise Crosby' just for the viewers to see. He turned back to a blank-faced Picard. "You know what?" he said blithely. "I can prove to you that sexism is still alive and well in Starfleet. Watch this."

"Watch—" Picard started.

Q snapped his fingers.

"--what?" Picard finished, her voice ten octaves higher. She blinked furiously at the sudden change and looked down at her chest, where two miserably tiny bumps were peeking through her suddenly-low-cut uniform. She swept a startled hand over her head, felt nothing, and made a sour face. "Why am I still bald?" she asked.

"Barbershop accident," Q said. "Mr. Troi, how are you feeling?"

"Great," said the incredibly sexy Greek god in Troi's seat. He crossed his long legs, which were suddenly fully clothed, and flexed his pecs just to see his tunic stretch tight. "Hey, I've got a great voice," he said.

“The hair’s a downgrade, though,” said Riker, who hadn’t changed. Troi checked his hair self-consciously and pouted when he found it less curly than before, and cropped close to his ears. “Q,” said Riker, “men can have long hair too, you know. It’s kind of a tradition on Betazed.”

“Mea culpa,” Q said, and with a flick of his fingers, Troi’s luscious locks were returned. He flipped his hair over his shoulder and tipped Riker a wink, earning a lascivious smile.

“I feel no different,” grumped Worfette.

“You look no different,” Q said shortly. “You’re as ugly as ever. Minus the beard.”

Worfette stroked her chin. At the conn, Leslie Crusher surreptitiously weighed her breasts in one palm. Beside her, Data checked a mirror and found herself completely and totally transformed. Blonde hair fell in waves to her shoulders. A low-cut dress hugged an hour-glass body. Heavy-lidded, sultry eyes and pouting red lips topped it off.

“Hm,” said Data, head cocked. “Fascinating. I had always assumed that, had he created a daughter, Doctor Soong would have modeled her for a family member. It appears I was mistaken.”

“Maybe he’s related to Marilyn Monroe,” Riker suggested. “Distantly.”

Data didn’t seem convinced. He tugged his strapless dress up a little so it didn’t expose his nipples and studied the display screens, bored.

“How come you didn’t change?” asked Georgia LaForge.

“I did,” said Riker.

Around the bridge, various sex-swapped crew members gave him an unamused look. Riker sat in his chair, an innocent expression on his face – still bearded, still six-foot-four, and still with a lovely baritone voice that definitely didn’t belong to a woman.

“Don’t pick on him,” Troi said. He stood, adjusting his uniform tunic, and grinned at Q. “I’m interested in exploring my newfound male privilege down in Ten-Forward. Who do you think makes the best woman?”

“Probably Barclay,” Riker offered.

“Controversial choice,” Picard noted.

“He gives me t-girl vibes,” Riker said.

“What vibes?”

Riker changed the subject. “Q, is any of this striking you as sexist?”

“I’m withholding judgment,” said Q, arms crossed. Which meant ‘no.’ He watched with a beady eye as the turbolift doors swung open and Brandon Crusher stepped out, even taller now than he had been when he was a ‘she’.

“Well, well,” he said, grinning wolfishly at the bridge crew. “Isn’t this an interesting surprise? And I thought it was just me.”

“Beverly–” Picard started, and then corrected herself with a wince. “I’m sorry, Dr. Crusher. Ah, is there any way to put us back in proper order?”

“You’re not enjoying it?” asked Crusher, surprised. Picard’s lips thinned.

“Not particularly,” she said with a scowl. She fanned herself a little as she turned away. “Is it hot in here?”

“Menopause,” Crusher mused. He stroked his chin, where a red beard was growing in. “Now, that definitely strikes me as sexist, but is it Picard’s sexism, or…”

“No, it’s definitely the author,” Q said. He clapped his hands at Riker. “You! Bearded one! Doesn’t it bother you that your captain is now a woman?”

“Not particularly,” said Riker, utterly relaxed in his chair. “Bothers me a little that the doctor’s a man, I guess.”

“It’s not like I’ve forgotten how it feels to be a woman,” said Crusher, offended.

“Hey, no, Riker’s got a point,” said LaForge. She touched her rib cage in concern. “I mean, what if I get … you know, breast cancer or something? Can a guy-doctor treat that?”

“Geordi,” said Crusher, exasperated, “yes, a guy-doctor can treat that. Just like I can treat prostate cancer.”

“I thought we eradicated cancer centuries ago,” said Picard, newly worried.

“We did! It’s a hypothetical.”

“Well, at least make up a sci-fi-sounding word for it, then,” said Q, exasperated. “That’s basic world-building.”

“I’m no good at world-building,” said LaForge. “And I’m still pissed that Commander Riker didn’t get a sex change.”

Riker just sat there smugly, his hands clasped over his knee. “I have nothing to say in my defense,” he said cheerfully. But he did swivel in his

chair and survey Georgia, his eyes roving up and down her body. “Say, you look good when you’re pissed.”

“Aha!” said Q.

“That’s not sexism,” Picard said sourly. “He’s just horny. Call Troi back in here and he’ll do the same.”

Riker started to protest, but with a snap of his fingers, Q called Troi back from Ten-Forward. He materialized on the bridge with a female Barclay on his arm and his shirt ripped open to reveal dark curls of chest hair.

“Va-va-voom,” said Riker appreciatively.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” said Q, snapping Troi back to Ten-Forward. He checked his watch with a sigh. “Alright, fine, you win. Sexism is fake, or whatever. I have to go mess with some humans in the MCU.” He shimmered into a different appearance, more Tom Hiddleston than John deLancie, and paused, scrutinizing the bridge crew. “Did you all want to change back, or are you having fun like this?”

“Change back,” said Picard at once.

“Yes, please,” said Crusher. “I don’t like the beard.”

“My tits are too small,” Leslie complained.

“I am weak,” said Worfette, “like a woman.”

“Worf.”

Q snapped his fingers and shook his head. “Fine. Whatever. I de-sex-ify you.” As the bridge crew rippled back into their proper places, with Riker still unchanged, Q muttered to himself, “You could have at least explored each other’s bodies. But noooo, the author had to rate this T...”

At the science station, Data was still wearing Marilyn Monroe’s dress.

---

That night, in Ten-Forward, Riker fetched two cocktails from the bar. He smiled a thank you at Guinan and wove through the crowd to reach his table, where a newly-female Troi was waiting.

“This one is called ‘Death by Chocolate,’” he told her, sliding a frosty glass across the table.

“Mm,” Troi said appreciatively. She took a sip, her long-lashed eyes sliding closed. For a moment, Riker just drank in the sight of her face, and then he forced himself to look away. He drank deeply, his cocktail less sweet than hers.

“Guinan said it’s not the first time she’s been a man,” he noted with amusement. “But she said it was definitely the most fun.”

“That sounds like her,” Troi said. She took another sip, shorter this time. “I didn’t know her species changed sexes, though.”

“I don’t think they do. She made it sound like a transporter incident of some kind.” Riker studied Troi’s face in the starlight. Sharp angles, full lips, dark eyes. She’d looked good as a man, he decided, but he liked her better as a woman. Just slightly. As if reading his thoughts, Troi’s gaze flicked down to his lips and she smiled.

“So,” she said, leaning forward on folded arms, “how did you like it?”

He raised his eyebrows.

“Having a real, non-prosthetic penis,” Troi clarified.

“And balls!” said Riker enthusiastically. “My God, Deanna, you have no idea how hard it was not to tear my pants off right there on the bridge to get a good look.”

“And feel?” Deanna guessed.

Riker took a demure sip of his drink. “Well, I wouldn’t want to scandalize the captain,” he said. “I would have saved that for the bedroom.” Then, eyes twinkling, he said, “Do you think anyone guessed? That I *had* undergone a sex change?”

Deanna snorted. “Not in a million years,” she said.

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