

## Doc, the damnedest thing happened while I was beaming up

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## Doc, the damnedest thing happened while I was beaming up

by [jamaharon](#)

### Summary

A transporter accident strips the away team of all surgical augmentations and prosthetics. Geordi loses his VISOR. Ensign Wheeler loses the titanium rods in her left leg.

And Riker loses his dick.

In this day and age, one expected to be caught in a transport accident about as much as one expected to be trampled by horse and carriage in the nearest street. But the away team was especially talented at getting into trouble. When the soft golden glitter of the transporter beam faded away, Geordi's VISOR was entirely gone, along with the implants that connected it to his brain, and the titanium rods in Ensign Wheeler's left leg were missing too.

"Everyone with an artificial implant or augmentation, raise your hand," Beverly said.

Geordi, of course, raised his hand. His silver-blue eyes stared blindly in Beverly's direction. And Ensign Wheeler, grimacing in pain and limping severely, raised her hand, too. The other members of the party glanced around uncertainly.

"I think it's best if we all take a trip to sickbay," said Riker significantly, eyeing his quiet away team. "Just in case. Dr. Crusher?"

"That's a sound idea. Geordi, Wheeler, you first."

She guided them both to the hover-stretchers waiting for them. Everyone else followed like docile sheep, checking their pockets to see what else had gone missing. Tricorders, phasers, watches, padds. Just about anything inorganic, including metal and synthetic pieces from their clothes. Riker's pips were gone, his collar as bare as a first-year cadet's, but he commanded the team with all the ease of a seasoned officer.

And Beverly was grateful to have him. Her medics saw to the team while she studied Geordi. Replacing that VISOR would be one hell of a challenge. Wheeler's metal rods were easier — she was in surgery within an hour, and up and walking again just an hour after that.

"Replacing the implants will be the hard part, Doc," Geordi told her calmly. Riker leaned over her shoulder, studying Geordi's face.

"We'll get it done as soon as possible," he promised. "I already spoke to the captain. We'll reroute to Station 86 and beam you straight to the medical facility on Darg."

Geordi's features softened a little in relief. "There's a lot of good men at Darg."

"The best," Beverly assured him, squeezing his hand. "For now, though, just take the time to rest your eyes. It's been a long, long time since you reported zero pain."

Geordi smiled a little — a weary smile — and slid off the examination table. A medic was already waiting to guide him to his quarters, and Beverly and Riker both watched him go. When the doors slid shut behind him, she realized the sickbay was almost empty now. No patients were left, just medics and technicians.

"That's everybody," Beverly said.

Riker shifted from foot to foot.

"There's always *something* when you go planetside," Beverly said. "Just once I'd like to see you beam back without a poisonous quill in your thigh, or a new respiratory virus spreading like wildfire through the lower decks."

He didn't exactly smile. His forehead was creased when he met her eyes.

"What is it?" Beverly asked, looking him up and down. A spike of alarm went through her. "Will, don't tell me you've been missing something this whole time and you didn't say anything!"

She knew from the way he winced that she was right on the money.

"Sit down, for God's sake!" She pulled him into the nearest chair and he sat with a thump. "What's wrong?"

"Well—"

"Spit it out," Beverly ordered. "You've wasted enough time already."

"Well, it's not life-threatening, it's just..."

"Will."

He made a useless gesture and avoided her eyes. Beverly unsnapped her med scanner from her belt and powered it up again.

"You're unbelievable," she muttered. She ran the scanner over his head first, half-expecting some sort of titanium plate that he would no doubt tell her he'd forgotten all about. But there was nothing, so she moved down to his neck, his spine, his shoulders, his chest — nothing missing, nothing wrong.

"It's my dick," said Riker suddenly.

Beverly froze with her scanner pointed at his belly button. "What?" she said. "I think I misheard you."

He was grimacing now. "My dick is gone."

Beverly raised one shoulder and rubbed at her ear. "Your...?"

He wrapped his fingers around hers and gently guided the scanner down until it was pointed between his legs, where...

Where there was no dick.

"What the *fuck*, Will," Beverly said.

"You can see why I didn't say anything."

"What the hell—?" She studied the scanner readings, so baffled that for a moment she didn't understand them. Then the data slotted into place and everything made sense. Simple, really. She gave him an exasperated look. "Will! Why didn't you tell me?"

He shrugged one shoulder. "It never came up."

"But it's not even in your medical file!"

"It's not necessary!" he insisted. He crossed his legs and pointedly moved her scanner away from his dick (or lack thereof). "Look, three hours ago I had a very nice prosthetic to work with, and now I've got nothing. Solutions?"

"Well, I don't exactly have one lying around!" Beverly threw her hands up. She turned to the replicator, hesitated, flipped through the templates while Will watched. Over her shoulder, Beverly shot him an appraising look. "Does Deanna know?"

Will's face split into a wolfish grin. "Oh, Deanna knows."

"Ugh."

"Actually, Deanna's used it on— well, a gentleman doesn't kiss and tell."

"Ugh! Forget I asked." There were no advanced prosthetics in the template list. With a short sigh, Beverly programmed some primitive samples and then stepped away as they shimmered into existence, not really wanting to see what Will chose. "That'll have to do for now," she said, gesturing to the replicator. "Until Darg. They're primitive, Will, and they won't connect to your nerve endings for full control. You won't have any sensation."

"That's fine." Will stood, tall and bearded and incredibly masculine, and spent a moment chuckling to himself as he looked over the models. There was a distinct rustle of fabric as he dropped trou and slotted one against himself. Beverly stood with her hands on her hips and her eyes firmly on the opposite door.

"Good?" she asked.

"Perfect," Will said. "Well, usable. For a night or two."

Beverly turned to face him and darted a glance between his legs. Will, of course, anticipated that she'd do just that. He spread his thighs a little wider and put his hands on his hips with a cheerful grin and a waggle of the eyebrows.

"Does it self-lubricate?" he asked.

Beverly's face turned as red as her hair. "Will Riker, you have *two days* until we reach Darg! I *think* you can manage to keep it in your

pants till then.”

Will gave her a wounded look. “What kind of life is that, Doc? Two whole days — that’s plain old medical cruelty.”

“Out.”

“This is the Dark Ages!” Will protested as she pushed him toward the door. He dug his heels in a little, and it took all of Beverly’s strength to propel him out of her office. “This is malpractice!” he called.

Beverly shut the doors in his face. She ran her fingers through her hair, still a little embarrassed, and heard the distinct sound of his laughter through the titanium. When she forced herself to face the replicator, the unchosen models were still there.

“Computer,” said Beverly wearily, “reclaim excess penises.”

They shimmered out of existence, back into the replicator pool.

And yes. He’d chosen a self-lubricating dick.

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