

Sunday morning Jimmi rolled over in bed and bumped into a warm body. It took her a minute to realize it was Harry, not Lenny. As she woke up more she remembered this was their last day together. Before this weekend they had never spent the entire night together. It had been heaven not to have to get dressed again after having made love. She lightly traced the line of his bare shoulder and back.

Sulu stirred in his sleep. He was used to sleeping alone in a standard Starfleet bunk. In the luxury of her large bed, he stretched and rolled onto his back. He cracked open his eyes to see Jimmi propped up on one elbow looking at him.

"Good morning." She smiled.

"Have you been up long?" Sulu asked, rubbing his eyes.

"A couple of minutes." she said.

"What time is it?" He asked.

"Close to noon." Jimmi yawned and laid back down.

"Noon?!" Sulu sat up. He pulled the blanket off both of them. "Half the day is gone. Get up."

"Harry!" Jimmi complained pulling the blanket back around her. "We got to bed awfully late last night."

Sulu got up and started to get dressed. "Let's go."

"Go?" Jimmi asked pulling the blankets up under her chin.

Sulu put on the same khaki pants he had worn the night before. He sat down on the bed and leaned over her. "We are spending the day together. My choice, remember? So get dressed."

"Where are we going?" Jimmi asked suspiciously. "I need to know what to wear. I haven't even had a shower yet."

"I would suggest a sweat shirt." He smiled. "You can shower when we get back. We are going to the beach."

"The beach?!" Jimmi pulled the blanket over her head. "Harry, it's April!"

"Stop whining. Come on." He pulled the blanket down.

"Come back to bed." She smiled at him and grabbed his arm to pulled him down on top of her. He kissed her. Spending the day in bed was a tempting offer.

"Is this all you want from me?" He teased her, brushing a piece of curly hair out of her eyes.

"Well." Jimmi laughed. "It's not the only thing."

Sulu finally talked her out of bed and into some clothes. It was a sunny but breezy day. She wore a pair of blue cotton slacks and a plain white t-shirt with an oversized Gerogetown University hooded sweatshirt over top. When he had returned from his visit with his family, Sulu had brought a bag with him with a spare uniform and a couple of other things. Some things he wanted to leave in Jimmi's room for the next time he came home. His maroon sweatshirt was Starfleet issue.

They stopped for coffee and danish at a small coffee shop. Jimmi walked them by several small shops, looking in the windows. But no matter how much she stalled, they eventually ended up at the beach. Sulu had a recording tricorder with him. He turned it on.

"What's that for?" Jimmi asked holding her hood up in the wind.

"This is so that when I'm lonely for you on the Enterprise, I will be able to see your lovely face and hear your lovely voice." Sulu said putting his arm around her.

"Have you used this line on other girls?" Jimmi laughed playfully.

"Not lately." Sulu admitted "Come on, I want to show you where I used to play as a kid. Up around this bend you can see the Golden Gate Bridge."

She followed him around the rocky beach listening to his stories of his boyhood. They stopped to look in a tidal pool. They watched some seals playing in the water just far enough out that they felt safe. Finally they came to a point with a large rock that jutted out into the ocean. Although she didn't want to go, he pulled her to the top. They sat down close together.

"So you were a rotten little kid, huh?" Jimmi cuddling up next to him for warmth.

"My mother used to complain that she never knew where I was when school was out." He smiled. He loved the smell of the ocean. The wind blowing in his face. He missed it. "My buddies and I lived outside."

"What did you do?"

"We played a lot of baseball. And along the water there was fishing, swimming, surfing." He remembered it fondly. "And a couple of us used to come up to this rock and talk about the day we got a sail boat and sailed down to Mexico and back."

"Did you ever go?" Jimmi asked.

"No." He sighed. "We went our separate ways."

"Is it always this windy up here?" Jimmi asked as her hood blew down again.

"Usually." He laughed at her attempts to keep her hair out of her face. "Don't you like it?"

"It is going to be impossible to get a brush through this hair tonight." Jimmi complained.

"I've never had a problem with it." Sulu said.

"Of course not! Look at your hair! You couldn't curl it with a phase inducer." Jimmi laughed running her fingers through his short black hair. "Not to mention the length. It's an inch and a half long here, you better get a hair cut."

"Hey, it's maintenance free." He grabbed her hands, pulling his head free. "I could see you in a life or death situation on the ship and missing a crucial order because you are pushing your hair out of your face."

"There is a reason why I put it in a ponytail!" She accused him teasingly. "But you don't like a ponytail, so I kept it down today. Thanks a lot!"

"I will make it up to you." He said.

"How?"

"I'll think of something."

They sat on the large rock for a long time just talking. Sulu had wanted to watch the sunset from this special spot but they had eaten very little. And Jimmi started to whine about it. So as the sun was drifting towards the ocean they went in search of food. They stopped at small cafe for a cup of soup and a sandwich before heading back to the Jade Palace.

Early Sunday evening the bar was open for business but it was still rather empty. It was Jazz night at the Jade Palace. Which meant the crowd was a little older and a little more subdued. It was the perfect night for Jimmi to have her family for dinner.

"George." Jimmi said coming into the kitchen. "What are tonight's specials?"

"How do you feel about pasta?" George asked stirring a large pot of sauce.

"Great, my Dads are coming for dinner and Spock is a Vulcan. He doesn't eat meat." Jimmi said. "So at least one of the choices has to be vegetarian."

"No problem." George said. He stopped stirring and looked at Jimmi. "How many Dads are you talking about? I thought Dr. McCoy..."

"Right, he's my actual father. But Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock are his best friends." Jimmi explained with a smile and a shrug. The relationships between her fathers was too complicated to explain in passing. "They are kind of intertwined. You get one, you get all three."

"Like the Three Musketeers." George laughed. She nodded, it was close enough.

"Maybe if my mother had lived it would be different." Jimmi said. She pushed away those thoughts as she always did and shrugged. "So my family is a little different. It's still my family."

"A little different?" George said. "One of your fathers is from another planet. "

"Well technically, so am I." Jimmi said.

"Really? Which one?" George asked. Different species came into the Palace regularly since San Francisco was headquarters to Starfleet. But George could usually tell who wasn't from Earth. If not from a physical characteristic, from a cultural one.

"I was born on Astarte, which is an insignificant moon with a Federation settlement in the Vishnu system." Jimmi explained. She didn't bother to say what a miserable place she thought it was. "Haven't you ever been in space, George?"

"No. Maybe some day." George sighed. "If you get out of here, I'll cook up something special for your family dinner."

"Thanks, Mom." Jimmi teased him as she left him to his work.

Sulu had already showered and changed into his uniform when Chekov showed up at the Palace. When Jimmi returned to the bar from the kitchen, Chekov and Sulu were talking. She stopped at the bar and got a icy drink from Randy before walking towards them.

"What's the deal, Pavel?" Sulu asked.

"We are going to London with John Kyle. He has been set up by his sister and needs two more bodies." Chekov said. When he saw Jimmi coming their way he added. "He said it was a matter of life or death."

"What's up?" Jimmi asked with a smile. She took a long drink of her iced herbal tea.

"Evidently Lt. Kyle wants some help." Sulu said "Chekov and I will go see what he needs."

"When will you be back?" Jimmi asked warily.

"As soon as I can." Sulu said nodding to Chekov to go. Pavel started towards the door. Sulu started to follow.

"Wait a minute." Jimmi grabbed his arm. "Excuse us a minute, Pav." Chekov waited by

the door. He had no desire to be involved in this discussion. "What about dinner?"

"I don't know." Sulu said quietly.

"If you're not going to be here, just say so." Jimmi said irritably.

"I'm not going to be here." he admitted.

"Fine." She looked away.

"Jeanie...."

"Go." She ordered. She slammed her half empty glass down on the bar and strode away from him angrily.

Sulu and Chekov left the bar quickly. When they were outside, Chekov observed. "She did not seem happy."

"She'll live." Sulu said. He did not want to talk about it. There was already enough ship's gossip about his relationship with the doctor's daughter. "Let's go."

After Sulu and Chekov had left the bar, Jimmi sat heavily on an empty barstool. Randy came down to her. "Everything's ready for your family dinner, Boss."

"Yeah. Except Hikaru's not going to be there."

"Sorry Boss." Randy said.

"Why is it always like this, Randy?"

"Like what?" Randy asked. But Jimmi just shook her head. Without another word she retreated to her room to get ready. She would not give her father a chance to say I told you so.

Having spent most of the afternoon at the beach with Hikaru, she was in desperate need of a shower. She never would understand why he liked it so much, especially on a cold windy day like today. It seemed to take her forever to brush the tangles out of her hair.

To have dinner with her fathers she chose a maroon and gold tapestry vest over a sheer long sleeved black blouse and black slacks. She added a black head band to hold her auburn curls off her face. When she came down to the bar, Randy was laughing at her.

"What?" she asked cautiously.

"I think that's the most clothes I've ever seen you wear." Randy said across the bar.

"Give me a break." Jimmi said sitting at the bar. Tonight she dressed for her father. The clothes she normally wore in the bar were for effect only. It was like putting on a different character. It was part of the fun. "And give me some iced tea too."

"Here you go, Boss." Randy said putting a glass in front of her. There were only a couple people sitting at the bar, so Randy had time on his hands. "Your old man seemed like a nice guy."

"Yeah, but you don't have to explain your whole life to him once a year." Jimmi shrugged.

"That's what was happening when you two were holed up in the office yesterday?" Randy didn't say it, but he hoped the Doctor said something to his daughter about how she treated Lenny. "And when we were at lunch." Jimmi nodded. She sighed. "He's not real happy with me right now."

"Then what's with the family dinner?" Randy asked.

"What do you mean?"

"When my old man and I have a fight, you can't keep us in the same room." Randy smiled. He and his father were very close but their relationship could only be described as tumultuous. "Unless you want it destroyed."

"I only get to see my Dad once a year. Usually I go meet him on a starbase." Jimmi explained. "I'm not going to let a little thing like his disapproving of my lifestyle interfere with that time together."

"Must be a Starfleet thing." Randy said amazed. "It certainly isn't normal."

Jimmi looked at him confused. It was the way things had always been since her father accepted the commission to serve on Enterprise. Jimmi just shook her head while Randy went down the bar to refill a drink.

It was only a few minutes later that Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, and Dr. McCoy walked into the Palace. Jimmi greeted each warmly. Mr. Spock didn't even seem embarrassed when she hugged him. She put them at her best table. And poured her best wine.

"Jazz." Spock commented. "I was under the impression that any bar you managed would be strictly rock and roll, Ms. McCoy."

"The jazz night was actually George's idea." Jimmi explained. "He thought it went better with his food. And I'm starting to like it."

"Well if this bar can improve your taste in music." Kirk smiled at Jimmi, then gave McCoy a slightly smug look "It can't be all bad."

"No Sulu tonight?" McCoy asked ignoring Kirk.

"Chekov came in here with some story about Johnny Kyle needing them." Jimmi shrugged. "A matter of life or death."

"Life or death?" Kirk asked surprised.

"They weren't in much of a hurry and they said something about Johnny's sister." Jimmi shrugged. Jimmi didn't want to complain to her fathers about it. She smiled and pretended it was not a problem. But she knew that Hikaru wouldn't have gone unless he wanted to. He could have told her sooner. Jimmi just changed the subject. "Our chef is in an Italian mood tonight. As far as I am concerned, it is one of George's best moods."

They ordered their dinner and before long had fallen into old habits. Laughing and talking. Jimmi trying to make Spock smile. Kirk teasing her. McCoy wanting serious answers to Kirk's questions.

"When did you and Lenny come up with this idea?" Kirk asked

"We started talking about it when we were about sixteen." Jimmi smiled. "After all Spock kept telling me I needed a plan of what to do with my life."

"Then this is all your fault." McCoy said to Spock.

"Perhaps." Spock said pleasantly. "However, I believe Jimmi took my advice in a manner other than it was intended."

"I don't think so." Jimmi said. "I set a goal. Broke it down into manageable steps. And systematically went about accomplishing my goal. Isn't that what you said?"

McCoy and Kirk looked at the Vulcan expectantly. When he did not respond, Kirk said. "Well, Spock?"

"It would seem that I should have said more regarding the setting of goals." Spock admitted.

"And with whom you set them." McCoy added. Jimmi just looked at her father and sighed helplessly. He never explained why he didn't like Lenny. But she was trying to have a pleasant family dinner. She wished he would cooperate.

"So what are you studying in school this year, Jean Marie?" It was Kirk who changed the subject this time.

"The twentieth century." Jimmi smiled gratefully at him. "It's a very complicated time. Everything is so fragmented it's hard to keep track of it all. But it's very interesting."

Lt. Commander Sulu, Lt. Chekov, and Lt. Kyle walked into the full basement bar. They were in London, which was John Kyle's home town. The bars stayed open quite late in this section of town. It was well past midnight London time. It was their last night on planet Earth and they intended to make the most of it. They were the only ones in the crowded bar in uniform.

The music was loud and hard driving. They could hardly hear each other talk. The bar was dimly lit. The walls of the bar were exposed brick, adding to the darkness. But several glowing holograms of dancing women and men floated above the dance floor adding extra light.

"A target rich environment." Chekov laughed looking at the dance floor. He tapped Lt. Kyle on the shoulder. "Where is this sister of yours?"

"I don't know." Kyle said looking through the crowd. "She just said to meet her here."

Sulu made his way to the bar and got the bartenders attention. He ordered a round of beer and handed them to his friends. A young blond woman ran up to Lt. Kyle and hugged him. It was his younger sister Mary. She was in her early twenties, very petite and perky. She wore a bright copper colored dress with matching leggings and large copper jewelry. It was the latest London style.

"Mary." Kyle yelled in her ear. "These are my friends Pavel Chekov and Hikaru Sulu."

"Hi." Mary yelled. "Come on into the back room. You can actually talk back there. We've got a table."

They followed Mary through a wide brick arch to another room that was crowded with tables full of young people. They could still see the dance floor but the music was substantially muted back here. When they reached the table, the two young women who were giggling with each other looked up. Mary made the introductions.

"John, you remember Jane Davies." Mary said. "And this is Candy Smith. My brother John and Pavel and, I'm sorry. I couldn't hear too well out there."

"Hikaru." Sulu provided.

"Well, sit down guys." Candy said smiling at Sulu. She had her mahogany hair very short on the sides and off her face accenting her large brown eyes.

"You can't be Jane Davies." Kyle protested as he sat next to Jane. Her fawn colored hair gently rested on her shoulders. She was wearing a navy blue jacket over a silver camisole.

"She's a skinny little kid who's hair is always falling out of her braids."

Jane laughed. "It's been at least seven years, John."

Pavel and Mary decided to dance. John and Jane were instantly drawn to each other. they seemed to forget that anyone else was there.

"I don't know about you." Candy said to Sulu. "But I feel like I'm in the way."

"Well, the music has slowed down a bit, would you like to dance?" Sulu suggested. She nodded and they left the table. They danced one dance then found a seat at the bar. The music had been too loud to talk on the dance floor. Sulu bought them a drink. "So Candy, do you come here often?"

"Almost never." Candy smiled. "But Jane heard Mary's brother was home and she talked Mary into arranging the evening. I'm just along for the ride."

"Me too." Sulu laughed. "Pavel and John were of the opinion that I don't get out enough anymore."

"I take it you are on the same Starship that John is." Candy said. Sulu nodded. "What do you do on a starship? I can't imagine leaving my home and family."

"The ship becomes your home." Sulu said. "My particular station is the helm."

"So you're the pilot. That's interesting." Candy smiled. "Too bad you're not going to be around tomorrow. My kids would find this very interesting."

"Your kids?" Sulu asked surprised. She didn't look old enough to have kids.

"I teach. Fourth grade." She said. "Many of them dream of going into space one day. They would love to talk to someone who's been there."

"You should call headquarters. I'm sure they have someone who would come out and talk to your class." Sulu suggested. He looked around for Chekov. He and Mary stood close together in the corner. Pavel was talking into her ear and she was laughing at everything he said.

"Seems like Mary and your friend have hit it off." Candy said following his gaze. Sulu nodded. She smiled and continued "Let me guess. You have a girlfriend, or is it a wife?"

"Is it that obvious?" He asked. She nodded this time. "Well, there is a girl in San Francisco."

"So why aren't you there?" Candy asked sipping her drink.

"Good question." Sulu admitted. "I let Pavel talk me into leaving her to come here.

Besides she's having dinner with her family tonight. I didn't want to intrude."

"Is it that or maybe her Mum and Dad don't approve of you?" Candy asked with a knowing smile. After all she had experienced that problem between her boyfriends and parents before.

Sulu laughed. "It's complicated."

"It's getting late." Candy observed. "And I have to work in the morning."

"Let me see you home." Sulu offered.

"I was going to walk." Candy said. "It's not far. There is no need."

"But if I leave with you, Pavel and John won't give me a hard time. Then I can return to San Francisco and no one will be the wiser." Sulu smiled. "I assure you, Candy. You are perfectly safe with me."

Candy studied him as she thought about it for a minute. "Ok, just let me say goodnight to Mary. But I warn you, she'll be shocked."

"Why is that?"

"Because I never leave a bar with a guy I just met." Candy confided. They made their way through the crowd to Pavel and Mary. Candy whispered in her friends ear. Mary looked at Sulu, surprised.

"What's going on?" Chekov asked Sulu while the young women talked.

"I'm going to see Candy home." Sulu explained, screaming in Pavel's ear above the thundering music "Don't wait for me."

Pavel also looked surprised, but shrugged and nodded. Candy and Sulu wound their way through the crowd to the door. When they reached the street the cool damp night air felt wonderful. They both breathed deeply.

"Was it me or was it really hot in there?" Sulu asked smiling.

"Hot and loud." Candy agreed. "Why do they have to play the music so loud you can't have a conversation?"

Sulu shrugged. "Which way?"

"It's really not necessary." Candy said. "It's just two blocks down and one block over."

"It's late. I'd prefer to see you to your door." He said. They started walking down the street together. "Jeanie says I am very old fashioned when it comes to these things."

"That's the girlfriend?" Candy asked. He nodded. She was surprised how relaxed she felt walking along with him. "Is she also in Starfleet?"

"No, she owns a bar and restaurant." Sulu said walking along with his hands in his pockets. "But the music is not as loud as that was."

They walked quietly along the well lit London street until they reached Candy's apartment building. Small town homes and shops lined the street. It was old but well kept area of the city with a large variety of plants and trees decorating the small yards.

"This is it." Candy said in front of the iron gate.

"Well, it's been nice talking to you, Candy." Sulu smiled. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Hikaru." Candy opened the gate, stepped inside and closed it. "It has been an interesting evening."

Sulu turned around and retraced his steps back towards the bar. He didn't want to get turned around in a strange city in the middle of the night. It was still early evening in San Francisco. Jimmi was no doubt sitting down to dinner just now. He was wide awake. His body still on Enterprise time. On the corner by the bar was a Tram stop with a public communication access station. Sulu walked up and placed his hand, palm down on the terminal. The dark terminal lit up.

"Good evening Lt. Commander Sulu." The computer recognized him. It was one of the nice things about being in Starfleet. All Earthlink computers recognized you instantly.

"I need to return to San Francisco." Sulu told the computer. "What is the most direct public route?"

"A tram to the airport with connecting flight by cruiser. Total time required: twenty

three minutes and thirteen seconds." the computer told him. "Do you require a tram at this location now?"

"Yes." Sulu said. "ETA?"

"Three minutes forty two seconds." The computer responded.

"Thank you." Sulu said and broke the connection with the terminal. He made himself comfortable on the bench next to the terminal to wait for the tram. No other vehicles were on the roads at this time of night. In less than four minutes time a small hovercraft came down the road and stopped in front of Sulu. He was the only passenger although there was room for six. The driver confirmed that he wanted the nearest airport and they were on their way.

Half an hour later, Sulu was walking the streets of San Francisco again. He walked past the Jade Palace and down the hill to the marina to look at the pleasure boats tied up there. There wasn't much going on at the marina. He watched one sail boat come in and tied up. But it was starting to rain. A cold damp drizzle that sent Sulu looking for cover. He climbed the hill back to the Jade Palace.

When he walked in, Jimmi and her fathers were having coffee at their table. Jimmi's back was to the bar, she didn't want to bother with business tonight. Sulu took a seat at the bar. The jazz music was a pleasant change from the thundering rock of the London bar.

"Beer?" Randy asked.

Sulu shook his head. "Coffee, black and hot please."

"Ok." Randy poured him a cup. "I thought you were gone for the night."

"If I was smart..." Sulu said sipping the coffee. As Sulu put the cup down, another coffee cup was set down next to it and Captain Kirk sat on the barstool next to him.

"Hello Sulu." Kirk said charmingly. "What happened to you tonight?"

"Sir?" Sulu had learned long ago to never to start explaining until he knew exactly what he was being asked to explain.

"It seems there was a life or death emergency." Kirk prompted.

"That would be Lt. Kyle's definition of a blind date." Sulu explained. "A set up by John's sister. Although he seemed to be enjoying himself when I left."

"Well, then Chekov came through." Kirk observed.

"Captain?"

"You asked Chekov to get you out of here tonight, didn't you?" Kirk asked. When Sulu did not jump in with a denial, Kirk continued. "Not that I blame you. Bones is not in the best of moods. Of course I'm not sure that Jean Marie understands."

"I can handle that, Sir." Sulu said.

"I'm sure you can." Kirk said. "But are you sure about this whole situation?"

"No Sir, I'm not." Sulu admitted "But I tried it the other way. She and I were both miserable."

"Is it fair to get her hopes up?" Kirk asked. "Just to have them dashed when this relationship breaks down?"

"I don't know that's going to happen, Captain." Sulu said. "There's a chance it will all work out."

"A long shot." Kirk said.

"Maybe." Sulu agreed. "But I'm willing to take my chances."

"Hey." Jimmi said from behind him. Sulu turned and smiled at her, hoping she wouldn't start a fight in front of her father and Captain Kirk. "So is Johnny alive or dead?"

"Alive." he laughed

Jimmi was about to ask for a more detailed explanation when Mr. Spock joined them "Ms. McCoy, thank you for the lovely evening, However I am on duty and must return to the ship."

"If the ship is in spacedock, what is there to do?" Jimmi asked him

"We will be under way in less than twelve hours." Spock said starting towards the door. Jimmi walked with him leaving Kirk and Sulu at the bar. "I have much to do."

"Well, I so glad you came to dinner." Jimmi said. It was then that she noticed her father and Lenny were talking at the dinner table. It seemed innocent enough.

Spock stopped near the door and asked. "Is something wrong, Jimmi?"

"No." Jimmi said

"Why does it worry you to see your father talking to your partner?" Spock asked quietly.

Jimmi looked up at him. He was considerably taller than she was and she had to look up if she was going to speak confidentially. "It's classified, Spock. Top secret. I just hope Lenny knows enough not to say anything."

"Is it classified because you think it will upset your father or because you are ashamed of something?" Spock asked.

Jimmi wondered how he did that? Did he know her that well or was it written all over her face? She answered truthfully. "Both."

"I see." Spock said. "Have you made any attempt to rectify the situation?"

"It's done." Jimmi admitted. "There's no way to fix it."

"But you still hide it." He observed. He laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "Consider that the power of a secret comes from it remaining hidden. If you bring it into the open, it loses that power."

"I can't tell this, Spock." Jimmi looked at him in horror. He didn't know what he was suggesting. All she had to do was keep her mouth shut. There was no reason why Lenny should say anything to her father, but he had revealed secrets before. He talked to her father more than he talked to his own. At least when McCoy was around. Jimmi never understood why. After all her father didn't like Lenny.

"It has been my experience that you are not a very good liar." Spock said. "Consider it."

"Yes Sir." she nodded, trying to smile. "I'll consider it."

"Good." he stepped back from her half a step. "Goodnight, Ms. McCoy."

"Goodnight Mr. Spock."

After Spock had left the bar, Jimmi turned around and surveyed the room. Her father had joined Kirk and Sulu at the bar. He was sitting on the other side of Kirk. Lenny was no where to be seen. The band was still playing and about half the tables were full. The seats at the bar were mostly empty. Randy and George were talking in the doorway of the kitchen.

She took a deep breath and walked back over to the bar. She passed Sulu and sat next to her father. Jimmi didn't want to talk to Sulu until they were alone. Besides Kirk and Sulu were talking quietly.

"Well, Dad. Does it still seem like such a dangerous place?"

"Does it matter what I think?" McCoy asked and sipped his coffee.

"Yes, it matters." Jimmi said. No matter what their differences, Jimmi would never let him ship out when they were on bad terms.

"Jim says I am being overprotective. And he has a point." McCoy said. "But I worry about your safety, Jimmi."

"I'm probably safer here than at school, Dad." Jimmi said with absolute certainty. Safety was one thing she never worried about. "Between Lenny, Randy and George... especially George... nobody would have a chance to physically hurt me."

"What about emotionally?" McCoy asked.

"Is anybody really safe from that?" Jimmi asked quietly.

"I suppose not." McCoy admitted. "But I wish you would talk to me more about what is going on in your life."

"I will, Dad." Jimmi smiled. She put her hand over his when she added, "I promise."

"Are you ready to go?" Kirk asked leaning over to McCoy. He nodded. Jimmi walked them to the door. They said goodbye with hugs and kisses. Jimmi stood in the doorway and watched them beam up. After they were gone, she returned to the bar and sat down next to Sulu. He now had a beer in front of him. She wasn't sure just what to say. She would let him make the first move.

"Well?" Sulu asked after a few minutes of silence.

"Well?"

"You're not going to say anything?" Sulu asked.

"What should I say?" Jimmi shrugged. If he wasn't going to explain where he had been, she certainly wasn't going to ask. "How about, did you have a good time?"

"Passable." Sulu said. "What about you?"

"Oh, I had a lovely evening." Jimmi said testily. Her anger had been simmering all evening. It was now getting ready to boil over. "But I won't bore you with the details."

"Jeanie." Sulu took a deep breath. "I know you wanted me to be here tonight, but...."

"But what? Johnny needed you? Or was it that Pavel wanted you to go?" she sneered. Jimmi wanted to scream. But she wouldn't give him the satisfaction. "So go ahead tell me it wasn't your fault. That it wasn't your idea."

"Can we talk about this reasonably?" Sulu asked quietly.

"I doubt it." she scoffed. "You just walked out on me again. With a lie again! You could have told me."

"You weren't listening when I tried to talk to you." Sulu said, getting angry himself. "I was not ready."

"READY?" She yelled. That didn't make any sense to her. What was there to be ready for? She lowered her voice just a hair. "All I wanted was to have a nice dinner."

"That's not all." Sulu growled. "You were testing me and you know it."

"Enough is enough. Randy, give me a glass of ice." Jimmi said. Randy handed her the glass without comment. "I'm going to bed."

"I take it I am not invited." Sulu said sarcastically.

"Do as you like. That's what you'll do anyway." Jimmi turned on her heel and walked deliberately to the back of the bar and up the steps.

"Give me another beer, Randy." Sulu said.

"You're not going after her?" Randy asked putting the beer in front of him.

"And give into a temper tantrum?" Sulu asked. He shook his head. "Most of the time she runs away just to get me to follow her. But whether I follow or not, that is my decision."

Randy laughed. This guy might be just what Jimmi needed. "You know, I've seen more drama here this weekend than I seen in the last two years."

"Meaning?" Sulu asked.

"I may be all wet." Randy said leaning on the bar and lowering his voice. "But I think she's mad because she's not in control of the situation, the way she always has been before."

"You're talking about Lenny." Sulu said.

"I didn't say a thing!" Randy said quickly.

"Come on Randy." Sulu demanded goodnaturedly. "What do you know?"

"I know the Boss gets whatever she wants. L.J. will do anything she says. You don't think we call her Boss because she owns the place, do you?" Randy laughed. He turned a bit more serious and confided. "Then there is that other thing."

"What's that?" Sulu asked.

"That glass she took upstairs with her." Randy said wiping the bar. "She likes her vodka on the rocks."

"You think I should do something about that?" Sulu asked. Randy shrugged. He thought Sulu should know. "Randy, I was under the impression you didn't like me."

"Hey, I'm a bartender." Randy grinned. "I like everybody."

"They do a lot of drinking? The Doctor is correct to be concerned?" Sulu asked. If this was true it was a side of Jimmi that Sulu had never seen.

"They are careful to do it after hours." Randy said. "But you should see them when Lenny's sister C.J. is visiting. The three of them can get a little wild."

"Perhaps I should go talk to her." Sulu admitted. He took his beer and headed upstairs. At the top of the steps he knocked on her door. She did not answer. Sulu went in, but the room was empty. On the table next to her bed sat the glass she had brought upstairs with her. It was full and an open bottle of vodka sat next to it. "Jimmi?"

She came out of the bathroom dressed only in her soft flannel robe. Jimmi looked only a little surprised to see him and sounded only a little annoyed when she said, "So, you decided to come up after all. Were you planning on explaining about tonight?"

"You seemed to have calmed down." Sulu said, ignoring her question. "Is that from the vodka?"

"I didn't have any." Jimmi shrugged. Sulu looked at the glass then back at her

questioningly. "I didn't say I didn't pour one. I just don't like to drink alone."

"Good."

"Good?" Jimmi asked. She grabbed the glass and defiantly took a drink. "If I want to drink until I pass out, I will. I don't need your permission."

"I never said you did." Sulu put his beer down on the dresser and opened his uniform jacket. "If you want to be stupid about it that's your problem."

"Stupid!" Jimmi slammed the glass down spilling some of the vodka on the end table. "Stop trying to turn things around on me! I didn't walk out on you. I didn't lie to you. Why did you bother coming back?"

"I wanted to explain things to you, damn it!" he yelled.

"So go ahead explain!" she yelled.

"It was too much. Too soon." Sulu said "I have a working relationship with those three. And your father especially is not ready for that to change."

"Since when are you afraid of my father?" Jimmi picked up a barrett from her dresser and pulled her hair back into a pony tail.

"I am not afraid." He looked at her in the mirror. "But you can't force a relationship between me and the Doctor."

"You have known him longer than you've known me."

"In a totally different context." Sulu reminded her. "You are moving too fast. Let's see how it goes before we make any long term plans."

"In other words I still can't count on you!" She wanted to turn around and hit him. She wanted him to take her in his arms and say it wasn't true. Jimmi closed her eyes and said. "Why don't you just go back to the ship now?"

"Is that what you really want?" Sulu was directly behind her. He tentatively laid his hands on her shoulders.

"No." She whispered. In the mirror, their eyes met. "But I need to know where I stand with you. In one breath you say you love me. In the next you're walking out on me again."

"Jeanie." She let him turn her around to face him. "I need to slow things down. I do love you."

"But."

"But.... A few nights ago we were light years apart physically, mentally, and emotionally." he said slowly. "And tomorrow I'll be gone again."

"I know." A tear ran down her cheek. "Are you trying to tell me you'll never see me again?"

"No, Baby. That's not what I'm trying to say." He gently wiped the tear away. "I'm sorry I couldn't do what you wanted tonight. But there are things I need to work out if this is to go any further."

"Career things?" She sighed.

"Yes." He smiled. "And there are things we should talk about."

"Such as?"

"Such as, is this an exclusive relationship?" He asked. "Are we going anywhere with it?"

"Yes." Jimmi said without hesitation.

"Well, I'm glad you know." he said rubbing the back of his neck. "Don't you think we should talk about these things?"

"Well I can't do it any other way. So that discussion is over." Jimmi declared. "What else is there to talk about?"

"What am I suppose to say if your father asks me about my intentions towards you?" He asked.

"Intentions?" She pushed him away "That is such an old fashioned paternalistic macho attitude! If he asks, you tell him it's none of his damn business."

"Right." Sulu smiled. Sulu took off his jacket and hung it in the closet. She liked that he felt at home in her room. She especially liked how he looked in that black t-shirt. "None of your damn business, Sir."

"Doesn't sound like a court martial offense to me." Jimmi complained. Sulu shrugged. "So I am just suppose to wait while you work these things out? I've been waiting for you... forever."

"Jeanie when I walked in here Friday night, I planned to tell you the truth and walk away." He took her hands in his. "I thought I had killed what ever feelings you had for me. I need some time to adjust to the way things have turned out. If this is too much for you, tell me now."

"Everything is always on your terms." Jimmi frowned. "Why do I let you do that?"

"It doesn't feel that way to me. Maybe I've just been in the service too long." He tried to explain. "Aboard ship there are codes of conduct that lets everyone know where they stand. And you don't invade anyone's personal space without express permission."

"Yes, I know. But I am not Starfleet." Jimmi said

"I know." He said. "But I am. And you've always known that."

"Oh Harry." Jimmi sighed. "I don't want you to go."

"I know, Baby. Let me hold you." he wrapped his arms around her. She let him comfort her. He reached for her barrett. "May I?" She nodded. He loosened her hair kissing her neck before he let it fall.

"Harry." she asked softly as he kissed her.

"What?"

"Will you always love me?"

"Jeanie, I have never felt this way about anyone else." Sulu looked her in the eye. "I can't imagine loving anyone else."

She nodded. It wasn't exactly what she wanted to hear, but she would take what she could get. Jimmi pulled away from him and turned to the bed to pull the blanket down. "I'm tired. Let's go to bed."

"So, I am invited to spend the night." His eyes twinkled as he took her hand and gently kissed her palm.

"You better not think about leaving me now." Jimmi laughed softly. She took off her robe and slid between the sheets.

Sulu sat on the edge of the bed to take off his boots. He undressed quickly. "Are you going to hide from me under there?"

"You could join me." Jimmi held up the sheets for him. He wasted no time joining her. "What time do you have to be up in the morning?"

Sulu sighed. He was not interested in talking about details right now. "I have to report at 08:00. So maybe an hour before."

"Computer set alarm to 07:00." Jimmi said leaning over Hikaru to reach the computer access board on the night stand. She did not have complete voice interface in her room.

"Are you done?" Sulu asked kissing her shoulder.

"Yes." She giggled as she settled herself on top of him.. "Or would you rather I not set the alarm, we oversleep, and James T. comes looking for you in the morning?"

"No, I would not like that." Sulu laughed.

On Sunday evening most of the crew was still on shore leave. Except for the hub of activity in the cargo bays and hanger deck, the Enterprise felt unusually empty and still. Captain Kirk and Dr. McCoy stepped off the turbo lift and onto the bridge. Spock, sitting at the library computer station, was the only one there.

"Where is everybody?" McCoy asked loudly. Spock looked up at McCoy but did not respond.

"How the loading going?" Kirk asked.

"On schedule, Captain." Spock said. "Mr. Sulu left detailed instructions that are proving to be most helpful to the dock crew."

"Good." Kirk smiled. "Then we'll let him take care of the unloading too."

"So, Spock." McCoy leaned against the hand railing "What were you and Jimmi huddling about before you left the bar tonight?"

"She was concerned about your conversation with her partner." Spock said folding his arms across his chest.. "But she would not explain any further."

"She was very worried when you went to see him in the office Friday night too." Kirk said. "What's going on there, Bones?"

"I've been talking to Lenny about his medical condition and his recent problems with his medication." McCoy said "What Jimmi's worried about, I don't know."

"I wasn't aware he had a condition." Kirk said.

"Well, Jimmi is not aware it either." McCoy grumbled. "And he wants to keep it that way. Pride, I suppose. But it's going to end up getting him in trouble."

"What do you mean?" Kirk asked.

"His medication and alcohol don't mix." McCoy said simply. He couldn't say too much without violating the doctor patient relationship.

"Interesting that he chooses to work in a bar." Spock observed. Kirk and McCoy merely nodded. Further comment wasn't necessary.

"The really interesting thing is I never got a chance to tell Jimmi that the orders changed." McCoy said thoughtfully. He wondered what else she was keeping from him. "She thought we

were coming in on Tuesday."

"I wonder how much we would have heard about the bar if we had come in on Tuesday?" Kirk asked. The three friends just looked at each other. They all knew the answer.