

Jimmi McCoy walked through Starfleet headquarters. Every species of the Federation seemed to be represented in the expansive hallways. Some in uniform, some in their native dress. Jimmi wore a pair of golden harem pants with a black sleeveless t-shirt. She had on her lightweight red and gold jacket and she carried a small duffel. This was only the second time she had been to Headquarters. The first time on her own. An ensign at the main desk directed her to the transport depot.

The depot was swarming with ensigns. They all seemed to know where they were going. Jimmi walked along slowly, reading the wall mounted computer screens that were suppose to help you find the transport you were looking for. Unfortunately the codes made little sense to civilians. She walked out on the platform of the transport she thought she was suppose to take and looked around. Jimmi saw a young woman in uniform about her height. She walked over to her and asked, "Excuse me, Ensign, is this the transport going to Starbase Twelve?"

"Yes." The ensign looked Jimmi over. No uniform. No family. Must be someone's girlfriend. "Are you here to see someone off?"

"No, I'm going to the base." Jimmi said.

"This transport is for military personnel." The Ensign explained.

"And their families." Jimmi added. She looked around, not exactly sure how to proceed. "Could you tell me where I might find the pilot, ensign? Ensign?"

"Ensign Drake," she said pleasantly. "I suppose the pilot would be in the ship."

"Thank you, Ensign Drake." Jimmi headed for the transport. Luckily in the pilots seat was a familiar face. "Lt. Higgins! Nice to see you."

"Jimmi McCoy. What are you doing here?" Higgins asked with a smile.

"I need a ride to Starbase to meet the Enterprise." Jimmi returned his smile, "Going my way?"

"We'll be leaving soon." He said "Grab a seat."

Jimmi took a seat and the ensigns started filing in. Ensign Drake took the seat next to Jimmi. She was a very fair young woman with blond hair and blue eyes. "Did I hear you say you are meeting Enterprise?"

"Yes." Jimmi said. "Are you reporting to Enterprise?"

Ensign Drake nodded. "You have family aboard?"

"My father." Jimmi said. "Dr. McCoy. What's your assignment?"

"Of course, you take what you get." Drake said, "But navigation has always been my strong suit. I'm hoping to prove myself on the bridge."

"Lt. Chekov is the senior navigator on Enterprise." Jimmi said.

"You know him?" Drake asked surprised.

"Sure. Pavel is very nice." Jimmi said. She couldn't help but think Pavel would really like this one. He had a fondness for blonds. The ride passed pleasantly enough. Ensign Elizabeth Drake asked her more questions about Enterprise. She was a nice young woman, just two years older than Jimmi. She had been very near the top of her class and was very proud to have been assigned to Enterprise. When they landed at Starbase Twelve they were surprised to find that Enterprise was already there. She was

not due for another eighteen hours. The ensigns assigned to Enterprise grabbed their duffels and hurried off to the transporter room to report. They were anxious to get to their assignments.

Jimmi followed them. She walked slowly into the transporter room to see Lt. Commander Sulu busy checking in five ensigns. He did not see her at first. She waited, smiling at him. When he looked up, Jimmi saw the surprised register in his eyes. It was a moment before he said anything. When he did speak it was formally, "Ms. McCoy. Nice to see you again."

Jimmi frowned. Why was he so surprised? He had known she was coming. It was Enterprise that was early, not her. She looked over at the group of junior officers then back to Hikaru. He could have at least smiled. She replied equally formally. "Good morning, Lt. Commander Sulu."

Sulu looked so good standing there in his full uniform. He always seemed to stand straighter in the maroon jacket and black pants. As they stared at each other, the transporter activated and Captain Kirk materialized on the pad. The ensigns, of course, all immediately came to attention.

Seeing Jimmi, Kirk smiled pleasantly surprised. He came down the two steps from the pad with his hands out to her. "Jean Marie, didn't I just see you a couple of months ago? What are you doing here?"

Turning away from Hikaru, Jimmi took both Kirk's hands in hers and smiled at him. "I came to see you, Captain."

"Right." Kirk said. He pulled her close, hugging her. "Does your father know you are here?"

"It would be hard to surprise him if I told him I was coming." Jimmi said. She had been meeting her father in July when the new ensigns reported since she was in high school. She had attended boarding school on a settlement not far from Starbase Twelve and Captain Kirk would swing past and pick her up on his way to the Starbase. But since she had been in college on Earth, she had not made the July meeting until this year.

"Well, I was just on my way to meet him." Kirk said. "Mr. Sulu, have Ms. McCoy's bag delivered to her father's cabin."

"Aye Sir."

Jimmi handed her bag to Sulu. As their hands touched she looked deeply into his dark eyes and asked quietly, "Will I see you later?"

"Are you free for dinner?" he smiled matching her hushed tones.

"Yes." She smiled, wondering if he knew how sexy his voice was. "I'll see you then." She turned and walked out of the transporter room with Captain Kirk, who had waited patiently pretending not to notice them.

"Was it my imagination or was there some tension between you and Mr. Sulu?" Kirk asked as they walked along. He draped his arms loosely around her shoulders. "I thought you two had made up."

"He knew I was coming." Jimmi said indignantly. "I don't understand why he acted like he didn't want to see me."

"He's on duty, Jean Marie." Kirk said explaining things he thought she should already know. He momentarily tightened his grip on her shoulder. He pulled her close to him and spoke into her ear. "Let him do his job."

"You talked to me. You hugged me." Jimmi protested, pulling away. "Why can't he?"

"It can only help my reputation to be seen hugging a beautiful young woman." Kirk winked at her.

"Your reputation? Hah!" Jimmi laughed. "Your reputation is well established in this area, James T.!"

He laughed too, steering her into the officer's club. Dr. McCoy was not there. They found a table and sat down. The club was typical Starfleet, Jimmi thought. Well lit, clean, sterile. There were tables and a bar. But no music. Several officers were having lunch. It looked to Jimmi exactly like what was available on ship. It wasn't bad but it was boring. Alcohol was available, but Jimmi couldn't imagine someone wanting to stay all night to drink it. If Lenny and Jimmi opened their bar here, there would be no competition from the officer's club.

"Where's Dad?" Jimmi asked after the waitress brought them coffee.

"He had some meetings with the base medical personnel." Kirk explained. "He'll be along shortly. Tell me about this internship."

"I've been working on the video files." Jimmi said. "So I've been watching a cable news network. Which was one of the ways they distributed news in the 1980s."

"I thought information networks came later." Kirk said drinking his coffee.

"Different kind of network." Jimmi explained. She was happy he was interested. She considered James T. family. They had shared an interest in history for several years.

"They accessed the network though a television set. Which was just a visual and audio receiving unit. You could change it to different frequencies but it wasn't interactive at all at this time."

"So how did you access a particular subject?" Kirk asked.

"I'm not sure. But the news was interrupted by advertisements. One of the things they advertised was upcoming topics. So I guess if you knew when the topic came up, you'd access the television set at that time." Jimmi suggested.

"Sounds clumsy."

"It was, but we are talking twentieth century. This is in the infancy of the Information Revolution." Jimmi said as her father came in and joined them. Jimmi stood to hug and kissed him. "Hi, Dad."

"Jimmi! When did you get here?"

"Just a few minutes ago." She smiled. "Surprise."

"Jean Marie has been telling me about her internship." Kirk said as they all settled in their seats. "It sounds very interesting."

They had lunch and Jimmi told them all about the work she was doing at UCLA. McCoy did mention that being in California must have made it easier for her to work at the Jade Palace. She just smiled and nodded. They seemed impressed with what she was

doing. McCoy's and Kirk's approval gave her a sense of pride that she really couldn't explain. She wished they could approve of the bar in the same way. But until they did, Jimmi saw no reason to tell them of her plans for a bar on the base.

The Captain had things to do, so Jimmi went aboard the ship with her father. Sulu was not in the transporter room when they beamed up. Damn him, Jimmi thought. When was she going to understand him? They headed for sick bay.

"So are you going to tell me?" McCoy asked his daughter as they walked through the corridors of Enterprise.

"Tell you what?" Jimmi asked, although she knew what he was getting at.

"How are things between you and Sulu?" he asked. "These subspace relationships aren't easy."

"I don't know, Dad." Jimmi admitted. "I thought everything was fine. But when I arrived today, he looked at me like he didn't know who I was."

"So you've already seen Sulu today?"

"Well, he was working and there were a bunch of junior officers around." She said. McCoy just raised his eyebrow at her. "Ok, so I didn't expect him to sweep me off my feet, but some indication that I was alive would have been nice."

McCoy put his arm around his daughter's shoulder. "So, you didn't get the reaction you wanted. Now what?"

"We're suppose to have dinner together. I guess I'll see what happens then."

Jimmi shrugged her shoulders. They walked along together "I don't understand why it can't be simple. Why does it have to be so complicated, Dad?"

"Dear, whenever two human beings are involved it is complicated." They walked into sick bay together. The Doctor had five new ensigns to check out. He went right to work. While he was busy, Jimmi sought out old friends.

"Hi Christy." Jimmi smiled. Nurse Chapel hugged her. Christine Chapel had been the one Jimmi had turned to with all the questions of adolescence. She was one of the people in the crew that Jimmi kept in touch with by mail.

"Jimmi, it's so good to see you." Chapel said. "We weren't expecting you."

"I still get homesick sometimes." Jimmi shrugged. Although her time on the Enterprise had been limited, it was still the closest thing to a home since her father accepted the appointment as chief medical officer just before she went into high school. She had a lot of friends there and maintained close contact through correspondence files.

"Sure." Christy laughed. "And a certain Lt. Commander would have nothing to do with your arrival."

"Is there no such thing as privacy on this ship?" Jimmi asked.

"Is that a serious question?" Chapel laughed. "Now, I have..."

"Work to do." Jimmi laughed as they said it together. It made her feel like a kid, but in the warm familiar way that felt like family. Jimmi started backing out of the nurse's area, still laughing. "I'm going. I'm going."

"Don't leave on my account." A handsome young man blocked her way. He had a contagious smile. Jimmi returned it.

"I'm not in a rush." She said. He was cute. About Sulu's height, dark hair, laughing eyes. He was very sure of himself.

"I hate to be the one to tell you this, but if you are reporting for duty you are suppose to show up in uniform." He raised his eyebrows mockingly.

"But I am not reporting for duty, Lieutenant." Jimmi smiled playfully. "I have no business what so ever on this ship."

"Now I'm curious."

"Nice to meet you, Lt. Curious." She teased. "I'm Jimmi."

"That's different." He said leaning against the wall. "Want to have dinner with me tonight, beautiful Jimmi?"

"Busy." She smiled and shrugged. "But thanks for asking. Now, Lieutenant, if you'd let me by...."

"It's Doctor." he said. Jimmi wondered if she was suppose to be impressed. He certainly seemed to be. Was she now suppose to suddenly not be busy for dinner? Arrogant jerk, Jimmi thought.

"Really? Doctor what?"

"Dr. Bobby Lopez." he smiled. "Are you sure you couldn't free up your schedule? How about a late lunch? I could slip away for awhile."

"That would be a really late lunch. Besides I've had lunch." She smiled wondering when he was going to make the connection. He hadn't been aboard when she was there last, but that was well over a year ago. Maybe he didn't know. "With a doctor, as a matter of fact. Your boss. My father."

"Oh, you're the daughter." He said with a grin. Jimmi laughed to herself. To him she just nodded. He laughed. "Is that suppose to scare me off?"

"No. It's just fair warning." Jimmi said, laughing too. At least he was an honest arrogant jerk.

"Dr. Lopez. Have you finished with those last examinations?" McCoy asked from the doorway.

"Almost Dr. McCoy." Lopez responded, turning towards his superior officer. "I was just helping Jimmi, Sir."

"Do you need something, Dear?" McCoy asked.

"No, Dad." Jimmi said. With a mischievous smile, she added. "Bobby was just trying to help himself to a dinner date."

McCoy looked the two over and wondered what was really going on. But Jimmi had been flirting with one member of the crew or another since she was sixteen. He didn't have time to worry about it now. "We're busy here today, Jimmi. I'm sure you have other things to do with your time."

"I do." Jimmi said to her father. "If Dr. Lopez will let me by."

"Sorry." Bobby said quickly and stepped back to let her pass.

"Nice meeting you, Dr. Lopez." Jimmi smiled and walked out of sick bay. Out in the hall, near the turbo lift, she saw Ensign Drake talking to Lt. Chekov. That didn't take long, Jimmi thought. She walked up to them, saying, "Hi, Pavel. Hello again, Ensign

Drake."

"Princess. It is good to see you." Chekov smiled and hugged her. Why could he do that in front of a junior officer? Why not Hikaru? "I heard you were here."

"Really? Where'd you get that information?" Jimmi asked, hoping Chekov would give her some insight to the workings of Sulu's mind.

"Ensign Drake." Chekov said nodding towards the blonde ensign, "I understand you two had quite a conversation on the way from command."

"We passed the time." Jimmi shrugged, then asked. "Pavel, have you seen Hikaru?"

Chekov shook his head. "He should be off duty by now."

Jimmi said goodbye and headed for deck eleven. She stopped outside of his door. She took a deep breath and touched the signal pad. He opened the door. His uniform jacket was open and he looked slightly disheveled. Jimmi smiled, it was a good look for him. She did not wait for an invitation, but walked in. His quarters were standard issue and neat as a pin. Exactly as Jimmi expected. There were signs of Sulu neatly stashed everywhere. His fencing foil, his baseball bat, his racquetball racquet.

"Jeanie. This is not a good idea." Sulu said as he quickly fastened his jacket.

"What's the matter?" Jimmi asked, pouting. "First you don't want to talk to me in the transporter room. Now you don't want to see me at all. Why did I come here?"

"I was on duty this afternoon." He explained, straightening his hair with his fingers. "And I do want to see you, but not here."

"Why not?" She put her arms around his waist and pulled him close to her. She looked over at his standard sized bunk. Well, they had made that work before.

"It's not proper for you to be here." He said wrapping his arms around her. He had to get her out of his cabin before they ended up in bed. He kissed her quickly and reminded her. "Besides we have a dinner date. Are you ready?"

"It's early. I can wait." She smiled and kissed him more passionately.

"Jeanie. Not here." He pulled back from her "Let's go eat."

"Well, if you'd rather eat than make love to me...." Jimmi pouted. Sulu laughed and guided them out of the cabin. He breathed a sigh of relief, hoping she didn't notice. Jimmi wanted to be mad at him but was having trouble holding onto that anger when his arm was around her. They transported to the Starbase. Jimmi assumed they go to the officer's club, but Sulu was taking them past the park and playground. "Where are we going?"

"There is a new restaurant on the base." Sulu answered. "I understand the food is not replicated."

"Earth menu?"

"Varied." Sulu said as they walked into the restaurant. Jimmi looked over the place with a critical eye. The tables were nicely spaced, not too close together. The lighting was warm and intimate. The staff was efficient and pleasant but not intrusive. The officer's club may not offer any competition to her envisioned café, but this place would.

The menu contained selections from at least six different planets. Jimmi tried a Vulcan dinner salad which seemed to contain every vegetable and tuber known to the planet. Sulu had a sweet and sour pasta dish from Rigel Four.

"This is nice." Jimmi smiled across the table at him. "It almost makes me forget that I am mad at you."

"Mad at me? Why?" He asked surprised. She couldn't be serious, she had said it so sweetly. "What did I do?"

"Would you like to explain to me why you didn't want me in your cabin today?" She asked calmly.

"Oh, that." He took a minute to sample some of his meal while he thought. Jimmi felt like she was exercising a great deal of patience waiting for him. Patience was not her forte. "This may not seem reasonable to you, but I can not justify having you in my cabin."

"Is this about my Dad again?"

"Partially, I have great respect for your father." Sulu said. "But it also has to do with the discipline of the ship."

"Expand."

Sulu smiled at her, sometimes she was more Starfleet than even she realized. "If you were just my girlfriend, but not the Doctor's daughter, I could not just bring you on the ship to stay with me. I can not take advantage of the situation."

"We've made love on the ship before." Jimmi reminded him. It wasn't like they were the only lovers on the ship. No one expected over four hundred people to live together on a starship and not have romantic relationships.

"Not in my cabin." He reminded her. The first time they had made love had been in one of the meditation rooms on Enterprise. He had taken her there at that time looking for a secure and private place to talk. That conversation had started with him telling her they had no future. Why could he control every other part of his life, but not her?

"Are you are telling me this is nonnegotiable?" She asked. Why did he have to make rules about everything? Why couldn't he just let life happen? "Is this why you didn't want to talk to me earlier?"

"Jeanie. I just wasn't sure how I'd feel when you came back to the Enterprise after our relationship became common knowledge." Sulu said slowly. "I wasn't sure..."

"What?" she asked. He just looked at her and shrugged. Jimmi sipped her drink to give herself a minute to think. This visit was not going according to plan. Finally, she asked, "So how do you feel?"

He sighed. He hated questions like that. Hikaru answered, "Like a Rigillian squall primate at the zoo."

"Harry?" Jimmi had to laugh at that. What was she suppose to say?

Hikaru explained, "Like I'm being watched."

"Harry!" Jimmi had promised to use the nick name only when they were alone. In her mind it only made the name more special. She had stopped laughing when she asked, "Watched?"

"Not literally," Sulu explained. "But I feel that how I handle the situation will be noticed."

"By James T.?" She asked. Hikaru nodded. He obviously felt it was another one of those command tests. According to Sulu almost everything qualified as a command test. Jimmi couldn't imagine what personal relationships had to do with command.

"Does he say anything to you about me?"

"My conversations with the Captain have to remain classified." Sulu said, eating his dinner.

"There's a line that never changes." Jimmi sighed and concentrated on her salad.

"And never will."

"All right, then let me ask you this. How would you feel if I had my own place here?" she looked him in the eye, asking earnestly. "Would you feel differently if we weren't on ship?"

"What do you mean?"

"Lenny and I are considering opening a bar here on the base." Jimmi said. "But if you're going to push me away, I'll reconsider."

"A bar, here?" Sulu asked. "You are considering living on Starbase 12?"

"Nothing is definite." Jimmi said. "But you've got to admit this place could use something more than that officer's club."

"I think a real bar would be an improvement on this base." Sulu grinned. Perhaps she had hit on a solution to one of their logistic problems. "And I think I would like being able to come to you separate from the ship."

Jimmi smiled at him. "You know, I could get a room over at the CTQ."

"And what would your father say about that?" Sulu wasn't ready to accept responsibility for her getting a room at the civilian temporary quarters. It didn't matter that Jimmi was almost twenty one, he would never be able to look Dr. McCoy in the eye again.

"Oh, I'm sure he'd have something to say about it." Jimmi laughed. She knew that Sulu would never agree to it even before she suggested it. It just wasn't appropriate. "By the way, I haven't said anything about a bar here on the base to anyone else."

"Ok, it's classified. When will this happen?"

"If we can work out all the details, sometime after I graduate from college."

Jimmi said. The waiter brought their coffee. "A year, maybe two."

"So, are you no longer mad at me?" Sulu asked with a smile, mimicking the tone she had used to start this conversation.

"Not right this minute." She said Sulu knew that could change at any minute. He never had known quite anyone like her before. She was very emotional, unpredictable, and just a little bit dangerous.