

When Jimmi returned to the Enterprise she ran into Mr. Spock on her way to her father's cabin. She felt a little guilty because she hadn't taken the time to spend with him this trip. Ever since she could remember he had patiently answered all her questions and challenged all her ideas. She considered him her third father.

"Hello Mr. Spock." She smiled.

"You have been shopping, Ms. McCoy?" he asked, nodding towards the package she carried.

"Yes." Jimmi walked along the corridor with him. "I have been indulging myself again. There's no need to tell Dad though."

"Do you think your father would disapprove?" Spock asked.

"Let me just put it this way, Spock." Jimmi smiled. "When he was in the Jade Palace, he made several remarks about my clothes. I don't know what he expects me to wear. I am not a little girl any more."

"Perhaps that is why he is concerned." Spock observed.

"I can take care of myself." Jimmi assured him. With a smile, she added, "And there are those who appreciate how I look."

"Indeed." Spock almost smiled. "I understand you and Mr. Sulu have resolved your differences."

"The scuttlebutt on this ship must fly at warp nine." Jimmi laughed. Spock was the one person on the ship who had never been judgmental of her feelings for Sulu. "For the time being we are together."

"But you are concerned that it will change?" Spock asked.

"Well, I don't fit into his plans, Spock." Jimmi said with a sigh

"Life does not always go according to plan." Spock said.

"True." Jimmi smiled up at him. She shrugged and added, "I honestly don't know what will happen."

"It is wise to have a plan no matter how flexible." Spock said as they approached a turbo lift. He stopped and turned to her. "Your life is not yet settled. You only have a few more months of school. Then what?"

"I have plans." She assured him.

"Plans that you don't share with your father or those who care for you." Spock observed. "And you wonder why your father seems concerned?"

"He won't like my plans." Jimmi sighed. "I'm sure Dad will find them frivolous."

"Are they?"

"Maybe." Jimmi admitted. "There is no higher purpose. It won't save any body's life or discover anything new. Running a bar has never been considered particularly noble."

"Perhaps, but it is nothing to be ashamed of either." Spock said. Dr. McCoy had told Spock that he thought working in a bar was just a phase of Jimmi's college life and that she would grow out of it. "There are no other plans?"

"Well I have been offered a part time job teaching history next semester at SFU assuming I am enrolled in the graduate degree program then." She confided. She hesitated before adding, "But don't tell Dad."

"This is good news, Jimmi."

"I know, but it's not definite yet." Jimmi said. She was nervous about it and not at all sure that it would happen. She did not want to talk about it. "And I don't want to disappoint anyone."

Mr. Spock frowned, as much as Vulcan's allow themselves to frown. "I am late. I should be on the bridge."

As he stepped on the turbo lift, Jimmi smiled sweetly. "Don't tell." But Mr. Spock did not answer. Jimmi didn't worry. Spock was very capable of keeping her secrets. He certainly had before. Jimmi turned and headed home. Her father's cabin was empty. She showered and changed for her date. She put on a pale green sleeveless cotton blouse with darker green walking shorts that came almost to her knees. She was sitting on her bed with legs crossed under her and brushing her hair when the door signal sounded.

"Come in." She called. Sulu stepped through the door.

"Do we still have a date?" He smiled at her. He knew Dr. McCoy wasn't there. He had checked before coming.

"If it's up to me, we do." she smiled up at him. "Do you want to see what I bought for you?"

"Sure."

"Come here." She patted the bed next to her.

"I don't think so." He crossed his arms across his chest.

Jimmi laughed. She stood up and walked ever so slowly over to him. He was so much fun to tease. She took his hands and uncrossed them. She put his hands on her hips. "You're only going to get a peak." Jimmi laughed and undid the top button of her blouse. "I'm wearing it under here."

He couldn't help but look. She would be upset if he didn't. But he gently pushed her away. "Are you ready to go?"

"You don't like your present?" she pretended to pout.

"It's beautiful. You are beautiful!" He sighed and smiled at her appreciatively. "But what if your father comes home?"

"He's on duty." Jimmi said with a wink and a grin.

"Come on!" There was no point in arguing with her. Sulu took her hand, turned around and walked out of the cabin. She was laughing at him because she knew he did not trust himself to stay alone with her in the cabin. Jimmi liked having that effect on him.

"What did you think I was going to do?" Jimmi laughed as they headed towards the turbo lift.

He put his arm around her and laughed as well. "I was afraid to find out. Now, where do you want to fight tonight?"

"No fighting tonight, ok?" she said more seriously as they stepped into the turbo lift. "Transporter room three."

"Back to the base?" Sulu asked.

"Yes, I have a surprise for you."

"More than what you are wearing under there?" He asked running his finger along the

neck line of her blouse.

"Yes." She sighed. "But you can't ask any questions."

"Hmm. I am intrigued."

They beamed down to the base and Jimmi led him to the turbo lift. "Level 62."

"Sixty two?!"

"No questions." She warned. When they got off the turbo lift, she took his hand and led him to the surplus supply room. "Want some surplus supplies? Blankets?" Jimmi spread a blanket out on the floor. Sulu laughed at her. "How about some surplus wine, cheese, and crackers?"

"You found those here?" He asked skeptically.

"Well, I added these." She admitted. "Along with the music." Jimmi took a data storage bar about the size of a pencil out of her pocket and fit it in the data slot of a tricorder. Some music that Sulu had never heard before started playing.

"What's that?"

"This is real twentieth century rock and roll." Jimmi said. "I recorded it from some of the work I've been doing for my internship. The sound isn't great on the tricorder but I didn't want to activate the console on the desk. It might alert someone that we were here."

"Interesting music."

"So do you like your surprise?" She asked hopefully.

"Yes!" he picked up the bottle of wine and opened it. He poured them each a glass and settled himself on the blanket. "Now, show me the other surprise."

Jimmi giggled as bit as she unbuttoned her blouse. "Are you sure you want to see this?"

"Do you want me to beg?" he laughed.

"No, no." she smiled. She took off her blouse and sat down next to him. "But I have noticed that you seem to like it when I take off my clothes first."

Sulu put down his wine glass and took off his uniform jacket. "Guilty as charged." He said. "So for everything you take off, I'll take something off too. But let's go slowly, deal?"

"Deal." They ate some cheese and crackers and sipped their wine. They chatted about ship's gossip for a bit.

After awhile, he leaned back on his elbow with his glass of wine and asked, "Were you planning on explaining what you meant this morning?"

"It's hard. I don't really understand it myself." Jimmi tossed her shorts on top of her blouse. She laid down next to him wearing just her emerald green teddy. "I was trying to tell Dad last night. It just seems that everything is changing. I really wanted to come here. To see you and everyone I love. But now that I'm here, well it just doesn't feel right. I don't belong on Enterprise. Yet, I know that when I get home I'll miss you terribly."

"I am going to miss you terribly, too." He smiled. He lightly ran his fingers along the line where the teddy met her back.

"You are falling behind, Mister." She said rolling away from him.

"Excuse me?"

"You should be rid of those boots and those pants by now." Jimmi sat up and refilled their wine glasses. "After all this was your idea."

"So it was." He said as he took off one of his boots. "So what is it you want to get back to so badly? The bar? Your internship?"

"Maybe it's just the feeling of being in charge and control." She said watching him undress. "You know, I can go for months without raising my voice. But we get in the same room and sparks fly. I feel like there is nothing I can do about it."

"I hate feeling out of control too." Hikaru said. He laid back down next to her running his hands along her bare legs. "But there is an exhilaration to it. Like being drawn to a flame."

"Yeah." She nodded. "You want it but you're afraid of it."

He sat up to take off his t shirt. "There. Now you are behind."

"What happened to going slow?" Jimmi laughed.

"I am having trouble with that concept right now." he grinned "Come here."

Dr. McCoy went to the bridge to drag Captain Kirk to the new restaurant on the base. He was doing his best to keep his word to Sulu and not interfere with his relationship with Jimmi. It was proving to be a herculean task. He was sullen and ill tempered when he reached the bridge.

"Aren't you done yet?" McCoy asked when he saw Kirk consulting with Spock at the science station.

"I see your mood hasn't improved any." Kirk commented. "Are you and Jean Marie fighting again?"

"No." McCoy said. "And if her date tonight turns out anything like last night's, she won't have the energy to fight with me."

"What's that suppose to mean?" Kirk asked.

"Jimmi and Sulu had a big fight last night." McCoy explained with a grin. Talking about the fight lightened his mood considerably.

"So she's confiding in you again?" Kirk asked.

"Not necessarily." Dr. McCoy said. "They had part of their fight in my cabin. It was entertaining."

"Bones, you aren't suppose to enjoy it so much." Kirk laughed.

"Well...." McCoy just shrugged. "At least she is talking to me more. But after Jimmi kept her involvement in the bar from me for two years, I can't help but wonder what she's not telling me."

"She worries about disappointing you." Spock said.

"Has she said something to you, Spock?" McCoy asked surprised. Of course he shouldn't be. Jimmi had confided in Spock before.

"She has." Spock said. "Ask her what she plans to do after she graduates from college. She has other options."

"I'll ask her." McCoy said.

"But first, let's eat." Kirk said "I'm starving."

In Supply Room 6205, Sulu pulled the blanket around them as they lay in each other's arms. Jimmi closed her eyes and listened as his heart rate started to slow. His skin was warm and moist. She loved the smell of him. Jimmi wanted to remember every moment, every scent

and sound of their time together. Sulu was uncharacteristically quiet.

"What are you thinking about, Harry?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Or is it classified?" Jimmi asked. She sat up and turned towards him. "You know I hate when you don't talk to me."

"What do you want me to do, Jeanie?" He rolled on his side and propped his head in his hand. "I can't help it if my work is generally classified."

"I don't need the details." Jimmi said. "I just want to know what you are feeling and thinking."

"All right. I was thinking of an eager young boy named Berk." Sulu spoke slowly and carefully. It was not easy to decide how much to tell her. But he did want to talk to her about his experiences on Tellus. "I was just wondering how he was doing."

"Laying here with me, thinking about a young boy." Jimmi tickled his ribs with her big toe. "I'm starting to wonder about you, Harry."

"You wanted to know." he shrugged.

"So what was so special about this eager young boy?" Her interest was genuine. She was thrilled to have him share his feelings with her. Especially when they had nothing to do with her. It was a side of him that was particularly hard to reach.

"I recently found myself in the middle of a war zone among children who were fighting the war." Sulu explained. "Girls several years younger than you with malnourished babies in their arms. Ten years olds hunting rats for their dinner. They were barely alive, Jeanie."

"No parents?" Jimmi asked. Sulu shook his head. "Berk was one of these kids?"

"Yes. He was maybe ten or eleven." Sulu nodded. "They all had questions. But Berk... he was smart, resourceful. Every time I turned around he was there trying to help."

"So what happened to them?" Jimmi asked quietly.

"With a little help, they left the war. The last time I saw them, they were going to live on a farm." Sulu said. "They deserved a better life. I just hope that's what they got."

"You're a bit of a softy, Lt. Commander." Jimmi caressed his cheek. "Aren't you?"

"Don't let it get around." he leaned forward and kissed her on the knee.

"You know, if you keep telling me things like this," Jimmi's eyes sparkled mischievously "I am going to have to start thinking of you as heroic."

"Thanks." he laughed.

"No. Thank you."

"What for?"

"For letting me in. For trusting me." Jimmi said. He sat up and pulled her close. As he kissed her he gently pushed her down on her back. She smiled "It's getting late. Don't you have to work tomorrow?"

"Yes." He sighed. "And this will be our last chance to be together for quite awhile."

"I don't want to hear about that right now." She said. "I want to pretend that you will always be with me. You know... happily ever after."

"Isn't pretending for children?" He teased her.

"No." She smiled "I couldn't get along without it. Besides, I thought you had finally

decided I wasn't a child."

"You seem very grown up to me right now." He kissed her again, stroking her gently.

"And very beautiful. Almost irresistible."

"You don't have to talk me into anything," She smiled and kissed him back. "After all I wasn't suggesting we get dressed just yet."

"Talk you into something?" He asked wide eyed and innocent. "I was just stating a fact."

A couple of hours later after Jimmi and Hikaru had cleaned up the supply room, they went walking together in the park. It was a favorite spot of children during the day and of lovers at night. The Federation had found it important to provide a home like atmosphere for the mental well being of long term residents of the bases. So the public areas of the base had light changes that simulated day and night. The park's plant life also helped with the regulation of the quality of the recycled air.

Jimmi leaned into Hikaru as they walked along. He had his arm around her. Sulu was playing with her hair as he said. "I'll never be able to look at the color green in the same way again. What shade would you call that?"

"Emerald." Jimmi said looking down her blouse just to check. "Yes, definitely emerald green."

"You have a choice." Hikaru said "Back to the ship, or the officer's club?"

"Let's go back to the ship." Jimmi said.

"Ok." Sulu said a bit surprised. "But I never heard you turn down a good bar before."

"Right." Jimmi laughed. "And the club is not a good bar."

"Oh, I see." He laughed as they walked towards the transporter room. "Not going to patronize the potential competition."

"The Officer's Club is not going to be any competition at all when I open my bar." Jimmi said. "I just don't feel like sharing you with anybody right now."

"Fine by me." Sulu kissed her lightly on the temple.

They beamed up to the ship. It wasn't particularly late. But Sulu was on duty 08:00 hours. So they were headed back to her cabin. They just took the long way around.

"You and my father seemed to have worked things out." Jimmi observed as they strolled along.

"It's an on going process." Sulu said cautiously. "But I think we are headed in the right direction."

"Have you noticed you never give just a yes or no answer?" Jimmi asked "There is always an explanation or qualification attached."

"Sorry." He laughed. "Is a that a problem?"

"Just an observation." She said. They met and talked to several people as they made they way back towards her cabin. Jimmi was just thrilled that they could now walk through the halls of the Enterprise without him pulling away from her. Finally they stopped outside her door.

"Meet me for breakfast?" Sulu asked.

"What time?" Jimmi asked dreading the answer.

"Oh seven thirty hours." Sulu grinned. He knew she hated getting up early.

"Jimmi, there you are." McCoy said coming out of sickbay. "I'd like to talk to you."

"I'd better go." Sulu said to Jimmi.

"No Sulu." McCoy said. He stopped just close enough to his cabin door that it opened. "If you don't mind, I'd like to hear what you know about this."

"What 'this' are you talking about, Dad?" Jimmi asked suspiciously. She grabbed Sulu's hand and followed her father into the cabin. Sulu had no choice. He let her pull him in.

"Sit down, Sulu." McCoy said leaning on the front of his desk. The only place to sit was the couch, which was also Jimmi's bed. He sat gingerly on the edge. "I thought we had an agreement, Jimmi."

Jimmi sat down next to Sulu, but she made herself comfortable crossing her legs indian style. Hikaru looked extremely uncomfortable to her. "Which agreement, Dad? We have several."

"The one where you were going to tell me what was going on in your life." McCoy explained. "Now I understand you have other options after graduation that you haven't shared with me."

"Nothing is settled." Jimmi said. Damn it! Why did Spock have to say anything? Jimmi sighed. She had no choice but to tell him now. "My history professors thinks I should go on to grad school. He suggested I apply to the program at SFU and there is a part time teaching job involved."

"Jeanie! That's great." Sulu said turning to her and relaxing a bit. "You'll make a wonderful teacher."

"So you didn't know anything about this either, Mr. Sulu?" McCoy asked.

"Uh...No Sir." Sulu said. Jimmi stared at him. Where were the explanations and qualifications now?

McCoy turned back to his daughter. "Well? Did you apply?"

"Yes and I was accepted. But nothing is settled, Dad." Jimmi repeated turning her attention back to her father. "I haven't decided what I'm going to do."

"Why not? This is an excellent opportunity for you." McCoy said. "Why would you even consider not continuing in school?"

"Because I'm not sure I can do it all." Jimmi explained exasperated. "Grad classes, teaching, and singing at the bar? That's a lot to handle."

"Then maybe you should give one of them up." McCoy suggested.

"See? I knew you'd say that!" Jimmi said. She stood up to confront her father. "That's why I didn't tell you. It's my life and my decision."

Sulu grabbed her hand. He could see her getting ready to run. "Sit down." He said calmly. She turned and looked at him angrily. "Sit down."

Jimmi sat down next to him. He was treating her like a child again. She looked him in the eye and forced herself to speak calmly "You are doing it again."

"Sorry." He said with equal calm. "But if you want to be treated like an adult, try acting like one."

"It's up to me." Jimmi insisted. "Nobody else can tell me what to do with my life."

"Agreed." Sulu said. "It is your decision. But that is no reason not to talk it over with the people who love you. Even if it's just to get a different perspective."

"Whose side are you on?" Jimmi asked.

"I was just offering my own opinion." Sulu stood up. "Perhaps I'd better go."

"Perhaps...." Jimmi grumbled.

"Goodnight, Sulu."

"Goodnight Doc." Sulu inched towards the door. Jimmi was frowning at the floor. He asked her tentatively. "I'll see you in the morning?"

"Yes, I'll be there." She got up and followed him to the door. She forced the frown off her face and managed a small smile. "If I live through the night."

When he was safely in the corridor, Sulu added "This might be a good time to discuss all your plans with your father."

"Go away!" Jimmi said pointedly. When the door closed, she turned to face her father.

"All your plans?" McCoy asked.

"I wish he hadn't said that." Jimmi said. All traces of that smile now gone.

"But he did." McCoy walked over to his daughter. He took her hand and guided her back to the couch. They sat down together. "Come on. Tell me everything."

"One of the reasons I haven't committed to the deal at SFU is Lenny and I have other plans." Jimmi started. "When we can swing it, we are going to open a second bar. I plan to run it full time."

"When do you plan on this happening?" McCoy asked. He was surprisingly calm about the whole thing. It had Jimmi worried.

"Two years, maybe three." Jimmi said slowly. She didn't know exactly when it would happen but she thought her father could accept this time frame. She watched him carefully. "The money is Lenny's concern. He's really very good at investments. It is a skill that seems to run in his family."

"Uh-huh." McCoy said slowly digesting what she was saying. "What aren't you telling me?"

"The bar will be here."

"Here?" McCoy was confused.

"On the base." Jimmi clarified. "Lenny and I want to open a bar on Starbase Twelve."

"Why?"

"Because Federation ships come through here regularly. Because every year a bunch of new personnel ship out from here. Because the base needs a good bar." Jimmi said. "And because I can make it work."

"Not because Sulu will be here at least once a year?" McCoy asked.

"Well so will you, Dad." Jimmi said. "That's an added benefit. But I wouldn't do it if I couldn't make it work."

"Is this what you plan to do with the rest of your life?"

"Yes." She said earnestly.

McCoy took a deep breath and let it out slowly. That wasn't the answer he wanted to hear. "Can I make a suggestion?"

"Are you asking me?" Jimmi asked warily. McCoy nodded. He wanted to keep the lines of communication open between them. Jimmi sighed. "Sure. What?"

"You wanted to own the bar because you wanted to sing. But you aren't talking about a singing career." McCoy observed.

"Well, I found I like running the bar itself." Jimmi explained "I like to sing with the band but I also like to tend bar and everything that goes with it."

"Well, you might find you really like teaching." McCoy said "If you give it half a chance. Why don't you keep your options open? Go to grad school. Take the teaching job. And still work in the bar on the weekends."

"Hmmm." Jimmi said. It was reasonable. There was nothing she could really say against it. She couldn't find the catch, but she was sure it was there. "I'll think about it, Dad."

"Good." McCoy nodded. "And you'll tell me what you decide."

"Yes Sir." She smiled. "Now can I go to sleep? I'm meeting Hikaru at 07:30."