

When the bar was cleaned up and ready for that evening, Jimmi took sometime to go to the jogging track. She circled the track at an easy pace, stopping only to look at Enterprise in orbit around the base. Finally she grabbed her towel and headed back towards the bar.

That's when Jimmi saw Spock in the halls of the Starbase. He had not come to the bar the night before with Kirk and McCoy. Slowly, she walked up to him as he talked to a Lt. commander that Jimmi did not know. She waited patiently while he continued giving orders.

"Mr. Spock." Jimmi smiled almost shyly when he turned to look at her. "It's good to see you, Sir."

"Ms. McCoy." Spock raised his eyebrow at her formal manner. He turned briefly to the Rigilian man. "I'll expect a full report before seventeen hundred hours, Mr. Lethra."

"Aye Sir." Mr. Lethra replied and left them.

"It's....um...." Jimmi hesitated. She hadn't seen Spock since he had left for Vulcan several years earlier. Her father had complained that when Spock had first returned to Enterprise he had been 'Vulcanized' while he studied for the Kolinahr.

"Is there a problem?" Spock asked.

"No, I don't think so." Jimmi said a bit confused. He seemed like the same old Spock to her. "It's just been such a long time. I'm glad to see you back in Starfleet."

"Interesting." Spock replied. "I did not realize I was required to clear my career decisions with you, Ms. McCoy."

"I did not mean to imply..." Jimmi started. Unsure of herself, she turned to go. "Um.... never mind."

"Jimmi." Spock said. She stopped and turned back to look up at him. "You have never hesitated to speak your mind to me before."

"I didn't know ...I mean ...I hadn't heard from you in a long time." Jimmi shrugged. "I thought..."

"That I might have changed?" Spock asked. Jimmi nodded. "I have. As you have. Hopefully for the better."

"Me or you?" Jimmi smiled.

Spock allowed himself the briefest hint of a smile. "I am satisfied with my personal progress. Are you?"

"I am." Jimmi laughed. This was the Spock she knew. "Of course Dad's evaluation of that progress may be another story."

"He does not seem overly concerned." Spock observed.

"No, he doesn't." Jimmi agreed with a smile. "I think he finally trusts me."

"You have proven yourself in the last four years." Spock said. "I believe your father is pleased. As is the rest of your family."

"Then I still have three fathers?"

"A parental figure is not easily dismissed." Spock said. "This I know from personal experience."

"Well then, when are you coming to see my new bar?" Jimmi asked. "You did not come down with Dad and James T. last night."

"I was on duty."

"It's a space station." Jimmi said. "The ship isn't going anywhere. You can at least come

to dinner."

"I will be there this evening." Spock promised.

"Good. I'll tell George to make something special." Jimmi smiled. "See you tonight." She hurried home.

When the Café opened that evening, Jimmi started looking for Sulu. He had said he would join her for dinner as soon as he could. Admiral Kirk, Captain Spock, and Dr. McCoy came in and sat at a table on the edge of the dance floor for dinner. She went over to say hello. She sat in the empty chair at the table.

"Hi." She smiled. "Spock, I'm glad you could come down. George has been cooking all afternoon. "

"I have been looking forward to it." Spock admitted.

"Why don't you join us for dinner, Jimmi." McCoy suggested.

"I would, Dad, but I have a date."

"If it is with Mr. Sulu, it has been canceled." Kirk said, sipping his drink. "He's pulled some extra duty."

"Oh." After her conversation with Kirk earlier that day, Jimmi knew better than to ask for more details. "Then I guess I'm free."

Up at the bar Mikey was in a bad mood. He took a load of dirty dishes into the kitchen. George looked up from his cooking and asked the teen to chop some vegetables. Mikey picked up the knife and went to work on the carrots. But he was not the happy go lucky kid they had come to know this last ten days. George asked him what was the matter but the only answer he got was nothing.

When he came out of the kitchen, Randy put his arm around the boy's shoulders. "What's up, Kid?"

"My father is due in sometime today." Mikey confided so quietly that Randy had to lean down to hear him. "I'm not looking forward to seeing him."

"Want some advise?" Randy asked in an equally low voice. Mikey shrugged. "When he walks in, let him find you working. It will make an impression."

"Think so?"

"Sure. And if he asks, we'll tell him how much of a help you've been around here." Randy said. Randy straightened up and stopped whispering when he said, "I don't look forward to having to break in a new busboy."

Jimmi and her fathers had a nice dinner. They were enjoying after dinner coffee when Mike Woo, Sr. walked into the Café. Jimmi excused herself and went over to meet him. He was a little taller than Hikaru and a couple of years older. When she had met him on Earth, Jimmi had been struck by his constant friendly smile. Today he was much more subdued.

"Mike, it's good to see you." Jimmi said.

"Jimmi, how are things going?" He smiled briefly.

"Fine. Mikey has done more than his share around here. We are going to miss him." Jimmi smiled. She walked over to the bar with Mike. Mikey had just finished clearing a table and was taking the dishes back to the kitchen.

"I need to talk to my son, Jimmi. Is there somewhere he and I can talk privately?"

"Sure. Mikey, come here." Jimmi called. Mikey walked over and said hello to his father rather contritely. "You can use my office."

Mike Woo's pleasant manner turned rather icy when he took his son into the office. He had his hand tightly on the boy's shoulder. Mikey just looked at the floor and resigned himself to his demise. Worried, Jimmi went over to her father's table.

"James T. I need to ask you a favor." Jimmi said as she sat down.

He looked at her for a moment before responding. "Regarding Mr. Sulu I take it?"

"Yes. But it's not for me. It's for his nephew Mikey." She had explained Mikey's situation over their dinner. The three officers understood why she liked the kid. He was just like she had been as a teen. "His father just walked in. I don't feel I can impose on the family, but Hikaru might be able to help them work things out. Please."

Kirk pulled out his communicator. "Kirk to Enterprise. Have Mr. Sulu report to me at the Café."

"Thanks James T." Jimmi said as she got up. She leaned down and quickly kissed him on the cheek before going up to the bar. A few minutes later Sulu walked into the bar and reported to the Admiral. They spoke for a minute, then Sulu turned and went straight to her office. He didn't even look in her direction. Jimmi spoke to Randy for a few minutes, then made sure she was near the office door when Sulu and his family emerged.

"Everything ok?" She asked.

Mike Sr. nodded. "We will be leaving on the next transport." Mikey had shown up with no clothes, so he did not have a bag. "Don't you have something to say to Ms. McCoy?"

"I'm sorry, Boss."

"I'm not, Mikey. You've done a good job and I'll always have a job for you when you get old enough." Jimmi hugged him. "Go say goodbye to Randy and George before you go."

Mikey nodded and went off to do as he was told. When he got behind the bar Randy handed him a pay card. "What's this for?"

"The Boss told me to pay you for your time. We've deducted the amount for the transport passage that she paid out." Randy said. Mikey was amazed. He hadn't expected to be paid, except for the tips he made.

"Come back when you can, Mikey." George added from the kitchen door.

Mike and his son left. Sulu spoke briefly to the Admiral then left also. Jimmi followed him out of the bar. "Harry."

"I don't have time to talk." Sulu said.

"I'll walk you to the transporter room." She said. He nodded and they started walking.

"James T. is pretty angry, huh?"

"He gave me the assignment of checking in the ensigns knowing full well I was going to be at the Café all night. It was a test."

"And you didn't do so well." Jimmi observed.

"Well...how I handle the aftermath will also be a test."

"Are these tests just for you?" Jimmi asked. They were walking into the transporter room.

"It's all part of the command track." He explained. He kissed her quickly. "I'll be off duty in a couple of hours. I'll have to talk to you then." He stepped up on the transporter pad and

disappeared. Jimmi went back to the bar and joined her fathers at their table.

The bar was slowly filling up. There were fewer ensigns because some had reported to Enterprise and fewer Enterprise officers had chosen to come to the No Ranks this evening. Jimmi was sure it had something to do with Admiral Kirk's threat to declare her bar off limits.

Ensign Gonzoles was sitting at the bar when Jimmi joined Randy. "Hi Rosita." Jimmi smiled. "A Trillian?"

"Sounds good." Rosita smiled. "I am starving. What kind of wonderful things is George cooking up tonight?"

"Plomeek soup." Jimmi said. "Not to my taste, but Mr. Spock speaks highly of it. He also has salmon mousse and, my favorite, beef stroganoff."

"The stroganoff. That sounds great." Rosita smiled. Jimmi gave her a Trillian ale and relayed the dinner order to George. When she turned around Cathy was heading towards her urgently.

"J.M., I need to talk to you now." Cathy looked at Jimmi desperately when she reached the bar. "And in private."

"Ok." Jimmi said. "How about in my office?"

When Jimmi came out from behind the bar, Cathy took her hand and dragged her off towards her office. This was not typical behavior for Cathy. She wasn't even dressed in her normal flashy bar attire. Cathy was wearing a pair of navy tailored slacks and a white t-shirt with a short navy jacket. No jewelry. No make up. As soon as they were safely in Jimmi's office, Cathy turned to her.

"How well do you know Pavel Chekov?" Cathy asked.

"Well. I've known him eight or nine years." Jimmi was confused by the question. She had been room mates with Cathy at boarding school the year she had met Pavel. "You know. He's been like a big brother to me. Why?"

"He walked me home last night." Cathy said uneasily.

"Yeah, I saw you leave together." Jimmi said. "So?"

"That's what I'm wondering." Cathy said. She looked down at the floor, blushing.

"You mean you don't remember?" Jimmi asked.

"I vaguely remember him being in my ship." Cathy said. She walked around the office nervously. "I don't remember him leaving or him staying. I don't even know how I got out of my clothes."

"I didn't realize you were that drunk." Jimmi said. She had been paying a lot of attention to Hikaru and none to Cathy. "Maybe you passed out."

"How embarrassing." Cathy hid her face in her hands. She dropped her hands and sighed. "What am I suppose to say to him now?"

"Well, you could ask him what happened." Jimmi suggested lamely.

"Really Jimmi!" Cathy shook her head. She sighed and asked. "How long is the Enterprise going to be here?"

"James T. said they were shipping out at midnight." Jimmi said. "And after last night, I doubt many Enterprise officers will show up tonight."

"I'll see you after midnight." Cathy started towards the door.

"So, you're going to hide?" Jimmi asked. This was not like Cathy at all. She shrugged.

"What am I suppose to say to Pavel if he comes in tonight?"

"Find out what happened last night." Cathy said.

"He won't tell me anything, Cath." Jimmi said. "Pavel's just not like that."

"Then just don't say anything." Cathy ran out of the office and out of the bar before Jimmi could say anything else.

Jimmi was on stage when Commander Sulu finally walked into the bar. He made his way through the crowd. He was surprised to see Randy leaning across the bar talking to Ensign Gonzoles.

"Gonzoles." Sulu smiled at her. There were no empty seats at the bar. "How goes the shuttling?"

"Hello, Mr. Sulu." She smiled turning her bar stool to face him. "It's ok. I've actually got to see my family last weekend."

"How is your Uncle Hector?" Sulu asked. Randy put a beer in front of him without asking. "Thanks Randy."

"You don't forget a thing. Do you?" She asked. Before he could answer, she continued. "He's fine. It definitely helped my attitude to go home."

"I'm glad to hear it." He said. The music stopped momentarily. Sulu turned to see Jimmi heading his way. The crowd was thick and a self assured young officer blocked her way.

"If you are going to take a break, darling, let me buy you a drink." he offered hopefully. He was quite good looking, tall and with curly light brown hair.

"No thanks." Jimmi smiled as she shook her head.

"You sure?" the Ensign asked.

"Excuse me, Ensign." Sulu said from behind the young man. He reached his hand out to Jimmi. She took it and walked past the ensign. "Hello Beautiful. Sorry I'm late."

"Sorry Sir." the ensign said and turned away quickly.

Sulu retrieved his beer from the bar and draped his arm over her shoulder. "Am I going to have to fight off the entire graduating class of the Academy for you?"

"Would you do that for me, Harry?" She laughed leaning against him.

"Don't get any ideas, Little Girl." He tried to sound stern, but could not keep the smile off his face. "What's Ensign Gonzoles going to think?"

Jimmi looked over a Gonzoles who was watching them. "I didn't know you two knew each other."

"We do." Sulu said. She turned back to him. He looked her the eye, daring her to ask

"Oh, it's a pilot thing, right?" Jimmi teased him. She winked. "Like a club. You all know each other. Right?"

"Right." He laughed.

"Didn't Pavel come with you?" she asked. She pulled away from him to looked around. Chekov was talking to Scotty at one of the tables. "I've got to talk to him. Right back."

She kissed Sulu quickly and ran off to talk to Pavel. Sulu said. "What are you looking at, Rosita?"

"A different Commander Sulu than I've ever seen before." Gonzoles could not help but smile. He raised his eyebrow questioningly, so she elaborated. "More relaxed."

"I didn't know I was so stiff." He said. "After all we've been together in bars on several occasions."

"Stiff wasn't the word I was looking for." Gonzoles smiled. "But just now, with Jimmi, you seemed different. Has this been a long term relationship?"

Before he could answer, Chekov joined them. "Randy! How do you get a beer in this place?" Randy was busy. He handed Chekov a beer and hurried away. Chekov turned to the two Starfleet officers and said, "Your girlfriend is checking up on you. Hello Rosita, how are you?"

"I'm fine, Pavel." She smiled. "You?"

"Good."

"What did you tell her?" Sulu leaned against the bar casually.

"I told her I do not watch you for her." Chekov said. Sulu laughed. He didn't believe Chekov for one minute. But he would wait to find out what Chekov actually told Jimmi.

"Good." Sulu said and drank his beer. Jimmi joined Randy behind the bar. He had his hands full.

"Jimmi." Chekov called her. She came over as soon as she finished pouring another customer's drink. "Where is Cathy tonight?"

"I'm not suppose to tell you." Jimmi leaned across the bar.

Chekov cocked his head to one side and studied her for a moment before asking, "Why not?"

"I'm not suppose to tell you that either." Jimmi shrugged.

"Sounds like she's moved on to me." Sulu said. "But that's typical for Cathy. She always has been a bit flighty."

"Jimmi." Chekov ignored Sulu and leaned on the bar when he asked, "What can you tell me?" _

"I think she's confused, Pav. And a little embarrassed." Jimmi said quietly. Chekov had to lean close to her to hear. "It might help if she talked to you."

"Her ship?" Chekov asked. Jimmi shrugged. Chekov left his beer on the bar. "See you later."

"Hey Boss." Diane called. Jimmi went to fill the waitress's order.

"So is your girlfriend is the jealous type?" Gonzoles asked after Chekov was gone. She was fascinated by this formally unseen side of Sulu. She had thought she knew him.

Sulu looked at her with surprise. "I don't know."

"How long have you known this girl?" She laughed.

"Jealousy has never been a problem in the past." Sulu said. He took a long drink of his beer and watched Jimmi behind the bar. She did not seem to pay any more attention to his talking to Gonzoles than she did if he sat at the bar with Uhura or Chapel. He wasn't sure what to think.

Cathy didn't know what to do. She wanted to talk to Pavel but she was so embarrassed. She remembered everything from the night before except his leaving. She didn't know what happened after she blacked out so she didn't know how to act when she saw him. She had her

computer screen on, trying to read some reports. But she wasn't getting anything done.

She didn't know how long she had been sitting there when she looked up and saw him standing in the doorway. "Permission to come aboard?" he asked softly with a smile.

"Come in." she said looking up at him. "Have a seat."

He sat in a chair opposite from her. "How are you this evening?"

She smiled somewhat shyly. "I'm better now."

"Good." He smiled. He took a deep breath and continued. "You had a lot to drink last night. I was worried."

"I don't usually drink that much." Cathy said. She wasn't sure why it mattered what he thought, but it mattered. "Not to the point of..." she searched for the right word. "forgetfulness."

"I left as soon as I saw that you were inside and safe." Chekov said simply.

Cathy started to protest that she knew that, but she stopped herself. "Thank you for telling me." She didn't know what else to say

"Perhaps we could take a walk." Chekov suggested. "To talk."

"That sounds nice." Cathy smiled. She was about to get up when her computer signaled an incoming call. "Just a minute, Pavel. Yes?"

"I'm sorry to bother you, C.J." Sam appeared on her screen. "But the Hobson deal is a disaster."

"Isn't Danny on that?" Cathy asked. "Why aren't you calling him?"

"Because your father fired him about ten minutes ago." Sam said. "Tony Hobson says the deal is unacceptable. And he wants to talk to someone in the family. Big Joe wants you to handle it."

"Ok Sam." Cathy said. "Send me all the information on the contracts including any notes Danny had. I'll review it tonight and talk to Tony in the morning. And tell Big Joe that he backs up any deal I make."

"Got it." Sam said. "The files are on their way. And I'll leave a copy of this conversation for your father."

"Good." Cathy smiled at her secretary. "And Sam..."

"Yeah C.J.?"

"Go home." Cathy said. "You work too hard."

"Goodnight."

"You have to work?" Pavel asked.

"Not right this minute." Cathy smiled. They left the ship together. "I have a long night ahead of me, but that's ok. I slept very late this morning."

"I wish I had." Chekov said as they walked through the park. "So, you call your father Big Joe?"

"Everyone does." Cathy said. "I used to run into his office and call him Daddy when I was ten. But if I want to be taken seriously in this business, that won't cut it."

"And you do want to be taken seriously." Pavel observed.

"Of course. We have a lot of other interest these days, but our main business is still freight." Cathy said. "Which is why I got my pilots license as soon as I was sixteen. Without that license, no one in this industry would listen to me. But I am probably boring you with all this."

"Not at all." Chekov smiled. "What about your mother? She is involved in this

business?"

"Oh yes." Cathy said. "She's on a business trip to Starbase 68 right now. She handles all our dealings with Starfleet. And there have been some problems with shipping in that area."

"Do you deal with the Della Mir?" Chekov asked.

"Only minimally. I've used their repair facilities at Kali Guari a couple of times." Cathy said. "But they don't exactly believe in equal partnerships."

"What do you mean?"

"Any time we've even approached them they have made demands that we are just not willing to meet." Cathy sat on a park bench. "You don't really want to talk business, do you?"

"Why not?" Chekov smiled and sat next to her. "I find what you do interesting. And from what I can see, you handle it well."

"Pavel, you are unlike any other man I've ever dated." Cathy marveled. "They were never interested in my work."

"You have been dating the wrong men." Chekov laughed.

"I guess I have." Cathy looked away. She wasn't sure what to do next. She felt his fingers gently touch her chin. She let him turn her face towards him. She expected him to kiss her.

"What's wrong?" He asked her quietly.

"I don't...." Cathy shrugged. "What you must think of me."

"Does what I think matter?" Chekov asked. Cathy looked him in the eye. She didn't want to admit out loud how much it mattered. "I think there is more to you than meets the eye. And that is intriguing."

"Intriguing?" Cathy smiled. No one had ever called her that before. Beautiful, sure. Wild, definitely. Even tempting, but never anything remotely like intriguing. "Really?"

Chekov laughed. "What did you expect?"

"Never mind." Cathy blushed.

"It's getting late." Chekov checked his chronometers. "I have to think about getting back to the ship."

"I better get to work anyway." Cathy said getting up. She was beginning to think that he just wasn't interested sexually.

"May I walk you back to your ship?" Chekov asked.

"Sure." Cathy smiled. She didn't understand Pavel Chekov, but she wanted to. As they walked along she asked, "So where does the Enterprise go now?"

"I don't know." Chekov shrugged. "We will go where ever the orders say."

"How do you do that?" Cathy asked. "I could not just follow orders without knowing what the ultimate goals are."

"It is not as simple as that." Chekov explained. "It is a matter of trust. If I felt something was wrong I would not hesitate to say so. But there are times when you follow orders without question whether you understand or not. Like during a battle."

"Have you been in many battles, Pavel?"

"One or two." Chekov said. They stopped in front of her ship. Vasco Enterprises was printed on her side followed by the ship's name, Valhalla. Chekov was not ready to go. "How did you happen to name your ship?"

"My father claims there is Viking blood in our family history." Cathy smiled. "It's the

Viking word for heaven. I think."

"I am sorry, but I have to go." Pavel said. "I would love to stay and talk to you longer."

"What happens if you are late?"

"I can not be late today." he said checking his chronometer again. He only had a couple of minutes. He reached up and touched her beautiful blond hair. She smiled, looking into his deep brown eyes. He kissed her lightly, gently. She responded, kissing him back passionately. He held her tightly. "I want to see you again."

"When?" Cathy felt like she could barely breathe.

"When I can." he said. "I have to go. I will call you."

"Ok." Cathy whispered as she let go of him.

Pavel left her quickly. He had less than five minutes before he would technically be AWOL. He walked into the transporter room just as Sulu was getting on the pad. Chekov joined him and they were back on Enterprise with at least two minutes to spare. Mr. Scott was in Enterprise's transporter room.

"Bridge. All present and accounted for." Scotty called on the comline. He looked up at Sulu and Chekov "Nice of you lads to join us."

"You weren't that far ahead of us, Scotty." Sulu said. Scotty just laughed and shrugged. Chekov and Sulu headed for their respective cabins. They would be on duty again in eight hours. As they walked down the hall together, Sulu asked. "Did you find Cathy?"

"Yes." Chekov said.

"What was her problem?" Sulu asked.

"That would be classified information." Chekov said and changed the subject quickly. "Did the Princess have any more questions regarding Ensign Gonzoles?"

"Surprisingly, no." Sulu said. They stopped in front of Chekov's door. "What did you really tell her?"

"Just that Gonzoles had saved your life a few years ago and that she was a good officer." Chekov explained. "See you for breakfast?"

"Yeah." Sulu said and headed for his own bunk.