Dear Demora (Make It up As I Go)

by Misscar

Summary

Follow-up to Dear Spock and Dear James. The five year mission is a go. Jim is trying to figure out how to be Spock’s first officer and husband while dealing with the lasting consequences of nearly dying. Spock tries to figure out how to give Jim what he needs while balancing his responsibilities as captain. Sulu is trying to figure out how to be a good dad to Demora and partner to Ben light years from both. Leonard and Nyota are trying to figure out how to raise a preteen in space with enough baggage to fill the ship. No one knows quite what they’re doing. However, they are the best crew in Starfleet, which essentially means they’ll just make it up as they go. A collection of letters, emails and other written correspondence from the first year of Enterprise’s five-year mission.

Notes
Title: Dear Demora (and other Epitaphs from Enterprise)

Summary: How exactly do you stay grounded when even the gravity around you is artificial and you’re light years away from home? By keeping connected to those you love by whatever written means necessary. A collection of letters, emails and other written correspondence from Enterprise’s five-year mission.

This is the third story in the Dear Spock universe.

Continuity: This story follows Dear Spock and Dear James, which was a re-contextualizing of Star Trek Into Darkness. We are about 90% cannon compliant up to the end of Star Trek Into darkness. The biggest differences are that the Vengeance Incident occurred in June instead of February 2259, Jim and Spock are married, and Leonard and Nyota are raising his daughter together onboard Enterprise. She also legally changed her name to Josephine Jamie Uhura-McCoy. Finally, Spock is now captain of Enterprise, and Jim is his first officer/assistant Captain.

How canon compliant will we be for Star Trek Beyond, you're just going to have to read and see. Although Sulu’s daughter is already here, along with his boyfriend’s daughter from a previous relationship. See things are different already. Maybe enough things have changed so that some of the events of Star Trek Beyond will not happen or maybe some things are inevitable. I know the answer to that question, but I’m not ready to share yet.

Rating: T for grown-up situations and language.
Relationships: The Kirk family now with 100% more Spock, Sulu family (Sulu, Demora, Demora’s mother’s Susan, as well as Ben and his daughter), and the Uhura-McCoy family. So I guess I should say upfront, this is going to be more family oriented, instead of couple oriented. Jim and Spock do not have kids, yet, but Jim still has Kevin. (Reminder in the Dear Spock universe Kevin Riley was adopted by Winona and will hence be referred to as Kevin Kirk)

Entries for this story will be organized by the day into the Enterprise journey that they were written on (not the day on which the messages arrive because when our babies are in deep space, it may take a day or six to get there). We are beginning on day zero of the 5 year mission, which in this universe is February 17, 2260 or 2260.48. (It’s been eight years, but I finally figured out how to do start dates in the KTL but for the sake of consistency with the previous stories we well keep things as they were)

Also, you won’t see all the letters from Enterprise because there would probably be thousands. There’s a good chance that the prologue may be one of the few places where we have pros and it’s probably going to be our longest chapter by a lot. I’m planning for the vast majority of the story to be Letters, emails and text messages. I’m also planning for short chapters after this, which means frequent updates, by my standards anyway.

Now on to the story.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Day 0: Now Returning to Enterprise

Hikaru has left his family for missions for extended periods of time before, more than once, but he doesn’t remember it ever being this hard before. He felt like his heart was breaking and he was on the verge of crying the entire time. He never really said his goodbyes in the shuttle hangers before either, but he wanted to spend as much time with Ben, Demora and Ben’s daughter Kiko before leaving on the five-year mission.

Susan was also there, which might be the only reason why Ben and the kids got this far. Nobody was going to tell Commander Susan Ling-Chen (daughter of the head of Starfleet) that she couldn’t bring her daughter with her to see off her father. He knew that the entire ship was gossiping about his surprise fatherhood. He might as well give them something interesting to talk about.

It wasn’t until the last possible moment that Hikaru kissed Ben goodbye on the mouth (for a good two minutes) after handing over Demora to her mom. He then kissed all three women on the cheek before making his way to the shuttle and that’s when Demora started screaming. He wanted to go back and cuddle her again to let her know that he wasn’t going anywhere and that he loved her so much. He would have to if Dr. McCoy didn’t grab his arm and pulled him into the shuttle.

“It’s always hard to leave your little girl behind for the first time.” He wanted to make some snide remark about the fact that his daughter, the recently rechristened Josephine Uhura-McCoy was already waiting on the shuttle with her recently adopted mother. However, he said nothing.

“Honestly, I was a wreck my first shift back at the clinic after bringing her home from the hospital. I think I cried for a week when the ex took Josephine away the first time. It was just as bad when I moved to San Francisco. That might’ve been the real reason why I was drinking so much when I met Jim. If I was sober at the time, we probably never would have become friends,” the Doctor remarked.

"Are you going to tell me it gets better?” Hikaru asked.

“Only when there are phone calls and at least your relationship with your daughter’s mother is significantly better than my relationship with Josephine’s birthmother.” Who was an alcoholic and who died by driving her vintage car into a tree. But nobody talks about that. Nobody dares mention it, especially in front of the young girl who has had her entire life changed around in the last eight months. “If it wasn’t for her aunt, I wouldn’t have the last time we were in space.”

“You’re right in that respect. Sue has already pulled some strings and she, Ben, and the kids will be there on our first planned shore leave in June.” Only four long months away. At least he will get to spend her first birthday with his daughter.

“Keep looking forward to that and maybe you’ll get through the next five years.” Leonard said as they took their seats on the shuttle. At least he couldn’t hear Demora’s cries anymore, but that didn’t mean he was not concerned. By the time he made it to his brand-new private quarters, he was in full parental panic mold. That wouldn’t go away until he checked up on his little girl. Thankfully, he could use a Starfleet instant messaging service with Sue. Hopefully she had her work communicator with her.

Me: Please tell me she stopped crying.

Ling-ChenSX: About 10 minutes after you were safely on the shuttle. Ben is a miracle worker. You have much better taste in men than I do. He is so good with her.
Me: I will take that as a compliment.

Ling-ChenSX: You really should. He made me brownies to help ease me back into single parenthood.

Me: His brownies really are good. He sent me up here with the whole tray.

Ling-ChenSX: Look, it’s going to take a little while for her to adjust to you not being here all the time, but it will happen. She’ll be okay. I was with both my parents in Starfleet. So, don’t worry yourself sick over it.

Me: I’m still going to worry. Your mom says that’s what parents do.

Ling-ChenSX: Very true. On the bright side, I will be teaching at the Academy until June and then the Hamilton will pick me up from wherever Enterprise is doing shore leave. So at least she will have me for a few more months.

Me: So, I really should be happy that your mom punished you for not telling her exactly how baby D came to be?

Ling-ChenSX: Yes, which I don’t get. You were there too. And you get a promotion and your own quarters. I get to spend a semester teaching first-year cadets. I prefer our eight-month-old.

Me: Babysitting actual babies is so much easier than dealing with freshman. I don’t have it that easy. I’m babysitting my Captain and my other Captain because they’re a married command team of the same rank and deep down inside we’re a little afraid that this will end in tears and body bags.

Ling-ChenSX: I just hope it’s not your body bags that will come back to us.

Me: I get what happened. No one wants to tell their mom that they got pregnant due to a shore leave three way because your idiot, now former boyfriend accidentally picked up fertility drugs. I just wish I found out you were pregnant before Liz showed me baby pictures of Demora when we were planning Jim’s wedding.

Ling-ChenSX: I realize I should’ve said something earlier, but after my boyfriend abandoned me, I was a little bit hesitant to have the conversation with you.

Me: Thankfully, I’m not him.

Ling-ChenSX: The rational part of my brain knew that, but pregnancy brain will mess with you.

Me: Although I’m not exactly sad that he ran away. It is better for Demora this way even if I am light years away. My parents are around to spoil her rotten.

Ling-ChenSX: That is true. I’m aware you’re glad that he bailed because of the gigantic gift basket that you sent all the way to Delta Vega for his birthday.

Me: Because his bi curiosity and incompetency gave us the best gift of all.

Me: At the same time, it was all a lot easier to be part of a five-year mission when I didn’t have a daughter waiting at home. It is going to be a long mission being away from everyone. Demora is going to be starting kindergarten when I get back. I think that is just starting to hit me.

Ling-ChenSX: Oh, but we will try to see each other whenever possible, and you can send letters. And we will reply with video files. I would say call, but I know what type of mission you’ll be on
and just getting an email may take a week or two.

Me: To you and Ben?

Ling-ChenSX: Or Demora and her twin by another mother/surrogate. We did set up her baby PADD to read to her in your voice.

Me: And when you’re back on the Hamilton, your mom?

Ling-ChenSX: No. Liz or Ben. No writing to mommy. There are some things I don’t want her to know.

Me: Ben will be at the top of my list. If we’re still together at that point.

Ling-ChenSX: You will be. I haven’t seen a guy look at his significant other like that since the last time I saw mom and dad together before he was killed.

Me: Thank you for reminding me of that morbid possibility.

Ling-ChenSX: We are Starfleet. This happens sometimes. I mean, I honestly hope Liz doesn’t get custody of baby D anytime soon, but you can’t just ignore the possibility of it.

Me: I know although I was thinking more along the lines of a breakup. He’s a widow whose first husband died during the battle of Vulcan. Maybe this will be too much for him.

Ling-ChenSX: Or maybe you'll be perfect for him. At least I have a partner for playgroup. I was not looking forward to being there without you, but I think Ben will make a suitable replacement.

Me: I told him he could see other people because I don’t expect him to be celibate for five years.

Ling-ChenSX: And are you planning to take advantage of the local alien populations as you galivant throughout the galaxy?

Me: Outside of sex pollen exposure, no. I don’t know how it happened with everything going on, but I really do love him.

Ling-ChenSX: I’m aware that you love him and I think he loves you too.

Ling-ChenSX: Everybody knows sex pollen doesn’t count. It’s right there in the Starfleet handbook. It’s not consensual.

Me: Has anybody had a sex pollen incident?

Ling-ChenSX: Not one that has been officially acknowledged at least. The closest thing to that has been that weird virus that made everyone lose their inhibitions. But hey, you have five years. Go forth and explore and send me back all the interesting details.

Me: I’ll try. I’m just going to be a little sad without you guys here.

Ling-ChenSX: We will send you pictures too. We’ll get through this.

xxxx

Jim always thought that the Enterprise was a beautiful lady. He was glad to have her. He pretty much died for her and everyone aboard her. After almost dying and only surviving most likely due to a Vulcan mind meld and magical augment blood antibodies, he was ready to pass the keys to his Spock. Although, if they were married, maybe that meant Enterprise was their baby. He’s sure
Admiral Pike would agree with him if he pressed her on it.

Technically, he’s still a Captain, Spock’s co-captain. Technically, he still lives in the Captain’s quarters. Although, there was now a very plush queen size bed in there which was nicer than what they had before. By the time the volcano fiasco happened, they were already living together, but this space was truly designed for the couple.

Their new quarters included a meditation space for Spock and digital frames filled with images of friends and family, including those that were no longer with them. Sam, George, Chris and Amanda featured prominently. The thermostat was set at the tolerable 23°C with plenty of thermal comforters to keep Spock nice and cozy. Of course, this means that Jim will be sleeping naked on top of the covers, but that’s not exactly a hardship. Marriage really was all about compromise.

Now the biggest difference was that the closet was now 90% command gold with a few shore leave outfits in there for flavor. The only way you can tell the difference was the size. Jim was a little bit bigger up top in his spouse. And no, he wasn’t getting the stomach, no matter what Bones argued, genetic predisposition be damned. It was all good because honey bear looked good in gold. Okay his honey bear would look good in a burlap sack if they still made burlap sacks.

As Jim took one of the many gold shirts out to get ready for the afternoon, he noticed a gift box on the top shelf of the closet. At first, he wondered if it was from Spock. Maybe it was some sort of belated Valentines present or maybe it was a ‘thank God we’re back on our ship’ gift. By this point in their relationship, Spock knew he wasn’t good with surprises so he probably knew full well that Jim would open the box as soon as he found it, at least the card was attached, anyway. That’s when he found the card with a rather long note inside not from Spock, but rather Admiral Nhi Pike.

Congratulations on joining our ranks as a first officer. You’re doing it a little backwards, but as someone who went from first officer to Admiral directly, sometimes it’s necessary. Granted, you’ve been doing first officer duties since July, but that was all the prelaunch paperwork. This is the real job now.

‘Which was bad enough.’ Jim mumbled to himself as he paused in his reading.

Once you are in space, you will have all sorts of different crises to deal with. A good portion of it involves crewmembers acting like toddlers. I could probably fill out the front of this card and back with all sorts of tips that you probably will forget or ignore, but instead I thought I would get you a copy of a book that will serve you well.

That’s when Jim looked inside to find a rare hard copy of The Idiot’s Guide to Being a First Officer.

“Very funny.” He said out loud, already thinking of the email he would send her the first time he had a chance.

“I’m not certain it is meant to be humorous, but rather helpful. I also received a copy of the book from her when I took over her duties as first officer for Christopher Pike.” Spock said walking up behind him. He turned around to give him a quick peck on the lips, which turned into a not so quick kiss, that would’ve gone farther if not for the fact that Spock had to give a welcome speech in the next 22 minutes.

“You look good in command yellow. I wish we had time for me to strip that shirt off you.” Jim remarked.

"Although not as good as you.” Spock replied.
"Are you still nervous? Because honey you’re going to do much better than my first day." Jim said fixing his collar. It may have got a little messed up during the kissing.

"Which first day are we counting as the first day of your captaincy? When you had to relieve me of command due to my emotional incapacitation or your actual first day?" Spock asked being extra Vulcán. Yep, he was nervous.

"When we started randomly fighting on the bridge." Jim clarified as he rubbed soothing circles on Spock’s back.

"We never had a physical altercation on the bridge."

“After the first time.” Jim quipped. “You are just being extra Vulcán today. Maybe I should use the term sniping.”

"I believe that will not be an issue, this time due to the sexual tension being significantly less than previously, or at least that is Nyota’s opinion of us."

"I’ve learned she’s always right. Are you ready to head to the bridge, Captain Spock–Kirk?" Spock responded by kissing him again.

“I am now.”

Xxxx

"Are you sure you’re going to be okay settling in on your own?" Mommy Nyota asked as she showed Josephine to her brand-new room aboard Enterprise.

This would be her third new room since July. At this point, Josephine was an expert at setting up her room. The little house in Georgia was nice and she was close enough to be able to hang out with her friends. However, she didn’t like the apartment in San Francisco. She hated not having a backyard. Of course, being on a starship meant no backyard or friends to play in said nonexistent backyard with.

There were a couple of other teenagers that would be on the ship, but when she met them last week at the ice cream social for the new minor dependents of Enterprise (allegedly Uncle Jim’s idea), she had a feeling she wouldn’t be close to any of them. That meant the person closest to her age that would talk to her was Pavel who was teaching her Russian in his spare time. She wished he was still teaching her math like before, but she was going to have to go to class with the other Enterprise children, even though she was three years younger than all of them.

Since leaving Georgia, Liz and Kevin had functioned as her primary tutors for the last couple of months and she adored them. They understood her better than others because they both lost their parents when they were around her age. Different circumstances, but they got it. She doubted any of her brand-new classmates would. They probably had two happy parents who were both on board the ship and never had to deal with it.

"I’ll be fine. Nyota I’m not a baby. I can do this."

"I know, but I worry.” The ‘because you didn’t leave your room for about a month after your mom died’ was left unsaid. “According to your schedule, you can have until the 21st to explore the ship before really starting to get into your class schedule. Your Uncle Jim is supposed to give me at least one or two afternoons off so we can work on your Vulcán-based languages, in addition to the normal curriculum."
"I thought that’s what Uncle Spock was doing?" During the last month and a half, her Uncle Spock would come over at least one afternoon a week to hang out and help her on her Vulcun language skills. He also cooked which was good because mom Nyota was best known for her pizza ordering skills. But he also understood. He lost his mom as well less than two years ago. It was a short enough time that things were still raw for him and he didn’t expect her to be okay. That was good.

"Yes, but Uncle Spock is now captain and busy. So, I think I’m going to be taking over for at least a little while." Nyota tells her.

"I understand."

"It won’t always be like this. We just need to get settled and so do you. I suggest unpacking and maybe decorating. You can start by remaking your bed." That’s when Nyota pointed to the purple bedcovers on the side. She was so sure she packed those for storage because she was told that everything had to be regulation Starfleet. She was currently dressed in a tiny blue dependent uniform. At least she got to keep her purple sparkly pajama and similar sleepwear. That meant she was surprised to see her bed spread from before.

"Uncle Spock made an exemption for you and all the other minor dependents. He wants you to think of this place as home." Nyota tells her.

It’s not home. Josephine thinks to herself, although she is not sure what home is anymore. She doesn’t think she really had one since her parents divorced when she was a baby, maybe she never had one. Maybe it’s where her dad and adopted mother are. Or maybe they were in the process of creating it. She’s still trying to figure out the meaning of that word. It’s a work in progress.

"Also, Liz sent you a survival starter pack." Nyota said pointing to the giant box. Josephine quickly ran over to open that. She found a ridiculous amount of chocolate covered popcorn, containers of cookies, and a ridiculous amount of candy. There were also some board games and the bottom.

"Please do not eat all of the junk food she sent you in one day because we don’t have a shore leave schedule until the first week of June and the ship store usually runs out of candy around week three. Earth candy anyway."

"Since dad always says, ‘Do not eat strange alien food’ that means no candy for me."

"Not until your dad does the scan anyway and that covers candy from the commissary too. Also, don’t drink anything that comes from engineering.” Her mom said in all seriousness.

"I think Mister Scott would know better than to give alcohol to a minor."

"I hope so anyway, at least not until we make it to year 4.” Nyota jokes. “I’ll be back in a couple of hours to check on you. After the initial welcome to Enterprise remarks, I just need to greet the department and give everybody their assignments. I don’t have a real bridge assignment until tomorrow anyway."

"I’ll be fine, mom.” She tried to reassure her.

"I worry. I mean I always wanted to live in space like my parents, but it wasn’t an option. But we are taking you away from Georgia, your aunt, as well as all your friends and bringing you into this weird place to go boldly into the black and…”

"I want to be here with you and dad." She really does. She just needs some part of her life to keep being normal, even if normal involves being on a starship with 1000 people.
“I know, but I’m still going to worry. I’ve been informed that parenthood is at least 90% worrying yourself sick.” Nyota said with a kiss to her head, before walking out the door, leaving Josephine to her own devices.

Her dad and mom Nyota would be happy to know that she did make her bed before opening the popcorn. Of course, underneath the popcorn was a letter from Liz written on real paper.

Greetings to the youngest member of the Starfleet crew. I bet Pavel is sad to be losing that title. But at least he’s losing it to you and not to any of the other kids that are going to be on the ship.

So, I never actually lived on a ship when mom was a captain unless you count the three-month journey back from Tarsus hell and technically she wasn’t my mom yet, but that was when she decided to adopt me. That wasn’t exactly fun times for anyone. I slept with ration bars under my bed the entire time.

But before it all fell apart on Tarsus, I did live with my parents on their privately funded research vessel. So, I’m well versed in ship life as well as little classes with other bratty ship kids. Good luck.

To help you survive five years in space, I have packed you a care package with lots of junk food and old-fashioned board games, some of which came from the Kirk family collection that Jim did not want to take with them. There are also a bunch of data chips that you can load to your PADD with other things too occupy your time.

I also packed a therapy journal in there because you’re still adapting to living with your dad because of what happened to your mom. I know Uncle Jim taught you how to do the letter technique. It might become useful at some point.

Remember if it all becomes too much, reach out to those around you. Mom always said, my birth mom, that it is easy to get lost in space, but it’s the people that you love and that love you that keep you tethered to the world. Remember that over the next five years.

Since I’m trying to do my internship on Enterprise next semester, I hope to see you again sooner rather than later. Actually, I may see you before that, because I know my sister is going to bring me along on her family trip just to babysit. I’m moving in with her. That’s what little sisters do.

PS: I also included 101 codes for replicators. You should be able to re-program it to do Snickers, but ask Uncle Jim to do that. Not Mister Scott because mom can’t deal with an engineer accidentally blowing up a ship right now.

To be continued.
Day 2: Settling In

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the first chapter. You are all lovely. So now we began our micro format. For those of you that remember the original Dear Spock, most of this story is going to be like the first 10 letters, except the conversations will not be one-sided. Some may be, but not all of them. Also, we will have more than one email/written message per section, usually. There will be a few prose sections mixed in, but nowhere near as many as Dear James. We are going to be looking at familial relationships outside the ship, more than in previous stories.

There will also be Jim and Spock snarking back and forth to each other in written format because it’s pretty much a requirement for the Dear Spock universe. We’re going to start with some of the other characters first for world building purposes, but for those of you reading this on KS archives we will get there.

On the bright side with the micro format, more updates. It is extremely easy for me to do 1000 word mini chapters. So think weekly updates instead of monthly.

Day 2: Settling In.

From: SuluHG
To: Ling-ChenSX
Subject: Daddy misses you. (This was your mom’s idea)
Time sent: 2/19/2260 05:30:26

Dear Demora (and Susan because I know you’re reading this because I sent it to your account),

I miss you. I think I watched the video file of my first play date with you at least six times. But it doesn’t make the process of being light years away from you hurt less. It’s been 48 hours and I’m already aware it’s going to be a long 5 years. I think I told your mom that a couple of times the day I left you for Uncle Spock’s big ship.

My heart broke to hear you crying. You’re my little girl. I hate hearing you cry. I’m already counting down to the shore leave on your birthday in a little under four months. It really pays to have a Nanna who is an Admiral.

I have your pictures up all over my room. I may have even snuck one onto my console, hard copy
of course. I even have Josephine’s picture that she drew of you. It’s on the bathroom door. I’m sharing with Uncle Jim and Uncle Spock because I’m in the old first officer’s quarters. We can also blame that one on Nanna because I’m captain sitting.

Tell Nana that so far, they’ve been well behaved, other than kissing Vulcan style on the bridge and apparently haven’t mastered the art of door locking. They’re not even arguing like they did the first time around. It probably helps that they have acknowledged that they really really like each other which is why they are now married. It’s almost cute and it makes me miss Ben a lot.

I hope you’re still able to see him and Kiko. He was so lonely after his husband died and I don’t want him to go back to that place. Kiko is really the only thing that kept him going. I’m writing to him after this. Maybe if this goes well, I’ll write to her next time too. You need as much play time with non-Starfleet kids as you can. Her being six months older than you may seem like a big gap now, but you’ll still end up in the same grade in school. Your aunt has told me horror stories which she refers to as Starfleet high school. I want you to turn out mostly normal and maybe consider things outside the Academy as a career choice.

I just kind of feel bad that I’m not going to be part of your everyday life for long stretches at a time. Being with Starfleet is important, but so are you. It’s hard being here without you. I bet it’s hard for you too. You’re probably as used to story times as I am and I’m not there anymore and that has to be weird for you. Who is taking over story time?

Then unfortunately once you get used to me not being there, your mom will be leaving to be the first officer of the Hamilton. Both of your parents will be light years away and you will be moving in with Nana and possibly Liz. Nana is one cool lady, but she’s not us. What did you do to get stuck with two Starfleet parents? It feels a little unfair to you.

Anyway, miss you. Love you, hugs and kisses.

PS: Yes Sue, this did help a little bit. You better take video of PADD me reading this to her.

Xxxxxx

From: SuluHG
To: Benjamin_2254

Subject: Space is lonely without you.

Time sent: 2/19/2260 05:45:26
Dear Ben:

I miss you. I love being here and I love being in space, but I miss you. I’m just starting to realize that in a few short months you have become such an integral part of my life that it feels odd without you here. It’s hard not to wake up beside you. You were sleeping over most nights before I left.

There’s not much to write about yet. We’re still traveling to our mission. The real mission, not the supply drop-offs along the way. I’m not sure yet if it will be a surveying mission or a diplomatic mission, but I prefer anything that will involve plants. I’m hoping for new samples for the botany lab. That’s really my favorite part of the job. I love to be in there for hours. It’s calming.

Although, honestly, even if I knew the details of the next mission, I couldn’t really tell you that much. Sorry baby, you’re a civilian. Although if it makes you feel better, I can’t tell Sue either and she has a higher rank than me. You were with me when we went to the trial of the person who screwed with Nyota’s birth control so you understand why we must be careful. Also, in one of our early missions last time, someone used Jim’s food allergies against Jim on a mission to derail negotiations. It almost killed him. I hope not to have a repeat of that. You do not want to have to deal with the Spock that’s worried about his Jim. It’s dangerous.

So far, the most interesting thing I must deal with is the constant complaints from Pavel about having to break in a new roommate. Every single lunch, it’s the same thing. I’m not sorry. I’m just happy that I’m not going to have to deal with finding somewhere else to sleep because he has company over. For someone who’s barely legal, he gets around a lot. Although maybe because he was under age during his entire time at the Academy, he’s just doing what all of us did during at least first year. Okay, I was never that bad, but I had a boyfriend and may have been talked into a few things with Sue. You’ll be amazed at what she can talk you into doing.

Two days into the five-year mission and I have also already walked in on my Captain and his husband “fooling around” in the shower and I’m not to say more in case he accidentally on purpose reads this email. I’m not telling anyone else about that. If we are going to be sharing a bathroom for five years, we are going to have to work something out. There’s some things I don’t want to see.

How is Kiko doing? Has she successfully mastered toilet training? Or rather, has she successfully mastered telling you when she needs to go to the bathroom. At least she did not break into hysterical crying at the hangar. Although I heard you kept things from getting worse. It must be why you’re one of the best pediatricians in San Francisco.

Did I mention I miss you? Because I absolutely do and not just because I also woke up to the sex sounds of my next-door neighbors. I am so checking in with engineering about more soundproofing. God, they are loud.
Write back when you can or send video files. Once things get busy, my replies will be hit or miss. But know that I will always be thinking about you.

Okay, once we get far enough out there, it might be weeks before you get these emails. During the last mission, it once took Captain Spock’s father over a week to get a letter from him and the Vulcan is an ambassador. If it does become weeks, always check with Sue. She will know if the long delay in communication is normal mission stuff or abnormal mission stuff. I’m hoping we have a lot of normal before we get to the abnormal. But this is Starfleet, abnormal mission stuff is quite normal.

Okay, what I’m really hoping for is nobody trying to kill my Captain again, either one. I think my new job means I must fill out the paperwork for that. I do not want to do that paperwork.

Anyway, love you.

Xxxxx

From: Uhura-McCoyJJ
To: Simmons-ChanEX
Subject: Thank you for the survival kit.
Time sent: 2/19/2260 13:30:26

Liz, thank you for the snacks and games. I did get to eat most of the popcorn before Nyota put it up somewhere for special occasions. I’m not sure if I’ll ever see it again. Dad loves that stuff.

We also played Monopoly as a family last night. It’s different playing the board game version. Also, everything is so much cheaper. Dad really doesn’t like being the banker and Nyota is competitive. She did not let me win.

I have one more day of freedom because the next day I start classes again. I’m not looking forward to being in a classroom where everybody is at least three years older than me. I’m going to be completely behind everyone else. I don’t know why I can’t have my own tutor. I don’t think they’re going to like me. Okay I know they’re not going to like me. No one talked to me when we had the ice cream social pre-launch. I spent the entire time eating ice cream in the corner alone.
Uncle Jim is too busy with first officer stuff to help with the replicator project right now and Uncle Spock is too busy overseeing all the Captain ship stuff. Although Uncle Jim says once everything is moving smoothly to make sure the personal replicator in our quarters makes Snickers bars. He said he’ll do it for his room for grown-up fun play time with Spock. I don’t think I want to know what that means yet.

To be continued
Day 3: Herding cats aboard the USS Enterprise

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last chapter. You’re all wonderful. I’m going to be extremely busy this weekend, so you are this update today. Now we are finally getting a letter from Jim’s perspective.

From: Jim_Spock-Kirk
To: Number_one_Pike
Time sent: 2/20/2260 00:04:01
Subject: Being the first officer is like herding cats.

Hello to my favorite Admiral. I like you more than Rodriguez who is sending us to negotiate a peace treaty for our first real mission. God, I hope I don’t go into anaphylaxis again this time. Technically, Spock would probably be the lead negotiator, but I should go down as the Captain’s spouse. That’s going to be so much fun. (Insert sarcasm here.) Maybe I’ll wish for anaphylaxis.

I got the present and your card. Thank you for that. I’m a little sad that you got me and Spock the exact same present. Although he swears that it was useful. I’m 99% positive he’s referring to the how not to kill your Captain section. But it was a thoughtful gift, so thank you.

Hey, how are you? Do you miss us? I’m sure you are because I heard that they’re grooming you to take over for Barnett. I personally think you would make a great head of Starfleet Academy, mostly because you would give Kevin hell.

So, the reason why I’m writing you after midnight is this job is ridiculously time-consuming. I’m starting to learn that the first officer does all the real work and I don’t even get to see my husband as much as I thought I would. I’ve spent the last two days working through about 50 requests to change roommates, half of which are from Pavel. Like it’s my fault his BFF knocked up an Admiral’s daughter and got a private room.

Seriously, some of the newbies think they’re still in college. That’s on top of all the normal work I’m supposed to be doing and we haven’t even started doing the real mission yet. I wonder if Spock is expecting me to write annotated versions of his pre-mission briefs. He was so good at that.
Seriously, how did Spock balance first officer work, senior science officer work, and having to do half of my captain work because I didn’t know what I was doing for the first six months? I think it may be the fact he barely sleeps. He is in the lab right now. He was supposed to check on one of Carol’s special projects after dinner. That was three hours ago.

Fuck!

I need go because it looks like one of our minor dependents just tried to sneak into engineering because you know Scotty did you know what in the you know where and now I should deal with it. Do they not realize that we have sensors and cameras all over the ship and it’s even worse now after the attempted murder of myself and drugging my chief communication officer with fertility drugs? It was so much easier when it was a Spock problem.

I’ll talk to you later.

From: Ling-ChenSX
To: SuluHG

Subject: Re: Daddy misses you. (This was your mom’s idea)

Time sent: 2/20/2260 04:31:26

Play dates have been scheduled for later today and baby D misses you too. Okay, I miss you, because it was so much easier to do this parenting thing when we could tag team. I mean Liz is here and giving the baby an early breakfast while I write this. Of course, she is here because that means she doesn’t have to live in the dorms and therefore her boyfriend can sleep over without mom knowing the truth. Okay. She’s mostly here because they are being assholes to her in the dorms.

So, in the last three days you’ve missed three major crying fits and multiple attempts at scooting across the carpet. I attached a video file or six. I think our baby girl is going to be a crawler any day now. I swear I’m going to make Kevin baby proof the apartment. He’s here so much that he might as well earn his keep. Also, maybe if I make them spend enough time with Demora, I won’t become an aunt until they’re both out of the Academy. They’re both on the contraceptive hypo, but well, if that was 100% fool proof, she wouldn’t be here.

Xxxx
From: SuluHG
To: Ling-ChenSX

Subject: Re: Daddy misses you. (This was your mom’s idea)
Time sent: 2/20/2260 20:30:26

And if nothing else, your ex was a fool.

Yes, make your sister and her boyfriend spend as much time playing and taking care of Demora as possible. Your mom will kill us all if Kevin Kirk gets your sister pregnant. I kind of like my command team and if she kills Jim, you know Spock will just go off the deep end and it will be ugly for all involved. Jim agrees with me. I told him about his brother’s cohabitation at lunch.

Make sure you get video of the crawling for me. I’ve watched the scooting videos like six times. Has she said anything that sounded like an actual word yet? Before leaving, she was making a su sound. She’s either trying for my last name or your first name. I’m not sure which I prefer.

Tell the babies that I miss them and I hope things go well for you and Ben. I think I’ve mentioned this before, but he really needs more friends. After his first husband died, a lot of his old friends either left him behind or were also killed. He was sad when we first met. I just don’t want him to go back to that. You lost a lot of friends, especially during the Vulcan incident as well. You could use another friend, especially one with kids.

xxxxxx

From: Simmons-ChanEX
To: Uhura-McCoyJJ

Subject: Re: Thank you for the survival kit.
Time sent: 2/20/2260 21:30:26

No, you don’t want to know what grown-up fun time is. At least not for five more years, at a minimum.

New schools are always scary. But you are sweet and kind and mostly outgoing, so I think it will be okay. I know sometimes you get sad, but it’s okay. Nobody is 100% on all the time. I think a lot of your new classmates will like you. Some may not. But that’s their problem, not yours.

Okay, some of them could be spoiled Starfleet brats, but I think the probability is low because your classes won’t be filled with all the children of the Admiralty. Mommy Chen just became a baby
Admiral when I started high school, which meant lots of fun. I think it will be better for you.

Anyway, have a good day at school tomorrow. Learn new things. Have fun. Write me again when you have a chance.

To be continued.
Day 4: Email your brother

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all great. So you’re getting this today because my parents are arriving tomorrow (I still have more cleaning to do). If things go well I may update again next Wednesday otherwise it will be November 4.

Day 4: Email your brother

From: Simmons-ChanEX
To: Jim_Kirk-Spock
Subject: You should probably consider better soundproofing for your quarters

time arrived: 2/21/2260 00:00:01

So, somehow it got to my sister that your new next-door neighbor can hear you screwing your husband. Thankfully this bit of information was not shared with my boyfriend because that would just be traumatizing for him.

By the way, you probably should write your brother so he knows that you’re alive. He’s been jittery the last few days. This is the first time you’ve been back on the job in space since you died. I don’t think he can deal with watching his family die again. That sort of stuff really fucks with you long term.

xxxxxxx

From: Number_one_Pike
To: Jim_Spock-Kirk

Time sent: 2/21/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Re: Being the first officer is like herding cats.

Herding cats is a specialty of all first officers. It is probably worse because you have actual teenagers on board. Okay, you had teenagers last time, but I have a feeling that your navigator was better behaved. You think they could at least, wait a week to break into the distillery on board the ship.
Yes, I know what your engineering department is doing. Good luck trying to get them not to do it. Seriously, can’t they just grow cannabis in the greenhouse like all the other ships? We did the best brownies. Also, the ship is less likely to blow up, you know, if nobody tries to smoke it.

At this point I should probably ask you if your ship still has teenagers or if Josephine Uhura-McCoy is the only one left? I hope the pilot program is successful because I think that it would be good for families to be on ships again, but I’ll be honest, they gave you a tough group. But truthfully, I think you may be the only one who can handle these teenagers because you’re a lot more like these kids than you realize.

Despite the challenges, I’m kind of glad that you’re going back and getting to do the first officer experience because the next time you are a Captain, I think you’ll be better for it. It’s a different job, but you’ll get the hang of it eventually and I’m here if you have questions. I also think you’re right about Spock not sleeping. It is your responsibility as first officer to make sure that your Captain doesn’t drop dead of exhaustion. We frowned upon that in the first officer club.

From: Jim_Spock-Kirk
To: Number one Pike
Time sent: 2/21/2260 12:21:01
Subject: Re: Being the first officer is like herding cats.

I’m trying, but I make no promises. I’m starting to realize how much of a workaholic I’m married to. I think Carol may kill him because Spock re-did half of her report. I’m trying to mitigate with the help of her wife, but this may not go well.

Also, I am so glad I decided to email that to your private accounts and now I know to make sure all traces of this disappear off the Enterprise email server. See by going straight to being a Captain, I totally missed cannabis brownie time. When Spock gets home, I’m so asking him if he participated in cannabis brownie parties.

We still have teenagers, for the moment at least. Three of the five are going to be scrubbing decks with literal toothbrushes for the next two weeks, but they’re still here. Should I be concerned that I am the only one on the ship that has been arrested more?

Maybe things will get better now that classes have started. I hope so at least. Then again, I had to remind my navigator this morning that just because he is only two years older than one of our new dependent minors does not mean it’s okay for her to flirt with him. He needs to shut that down now.
I kind of want to worship at Spock’s feet for having to deal with this all last year. It’s a different job yet just as stressful as the last one. I am surrounded by whiny children and not all of them are actual minors. I kid you not, a fight broke out this morning in the cafeteria for reasons unknown, and I’m still trying to figure out what the hell happened. I hate writing disciplinary forms and its just day 4.

Also, somehow, I think the gossip may be worse on a ship then it was in the Academy, at least this year anyway. I mean, Enterprise always had a decent/vicious rumor mill, but I don’t remember it being this bad last year, at least not until after I died. Maybe most people know better than to say stuff like that in front of their captain, but forget to not say those things in listening distance of his husband. And maybe I didn’t care because I’m kind of used to people talking about me at this point. Of course, they’re bringing Spock into it now, and that just pisses me off. Seriously, do not talk shit about my husband.

Although that’s kind of nice compared to what they’re saying about Demora and Jo Jo. They’re being so nasty. The baby’s too young and thankfully light years away, but I’m sure Jo Jo heard half of it and I know her therapist heard a lot of it. Sometimes I hate people.

Okay, I should cut this venting session short because I probably ought to eat something before lunch is over. I should probably tell my husband these things, but I want to give him some time to adjust to the new job before I burden him with too much emotional bullshit.

xxxxx

From: Jim_Kirk-Spock
To: Simmons-ChanEX
Subject: Re: You should probably consider better soundproofing for your quarters
Time sent: 2/21/2260 12:54:26

Okay, I convince Scotty to upgrade the Captain suite to include sound dampening capabilities. Also, apparently there’s now a no shower sex rule.

I promise I will email Kevin soon. Maybe right after I send this email. Jo Jo is calling. Apparently, they locked the instructor in turbolift six during lunch. This is like punishment for all the ridiculous and somewhat illegal things I did before my 22 birthday.

To be continued.
Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last chapter. You are all wonderful. I had a good visit with my family. Although that has put me behind with posting.

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG

Subject: Miss you much.

Time arrived: 2/22/2260 00:00:01

I miss you too. Although having your daughter’s mother, Sue, around has helped. Having other grown-ups to talk to is always nice. We had a play date today. I attached pictures. They are adorable together. Kiko is trying to teach your daughter how to crawl. She’s trying to be the perfect big sister. I think Demora may be an expert in it by next week with her sort of big sister showing her the way. I spent all night baby proofing or rather re-baby proofing my apartment.

Potty training is a complete disaster, and I think I’m going to wait a few more months before trying again. I was only doing that because my former in-laws and main babysitters wanted to push the issue, but Sue managed to get Kiko into the same daycare program as Demora. Apparently as a Starfleet widow, I am entitled to Starfleet daycare. So at least I don’t have to worry about my daughter’s inability to potty train at 14 months offending the sensibilities of my former in-laws. It’s not like they ever liked to me.

You know I was a little worried about you having such a great relationship with your daughter’s mom, but I really do like her. And it is great for Kiko to have a strong female figure in her life. And Sue is strong. I’m enjoying our post play group coffee even if it’s usually wine.

During our last chat, I also discovered that because I’m not Starfleet, it is going to take at least an extra day before I get any of your messages from your official Starfleet account. At least that’s what we gathered from the fact that you sent your messages to us on the same day and she got her letter first. Sue believes they are screened to make sure you tell me nothing inappropriate or classified.
So, if you don’t get a reply from me for a few days, don’t think that I’m taking you up on your offer to see other people because it’s not something I want. I’d rather have letters for you. There’s toys for everything else. I should probably get a fingerprint lock for that door before Kiko masters the art of running and opening drawers before I can catch up with her. She’s getting there.

Love you

xxxxx

From: Jim_Spock-Kirk
To: KirkKR
Time sent: 2/22/2260 5:21:01
Subject: Greetings from Enterprise.

Hi Kevin:

See, I did write you in less than a week this time. It’s only day four of the five-year mission. And no, I did not do it just because your girlfriend emailed me yesterday. See, I’m getting better.

Okay, Spock bear said I had to stop sending non-work-related text messages to his PADD while working. It’s so unfair. It’s the only thing keeping me sane while dealing with toddlers and actual teenagers, a.k.a the 2Js and the Ashleys. If you include Jo Jo, it’s 3Js and the Ashleys but Jo Jo did not participate in the pranking of their instructor. Her mom may have made Winona look well-adjusted, but at least she taught her daughter manners.

All I really want to do is make out with my husband during lunch, but now I have to deal with their stupid teenager antics. Thank God Jo Jo was in there, otherwise we would’ve never found Ensign Hastings. I bet she’s wishing she stayed a high school English teacher instead of coming back to Starfleet post Vulcan.

I’m pretty sure when I was captain, I got to see Spock more than I do now. He was always up there with me on the bridge. Although now I’m realizing that was because he was also chief science officer, and I am chief paper pusher and bureaucrat. I spend most of my day in our office doing paperwork. I think it’s because he was just better at paperwork than me. Okay, Spock is just better at everything, but he was a paperwork ninja where I am drowning with at least 6 dozen requests for different rooms or rather different roommates.

I think half are from Chekov and his roommate who really does not appreciate having to find somewhere else to sleep when he is hooking up with random people. It’s day five. It is way too early to start having random one-night stands. Not that I would know because I’m happily married (and I would rather spend time with my husband in dealing with their complaints).
Is it too early to ask you how your classes are going? I know I haven’t been gone for a full week yet, but I worry mostly because I’m sure a few of your professors might be out to get me. I think your future mommy in law arrested most of them, but you never know.

So, speaking of future mother-in-law, Admiral Chen, a little birdie told me that you are practically living with your girlfriend at her sister’s house. Having fun babysitting little Demora Sulu? Have you mastered the art of diaper changing? Remember that if you don’t take your contraceptive hypo like you’re supposed to, you may need that experience. Please for the love of every omnipotent being in the galaxy, do not get Admiral Chen’s daughter pregnant. It’s a small miracle that Sulu’s only punishment is babysitting me and Spock.

How is mom? Okay the real question I want to ask, is mom still sober? With me going back into space for the 1st time since almost dying, I’m just worried about her being triggered. At least that’s what kind of came out when talking to Dr. Margarita. Yes, I’m seeing my therapist.

We have a long journey ahead of us. I can’t say where exactly we’re going, but I’m going to have at least 3 or 4 weeks where I’m going to have time for correspondence, but not actually have anything interesting to write. The most interesting thing I’m doing right now is reprogramming the replicator to make Snickers. Think your girlfriend for that. It is Jo Jo’s reward for telling me what happened to the tutor recently.

So, how bad is the Academy rumor mill? Apparently Enterprises filled with gossips. Most of the ship knows or thinks they know about how your niece was conceived. And unfortunately it is a little more accurate than we would like, because apparently the asshole ex-boyfriend has a big mouth and is trying to paint himself in the best possible light. Asshole. Baby Demora is so lucky that Sulu won the baby battle.

Also, you should know by this point that anything they’re saying about me or your brother-in-law is probably 99.9% untrue. So, the current rumor floating around the ship is Starfleet wanted me out completely, and the only reason why I’m still here is because I married Spock. Also, apparently I blackmailed him into marrying me? I mean I’m aware that I married up. But that’s just because Spock is that good and loves me despite the fact I do so many crazy things. How did I get so many people on the ship without basic reasoning skills? They are totally ignoring the fact that I got to keep the rank of Captain.

Anyway, right back when you have a chance. I want to hear all about your crazy adventures this semester.

xxxxxx

From: SuluHG
Okay, considering the fact these letters are totally being read through because I didn’t get this until the day after you wrote it. I say I would love to know what you do with those toys, but don’t send me details. We’ll just have to make up for it in June. I hope you’re coming. Also, I suggest using this email address.

Also, it’s probably best that you get a fingerprint lock for that drawer. No child should ever find their parents sex toys, even if they are too young to remember.

Thank you for the pictures. I’ve added them to the digital frame. The crawling lessons were adorable. I do miss all of you and honestly June can’t get here soon enough. It’s just dawning on me, how many firsts I’m going to miss in my daughter’s life. First, there’s going to be crawling, then walking. I’m also going to miss first words and the first day of preschool. If the five-year mission lasts the full five years, I will miss kindergarten too. That’s a lot. It’s just the longer I am away, the more I realize that.

I won’t be able to help you with your second attempt at potty training. Look, maybe I’m a little happy about missing that one. I’m glad the girls are now in the same day care. Maybe it’s good that you guys have created your own support system.

Love You

Will write again soon.

To be continued.
Day 6:

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last chapter. I now introduce you to therapy journal entries that will be peppered throughout the story, mostly when they are somewhere in deep space and outside communication is not an option. Most of these entries will be coming from Josephine/Jo Jo, Jim, and Spock.

Of course, Jim and Spock’s will come in letter format. The majority of the time, Josephine will be doing more traditional journal entries. She is still trying to process her mother's death, so it’s going to be a process.

Excerpts from the therapy Journal of Josephine Uhura-McCoy

February 23, 2260

Dear Diary:

Dr. Margarita is making me write in this thing because she says it will make me feel better and Mom Nyota is making me go to my sessions. Mom, my biological mom, always said to be wary of doctors that go by their first name. But I like her anyways so I’m going to try to do what she asked.

I tried writing out what I was thinking after mom died and it helped a little bit, but I was never really good at it, despite Uncle Jim showing me how. Uncle Spock and Uncle Jim helped, but they’re too busy now. Captains have to do a lot of stuff and technically they’re both captains, no matter what Jeremy and Jason says. I hate them both.

I think Uncle Jim only worked with me on the replicator project because I told him what Jeremy did to Ensign Hastings on the first day of classes. Locking her in an elevator was mean. If you don’t want to learn why even be here? Jeremy is an asshole. I know I’m not supposed to use words like that, but this is my diary. If I can’t say what I really want here, then what’s the point of writing in this silly thing. He reminds me of mom when she was drinking, my real mom.

I hated her when she was drinking. I know I’m not supposed to talk ill of the dead, but she was horrible and mean and I still wish she wasn’t dead. Uncle Jim says it’s okay to feel this way and Miss Margarita agrees. I’m not sure I believe him.
I don’t think I’m going to make any friends on ship, at least not among the other kids who are stationed here. None of the Ashleys talked to me, even before our teacher got locked in an elevator. Telling Uncle Jim what they did to our teacher obviously did not make the situation any better. Which is fine, I don’t need to be friends with people like that or at least that’s what Uncle Jim said. He is the only one who knows what’s going on.

I don’t care that they all hate me for being a snitch or whatever. Besides Ensign Hastings is nice to me and that is more than I can say about a lot of my classmates.

Okay maybe this helped a little bit. Better than the art therapy class last fall.

To be continued
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last chapter. You’re all wonderful.

A couple of weeks ago I got a review that made me realize that a lot of the characters have multiple names in this story and that might get kind of confusing, especially in this chapter, where I’ve changed everybody’s email address for plot reasons that you will see.

Our title character is Demora Sulu, who was born about a decade earlier in the KTL. Susan is her mother, which I’m taking from prime universe apocrypha. All emails addressed to Demora will be going to her mom’s account for now.

Demora’s aunt by adoption is Elizabeth Chen, who goes by the name Liz and is dating Kevin, Jim’s adoptive brother in this universe. Their mom is head of Starfleet right now. Three stories in, it’s hard to remember all the OCs and obscure prime universe characters that I’ve brought in. However, feel free to ask questions.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

From: Ambassador_Sarek
To: SpockX-Kirk
Time arrived: 2/24/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Are you well?

Dear Spock:

I hope that at this point you have settled into your new duties on board Enterprise and have an opportunity to converse with me. I hope you still have time for such correspondence, despite your increase in duties and responsibilities. I’m certain you are performing your duties admirably. Please inform me of the status of your health and the well-being of your spouse at your earliest convenience.

Cordially, your father.

xxxxxxx

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG
Time arrived: 2/24/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Use this account instead
Have you heard from Ben yet? During our play date, he told me he got your letter two days after I got mine from you and I’m sure you wrote us at the same time. That’s just ridiculous. Anyway, you should probably use this email address created by my sister’s boyfriend’s brother.

Anyway, the kids had a great play date. Also, your boyfriend reads all the same books I do and knows how to sneak a good wine into play group. Those women are unbearable without something. He also brought brownies. Seriously, marry that man.

xxxxx

From: Elizabeth_Chen

To: Uhura-McCoyJJ

Time arrived: 2/24/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Okay what did your classmates due to your tutor?

So, I was going to ask you how your first day of school went, but then Kevin told me what Jim told him in an email. Apparently, you’re getting the replicator Snickers for helping Jim rescue a poor teacher. Although at the same time I’m not surprised. They did something like that twice my first year. You would be amazed at the crazy things that happened at Starfleet high school or rather the high school in San Francisco that most Starfleet brats went to. There may be a reason why I graduated a year early.

So, I think I’m supposed to tell you to hang in there and that it will get better, but my honest advice is get out as fast as you can. It does get better once you get out of high school and unfortunately, your kind of going in a little early since all your classmates will be high schoolers and you’re breezing through the junior high curriculum. You’re smart and I think you can get through the curriculum in half time. That way you can be well on your way to becoming either a doctor or a Jedi. I personally would go with Jedi. I’m trying to convince mom to do a Jedi division.

PS: Ask Uncle Jim to make you a cake with chocolate sprinkles as another help me survive these idiots treat. Tell him I said that. He makes the best cakes.

xxxxxxx

From: Kevin RK

To: Jim_Kirk_Spock

Time Arrived: 2/24/2260 00:00:01

Subject: So, you probably want to send all emails to my private account

Hey big brother I’m glad you had time to write, when you’re not screwing your husband in the
shower. Sue has a big mouth. She and Ben are becoming best friends and your next-door neighbor obviously tells his boyfriend and his baby’s mama too much. Also, I’m glad that you wrote me with your private email account. Considering the things I found, you should probably send all future correspondence to this account. I hope you write me more than the last time you were in space. I understood because you were a baby Captain and scared and in a complicated place with your future husband. Do better this time.

I promise to listen to you talk about your husband and not be jealous of your relationship with him. I just don’t want to know about your sex life. See, the therapy is working.

Mom is still not drinking yet and still seeing her doctors three times a week. Thank God. Although, the anniversary of Sam dying is coming up soon. That’s going to be a rough day. It’s a rough day for me which is part of the reason why we’re doing sleepovers right now. Yes, big brother, I am taking my contraceptive hypo regularly. Baby D is cute, but I’d don’t want to have to change diapers on a regular basis anytime soon. Also, we are not planning to elope anytime soon or at all. I know about the bet because Sue read Sulu’s letter to Desi. Do you not have better things to do like take care of a starship?

Okay the other reason why we’re not at the dorms is the rumor mill is god-awful here as well and they keep asking inappropriate questions about how Liz became an aunt. Did you know that the Bastard’s sister lives in our dorm? Also, she has a big mouth. And just because your mom is Admiral does not mean that you can just punch out people that refer to your sister as a slut. For the sake of keeping Liz from ending up in judiciary for punching people out, we would rather spend quality time with an eight-month-old.

I don’t think Liz is as used to people talking shit about her sister as I am about people saying terrible things about you. Let’s be honest, Jim, the whole town of Riverside talked shit about you for the entire time I lived there, at least until you saved all their lives. I’m 99% sure that was happening before Winona adopted me. I knew more about Frank than I ever wanted to and I never met the Bastard. Although, I want to kill him.

You always told me to hold my head up high when people are talking about me behind my back, mostly about me having a locker filled with protein bars. You told me not to listen to idiots with big mouths and no brains. You told me to tell them to get fucked, but I’m in the protocol classes this semester so I’m learning not to phrase things that way.

I have also passed your sage advice on to Liz multiple times during the last week and I now say the same to you. They’re just not worth dealing with. It is impossible for me to care less about these people, literally impossible. I have other things to worry about like the pop quiz in Introduction to Diplomacy. You know, Spock adores you, so don’t worry about their opinions of your marriage. You have better things to do, and for the love of the universe don’t tell me that your husband.
PS: Liz told me to tell you chocolate sprinkles. What the hell does that mean?

To be continued

Chapter End Notes

So, what do you think ‘chocolate sprinkles’ means?
February 26, 2260

Dear Spock:

So I managed to make it to day 9 (technically) of our five-year mission without waking up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night after having a dying in the warp core flashback/nightmare. But hey, at least there was no screaming involved. This time. Tonight, it was me dying there and not you. Or rather other you dying there. So at least there’s that. Emotional transference sucks and I hope you’re not sharing dreams with me right now. That would just make things worse.

Honestly, I was expecting this the first night on the ship. Being back at the scene of the crime for the first time since dying would, of course, trigger nightmares. But it didn’t happen. I like to think you completely wearing me out from the first night did the trick, but you’re currently banning all type of activities like that until the soundproofing situation is fixed.

I am sorry again for not locking the other door. Okay, I am sorry for not locking the doors at all. I completely forgot that now that we’re married, they put someone else next-door. On the bright side, the soundproofing will be added tomorrow and at least Hikaru only gossips to his boyfriend and his baby’s mama who happens to be the sister of my brother’s girlfriend. We know the real story on how his daughter came into the world, so it’s not like he will lose respect for us.

Now for the rest the ship, there isn’t much hope left. Everybody keeps talking about my demotion. Everybody! Because of course they see it as a demotion and not me stepping aside because I want my husband to get to do the same things I do because he deserves it and not just for publicity reasons.
I don’t want to hold you back. We are equals in this. I never want to hold you back because somehow you decided that I was worth your time. Because baby, let’s be honest, you are so out of my league. Why did you fall in love with me? Sometimes I don’t get it. Especially when I have to listen to such bullshit all the time. You know my self-worth is all out of whack.

Seriously, why did I die for these people? I mean if I’m going to wake up every couple of weeks to nightmares about actually dying, and I mean real nightmares where I feel the pain of dying all over again, I would like for them to be a little bit nicer about it. Okay, let’s be honest, I did it for you. I always do it for you.

I’m never going to regret you being alive or any of the crew members that we actually like. Especially those that are my friends. JoJo is just starting to be okay-ish. I don’t know what would happen if she lost her mom and dad within a month. Of course if Bones died in a horrible crash, maybe JoJo would still have her mom or maybe she would’ve been in the car when the accident happened. You never know.

Why did I have flashbacks to dying tonight? I’ve been in engineering multiple times in the last week and a half, mostly to deal with the teenagers and the illegal distillery, but still no flashbacks. Okay, so I take the long way to avoid where I actually died, but I have been down there so that is not the trigger.

Also, it’s another three weeks before the anniversary of Sam’s death. That’s more of a trigger for mom and Kevin than me. The actual date of his death doesn’t mean the same as it means to them because I didn’t even find out about it for three more months. Now that’s the day that I just get nauseous thinking about. I’m planning to take the day off like last year. It is easier to do stuff like that when you’re not Captain. So hey, there’s one advantage to switching jobs.

Okay, maybe the fact that somebody is spying on us again is leading to unpleasant dreams. And you thought it was silly for me setting up a code system. I mean, the last time it happened, it was all part of the conspiracy that led to me dying in the warp core. After all the trials and hearings over the last eight months, I kind of hoped we were done with all of that and we could just put it behind us, but apparently, it’s happening again.

So who do you think is reading our outgoing correspondence? I could totally see Admiral Chan doing it because, well, my brother is dating her daughter and Sulu knocked up her other daughter during a shore leave three-way with the bi curious loser who ran away after the condom broke. Okay, I wanted it to be Chan because she would be the most benign person to be spying on us.

At the same time, I don’t think it’s her because Admiral Chan seems like the type of person who
would tell you that she’s reading your personal correspondence. She also hates most of Starfleet’s hierarchal bullshit. So, if somebody was ordering her to do it she probably would just tell them the fuck off. You have no idea how many members of the Admiralty she told to get fucked when she violated direct orders to save everyone on Tarsus.

Also, Liz warned us so maybe not her. I don’t know. I will send the message once I encrypt everything and set up something non-Starfleet that they can’t spy on. Give me a couple of days, maybe more if I have to keep dealing with teenagers. JoJo is perfect, but some of the others not so much. We are never having kids. Kevin is like it.

Although, considering we are being spied on, I think this time around I’m going to do all my letters to you in hard copy. Maybe I should be happy that Margarita gave me an entire stack of diaries or maybe she just realizes I’m that screwed up and may need an entire stack of therapy diaries. Who knows with her. My therapist is strange.

xxxxx

Dear James:

Although I do believe that you will successfully create a secure channel to communicate with friends and family outside of Starfleet that will not be monitored, I do agree that we should do any personal correspondence of a private nature via hardcopy therapy journal. I will not use this opportunity to convince you that procreation will be necessary in the future because I do not take your previous comments regarding not having children seriously.

I did not wake up, because I shared your dream. I did wake up because you laid on top of me when you retrieved a therapy journal to write to me. I grabbed it to respond to you as soon as your breathing evened out indicating that you have successfully fallen back to sleep without the need of a sedative hypo. I’m grateful for that.

Statistically speaking, there is a probability of 37.3% of the Admiralty ordering that our personal correspondence be monitored. However, I do believe most members who survived the purge would not use that information in an attempt to kill you again.

I’m not entirely certain what could have led to the return of your recurring nightmare. It could be a number of things including the fact that we will be resuming normal missions very soon. You will be leading the delegation to negotiate a treaty with the Federation in 5.2 days’ time. Maybe this assignment is causing you apprehension? You did almost die of anaphylaxis the first time you participated in treaty negotiations. I do not believe that will be an issue. This time because we will be providing all food per the agreement. Dr. McCoy will also be scanning all food prior to the diplomatic reception.
I too believe that Dr. Margarita Cruz is well-suited and a better psychologist than her predecessor. If the nightmares persist, I do want you to talk to her about this issue.

If gossip persists, please provide me with the names of these individuals so I can refer them to HR to take the appropriate training class.

Xxxxx

Dear Spock:

Okay, so I’m writing you a quick response while you’re in the shower. Thanks to the schedule you created after the neighbor walking in on us during the bathroom sex incident, I know I have 15 minutes to reply.

Love you for threatening to send everybody who is talking smack about me to HR, but that wouldn’t be right. However, I will email you a list of the people who are talking bad about my goddaughter and baby Demora. I was thinking about doing it myself, but it’s more powerful when you do it. It’s one of the perks of being a Captain Spock bear. Enjoy it.

I so should’ve known that you were actually going to follow that rule about captains not doing most away missions. That makes total sense. You love your rules. They make you happy and actually doing something other than paperwork makes me happy even if it is a negotiation. Also away missions were my favorite part of being a Captain which is why I did more than I probably should have. So, I’m glad that I’m still doing that part of the job.

I’m confident that the Admiralty will not try to kill me again during a negotiation with something from the strawberry family, despite the code “chocolate sprinkles” we are dealing with. No one would be stupid enough to try that again. Okay, at least I hope that all the admirals that survived the purge would not be that stupid again. Moments like these make me miss Chris. It also makes me sad we have Rodriguez instead of Mrs. Admiral Pike. Of course, Chen had to avoid the appearances of favoritism.

If the dream happens again, I promise I will bring it up in therapy. Yes, I’ve been making my sessions. They usually line up with your extra lab time. Maybe you can spend a little more time after hours with me instead of barging into Carol’s lab because she might kill you. I would just like to say I love you too much to be a widow.

To be continued
Excerpts from the diary of Josephine Jamie Uhura-McCoy 2

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading and commenting. You’re all lovely. We have another diaries section because Jim is still working on making sure Starfleet or various unknown entities cannot intercept his email. So if you haven’t realized it yet chocolate sprinkles means they’re being spied on by somebody probably Starfleet.

This is short. If I start getting chapters from the next batch back from proofreading, I might upload another chapter in under a week. However, I really don’t want gaps longer than a week if I can help it. I spent Thanksgiving weekend doing the next batch of chapters.

Excerpts from the diary of Josephine Jamie Uhura-McCoy

February 28, 2060

Dear Diary:

I think Pavel and Liz may be my only friends. Maybe Kevin too, but he hasn’t written me yet. Although I haven’t written him either. Maybe I should write him or at least write Liz back, but that’s not possible because Uncle Jim is trying to fix the email system. Part of me is happy for that because I’m not entirely sure what to say beyond I hate all the other kids here so much.

I had to work on the project alone today again. Not because I’m working on something at a lower level than my classmates, but because nobody wanted to work with the ship’s baby. I’m doing the same math as half of the other students there and they call me a baby. Actually, they called me Captain’s baby. I’m also Captain’s pet. They’re really mad about me having access to a replicator that does Snickers bars. If they didn’t try to block the teacher in the turbolift, they would have access to the snicker bar replicator.

I hate them all. Like I can’t hear what they’re saying about me when I’m at the next table.

I haven’t heard from any of my friends in Georgia either and I can’t blame that on the email system being down because I haven’t heard from anybody since Christmas and that was mostly a hasty thank you for the presents that I sent. Okay mom Nyota sent the presents, but I picked most of them out and I did extra chores for a week.

Maybe it’s better that the friendships end now. It’s not going to be easy to stay friends. When we’re light years apart and can only communicate through emails that may eventually take weeks to get to Earth. Besides, what do we talk about? I’m living in space with my dad and my sort of step mom. They are back in the Atlanta suburbs with their perfect families and lawns. I used to have that and then my alcoholic mom drove into a tree.
The only good thing that happened this week was Saturday making brownies with dad. He managed to get the kitchen just for us. Turns out you can make brownies without eggs. Which is good because we probably will not see actual eggs for at least four months. Also using substitutes from other planets can be dangerous or deadly. Dad has been giving me that lecture a lot.

It has been nice to be with him here. I hated it when he was away before. It was even worse because mom wouldn’t let me talk to him. I blamed her for him being so far away. I would never say it out loud because I was afraid of what she would do, but I always thought it. Is that why she drank? I don’t know.

Uncle Jim says that it’s not my fault. That it was a problem she had and that there was nothing I could do to change that. Everyone says that, but I believe him at least a little bit because his mommy has a drinking problem as well, so I almost believe him.

To be continued
Day 13: Now Resuming Semi-Normal Communications

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last section. You are all wonderful.

Xxxxx

Therapy Journal excerpts from Jim Kirk, husband of Spock

March 2, 2260

Dear Spock:

So, good news. I didn’t wake up tonight due to a warp core flashback. I did wake up because of a dream about Kevin finding Winona’s body on the anniversary of Sam’s death. March 20 is a bad day for our family. You have no idea how many times I had to… I don’t even know how to finish or explain to you what those days were like before she tried to get clean. I was always expecting to come home one day and find her dead. Then she got clean and I thought I wouldn’t have to worry about her dying of alcohol poisoning anytime soon.

After her relapse last June, the fear is back and we are light years away. I don’t want to put this on Kevin. One of the reasons why we switched was if Winona goes off the rails again, I can leave to deal with it and you get Sulu as your temp first officer. And yet Kevin is going to have to deal with the initial fallout on his own.

Also, I’m worried that the Admiralty is out to get us again. Okay maybe not get us. But somebody is obviously sabotaging the dependent minors on board program because they sent us hellions. They’re like me, but worse because I never locked an 11-year-old in a Jeffries tube. I never partook in bullying. I was the one getting bullied. I just fought back.

I think they’re pissed off because she’s doing freshman math and having private Russian lessons. Okay, I think the last part may be why the girls were involved. Our navigator is very popular with the three Ashleys. Seriously how did we get three girls named Ashley, ages 15 to 17 on the same ship? Somebody in the Admiralty hates us.

Hey, can you teach an 11-year-old how to do a nerve pinch? Seriously, I would feel better if Jo Jo could defend herself and apparently her pre-ship self-defense class was mostly about running
away. Apparently, they are faster than her. And she won’t tell Bones and Nyota what’s going on. She won’t even tell me what’s going on, but I raised Kevin, so I know that they are responsible for what happened. I can’t prove it enough to punish the brats, but I am watching. If something like this happens again they will be off my ship. I mean our ship.

Maybe I should ask Kevin for some ideas or maybe ask him to talk to Jo Jo. Apparently, us adults just don’t understand anything. She may tell him what they did.

xxxxxxx

Dear James:

You are aware it is possible for humans to learn how to do this, but I believe Josephine is too young to be instructed in such a matter. I will talk to Mister Sulu about providing Josephine with fencing lessons to supplement any other training that she has had. She appeared to be intrigued when she attended one of his exhibition matches in January. Not only will this provide her with necessary combat skills, but will provide her with another person to interact with.

I agree that you should write your brother about this. You should also write to your mother. However, I will force you to do neither.

Dear Spock:

God, I love you.

I’m already dictating a response to Kevin now that I think I have the system working correctly. I tried to dictate one to mom as well, but well, feel free to look through my recycling bin. There’s like 18 attempts in there and none of them are usable.

PS: Write your father.

Xxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Kevin KR

Time sent: 3/2/2260 11:13:17

Subject: Tell your girlfriend and Sue thank you.

Chocolate sprinkles means that the ship is being spied on by Starfleet. Chocolate sprinkles mean that just the bridge crew is being spied on. Rainbow sprinkles means that whole ship was being spied on. Thankfully, that was not the case. Otherwise you would not be getting this email for at least a month as I fix things. This disruption they’re not even going to notice because everyone else is still sending and receiving emails.
I’ll try to email mom, especially before March 20 a.k.a. the anniversary of Sam’s death, but I make no promises. Usually letters to mom result in a full recycling basket or broken PADDs. The quartermaster is kind of a little pissed at me for breaking so many during my sabbatical. It’s not my fault Spock can be a little rough in bed and the work ones are so cheap. You’d think they would make them unbreakable by now.

Hey, I am betting against you two running off and getting married without telling the admiral because I don’t want to go back to Delta Vega. If you piss her off, it will be bad for all of us. Everybody knows what she did to Susan’s ex-boyfriend, which is probably why he and his sister are being so petty and vindictive right now. The guy totally deserved it. But I don’t want to end up there because of you.

I’ll write you again after my first mission in a couple of days. I’m leading the negotiating team because my husband realizes that’s my favorite part of my day job. Hopefully this negotiation will go better than some of the previous ones.

On the bright side, it will keep me from spending quality time with teenagers. I really think somebody in Starfleet is trying to sabotage the minors on ship program. Probably not your future mother-in-law because hey, she at least tipped us off to the spying, but it could be someone else, who knows. They’re being extra nasty to Josephine so if you wouldn’t mind being a great little brother and sending her an email that would be great. Her new non-Starfleet email address is kitten_loverJJMU.

Just like you in Junior high, she won’t tell me who is treating her like crap. But you know I have my ways. Unfortunately, I think she’s using a hardcopy therapy journal so hacking won’t work like last time, and Spock frowns upon breaking and entering..

I’m getting used to my new job. Although things are not too different. I spent most of yesterday reprimanding Scotty for trying to turn engineering into a distillery again. This is not my idea of fun. I had to reprimand him because somehow Rodriguez found out. I’m trying to decide if Pike told her or if Rodriguez is the one spying on us. I was kind of hoping this time our admiral wasn’t out to kill us all. Of course, maybe she just wants to not have kids living on starships. One can hope.

It’s probably best that Liz is not on campus. Judiciaries are not fun and well, if people were saying nasty things about my sister and my niece, there wouldn’t be enough people to hold me back. People have no right to be talking about an innocent little baby like that. Also, if Sue wants to have a three-way, it’s none of their damn business. Although I can totally understand why Liz would not want people knowing about the details of her sister’s sex life.

Xxxxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan  

Time sent: 3/2/2260 19:03:06  

Subject: Sorry I haven’t written you lately

Dear Demora:

I’m sorry I didn’t email you earlier. Uncle Jim had to take the system off-line for a few days to do some repairs and reconfiguring. But it’s all fixed right now so I can talk to you again. I’ve missed you and your mommy.

So, what have you been up to? Have you started crawling yet? Learned any unfamiliar words lately? I’ve been doing a lot of flying. I can’t wait until we get there in a couple of days. I love exploring new planets. Okay, I like finding new plants. One of the favorite parts of my job.

In other exciting news, Uncle Spock asked me to teach Jo Jo how to fence. He won’t explain why he asked me to do this, but Josephine was excited when I suggested it. Honestly, I think I was asked to spend extra time with her because the Ashleys are stuck up teenage girls. Promise me you won’t end up like that. Always treat everybody with respect and dignity.

Anyway, love you.

xxxxxxxxx

From: SuluHG2260

To: Benjamin_2254

Subject: Sorry I haven’t written lately.

Time sent: 3/2/2260 19:23:01

Sorry I haven’t written you recently. We were having email issues. I assume that’s probably why I haven’t received a reply from my last message. I’m not worried that you met a new hot guy at playgroup that is 100 times better than me mostly because he’s there. Although just to be on the safe side, I am getting your birthday present next month from the red-light district. Hide that from the kids.

Anyway, miss you. Having next door neighbors that make out constantly is making it a little bit worse. They’re trying to be discreet, but I know a Vulcan make out session when I see one. At least Jim stopped licking chocolate off Spock’s fingers in the mess hall, which is good because we have children present. I will use children because Josephine’s the most mature one and she is still a preteen. The Ashleys scare me and I grew up with a house full of sisters. Sisters who like to test their makeup skills on me. I’m personally surprise they haven’t emailed you pictures of that yet.

Anyway, love you.
To be continued
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all wonderful. I hope to start posting chapters sooner than once a week, but that probably won’t happen until after the holidays. We shall see.

Please note that the incoming message from Ben was written before Sulu sent his message. We are reading all the emails from the perspective of the Enterprise email server, which means that we’re seeing them when they arrived at the ship, not when they are originally written. That’s why the timestamp reads time arrived instead of time sent.

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG
Subject: Miss you so much
Time arrived: 3/3/2260 00:00:01

Yes, I baby proofed that door. I also told Sue to baby proof her version of her drawer. Just in time because Demora has started scooting. That means crawling is only a couple of weeks away. We will get video of it. Don’t worry.

Kiko bear is starting to pick up a few more words, one of which sounds almost like your last name. It’s kind of cute. They’re both doing so well and are hitting all their milestones. They both miss you though. I think having the PADD or the daddy bear reading bedtime stories in your voice has helped. Hearing your voice even if it’s not really your voice helps me sleep so I’m sure it does wonders for the kids. Would it be completely inappropriate to have the app on the PADD read me something a little more sensual then the best of Dr. Seuss?

Xxxx

From: SpockX-Kirk
To: Ambassador_Sarek
Time arrived: 3/2/2260 05:12:01
Subject: Re: Are you well?
I apologize father for not replying to you sooner. We had some issues with our off-ship communication system. However, James has resolved these issues, which means that same day personal correspondence is possible until the completion of our next mission. After this, all outgoing ship correspondence not marked as essential will be transmitted every 24 to 48 hours depending on our current position relative to key Federation communications outposts. As we get farther from key communications outposts, the lag in nonessential non-Starfleet communication will increase. All non-Starfleet instant messaging applications have been deactivated due to recent misuse.

I hope you are well. I am adapting to my new position as captain of Enterprise. However, I too miss certain aspects of my previous position. I would feel more comfortable sending James on his upcoming mission to negotiate a memo of understanding with the inhabitants of #\%# if I was the one preparing his briefing materials or at least reading over them beforehand. Apparently, they are not ready for a completely binding agreement with the Federation (and are still somewhat Federation hostile), but they need our expertise to help prevent a possible food crisis in five years’ time.

This may explain why I spend so much time going over the reports of the science department. James has complained about this multiple times. I do not doubt the competency of my replacement, but I do miss actively participating in scientific discovery. Yet, during the early part of this five-year assignment, I must focus on keeping the ship running. There will be time for scientific discovery, I hope.

James is also well. I do believe he is in a state of being overworked and under stimulated. Part of this is because our intended assistant chose not to join Enterprise 3.4 days before ship launch and we were unable to procure a replacement. James is being forced to do things that he normally would not which is causing him to be somewhat restless. I think it will pass once we are in the active stage of our current mission. It has improved slightly due to his work on the outgoing email system.

Of course, historically James is always uneasy as we are traveling to the next mission. He is adapting to his new role admirably. I am upset that other people are insinuating that this was a demotion instead of a choice decided upon by Jim for his own emotional well-being and family needs.

You are aware that Winona Kirk is unwell, but most in Starfleet are not. If Winona has a mental health emergency that requires James to return to Earth, he will be able to do so in his current position, but not his previous position as captain. Not unless the situation was dire.

In addition, although I do not doubt James’ abilities to be captain of Enterprise after his near-death experience, I don’t think James is emotionally healthy enough to take on all the responsibilities associated with said duties. He still has nightmares and flashbacks to the incident. He is unable to
walk near the warp core despite his two sessions a week with Dr. Margarita Cruz. Is it not the role of a husband to share all burdens with his spouse? I need to help carry these burdens whenever possible.

Yet some outside our relationship do not understand this. I dislike the murmuring among certain members of the crew. Not all members of the crew, especially those that are aware of the advanced capabilities of Vulcan hearing. But I do worry that such murmuring will be detrimental to James’ emotional healing. I’m always concerned about him. He is my husband.

Please write again at your earliest convenience. In the future, also use this email address instead of my Starfleet one for personal correspondence. However, if you must contact me in your role as ambassador, please use the Starfleet account, but do not include anything of a personal nature in such messages.

xxxxx

Dear James:

I have emailed my father.

Therefore, you should send either draft 6, 12 or 15 or any combination of the drafts to your mother. In exchange for doing this, I’m willing to try out fantasy 672 in my ready room, if you can secure my ready room.

xxxx

From: SuluHG2260

To: Benjamin_2254

Subject: I think our emails crossed in the night.

Time arrived: 3/03/2260 06:15:21

I think our emails crossed in the night. Yours arrived one minute after midnight. Maybe they’re holding everything to the dead of night to transmit and we are only getting them every few days. It makes sense, sort of. Even though Jim got the email system working again yesterday, we didn’t get any of the incoming emails until today. Just like yours, they all arrived at midnight.

Sorry for my last insecure message. Please ignore. Sweetie, you should start sending things to this email account. I would like to tell myself that the delay in correspondence is because Sue’s mom is trying to decide your fitness as a future stepdad to her grandchild, but that would be too easy and things on Enterprise are rarely easy.
No, it would not be inappropriate to have your PADD read that in my voice. I would send you something, but again, I really think the messages are being intercepted, possibly by my daughter’s grandmother. Although, during my misspent youth, I may have written some erotic Ironman/Captain America fanfiction. Tony/Steve, the OG versions. Asked Sue for my pen name. I’m not putting it in this email because I can totally see my benevolent boss blackmailing me with the existence of such writing in exchange for being able to have shower sex with his husband again. Don’t hold anything I wrote at 17 against me.

Xxxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills
Bcc: Jim’s_cuddlebear
Subject: I’m still alive and kicking mom
Time arrived: 3/03/2260 22:15:21

Hi mom:

I’m happy to report that nothing crazy has happened yet. Although that may be because we’re still a few days out from our first mission which is now just going to be trying to negotiate a memo of understanding. Apparently, I’m just not good enough for a full treaty. I have no idea.

Okay, it’s not that boring. Four of the five teenagers are systematically trying to make my work life a living hell which I’m not surprised by. Jeremy and the Ashleys are also making JoJo’s life a living hell and I’m not allowed to tell Bones. She barely told me anything. And that’s mostly because I rescued her from a Jeffries tube after the Jays locked her in for three hours, assholes. Thank God, the other J told me what was going on because his conscience started to get to him. Therefore, Spock and I set up fencing lessons for her.

I probably shouldn’t have agreed to keeping quiet until things get dangerous. I mean, I made that sort of promise to Kevin, but as an actual grown-up, I realize maybe that wasn’t the best course. Although I will be telling her mom and dad, eventually just not right now. I just hope they don’t do something stupid enough to force me to move up the timetable.

So, how’s community life? Are you still doing the art classes? Spock really liked that painting you made for him at Christmas.

Okay so I know I should write more, but I’m not that good at writing to you. Okay I’m bad at it,
but hey at least this is better than me just sending you a music file. A for effort right?

Xxxxx

Dear Spock:

As you can see (I hope), I did write my mom. Unfortunately, I can’t completely lock your ready room so that fantasy is going in the vault, but I’m sure we’ll think of something fun to do. I got chocolate syrup. Okay, I figured out how to replicate chocolate syrup. How do you feel about doing the Vulcan equivalent to body shots?

To be continued

Chapter End Notes

In a world where Jim/Spock did not give birth to slash fanfiction, I had to decide which group of fictional characters would be responsible and I chose Tony and Steve. I mean there’s a canon universe where an always a girl Tony (Natasha Stark) marries Steve. That’s just asking for the birth of slash right there.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You’re all absolutely fabulous. We’re skipping a day because as we get farther and farther from Earth and major communications have these messages are going to take longer and longer to be received. Also, it means that I’m not going to have to write well over 1000 chapters. Although I bet some of you want me to do a 1000 chapter plus story. If you do please review.

From: Kevin KR
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 3/5/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Re: Tell your girlfriend and Sue thank you.

Okay, either we are still at code chocolate sprinkles or you’re getting farther away and they’re holding the emails for a little while and delivering everything to Earth at the same time as evidenced by the fact that Liz’s sister got her email at the exact same time I got mine. I want to go with the latter, because poking around didn’t yield anything new. Okay, it yielded some things that I am not at liberty to say, in case this communication is still being monitored. Let’s just say that the dorm gossip problem has calmed down due to the wrath of Barnett.

Sue’s mom didn’t tell her anything. Ben told Sue that it took him two days to hear from his boyfriend, even though Sue knows that her baby’s daddy sent the letters at the same time. At that point she was 99% sure somebody with screening the letters. That’s when she had one of her friends take a look and they found something. That’s apparently why I was told to tell you about chocolate sprinkles. We neglected to tell her about my computer skills, which is why she got outside help.

I’m not sure who was listening in, but my gut says your Admiral Rodriguez. She used to be friends with Nyota’s mom, but they had a falling out. I don’t know what happened, but apparently it’s gotten worse in recent weeks. Sue has all the good gossip and she’s not sharing.

Okay, it’s also could be Nyota’s mom. Apparently, she writes her mom even less often then you write mom if such a thing was possible.
I know it’s hard for you to write to mom, but do try. I think it will go better this time around, if you talk to her every once in a while. You know she’s scared about you dying like your dad. The fact that you almost died last year is not doing you any favors. It has been eight months. Liz’s niece has only been alive slightly longer than your death.

So, I think it would put mom’s mind at ease if you wrote to her.

Yes, I will write to Josephine. Liz wrote her last week, but we haven’t received a reply. Of course, this is probably because the email system is severely screwed up. I’m just going to assume that is what happened.

Is she okay with you still calling her Jo Jo? I know she really wants people to use her new name. I think she’s trying to, I don’t know, forget about what happened to her in the new name as part of that process. Losing a parent is hard. But at least I had somebody to blame.

Talk to you later, big brother. It’s too early to be this emotional and retrospective.

Xxxxx

From: Kevin KR
To: kitten_loverJJMU
Time arrived: 3/5/2260 00:00:01
Subject: How are you?

Hey Josephine, how are you doing?

Liz wrote you last week, but we haven’t heard back. She assumes classes are just that awful and you don’t want to talk about it. I assume that your response probably got lost in the email. Who knows. It’s weird. It’s never a good sign when emails are showing up in my inbox at least a whole day after they’ve been written.

So what’s been going on with you? Done anything cool yet? Feel free to torture my brother by whatever means necessary. I’m not there so you must do it in my stead. You know, make sure he does something other than work and make out with his husband. It’s healthier that way.

Xxxx

From: Kevin KR
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Okay, the email system is wonky on your ship.

Mom just called to tell me that you actually wrote her. Which is nice. She’s really excited. And happy, especially because you just didn’t send her song lyrics that time. I mean really you thought you were gonna die and you just send her song lyrics. Good song lyrics, but still just song lyrics. That may not have been the best thing. Now she’s trying to figure out what to say to you, which is always problematic. She’s coming over for dinner tomorrow. Just because the gossip is calming down, doesn’t mean it’s gone. Actually I don’t think Liz is ever moving back because Sue needs all the help she can get now that she is firmly a single parent.

Xxxxxx

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260

Hey sweetie, joint email from me and your boyfriend. We are drinking coffee together as we ignore the other mom’s in playgroup. They’re stuck up little bitches with their perfect husbands’ and their disdain for military service. Like it was our fault that Marcus was secretly building his ship for war because he was off his rocker. Sorry. The guy was a bastard. And so was the other guy and well, if it wasn’t for me going into labor early, we would all be so fucked right now. I’m laughing uncontrollably over your moment of total insecurity. Seriously Ben loves you so much. There’s one other gay dad in our group who keeps trying to ask your boyfriend for coffee and he doesn’t even look at him. It’s adorable.

I gave Ben your old username. Good thing you got better at having sex than writing about it. He totally finds it adorable. Total keeper that one. Like seriously, I’m so mad he’s gay and not a little flexible like you. We could have had the best poly relationship ever.

I would ask your oldest sister for footage of their makeup tutorials, but I don’t think she likes me (and the youngest said she had nothing). Every time I send her baby pictures or video. She just replies with a curt thank you and doesn’t say anything else. It’s weird.

That reminds me, Attached is a video file of our little darling, wiggling her butt around the blocks.
Almost kind of crawling. She’s trying. Yes, I will send this to your parents and your sisters, including the one that really doesn’t like me.

Okay and now the other moms are talking smack about our kids. Yes, I’m going to have to go.

Xxxxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan
Time sent: 3/5/2260 19:03:06
Subject: Re: Sorry I haven’t written you lately

I think we might already have a poly relationship, kind of sort of. Our family is special. I kind of like that you guys are close. Although seriously, maybe it’s time to find a better playgroup. Maybe one with people you actually like. Isn’t there a Starfleet mommies group or something? There has to be.

My big sister being uncomfortable around you has nothing to do with you. It’s more the fact that I managed to accidentally have a kid, even though I am at least 80% gay while she and the husband have been trying for years to get pregnant and all they’ve had has been miscarriages and stillbirths. I think there’s a lot of anger there and jealousy that she didn’t even know was there until the situation happened. I was the last one in the family who anyone would think would have a kid. You know, unless me and you came to an arrangement a decade from now because we are single and don’t want to end up childless.

Big sis is going to be jealous because our baby is cute and here, and most importantly alive. I just want to cuddle all of you. Although maybe doing fencing lessons with Josephine will take the edge off of not being an active daddy. I really miss you guys so much.

Just try carefully with my sister.

xxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Kevin KR
Time sent: 3/5/2260 21:45:54
Subject: Re: Tell your girlfriend and Sue thank you.
I’ve checked three times, so I don’t think we’re being spied on now. It probably is. We are getting farther out of range which wasn’t supposed to happen until after we left our next mission, but I am neither shocked nor surprised. I have a feeling that you may have done something to trigger the wrath of Barnett. I’m not going to ask because I want plausible deniability. Bonus points for not going to your future mother-in-law. I think Liz is like that. She likes to solve her own problems, I think.

Thank you for writing Jo Jo. I think she really needs a friend. It’s becoming more and more obvious that maybe we should look at different teenagers to participate in this pilot program, only Jo Jo and Jay 2 (prefers Jay to his actual name, or so I’ve been told) are not totally awful. Yes, I can still call her Jo Jo. I just can’t call her JoAnn or Joanna or anything too close to her old name. Sometimes I’m shocked she chose Josephine as her new first name instead of going with something totally different. But it’s not exactly like she has shared with us why she wanted the name change so badly.

I think she’s trying to distance herself from who she was pre-crash. Maybe it’s less painful that way. I don’t know if it’s because of her mother’s sudden death or because the situation before was so bad. I don’t know if I should be telling you this, but Bones’ ex-wife was abusive and his former father-in-law was worse which is why they managed to get full custody, despite the fact both of her guardians now live on Enterprise. So, congratulations Jo Jo has more baggage than both of us which considering my daddy died when I was four minutes old and what happened to your family on the planet of the damned, in addition to our Winona issues, That’s saying a lot.

Okay I’m glad mom is venturing out to family dinners. I’m glad you’re doing family dinners. Spock has kinda made them mandatory for us. Maybe we should invite Jo Jo sometimes to give her a break from the parents and maybe some of the other kids. Never know. Anyway miss you. Talk to you later. Eventually, chances are I probably won't hear a reply from you first, which I’m sort of excited for because the cabin fever is setting in.

To be continued
Day 17: More excerpts from the diary of a couple totally in love with each other

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous. I’m sorry, I meant to post this yesterday but I got very busy. Now, more fun with Jim and Spock. Aren’t they just the cutest?

Also, I’m wondering right now if I need to raise the rating of the story for Jim’s possibly dirty diary entries at some point. Jim is smart enough not to write Spock an erotic/explicit email that Starfleet may come across, but he would totally write Spock a long and extremely explicit list of sex positions that he would like to try out in their shared diary. We shall see.

May 7, 2260

Dear Spock:

So it is 2:42 AM ship time and I am still not asleep despite your stellar performance last night. Five stars, will fuck again even though you refused to re-institute shower sex. I don’t know why. Sulu was doing his first fencing lesson with Jo Jo. He was gone for three hours. It would’ve been like the perfect opportunity.

Why am I still up when you are currently curled around me like I’m your teddy bear? Probably nervousness. If you were up and not sleeping your minimum four hours for optimal function, you would probably tell me that nervousness is illogical. You know, despite the fact that you’ve been kind of nervous since we arrived on ship last month. You’re such a hypocrite. I love you anyway.

So why am I nervous? I’m going with the fact that it is our first real mission since dying, well my first mission since dying. I mean during the interim we did whatever Starfleet made us do which was mostly a lot of paperwork and recruitment so that totally doesn’t count. We barely left the planet outside of our wedding which they hijacked and turned into a recruitment session on the new colony. Okay, our second wedding on the new Vulcan colony, although beautiful, was your dad’s show and you know it.

I mean I don’t think we’re going to be ambushed by Klingons tomorrow, I hope. I also don’t think
any of the Admiralty would be stupid enough to add stuff from the strawberry family to the menu tomorrow. I mean it’s supposed to be a simple mission get the representative of the planets to sign a memo of understanding with the Federation regarding agriculture assistance, I think. I have to re-read the pre-mission brief again. It was so much easier when you annotated the hell out of them for me. Now I kind of need to use your study methods myself. Or am I supposed to prepare the annotative background papers for you? This is me trying to figure out our new roles. How do I support you?

As you are aware, being a first officer is different. I like getting to spend more time with the actual crew, not the ones that are assholes. I spent so much time before dealing with the assholes on the Admiralty that I didn’t know or see what was going on with our crew. Really wish I saw the disgruntled employee that was dousing Nyota with fertility drugs in some twisted attempt to get her boyfriend.

And despite the vast quantities of it, I am starting to make a dent in the mountain of administrative chaos. Which makes me happy. That means I will actually get bridge time with you. Well more bridge time. I think we might need like an extra assistant or two, or at least one at all actually. I distinctly remember paneling somebody for the position, but it fell through for reasons unknown.

Okay, even the teenagers have given me two days of peace. Which is good because I was really starting to hate that aspect of the job. I expected this tenuous peace to fall apart any moment, but I’m going to treasure it for however long it lasts. I expect everything to come undone when I get shot at tomorrow or something similar. Again, something’s going to go wrong. OK I am yawning and the pages are getting blurry so maybe I should try sleeping again.

Love you.

PS: Can I get a good morning blowjob? Or should I give you one? Your ears are cute when you sleep. You’re hot. Well cold, but really hot anyway.

Xxxxx

Dear James:

I do not see you as an Earth teddy bear, despite the fact that I sleep 42.3% better when I am within close physical proximity to you. Although I mostly sleep better because I am warmer when I am holding you. Since you cannot sleep even when completely naked with the thermostat at my preferred temperature, this is the best position for optimal sleep.
James, are you aware that when you write to me when you’re trying to fall asleep, you’re somewhat incoherent? You also tend to follow a stream of consciousness style, to some degree. Maybe it was less noticeable when you dictate as opposed to writing the letter by hand.

I’m glad you are starting to feel more comfortable in your new role. I agree we could use an assistant, one for each of us instead of the one we were initially scheduled to share. I do not believe Starfleet gave us an explanation for your Ensign West’s last-minute decision to not join Enterprise. After the final negotiations and signing of the MOU, I suggest looking for suitable replacements. The main issue to be discussed is food security which is connected to agriculture so you were partially correct.

There’s no need for you to be anxious or concerned.

PS: We are not having shower sex again until shore leave.

Xxxxxxx

Dear Spock:

That is still months away. I know you. You may claim to hate water because of your desert dwelling heritage, but you and I both know better. You will be craving it well before our June shore leave. Or maybe I’ll make you crave it. You love my mouth going over every inch of you as the water cascades down on you. See, aren’t you glad I’m doing this in hard copy.

I will look at the prospective assistant candidates when we get back. Although it was slim pickings the first time. Maybe we’ll get lucky and some additional people have freed up since I made my initial list. If things go well today, maybe I can start on it tomorrow. The signing is the important part for me. Then our scientists need to get to work. Although maybe the team should go down first and not wait for us to chat. I feel like there’s some stuff missing from the report that might be important.

I’ve been told to remind you that the science department is now Carol’s domain. Despite the fact we both know that you really, really would want to find out why their crops are producing just 30% of what they did five years ago. That is your scientific wet dream stuff coming through. After rereading the report while you were meditating this morning, it appears that the situation is not Tarsus bad, not yet. But I think it could get there, which is why they’re willing to ask the Federation for scientific help despite years of really complicated history.
Also, if you think what I wrote last night or rather this morning was ridiculously incoherent, I should let you read some of my rough drafts for term papers. Life advice 142: never write a paper hung over. It just goes badly for all parties involved. Also, never write one sleep deprived. That was kind of my natural setting back then, so I’m still surprised I didn’t flunk anything.

Yes, it is possible to get through the Academy in three years. No, I don’t recommend it, although, I successfully talked Liz out of doing that. Maybe that’s because she wants to spend as much time as possible with her boyfriend.

To be continued
Day 18: More Excerpts from the diary of Josephine Jamie Uhura-McCoy

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous. Congratulations, we all survive 2017. Now we begin with my first post of the New Year. It is time for more frustrated ramblings of a preteen. Please note that you’re only getting selected inserts from Josephine’s therapy Journal. If I included all her therapy Journal entries, this story would be nothing but excerpts from a preteen diary.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

March 8, 2260

Dear Diary:

Living on a starship is not awful. At least now I have access to the botany lab, but still I hate my classmates. It hasn’t even been quite three weeks yet and I hate everything except maybe Jay. He is slightly less of a prick and he warned me not to eat the cookie bar from Ashley 2.

Our tutor did eat it and she spent most of the class in the bathroom, which was probably the point. She asked Uncle Jim to reassign her come June. That’s sad because I liked her. She gives me fun projects to do. I hope the replacement will be nice. I hope we get a replacement and they don’t send us back to Earth because everyone else is being so bad.

Do you think I can convince mommy Nyota to let me just do independent study for the next five years? I really think I could learn more by myself. Also, I would like to spend as little time with the Ashleys as humanly possible. All they do is talk about clothes and shoes and how they can convince Pavel to sleep with one of them, but that’s not the words they use.

I wonder if any of the teenagers have any real problems. I think Jay might, but he doesn’t talk about it. That’s okay. I don’t want to talk about it either. Except to Dr. Margarita because she doesn’t let me stay quiet.

Okay, I’m not completely isolated. Aside from Jay smiling at me when none of the others are around, Kevin emailed me, so I think that means I have actual friends or maybe Uncle Jim made
his brother email me. I’m not sure. I’m not sure if I want to know. I really don’t feel like replying, which is why I haven’t yet. If I get a second email, maybe I will. Maybe.

Fencing class is fun and Demora’s daddy is really nice. I’m sure I’m going to be learning the basics for weeks to come, but I like it better than the regular self-defense class. Pavel was also there to help. I think it’s because Mr. Sulu doesn’t want to accidentally hurt a child. He’s such a dad. Baby D is so lucky that she has two biological parents that love her.

At least I have daddy and Nyota. That’s better than what some have. Jay only has his mom now and she’s always working. But that’s what starship life is like, I wish Dad and Nyota would have more time to spend with me. Now that we’re in an active mission, I haven’t seen mom Nyota since yesterday. She’s part of the negotiations team.

Scratch that. She just got back and she is not happy. I can tell because she’s cursing in Swahili. It is never a good sign when mommy Nyota is cursing in Swahili. I managed to make out the words corrupt, selfish, and the cultural equivalent to bastard, I think. Also something about starving and blood. Dad is also fussing over her and asking her to go to Sickbay so he can look her over. That’s not good. I wonder what happened. They’re probably not going to tell me. Apparently, I’m too little to know sensitive mission details.

This is not anything new. They tried to hide the fact that my mom died because she had a drinking problem. Like I didn’t know the truth. I’m not a baby. I knew full well what her special punch was. I had to do the recycling. It’s hard to not notice the six large liquor bottles a week that ended up in the glass container. We were not having that many parties. Actually only her boyfriend came over and yes, I knew that he was her boyfriend. I’m not stupid.

I cannot wait till I’m an adult. Do you think that they’ll actually tell me the truth then or will they keep trying to protect me? I don’t need it. I just want the truth.

To be continued

Chapter End Notes

So New Year and a cliffhanger. Yes, I know.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last set of conversations. You are all fabulous. Much longer this time and hopefully it will answer a few of your questions.

From: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Subject: Re: I’m still alive and kicking, mom
Time arrived: 3/10/2260 00:00:01

I’m glad you’re still alive and kicking. I’m also glad you’re writing me. I wish you wrote me sooner, but I’ll take anything over song lyrics or music files. You’re trying and my therapist says I should appreciate that.

Jim, I’m fine. Still not drinking. I know you’re worried about that. I’m worried about that especially as we get closer to May 20. And yes, this is hard on me and Kevin, but we’ll get through it. There is supposed to be a survivor’s events this year. It’s Liz’s idea to commemorate the rescue. Considering who is now in charge of Starfleet, maybe they’ll stop covering up the fact that Chen’s decision to completely ignore orders is the only reason why we survived. I think I told you that part of the story. I know you know everything else now because you look at me differently and what use is your security clearance if you don’t use it occasionally.

So how are things? Do you prefer being a Captain or first officer? Have you had any major missions yet?

Kevin came over this weekend with Liz along with her niece. She’s cute as a button. She reminds me a lot of you at that age. You were so adorable. At least from what I remember from when I was breast-feeding and trying to stay sober. I’m sorry I wasn’t… I’m sorry I was not the mom you needed me to be back then. I really wish I got help earlier.

Xxxxx
From: Ambassador_Sarek  
To: SpockX-Kirk  
Time arrived: 3/10/2260 00:00:01  
Subject: Re: Are you well?  

I am still in good health. I am glad to hear from you, despite the time involved. I understand the decision to de-activate the instant message option because an encrypted version was used to plan the conspiracy to have you and your spouse killed for the sake of war. Although I do miss being able to speak to you in near real time, I understand the need to prevent such a conspiracy from occurring again.

I am not completely certain your spouse solved all your email issues considering the amount of time it took me to receive your message. I believe that outside ship communications are no longer working optimally before the completion of your current mission. Or has it been so long that you have already completed said mission? If so, how did it progress.

I am not offended by the long gaps between correspondence being an ambassador who has been stationed throughout the galaxy and have experienced such lacks in communications before. It once took three months for me to receive correspondence. I do not take such absences as a sign that you wish not to communicate with me, but rather part of the reality of our occupations.

Regarding your transition, I realize that it might be difficult to turn over key parts of your former duties to other individuals, but it is necessary. They may not do things the same way you do, but their way may still be nearly as efficient. Trust your staff. If you do so, you will become an effective leader. They will not let you down if you give them the space to grow and learn.

Remember, James is there to help you in all things. You must lean on each other, not only in the professional, but also the personal. The thing I miss the most about your mother no longer being with me is that I no longer have someone to speak about my concerns with. Your mother always had the perfect thing to say to me when I became frustrated. It was one of her many skills. Despite being a diplomat, I never had the way with words that she did.

Also, still make time to do the things you enjoy. Science brings you enjoyment, so you should schedule time for that. Is it not within your right to schedule yourself time in the lab to work on special projects, thus allowing your spouse to be on the bridge in your place. I trust you and your spouse will figure this out just like your mother and I did many years ago.

From: Number_one_Pike  
To: Jim_Spock-Kirk
OK so how is your first real mission of your five-year mission going? I read the initial readout in this morning’s report and saw that the MOU was signed. But I feel like something was missing, especially because Chen has been in meetings with the Federation AID all day and apparently, we’re sending a relief ship of rations and a team that specializes in food distribution and cultivation. Why do I feel like I got the clean version?

How are you doing otherwise? Are the teenagers still giving you problems? Have you realized yet that they gave you those teenagers because they thought you might be the only one who could possibly handle them, being a repeat genius level juvenile defender?

PS: I was joking about the cannabis brownies. Mostly.

Xxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Number_one_Pike
Time sent: 3/10/2260 01:23:01
Subject: You really don’t want to know what really happened

So, I changed my email address again. Use this one from now on.

I’m not sure if I believe that it is a joke. Honey pie confirmed the pot brownies, but never partook because he’s too smart to mix his drugs.

Only the Ashleys and J 1 are awful, so I guess that’s an improvement. J 2 is learning to behave. They managed to put laxatives in their instructor’s food. I mean it’s better than fertility drugs, but it still causes some emotional distress for others. Especially because I know they tried to drug Jo Jo as well. Of course, she doesn’t know that I know because Jay told me in confidence. He’s also looking out for Jo Jo because she reminds him of his little sister. The one that was killed last year. Okay, now I understand why we got some of these kids. I also understand why we got Dr. Margarita since she is certified to work with children and adults. And let’s be honest, some of the people on the ship are children and I’m not talking about the miners.

Yes, the mission was not what we expected. We were called in without the King’s knowledge, which was a good thing because he was starting to take a page out of the Tarsus playbook. Oh
wait, I’m not supposed to know what happened there. I’m just glad somebody had more sense and we were called in to keep things from getting Tarsus bad.

At least there were not that many dead bodies. The King is dead because his wife killed him. He was an abusive bastard and responsible for the current food insecurity issue.

The Queen was the one who called for Federation help. So, if we can keep the people from starving, we might get access to some of their very precious minerals which I know is what the Federation really cares about. I’m being extra cynical right now. Sorry, I need more sleep. I think we can count this as a win, right? Maybe?

Yet I should probably go back to sleep or try sleeping for the first time.

I probably should write Winona too, but maybe when I’m not this sleep deprived. Spock says I’m incoherent when I’m sleepy.

Xxxx

From: SpockX-Kirk
To: Ambassador_Sarek
Time sent: 3/10/2260 05:12:01
Subject: Re: Are you well?

I am glad you are in good physical health. I assumed that you would understand more than most about the delay in correspondence. James and I are currently discussing ways on how to free up our schedule to have more time to do things we enjoy as well as spend more time together. James will work on procuring two new assistants as soon as the current mission wraps up.

Due to some political matters, we are staying until a humanitarian vessel with food aid arrives. Since our next mission was to be star mapping, there is no real urgency.

I will try to write to you when time allows. Please continue to do the same.

X
Baby D is so adorable. She is the cutest baby in the quadrant. I’m glad they could come over.

I think it’s a clever idea that they’re doing a memorial or something. Hopefully it will be less showy than all the stuff they did for the Kelvin.

You can’t change the past. Well you can change the past, but it’s already been fucked up enough as it is so let’s try not to do any more damage because then we’ll end up with a third...

I don’t see you differently. I just understand more about why you were the way you were when you got home. Maybe I was too hard on you before. Maybe I didn’t understand what you really went through and the trauma, but well dying kind of gives you a new outlook on a lot of things. I think I blame that for more of the change in my perception than anything else. I don’t know, but I’m trying.

Even then I still worry maybe more than before. I think it’s worse because I’m not there. Plus, you’ve almost ended up burying another kid last June due to Starfleet malfeasance for Carol’s crazy daddy. Of course, we don’t talk about Carol’s crazy daddy because she’s a scientist on the ledge. Seriously I wonder why she even came back. It must be for the wife. I don’t even think she likes working with weapons. You know if we lived in a world where everything wasn’t fucked up by five Romulans from the future, I bet she probably would’ve became a biologist. Not that I know that for sure because it’s total speculation.

Spock is good. The constant gossiping has slowed down because the Vulcan death glare has come out. Spock is scary as hell when he wants to be. The minions are now sufficiently chastened. It’s a beautiful thing.

To be continued
Day 21: We really need to talk more.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely lovely.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260
Time arrived: 3/11/2260 00:00:01
Subject: I really wish you had told me about your sister?

Why didn’t you tell me your sister had a history of fertility issues? We are co-parents now. We are supposed to tell each other these things about our families, so the other one doesn’t completely embarrass themselves or gets excommunicated from the other one’s family.

Knowing that your sister may have had a trigger in that regard would’ve been good to know. I mean, you know that my baby sister watched her entire family get murdered when she was a little kid. That reminds me I must get her an ‘I’m sorry your family died during the Tarsus genocide’ gift. You also know about the emergency snack kit she keeps under her bed still.

Now I feel like a total bitch for the way I’ve been acting around her. I wasn’t really bragging about my child, no more than any other new parent, but she’s totally going to see it that way. Every baby photo was probably a jab in the heart. She probably thinks I’m rubbing it in her face that I have a happy and healthy baby, when she doesn’t. She’s probably thinking, “how dare that uppity bitch get pregnant without even trying”.

I have been super careful around your friend, Nyota, for that reason. Of course in that case, everybody knows because there was a trial. Seriously, we need to share more. I want your sisters to like me.

Your little sister, AKA the one who probably doesn’t think I’m a horrible person invited us (me, your boyfriend and our children) to the annual Sulu family spring barbecue. I’m not sure if I should even go because your older sister probably hates me. Also, your grandmother hates me because I gave birth to your kid out of wedlock and that I did not successfully turn you entirely straight. Seriously, she must hate your dad’s parents.
Of course, if I don’t go, it will probably be worse. Your mom really wants to see her baby girl and they are coming all the way from wherever colony they retired to, so I should be there with her granddaughter. This would be so much less awkward if you were actually with me. You’re supposed to be with me for the meet the parent situations. Okay, I met them at Christmas, but that was awkward enough to last an entire lifetime.

I’m looking for a new playgroup. Not the Starfleet one because my ex-boyfriend has poisoned the well there and my mom is their boss. That will just lead to badness. Maybe I should talk to Admiral Barnett’s wife, Jane. She knows everything.

Xxxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Benjamin_2254
Subject: Re: I think our emails crossed in the night.
Time arrived: 3/11/2260 00:00:01

Even though Sue wrote you a few days ago, I feel like I should write you too. I kind of liked reading your old stories from when you were a teenager. It’s like I’m seeing another part of who you were back then. I want to know all the things you were into as a teenager.

I should let you know that, apparently I’ve been invited to your family reunion by your baby sister. Is it weird that I’m going to your family reunion without you or that they even invited me? I only met them once at Christmas.

So how are things in space? How is your first mission going? Discovered any cool plants?
Anyway miss you.

Write me when you get a chance.

xxxxxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan

Time arrived: 3/11/2260 06:08:31

Subject: I really wish you had told me about your sister?

Sorry, yes, you do have to go to the Sulu family picnic because it’s really the Sulu family reunion. I haven’t had to go for a few years because I’ve always been in space, but now that you are the mother of the grandkid, you are expected to be there. I will get angry emails for months if the baby is not there to be promptly spoiled.

Although I do find it odd that they invited Ben, but he was the hit of Christmas. And when I mean hit of Christmas, I mean that I got grandfather’s engagement ring.

My mom's mother is just a homophobic bigot. She is very conservative. Allegedly, she cried for a week when she found out her Japanese daughter was marrying a man of Filipino, Korean, and Japanese ancestry with two fathers. Okay and she probably isn’t that happy that the mother of my child is Chinese-American and she doesn’t even know about your British sister yet. Sometimes, I think she should have been born 300 years ago. But hey, she’s not going to be there so you probably won’t have to worry about her until next Christmas, if she lives that long.

The grandfathers love you though. And hey, I have three grandfathers, so you’ll do good in that regard. Okay grandma doesn’t get along with the other grandpas which explains the divorce. She’s still bitter about that. Okay, maybe I should give you a guide on how to survive my family. Right now just have Demora in your arms at all times and I think you will be okay.

I doubt my big sister is going to see you giving her baby pictures as you rubbing our baby in her face. I don’t think so at least. I do think she’s a little sad though, but she wants quality time with her baby niece as well. You do not want to know the email I got from her for keeping the baby from her for the first few weeks. Even though I didn’t know. So that’s another reason for you to go to a very Sulu family reunion.

Good luck on finding a playgroup. There is an LGTBPQ Starfleet parent playgroup that one of the new doctors told me about. Maybe that would be slightly less pretentious. Your daughter has a gay parent, so I think that counts. And you will have Ben with you.

Anyway miss you. Send me lots of pictures from the family reunion.

Xxxxxx
Thank you for writing. I mean, I’m okay with joint replies from the two of you because obviously you’re becoming the best of friends. I’m happy about that because when I first found out about my daughter, I was afraid you would leave me because you couldn’t get along with the mother of my child. I’m glad that I don’t have to worry about that.

Now, I’m terrified about how close you two are. You two will get in so much trouble together. Make sure Suzanne doesn’t punch any of the other mommies out before you find another playgroup. There’s an LGTBQ Starfleet one that may be a good fit. Sue got in a lot of bar fights during the Academy so I can totally see her getting in a playgroup fight, especially because you two keep smuggling in booze. If you have to drink to tolerate the playgroup you are in, you are in the wrong playgroup.

Work has been busy and this mission wasn’t quite what we were expecting due to the coup d’état by the Queen, but it was a necessary coup d’état. We’re still trying to figure out why the crops failed so spectacularly here. It looks like somebody tried to genetically modify the plants to increase production, but the opposite happened. I’m still trying to figure it out. I love a good puzzle.

Fencing practice has been going good. We’ve had two sessions so far, but I think she really has potential. Also one of the other unaccompanied minors keeps watching our sessions. Maybe if he joins us, he will stay out of trouble. One can hope.

Finally, unlike with Sue where it’s mandatory she shows up because she’s the mother of a Sulu, you don’t have to go to my family reunion. I would like you to go for Sue’s sake, but I don’t want you to really have to go through the meet the extended family thing without me. You met a lot of the family at Christmas, but those were mostly the family members I like to speak to on a regular basis, except for the racist grandma. The extended family is worse, so much worse. However, the Japanese Filipino Korean fusion menu is fabulous and worth putting up with the crazy family alone. Kobe beef Korean barbecue.

Anyway I’ll write when I can. I think we’ve got to the point where communications will be really sporadic. So just remember I care and really miss you, even if it may be like another month before you get another email from me. God, I hope it won’t be that long.
Love you, always.

To be continued

Chapter End Notes

I would just like to point out that not all of Sulu’s email to his boyfriend will make it through because he accidentally said too much. See if you can guess which lines will end up being redacted.
Day 23: Complicated conversations with mother figures

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous. So, more family drama ahead.

From: Number_one_Pike
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 3/13/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Congratulations on your coup that was not a coup.

I had lunch with Chen today, so I now know the whole story of what happened on your first mission. She’s pissed. It’s never good when the Mandarin curse words come out. Not at you, but the situation and maybe a little bit at whoever prepared your intelligence packet.

She would also like to know why you had your communications officer send her the real version of the report in pre-warp Mandarin? I’m assuming code chocolate sprinkles or is it rainbow sprinkles is in effect? You really should’ve left me with a copy of your codes.

Also I was told to pass on to you that if Liz or your brother are having problems in Academy housing and are too afraid to tell her then you should. Or at the very least convince them to tell her what’s going on and not hide at her sister’s apartment or send anonymous video files to Admiral Burnett. I feel like there’s a story there. But Chen did not elaborate. Also, you need to remind a certain neighbor of yours what they can and cannot tell their boyfriend via personal correspondence. They’re not planning to release a sanitized for consumption press release regarding what happened for at least another week.

So obviously you now realize that every child chosen for the program has lost at least one parent to tragedy or has always been a member of a single parent household. That would be Jeremy. He is the one with the arrest record to rival you. His dad just left before he was even born.

All the Ashleys lost one of their parents during the battle of Vulcan. Mr. Martinez lost his little sister last year to one of the few forms childhood cancer that we haven’t cured yet. Then his father committed suicide the month after. So the fact that he’s starting to come around and help you is a
good sign. That kid needs all the help he can get. I think you’re the one who can provide that help. If anybody understands what those kids need, it’s you. I believe you can do it.

Xxxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Number_one_Pike
Time sent: 3/13/2260 06:02:01
Subject: Why didn’t you tell me that earlier?

It’s great that one of us believes I can do this because I don't. They are all so fucked up. Jo Jo is like the well-adjusted one and her mom wrapped herself around a tree last year. Therapy, they’re all getting mandatory therapy. Even one of the Ashleys has her own Frank.

So obviously I finally read through everybody’s dossier beyond the arrest record section. I mean, I should’ve realized it was this bad because why else would their parents qualify for the trial program. Yes, I realize I’m a dumb genius sometimes. So I guess this means I have to try harder to keep them in check or to help. I’ll talk to Sulu about inviting Jay to do fencing lessons as well. He really misses his daughter and I think helping Jo Jo has lessened the pain. Actually, self-defense classes might be good for the Ashleys. Especially the Ashley who got raped by her uncle Frank.

Maybe helping another kid will help. I may have to write Dr. Suarez. I can ask her how she helped me, especially through all the Frank stuff.

Were doing good things on the planet. It was only a tiny coup d’état. Only the king died and he was starving his people so I’m not that upset about it. Now that he’s gone, the food distribution is happening appropriately. We also think the lab has found what was causing the crops to produce less. Pollinator killing chemical being released into the atmosphere by the king, no less. Even alien plants need pollinators. Thankfully, things did not get to irreversible levels before we got here. The situation is stable for the moment and it will hopefully stay that way with additional Federation Aid oversight for recovery and relief distribution. I really would like to avoid Tarsus part 2, especially because we’re getting close to the anniversaries.

Speaking of Tarsus, I should really write Kevin soon. Maybe send a gift. That probably would be best.

Anyway, I will try to write you again later.
Hey, it’s Jim. Your favorite former adolescent patient. I hope at least anyway. This is my new email address. It was time for a change.

So how is your second tour of duty on the new Vulcan colony? Is it going better than the first time around? Things are going good with Margarita. She is actually picking up on my sarcasm and she did not start giggling when I went on a 15 minute tangent about Spock not wanting to have shower sex or any fun activities with chocolate syrup. I mean it’s not like we haven’t done ice cream play before, but he kind of doesn’t want to be chocolate tipsy and something on the ship go wrong so I can’t blame him. Let’s be honest, the universe will go to hell the moment we try to do something like that.

Okay, I do want to know how things are going with you, but I also need your help. So, you know that Enterprise was chosen for the trial run of the new minors on starships program and well somehow, they chose preteens and young adults that are somewhat more screwed up than me at that age. I think Jo Jo might be the well-adjusted one and she is being bullied and I think she cries a lot. Her eyes are always puffy. She won’t talk about it. She won’t talk about anything. And again she’s the good one.

One of the Ashleys even has her own Uncle Frank. That is causing all sorts of bad memories to come back up. No one should have to deal with an Uncle Frank. I shouldn’t have had to deal with an Uncle Frank. But at least Ashley 2’s mom kicked the evil boyfriend to the curb after she stabbed him with a barbecue fork. Starfleet didn’t count that against her. Well, Chen didn’t count that against her. Actually, I think Chen gave her a promotion.

So what do I do? They’re all acting out, mostly on Jo Jo. I’ve already lost our tutor. Finding a replacement is going to be awful. I need help. You handled me and I was a lost cause. Help!

To be continued
Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You’re all fabulous.

From: MomOU
To: NyotaUM
Time arrived: 3/14/2260 00:00:01
Subject: How is the five year mission for you?

How are you Nyota? I haven’t heard from you since your mission began and I just wanted to see how things were. I know how the ship is doing. Pike is a friend. If anything was really going wrong she would tell me, even if Rodriguez isn’t speaking to me anymore. I know your first officer or is it other captain managed to get the MOU signed. That’s a good step forward since we’ve had such a hostile relationship previously. I guess not starving to death is good enough motivation to take the first tenuous steps toward normalizing relations.

So what have you been doing? How is your stepdaughter adjusting to life on the ship? How are you adjusting to full-time parenthood and a small space where you can’t run away?

Please write me back when you have a chance. I know we haven’t always had the best relationship, but I’m hoping things can get better.

xxxxxx

From: NyotaU
To: Leonard M
Time sent: 3/14/2260 12:02:13
Subject: My mom just emailed me.

Please see message below from my mom. I’m not even sure how to respond or if I should respond. I mean, she was great at Christmas, but I’m still angry. I might even be angrier now that Josephine is here with us. I mean, there was a coup d’état on the planet we’re orbiting, and we managed to
keep our baby safe. Why couldn’t they do that? Why couldn’t they have fought harder for that?

Xxxx

From: LeonardUM
To: NyotaUM
Time sent: 3/14/2260 12:49:13
Subject: Re: My mom just emailed me.

Sorry, Nyota, you have to respond. And not just because she's an admiral that could make our work life very difficult if she wanted to. Although, that’s a big part of it. If my child was in deep space, I would want to know how she was doing. She’s trying. That’s all you can ask for. Now that you’re a parent, you should realize that parents are not perfect and make a ton of mistakes. We are people too. Some of us are more screwed up than others. That doesn’t mean you have to forgive her, but an email would help. Besides, some of it may have been out of her control. You know I would’ve done anything before to be with Jo Jo, but her mother made sure that was not a possibility.

Also, sorry I couldn’t have lunch with you. Half of engineering has the Romulan flu. I don’t even want to know how they contracted that.

Xxxx

From: NyotaUM
To: LeonardUM
Time sent: 3/14/2260 14:02:13
Subject: Re: My mom just emailed me.

It's okay. I don't even want to know how so many in engineering ended up with that strain of flu. Did they all skip their vaccinations? I hope you make it to dinner at least.

She did ask about Josephine which is good. She referred to her as my stepdaughter, but baby steps. Although maybe I didn’t tell her about the adoption. I’ll try to draft something tonight and let you look over it so you can delete all the curse words.

Also, you know you can’t blame yourself for the previous bad custody arrangement. Josephine knows that you would’ve been there if you could.

Xxxxx

From: LeonardUM
To: NyotaUM

Time arrived: 3/14/2260 16:45:01

Subject: How is the five year mission for you?

Thank you for at least trying to meet her halfway.

Dr. Culber has the second shift tonight. Since I find him competent enough to deal with everything in his own, I’ll be there for dinner. Sometimes I wonder how he ended up on this ship.

Xxxx

From: NyotaUM

To: LeonardUM

Time sent: 3/14/2260 18:02:13

Subject: Draft response: Thank You for your email

Please read below and let me know if this is safe to send to my mom. I think I kept the anger to a bare minimum on this. Let me know what you think.

xxx

I am good, wonderful. It helps that Leonard is actually an involved parent. We make a good team. We have no idea why Josephine would rather sit with me at lunch then her classmates, but we’ll figure it out eventually. Josephine’s OK or as OK as you can be six months after losing your mom and being shipped off to a strange starship filled with weird strangers, some of whom were assholes.

BTW it probably helps that we’re actually with her instead of sending her off to boarding school to deal with grief alone. Thank God I had Marc. I don’t think Josephine has that. None of her Georgia friends have emailed her at all, only Admiral Chen’s daughter and Captain Spock’s brother-in-law. They have bonded over mutual loss, but I don’t think that will happen with the Ashleys. They seem way too superficial or at least are trying to deal with their grief through superficiality. I have hope for Jay, sort of.

Leonard is good. He is currently dealing with a flu epidemic, but he is getting through it. He likes the new nurses and doctors on his team. Thankfully none are crazy and trying to sleep with my husband. I like Dr. Culber, more importantly Leonard likes the doctor. He actually trusts the man to take care of his medical bay while he’s having dinner with us tonight.
Leonard might even have a new friend. You have no idea how hard it is for him to make friends or me for that matter which is probably why we’re together. I think we’re going to try to do a dinner sometime. Dr.

Margarita says I need more adult friends. Yes, I am still in therapy. I’m probably going to be there a while.

xxxxxxx

From: LeonardUM

To: NyotaUM

Time sent: 3/14/2260 18:32:13

Subject: Draft response: Thank You for your email

I think you can send that as soon as you replace husband with boyfriend. You don’t want her to think that we eloped sometime during the mission.

To be continued.
Day 26: Dear baby girl

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous.

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan
Time arrived: 3/16/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Re: I really wish you had told me about your sister?

Fine, we are going to a very Sulu family reunion. Ben is bringing cake because I burn water. Again, I implore you to marry that man. He has like 80 cake recipes on file. He’s planning to do something with chocolate ganache and salted caramel buttercream. Seriously, why couldn’t he be bi or at least be hetero curious like you?

Now I’m having fun hearing from you because I need as much grown-up time as possible. But most of your emails, I can’t read to Desi so maybe you can send something to her. You need practice for when you’re going to be sending these letters to Liz instead of me. That reminds me, I must start getting the custody papers together soon. I had lunch with my lawyer Sean, AKA your ex yesterday to deal with all the legal stuff.

I’m thinking about having Liz and Kevin be Desi’s guardian when I’m in space. I know they’re young, but they’re so good with her. Plus, they’re here all the time, so her routine won’t be that out of whack. Also, this way she won’t have to live in a strange place for months at a time. I don’t know. It’s just something for us to discuss at some point. Shawn thinks it’s legally sound at least.

BTW, Desi has become the master of scooting and I think she’s going to start crawling soon. Fingers crossed. I attached a video. You’re going to love it. She’s adorable.

Xxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan
Subject: I really wish you had told me about your sister?

Dear baby D:

Hey baby girl, how are you? Have you picked up any new skills since the last time I wrote you? I heard that you are mastering scooting. Have you got to crawling yet? I may have sent you a doll to help you pick up that skill. My mom used something similar with me because I sort of walked first.

Have you tried any new things? I know mom is starting to work you through solid foods before I left. Have you developed a favorite yet? You’re going to love strawberries. You know, unless you end up allergic to them like Uncle Jim. Oh, I hope you don’t have any food allergies. That man scares me when he has reactions.

Have you made any new friends? Mommy tells me you’re trying to find a new playgroup. How’s that going? Also, I heard you’re going to a very Sulu family reunion. You don’t have any first cousins yet, but you have lots of second and third cousins. I think a few might be around your age. Apparently, my siblings and I are the late bloomer side of the family. I want more pictures. I got a few, but I want more.

So, quick question in a couple of months when mommy starts working on a starship, again, do you want to live with grandma, aunt Liz, or your auntie K? I like Liz. She’s a mature 20 because life has not been kind to her, but she’s still in the Academy. And that would mean daycare. Of course, grandma’s working full time as an admiral, so you would end up spending quality time in daycare regardless.

Now Auntie K would not have that problem. Wedding planners have more flexible hours. There are also my parents who are now in Florida not some far-off colony. I don’t know where your mom got that from.

From: MomOU

To: NyotaUM

Time arrived: 3/16/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Re: Thank you for writing

OK you’re obviously still angry about boarding school, but at least you returned my message in
under a week, so I’ll take that as a win. I am still sorry about boarding school. I should’ve came back, but… There are no excuses I really should have come back. I’m sorry.

I’m glad you’re making friends.

I’m trying to make amends here and I’m not sure how. I think the most helpful thing I’ve done is make sure that your boyfriend’s medical staff won’t try to drug you again. I know you’re still upset about the consequences of the fertility drugs and rightfully so. However, I’m thankful she didn’t give you something that could have killed you.

If you need me, I’m here. Just let me know how I can help. The only thing I can probably do is get a second tutor sent to Enterprise just for Jo Jo. She’s younger and could probably use more attention, but that’s all I can really do now. Anything more could get the whole program jeopardized and I want you to be able to keep your stepdaughter with you.

xxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Kevin KR

Time sent: 3/16/2260 06:45:54

Subject: So how are you doing? How are you really doing?

Okay so looking at the calendar, I realized that yesterday was your Tarsus sucks anniversary day. I ordered you a giant cookie basket. Although considering emails and anything similar are functioning in crazy ways at best, I’m not sure if you got the delivery same day. On your Tarsus sucks anniversary day, you need junk food. I’m making Spock brownies on the first anniversary of Amanda’s death. I’m probably going to do it again this year. That’s kind of soon. It’s like one bad anniversary, after another. June is going to be an awful month this year.

So, I guess you should be happy to know that we prevented something similar from happening on my last mission. No, I can’t give you details. Ask your future sister-in-law. She knows all the good juicy gossip. Because we have things stabilize, I think we’ll be leaving in about two or three days. Really, I’m just glad history is not repeating itself.

Have you heard from Jo Jo? She’s still not really talking about what’s going on. I’m getting more Intel from Jay secretly of course because he doesn’t want the Ashleys or Jeremy knowing that he’s a double agent in the war on authority. Or maybe the kid just wants friends. His face lit up so much when I suggested he do fencing training with Sulu.

Poor baby can compete with us for most screwed-up family which is remarkable. I mean my dad
died the moment I was born due to time traveling Romulans and well, there’s a reason why yesterday sucks for you. But we got through it and are kind of functioning members of society. So, there’s hope for the next generation that they too shall overcome their own personal tragedy. Oh God, I think I’m going to have to get Margarita like six boxes of chocolate this shore leave. Do you think I can talk Spock into another therapist? I think the ship needs at least two, possibly three. We’re all a little screwed up.

Mom told me you guys did dinner. Kudos on bringing baby D as a buffer. Nothing awful happens when you have small children there. Especially when she’s adorable.

Seriously, what did you do to take care of the gossip problem? I got a cryptic message via Pike that Chen was extra irritated and would like for you to tell her when there are problems instead of fixing them by yourself or going to Barnett. She even mentioned going to Spock first. Seriously, what did you do and how illegal? She suggested Spock as an alternative. Do I need to call the lawyers?

To be continued
Day 28. The cookies were lovely

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading and reviewing. You’re all fabulous.

From: Kevin KR
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 3/18/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Thank You for the cookies

No lawyers needed. Also my girlfriend’s mom terrifies me.

I got the chocolate and the cookies. Desi tried to eat one, but she was given mashed pears instead. Most of which got in my hair. Pictures attached. You can thank Liz for that. She’s taking a ridiculous amount of pictures of everything her niece does. It’s kind of cute.

I’m okay. Okay, I cried on Liz like twice during sex, but I’m okay. Mostly.

I miss my parents. I loved my parents, but if Tarsus didn’t happen, I wouldn’t be here, and I love you and mom and Liz. I have a good life right now. If things were different, none of you would be here with me. Sometimes that makes me feel guilty. Survivor’s guilt is a very fucked up thing or at least that’s what my therapist on campus says. I think that’s mostly what I’m feeling right now.

I wonder if Josephine is going through something similar. If she wasn’t at Disneyland of Georgia, she could very well have been in that car. Maybe she’s thinking if she was there, the tree thing wouldn’t have happened. The mind of a preteen is a very scary place, especially when the guilt is bad enough.

I haven’t heard from her. Liz hasn’t either. That concerns us both. We’re both going to write her today. We will use the screwed up communication system as cover.

Things with mom are still stable. I’m terrified that things are going to get unstable because we’re just days from the anniversary of Sam’s death. And I don’t know if she can take the anniversary in
her current state. I was really afraid we were going to have a relapse on your real birthday.

Everything that happened related to Sam’s murder was bad. Everything that happened on Tarsus was bad, but what they did to your brother was just barbaric. I saw it happen and I just don’t want to remember. He was so good to us little kids. Keeping us safe. Without him, or your mom, I don’t think I would still be alive. Okay I know wouldn’t be alive. So these are the bad days.

Then I kissed Liz and I play the bunny game with Desi and it’s okay. I don’t feel like I’m going to start crying at any moment. So I guess that’s a plus. Midterm absolutely suck and I hate that they fall during this high stress time for me, but I’ll get through it. It’s definitely easier to get through it this year than last, because I have Liz.

Also, knowing that you’re up there trying to keep a repeat from happening makes it a little easier. You keep doing what you need to do to keep Starfleet being what it needs to be.

I’m kind of a mess right now but I’m okay. Be good and come back to me. I love you, big brother.

From: Kevin KR
To: kitten_loverJJMU
Time arrived: 3/18/2260 00:00:01

Subject: So how are things going for you?

Hey, I thought I would check in with you to see how things were going. Did you get my last email? I was worried that maybe you did not get it because Jim said there were some technical problems with incoming non-Starfleet messages. Apparently you’re getting farther and farther out into space so it could be like a week before you actually get this email if you get this email. So I hope they’re actually coming through.

Anyway I thought I would write you as a distraction. Yesterday was the anniversary of when my parents died. No drunk driving accident, but I saw it happening so this whole time of year is kind of an emotional stress for me. I mean it’s better this year because I have Liz and Winona is having a good couple of weeks at least.

That said, this is still a painful time of the year. I miss my parents. I love my adopted family. They are great, even though Jim can be an idiot sometimes, but that doesn’t mean I don’t miss my birth
parents because I do. Having the new thing doesn’t replace what you lost. It’s just a new thing to
ground you.

Other than Liz and now you, I don’t have that many people I can talk about that type of loss with. I
mean Jim knows what it’s like to lose a parent, but he was a baby. Also I don’t think he feels the
survivor’s guilt. He doesn’t ask himself why he’s still here and they are not. At least not with his
dad. Maybe he asked himself those questions about Sam or even Chris. I don’t know. And maybe
I’m afraid to ask. The anniversary of Sam’s murder is coming up soon and Jim and I have a really
tough time talking about our feelings. Ask Uncle Jim about the hissy fit I threw before his human
wedding last summer. It took the intervention of one of Spock’s grandparents to get me to stop
being an idiot.

We’re trying to work on their interpersonal communications. It’s 50-50.

Also on top of all the emotional stuff, I have midterms. Midterms! God, I hate the Academy
sometimes. Only two more years after this semester and that’s only because I’m not taking a
suicide course load. Jim was a masochist.

Since this is such a high stress time of the year for me, I could use a distraction. Please provide me
with a distraction. What crazy antics are my brother and his husband doing that you can tell me? I
think a lot of the stuff that he’s doing is a little on the mature side and I hope you don’t know yet.
You should enjoy being a kid. I didn’t quite get that because of things that will probably be
redacted from your history class. Maybe that’s a good thing.

Anyway write back when you can.

Xxx

From: Elizabeth_Chen
To: kitten_loverJMU
Time arrived: 3/18/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Isn’t my niece adorable.

Hey, I thought I would send you the latest pictures of Demora being cute. We can all use more cute
baby pictures. Yes, she covered my boyfriend in what I think is supposed to be applesauce or some
other fruit-based product, but she was so cute doing it. Doesn’t she just make you smile? I’m sure
you could use it.
So are all your classmates still assholes? I’ve heard things from Jim, but nothing from you. Did you even get my last email? I’ve been told you guys have been having outside communications issues which is sad because you need some outside contact. Have you been in touch with any of your old friends from Georgia?

Anyway, write back when you have a chance. I’m sure classes are getting busy. I’m in the middle of midterm madness and my niece keeps drooling on my class PADD. Thankfully, the thing is baby drool proof.

Xxxx

From: kitten_loverJJMU
To: Elizabeth_Chen; Kevin KR
Time Sent: 3/18/2260 16:21:51

Subject: I’m okay-ish

I’m hoping it’s okay if I email both of you at the same time. Thank you for the pictures. They were adorable.

I got your email and the one before. I just didn’t feel like responding. I like being on the ship. I just don’t like the other teenagers. I don’t know why I couldn’t be here alone. One person is enough for a trial program, right? I’m eating lunch with mom and dad whenever possible. At least this way I don’t have to worry about classmates putting laxatives in my food. Jay is the only one of my classmates that talks to me at all and not in class or in front of his other friends which is annoying.

Also I don’t have any friends in Georgia anymore because they couldn’t be bothered to write me even though I sent them all really nice Christmas presents. I’m not going to try to write someone who doesn’t want to stay in touch.

Kevin, so even though it’s been more than a decade you still miss your mom and dad? Is it the same for you, Liz? Does it get easier with time or does it still feel like something is missing. Do you forget sometimes that they are dead? Sometimes I wish I could just tell Mom what’s happening here, but if she was alive I wouldn’t even be here so it’s just silly to have that desire, yet I do. I guess this is probably something I should write about in my therapy Journal.
Not one second of Tarsus was your fault. Nothing that happened was your fault. You shouldn’t feel guilty that you survived and that you’re living your life now. I think that’s what your parents would’ve wanted. I think that’s what Sam would have wanted for me too, to be happy. We are happy. We are with people who love us, baggage and all.

I know it’s hard for us to talk about it, but you know I’m here. Don’t be afraid to tell me what’s really going on.

Love you too.

To be continued
Thank you to everybody who read or review the last Set of messages you’re all absolutely wonderful.

From: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Subject: Re: How is colony life?

Time sent: 3/20/2260 00:00:01

Hi Jim. I’m glad you found time to write in your busy schedule. Maybe that’s one of the advantages to being first officer. You know I don’t have favorites, but the fact that I’m not reprimanding you for giving me way too many details about your sex life probably gives you some indication about how I feel about you. It also makes me glad that’s Margarita’s problem. I’m happy that part of your relationship is healthy, I just don’t want to know the details. I’m just kind of glad I don’t have to mediate anymore.

New Vulcan life is New Vulcan life. A few nonessentials like restaurants are starting to pop up, so that’s nice. It feels like I’m making a difference here so that’s good. However, the two-year anniversary of the battle of Vulcan is just weeks away. I know I’m going to get an uptake in patients in the next couple weeks, but that’s what happens with anniversaries. I hope you’re doing okay with the anniversary of Sam’s death. I know it’s soon.

I’m not surprised that you were assigned teenagers with special needs because you were a teenager with special needs and who knows them better than you. I think you might be the role model that they need. You’re scared, but I don’t think you really need my help that much. See below for recommendations of a few books for you to read. Mostly from the Idiots Guide to Life series. There is no one way to work with a traumatized teenager because everybody is different.

The most important thing you have to remember is to be there. Especially for Jo Jo because she is your goddaughter and you’re aware of how much her life has changed over the last nine months.
That’s a lot for a kid to handle. And if she’s the well-adjusted one, I think I need to send you chocolate.

Of course, I’m telling you these things as your mother figure and not as a professional because I’m not there to assess in person. Really, you need to work with Margarita to come up with a plan on how to handle the situation. Mandatory counselor time may not be a bad thing but use a light touch if you decide to go this route, due to what some of your charges have gone through.

As for the tutor problem issue, I suggest getting a contractor. I think you need a teacher more than you need a Starfleet officer and outside contracts are allowed in some situations. Actually that’s how I ended up on your ship before. I’m not really Starfleet again, I just happen to have an excellent security clearance. I’m a contractor. It’s kind of why I ended up on new Vulcan.

So what’s going on with you beyond teenager shenanigans? How are you adjusting to your new position? What things do you like and what things do you not like about your new job? How is your relationship with Winona and Kevin now that you’re off planet?

Write me back when you have a chance.

xxxxxxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez

Subject: Re: How is colony life?

Time sent: 3/20/2260 19:07:31

I’m glad you had a chance to write back. I should’ve known you were going to say that. And yes, I’m meeting with Margarita to come up with a treatment strategy in a couple of days after she observes everyone in their natural habitat. We kind of have no choice but to intervene directly due to the fact that they drugged a teacher. Thankfully it was just laxatives and not something worse. Of course, that might be because we’re tracking drug usage on the ship, due to what was done to Nyota last year.

Things are good on ship and in life. You know, other than the husband who is afraid not to be on all the time because he is worried about the ship. Mom has yet to relapse, so that’s good, especially because as you know, we are approaching the anniversary. Kevin and I are emailing each other regularly. I’m planning to send mom a giant cookie basket for the Tarsus Memorial gathering that they’re having in a couple of days. Apparently Liz thought it would be interesting to get all the
survivors together.

Even though it’s been a little under a month, I really do think I made the right decision to step back and do the things I missed by going straight to captain. There is a lot of things I didn’t see when I was too busy in the Captain’s chair. I missed the conspiracy to hurt Nyota as well as the conspiracy to make me a martyr so we would go to war with the Klingons. People died because I was too busy focusing on the important things to notice the trivial things like the new ship therapist was a traitor to the cause. Now I get to step back and do that. And I think that’s good.

Hey, at least this time I caught on to the fact that my people were getting drugged. Yes, it was laxatives this time instead of fertility drugs, but it is still kind of creepy. OK it’s creepy that they got caught and did it again. What the hell is wrong with these kids?

Was I this awful? I could have never been that awful even though I was acting out because my step father molested me. See I’m getting better. I can actually say it or rather type it. Aren’t you proud?

I realize that I must be a grown-up and can’t depend on you for everything, but I still would like to bounce ideas off you occasionally. Margarita’s a great doctor, but she doesn’t know me like you do. She’s not familiar with all of my baggage. She’s starting to get there. I’m opening a little, but I’m in a good place. So I’m not going into 50 minute rants about wicked step dad and trying to keep Winona’s drinking from Kevin. I’m worried that it’s all going to fall apart at some point, but I’m okay.

Carol just texted me and told me to go get my husband because he is interfering with her experiments. Has a Captain ever worn two hats before, such as functioning as their own science officer? That’s probably a question for Pike even if she is not technically my Admiral. Rodrigues is okay, but Pike is better.

Anyway, most of the science team are betting on how long Carol will last. Okay there is also betting on whether Spock will fire her, or she will resign. Should I be happy that I now know about the ship gambling and the fact that they’re not betting on my sex life? A few of our friends made a small fortune when Spock and I got together.

Anyway, I’m glad things are going well on New Vulcan. Maybe the second year anniversary will be better than the first. You know new babies being born in life going on.

I’ll take a look at the list you sent. I’ll look into the possibility of going with a contractor, if we can’t find someone suitable. Chris arranged you for me last time so I have to read up on how that works. Anyway, I hope to hear from you again soon.
To be continued
Day 32: Making it okay

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You’re all fabulous.

Sorry, I did not post the chapter last week. Due to inclement weather proofreading is a little behind, so I wanted to split the difference a little more evenly. Hopefully I’ll be able to upload the next chapter in about two weeks. Then we can go back on our normal once a week schedule.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

From: legal Queen of Atlanta
To: kitten_loverJJMU
Subject: How is everything going?

Since it’s been almost a month since I saw you off, I thought I would write. Thankfully, your stepmom sent me everybody’s new email address including yours. Your dad hit the jackpot there. I love my sister – loved my sister, but she wasn’t perfect. You have no idea how much I wish I would have stood up to her and got you out of there earlier. Or convinced her to go to rehab. I’m sorry that I let you down.

It doesn’t matter now. You can’t change the past. You’re somewhere better now and that’s what matters. What’s it like living on a starship? Did you make any new friends? I remember Nyota mentioning something about other kids being on the ship. Is there anyone close to your age? Anyway, I hope all is well. Write me when you get a chance.

Love, the good aunt.

xxxxx

From: Kevin KR
To: kitten_loverJJMU
CC: Elizabeth_Chen
Time arrived: 3/22/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Re: So how are things going for you?

It’s OK to email us at the same time if you email us occasionally. Besides, now that we’re dating, we don’t keep a lot of secrets from each other. It’s just kind of the way it is. We also do everything together. She’s dragging me with her to a very Sulu family reunion because she doesn’t want to protect her sister and niece from the crazy family members alone. Being a Kirk, I’m well suited for that.

You’re doing the right thing eating with the adults. Stay away from your classmates except for the one that is not being a jerk. You can try being friends with him. I think he may need one. Please read newspaper hyperlink attached. You two have a lot more in common than you think.

I won’t tell your parents or my brother what’s going on with the mean girls or the jerk. I think you should tell your parents or my brother what’s going on. Jim already suspects an issue of some sort because he’s already looking for a new instructor since the old one already put in her notice. My girlfriend told me who heard it from her mom who heard it from Rodriguez that Enterprise is looking for someone to take over the teaching position on ship. Liz knows all the good gossips.

Both of us are here if you need someone to talk to. We both know a lot about bullies. Riverside was not exactly the best place if you were gifted and unlike Jim, I was in public school for a lot of it. High school was kind of god awful. Especially because Jim was on the other side of the country and couldn’t threaten to punch people out who were nasty to me like he did when I was in junior high. They made fun of my deceased parents and of the fact I was a foster kid. A few assholes said some nasty things about me not deserving the last name Kirk.

They were all kind of pricks, but I got through it. Of course, I got through it because I had Liz and she was the best friend ever. Despite the fact we weren’t even in the same state level on the same school. So, don’t limit your friendships to those who are physically with you. Liz and I are your friends and will always be just an email away. You may not always get a fast response from us, but we are always here if you need. We will be there for you.

Don’t worry about the friends from Georgia. If they can’t bother to write to you then they’re not worth worrying about. Sometimes friendships only exist due to physical proximity. That’s not your fault. Besides, you are making new friends. And word of advice, friends don’t have to be the same ages as you. They can be older or they can be younger. Just make sure there are people that you can trust and won’t hurt you. I had way too many fake friends in high school. Liz will tell you we’re still putting up with that at the Academy because her mommy is the head of Starfleet and my brother saves the world a lot.
Your old classmates not wanting to be your friend anymore is not a Josephine problem that you have to deal with. The same with the other teenagers on the ship. It’s a problem they are having, and you shouldn’t feel bad because of it. Don’t let them hurt you.

The fencing is cool. I’ve always wanted to learn, but I grew up in a small town in the middle of Iowa that’s only genuine business was building Starfleet ships. Self-defense classes weren’t exactly an option outside of karate. Not even Brazilian jujitsu. Also, I was always more into computers then anything that required actual physical activity. Maybe that’s why I want to do the diplomatic track not that we really have a diplomatic track, but you know what I mean. OK this email is getting long, and I have exams to study for. I hate midterms, but it’s almost over. Anyway, write us back when you can.

PS: Send us a list of any snacks that you want. Liz is planning to send you another care package filled with snack contraband. She also wants to know if you want her to pick out a Mother’s Day present for Nyota. It’s early but depending on where you are, it may take that long to get something to you.

Xxxxxx

From: Kevin KR
To: SpockX-Kirk
Time arrived: 3/21/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Your ship has a bullying problem

So, unless Josephine has decided to come clean after reading my last letter (I doubt it), I’m the one who will have to confirm that the other members of the pilot program are being awful to her. I wish Josephine would come talk to her parents or Jim, but I doubt one letter from me is going to change that. She also made me promise not to tell her parents or Jim that four out of the five teenagers on board are treating her like absolute shit.

However, I did not promise to keep this from her ship’s captain. You know humans, we firmly believe in loophole abuse. Also, you share a brain with my brother, literally due to Vulcan marriage.

Since I know you were bullied by various stuck up Vulcan assholes, I think you have a pretty good idea about what’s going on and can sympathize with her in a way that others can. She told me specifically that they put laxatives in her food more than once which is why she’s not eating around them. There must be more than that going on that she’s not saying. Just keep an eye on the situation. I know you’re busy being a captain, but a captain’s first responsibility is to make sure everybody on their ship is OK and Josephine is on your ship.
I also suggested that she keep being friends with the one not being a jerk, mostly because Liz told me who he really is. As well as to avoid everyone else. How did you end up with a ship full of Ashleys? Who did you piss off to get that?

XXXX

“I just love the fact that you invited me to breakfast to let me know that my daughter is more comfortable talking to Jim’s baby brother then to me.” Nyota said as she passed the PADD back to Spock. They were currently eating breakfast in the captain’s private quarters, so they could have this conversation.

“It’s nothing personal. Teenagers tell their parents nothing and apparently, it’s been like that since the dawn of time. Don’t expect your child to be any different than you.” Jim explained as he passed a bagel to Nyota.

“I believe we were only like that because we had such crappy parents.” Nyota responded, after grabbing the bagel.

“I’m 99% positive that Cuddle Vulcan didn’t say anything about his bullying either and his family was perfectly normal. It’s the way of the teenager or preteen in this case. Why do you think I asked Kevin to help? It was either this or break into her room and read her therapy journals.”

“Leonard threatened to withhold sex if I did something like that.” Nyota complained.

“So that’s what it takes to get you to respect other people’s privacy?” Jim remarked.

“Your banter will not provide an adequate solution to the problem at hand.”

“But it makes me feel better.” Nyota smiled at her friends, sadly. “I’m just worried. We had two students at my boarding school kill themselves because of bullying. I’m just concerned, especially after Marc. I thought he was dealing with everything until I found his body.”

“I know. I’m also worried about the other five kids. Things are messed up.”

“I think I should talk to Josephine while James deals with the five other minors on board.”
“I’m all for dividing and conquering, but shouldn’t we include Nyota to appease her? The odds are better that way.”

“As you stated earlier, adolescents are not inclined to share their thoughts and feelings with their parental units. Therefore, Nyota is unable to participate at this venture.” Nyota responded with a glare.

“Point, but we can still do three each. You do the Jays and I do the Ashleys. Although maybe Nyota can be with me when I talked to Ashley 2 because all men are assholes.”

“I’m not sure if I can be there. I may be tempted to punch her.”

“And that’s why we can’t have you help. I’ll get Margarita.”

“Maybe you should bring someone with you that’s not a therapist.” Nyota suggested.

“I will ask Rebecca to help. She understands because she had her own uncle Frank. We could do a support group.” Spock is certain Jim was only half joking.

“I would be willing to work with Jay, although I think his experiences are closer to yours, and you would be more well-suited.” Spock suggested.

“And like all three Ashleys, you lost a parent during the battle of Vulcan.”

“Which I’m still trying to process, especially with the anniversary forthcoming.” Spock answered.

“Okay, what about Jeremy?” Nyota asked before Spock could.

“I may be tempted to utilize a nerve pinch which would be unbecoming of a captain.” Spock responded.
“Fine, you have Jo Jo, I have the kids and all of them will be scrubbing the deck with toothbrushes. Does this work?”

“Yes.” The other two said in unison.

“Good, you can email my brother and remind him again not to get Liz pregnant. Otherwise we will end up with a ship full of Ashleys. I can’t deal with that many fake plastic people. I just can’t.” James told him as Nyota snickered in the background.

“I will this evening,” Spock answers his husband before placing a gentle kiss on his lips. He tasted like strawberry jam.

Xxxx

From: SpockX-Kirk
To: kitten_loverJIMU
Time arrived: 3/21/2260 21:54:01
Subject: Re: Your ship has a bullying problem

I personally did not piss off anyone that I’m aware of. However, James is convinced that he is being punished for you engaging in a sexual relationship with Admiral Chen’s daughter. He would like me to take this moment to remind you of the importance of using contraceptives whenever engaging in sexual congress with Cadet Chen. Although James loves small children, young Miss Sulu is enough presently.

The fact that we have three minor members with the same first name of Ashley is purely coincidental. It was the number one baby name on Earth from 2240 until 2245. All three young women lost a parent during the battle of Vulcan and bonded over their mutual loss. Since we are approaching the two-year anniversary of the incident, I hypothesize they may be acting out in response or this is their normal level of behavior and it will only increase as we get closer to the anniversary. I do not favor either option.

James and I have discussed the matter and we have decided on appropriate disciplinary actions. Scrubbing the decks of engineering with a toothbrush is the current punishment of choice.

I am also planning to talk with Josephine directly. Either James or myself will notify you if there is any progress.
To be continued.

Chapter End Notes

Since this series is ridiculously long, I just want to remind everybody that Marc was Nyota’s childhood friend who committed suicide when they were at the Academy together. Also, a reminder that Rebecca is Carol’s wife in this continuity.
Day 34: Human Preteens Are Illogical

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last conversation. You’re all wonderful. I’m sorry for the lag between updates, but weekly updates will resume, now that I have several chapters back from proofreading.

Warning: Discussion of a past suicide attempt.

Dear James:

Yesterday after Alpha shift I attempted to converse with Josephine per our breakfast discussion with Nyota, but I was unsuccessful. She refused to disclose any information related to her treatment by the other minors on board Enterprise. She said that she was not encountering any difficulties with her classmates despite only making eye contact with her dinner tray. Obviously, this is an untruth due to the fact she ran an allergy detecting tricorder over her tray before eating.

In addition, her PADD was missing again. Ensign Margolis found it on level six inside of a recycling bin. This is the third time that has happened in the last 19 days.

I am uncertain how I can convince her that I am a trustworthy source to confide in and that I will take her issues seriously. She has confided in both of us in the past regarding her mother’s death. And yet now when it is obvious that someone is hurting her, she refuses to speak. I find this situation troubling, especially because the inappropriate conduct is happening on ship and scrubbing decks six and seven with a toothbrush is apparently not enough of a deterrent to stop such inappropriate conduct.

xxxxx

Dear Spock:

That’s because apparently Jeremy is a masochist. I think maybe one or two of the Ashleys are smart enough to realize that we are not going to put up with their bullshit.

It’s nothing personal, Spock, it’s just preteen behavior. Did you ever tell your dad that your school days were miserable because you were constantly criticized and ridiculed for being multi species? Did you mention to him about your classmates referring to your mom as a whore, slut, prostitute,
bitch or any other slur for a woman who’s powerful, but scares the crap out of them?

What about that time they locked you in your learning pod and you missed lunch. Oh, wait they did that every day for what three months? You started bringing protein bars with you, so you wouldn’t miss out on crucial nutrition. You’re lucky that Vulcans only need to pee like once every eight hours. You, my lovely husband, never said a word about what was going on and you know it. So, don’t expect Jo Jo to be different. Your parents had no clue until you broke someone’s nose.

Why was that? Was it because you were afraid that they wouldn’t be able to do anything? Were you afraid of being disappointed in their inability to fix things? Were you afraid that they would be so apathetic that they wouldn’t care? Or did you think that your father felt the same way they did?

The teenage mind is a scary place and the preteen mind is worse. You know all these types of thoughts are going through her head right now. Look, you’re out of the shower, talk more later.

Love you, sweetie bear.

Xxxxx

Dear James:

Yes, I was afraid of my father’s reaction because I assumed it would be on par with that of my peers. I was not even sure of his love of my mother until after her passing. I felt like my entire existence was a side product of political diplomacy. I am aware now that is not the case, but at the time that is what I believed.

I did not share what was happening at school with my parents because I did not believe that they needed to know. I did not want to burden them with these issues when I believed I could handle it without adult assistance. As an adult, I realize that my logic was faulty, but I do not know how to convey that to Josephine. I am open to suggestions.

Xxx

Dear Spock Bear:

Oh, your logic was very faulty. I’m so glad to know you were a stupid teenager like the rest of us. I think we had this conversation over breakfast a couple of days ago when we showed Nyota the email from Kevin. Your teenage mind convinces you that your parents can’t help so you don’t say anything, but because you don’t say anything they can’t help you.
It’s dumb, but that’s what we believe at the time. Remember I kept quiet for years about… about what Frank did to me. The bastard convinced me that no one would believe me. And even if they did they couldn’t do anything to stop him. I tried to kill myself before I told somebody the truth.

So how do we avoid the kids getting to this breaking point? I think it’s letting them know that there is someone there. Margarita suggested that I write the kids an email not as the first officer of their ship, but as a survivor of the Starfleet orphans’ club. I am considering it because if Jo Jo’s PADD went missing again then as you stated this morning obviously scrubbing the decks isn’t working as effectively as it should. Maybe you could write Jo Jo not as the captain of the ship that she’s living on, but as a friend of her mom, as somebody who has survived bullies and has successfully come out on the other side of it.

From what you told me and from what I’ve observed of certain assholes at our diplomatic wedding, they were awful to you. I mean people were nasty to me because I was smart, but I was at smart kids’ school until I had to pick up the slack with Kevin. I mean, I helped with Kevin's bullies, but I feel that I was seeing the situation from the eyes of a parent. Raising Kevin kind of adjusted my view of the world. And let’s be honest, I really did raise Kevin.

Oh God, I think that’s another reason why they gave us these kids. I have parental experience with emotionally damaged children.

Xxxxx

Dear James:

Kevin is a productive member of society and a top cadet at the Academy, so obviously, you know what you’re doing. I think your idea has merit and I’m willing to try something similar along the lines. I think you should do the same with the minors. However, I reserve the right to review the document before it is sent out.

Xxxx

Dear Cuddle Husband:

Totally agree. But I get to read yours first because that’s what first officer’s do. You know when I’m not trying to find us a new assistant. Would it be totally confusing if I hire a Kevin?

Xxx

Dear James:
You cannot discriminate against any capable candidate simply because they share a name with your brother, either brother. However, I do acquiesce to your request to proofread my correspondence to Josephine.

Xxxxx

Dear Spock Bear:

Fine, other Kevin will make it to the next round of possible candidates along with his wife.

Dammit, I should have offered you a blowjob.

To be continued
Day 35: You should probably proofread this

Chapter Summary

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last set of diary entries. All of you are great.

We are spending more time with Jim and Spock. Jim and Spock are just the cutest. They’re also in transit to a star mapping assignment so more diary time.

Hey, my Sunshine Vulcan:

Please check out my first draft. I did it in hard copy because well, I’m paranoid and thanks to something Pike said, I know that Admiral Chen is reading some of our private correspondence. It could just be the emails of the guy who got her daughter pregnant, but again I’m paranoid. Read below and tell me what you think.
------

Dear teenagers of Enterprise:

It’s time for us to have a conversation about your behavior on board this vessel. Really? Stealing liquor from engineering again? That’s so cliché, especially because you keep getting caught. More importantly, it’s time for us to talk about why you’re behaving this way. I don’t think it’s because you’re all spoiled brats. And let me tell you kiddies, alcohol doesn’t dull the pain that much. It’s a temporary Band-Aid at best.

I’m not writing you as your ship’s first officer, the guy who will have to sign off on the performance review of many of your parents, or even the guy married to your parents’ big boss. I am writing to you as a survivor of the Starfleet orphans club. I know at least four of you are members of that club with me. I would get us T-shirts, but that don’t really help.

I’m sure you’re all aware that my dad died about three minutes after I was born. What you’re not aware of is that my Starfleet mom went right back in the space and I got left behind with the evil step dad. If you want to know how evil, search “child molester found hanging in his prison cell with his genitals cut off in Iowa”. So don’t assume I’m just another adult that doesn’t know what you’re going through because I went through a lot and here I am on the other side as your co-captain.

This also means that I understand why a lot of you are being brats right now. You don’t want to be here. You’re angry that life is the way it is and maybe you’re upset that your mom or dad chose Starfleet over a normal life and dragged you here. Maybe you blame the fleet for some of the bad things that have happened in your life. I know that growing up I did and somehow, I still managed to find my way to the command gold. Despite that, or maybe because of it.

So, if you think that being a brat will get you back to your planet of origin with the perfect family life that you used to have, let me tell you from experience that that’s not going to happen. The life that you had before, you’re never going to have that back because it doesn’t exist anymore. There’s no going back after what you’ve been through. There’s an Earth saying, “you can’t stop the wave, but you can learn to surf.” Kids, it’s time to get out your paddle boards.
Throwing a tantrum isn’t going to bring your old life back. I should know, I drove my father’s vintage convertible into a ravine. Lots of bad life choices made all around on that one. I got smart kid boarding school. My other friend got regular boarding school and our parents went right back into the sky without us.

So sorry, the fleet is trying this new thing where teenagers like yourself get to go with their parents into space. If things go well, this might become a normal thing. Things right now are not exactly going well. Again, I know what’s going on. Why do you think you’re spending so much quality time scrubbing the decks with toothbrushes? I’m not an idiot. Contrary to what you’ve heard, I didn’t get through the Academy in three years on my back, unless you count all those times I got knocked back onto it during combat training.

So this is the deal, you guys will try to act like semi behaved young adults and I will treat you that way. Otherwise you’re going to be scrubbing the decks with toothbrushes for at least the next year, along with whatever crazy punishment I can come up with. At the same time my door is open to all of you. I’m not a parent or our ship counselor, Margarita, but I am someone who understands a lot more of what you’re going through then many others on the ship. It probably helps that I still remember my teenage years and again a lot of bad decisions made all around. Just don’t think that no one cares about you because that’s a lie. It might not seem that way at first, but we’re here for all of you. You just need to reach out.

PS: Seriously, stop raiding the liquor in engineering. If you’re going to indulge in underage drinking, please avoid liquor that may cause blindness or kill you due to the potency.

Xxxxx

Dear James:
I am uncertain if you should encourage the teenagers to research any parts of your history, especially one that you’re just starting to come to terms with and willing to discuss publicly. But overall, I find your letter acceptable. I have attempted to draft an email to Josephine and yet, have been unsuccessful. I would like your guidance on the matter.

xxxxx
Dear Cuddle Vulcan:
I know. I saw the pile of rejects in the recycling bin. It’s understandable you’re having trouble. How do you really start that conversation? The other kids don’t know me so I could be my normal abrasive self. For you, it’s different with her. You’re her other mom’s best friend and you did tutor her in Vulcan for most of our Earth time.

Hey, I just had a brilliant idea, why don’t you offer to take back over the Vulcan lessons. She’ll like that and hey it would at least keep her under adult supervision another hour a week. I mean you don’t have to do it all the time, but I could totally sacrifice some of my sexy husband make out time if it cuts down on my dealing with teenagers that I want to strangle time. I mean, the more they behave, the less likely we’ll be called out during the night for things like sneaking into engineering to get booze. The last time that happened, my pants were unzipped and the lube was already out.

Xxxx
Dear James:
That incident was just last night. I agree your suggestion has merit. I do have time in my schedule for at least an hour of lessons, especially if it would create less work for you in other areas. However, may I suggest that you offer some other activities to keep the other four teenagers from engaging and distractive behavior. I could consider it part of your duty hours.
Dear Spock Muffin:

OK, good idea. Great idea, because eventually we’re going to run out of decks for them to scrub with toothbrushes and I’m still mad that they cut into our sex time. I’ve had such a tough time convincing you that the soundproofing is completely functional, and our next-door neighbor can no longer hear me blowing your brains out.

I assume that it’s a hard no on teaching them computer programming? What about combat? I feel like instances of bratty behavior would go down if they actually got to hit something. Maybe if they could get their anger out physically, they will stop focusing it on Jo Jo and trying to get a hold of the Everclear that they’re trying to brew in engineering.

I’m this close to letting botany grow pot. Besides, I’m sure you could use fresh headache medication if they keep up this stupidity. You can’t do brownies, but maybe cheese crackers or cannabis tea. I’ll download a copy of the cannabis cookbook.

Dear James:

I was thinking 21st century movie night or maybe a chess club. I would prefer that you not pass on any skill that may be considered a felony or that can be used to commit a felony.

You are correct. I could benefit from a fresh supply of headache medication. Therefore, I will authorize the cultivation of several strands of cannabis that are traditionally used in Vulcan medicine and meditation teas.

Dear Sugar Vulcan:

There’s so many skills I possess that could be utilized in the commission of a felony, such as horticulture apparently. But no Enterprise Junior hackers club or gardening club for that matter. Earth movie night it is because I’m still not quite a chess expert and I could never get away with doing a checkers club. They would find that so lame. Also we want to offer something that they might actually do as opposed to being juvenile delinquents.

We can probably go through the whole MCU series. The first run. Just the movies, not the TV shows. Otherwise we’ll be busy for all five years. Actually that may be a good idea. You’re so right, under-stimulated smart kids are dangerous. I should’ve remembered that from my boarding school days. I think I told you about the time the elevator ended up filled with glass. I’ll send the email out soon.

From: SpockX-Kirk
To: kitten_loverJJMU
BCC: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time sent: 3/25/2260 17:53:11

Subject: Would you like to continue your Vulcan lessons?

Because James is planning to start a new movie club to increase crew morale, I have additional time in my schedule. Would you be interested in me continuing your Vulcan lessons? I am well aware that your mother is quite skilled in the language, but there are certain nuances that you can only pick up from a native speaker. I also found our time together last fall simulating and wish to continue.

Xxx
I saw that Uncle Jim is starting a movie club as a reward for the other teenagers not acting awful.

I really would like to start the Vulcan lessons again but we’re going to have to schedule around my fencing lessons. I am really liking those. I think I may be able to outrun Jeremy by May.

To be continued
Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last chapter. You’re all beautiful. Your comments keep me writing.

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260
Time arrived: 3/27/2260 00:00:01
Subject: I’m pretty sure your family now hates me

What did I do to deserve quality time with your crazy family? Did I mention it was raining so I couldn’t go hide in the gardens when it all became too much? If I hadn’t brought Liz, it would’ve been awful. Okay, it was still awful, but it would’ve been categorically awful instead of just unpleasantly awful. Liz is good at running interference. Ben is fabulous, but just doesn’t have Liz’s skills in that area.

Everybody was talking about how we conceived our daughter, everyone including your mom and the grandpas. I don’t even know how they know, but they all knew. The real story. Not the cute story that we’re planning to tell our daughter about us deciding to co-parent together because we decided that we wanted to have a family and we were sure we would never find anybody. But rather the embarrassingly true version about the kinky three-way on Risa complete with boyfriend who couldn’t tell the difference between contraceptive lube and fertility lube. Why did I ever sleep with him? I mean was the ship that devoid of good people? (I kind of think I really invited you there to teach him how to get someone off). I am never making that mistake again. I’m getting a pleasure seeker 9000 from the red-light district and letting it go.

Oh, by the way I am supposed to tell you not to include classified-ish information in your emails to your boyfriend. The disaster that was your last mission regarding the coup d’état has just been made public now that you’re on your way to your next mission which is probably something innocuous like star mapping. Oh, and it’s the really sanitized for public consumption clean version so I know something bad went down even though you told me nothing but told your boyfriend way too much. Thankfully you have a boyfriend that knows not to say things that are classified. Doctors are great at keeping things confidential, so excellent choice in boyfriends.

Oh, your aunts loved your boyfriend. They just simply adore him and think he is the greatest man on Earth if not the entire Federation. Unfortunately, they see me as a whore who apparently sleeps with gay man because she thinks she can turn them straight. They said that right in front of me unaware that I understand pre-warp Japanese. Seriously, what is wrong with them? Do they not realize that bisexuals are a thing or whatever you frame your sexual orientation as? I know I can’t be the only female you’ve ever had sex with. I’ve been there having to be someone else right? You’re more skilled than my ex.

OK I have attached pictures of your baby being cute and adorable and causing all sorts of trouble. I had to change her outfit three times. You should write her a letter about your day or has it been so boring that you just have nothing to write about. I guess that’s better than you asking her about who she wants to live with. Although, if was that boring you probably should write more. I don’t
think you’re in the letters show up like once a month section of the galaxy yet.

Although I’m sure it’s coming. It’s going to be worse when I go back. The teaching has been fun. Well it’s been useful, and I don’t how my friend Gina can take being a junior high teacher. Freshman cadets are awful enough. I couldn’t handle preteens and teenagers. Well, teenager teenagers, not almost adult teenagers. Why do we let 17-year-olds join Starfleet?

Anyway, write me back.

Xxxx
From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
Subject: Next time I go to the family reunion you’re coming with me

Time arrived: 3/15/2260 00:00:01
I did decide to go to your family reunion because I like Sue and I couldn’t leave her alone. Her sister and her boyfriend could only do so much to defuse the situation. It seemed only fair especially because she went with me to brunch the day before to tell my husband’s family that I am going to use Starfleet daycare instead from now on and they won’t get to see their granddaughter every day. There is a lot of Mandarin cursing involved that Sue had to translate for me since I only know a little Cantonese. I shouldn’t be surprised by the reaction. They despise Starfleet. They get angry when you even say the word because they blame the organization for what happened to their only child. Obviously, that went worse than your family reunion, but only marginally because nobody started crying. OK nobody started crying over the age of two. The kids managed to throw a tantrum, a joint tantrum at that.

In addition, I got asked multiple times by your mom about our poly relationship with Sue. I choked on my beer when she asked that. Your aunt also asked the same thing. And one of your sisters as well. The one that’s already planning our wedding. Although in her case, I think she only asked for wedding planning purposes. Your family is weird. Thankfully, the food was good. Ridiculously good and your dad sent me home with leftovers.

Which is another thing that made it better than the encounter with my in-laws – former in-laws. I don’t know what to call them sometimes. The person who originally tied us together is gone, but I’m raising their granddaughter and they’re still in my life. I can’t believe it’s going to be two years in a couple weeks. Sometimes it feels like it’s still just happened. You know I didn’t even take my wedding ring off until the week I met you? He still my husband in my heart. I love you. You know I do. I so would not have put up with a very Sulu family reunion without you even being there if I did not love you, but Zack took a little bit of my heart when he died. You’re helping me get through it. Anyway, be safe out there.

Love you

Xxx
From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan
Time arrived: 3/27/2260 6:35:01
Subject Re: I’m pretty sure your family now hates me

I don’t think my family hates you because I have yet to receive an email from the family, but usually they show their disdain by not sending me care packages. Also, if your mom read my letter to my boyfriend than I’m really worried about her reading this
letter mostly because she may kill me for some of the things you wrote. It just kind of slipped. I’ll be more careful I really should know better. Good to know it was redacted.

Of course, because she’s probably reading this. There’s no way in hell I’m going to tell you if I had sex with anyone else of your gender. You’ll just have to wait until June to find out the answer. Your mom scares me.

Things are good aboard Enterprise. We are starting on our next assignment which is star mapping. So, lots of flying around for me and very little botany time for me outside of working on Jim’s “Vulcan homeopathic medicine” project. Which is sad because the rest of the team is still trying to figure out why things got so bad on that planet that there was a coup d’état without me. I was really looking forward to that. But my skills are needed elsewhere right now. Maybe we’ll get to explore some of the planets.

In other news, I am teaching a teenage fencing class or at least it seems that way. I now have three that I’m instructing; J, Josephine and Ashley 2. I think Ashley 2 and Josephine might hurt each other but it’s only been one session with all three of them, so we’ll have to see how things are in May or June. I may have to ask you to send up some of my equipment because the replicated stuff just isn’t the same. You have the hook up.

Tell Desi that I love her and she’s just the cutest little cuddle baby. I can’t believe she dove headfirst into a pie at the reunion. Let’s be glad that my family gathering happens during early spring and is indoors, otherwise she would’ve been covered in mud. (Sorry it was raining so you couldn’t hide outside in the garden.) Imagine how much trouble she would have got into outside and she’s not even walking yet. Has she graduated to crawling?

I’m sorry I should’ve warned you that one of my second cousins is at Starfleet Academy and I’m pretty sure she lives in the same building as your sister. I’m not sure because I can kind of tune out everything that cousin says to me. She’s always bragging about her wonderful children (that she had when she was barely 18) and making snide comments about how I was probably going to die without children due to the gay thing (despite the gay grandparents). I bet she didn’t see Demora coming.

I’m kind of sad I wasn’t there because I would have love to see all their shocked faces over that. I really wanted to be smug about that in person. Oh well it is what it is. Be safe and don’t strangle the freshman. Maybe you can ask your friend for some teaching tips. Ask her for some ideas for me since I’ll be teaching emotionally stunted teenagers how to fence.

Miss you both. Give baby girl a giant hug for me.

Xxxxx
From: SuluHG2260
To: Benjamin_2254
Subject: Re: Next time I go to the family reunion you’re coming with me

Time arrived: 3/15/2260 07:07:41

I am sorry you had to put up with my family. I guess they were on their best behavior at Christmas because I was there. Thank you for being there for Sue since things got so crazy. I forgot that one of my cousins lives in the same building as Liz and knows all the Starfleet gossip. I really did not need that many family members to know about anything that happens on shore leave.

I’m sorry that Zack’s family was kind of awful. You probably shouldn’t mention who you’re now dating. Most people know me as the idiot who didn’t think to split the charges among the three of us, so we could’ve blown the drill up instead of… What happened. I can’t believe it’s almost been
two years either. Time just goes by quickly now that I have a 9-month-old.

I must apologize for my family again. With my sister, it probably was for wedding planning which is why I always promised myself I would elope if I ever found somebody I want to spend the rest of my life with. Although that was before I saw what she could do with an elopement. She really can do a 24-hour wedding and it was amazing. My mom and my aunts were just being my mom and my aunt’s. They just love gossiping. Hey, but at least you don’t have to put up with grandma and the grandpas are respectful, usually. The cousins not so much. But at least the food was good, which makes me sad because I’ve eaten all my snacks and now it’s just rec go cater food till June.

Starfleet life is good. I received another reminder to be careful how much I tell you. It’s not that I don’t trust you. It’s that I am afraid of my daughter’s grandmother. Like terrified. Sue’s ex-boyfriend is on Delta Vega; Delta Vega, land of ice in darkness and scary creatures that will eat you in a heartbeat. I don’t want to go to Delta Vega.

I’m glad I’m helping you with your Zack related issues. I know you must have a lot losing him the way that you did. And I know part of you will always love him and that’s okay. You can love more than one person. Especially you because your heart is just that big.

Anyway, love you. I will write again soon. And again, sorry about my family. I’m pretty sure you can avoid everybody until probably Thanksgiving now. Possibly Christmas, if you’re lucky. To be continued.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely great. More diary entries from Josephine. I ended up going back and adding this conversation after writing a few of the days that took place afterwards because I felt like something was missing. It’s shorter than what I’ve been posting lately, but important.

Dear Diary:

Ashley 2 talked to me today. Not yelled at me or said nasty things to me to make herself look better in front of her fake friends (it’s obvious they are fake), but an actual conversation. Granted she asked me about Uncle Jim and if she could trust him, but I still count that as a conversation. I assured her that most of the rumors about Uncle Jim were not true and yes, she can trust him. He and Uncle Spock are good uncles who actually care about me. They are definitely better than my actual aunt who waited a month to write to me. I’m in the middle of nowhere, she should make the first move. Then again, it wasn’t like she really checked in before.

I’ve discovered that members of the crew are almost as bad as the Ashleys when it comes to gossip, which is why there are so many rumors floating around about my own goals. Apparently, I’m invisible because they have no trouble talking about my family when I’m in earshot, which is why I know all the ridiculous stuff they’re saying. I really didn’t want to know that my dad got my mommy Nyota pregnant because she was drugged with fertility medication against her will.

Of course most of the mean things they are saying are about Uncle Jim and I know none of it’s true. Allegedly, he lost his captaincy, because he’s a closet alcoholic. I know closet alcoholics, I was raised by one. Uncle Jim is not a closet alcoholic. I haven’t seen him drink anything since I started living with dad. They didn’t even do spiked eggnog at Christmas, which Mister Scott complained about. Come to think of it, dad doesn’t drink anymore either.

Also Uncle Jim is not the ship slut, and neither is my mom. Mommy Nyota loves dad and I think the only reason why they’re not married is because I think she’s afraid she doesn’t want to say that out loud. Of course this isn’t the first time I have heard mom Nyota referred to as a slut. Other mom told her that word a lot before she crashed into a tree because she loves alcohol more than me.

Also, no way uncle Jim had a three way with the “Kitty cat twins” when he was already kind of married to Uncle Spock by that point. They definitely love each other, so I don’t think uncle Jim would be with someone else.

Mister Sulu backed me up on that since he overheard Ashley 2 tell me about that rumor. He told us both that it was rude to repeat rumors that were probably untrue. Of course after that Ashley 2 said something to him in Japanese that I didn’t understand. That’s when he started blushing a lot and
then told her that whatever he does in his personal life is his business as long as everybody consents to what’s going on. Of course after that conversation, Ashley kind of accidentally broke a practice dummy. I feel like there’s a story there.

In addition to spending time with Mister Sulu, I’m getting to spend time with Uncle Spock because we are doing Vulcan lessons again. I like spending time with him. Especially because it’s one-on-one. Unlike the fencing lessons which have become a small class. Although Jay is not ignoring me, even though Ashley 2 is in our class, so I guess that’s progress.

Kevin wrote back a couple of days ago which is nice. Margarita says I need to write back at the very least, to be polite, but I want to wait a couple of days to see if he told mom and Jim what I told him. I don’t think he did, even if I’m sure Spock knows.

Spock is the Captain, of course he’s going to figure it out. Kevin and Spock really don’t like each other that much or at least mom thinks that Kevin doesn’t like Spock very much. Apparently something happened at the wedding. It wouldn’t surprise me if Uncle Spock knew, though, because Vulcan kids are really cruel, so he probably knows all the signs.

The other reason why I want to wait a little while before I talk to Kevin again is maybe I’m hoping that things will get better and I want to be able to report some good news. I mean my PADD hasn’t turned up missing since the announcement of movie night so I’m hopeful. Of course I’m used to being disappointed. So why should now be any different.

Speaking of disappointments, I mentioned before that my aunt finally wrote to check in after a month of nothing. I’m not surprised. That’s what she always does. Now she feels guilty about not doing anything before when other mom was alive and drinking. What good is guilt now? She knew and didn’t do anything. She knew and she didn’t try to stop her sister from drinking herself into a tree? She knew how I was being treated and she didn’t get me out of the house. She knew and didn’t tell dad or his lawyers. So why should she act like she cares now? Because it’s obvious she doesn’t.

Dr. Margarita keeps telling me that I’m a kid and it wasn’t my responsibility to stop my mom’s drinking. She was an adult. She could have done something. If not, about the drinking than about how I was being treated. In therapy, I’m learning that what was happening back then wasn’t okay. She said she didn’t know it was that bad. Really? You didn’t know? Did you not see the same fridge full of special punch that I did? Did you not see the recycling bin full of bottles? Did you not know that I was only allowed to talk to my dad once a year under court supervision before he got better lawyers?

I don’t want to talk to her right now or at all. I’m sure I will eventually, but not yet.

To be continued.
From: Legal Queen of Atlanta
To: LeonardUM
Subject: How is life in space going?
Time arrived: 3/31/2260 00:00:01
Dear former brother-in-law:

How are you doing in the darkness of space? There’s been a couple of news reports about Enterprise activities that have made the interplanetary news, but nothing scary at least from my perspective. I mean, what can be exciting about getting another planet to sign a resource sharing agreement. Those type of contract negotiations are never exciting. I doubt that being in a different solar system would change that

How is Baby Jo? I wrote her about a week ago and I haven’t heard anything back yet. Of course, maybe you guys are so far out at this point that it takes weeks for mail to show up. That would not surprise me. I’m not sure where you guys are right now because, it’s not like they tell the civilians anything exciting. Is there actually anything you can tell me about what you’re doing? What’s it like being a doctor in space? Is it different from being on earth?

How is Jocelyn? Sorry, Josephine. I’m still not entirely used to the name change. I get why she did it. One less reminder of her mom, but it’s still weird.

Anyway, take loving care of my baby niece and write me when you have a chance.

PS: Is there an easier way to send the care package then going through the Starfleet family liaison’s
office? If I send something now through them, you may not get it until probably August. Let me know if you know somebody with a hook up.

Xxxx

From: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills

To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

Subject: thank you for your gift

Time arrived: 3/31/2260 00:00:01

Thank you for the cookie bouquet you sent. It was lovely. I think I ended up putting half of them in the freezer and the other half were enjoyed at the remembrance dinner. Did you know that there are 40 different Tarsus survivors in the San Francisco Metro? That was more than I thought there would be. Although we did lose Kathleen a couple months ago. Suicide. It happens a lot among the survivors.

The whole thing was emotional, especially when we read the names and lit candles for our family members that didn’t make it off the planet. I cried a lot. Everyone did. I also got a lot of hugs from the kids.

Although most are out of high school now, so I guess I can’t really call them kids anymore. They call me their savior, but that’s not right. How can I be anybody’s savior when I didn’t save my baby?

You have no idea how badly I wanted a drink, but thankfully my future daughter-in-law decided this was going to be a dry party. So again, thanks for the cookies because they were my only option. If you can’t drink, stress eat. I think I must start using the treadmill otherwise I’m going to be humongous by the time you get back to Earth.

You better get back by the way. I’m not dealing with another cryptic I’m about to die email from you that only contains song lyrics. Please do not put me through that again.

Anyway, love you.
Subject: So, are the brats being less evil now?

I heard from my brother-in-law that the junior brats are getting really acquainted with ancient toothbrushes. That email showed up yesterday and considering it took like a week to get here, I assume that’s why I haven’t heard from you yet. Please tell me you somehow managed to get pictures. I need pictures.

I’m not surprised that my brother-in-law is doing this. I kind of think that Spock is getting revenge for all the assholes who treated him like crap growing up for being multi species or whatever they came up with to justify their hatred. Really can’t blame him for wanting to get a little revenge. My brother-in-law has issues, but he is head over feet in love with my brother, so I’m going to let it go.

So, how are you? Done anything fun yet? Please write me soon, but please come up with some revenge pranks? Because seriously, you deserve some revenge, especially if they’re still being awful to you. April Fools’ Day is coming up soon. (I know it possibly may have already passed by the time you get this letter because who knows where the ship is right now). I promise I won’t tell my brother.

So sorry I didn’t write earlier. Midterms are almost over, but then we had the Tarsus survivors club meeting. It was good to get back together with some of the kids. There are two others at Starfleet and one at UF Berkeley. Also, another one studying at the Culinary Institute of The Federation at San Francisco. Good to see that others are moving on and being productive with their lives. It makes me happy to see so many of us are doing well after the disaster that was Tarsus.

Everything public about what happened is just a part of what the place was really like. Not that I’m really allowed to tell you what happened because my brother-in-law’s security clearance isn’t even high enough for that. But you already know that I lost my biological family on that planet, so you have an idea of how bad it really could be. These couple weeks are always awful, but oddly enough it’s easier this year with a sober mom, Liz and baby D.

We may have brought her with us because babies are cuddly and we all could use a cuddle. I had to
go to a very Sulu family reunion because my girlfriend couldn’t allow her sister to deal with that alone. Great food, much better than a very Tarsus gathering, but that family makes me glad that most of the extended Kirks stopped talking to Winona after George died and those that did not stopped after the Frank fiasco was made public. Let’s just put it this way, Liz and Sue preferred the Tarsus reunion to Sulu family chaos. That says terrible things.

OK this letter got really depressing so I leave you with pictures of my girlfriend’s niece trying to eat pie. She’s not supposed to, but she’s fast for someone just learning to crawl.

Xxxx

From: LeonardUM
To: Legal Queen of Atlanta
Subject: Re: How is life in space going?
Time arrived: 3/31/2260 05:54:51

Sorry, we are getting far enough out that it may be days or even weeks between messages. We are going deeper into space than we were last time, probably because they didn’t want to take the leash off Jimmy. They’re a little more comfortable with Mr. and Mr. Spock-Kirk in charge. We really do have two captains. Thank God they share a brain. Otherwise we would be fucked.

Things are good other than the fact that too many idiots forgot to get their Starfleet flu vaccine before the start of the mission. Goddamn idiots, all of them. If it wasn’t for my girlfriend and my desire to keep Jimmy alive for as long as possible, I really would’ve taken a desk job. The kid would literally die without me around, literally. Jimmy has the self-preservation skills of a slug living in a salt factory. He once almost died due to ice cream. It is a small miracle he hasn’t turned up in Sickbay yet.

Other than that, both Nyota and I are doing well. At least our departments are filled with competent people. The hobgoblin did an excellent job last time, but I think Jim might just be a little bit better. I think Jo Jo is starting to settle in. I saw her talking to Ashley Alexis so I’m almost hopeful.

I’ll try to remind Josephine to email you. She’s had a rough couple of weeks adjusting because somebody decided that Jimmy was the best candidate to babysit the worst of the worst of Starfleet brats. Thankfully they were right, and he knows what he’s doing. The new activities are keeping them docile and they’re no longer trying to steal drugs from lock up or alcohol from my secret stash, so that’s an improvement.
How are things in Georgia? Is your father still a dreadful, horrible man, bless his shriveled cold heart? On second thought, I don’t think he has a heart. If he did, he probably lost it during the last divorce. She really did take him to the cleaners, as he deserved.

Anyway, I’ll try to remember to write occasionally. I didn’t write anybody last time because Jo Jo was the only one I wanted to talk to and your sister, or rather your father found the judge who would not allowed that. By the time I had a good attorney, we were back on Earth. Anyway, it doesn’t matter now.

It’s time to let the past go, or at least that’s what Dr. Cruz says. At least she is better than the other Dr. Cruz who was here before. Now that traitorous bastard was a real quack. Thankfully, my medical staff is better than that.

PS: If you want to send the package and have it get here in less than six months, get in touch with Jim’s brother Kevin Kirk. He’s dating the daughter of the head of Starfleet, so he’s connected. I think his number is on the emergency contact list I gave you.
Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone who read or reviewed the last conversation. You were all great. Thank you for keeping me writing.

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills

Subject: Re: Thank you for your gift

Time arrived: 4/1/2260 0:23:01

Sorry, I didn’t write back sooner. I think we’re getting in the zone where these letters are taking five or more days to get here. Then yesterday I had to spend quality time doing deep space interviews with possible replacements for our teacher who would rather resign from Starfleet entirely, then deal with the teenagers any longer, as well as an assistant for me and my captain. Not fun.

I think we may have found a husband and wife assistant team that might work so we can have one each and help prevent someone else from dealing with the two bodies problem. It’s always good to get back.

Unfortunately, the new teacher search is going not so well mostly because nobody wants to apply. I think tales of the brats of Enterprise have traveled far and wide on the Starfleet rumor mill. This should not surprise me at all. I am totally open for suggestions.
I’m glad that the cookie bouquet got to you before the dinner and you found it useful. I got something similar for Kevin earlier. I’m also glad I got the jumbo size so you could have leftovers. Sometimes you just need cookies.

Considering I get nauseous every time someone refers to me as the guy that saved Earth due to the fact I didn’t save my mother-in-law, I understand how you feel. However, that doesn’t take away the fact that you were a hero on that godforsaken planet. Maybe Sam didn’t come home, but Liz and Kevin did and so many other people because of what you did.

You know how people always say if you were not there, things would’ve been a lot worse? Turns out, that’s not exactly hyperbole. If you don’t believe me, talk to Spock’s grandfather or is it uncle? I can’t remember the cover identity right now.

I know that is little comfort with Sam still being gone, but that’s just the way life is. It’s never fair and very often cruel, but there are moments of hope. We just have to keep holding onto those moments of hope.

Liz is the best. There’s no question. I’m pretty sure she plans for everything.

Xxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Kevin KR

Time arrived: 4/1/2260 00:38:21

Subject: thank you for helping with Jo Jo

Sorry, baby brother, that I didn’t write earlier, but I’ve been working on our teenager bully problem. Brilliant idea emailing the hubby. You kept your word, but did not necessarily keep the spirit of your word. I taught you so well baby. We decided to do a few more clubs and activities to provide them with something else to do.
Ashley 2 seems to be the most receptive. She is doing fencing and came to talk to me a couple of times, after Jo Jo reassured her that I am not a shady person.

Did you hear that I lost my captaincy because I’m an alcoholic? The rumor mill is working overtime and therefore is losing any shred of accuracy it ever had before. I guess everybody knows that mom’s an alcoholic and they assumed that I followed in her footsteps. I don’t even give a fuck. I have more important things to deal with like Ashley 2.

We have started our own mini support group for survivors of people who had “uncles” that touch the wrong body parts. Becky joined us. She’s the wife of Admiral Marcus’s daughter Carol. I think you guys met at one of the pre-launch mixers we had. I’m kind of surprised she’s OK around me and Sulu, but it might be because she considers us both gay. I’m not going to correct her assumption if it makes her feel more comfortable.

Although I do find it weird that she doesn’t know about your girlfriend’s niece. She even heard the kitty cat twins’ rumor. She thinks that they were male kitty cat twins, but she still knows about it, which means she should probably know about that. Everybody else on ship does. Personally, I’m surprised I haven’t had to write up Sulu for stabbing people with his foil yet.

That’s okay. Spock has made Josephine his special project which I’m OK with because I have four other teenagers to watch over. Also spending time with Josephine means spending more time with his BFF which makes him happy. The first couple of weeks they weren’t able to hang out like before because being a captain is exhausting. I only see my husband as often as I do you because we’re sleeping together.

You probably understand that because you’re living with your girlfriend. I’m personally surprised we’re not surveying ice planets right now because of that. How is the girlfriend? How are you holding up? Did you survive midterms successfully? I hate that they line up with the anniversary for you. Mom said the survivors’ reunion went well and she stayed sober because your girlfriend is that great. Did she actually stay sober?

Anyway I’ll keep you posted on progress. Okay, I’ll let you know if I survived April Fools’ Day tomorrow, or rather today since it’s after midnight, with minimal damage. You know somebody is going to do something that’s going to result in a felony. I already reinforced the firewalls on everything, especially the replicators. And all the drugs are on lockdown. I’m not dealing with this shit.

Xxxxx

From: kitten_loverJMU
Thanks for writing again, even though I didn’t reply last time. I kind of wanted to wait a little while so I could give you good news. No one has stolen my PADD in the last week, so I guess that’s progress. Yes I have pictures of the other teenagers, rubbing the decks. Uncle Jim may have shown me how to get into the cameras, but I’m not supposed to tell anybody that. So don’t tell him that I told you that because Uncle Spock told him not to show us how to hack things. Although technically he told Uncle Jim not to teach the teenagers. I’m not a teenager yet so I don’t think I count.

I am OK. Jeremy is actually working with me in class and Ashley 2 talked to me during fencing training last night. The fencing training has been good.

I have a few ideas for pranks for today, but I think most of them are on uncle Jim’s do not do list. I’ll let you know if we do anything. I’m not sure yet.

The only bad side is I’m going to have to write my aunt and I really don’t want to. But if I want anything out of the snack door, I must. She regrets not getting me out of there earlier. That doesn’t mean anything because she still didn’t do anything. She also referred to mom Nyota as my stepmom.

Anyway, send more chocolate. I need more chocolate.

From: kitten_loverJJMU
To: Legal Queen of Atlanta
Time arrived: 4/1/2260 07:31:34

Subject: How is everything going?

I’m fine. Classes are getting better. I’m actually finding other activities like fencing to occupy my
time. Mom Nyota is not my stepmom because one, she’s not married to my dad and two, she signed the adoption papers last December. She is my mom and she’s a lot better than the last one, and it’s only been a few months. At least I won’t have to worry about her getting so drunk that she wraps her car around a tree.

Thank you for checking in now that I’m someplace nice and safe. Why didn’t you do that when I wasn’t in a good place?

To be continued
Day 45: Never Mention April 1 Again

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous. Your comments keep the creative juices flowing.

A/N: I’ve read through some of the early chapters of Dear James recently and realize I made a slight continuity error regarding Dr. Suarez being a contractor. In Dear James, she tell Nyota an email that she did join Starfleet again. So I’m going to try to reconcile that.

Xxxxx

From: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Subject: I’m proud of your progress
Time arrived: 4/04/2260 00:00:01

You have no idea how proud I am that you can actually talk about what happened to you in an email. That is testament to how much progress you’ve made over the years and shows me that you have come to terms with a lot of the things that happen to you. I’m very happy that you’ve managed to get to that point. Because of that progress, I think you might be able to guide the young people under your care to a place of healing. The fact that you want to help them with that healing process is encouraging.

It’s not that hard to get a contractor. If you haven’t found somebody by now, ask your husband. I’m sure he did it a few times before because I wasn’t the only contractor last time. Due to the staffing shortages caused by the battle of Vulcan, contractors were used to fill any position that did not need to be performed by an officer like a ship’s counselor. (Although, because I am retired Starfleet I wasn’t a true contractor until recently. I was more like a WAE when I was on your ship which is why they could reassign me to new Vulcan. For a while, Marcus had me convinced I was back, but now I know better.) Spock would definitely know or you could just talk to HR. They’re supposed to help you with staffing issues. They should’ve already mentioned the possibility to you.

Yes, really Nhi Pike does know everything. And she is wonderful. Even though she’s not your Admiral, you can go to her with this. I’m sure she would be able to help if you’re afraid to show weakness to your HR team because you’re afraid they’re going to gossip about you. Will gossip about you more than they already are. The rumor about you losing the captaincy of Enterprise due to a drinking problem has traveled far enough that even I’ve heard it and I’m on the New Vulcan colony right now.

I don’t think a captain has ever functioned as their own science officer, but I wouldn’t be surprised if your husband tried. Have you considered scheduling him some lab hours? He can have science
time and you can have some bridge time making you both happy boys. Happy co-captains are good co-captains.

You also need to focus on deescalating the tensions between Captain and Chief Science Officer before HR needs to get involved. Maybe you could schedule a dinner or some sort of team building exercise for your Captain and Chief Science Officer. I attach the top 10 list to this email. They need to work together and as first officer, it’s your job to make sure that they can. Margarita may have other ideas, but you should bring her in, or you can talk to HR. Do we need to discuss why you are afraid of HR?

So I’m fairly certain that emails from the colony are probably taking at least a week or more to get to you. Since it’s been that long, I would like to know if you’ve made any progress with the children since your last email? Did you talk to Margarita? She’s there to help.

Anyway keep me posted. I really want to know how you’re handling everything. Just because I turned you over to Margarita, doesn’t mean I don’t care. I will always worry about you.

Xxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
Subject: Re: I’m proud of your progress
Time sent: 4/04/2260 06:03:01

I totally agree that these messages are probably taking way too long to get here, but I’m not sure how long it’s taking. The email system is evil. Instead of telling me when you emailed the message, the timestamp is for time arrived, which was one second after midnight today, April 4. That makes absolute total sense.

I thought I was making some progress and then April Fools’ Day happened a few days ago. I guess I should be happy that I wasn’t specifically targeted, targeted by any of the good kids anyway. Jeremy took a few shots at me, but Jeremy is an idiot. Thankfully I know to use an allergy detecting tricorder on any so-called apology gift or anything else for that matter (thanks, ice cream diplomacy incident). Unfortunately, Bobbi from the science department does not. More on that nightmare that is forcing me to spend way too much time with HR in a moment.

I’m not bitter about it because Jeremy currently has no eyebrows. Also, the entire ship was emailed the video file of him wandering around the halls in Hobgoblin underwear. Of course the guy identifies with the villains. And his skin is blue right now, Smurf blue. Or if we are keeping with the Marvel theme, Kree blue.

Okay, I found the entire thing hilarious, but it took me like five minutes to find out who did it. I’m supposed to punish them, but I really don’t want to because again Jeremy’s an idiot. Also, it’s not like anything they did caused serious physical damage or hospitalization. That’s more than I can say for some of the adults.

Poor Lieutenant Morris. Her evil ex-boyfriend reprogrammed the replicator to add allergens to her breakfast that morning. Except he screwed up and added it to everybody’s breakfast. Five people ended up in Sickbay. Allergy detecting tricorders for everyone.

She’s going to be OK because she always carries an allergy hypo with her. Although I hate doing the paperwork for an attempted murder. There’s going to be a court-martial. You know there’s
going to be a court-martial. So really blue and eyebrows free Jeremy is like the least of my problems at the moment.

And yes, this means spending quality time in HR and no, I don’t like spending quality time in HR because everybody down there thinks that I was horribly underqualified to be appointed a captain in the first place. So yes, you were right. Actually several of them think that I was only appointed Chris’s acting first officer in the first place because I was fucking him. They actually thought I wouldn’t hear what they were saying, but I did.

They been positively giddy over the demotion. Even though if they read the damn paperwork, they would know that I wasn’t actually demoted and I voluntarily chose to function as my husband’s first officer. I did what I did because I want Spock to have everything he deserves. Also, my family is a little screwed up and I need the flexibility to deal with things if they blow up, but things seem to be going okay.

Still no new teacher and as mentioned above, I like to give HR as few reasons to believe their own false perceptions of me as possible. I’ve been looking for a while and there’s just not anybody really qualified. OK there are lots of qualified professionals because at some point in your Starfleet career, you will end up teaching at the Academy. However, anybody with any teaching experience whatsoever is not applying.

Apparently, the rumor mill is aware of what Jeremy and the two evil Ashleys can do. I’m pretty sure the Ashleys were the ones who completely destroyed most of my clothes in Spock’s wardrobe. Like every shirt. The quartermaster thinks Spock did it all probably during sex. It is so embarrassing. So contractor here we come. Spock explained what I need to do (after he explained your strange employment status when they were on ship), but I’m still going to ask Nhi if she knows of any possible candidates.

Oh I guess I should mention the not evil Ashley is coming around. We’re kind of doing a mini support group with me, her, and Becky, Carol’s wife. We are all survivors of sexual assault. Ashley 2 even knows what happened to me.

It’s been good for Ashley 2 and she starting to come out of her shell and even talking about her own trauma. OK she’s not torturing Josephine anymore. I guess that’s all I can really hope for. She told Josephine what the other Ashleys were planning which meant none of their pranks worked out and both Ashleys currently have purple hair. I have no idea how that happened and I’m so busy investigating the prank that landed multiple people in Sickbay that I don’t have time to find out who programmed the replicator to add purple dye to their shampoo.

Next time we hang out, I’ll talk to Becky about maybe setting up a play date with our spouses. How the hell did I turn out to be the responsible one in my marriage? I did not expect that to happen.

I’ll write you again soon, probably even before I get a response back. We are getting close to the anniversary of Amanda’s death and when I found out about Sam. It feels like we’re just going from one anniversary to another from January until June. I am not looking forward to the first anniversary of Chris’s death or my death for that matter. That’s going to be hard to deal with.

I got mom and Kevin cookie bouquets which were a hit. However, I feel like doing something like that for Spock would be like getting him a bottle of Jack which is not something I probably should do. I am completely open to suggestions on how to deal with all of this.

OK now I need to write Nhi about a contractor and Spock pie needs my full attention for breakfast.
Apparently, a first officer's work is never done.

X
From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Number_one_Pike
Time sent: 04/04/2260 07:02:01
Subject: Do you have suggestions on how to staff the recently vacated teaching position aboard Enterprise? Also I hate my entire HR department.

So, I’m sure you already read the official reports regarding the April Fools’ Day replicator/attempted murder incident. It makes eyebrow free and blue Jeremy pale in comparison. How did we get so many morons on the ship?

The guy is in the brig and honestly, I can’t get him off my ship fast enough. Like seriously it’s going to be at least two weeks before we will be able to get to a Star base because we can’t leave star mapping now. Also HR is inefficient as hell.

I hate star mapping. Exploring new planets is fun, usually. As long as you don’t end up dead. Making a map where people can find new planets not as much fun. I just want to do something that isn’t paperwork and job interviews (and spending quality time with members of HR that think that I am an incompetent idiot because I don’t have all the normal qualifications and experience that someone in my position usually has). Filling out attempted murder and domestic violence incident paperwork is not a break from the monotony because it’s still paperwork.

So before this incident, the reason why I’ve been spending so much quality time with HR is I need to find a new teacher for the children of Enterprise. The last one quit because Jeremy is evil and two of the three Ashleys are lonely and easily influenced. Thanks to the Enterprise rumor mill, nobody wants the job. Unfortunately, I need to find a new teacher otherwise, well we lose our trial program. So I need a contractor. Preferably a teacher working on getting counselor certification and would love for Starfleet to pay for it. That type of incentive might be the only way we’ll get somebody almost qualified.

My lovely benevolent husband showed me the process of applying for one, but he mentioned that things go better if I have a name. You wouldn’t happen to know anybody who would qualify? Or even a place where I could look. Spock made a few suggestions this morning over breakfast, but I would love to have your opinion on it.

Anyway overall things are good. I mean half the ship is convinced that I am no longer in charge because I am an alcoholic, but whatever. Oh yeah, and HR is just fueling the fires of the rumor mill. My God, they actually have access to the real personnel action, yet they believe the rumors. They think that Starfleet is covering up what happened out of respect for my father and my husband. God, I hate people.

Also, Spock and Carol are fighting mostly because I don’t think Spock likes anybody playing with his toys and apparently I was Carol’s toy in another timeline and well he doesn’t like that. I mean I shouldn’t be held accountable for things my other self did. Besides who knows, in another timeline those two may update it and like have a kid together. I would hopefully not hold that against him if I found out that that happened.

Suarez suggested I give my Spock bear some lab time, just to help him unwind. I feel like I should start interviewing new science officers because I’m not exactly sure how long Carol is going to
make it. I think they may try to kill each other at some point. If or rather when Carol resigns, can Spock become his own chief science officer? That would just make my life so much easier. Even though there are some specific reasons for his Carol issues, I’m not sure we won’t run into this problem with the next person. My cuddle Spock is a little territorial. It’s hard for him to let go of his lab.

Anyway, write me back when you get a chance. Since we’re in the middle of nowhere mapping, I’m sure it will be like a week before you get this.

To be continued.
Day 48: Co-Parenting Across the Universe

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all lovely. Your comments keep me writing.

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260
Time arrived: 4/07/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Re: I'm pretty sure your family now hates me

I wish you would have warned me more about your extended family before I ended up spending quality time with them. And yet, considering how often I avoid my own family gatherings, I shouldn't be surprised. They're not exactly jumping for joy either. How dare I get pregnant out of wedlock in the 23rd century. Then again, mom has always been the black sheep of the family, joining Starfleet and adopting Liz. So of course, I follow in her footsteps.

Don't worry about care packages and getting fencing supplies for your kids. You're co-parenting with the daughter of the head of Starfleet. You will always get the good junk food. It's the only time I take advantage of my connections. Chocolate is necessary for life.

I did talk to your siblings, to feel them out to see if they would even want to be Desi's temporary guardian while I'm in space. Ben invited us for tea at his house to provide a safe space and be my emotional back up. It was kind of a mixed reaction. In emergencies and if there were no other options, of course they would step up. They're not going to throw our baby girl to the wolves of foster care. But it seems that they see themselves as the option of last resort. Your little sister even suggested Ben first since the girls have already bonded and they are like 99% sure he's going to be her stepdad soon. (I support this if it ever happens, no pressure.)

In contrast, my mom and sister would be jumping at the chance. Ben too for that matter, because he loves you and your baby girl. Of course, maybe this is because they're part of Damora's everyday life and having her with them full-time would not be that big of a change.

OK this probably means that I need to interact with your family more, especially outside of large family gatherings. I don't think I am planning to do a very Sulu anything until you're back here if I can help it. Of course, I'm going to be on the Hamilton over next Christmas, so at least that gets me out of that.

I want us to decide on this together. We are 100% co-parents. We must consult on all the big decisions and this is a big one. Are you somewhere where we can do a Starfleet Instant-ish messenger option? And let's be honest, nothing is instant when you're that far away.
Also, congratulations on not having to be at the second annual remembrance of the destruction of Vulcan. I heard you guys are going to be way too far away to participate in any event. Lucky Bastard. As the daughter of the head of Starfleet, I must be there. I'm sure the entire time Liz is going to be thanking the universe that the Tarsus fuck up was too classified for there to be public remembrances of what happened. I think I'm going to ask her to do something with the kids then as a distraction for Ben. There's no reason why we all must suffer. I'm sure the anniversary must be awful for him.

Speaking of your boyfriend, Ben says he loves you. He is over at the house right now for a play date. Okay, he's keeping the kids occupied while I write to you. The kids must be around each other at least every other day, otherwise they get cranky. Seriously, put a ring on it.

Liz would be able to make these play dates because she lives in San Francisco proper. However, one of your sisters is on the other side of the country most of the time. The other one is always working outside of the city or even state sometimes. That's what happens when you're one of the best wedding planners on the West Coast. So, another point for Liz.

So, I guess what I'm trying say is, I really would like to finalize plans soon. Two months may seem like a long time, but I'm going to be back on the Hamilton before you know it.

Anyway, good luck in space and be safe. Also, your baby loves you. Pictures attached, mostly of the girls playing together.

PS: We did join the playgroup that you suggested, and it is so much better than where we were before. It's nice to be in a play group that doesn't require spiking my ice tea with vodka. Thank your friends for me.

Xxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan
Time sent: 4/07/2260 6:06:32
Subject: Re: I'm pretty sure your family now hates me

Thank you for the pictures of the kids being adorable. That cheered me up this morning. Also, happy to hear that the new playgroup is working out. I will let the doctor know he has good taste in playgroups.

I am neither shocked nor surprised by my sisters' feelings on the issue mostly because I received a video version of the family reunion along with a family update. They said something similar. They are also team Ben and I think they may have already started wedding preparations. You know, even though we haven't even been dating a year yet.

Also, my extended family was as bad as you said they were. The video was filled with variations of 'but I thought he was gay'. You think they would understand that it can be a little more fluid than that. Although you are the only woman I've ever had sex with and that's mostly been in a group setting, but they never need to know that ever.

After viewing the video, I completely support your decision to only interact with my immediate family and avoiding all large family gatherings at all cost. Maybe you can make sure you send them the cute videos and pictures you sent me. More emails, less in person interaction. Although whoever is baby D's guardian come Christmas time, they will have to bring her over to my sister's
house for a very Sulu family Christmas. Maybe that should be part of the criteria to decide. I feel like your mom can deal with my family better than your sister, but only because she's a Starfleet newbie. (Ben, I love him, but he is not a viable option until one of us is wearing an engagement ring, not that that's going to happen anytime soon. Also, I can't have him deal with my family alone at Christmas. It would be cruel.)

I still don't know if I want a 20 something to oversee our daughter, even if she will have her boyfriend there to co-parent. In comparison, your mom would be all by herself. That is one point in her favor.

Also, I realize that your sister and her boyfriend are more mature than what their biological ages are, thanks to the trauma that is really classified. I realize that everything in the media about Tarsus is a complete lie. The only thing I really know for sure was that your mom rescued everybody despite orders and your sister was a survivor. Also, I think that may have been where the captain, Sorry co-captain's brother died, but I'm not 100% certain. Getting Jim Kirk to talk about his family is like pulling teeth the old-fashioned way. It's a rare occurrence and if you do get him to talk about the past, most of it is about Kevin. He loves talking about his brother.

I probably should talk to him regarding his opinion of his brother as a caretaker and Liz as well. I know that he's known Liz almost as long as he's known Kevin. Although considering what I know about the situation with his mom, Kevin may have more experience in that area than any of us realize. I'm going to have to think about all of this. Maybe write your sister and future brother-in-law. (You know they're going to get married. Eventually, you just know it.)

What does your mom think about this? Would she be upset if you chose somebody else? Also, would your sister be able to really balance the baby and her class schedule. The fourth year is always the hardest. Although I heard she's getting the better version of the Kobayashi Maru so that's a plus.

Give me a little time to think about it and maybe talk to your sister. I will give you an answer before the end of the month. Unfortunately, we are too far out to do a Starfleet messenger chat. However, thanks to the April Fools' Day replicator incident, we are going to have to visit a Star base soon. Then maybe we can try for a video chat.

By the way, I miss you and the baby. I also miss the boyfriend and his baby, but I'm going to write him after this, so you don't have to tell him that. Tell princess I love her and to be good. You could also ask her input on who should be her guardian. I have a feeling she would choose who ever would give her more toys which might be your mom.

Anyway, give them all hugs and kisses for me, the kids anyway. I will write again when I have a chance.

Xxxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Benjamin_2254
Subject: IOU so much chocolate and foot rubs right now
Time sent: 4/07/2260 06:23:41

Hey baby, miss you.

So, I heard group play time has been doing well since you guys joined the new playgroup. OK I
heard that it doesn't require spiked ice tea to get through it. I hope that is still the case. Also, I apologize for everything my sisters did when you invited them over. I would ask if the tea was spiked then, but I'm afraid to know the answer. I'm neither shocked or surprised they're already planning a wedding.

OK as my boyfriend, I need your advice. What is your opinion on Lizzy and Kevin being the guardians of my baby girl while Sue is on the Hamilton? Since you were there during tea, I know you know that I suggested my sisters, but they have their own thing which is fine. We are not one of those families. Unless there's a crisis. But I guess I should be flattered that they trust you so much.

You know there's probably a little bitterness because of my accidental baby. OK and I didn't tell them about all the details. You know more. You know everything because I tell you everything because I love you and trust you and you never threw my favorite teddy bear in a garbage disposal. I have some deep-seated issues with my sisters. Very deep-seated. Maybe I should consider talking to Dr. Margarita.

So as my boyfriend and as a parent, would you hand your kid over to a 20-year-old? A mature 20-year-old and her 19-year-old boyfriend, but still 20. I mean if they didn't change the drinking age, she wouldn't be able to buy champagne for like another month.

Then there is the trouble of mixing parenthood and school life. The last year at the Academy is hard. And not just because you know what happened in the end. Just the school work and the exams and all of that and I didn't have to do a kid on top of that. Would having a child be too much?

So, I guess what I'm asking is what should I do? Should I tell Sue that no you can't leave our daughter with your sister and I think she would be better off with your mom? I'm not even sure of that.

I like Admiral Chan. She's a good Admiral, much better than Marcus mostly because she never tried to kill us. However, being the head of Starfleet is a full-time job. More than being a Starfleet cadet, even if school life is chaotic. Then she'll be by herself where Liz would at least have Kevin. You of all of us understand what full-time single parenthood is.

Jim adores Kevin and says all good things. And even Spock likes him and has asked his advice on our teenager issues. If the guy can deal with teenagers, a baby should be easy. Considering even Jim is betting on the two of them being married by 2271, I feel like he would be sticking around for this. Have you seen Liz and Kevin with Desi? How are they doing? Do you think they make a good team?

I guess I should give you an update on the kids I'm working with. Jay and JoJo are doing well. Ashley is as well. She keeps killing the replicated practice dummies by stabbing them in the genitals, but I feel like there's a reason for that. OK I think the only reason why she's comfortable around me is she thinks Sue was only my gestational carrier and doesn't believe any of the rumors, the wild orgy rumors anyway.

How are you doing? I know you are getting closer to the anniversary. And it's probably worse since you're fighting with Zach's parents. Are you still fighting with them or are they okay with you putting the baby into daycare? I hope you do something not necessarily fun, but not soul sucking. Don't wallow. I don't think Zach would have wanted you to be sad all the time. You deserve happiness.

Anyway, love you and miss you and totally counting down the days until I get to see you again. As
much as I want to keep talking to you, I have work to do. Talk to you later.

To be continued.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous. All encouragement keeps me in the writing zone.

From: SulxuHG2260
To: Elizabeth_Chen
Time sent: 4/08/2260 6:43:01
Subject: Do you really want to have your niece living with you for a year?

So I probably should start this email with I am so sorry you had to put up with my family and oh my God I can't believe they asked you those questions. My sister sent me the video of the family reunion and they were brutal. It was just brutal. I would tell you never to agree to go to one of my family events again, but depending on how the rest of this conversation goes that may not be an option. Whoever has custody of baby D in December will have to take her to Christmas at my sister's house and if your sister has her way, that might be you.

So I'm sure you know by now that your sister thinks that you would be the best guardian for Damora while we are both in space. Especially because unlike my sisters, you're willing to jump at the opportunity to do it, which I do appreciate. I mean my sisters would not let baby girl end up in foster care, but I feel like they have other responsibilities that they would put first. My little sister is in Starfleet even if she has a more earthbound assignment than me.

Big sis has her career and they're going through another round of in vitro. Also, I think she might be pissed off at me for having a kid by accident when she hasn't been able to carry a pregnancy to term. I mean her gay brother should not have a kid before her. OK there's a lot of emotional baggage tied up in this and I'm sorry you got dragged into it. But at the same time, Ben was totally willing to throw himself in as a candidate, despite the fact we haven't been together a year yet.

So, I guess the question I'm trying to ask is, do you really think you can handle being a mom to a one-year-old for 9 to 12 months at a time? You know the Hamilton assignment will last more than what is scheduled because nothing really goes as scheduled in Starfleet. Is Kevin up for the challenge of being a co-parent with you? What are you planning to do about childcare, daycare, play groups? Will she still be able to meet up with her favorite little playmate? Will you pass my letters to your baby niece which reminds me I should write one to her today. It's been a while. These are all things I want to know before I decide.

Why would you be a better option then your mother? I guess I'm just trying to understand that. It's not that I don't think you can do this, it's just this is my little girl and I have to know that she is going to be safe and protected when I'm not there. That's what parents do. We are crazy that way.

Jim sings your praises. He says that you're the smart one and a ridiculously hard worker. Despite your mom's position in Starfleet, you worked at a restaurant, so you could be your own person. He told me that you were offered a management position, but you turned it down so you could help
your sister and Kevin with various responsibilities. That's definitely a point in your favor.

He also said that you are great with Winona and with helping Kevin keep it together during the worst of the situation. So again another point in your favor. You're going to have a lot of points in your favor the more I think about this.

Anyway, write me back when you get a chance. If I remember correctly, midterms are over and things are starting to get back to normal. I am glad I am long past the Academy. Midterms are always awful.

Xxxx

From: SuluHG2260

To: Kevin KR

Time sent: 4/07/2260 06:59:32

Subject: your brother is ridiculously proud of you.

So I probably should start this letter off with your brother is perfectly OK and has not done anything stupid or life threatening, recently anyway. Of course, he's leading the away team in a couple of weeks for surveying mission after the current starmapping assignment is done, so that could change.

First, I would like to offer my sincere apologies for the way my family behaved at a very Sulu family reunion. I saw the video and it was worse than even she said it was. I would say this wasn't normal, but I would be lying. Sorry.

So second, I assume that you know that Sue is considering leaving Damora with you and her sister instead of having her mom take care of her. I mean this would be good for you and Liz because it means no student housing. You would get to stay in officer housing away from gossiping toddlers and drunk sophomores.

But taking care of a small child isn't all fun and games.

I've been told that you would be aware of that, but this isn't babysitting. This is different. Do you think you're up for almost a year of full-time parenthood, especially with all the other things on your plate like school and your mom? I don't know all the details there, but I know that there's some issues with her that take a lot of energy. Jim wouldn't say much about it, and that in itself worries me. I don't want you to stretch yourself too thin. I guess I just want to make sure that you can do this without driving yourself to exhaustion.

Jim says you can. He believes you're the mature one of the two of you. Also taking care of people is apparently in your blood. I heard you spent several years as the best babysitter of Riverside. Although your brother will explain how that happened. Even your brother-in-law gave you a glowing recommendation.

Despite that, I thought I would talk to you directly. It's always good to come in with as much information as possible into these situations. It's also best not to assume things.

Anyway I would really appreciate your response whenever you get a chance to write back.

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan

Time sent: 4/08/2260 07:13:01

Subject: Star mapping is not fun yet necessary

Dear Damora:

Sorry I haven't written you in a while. I meant to, but then April Fools' Day happened and I'm really glad I'm not allergic to eggs. Let's just put it that way. Normally I wouldn't have to deal with that sort of thing, but being the number two to the co-captains means I get lots of paperwork to do when bad things happen.

Now that that excitement is over. We're mostly doing star mapping, which is not the most fun thing to do on a starship. At least not for me. Ms. Carol's department, which gets to analyze all the data we're collecting is having the time of their life right now. For me, it's not fun unless we get to explore planets which I hope will happen very soon. I would love a chance to put my botany skills to use. Not that I don't love flying because I do.

So, my sisters and your aunt's sent me a video of the pie eating. I really enjoyed that you put blueberry handprints all over a certain cousin that I really really don't like. Second cousin actually. She is the one who told the whole family how you really got here. Someday, I'll tell you the details probably when you're at least 16.

So I've been spending the morning before shift writing emails to your Aunt Liz and soon to be Uncle Kevin, to see if they really want to take care of you when mommy and daddy are off in space. My sisters don't want to take care of you, unless all other options are dead or deemed unfit by the Federation. Which is totally their loss. However, that means that grandma and Aunt Liz are most likely your future caregivers.

My sisters also volunteered Ben, but Uncle Jim told me the obviously edited version of the Uncle Frank story and that was enough to make me hesitant. I'm 99% sure Ben is not an Uncle Frank, but I'm sure Jim's mom thought the same thing. Otherwise, why would she have left him and his brother there? You should always be cautious about these things, which is why I'm vetting everybody carefully.

This all makes me feel bad about leaving you behind. I know that parents in the military have been doing this for centuries, but it still hurts.

Anyway, I heard you found a new playgroup. Tell mommy to send me video. Everyone on the ship loves seeing you. You make everything happy.

Anyway, hugs and kisses. Love you always baby girl.

To be continued
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. All of you are wonderful and keep me and the happy writing zone.

From: Kevin KR
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 4/13/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Praise everyone midterms are over

I think we’re OK. All midterms are over, and I have at least six weeks before I must start thinking about finals. You’ll be happy to know that my perfect GPA is still intact. Although, I’m pretty sure Liz got a B + in a class because the guy hates her mom.

Anyway, in celebration we are taking baby D to her very first amusement park. Probably Knottsberry Disney or maybe Disney’s Princess land. Or maybe Disney’s Pixar land. It doesn’t really matter almost every park on the West Coast is owned by Disney now, but we will have fun anyway. OK we’re planning to do the family getaways so baby D and Liz do not have to smile and nod next to her mom at the remembrance ceremony. The baby is too young for that and her therapist feels like it would totally be a trigger.

We also decided to take Ben with us. Okay, we decided to take baby K with us and it’s only polite to ask her dad to join us. It was Sue’s idea, but a good one. Liz lost classmates, but Ben lost his husband. I think he’s dealing with it better than Winona ever did, but it’s better for him to just be somewhere else. I know I can’t deal with anything else on top of my Tarsus baggage. I don’t want to think about how hard this day is for him.

I think Mom might come with us. She likes my girlfriend’s niece, and this is probably as close as she is going to get to grandkids for at least a decade. Although I haven’t actually asked her yet but we have a couple of weeks to go before the anniversary anyway. I’m sure we can convince her to come.

I’m going to miss the Niblett when she is living full time with grandma next year, but we will grab her for fun activities whenever possible and probably play dates with Ben and his daughter. It’s necessary. They will be a blended family very soon. Please tell me somebody is running a betting pool on when they will get married? Liz made a small fortune with you guys.

Yes, mama is still sober. Yes, I’m shocked about that, but I’m hopeful. I know San Francisco has its own ghosts, but maybe there are fewer here than in Riverside. At least she has friends here. That’s better than Iowa. I don’t think mom ever felt comfortable there. Everybody was always so nasty to her. I think she only stayed there because that was the home that Winona and your dad made for you guys. But we’re all grown up now.

I’m glad your kids are getting better. Were there any April Fools’ Day shenanigans? I haven’t heard from Josephine yet, but maybe I shouldn’t be concerned. It took almost a week for me to get your last email. I feel like it may have been the perfect opportunity to get back at Jeremy. You know the asshole deserves anything done to him. I hate bullies so much.

I’m glad you’re dealing with your own trauma. I mean I’m happy you’re helping the kids deal with
their trauma, but I’m glad you’re really addressing what happened because it’s hard. I mean I still have food issues. I’m trying not to store protein bars under the bed at Sue’s house, but do you know it’s hard to break those habits.

Anyway, keep me posted on your efforts with the teenagers.

Xxx
From: Kevin KR

To: kitten_loverJJMU

Time arrived: 4/12/2260 01:00:01

Subject: Re: Really, I’m okay.
Okay the Starfleet email system is weird. I got Jim’s email an entire day before yours even though it looks like you sent them on the same day. Liz says not to be surprised. Her mom used to send her and Sue messages and sometimes they would arrive a week apart, even though they were sent one after the other. Liz says a day is good.

Okay I want to know if you eventually did take advantage of April Fools’ Day. I know something big happened because Liz’s mom has been cranky for at least the last week because she’s been dealing with the fallout. Apparently, some days her job is just god-awful.

Jim made it sound like things are getting better. Are they or is he looking at the situation from the lens of an adult? You really should let him know what’s going on. If the bullying is still at peak awfulness, Jim will help in any way he can even though he can’t punch out your bullies. He did that a lot with mine. He always tried to be the best big brother.

Xxxx
From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Kevin KR

Time sent: 4/12/2260 00:23:21

Subject: Re: Praise everyone midterms are over
You know I don’t think you’re supposed to ask me questions about illegal gambling on my ship. It’s even less cool than before because first officers know what’s going on in the ship where captains are buried in bureaucracy. However, talk to JoJo’s mom. Nyota always has the hook up.

Oh God April Fools’ Day was a disaster and it wasn’t even the kids. Someone tried to kill his ex-girlfriend by talking with the replicators and adding eggs to everything. It was awful. I’m still dealing with paperwork and I have no idea when we’re going to be able to drop them off at the nearest Star base for court-martial proceedings.

I mean at least the kids followed the no list, to the exact letter, although not necessarily the spirit of the list. Jeremy still doesn’t have eyebrows. His are now baby blue, instead of Smurf blue like he was at first, but it’s still going to be a while before he is back to his actual skin tone. Sonic showers can only do so much. I have attached pictures. This may end up my screensaver. I know it’s cruel, but it’s cathartic. Unfortunately, Jeremy is being a brat despite this, but everyone else is starting to tone down a little bit.

The amusement park idea is brilliant. I’m trying to think of something to do for Spock and maybe for the Ashleys. Make your own Sunday bar. It will be cookies. I can’t get a cookie bouquet here, but I may have the ingredients to make fresh cookies. Well eggless cookies. If you stay in the fleet
long enough, you’ll learn how to cook with just the shelf stable stuff. I learned to make the best egg free brownies during my semester in space.

I should ask when you are doing your semester in space. I know your girlfriend did hers when she was a freshman because she has the hook up and was already a sophomore. But what about you? Would that be a problem, if your girlfriend’s sister and Sulu decide that you and Liz should have custody of bubble baby? Would that affect you doing another internship this summer? Are you going to do another internship?

Or are you not doing it? Your letter made it sound like baby D would totally be living with grandma. Or maybe you think he’s not going to choose you guys?

He is taking the possibility of you having the baby very seriously. I think you’re going to win out over grandma so don’t worry about missing the Niblett just yet.

I gave you a stellar recommendation. I said all good things. Although, I didn’t tell him about you pretty much taking care of mom for the last four years, but I may have implied it heavily. Of course, he had a normal childhood without parents with alcoholism so maybe he doesn’t quite get it.

I’m sad that Jojo hasn’t written you yet. She’s been quiet lately, but I get it. Still adjusting and everything. I am just concerned. At least her Vulcan lessons are going well, in the sense that her ability to speak Vulcan has increased dramatically. She has another lesson tonight. She’s not telling Spock anything at all, but an hour with Spock is an hour out of the grasp of Jeremy. He is being a total prick after he lost his eyebrows.

In other good news, the other two Ashleys are now starting to act almost well behaved after their penance for their April Fools’ Day joke on us. I totally should have specifically said not to screw with the Captain’s wardrobe, but I thought anybody with any common sense would figure that out on their own. The Ashleys not so much. The good news is we got a new wardrobe. Unfortunately, the quartermaster thinks that Spock is violent during private time, but whatever. Yeah you probably didn’t want to know that. But as your big brother, I’m supposed to embarrass you like crazy. It’s in the job description.

Despite all these trivial things, overall things are good aboard Enterprise. It would be better if we didn’t have to smile for the cameras on the day of the anniversary, but I just have a feeling that that’s when we will finally be able to drop the guy who tried to kill his ex-girlfriend at a Star base. You know they’re going to make Spock their poster boy because his mom died during the battle. Last year was not fun. I think I may have Bones make up some rare Vulcan disease, so Spock doesn’t have to speak to a crowd on the day his mom died. Good spouses do stuff like that right?

Anyway, miss you baby brother. I support your foray into temporary parenthood. Please don’t make it permanent parenthood. Remember contraceptive hypos are your friend. Seriously, do not knock up my boss’s daughter. I’m tired of having bosses that want to kill me.

Xxx
From: kitten_loverJJMU
To: Kevin KR
Time arrived: 4/13/2260 21:04:01
Subject: Re: Really, I’m okay.

That’s okay, although that does explain why Uncle Jim told me to email you today when I was
having dinner with him before class with Uncle Spock. He was happy to know that I did write to
you earlier, but it just took a while for you to get the message Language classes are going well.
Although he refuses to teach me Vulcan curse words. I want to be able to call Jeremy a dick
without him realizing it. Mom would know. But mom wouldn’t care. Actually, I think she
threatened to dismember him in Klingon just this morning. I’m not sure because she’s also refusing
to teach me Klingon curse words.

By the way, I made Jeremy blue and it was glorious. Pictures attached. Your brother forgot to put a
moratorium on adding dye to shampoo. It’s been two weeks and he’s still a light blue.

Also, Ashley one and three are no longer being openly hostile. This is a surprising occurrence. It
started a couple of days ago after Jeremy said some not so pleasant things about my deceased
mother. I mean, I can understand why Ashley two would react that way since her dad died during
the battle of Vulcan. Her parents were already divorced like mine were by that point, but it still
hurt. The others, I don’t understand why they would react that way.

I’m not surprised your brother acted that way. He is protective of everyone. Especially us kids,
except for maybe Jeremy. Jeremy is a prick.

Anyway, I’ll try to write again soon.

To be continued
Day 55: No Wonder Spock authorized botany to grow cannabis

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous.

One thing I want to mention again is that you’re not seeing all the correspondence because that would make this story ridiculously large. You’re seeing mostly personal correspondence and no official reports. Mission readouts would probably be a little on the boring side even if the missions themselves were absolutely bonkers. Of course this is probably because Jim would be sending Starfleet the sanitized for their consumption version of anything weird that happens. Thankfully in this universe Spock knows that Jim will omit some things. That’s why they write all the reports together. They still do now that Spock is Captain because Jim is still the better one at subterfuge.

Xxx
From: Number_one_Pike
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
time arrived: 4/16/2260 01:23:01
Subject: I completely understand why botany is growing homeopathic Vulcan headache medicine. Spock’s going to need a lot of it, if the year keeps going like this. Yes, I read the reports about April Fool’s day. Do you think Margarita would be offended if we sent a second therapist to the ship? I feel like you guys need two.

I’m looking for a teacher with counseling certification for that reason. I think I may have found somebody. She knows the big boss personally, so this might work out. Let me handle the teacher issue and you concentrate on your husband. I’m thinking cannabis cheese crackers.

On the bright side, you will be happy to know that that I managed to convince Rodriguez that Enterprise should not participate in any of the activities commemorating the second anniversary of the battle of Vulcan. The Enterprise is going to be exploring the recently discovered planet XZ9 beta and therefore could not possibly get to a Star base on the day of the anniversary to film good soundbites. It’s going to take you at least a week and a half to get there at a reasonable warp.

Yes, this means you’re probably going to have your prisoner until at least mid-May, but for the sake of your husband and the Ashleys, I think it is for the best that they not have to deal with the fake pageantry of the Starfleet commemoration. I’m sure you remember the Kelvin Memorials too vividly. We’re doing a wreath laying here and reading off the names of all the Starfleet officers that died during the incident. That’s enough.

We all lost people in the battle. Friends and lovers alike. I lost my host family. You know I lived on Vulcan for a few years growing up. Last year was hard, but I had Chris. I think this year might be worse because I don’t have him.

Chan said the first year after her husband’s death was the hardest year for her, and it might be that way for me as well. I think she’s right. So let’s just get through the anniversary and then you can tell me how the kids are doing. Maybe once the anniversary has passed, they’ll be acting out less.
Although all reports I’m getting about Jo Jo have been glowing. Your second officer’s reports have been valuable. Keep me posted. I know your actual reports are just the clean version and I want to know what’s really going on.

No Captain has ever served as their own science officer yet. A few in the past have scheduled some time in their specialization so they wouldn’t become rusty post captaincy, but not that many. Although very few double track and therefore have a specialization outside of command. Usually that’s something more likely that the first officer would do. I served as first officer and science officer, just like your hubby.

However, I think you might be just as restless. Have you considered maybe doing some hours in engineering? OK, yeah that’s not going to work because it’s engineering. Have you made peace with that part of the ship yet?

Xxxxx
From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Number_one_Pike
Time sent: 4/16/2260 05:23:01
Subject: Re: I completely understand why botany is growing homeopathic Vulcan headache medicine.

I think Margarita would be fine with an additional therapist. Actually, I’m surprised she hasn’t asked for backup yet. She’s always booked solid.

Thank you so much for taking over the search for a teacher. At least you can do in person interviews which may yield better results. The one qualified person I found may have been one of the nine people I slept with before I met my husband and will not take the job. Apparently, he really believes I lost my job due to the alcoholism rumor. That was not a fun conversation to have with Spock. So, my reputation has been shot to hell due to the show I used to put on at the Academy.

Yes, I’ve made peace with engineering, mostly. The real children of Enterprise like to go down there for the alcohol that my, should already be adults but act like children Engineers, are brewing. I can’t wait for our traditional Vulcan medication to be ready. I think I need the cannabis cheese crackers more than Spock. Also, maybe I’ll have to worry about engineering accidentally blowing up the ship with their unauthorized distillery a little less.

However just because I’ve made peace doesn’t mean I want to spend quality time down in engineering because again they’re my problem children. And Spock would prefer I not accidentally get blown up by one of Scotty’s experiments.

Since Spock said no to Enterprise’s junior hacking club, I’m giving Spock and myself some IT shifts with communications. Also, this way we can figure out why Chen discovered that my second officer accidentally let something slip to the boyfriend. He’s sorry about that by the way and he will be doing better with his messages to the boyfriend. Not that there’s anything exciting going on just yet. Although we did receive official orders yesterday so I’m looking forward to two weeks of planetary exploration. Fingers crossed that nobody ends up in Sickbay. I’m not looking forward to three weeks of traveling there and back. But at least the starmapping will be over tomorrow.

And yes, I’d rather explore an unknown planet then put Spock through the pomp and circumstance of anything close to the Kelvin memorial events from when I was a kid. That stuff was god awful. All those fake people giving me their equally fake condolences. They didn’t give a fuck about my father’s sacrifice. If they did, they would have approved the funding to find Nero decades before
he blew up Vulcan and killed my mother-in-law before I even met her.

I don’t want to play nice with Star base diplomats. I know Spock didn’t want to. I was considering giving him some disease that required him to stay in quarantine until after the event was over with. Thank you for me not having to do that now.

I’m planning something to actually cheer Spock up. He’s planning something for the Ashleys since they all lost a parent so I think it’s going to be a bonding moment. They’re starting to come around a little bit mostly because their punishment for April Fools’ Day was replicating our wardrobe. They have good taste and are great at replicator programming.

I have to ask, could an element of this program be interning or job shadowing? I mean you can only spend so much time in the classroom. Maybe some on the job or real world experience will calm down the restlessness and everyone would be less bratty. I have no hope for Jeremy not being bratty and I’m secretly crossing my fingers that his mom will apply to another ship. But the rest are getting better. (Okay, not. All other ships are an option. I don’t want Jeremy on the Hamilton because I can’t put my second officer’s baby’s mom through that, but anywhere else. Anywhere, especially Delta Vega. God, I want that kid off my ship.)

OK glad that you find my second officer’s reports interesting and educational. Why do I have a feeling that they’re probably a little bit more interesting than what I sent in. OK we’re going to have to have a talk. Probably definitely. Anyway, I’ll write back soon, most likely after the surveying mission is over since we are going even deeper into space. I hope I’m not allergic to everything.

To be continued
Thank you to everyone who read or review the last conversation. You are all fabulous and keep me happy and writing.

Several chapters ago, some of you were concerned with JoJo being forced to write to her aunt. Well, here’s the fallout. I have this feeling that this series is going to read better once it’s complete.

Also, there was a Freudian slip, that voice recognition software makes very easy, in the last chapter and no one caught it until it was posted. It was supposed to read no Captain has served as their own science officer. I’m in the process of fixing it everywhere as I post this.

From: Legal Queen of Atlanta
To: LeonardUM
Subject: Thank you for the update
Time arrived: 4/19/2260 00:00:01

Dear Leonard:

Thanks for writing. Yes, I would love updates on what’s going on especially because I feel like I’m probably going to hear more from you than from my actual niece and I feel like I deserve that. I’m aware of a lot of my bad choices when it came to my sister.

Dad is still an asshole. And although my now former step mom took him to the cleaners, he still has enough money to get me another step mom. I met Kimber last week. I’m pretty sure she’s half my age. Why he doesn’t just hire a home healthcare worker instead of marrying trophy wives barely out of adolescence? It would be cheaper in the long run and significantly less creepy. We’re only a couple years off from the girls being Jojo’s age. That is all types of gross.
I also spoke to Kevin Kirk and he really does have the hook up. For somebody who’s not even 20 yet, he’s quite insightful and a better friend for Jo Jo then most of her, I assume, former friends. If somebody sends you a Christmas present, you at least say thank you, even if you don’t celebrate which wasn’t the case with these ungrateful kids.

Don’t tell me to say hi to my niece when you can write her yourselves like you should, but won’t because I’m not even sure why they’re uncomfortable talking to her. Maybe it’s the dead mom thing or the name change or any number of things preteen still deal with that us as an adult don’t remember how. We think now that life was easier back then, but we are probably wrong. At least now we are clearly responsible for our own choices. Before, a lot of it was out of our hands.

You know I’m not that surprised at teenagers living on a starship are breaking into your office for alcohol and pills. This seems like most of the stupid stuff I did in college. You know rebelling against the tight yoke my asshole father had on me. Big sister got pregnant by somebody without a trust fund and I got stoned a lot. Then I got it together and she fell off the wagon and I was so busy with my own life that I didn’t see it.

I didn’t see it not until the vintage car was wrapped around the tree. Not until my niece was so damaged that she doesn’t even want to bear the name she was born with.

And I’m sorry for that. I should have gone to court. I should have paid for your lawyer myself. I should’ve openly took your side during the first custody hearing and then maybe we wouldn’t be here. Maybe my sister wouldn’t be dead, and my niece wouldn’t hate me. I don’t know. I’m sorry for the choices I made and for the choices I didn’t make. That seems hollow now in hindsight. You can’t change the past. What is done is done and all you can do is move forward. So how do we do that?

I don’t know. I sent like two boxes of Oreos, the giant boxes, and enough chocolate to last the family until at least Christmas. I don’t think that’s going to make up for what I did or I rather what I didn’t do. I didn’t do anything, I just watched the spiral. There’s not enough cookies and chocolate in the quadrant to make up for what I didn’t do. And I am just so sorry.

Xxx

From: Legal Queen of Atlanta
To: kitten_loverJMU
Subject: I’m sorry, I’m sending Oreos
Time arrived: 4/19/2260 00:00:01
I’m sorry. I don’t know what really to say besides that. I spoke to your friend Kevin a couple of days ago about sending you a care package and he kind of went off on me. I like that friend. He is very protective of you. He’s a little bit older than you, but considering he is hopelessly in love with his girlfriend I am not that concerned. OK a little concerned because I tend to fall head over feet for all the wrong people. I’m sure you remember the disaster that was Heather. So many bad choices. I’m good at making bad choices, not so much at making the right ones.

I’m sitting here staring at my PADD trying to figure out what to write to you. I know you’re hurting and I feel like it’s my fault because I knew something was wrong and I didn’t do anything. I should have. I should’ve got a lawyer and I should have sued your mom for custody, but I was too afraid of daddy taking her side. I should have got you out of there. And I didn’t.

I watched you suffer for years. I watched you go through a repeat of my own childhood and I knew it was happening. Maybe not explicitly, maybe not enough to convince a judge, but in my heart, I knew something was wrong and I didn’t fix it. Now my sister is dead. And I hate her so much and I love her too and…

I am literally crying right now. I am just…

I love you. I know I screwed up. I don’t know how to fix it. I wish I could.

I’m sorry.

PS: I’m sending a care package, a big one. I know it’s not going to make up for my previous shortcomings as your aunt, but everyone must start somewhere.

Xxxx

From: LeonardUM
To: Legal Queen of Atlanta
Subject: Re: Thank you for the update
Time arrived: 4/19/2260 19:15:41

I feel like I need to say that if you did change the past, chances are you could end up in a worse future, possibly one where an entire species has been decimated to one percent of their original inhabitants and most of them still have sticks up their asses. So, there’s really no point in wishing you could change the past because there’s no guarantee that you could do any better even if you know what you did wrong. Sorry, all our current missions fall under the star mapping/exploration category, which means I have time to contemplate the greater meaning of the universe.
Hindsight is a weird thing sometimes. It can make you regret your past decisions, but it can also help you make better choices in the future and maybe that’s what you must focus on. I know that’s what I’m trying to do with my second committed relationship. I think it’s going much better.

Although Nyota does want to look at the email that Jojo sent you to elicit such a response. I won’t let her. Of course, part of that is if she looks at someone else’s email on ship and doesn’t have an actual need to know, Jim is probably going to reassign the entire family to Delta Vega. Three strikes and you’re out freezing your ass off. Maybe finding out what your teenage daughter said to her aunt might meet the threshold of need to know, but I don’t want to find out. As much as I would like to be on an actual planet again, that icebox is not it.

I want to send you the name of a good therapist in Atlanta because maybe it would help if you talk to somebody. Dr. Margarita recommended a Doctor Alexis Banks. You know it’s OK to love and hate someone. It’s OK to miss your sister. It’s not your fault that she wrapped your car around a tree. It’s not your fault that she was abusive to Jo Jo. I know you enough to know that you probably didn’t have enough evidence to convince a judge. I know you. If you thought you had chance of winning against the crooked system created by your dad, you would have tried. She had the drinking well hidden. You were there when we cleaned the house. The 30-proof punch in refrigerator. The little bottles hidden in strange places. No one outside of probably Jo Jo knew the truth until it was wrapped around the tree.

The other thing to keep in mind is you can’t save someone that doesn’t want to be saved. You can’t change people that don’t want to be changed. Most importantly, you are not responsible for the stupidity of others. Unfortunately, you were the only halfway smart one born in a family of morons. That is not your fault.

As for JoJo, just let her be a 12-year-old right now. Let her get the anger out of her system. She needs to let it out. I’m sure she’ll send you a thank you email when the candy gets here. The girl has a sweet tooth. Although Dr. Margarita says not to force it, again and let Jo Jo write you again when she’s ready. So, it may be a while.

To be continued.
We had a family therapy session yesterday which is something we really haven't done since being on the ship. There hasn't been the need, not like those first few months after mom died. I feel like all I did was go to therapy, those first few weeks.

So why did we have to have a family session? My aunt is not okay. That was obvious from the letter she finally wrote me. Before I read that letter, I thought I would be happy if she was suffering, but I am not. I was scared for her to go like they did last time and I was worried enough that I told mommy Nyota and dad what she said, which led to emergency therapy. The day after. It would've been the same day, but Dr. Margarita was dealing with several people in crisis, probably some of the Ashleys. It is getting closer to the second anniversary of the Battle of Vulcan.

Although, because of mandatory family therapy, I'm kind of regretting telling them both about the letter. Mom and dad want to know what I wrote to her about before that was so bad it triggered that reaction, but I won't show them the letter and Dad and Dr. Margarita told mommy not to look. I'm glad they supported me on this.

Apparently mom is going to have to go to additional sessions due to past voyeurism issues and not respecting privacy like she should. Also, dad said that not everybody in the world is like Marc and she shouldn't use what happened to justify her behavior. I wanted to ask who Marc is, but I was afraid to especially because dad finished up their conversation with the phrase, "not everybody is suicidal".

Even though I am worried about my aunt, I'm still not ready to write to her directly or at all. Margarita says that I don't have to and told my parents not to force me again. I'm glad she's supporting me.

I'm starting to really like my therapist. She is there for me against the adults which is good because I've never really had that before. My aunt was supposed to be like that, but I think she was too afraid of mom and grandpa to really support me like she should have. Dr. Margarita is not afraid of anybody.

Also, I can trust her to keep what I tell her a secret like that crush I may or may not have on a certain 19-year-old. Also, she's not going to tell anybody why I am happy that that 19-year-old has
time to start my Russian lessons again. It's a sexier language than most people think.

Hey, I'm a preteen, not a little kid so it's okay if I'm starting to get interested in boys or girls or whoever I want, according to Margarita. Although she does say I need to have realistic expectations. I think Dr. Margarita is just glad I'm interested in anything. I kind of wasn't right after my biological mom died. Besides, I'm aware nothing can happen until I reach the Federation age of consent at 18 and yes, I told Margarita which kind of made her happy. I think she thinks all this interest will disappear by then or I'll realize that the age gap is a little too much. Although considering my last step-grandmother was 45 years my granddad's junior and younger than even my aunt, what is six years?

Otherwise I feel like the doctor is wise. Dr. Margarita says I don't have to forgive my aunt for not getting me out of hell or keeping mom from wrapping her car around a tree. Although she does tell me repeatedly that the only person responsible for my mom wrapping her car around a tree was my mom. Margarita says I don't even have to talk to her until I'm ready and I'm not. Not right now. I'm not even sure how to start a conversation without screaming. There's a lot of anger that I need to work through.

Why didn't she get me out of there? Why didn't she at least try? And I'll get there or at least that's what the doctor promises, but I'm not sure. I guess I'll wait for the cookies. I hope there are the chocolate dipped Oreos. The good ones. I deserve dipped Oreos for everything. Okay, mom (Nyota) is calling me for breakfast, so I'll finish writing after class.

Okay, mommy Nyota did not ask me about the crush I may or may not have on Pavel, so I assume that dad was successful in not getting her to read my diary. I'm going to take that as a win and assume that anything I write in here will actually stay private. This is still better than with the last mom.

Classes were mostly okay today probably because the Ashleys are subdued and our teacher is leaving in June. I don't think she cares anymore and therefore Jeremy isn't even bothering to screw with her anymore. Apparently he doesn't like to torture us if we don't care about the torture. He's only doing it for the reaction.

I think the Ashleys are being less evil because we are getting closer to the anniversary of their parents' death which I get. My biological mom's birthday was hard, and I don't even want to think about Mother's Day, but hey at least I still have Nyota. Ashley three doesn't even have that. I'm also worried about how bad the anniversary is going to be for me and unlike the Ashleys, I don't have to deal with it being associated with a tragedy of unimaginable proportions.

It's also a difficult day for Uncle Spock. I can tell he's getting sadder even though Vulcans don't express emotions. That's obviously a lie.

I am concerned (about Spock and Ashley 2.), but not that concerned because at least they're not going to use my biological mom's favorite coping mechanism, consuming massive quantities of liquor. Well, Spock is not because Vulcans don't really drink and Ashley promised me that she wouldn't get wasted. The others I'm not sure because I really don't talk to them.

Although Mr. Scott says they're not breaking in to Engineering for the booze anymore, so I guess that's good. Yes, I know about the alcohol down in engineering because Uncle Scotty gives me good chocolate in exchange for not saying anything. I get bribed a lot on this ship.
To be continued.
Day 62: Learning How to Mourn

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or review the last conversation. You are all lovely.

From: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Subject: It is taking like a week for me to get these letters
Time arrived: 4/23/2260 00:00:01

April Fools’ Day just happened right before you wrote so it is taking at least a week for this to get to me. Considering how long it would sometimes take my wife to get messages from me, I am not surprised. The joys of long distance relationships in Starfleet. Thankfully, you came up with a creative solution to the two bodies problem.

Progress can be slow. You may not even notice it at first, but as time goes on, you’ll realize that you have made a difference in the lives of the children that you’re working with. Even if you don’t notice progress, you must keep trying. You were a very prickly child for years, but Alayna kept trying and now you’re a well-adjusted and productive member of society. I think she would be proud of who you’ve become. Just keep trying. You may not get to where you think you will, but you will get somewhere great.

Regarding the anniversaries, try not to focus on what you lost, but try to remember the person that you love. Focus on who they were and how they made your life better. Don’t focus on the loss. Remember the good days, not just the bad ones.

And trust me, I’ve realized that’s hard to do. I’ve been a widow for several years now and I will tell you that anniversaries are hard. It’s been years for me and yet the day that she died is usually the worst day of the year for me. It’s a sharp pain to the heart. It’s a piece of me that is missing. But each year, the pain gets a little less sharp.

Remembering the silly things about her, like the board games that she loved to play with the kids or the paintings on the wall, puts a smile on my face. Do you remember all the crazy band posters she used to have? Those things were everywhere. Also, remember her obsession with post-its? Our refrigerator was covered in them. I don’t even know how she managed to keep finding paper post-it’s, but she used to put them all over the house. I still have her sweater. I take it with me everywhere. It’s in my office, even though I am now working in a place where the low temperature is 30° Celsius on a cool day. My tan is awesome right now by the way.

My suggestions for the anniversary of Amanda’s death is to do something good for Spock that reminds him of his mom. A happy memory not a sad one. Maybe make a favorite recipe of hers that he absolutely adores. Do something nice. Make sure he has a good day.

I would also almost suggest sending a cookie bouquet to your father-in-law, but I’m not sure that you can get anything with chocolate delivered here. I’ve been trying to get truffles for months and it’s not happening. I seriously need some chocolate.
For the anniversary of Chris’s death in June, well, that one’s a little easier. Little Miss Sulu happens to have that day as her birthday, I think. You remember how much it sucked having your birthday coincide with a major event in Federation history. So, make sure she has better. The best thing to do is make sure the generation that comes after us has better than what we had. That’s the best you can do.

So, have you found a new instructor yet for the kids? Also, if hair dye and missing eyebrows are the worst they did, then I wouldn’t worry too much. Okay, I think I would get them chocolate because they deserve chocolate for that.

I would worry about the crew member who tried to kill his ex girlfriend. Domestic violence is something that our society has yet to deal with, despite all our other advancements. But we keep trying. I guess it’s part of our desire to try to make the next generation better than ours. Anyway, let me know how the anniversary goes.

I wish you peace and hope.

PS: I know you know that Father’s Day is an emotional landmine for you, but Mother’s Day is too for some. Since Vulcans don’t celebrate Mother’s Day, I’m sure you didn’t think about it, with Spock last year. But with JoJo, it might be a lot more complicated. Keep that in mind.

Xxx
From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
Subject: Re: It is taking like a week for me to get these letters
Time sent: 4/23/2260 22:04:01

This letter showed up on April 23, so more than a week. Baby Sulu somehow lucked out and Sue didn’t technically deliver until the day after Chris died. So, yay for that. But even then, I would make sure she has a good day and doesn’t have to associate with the fact that if she didn’t come early, her grandmother probably would’ve been killed in the attack too.

Things with the teenagers have been getting better, mostly. They’re being less bratty after the April Fools’ Day punishments except for Jeremy because he’s Jeremy and that situation feels hopeless. I don’t know how to help somebody that doesn’t want to help themselves. All the other kids are self-aware. Jeremy is just angry and wants to blame everyone else.

Pike-- Nhi is working on the teacher thing. I haven’t heard from her for a while, so fingers crossed that she found somebody competent. We lose our current instructor in June when we have our shore leave at the brand-new Yorktown facility. It’s so new that we’re bringing supplies.

I decided that the hubby and the Ashleys are going to have a cooking day. Or at least that’s the plan. Although, we’ll be surveying a planet at the time so we shall see. Anyway, I received a bunch of Amanda’s recipes from my father-in-law, so we’re going to work on that. So, diplomats can get stuff here faster than you can. Who knew? Also, Amanda’s blondies were fabulous when she didn’t get distracted and burn them. Apparently, her cooking skills were mixed.

Sam’s anniversary is today, so kudos on your email arriving at just the right day. I am OK. I got a lot of cuddles and other more adult things from my husband, so it helped take the edge of. I miss my brother. It feels even worse knowing that in the other timeline, he got married and had children. Don’t get other Spock drunk on chocolate. He talks too much.

At the same time, if things were the same as in the other timeline, I wouldn’t have Kevin and I love my baby brother to pieces. He is being invaluable with dealing with the teenagers and with Jojo.
Apparently, even Bones’s former sister-in-law respects him. She’s a little afraid of him, but she respects him.

I don’t think I want to experience a reality where Kevin is just another crew member. Maybe the universe really does bring balance to itself. I shouldn’t focus on what’s lost, but on what’s gained. I’m going to try anyway. I will let you know how things go.

PS: I think JoJo is going to try to focus on making Mother’s Day good for Nyota. Apparently, I’ve been enlisted to get a gift for her. That should be fun.
To be continued
Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are absolutely fabulous.

From: Mommy_Susan

To: SuluHG2260

Time arrived: 4/26/2260 00:00:01

Subject: So I haven’t talked to my sister yet about being Desi’s guardian exactly

Actually maybe you could hold off on talking to Liz or Kevin about taking care of Desi long term for a little while. I wanted to wait until you gave me a hard yes before I directly approach both of them about the possibility. Although considering how long it took me to get your message, I bet you already sent them a letter. I haven’t been informed yet about anything arriving, so maybe I will be able to broach the subject with my sister before she reads it in your letter. Something tells me no.

I’m glad that you’re at least investigating the possibility and I promise that I will verify everybody carefully. I’ve heard secondhand Frank stories and trust me, I’m terrified of anything like that happening to Damora. Kevin doesn’t know everything that happened with the asshole, but he knows enough and well I am so never ever getting married. The only step daddy our baby is getting is Ben. Not all of us can find the love of our life at a support group. Sometimes we end up with Franks and Franks are assholes who are so bad they get murdered in prison.

Did I ever tell you that I was Cynthia Williams’ CO, Ashley 2’s mom, when she almost killed her boyfriend for raping her daughter? Actually that’s part of the reason why she wasn’t kicked out of Starfleet. I had mom pull some strings because apparently our code of conduct doesn’t cover angry mom reactions to bad life choices. But I would’ve done it too, if someone hurt my baby like that.
Although I haven’t broached it with my sister yet, I did talk to my mom about custody options. She is actually on board with the Kevin and Liz arrangement. She might even pull some strings so they’re in the same apartment building as her. That way she can keep an eye on them. She’s the head of Starfleet, if she wants her cadet daughter and her boyfriend in her building she will get what she wants. Her predecessors spent money on much, much worse. The Admiral could totally pull this off.

They could try to live in the same apartment, but that would just be bad for everyone involved and I think mom likes to pretend that Kevin and Liz are not having sex yet. She misses the old days when they were just dancing around each other and completely ignoring the fact that they’ve been in love with each other since Kevin shared his rations with her. Considering what they were going thru at the time, that was true love.

So this is another reminder to write your cuddle bug. Although she loves the daddy bear reading stories to her in your voice, I think she wants another letter. Of course, maybe you have written to her and due to the email system being the way it is, the letter will probably show up in another week. So, if that’s the case, sorry for this berating.

Other updates: It’s been three weeks with the new playgroup and I am still not drinking to survive the other parents. Actually I like these people, which is why there has been a little drinking outside of playgroup. Ben and I have been invited to multiple no kids’ happy hours at Purple Haze and Weston club and we said yes. I love the tops at Purple Haze and the margaritas are awesome, so you know I’m going to say yes. Especially because we have babysitters. Babysitters are awesome.

Kevin and Liz watched both kids and nothing bad happened. OK, baby K is walking and getting into everything, but that is to be expected and they handled it. See, even your boyfriend will let his kids stay with my sister and her boyfriend while we go clubbing. OK, not clubbing because I’m too old for that. Now it’s drinks and appetizers without the kids because single parenthood is too exhausting for clubbing and I still must tuck Desi in at night.

I’d never thought one small child would be more difficult than being a first officer, but I was wrong. At the same time, I’m just dreading going back to the Hamilton. I’m sure the missing her is going to get worse as the mission goes on. Right now I’m just trying to write my finals, mentally preparing myself for being mom’s arm candy at the Remembrance Day celebration, and packing. Maybe if I keep focusing on work, I will forget about how lonely it’s going to be when I go back to being in space full time.

Anyway, please write back whenever this arrives.

Xxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan

Time sent: 4/26/2260 00:05:32

Subject: Okay. We are really starting to get far out here.

Even though Jim has only raised a Kevin, I think he would agree with you, but hey at least Kevin turned out okay. Personally I’m not so sure. Although I am just a second officer, my boss and his husband are driving me a little crazy and they haven’t even done any really stupid stuff yet.

Although, we’re in transit to our surveying mission and I just have a feeling that’s going to not be some simple planet surveying. Unfortunately, I’m not going to get to go down and play because we now have a fungus expert on ship to do the plant stuff and Pavel won the coin toss for the other spot. If things go well during the initial inspection, I might get to go with team three. I feel like we won’t get that far.

I don’t know why, but I just have this feeling that this could go badly like volcano exploding badly. Possibly, Jim violating the Prime Directive again, badly. There’s so much potential for it to go badly that personally I think I prefer our small child. But maybe that’s because Jim is childlike, sometimes.

Yes, it’s definitely taking a while for these messages to get to you. I sent a letter to Desi the next day, so I hope it has already arrived or at least arrives soon. I also sent a letter to your sister and future brother-in-law that day so, sorry. Although, since you didn’t get Desi’s letter, maybe that means that you still have time to talk to her before the letters show up. I haven’t heard back yet, but I did send your letter first.

After thinking about it for a couple of weeks, I am more open to the idea of Liz and Kevin taking care of the baby especially if your mom is going to be in the same complex, and therefore nearby to keep an eye on things. And it’s probably best that there is at least some distance. I don’t think all of them together in a Starfleet apartment would go well. Like I think security would have to be called multiple times. That would not be good.

The rumor mill is already being the rumor mill so she might as well be doing what she’s being accused of. There always going to be some who talk shit about people. I’m already hearing various rumors about my promotion. Although then again these are the same people that think Jim was captain last time because he sucked Pike’s dick. Assholes. All of them can get fucked.
Thanks to that little bit of colorful language, I will write another letter for baby girl. You can’t read this to her.

Also I want to talk about more grown-up things in this letter, like the Ashley situation. I mean, I knew something bad happened, but I knew she was mostly comfortable around me because I identify as gay. I didn’t realize it was that awful. Now I’m perfectly okay with her attacking all the practice dummies in the genital area. I really hope the fencing gear is already at Star base 36 waiting for us. It will be a couple more weeks before we can actually pick it up because we’re going to be here at least two weeks investigating the planet, once we actually get there, if nothing goes wrong. You know something will go wrong because it’s Starfleet.

I definitely want to know more about your adventures with the other parents. Glad you’re doing happy hour. Also a little sad that you get to go on more dates with my boyfriend then I do. At the same time I’m glad he’s going out. We’re getting closer to the anniversary of Zack’s death and I don’t want him to get lost in that this year. I really wish I could be there with him so he doesn’t go into the dark place. I want him to know that he is loved and cared for. I am just worried and scared.

I’m well aware I’m the second love of his life. I also know deep down that if things did not go so badly in this timeline, we probably would’ve never even met. He would’ve been living the rest of his life with Zach. But then I fucked up and here we are. So, I met this great guy who I love, and I feel guilty about because if I would’ve did my fucking job correctly, he wouldn’t have even been available. Guilt is a weird thing.

Anyway, hugs and kisses to all my girls. Show my boy an enjoyable time and if you get him to do body shots, I expect pictures.

Xxxx

From: SuluHG2260

To: Mommy_Susan

Time sent: 4/26/2260 6:08:01

Subject: Daddy Loves You
Hey baby girl, how’s everything in San Francisco. I wrote you a couple weeks ago, but apparently your mommy hasn’t got the email yet because email is evil when you’re this far out. Sorry baby.

I keep hearing that your new playgroup is good for mommy? Is it good for you? Have you made new friends or are you and baby K just the best BFFs ever. I’m assuming the latter.

So what’s this I hear about Liz and Kevin babysitting you? So mommy has a life again. Apparently tapis were involved. Since I’ve mostly been eating replicator food for the last couple of months, I’m a little jealous. If you think most peas taste awful, replicated peas are so much worse. It’s just not right.

I really hope your mom included some chocolate with the fencing gear. I’ve already gone through my stash and I’m not sure if I will be able to purchase any more when we get to the Star base. Hopefully the gear will be waiting there as well. We should be going in a couple weeks because we had to drop off a prisoner because he did something you’re too young to know about. When you’re old enough to date, promise me you won’t date idiots. Promise your daddy that.

Jim mentioned something about Liz and Kevin taking you to an amusement park to keep you nice and innocent. Is that true? Something about Princess land or Knottsberry Disney. Somebody better send me pictures. I think Ben would be adorable surrounded by Disney princesses. Milan is the best. Remember that.

Anyway love you butterfly kisses. I hope this one shows up this time.

To be continued
Day 67: Thank you for stepping up

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last conversation. You’re all wonderful.
Please note: It is my hope that by the 23rd century, the term widow is no longer a gendered word. In the story I’m using it to describe men and women who have lost a spouse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
Subject: Re: IOU so much chocolate and foot rubs right now

Time arrived: 4/28/2260 00:00:01

Thanks for writing. I miss you, especially this time a year although Sue and her sister have been helping. It is a lot easier to deal with everything when you have friends that won’t let you wallow, especially new friends that don’t remind me of Zack so that’s good. Did Sue mention that the new play group is going great? Even though I’m just a Starfleet widower, they’ve really embraced me. There have been lunches and dinners without kids and copious amounts of alcohol not smuggled into ice tea. That’s a great improvement.

I’ve been making friends. A few in the group actually knew Zach from before. Jackie shared a bathroom back at the Academy with Zach. Although, she was still going by Jack at the time. Apparently he never got the concept of not leaving towels on the floor. I like that her stories are not making me sad, but actually make me laugh. I think that’s progress.

Other than dates with you, I think this is really the first time I’ve really been getting out. It helps that Sue’s sister doesn’t make snarky comments when I asked her to babysit. Zach’s parents were never that nice, which is why I hated asking them and appreciate finding out I still qualify for Starfleet day care, as a widow’s benefit.

So, the fact that I happily let Liz and Kevin watch my daughter pretty much tells you that yes, I endorse them for long term childcare duty. They are definitely better at taking care of her then her grandparents. I can totally understand why you’re stressed about this. It’s a big decision, but don’t worry, I will be around to keep an eye on Desi. Our kids can’t spend that much time away from each other. The other parents in the playgroup refer to them as sisters already. It’s kind of cute.

So Liz is kind of a sweetheart and understands a lot of what I’m going through. I’m kind of considering her a friend already despite the age difference. Are you aware that her family died a few years ago in some major catastrophe and that’s why she was adopted by Admiral Chen. I know her family along with Kevin were on the Tarsus colony when things went badly. I gather that whatever happened was worse than what the media knew.

I think that’s why they’ve invited me to an amusement park on Remembrance Day. The worst
thing I’m going to have to deal with is a moment of silence in remembrance of all the Vulcans and Starfleet personnel who lost their lives that day two years ago. I think I can handle that better at an amusement park then I can handle a Starfleet event with my former in-laws. They’re pissed at me for not going, but I really don’t care. I don’t want nor need to stand in front of the newly completed memorial to mourn my husband as the cameras roll on. I do that every day when I see my old wedding ring in the box. I do every day when I look at our daughter and he’s not here to see her grow up.

And before you start writing your letter to me, please don’t blame yourself for what happened. First, Zach was probably dead before Enterprise got anywhere near Vulcan. It was a trap. I’m only pissed off at the one who set the trap. Yeah it’s not your fault. Sometimes bad things just happen. You can wallow or you can move on and I’m moving on.

Anyway, only about a month and a half until I get to see you again. I am counting down the days already and picking out luggage. It turns out my one and a half-year-old does need her own luggage. I have been approved for the time off from work. Even though I’m going to be gone for over three weeks due to the amount of time it’s going to take to travel to you, my leave was fully approved. Mostly because the last vacation I took involved attending my husband’s funeral. Thankfully, my supervisor believes I deserve some real time off.

Anyway, love you.

Xxxxx
From: Elizabeth_Chen
To: SulxuHG2260

Time arrived: 4/28/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Re: Do you really want to have your niece living with you for a year?

OK your letter beat my sister by like an hour, but I pretended that I didn’t know so I think you’re in the clear. I am sorry that your sisters did not want to be responsible for Desi because they have issues, or you know are self-centered. I mean I am a full-time student and I’m working part time, and still I’m completely willing to rearrange everything around because she is my little niece. Of course I’m going to make sure she is OK with my big sister millions of miles away on the Hamilton. That’s what aunts do.

I mean I always assumed that I would be doing babysitting duty when mom had her. I was even considering moving back home to help out although I do like the idea of a separate apartment because I don’t think I can send Kevin back to the dorms by himself. If one more person says something stupid about Jim, I’m probably going to have to break out the bail money. Kevin is very protective of his big brother and I can understand. I mean Winona was technically his mom but I think Jim was the one who really raised him because, well, none of us were okay after what happened to us on that planet.

If you’re really OK with it, we will come up with a plan. Baby girl comes first. I don’t have to work. I do have a very large trust fund. The Federation gives you a lot of money to not talk about a certain fuck up. I mean at least 20% of it has gone to therapy, but I can afford not to work for a semester or two. I was mostly doing it for the experience and free appetizers. Starfleet cafeteria food is awful and I say that as somebody who has lived through a famine and ate tree bark. I was already considering it because of Winona duty. Kevin is going to do his semester on ship later, possibly next summer and Sue should be back by then. If not, I think Desi will be almost self-sufficient, at that point. Maybe she’ll already be potty trained and fighting me about wardrobe choices.
Also, Kevin, unlike his brother, is taking the academy at a normal speed. Sometimes I think Jim is crazy to try to get out in three years, but then again, I kind of think that he was trying to get out before Kevin would arrive at the Academy because being at the same school as your big brother would be a little awkward. I on the other hand can actually ease up on my class load a little bit because I am a bit ahead, thanks to taking some Academy classes when I was still in high school.

Also other than Kevin being Admiral Pike’s intern this summer, we didn’t have that much planned. So we can do more playgroup and child focused activities. We could even take the baby to the farm in Iowa for a little while. I think Kevin and Winona are trying to figure out what to do with it. Apparently someone wants to buy it and turn it into a museum/B&B. They’re considering it because Winona is realizing that she’s healthier being in San Francisco than wallowing in Iowa.

I do understand that this is a hard decision for you. I hated being left behind by my parents when they would go on missions which was why I was so happy they were letting me go with them to Tarsus and well, you know how that turned out. So maybe it’s better to keep your kids in the hands of someone you trust and I’m going to work very hard to be that person.

Kevin is as well. I’m sure Kevin and I received excellent marks from Jim. Jim was Kevin’s main parental figure growing up so I think he will be OK. Let me know your decision. I’ll be a team player no matter what’s decided. Kevin too.

Kevin also says please keep an eye on his brother and keep him from being an idiot. He knows that an away mission is coming. And so is naturally apprehensive because his big brother has a dying problem.

Xxx
From: SuluHG2260
To: Benjamin_2254
Subject: RE: IOU so much chocolate and foot rubs right now
Time sent: 4/28/2260 06:23:41

I think it’s going to be hard for me not to blame myself especially as the anniversary approaches and I know that you’re hurting personally. Maybe over time it will get better, but the human heart is nowhere near as logical as it should be. I also hate seeing you in pain and I know your heart is heavy right now. Glad that memories of Zach are making you laugh again, instead of cry.

Although I am glad to hear that you trust Kevin and Liz with your daughter. Also I am happy that you’re giving them reasons to babysit. I’m glad that you made new friends. You deserve to be happy. After thinking about it for a few weeks, I have decided that I am going to let Liz and Kevin keep Damora while Sue is on the Hamilton. Apparently, the Admiral is going to arrange for them to be close to her, so she can keep an eye on them which makes me even less apprehensive about the prospect. There will definitely be nepotism charges and jokes levied around, but that was probably going to happen no matter what because there’s too many dicks at the Academy. Way too many.

And sorry about the in-laws. I would like to say that my family will be better, but I’m sure you know better by now, considering you were there when my sisters told Sue no about taking care of Desi.

I know that the in-laws want you to be miserable with them or maybe they just want baby cuddles, but you have no obligation to be there and neither does the baby. Your emotional well-being is the
most important thing. You can always bring the baby over to their house later. Again you have to protect yourself. Self-care is important.

I am kind of sad we’re not doing the Star base remembrance ceremony because that would mean I could call you, but I think for the sake of my captain, it’s probably best we’re on our way to a deep space exploring mission and therefore could not be somewhere where he would have to participate. He is less inclined to mourn in public then you. Last year wasn’t good for him and this year I expect it to be worse, especially with the Ashleys.

All three of them lost parents in the battle. One girl actually lost both parents during the battle. I think Jim wants to make Starfleet orphan club T-shirts. Sometimes my first officer has very poor taste. I’m hoping my captain puts his foot down, but you never know with those two.

Anyway, write me back whenever you get this. Love you, miss you always.

From: SulxuHG2260
To: Elizabeth_Chen
Time sent: 4/28/2260 6:43:01
Subject: Thank you for stepping up.

Thank you for being better than my sisters. I don’t want to talk about what’s going on with those two. That’s probably something best dealt with the next time I see them in person, which will probably be in about five years or longer. Maybe the Christmas after I come back, if I’m not already on another mission. Although I think I’m totally taking a teaching assignment for a few years after this. I want to spend some time planet side with my kid.

I’m glad that you’re willing to take care of my daughter. Not only willing, but willing to rearrange things so it will work out better. You have no idea how happy I am for that. I’m crying a little bit. So yes, tell your sister that she can send the forms up and I’ll sign.

Also I want to say thank you for watching out for Ben. As we get closer to the anniversary of Zach’s death, I’m more concerned. Not because I think my boyfriend is still in love with his dead husband because I know he’s still in love with his dead husband, but that’s okay. The human heart doesn’t have a finite amount of love to give. You can love more than one person. I just don’t want Ben to be overwhelmed with grief. And I think your amusement park plan might do that this year so thank you for just being there for him when I can’t be. Long distance relationships are hard, but I think it’s worth it. Ben is worth it.

Anyway, thank you again for taking care of my family when I’m on duty.
To be continued

Chapter End Notes

Please note, that because I’m going on vacation there will probably not be any updates next week but I will post a chapter once I get back.
Day 71: In memory of what we lost

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all wonderful.

So, today’s a distressing day for Spock because it is the second anniversary of his mother’s death, along with the destruction of his home planet. It’s an equally awful day for Ben and the Ashleys, because of everything they lost.

A/N: Memory Alpha does not list an exact date for the destruction of Vulcan. This is odd because pretty much every other major event in the KTL has an exact date, but the destruction of Vulcan only has a year listed. If the data is not on memory Alpha, then chances are it was never established in canon. Even those who write Star Trek trust that site. Therefore, for this story Amanda died on May 2.

Dear Spock Bear:

I know today is going to be a sad day for you. I had my difficult day last week, one of them anyway. But today is your bad, “oh God, I hate this” day. So, I am going to do everything in my power to make sure you’re not miserable today. Pretty much impossible. But you know I don’t believe in no-win scenarios.

Have I apologized yet this morning for my total dick move of saying that you didn’t love your mom, two years ago tomorrow. That was a completely dick move. Granted its sort of lead to us getting accidentally Vulcan married, but still a very dick move. I’m sorry, snuggle Vulcan.

I know you love your mom. I know that you love greatly because I have experienced that love firsthand and the entire ship told me about what happened last June. I know that these last two years have been hard for you especially those first few months. I’m glad that I’ve been able to help you not forget what happened, because you never really forget, but to keep moving forward.

As we move forward together, that doesn’t mean that we must completely let go of our pasts.
Amanda will always be part of you. She is your compassion. She is your love. She is your humanity. She makes you the person I love and even though she is no longer with us, she lives in you. You are her legacy.

You know I cried on Sam’s day. You held my hand and give good head as I tried to muddle through. And I have a feeling that you’re probably going to do the same thing next month on Chris’ day. So today I pay that forward and it includes more than this morning’s bedroom activities. Although I’m sure you really enjoyed your wakeup call this morning. Thank God we are only doing scans of our current solar system because a red alert would have totally ruined everything.

So here is the deal, today you are off duty for the next 24 hours. Don’t argue, Rodriguez approved it weeks ago. Again, we are mostly doing scanning and creating a more detailed map of solar system XYZ four and three. I can’t wait until they come up with a better name. I can totally make sure that doesn’t go badly. I mean the worst thing that will happen is there will be a fight among the scientists to see who will be on team one even though I decided that months ago. Sorry, fungus expert beats weapons expert when I’m sure we will not run in to a situation that will require weapons. Although, watch me be wrong.

Also, now as your Acting captain and husband, I know that you can’t take being bored. Bones said you drove the hospital staff a little crazy last June. I’m not even surprised. So, I’m not even going to suggest you take the day completely off. That would just go badly for everyone. Also, on a day like today that will just leave your mind open to focus on things you are not ready to which we don’t want.

So, your mission for today if you choose to accept it is baking with the Ashleys in preparation for tonight’s Remembrance of that. Yes, we’re having one, but not the fake thing that Starfleet puts on. For one thing we’ll have more cookies. We’ll also share stories about those we lost. If we were able to go to that Star base before traveling to the middle of nowhere, we would have alcohol to go with the cookies as well as no one in our brig. However, we will just have to make do with the baked goods. I can’t wait until our cannabis is ready. I already have the cookbook ready.

I chose the three Ashleys as your assistants because one, they need to stay busy, and two, this is an exhausting day for them because this is also the anniversary of their parents’ deaths. Ashley 3 lost both parents that day. Dr. Sanchez is actually her mom’s younger sister, so yeah this is going to be a sucky day for everyone. But you’re going to make it better with cookies and Blondies and any other type of sugary thing you guys can cook today. Sorry you’re going to have to use the no egg modifications to the recipes but considering all your mom’s recipes were already modified for vegans and vegetarians, I think you’ll be OK.

Share stories, reminisce, or scream. I don’t recommend punching things. You can although not in the kitchen. We can totally do breath play tonight if you need to let off some steam. Hey, at least
we do safe words now.

Anyway, love you
Xxx

“Why am I cooking with the Ashleys?” Spock asked as soon as James left the shower. Yes, he was still only wearing a towel and Spock appreciated the visual, especially after their early morning activities.

“Because as I mentioned in my note I don’t think you can take a staycation.” Jim said as he kissed Spock quickly before dropping his towel.

“What is a staycation?” Spock asked.

“That tells me right there, why you can’t have one. If I could get away with locking us both in here for 24 hours, it would be a sex marathon, but somebody must run the ship. So, I know you well enough to know that you would go nuts with nothing to do, but read or reorganize the closet.”

“I sincerely doubt that.”

“Okay, we also need to keep the Ashleys from causing total chaos. We all know, today is going to be a sad day for the Ashleys. Being a good acting Captain, I’m going to deal with all my problems at once, so you’re going to Ashleys sit. And they are going to cook.” James said as he moved over to their joint closet.

“I’m still questioning the logic of this.”

“Question away, but as I mentioned, we kind of need refreshments for our remembrance ceremony today, so why not make them.”

“I don’t remember authorizing a remembrance ceremony.” Spock tells his husband. “I dislike them immensely.”
“The fact that you just acknowledged that tells me that, but you did agree to it. A week ago.” James says as he grabbed his shirt. Spock was slightly disappointed as he put it on.

“We were engaging in coitus at the time?”

“Yes.”

“I thought we agreed not to discuss important work-related things during sexual activities.”

“Sorry boo, we run a starship together. We must multitask. Otherwise we would never have time for sex.” Spock responded with a slight glare only partially because James is putting on his underwear.

“I know you dislike the Starfleet dog and pony show and that’s fine because I dislike the Starfleet dog and pony shows. I’m glad that our guardian angel at the Admiralty made sure we wouldn’t have to go this year. At the same time, I feel like we all need a real remembrance of our friends and family that we lost.”

“Which is a good idea although I wish you would have not asked me while we were engaging in sexual activities.”

“Duly noted.”

“Although, why are we baking?”

“Again, leaving the Ashleys unoccupied would be dangerous. Nothing can make an already awful situation worse than replicated cookies. So, you are going to take the Ashleys to the kitchens and supervise,” Jim tells his husband as he puts on his pants.

“And Amanda’s recipes?” Spock asked.

“Are the best for baking in deep space.” Spock raises an eyebrow at has husband.
“I want you to focus on good memories about your mom like eating her cookies after an absolutely awful day of school where you barely avoided knocking various assholes unconscious. I know it’s impossible but try not to focus on those last few moments. Think of all the good moments that happened before hand. Cherish those good moments with the Ashleys. Let the girls share those moments with you.”

“Did Margarita recommend this?” Spock asked his husband.

“Suarez actually, and only indirectly. But Margarita approves although she probably would be mad about me asking you to do it during sex. But it was for a worthy cause.” James said as he sat on the bed beside Spock and grabbed his hand.

“Will it just be me and the three Ashleys today?”

“I think Margarita will come by at some point and possibly Nyota after shift. This isn’t the best day for her either. This is the anniversary of her losing her previous best friend, the second time that happened. I tried to give her the day off as well, but she is more stubborn than you are. Unfortunately, I can’t use sex as an incentive or distraction for her.” James said just before kissing Spock again.

“So, you were going to use sexual favors to convince me not to work today?” Spock asked pulling away from the kiss.

“Well it worked so well with getting you to agree to do the ceremony in the first place.” James smirked at him. “I did consider it, but I think that you’re aware that you’re emotionally compromised today so the best captain thing you can do is help your crew get through this difficult day even if it is by baking. I will keep the ship running. Again, it’s a lot of scanning and data collecting. The first landing party doesn’t go down until tomorrow. I can definitely run the ship today without you.” James tells him.

“I believe that is an accurate assessment.”

“Does that mean you agree to baking therapy with the Ashleys?” James asked.

“If I say no, I assume that breath play will be off the table?”
“Totally off the table.” James said with a smirk.

“Then I agree to what you refer to as baking therapy.” James responded by kissing him.

“Thank you and if I didn’t need to be on the bridge in 20 minutes, I would totally do more than that.”

“Oh, by the way, at 4 PM our time, you have a video call with your dad. Being an ambassador has its perks.”

“Therefore, whatever we bake first will contain chocolate.”

“Excellent idea, my cuddle Vulcan.” James said as he kissed Spock on the nose.

To be continued.
Day 72: How We Move Forward

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last set of messages. This was originally part of the last chapter but then I realized that Spock would be so busy with the remembrance ceremony and Jim that he probably wouldn’t write anything else that day. However, I totally see him writing these notes at around 4 AM because Spock does need less sleep than his husband, but he enjoys the cuddling. Spock is a secret cuddler.

Dear James:

Thank you James for knowing what I need when even I do not. Yesterday went much better than expected. The exercise was cathartic and yes, there was actual crying for everyone involved except myself, but only because I prefer not to cry in front of anybody but you. Ashley three started crying while placing the cookies for the reception.

I did share a few stories about Amanda. Most of them involving small fires and preparations for diplomatic visits. I still do not understand how my mother’s baked goods tasted so good but were burnt so often. I think it may have something to do with the oven’s temperature controls being written in Vulcan. My mom was a talented linguist and could speak multiple languages; however, written Vulcan was slightly more difficult to fully grasp.

It was good to focus on positive memories or more accurately not painful memories. The Ashleys also shared various anecdotes. Today I found out that Ashley 2’s father was one of my instructors at the Academy. He was the one who severely punished several of my classmates for the various racial/xenophobic slurs hurled at me when I first arrived at the Academy. Thanks to his actions during my first year, I believe I had a pleasanter experience at the Academy then I did during my Vulcan primary education.

He was also multi species, so he understood. Ashley 2 started to cry when I shared that story but Margarita and Nyota reassured me that they were happy tears. I am still trying to completely understand that concept.
Although I’m still displeased that you used sex to get me to agree to doing some sort of remembrance ceremony. I am not displeased with the actual results. I think it was for the betterment of the crew that we do take a moment to remember those that we lost. It’s better to embrace it, then try to lock it away and pretend that it does not hurt. I am trying to learn that balance with you.

Your speech was tasteful and appropriate. I observed that 47% of the crowd was crying at that point. I also regret that you never met Amanda. She would have found you endearing. Mostly I think she would have been happy that I found someone who loves me as deeply as you do.

Yes I did speak with my father. Thank you for authorizing the video call because I do not believe a letter was sufficient especially on this day. He is well but he does miss my mother.

Actually it is more than that. He feels guilty because he is among the living, and she is not. Despite the illogical nature of it, he still questions why he survived, and she did not. I am not certain that will ever cease.

Regardless, he is adjusting to his new life on the colony and a new position that will allow him to actually spend more time on the colony. Now that they do not need to procure aid from other Federation nations to rebuild, the government is shifting its focus back to the colony, which means my father is less needed as a diplomat and more as a local community leader.

Due to the fact he no longer needs to travel as much as he did during the first two years, he is considering becoming a foster parent again. There are still many young Vulcan children living in group homes on the colony. My parents were foster parents before, but thanks to post Kelvin prejudice, Michelle only lived with us for a brief time before being adopted by a family on Earth. He believes the endeavor will be more successful at this time. I am not completely sure why he is choosing this avenue instead of utilizing a gestational carrier as we discussed previously, but I am certain there is a reason for his decision to reverse course.

PS: Do we consider today an anniversary of ours?

Xxxxxx

Dear Amanda:

Yesterday was the second anniversary of your death, but in all honesty today is the anniversary of when I truly absorbed it. It took nearly killing my future husband for me to even acknowledge your loss. Two years later, I am still angry that you are not here with me. I spoke with father today at length. I feel that he misses you immensely, even though he does not verbalize such feelings. I could discern this in the way he reminisced and laments the fact that most images of you are lost. I
am still surprised that he never asked for your necklace back now.

Obviously, the fact that I am calling father voluntarily is an apparent sign that our relationship has improved greatly in these last two years. I only wish it did not take losing you for us to get over our previous animosity. I wish that I could still call you. I would appreciate your advice on how to deal with the three young ladies on the ship named Ashley, who also lost parents the same day I lost you. I don’t think that longing to talk to you will ever go away. I do not wish it too.

I regret that you are not around to see what my life has become. I’m sure you would be proud of the fact that I’m now a Captain. You would probably be even more proud of the fact that I found a true friend and lover in James. He made me see the logic in love. He made sure that I would not be overwhelmed by emotions yesterday. I will not forget that.

In closing, I just want to say that I love you. I apologize for not vocalizing that nearly enough when you were alive, but I believe that you knew the true depth of my regard for you. You will be part of my heart.

Dear Spock:

You should not make me cry over my cereal but you did. You’re so illogically sentimental that it’s adorable. And a little heartbreaking as well.

I’m not surprised that your dad feels guilty. Survivor guilt absolutely sucks. I got it the worst when I found out that in the other timeline, Sam lived a lot longer because I was the one that went to Tarsus. Sam still had a tragic death, but there’s a difference between dying in your teens and dying in your 30s.

I don’t think the guilt goes away entirely, but that’s what the therapy is for. We should totally do a couple session when I get back. Or maybe once we’ve wrapped up this assignment. Wish me luck on the successful away mission this morning.

Love you.

PS: No I’m not counting this as another anniversary, because we already have a human wedding date and a Vulcan ceremony day. No need to add a third day to remember.

To be continued
Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are fabulous.

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260
Time arrived: 5/06/2260 00:00:01
Subject: So, I am going with my sister

Yes, your letter did get to my sister before I was able to talk to her, but she was nice enough to act like she didn’t already know. So, unlike your sibs, she is already rearranging things to be a stay at home pseudo-mom this summer. She even resigned from the restaurant. There are play groups and story hours already scheduled along with play dates as well as early education classes.

When my sister goes for something, she really goes all out. She is going to be one of those moms. That doesn’t surprise me because we had one of those moms. I wonder when the ballet and violin classes will start. Hopefully not until I get back.

Shawn has drawn up the papers and I have attached them here. You’ll need to sign electronically and get them back to us as soon as you can which will probably be two or three weeks because I heard you guys are in deep deep space, so you can avoid the May 2 festivities. Although by the time you read this the anniversary will probably be long past. How deep in space are you?

My kid is going to hang out in an amusement park with princesses and I get to deal with a Starfleet dog and pony show. It’s probably going to be worse now that my mom is the head of Starfleet and since dad has been gone since before Liz got here, I must play the role of the companion. I’m going to be missing her playing with princesses because I must smile for my mommy. I’m pissed.

At least she promised me food, tasty food like one of the best restaurants in San Francisco food because apparently, we must entertain dignitaries afterwards. This should be fun. Not at all. I thought that I wouldn’t have to do that sort of thing until I got back on the Hamilton. We do way too much diplomatic resource negotiation exercises.
I’ve read both your letters to the baby and they were adorable. Although her reaction was even better. She was all smiles and giggles. She is having a ball at playgroup, now that we’re in a group of people I don’t hate.

She is making new friends and sharing her toys. Ben says that’s good. I don’t know because I didn’t get a little sister until I was a teenager and then the first year was rough. Liz slept in my bed a lot, those first few months. However, considering the hell she was coming out of I don’t blame her. Also, don’t ever take anything off Liz’s plate. She kind of freaks out. Only the babies and Kevin can get away with it without triggering like a panic attack and it’s been years since Tarsus hell.

I kind of feel sad making all these new friends and then leaving in a month, but I have email addresses and they’re Starfleet, so they know the drill. Also, Sasha is going to be on the Hamilton starting in June. So at least I’ll have someone else on ship missing her kid as much as me. It will probably be worse for her since her partner Sarki will be staying on planet to take care of their twins. I am so happy that the fertility loop did not result in the eggs splitting or double ovulation.

In addition, everyone staying behind promised to watch after Ben which is good because he needs people. His in-laws are just being awful. I mean I know they’re always going to be in his life because of the baby, but they need to stop being so mean and judgmental. I’m sorry their son died, but that doesn’t mean that Ben should just stop living. He has a daughter and needs to make a life for both. After dad died mom didn’t stop, she kept going on. OK she violated direct orders and I got a sister out of it, but she kept moving forward.

So how are things going with you? How is this mission going that has sent you somewhere far far away? Are you finally going to do more interesting things other than mapping planets or is it more of the same just somewhere farther?

Write me back when you can and please sign those documents as soon as possible. I want to get everything settled with the courts before we hop on the shuttle to Yorktown.

Xxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan
Time sent: 5/06/2260 21:12:41
Subject: Re: So, I am going with my sister
I think I’d rather go back to mapping planets or diplomatic missions that go badly. Even playing diplomatic taxi would be preferable than the current situation.

The mission started OK with the first couple of days of scanning and taking various readings of the planet’s atmosphere. Nothing unusual. Then team one went down, and transporters went off-line. Then we had a freak gravity storm happen and now team one has been stranded on planet for the last 78 hours.

Now I must deal with two stressed out and terrified husbands and a stressed out and terrified teenager. Also, my best friend is down there so I am terrified and stressed out as well, but I must be the adult. And did I mention that one of the stressed-out husbands is my captain and I think I am a good hour from having to get him declared mentally unfit, so I can be acting captain. Considering what had to happen last time to get him declared unfit, I really don’t want to have to deal with that. I don’t think I like getting choked as much as my captain does. I saw those bruise marks on his neck before going on this crazy mission. You know, whatever works for you if it’s safe, sane and consensual.

Right now, Spock is holding on mostly due to the Vulcan mental link he has with Jim. He knows that Jim is OK and safe for the moment. That is pretty much the only thing keeping us from a repeat of two years ago.

As soon as feasible, we will be sending a shuttle down to retrieve the Captain. Thankfully, we know where he is because his wedding ring is made of a rare radioactive Vulcan metal. Yeah, I’m not even going to unpack that at all. Nope, not going to.

I have signed the papers and Nyota is express shipping it, so it might beat this letter by days if not a week. Tell Liz and Kevin that I trust them, but if they hurt my baby I will find a way to get to Earth no matter where we are. I don’t think your mom took all of Mister Scott’s special equipment and even if she did, I’m pretty sure Scotty has reproduced it because Scotty is Scotty.

Don’t tell Kevin that his brother is kind of stranded on the planet right now. We’re are predicting that the gravity storm will end in the next 48 hours and then operation retrieve the captain’s husband before he goes off the deep end will commence. If something happens, I will call. So, let us hope that I won’t have to call.

Thank you for taking care of my honey bunny for me when I can’t be there and making sure that he is well cared for after you go back to the Hamilton. See therefore you’re my other best friend.

Kiss the baby for me. Only a little more than a month now before I see you all again. I’m counting
down the days and not just because my boss is unbearable. Did I mention he’s keeping me up at
night? God, I hope the gravity storm ends soon. I am not sure how much more of this I can take.

To be continued.
Day 78: Good news

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You were all wonderful. Now let’s see if Jim got off that crazy planet.

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Number_one_Pike

Time arrived: 05/9/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Good news, I found you a teacher

So, thanks to the Federation education system still under paying teachers, I managed to get someone. Her name is Gina Reyes and she has four years of teaching experience and is currently training to be a counselor. She’s also the best friend of Commander Susan Ling Chen. Apparently, anything that she may have heard about the Enterprise kids has not scared her off. I am personally surprised. However, Starfleet is going to pay her triple her current salary, so she agreed to do it. Although maybe Sue held back the real details of what’s going on. I don’t know, but you’re getting a teacher. She will be meeting you at Yorktown in June. So, all is good.

I am leaving in half an hour for the official remembrance ceremony, so I expect that you probably will be reading this weeks after the fact. How did things go on ship? Did you do anything to commemorate? How is the husband doing?

The first anniversary of my parents’ death was hard. Freak accident. The second one wasn’t much better. Honestly it didn’t start really getting better until anniversary five and I think that’s because I had Chris at that point. This year was hard, but I still had good friends to help me get through it. Spock has you.

Anyway, Ms. Reyes’s CV is attached. Even if you hate her, she’s still coming on board because it’s May, and I doubt that I’m going to find anyone else more qualified. More importantly, I don’t think I’m going to find anyone else who is willing. I even talked to a few teachers who have spouses aboard Enterprise and they flat out told me hell no. Your teenagers have made quite an impression.

X

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Number_one_Pike

Time sent: 05/09/2260 20:02:01

Subject: Re: Good news, I found you a teacher

I’m not even surprised. I am just happy to get some good news after the last week. Also, congratulations, it only took about eight days for this to get here. That’s fine because I just escaped sickbay and now have PADD privileges again. I don’t know why Bones made me spend so much time there because nothing’s wrong with me. I didn’t even get a scratch. Maybe he just wants to make sure I didn’t pick up any weird spores. It wouldn’t surprise me, after the last few days

So, our boring little far out exploratory mission to a random planet kind of went badly in grand Starfleet tradition. Good news, we only lost one member of operations. Lt Chambers will be missed.

Although, does it make me a bad person that I’m happy Spock is the one writing the condolence email and not me? That’s one part of being a captain that I do not miss. The ones I had to write after the Vengeance Incident were awful. Spock bear did the initial ones, but once I was well and conscious, I did my own because the families deserve that much from me. I think that’s when I realized that I needed to take a step back from being a Captain for a while, for my own mental health.

So, we discovered the planet evil has an atmosphere that can totally fuck up transporter capabilities. None of our earlier scans showed that because it was already screwing up with our equipment. We learned none of this until we beamed down. That’s how we lost Chambers. Thankfully the rest of us in the party survived.

Even though I’m now back safely I’m probably going to have to give Spock bear a blowjob for this. Probably several of them.

Because of the transporter fuck up, we had to wait for a shuttle except the shuttle couldn’t pick us up for the next five days because gravity storms. Also, something that the initial scans did not detect because the atmosphere again screwed up the equipment. I can’t wait to write a report about that. Being stranded on the planet for five days was not how I wanted to explore the place.

Good news, they have an excellent cave system, and unlike Delta Vega no giant creatures that want to eat me. Sad news instead of being stuck in the cave waiting for rescue with my husband, I was stuck in the cave waiting for rescue with Sanchez, Chekov, and Stamets. Hey, at least we had a deck of cards and Spock bear made me bring an entire survival kit because my husband is paranoid, but the good type of paranoid. Although is it paranoia if this sort of thing does happen?
So, because my husband wasn’t there, the only two that had hot cave sex were Dr. Sanchez and Chekov. Her niece is going to be so pissed because she totally has a crush on him. And we are totally not going to think of the fact that her niece is only four years younger than the guy Sanchez had ‘we’re all going to die so we should totally fuck before we go’ sex.

I know that’s what they did because we heard them. They were loud. We pretended to play cards because Spock bear had the good sense to put a pack of playing cards in the survival kit, but you can only ignore loud sex sounds for so long.

Then again Ashley 3 has all sorts of other reasons to be upset. That kind of exploded when we arrived back after a successful extraction yesterday. I managed to get a thank God you’re not dead kiss on the bridge in front of everybody. Dr. Sanchez managed to get yelled at by her niece in front of everybody and cried on.

So maybe going missing for nearly 5 days after the anniversary of the death of both of her parents was not a good thing. I probably should’ve brought Dr. Cutler instead of Dr. Sanchez, but I was kind of expecting to get chased down by animals and not deal with gravity storms and getting trapped in a cave. Also, someone probably still would’ve been having inappropriate cave sex. But I can excuse the married couple.

Although good news, we have scans and soil samples. We did get some work done when other members of the team were having loud sex. Apparently, they have lots of goodies that I’m sure the Federation is going to want to procure for their selves, because of course.

In other good news, Ashley 3 finally acknowledged why she has been acting like a brat 90% of the time since we left Earth in February. She didn’t want her aunt to go back into Starfleet because she was afraid that she was going to lose the only family she had left, and her aunt being trapped on the planet for four days kind of brought up all her fears to the surface. I think I am going to have to look for a new doctor which is sad because I like Sanchez. I think I like her because she’s willing to do what Winona never did which was put us kids first.

I’m not going to fight you on Ms. Reyes. I read her CV and I’m impressed. I guess she will only have to deal with five kids unless we get a replacement for Ashley 3 or Sanchez decides to stick around a little bit longer. Margarita is dealing with them in family counseling. You know I think I’m going to need another doctor anyway. We need another therapist. Badly. It’s nice that Ms. Reyes is studying the field of psychology, but I wish she already had her certification. As you said though, no one wants to come here. Seriously, even those who already had spouses on board said no? That is not good.

So, the hubby is good now and he was good the day of the anniversary of Amanda’s death, but the time in between not so much. I’m surprised Sulu did not resign, considering Spock kept him up
worrying so much over the last five days. I am pretty sure Nyota and Sulu were like 30 seconds from tranquilizing him and taking over. I’m pretty sure of it so I am kind of glad I didn’t bring either of them on the away mission.

Although I’ve already had thank God you’re not dead sex so it’s okay. Bones is mad at us because we kind of did that in his Sickbay, but he’ll get over it, maybe.

Anyway, look out for the official report. I should probably write that before I write Kevin. He does know I’m okay, right? I am so worried about the rumor mill already knowing about this even though we’re in deep space because the rumor mill knows and reads things. There are like no secrets in Starfleet, just lies and misrepresentations of the truth.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous. Thank you for keeping me in the happy writing zone.

Please note, this letter was written before Jim wrote the last letter to his brother by at least a few days. Thanks to the Enterprise email system, he’s getting it several days after he wrote his last one. This should surprise no one. In deep space, nothing arrives timely. Jim likes this because he only gets yelled at if he does something extra stupid like violate the prime directive, again. He’s trying to avoid that level of stupidity.

Also, out of an abundance of laziness, I decided that the 2260 calendar would follow the current calendar for holidays, so it just happens to be Mother’s Day. This is going to be a loaded day for several people involved.

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Kevin KR

Time arrived: 5/13/2260 00:00:01

So why do spring finals feel like they just come a few days after midterms. I just thought I would have a few weeks to relax but no, we’re already barely down the final stretch. It’s awful. And it’s kind of worse because we’re taking our finals early so we can hop on the shuttle for Yorktown.

So, amusement parks with the babies were great until baby K managed to run away, and it took us an hour to find her. That child can barely walk yet she is very sneaky and getting a tracking bracelet. Is this what the next 10 to 12 months are going to be like? I’m scared.

So, Sue has had her lawyers draw up paperwork to make it all legal. Now we are waiting for Sulu to sign the thing and send it back to finalize it all. Considering you guys are somewhere far far away to the point where you did not have to participate in any Starfleet sponsored spectacle for the second anniversary of the battle of Vulcan, I assume it’s probably going to take a while. It might show up by the time we meet up next month. Who knows? I hope nothing bad happens while you’re that far out.
So, I think we can take care of a small child. At least the summer will be good. I will be interning and taking a couple classes, so I can have a lighter load during the school year. Liz is going to do the full-time mommy substitute thing this summer. I think this is because her biological parents were always working and deep down she’s a little bitter about it. OK deep down she’s very bitter about it and blames what their work habits for her sister dying on the planet of the damned.

I mean, the Admiral was always in space to, but I think it was a little different as well as the fact Sue was always around. I think Sue raised Liz like you raised me except that the Admiral was never a full on alcoholic, so that was an advantage for Liz.

Mom is mom still sober. I am still shocked about that. I hope it lasts until you at least see her again in a couple of weeks. I think it will, but I’m still worried. Anything can be a trigger.

When we get back we’re going to have to go to Iowa to figure out what we’re going to do with the house. Would you be mad if it was turned into a bed-and-breakfast? I think mom should sell it. To Winona, it is a house filled with ghosts. At the same time maybe, you want to keep it. I mean this is the house where your father was born. I know I don’t have the connection to George Kirk that you do. I just have his last name and that’s because Winona wanted all her kids to have the same last name.

In other mom-related news, I have been invited to participate in a very Chen Mother’s Day. Because it’s going to be Sue’s first, it’s supposed to be extra special with brunch at one of the best places in San Francisco. Mom has also been invited which means no mimosas for anyone. And we are back to conversations about Winona’s alcoholism. I’m just going to end this letter before it gets way too depressing.

Write me back.

Xxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Kevin KR

Time sent: 5/13/2260 06:23:21

Father’s Day has always been more of a trigger for mom, so I think we’re good for another month. I’m trying to decide if being on a ship back to San Francisco on Father’s Day is going to be better or worse for Winona. I hope it doesn’t trigger any flashbacks. I probably should email mom today after I finish helping JoJo do breakfast in bed for Nyota. I hope there are no small fires today.
OK I assume that you sent this email to me before you got the last one because you’re not yelling at me for doing dumb stuff. However, last mission was totally not my fault. Don’t worry nothing like getting stranded on the planet for a few days will be happening anytime soon, I hope.

We are shuttling a couple of dignitaries between Star base. Then we’re going to pick up personnel and stop at a few planets to pick up supplies and people to populate the new Yorktown facility. I think there might also be a diplomatic mission or two somewhere along the way. We have a little under a month, but hey no more getting stranded on planets.

Yes, the spring semester always feels like midterms and finals are way too close to each other and it’s that way on purpose because they still like to line up midterms with the Easter holiday which makes very little sense since so much of the population doesn’t celebrate Easter. Although I guess the spring equinox is a thing for a lot of people, but different planets have their spring equinox at completely different times so yeah, I don’t get it. Maybe it’s just about chocolate.

I am glad that you’re doing the internship and doing a few classes. Yes, it probably would be easier on you if you get some stuff done during the summer especially if you’re going to have a one-year-old living with you. But hey at least you can get Sulu’s boyfriend to babysit so you can have private time with your girlfriend. Just remember to wrap it up because you don’t want children full-time just yet.

Bed-and-breakfast is fine with me. If you do, keep the original house and barn. That way when I’m feeling nostalgic I can always get a room there. Although I don’t think I will. That’s also the house of Frank. If it wasn’t for the fact dad was born there, I probably would’ve burned that sucker to the ground. You almost did your first Mother’s Day with us. Hope you’re better at cooking now.

So yeah, I think it’s best Winona never goes back there. If she is staying sober in San Francisco, then she should stay in San Francisco. I assume she has a better support system. Not only does she have you, but friends as well.

Okay, a certain preteen just knocked on my door demanding that I supervise her attempts at non-replicated pancakes (except apparently, we are trying our hands at replicating raw eggs because she doesn’t want to do the vegetarian version). I’m probably going to regret this.

PS: Jo Jo says she would love to hear from you again soon, but understands that you have to put baby D first. She says that’s what good aunts and uncles do. I feel like that something we are going to need to unpack.
Xxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills

Subject: Happy Mother’s Day

Time arrived: 5/13/2260 15:15:21

Happy Mother’s Day

So, chances are you will get this about a week and a half after Mother’s Day, but do I still get credit for sending it to you on Mother’s Day? Regardless, I still want to say sorry that a week ago I was stuck on a planet with no email access.

Away missions are nowhere near as much fun as the brochure makes it seem. I never seem to get stranded with Spock when I really want to be stranded with him somewhere. But it’s all good now. However, any presents I’m planning to send will be hand-delivered when we see each other in a couple of weeks. I’m glad that you’re able to come.

I got an email from Kevin today. Just so you know I’m not planning to retire in Iowa for like 40 years. I’m pretty sure Spock is planning for us to move to the new Vulcan colony and adopt a bunch of babies grown in gestational pots, even though I’ve already said I don’t want to be more than uncle Jim. So, if you’re given a good deal on the farmhouse, feel free to sell it. I think you like San Francisco better. Always do what’s best for you. I’m married with Starfleet children and Kevin is co-parenting with his girlfriend for at least the next year. We are both well-adjusted members of society which considering everything, means you’re kind of a miracle worker.

Xxxxx

Excerpts from the therapy Journal of Josephine Jamie McCoy

Dear Mom:

Margarita says that I should write you a letter today to help me process my first Mother’s Day without you. But I’m not really that upset about it because I have Nyota which has made me feel guilty. I also didn’t have to participate in a mother-daughter brunch where I would pretend to be
happy and smile when I did not want to be there at all while I tried to be as perfect as you needed me to be. Again, I felt guilty about being happy I didn’t have to do that.

I’m still sad and angry a lot of the time, but I have Nyota and dad, so I’m getting through it. Nyota was happy at my attempt at pancakes. (I didn’t tell her about the present that Uncle Scotty helped me with because maybe I want to wait until it’s done). The pancakes were slightly burnt, but she ate them anyway. She doesn’t yell or scream at me when I’m not perfect. She doesn’t make me feel like I’m worthless. I don’t feel like I must walk on eggshells all the time with her. This is the first time on this day that I’ve had a real mom because I don’t know what you were, but motherly wasn’t it.

I don’t know what else to write. I’m still trying to untangle all my feelings about you. Margarita says it’s a work in progress and Uncle Jim agrees. I’ll figure it out eventually. I hope so anyway.

To be continued
Day 85: You know, your family is still an upgrade

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely lovely.

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
Subject: Congratulate me on surviving another May 2
Time arrived: 5/16/2260 00:00:01

So I heard that your BFF actually slept with a 36-year-old while everyone else could hear him during what turned out to be a stuck in a cave mission. You need more friends your own age. I’m definitely going to have to introduce you to the playgroup crew if you ever end up planet side. Of course since the group is Starfleet, there’s probably a greater chance that you might run into them on their next mission.

So, the anniversary of Zach’s death kind of sucked. Next year I’m flying to a different planet with a different calendar so I can just skip it. I miss the old days where you could just fly to Australia and avoid that day. Totally not possible with modern shuttles.

The day started out good at the park. It’s always a good day when my baby is smiling. Winona was also great. She completely understands what I’m going through in a way very few others did. That woman even figured out a way for us not to participate in the moment of silence for the Vulcan genocide.

But then it kind of all unraveled, once we got home. My former in-laws are kind of assholes who spoke to the media and painted me as some heartless bastard. Email file attached. Don’t look at the comments. Just don’t. Sue broke a PADD before calling Shawn to deal with it.

Also, it’s a good thing she called Shawn because they threatened to try to take custody of baby K again despite losing the fight last time. I think they’re going to try to keep me from taking her with me to come see you. They are just horrible people. However, Sue is giving me Shawn. I’ve been informed that he is a legal pit bull. I also found out that he is your ex-boyfriend.
Apparently, after nearly dying on a mission a while back, Shawn decided to get the hell out of Starfleet legal. I totally don’t blame him. I am also glad to have a legal pit bull on my side just in case. He did get that paper to post a sort of apology for the defamations.

I’m scared of Zach’s parents even though I shouldn’t be. I mean my name is on the birth certificate and even though she’s genetically Zach daughter, she’s always been mine. I’m the one who raised her and they’re just being irrational. Or maybe they just want to punish me for being alive when their son isn’t. I don’t know. Although honestly they never actually liked me. Mostly because they really wanted a daughter in law.

I don’t think I ever told you how messy things got right after Zach died. They were trying to take my daughter away from me before I even had time to spread my husband’s ashes, but their plan didn’t work. They lost last time because Zach’s sister took my side and I’m sure she will do it again. I can’t help but worry though. Especially because said sister is on a mission on the other side of the quadrant right now. Maybe the new judge will see things differently.

Even though I’m cautiously optimistic about actually making this trip without the in-laws trying to ruin it, I am packing. That child needs way too much clothing for three weeks. Of course, half of what I’m bringing is toys because we will be spending at least two of those weeks on the ship. But it’s going to be worth it to see you. I already have lined up babysitting services for when we will be on base at the same time. We will have alone time.

However, it’s not going to be all vacation for me. For some reason your baby’s grandmother has decided that I’m going to look over the medical facilities on Yorktown because she wants a second opinion to make sure everything is set up adequately. A civilian opinion. I don’t get it, but I am barely having to pay for any of this trip. Therefore, I’m going to do what she asked. Maybe me being there to inspect the facilities is how I’m on this trip. Maybe this got approved because I’m there as some sort of consultant. I’m not going to question your daughter’s grandmother. I already like her more than my daughter’s grandmother.

Anyway, if I don’t get to write you again before we leave for Yorktown just know that I love you and miss you. Even though your family seems awful at times, they are so much better than Zach’s. I only love his sister. She’s the best. Everyone else, not so much. They were totally the black sheep of their families.

XXXX

From: SuluHG2260

To: Benjamin_2254

Subject: Congratulate me on surviving another May 2
It makes total sense that anybody you fell in love with was the good one. You have excellent taste. I’m sorry that they’re being absolutely horrible to you. Shawn is good at what he does. He has eviscerated many an asshole in the court room. I’m sure he’s just as vicious now that he’s a civilian.

We kind of fell apart because he’s so intense. It’s hard to date someone who is going over legal textbooks at every hour the day, including when you’re on a date and trying to watch a movie together.

Also do not be worried about the ex-boyfriend. We were not that serious, just a normal Academy hook up, that happened at the funeral of our mutual ex-boyfriend. Yes, we met at a funeral and you always make bad decisions at funerals. It’s a very emotional place.

You’re the more committed relationship. If it wasn’t serious between us, I totally would have broken things off before leaving planet for five years. Instead I’m getting really good at the art of letter writing. But I’m really happy I’ll get to see you soon.

I think they did get you to Yorktown by saying that you’re a consultant and because Chen is the way she is, you’re going to have to do some actual consulting. Also, most of the doctors on Yorktown are supposed to be civilians, so your advice would be useful. It’s not totally a Starfleet installation, but also a diplomatic post, once it’s fully populated. I think it’s supposed to be nearly 300,000 people. But there’s only going to be a small fraction of that because again it’s still coming together. Actually I don’t think this is even a real shore leave more like a working vacation. Possibly, for both of us. I think I’m supposed to help set up the hydroponic farm section of Yorktown.

Yes, I realize I need more friends that are adults. I have Nyota and Jim now, but they’re also ridiculously busy. Jim is convinced he has more work now that he’s first officer than when he was captain. Thanks to Pavel’s interesting dating choices, I am making a few new friends. I like Sanchez. I question the good sense in her having sex with a 19-year-old, but well, we all have our coping mechanisms.

Although, I just think that it’s sex right now. However, I’m kind of surprised that it lasted beyond the initial hook up at all, but they’ve had lunch a few times, and we’ve hung out. Honestly, 50% of all Starfleet relationships are hook ups, the other 50% are Jim and Spock and Leonard and Nyota. Somewhere in there, there’s the percentage of people in long-term relationships that are light years away from each other. We are totally in that category.
Did I mention that I’m so looking forward to us actually getting to spend time with each other without small children around? Because really, I miss you so much. I’m going to have to get Liz the shoe basket.

Do you know if the forms making Liz and Kevin the official guardians of my child made it to Earth? I sent them back a while ago, but we are in the middle of deep space and everything takes forever to get back to Earth.

You know if the custody thing wasn’t already so precarious with six parents, I would totally lobby for you to get a job on a Star base. Then we could actually see each other more often. It’s so much easier to get to a Star base a couple of times a year than Earth. I’m pretty sure I’m not going to see Earth again before the end of the five year mission unless there is a funeral or Jim violates the Prime Directive. I really want to avoid that, even if it means missing out on seeing you.

You probably will be leaving soon, so this might be my last email for a while. Or at least the last one that might get you before you leave so bring chocolate, alcohol, and supplies for private time. And don’t worry about your former in-laws. Things will work out. I know it.

Love you.

To be continued
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all wonderful.

From: Number_one_Pike
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

Time arrived: 05/19/2260 00:00:01

Subject: I’m glad I never had to supervise the under 20.

Why am I not even that surprised? Oh yeah, because of the amount of cadet shacking up with professors back when I was a student. I’m glad you’re back safe. Of course, the 19-year-old hooks up with somebody when stuck in a cave. Again, not surprised.

At least he’s over 18 now, so not your problem. Maybe he’s making up for that year where he was in space, but technically younger than the Federation age of consent. It is kind of weird that you can serve in Starfleet on behalf of the Federation, but you’re not allowed to get laid. If we think you’re emotionally mature enough for one, then he probably should be emotionally mature enough for the other.

Jim, you know you’re never going to get stuck in the cave with your significant other because that’s just the way the universe works. It’s cruel that way. We really should have better protocols regarding gravity storms because it seems like everyone will get stuck in a cave at least once in their Starfleet career. Maybe even more than once. Hey, at least you had a deck of cards.

I haven’t got a transfer request yet, so maybe your therapist is a miracle worker, or the lag time is worse than we thought. Have you made it to the Star base yet? Everybody wants your prisoner dropped off especially me. That court-martial is going to be fun. Glad I am not your enemy.

It’s going to be mostly easy stuff until Yorktown at least. Mostly transporting things to Yorktown. Along with some dignitaries and ambassadors that are being relocated to Yorktown. Good luck.
Okay, I should probably tell you that you are picking up a few dignitaries from a planet that are a bit more amorous than Vulcans or humans for that matter. They’ve sexually harassed the last team that picked them up. Just be careful. I don’t want to find out if Chen will cover up your husband choking a dignitary to death for touching his husband without express consent.

Your new teacher will be on Yorktown waiting for you. It works out great because she’ll get to travel with her best friend there in time to see her off on the Hamilton. I’m still surprised Ms. Gutierrez agreed to do this despite everything Sue most likely told her.

I’m sorry I’m not coming to Yorktown with the others, but I’m sure our paths will cross eventually. I’m not sure how much longer Chen is going to keep me on Earth. I will probably get an off-planet assignment as Chen is sure that those on Earth won’t try to poison her to take over her position. A lot of Marcus’ cronies have been locked up, but some remain. It’s going to take a while to get everything resolved, but I think we will get there.

Xx

From: Elizabeth Chen

To: SulxuHG2260

Time arrived: 5/19/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Greetings from your new child caregiver

Hey since I am going to probably be the one writing Desi’s updates after my sister leaves next month, I thought maybe I should get a head start on writing you.

We got the forms two days before your letter got here. I guess the system prioritizes legal forms. We did get your letter and then we got Jim’s letter as well as your other letter. Although by that point we kind of knew. The Enterprise rumor mill is quick and vicious.

So, it was Pav who was the one who had cave sex for like five days straight? I know it wasn’t Jim because Spock wasn’t with him and I’m pretty sure the only person they would be in a poly relationship with is Nyota and she’s dating Leonard right now. Maybe in a different time line, but not this one.
Your daughter was a sweetie pie at Princess Land. I have so many pictures. Yes, Mulan was her favorite. She also loves Ariel and of course Jasmine. Jasmine may have been her favorite. It’s the blue. She loves blue. Or at least that shade of blue. I kind of had to buy her three of those headbands.

Also, we may have had to chase around your boyfriend’s kid because she is fast for someone who just mastered the art of walking last month and chatty, very chatty. Then again, so is Desi. Mama is a perennial favorite. Also, Susu. I think she’s trying to say her last name or maybe my sister’s first name. It could be either because they kind of sound alike.

Your boyfriend managed to bond with my boyfriend’s mom. They are both members of the Starfleet widows’ club. It was good for him to spend time with someone who is a more seasoned member even though Winona has made a lot of mistakes. Winona told him that he had to put his emotional well-being and the emotional well-being of his daughter first and not let others hurt him, especially the in-laws. I think it was something that he needed to hear.

Oh, if you haven’t heard from Ben recently, please write because his in-laws pulled some shady stuff that day and are doing more awful things. Shawn is working on it, and maybe he will have it all settled in a couple of days, but Ben can kind of use your support. God, they are just awful.

I put in my notice at work and I only have one more week of work before I’m going to have to pay full price for all my study food, but I think it’s better for me to be available all summer. I’m sad, but I can afford it especially because I’m going to get child support payments while babysitting. Although, if it’s a year, it’s not really babysitting. I guess we’ll call it temporary parenthood. I never thought I would become a parent this early, but it’s happening and I prefer it this way. No stretch marks and I don’t have to worry about mom killing Kevin because of contraceptive failure.

Anyway, I have finals to study for, so I’ll cut this short. I’ll try to send some videos or something else before we leave. Only a few more weeks. Anyway, good luck and I hope nobody gets stranded on planets again.

PS: Sue questions why you’re still friends with the 19-year-old. She also wants me to remind you to write your daughter. She would write, but she’s trying to write her final and she is really pissed off about having to grade on the flight to Yorktown.

PSS: Tell Jim that Kevin is pissed. He’ll obviously know why.

Xxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Number_one_Pike
Margarita really is a miracle worker and I’m not losing a competent doctor. Really don’t even think about taking my therapist away again. I understand why I can’t work with Dr. Suarez anymore. But I’m going to be furious forever if Margarita ever gets transferred. We need her.

I’m sad that you’re not going to be able to come, but I understand. Someone must be on Earth to keep everything from going to hell.

I’m glad that you might be getting a different assignment soon. I think you might be happier there than stuck in bureaucracy all the time. At the same time, I’m a little worried. Someone must be.

I am happy with the information about our new teacher. I’m also happy she hasn’t been scared off yet especially because she’s a friend of Sue and has probably heard a lot of crazy stories about what happens on Enterprise, mostly revolving around how my helmsmen got her best friend pregnant. I am also shocked she said yes.

Since you’re not going to be here for the day after baby D’s birthday, how are you planning to spend that day? And yes, I’m referring to it that way because it’s easier to deal with if I think of it in terms of something good. I’m trying to divorce it from all the negative connotations instead of what happened with my actual birthday. Worked wholly with eight double parties this year on January 5. It works great that me and my husband have our birthdays two days apart. I’m just worried about you being alone and possibly having to do a memorial for the San Francisco attacks. That would just kind of suck. And I say that as somebody who spent most of their birthdays at Kelvin memorials. My childhood was all kinds of screwed up, but I’m better now.

Thanks for the warning. Unfortunately, Spock’s ass was pinched twice. Nobody was nerve pinched, but it was a near thing. I can’t wait to get them off my ship. Just two more days. Thank God.

Speaking of getting evil people off the ship, the prisoner has been safely dropped off two days ago. We’re all happy he’s gone. Bonus points for being able to replenish the chocolate supply. Spock is going to need it to survive the sexual harassment ambassadors on board.

Anyway, write back soon. Maybe I’ll call when I’m on Yorktown. I will call. I must do something other than attend small children’s birthday parties. Also, Winona’s going to be there, so I’m going to need a built-in excuse to get away in case it gets ugly. You know it will get ugly.

Xx
From: SulxuHG2260

To: Elizabeth_Chen

Time arrived: 5/19/2260 21:32:31

Subject: Re: Greetings from your new child caregiver

I got an email from Ben two days ago and yes, he really hates his in-laws, with good reason. I also saw the video file and I’m sorry that their son died, but God they’re awful. I can’t wait until they find out what I didn’t do on that planet. They are going to crucify me literally possibly.

Glad to know that Shawn is on it. Please keep me updated. If it really goes south, please convince your mom to let me get the news sooner rather than later. I know she can get transmissions here faster than normal.

You’re going to be taking care of our little girl, so we must make sure she gets to keep the lifestyle she is accustomed to. Also, it’s not like we have that much to spend things on when we’re on mission. Just chocolate bars and liquor. Maybe I went a little wild at the Star base a couple of days ago, but it was necessary. Your future brother-in-law kind of drives me nuts. I always assumed Vulcans were so emotionless. Now I work for one who kind of freaks out whenever his husband gets into trouble.

Considering what I went through with Spock while Jim was stuck on planet, I can only see Kevin being pissed. But everything is okay. The worst thing that happened on our current assignment was Spock ended up getting groped by a diplomat, and Jim couldn’t punch him due to diplomatic relations. Although they did make out in front of the guy. That’s also against Starfleet policy, but less likely to cause a diplomatic incident. Of course, they’re going to be here for two more days. So, it could get worse.

And you’re right, we are going to end up getting to know each other well over the next year. I may be a little irregular with these emails, but it is better for me to send them to you than to your mom. She scares me. I’m kind of surprised I didn’t end up in Delta Vega for getting your sister pregnant, but Jim and Spock sitting may be worse. Fingers crossed they don’t break the Prime Directive for each other again. Next little bit is for Desi. I figure I should just tack it onto this email instead of sending a separate one.

Xxxxx
Hey sweetie bear,

I heard you had fun at Princess Land. You have good taste in princesses. Also, I heard you’re speaking a little. I can’t wait to hear for myself outside of the video file anyway. Although those were cute. You’re extra adorable. I can’t wait to hug and kiss you soon. We can have so much fun together. I know it’s going to be a sad time too because mommy will be going away for a while, but we’ll do what we can for it to be good.

Sorry you were born into a Starfleet family. I promise next time I’ll apply for something on a Star base or maybe just maybe, if things go good with the minors’ program, you might get to live with me on ship someday. Fingers crossed.

To be continued
Thank you for your letter. I’m okay that it came late. Really, I’m just glad you’re talking to me this Mother’s Day after radio silence last year. I realize in hindsight I should not have freaked out so much about you getting married. I’m starting to like your husband. He’s growing on me.

I’m not happy for the reason why it came late, but if being stranded for five days is the worst thing that’s happening, I can deal with that. It wasn’t your fault. I’m aware that the most benign mission ever on paper can turn disastrous.

You’re aware you were not supposed to be born in space. You aren’t even supposed to be born for almost another three months when we were already safely black planet side. But on the way home we were attacked, and I became a single mom.

It could’ve been worse, I realize that now. At least your dad got to see you. Ben’s husband Zach didn’t get that much. Which is sad because she’s such a beautiful little girl. So full of life and happiness. Also, unlike me Ben has been dealing with his grief and moving forward. (He also has significantly better taste in follow-up relationships. I’m still so sorry about Frank.) I like that about him which might be why we are becoming friends. He needs somebody to talk to that really understands what he’s going through.

The guy needs a friend because Zach’s parents are just making it worse because they can’t let go. They blame him just like your dad’s parents blamed me for your dad dying. Like if I wasn’t pregnant, then maybe he wouldn’t have done what he did, and he would have been in that escape pod with us. Obviously, they didn’t know your dad. Yes, he was doing it for us because it’s amazing what a parent will do to keep their kids alive, but he was also doing it for everyone else on that ship. I know you get that now.
Although, even though they hate me, they never tried to take you and Sam away from me. I think that would have broken me completely if they did because they probably would’ve won. You and Sam were the only things keeping me from losing it entirely. I was such a mess, but as I said earlier, Ben has it more together than I do. I wish I could’ve been that way. But you can’t change the past. You can only move forward. At least that’s what my new therapist says.

I think I want to stay in San Francisco. I’m healthier here. I have more friends and I’m making lots of new ones including my fellow Starfleet with those club members, Ben. Kevin is here as well, at least for the next few years. By the way, he’s mad at you. So mad that he has not responded to your last two letters. You and Kevin are going to have to work that out when we get to Yorktown if he doesn’t write you before then.

Although, I think the number one reason why I need to stay in San Francisco is there are less things here that haunt me. Considering I went to school with your father in San Francisco, that says a lot of sad things about my mental state. I’m not just haunted by your father. I’m haunted by Frank and how my decision hurt you so badly. The fact that you’re happily married makes me feel so good because I didn’t ruin that for you due to my bad decisions.

I’m also haunted by Sam. I was never the mother that you and Sam needed me to be. I felt like maybe he went to Tarsus with me, not just because it was an excellent education opportunity, but because he didn’t trust me to be on my own. If he wasn’t there, then he would still be alive. There’s a lot of guilt there and I’m just now starting to work through it with the doctors here. For too long, I just stayed in the bottle and never really resolved it.

You’re not supposed to bury your children. You’re just not and I did, and I almost did the second time and I think that’s what pushed me over. But it also made me realize that I need help and I can’t keep falling back on old patterns. As we get closer to that day it gets harder to keep that resolve, but I’m going to. The alcohol doesn’t make things better, I realize that now. It just dulls things, but when you come out of the alcohol, everything is still there.

So yes, I’m selling the house. It’s necessary to freely move on from the past. Part of me wants to burn it to the ground. But I can’t destroy that last piece I have of Sam and George. It needs to live on, but I just can’t live there.

Here in San Francisco, I feel like I am rebuilding not only myself, but my relationships with you and Kevin. I’m looking forward to spending a few days with you on Yorktown. I know I didn’t exactly support your decision to join Starfleet, but in the long run, I realize it’s the best decision for you and you are becoming who you were always meant to be.
I also like spending time with Kevin and his girlfriend and their baby. Desi is adorable, and I think I can deal with pseudo-grandmother hood for a little while. You know until you and your husband give me a grandchild. You say you only want to be Uncle Jim, but I don’t believe you.

Of course, maybe I’ve completely thrown you off having kids. I don’t know. I wasn’t the best mom. The universe knows I made a lot of mistakes mostly related to my alcoholism, but I still love you. I’m just glad that you cared enough to remember Mother’s Day this year.

Anyway, I’ll see you soon. Love, mom

Xxx

From: MomOU
To: NyotaUM
Time arrived: 05/22/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Thank you for your Mother’s Day gift

Thank you for your Mother’s Day cookies. They were delicious. My assistant had several. I gave a lot of them to the office since I’m alone now and have no one to share my cookies with.

I’m kind of shocked that you sent anything. Especially for Mother’s Day. I wasn’t the best mom. I realize that now. I’m never going to be able to apologize enough for boarding school. In hindsight it was a bad choice. I’m trying to make up for that with my new granddaughter. I think you’ll do better than me. I know you’ll do better than me, which is I guess what every parent wishes for.

Rodriguez has been keeping me updated on your five-year mission. I’m glad things have mostly been running smoothly. I also heard you’re going to be on Yorktown soon. I hope it all goes well.

Please write me back whenever you have a chance.

Xxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills
Subject: Re: Happy Mother’s Day
Time arrived: 5/22/2260 22:21:01
I’m glad my email was well received. It looks like messages are getting there sooner now. I’m also glad that our relationship is improving, especially after where it was last year. Some people are not as lucky. I have a friend who has been spending most of the day trying to figure out how to respond to her mom’s latest email. I think she’s on attempt number 25. In contrast, it only took two attempts and Spock having mercy on me and taking over typing duties. Such a good husband.

I am also happy that you’re making a real commitment to staying sober this time. Even though I know it’s difficult for you. I’m glad you’re really trying. The upcoming anniversaries are going to be hard for all of us, even me. I miss Chris a lot and you know the first anniversary is always the worst one. It doesn’t help that the anniversary of my near-death experience is going to be just a few days later. I’m going to be spending a lot of time with Margarita over the next few weeks. My poor therapist.

Although, I really do think she’s helping me move forward and reconcile with a lot of my personal ghosts. I am only throwing up every other time I visit engineering. That’s progress, right?

Despite that, I like where I am right now. I don’t miss being Captain. Not as much as I thought I would. Honestly, it doesn’t feel that much different except I’m doing more administrative stuff and I’m working more directly with everybody. Maybe Spock and I are just really one unit and it doesn’t matter what role we have officially.

Anyway, I’ll tell you more about it when we get to Yorktown. We’re supposed to have dinner the first night at the shipyard view restaurant. It’s opening there or, so I’ve been told. I think we might be bringing the head chef. We may also have to charm a few diplomats. Yay Starfleet.

Xxxxxx

From: NyotaUM
To: MomOU
Time arrived: 05/22/2260 23:10:54
Subject: Thank you for your Mother’s Day gift

I’m glad you liked the cookie bouquet. Although it was Josephine’s idea to send them to you. She wanted to do something nice for you. She was originally planning to send them to me, but that wasn’t an option. Instead, she roped Jim into helping her make breakfast for me.

Josephine is warming up to the idea of an actual grandmother. Leonard’s mom was gone long before she was born, and the judge went through trophy wives like water. Josephine usually avoided all of them.
I’ve been working with Margarita a lot trying to process all the changes that have happened in the last year. I’m also trying to make peace with the past. Dr. Margarita says that it’s dangerous to keep holding on to past pain. Over time it becomes a weight that will eventually drown us in the struggles of life. So, I’m working on it. Therapy is hard.

I hope all is well with you in San Francisco. I will try to write again when I have the chance.

To be continued
Day 93: The rumor mill tells me everything

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous.

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Kevin KR

Time arrived: 5/24/2260 00:00:01

Subject: the Starfleet rumor mill is faster than your letters

I got your letter and your other letter. I think you’re starting to make your way back toward civilization and they’re starting to get here sooner. I decided to wait a few days before I wrote because I was a little annoyed with you. Although I’m sure mom told you that. I know she wrote you a couple of days ago.

I already knew before I got the first letter because Sue told me what was going on. Thankfully by the time she got Sulu’s email about you being stuck on planet, her mom already received word that you guys were safe. Seriously, how does this sort of thing happen to you? If I found out about the tracking wedding ring before it helped Spock rescue you, I would be creeped out by it, but now I just think it’s your husband being prepared for all possibilities because you can’t keep yourself out of trouble.

By the way, there’s a rumor going around that you were fucking a surgeon, fungus expert, and somebody who may or may not be legal in the cave, the entire time. I’m pretty sure the rumor was based on what Pav actually did. You know they always screw up the truth. By the way, there’s a creepy version of the wedding ring story also going around. They’re making your husband sound like a stalker.

So does JoJo have one less Ashley to deal with? Is that getting better? I should write her too, but I’m exhausted from finals prep, the parenting crash course, and moving. I now have my young child CPR certification which is apparently completely different than the one they make you get freshman year.
Yes, Winona is making friends as well as reconnecting with old ones. She is best friends with Ben, Mister Sulu’s boyfriend and Sue’s new BFF. She’s hanging out with Nhi and Rodriguez a lot. She’s also really friendly with my girlfriend’s mom. I’ve known that they’ve known each other since Tarsus, but I didn’t know that they talk to each other. Brunch today was weird, but entertaining. I think they may be planning our wedding already. Which is weird because that is so not happening until we are at least both older than 25.

Actually, I think mom, Liz’s mom, Admiral Pike and Ben are going to form some sort of new Starfleet widow’s club. She kind of bonded with Ben at the amusement park and they’ve been hanging out ever since. She’s also providing him with strategies to deal with in-laws that are awful to him after their son dies. Apparently, she had a lot of experience with this. How bad were your grandparents to her when you were growing up?

Hey, I’m sorry I forgot to include pictures from Princess land last time, but here they are. If you’re mostly doing milk runs then you’re going to need something that will cheer you up. Babies cheer everyone up. Of course, if you’re doing mostly milk runs then you probably won’t be doing stupid stuff.

Good news, we have to move into the new apartment. And yes officer housing is so much nicer than cadet housing. Bad news the apartment next-door to us is Liz’s mom. Now we’re not normally in the place where the head of Starfleet would live (except for Marcus who had his own mansion), but that’s because Chan really doesn’t want to pull that many strings. This just looks a little strange, but Liz is the permanent guardian of the daughter of a Lieutenant Commander and the first officer of the USS Hamilton, so I think people are letting it slide just a little bit. Besides, what’s the worst they’re going to do, gossip about us? If we don’t give them something to talk about, they’ll make it up anyway like your cave.

I’m looking forward to Yorktown even though I’m going to have to start packing soon. See, I should’ve put my stuff in suitcases, but I just threw everything into trash bags because I’m an idiot. I’m sure it can wait until after finals. Oh, did I let you know that I had to take everything within the first two days of finals week because on the third day we’re going to have to hop a shuttle to Yorktown. This is not going to be fun. I’m already working on my finals essays. Do you think I would get in trouble for including details about what really happened on Tarsus?

Anyway, this may be my last letter before Yorktown. I may only come up for food and quality time with Desi during the next two weeks. Seriously how did you do this while taking an accelerated class load?

Xxxxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Bones. However, I was taking an accelerated class load, but not raising a small child. I feel like that’s probably worse. Only because I heard Desi likes to throw things. I assume that you’re going through a bit of a transition phase right now with Sue being around.

So by now you’ve probably got the official papers, especially if you’ve already moved into the new apartment. Congratulations on your one year old. I think you’ll do fine. It can’t be harder than multiple teenagers or Winona.

JoJo is doing great. I think the three cases of Oreo cookies have helped. I also think that she will understand if you don’t write to her for a while. Besides she’s getting ready for exams. Poor Starfleet kids. They have year-round school. But hey, JoJo will probably be done with the high school curriculum by the time she’s 15 and start the remote Starfleet training course. She’s leaning towards medical, but after hanging out with Shawn and Alexis last fall as well as quality time with the ship’s legal team, she’s starting to warm up to the law. Oh, the irony.

I’m not surprised that you were upset due to me getting stranded on a strange planet for a few days. Mom mentioned as much. I’m glad you calmed down before you wrote me. Actually, I’m glad that you wrote me before Yorktown. I thought we would’ve ended up having it out there. I’m sorry you were worried, but hey, I didn’t get a scratch on me. All my wounds were emotional. It was like being back at the Academy.

I am sorry you must listen to such ridiculous rumors, but thankfully you know they’re not true. We played a lot of cards because Spock believed in preparing for boredom. Or maybe my husband just knows me way too well.

Because of what happened, Spock bear has been extra clingy for the last two weeks. I have a feeling I probably won’t be going on an away mission by myself till at least December, possibly longer. If we did not have the bond. Spock probably would’ve had a total meltdown, which would have been just bad for everybody involved.

You would think the milk runs would be boring, but no not really. Of course, this was because two
different dignitaries tried to fuck my husband. One of which had really grabby hands. Maybe the ridiculous rumors are why they thought they had a chance. Don’t worry no diplomatic incidents happened.

OK one tiny incident happened, but it was resolved quickly. Spock almost nerve pinched somebody the second time it happened, but we handled it. You know, mostly by making out in front of the other people.

Yes JoJo is still going to have to deal with three Ashleys, but I think there was a breakthrough in therapy so maybe Ashley 3 will be less awful. One can hope. Fingers crossed that familial relationships stay well and Ashley doesn’t find out about her mother figure hooking up with a 19-year-old that she totally has a crush on. Seriously, he’s only 4 1/2 years older than her niece. That is all kinds of awkward. I am so glad mom never dated anyone my age.

Also, I just realized you’re older than Pavlov by a couple of weeks. That’s so weird especially with you still at the Academy and he’s been on my ship for two years. But in the long run, I think it’s better that you had the full Starfleet Academy experience and did things at a more normal speed. There hasn’t been a lot in your life that has been normal, so enjoy this bit of normalcy before you have to completely join the adult world. Oh wait, you’re raising a one-year-old, never mind.

Good news I have a teacher. She’s Sue’s friend, Gina Reyes. Have you met her? Is there something wrong or is she just being really benevolent? She had known what’s really going on this ship. Sulu tells his baby’s mama too much.

The grandparents were horrible to mom and to me for that matter. Sam was their favorite. So obviously, you understand why we were no longer on speaking terms with that side of the family after you came to live with us. My earliest memory is Nana making me cry as she cursed me on my birthday. She blames me for her son being dead. She actually told me that, more than once. So I hope that baby K never had to deal with that, no child should.

I’m okay if I don’t hear from you again because you might already be on your way here by the time this reaches you. If I don’t get a chance to speak with you again before then; happy studying, get good grades and we will definitely try to do some fun things while you’re here. You can tell me all the joys of taking care of small children. So is it easier or harder than Winona sitting? I’m still trying to decide. Although the picture of Desi going headfirst into a plate of French toast at your Mother’s Day brunch makes me think worse. Is she actually covered in blueberry syrup? I wonder if that stained the couch. I think I’m sticking with teenagers. Less messy.

They are starting to behave, themselves a little. Mostly. Nobody’s tried to break into engineering for alcohol since we were rescued from the planet. I take my victories where I can.
To be continued
Day 95: Catching up

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely wonderful.

From: Kevin KR  
To: kitten_loverJMU  
Time arrived: 5/26/2260 00:00:01  
Subject: Sorry, it’s been so long

Hey Jo Jo.

Sorry I haven’t written for a while. I’m sure you know by now that I have joint custody of baby Sulu. She’s still adorable, but mobile. She’s an expert crawler and really starting to walk. Baby proofing the new apartment was necessary. In addition, finals prep and moving into my new apartment with Liz. I hate moving. Moving with an 11-month-old is the worst. I don’t know how she has so many toys. We packed like four boxes of just toys. It is probably because she spoiled, but adorable.

The new apartment is nice, two bedrooms with all the amenities. Although Liz’s mom lives next door. She pops over a lot. Your new grandma also lives in the building. We ran into her in the elevator a lot. And we may have had to correct her on the fact that Nyota is your adopted mom, not your stepmom. The stepmom thing would be highly inaccurate anyway since they are not legally married yet. When are they going to make it legal? It’s like they’re married, except no marriage license or contract.

Final exams are final exams awful and soul crushing and I’m not even taking them for another week. All it been doing is studying and writing my term paper for my Starfleet history class which is mentally draining on its own. I probably should have explained to my professor why I shouldn’t write a paper on analyzing what went wrong during the Tarsus catastrophe, but my therapist says it’s better to confront the past, then run away from it. It was totally random anyway. It’s not like she would’ve known. The only people who now are people that I’ve told like you.

The cuddle breaks with Desi have been helping but I’m still counting down the days until it’s all over with. Of course the last 24 hours are going to be the worst because I’m going to have to take all my exams within the first two days because of coming to see you and Jim. We’re taking Starfleet transport. So we have to leave when they tell us, and that means condensed finals. Although I wouldn’t be surprised if I slept the entire ride to Yorktown. I feel like I’m living on two hours of sleep a night. I’m so glad Desi is almost a toddler and sleeps through the night.

Despite that, I am looking forward to Yorktown. It’s supposed to be the future diplomatic hub the Federation. Almost every member state of the Federation and a few ally planets will also have embassies and a few will be opening while were up there. I’m excited.

I’m also happy that we will be able to hang out in person. I miss our movie nights. Don’t worry, I’m bringing the good junk food. We have to do one while wearing Yorktown. I need a break from my brother and mom anyway. Those two can be intense. Also slightly annoyed with big Brothers.
weird reckless behavior. Although maybe that’s because were getting closer to the anniversary of when he died. Seriously. Now these messages are taking like days to get here and I got those suckers the next day. I have a lot of baggage. You’re aware.

It’s obvious I’m afraid of losing him. Did anybody tell you how I acted when my brother was getting married. I was kind of like Desi with for toys. You watch your entire family be killed in front of you and you end up with issues. It’s to be expected. You think that you’ve dealt with that fear and then you realize that you haven’t. There’s this old rock/hip-hop song that Jim used to play that said grief was something that you deal with over and over again. I think that was the title. But it’s true. Over time it will happen less often but it will still keep happening. I’m pretty resigned to the fact I’m probably never going to get out of therapy.

So how is life on the USS Enterprise, right now? Do you have to do finals? Sue’s friend Gina is going to be your new teacher next semester. She’s cool. She brings Desi the best toys. Sorry that there’s no breaks, but hey you’ll be out of high school sooner. That’s always a good thing.

Anyway, write back when you have a chance.

Xxxx

From: kitten_loverJJMU
To: Kevin KR
Time sent: 5/26/2260 12:23:01
Subject: Re: Sorry, it’s been so long

Don’t apologize. I understand. You’re still writing me more than any of my old friends. We been here for more than three months and still not one letter.

Yes, I have finals. I would think that junior high finals are not as bad as Starfleet finals, but I wonder about that. It’s definitely harder than what I had in Georgia. I think because our teacher is leaving she’s being extra hard on us. It’s like she’s punishing us for making her quit, which is not fair to me because I was actually good to her.

I have to do three papers, one for English, one for history, and one for xeno-cultural studies. Uncle, Spock is helping me but I think talking about old Vulcan is probably just as hard as you writing about Tarsus. I’m trying to do as much of the research on my own as I can, but there’s a lot of stuff he knows that’s not in the books.

I know that song. Uncle Jim gave me the whole album, the parts of the album that have survived to this day, anyway. Uncle Jim always complains about how much music was lost before first contact. His therapist gave it to him after Sam died. He said it helped him, so maybe it would help me. It did a little.

I’m still working through things. Mother’s Day went okay. Even though I sent mommy Nyota’s mom present without actually telling her first. Uncle Scotty helped. She wasn’t happy when she found out, but I want my mom to have a good relationship with her mom. At least she still around to fix things. Although after I explained that to mommy Nyota that she just hugged me and cried a lot.

I tried not to think about my biological mom, but it didn’t work. I don’t know how I’m going to deal with the anniversary. We are supposed to be back exploring by that point. I saw what the Ashley’s went through a couple of weeks ago and I’m worried. I’m always going to be dealing with it, right?

I’m looking forward to seeing you guys too. I’m starting to make friends with Ashley 2 and J, but it’s not the same. Also, sometimes I think there with me for the contraband snackfood. I should probably send a thank you email to my aunt for the vast quantity of orioles. The real things are
always better than the replicated version. Jeremy is still an asshole. Everybody is hoping that his mom gets transferred but Uncles Jim and Spock can’t do that without a good reason, and they have yet to find one.

I don’t think mom Nyota and dad will ever going to get married. Mom Nyota says that they’re both committed to me and that’s more important than a marriage license. Although I would be okay with the wedding. I want to be a flower girl. I’m still mad other mom wouldn’t let me go to your brother’s wedding. I’m still mad at her for a lot of things. She’s dead. Why am I still mad? I should focus my anger on the aunt that didn’t do anything but I’m not sure if that’s any better. I probably should go talk to Margarita. Or work in my therapy Journal. I’m on book number two now.

Anyway, I need to stop this letter so I can actually eat lunch before I have to be back in class. We are doing a final review for the other courses that I have to take tests for. I just try to remind myself that I’m going to be done early. That’s the only thing that helps me get through some days.
To be continued
Day 99: Now On Our Way

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last set of emails. You are all absolutely lovely.

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260
Time arrived: 5/31/2260 00:00:01
Subject: We will be there soon.

I have a feeling that by the time you read this, I may be halfway to Yorktown or reading it over your shoulder. Being a lifelong Starfleet Brat, neither scenario surprises me. But right now, I am three days out from leaving, and typing this email out after unsuccessfully trying to sleep on my sister’s couch in her new Starfleet apartment. I’m pretty sure this place is nicer than where we lived when I was a kid. Of course, none of my parents were ever higher than a captain. Mom has really come up in the Starfleet world.

And this is not even the apartment she is entitled to have as the head of Starfleet. It’s just a regular admiral’s apartment. Pike is just down the hall and Rodriguez is two floors down. Nyota’s mom is also a floor below. I may have been coerced into bringing some gifts for her daughter and grandchild. I think Liz and Kevin may have got the adoption point across to her. Although maybe it was mom. Anyone who doesn’t think Liz is mom’s baby girl can seriously get fucked.

Good news, mom is not totally freaking out about Liz and Kevin sharing a room without a wedding ring or marriage contract. It’s progress. Although she is kind of driving us crazy with preparing for me going back into space and being Desi’s new mommy.

Yes, I am freaking out about leaving my child behind for a year. Why am I doing this? I’m sure all the same thoughts were going through your head last February. I pray that Gina will make the Starfleet minors on Enterprise program work so we can bring Desi with us at some point down the road. Fingers crossed. At the same time, I’m kind of sad that Gina won’t be around to help backup Liz, but she has Kevin. He’s not going anywhere, but well, his mom is… Yeah, I can’t think of a better word than problematic. We couldn’t have champagne at my Mother’s Day brunch because of
her. She’s trying. But I’m worried that he might be distracted with her. Especially if she falls off the wagon.

So you should know Gina is lovely and I totally expect you to watch her back while she is on ship. Also I expect you to keep your teenage BFF away from her. I don’t know why you’re still friends with him either, but it’s probably the weird nature of Starfleet.

Also, maybe I have a different expectation of how a 19-year-old is supposed to act. Liz and Kevin are weird because of tragedy and growing up way too fast. Pav is probably a perfectly well-adjusted 19-year-old which totally explains why he went for the “oh my God, we’re going to die” sex. I really can’t say anything because I’ve done it too. Why do you think that emergency kits contain prophylactics? Everyone will get stranded on a planet at least once during their Starfleet career, especially in your command.

Okay boyfriend update, because the man is probably too busy at work and with legal proceedings to update you. His former in-laws are still awful people. I know their son died in Starfleet. I know their son died because of bad decisions and traps created by [redacted]. But that does not give them the right to take out their grief and frustration on their son’s widow. Ben does not deserve their shit. He’s the kindest, gentlest man I’ve ever met. He is a wonderful father. He loves baby K to pieces. Yes I said that during my deposition today or rather yesterday since it’s after midnight here now.

So good news, Ben and baby K will be going with us to Yorktown. Bad news, that when he gets back, there’s going to be another hearing or possibly arbitration. It depends on what the judge decides tomorrow. Although their bigotry is showing so Shawn thinks that it’s going to be done quickly, regardless. We shall see.

I have my going away party tomorrow. The first will be the traditional Starfleet teachers’ party with cookie cake and soda after I administer my final exam later this morning. Afterwards is the real party with vast amounts of alcohol and stories that I want to forget will happen at whatever bar they choose. And you know when alcohol is involved lips will get really loose, not that they actually need the liquor. So good news, everyone at work thinks my ex-boyfriend is an asshole and I got so lucky that you ended up being the father of my child. Yes, they all know about the three-way and excruciatingly embarrassing details.

Did I tell you that I had my ex-boyfriend’s sister in class? Yes, the one that ran my sister and Kevin Kirk out of the dorms. Yeah, I’m glad the semester is over with. Did I mention that on the last day of class, she told everybody how Desi got here? Barnett wants to suspend her for a semester, but mom thinks it would look bad. I think she’s going to flunk out of the Academy all on her own anyway. I’m glad I must leave for the Hamilton early, so I don’t have to grade her exam. Her writing is just that bad.
Anyway, I’m going to cut this short because I need to sleep. I have exams to give in the morning.

Anyway, if I don’t write to you before Yorktown, know that me and the baby miss you and love you to pieces and we’re excited to spend some time together.

PS: Yes, I’m bringing you more snacks and fencing equipment for the new Enterprise Junior fencing club. Actually Starfleet is paying for the extra fencing equipment because you’re keeping the kids docile. Mom is all for that. No one wants the Starfleet minors program to work more than her.

Xxx.

From: Mommy_Susan

To: SuluHG2260

Time arrived: 5/31/2260 06:21:01

Subject: Re: We will be there soon.

I’m also excited to see you, the boyfriend, and the kids. Yes, this did take forever to get here. We are currently making our way to Yorktown as we play diplomatic fairy. The ship is also now full of future Yorktown crewmembers. Some of us with private rooms are doubling up to make space. Sleeping on Scotty’s couch is not where I thought I would be, but it beats the alternative.

Allegedly, we are only a few days out from Yorktown and should get there the day before Desi’s b-day, but it’s probably going to take us longer than that. We have to pick up one more diplomatic team tomorrow and that probably will go badly.

I’m glad that Gina is coming. Okay, I’m glad we are just getting another teacher because I also want the program to work so we can live with Desi at some point in the future. It’s so hard to be away from her. But what we do in Starfleet is for the greater good. There wouldn’t be an Earth right now if it wasn’t for Jim. I wish there was still a Vulcan, but we tried. At least our actions allowed more to evacuate.

I just kind of want to hug my boyfriend really badly. I’m glad that the judge is going to let me do that. Although I wish they would’ve totally settled things before the trip, but I guess the judge is taking his time. I wrote Ben a few days ago, but I haven’t heard anything back. He’s probably just busy with the former in-laws and thankfully packing.

For the record, no one who graduated Starfleet Academy at 17 is well-adjusted. You won’t have to worry about Pav coming onto Gina because he has a girlfriend. They’re casual, and usually only hooking up when Ashley three is in fencing practice, but maybe there’s something there. Of course
it could totally fall apart. Because again he’s 19 and Sanchez is 36. That’s a big age difference.

It’s highly probable this is just a physical relationship. Her niece has no clue what’s going on. That’s a bad sign. Now that I’m dating with children, I know that your children only know once it become something serious.

Thank your mom for sending more equipment for fencing and other activities. I think we’re making progress. All of the Ashleys are now joining in on the lessons. So it’s basically everybody but Jeremy. If things keep improving, when Gina gets here, we might get another four students for the pilot. I’m trying to decide if that’s good or bad thing. It probably depends on if they’re not like Jeremy. We shall see.

Yes, I’m excited to see everyone and to spend some time together. I’m just thankful that I’m not the missing the baby’s first birthday.

BTW, Jim has decided he is throwing the baby a birthday party and I can’t talk him out of it. Spock can’t either. I think this might be his way of dealing with his own birthday related trauma. I also think that he doesn’t want to associate Desi with the terrible things that happened to him as a child. I’m sure Kevin probably has stories. I’m just starting to realize how much baggage Jim has.

One last thing, could you be the most wonderful person in the universe and look in those packages that Nyota’s mom gave you to give to her and Josephine. Nyota has a really complicated relationship with her mom. They’ve emailed each other a couple of times since we’ve been here, but it’s tense. Josephine sent her mom a cookie bouquet on Nyota’s behalf for Mother’s Day because she wants the two to have a better relationship. Nyota wasn’t happy with that but appreciated the gesture in the end. Maybe that’s what’s triggering the presents.

I totally agree that there is probably a 50-50 chance that I will be reading this message over your shoulder, but all the same, give the babies a cuddle for me. Miss you all and I can’t wait until we get to spend some time together.

To be continued
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous. We are getting closer and closer to Yorktown and Demora day.

I realized that I was accidentally using the day Jim died instead of the day Chris died when I was planning the dates for these chapters. Thankfully, I caught it in time and I took a big jump of a few days, in another chapter so I could correct things. So, baby Demora’s birthday is June 4, 2259 and Chris died on June 5, 2259. Jim died on June 9, 2259 and was revived shortly thereafter. I really should’ve made a chart beforehand.

Other continuity mistakes I’ve made that I’ve recently discovered such as including a June 31 and forgetting that I gave Sulu nieces. Now the children are his sister’s stepchildren that he still considers nieces unless that messes up something else I said. Also, Jim and Spock’s wedding anniversary is now June 30. This is what happens when you write a story for eight years.

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
Subject: So good news, the judge took my side.
Time arrived: 6/02/2260 00:00:01

Hey, sweetie!

I’m on my way to you. We are in the car making our way to Starfleet right now to board the ship that will take us there. This is the first time I’ve been on a Starfleet ship. Zach never took me, not even to show off where he would be stationed. I guess I will have to get used to it. Your daughter being the granddaughter of the head of Starfleet does have some perks. I’m nervous and happy. Happy because I’m going to get to see you soon and because the judge is letting the trip take place at all, but I am nervous because I really don’t like flying. I think I’m going to have to be drugged.
Unfortunately, the decision to let us come visit you is just a temporary reprieve. The unwelcome news is that I will still be battling them for custody when we get back. The judge wants us to try arbitration first. I don’t know how that’s going to work because they want complete control over my daughter’s life as well as mine.

I’m kind of jealous of how you and Sue can just work so seamlessly with each other. Even your families get along and are somewhat supportive of her decisions and choices. They’re not trying to make her feel like the bad guy.

Zach’s parents never liked me. I know I’ve told you this, but it feels like it’s gotten worse and I don’t think it’s just because I put my baby in Starfleet daycare. I’m willing to try arbitration, but I’m not sure what it’s going to accomplish. You can’t reason with people who don’t want to be reasoned with or compromise for that matter.

I’m going to try not to think about it until July. So, I’m just going to enjoy these couple of weeks with the kids and later with you. There is no point over stressing about something that I can’t fix right now.

I am really looking forward to seeing you soon. I have made babysitting arrangements for our first night together. Have I mentioned how much I absolutely adore your baby’s mom? Sue really was the best person ever for you to have accidentally got pregnant during a three-way.

xxxx

From: Number_one_Pike

To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

Time arrived: 06/02/2260 00:00:01

Subject: I’m okay-ish

Don’t cry for me, James. I’m OK-ish. I am sad that I’m not getting to see you for a while, but I do have plans. I will not wallow more than necessary. I must dedicate the Memorial with Chen. Then we’re doing a spa day. Yes, she is sad that she’s going to miss her granddaughter’s first birthday and seeing her daughter off to the Hamilton but it’s hard to get a day off when you oversee the organization.

I miss my husband. Chris was the love of my life. I don’t think I’m never not going to miss him, but at least we had some beautiful years together. I am always going to treasure what we had, not
wallow in the regrets of what didn’t happen.

So yes, I’m sad. I’m going to try to think of all the good things like the silly emails he would send me when he was away. The way he hid chocolates everywhere. I’m not sure I have found all the hiding places. There would also be these little notes on post-its. Okay, I’m crying right now, but I’m processing.

Some days I’m sad and some days I’m mad. Some days I want to throw things and some days I forget that he’s not with me anymore. And I keep saying goodbye again and again and again. I can’t stay trapped in that grief. I must keep pushing forward, even if some days I am barely holding it together. I try to focus on the good because Chris was the type of person that would always see the good in people. He always knew you would do important things. He believed in you and he was right.

I think the best way to move forward is to honor Chris’s memory. To try to be that good that he saw in us every day. We must hold on to our good memories of Chris, even though I kind of sort of want to cry a lot somedays. Next year, I’m figuring out a way not to have to participate in any Starfleet sanctioned Memorial events. This is going to all be awful, but I’m a big damn girl. So, I will do what I must.

Don’t worry about me because again I’ll get through it. Focus on baby D’s party and spending time with your mom and brother. (I really hope the fact that you’re getting closer to Yorktown means you will get this message sooner.) Winona is really looking forward to this visit. She misses you a lot. I think it will be good to see you in all your Starfleet co-captain glory.

She’s doing good here in San Francisco. Honestly, this is the best I’ve seen her in years. I think it helps that she is close to Kevin, but also away from the ghosts of Iowa. Here in San Francisco, I feel like she can focus on her own recovery and that’s been happening. Now she’s looking for other things to fill her days.

We’ve been talking a lot, especially with a certain anniversary coming up soon about starting an actual support group for Starfleet widows. We’ve been calling ourselves the Starfleet Widows Club for a while, but after some conversations that I’ve been having with Ben, Winona, and Chen, I feel like there needs to be an actual support group. Even though we’ve all become members of this club for several reasons, there’s still this sisterhood among us and other people need that as well.

No, Jim, I’m not going to try to come up with a gender-neutral term for that. Get over it. Those three understand more of what I’m feeling, then pretty much any of my other friends and I feel like other people need that as well. If I’m going to be a leader in this organization, I might as well do something useful. Maybe that’s what I’ll try to focus on over these next few days. It’s more productive than crying right?
I feel like I’m making it up as I go along, but I’ll find my own path.

Anyway, send me pictures of the party and of anything else fun you do. I expect a full report.

Xxxx

From: SuluHG2260

To: Benjamin_2254

Subject: Re: So good news, the judge took my side.

Time sent: 06/02/2260 05:45:01

Okay, we are going to be spending a lot of time just de-stressing you as well as celebrating. I wonder if I can arrange for a massage? I think the station is pretty bare-bones right now, but I will make sure you have a good day. Thank you for arranging for the babysitters ahead of time. We will take advantage of that at night, at least. I do want to spend some time with the girls, but you need me to.

I am still sorry about the in-laws. Is it mean for me to say I think you’re going to get an upgrade this time around? I’m confident you are, but that may not be saying much. I’m just sorry that you must deal with all of this because you shouldn’t need to. You guys should be mutually supporting each other. I’m sorry you don’t have that.

So, we are only about a day out from Yorktown with a ship full of stuff and way too many people. For all I know I could beat this letter, but since you’re on your way, maybe it won’t. You might already be there. I’m glad you’re coming, and I can’t wait to spend time with you.

Love you and just keep positive thoughts. Everything I’ve heard about Shawn has pointed to the fact that he is a legal pit bull. You are in good hands.

xxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Number_one_Pike
Okay now you have me digging for my collection for that song again. Honestly, I think we all are making it up as we go along. Grief is not linear. Margarita reiterated that point.

I think a spa day is a clever idea for you after the official Memorial dedication. Not such a great idea, but I think you’ll do better than mom ever did. Please just stay away from the complimentary champagne. That was always Winona’s undoing. That’s also how I ended up meeting Admiral Barnett’s wife as a baby before they were even together. She may have changed my diaper when Winona was way too wasted to do so.

I completely endorse the idea of the Starfleet’s widow club/support group. I think it’s a clever idea. If you get it off the ground, I will sponsor a chapter here, if I never become a member. Spock is mine forever and ever.

I’m also dreading the anniversary as we get closer. I never had a dad until Chris. Winona did her best, but she was already an alcoholic before Tarsus and then after losing Sam, I think Kevin is the only reason why she didn’t succumb to alcohol poisoning long ago. So, support is good and I’m glad you have Chen and mom and even Sulu’s boyfriend. You’re right. Other people need that to. So, go forth and sponsor an actual organization.

Okay, I am willing to acknowledge that maybe I am planning a birthday party for a one-year-old to totally distract myself from what that day really means as well as the fact only a few days later will be the only anniversary of my death. Yes, I am totally screwed up. I am very aware of that.

I almost died a year ago. That’s something that I’m still trying to process. There’s a lot of guilt tied up with the fact that I’m still here and other people I love are not. That’s something that I’m going to probably be processing for a long time. Margarita and Spock are trying to help me deal, but I’m still asking myself the questions. Why am I the one still here? Why wasn’t I on Tarsus? Why was Chris the target? Why was Admiral Marcus so hell bent on war with the Klingons? Why was I his target? Those questions I ask myself repeatedly and I don’t know the answer of why and I don’t think I’ll ever know the answer to why. Is there an answer? I’m not sure.

Margarita says self-care is important. This is probably why she’s arranged for me to have sessions while she’s technically on vacation. I have one the day after the birthday party and one on my survivor day. That’s how she wants me to think of it. She’s a good therapist. We need like three more.
Really between Vulcan and San Francisco, I think half my crew has PTSD. Okay, maybe more support groups. It’s an option. I’ll talk to snookums about it, but not during sex because apparently, I’m not supposed to talk about important things when one of us is in the other. Although, if we don’t talk about important things during sex, then we will never have sex because this job is exhausting and really a 24-hour affair. Being married to your boss is just hard. Although, being married to your subordinate was also hard, although technically that never happened because I was “demoted” before the wedding. This is also confusing.

Anyway, I know you’re going to get this after the party, but I promise I will send you pictures and video. I’m looking forward to spending time with my little niece. She’s so cute. Babies make everything less awkward. I hope so anyway.

To be continued
Day 102: Welcome to Yorktown, please excuse the mess

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are absolutely lovely.

So a few notes before we get on to today’s conversation. We are now at Yorktown, at least some of our people are. Because of that, our storytelling format will adjust and we are going to be closer in style to the day zero prologue. Some of the chapters may even be longer than usual. We also are going to have back to back day chapters until we leave Yorktown. It’s so much easier to get quick responses when you’re at the same place.
Also remember this is day 102 and not 900 and something. So rest easy that some things will not come to pass, just yet, anyway. Will they come to pass, I will not tell.

Ling-ChenSX: OK I thought I would try Starfleet instant messaging you because I think you might be in range or will be soon. I heard Enterprise is supposed to be docking within the next two hours. Also, I’m sure you keep your PADD on you, mostly to look at baby videos during the dull moments.

Me: Actually an hour. I think Scotty did something in the engine room. Although maybe he just went in to get all those extra engineers out of his sanctuary. It’s too crowded.

Ling-ChenSX: I figured it would be.

Me: Is the Hamilton already there?

Ling-ChenSX: Yes, it arrived a couple of days ago. It arrived earlier than planned due to an incident with some rogue Klingons, but the repairs have been done and we should be leaving on schedule.

Me: Do I want to know?

Ling-ChenSX: No. It’s too classified for me to tell you anyway. My captain was glad that I am back. The person who substituted for me during the maternity leave is not.

Me: How not happy?

Ling-ChenSX: He called me a slut in Mandarin. Apparently, I’m only getting the job that should be his permanently because my mom is in charge of Starfleet. Either that or I’m fucking the Captain.

Me: That’s absolute bullshit. You don’t even go by your mom’s last name professionally. You shouldn’t have to deal with jealous assholes.

Ling-ChenSX: Jealous, insecure people are most of my acquaintances. Although, at least it’s better than when I was accused of getting where I am on my back.

Me: Jim deals with the same rumors.

Ling-ChenSX: I’m not even surprised. Everybody settling in?
Ling-ChenSX: Yes. We are all in the same building even though your boyfriend should be in civilian housing. But I guess since he's your boyfriend, they probably realize that you guys could easily share a family room. It saves space especially because half of the apartments are still being furnished. I’m pretty sure they just replicated the couches in my room about five minutes before we got there. Actually, I think we passed it being brought up in the hallway.

Me: That makes sense. They only finished the main construction, I think about four months ago. Maybe?

Ling-ChenSX: I think so. The place probably won’t be really complete for another year, but the more personnel they can move in, the faster things will go. The Hamilton dropped off a bunch of people too.

Me: How is my boyfriend doing? Did he get sick on the flight here? I know he has a history of motion sickness and hates flying and that was before what happened to his first husband.

Ling-ChenSX: Your boyfriend is doing well and ridiculously excited to see you. You are one lucky boy. I think he brought handcuffs and toys.

Me: I hope your mom doesn’t read that.

Ling-ChenSX: If she reads that sentence, then she deserves whatever she gets.

Me: Was the flight okay?

Ling-ChenSX: Good news, your boyfriend didn’t get motion sickness. Bad news, I think my sister got a stomach virus. Fingers crossed, the kids don’t catch it. She has been throwing up a lot.

Me: You’re sure it’s not morning sickness?

Ling-ChenSX: Mom would kill Kevin and we would never find the body. However, your doctor boyfriend ran a scan, it’s definitely not baby sickness. We haven’t told Kevin that yet. I think I’m going to let him sweat it out for a few days.

Me: You are kind of cruel.

Ling-ChenSX: Not cruel, practical. I didn’t realize that my last boyfriend was a complete asshole until the pregnancy tests came back positive.

Ling-ChenSX: Has Kevin passed?

Ling-ChenSX: With flying colors. He brought her ginger ale and held her hair back as she threw up.

Me: Good. Speaking of good boyfriends, where is mine right now? Is he somewhere I can message him?

Ling-ChenSX: Unfortunately, no. Your boyfriend is currently looking over the set up for the pediatric clinic. Actually, I have both of the kids right now. We are walking around the pond or the fountain in the center of Yorktown. I don’t know what to call the thing. It is pretty.

Me: Have the kids managed to dive headfirst into the water?
Ling-ChenSX: Not yet. Although I’m sure it will happen before we leave.
Me: Probably

Me: Hey I have to go. We are coming out of warp so it’s time for me to park. If I keep texting you, Captain Spock is going to take my communicator away.

Ling-ChenSX: Totally understandable.

Ling-ChenSX: I sent him a message to leave early so he can meet you at the arrivals area. I assume that you’re going to be on the last batch to leave the ship.

Xxx
Yes, he was one of the last people off the ship. He got to watch his captain and his other captain discreetly make out Vulcan style in the transporter room. Thankfully it didn’t make him sad, like usual because he would be seeing his boyfriend any minute. And yes, Sue did get him there. Both of the girls are with him along with Sue, dressed in her uniform. He guessed the maternity leave really is over.

He quickly runs over. But baby D, who is now walking, ran over to him to wrap an arm around his leg. Or as much as a one-year-old can. He quickly scoops her in his arms and kissed her on the forehead. He feels like he’s going to cry, but he doesn’t because Ben is kissing him on the mouth. He’s pretty sure C was taking video of it. OK he knows she’s taking video of it

“As soon as you’re done feeling up your boyfriend’s tonsils, I expect a hug.” Sue said from beside the couple. “You guys can make out later or do other things when I take the babies to see my new ship this afternoon after my meeting with the Admiral.” At that moment Ben stopped kissing so he could hug Sue.

“I miss you too.

“But not as much is your boyfriend.” He said kissing her cheek.

“You are family too.”

Xxxxx

Big Brother: OK as much as I absolutely enjoy getting sobbed on by mom and having my leg hugged for dear life, by my favorite baby niece, I was totally expecting you and the girlfriend to greet me.

Big Brother: Or at least be a buffer with mom. I think she may have crushed Spock. Do you know how hard it is to crush a Vulcan? He doesn’t even really bruise with rough sex. Yet my husband now has Mom shaped bruises.

Me: Don’t tell me stuff like that. Otherwise I’m going to be the one throwing up.

Big Brother: Throwing up?

Me: Liz threw up on my shoes and we had to go change.

Big Brother: If you got her pregnant, we are all so fucked. Mom will kill you and the Admiral will use you know what to bring you back just so she can kill you herself.

Me: Definitely not pregnant. I am on the shot, Liz is on the patch, and we usually use condoms just for extra precaution because neither one of us wants another kid besides baby D right now.

Big Brother: Are you sure?
Me: Yes. Ben is a pediatrician and he did a scan. No baby, just a stomach virus that’s lasting way too long. Due to a slightly compromised immune system because of her time on the planet of the damned and growing up in space, Liz picked up the virus running around the ship that took us here when none of the rest of us got it, including me. Although I was hoping she would get better by now.

Big Brother: I will see if Bones will make a house call. He has magical hypos.

Me: Good idea. Have him bring Josephine. We have presents from her grandmother and aunt.

Big Brother: Will do. You know, part of me wonders if this is just an excuse to avoid quality mom time.

Me: No, she’s really sick and I just spent a week with mom on the ship. Besides, Liz likes Mom. I’m just not sure how things will be with you, Mom, and the husband.

Big Brother: Okay so far. Nobody’s crying, and Spock did not have to nerve pinch her, so I think we can count this as a win. But it was only like 15 minutes before we turned her over to the Sulu family for lunch. Spock and I have a meeting with the commanders so we’re going to have to have a late lunch, after. This is a working stop for me and Spock pie.

Me: I understand. Sue has the same meeting.

Big Brother: That explains why mom already made plans to eat with the Sulus.

Me: I think she is best friends with Ben now. Seriously have they become best friends?

Big Brother: Both of them lost their husbands to horribly disturbed Romulans.

Me: Same horribly disturbed Romulan.

Big Brother: Technically, you’re not supposed to know that. Dinner tonight?

Me: That works. Sue wants to spend as much time with the kids as possible before leaving on the Hamilton and I can’t subject small children to our family dinners.

Big Brother: That’s wise.

Me: Oh Liz wanted to tell you that she did bring all the stuff for tomorrow’s b-day celebration.

Big Brother: Including the enterprise Pinata?

Me: She brought 2. The kid’s version and made a bachelorette party version filled with condoms.

Big Brother: I absolutely love your girlfriend. She’s like the best.

Me: She is mine. You have your Vulcan.

Big Brother: It’s possible. And now he’s glaring at me. I have to go. We will see you at dinner tonight.

Me: We will be there. I will also make sure that most of the dishes contains chocolate because even though we can’t drink because it would trigger mom, I think it would help everyone if your husband is sufficiently tipsy.

Big Brother: Spock says thank you.
To be continued.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely lovely. So a reminder that while we are at Yorktown there will probably be at least one chapter per day. There’s just a lot of stuff going on especially because Yorktown coincides with the one-year anniversary of the events of Star Trek Into Darkness in this universe. We have a lot of baggage to unpack.

From: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Subject: Just Checking in
Time arrived: 6/04/2260 00:00:01

OK, so if I calculated things correctly, you should be getting this letter on the day after baby Sulu’s first birthday also known as the day your father figure was killed. I thought you could use all the encouragement you can get today.

I know these anniversaries are rough especially the first one. As you know from way too much experience, the first one is always the worst. It’s part of the reason why I know I have to reach out today. And not just to you, but also to Nhi, so don’t worry she’s getting her own letter and possibly a chocolate bouquet. I feel like it’s my requirement as a fellow member of the widows club. I really wish they would deliver those to this planet.

I also understand things from your perspective. Not only have I lost a spouse, I have lost a parental substitute and mentor. I didn’t have the best family life. I didn’t even know that family could be somewhat functional until I got married and then I ended up inheriting a bunch of nieces, several of them who wanted to be therapist. I don’t get it either, but here we are.

Dr. Matteson believed in me when no one else did. She helped me stay in school when I felt like I couldn’t make it. She even made sure I wasn’t living on a Ramen diet. Even as a somewhat utopic society, we still have a little way to go when it comes to food security. She even helped me get into Starfleet. I cried more when she died then when I lost my mom. I always promised myself I would pay it forward by being like her.
So just remember I’m always here for you. It may take me a few days or even a couple of weeks to respond, but I’m always going to be here. I think I told you before that you’re kind of like my kid. Which is totally why I can’t be your therapist anymore, but I’m happy to be one of your mom figures. I think you have a whole village of them.

PS: I better get some party pictures. I’ve heard baby Sulu is the cutest from Kevin. He writes, but forgets to send pictures.

Xxxx

Hey McCoy-Uhura family.

It’s so weird writing this on actual paper, but apparently cards are still a thing. Enjoy this care package. I thought you guys could use more goodies. Theoretically, you probably got my last care package less than a month ago, but you can never have enough chocolate unless you’re allergic to the stuff.

In addition to the chocolate, cookies and other edibles, I’ve included more art supplies as well as some entertainment chips, including the first 100 years of Marvel comics. I’ve been informed that streaming entertainment doesn’t always work when you’re deep in space. Therefore, entertainment chips are crucial. I also included supplies for arts and crafts such as real paint. The replicator stuff just isn’t the same.

To update you on me, I am still not talking to dad. He has the new trophy wife to keep him warm. Actually, I am thinking of getting the hell out of Georgia. I stayed before to stay close to Jo Jo, but she is now millions of miles away in space. The new therapist thinks it’s a good idea. Yes, I am fully aware I’m kind of a hot mess, but the therapist you suggested is helping. Leonard, thank you for the recommendation.

Anyway, shoot me a message when you get a chance.

Xxxxx

From: LeonardUM

To: Legal Queen of Atlanta
Subject: Thank you for the update and the care package

Time sent: 6/04/2260 08:34:01

I’m sorry I didn’t send a thank you note when we got your last package. We were kind of in the middle of a diplomatic crisis. I really thought interplanetary incidents involving sexual misconduct wouldn’t happen once Spock was in charge. Obviously, I’m an idiot.

However, now that I am stuck on this snow globe hanging in the middle of nowhere, I have time to do stuff. I would’ve written yesterday, but I had to make sure that Jim’s brother didn’t accidentally knock up his girlfriend. No just the misfortune of catching some weird space virus on the shuttle here because space is a disease infested cesspool. The entire family would’ve been sick within 24 hours if I didn’t start sticking them with preventative hypos. That would have ruined tonight’s birthday party. Jo Jo is looking forward to it. I am there to make sure Jim doesn’t eat all the cake. He stress eats when he is depressed or under a lot of pressure and well tomorrow is going to be the one year anniversary of the death of his good dad. So I expect a lot of stress eating at today’s birthday party.

Jo Jo appreciates the arts and craft stuff. She’s glad you sent more with the shipment. She agrees real paint is better than replicated paint. And yes, streaming entertainment can be sketchy and at least under Marcus, they were cheap with what the ship had in the databanks. The new people are slowly improving things, but they have bigger problems to worry about beyond ship entertainment.

I’m sure she’ll write you when she’s not busy hanging out with her baby best friend. It is just she thinks baby Sulu is the best baby in the world. I think this might be because your sister never let her play with dolls. Sure she had them in her room, but she wasn’t really allowed to play.

I think getting out of Georgia might be good for you. Your old man has his hands in too many pots, even though people are starting to see him for the monster that he truly is. Maybe a fresh start will do you good. I hated leaving Jo Jo behind, but I think going into Starfleet saved me. Not just financially, but emotionally. I think I would’ve drowned in the bottle otherwise. Jim’s experiences with his alcoholic mom helped me keep things in perspective.

I’m also happy to hear that you’re talking to somebody, especially with the anniversary fast approaching. I hope you’re able to find peace. We all have our ghosts. Some more than others.

Xx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
Actually, your calculations were a little off. Your message arrived the day of baby Sulu’s birthday celebration. I think the fact that I am now on a space station means I’m getting emails a little earlier.

Right now I am trying to focus on baby D’s party. They’ve already totally fucked up the cake. It contains strawberries. That means I can’t eat the cake and I really wanted a slice of cake. Part of me thinks Bones did it on purpose, but I know he wouldn’t risk something like that. Thankfully Spock said he would get me a separate cake. At least I found out about the strawberries before I ate it. I hope the baby is not allergic. Bones would be so upset.

But everything else is going well. We were able to secure the venue and all the decorations have been replicated. We are doing a Disney princess theme with a focus on Mulan because that’s the baby’s favorite. Also, Spock only thinks I’m slightly crazy, but he understands how ridiculously important this is all to me. He is well aware of my birthday issues. Thanks, grandma.

I had dinner last night with Winona, Kevin, and Liz. I think my mom likes Kevin’s girlfriend better than my husband, but that’s probably because she has known Liz since Tarsus hell. That was a bonding experience. She’s pleasant enough around Spock, but less guarded than last time. Definitely, less openly hostile than before. It probably helps that Winona is really sober. Mom and Kevin have been telling me that for months, but I didn’t believe it until I saw it with my eyes. I’m actually glad that she’s making progress.

OK other updates: Yorktown is lovely even if it is still under partial construction. I kind of like the hustle of it. If I ever get tired of starship life, space station life maybe an option. Spock can do science and I can probably do some sort of managerial job. We can figure that out down the road.

Maybe I should work on my doctorate again. The teenagers are being less awful and Spock is better at doing captain paperwork than I was so maybe I’ll have time to work on my dissertation. It’s totally an option.

Yes, I’m dealing with my birthday blues, but in June apparently. Maybe I should refer to it as my daddy died blues since obviously it’s related to that. I’m sure it will get better tomorrow. Or worse. There’s always alcohol, but I am trying to set an example so mom doesn’t fall off the wagon. You know we are in the danger zone since the anniversary of my death is in five days. That’s going to be really hard to deal with.

I got to go. I will email again later. Apparently, Spock is having trouble putting up the pinata. It’s
in the shape of Enterprise. The kids are going to love it.

PS: Pictures Attached. I will send birthday related ones later.

To be continued.
Day 104: Requiem for a Fallen Father Figure

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all great and keep me happy in writing.

Today is a distressing day for Jim in a string of bad days.

Hey Chris:

It has been exactly 365 days since the grand fuck up conspiracy of the Federation that resulted in us losing you. I understand it really was a conspiracy to install certain people into the higher echelons of Starfleet. I'm still pissed off that I didn't see it. That I didn't see that a wolf was installed on my ship. I'm still angry about that.

Of course, nobody was planning on shore leave hookups and idiotic boyfriends accidentally picking up fertility lube resulting in babies Sulu keeping grandma from being there, but the universe works in mysterious ways sometimes. At least Chen is competent and not evil. Kevin says she makes the best cookies. I don't know when the Admiral has time to make cookies, but apparently, they're excellent. I was supposed to receive a container of them, but they ate them on the way here because Kevin has not worked through all his food issues.

Before I get into the self-flagellation portion of this letter, I should probably give you an update on how life is going. Things are good aboard the USS Enterprise. The worst thing that has happened in the last six months has been me having to watch Spock be sexually harassed by diplomats that we couldn't punch out. Although, I did write a scathing report about how we should value the cultures of others, but harassment should not count as a cultural value. I wonder how that is going to go over with the brass. I think Chen has got out most of the assholes, but you never know.

Although no death or almost death by allergic reaction, I did get stranded on a planet for five days, but that wasn't too horrible. We had food, a deck of cards, and I could at least talk to Spock through the bond. Good news, we can communicate with each other when we are physically miles and miles apart. This could come in handy during emergencies and I feel like we're going to have more. Yes, I had to listen to the sex sounds of my navigator and his special friend for a good portion of it, but it could've been worse.

Otherwise, things are good. I have the best husband in the world. I'm sad we didn't get stranded on a planet together for five days, but it's okay. Spock fed me breakfast in bed this morning. French toast and bacon and you know how he feels about me eating bacon. Yet he brought it to me. He's just the best. He even looks hot as hell in command gold. He is still the hottest walking sex and I am so glad I put a ring on it. 11 months and he is still here. Sometimes, I'm afraid this is all a dream.

I wonder how you would feel about my decision to take a step back and spend some time as
Spock's first officer. Would you be disappointed in me? I hear lots of gossip and Spock hears more because Vulcan hearing is evil like that. A lot of people are talking shit about what happened. Apparently, I'm a reckless alcoholic just like mom and that's why I lost my job and the only reason why I'm still in Starfleet at all is because they feel sorry for my husband. So not much has changed since the rumors about me fucking my way into and through the Academy.

You know I don't give a fuck about them. Okay, I do, or at least Margarita says that I do, but not many fucks. I always cared about what you thought of me though. You were one of the few. Sometimes I wake up at night wondering if you would be disappointed in me for now being subordinate to my husband. I mean, you never took a step back so Nhi could have the reins, but I did. I never saw that as a step back because Spock and I are a team. We make decisions together. We plan together. That's what we're good at. It's just now, Spock has veto power. I felt it was necessary to give him that power after some of the spectacularly bad choices I made one year ago tomorrow.

According to Margarita, never make life altering choices when you're grieving. Apparently, that includes going after the guy who killed your father figure. It's very easy to fall into the villain trap when you're emotionally distraught. Margarita is wise.

She is one of the many great crew members that Spock and I managed together. We really do share one of the best crews in the galaxy. All smart and capable. Well most of them. We still have a gossip problem, but hey at least nobody has misused their medical privileges and drugged somebody with fertility medication because she is a jealous hateful person. Okay, we had a lot of wolfs in the henhouse last time around. This is how I learned the importance of vetting my own crew completely.

Our main team are the greatest. Bones has really whipped the med team into shape as well as weeded out some of the evil people. I think it helps that his daughter now lives with him and Nyota. She is balancing newfound parenthood and being chief communications officer. I like having Jo Jo on ship. I don't like some of the others on ship, mostly Jeremy, but they're growing on me. Except Jeremy he's awful.

Sulu is also stepping up. So, Starfleet doesn't completely trust us because they think we're more loyal to each other than Starfleet and that is true. So, some first officer functions have been transferred to him and he's doing them admirably. To make up for that fact, I may have planned his daughter's first birthday party yesterday. Partially, because I wanted to stay busy and distracted from today. The other part is to make up for having to be a real first officer. We can't be easy. OK, it's probably a small miracle that he hasn't put in transfer papers yet.

The party went great, except Liz accidentally got the adult piñata because some asshole mixed up the labels. Although, Jo Jo knows that there were condoms and penis suckers inside, the two babies don't. Thank the universe.

I guess I need to stop rambling and get to the hard part. I miss you. Yes, as I said things are good, but I feel like it would've been better if you were here. There are so many times I would have liked to ask you for advice about how to deal with being married to someone you work with or dealing with an emotionally suppressed spouse. I feel like you probably would've had good advice. But I can't and that breaks my heart. I've got through it with Spock, Suarez, your wife, and Dr. Margarita, but I still wish I had you.

I think there still a certain amount of survivor's guilt, anger, and frustration all tied into each other regarding your death that I am still trying to process. I wasn't a participant in the conspiracy, but I didn't see what was going on in my own ship. Maybe I was too unexperienced.
My guilt isn't just about you. Dr. Weston ended up with another child because of the Vengeance crashing into San Francisco, only a year after losing most of her extended family. Nyota most likely miscarried because I sent her into a fight with the Klingons because I couldn't process your death like a fucking adult and I went on a roaring rampage of rage.

Maybe she would've lost the baby anyway but I'm sure what happened didn't help things. She's been dealing with a lot over the last year. Even her parents got divorced, although they were never on the best terms. Things have improved with her and her mother slightly. Yes, Nyota now has Jo Jo but I think she still misses the baby and there is that pesky guilt again. I'm sure practically living at the hospital when Spock and I were in a coma did not help things. So yes, I'm going to blame myself. Margarita says this is what I do.

Rationally, I know you died because of the conspiracy. But inside I feel like it's my fault. I know Spock felt somewhat similar with Amanda. In his mind he believes that if he just got off the planet a little faster or if the transporter room equipment was just a little better than maybe Amanda would still be with us.

So, I played that game a lot today. If I wasn't so emotionally attached to Dr. Suarez, then evil Dr. Cruise would not have been assigned to our ship, then Spock and I totally would've lied about violating the prime directive and we would have gotten away with it without being planet side. Of course, the prevailing theory now is that a certain volcano went off because it was triggered with an outside chemical so that means that somebody was already violating the Prime Directive, but our violation was not evil. It was fixing a previous violation, maybe.

If I chose Dr. Margarita Cruz instead of the other Cruz, we probably wouldn't have been set up to fall. Maybe if I realized what was going on sooner, we could've stopped it from snowballing. Maybe if I pushed you down faster or did anything different that night, then you would still be alive.

But you can't change the past. At best you can create a whole brand-new timeline with the help of you know what. But somewhere in the multi-verse, the consequences of your choices will keep going forward. Also, the new timeline may end up worse. Although hey, I'm married to Spock early this time around.

I wish you were not dead. I wish this was a universe where you survived to see me walk down the aisle and you and the wife eventually gave me a bunch of siblings. I know she was on fertility treatments when you left us behind.

Some days, I'm sad and some days I'm angry. OK most of the time I'm angry. I am also regretful and furious. But that's okay because grief is not linear.

I can't keep focusing on those negative thoughts because that wouldn't honor your memory. I'm trying. I'm really trying to do that with everything I do. I don't know how, but I'm working on it.

OK, I must go because apparently one of the Ashleys just found out that her crush is sleeping with her guardian and getting violent. My job is just weird right now. I'll try to write you again. Maybe around your birthday.

To be continued
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last letter. Jim definitely got a lot out. Now, it’s time for a bit of a reprieve, sort of, after the last very heavy chapter.

I’m sorry I didn’t update last week. I had family visiting and I thought I would have time later in the week to post the chapter but it didn’t work out. I should’ve mentioned it ahead of time, but I really thought I would get it up on Wednesday, at least, but it just didn’t happen.

Please note that the “me” in the first text message conversation is Sue. The “me” in the second section is Jim.

Baby’s daddy: So I think we may have just gotten engaged to be engaged. I’m not sure.

Me: If you are text messaging me at 2:13 AM instead of having engagement sex, I think the answer is no.

Baby’s daddy: Unless the conversation took place after sex. We still have refractory periods.

Me: Sweetie, I love you almost like a brother except not quite because we had sex, but it’s very late and I am going to have to board a starship in less than six hours and be perky, despite the fact my captain made me deal with his meetings with Perez just so he could get laid. I’m also going to smile at people that think I got my job because of my mom. Can we deal with your existential crisis in the morning?

Baby’s daddy: I also have to deal with people who think I got my job because of your mom and the fact that I’m fucking her daughter.

Me: Some people have no common sense. No one’s going to reward you for getting her daughter pregnant by accident.

Me: I want sleep, so please tell me why are you texting me in the middle of the night. Did he bring out a ring?
Baby’s daddy: We were talking about the custody situation and the fact that Zach’s parents hate me without even knowing about Vulcan.

Me: How did that become your post sex pillow talk?

Baby’s daddy: I have no idea. Did you know how much they hated me? They offered to drop the case if he would just break up with me. Asshole.

Me: Yes, because I was there. Ben didn’t want to tell you about how bad things were in an email.

Baby’s daddy: Don’t have much option with us.

Me: And if we weren’t coming to see you in a couple of weeks, he would have emailed you, but it worked out.

Baby’s daddy: True, but I wish I would’ve known sooner. I hate what they’re doing.

Me: So how did the subject of marriage come up?

Baby’s daddy: I got angry and then Ben said that he understands why they are worried about me, but not why they hate me when they don’t know me because I could end up being the stepfather to their granddaughter, someday. I personally think that’s why they hate me.

Me: He does have a point. And so do you.

Baby’s daddy: Then I told Ben that if I am going to be her stepdad, or even adopted father someday than they are just going to have to get over it. I’m not going anywhere. Just tell them to go get fucked. They don’t have any say whatsoever in who you decide to be with now.

Me: That’s sweet and you should know that Ben did defend you to Zach’s parents. He said you were the sweetest guy in the universe and an excellent father. I said something similar. I also told them it was none of their fucking business and just because Ben used to be married to their son
doesn’t mean they get to dictate who Ben moves on to.

Baby’s daddy: Of course you did.

Me: Because you are the best. So what happened next?

Baby’s daddy: I asked Ben if he was open to getting remarried and he said yes.

Me: He said something similar at a practice interrogation. Except he said that he would be willing to marry you someday.

Baby’s daddy: Good to know. And this is why I’m texting you at way too early in the morning.

Me: Because the idea of getting married terrifies you?

Baby’s daddy: Yes and no. It’s not the idea that I’m afraid of, but the fact that I’m sure I would be bad at it. I’m not going to be home for at least the next 4 ½ years. I’m not going to be there for the day-to-day stuff. The only thing that’s keeping me connected at all are letters and video files. Is that enough?

Me: Yes, and I think Ben would agree with me. But the real question you need to ask yourself is, do you love Ben?

Baby’s daddy: Yes

Me: Do you love his daughter?

Baby’s daddy: Yes

Me: Does he love your daughter?
Baby’s daddy: I am going with yes, but I feel like you know the answer to that question better than I do.

Me: Yes, I believe so. He treats her like his own kid. I definitely feel more comfortable with leaving because I know he’s going to be there too, to provide some additional support. So I think this means that Baby D is going to be calling him daddy 2.

Baby’s daddy: What about Kevin?

Me: He is uncle Kev

Baby’s daddy: That is kind of adorable. Video?

Me: It will be in your inbox. However, I’m sure over the next few days you will see it for yourself.

Baby’s daddy: Probably.

Me: I think it’s obvious to me that you two are serious about one another. All the hugging and kissing has been an obvious indication of that.

Baby’s daddy: I’m pretty sure we scandalized the diplomat from a homophobic planet.

Me: Which is good. Don’t overthink it right now. Just go with the flow and if you guys do make it down the aisle, good. I would totally marry him if he was at least a Kinsey five. But he just has to be a six.

Baby’s daddy: That’s another thing that came up.

Me: Between rounds, I’m sure.

Baby’s daddy: Hey, don’t be mad I actually got laid.
Me: I am not mad, mostly because I have a Pleasure Seeker 9000 now. I’m done with people for the moment.

Baby’s daddy: I don’t blame you after the last boyfriend.

Me: You can’t see me, but I am yawning. We’ll talk more in the morning. I assume you will be there to see me off.

Baby’s daddy: Of course, I will.

Xxxxxx

Jim was having a good morning. That usually happens when he has a day off. Because unlike Spock, he actually can do a day off. Also unlike the anniversary of Amanda’s death, they could both be off together. It’s easier to deal with anything with a warm Spock wrapped around him. That was kind of how he woke up this morning and then promptly went back to sleep after seeing his Vulcan off to do Captain things.

He was to have a real break per therapist’s orders. In his dreamlike state kind of hoping that Spock got out of his morning meeting earlier to give him another wake-up call. Unfortunately, it was his communicator chirping that woke him up. He was hoping it was a message from Spock, but instead it was Liz.

Liz: OK I’m sure there’s like a 50-50 chance you’re either sleeping or having sex with your husband, but I thought I would check to see if you guys wanted to explore the station with us after we say goodbye to my sister this morning.

Liz: I want to distract the babies from the first day without Sue. The first day is always the worst. Besides I figured you can use some time out after yesterday.

Me: I’m up now.

Me: The day after your niece’s birthday is on my list of least favorite days right after my own birthday. I really don’t like birthdays being associated with death days.

Liz: I’ll try not to have any of your future nieces or nephews on any day when anybody important died.
Me: Thank you ever so much. I think I’m free. Unless Spock needs me to go with him on any of his afternoon meetings.

Liz: I hope he doesn’t need you. Because despite being scanned by both Ben and Dr. McCoy, your mom still thinks I’m pregnant right now and not recovering from some nasty stomach virus.

Me: Oh God.

Liz: This is why I need your help. I’m still recovering and I don’t have the energy to distract her, especially now that I’m going to have to be mommy full-time.

Me: But she likes you. You are like another one of her kids.

Liz: Oh, she absolutely loves me, but she’s pissed off at your brother for being an idiot and worrying about me being able to finish Starfleet on time. She’s also being super maternal. Again, I’m not healthy enough to deal with her right now.

Me: I will text my hubby to see if he doesn’t need me this afternoon. Margarita wants me to spend as much time on actual leave as possible for the next few days for my mental health. She doesn’t want to actually put me on medical leave, but she will.

Liz: Thank you for trying. I really need you.

Me: Wait, what about her best friend Ben?

Liz: Probably going back to his sex marathon with the boyfriend, as soon as we’re done with breakfast. They just licked syrup off of each other’s fingers. Although they do have the kids in the evening and all day tomorrow.

Liz: Winona is currently being distracted by feeding her adopted grandkids, but I’m not sure how long it will last.
Me: Okay, I will just tell Spock that I’m coming with you guys. I will use the Margarita excuse.

Liz: Thank you.

To be continued.
Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous. It’s been a while, but it is time for more diary entries from our favorite preteen.

There the ‘me’ in the text message section is Spock.

Excerpts from the diary of Josephine Jamie Uhura-McCoy: Yorktown edition

June 7, 2269

Dear Diary:

Yorktown is beautiful. The bathroom in our temporary housing was only half together, but it’s still beautiful. Apparently they forgot to install the sink, but they fixed it. Also we ended up having to put my bed together, but it’s together now. At least the people who have the room after us won’t have that problem. I guess this is what happens when you’re going to a station that’s still under construction.

Also, after being on a starship since February, it was nice to just run around on grass and see trees. Granted the grass and trees have just been planted. Yorktown is like one giant greenhouse, but it’s nice. I got to spend yesterday and today at the park with the babies. They’ve gotten so big. Demora is walking and saying words. I am Jo Jo and I’m OK with that. OK, I had to keep both kids from going into the water more than once because of holographic docks.

Demora is sad because she knows that her mom is gone, but it’s only for a little while. I don’t think she gets the difference yet. At least, she will get to talk to her mom every once in a while. She has her Aunt Liz and Uncle Kevin in the meantime. At least Liz seems a little bit more together than my aunt.

I probably need to write her. She did send more art supplies. I used them to make Demora a family portrait for her birthday present. Maybe I can send a painting instead. That feels less confrontational. I also feel like I can express myself better in art than in words. Even writing these
diary entries sometimes can be difficult.

Uncle Jim and Uncle Spock are also sad right now. They’re trying not to act like they’re sad, but I can just tell. I know something happened last year about this time because Uncle Jim was in a coma for a week and dad looked on the verge of tears that one time mom let me talk to him. But I don’t know exactly what happened. The adults rarely tell me anything and the biological mom had lots of nanny filters up on my PADD at the time. I couldn’t look up anything she didn’t want me to. I always had to be perfect.

In a couple weeks, it will be a year since I’ve buried my mom after she wrapped her car around a tree so I don’t know why they feel this need to keep the truth from me. I’ve already been through too much.

It’s like they don’t think I know that mom Nyota doesn’t want to spend time around baby D. I know it’s been a year since her miscarriage, but nobody wants to talk about these things with me. I don’t know what to do about that. I should probably talk to Dr. Margarita. I have a session with her once we leave Yorktown. Unlike Uncle Jim, apparently, I’m healthy enough to go a week without therapy on vacation. I feel like that’s progress.

In other news, I met my new teacher Gina. She’s actually OK with us calling her Gina. That’s different, but she is planning to be with us for the next 4+ years. Hopefully, if Jeremy doesn’t scare her off. Although she does have a black belt in Brazilian jujitsu so I think Jeremy has met his match. I think Spock would look the other way if she used it on him. She said she’s willing to do classes on ship like Mr. Sulu. This could be fun. Ashley 2 and 3 are looking forward to it.

Things are less contentious with all the Ashleys now. We’re not best friends, but occasionally we do talk to one another usually after fencing practice. Although, Ashley 3 has been hanging out with me on Yorktown. I think it’s because she’s not on speaking terms with her aunt. I totally understand that.

Apparently she doesn’t like her new boyfriend that she found out about while walking in on them having sex. She refuses to tell me who. I’m just glad my parents are more discrete than that. Otherwise, I would have a whole other reason to see Dr Margarita.

Oh well I have to go. Apparently, we are supposed to have a tour of the science facility and then lunch. They’re supposed to be doing research on a nearby nebula. That seems like it would be cool.

Xxxxx

James: Please rescue me from my mom. I sincerely regret not being able to consume alcohol right now.
Me: I would if I was not in a meeting with various diplomatic representatives from various Federation members and allied nations. You were the one who decided to spend lunch with your mother instead of accompanying me.

James: And now that mom is talking about me dying last year, I completely regret that decision. Her talking about me dying is now triggering Kevin who is just starting to get over it. Liz looks like she wants to hurt all of us.

James: Poor Jo Jo is just trying to bury her head in one of the digital comic books that her aunt sent. Poor child. I’m just glad the Sulu kids are elsewhere with their dads. They are too young for this.

Me: I feel like it’s impossible to get over that day. I will never forget watching your last few moments.

James: Did you know that Kevin watched the surveillance footage of that? Who the hell let him watch that?

Me: Considering you were the one who passed your computer skills onto Kevin, I find it highly probable that you are responsible indirectly for him finding the security footage. I know Starfleet asked him to assist with an investigation because he was one of the few that can circumvent your encryption.

James: Because I gave him the key. Yes, I regret teaching him how to break into systems and that is why I’m not starting the Starfleet Junior Hacker Society like you requested.

James: Shit! Pavel just walked in with the girlfriend and they’re holding hands. Ashley three looks ready to stab them with a fork and Jo Jo just choked on her roll.

Me: So they are now open about their relationship?

James: Well after Ashley caught the two fucking, there was no point in hiding things. Although I am furious at whoever put them in the room next to ours.

Me: Because we are a married couple, we were placed in family quarters as opposed to the normal
housing reserved for captains.

James: That explains the queen size bed. Not that I wouldn’t enjoy snuggling with you in a full bed, but you kick.

Me: I do not kick.

James: Yes, you do sweetie. OK speaking of kicking, Jo Jo looks like someone just kicked her puppy. Maybe I should say kicked her puppy love. It’s never fun when your crush is with somebody else. That explains the almost choking earlier.

Me: Even if the probability of you getting together with that individual is 123.2 million to 1.

James: It’s a safety crush. You develop an affinity for a person you can’t have because you’re terrified of emotional intimacy. Of course with my last safety crush, it turns out the guy was totally available, except emotionally because of his mom’s death. Instead of telling me that, he pretended to be in a relationship with his best friend that he kind of slept with a couple of times.

Me: I have apologized for that transgression on multiple occasions.

James: You can apologize with a blowjob later. I’m going to take the kids for ice cream. Ice cream and hot fudge are necessary at a time like this.

Me: Of course. Although, I feel like you’re doing this as an excuse to avoid your mom.

James: You know me so well, sweetie. Love you.

Xxxx

Dear Diary:

Now I know Ashley was right not to tell me. I wish I didn’t know, but now I do. I can’t believe Pavel is dating Ashley’s aunt and Ashley walked in on them having sex. I want to throw up. This is
creepy.

This also totally explains why Ashley is mad because I would so be upset too if my mom, the other one, started dating someone only a few years older than me, if she was still alive. Then again I feel like grandpa is going to get to this point. I think the new step grandma is currently only 10 years older than me. I’m sure it will be over before I go back to Earth. That is my happy thought. Along with the ice cream, that stuff was good. It almost makes up for the fact my crush is sleeping with Ashley’s guardian.

To be continued.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You were all wonderful.

Today is another sad day for Spock. It’s the one-year anniversary of Jim’s temporary death.

From: Number_one_Pike

To: Jim’s_cuddlebear

Time arrived: 06/09/2260 00:00:01

Subject: I just thought I would check in

I know I’ve been writing your husband a lot, but I feel like I need to write you as well especially because of what’s coming up. I hope this email gets to you before the anniversary, but you never know with the Starfleet email servers. Although, even if you get this afterwards, I’m sure it will still help.

Losing the love of your life is one of the hardest things in the world, and last year you had to watch. I’m sorry about that. The only good thing was he came back to you. I wasn’t as lucky. But I’m not bitter about that.

I don’t begrudge you that either because I love Jim too. Even though he is less than 15 years younger than me, I do see him as the child that I always wanted to have, but never have enough time to. (I could still eventually. Chris was practical that way.) But Jim will always be my first born. So, I don’t think I could’ve dealt with losing both in a week. It would’ve destroyed me.

Oddly enough, Jim being in the hospital for that week actually gave me something I could focus my energy on outside of my grief. Especially, when I found out that my husband’s death was part of some great conspiracy to start war with the Klingons and install an asshole. Now that I am bitter about and I don’t think that’s ever going to go away.
Although the security footage of you beating the shit out of the person who killed both our husbands does ease it sometimes. At least his blood brought your’s back.

Again I’m grateful, but the damage has been done. The pain is still there and it doesn’t always go away. And mixed in with all of that is the fear that maybe next time you won’t be anywhere near as lucky. I know that feeling way too well. Do you have any idea how many times I almost lost Chris before I actually did? I’m not even sure. I stopped counting after 10.

You and I are the logical ones to their brash recklessness. We are the balance. We keep things logical and reasonable. It’s who we are. We’re kindred spirits, you and I. Nobody understands that just because we’re logical doesn’t mean we’re not afraid. It doesn’t mean that we’re still not trying to process. But we are.

However, we don’t need to do this alone. If you need someone to talk to you, you know that I will be here. You’re not alone. In any of it.

Xxx

Dear Spock Bear:

OK, by the fact that you held on to me for dear life and made it almost impossible for me to get up to the bathroom tells me that this is going to be a distressing day for both of us. Remember, I am still here and I’m glad I’m still here. And I’m sorry again that I brought up the fact that the file exists of that moment.

There are days when I feel guilty about the fact that I’m still here while others like Sam and Chris are gone. I wonder why I’m still here, but they are not. What makes me so special? It’s a process that repeats itself a lot. Margarita said that I shouldn’t let the guilt overwhelm me. I should revel in the happiness that I’m still around to have a life with you. That I should treasure this time.

And yes, I’m going to treasure every kiss and every minute I have with you. I’m happy that we got to have our life together. I’m looking forward to the wedding anniversary. I’m even treasuring the fact that I’ve lived long enough to have ridiculously uncomfortable dinners with my brother and his girlfriend as well as their temporary child and my mom. I’m very glad I lived long enough to see Liz and Kevin get their shit together. Part of me didn’t even think that was ever going to happen. They were like worse than us.

I’m even happy that I got to see mom totally freak out on Kevin because she was convinced he got Liz pregnant. Good news, she doesn’t believe that anymore. It only took Ben scanning her two more times. OK and the fact that Liz is over the virus and no longer throwing up is helping. Although, I think half the crew has got it because maybe Bones is right about Starfleet being a
disease encrusted petri dish. I’m even happy that I’ve gotten to see the formation of Bones’ new little family. If I had died last year, I wouldn’t have any of that and that would’ve been horrible.

I know sometimes I feel like this is all a dream. That I never did make it out of the warp core. I know that is your biggest fear. It’s mine too. I know we both keep making Sulu do everything related to that part of engineering because we have issues. There’s a reason why I will probably be going to spend most of the day with Margarita in a mandated therapy session. Why do I have a feeling you have one too? It’s probably for the best. OK now I’m going to surprise you in the shower because you deserve shower fun time and at least this bathroom, we don’t have to share with Sulu.

Love always, your cuddle bunny.

Xxx

I hope to enjoy the fact that we are not sharing a bathroom with someone else and engage in various sexual activities together. I am starting to enjoy the concept of a water bath when you are involved. I am grateful that we have the time to explore such activities together.

I am trying to focus on the fact that you are still with me. I am grateful and hopeful that we will have a lifetime together. You are precious to me.

Despite it being illogical, I still have nightmares about the last year just being a dream. Which is why I need to leave in 6.8 minutes for my own session with Dr. Margarita. In your own session with her, I suggest that you discuss with her your irrational feelings and guilt related to your own survival. I have no regrets regarding your survival. I will always be grateful that you’re here.

Xxxxx

From: Jim’s_cuddlebear

To: Number_one_Pike

Time sent: 06/09/2260 22:43:32

Subject: Re: I just thought I would check in

I do realize how fortunate I am that James is still with us. The loss of my mother is something that
I am still dealing with more than two years later. Losing James on top of that would have been cataclysmic. He was the one who helped me through it and without him, I don’t know if I would have survived. At least not without resorting to purging myself of all emotion. I doubt either Dr. Suarez or Dr. Margarita Cruz would see that as a practical coping mechanism.

Thank you for reaching out, even though you are still dealing with the anniversary of your husband’s loss. Even though we are logical, we still have trouble processing our emotions. It is all a work in progress. I’m grateful to have someone else to reach out to if needed. I am not necessarily coping adequately, but I’m functional. I’m hoping that now that the actual anniversary has passed, I don’t dream of James dying.

Since you took this moment to write to me on the anniversary of James death and resurrection, I feel as if I should pass some words of comfort to you. I melded with Chris as he passed. His last moments were spent thinking of you. If he was the love of your life, you were the love of his. He regretted dying because he would not get to create a family with you, but he wanted to find love and happiness again. He also had visions of you carrying a small child. That was his final thought. I know it is of small comfort to know this, but he really loved you.

I saw his regrets. I feel like the best way to honor the fact that James came back to me is to make sure I have none of my own. I am uncertain how to go about that, but I will try.

If you need someone to talk to, I am available as well.

To be continued.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous.

The first entry on this day is a handwritten note that Sulu puts in his boyfriend’s luggage. Margarita may or may not have tossed a therapy journal at him at some point. The second entry is a letter to Baby Sulu, also handwritten. This one may have been attached to her new Teddy bear. That kid went back to San Francisco with a suitcase full of new toys. Even Baby K went back with a few things.

The final entry is another handwritten letter from Josephine to her aunt.

So, if my plan works, you will find this letter when hopefully you start packing for the trip back tonight. It’s taped right inside your suitcase. If that doesn’t work then you’ll find the things when you unpack and are back on Earth. I hope it’s the former, and not the latter.

It has been wonderful spending this week with you and the kids. And not just because of the vast amounts of sex once we got the kids down for the night, although it was quite enjoyable. I like being with you and being able to talk to you every night. The letters have been great. Sometimes they are the only thing that got me through some days.

But space is lonely and sometimes you just want to talk to an actual person at the end of the day. Yes, I have friends, some of which are more mature than others, but it’s not the same as you. You get me in a way a lot of other people don’t. Watching Jim and Spock is stressful especially because they can plan things out in their heads without talking and sometimes, I want to throttle them both. But at the same time you get what I’m thinking without saying a word as well. So maybe I shouldn’t be that upset about it.

Waking up to your smile has been wonderful as well as waking up to other things. Definitely my favorite type of good morning. I don’t think we did this as much as when we were living on the same planet. Maybe absence does make the heart grow fonder or maybe we are trying to make up for being away from each other for 3 ½ months.

At the next meet up, we will probably be worse. I have no idea when that will be. But hey, my daughter’s grandma oversees Starfleet so she’s probably going to plan for her to see her parents occasionally. Don’t tell anybody, but Admiral Chan is a softy. She’s like a totally different person with Desi.
Great, I’m not even quite back on ship yet and I’m already thinking about next time. Don’t get me wrong, I love my job. I love what we’re trying to accomplish. I love the fact that we keep the universe safe and have done that literally a few times. At the same time, I feel like I’m missing so much. I show up here and Desi is walking and talking. Granted it’s just a few words, but more than when I left. By the time I see her again she probably will be talking in sentences and universe willing, be potty trained.

Yes I love all the pictures video files that you guys sent me. There may be a picture of Desi taped to my console. Also, I’ve been known to show off pictures during most lunch breaks. They help me get through days when Jim and Spock are being morons. But it’s just not quite the same as actually being there every day. I know I’m missing all the trivial things. I have 4 ½ years to go. Note to self, never take a five-year mission again, but we’re going to get through it through letters and videos and everything else.

I do love you. I love every moment we have together. I love just talking to you and being able to see your smile and your happiness. You deserve all the happiness in the world. I hope things get better with your husband’s parents. That’s how I’m going to refer to them. Just because Zack is gone doesn’t mean that he’s not your husband. He’s always going to be there and I’m OK with that. I had an interesting conversation with Jim’s mom about how you don’t stop loving that person, your heart just gets bigger. Although she did say I am 1000 times better than her ex-husband. Considering they don’t even say his name and from what Ashley 2 told me about her Google searches, I’m going to say that’s not hard. I aim to be 1 million times better.

Anyway, this is becoming very rambling and I am starting to get writer’s cramp. This is like the most writing I’ve done since first grade writing class. I really hate saying goodbye to you and the kids, but it’s not goodbye just goodbye for now.

So, to close this rambling thing I’ll just say things will get better regarding the custody situation. However even if they don’t, I will always be there for you even if I am light-years away. Love you and give all the kids a kiss good night for me. I’ll see you again soon.

Xx

Hi baby:

It has been absolutely wonderful getting to spend your first birthday with you. I’m still sad that I wasn’t there for when you were born, but I understand that your mom was scared because the person who almost could’ve been your daddy was not a very good person. Everybody says that you won in the daddy lottery and I am inclined to agree with them even though I wish I could be home with you more. Daddy is never doing a five-year mission again. Grandma can find somebody else to keep Jim and Spock from doing dumb stuff.

At least not if you can’t come with me. That unfortunately is dependent on the Ashleys keeping up
their personal growth and somebody figuring out how to get Jeremy out of the program. Never be a Jeremy. Jeremy is a bad person that doesn’t know how to deal with his own pain and anger. He keeps skipping his sessions with Dr. Margarita. That woman has the patience of a saint.

So it was great getting to spend time with you and baby K. I think we all agree that baby K is your big sister. It may be a little early to ask that, but are you ok with that maybe being permanent. We are considering it, but you and K are important in making that type of decision. Plus, I’ve only been dating Ben for a little more than 10 months and 3½ of those have involved dating by correspondence. Although some of the older ones on ship have told me that’s when they really fell in love with their spouse.

So my parting words of wisdom are be good for your aunt and uncle. I think nana Winona would be really upset if you totally turned them off of kids. She really wants grandbabies in 5 to 10 years and Uncle Jim and Uncle Spock are probably going to procrastinate. Send me lots of videos of you being cute. Also remember that even though mommy and daddy are really far away we love you to pieces. There is not a moment in the day where we don’t think about you. Love you baby and I can’t wait until I get to see you again.

xxxx

Dear Auntie:

Thank you for the art supplies and all of the snacks. The chocolate covered Oreos are my favorite. It has made me somewhat popular with the Ashleys. Although I think it might be because Ashley 3 really needed a good chocolate covered Oreo. Her aunt/guardian is dating somebody who is just four years older than her and well, none of us are taking it well. I give it a week because Ashley is actively trying to break it up and I support her. Pavel is closer to us in age.

I know grandpa does it all the time, but it’s a little creepy how big the age gap is now. So how close in age is the new step grandma to me? How many years do you think it will be before she’s younger than me? I’m sure it will happen eventually, if he lives that long.

I asked Liz and Kevin to send you this package filled with a few paintings and other artwork that I’ve done. I thought you would like some of the family. I also did a couple drawings of Yorktown. It’s really pretty even if Dad refers to it as a snow globe stuck in space. Predictably, he hates it here. I like it even though the place is still half under construction.

I’m trying not to be angry at you. Margarita says it’s a work in progress. I’m still upset, but I have been talking to Uncle Jim a lot about how he eventually forgave his mom for missing the signs with his stepdad. He was also an abusive alcoholic, but worse. Like killed in prison because even prisoners hate pedophiles worse. Uncle Jim didn’t tell me that part, but Ashley 2 found out while doing a net search and told me. She says it’s one of the reasons why she trusts uncle Jim after what happened with her mom’s boyfriend. So I am well aware that it could’ve been a lot worse with
mom. At least no one she dated did anything bad to me.

Jim said that sometimes the signs we think are obvious are not to those on the outside. It’s not that they weren’t looking, but they’re only obvious to them in hindsight. Sometimes, even if they do see the truth, adults can’t fix everything even if they want to. Margarita says wanting to is half the battle. So I’m trying to keep that in mind.

I also heard that you have a new doctor that you’re working with. I think that’s good. Working with Margarita has really helped. I’m still sad about what happened, but I’m working through it. It’s going to be one year next month.

Also I think it helps that I am not in Georgia any more. I really like it here. I thought I would miss my friends in Georgia, but the fact that none of them have written to me makes me not miss them that much. I have new friends, so it’s starting to get better. I’ll try to write again when I have a chance.

PS: Definitely leave Atlanta.

To be continued
Day 114: Why did I want to go back to work?

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous. They’re going to be longer gaps between chapters to make up for the back to back chapters while everybody was in Yorktown. See nothing bad happened while they were there this time, except to Ashley 3. Nobody wants to find their crush sleeping with their mother figure.

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260
Time arrived: 6/15/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Back on the Hamilton and hating it

I am safely back on ship and slowly going out of my mind. I’m so ridiculously busy, my inbox is overflowing. I feel like my replacement did nothing while I was not here. Also I am dealing with processing 15 different cases of sexual harassment that were conveniently ignored while I was gone. I’m personally surprised none actually involved my temporary replacement. I’m already done with this assignment and its only been a couple of days. He keeps asking me to go out for coffee, after he insulted me and said that I took his job. Yes, I only had the job for a couple of months before maternity leave, but I was the first officer on ship first. I totally should’ve went to a different ship.

So how were your last few days on Yorktown? Did you manage to actually get engaged? Did the kids do cute things while I wasn’t there? I need happy moments to get me through the next nine months.

I thought academy life is tough. I think I prefer freshman right now, including the sister of my ex-boyfriend. I didn’t think such a thing as possible. But then again, the people talking smack about me weren’t those that I thought were friends when I was back at the Academy. Nobody really likes the head guy’s daughter. So I knew what I was getting into. Carol can attest to that as well.

It doesn’t matter. I am not here to make friends. Our first mission is a weapons nonproliferation Treaty with some planet near the Klingon neutral zone. I think I’m on the negotiating team because I actually do my job. I can just feel the headache coming on. Please tell me life on Enterprise is better?

Xxxx
I am sorry you have to deal with that. Yes, Jim and Spock tend to get in trouble and do things like break the Prime Directive, but they really do know how to do their jobs. Together anyway. Apart I’m not so sure.

Look on the bright side, only a nine month tour. Just remember that when you actually consider calling your mom and asking for a different assignment. Also remember you don’t have to deal with watching your captain and his husband make out everywhere. They’re trying to be discrete by doing it Vulcan style, but still not that discrete. At least, Spock has totally put his foot down on shower sex and inviting other people to participate.

Okay, it must be awful for you to say that, considering you were dealing with freshmen and child induced sleep deprivation. I have a feeling that things will get better once you’re there for a couple of weeks. Everybody was talking about me the first few weeks on Enterprise, but it died down eventually or at the very least, they learned not to say stuff when I’m in listening distance. Also, I’m sure things will be better once you work through the backlog. Fingers crossed that you won’t be the one having to fill out a sexual harassment complaint regarding your former replacement because he keeps his hands to himself. Really, I’m just glad that all the inappropriate Starfleet behavior regarding Jim and Spock have been with each other. Even when they kind of hated each other. I’m sure the rumor mill told you about the bridge incident. Also, the Jim tomcat Kirk was the most convincing façade ever.

No rings yet, but I think it’s something we’re seriously thinking about. With two kids you can’t rush into these sorts of things. My sister told me horror stories about how my nieces reacted when she first started dating their dad and they were little bitty things just like Desi and K. She got bit twice and peed on. Maybe that’s why she was hesitant to take custody of another kid in addition to the in vitro. We love those babies to pieces, but it was an adjustment and I want to make sure that we do this right. If we are on a diplomatic mission on a planet where they won’t kill us on site and I end up going by a jeweler, I may look. Let’s just say for the moment, it’s a possibility.

We did have a good couple of days after you left. I have attached a video and pictures to help you get through the bad days. I may have watched the one of the babies looking at the nebula in absolute wonderment six times. They’re just so cute when they’re happy. They make everyone else happy. It’s infectious. I even had an early Father’s Day brunch since I would be back at work before the day showed up. I got something ceramic with baby D’s handprints and a world’s best daddy T-shirt.

In other news, my teenage friend got a clue and broke up with the girlfriend. Thank the universe. I
had a feeling that Ashley 3 was going to use her fencing skills on him if something didn’t happen. He said he did it because he realized that Ashley was uncomfortable, and he didn’t want to strain her relationship with her aunt. Being a kid of divorce, he understands things maybe a little too well.

Anyway, keep me abreast of the best gossip on the Hamilton that doesn’t revolve around you. I would do the same, but the best gossip on Enterprise is usually about Jim and Spock and it’s 99% wrong. They keep placing bets on when they’re going to get a divorce. I laugh every time because obviously the people making those bets don’t have to watch them make out all the time. Bright side, I’m going to win at least 5000 credits when they make it to their one year anniversary in a few days. Fingers crossed, nothing really bad happens on our next mission. We have a first contact, and you know how problematic those can be. Although usually less problematic than negotiating weapons nonproliferation agreements. Good luck.

Xxx

From: SuluHG2260

To: Benjamin_2254

Subject: Now resume a normal work schedule and I miss you

Time sent: 6/15/2260 06:06:01

Hey baby. I’m back to work. Two days back and we’re already on our way to the next mission. First contact. I am trying to decide how this will go. I have this feeling that I’m going to have to fly us out of there really fast. I’m kind of glad I’m not part of the main away team. It is a time to ease back into work.

Anyway let me know when you get safely back to Earth. So fingers crossed that things work themselves out with Zack’s parents.

Love you always.

Xxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Kevin KR; Elizabeth_Chen; W_Kirk_wellness_Hills

Time arrived: 6/15/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Thank You for the cookies
Hey mom, Kevin, and Liz:

I thought I would write all three of you at the same time since this is just a back on ship and all is well type of email. Also, I have like 600 emails that I need to read through because Margarita did sign to make sure I wouldn’t get work emails while I was on base.

Regardless, it was really great getting to spend time with all of you. Also I am thankful to my husband for doing a lot of the work stuff so I had more time. Not so thankful for the email thing, but I’m sure that’s because Margarita put me on sick leave for the week. My therapist doesn’t think I’m crazy, but would like to keep it that way. Apparently I need self-care and because I’m not that good at recognizing that Margarita and Spock have to arrange it for me. This does not surprise me.

Anyway, I hope you’re having a great flight back to San Francisco. Fingers crossed the ship is not crawling with viruses. I know nobody wants the stomach flu again.

To be continued.
Day 119: Waiting for my husband is hard

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous.

From: Number_one_Pike

To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

Time arrived: 06/20/2260 00:00:01

Subject: I survived my first Remembrance Day

Hi Jim.

Thank you for the cookie bouquet. It was delicious. It arrived a little late, but still appreciated. The perfect post spa day snack.

You’re right, the first remembrance ceremony is always the worst. Although, I think it helped that I managed to convince them to make it a joint memorial for those that were lost when the Vengeance crashed into San Francisco. Half the city is still under reconstruction and rent is getting almost as bad as it was back in the early 21st century. I think next year we’re going to do the ceremonies on that day. Of course, that would mean we’re doing it on the day you died, but your subsequent resurrection makes it an easier day to deal with.

Yes, I managed to avoid the copious amounts of alcohol at all San Francisco based remembrance events. I’m well aware of the pitfalls. I’ve seen pictures of Barnett changing your diaper and had to clean up after your mom on more than one occasion.

I’ve been thinking a lot about my next assignment and I’m considering taking the chief administrator position at Starfleet Academy in London. There’s something I want to do in my life that makes taking a planet side assignment more advantageous. I can’t spend all my time trying to chase down the people responsible for Chris dying. Maybe I must help with the rebuilding as well, which means working with the next generation. Barnett has things well in hand in San Francisco,
but the London campus needs all the help it can get.

Also, while I was covered in cucumber slices, I did convince Chen to start a Starfleet widow’s club support group/employee affinity group. We’re going to start small with just HQ and one ship. Since you volunteered, you can start the group on Enterprise. I get to oversee the one at HQ for the moment at least. You know, unless I decide to go to London. Then I get to start one there too. London is starting to look better all the time.

Finally, thank you for sending party pictures. I really enjoyed Demora falling headfirst into her cake. Also, the look on Liz’s face when she realized that she got the bachelor party piñata was priceless. Although, I am going to talk to Starfleet legal about getting rid of that unlicensed product. It’s bad enough that there’s a Jim Kirk vibrator on the market.

I’m glad to hear that you got to take a few days off and that you’re working through everything. I am proud that you’re making progress even though I know it’s hard. I knew Margarita would be good for you. The good news is you have already gotten through some of the worst days of the year, so you’re home free until your birthday.

Also, your anniversary is coming up. Happy early anniversary. I assume that you’re going with the human wedding day. I attached a gift card for the Red-Light District. It is one of the few places that will deliver to ships and well I’m sure you can find something to enjoy. Just don’t ever tell me what you do with the present.

PS: Nyota’s mom is in my office and would love to know if her grand-baby received the necklace making kit she sent up with Liz. Since Christine received a greetings from Yorktown digital postcard, she is concerned.

PSS: Please don’t ask why she knows that.

Xxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Number_one_Pike

Time arrived: 06/20/2260 07:01:01

Subject: Re: I survived my first Remembrance Day
I just assumed that Christine came to visit you. I would ask how your family reunion went, but I just survived my own, thankfully with sanity intact. You have my sympathies. Yes, I mentioned it to Nyota. She will write back when she has a chance because her family relationships are equally complicated.

It was good to have a break, but now it’s back to work. Of course, this mission has me waiting on board as Spock gives the universe is bigger than you think speech to a planet that just got warp capacity. Fingers crossed nobody gets shot. I hate waiting so much.

I wish the anniversaries of bad days were done for the year, but we still have the anniversary of Jo Jo’s mom wrapping her car around a tree as well as miscarriage day. I already have operation distraction up in place for both.

The Ashleys have even volunteered to help. They are good people. A little shallow, but if I was a teenage girl and went through some of the things they went through, I think I would find something as frivolous as makeup and fashion to focus on. I did. Remember my 20th century music obsession. The 21st-century as well. Post traumatic has started being played a lot. It’s the soundtrack to my life again, but hey, I think I’m towards the back of the album now.

You’re probably asking yourself why is that a difficult day for me? One, Jo Jo is my favorite niece. Don’t tell babies D and K. I love them, but they’re just in the cute early stage. Jo Jo can do cool stuff. When Jo Jo is hurt, I hurt.

Second, what happened to her mom was always my biggest fear growing up. Winona has been an alcoholic for as long as I can remember. Remember Barnett changing my diaper. She was a functional alcoholic, but an alcoholic nonetheless. Tarsus just made a bad problem worse. Right now, Winona is sober. Really sober and I am just happy about that, but in my mind, I still worry. I’m wondering how long it’s gonna last. It’s going to fall apart eventually, I just know it. Am I going to eventually get an emergency call from Earth telling me that Winona managed to wrap her own car around a tree? You know that she had a DUI a couple of years ago.

I vote for you going to Starfleet London. As much as I like the idea of you being close to Kevin and Mom, I feel like you need something a little different. So, I think you would be great at taking over the Academy. You can do a lot of good there. I know you spent this last year chasing down those responsible for what happened, but it’s time to take a step back and do other things, especially things that will make you happy.

I scheduled a meeting today to talk to Margarita about starting our chapter of the Starfleet Widow’s club. I also think we need to start a chapter of my parents died support group mostly for the
minors.

The children are doing well. We had a little hiccup with Ashley 3, but it’s worked itself out. Of course, this means Pav is single again. I hope he waits at least a month before he’s getting randomly kicked out of various people’s rooms because he said the wrong thing the morning after. I feel like I’m going to have to have that talk with him. I am not his parent, but sometimes it feels like I am. Spock and I have like 1000 kids.

At least working with Margarita today would give me something to do other than hurry up and wait. I am stuck on ship as Spock and the away team do a first contact. It’s been four hours and all check ins have been made and nobody’s been shot at yet. Also, nobody has accidentally eaten something that causes anaphylaxis. If things go well today, we’ll probably be here for a week for the initial information exchange, but these first contacts usually don’t go well. Which is understandable. You just achieved warp and then you found out that you’re not alone. Some people like to shoot first and ask questions later. I’m hoping that the inhabitants of &@&&) $ do better. I hate Spock getting shot at.

PS: Thank you for the gift.

Now I know what to spend your gift card on because I need to know whether to sue or send a thank you card to whoever slapped my name on that product. I’m sure Spock will be mortified when I tell him.

Xxxxxx

From: NyotaUM

To: MomOU

Time arrived: 6/20/2260 21:07:31

Subject: Thank you for the gifts.

We got your presents. Josephine enjoyed the dolls as well as the jewelry making kit. She’s more into painting and drawing, but she’s always willing to try anything once and there’s only so many books you can read. Also, no preteen says no to more junk food. It’s a precious commodity on ship although Leonard is watching our intake. It’s easy to gain weight on ship because a lot of the stuff is very sedentary. You know that.

We are doing OK. The break on Yorktown was good although I didn’t have that much of a break. I
had to do a lot of work with the long-range communications team setting up everything in the sensor lab. I am really interested in learning more about the nebula research project. It seems like something I wouldn’t mind doing later on. Yorktown is going to have a lot of communications officers stationed there. If the minors’ program doesn’t work out, Yorktown could be an option. Kids are allowed there.

Josephine likes her new teacher even though classes just started back today. She has had more control over the kids then the last professor, even Jeremy who is a nightmare. That kid has been horrible to Jo Jo. I know he’s been bullying her, but she won’t acknowledge it. Thankfully, Ashley 2 likes me now and tells me everything.

We’re all praying that his mother gets transferred somewhere else like Delta Vega. Scotty says even he can’t get in trouble on the ice planet of the damned. We’re all worried about that kid completely torpedoing the whole program the longer he stays. Please convince your fellow admirals not to penalize everyone else for one idiot. I know Sulu would like to have his daughter near him at some point along with a lot of other parents on ship.

So, I’m sure you realize that we’re getting closer to its being one year since I lost the baby. I’m sure you did because I saw those data chips for various grief books. I have read a few of those already. Margarita is thorough at her job. I have a session on the 23rd as well as a personal day, but I’m trying not to think about it. I’m focusing on planning their one-year anniversary party with Sulu. We’re planning to throw it in the face of certain idiots on ship that they’ve made it a year. Hey if Jim can throw a crazy birthday party for a one-year-old so he doesn’t have to think about Chris’s death, then I can throw the best anniversary party ever. Besides, I may have won a little something from engineering. Liz brought me supplies. I’m also donating the champagne you sent us to the party.

We’re not drinking as much because its such a trigger for Josephine. We’re also getting closer to the one-year anniversary of her mom wrapping her car around a tree. That’s a mess. I’m not sure how that’s going to go. Marc fed me a lot of cookies and ice cream on the one-year anniversary of grandma dying. That’s how we really became best friends.

Thankfully, Liz brought us a bunch of the good chocolate chip cookies so at least we have that. I really like her. She is a good mentor for Josephine.

Anyway, I have to go, but I’ll try to write again soon.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. So today is the one-year anniversary of Nyota’s miscarriage in this universe. We have a lot of anniversaries related to bad events in the lives of our characters in the story. Such is life.

Warning: grab tissues

From: Number_one_Pike
To: Jim’s_cuddlebear
Time arrived: 06/23/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Re: I just thought I would check in

Thank you, Spock, for letting me know about my husband’s final thoughts. I don’t know if Jim shared it with you, but I was in the elevator coming up to join you guys when the attacks happened. I wanted to run in there and say my goodbyes to Chris, but Rodriguez wouldn’t let me go in there. She just knew that I couldn’t see him like that. Seeing him later that night completely cleaned up in Starfleet medical was bad enough. Seeing him so lifeless hurt my heart. Chris was always the most vibrant person in the room.

But knowing that Chris’s final thoughts were of me and he creating a family gives me peace. It also gives me the strength to move forward and move closer to making his final dreams a reality. I spent this last year working on fixing Starfleet to make sure that what happened to Chris doesn’t happen to anybody else. I think I stayed busy, so I don’t have to think about the loss, but eventually you do have to deal with it.

So this year my goal is to really process things and start moving forward. I know what I want to do. Christine thinks I’m crazy, but even though we look the same age I have to remind her that I am the adult and get to make my own choices. Of course maybe she thinks I’m crazy to do what I’m planning to do because of my age, but I’m not that old. Or maybe she thinks I’m crazy because I’m planning to do it on my own. Okay, I’m wondering that too, but I feel like I need to do this.

I’ve been thinking about it for a while, but you kind of gave me that last push I needed. So thank you for that. This also means I’m definitely taking the job in London. I was hoping to wait until I heard back from Jim about that, but I must make the decision faster than the Starfleet email system.

So how is everything going with you guys? Also, happy anniversary. I already sent Jim your anniversery present. Please keep him from telling me what you guys do with it. I definitely prefer not to know.

Xxxx
From: Jim’s_cuddlebear

To: Number_one_Pike
I am glad I could provide you with some comfort as well as help you decide on a new course of action. Also I think London may be a good place for you and James agreed with me. Of course, you will probably already be aware of that since mother’s will most likely arrive before mine. Despite still being on Earth, it would be a change of scenery that may help with moving forward.

I feel my dad has taken a similar path at first after Amanda’s death. Considering the catastrophic destruction of old Vulcan, it made sense for him to focus on the needs of rebuilding. But now that things have become more settled, he has decided to become a foster parent again. We spoke while I was at Yorktown and he expects to have a child in his care within the next month. He considered having more genetic children, but at this time felt it was more advantageous to nurture the surviving children before creating more simply for the sake of the species. Not everybody agrees with him, but my father is used to that.

However, I don’t say this to discourage you from your decision. If you wish to have a child via the sperm saved from your deceased husband that is your decision to make and only your decision. However, James and I will support you in any way feasible.

Thank you for the anniversary present. As requested, I will not tell you what James decided to purchase with the gift card. I am currently engaging in a first contact, that is thankfully going very well. However, we are both concerned with the red light district carrying products with our name and likeness attached. The existence of a sexual aid in the likeness of Vulcan genitalia bearing my name is offensive and I would like for it to cease. If Starfleet is not engaging in litigation against the company, I will secure my own legal counsel.

xxxx

Dear baby:
I thought I would be done with these therapy letters and journals after Dr. Margarita took over, but no. Apparently, she also finds this technique very useful and encourages everyone to keep writing in their journals.

Your big sister is on her third journal. I have no idea what she writes and I am completely banned from reading them. Jim said he would transfer me to another ship if I violate anybody’s privacy again and I think he means it. Although, I’m 99% sure she has a crush on Checkov without reading her innermost thoughts. She stares at him a little too much and was very unhappy when she found out he had a girlfriend. I would totally find this weird if it wasn’t for the fact that her grandfather just married someone younger than me. Okay and her dad is more than a decade older than me. I feel like a long conversation about age appropriateness and grooming will need to be had at some point in the future.

So today it’s been exactly one year since I found out that you existed only to find out you were already gone. I’m still sad about that. My heart still hurts. I’m not blaming myself anymore for what happened. I am blaming a certain ex Starfleet nurse who is still in prison for drugging me with fertility medication. But I’m dealing with it.

Some days I imagine what it would have been like for you to be with me right now. We would totally be kicking it at Yorktown presently because even though Enterprise allows preteens and teenagers, babies would be a little too much. I recently spent a week with Sulu’s daughter and future stepdaughter at the space station. They are the cutest and they had so much fun together on the station. It seems like a good place to raise a baby and still be part of Starfleet.
I had a dream last night about you playing with the two of them. Part of me wished that was real, but it just wasn’t meant to be and I accept that, but that doesn’t mean part of me isn’t hurt because it is.

However just because you’re not here doesn’t mean I’m not a mother because I am. I have Josephine and she is perfect. Again, I’m pretty sure she has a crush on a 19-year-old, but I can deal with that, especially because said 19-year-old knows that I would totally cut off his privates if he did anything inappropriate. However, I definitely prefer the 19-year-old over Jeremy again because the 19-year-old knows better. I seriously want his mom transferred to Delta Vega.

I even had a Mother’s Day brunch this year. The pancakes were slightly burnt, but it was good. I also got presents.

I don’t care that much about biology. While on Yorktown, I observed Sulu treat his boyfriend’s daughter just like his own daughter. Kevin is equally doted on by Jim and Winona. Actually, Jim says it’s worse now that Winona is sober. I personally think it was because they were coming up on Jim’s death day, but I’m keeping those thoughts to myself.

That doesn’t mean I don’t miss you and I wish you were here. Because I do, but I’m just making peace with how things are. You can’t change the past. Not without red matter anyway and things just go badly in the interim. Last time that stuff was brought out, Vulcan was destroyed. Let’s not repeat that.

Anyway, hugs and kisses, love, mommy

To be continued
Day 127: I Just Want to Hug You

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous.

xxxxx

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
Subject: Home Again

Time arrived: 6/28/2260 00:00:01

Hey, sweetie!

Hey I found your letter when I was packing. You made me cry twice. You’re the best.

I thought about writing you immediately, but I decided to wait until I got back to San Francisco. Also I had to deal with two kids who cried a lot, but it got better by the second day of the trip. We arrived back in San Francisco last night, but I kind of fell asleep the moment we got back to the house.

Oh, did I mention that I got subpoenaed by Zach’s parents, the moment I stepped off the shuttle. DNA test for Kitty cat. So much for arbitration. I mean, I know what the results are going to say. We purposely decided that the first round, we would use Zach’s sperm and a donor who looks like me. Baby number two was supposed to use my sperm and an egg donor that looks like Zach, but we never did get to the second baby. It doesn’t matter. The rights of married couples using gestational carriers and donor eggs have been well documented and established legally over the last two centuries. K is my baby.

Shawn says not to worry. He is not even fighting the summons despite the fact my last lawyer did. I’m going to trust him on the second part, but on the first part, I can’t help but be concerned. Last time the court sided with me, but here we are again. I feel like even if we win again, they are going to keep doing this because they’re punishing me for living. They didn’t even talk to Zach for the last year of his life and yet they’re being so bitter about all of this.
In contrast, you’re not even here and I’m invited to a second birthday party for Desi next weekend, being thrown by your big sister. I think it’s an excuse for her kids to have more cake. Yes, I promise not to mention the fact that she was perfectly okay with stepping in to the role of step mom to the girls, but not up to taking in her niece. I will be on my best behavior and bite my tongue, mostly because your family is still halfway decent.

I miss you too. I definitely wish I could’ve had you with me when I got the subpoena at the spaceport. A hug would have been nice. I even wish Sue was still there, but Liz was good in a pinch. I really like her and her boyfriend. It’s good that Desi has such a big extended family. I just wish baby K had more family in her life. Especially not evil family.

I’m sure we are going to see each other again sooner rather than later. You do earn vacation time and I know what I’m getting into. I agreed to have a kid with Zach when I knew I was going to be the stay-at-home parent. Hell, I was a Starfleet child. You know both of my parents are retired. Granted, they did wait until their late 40s to have me, but they were still off on missions a lot during the early years. I’m not going to be angry because what you do is important. Literally, there wouldn’t be in Earth right now or even a San Francisco because of the stuff. Your team does important things and they need you. I’m sure the same is true of Sue’s team.

I do understand why you feel that way though. I’m here every day and I still feel like I missed so much when I drop the baby off at daycare or when I see Desi after a couple of days. I know it must be worse for you, but she knows what you and Sue are doing is important or at least she will understand that once she gets older. She knows that you guys love her. I eventually realized that when I was a kid. This is the sacrifice of being in the military. We understand.

So how has life on Enterprise been after vacation? Any crazy missions? Are Jim and Spock getting into trouble? I really do think they share a brain. It’s weird and adorable. Write me when you get a chance. Random gossip about your work life can distract me from the complicated nature of my relationship with my former in-laws.

Xxxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Benjamin_2254
Subject: Re: Home Again
Time arrived: 6/28/2260 05:30:41

I wish I could do more to distract you from the evil, former in-laws. Actually, we just had a ridiculously peaceful first contact. No violence, no bloodshed, not even Jim accidentally eating something that could send him into anaphylaxis. Of course, it helped that Jim only came down the last day as Spock’s escort because they wanted to meet Captain Spock’s husband before signing the memo of understanding between the planet and the Federation.
They agreed to a cultural exchange and diplomatic visits explaining more about what the Federation does as well as learning more about the other planets in the Federation. This does give both parties time to decide if the planet is a right fit for the Federation. I’m sure the Federation is on board because of mineral rights. Sometimes I think the Federation has some imperialistic type values that don’t quite mash with our general utopian philosophies, but Admiral Grandma is working on it.

It is nice to have a mission where nobody dies and everything is beautiful. This rarely happens so we’re halfway expecting to be shot at by somebody as we’re leaving. I even got to spend two days on planet taking soil and plant samples. Some other plant life has been documented to combat what we would refer to as cancer in the local inhabitants. I’m hoping that the MOU will allow us to study the plant life and see if it can help with finding cures for some of the strains of cancer that had been trickier than others in other species. I love science. Stuff like this reminds me why I’m here.

I’m kind of happy that I’m dating a Starfleet brat. Most civilians don’t get Starfleet life, but you’re not really a civilian.

I’m not going to deal with the sisters until I have to. Nor am I going to really complain about it because you are dealing with so much worse. I knew about the party because both wrote to me about it. Maybe they’re trying to make up for deciding that Desi should live with Auntie Liz. I don’t know. Honestly, I really don’t care. I’m sure we’re going to have to unpack this eventually, but not right now.

Don’t worry about the court stuff. Shawn is good. He won against Leonard’s ex-wife, despite the fact she had most of the Georgia legal system in her pocket. Shawn also went head-to-head with the judge after the ex-wife died. If anybody knows how to deal with a potentially ugly custody situation, it is Shawn Matthews. I have complete faith that he will make sure this goes in your favor.

I’m glad Liz is still there and I hope you keep hanging out with the playgroup even though Sue isn’t with you right now. Sue said that you made lots of friends and I feel like you’re going to need them all. I wish I could be there, but I know you’re not alone.

Anyway, give the kids both a kiss good night for me. And remember, even if I’m light-years away, I really do love you.
Day 129: When the World’s on Fire, All I Need Is You

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous.

So today is Jim and Spock’s first wedding anniversary. Yay they survived one year of marriage without catastrophe. Let’s raise our metaphorical glasses to the happy couple.

The title for this chapter comes from the Mike Shinoda song World’s on Fire. If this song existed when I was writing Jim and Spock’s wedding chapter years ago, this would have been their wedding song.

Dear Spock:

Happy anniversary, my Spock bear. We are going with the human day because I was totally aware that I was pledging myself to spend the rest of my life with you. Also, our bonding anniversary happens to coincide with you kind of sort of trying to kill me, so definitely not going with that day. We should celebrate happy days. Although, I totally forgive you because you know my stance on erotic asphyxiation. Although, that’s a vacation activity because Nyota would punch first and ask questions later, if I showed up with bruises around my neck.

Contrary to what most of the engineering betting pool believed, we have survived an entire year of marriage without once thinking of contacting a divorce attorney. So it’s time to celebrate, probably when you wake up in the morning.

Okay, it’s just one minute after midnight, but technically our anniversary and I’m too hyper to sleep. Which is totally unfair because you need so much less sleep than me and yet you’re out like a light. We could totally be having anniversary sex right now which would put me out. You know orgasms make me sleepy.

Sometimes I’m surprised we survived this year with nothing really bad happening to us other than me getting stranded on another planet for a few days. Sulu told me you are an absolute wreck when I was gone, which makes total sense.

Okay, something bad did happen, but not to us. Mom is sober and trying to figure out where she’s going next. Kevin and Liz are still together and raising baby Desi together. Also, the condom didn’t break. Thank the universe because I want nieces and nephews to play with, but not for at least five more years. You and I have successfully adjusted to our new work roles.
I don’t think I realized how stressed out I was being the youngest Captain in Starfleet until we switched. I think it does work better with you in charge. I mean, I only survived the first year because of your help, due to the fact there was so much stuff I didn’t know. You can get straight A’s in all your command track classes, but still not be prepared for the real-life situations that come with command. At least you logged several years of first officer time before jumping into the seat. Now that I’m first officer, I’m learning a lot of things about how the ship works and how to keep the cruise sane and happy that I didn’t see before. I think that’s going to make me better next time around.

Although I’ve miss your very detail oriented briefing papers and I’m never going to be able to write one as good as you. Although you survived our most recent first contact with nothing bad happening, so I must be doing something right.

I also make great arm candy. My ass pops in the dress uniform. I definitely make a great captain’s spouse. I am witty and beautiful and excellent in hand-to-hand combat, if it comes to that. I’m still surprised that the last mission went so well.

I am going to enjoy most of the ship being pissed because they lost a lot of credits to the bridge crew. Never bet against Jim Kirk because you will lose. I’ve never done what anybody has expected of me a day in my life and I am definitely not starting now.

Nobody expected us to survive because of my shady reputation, but we are and I’m happy. I’m happy to share my life with you. I’m happy to work with you. I’m happy for you to be my partner and my best friend. You understand me on a level that not many other people do and that’s not just because we can talk in our head sometimes.

You know I have a long list of issues from the daddy who died minutes after I was born to the alcoholic mom to the dead brother and finally getting raped by my step dad. And that’s all the stuff that happened before I hit adulthood, not even counting my therapist dying in a drunk driving accident and me dying. Yet despite all those issues and the fact that I am a completely broken person, you love me. You don’t want to fix me, you just want to be with me and hold my hand as we navigate our way through all of our issues.

I know that you care about me not just because I can feel your emotions or even because we still exchange these little notes, but in a free little thing that you do. I can see it in the way you smile just for me. I feel it in the discrete Vulcan kisses that you always initiate when we’re on the bridge together. I feel it in the way that you look at me when you don’t think I see.

You were totally checking my ass out on the bridge yesterday which is okay because I did that a lot when I was in the chair. Can I tell you that’s like the one thing I really miss? It’s just not quite the same doing that from the bed. Although you’re usually naked so bonus points for that.
I know you care because no matter how bad things are. I know you’re by my side. And because you’re by my side, I know I can survive anything.

Sometimes at night I wonder about what my life would be like without you. Or rather, at least what my life would be like if we didn’t figure out that we were hopelessly in love with each other. I dream about it sometimes, at least I think it’s just a dream. Maybe they are visions of the other life especially because I see everything from a Spock perspective. I guess I’m experiencing the memories of the other you. That Spock is sad, especially any time I or rather other me made out with someone else and really pissed. I feel like I need to apologize for my other self being an idiot the next time we see your counterpart. Whoever says Vulcans can’t feel is full of shit.

So I’m happy that things are the way that they are. I love you as my husband. I love Kevin as my baby brother. I’m happy with you as my partner. When the galaxy is on fire possibly literally, I know I have you and that makes it possible to get through the bad days.

So this was supposed to be my card for your anniversary present which is a shiny bracelet and a red light district chocolate love pack. But well, I started rambling because you make me ramble. I really have a lot of trouble articulating how I feel about you.

I really want to use that chocolate body paint from the kit on you tonight, but apparently there is supposed to be a surprise anniversary party instead after shift. Nyota forgot to tell Jo Jo that it was a surprise party and she told me. So please act totally surprised when we get dragged away for an emergency in rec room six. I think Jeremy is supposed to be doing something evil which would be totally believable.

Sulu told me that he tried to get a hold of some of your “Vulcan headache medication” even though it’s not time for harvest yet. I can’t wait until we can make municipal Vulcan headache Blondies. Have I said how happy I am that cannabis is Vulcan headache medication?

So tonight, you and I are going to discretely make out in front of half the crew and dance a lot. I’m also okay if you get chocolate tipsy. Fingers crossed we don’t get attacked tonight, although I am totally worried about that because the first contact went a little too well.

I love you always and let us hope that the next 70 years run just as smoothly.

Dear James:

I cherish you deeply. I do not want to think of a reality where you and I took decades to acknowledge our true feelings regarding one another. I am grateful that we are together and you are my best friend as well as husband. I am also satisfied that we have been able to spend the year
together in relative peace.

I do not know why Nyota assumed she could surprise us with a party, but I will try to act surprised. Although, I am sad that we will be unable to make adequate use of the chocolate body paint tonight due to our social engagement. However, I believe we will have time to engage in that in three days’ time when Mr. Sulu will be out late teaching his fencing class unless we are at high alert, at that time.

Thank you for the bracelet. I find it aesthetically pleasing. You have admirable taste in jewelry. It is also within Starfleet regulations. Therefore, I will wear it on duty this morning. Also, the inscription was very touching. You will always be my heart as well. I appreciate that you chose to have it inscribed in Vulcan instead of Standard.

I also had your present shipped to us while we were at Yorktown. I hope you enjoyed the hardcopy anthology of Terran love poetry I found for you. I’ve been told that the first anniversary present should be paper, according to human custom. Although, I did order a happy anniversary kit from the red-light district. Of course, that was before I knew they were selling sex aids using our name. I would not have patronized the establishment, if I had known about their gross violation of our personhood.

In addition, in the closet are the wedding presents from your brother and future sister-in-law. I have not opened them yet because I am worried your brother may have purchased their present from the red-light district as well for the sole purpose of embarrassment. Also, I felt it is appropriate for us to open them together.

I love you my T’hy’la

Dear Spock Bear:

Okay, that’s definitely sounds like something my brother would do, especially if he could get a copy of the surveillance file of us opening the gift. Liz would have stopped him, and I think she did, since I received a very ultra-hard to find vinyl copy of Post Traumatic. We dance to one of the songs on the album at the party. I really do love everything Linkin Park and Mike Shinoda. That may have followed my Beastie Boys phase. Keep that in mind for next year’s present. I have no idea what you’re supposed to get for year two. Actually, I didn’t even know about year one. Otherwise, I probably would’ve looked for a volume of Vulcan poetry. Although, that stuff is now really expensive for reasons we won’t discuss. I’m completely expecting you to read various selections from your present to me. I love your voice. You’re so sexy when you read out loud.

Okay, it is totally a date in three days. Besides, we can’t do fun, sexy times tonight because I’m pretty sure Chekov is crying in our bathroom because his ex-girlfriend was dancing with someone else at our anniversary party. Kudos for him being with someone more age-appropriate, but I think
he really liked her. See this is why I’m so happy that you and I are married. No more me crying in the bathroom.

Even though you and I both know our super spectacular anniversary party happened because Nyota wanted to be distracted from thinking about the miscarriage, it was good party other than the crying navigator in our bathroom. The cookies were delicious. The only bad part was Jeremy trying to procure some alcohol. Seriously, why was the kid even there? Can I promote his mom just to get him off the ship? I’m totally willing to kick her upstairs just to get away from him.

Dear James:

No, you cannot. And obviously our navigator has vacated the bathroom since you are now showering. However, since it is close to midnight, it is better that we sleep. However, to aid you in a restful sleep, I will read you various selections from your anniversary present.

To be continued.
Day 132: Greetings from San Francisco

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

From: Elizabeth_Chen
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
CC: Kevin KR
Time arrived: 7/03/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Happy anniversary

So, I was elected to send this email and let you know that we’re back home safe. Mostly because unlike Kevin, I’m not spending eight hours a day interning in the office of the head of Starfleet. Nor was I asked to consult with the head of the engineering track at the Academy. So good news, Winona may be slowly dipping her feet back into the world of gainful employment. You know she’s consulted before when she is healthy, but it hasn’t been necessary because of Tarsus hush money. Now she’s back at it and enjoying it. At least so far.

So, I should start this by wishing you and the husband a happy one year of marriage. Also, thank you for winning me 10,000 credits in my dorm betting pool. Yes, people bet against you guys lasting a year. Yes, they’re all idiots and I am so happy that I’ve graduated to adult housing. Do cadets just gain common sense once they become officers or do all the really stupid people flunk out of the Academy before they get that far? Sue says it’s just you are so busy once working that you don’t have time for stupidity or pay attention to the stupidity. I’m not sure, even after my semester on ship.

Your mom and Kevin also say happy anniversary. Although don’t be upset that I’m the one passing this message because we did give Spock your anniversary presents when we were in Yorktown. There may be some cards in there. We gave them to him because we completely trust him not to sneak a look before your actual anniversary. You not so much.
I hope you guys have something fun planned for the day. I am not sure if this email is going to get to you before or after your anniversary, but I hope it’s good and no Klingons are involved.

I am adjusting to full-time motherhood. I’m also reading lots of articles on how soon potty training is appropriate. The self-recycling diaper genie just doesn’t take care of everything. I think Ben is going to start again soon. He may also throw a couple of dirty diapers at his former in-laws. They’re so horrible.

I’ve met a couple of Zach’s friends and his sister Zoe. From all the stories I’ve heard, Zach was like the sweetest person to ever grace the halls of Starfleet, apparently. How did the guy end up with parents that are like the epitome of evil? Even their own daughter is on Ben’s side. She carried baby K. She was even planning to be the egg donor for the next baby. Zoe hasn’t talked to her parents outside of a court hearing in over two years and that was at her brother’s funeral. I feel so normal now.

It almost makes me glad that my biological family was so caught up in their grief that nobody claimed me and I ended up with Sue and the Admiral. I haven’t liked them on the few times we’ve met. Yes, my mom can be a little much, but I know she loves me even though she does question some of our decisions. She’s kind of worried about me taking a lower-class load, but I have the Kobayashi Maru this semester so she is willing to compromise with my decision to spend less time in school. Besides, I don’t want Desi to spend her life in daycare. I spent way too much time there as a kid. That is what happens with parents who are more into their careers than their children. Sure Tarsus is a great place to raise our kids. Can you tell I’m still bitter? I’m working through it.

Anyway, write me when you have a chance. We all miss you.

Xxxxx

From: Elizabeth_Chen
To: SulxuHG2260
Time arrived: 7/03/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Greetings from your child’s caregiver

Okay you are so adorable when you’re writing to your daughter. It’s just super cute. Also I like that you talk to her as a person and not as a baby or an extension of yourself. I still have some of the letters that my biological parents sent me when I was a kid and I was talked down to a lot and they also kept a lot of things from me. This totally explains why I put pictures of myself in the bag when my mom went to have Daisy. Yes, I know I have issues and mommy hood is kind of bringing them out a little bit.
Just so you know I am 100% team Ben. I love your boyfriend. Desi is team Ben as well. I think him being around is helping with Sue not being here. It’s like she still has another one of her parents. I think once the court drama is dealt with, we will plan a few sleepovers.

I know Ben said he wrote you a couple of days ago so let me give you another update on the horribleness of the former in-laws. They refuse arbitration. They’re suing for full custody again with their new lawyer who is been known for his homophobia and xenophobia. Really perfect lawyer for that family. They’re completely trying to challenge Ben’s parental rights and the legality of his marriage to Zach. Shawn is so ready to rip everybody apart.

Speaking of complicated family, apparently tomorrow I must survive a second one-year-old birthday party with more small children. I didn’t know that your sister had kids. I thought Desi was the firstborn grandkid. I don’t remember them at the family reunion. Anyway, the baby’s looking forward to it. Probably because she knows there’ll be more toys and cake. She's a little spoiled sweetie pie.

She’s adjusting to Sue not being here. I think having a few extra days with you helped a lot, but the flight back home was bad. She did cry a lot, but it’s been better since we’ve been back at home in the apartment. Also play group has helped. She is so much better at socializing than I am. Although little kids are still sweet and innocent. Only their parents are awful. Thankfully, the current play group is actually pretty decent. Everybody there loves my sister and I think they’re mildly tolerant of me. We shall see what happens when I bring Kevin. Also I got three phone numbers, despite mentioning I have a boyfriend. I feel like play group is going to be fun.

Anyway, write me when you can. I want to hear about your space adventures.

Xxxx

From: SulxuHG2260
To: Elizabeth_Chen
Time arrived: 7/03/2260 06:20:49
Subject: Re: Greetings from your child’s caregiver

Technically Desi is the first biological grandkid. My sister’s kids are from her husband, Jie’s previous relationship with the flaky. Their mom, Alicia, is a biologist on Devon. After Emily was born, she decided that motherhood and a long-term relationship wasn’t for her and left. And when I mean left, I mean she left the hospital with baby still there. He met my sister a week later as she planned a baby shower blowout on behalf of his friends to cheer Jie up.
Alicia’s parental rights were promptly terminated, which was how I met Shawn in the first place. He was still Starfleet legal at that point, but still had ties with the family law firm. We may have dated for a little bit, but it wasn’t meant to be. I’m glad for that because now I have Ben who I absolutely adore.

I’m glad that you’re team Ben. He needs all the support that he can get because I feel like things are even worse than what you’re telling me. But I trust Shawn, he’s good. At the same time, I’m worried. His daughter is his world and I think he would fall apart if he lost her. I just have this feeling that if his former in-laws win, he’s not going to get to see baby K anymore. They just seem like bitter, vengeful people. I know they lost their son, but that is still no excuse for their behavior.

I’m also relieved that Desi is nowhere near as traumatized by both me and Sue being off working, as I initially feared. Even more grateful that being there supplies a little more continuity.

Fingers crossed the birthday party goes well. There may have been a cake fight at the last niece’s party that I went to which may have been the first niece’s party. One advantage to Starfleet is avoiding things like family gatherings. Of course now that I have Desi that feels like a disadvantage. I’m sorry that I’m triggering memories of your childhood. I don’t want things to be like that. And yet here we are.

Give Desi kisses and hugs for me. The next parts just for her. Send me party pictures.

Xxxx

Dear Demora:

Hey baby. I heard you’re getting a second birthday party. I bet you’re going love all your additional presents and getting another shot at the cake. Please don’t dive headfirst this time. Regardless, make sure Aunt Liz and Uncle Kevin take lots of pictures.

I know you’ve only been home a little bit, but I miss you so much. Hugs and kisses. Be good for your Aunt Liz and Uncle Kevin and especially Ben. He needs extra hugs. You have no idea how lucky you are that all your grandparents love and support us. Some people don’t get that.

xxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Elizabeth_Chen

Time arrived: 7/03/2260 21:09:021
I feel like it’s a combination of everything. A lot of the stupid people never make it on to a ship. Although I feel like my ship might be teeming with the survivors right now. We’re weeding out some of the really ridiculous ones. Of course I can totally see your mom’s predecessor purposely stacking my ship with stupid people. You remember the nurse now serving time for drugging Nyota. We really had some winners on board. I can’t wait for September transfer season. I’m looking forward to it so much. I’m going through personnel files right now and writing up some transfer recommendations. Along with a few other recommendations that might be disciplinary in nature.

At least the HR stuff gives me something to do during our next mission, which is apparently playing diplomatic fairy for a few days. I hate diplomatic fairy assignments with a fiery passion. After the Vengeance fiasco, apparently the militarization of Starfleet is a major point of concern. There’s going to be a big conference on #$@$ and we have to drop off 30 different delegates that we will be picking up from Star base 18 later today. Fun.

Thankfully, the Mandela will be picking them up a week after we dropped them off so we don’t have to stick around or provide security. The crew of Vista will take care of that. We get to move on to more star mapping and I can’t believe I’m looking forward to more star mapping. Bonus my father-in-law will not be among the diplomats. I like my father-in-law, but in small doses and usually when Spock is heavily medicated with chocolate. Besides, these next few will be bad enough without him anyway.

We had a good anniversary party. And yes, I enjoy driving in the face of people who are betting on our divorce that we are still 100% happy together. I’m pretty sure Nyota planned the thing to not think about the miscarriage anniversary, but I planned your niece’s birthday party to not think about Chris. We all have our ways of dealing with trauma and according to Margarita, this one’s acceptable.

Thank you for the anniversary presents. You know I love vinyl. I also like chocolate body paint. However, I won’t tell you what I do with the chocolate body paint so as not to traumatize you. Although maybe I should be traumatized for including the Spock dildo in there. I don’t know if you are going full white elephant or just wanted us to know about our name being used for sex toys. Pike mentioned it earlier, which led to some interesting browsing of the red light district website. Lawyers will be consulted.

I’m glad Winona is working again. It’s good that she’s getting to the point where she can do stuff like that. I really do want her moving forward and keeping a job is always a good sign of that. If she’s working that mean she’s semi-healthy. It was good to see her happy and sober a couple weeks ago.
We are all working on our issues. You’re entitled to yours. Really, it is a small miracle you didn’t have more.

To be continued.

Chapter End Notes

So when working on more recent chapters (I’m about eight chapters ahead), I couldn’t remember if I gave Zack sister a name and decided to go with Zoe. Then I read through this chapter and realize I used Melissa and decided I like Zoe better. I don’t think I use the name before this chapter but I think I’ll have a better time remembering Zoe anyway so Zoe it is. Trying to remember the names of all my original characters is very hard.
From: Kevin KR
To: kitten_loverJJMU
Time arrived: 7/8/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Maybe working for my girlfriend’s mom was not the best idea

Why did I want to do a summer internship with my girlfriend’s mom? I feel like I’m doing triple what any of the other interns are doing because I want to make the best impression possible on the woman, despite the fact that she rescued me from famine and genocide. I don’t think it’s possible to ever overwrite that first impression. I’m always going to be someone that needs protecting. You understand that with the overprotective stepmom.

Okay, I might also be overworking because I don’t want the rumor mill to think I only got a top internship because I’m dating the daughter of the head of Starfleet or my brother is the infamous Captain Kirk. I love my brother, but sometimes it’s hard to be in his shadow. Everybody expects me to be just like him. It was like that in Riverside as well, but in a more negative way.

Okay, the professors that don’t know how to do math think I’m George’s other kid which adds to the pressure. There’s a lot of professors at the Academy who are really bad at math, apparently. Sometimes, I wish I enrolled at the Academy under my birth name of Riley. But, then they would know I survived Tarsus and honestly, I prefer the nepotism accusations to that.

Also I feel like Kevin Riley died on Tarsus when he saw his family be killed. Kevin Kirk is a different person. See this is why I totally understand why you decided to change your name.

Not everything is horrible. I’m learning a lot of important future diplomatic skills such as creative lying and how to pretend to drink. Alcohol is apparently a major tool of diplomacy and the ability to look like you’re drunk when you’re actually are completely sober is a valuable tool in your arsenal. Thanks to Winona, I prefer to stay sober. I’m sure you understand why. Probably better
than anyone, but my brother.

We did ship your package to your aunt the day after we got back. She called last night to let us know that it arrived safely. We also talked a little bit. She seems healthier, although she’s sad. It’s understandable, we’re heading into your anniversary month.

The first one is always the worst. I would say it gets better, but that’s not quite true. Maybe you get better at dealing with the grief as more time passes by. At the same time, it’s always going to be a part of you. But not the only part. You’re going to grow and become someone else and then the grief will just be a little part of you.

She mentioned something about getting the hell out of Georgia and that’s probably best. I may have passed on her name to Shawn. He is looking for new associates as he builds up his own firm. He doesn’t want to just be an extension of the family practice. San Francisco might be a good place to look into relocating to.

Winona is happier here. Now that she just signed the papers for the farm to become the Kirk Museum, her move here is permanent. Liz’s mom actually hired her on to be a consultant. I’m personally shocked about that one. After the Tarsus fiasco and the fit that she threw when both Jim and I signed up for the Academy, you would think she would never, ever want anything to do with Starfleet again, but here we are.

Baby D misses you. She misses everybody, but you as well. You’re one of her favorite friends. Even more than her cousins which she got to spend quality time with at a very Sulu birthday party. Pictures attached. Please share with Sulu.

Yes, we had to do a second birthday party for baby D with the Sulu family. Good news, it went better than a very Sulu family reunion. I think that’s mostly because the evil family members weren’t there. Also I think they like Liz and Ben better than Sue. I’m not going to touch that one. However, I think I liked my brother’s party better even with that bachelor party Enterprise piñata. Actually, because of it. Your dad was as red as a beat. You on the other hand couldn’t stop giggling. Almost 12-year-olds know things. Too much really.

Full-time parenthood is an interesting experience. Desi’s favorite word is no. She’s also getting the handle of running. Like running into an elevator and pressing the button before we could catch up. Thankfully, the Admiral is paranoid and Desi has a tracking bracelet. I’ve been using the find my toddler app a lot. Like at the other birthday party, we found Desi making a cake angel, again. This is what happens when you live somewhere where there is no snow. I still wonder how she climbed up on the table.
Yes, I include pictures. I hope they make you laugh.

As we get closer to the anniversary of that day, just remember my email is always open and may take me forever to respond, but I will respond.

From: Kevin KR
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 7/8/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Happy anniversary, big brother

So happy late anniversary, even if I’m sending this to you on your anniversary. I’m sure you probably got your presents from the husband by this point. I’m the one who kept Liz from getting you the happy anniversary package from the red light district so you’re welcome.

So just that you know the family house is now on its way to becoming a museum and you’re getting your own trust fund. Not that you need it, since you married royalty. I think Winona actually smiled when she signed the papers. It’s like she’s free from the past. Maybe that’s a good thing.

Also, mom is now a Starfleet contractor for the Academy. She is working with the engineering department. I have money on her teaching classes for winter semester. We shall see.

How is work? I haven’t heard anything about new missions going badly so I think things are well at the moment. At least I hope so.

The internship is going well-ish. I only hate half the people I’m working with. Oh, and Desi made a cake angel at her other birthday party. It turns out you can’t get chocolate icing out of lace without taking it to the cleaners. At least I can’t. Pictures attached. I sent an upload to Sulu as well, but I’m not sure if it made it. Your system is weird.

Xxxx

From: kitten_loverJJMU
To: Kevin KR
I’m glad she got the present and I agree she needs to get out of Georgia. I think not being there helps me the most. There’s just too many reminders of how bad things got. Plus, Grandpa Lee is there and he’s horrible. He puts so much pressure on everybody to be absolutely perfect, according to his standards. No one could measure up, especially mom. I’m not even sure if he knows that auntie is a lesbian. Probably not. So I kind of understand what it is like for you at the Academy, always being in someone’s shadow. That is another reason why I’m glad I’m not in Georgia anymore. I’m only McCoy’s kid here and that’s a lot better than the alternative. It’s better than being a Lee granddaughter.

For similar reasons, it’s probably best that your mom is with you in San Francisco. There were probably way too many bad memories there. I’m glad she’s recovering and staying sober. I’m glad she wants that. Not everybody does. My mom didn’t.

Thank you for the offer. When I’m ready to really talk about my mom, I think you’ll be first on the list outside of Margarita, but I’m not quite ready to have the deep conversations yet. Margarita doesn’t let me have a choice. I have sessions scheduled for the 13th, 14th and 15th. I hope there’s board games and chocolate.

But right now I’m not ready to really dive into the issues. Especially with the anniversary coming up. I don’t want to think about it. I wish I could pretend it’s another day, but I can’t even look at the Disney swag from last year without getting sad. I was off frolicking at Disneyland when my mom was off dying in a car alone.

I’m almost thankful that I have classes full-time on Enterprise. Schoolwork is a good distraction. Gina is so much better. And yes, she lets us call her Gina. Jeremy hates her. I’m pretty sure he tried to drug her twice. Of course anybody that Jeremy hates is automatically the best teacher ever.

We’re doing a poetry unit right now and we’re going to do all the fun stuff. She decided I’m doing the same language arts curriculum as the others because I work on their level. I may be testing out of middle school soon.

We’re about to break for lunch so I must wrap this out. And yes we talked. There’s been bonding. It's been good to have more friends than just Jay. I’m just trying to take it one day at a time.

Xxxx
From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Kevin KR
Time arrived: 7/8/2260 21:06:51

Subject: Re: Happy anniversary, big brother

A nine day lag time. I’m not even that surprised. And Sulu got the pictures like three days ago without context. He is neither shocked nor surprised that his daughter made a cake angel.

No thanks to you because your girlfriend still sent us a dildo. Granted, I’m pretty sure she did it, so we knew that we needed to sue some people, but she still gave us one. There was also chocolate body paint, but still inappropriate. I expect nothing less from Liz.

I’m happy that the house is now a museum. It’s probably better for all of us if we leave George Kirk deep in the past. I’m kind of hoping that sobriety work this time. Her working again might be a good step forward.

She’s totally going to be teaching classes by the winter semester. You just know it, so be happy you’re not in the engineering track.

Yeah, I really don’t need the trust fund with the husband. Also, I managed to win the will their marriage survive another year bet. I think that money is going into the Jo Jo college fund. Maybe we can do something similar with the museum money. It’s something to think about.

Work is good, mostly. Diplomatic babysitting as well as prepping for the great crew swap of September. Okay, all of it makes me wish I could drink while working. Last night, one of our diplomats said something about Spock’s mom, not realizing Spock knew the language and I may have had to take him to his ready room to calm down. Twice.

We drop everybody off in the morning and you have no idea how happy I am for that. Fingers crossed, that we actually get the star mapping/planet surveying assignment that they promised us next. Yes that’s preferable to the current assignment. Although, knowing our luck, we’re probably going to end up being asked to do resource negotiation or something else. Or worse they could make us take Vista’s place. That ship is supposed to be doing security for the conference that we’re dropping people off at. I kind of want a mission where I don’t have to talk to people outside of my crew for at least a month. I mean we’re supposed to be doing deep exploration.

Anyway, I hope your internship gets better and your one-year-old stops diving into large baked
goods. But hey, at least you are not dealing with teenagers that make their instructor fill out harassment complaints on a near daily basis and keep breaking into engineering for the booze. Yes, I need that kid off my ship.

To be continued
Day 141: New Vulcan Starbucks

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous.
Sorry it’s been a little while. I had to deal with some family issues. Things are stable at the moment, so hopefully regular weekly updates will begin again.

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260
Time arrived: 7/12/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Still not getting better.

So, you were wrong, and the Hamilton is not getting any more tolerable. It’s like all the people on ship that I liked or at least respected left while I was on maternity leave. I think they’re on Enterprise now, the competent people anyway.

Yesterday, I had to fill out sexual harassment paperwork regarding my maternity leave replacement on behalf of someone else. I am trying to decide if that’s better or worse. It really wasn’t fun, regardless. Thankfully, there were video files. It is always easier when there’s video evidence. I’m half tempted to send most of them to mom directly, but that would be unprofessional. So, Starfleet office of civil rights it is.

The mission went badly. Like I had to type up letters to the family of two members of the security staff regarding the sacrifice made by their loved one for the good of the Federation badly. I hate those letters. Nothing I write can make things better. I remember mom getting her letter about dad. I think she burned it. She was pissed. I’m hoping the next mission will be better, but it’s more treaty negotiation.

Despite how bleak I feel my current situation is, I’m still not going to ask mom for a new assignment. I can get through this. Also, I’m dealing with enough talk about nepotism that I don’t want to pour gasoline on the fire. It’s big enough to consume a ship already.

Most of the best Enterprise gossip has already made it here, including the fact your teenage friend...
is dating a doctor on ship. Probably because the best from the Hamilton are now on your ship, the traitors. Although it was switched to Dr. McCoy and not Perez because rumors are 97% bullshit. Thankfully, I have Gina for the 3% that’s not.

She’s already emailed. Overall, she likes the job. She sees real potential in a lot of her kids. However, she wished she could light a candle to get Jeremy out of her classroom. She referred to him as the seed of Satan. She has money on Ashley 2 breaking his hand by the end of the summer semester.

Speaking of illegal gambling on a Starfleet vessel, a lot of people lost a lot of money betting on Jim and Spock’s quick divorce. I was not one of them. Because of their stupidity, Desi now has a college fund if she decides not to follow in our footsteps. It was easy money.

I’ve known Jim for a long time because Liz and Kevin have been tight since Tarsus. I’m aware that he was never the big man on campus. We tried to hook up once. He drank so much that he threw up on me and then passed out before anything happened. I figured he overindulged, but I didn’t realize he was drinking because of his intimacy issues. Not until much later, anyway. But because I know Jim so well, I managed to get about 15,000 credits. The betting on silly stuff is the only thing that’s really entertaining on the Hamilton now.

Thank you for all the videos and pictures. Yes, they do help. I miss our kid. I’m already looking at space station assignments for next time. Especially because mom wants to hire Ben for Yorktown. That would mean the whole family would be on station. It’s a lot easier for Enterprise to go there than Earth.

I will try to write again another time. I hope everything’s going well with you. Write when you can. I’m sure with missions, things are probably crazy for you.

Xxx

From: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Subject: Re: Just Checking in

Time arrived: 7/12/2260 00:00:01

It’s understandable that you’re feeling a little depressed this time of year. I am glad that you’re finding better coping mechanisms and you are acknowledging your feelings. That’s a lot of progress for you and I’m proud of that.

Hopefully, most of the anniversaries of bad days are done until at least Christmas. Or maybe they
will be by the time this letter gets to Enterprise. I’m not sure how long these letters are taking from
the colony. Apparently longer than from Earth.

I’m thinking about maybe staying here a little longer than the initial mission. They really need
people like me here and I don’t think Dr. Weston is going to be able to come back until her nephew
gets to junior high at the least. She doesn’t want to uproot him completely just yet. She also wants
the colony to be a bit more developed before moving back, which is understandable. We’re just
starting to get Starbucks. And you know Starbucks are everywhere throughout the Federation.
Good news, I now have somewhere where I can get a chocolate fix. I must show ID, but I get my
chocolate fix there. It’s weird living in a place where it is easier to get marijuana than chocolate,
but it’s starting to grow on me.

The pictures were adorable. I’m glad Desi did not hug you covered in strawberry cake. I got some
from Kevin and Winona as well. They all email me occasionally. Your mom mentioned she’s
thinking about going back to work as well as selling the farm. I’m glad she’s getting rid of it. A lot
of dark stuff happened there to both of you. Maybe now that it’s not in your family’s control, you
can both let go.

Write me back whenever you have a chance. I love getting updates from you. It gives me
something to look forward to in the excruciating Vulcan heat.

Also, before I forget, happy anniversary. I shipped some presents, but I don’t have any idea when
they’re going to get there. One time it took seven months for me to get a gift from my wife.

Xxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
Subject: Just Checking in
Time sent: 7/12/2260 12:34:01

I’m glad that I wasn’t hugged by a strawberry covered toddler as well. She was cute though.

Well, since I can’t have you back on Enterprise even if Spock is now the boss, Vulcan wouldn’t be
a horrible place to be. The access to the “headache medication” alone would make it worth it. I
love Vulcan “migraine tea”. Also, glad you have chocolate access even though its Starbucks.

We may take leave to visit the colony at some point in the future. Spock may get foster siblings
soon and we must make sure that the father-in-law’s not screwing them up too badly. He’s getting
better, but you never know.
Don’t worry about the anniversary present thing. One of the presents Spock ordered me for our anniversary has yet to arrive. They just haven’t been able to catch up with the ship. I’m sure they’ll show up before the September crew switch out. Yes, I’m really looking forward to that, maybe too much. We have a lot of great crewmembers, bless Margarita for keeping this crew mentally healthy, but there are some that are just dreadful.

We have one more anniversary of a sad day happening in two days a.k.a. the anniversary of Jo Jo’s mom wrapping her car around a tree. That’s just going to be bad all around for Jo Jo and Bones. Jo Jo feels guilty that not only could she not keep her mom from drinking, but she kept the fact that her mom had a problem a secret. She knew. It’s hard to miss the little bottles of vodka stashed everywhere. I should know.

Bones also will be engaging in the self-flagellation. Part of him is convinced that maybe if he hadn’t pushed for custody so much at that time, she wouldn’t have drunk herself into oblivion. He conveniently forgets about all the bottles of hard liquor that we found cleaning out the house and his ex-wife’s asshole father who can probably be blamed for like 90% of her issues. Judge Lee is a legendary prick who could drive anyone to drink or use other substances, as evidenced by his other daughter’s multiple trips to rehab. The drinking was not a new thing for Jo Jo’s mom. Neither were any of her other issues.

Guilt is a weird thing at times. I feel guilty for being happy that Winona wasn’t the one who drank herself into oblivion and crashed into a tree. It makes you blame yourself for things that you can’t control. I know better and I still do it. The anniversary of the death of Chris was hard. I’m sure it’s going to be equally hard for Jo Jo in two days. She’s going to be spending a lot of quality time with Margarita. The whole family will be. I made sure of that.

Yes, mom did sell the farmhouse and I’m glad it’s gone. Not happy it’s going to become a George Kirk shrine though, but I told mom explicitly that I don’t want it to become a museum to me. At least not until I’m dead and as far as Spock is concerned, that’s not to happen for at least 100 more years. Therefore, he has me eating well and exercising all the time. He wants me to live my best life.

I’m starting to put the ghost of Frank behind me. It helps that he’s dead. It also helps that I’ve been spending a lot of time with Ashley 2 and Rebecca. We formed our own little Enterprise survivor’s club. We might expand soon, especially now that I’m starting the Starfleet widow’s club. Special project of Admiral Pike.

The fact that I talk about what happened with people other than my husband and my therapist is a marked improvement. I was molested by my stepfather. That doesn’t define who I am. He’s gone. I’m still here. I saved Earth more than once, and he is ashes in the wind.
Mom is now working for Starfleet as a contractor at the Academy in the engineering department, but still Starfleet. Yes, I’m shocked. She’s very anti-Starfleet, but maybe she thinks if she trains the next generation of engineers, her babies will be safer. Who knows mom logic? I try not to think about it. I’m just happy she’s still sober.

So right now, we’re traveling. We’re going to do a month of uninterrupted deep space exploration. Some of it will be star mapping, but we might get to look at a couple more planets. I’m really looking forward to that after the last mission. Of course, this is only happening if something more urgent doesn’t come up. Knowing our luck, we’re going to get called in for some rescue mission. Fingers crossed.

Hey, I must go. I just got a code 12 which either means crewmembers fighting or Jeremy just did something stupid. I’m thinking the latter. Write again soon.

Xxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan
Time arrived: 7/12/2260 22:13:01

Subject: Re: Still not getting better.

All is well, mostly, outside of some lunch time excitement. We just wrapped up a diplomatic ferry mission a couple of days ago. While relatively easy, I admire our Captain’s restraint in not nerve pinching anyone. There are couple of people I want to stab with a rapier However, now we are traveling to an exploratory assignment complete with star mapping and planet surveying for the next month. Which is what we’re supposed to be doing out here in the first place.

If you had money on 12:25 PM July 12th, then you can collect. At lunch, Jeremy tried to touch Ashley 2’s ass. You are aware of her history, so obviously that did not go over well at all. A visit to Dr. McCoy was required. Gina may get her wish when Jim is done with him. I think he’s going to try to schedule an emergency session with command once Jim finishes investigating, but for now, Jeremy is confined to quarters with a tracking wristwatch. I’m sure the only reason why Jim didn’t throw him in the brig is he’s under 18.

You’re writing those letters? That’s weird, because on Enterprise that’s something the Captain always does personally, whether it be Jim or Spock. The only time it was the first officer who did it was when Jim was captain and in a coma. Then when he woke up, Jim wrote his own version.
I worry about your ship. But it’s only supposed to be a year, so I think you’ll make it. You might want to have an exit plan in place. I would love if everybody was in Yorktown though next time around. Especially because I feel like you would be less stressed out there. Also, Ben needs all the support he can get. Has he written to you? Are you aware of how awful his former in-laws have been? They’re just awful. Which is why I doubt they’ll let their only grandchild move halfway across the galaxy to a space station but one can dream.

Sometimes the happy thoughts are what keep us going.

To be continued.
Day 143: Can't Hear You Now

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all so wonderful.

So today is the one-year anniversary of Josephine losing her mom. This is going to be another one of those days. We begin with a diary entry.

Also note to self when changing the name of the character, remember to write it down, especially when you can’t spell very well. I’ve gone back through some of the older chapters and made some corrections, but I probably haven’t caught everything.

Title comes from the song of the same name.

Excerpts from the therapy Journal of Josephine Jamie Uhura-McCoy

July 14, 2260

So today is that day. I’ve been dreading it for weeks. I can’t even look at the Ray I got at Disneyland last year. I only still have it because mommy Nyota got it out of the trash after my initial tantrum. I cried and broke a lot of stuff. Then I went numb and stayed there for several weeks. I’m not even going to try to address this to the other mom because I’m not ready to write to her on this day. Not yet.

I feel like that numbness is back with the guilt. I’m happy here with dad and mommy Nyota. I have friends. Jay and Ashley 2 are firmly in the friend category. Ashley 3 may get there. Ashley 1 is just not antagonistic, but she is on our side in the war against Jeremy. I think Uncle Jim is so ready to get him off the ship after he tried to molest Ashley 2.

Ashley responded accordingly by breaking his hand. Dad decided that his wrist can heal the old-fashioned way. He’s still on house arrest while Uncle Jim builds his case. Apparently he’s been inappropriate with the other Ashleys as well.

It’s hard not to feel guilty about being happy on Enterprise because if mom didn’t wrap her car around a tree one year ago today I wouldn’t be here. I would still be miserable and in Georgia with her. She wasn’t a good mom. I know that now. Margarita has been helping me work through that. I
am now able to acknowledge that there were things going on that were not okay and I was in an abusive environment.

That doesn’t make the guilt go away. I didn’t want her to be dead. I just wanted to live with my dad. But I know that woman would not have ever allowed that to happen as long as she was alive. Grandpa Lee had too much control over the Georgia legal system. It was always about winning and appearances with him and his granddaughter going to the guy who got his daughter pregnant before the wedding would just not do. I was just another chess piece to all of them.

Sometimes I’m afraid that I’ll end up living with him. Like he’s going to try to fight dad again. Shawn told me that it couldn’t happen, that too many people know what grandpa did because in the end mom made sure that they did. That she was just another victim of him. That realization just makes everything so much more complicated.

I guess this is something to talk about with Margarita again. I have a session before class. She’s providing breakfast because that’s the only way I could squeeze a session in before class.

It couldn’t happen after class because I have Russian lessons with Pav. Part of me wants to cancel since it’s going to be the first session after our conversation, but I need distractions today and being dreadfully embarrassed seems like a great distraction.

So Pav knows about my crush on him and he let me down ridiculously gently. He thinks I’m cool for an almost 12-year-old (because of course like everybody else, he’s not rounding up my birthday). However, he sees me as his little sister. Regardless of that, the age difference between 12 and 19 is a little bit of a felony. I’m well aware of the age difference inappropriateness. My grandfather just married someone closer in age to me then my deceased mother. However, I pointed out the difference between 19 and 26 is not, and he just broke up with somebody who was in her mid-30s.

I probably shouldn’t have said that. He’s still not good with the breakup, I think he really had feelings for Perez, but agreed to end things because it was best for Ashley three.

He knows about that crush too. He’s a genius. Of course, he realized what was going on. Ashley 3 was not subtle, but I wonder if she got that I think of you as my little sister’s speech as well. The added kicker was he’s sure he’s going to fill exactly that same way in seven years. I got that speech, and I couldn’t leave the room fast enough. Yet I’m still going to go to Russian tutoring because it’s still better than dealing with thoughts about my dead mom.

I have to cut this short. Mommy Nyota is calling. Off to therapy I go. This should be fun. Margarita promised chocolate croissants.
Hey Josephine:

This is Liz and Kevin. Although I’m the one writing, because unlike Kevin, my handwriting is actually legible. All those years of being a waitress, inputting orders written by hand with a stylus has paid off. Also, Desi is being extra active right now and doesn’t want to play on the floor, therefore keeping Kevin’s hands occupied.

We thought about making sure you got an email the day of the anniversary, but the Enterprise email system is awful. Instead we gave your first anniversary survival kit to Pav. He promised to give it to you during your Russian lesson the day of.

We start with the entire box of good chocolate, individually wrapped so you can share. We also have chocolate covered Oreos, the good ones, not the fudge covered. Moose Munch without the almonds. San Francisco’s best chocolate sampler because you need more chocolate. Flaming hot Cheetos along with regular Cheetos. Also a replicator chip to make you more Cheetos along with some other selections. Take it to Scotty or Jim and they will help you install.

Kevin has also included his “music to cry by” playlist. It’s on one of the other data chips. There’s like 800 songs on that thing. Start with post traumatic. I hope you made it to the “Can’t Hear You Now” phase of your grief cycle. There’s also more art supplies. I’m sure you’re going to need it today. Also, Sulu said he could take you to the gym if you really need to kick or punch something. Pav volunteered to be your practice dummy, if necessary.

BTW, he kind of knows about the crush. He saw your devastated face at lunch yesterday when he walked in with the girlfriend. I don’t think that relationship is going to last much longer especially because he also realizes that his girlfriend’s niece also has a crush on him and she is ridiculously unhappy about him being with her aunt. Also I just want to say it’s so weird that me and Kevin are older than him. He’s already on a ship and we are still at the Academy. Then again, Kevin and I have buried our families so maybe that really does make us older. It’s a special type of old.

I’m sorry that you’re a club member. So here are my annual reminders that Kevin and I tell each other each year:

1. You are not responsible for the death of your loved one, whether directly or indirectly. As much as you want to try to convince yourself. Otherwise you could not have changed the way things went.

2. Don’t play the what-if game. Just don’t because at a certain point, it’s just going to eat you apart from the inside.
3. Live in the now. Enjoy what you have and treasure it.

4. Don’t feel guilty for being happy. Let me repeat that, don’t feel guilty for being happy. Don’t feel guilty because you like living with your father and Nyota mom. You have nothing to feel guilty about.

5. It’s okay to like your life better now than what it was last year. There’s nothing wrong with that.

6. It’s okay to be happy. It’s okay to smile. It’s okay to laugh.

7. It’s also okay not to be happy. You can cry, punch things, or anything else that helps you deal with it. How you feel is up to you. Don’t let anybody else tell you how you’re supposed to feel. Your emotions are valid.

8. There is no time limit on grief. There’s no exact moment in time where you’re going to feel better or that you’ve successfully processed everything. It doesn’t work that way. I wish I could tell you that someday it’s not going to hurt because there are days when I see a daisy on the street and just burst into tears. I broke the PADD during class when we were going over the Tarsus unit. Okay, one of my classmates suggested that Starfleet made the wrong call in rescuing us, and I threw my PADD at him. My mom had to go fix that. The asshole classmate felt horrible afterwards, but it still didn’t make things better.

9. You can forgive the dead. That’s for you to help you move forward.

10. You don’t have to forgive the dead. You can still be angry. It’s better if you process that anger but remember what I said about number 7. They are your feelings. Don’t let anybody else tell you how to feel.

11. You don’t have to go through this alone. You have your dad and your Nyota mom. You also have your Uncle Jim and Spock along with others on ship like Pav who is making sure you get through this. They’ve all dealt with loss even Pav. Someday ask him about his little sister, but, bring tissue.

Anyway, it took me and Kevin more than a decade to come up with this list and we’re not always good at following it, but I hope you find it useful. Remember, we’re always here for you.
Hey, I just wanted to send a quick note to let you know I did get the survival kit. I didn’t get to break into the food part of it because after Russian practice, I had brownie baking with Ashley 2 and 3, along with Jay. Bonus points for nobody mentioning my biological mom or making inappropriate jokes.

Even better, Jeremy wasn’t there. I’m pretty sure his mom will be transferring off ship soon, and he will be going to boarding school. Apparently, Uncle Jim and Uncle Spock have been doing deep space chat with the Admiralty. I’m pretty sure Jeremy will be gone soon. The possibility alone almost makes me happy.

I’ll ask Pav about his sister eventually. Congratulations, you did call the end of that relationship correctly. I just am not ready to talk to him about anything outside of Russian lessons for a little bit. He sees me as his little sister and I get that. Way too young, right now. Uncle Jim says I shouldn’t worry about romantic relationships until I hit my mid-20s. He also says that friendship is more important and I think I get that. It feels good having friends or at least starting to build friends.

I mean on ship. Both you and Kevin are my friends and I don’t think I would’ve gotten through this year without either of you. Okay and now I’m kind of crying so I’m going to end this email and have a chocolate Oreo. Margarita says not to eat my emotions, but whatever. I have fencing tomorrow. I’m going to pretend the practice dummy is Jeremy.

To be continued
Day 148: Conversations with Family

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all great and keep me writing.

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
Subject: Nervous and stressed. Also, wishing you were here.
Time arrived: 7/19/2260 00:00:01

I honestly think your letters keep me sane. You keep me tethered. This whole custody process is just horrible. Zach’s sister Zoe thinks that they’re just doing this because they’re mad that I’m moving on. I think they’re doing this because they’re just horrible people and they’re mad. I’m still alive and Zach is dead. I understand. I felt that way a lot, those first few months until I met you.

I have an 8 AM emergency meeting with Shawn tomorrow. Apparently, they found out something interesting during the DNA analysis. I’m a little terrified. Shawn reassured me it was a good thing, but he doesn’t want to tell me over the comm. Therefore, I’m not reassured. Wish me luck. If it goes awful, Liz promised me that she’ll let me get an emergency message through to the Enterprise. Apparently, her mom likes me, and she oversees Starfleet. So, if you’ve already heard from me then things have gone completely awful.

xxxx

From: Number_one_Pike
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny; Jim’s_cuddlebear
Time arrived: 07/19/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Spock, you are way too smart.

Spock, I’m not even surprised that you figured out that I’m doing in vitro. You’re the smart one. I already had the egg retrieval done before Chris died. It’s been something we’ve been planning to do for a long time. With him being named an admiral and me taking a planet side teaching position to be by him, it just seemed like the right time. It’s not like we’re getting any younger and some of our friends were already having grandkids. They were already fertilized by the time Desi arrived in the world. Even Chris going back on Enterprise temporarily, while you guys sued the hell out of Starfleet, wasn’t going to change our plan or schedule. I was supposed to be inseminated on June 14, 2259.

But that was before a supposed 20th-century ghost story shot up Starfleet headquarters. Afterwards, it just didn’t seem right to do it alone, especially in the immediate aftermath. My husband was dead, 30% of San Francisco was in ruins, and our adopted kid was in a coma. It was just not the right time. So, I canceled the appointment, and Spock can tell you I spent a lot of quality time at the hospital.

After the truth about what happened came out and Chen made me an admiral, I got used to my new life being alone. Eventually, I forgot about all our plans to start a family. What was the point with Chris gone? It was just another thing I lost. It would be okay.

But then a couple of weeks ago, I got a phone call from the clinic asking me if I wanted to keep the
embryos in storage for another year or consider allowing them to be adopted or alternately be destroyed. Option three was not an option at all. I couldn’t deal with the thought of the last part of Chris being destroyed. I also couldn’t handle that part being raised by someone else, a stranger. That’s not what I want.

Then at the spa day, Chen mentioned the job in London, and I thought, ‘hey, maybe I could do this’, but Spock your letter pushed me over the edge. We were going to have a family together. That was his last wish. I still want that even if I’m doing it by myself. Christine still thinks I’m crazy, but she is also going to spend the next year in London, finishing up med school to be with me during the pregnancy.

The implementation is tomorrow. I’m terrified, but I’m going to do this. Because it’s something I need to do. This is me moving forward, instead of just treading water like I’ve been doing for the last year.

Yes, Jim the lawyers are dealing with the non-authorized sex toys and bachelor party Enterprise ships. Would you guys be offended if Starfleet copyrighted your likeness? The lawyers think that it might be the best solution to keep this sort of thing from happening. It’s the trouble with being a public figure and both of you are very public figures. Unfortunately, the people at the red light district believe they can slap your name on a dildo because of that.

So, you should know that Gina messaged Chen directly about Satan the teenager, in addition to her reports to you. (She knows that you’re working on it, but she also understands the politics of the situation.) In addition, to drugging her food on the first day of class and making inappropriate comments of a sexual nature to Gina, he was a little touchy with one of the Ashleys. Not Ashley 2 because then Gina would be reporting an assault, in self-defense, but still assault. So, chances are we’ve already talked because I expect an emergency meeting to happen any day now.

We suspect that Jeremy was purposely put on your ship to torpedo the program, but we are investigating. When we know for sure, we will contact the ship.

Xxxx

From: MomOU
To: NyotaUM
Time arrived: 7/19/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Re: Thank you for the gifts.

Hey, thanks for writing. I’m glad that you got the necklace making kit and she’s enjoyed it. I also enjoyed the artwork that Admiral Chen’s daughter, Elizabeth dropped by. Josephine is talented. Also, it’s nice to have a family portrait. I’m going to have to make sure that kid stays well-stocked. You should be getting another shipment next time Enterprise stops for supplies. Hopefully it will be before the September shuffle.

The first-year post miscarriage was the worst for me. I think that was because everything is still fresh in your mind. There is a lot of everything to process still. The pain doesn’t last, at least not at the same levels, but it’s still there in some ways. I think you learn how to deal with it. Some of the books say that you were the ones that helped me learn how to deal, but it took time and I still made a lot of mistakes. Most revolve around sending you to boarding school without at least consulting you.

I’m glad that you like the present. I had no idea what to get. Chen’s daughter suggested art supplies, because apparently, she’s friends with Josephine. I thought the jewelry making kit would be practical and a safe way to spend some time. I had even less of an idea for what to get for you. I’m glad that you found the books useful even if you read some of them before.
I hope you got through the day as well as you could and just remember the one who hurt you is going to be in jail for a long time. I will personally make sure of that.

We all want the minors on Enterprise program to work and eventually be expanded to other ships. Well, most of us do. The ones who don’t were apparently responsible for Jeremy ending up on your ship. The Ashleys were placed on board as well to be destructive, but Jim Kirk is apparently a teenage whisperer.

It turns out maybe we haven’t cleaned house as much as we thought. There’s still some of the Marcus contingent in the ranks that managed to slip by the first purge. There’s going to be a meeting tomorrow.

Rest assured, neither one kid nor disgruntled admiral with HR connections is going to torpedo the whole program. Not if I can help it. This is too important for Starfleet’s future. More important it’s crucial for you. I want you to not have to choose between your child and your career. I know that you’ll make better choices than I did, but I still don’t want you to have to make those choices.

Does Josephine like it on board? Are things still going good with her teacher? I heard you got a new one. Chen chose her personally. How are the non-Jeremy students doing? How’s your work life balance? Yes, I’m still sorry that I never had that. I’m hoping for better for you.

Xxx
From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny;
To: Number_one_Pike
CC: Jim’s_cuddlebear
Time sent: 07/19/2260 06:51:01
Subject: Spock, you are way too smart.
Okay I’m doing the math in my head and I’m pretty sure you were already inseminated by the time we had our emergency conference last week. You totally could have said something. I’m also mad at Spock bear for keeping his suspicions to himself.

Congratulations. You are going to be a wonderful mom. I kind of already consider you the good one. You kept me from going totally off the rails at the Academy. I have faith that the insemination is going to work and in nine months, you will have a brand-new baby to smother in affection. Spock and I talked and I’m going to take a three-month sabbatical to London when the baby is born. Although it might be me taking lots of classes at the London campus. I still have some of my master work to do. We’ll have to work out the specifics with Chen and Rodriguez. If I knew this was happening, we could have talked during the state of the Jeremy meeting.

I’m not surprised at all that the devil child was purposely put on the ship to wreck the program. Not one bit. Although the deleting of his juvenile record was a nice touch. I mean we all know I have one, but I never burned down my house, especially intentionally, with people still inside. Also, never executed the neighbor’s pets. You are aware of reports of sexually harassing classmates as well as running off the last teacher. I am glad Ashley 2 broke his hand. It gave me a reason to put him on “house arrest” which has made the ships so much more pleasant.

I’m glad the mom took the settlement. I can understand why she went along with the plan because what mom wouldn’t want to get rid of her son’s juvenile record so he can have a second chance. People still look at me with disgust for mine. Although again, most of my behavior was caused by suicidal tendencies triggered by the stepdad. I think maybe the difference is I wanted that second chance to prove myself and I don’t think Jeremy does.

Although I feel very sad for whoever must deal with him at 20th century style military school. I just hope there’s a good therapist on staff. Sometimes I think I could’ve ended up like Jeremy, if
not for Dr. Suarez. Or, you know, a misogynistic prick who refuses to acknowledge that he's completely in love with his first officer due to severe internalized homophobia. Yes, I realize that’s awfully specific.

The hubby is sitting next to me and we decided that the best thing to do regarding the sex toys is to consult with our own lawyer. Hubby doesn’t want to license our likeness to Starfleet because, well, one of your colleagues put Satan the teenager on our ship to wreck the minors on Enterprise program and that’s just what they’ve done in the last year. We trust you and Chen, maybe even Rodriguez a little bit, but most of your colleagues, not so much, especially because of Jeremy as well as you know what happened last year.

Unfortunately, I can’t get them off my ship until our next Star base visit which will coincide with the September reassignment season. I’ll be counting down the moments. He’s just going to have to stay on house arrest until then.

Anyway, write back. Let us know how your journey into motherhood is going. I’m serious about coming to London for three months when the baby’s about to be born. Part of the reason why Spock and I switched roles is so I could leave if my mom needed me. You’re my mom too. Also, Winona seems to be in a good place. I’m sure you’re aware she’s at the Academy as a consultant. So, it looks like I can use my leave for you.

Anyway, I must go. Meeting with command, probably sending us new orders. I just have this feeling that our exploratory mission is going to get put on hold for a little bit.

Xxx

From: NyotaUM
To: MomOU
Time sent: 7/19/2260 12:45:21
Subject: Re: Thank you for the gifts.

Apparently your meeting worked well since Jeremy will be off the ship by September. I wish it was immediately, but we just received orders to investigate something strange on the Devon colony. We are on our way now. Although maybe that mission means that we can hit the Star base immediately after instead of waiting until September like originally planned. Fingers crossed.

Josephine is doing well all things considered. Last week was the one-year anniversary of her mom’s car accident. I was expecting the day to be awful for Josephine, but the Ashleys and Jay really stepped up and made the day good for her. Also, Chen’s daughter arranged for Chekov to give her a ‘how to deal with the death of a parent’ survival kit. If anybody knows how to deal with that sort of thing, it’s Liz and her boyfriend Kevin.

Okay, maybe I stole an Oreo from the supply kit. I deserved it. There were also brownies. I needed chocolate.

My difficult day went okay. Well, as okay as it could go. There’s still this part of me that blames myself for losing the baby. I probably wouldn’t have volunteered for a mission on the Klingon home world if I knew. Of course, I won’t bring that up around Jim because of his guilt complex. But I’m working through it.

Now that I have Josephine, I understand a lot more about the decisions you made back then. I don’t think I would’ve made those decisions myself, but I do understand why you made those decisions.

Anyway, it will probably be a while before I write again. We’re going to have a near communications blackout while in Devon.

Xx
Okay, I haven’t got an emergency message from you so that means everything went well with Shawn. At least I’m going to interpret it that way. It’s important to be positive in situations like these. I think Zach’s parents are just grieving, and they can’t get past the angry stage. They probably need a good therapist.

Apparently, it’s easier for them to focus that anger on you and not the Romulan that murdered their son in the first place. I wonder if they even know about that. You know because you were given the real briefing after we started dating. Starfleet tends to leave families in the dark sometimes. Jim didn’t even know what really happened to his brother until he had a security clearance or so. He’s told me.

I’ll try to write more often, even if I haven’t heard back from you. We’re heading to Devon where the satellite capabilities are down due to interference. Which means I probably won’t hear from you again until our mission there is over.

But I have hope that all will go well. You’ll see.
Day 157: What went down in Devon

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous. We had a bit of a time jump because Devon has been chaos. Also, I’m working off of the assumption that the Romulan ship landed in a slightly different dimension and then completely torpedoed the timeline. So some events from the original timeline might be blatantly different because parallel dimension or may have been years earlier like baby D being born. This will come in to play for this chapter.

From: Legal Queen
To: kitten_loverJJMU
Subject: I got your artwork.
Time arrived: 7/28/2260 00:00:01

Hey, this is your aunt. Brand-new email address because I needed a change. I’m probably not going to be in Atlanta much longer. I’m moving on and that means leaving the old behind in all its forms.

I got your paintings. They are really good. You are very talented. I’m going to have to make sure you get more art supplies for your b-day. It may be a little late, but I’m sure you’ll enjoy it. I ran into a few more of your ex friends recently and you’re probably better off making new ones. The Ashleys seem interesting, from what I’ve heard from you and others. I’m glad things are less antagonistic now. Maybe you all just needed time to adjust. My best friend was like my arch nemesis for the first two years of high school, but then we bonded over asshole fathers and we have been inseparable ever since. He let me cry all over him last year at the you know what before we went to hide in the ball pit next-door.

Yes, your grandfather’s dating habits are creepy, but so is he. I felt that way before the new wives were younger than me. Let us hope he passes away before they are younger than you. You’re right. I need to get out of here. I have for a long time. Especially because daddy dearest got me fired from my firm. I really liked that job. Like I said earlier, it’s time for me to leave Atlanta behind. Thanks to your dad, I am licensed to practice in California and several other territories throughout the Federation.

I am not even surprised Judge Lee got me fired. Even though the custody trial was a large fall from grace for him, he still has connections in the Georgia legal scene and he obviously wants me at the family firm.

Did your dad ever tell you what happened to him post-divorce? You know he didn’t really want to join Starfleet or leave you behind on Earth, but it was only place that would take him after your grandfather blackballed him from most medical institutions. He still had child support to pay. Although it wasn’t all your grandfather’s doing. They say you shouldn’t talk badly of the dead, but let us not pretend that my sister is something that she’s not. We know better.

Don’t worry about me. I have a few job interviews far away from Georgia in the next couple weeks, including with the Matthews firm. That’s tomorrow, actually. So that means I’ll be several thousand miles away on the one year anniversary of the tree incident. I think they’re dealing with
the custody case of your special baby friend. So fingers crossed I find a new job and end up several thousand miles away from your grandfather permanently.

I’m glad you’re working on getting over your anger at me. I’m currently trying to get over my anger at myself, but it’s hard. So many things are obvious in hindsight that I didn’t see or maybe that I thought were normal. Grandpa really fucked up my mind. I should probably censor what I’m writing to you, but well, you’ve seen enough where curse words really aren’t that that awful in comparison.

Xxx
From: kitten_loverJJMU
To: Legal Queen
Subject: Re: I got your artwork.
Time sent: 7/28/2260 12:16:01
Apparently, it took nearly 2 weeks for this letter to get here. I am not completely surprised. We are currently orbiting the Devon research colony. Mom says that communication abilities here are not that good. Also something obviously bad is going on because dad hasn’t been back to the room for 24 hours. Not a good sign.

I know what grandpa did. Google’s been around for over two centuries. It’s quite useful. I can’t believe she claimed that dad hit me. Probably best that I didn’t read that until after she died. This is why I had so many conflicting feelings on the anniversary.

It went okay, but I think it was easier being here with dad, other mom, and my friends. We made brownies. I also had Russian lessons. Never have a crush on your Russian tutor, especially when he sees you as his favorite little sister. Although I’m a little more okay with that, now that I know what happened. She died the year before he came to the Academy. Actually, her death was why he came to the Academy right before he turned 14. He didn’t want to stick around to see his parents’ marriage fall apart first hand. Seeing it all come undone at five was hard enough. I think at 14, it would be so much worse.

I’m glad you had a job interview. I think San Francisco would be good. Anywhere, but Atlanta really. Isn’t your BFF actually close to there in Oakland? You stayed there when you came to visit.

I don’t care about my old friends there anymore. The fact that they haven’t written to me once in the almost 6 months that I’ve been on ship shows me that. I have new friends, better ones that were there for me on the anniversary of the tree incident. I’m glad all the anniversary bad days are over for right now. The next thing of importance is my birthday in August. Fingers crossed, that’s the day Jeremy’s leaving the ship. That’s all I really want.

I’ll try to write again soon. Although, keep me posted on the job search. I’m sure you’ll find something great and far away from grandpa.

Xxxxx From: SuluHG2260
To: Benjamin_2254
Subject: Today was a bad work day
Time sent: 7/29/2260 22:12:01

It looks like I’m keeping my promise of writing you more even without a reply. It’s possible my last message hasn’t even got to Earth yet. We are just starting to get civilian emails again after nearly a week. Communications abilities are low because of our current Devon assignment, so Starfleet communications took precedence.

Devon was kind of a disaster and therefore I need to talk to you, especially after the last letter that I just wrote to my brother-in-law. Technically, Spock should have wrote to inform him that the
biological mother of his two children, Alicia died on Devon but I felt like it should come from me. Family, by marriage is still family. That’s my responsibility.

I can’t give you details on what happened. I’m pretty sure everything is going to go into the highly classified file of Enterprise shenanigans. Especially because of Jim and Spock’s idea to take care of the situation. It was brilliant, but weird.

I never liked Alicia because my nieces are adorable and how could you possibly just abandon one of them at the hospital. But well dying Alicia did help us come up with a solution along with some old friend of Jim’s named Aurelian. She didn’t make it either, unfortunately.

Even though she abandoned her daughter in the hospital, I didn’t exactly wish for her to die. I don’t think Jie even wants her dead, especially because her leaving led to meeting my sister. She was his baby shower planner. It’s a long story. Someday when I’m not exhausted. I’ll tell you everything.

So after writing that piece of bad news, I kind of just need to talk to you. I wish I could call you just to hear your voice, but not possible. Jim is in the middle of an emergency conference with command. I may have watched a few video files from June.

I hope I get a letter from you soon. I really want to know how your visit with Shawn went. Although the fact I haven’t got an emergency message from you. I hope still points to good things. I understand why it’s taken a while. One, we are very far out from Earth. The only thing that’s getting to Earth quickly are what is referred to as trans-warp messages. That can only be used in emergency situations like getting Jeremy off the ship after he tried to harass Ashley 2 or dealing with the Devon fallout.

There is a lot of fallout. Currently we have 10 recently orphaned children in Enterprise medical being treated. I think they’ll make it. However, they can’t return to the colony alone, which means going into the system. For those who don’t have family somewhere else anyway. Regardless, this means we’ll be heading to a Star base sooner rather than later.

Silver lining, this means I might be able to call you. Other silver lining, Jeremy will be getting off the ship so much quicker.

Although it almost seems cruel to ship kids who just lost their parents off to Earth or who knows where else by themselves. One of the recently orphaned kids is the son of Jim’s friend Aurelian. Apparently, she dated Jim’s brother before he died on Tarsus. He kind of looks like a mini Jim actually. Jim is really apprehensive about sending him to Aurelian’s parents because, as Jim put it, they are abusive and horrible. I kind of caught him crying in the bathroom earlier. He’s not okay. None of us really are.

Anyway, love you. Give all the babies an extra hug for me tonight.

PS: Next time you see my sister and brother-in-law, can you be extra wonderful to them. I feel like this is going to be hard on both of them.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. This is going to be another one of those letters. Prepare the tissues.

Dear Sam:

Sorry it’s been a long time without writing. I don't even remember the last time. Life has gotten busy. I’m not even joking about that; almost got kicked out of Starfleet, Vulcan got destroyed, Earth didn’t get destroyed twice, I became a Starfleet Captain, and stopped being a Starfleet Captain. Okay, I kind of almost died and after that, I decided that maybe I needed to take a step back. Mom also fell off the wagon spectacularly. Sometime during all of this, I managed to get married.

The Frank fuck up did not completely turn me off the institution. It’s a miracle. We worked together. I am my husband’s first officer. Although, it was the other way around, originally. Technically, I’m still a captain, but that is really just a technicality. I’m okay with that. It means I get to be more hands-on with missions.

The last one was intense. Like lots of dead bodies. I ran into your ex-girlfriend Aurelian. You remember breaking up with her right before leaving for Tarsus because neither one of you felt you could do a long-distance relationship. Do you remember having breakup sex though? Now about 40 weeks after that, Aurelian gave birth to a beautiful baby boy named Peter, who according to my husband looks like my mini me.

Bones theorized that all the vaccinations that you took to get you ready for Tarsus most likely deactivated your contraceptive hypo and well you ended up with a Peter. Or rather Aurelian did, but he’s kind of adorable in a “the world is awful” preteen sort of way. Preteens are special especially when they’ve had to deal with this much shit.

I don’t know if you ever knew about Peter. First, messages to Tarsus weren’t getting there very quickly even before things fell apart and it was worse afterwards because the evil one was trying to not publicize the colony’s failure. Apparently, that’s part of the reason why message technology has advanced so much in the decade plus since the incident. So, chances are you never got an email from her.

Two, Aurelian’s no longer around for me to ask. She died in my arms, three days ago. We’re referring to it as an evil alien parasite attack. Good news, they hate light and we fry them via satellite. Too late for Aurelian and Alicia the biological mother of the Sulu - Kim munchkins. Nothing like writing condolence letters to people you know. Mrs. Sulu-Kim helped plan my wedding. I felt bad for the Sulu-Kim kids because the oldest is not even eight yet and the youngest won’t be five for a little bit. It’s all awful.

I also feel bad for Peter and that was before I realized he was my nephew. I remember how bad Aurelian’s parents were. I survived Frank. I know abuse when I see it. I may have been at smart kid boarding school most of the time, but I remember the bruises. I didn’t want to send any kid to that and neither did Aurelian. Her will explicitly states that Peter was not to go anywhere near her parents. He was supposed to go to her friend Dimitri, who also died during the evil alien parasite attack.
Then Bones did a DNA test at Spock’s insistence, because Peter looks like my mini me. And it turns out Peter is a Kirk.

So now we have better options than violating the last request of a dead woman. Yes, Winona is a recovering alcoholic, but still better than Aurelian’s parents. She never hit us. She married someone who hit us, but I feel like she knows better now. Also, the current rehab stint has been doing pretty well and she will hit the one year sober mark next month. There was a relapse early on this cycle, but she’s doing well since. She even survived the Tarsus anniversaries without picking up a drink.

I don’t know if finding out about Peter will send her off the deep end, but I have faith that it won’t. She is still on track to transition out of the sober living facility by the end of the year and into her new house that she can buy with all the money she got from selling the farm. The house of evil is now going to become a museum for dad.

Should she raise another kid? Maybe not, but I feel like she would do a lot less damage than Aurelian’s family. Remember, I saw the bruises on both Aurelian and her sister. Also, Kevin and I are well-adjusted.

Option two is Kevin. Kevin’s a registered foster parent even though he is barely 20, because his girlfriend has custody of her sister’s daughter while she is on a one year mission. Did I mention Kevin finally got together with Liz? They’re all now domestic with a one-year-old. I’m pretty sure that the wedding will be right after Kevin graduates. It would be sooner, but Admiral Chan would probably resort to violence if they thought about eloping.

Neither Kevin or Liz would be alive right now without you. I think both of them would jump at the chance to raise your son. I’m sure they feel like they would owe you. Kevin took the Kirk last name because of you to honor you and your sacrifice. They’re getting plenty of parenting practice right now. Could they take on another kid? Yes. Should they? I don’t know, but Kevin and Liz will probably do it anyway. Again, better than Aurelian’s family.

However, there is also a third option. My husband and myself. So there’s a pilot program to allow kids to live on starships. It’s a small program right now, but a space recently freed up in the pilot because one of the participants didn’t actually meet the qualifications for the program. We will be dropping him off at a Star base in about four days with the other children returning to family members on earth. You saved Liz’s life, so I am positive her mom would be willing to put Peter in the program, even if he’s a little young. Especially, because it would keep Liz from serving as mom to two children.

There are lots of advantages for Peter staying on ship. It would definitely be less of a transition for him. He’s been on the research colony since he was a year and a half old. Starship life is a lot closer to research colony life then going back planet side. Liz had an awful transition, Kevin as well and I don’t think it was all Tarsus related.

Peter is also about the same age as Dr. McCoy and Nyota’s daughter Jo Jo. They’ve been bonding over mutual trauma. Jo Jo lost her mom a little more than a year ago. Drunk driving accident. I wonder if I told you about that. It really has been way too long.

Spock is all in on this possibility. He’s the one who suggested it to me. I’m not against it because Aurelian’s parents must be avoided at all costs. All costs. And I like Peter. He’s smart and sweet, even if he is kind of on the verge of crying right now. Plus I have a lot of experience, apparently, with emotionally damaged young people. I raised Kevin and he is quite well-adjusted. It’s a
margarita anyway.

marvelous anyway.

Margarita thinks we should let Peter decide and then get the lawyers to back it up. I feel like our stay at Star base 42 is mostly going to be conference calls with lawyers. Lots of conference calls with lawyers and the family. So, do I talk to the lawyers first or mom and Kevin? I’m trying to figure that out.

I’m not mad at you for creating another George Kirk situation. Okay, I’m a little mad, but you probably didn’t know. And even if you did, well, Tarsus was so fucked up. I probably should have another session with Margarita and maybe email Suarez, but not tonight. I have so many issues, but I’m working through it.

Xxxx

“I think we should discuss the situation with your mother, Nih, and Kevin before we present Peter with his options.” Spock said as he placed the journal back down on the table. Of course, Jim had Spock read the letter. It’s how they work through things.

“That’s probably best. It wouldn’t even be a bad idea if we also included mommy Chan and I mean mommy Chan. She can put her Admiral Hat on later, but I feel like this is a family situation.” Jim suggested to his husband.

“I agree.” Spock placed a gentle kiss on his lips. “I will asked Nyota to arrange a group chat tomorrow in near real time. Although, video chat would be preferred, it is not feasible at this time.”

“Which means at least a minute lag between messages. Which I think will be best. How do you think Winona is going to react to Sam having a kid? Even I threw up after the news.”

“I am uncertain of how she would react. Are you afraid that she will utilize alcohol again as a coping mechanism?” Spock asked, wrapping an arm around him.

“It is her favorite coping mechanism. She gets clean and she relapses. It’s a vicious cycle. I think she’s doing better this time around, but could this send her over the edge? I don’t know. That worries me.”

“It is not feasible to predict the future, but it seems that she is responding well to treatment right now.” Spock placed a reassuring kiss on Jim’s forehead.

“Better than before, but this is… Sam had a fucking kid and we didn’t know. I don’t even…” Spock just pulls Jim closer to him as he starts to cry. “I just realized that if we didn’t get called here for this parasite thing, we would’ve never known. I don’t even know if Aurelian would’ve told me the truth, if she made it.”

“I am inclined to believe that she would. Maybe she was trying to when she made you promise to take care of Peter.” Spock suggested

“The actual deathbed requests.” Jim sighed.

“Are we ready to be parents? This is full-blown parenthood. This isn’t babysitting or donation to the Vulcan sperm bank.”

“That you enjoyed assisting with.” Spock remarked.

“But this is so much more and so permanent. I didn’t exactly have the best father figures growing up.”
“Although it does appear that they improved with adulthood.”
“Yes. And some pretty good mother figures as well.” Jim remarked.

“You also raised Kevin.” Spock added.

“Of course, you bring that up now.” Jim groaned.

“I am merely pointing out that dealing with traumatized youth is your specialty. And you have succeeded greatly.”

“What about Jeremy?”

“Dr. Suarez taught me that you cannot save everyone.”

“Unfortunately. So are you really willing to help me raise Peter on ship? Think of the logistics.”

“Engineering will begin working on turning Lieutenant Sulu’s current room into a room for Peter, if Peter agrees to live with us. Lieutenant Sulu will move to Dr. McCoy’s previous room before he moved to family quarters.”

“Okay, you are always one step ahead. So family group chat, then talk with Peter. Actually maybe we could move into our Suite. In the meantime? He could totally sleep on the couch right? I don’t like the thought of him being all alone in the guest quarters with the other kids.”

“Which is why you replicated Teddy bears for all of them. I believe we could put a temporary bed in the meditation area for Peter.”

“This is why you’re perfect.” Jim smiled at his husband.
To be continued
Day 159: Kirk-Chen-Pike-Sulu-Kim family drama

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all wonderful. It is family group chat time and this is going to be crazy. Because of how far out the Enterprise is, there are a limited amount of lines. So groups of people will be sharing the same designation. Things will be clarified in the messages themselves.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Hey, this is Jim and Spock here. This is Jim typing or dictating, rather. You’ll know that Spock has taken over when the contractions disappear.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: I do use contractions on occasion.

Team Liz/Kevin: I don’t think we will have any difficulties telling you to apart when typing. This is Liz typing. Mostly because Kevin is kind of trying to get Desi to eat breakfast. Cheerios are everywhere. I don’t even want to talk about what happened to the banana.

W Kirk: Jim was the same way. I didn’t even know it was possible to get smashed banana on the ceiling. Jimmy was always an over achiever.

Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: Sue as well. I have pictures I’ll send you later. However, as adorable as this is, we should probably find out why this near live chat is happening.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: That must be our fearless leader Admiral Chen. Thank you so much for getting Jeremy off my ship. If it was allowed, champagne would be popped.

Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: Instead botany will be harvested as soon as possible. I’m sure you’re looking forward to your bumper crop of herbal Vulcan headache medication.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: That would be Nhi.

Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: Get on with it, Jim. Some of us have to chair meetings in like 30 minutes.
Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: I have been debating whether I should take the band-aid approach or gradually go into this. Unfortunately, I’m not sure how to do gradual in this case and apparently everyone else has places to go and I would like to get to sleep, so band-aid approach, it is. A couple of days ago during a mission I ran into Sam’s ex-girlfriend Aurelian and her son Peter, who was born about 40 weeks after Winona and Sam left for Tarsus hell.


Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: Aurelian was on Devon?


Team Liz/Kevin: Not that Jim needs it.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Now I know that is Kevin because Liz knows better. This is not the time for infertility jokes. Although, congratulations mom on actually getting biological grandkids. No one thought it was going to happen because we all know my sperm got fried during the Vengeance fiasco.

Team Liz/Kevin: I meant you wouldn’t need it because you kind of have a husband. I know you’re still upset about the fertility thing.

Team Liz/Kevin: I’m sorry my boyfriend is an insensitive idiot.

W Kirk: Are you sure the child is Sam’s?

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Bones is 100% sure I am the uncle. Unless you had a secret biological child I don’t know about, Peter is definitely Sam’s kid.

W Kirk: Why didn’t she tell us about Peter? I know correspondence to Tarsus was just awful, especially once the crops failed, but she could’ve told us this when we got back. I called her personally to tell her that Sam died and she never said a word.
Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: She probably wasn’t mentally able to. Ming and I agree she was probably too shocked by finding out that Sam was gone to say anything. I know you had your number changed after you got back because the media was just awful, so she probably wasn’t able to try again once the shock wore off.

W Kirk: And yet until about this time last year, I was still living at the farm house. She could have told me any time during the last decade plus. I want to talk to her right now.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: That’s not possible because she’s dead. Yes, she was on Devon and one of the casualties, but she did help us keep it from being worse.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Chen, how much can I say about what happened on the last mission?

Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: Everybody here, including your mom, has at least a secret clearance, so keep your briefing at that level.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Yes, Admiral. A few days ago, a distress call was received from the Devon research colony. We arrived there to find out everybody was being attacked by what I will refer to as the killer parasites from outer space. They’ve been slowly spreading from planet to planet in that area and because of nebulizers and communication difficulties, nobody knew about this swath of destruction.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Good news, we stopped the infestation and saved what remains of the colony. Sad news, a lot of people died before we could fix the situation, including Aurelian and the biological mom of Sulu’s nieces, Alicia.

Team Liz/Kevin: That is so awful.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Very awful. Sulu actually wrote a personalized letter to his brother-in-law. Liz, I know you’re in contact with the Sulu siblings. Do you know if they received the letters?

Team Liz/Kevin: Probably not. I think I would’ve been called in to provide advice on losing a parent like that, as well as how the break the news. Mom can give me a readout and I’ll try to deliver the letters myself. I can do a more personal touch.
Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: The letters arrived to HQ, but we haven’t dispatched an officer to deliver them in person. Many of the scientists who did die were on a detail from Starfleet. But if Liz is willing, then I’m okay with her taking over this duty. It’s better coming from someone you know.

Team Liz/Kevin: I am willing to do it, but in civilian attire. I want us to be there as family and not as Starfleet representatives.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Good call. Also maybe bring some chocolate and teddy bears. Or maybe some alcohol and or Vulcan headache medication in brownie form. Just be gentle.

Team Liz/Kevin: We will. Kevin will be coming with me.

W Kirk: Did Peter survive?

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Yes. Peter is currently sleeping on a temporary bed in Spock’s meditation corner. This is totally why we’re dictating from Spock’s office instead of our quarters right now even though it’s after hours and we’re supposed to be off duty outside of a catastrophe. He’s as good as can be expected right now under the circumstances. Peter has been spending most of his days with Jo Jo who is trying to acclimate him to ship life.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: OK, she’s trying to give him some sort of routine, so he doesn’t think about his mom dying in front of him since that’s going to cause some issues. So many issues. But hey at least this must be better than Aurelian’s parents. Her will, explicitly stated that Peter is not to go to them.

W Kirk: That’s understandable considering they murdered her sister.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: What?

W Kirk: A couple years ago, her father killed Aurelian’s younger sister and her mother covered it up, but not well. He got a life sentence and she received 20 years. It was the scandal of Riverside.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Why am I just finding out about it now?
W Kirk: We were only talking about Kevin at that point. Also, it was all over the media.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Point. And I was kind of trying to get through four years at the Academy in three so I didn’t exactly have free time to read the net. But that’s neither here nor there. However, due to that very unfortunate family situation, our choices are one of us taking custody of Peter or Federation child services stepping in. I don’t want Federation child services to be involved right now.

Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: Of course not. I assume, you want Peter to take Jeremy’s old spot in the pilot program?

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Yes, if possible. I know he’s younger than the normal age, but his dad is dead, his mom is dead, his aunt is dead, and apparently his maternal grandparents killed her. Wait, why did they kill her?

W Kirk: Having a girlfriend. They were also charged with a hate crime.

W Kirk: I would also like to add that Jim probably should get special permission to have Peter on board because Peter’s other grandma is an alcoholic with severe PTSD, and a host of other mental issues. Also, her PTSD happened because of a very classified Starfleet fuck up and they owe her big time. Making sure her grandchild grows up in a stable environment is the least of what they owe her.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: I hate that I’m right about this. I always knew they were evil.

Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: At least I now understand why you wanted me here. It’s a possibility, but you’re going to be the first command team with family on board. That’s going to be difficult to sell to some of the others. However, me and Pike are on board with this possibility. Besides, I think this is another thing we need to look at during the pilot program.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Thank you. Didn’t you take care of Liz the entire trip back to Earth after Tarsus hell? We’re already taken care of like 1000 kids, what’s one more?

Team Liz/Kevin: Yes, but one more dealing with a ton of trauma?

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: That’s what we have Margarita and Gina for. Also, still better
than Jeremy.

Starfleet HQ “ Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: I’ll talk to Rodriguez, who is in charge of the program and give my recommendation. Hopefully she will agree, but it’s going to be her call.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Thank you for that. I hope she says yes because I want to at least present Peter with more than one choice. If worse comes to worse, I was going to call the father-in-law. He is a registered foster parent. I think he’s gained a few Vulcan kids, but it wouldn’t hurt.

Starfleet HQ “ Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: You should probably talk to your father-in-law anyway. Especially because you don’t know that he is fostering a young Vulcan Romulan girl, Saavik.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: I am totally not surprised that my father-in-law gets the biracial child. Yes, we will talk to him next to see if he’s willing to be an option. Actually we are close enough for a voice chat. What about everyone else?

W Kirk: As I pointed out earlier, I’m definitely not qualified. I would love to meet my grandkid and I will shower him with presents, but I am a mess. Less of a mess than I was last year, but not as healthy as I should be. I’m barely taking care of myself, I can’t add another person right now. Honestly, I don’t even know sometimes how Kevin came out so well-adjusted. I am pretty sure it was your fault, Jimmy.

Starfleet HQ “ Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: That’s the other reason why I am willing to support Jim and Spock raising Peter on ship. After what happened on Tarsus, it is a small miracle that Kevin came out so well-adjusted and I know, Jim, you were the reason for that.

Starfleet HQ “ Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: In the event that it’s decided Peter can’t stay on ship I will make sure there is a place for Peter on Earth even if it’s my own apartment.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: OK that was probably Pike.

Starfleet HQ “ Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: Sorry that would be Chen. Although, Pike would be up for it as well if necessary. She also says that if you are going to be raising Peter on board, then you’re definitely not coming to London for three months when she gives birth. Honestly, I’d rather keep my best command team together. Once you drop off the kids, there will be several exploratory missions waiting for Enterprise, which is what you’re supposed to be doing.
Team Liz/Kevin: Kevin and I are also willing to try for a teenager this time. I’m sure he won’t try to throw Cheerios down my bra.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: If he did, it would be a whole different set of issues.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: OK this is good. This gives Peter options. Chan and Pike can work on the things from the Starfleet perspective. Spock and I will call the father-in-law and see if he’s willing to be another option. That will give Spock a chance to meet his new foster sister as soon as it’s an appropriate time to call New Vulcan.

Starfleet HQ “Nhi” Pike & N. Chen: Agreed. OK if everybody has their assignments, I have a meeting to get to. I will work on getting Peter Kirk in the minors on Enterprise pilot program and will try to let you know something before you leave the Star base.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: I’m not sure he’s going to want to use the Kirk last name but put that down for now at least. Thank you.

W Kirk: I expect pictures. Maybe even video files. I’d love to do a live chat if you can pull it off the next time, you’re in range.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Video files can be pulled off. Maybe a video chat can happen when we’re at a Star base, but at the very least Nhi is going to have to pull that off.

W Kirk: I have known her since her last name was Una. She will say yes.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: So that’s what her maiden name was and I can totally see why she decided to go with Pike after the marriage. I mean if my husband came from a culture where they did last names, I probably would’ve taken his due to the Kirk baggage. OK, maybe Peter should keep his current last name.

1. Kirk: I’m going to let you work that out on your end. I’ll talk to you later sweetie. I need to leave for campus in the next 15 minutes.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Bye mom. I’ll try to write you in a few days and send you the pictures. Lots of pictures.
Team Liz/Kevin: OK they have disconnected so we can talk. Kevin is making sure this is not on the record. Could one of you please call Sulu. There’s some things I need to pass on from the boyfriend.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: We just called for him. He will be here in five. Actually, if you could make sure none of it is on the record that would be lovely. I would prefer people not know that I am taking advantage of my brother dating the head of Starfleet’s Daughter.

Team Liz/Kevin: Oh you’re not taking advantage of that. You’re taking advantage of the fact that you’re going to get custody of a kid whose father died due to Starfleet incompetence and you know the Federation put the asshole in charge of Tarsus. A megalomaniac genocidal asshole. The organization as a whole owes you a lot. They owe the memory of Sam, a lot.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: OK, so Starfleet owes Sam a lot apparently.

Team Liz/Kevin: So much. I wouldn’t be alive without him so Mom owes him a lot as well. Making sure his kid is taken care of would be part of that. So this is not about you, it’s about Sam.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Well that makes me feel slightly better. Not that the nepotism comments aren’t going to happen anyway. You know, apparently, I only became a captain because of my blow job skills.

Team Liz/Kevin: Assholes. Unfortunately, those nepotism comments are always going to come out no matter what. Susan gets it all the time and she goes by her dad’s last name. And well, even I’ve heard the blowjob remark once or twice a semester.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Your sister works with idiots. Also, even I get the blowjob comments, especially being gay. This is Sulu typing now. I assume that you want to give me an update on Ben’s custody situation with his ex-in-laws?

Team Liz/Kevin: After months of repeatedly saying that a gay single parent can’t raise a little girl and making Ben feel awful at every turn, the Johnsons drop the case. They don’t even want visitation anymore.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: What? Why?
Team Liz/Kevin: You’re going to have to talk to Ben. It’s complicated and honestly, Shawn is expecting additional litigation from the Johnson family, but they don’t want K anymore. They’re just awful people. I don’t even know why Ben keeps that last name.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: I’m not even surprised. They’ve been awful for a while. It’s because he doesn’t want to lose that part of his husband and his pre-married name was worse. Let Ben know that he has my support in any way that he needs.

Team Liz/Kevin: You can do it in person. I am going to set up one of these near live text sessions for tomorrow 600 hour ship time. Really you have to hear everything from him. This is pure soap opera stuff.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Which will just be later today for you guys. But thank you for doing this.

Team Liz/Kevin: Because he needs it. He wrote you about it already, but I heard you guys just got out of a blackout zone.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Yes, and Spock is telling me that we’re going to have to cut this short, but I’d love to get an update on my sister and the baby before ending our chat.

Team Liz/Kevin: Baby D is covered in Cheerios and milk. I’m glad we decided to have breakfast before I dressed her for the day. We have playgroup and then we’re going over to Ben’s house for me to set up your call. There might also be mimosas in there somewhere. Ben’s going to need a lot of mimosas and I will too because I’m going to be going over to your sister’s tonight to break the bad news to her and the husband.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: Thank you for doing that.

Team Liz/Kevin: You’re welcome. It’s what family does.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: What are his in-laws doing?

Team Liz/Kevin: Being horrible people. The Dad anyway. The mom is just going along with it.
We’ll talk later. D loves and misses you.

Enterprise command Kirk/Spock: I love her too. Jim says he’ll be in touch and yes, he will send pictures of Peter regardless of the outcome.

Team Liz/ Kevin: Wonderful. I have to go change your toddler. Seriously, Cheerios everywhere.

To be continued
Day 160: It really does take forever to get email in space

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or review the last conversation. You are all absolutely wonderful. Please note that the first email here was only written about two days after the email that Sulu received on day 148. The second one was written two days later, yet they are reaching the Enterprise email server at the same time. Devon really did a number on their email system.

Also, you’ve noticed that I’ve changed the summary and the title of the story slightly. I realized that my original plan to do the whole five year mission in emails was overly ambitious and would result in way too much filler. So we are only doing the first year or so now with a time skip epilogue portion that will take us to my original stopping point.

The original subtitle applied to my original ending and I’m doing something slightly different now. The new title comes from the Mike Shinoda song Make It up As I Go, which I think fits the story better. It also keeps with the song subtitles of the first two stories. The theme song for Dear Spock was Eminem’s Beautiful. The theme song for Dear James was Pink’s Fucking Perfect. I can’t think of a better theme than Make It up As I Go for this story.

New summary from A3O: Follow-up to Dear Spock and Dear James. The five year mission is a go. Jim is trying to figure out how to be Spock’s first officer and husband while dealing with the lasting consequences of nearly dying. Spock tries to figure out how to give Jim what he needs while balancing his responsibilities as captain. Sulu is trying to figure out how to be a good dad to Demora and partner to Ben light years from both. Leonard and Nyota are trying to figure out how to raise a preteen in space with enough baggage to fill the ship. No one knows quite what they're doing. However, they are the best crew in Starfleet, which essentially means they’ll just make it up as they go. A collection of letters, emails and other written correspondence from the first year of Enterprise’s five-year mission.

New summary from fanfiction dot net:
Sequel to Dear James and Dear Spock. The 5 year mission is a go. Everybody’s trying to balance their work and family responsibilities. No one knows quite what they're doing. But they are the best crew in Starfleet, which essentially means they’ll just make it up as they go. A collection of emails & other written correspondence from the first year of Enterprise’s 5-year mission.

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
So, I went to see Shawn yesterday and the fact that I needed to take another day to process before I could send you an email probably tells you all types of things about how badly that meeting went. So apparently Shawn was right in letting the DNA test happen and even wiser in deciding to have a second team duplicate the results just in case they tried something. So, I should just tell you immediately that baby K is not Zack’s biological daughter, but she is mine. I kind of fainted when I found out.

So, the first time around Zack’s parents did a DNA test to prove that K was their granddaughter. And she totally 100% is their grandchild. However, this time Shawn being Shawn, he decided to run the paternity test against Zack. The Johnsons couldn’t do that last time around, but because of Shawn still having Starfleet connections and the fact that I now know Admiral Chen personally, we were able to access my deceased husband’s Starfleet DNA profile. And to all of our surprises, that proved that baby K is not Zack’s biological daughter because the fucking fertility clinic screwed up and Zoe was implanted with a batch two embryo. I think it’s a small miracle that they didn’t accidentally fertilize Zoe’s donor eggs with her brother’s sperm. Obviously, they are that incompetent.

I guess I should start at the beginning. When we first got married, Zack and I decided that when we had kids the first child would be Zack’s genetically and the second child would be mine biologically. We didn’t want to do a three child embryo or something involving more genetic engineering. Instead we would use a donor egg that looks like Zack and vice versus. Eventually, Zack’s sister Zoe agreed to be our surrogate and was willing to donate a few eggs to the cause. After two attempts she got pregnant, but apparently, she got pregnant with an embryo created with my sperm and her egg.

The fertility clinic has no idea how that happened or at least that’s what their lawyer is telling us. Shawn and team are looking into it. Theoretically, the embryos created from Zack’s sperm are still in storage. I hope they are anyway. I am paying for it.

You and I haven’t talked about it, but I kind of wanted another kid someday in addition to baby D. We can totally raise three together. I didn’t want to take that option off the table by putting the embryos up for adoption. Of course, at the time I thought they were embryos created with my sperm but knowing that they’re Zack’s doesn’t change that.

Now I am extra glad I did that because this is my last piece of Zach. Honestly, I cried a lot in the last day. Too much. I am pissed and angry and I have another meeting with Sean in an hour to decide what we’re doing about the fertility clinic. Should I sue? I don’t know. I don’t want K to think that I love her less because she is not Zack’s biological child. Because she still is his. If he
didn’t die, he would have loved her so much and now I’m crying again. I don’t need this.

I don’t even know what this is going to do to the custody case. It changes things because Zoe isn’t going to possibly let her parents try to take her kids. Nor should they, because she’s alive to fight back. It may even make things easier, Zoe has been by my side the entire time on this. I haven’t even told her yet. That’s also part of today’s meeting with Shawn and our new lawyer, Ms. Lee, formerly of Atlanta. Like just hired yesterday new.

I will write more later. Love you. Wish you were here.

Xxxxx

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
Subject: Acclimating to reality

Time arrived: 7/31/2260 00:00:01

Another day, another letter to you. Maybe things are just that screwed up. Writing to you is how I cope. Although, I promise not to write again outside of an emergency until I hear from you. Liz told me that Enterprise is under a communications blackout due to your current location. Of course that happens now. I hope you at least got the first message before that happened.

So Zoe totally has my back. She also fainted when she found out K is her baby, but she cried a little too. After long discussions with the legal team Zoe has decided against signing her parental rights away. Shawn says that will give us more of a chance going up against her parents. Besides, she has always adored K. She has also been baby K’s favorite babysitter whenever she’s in town so we’ll work things out.

I’m now glad I had you and Sue to show me the best way to navigate a nontraditional family. I like how you two can just work things out and be best friends for each other. You both have a really great relationship. So I’m hoping we can copy you guys.

Also, after very long discussions with Ms. Lee, our new attorney (whose own father makes the Johnsons almost seem like not evil people) and Shawn, we decided that we will be suing the fertility clinic because who knows what other families they did this to. We want to know why it happened to keep it from happening again. Zoe is pushing for it. Zoe is also totally convinced that K is too young to realize what’s going on so she probably won’t have issues due to the lawsuit. She knows that we adore her to pieces no matter what.
I don’t know how this is going to effect the lawsuit with the in-laws. Shawn says from a purely legal perspective it’s a good thing. K’s other biological parent isn’t dead and I am still alive and her biological father and I have more parental rights because our legal system didn’t see me as an equal parent before despite the papers and the marriage certificate and 200 years + of case law.

You can tell I’m just angry and sad and furious and I’m probably just rambling into the microphone right now so please forgive me if this is totally incoherent. I just need to talk to somebody and you’re it right now. Zoe is still processing and I’m not quite ready to tell Liz yet, but I will soon. Probably when I pick up baby K today.

There’s another lawyer meeting tomorrow, but this time with the other team being there. I’m sure the in-laws know the truth by now. It’s like my life consists of playgroup, office hours, and lawyer time. I’m just glad that Liz is willing to take care of K whenever I have to spend quality time with the lawyers.

How did you win the in-law lottery? Zoe is like the only good one. Although your family is an improvement, but I am still getting to know everybody. Although K has been invited for a sleepover next weekend so we shall see. I’ll send pictures. Write back whenever you get these rambling messes of emails.

Xxxxxx

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: OK the ship email system has suspicious timing and two of your messages pushed through at midnight. So at least I got to read your thoughts on what’s going on before we talked. Although the fact that Liz arranged this chat has me worried enough.

Enterprise Lt. Commander Sulu: So I should probably apologize for being unavailable for so long at such a crucial time. Although I heard through Jim, who heard from Liz that the Johnsons are dropping their custody suit. Is that a good or bad thing?

Dr. Ben Johnson: I would like to say they dropped the suit because they knew Zoe wouldn’t budge 1 inch and their lawyers told them they no longer have a legal leg to stand on, but after today’s legal shenanigans, I realize it’s because they just want a piece of Zack. That’s all K ever was to them, and now that she is not Zack’s child, they don’t actually want her. I still don’t know how Zack is even related to them because they’re just awful. His dad more than the mom but she’s still going along with it.

Dr. Ben Johnson: And I forgive you for not writing back. Liz told me what happened and I’m so sorry for your loss. Those poor kids. Liz is over there right now breaking the news. She told me
what was happening because I am watching Desi right now. Liz felt it was best that she not be there because she’s not sure how the girls are going to take it.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: Liz is probably right about that. I’m not sure how they’re going to take it. They’ve already been abandoned once. I’ll probably ship some letters off to my sister once I can get a readout of what’s going on. Also, I really want to know what sent you over the edge today? Were the in-laws really that bad?

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: Oh by the way, Leonard believes your new lawyer is his former sister-in-law although not that former because he still claims her. Says she was the second best thing he got out of that marriage. And her father probably is worse than the Johnsons, if the things Jo Jo has told me is any indication.

Dr. Ben Johnson: Kevin is sending me text messages. They handed the letter to your brother-in-law about five minutes ago. He broke a wall and possibly his hand. I am glad I have the baby. Desi says hi and No. No is her favorite word right now.

Dr. Ben Johnson: They are suing me for Zack’s embryos. And I’m not surprised Miss Lee was the best thing Dr. McCoy got out of his marriage. Zoe is like my favorite right now.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: Of course no is Desi’s favorite word. I am not surprised about breaking a wall. Also glad you’re keeping the kids.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: I hate to say it, but I’m not surprised they’re doing this. I kind of felt that they were only trying to get K from you because they wanted a piece of Zack. It wasn’t about her. How are you feeling about this?

Dr. Ben Johnson: Kevin says your sister is crying, but she is glad you wrote a personal letter because she didn’t want to read some meaningless platitude by a faceless Starfleet member about Alicia. Are they sending the ashes back to earth? Liz asked me to ask that. Or Kevin. I hate when they text me from the same phone because sometimes, they really sound alike.

Dr. Ben Johnson: I thought that way too for a while and I think this annoys me more because K is still their grandkid, but now she is Zoe’s kid not Zack’s kid and well she doesn’t matter. Zoe is the one that cut them off because of how they treated Zack. Do they just see the kids as a second chance, or maybe to repent for their sins? Questioning is something they never did when Zack was alive. They hated him. They hated me. I just don’t even know how to process this right now.
Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: Yes, Alicia’s ashes are being sent back. I made sure of that personally. As far out as we are, I expect it’s going to take about a month. The kids might get there sooner.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: Oh I should tell you that as of tonight I am no longer sharing a bathroom with my Captain and his husband. This is because Jim and Spock are adopting or at least fostering Jim’s dead brother’s illegitimate child that nobody knew about until about five days ago. We didn’t even know that he was Jim’s nephew until Leonard did a DNA test. His mom didn’t say anything before she died. Yes, it’s a total mess.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: I am sorry that your in-laws are like that and I’m sorry they were like that to Zack and Zoe. Blood doesn’t always make a family. It’s love. I’m just saying if you want to have a third child, I’m OK if you want to use the embryos from Zack. It will be a true yours mine and ours situation.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: We could totally try to talk Sue in to being our surrogate, but I don’t think she wants to get pregnant again. OK unless it gets her off of the Hamilton because I think she starting to really hate her ship. She’s a very overworked and underappreciated first officer who’s being gossiped about by everybody.

Dr. Ben Johnson: Kevin says thank you for the update about the ashes and the Peter situation. Apparently there was a family discussion about it yesterday or rather earlier today our time, but they didn’t know the outcome.

Dr. Ben Johnson: Yeah I don’t think Sue wants to be pregnant again anytime soon. Apparently, she had morning sickness the entire time last time. It’s a surprise she managed to stay on ship for as much of her pregnancy as possible. It’s something we can talk about after the five-year mission because if we are going to have another kid you’re going to be here at that time. Also, I’m not sure if I want to deal with the Johnsons if we bring a Zack kid into the world.

Dr. Ben Johnson: I am realizing that blood really doesn’t matter. Your found family is kind of wonderful. I mean Liz made sure we could talk and this is really helping even though I can’t see you.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: I definitely think I want to be present during the pregnancy. I am sad I missed the ultrasounds and everything else with Desi. I mean I have the video files, but it’s not the same. I would’ve loved to have felt Desi kick. I also heard Desi kick Sue’s bladder constantly, so yeah definitely never going to get pregnant again outside of another catastrophic contraceptive failure.
Dr. Ben Johnson: Well she is your free pass and only free pass by the way, so you could end up giving Desi a biological sibling. Kevin and Liz are coming over to get D. Apparently, they’re going to take the kids to get cheer up ice cream after being told their mom is dead. Apparently, ice cream cake will be involved.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: Family tradition. That’s how Sue found out about her father.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: How are you going to proceed legally? Do you know yet?

Dr. Ben Johnson: I don’t want them to have Zack’s embryos because I don’t want them to raise another child to hate themselves if they’re different. They just expected so much and I can’t do that to an innocent baby.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: But at least you don’t have to worry about them taking K.

Dr. Ben Johnson: They don’t even want visitation anymore. It’s like one extreme or the other. I’m going to need extra time in therapy just to work all this out.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: Are you seeing someone?

Dr. Ben Johnson: Yes. Liz insisted. It’s been helping.

Enterprise. Lt. Commander Sulu: That’s good. OK Nyota is telling me that our allotted time is up, but I’ll write to you again in a couple of days. You might not see it for about a month, but I will write. Love you.

Dr. Ben Johnson: Love you too. I’ll send pictures. You know Desi is going to dive headfirst into the ice cream cake. What is it with that kid in cakes?

To be continued.
Day 164: Meet Your Grandma

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. This chapter is a departure from our normal format, but necessary. Someone was able to schedule a video conference with Jim and his nephew from an undisclosed Star base. Thanks to the Kirk family drama, this is going to be ridiculously long.

“OK, I should never underestimate your ability to talk Pike into doing anything.” Jim said as his mom popped up on screen. Even though he received an official communiqué, allowing him and Spock the use of long-range conference room six at the Star base, Jim still wasn’t certain the meeting would happen until he saw his mom. Fingers crossed, this goes better than Spock meeting his new foster sister.

Apparently being raised as an only child (most of the time) made Spock very territorial, not that Vulcans will ever admit to being territorial. Just another thing to add to the list to talk to Margarita about during his next session which will probably be in an hour. So many things to talk to Margarita about. Even if it’s like 11:15 PM Star base time, Margarita will want to talk. She will be observing anyway to keep things from going nuclear awful.

“Actually, it was Ming that authorized this. Thank your brother for dating up.” Jim couldn’t help but roll his eyes at that. His husband was practically Vulcan royalty, even if he had to deal with the bigots. “All she wants is for her granddaughter to see her dad for at least the last 15 minutes. Which is why we chose a time better for us than for you. Sorry. Maybe he can join around midnight your time.”

“That can be arranged.” Jim already had his PADD out composing a quick message to Sulu. Hopefully, he was close by. Okay he was probably keeping Pav from making bad hook up decisions. It was close to midnight and both had leave at the moment. They would totally be at one of the bars or restaurants on base.

“Where is Peter?” Winona asked.

“Waiting outside with Spock as Margarita tries to calm him down.” Because Peter kind of went into a full-blown panic attack 10 minutes ago. “The one time he met one of his grandparents involved getting a restraining order after the fact, so he’s nervous.” He started hyperventilating and may have thrown up on a yeoman. “Dr. Margarita is trying to give him a little pep talk right now
before he joins us.”

“That poor child. Not even 13 yet and has gone through so much.” A tear was running down Winona’s cheek on screen.

“Yes.” You don’t even know everything yet.

“So I assume he is staying?” Winona asked.

“He wants to.” Like he wouldn’t let go of him and Spock for a good 15 minutes when he brought up the possibility. He’s grown very attached to them over the last week. “But I haven’t heard from Starfleet yet so I have no idea how successful Chen was.” Although, this was the woman who defied Starfleet and rescued Tarsus before the second round of the executions could start, so he has faith in her.

“However, the father-in-law is on board with fostering another child. And since Peter finds Spock’s new foster sister, Saavik, to be the epitome of cool, New Vulcan was his second choice.”

“Really, I expect official orders to get there by now. Peter is officially a member of the Minors on Enterprise program. Ming had it approved the same day we last talked.”

“That is absolutely fantastic.” Because even though they would be able to visit New Vulcan a lot more than Earth, Jim really wanted to keep Peter with them. Also, Spock was a little worried about his father raising a human child without Amanda there.

“Was there any resistance? Or do you not know the answer to that question.” Jim really wanted to know what was going on with Starfleet politics. Okay didn’t want to know but he needed to know because that’s what first officers did.

“Of course, there was resistance, but Chen reminded the others of why Peter Kirk is an orphan. Is he going by that name?”

“Yes because apparently that’s been the name he’s been going by for the last 12+ years. Her as well at least since her sister was murdered. I guess she introduced us using her maiden name because I guess introducing your son’s uncle to him when you’re dying is probably not the right time. This whole situation has been crazy.”
“That’s probably why she did it. How have you been holding up?” Winona asked.

“Pretty good actually under the circumstances.” He hasn’t locked himself in the bathroom to cry. Not since finding out anyway. “Thanks to all the times I have babysat Jo Jo and took care of Kevin, I knew most of the stuff I’m supposed to be doing. The rest I have Spock for. You have no idea how many parenting books he has read in the last four days.” Jim is pretty sure that his husband has been reading some of those on the bridge when he is supposed to be reading reports. Jim is so proud.

“Probably a lot. Although most things about parenting are not in the books. Really, I’m just glad you married Spock, instead of a piece of shit like Frank. So you’re ahead of me.” Winona said bitterly.

“You didn’t know he was a piece of shit when you married him.” Frank had everybody fooled.

“No, but there are things that in hindsight I should’ve noticed. It doesn’t matter because I’m sure you will do much better than I ever did.”

“We will see, but the kid is already spending quality time with Margarita.” Literally at the moment. “So the jury is still out.”

Gina is also suggesting art therapy and Jo Jo has graciously offered to share her stash. Although, Jim is planning to take Peter to take out in the morning to get some things before they leave. At least this Star base has a mall.

“That would be in the positive column. I didn’t do that for you until it was court ordered.”

“Will Kevin and Liz be joining us?” Jim asked changing the subject.

“In a few minutes. I spoke with my therapist earlier and she suggested that it might be a little too much for Peter to meet us all at the same time. Also one of the people in our party happens to be a toddler that’s prone to screaming.”

“As well as dive headfirst into baked goods.” Jim quipped.
“That happened yesterday to a cupcake. It’s like she’s convinced that all baked goods should be eaten directly from the table in the messiest way possible.”

“Please tell me there are pictures?” Jim asked.

“Already uploaded.”

“Which means they will get here in a week.” Jim remarked just as he heard the door open.

“Peter is ready to join this conversation now.” His husband said as he led the 12-year-old into the room. At least he was breathing normally right now. That was a good sign. Of course he saw Margarita in the back. Smart husband. She was staying out of camera range, but staying in the room. Good doctor.

“Peter, this is my mom Winona. Remember, I showed you a picture earlier.” As well as told him a few stories. All good things. Mostly. Peter just nodded his head making Jim glad that this was a video feed.

“He really does look like you at that age.” And equally antisocial, but Jim was dealing with the aftereffects of Frank. Maybe he can understand Peter better than he thinks he does.

“I will show you images later to confirm this.” Spock said from behind Peter. Peter adored Spock. Vulcans in general, really. He actually got along well with Jim’s father-in-law.

“So you’re my grandmother?” Peter asked, looking at the screen.

“Yes and I’m sorry we didn’t get to meet before.”

“Mom was going to bring me to meet you last time we were on Earth, but your neighbor said you were in rehab.” Jim put his head in his hands, as Spock began to rub his shoulders. Really he should have totally expected this.
“That’s probably true. I am an alcoholic, but I am in treatment right now.” At least mom is being honest.

“Is that why I am living on ship?” Peter asked.

“No, you’re living on ship because we want you here and you want to be here. And yes it’s been approved, so you will get to stay with us. I’m sure you’re happy about that because you’re already BFFs with Josephine.” Jim explained to his nephew. He could feel Spock’s relief through the bond.

“Because she understands what’s going on.” Peter responded.

“She does.”

“Although I was looking forward to spending time with Saavik.” Jim could feel his husband’s lack of surprise at that comment. Peter already really liked his foster aunt.

“Chances are we will end up on the colony sooner rather than later. So you will have plenty of time to hang out. You might as well call Kevin and Liz to come in.”

“Kevin is your brother?” Peter asked.

“Yes.” Jim confirmed. “I knew I should have given you family tree flashcards.” Yesterday’s quick rundown was not enough.

“But not my dad’s brother because mom said that you were his only sibling.”

“Winona adopted me after Sam died, but I am totally willing to take the fun uncle roll. Sam did see me as a little brother anyway. So, expect a care package filled with goodies the next time Enterprise hits another Star base.” Kevin explained.

“The end of next month maybe. And I think that’s only because of the September crew switch out. Which may become the October switch out for us. You know I was really expecting the five-year mission to be more exploring and less every day drudgery.”
“That’s because they’re getting the hang of this or at least that’s what Chan says. So Peter expect Oreos, games, and art stuff when you get new crewmembers. Have Jim give me a list of anything you want.” Kevin offered.

“You don’t have to.” Peter mumbled.

“I want to. According to Liz over here, it is the responsibility of aunts and uncles to provide you with all the fun stuff, especially when you’re stuck on ship and the real deep exploration part of the five-year mission will kick in.” And Jim was hoping that was soon because the mini missions were starting to cause a headache.

“I like comic books. Josephine has been letting me read some of hers. But I like different things.”

“Marvel or DC? Josephine is a Marvel girl.” Kevin asked.

“IDW and Boom. Although Disney also owns Boom now.”

“I like someone who takes a third option. I think you’ll fit in just fine, but I’ll make sure that I put in some chips for you. Streaming doesn’t quite work on Enterprise.” Especially when they get into uncharted space. After the Devon fiasco, Jim was looking forward to two months of deep space. Especially deep space without Jeremy. They put him on the shuttle this morning. Champagne may have been popped.

“I discover that on Devon. I discovered a lot of terrible things on Devon. I told mom not to take the job there, but she didn’t listen.” Jim put a comforting arm around Peter as did Spock. All the parenting books he’s been reading has talked about the importance of tactile parenting in humans. Spock is trying.

“Sometimes parents are stupid. Jim did not want me to go to Tarsus and I did anyway. I’m so sorry about that.” Winona apologized.

‘Because you didn’t want to deal with the fallout of my sexual assault by your ex-husband that you tried to kill.’ Yeah it’s probably best Jim not say that out loud especially because Winona actually apologized for once. No use scaring Peter before he gets used to this family. Poor child.
“So Peter tell me everything about you?” Liz asked. Peter really didn’t respond he just shrugged. This did not surprise Jim at all.

“OK so how about this, we tell you about us and then when you’re up to it maybe you can write us a letter. I write to your friend Josephine all the time. She should be getting a letter from us in a little while. We emailed one recently.” Liz told the group.

“It could take a little while. The servers are dealing with a ridiculous backlog of messages. Sulu got two in the same day that we know were sent a few days apart.” Jim explained with a sigh.

“I like Mr. Sulu. He’s going to teach me how to fence.” Peter said almost enthusiastically.

“Everyone adores Mr. Sulu. He is Dez’s father.” Liz said pointing to D, that she was holding or at least trying to. Jim thinks she’ll be on the floor of the communications room where they’re doing this call within the next two minutes. It may be sooner.

“Is she with you because her mom is dead?” Peter asked. Jim just kind of wants to hug him again. That precious baby.

“No. Her mom, my sister Sue, is a first officer like your uncle although unlike him she’s not a captain yet. Jim is special.” Liz smiled at him.

“I realize that.”

“Anyway baby D is living with us while her mom is away on a mission for the next 10 months. She left in June and should be back hopefully by Desi’s second birthday, fingers crossed.”

“Unless she puts in a transfer because her Captain is an asshole.” Jim heard Kevin mumble under his breath.

At that point, his mom totally took over and started telling Peter all about his new family. Winona talked about her new job at Starfleet and she’s excited and happy which Jim is surprised about. She also tells Peter a story about his dad from when he was dating Peter’s mom. No one mentioned that Sam proposed before Tarsus, but Peter’s mom was the one who didn’t want to do a long-distance relationship. Jim wonders if she regretted that. She did take the Kirk name after her parents murdered her sister.
Winona moves on to talking about adopting Kevin but glosses over the reasons why she adopted Kevin. No one wants to mention Tarsus hell or what happened to Sam there. Yes, let’s not try to remind Peter that both of his parents died on far out colonies.

But only one was murdered by a genocidal asshole. Yes let’s not bring that up.

Kevin talked about school and his desire to be a diplomat someday. He is currently taking Romulan 2 and getting very confused with Vulcan along with the internship. That led to a side conversation between Spock and Kevin about his foster sister. Peter just stayed quiet listening even when the conversation switched to Liz talking.

Liz introduced herself as adopted daughter of Ming Chen head of Starfleet. Command track at the moment but could switch back again. Although, Jim thinks she’ll stay with command because she’s a natural leader. He wants her on Enterprise so badly, but it probably won’t happen because he’s pretty sure he can’t have Kevin on his ship. Although maybe that doesn’t matter as much anymore because Spock is in charge. Something to look into.

“We’re probably going to have to end things so Mr. Sulu can at least say hi to his daughter. It’s almost midnight. But do you have any questions for us?” Winona asked.

“Why am I just meeting all of you now? I didn’t even know I had a grandmother on my dad’s side until last year.” Peter tells them, and Jim is not surprised.

“And unfortunately, I was in rehab at the time. I don’t know the answer to that question, Peter. But the past doesn’t matter. We are here now and we really do want to get to know you.” Winona explained.

“If you want, you can write to us. You can ask us anything. We may not know the answers to your questions, but I will tell you whatever we can.” Kevin tells him.

“Will you tell me stories about my dad?” Peter asked.

“I only knew him towards the end, but Jim and Winona have tons of good stories.” And Jim knew that Kevin didn’t want to share those stories, not even with Jim.
“I’ll record a video file about that time Sam tried to sell Jim for a box of chocolate when he was six.” Winona offered much to Peter’s enthusiasm and Jim’s mortification.

“And on that note, Sulu is now standing at the door, so we are going to head out of the room and let you chat for a few minutes before our allotted time ends. I’ll write in a few days. Love you guys.” Jim said getting them all out the room as fast as possible, just as the clock struck midnight.

To be continued
“How are you feeling, Peter?” James asked Peter once they were out of the room.

“OK.” Peter responded, not looking at either of them. Spock was concerned.

“Just like the term fine, okay has various degrees of meaning.” Spock told the group.

“Although the fact that you have not resumed hyperventilating leads me to believe that you actually are okay. Or at least okay-ish.” Dr. Margarita Cruz said from beside the group.

“Or at least no longer terrified. The throwing up earlier had me a little concerned.” Jim added.

“Maybe not overwhelmed anymore. They were nice. I don’t know why I was so scared.” ‘Because your maternal grandfather murdered your maternal aunt.’ However, Spock had enough decorum not to say that out loud.

“I told you they would be.” James placed a hand on Peter’s shoulder.

“I’ve never met a nice grandma before. I think I might actually want to talk to grandma Winona again.”

“We are exploring that during your next session.” Spock heard the doctor mumble under her breath.

“Winona has her issues like the alcoholism, but she’s never been abusive.” No, that was James’ stepfather and for the sake of Peter, they won’t be talking about that. “Also expect her to totally spoil you. Your care package is going to be gigantic.”

“She doesn’t have to.”

“She wants to. We were barely speaking at the time and she still sent care packages when I was at the Academy.”

“Really?”

“Yes.” James reassured.

“Do they really want to get to know me? They said I could write, but do they mean that?” Peter asked, and Spock was expecting this question.

“Yes. Mom and Kevin were ridiculously excited to talk to you, Liz as well. You’re going to have so many presents waiting for you next time we’re at a Star base.”

“But why? Is it because I am a connection to Sam? Sometimes I think mom only kept me around
because she misses him. Did miss them.” Spock is not surprised that Peter is stumbling over using the past tense. He still struggles with that in relation to Amanda and it’s been over two years.

“No.” James answered quickly.

“You’re a very fascinating young man.” Spock added.

“And I think now that they know about you, they want to know who you are. But Liz and Kevin at least realize that it might take you a moment to want to share so they are giving you a moment.”

“Because I’m Sam’s kid?” Peter asked.

“Because you’re Peter. And I know you probably don’t believe that because growing up I felt like people only cared about me because of my father. He died about five minutes after I was born. Everybody always saw me as the second coming of George Kirk and not Jim Kirk. But eventually I found people that liked me for me, and I like you for you.”

“But I wouldn’t be living with you if I wasn’t your brother’s son. I would’ve been on the shuttle with all the other kids this afternoon. Or rather yesterday.” Peter said yawning, probably realizing that it was after midnight, at least on Star base. The Star base was two hours ahead of Enterprise time.

“Actually, James was looking into the possibility of us fostering you before we were aware you were a genetic relative.” Because James knew your mother’s family was abusive before he knew about your grandfather murdering your aunt. “However, the fact you are a genetic relative makes it feasible for us to keep you with us on Enterprise.”

“Exactly. The genetic related thing just makes it easier to overcome Starfleet bureaucratic bull… OK who wants ice cream?” Thankfully, James corrected his language quickly.

“I would love some, but it’s after midnight and I have a full day of appointments. However, both you and Peter are on my docket tomorrow. Noon for both of my Captains and 1 PM for Peter.”

“Of course, Margarita. And it just sounds awkward for us to have the same rank.” Margarita took her leave at James’ words.

“Despite the fact that we will have several meetings in the morning related to our next assignment, I believe I would like something with chocolate.” He would really like some chocolate right now. “Although, I am uncertain where we can find ice cream at this time and I prefer not to imbibe replicated ice cream when not necessary.”

“Every Star base has at least one 24-hour market.” James smirked at his husband before grabbing his hand and pulling him into a discrete Vulcan kiss. “I feel like we can all use some ice cream right now.”

Xxxxxx

“OK I was kind of surprised to be called here.” Sulu said as he popped on screen. Liz was just happy to see him. “How did the meeting with Peter go?

“Well mom agreed for us to meet Peter if baby D got to see her dad. Which went well, by the way. We have about 15 minutes for family bonding time. Wave to daddy, sweetie.” And Demora did without any additional prompting.

“I feel like this is like a misuse of her position. Demora is adorable.” Sulu said, waving back at his baby girl.
“Still better than building secret war ships.” Liz quipped.

“This is true. So, what’s been going on?”

“Oh, you know the usual falling into cakes and making a mess.”

“Do you know that we do at least one load of laundry every day now? How can an almost 14-month-old be that messy?”

“Jim practically spent the first three years of his life in the mud.” Liz heard Winona said off-camera. She wondered if Sulu heard that.

“I’m not surprised. How are things with Ben and the custody issues? Is he waiting in the wings?”

“I wish, but he is at an emergency lawyer meeting right now because things aren’t that complicated with the former in-laws. I tried to get another window. But mom wouldn’t budge, and then had to be there.” Liz explained.

“So, things are that bad.”

“Yes. Ben and Zoe are currently engaged in a PR war with the fertility clinic and Zach’s parents. Shawn is ready along with Ms. Lee. However, that means mandatory meetings when he could be at least talking with his boyfriend.”

“I am not surprised. And I understand. I always knew baby K would always be his priority. I didn’t understand it until I had Demora, but I get it now.”

“Daddy love.” Demora told her dad.

“It’s been only two months and she’s gotten so big. Also, that almost sounded like a sentence.”

“It’s all the cake.” Kevin remarked.

“Way too many birthday parties.” Liz added.

“That’s to be expected because my sister is a party planner and will use any excuse to throw a party. Especially if you’re willing to pay for it. Therefore, I’m planning to elope.”

“Is there something you need to tell us?” Liz asked.

“Not yet. How are my sister and brother-in-law? How are the kids? This must be awful for them.”

“The kids are devastated, especially because Alicia has been trying to get back in contact with them over the last few months. Her new friend Arlene convinced her to.”

“I don’t know if that’s better or worse.” Sulu sighed.

“I think better in the long run anyway, but they’re just sad right now. Which explains why your sister is having a superhero themed sleepover this weekend and both your girls are invited. I am too as a chaperone.”

“Of course, she is. She buries herself in her work instead of processing her emotions. Like she couldn’t give that celebrity wedding to someone else right after the miscarriage.” Sulu lamented.

“Everybody processes grief differently and that’s her process. The brother-in-law is sad, but dealing with it. Or at least I think he is. I think I’ll have a better handle on everything after the
superhero sleepover. I have to find the perfect superhero pajamas.”

“Captain Marvel, Ms. Marvel, or Agent May?”

“Quake for baby D, but I’m still trying to figure out the rest of us.”

“Of course. Send me pictures.”

“We will and I’m being told that we’re going to have to cut this short. I will write soon. I promise to give you all the juicy details regarding the custody situation. But hey at least baby K is safe.”

“For the moment anyway. You do promise to get a hold of me right away if it does go completely sideways.”

“Yes. Remember my mom is head of Starfleet.” Liz tells him.

“I know. Give my love to Ben.”

“I will. That man misses you so much. Fingers crossed, this will get straightened out and he can take the Yorktown job.”

“I hope so too. Bye baby, daddy loves you.”

“Love, daddy.” Desi waves at the screen just as it goes blank. Of course, 30 seconds after that, she decides to take off her shoes and throws them at the screen because of course she does.

To be continued
Day 169: Don’t Expect to Get this Message Anytime Soon

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read our review the last conversation. You were all fabulous.
Warning: Discussions about sexual assault and past suicide attempts.

From: Kevin KR
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 8/9/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Email takes forever in space

OK, the lag time between messages is starting to get ridiculous. If I’m doing the math right, it took nearly 3 weeks for this to get here. I already know that Jeremy will be kicked off your ship, as soon as you guys get to a Star base. Fingers crossed it happens before the September switch out.

I did not need to know about Liz getting you that as a present. Although, I also didn’t want to know that you have your own collection of sex toys nor do I want to talk to classmates about the existence of such a collection. Liz was not happy when Julie from my summer diplomacy seminar asked if the Jim Kirk vibrator was to scale. I wasn’t happy either because you don’t ask somebody that question about their brother even if they’re related just through adoption. What is wrong with people sometimes? Please tell me you’re suing the red-light district. I’m still creeped out about the whole thing.

The internship is getting better. Okay, the internship is getting better because at least twice a week, I have two small babies with me. People are less likely to act like assholes when there are babies around, especially cute ones. I have baby duty at work because Liz had to spend a few days with the lawyers because Ben needs her. That whole custody situation is just awful. He really needs emotional support and with Sue and his boyfriend in space, Liz is the next best thing.

Oh, by the way tell McCoy that his sister-in-law has moved to San Francisco after taking a job with Shawn’s firm. They needed her so quickly that she hasn’t even gone back to Georgia to get her stuff yet. I think Liz will volunteer us to help as soon as things are stable up here, whenever that may be. Ms. Lee likes us despite Liz cursing her out earlier on and suggesting severe therapy. Also, we feel like baby D should get to see the world. There’s more to it than San Francisco and shiny Star bases. Atlanta must be better than Riverside.
Fingers crossed mom stays good. She’s still at the Academy and teaching. More importantly she hasn’t shown up at tequila night at Purple Haze. Although Pike has been keeping her busy with brunches and drinking orange juice in solidarity, I’m almost hopeful that rehab will work this time.

Anyway, I have like 300 reports to read while taking care of two toddlers. I’ll talk to you later. Taking care of children is hard. Bye, big brother.

Xxxxx

From: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Subject: Re: Just Checking in
Time arrived: 8/9/2260 00:00:01

OK, now I must know if Jeremy did something stupid or if it was crewmembers fighting. I don’t get anywhere near this much good gossip here. My only real source is your father-in-law. There aren’t even any other Starfleet officers in my unit. I’m on special assignment essentially. Apparently, my time working with your husband has made me Starfleet’s go to person for Vulcan psychology. I’m sure Margarita’s number two. I promise I won’t let them poach her.

I’m sure you know by now that Spock has a foster sister. She’s adorable, but angry. I understand why even if I can’t tell you specifics due to doctor-patient confidentiality, but I will say it never ceases to amaze me that a species that claims to celebrate the importance of diversity are a bunch of bigots. According to my colleagues it’s better now than it was on old Vulcan. Most of the survivors are people who left Vulcan because they didn’t quite fit in. So maybe it’s a good thing that they are the ones rebuilding society. Fingers crossed the next generation will be better.

At the same time, there’s a lot of anger at anybody of partial Romulan ancestry. It’s like everything bad that some idiot of the race did is also the fault of everyone else of that race. Which is absolute bullshit, but that is always how it is, which is just shameful. Being biracial, you see that prejudice is still there.

I mean we try to uphold the ideals of the Federation, but sometimes it’s easier to uphold ideals in theory then in practice. I had this professor back at the Academy that said everybody’s prejudiced, but it’s how we act on those prejudices that makes the difference. Vulcans are still dealing with that.
Sorry for the tirade, I just kind of needed to get that out. So how are things on Enterprise? Did you enjoy your exploratory mission, or did it not happen?

Your mom wrote me and told me about the new job and selling the farm as well. The email got to me about two days before yours even though I think it was written later. How far out are you right now?

I think it’s good that your family sold the farm. Other people may see it as a memorial to George Kirk. However, you only see it as a reminder of what Frank did to you. The fact that you are now able to talk about it openly just shows how far you’ve come. I am so proud of you. I think if you want to create a group for other survivors of sexual assault on ship, I will support you in any way that I can. You’re doing a lot of good things, Jim Kirk.

I agree with your husband. I want to keep you happy and healthy and around for as long as possible and I’m glad you want that as well. Knock it off with the suicide by nobility. Although that is an improvement on when we met each other. You’ve come a long way from being the kid that almost didn’t jump out of the car.

Anyway, write me back when you have time.

Xxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Kevin KR
Time sent: 8/9/2260 06:54:31
Subject: Re: Email takes forever in space

It’s just still so weird to read this email now after so much has happened. You probably now know why Pike is only drinking orange juice. Honestly, at this point, the sex toy thing is the last thing on my mind right now. The lawyers can handle it because Spock and I have more important things to deal with like emotionally distraught preteens.

We’ve even talked twice since you probably wrote this and you know the lag time between emails is going to get worse once we get back into deep space. We’re going to do an assessment on a newly discovered planet. It’s going to be at least two months of pure exploration and I am kind of looking forward to it. The only reason why it’s no longer is because of the September crew switch out.
Spock will be itchy because he won’t be able to go down and play. Carol banned him, but I feel like it might be good. I think I’m going to have to get a new science officer soon. Regardless, it will give us time to bond as a family. Also, now that we have Peter, only one of us can participate in an away mission at a time unless I’m needed to play happy spouse. I mean technically that was true before, but because of Peter we will follow said rule.

Peter is getting used to us and starship life. He loves his new bedroom as well as some of the new games and stuff we were able to pick up on Star base before we left two days ago. He kind of went nuts at the Star base mall. There’s toys and stuff everywhere. Scotty’s going to have to build him some shelves. He really does love comic books. I know he’s going to want some hard copies eventually.

Peter begins classes tomorrow and is not looking forward to it. Hey, he should be happy that no one is nearly as bratty as they were back in February. Also, Gina is so good at her job. I am glad that your future mother-in-law was able to talk her into coming because she is good. I’m not sure how she’s going to deal with Peter, but hey at least he’s somewhat verbal right now. Also not throwing up anymore. In addition, he is no longer clinging to Margarita for dear life. So that’s a step in the right direction. Okay he was so nervous before our video conference that he kind of threw up on the Yeoman.

Peter is quiet, very quiet right now and I get that. I mean in the last two weeks his mom died, his planet was attacked by things I can’t talk about, and he is now living with an uncle (and Vulcan husband) that he did not know existed until after the other two things happened. So of course, he’s not going to be chatty or happy or anything else. He’s processing. At least he’s doing the art and not driving cars off cliffs. Much better coping mechanism.

So, I guess I’m asking for tips on what to do, but I feel the one year old might be easier. I hope I don’t screw this thing up. Parenthood is terrifying.

I didn’t think this was ever going to happen. Not after I was told I’m sterile now. That was a stupid thought since my husband still has active swimmers. But we are Starfleet and that rarely mixes with family. However, here we are, Spock and I are raising a 12-year-old. I hope I don’t fuck this up.

Anyway, I’ve got a 12-year-old to wake up and feed before shift. I’ll talk to you later.

Xxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
I’m glad I got a letter from you today. I have been meaning to write you for like the last week, but you have no idea how busy I’ve been. Everything just kind of blew up in the last two weeks. Spock and I have been putting the pieces back together, but I think we’re starting to get the handle of it.

I can’t believe it’s been so long since we talked because the last thing you knew about was Jeremy being a brat. So good news, he’s totally off my ship for good. Shocking news, he was on the ship in the first place to keep the Minors on Enterprise program from being successful. He didn’t qualify because he kind of sort of lit his house on fire with people still inside on purpose. There may have also been some animals murdered. Obviously, he didn’t qualify and probably needs a lot of professional help.

The problem that day was Jeremy tried to touch Ashley 2 in a bad way and well, the Sulu self-defense training has been paying off. I’m so proud, but that was the push we needed to get him off the ship. I will not tolerate that type of behavior at all. So, after confining him to quarters for several weeks as well as multiple emergency meetings with HQ, Jeremy is off to quasi-military school with lots of therapy and possibly some drugs. Fingers crossed that it will make a difference.

Jeremy’s spot has already been filled by my secret nephew that I didn’t know about until things on Deneva went fubar. So, do you remember me talking about Sam’s girlfriend/almost fiancé that he ended things with before going to the planet of the damned? All those hypos that are needed for colony life deactivated his contraceptive hypo and I am now the foster parent of a Peter. Well, I and Spock are foster parents possibly looking to adopt maybe if Peter wants us to. We’re taking it one day at a time.

So, I guess I should start with we didn’t get to some nice planetary exploration because of an incident on Deneva that Enterprise had to respond to because we were the closest. Arlene, Sam’s ex-girlfriend, ended up taking a job there about a year ago after doing several other off planet research jobs. She was apparently only on Earth for any amount of time to make sure her parents got what they deserved for murdering her sister. Yes, that family was that fucked up.

Anyway, Arlene died after making me promise that I would take care of Peter and keep him away from her family. She neglected to say that he was my family, but that’s what DNA test are for.

Because Sam gave his life during the Tarsus fuck up, Starfleet owes him. Even though he’s not quite 13 yet, Peter got a spot in the program. Okay Kevin’s choice in girlfriends may have played a role in it as well, but I’m not going to complain. He has his own room and Sulu is happy to no longer be sharing with us, however shower sex will not be resuming because Spock and I have a
I have a kid. I’m still trying to wrap my head around that. How did this happen? I am a parent. Should I even be a parent? I didn’t exactly have the best examples growing up. Everybody says I raised Kevin, but I’m kind of panicking regardless. Spock is trying to be the calm and collective one, but we’re just going to have to see how well that continues. I mean we’re raising a kid, a kid whose mother just died and is now being raised on a starship after years of being on various research colonies. I’m positive this will probably go badly. At least Margarita is around to pick up the pieces. Thank you for making sure she doesn’t get sent somewhere else. We really need her right now.

Spock is aware of his foster sister. We chatted a few days ago. The father-in-law agreed to be a backup foster parent for Peter in case Starfleet decides that the Minors on Enterprise program should end or just in case Peter didn’t get a spot. Spock’s foster sister is so cute even if she’s constantly scowling. Her and Peter already like each other. I have this feeling that we’re probably going to get a new Vulcan colony assignment at some point in the future. Hopefully, it will go better than last time, but you will be there so at least there’s that.

Anyway, I must get my preteen off to bed. His first day of school is tomorrow. Fingers crossed that will not be a disaster.

To be continued
Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or review the last conversation. You are all absolutely fabulous.

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260
Time arrived: 8/14/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Re: Still not getting better.

Hey, I am sorry I did not write to you when I first got your letter, but the Hamilton has been chaotic. More of me writing condolence letters. You wouldn’t expect this happening that much on a diplomatic ship, but we’re trying to deal with the fallout of my mom’s predecessor. Everybody is in a shoot first ask questions later kind of mood. I fucking hate Marcus.

But I figured I should write to you now that I received a letter from my sister and Ben. OK, Zack’s parents are just evil. Although now that they don’t want baby K anymore, maybe my dream of the whole family on Yorktown can happen. Except for Kevin and Liz, they will hopefully be on a ship together. I expect the wedding immediately following graduation so that they can apply for tandem assignments after Kevin’s graduation. Kevin is going to be about a year behind Liz. Longer if he takes a lighter class load next semester because of D. I feel like he should test out of several classes by virtue of surviving Tarsus.

Yes, I’ve already put in applications for Yorktown and six Starbases for that matter. I am done with starship life. I want to be near my kid. I also hate my captain so much. How did you get the good captain? Although, I’m thrilled I don’t have to share a bathroom with mine as you do. That probably has the potential to be awkward, mainly because there are some days I would like to rip his eyes out with a spoon.

I liked the Captain I had before. She was the best, so of course, mom made her an admiral. Not mom per se, but the Starfleet machine in general. You know my “boss” had the audacity to tell me that if I didn’t get pregnant, I probably would’ve had the Hamilton. That good old pregnancy tax. According to the Hamilton rumor mill/court of public opinion, I likely will never become a captain
because of Starfleet sexism, not that I care at this point. Fingers crossed mom fixes that before Liz leaves the Academy.

So, I’ve heard from the rumor mill that your one-month of uninterrupted exploring didn’t happen because of something involving Deneva.. I don’t know anything else because the details are extremely classified and there’s a satellite blackout going on. Maybe it’s a good thing I waited a little while to write to you because I have this feeling that you wouldn’t have got the message for a while.

Did you see pictures of Desi at her other birthday party? Why does she keep diving into cake? What is it with her and cake? I hope she doesn’t do that with ice cream cake.

Seriously, write back when you get a chance. Your letters are keeping me sane.

Xxxxxx

From: Elizabeth_Chen
To: kitten_loverJJMU
Time arrived: 8/14/2260 00:00:01
Subject: How are you enjoying your Jeremy free world?

OK, wow it took forever for your last email to get here. Like we talked to Jim today long. Deep space instant message due to a family emergency. And, oh my God, what a family emergency it was. So, I know that Jeremy is very long gone or at least should be by now. You would’ve definitely hit the star base before getting this.

Actually, it’s possible that we spoke to Jim a second time before you read this letter. But that is kind of what happens during a family emergency. Kevin is still trying to process the fact that Sam has a kid. We both are. It’s a surprise.

Maybe there’s a ton of guilt tied up in there too because Sam died saving us. So because both Kevin and I are alive, there’s another kid in the universe growing up without a father. That’s a therapy appointment right there. More than one actually.

Although, I heard you’re being a good friend to Peter, which I’m glad. You of all people know how difficult this is going to be for him and I’m pleased that you’re going to be there. I’m sure by the time you get this we’ll already know if Peter is staying on board. I think he will be. Mom is calling in a lot of favors. She feels like she must because if it weren’t for him, she would’ve arrived after executions took place. It was still a bloodbath, but less of one because of what Sam and Winona did.
Okay, let’s move on from the subject of Tarsus to the love life of the starship Enterprise. Much safer topic, for me anyway. I felt terrible about calling the break up between Pav and the doctor because I feel like he really liked her, but maybe it’s best not to date somebody who has so many other things going on now. Also, the age difference was a bit much right now. Maybe in 10 to 15 years, it would be different, but here we are now.

I know you’re upset because the guy you like doesn’t feel the same way about you. However, I feel like what you had was a safety crush. You allowed yourself to have feelings for someone that you knew couldn’t reciprocate them, so that way you weren’t really risking anything. At least he better not reciprocate them at this point. As I stated, things would be different in 15 years, but that’s not where we are now.

Are you aware by now that your aunt has moved to San Francisco? OK, most of her stuff is still in Georgia, but she’s already on the job because the Johnson versus Johnson custody case is getting nasty. I am so glad that Sulu is the one who impregnated my sister and that whole family is stable. It would’ve been awful if Desi’s dad was the other guy. I just have this feeling that he totally would’ve been like the Johnsons.

Your aunt is cool now. She probably needs extra time in therapy, but who doesn’t. Again, we have additional sessions planned because of Sam guilts. She is doing OK. Mostly.

Your grandfather is a dick. I bet you wouldn’t be surprised at all for me to tell you that Judge Lee has tried to convince Shawn to fire her, but if you knew Shawn, you would know that was just stupid. He told him to fuck off, literally. I thought about including the audio file, but I’m not entirely sure how you feel about your grandfather.

Anyway, we’ve been drafted into helping her pack or rather I volunteered. This weekend, the babies have a sleepover at Sulu’s sister’s house. They also lost their mom on Deva. Not that she was ever really a mom, but they’re still affected. That’s all the messy.

Regardless, I feel like getting out of San Francisco for a few days, and I was promised I get to have tea with some of the petty bitches that have been bad mouthing your family. I feel the need for vengeance.

I promise to send video.

XXXX

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan

Time sent: 8/14/2260 06:13:01

Subject: Re: Still not getting better.

Yep, she would go headfirst into ice cream cake. Or so I’ve been told. I got pictures anyway because apparently those get here faster than actual emails. I’m not surprised.

We’re starting a month and a half of deep space exploration. We are doing the initial intake of planet X4Z3. We think it might be suitable for human inhabitants, but we’re still exploring. I’m going to get to spend two weeks on the planet just cataloging plant species with the science team, possibly longer. It’s going to be spectacular. I’m looking forward to it after everything that’s been happening the last few weeks.

So good news, I am no longer sharing a bathroom suite with my captain and first officer. Last week I moved to the old chief medical officer’s room. Yes, it’s very close to sickbay, but I don’t mind. I have this new room because Deva went badly and Jim now has custody of his nephew that he didn’t know about.

Literally, nothing at all. We didn’t even know until the DNA test came back. I don’t know all the details, but apparently, Jim’s brother got his girlfriend pregnant before leaving for Tarsus, and well you know what happened on Tarsus probably better than I do. Regardless, said girlfriend never told anyone in the family about her son. Okay, she tried last year, but Winona was in rehab at the time. Yeah, I’m not getting as much gossip, now that I’m not sharing a bathroom with Jim.

Anyway, she and her son were stationed on Deneva as part of the research team there. She worked with Alicia a.k.a. my sister’s children’s biological mom. Unfortunately, there was an incident on Deneva that is too classified to discuss in this email, but she died along with Alicia.

I now know what it’s like to write condolence letters and they suck. It’s almost enough to make me rethink wanting to become a captain someday, but I want to make sure there are better captains, so you and others don’t have to deal with awful ones.

I think its absolute bullshit that you’re getting penalized for being pregnant and the fact that it still happening is completely fucked up. You’re good at your job. I hope that with more women in the higher echelons of Starfleet due to the Marcus fallout, this will become less of a problem. You deserve everything, and you shouldn’t be penalized for choosing your family.
I mean Jim essentially had to step down to let Spock be a captain. Jim was a great captain, terrified, but he was good at his job. Spock is also a good captain, but honestly, they’re a team which essentially makes me their real first officer, but with fewer HR responsibilities.

I would have hated to have to handle the Jeremy situation, but Jim did well. Okay, I’m just glad the kid is gone. I’m sure Gina already emailed you about that. Her candle lighting was successful. Peter, Jim’s nephew, has taken his spot.

I have a whole gaggle of teenagers doing fencing. Peter joined last night, and that kid has some aggression issues that need to be worked out. He is also clinging to Jo Jo for dear life, but I think he’ll do well among the other members of the Enterprise Orphans Club. May our daughter never become a member.

Xxx

From: kitten_loverJJMU
To: Elizabeth_Chen
Time sent: 8/14/2260 21:56:12
Subject: How are you enjoying your Jeremy free world?

Jeremy free life is absolutely wonderful. I have friends. I don’t have to worry about people putting laxatives in my food. I’m not being constantly bullied. Although what he was doing to me was preferable to what he was doing to the Ashleys. Maybe I should be thankful he thought I was too young. Save me from having to deal with inappropriate touching.

I hope somebody choked on a scone during your Atlanta tea party with the moms of my former friends. The country club moms of Sandy Springs can be vicious, so it should prove to be entertaining. Yes, please send video. Although the fact that I haven’t got any yet makes me think it didn’t happen. The video always gets here first. I heard from Sulu and I’m glad my aunt is far away from Grandpa Lee. He was just awful. Yes, please send me that audio file.

I’m so glad she is in San Francisco. Not being anywhere near Judge Lee is the best thing for everyone. Please keep an eye on her. She’s fragile.

Peter has begun to paraphrase song lyrics, making it up as he goes. He’s getting through it as best as he can. He’s not crying anywhere near as much as I did.
However, it’s nice to have someone else in my class that’s working at the same grade level. I mean, there were some things like literature that I’m working on the same material as Jay and the Ashleys, but other things I am not so it’s good to have a contemporary.

Peter understands me, or maybe I understand Peter, but in a lot of ways, it’s different. One, his mom actually loved him and didn’t want to leave him. Two, he wasn’t with his father because his father already died. I am not going to ask too many questions, but I know it wasn’t good. Finally, there was probably no way to keep what was happening on Deneva from happening. I kind of feel like I could have stopped the tree thing from happening. We both have survivor’s guilt. Apparently, you do too. Margarita says that is normal and is helping us both work through it. I think she’s already handed Peter his own therapy journal.

So I’ve talked to Pav about his sister, and he really does get what I’ve been going through more than a lot of people. I would have hugged him, but I’m not sure he would have found it appropriate. I’m still trying to figure out how to act around him. I mean, I like him more now that I know the truth about him burying his sister before arriving at the Academy, but I’m 12 (or will be in a few days), and he’s 19. That’s not going to work anytime soon, mainly because he sees me as a little sister replacement, a little sister replacement for his dead sister. There are so many issues right there.

Maybe now that I thought about it, my crush on him is just my attempt to be like the other Ashleys, but I should remember that they’re all 2 to 4 years older than me. Although, most of the Ashleys are now lamenting the fact that Uncle Jim is gay. I’m not going point out the bisexual thing because let’s be honest, he’s now Spock sexual.

Adolescence is hard, but at least I have friends. J, Ashley two, and Peter are definitely my friends. Ashley one may get there. Now she’s kind of sorry about breaking up her aunt and the boyfriend up since her aunt is so sad right now, but in the end, it’s probably for the best. Maybe. Again, adolescence is hard.

To be continued
Day 179: Give Liz Cookies

Chapter Summary

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are also wonderful.

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
Subject: Liz is the greatest
Time arrived: 8/19/2260 00:00:01

I need to give Liz like 1000 cookies. She is the absolute best. Not only have she and Kevin been wonderful helping with babysitting during this entire mess with my former in-laws, but they’ve been my emotional rock during this. (Along with Kevin’s mom because there are some Kirk family stories that I wish I could tell you, but I’ve been sworn to secrecy that have made me feel so much better.) More importantly, Liz making sure I could do a deep space almost instant message session with you a few days ago. You have no idea how much I needed that. Even though I couldn’t hear your voice, just talking to you almost live really helps me process everything going on. I needed that so much.

Liz offered to let me talk to you live yesterday when she and Kevin were going to meet Kevin’s nephew for the first time, but there was an emergency meeting about the custody case that I couldn’t miss. Essentially our judge commanded us to try to do arbitration again with just 24 hours’ notice, and we had to strategize.

Of course, no amount of strategizing could make that meeting go well. Highlights included our arbitrator being 30 seconds from tears for the two-hour long session and my former father-in-law threatening to ruin my career if I don’t turn over the Zack embryos to him. Also, he tried to invalidate my marriage multiple times to argue that I have no right to make any decisions whatsoever regarding those embryos. The arbitrator disagreed, and it just got worse from there.

Mr. Johnson still doesn’t want visitation with baby K. Zack’s mom Victoria did until he gave her a look and she backed down. There is obviously something odd going on there. Compared to daddy dearest, Victoria has always been the almost reasonable one. Even when his dad was a total dick, Victoria still sent care packages to Zack. She also tried to come to the wedding. She didn’t make it because she fell and broke her leg the day before, but she tried. Daddy dearest, not so much.

So, it’s obvious that arbitration was a complete failure, and my willingness to allow them to have visitation with any child we have using those embryos was completely rejected. When I say rejected, I mean I was spat on, and Mr. Johnson was let out by security. Yes, really. Victoria apologized without making eye contact with anyone.

Only two good things happened yesterday. First, Zoe agreed to handle everything related to suing the fertility clinic herself. That’s great because I have 900 other things to worry about. I don’t have the energy to do anything besides the occasional deposition. So that’s going to all be on her and the legal team.

Two, because I had to go to the men’s room to change into my backup outfit (because no parent of
a child under two goes anywhere without a backup outfit), I did not get stuck in an elevator with Zoe, Ms. Lee, and Victoria for two hours. I don’t think I can be in an elevator for two hours with Zack’s mom right now. Not at all. I don’t know how Zoe dealt with it although she did leave the elevator in tears, so nothing good happened in that elevator.

OK, I want to know what’s going on with you in space. I know that you’re at a Starbase right now because you’re dropping off the children that you rescued to be sent to other family members or at least that’s how Liz phrased it. I was also told that Jim and Spock just became foster parents. Congratulations on their impending parenthood.

Does this mean you get a brand-new room and no longer must share a bathroom with your Captain and his husband? I know you walked in on them before and it can’t be comfortable living next door to your boss. I would hate that.

Of course, that was weeks ago because it probably took that long for this message to get to you. What are you doing now? Tell me cute little stories about the ship or the kids that you’re working with. I need to focus on something other than custody drama, but that’s pretty much taken over my life.

I’m not even sure how much longer work will be a part of it. One of the senior partners suggested that I take a leave of absence until the custody situation has resolved. I’m thinking about doing it because I’m missing work all the time, and it’s not fair to my patients. They deserve a doctor that can put them completely first. I’m going to think about it over the next few days and give my decision on Monday.

Oh, the babies have a sleepover tomorrow with your sister. Instead of processing that her children’s biological mother died, she has been in full party planner mode. I don’t know if this is to distract herself or to distract the kids, but maybe some combination of the two. I’ve been told there’s going to be a bouncy castle at the superhero sleepover. Also, K is supposed to arrive in superhero PJs. Thankfully, Liz is taking care of that for me. Again, I owe her so many cookies.

Also, I’ve seen the mock-up plans for the remembrance ceremony and I’ve never known funerals being that intense or involving that many candles. Then again, I was kind of a zombie when Zack died. It also happened during the middle of a genocidal massacre, so I probably should not hold that as the gold standard for funerals.

OK apparently, even though we talked a few days ago, I have a lot that needed to get out. Well, this letter ended up longer than I thought it would. You’re my favorite way to vent. Liz and Winona are great, but it’s different with you. Of course, both refuse to let me continuously wallow in my own misery.

Apparently, while the kids are at their superhero sleepover Winona is taking me out for movie night. I think she’s doing it because at least I won’t be tempted to drink away my fucked up in law problems. Although it would be tempting. Maybe she needs to vent a little bit about the surprise grandchild. That’s bringing all sorts of emotions forward. But hey, this is what friends do and I’m glad I have them right now.

Xxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Benjamin_2254
Subject: Re: Liz is the greatest

Time sent: 8/19/2260 18:49:01
I’m glad you have friends as well. You really need them right now. I wish I could’ve spoke with you too, but I understand. Maybe at the end of September when we’re doing the crew switch out. I really wish I was somewhere closer where it wouldn’t take weeks for this to get here, but here we are.

I’m sorry about your former father-in-law is being a dick. But hey, maybe Zack’s mom is nowhere near as horrible. Are you sure that he broke her leg accidentally before the wedding? I’m concerned a little bit. Maybe I’ve heard too many Jim and Ashley two stepparent war stories, but I feel like there could be something more serious going on here.

Maybe you should take that leave of absence because just hearing about everything going on is exhausting. This might be a good time for self-care. Although fingers crossed that all of this gets resolved peacefully and quickly.

Work is good, despite being so far away from you and the kids. We are doing a planet assessment and nothing bad has happened yet. No ion storms that have trapped the team on planet. Also, no new friends making inappropriate hook up decisions in a cave. In addition, nothing tried to eat us yet, so bonus points for that. Yes, that’s happened before. Ask Jim about the Delta Vega incident. None of the plant samples we have collected made us lose our inhibitions and start acting like silly children. Yes, this has happened before and no, I don’t want to talk about it. At least not in an email that my daughter’s grandmother may possibly read.

I know other members of the ship are ridiculously bored right now, I’m having a lot of fun cataloging all the new plant species that we have encountered. I’m really enjoying working with the science team. So far, we have catalogued 200 brand new species or subspecies of plant life. We’re bringing samples to do some more in-depth research once we leave. We’ve discovered a few plants that have genetic characteristics like some plant life used in fertility treatments that became endangered when Vulcan was destroyed. The team is cautiously optimistic right now.

Yes, I heard about the sleepover and I already got pictures. Those arrived here three days ago. K looks fabulous in her Captain Marvel PJs. From the pictures it seems like things went well. At least Liz looked like she was having an enjoyable time. Okay and Desi did not dive into the cake, which I consider progress.

I’m not surprised that’s my sister is utilizing her favorite coping mechanism of staying as ridiculously busy as possible to deal with her complex emotions. She was doing at least a wedding every week right after the second miscarriage. I totally expect Alicia’s funeral to be ridiculously extravagant once the ashes get there. I wonder if they’re there by now. I’m sure they will be by the time you get this letter. It’s probably going to be three or four weeks before it arrives because we’re so far out.

Yes, Jim and Spock are diving headfirst into parenthood. Fostering with the goal to adopt eventually. I think they already wanted to keep Peter even before they knew he was Jim’s biological nephew. They’re doing okay. Adapting at least at the bare minimum. No additional psychological damage has occurred to young Peter so there’s that. And yes, that’s Jim’s greatest fear and he’s been talking to both me, Leonard, and Nyota about that because we are his parent friends. Although I don’t know if I’m really qualified. I feel like surprise parenthood of an almost newborn is very different then surprise parents of a 12-year-old.

Jim should probably talk to Liz’s mom about that or his own mom. How did movie night with Winona go? I’m kind of glad you’re friends of her. Also, I would really love to know those Kirk family stories, but I just have this feeling that it’s best not to dig deep there. Anyway, as much as I would love to write you a two-hour long letter, I must go lead a session of
the Enterprise junior fencing club. They are getting good. Do you know if we get more kids, I might be able to do a tournament? That would be fun. Rebecca wants to do an adult class, but since she’s probably going to be leaving soon, it won’t happen. Apparently, the science department is not big enough for Spock and Carol. Also, Rebecca says Carol wants to go back to school for a couple years to take the classes she wanted to take, but her father would never let her.

Anyway, love you. Kiss the babies for me. Sending you tons of positive wishes and good vibes.
Day 182: Good News?

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last collection of emails. You are all fabulous.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

From: Number_one_Pike
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny;
Time arrived: 08/22/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Good news

I know we just talked last week, but I thought I would share the good news. The in vitro was successful, and I am officially pregnant. It’s still early, and I’m not going to be telling anyone else for a couple more months. At my age, probably not until Christmas, but I need to share the excitement with somebody, and I figure you would be excited. Christina is mostly annoyed at me. How dare I get pregnant? I’m rolling my eyes so much.

So speaking of impending parenthood, how is life with Peter going? Are you getting the handle of work-life balance? It must be hard raising a kid on a starship, but I think you and Spock are up to the task. Spock was the most organized science officer I’ve ever had work under me. I feel like that will help.

Sorry, I didn’t sit in on the video call, but I felt like that should be immediate family only, and I had my ‘see if the in vitro actually worked’ checkup at the same time. Also, I didn’t want Peter to be overwhelmed. We can do a video call in September. I probably won’t be showing yet, but you and Spock will probably still be among the few that know about the baby, and I want to gush in person.

Jim, I wish you could’ve come down, but we both know that you need to stay in space with your husband and your new kid. Please remember that I really do appreciate the offer. However, I think I’ll be able to get my own support system here on planet together. I’ve been hanging out with Winona more, and it’s not just because I drink orange juice in front of her instead of getting a glass of wine, so she thinks I’m doing it for the sake of solidarity. Or well she did until last week when I
said a little too much during our conference. I’m probably going to have to tell her and Kevin officially sooner rather than later. Oops.

Just because you are several light-years away, you can totally still be involved. I’ve been told virtual nursery planning is all the rage with Starfleet spouses. Although considering my age, that probably won’t happen until I hit the 30-week mark at least. Miscarriages can happen. I’ve had one before long ago during my Academy days.

In the meantime, I will send you tons of pictures and ultrasound video. You will be very involved in the process.

Tell Spock thank you for the digital book care package. I had no idea there were that many books about pregnancy, especially pregnancy by in vitro in your 40s. Someone even wrote a pregnancy book about being a widow and pregnant, who happens to not be your mother. Some days, I’m surprised she never wrote a book.

However, just because you're staying on ship doesn't mean you shouldn't think about actually finishing your master's degree. You're not that many credits from finishing because yes I have access to your transcript.

You know lots of schools offer online master’s programs for Starfleet personnel. Actually, most of the US system does. I may have hyperlinked a few programs for you. I know Carol is taking one right now because her wife told me. Yes, I’m friends with Rebecca. She also served under me for a while.

You’re really bright, Jim and you shouldn’t let opportunities like this go. Don’t even stop with just the master’s degree. I really do think you should go for a doctorate. Dr. Kirk has a nice ring to it, and I doubt Kevin’s going to get to that level. Although he does have a knack for foreign languages. He curses people out in Vulcan a lot during his internship. Apparently, most people don’t realize the Vulcan language has that many curse words. Anyway, write back when you get a chance.

Xxxxx

From: Benjamin_2254
To: SuluHG2260
Subject: Everything is chaos
Time arrived: 8/22/2260 00:00:01

Hey, I know there’s no way that you would have received my last letter by now, but too much has happened in the last few days for me not to write to you. Everything is chaos, but maybe good chaos, I think.
So I'm not sure where to start, but maybe with the fact that Victoria showed up at Zoe's house two days ago with multiple suitcases. She was done. Like ready to file for divorce done. She also spent a good hour crying on Zoe apologizing for how she treated both her and Zach as well as me and baby K. It may have been more than an hour. Zoe isn’t entirely sure because she lost track when she started crying as well. Zoe said it was a really long night, and alcohol may have been involved at one point. According to Winona, drinking when you leave your asshole husband is a requirement. (Before she embraced sobriety anyway.)

I think I mentioned before that I’ve always suspected it was mostly Zack’s dad driving the suit, but that was confirmed by round two of tearful confessions yesterday. I shouldn’t be surprised. The signs were right in front of me. Victoria was always the one who actually gave K any modicum of actual affection. I know all the toys came from her. In addition to trying to go to the wedding, Victoria at least tried to talk to Zach a few times after coming out until the husband stopped it. Okay, during our movie night when the kids were at the sleepover, Winona was the one to point out to me that Victoria breaking her leg right before the wedding could not just have been a coincidence. She is sure somebody, most likely her husband, caused Victoria to break her leg and Winona would know, unfortunately. (BTW sleepover pictures attached and they are adorable.)

Now that she’s free, Victoria still wants to be in K’s life. She doesn’t care that she’s Zoe’s daughter instead of Zack’s. I know she wanted to before. I saw it at the mediation attempts, and I don’t want to think about what his behavior met.

So where do we go from here? First of all, I’m happy that I’m letting Zoe deal with the whole fertility clinic fuck up thing by herself because I don’t have the emotional bandwidth to deal with that as well. Two, Victoria has defected to our side. She’s no longer participating in the suit for the Zack embryos. Actually, she’s providing us with multiple depositions worth of evidence against her husband.

Though she does want visitation with K again and I think that’s a good thing because K really misses her Nana. Since she is staying with Zoe for the foreseeable future, I am willing to let her see K if Zoe is there, but no unsupervised visits. I think I’m going to ask for her to see a therapist as a condition of her having more long-term visitation. Both Winona and Ms. Lee suggested it separately.

I’m going to blame all of this on Lee and Zoe getting stuck with Victoria on that elevator. I don’t know what was said, but obviously, it triggered a breakthrough. It completely torpedoed our original legal strategy, but it’s a good thing. This meant I got to spend all day today with the lawyers trying to come up with our new strategy against Mr. Jones. It’s three against one now, so that’s better. Also, if what I suspect happened did happen, I really don’t want my children anywhere near Mr. Jones. I don’t know if I completely trust Victoria though I’m willing to give her the benefit of the doubt.
Also, I think Zack would want me to fix things with his mom or maybe fix his mom. Is that a thing? Should that be a thing? I’m not sure. We’re just making things up as we go.

So, I mentioned the possibility of it last time, but I am now officially taking a leave of absence from work. Mister Jones threats at arbitration last time were not empty. The former father-in-law’s legal team is participating in a disinformation campaign against me and has been spreading some vicious lies to some of my patients. Therefore, the partners decided that they would make me take a leave of absence instead of just asking me to do so politely. They’re afraid that patients will actually listen and leave the clinic.

If I weren’t already considering taking a leave of absence, I would’ve been furious. Okay, I still am a little bit. However, I’m fully aware that I need to focus on the family stuff right now. And hey, if my father-in-law does manage to get me fired, well Starfleet wants me. Who knew pediatricians were needed in Starfleet? However, just knowing I have other options helps, even if I would have to spend a year taking the Starfleet xenobiology crash course for medical contractors.

I got to go. Zoe’s texting me. She wants my opinion on changing her last name. She also thinks I should go ahead and change my last name to Sulu now before we get engaged. Zoe is special.

Xxxxx

From: SuluHG2260
To: Benjamin_2254
Subject: Re: Everything Is Chaos
Time sent: 8/22/2260 00:05:54

Okay, I regret not spending anywhere near as much time with Zoe as I should have before coming back to Enterprise. I feel like we would have gotten along splendidly. If you’re looking for a new last name, I am completely okay with you switching to Sulu. Also, I thought we were engaged to be engaged.

We're talking about future kids and long-term assignments as well as significant career changes just so we can stay in each other's lives. I really want you to take the Yorktown assignment so badly. Then we would be able to at least do Starfleet instant messenger on a semi-regular basis. All of this tells me that we are both in this for the long haul. So I think it's time that we should get some paperwork to back that up.
Sorry that the evil in-law forced you to take a leave of absence, but maybe, in the long run, it’ll be for the best. Again, please strongly considered Yorktown.

I’m glad that Zach’s mom saw the light, even if it took her a while. I hope things are going better now that Victoria has switched sides. I’m sure whatever was said in that elevator was something that needed to happen. Maybe it was a conversation that needed to have been a long time ago.

Both your lawyer and Jim’s mom are right, you should ask Victoria to see a therapist as a condition of being around K without supervision. From what you and Liz have told me, I think her behavior may point to some bigger problems that need to be dealt with. I also wonder if she ever really processed Zack’s death completely. It’s been more than two years, and I know that Nyota still has trouble dealing with losing her best friend. Spock still misses his mom. In their cases, both had good relationships with the deceased when they lost them. Victoria didn’t have that. Obviously, she probably feels guilty, and that is something she needs to work on, with professional assistance.

However, your daughter deserves at least one biological grandparent who’s all together, so maybe Victoria can be that grandparent. I don’t know, but time will tell. Although I’m pretty sure my parents have already adopted K. I’ve seen the video, so maybe she already has good grandparents.

I genuinely believe that things will work itself out. Also, if working it out means you might end up in Yorktown soon, who am I to argue? Again, occasional Starfleet instant messenger and at the bare minimum weekly emails. Maybe even twice a year visits. Yes, I’m selling Yorktown a little too much, but I just wish you were closer. I hate that you’re going through all of this and I can’t at least hug you. I really just want to give you a hug.

I’ll give you a virtual one anyway. I love you and will talk again soon.

PS: Please suck up to my daughter’s grandmother to convince her to let us do a video chat in September. I’m trying on my end, but I heard that she likes you better.

Xxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny;
To: Number_one_Pike
Time arrived: 08/22/2260 22:29:11
Subject: Re: Good news
That’s because Vulcans act like they’re all reserved, but the language is anything but. The language is old. There are a lot of words that are still in use that are not part of standard Vulcan. What do you expect from a culture that has a word that means friend, lover, and brother simultaneously?

I am so happy to get a message with the subject line ‘Good news.’ That doesn’t happen often. Thank you for sending me the ultrasound picture. It got here today which probably means that you uploaded a week after you sent this letter. That is one cute little squiggle. Spock thinks that you may have heard a heartbeat already. The book I looked at says that happens around the six-week mark.

Yes, I’ve been reading. Spock got a little crazy with the parenting books. He sent you most of the baby ones we came across. Although, I did keep a few for myself. Even if I’m going to be stuck here, I’m going to be prepared.

I understand being cautious after what happened with Nyota. However, I don’t think you are going to deal with any Klingons during your pregnancy. Is it impolite for me to mention that? I probably should be saying happy calming things. You're one of the strongest women that I know, so I expect this to go well.

Also, Christine can get over her damn self. If she doesn’t want to help, then she can just go on assignment.

I’m glad you’re hanging out with Winona. You’re the perfect friend right now because you can’t drink. You are also giving her another surrogate grandkid. I’ve seen pictures of her spoiling babies D and K. Also, I feel like if she were to fall spectacularly off the wagon, you would tell me instead of possibly sugarcoating it like Kevin. Also, I feel like you would actually see it when Kevin might accidentally switch into denial mode. It happened a lot growing up.

Instant parenthood is a weird experience. I mean, I saw what Nyota went through after Jo Jo came to live with her and Bones, but it is different when you’re going through it. I thought about that a lot in the last few weeks. Good news, Spock has gotten over his aversion to hugs. Although I believe D took care of that earlier, now Spock is letting himself be hugged by people other than me or baby D. That is a vast improvement.

I never thought I was going to get to be a parent. I mean, I thought it was entirely possible that Spock may eventually be chosen to be somebody’s sperm donor and that would be as close as I would get to parenthood after they told me I was now sterile. Now I think that was a silly thought because Spock could just as easily be the sperm donor to our future child as me, but maybe I was still in shock. Or perhaps I was mourning something that wouldn’t happen.
Did I ever tell you why Spock is so snippy around Carol, despite having a wife? Okay, now it probably has something to do with Carol taking his science job, but before then, Spock found out that in the other timeline I have a kid with her. Because apparently, other me is horrible at contraceptive hypos.

In this timeline, Sam was the one that got his girlfriend pregnant. Sam was also the one who went to Tarsus, but unlike me, he didn’t survive. Although, it was because he didn’t survive that the governor is dead due to Winona doing something to him that I don’t even have the clearance to read. Although, I feel like her ripping his heart out may have been a possibility.

He ripped out hers when he killed Sam. It would only be fair.

So yeah, I feel guilty every time I help with homework because Sam should be the one helping him. Sam should be here, and he’s not because he took my place. So now I’m here trying to be a dad, and I feel like I’m going to fuck this all up. Yes, things are going okay right now, but the other shoe is going to drop. This is my life. Of course, it will.

I mean, we’ve barely managed to convince Peter that we want him here because we care about him and not because Peter is Sam’s kid. Oh, and trust me I get that because sometimes it felt like Winona only saw me as an extension of her dead husband, at least not until after Tarsus as well as the Frank bullshit.

And yes, I’ve told Spock all this. Spock has been my rock when I’m scared. He calms me down when I’m trying to find time to do everything. He finds it for me, and I just need him so much.

I’m so glad that he is Captain right now because I don’t think I could handle the parent transition and being in charge. Spock can because my husband is a super Vulcan. I mean he used to be First Officer and Science Officer. I couldn’t even imagine doing my job and Carol’s job too. Of course, I don’t have a doctorate. So that’s not going to happen. (Although Carol requested a transfer to the London Academy because I think she wants to finish her retraining in person. So I have to get someone else to do that job soon because Spock can’t be his own science officer.)

Yes, I looked through everything you sent, and I’ll think about getting my master’s remotely, but it will have to wait until at least January. I need to let Peter get acclimated to ship life before adding anything else. If I learned anything from Winona, it’s the importance of balance and not overextending yourself.

Anyway, pictures attached. Most of them are from fencing class. Isn’t Peter just adorable in his little uniform?
To be continued

xxxx

Chapter End Notes

I originally had Carol getting off the ship in a more dramatic way. But I’ve decided against it because this story has too much drama already.
Day 188: Family

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last set of messages. You are all lovely people.

From: Kevin KR
To: Peter_K
bcc: Elizabeth_Chen

Time arrived: 8/28/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Welcome to the family, at least we give cookies when we screw up.

Okay, Liz and I are writing this email together because if you got emails from the entire family, we felt maybe it would be a little overwhelming. Josephine will tell you that we usually take turns with our responses although we are always reading each other’s PADDs because that’s kind of what couples do. I’m sure you’ll see my brother and his husband doing that sort of thing. Aren’t they just nauseatingly sweet? I hope they’re keeping the PDAs to halfway decent.

So how has life with my brother and his husband been for you? Have they been slowly driving you crazy? I feel like Spock would be the overprotective parent. Okay, I feel like Jim would be the overprotective parent because he was like that with me. More like a parent than a big brother.

So, if you haven’t been informed yet, this family is a little screwed up. By screwed up, I mean everybody has their own therapist and a few of us are on antidepressants. But hey, we’re in treatment, and that’s the important thing. Unfortunately, Grandma Winona didn’t get there for a while. She was trying, but the first few years after your dad died, she was kind of a mess. Okay, she drank a lot. Jim was the one picking up the pieces. That’s kind of what he does. So, he was the one who made lunches and checked my homework. Until Pike challenged him to do better when I was going into sophomore year, and the rest is history.

Anyway, your deluxe care package has been put in the system. Yes, there will be cookies. Okay, I gave it to Liz’s friend Cara, who will be doing her semester aboard Enterprise. She’s looking forward to it. I personally hope everything is quiet. I feel like all of you can use quiet.

I would ask you how classes are, but that feels like a loaded question. I’m getting ready to take the
finals for my summer classes over the next few days and then preparing for the fall semester. Also, getting baby D ready for Starfleet daycare. We’re dropping her off a few hours each day to get her acclimated. That’s going well. Okay, she threw a duck at somebody when I dropped her off there yesterday, and I had to go to a meeting where babies could not follow. It’s a work in progress. At least we’re still a few months off from potty training. That’s going to be a disaster.

Anyway, write back and feel free to ask any questions you have. I may not have the answers, but I’ll find them. I’m also uploading tons of baby pictures. Before the Kirk side of the family stopped talking to Winona, they did take a lot of pictures. I’m partial to the one of your dad holding a chocolate-covered Jim. I never did get the story of how that happened. If you ever find out the truth, please let me know. Jim is so evasive sometimes.

XXXX

From: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 8/28/2260 00:00:01
Subject: How is parenting going?

Hey Jim, this is your mom. Still sober. Although just hearing about everything Ben’s going through with his in-laws makes drinking very tempting, but I'm getting through it. Also, alcohol-free brunches with Nhi have been helpful. Although, after her throwing up on me yesterday, she finally acknowledged that she is pregnant. I know you know which is why I mention that. No one else really knows except for the niece who really really hates you. I feel like there’s a story there, but I’m too afraid to ask.

Kevin’s writing Peter today. We decided it would be best that he only hears from us one at a time. Although, I have forwarded some amazing baby pictures of you and Sam. I can’t remember why you were covered in mud and chocolate in most of them. I’m thinking that’s because the drinking started a lot earlier than I thought and I wasn’t watching you guys like I should. I really should’ve gone into treatment earlier. I’m sorry.

Anyway, I just wanted to write to see how you were handling all of this. All of this must be overwhelming. However, I know you will be a good dad because you really did raise Kevin due to me being too deep into a bottle to do anything. Your grilled cheese was legendary.

At the same time, I am also worried because this isn’t just a new child, but also contending with the ghost of Sam. I’m glad Peter looks like you and not Sam. It’s almost easier. You having George's eyes always made things difficult for me when you were little, and that wasn't fair to you. I don't want Peter to have to deal with that type of baggage. No child should feel like they’re just a replacement. I feel like I need to apologize for more awful things I did in your childhood because I think there were some moments like that with you.
At least I set a good example of what not to do. You’ll do better than me in that regard, I think. You also have Spock. I know I was very negative in the beginning, probably because I knew about him choking you, but I’ve revised my opinion over time. Also, I’m pretty sure all choking is now very consensual, but never ever confirm that. I don’t want to know about your kinks. Just keep it safe, sane, and consensual.

Anyway, feel free to write, and if things go badly, go for the instant messaging option. I hope things don’t go badly. Fingers crossed.

Xxxxx

From: Peter_K
To: Kevin KR
cc: Elizabeth_Chen

Time arrived: 8/28/2260 18:13:01
Subject: Re: Welcome to the family, at least we give cookies when we screw up.

Classes are okay. I miss my friends from before, but Jay is friendly and kind. Thankfully, he doesn't ask too many questions about why I'm now living with an uncle that I've only recently met. Of course, that makes sense, considering that everybody in my class has lost a parent. Some in the battle of Vulcan, others to their own choices. I guess I’m more like the Ashleys then Jay and Josephine. I don’t know if that’s a good or terrible thing yet. It just is.

I’m sure Margarita is going to want to discuss it. I’ve been spending a lot of time with Margarita. We're working on art therapy. She wants me to write as well, in a diary, like Josephine is doing. I'm trying to decide if I want to do that or not.

We got the pictures about three days ago. Josephine says she usually gets pictures from you guys of baby D all the time without context. According to Spock, the images don’t go through the same security screening as the letters. I’m a little concerned about the fact that the messages are being screened in the first place.

Jim doesn’t know why he’s covered in chocolate in that picture. He doesn’t remember the incident at all. Spock says that’s normal because he would have been only a year old at the time the image was taken. Jim thinks it's from his first not-a-birthday party. Jim doesn't celebrate his birthday on his birthday because that was when his father died. Also, he was always forced to do "soul-crushing” remembrance ceremonies on that day for a man he doesn’t even know. So, hey at least
Jim understands what it’s like to be the child of a dead man. Spock apparently knows what it’s like to lose your mom under the worst circumstances. I cry a lot.

I'm still not referring to Jim or Spock as my uncles. I'm not ready yet because I don't really know them that well. We’re working on it, but it’s a slow process. I don’t even know you that well, but Josephine says that you’re a good listener, so that’s why I’m writing this. Excuse me for rambling. You know, on second thought, I’m not going to send...

Xxx

From: Peter_K
To: Kevin KR
cc: Elizabeth_Chen
Time arrived: 8/28/2260 18:45:41
Subject: Re: Welcome to the family, at least we give cookies when we screw up.

Voice recognition software is evil. I was trying to delete that email and rewrite it, and instead, the computer interpreted my use of the word “send” as a command. Maybe you shouldn't just turn the microphone on and start dictating when you have a lot to say. We tried recalling, but apparently, that doesn't work very well with Jim’s special email system. Jim also said that if I just saved the thing to my draft emails, there would be a 50-50 shot that it would have been sent anyway.

 Apparently, that’s how Jim and Spock fell in love. I kind of want to hear that story. Maybe I’ll ask them tonight to tell me.

They seem in love. Although they are trying to keep the PDAs to a minimum, you can still tell. A few Vulcans lived on the colony, and I know what the finger thing is. Anyway, thanks for listening.

Maybe I should get the diary. There is less of a chance of people reading things I'm not ready for them to see if I write it in hard copy. Good thing, mom felt I should learn to write. This is just one more critical life skill she left me with. I wish she was still here. Excuse me while I cry into my PADD again.

XXXX

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills
Time sent: 8/28/2260 23:12:01

Subject: Re: How is parenting going?

Thanks for writing. Glad the sobriety thing is still working. We are okay, and no, I'm not just saying we are okay because I don't want to give you a genuine answer. I think we are okay for the moment. Only occasional crying jags. Peter came to me for computer help. He is very upset to find out that he can't recall messages through my special email system. Well, not the ones going outside the ship. I think Kevin is going to get an honest response to his email.

I also asked about how Spock and I got together. I gave him the clean version. You’re not the only one who doesn’t want details. Yes, I will never share them with you.

Seriously, did you guys have to send those pictures? I mean, Spock thinks it’s cute that I’m running around naked, covered in mud, but me not so much. Now I’m kind of upset that most of his childhood pictures were destroyed when Vulcan was. I’m still trying to find out if anything was saved on a server off-planet.

Also, I’m still mad grandma Kirk threw away my Captain Marvel costume. I think she threw away all the superhero costumes, but that one was just extra pretty.

Peter is concerned with us only seeing him as a Sam replacement. I think maybe he felt like his mom saw him that way. He’s not exactly the most forthcoming child, but I think he felt like she only saw him as the last piece of Sam. I really don’t want Peter to feel like that because you’re right, it is an awful feeling. I’m glad you realize a lot of what was going on when I was a kid.

I understand why things happened the way they did. I would be an absolute mess if I'd lost Spock. He was a mess when I died, and it was only temporary. I wish that you would’ve gotten treatment earlier, but it’s more important that you’re getting treatment now. Margarita says you can’t change the past, only the future. Well you can change the past, but you'll create an entirely different timeline, and well here we are with Vulcans being an endangered species, but me and Spock having our shit together.

In a lot of ways taking care of Kevin, Post Tarsus prepared me for this. I'm used to dealing with quite sulky preteens, even before last summer with Jo Jo. I don't feel entirely like I've dived into the deep end. Also, unlike with Kevin, I have Spock, which has been good. He will listen to all my crazy scared rants and talk me through my fears and hopes. I need that right now.

Unfortunately, this situation is bringing back some Sam memories for me. Sometimes I feel like
Sam died in my place, and I was supposed to be on Tarsus. I know for sure I was supposed to be on Tarsus, and if I was there, he would still be alive, and Peter would’ve had his real dad.

But that’s not where things are, so I must work in the world I live in. Maybe sometimes I wish things were different, but other days I’m glad they are the way they are. I have Kevin, and I have Spock, things that my other self didn't have.

I’m glad you’re there for Nhi. She’s going to need it because Christine is not a cheerleader. Yes, don’t ever ask me why I don’t want to be anywhere near her niece. However, feel free to look at the police report. Or maybe not. I don’t want Kevin to have to get you out of lockup if you punch her. It’s been resolved and let us never speak of it again.

Anyway, Peter pictures attached from when we were on the Starbase. I may have bought him too much, but it’s not like we can go out to the store at any time. I’m probably going to be shipping you guys some artwork. Peter is very productive, and even being the Captain's husband, space is limited.

Anyway, write back when you have a chance.

To be continued
Day 194: Greetings from the suburbs

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last set of letters. You are all fabulous. So, here is what happened in Georgia.

From: Elizabeth_Chen
To: SulxuHG2260
Time arrived: 9/3/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Greetings from the pretentious suburbs of Atlanta

Hey, greetings from the overly pretentious suburbs of Atlanta. Your kid is having the time of her life. I, on the other hand, am looking forward to the minute we get back to San Francisco. This morning’s country club brunch with the various moms of girls that did Jo Jo dirty went ridiculously badly. However, I did not pour my mimosa on anyone. It’s a miracle.

Of course, they knew all about the drinking and the abuse. The country club moms didn't shut up about it. They didn't do shit to stop it, but they have no trouble telling me, someone they barely know all about it. I am so happy that baby D did toss grape jelly on their beautiful white jackets. So well deserved. She’s my favorite.

I was chided for bringing a one-year-old to brunch. Seriously, the country club moms of Sandy Springs can all get fucked. This is why I'm writing this letter to you and not Jo Jo. I must come up with a cleaner version of what happened, or maybe I'll just send her pictures of everybody covered in blueberry preserve. Yeah, I think that's the best course of action. Perhaps I'll have Kevin write the next letter. We must make sure our space kids are doing well.

So, we are in the ridiculously wealthy part of Atlanta because the custody chaos has taken a turn for the better. I’m sure Ben has told you that Zach’s mom defected to the other side. Of course, he probably doesn’t know that she did defect because Ms. Lee told her all about her ridiculously abusive childhood with her homophobic father and her mother that turned a blind eye so often that she swallowed a bottle of pills. Survived, but was left for next year’s model. Then it just gets worse from there from what I understand. Lee won't give any additional details, and I get that, but it was a wake-up call for Mrs. Johnson.

Unfortunately, Zach’s father won’t settle. So, trial here we come. But hey, it won't happen for a
while, so at least it gave us time for this trip. It’s nice to have a break after finals. Although, I wish it were more of a break. The new semester is just around the corner.

I have to go. Some asshole is banging against the door. Fuck, I think that it is Jo Jo’s grandfather. This is going to be ugly.

From: Legal Queen  
To: kitten_loverJMU  
Subject: guess what? I have a new job  
Time arrived: 9/3/2260 00:00:01

Hey, I am so sorry for not writing sooner. I am sure you’re aware that I have a brand-new job in a brand-new city. My client had a teleconference with your favorite fencing instructor last week, so obviously, word of what happened has traveled fast. I just wanted to keep it to myself for a few days, in case the judge tried to sabotage it, which he did.

Thankfully, the judge didn’t stand a chance against Shawn. I love my new boss. I now have a video of Shawn telling Judge Lee to go fuck himself, literally. Shawn is awesome. He truly understands what I’m going through, considering he comes from his own family of overly controlling lawyers.

His husband Cory is also fabulous. He makes the best scones. It feels like I can be myself at this firm. So, I’m looking forward to the new job despite the complexity of what I’m working on. You’ll have to get details from your fencing instructor since attorney-client privilege is a thing.

I’m back in Georgia now packing up my condo. Liz and Kevin came with me, which turned out to be a good thing. I think they mostly came to tell some of your former social circle to fuck off, but it’s been good to have someone else here, mainly because Judge Lee stopped by.

So obviously your grandpa is very unhappy about me leaving, but Kevin and Liz took care of it. Tell your uncle Jim thank you for putting Kevin in Junior Brazilian jujitsu classes. Or maybe that was Liz’s mom who was responsible for that. Regardless, it was useful.

I think the judge is just shocked that I’m leaving. What did he expect after getting me fired from my firm? That I would just go join him at the family practice? That’s not going to happen. The judge can drop dead for all I care. I am so done with him. I’m going to put my life together in San
Francisco with my new job and brand-new apartment. After I sell my condo, I’m not coming back. I’m done.

So how is your life? I have heard that the evil Jeremy is long gone, and you have a new friend Peter? How is that going? I’ve also heard lots about your teacher Gina. Apparently, she’s friends with Liz’s sister. Hey, did you get your birthday present? Did this email get to you before or after your birthday? Happy b-day anyway. I hope you had a good time.

Write to me when you get a chance. I know you’re far out, but I would love to hear from you.

1. Send me pictures. I want to personalize my office, and since I'm probably not going to have a girlfriend anytime soon, pictures of my favorite niece are a must. I bet you look adorable in your Starfleet student uniform.

XXXX

From: kitten_loverJJMU
To: Legal Queen
Subject: Re: Guess what? I have a new job
Time arrived: 9/3/2260 17:32:23

Three days late. We had cake, and the Ashleys gave me a makeover. Lots of glitter and lipgloss were involved. It made dad cry because the thought of me becoming a teenager scares him. He does that some days. I sent the pictures as a separate upload because apparently, that works faster than regular email. I think it's because images don't have to go through the same censorship/security screening protocols as a traditional email. Which is ridiculous because you can transmit a lot of classified material in an image or at least that's what Uncle Jim says. He probably would know.

I heard about San Francisco and the new job from Mr. Sulu and Uncle Jim. I’m glad you got out of there. You need to be away from the judge. He was always awful to mom. I saw him hit her a couple of times. She told me not to say anything about that, but it doesn’t matter now, does it? Ashley two says that it's more important to save yourself sometimes. Jay said something similar. Considering his dad killed himself, he understands. Too much, really. Sometimes, I think that mom’s death was just suicide by alcohol.

No, I haven’t got your presents yet. Unfortunately, because our Star Base visit was not planned out way in advance, the packages weren’t waiting for us. I’m sure we’ll get everything in October when we get new team members. We might get a few more kids. Fingers crossed nobody is as evil
as Jeremy. The crew switch out was supposed to happen in September, but Deva (I probably misspelled that) happened. So now it’s October.

Peter is wonderful. Sad, but wonderful. He’s Uncle Jim’s nephew that none of us knew about until last month. If we did know about Peter, I feel like we would’ve had some playdates before. Uncle Jim now has custody because Peter's mom died recently, and Jim’s brother Sam was gone long before that. He died on Tarsus keeping my friends Kevin and Liz alive, apparently. That’s also where both of my friends became orphans, but their adopted families have been great. Blood and family are two different things. We know that better than a lot of people. Too much, really.

Jay and Ashley 2 are great, but it's nice to be able to hang out with someone my own age or close to it anyway. We talk about comic books a lot and movies. Okay, there may even be some fanfiction. You know that there are Enterprise RPF stories. I can’t read any because Uncle Jim has a nanny filter on my PADD that block such things. What’s wrong about me reading a story about lemons? It is less restricted than what mom had monitoring me, but still there. I’m 12 now. They should trust me more, but they told me what really happened to Peter’s mom, so I guess that’s a start.

I also know some of what’s going on with your client. Apparently, baby K’s grandfather is evil. Not entirely on the level of the judge, but very close. Of course, the judge was a special type of evil.

In addition to the pictures I sent earlier, I also plan to send you some more artwork as soon as we hit the Star Base. I’m planning to have a whole box of stuff ready for you. I uploaded some images in the meantime. One is from Peter. I think he’s getting the handle of the art therapy thing. Maybe I’ll work on the journal next. We’ll figure it out as we go.

Anyway, good luck in San Francisco. Also, I hope you sell the house fast.

XXXX

From: SulxuHG2260
To: Elizabeth_Chen
Time sent: 9/3/2260 22:14:01
Subject: Re: Greetings from the pretentious suburbs of Atlanta

I had a fencing lesson with Jo Jo earlier, and she told me about the letter she received from her aunt from later in the day, so I kind of know how the visit with the judge turned out. I am so glad Sue talked your mom into taking those self-defense classes. Obviously, you went with the pictures because I’ve seen them, and they are adorable. I’m neither shocked nor surprised my kid is covered in jelly or covering other people in jam and apparently, they deserved it.
Don’t tell Jo Jo that other people knew what was going on and did nothing. I think that would set back the progress that she’s been making. She's doing a lot better than she was back in February. She has friends. They have inside jokes, and I occasionally see smiles. She's almost like a typical 12-year-old.

I’m not surprised that family is fucked up. Jo Jo has said some things, and so have Nyota and Leonard. We are all friends up here, and I need to spend more time with actual grown-ups. Pav is still rebound hooking up with like half the ship. He's too young to really know how to deal with a broken heart. Nyota is grateful that I am getting Josephine out of her shell and giving her another way to channel her anger. She has a lot of it, but so does Peter.

Your nephew is doing good by the way. Well, as good as can be expected given the circumstances. It’s been almost a month, and he's coping. He may have stabbed the practice dummy a little hard, but that’s understandable.

Yes, I did hear from Ben about the custody situation, but he sent his letter just a few days after we talked so obviously this is a more recent update. Yeah, I’m not surprised it’s going to go to trial. If I need to do video testimony, let me know. I know there are provisions for that.

I’m kind of surprised that the lawyers haven’t been in contact with me directly. Although maybe that’s because I’m far away and not living with Ben right now. If I wasn’t doing this assignment, I think we would be living together. I think we would be engaged. I think we’re already engaged to be engaged. It’s weird. I think I see this going that way. Your sister has this fantasy that we will all end up on Yorktown together. It’s a good fantasy. I really don’t like being away from everybody so much.

Anyway, this next part is for the baby.

PS: Keep an eye on baby D if she’s around K’s grandmother. I’m not entirely sure if I trust the woman yet. I know she went through a lot, but I’m still upset on Zack’s behalf that he had to deal with her apathy at the very least.

Dear Demora:

I saw your pictures. Aren’t you just precious? You knew those women deserved to be covered in jam. Remember that if you see something terrible happening, act. Just don’t stand by and gossip about it. You can change things.
Give extra hugs to Ben. He’s going to need them. Also, your cousins. I’m worried about them because they lost their other mommy. I sent your aunt a video file because well, that stuff gets there sooner. I should send you something too. Maybe fencing practice? Would you like that? I know you have your daddy bear reading to you. This would be more of that.

Work has been good. Quiet really. Lots of research. Daddy helped catalog 20 new plant species this week. Only one crew member was stupid enough to eat one of these plants, and thankfully, the only consequence was they watched their hand move for two hours. A few members on the botany team think it’s Quaaludes.

Okay, maybe you’re too young for that story.

Anyway, hugs and kisses. I’ll see if we can videoconference again in October.

To be continued
Day 197: Parenting is Hard

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all lovely.

We have a slightly different format for this chapter. Jim and Spock will be utilizing deep space text messaging. Because of course, Jim managed to figure out a way to send discrete messages to Spock, while on an uncharted planet. It’s not paranoia if they’re out to get you and therefore he doesn’t want Starfleet to read what he’s writing.

James: I know it’s after midnight, sweetie, but I wanted to give you an update because it’s hard for me to sleep without you. Day one on the planet has gone well. The team has done so much work down here. It is an M class planet as we suspected. The luscious plant life, edible vegetation, and a mineral that we may be able to use as a power source will probably put this on Starfleet’s ‘want to colonize’ list because of course. Although, I’m glad to be down here getting to work on it firsthand.

Cuddle Spock: You are glad that you were able to turn over your HR duties to others.

James: You know me so well, Cuddle bunny. The fact that there are no deadly dangerous creatures anywhere, especially of the red variety is a bonus. Although I prefer the cold to the sweltering heat.

Cuddle Spock: I am never going to be forgiven for the Delta Vega transgression?

James: I totally forgive you because I know that you were having a moment. Although, if you really want to make it up to me, you can tell me what you’re wearing. Or send topless selfies.

James: Keep it tasteful, though. Or not, since this is not going anywhere near the Starfleet servers.

Cuddle Spock: I should have realized that because you are messaging me on our own devices on a non-Starfleet frequency, you wish to engage in communicator sex. I blame Nyota for setting this up.
James: You’re so smart, sweetie. This was all me. Okay mostly. Yes, Nyota helped because she is a goddess.

Cuddle Spock: I do not wish to engage in this activity currently or at all.

James: Oh, come on, I send you slightly inappropriate emails all the time when you’re on the bridge. In Vulcan, but still, I do wipe everything. I am going to be down here a week. I also have a tent all to myself, and Scotty guaranteed me it was soundproof. So, let’s begin this by telling me what my oh so ridiculously sexy husband is wearing right now.

Cuddle Spock: I do not see the need to tell you what I am wearing when I am aware that you are dressed in your standard-issue mission wear.

James: Actually, I am wearing shorts because it’s after midnight and still 33°C. In my mind, I’m picturing you wearing something similar, even though I know you’re wearing your standard-issue Starfleet pajamas with the nano-fiber that keeps you extra toasty, so I don’t sweat into the blankets when we are sleeping. I only want to sweat in bed when orgasms are involved.

James: And since I can’t sleep without you and you’re aware of the one thing that always puts me to sleep, I thought you could help.

Cuddle Spock: I am unable to assist you, due to being informed by the computer in Peter’s room that he is having a nightmare.

James: Which means you need to check on him?

James: It’s not unexpected. He’s been having a lot of nightmares. I mean his mom and a lot of his friends died. So, of course, he is having nightmares. He did see his mom attacked by the evil parasites of death.

James: Hey, did you get the kid back to sleep? That totally killed the mood, but the kid comes first. I want to get him a Teddy bear, but I feel like he would say he was too old for it. What do you think?

James: So, it’s been half an hour, and I probably could hack into Peter’s security feed, but I feel that would be a total violation of his privacy. The nightmare protocol feels terrible enough. Still
necessary, after he broke the lamp last week.

James: Okay, it’s now been 45 minutes and no update. I am a little concerned and halfway tempted to have engineering being me back.

Cuddle Spock: Hey, Jim, it’s Margarita. Spock told me to grab his personal PADD and contact you. He doesn’t want it on the record. Come back to the ship. Peter had a panic attack. Spock needs you because it turns out Vulcans don’t do well with panic attacks.

James: Fuck. On my way up. I’ll be back to the ship in 15.

To be continued.
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You’re all fabulous.

From: Kevin KR
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 9/7/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Re: Email takes forever in space

Yes, the delay in letters is making things weird. We even had our video conference by the time I got your message. Peter was adorable, and Liz wants to cuddle him.

I’ve already written to Peter. I’m sure you know about that. I have not got a response yet, but fingers crossed. We decided not to overwhelm him and only send one letter at a time. I think Liz is responding next and that will leave mom for last. Mom can be a little overwhelming sometimes. I am not looking forward to her being on campus. I’m so glad I’m not on the engineering track, and I already did my basic science classes.

Peter’s care package is ready to roll and will be hitching a ride with one of Liz’s friends that were assigned to Enterprise for the semester. Don’t worry; she’s cool. I heard you’re getting to the base during the first week of October. I added multiple comic book data chips. Boom and IW D stuff included. Okay, I may have included the complete collection of Darkwing Duck comics in there. A few of those issues got me through the dark hell of Tarsus. Yes, we are sending a lot of art supplies and toys, along with snacks. Okay, also a truckload of premium chocolate for your husband. I have a feeling that Liz had to work with her mom to get all that stuff delivered.

I’ve been hearing whispers of Enterprise getting a two-month assignment on new Vulcan. Okay, I listened to the Admiral discussing this during when I was at the office yesterday. I think your father-in-law might be pulling strings or conspiring with my future mother-in-law. Who knows. Regardless, I feel like your hubby is going to need a truckload of chocolate to deal with everything.

So baby D is adjusting to daycare. It helps that her BFF is there sometimes. Although, since daddy
is taking a leave of absence to deal with custody shenanigans, she’s only there when he is spending quality time with the lawyers. I have 50 credits on the Admiral getting him to agree to be the head of pediatric medicine of Yorktown by November at the latest. Tell Sulu that the custody case is in a moment of calm right now, but that’s because they’re getting ready to go to trial. Maybe. It’s complicated. They go before the judge soon. I don’t remember exactly when.

I survived finals. I don’t know what my grades are yet. Although, I’m never taking another language class in summer. Seriously, why did I think this was a good idea on top of the internship and the babies? I’m making better choices next summer.

I think there’s a good chance that I’m going to end up doing my semester on the ship over summer 2261. I was supposed to do it in February, but with the baby, I have to defer. But my advisor is a prick, and I am uncertain he will let me postpone until summer because heaven forbid, it looks like I’m getting any special treatment. That would be awful. I need a new advisor. Preferably one who doesn’t think I’m at the Academy solely to ride your coattails.

Speaking of nepotism accusations, even though my brother is no longer Captain I can’t apply for Enterprise because my brother-in-law is Captain. However, I am allowed to apply for the Hamilton, as long as I don’t marry Liz before then. And considering if I do that before graduation, my brand-new mother-in-law will send me to Delta Vega, I know better. Pike suggested that I apply for the Discovery. Chris spent some time on that ship while you were at the Academy. So what are your opinions on the Discovery and the Captain? Any other ship suggestions. Anybody I should avoid?

Yes, we all know about the pregnancy. I lost a pair of shoes. Mom is happy for her friend. Chrissy is pissed, which gives me glee because I can’t stand her. Like not everything is about you, and you should be supportive of your family. I can’t believe I slept with her. Liz will never let me forget that terrible decision. She calls it my Mrs. Robinson phase. I had to look up the reference, and then we watched the original, not the remake from 2250. It wasn’t quite that bad.

Now, on the other hand, our mom has been eager to help Nhi despite not being family. Okay, and it gets her away. I love her helping with babysitting. However, I can only do so many family movie nights when I would prefer to cuddle with my girlfriend after the baby falls asleep instead.

Mom is surprisingly still sober, which is probably why I put up with so many family movie nights. I was worried that finding out about Peter would drag everything out from Tarsus. But so far it’s been relatively okay, only extra therapy sessions for everyone. Maybe the Academy job is right for her. Again, something else to focus on besides Sam related trauma.

Btw, she had to send a lawyer and bail money to Georgia. The Lee family is fucked up. I am genuinely surprised that Aunt Lee is as well-adjusted as she is. That family sees your therapist four
times a week awful. The fact that she only sees her twice a week is an absolute miracle.

Her dad is an asshole, an abusive, controlling asshole. His only redeeming quality was he never molested his children. Hit them, trigger extreme bouts of internalized homophobia, get somebody fired from her law firm but not inappropriately touch. Even evil has some standards.

Oh, the Judge also showed up while we were packing and demanded that his daughter come back to him like she was some piece of property. I didn’t mean to choke out the geriatric judge who is fucking someone who is my age. (I think my girlfriend might be older.) It just happened when he tried to attack his daughter (his full-grown daughter). After what I heard happen to Peter’s aunt, I wasn’t going to take any chances. Thanks for the Brazilian jujitsu classes.

So good news, Shawn is a God among all lawyers and got all the charges dismissed. Okay, it probably helps that Starfleet is looking at expanding their footprint in the Atlanta Metro and well the leaders have learned their lesson from mistakes made in the early 21st century. Or maybe we got a judge that just hated Judge Lee. Who knows.

Anyway, I’m taking this week to recover before classes start again. I’m taking mostly classes for the dip core. I don’t have to take the Kobayashi Maru, which BTY is now an actual class with other requirements. Liz wants me on her crew, which she gets to choose entirely now. Since we are just dating and not married, I think it’s going to be allowed. Liz wants me to be her first officer for the simulation. Apparently, I’m the person she trusts the most.

Xxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Kevin KR
Time sent: 9/7/2260 11:22:01
Subject: Re: Email takes forever in space

Okay, I seriously doubt that all you want to do is cuddle, but you’re my baby brother, so I don’t want to read more into that, bad hook up decisions notwithstanding. I am so sending Sue a copy of The Idiot’s Guide to Nontraditional Families for her upcoming b-day. And we’re sending Ben a copy of The Idiot’s Guide to Surviving Your Former In-Laws. Yes, there’s a chapter in the book about widowhood and complicated custody situations.

I am not surprised at all that you ended up getting arrested. Nor am I surprised that you had to ask Winona to get you out. She is probably not going to let that go for a very long time. The fact that
you got arrested for defending someone should keep the lectures down to a minimum. Is some asshole going to try to bring you up before judiciaries even though charges were dropped? Judiciaries at Starfleet Academy are not fun. In between being related to Spock and me and dating the daughter of the head of Starfleet, I feel like they would be awful on you to prove that there is no nepotism. It’s all such bullshit. BTW, get another advisor.

Spock says I’m not allowed to ask you what the fuck you were thinking by sleeping with Christina. I want to ask it so badly, but I’m not going to. Be thankful that my sex issues are the reason why I never actually slept with her. Still had to get a restraining order. Besides, I feel like Liz has already said everything I could say, and she can physically slap you upside your head. Your dating so up it’s ridiculous. Don’t Fuck things up with her. You can never do better than Liz ever.

Spock also says I can’t forward you my asshole Captain list to you. Although, this is because Spock is halfway convinced that our emails are still being monitored, despite precautions. He recommends that you talk to Pike and your future mother-in-law. Although he does recommend the Discovery, possibly because the current captain was his foster sister for six months, she had no trouble going up against his bullies. Which may be why the Grayson family was only allowed to keep her with them for six months. We both agree that you shouldn’t apply for the Hamilton because of nepotism accusations.

Yes, agreed to be Liz’s first officer for her Kobayashi Maru trial. I was told it would be a bit different like there’s a chance in hell of surviving in addition to the changes to make it more like an actual class than just a Academic mind fuck. A Tarsus level chance in hell of surviving, but you guys are pros at those types of situations.

What is the semester going to be like for you guys, balancing classes and baby D? I’m a little worried but with Ben taking a step back because of the custody bullshit does that mean he can help you guys?

I am glad she’s still sober. She sent a letter last week. She’s okay, and I’m so happy she’s okay. She is also looking forward to seeing what happens while she’s at the Academy. I bet you’re glad you didn’t listen to me when I tried to get you in the engineering track. Now you won’t have to cross her path.

Work currently consists of 90% HR stuff as we get ready for the October switch out. We’re losing 20% of our current crew with only 15% of it being replaced. We are also getting 50 cadets, despite our deep space mandate. I hate HR stuff. Spock was so much better at it.

I was supposed to spend a week on the planet with the surveying team, but we decided to send Sulu in my place. Okay on day one Peter had a panic attack, and then Spock panicked a lot, and there was crying, and we decided Sulu could be in charge, and I would do HR so I could stay on the ship
were my kid could find me if he has a nightmare. I am so glad that nobody got stranded in a cave, this time. Separation anxiety is something that we’re going to have to work on so much. I should know better. You were like a clingy koala for the first year.

Yes, I know about the letter to Peter. I had to teach him how to recall. Turns out that’s not possible with outside messages. Also, Spock made me make sure Peter wasn’t subjected to the bug that forwards his letters to people even if you don’t hit the send button. I mean that’s how we ended up together, but apparently, that’s a no from the spouse. I should not be surprised.

I am looking forward to October in getting our box of goodies. Spock thanks you in advance for the chocolate. We’re going to need it because I’m sure we are going to be spending quality time on the colony again. Well, he’s going to need it. I get Vulcan headache medication. I need Blondie’s right now. (If I can get a babysitter to watch Peter while I indulge, so that’s not happening anytime soon.)

We’re getting three more kids. Fingers crossed we get no one anywhere near as awful as Jeremy. If I ever find out who cursed us with Jeremy, I will make their life as miserable as humanly feasible.

Anyway, I have a family session with margarita right now that I need to get to because Peter is a clingy Kuala bear.

To be continued
Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous.

From: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 9/11/2260 00:00:01
Subject: You have been busy

That was a lot to unpack in one letter. I’m going to start with the safe subject of congratulating you on no longer having a Jeremy. I hope the quasi-military school will help him work through his issues. Sorry, there’s still members of Starfleet who are petty, vindictive, assholes who are trying to undermine the program. However, as always, they’re underestimating you. Now that Jeremy has gone, how is the program going?

So, Sam had a kid that you just found out about that may have even been born after he died. How do you feel about this? Is it bringing up memories of George? I’m probably going to have to write to your mom. I will write to your mom as soon as I’m done writing this email because this is a lot. That’s not even touching the fact that you are fostering a 12-year-old.

Losing Arlene was probably hard for you too. I know you hate losing people on missions in general. The fact that Arlene was the one who brought you to my wife in the first place probably makes everything worse. She was a beautiful person. Arlene didn’t deserve the things she went through. I knew about what happened to her sister; It was an absolute tragedy. It was the talk of Riverside for months, if not years. I didn’t know about Peter. She did an excellent job of keeping the cameras off him during the trial.

I’m not surprised that you’re stepping up. This is who you are, Jim Kirk. You have a saving people thing, or maybe a trying to fix things thing. You’re also ridiculously loyal to your family. So, you becoming a foster parent is a logical step. I know you knew how screwed up the family was before you knew about the murder, so I know you wouldn’t let any kid go through that. I also know that you wouldn’t just let Peter go into foster care. That’s not who you are and I know your husband will follow you in this. You support each other. No matter what.

Don’t be scared. You did raise Kevin, and you did an excellent job. So, I think that you’re going to do great at this parenthood thing, but you probably have doubts. That’s normal. Just don’t let your insecurities overwhelm you.

How are you feeling right now? Are you overwhelmed? I knew you think you’re going to screw up, but I’m sure you won’t. You were an excellent captain to 1000 people so I feel like some of those skills are transferable to teenagers. I know you managed to be a good uncle to Jo Jo. Now you need to build on that skill set.

Fortunately, unlike with Kevin, you have Spock to help you with raising Peter. It always helps when you have a partner. You and Spock have a great partnership, so I think together both of you can get through this. As I stated earlier, you support each other in all things.
Remember, I’m always here to help you work with troubled adolescents. Although I’m sure, Margarita already has a strategy together. Now I’m going to do everything possible to make sure Margarita stays on Enterprise. I’m sure it’s probably going to be September by the time you get this. Are you going to get a second therapist for Enterprise? I feel like you need one more. I felt like you needed two therapists when I was on board, but it’s probably worse now with everything that’s happened in the last year and a half.

I’m glad Spock already knows about his new foster sister. Do you think that you’ll get to visit the colony soon? Spock probably wants to meet his sister, and I want to meet my grandbaby. Yep, I’m counting Peter as a grandkid because it’s the only way I’m going to get one. I would do well at grandma hood.

I know that Spock’s dad knows about Peter, but what about the counterpart? I got some cute pictures of your new kid. I want to put them on my desk. However, I feel like if I do that, then the counterpart could recognize him, therefore resulting in me having a very awkward conversation with the Vulcan. Maybe you should tell him if you haven’t already done so. I know that you and the hubby are doing minimal contact with the counterpart, despite him dragging Kevin’s ass to the wedding. But maybe this would be an appropriate time to drop a line. Just a thought at least.

Anyway, I demand more pictures. Also, keep me abreast on the latest Enterprise gossip. Colony life can be tedious, and you keep me entertained.

Xxxxx
From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: mental_health_help_desk_Suarez
Time arrived: 9/11/2260 12:21:51
Subject: Re: You have been busy.

For some reason, I’m not entirely inclined to believe that colony life is that boring. You are pretty much creating the field of Vulcan psychology from scratch. That must make for some exciting research papers if nothing else. Of course, my husband is probably the only one who finds research papers fascinating. So, I’ll forgive you.

Of course, there is a chance that we might see for ourselves in a few months. Kevin overheard some chatter while working in his future mother-in-law’s office that we might end up spending two months on the colony to do some work. That seems a bit at odds with standing orders, but there are several planets near the colony that need to be explored. I’m pretty sure the Council only found out about the planet due to the counterpart’s experiences the first time around. At the very least, I wouldn’t be surprised if we ended up going in that direction for a little while.

The program is thriving now that Jeremy is off the ship. Come October, we are getting four more kids. Originally it was three, but Starfleet approved my request for another therapist, a Dr. Diaz. She was Liz’s therapist after the Tarsus fuck up, in addition to teaching Margarita at the Academy, so we know we can trust her. She will be bringing her daughter Carmen along. Thankfully, she’s not another Ashley. I still don’t know how we ended up with three Ashleys. I think it was part of Starfleet psychological warfare. Thankfully after 200 some days, they manage to grow on you. We bonded over dead parents and dreadful childhoods.

I’m not even surprised about the Jeremy thing. I mean after the therapist infiltration, nothing, and I mean nothing surprises me. I’m not mad, just a little disappointed. I mean, I know they hate me. I got a captaincy too young and too many people believe I only ended up where I did because I’m good at sucking cock. You know I don’t mean that as hyperbole or as a metaphor.

So, I have enemies. I accept that, but they shouldn’t take their anger at me out on the rest of
Starfleet. Things are a mess between the Vulcan incident and the Marcus fuck up. Starfleet needs more people, and if we don’t create more family-friendly policies, we are not going to get the people we need. I’d rather have a 40 something with two kids than someone straight out of the Academy that’s only Starfleet experience is their semester on board. We’re getting 50 interns in October for a three-month rotation; the headache is already forming. I think this is more of Starfleet’s psychological warfare.

BTW, it looks like Kevin will be doing that next summer, maybe. My baby is growing up. Kevin did give me some necessary skills, but this is very different than before. More room to fuck up and we fucked up.

I was supposed to spend a week camping out on the planet, but Peter couldn’t last a day with me not being around. Nightmares, which is a given, considering how his mom died. That led to a panic attack and Spock bringing me back and sending Sulu in my place. There was a lot of crying involved. Mostly mine, because I feel like a failure. I mean we talked about me going beforehand, and I thought he would be okay, but apparently, I’m not as well versed in reading 12-year-olds as I thought I would be.

It’s been a few days since I got back, and he is still being a koala baby. I’m personally surprised he hasn’t tried to sleep in our bed, but that might be because he doesn’t know us that much yet. So, I learned that Peter is not ready for us to not be around yet. It won’t be too hard to stay on board with our current assignment, but it may be a problem later.

I will write the counterpart. If you don’t tell him, then Spock’s dad will. I think they’re friends. Or as close to friends as you can be with another version of your youngest son. Sarek knows, so I expect him to have baby pictures out as well. He’s a bragger.

Spock and his dad talk a lot. The perks of being an ambassador. I wish I could call you, but it’s not possible. I’ve been slowly dealing with all my brand-new, Sam baggage. I wrote Sam a letter right after we found out about Peter, but not since then. I don’t know if I should. Spock is my sounding board. It helps that he can provide feedback and hugs. The hugs have come in handy.

Yes, write mom and Kevin. Kevin and mom have reassured me that her sobriety is still intact, but I’m worried. Finding out about Peter has brought the ghost of Sam Kirk back front and center, and we’re all trying to deal with it. I think I’m not doing as well as I should be. Margarita disagrees. I guess we’ll see.

Anyway, I promised Peter that I would eat lunch with him, so I must venture to the mess hall. I’ll write again later.

Xxx
From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: Vulcan_Embassy_Ambassador_Selek
Time sent: 9/11/2260 22:56:51
Subject: Greetings from Enterprise

Hey, sorry, long time no writing. I know I’ve sent you pictures of Baby D’s birthday spectacular, but I should say hi occasionally. I guess I haven’t because you want us to live our own life without concerning ourselves with the life decisions of other people and I totally respect that.

I am now because I just have this feeling that other Jim never had to foster his secret nephew because a weird alien parasite killed his mom. Did you ever deal with an alien parasite that you had to kill with light? Also, if you did deal with that, I understand why we were not warned. I’m not going to be pissed. It is what it is. You can’t go around fixing everything. Some things are just going to be broken. It’s a fact of life.
So, Sam has a kid that none of us knew about, not even Sam possibly. I had no idea until after the parasite mission went to hell. I promised Arlene that I would take care of Peter even before I knew he was my nephew. It just was something I needed to do. I want to ask you if Arlene’s family was as fucked up as it is currently, but you know I don’t think I want to know the answer to that question. It’s one of those things I think I’m better off not knowing. I need to believe that her parents didn’t murder her sister in two timelines. I don’t need that sadness.

Good news, we are adapting to parenthood. Okay, Spock keeps reading every child book known to man except for Dr. Spock. He’s convinced that Dr. Spock is really a Vulcan that crash landed on the planet and he feels that if that was indeed the case, we should not turn to him for advice on raising a human child, mainly because his writings are so dated. You’ll be happy to know that I did not make a snide comment about the teachings of the Vulcan Yoda being even more outdated.

Peter is kind of afraid we’re going to die. We found that out after the panic attack incident a few days ago. Thankfully, none of the crew told him about me dying. Thank the universe for small favors. I think it would have been a disaster if he found out. The kid is still adjusting.

So, I’m not going to ask how things went the first time around, because I don’t care anymore. This is how things are now, and I have made peace with that. For a while, I was mad about never having David. There wasn’t going to be a David anyway because of Spock being my soulmate and us meeting a lot earlier, along with Carol finding her soulmate, Rebecca, because daddy made her join Starfleet. Due to the radiation, there wasn’t going to be any baby at all for me.

I think deep down inside I wanted that with Spock. I wanted us to be parents and I was mourning that for a long time. I was too focused specifically on the infertility issue, not thinking about all the other ways that we could still become parents. I was concentrating too much on what I had lost that I couldn’t see what I could still have.

Then Peter happened and the last month and a half have been crazy, but in a good way. It feels like half the time I have no fucking clue of what I’m doing. The child books can only do so much. Again, I wish somebody would’ve mentioned that away missions were a no-no right now. I think we’re going to get the good part eventually. I think we can do this. Spock and I can do anything together.

Just because I don’t want to know about the future, or the other future doesn’t mean I don’t want to know about what you’re doing. I do care about you, and I’m always going to consider you a friend.

I’m okay with not knowing how things are going to go. We will figure it out eventually. I hope we will anyway. Okay, we’re making it up as we go, but I’m good at improvising.

Anyway, write back.

BTW have you met new Spock’s foster sister? She’s adorable with her little scowl. Did you ever have a foster sister? Apparently, this is Spock’s second foster sister although the first time only lasted for six months due to Vulcan politics. Okay, and she told some Vulcan brat to go fuck himself literally and they couldn’t get her off the planet fast enough. Maybe that’s one story from the other timeline that I would love to know about.

To be continued
Day 205: I hate my job and I want ice cream cake

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all lovely.

From: Mommy_Susan
To: SuluHG2260
Time arrived: 9/15/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Re: Still not getting better.

I am not surprised about the ice cream cake. I’ve also heard that our baby girl has graduated on to wallowing in the mud. I got a video file. She’s even talking in short sentences. I hate being so far away that I’m missing all of this. Why did I want to come back and spend a year on the Hamilton away from my kid?

Regardless, I want to hear all about your adventures on X4Z3. I’m so jealous. Why did I decide to go with a diplomat ship? Also, I know Kevin won’t apply here because of avoiding nepotism even though the Hamilton would be a good place for him to be as soon as we get a good captain. I really hate my captain.

My substitute is leaving us during the switch out. Praise the universe. I don’t know where. I’m hoping it’s to the Academy for extra sexual harassment training, but knowing our luck, it will probably be Enterprise. I’m pretty sure my Admiral hates me because he is pissed about my mom getting the top job over him. You know a lot of people were furious about that, but they had to make sure the new person in charge wasn’t part of Marcus’s inner circle, and that is my mom. She is so far removed, it’s ridiculous.

I’ve read the classified Deneva brief, and I feel like I want to give Jim a hug. I never met Sam, but I respect the man greatly for making sure my little sister stayed alive long enough for her to become my sister. I know that was all him and Winona. At the same time, I’m sad that Peter will never get to know what type of man he was.
I’m also sad that Peter lost another parent. I wasn’t that much older than him when my dad died, and it sucks. It was a routine mission that just all went to hell. I cried so much. At first, I was just numb, but eventually, it all came apart. Honestly, I don’t think I really processed it until years later when I became a big sister and had to deal with this young girl who lost her mom, dad, and baby sister. Not just that, but watched her family be murdered and tortured and worse. So much worse. Tarsus was a shit show. The Federation fucked up so much. I hope we do nothing that bad ever again.

I’m pleased Jim could step up and take care of Peter. More importantly, I’m glad that Starfleet is letting him. They owe Peter so much because of what Sam did, but also because of Jim. The Vengeance incident could’ve been so much worse. We could be at war with the Klingons right now.

Sometimes I think we might be halfway there still because of the warmongering. Lots of planets don’t trust us. Which is kind of giving me a headache. Apologies for warmongering don’t always go over so well. The fact that we didn’t know what was going on doesn’t ingratiate us even further. Do you know how many times I’ve been asked how we could have allowed Marcus to get as far as he did with no one having a fucking clue?

You know if Jim were not in Starfleet, he would have been on my take care of our baby girl list. You know, he raised Kevin. He also kept Liz from going totally off the rails. Now both are well-adjusted and able to take care of a child, even though I’m worried about what the new semester will bring. You know baby plus classes are going to be a disaster, but those two know how to deal with a disaster.

Yes, I thought about everything very carefully before making my final decision. Like you, I never want our daughter to become a member of the Starfleet orphans club. The moment I decided to have Desi, I thought about who would take care of her if I couldn’t very carefully. Losing your parents at such a young age makes you consider those possibilities.

I saw what happened to Liz and Kevin after their parents died, and they were the lucky ones. There were others not so fortunate and ended up in the system. I’m afraid of that. Petrified really. Our jobs are not safe. Your Captain died last year. My mom barely escaped being assassinated because I went into labor early. Don’t get me started on how scared I was going into labor prematurely. Yes, I have a lot to unpack.

The fact that your nieces also lost their biological mom doesn’t make it easier. Yes, I know I should make an appointment with my ship’s counselor, especially before she leaves us. I know Dr. Diaz is going to Enterprise. That way, her daughter doesn’t have to stay in Starfleet boarding school. Really, it’s good for everyone except for me because I’m going to have to break in a new therapist. I’m pouting.
I am so sorry you had to write that condolence letter to your own sister. That’s something I never want to do. I think that’s the other reason why I don’t want Kevin on the Hamilton while I’m here. Although, I think I would be off the Hamilton by the time he would get here unless his advisor does not let him defer until summer 2261. You just know they would totally send him here in January or February just to fuck things up. And mom won’t stop them because she doesn’t want to abuse her authorities.

Letting you have a video conference with D is as much as she’s willing to push. Okay, setting something up so the baby can see you at Christmas is the most she’s going to do, but she’s not pushing things too much. And well your captain is the son of an ambassador, so he might be doing some pushing on his end as well.

I’m happy that my old captain is now an admiral. I wish she oversaw my ship, but there are still too many people like my current admiral for me to think that change will happen. Mainly because I’m going to be taking the Yorktown assignment or at least trying to. A posting on Yorktown means less of a chance for promotion because yes, let’s penalize the people who decide to have kids.

Yes, I’m as salty as a salted caramel swirl ice cream right now. I would love some of that by the way.

Anyway, give me more Enterprise gossip. We’ll talk later. Miss you.

XXXX

From: MomOU
To: NyotaUM
Time arrived: 9/15/2260 00:00:01
Subject: I heard the minors on Enterprise program is doing well

Hey, I just wanted to touch base. I haven’t heard from you since the Jeremy crisis. I’m glad your Captain let us talk for a couple of minutes. I always liked Spock. He’s a good friend to you. I’ve heard from a reliable source that Jeremy is now settling in at quasi-military school. I’m sorry we couldn’t prevent him from infiltrating the program. I know he was god-awful to everyone, especially Josephine. I’m sending extra presents to make up for that. Hopefully, you’ll get them during the switch out.

However, I heard good things about the new teacher and Jeremy’s replacement, Peter Kirk. The
Admiral shows off pictures of all her grandkids. Apparently, she considers Peter a grandkid. Of course, we’re betting on when Kevin and Liz will get married, so that makes sense.

I sent birthday presents for Jo Jo and you. I know October is a little early, but who knows when you’re going to be near a Starbase again. And again, I feel like I need to get you something excellent to make up for the Jeremy fiasco.

I don’t know how to really write these letters to you. We never really had a relationship, let alone a good one. We should have. Yes, I’m an admiral right now, but at what cost? I don’t even know how to write a letter to my daughter, and I’m completely alone now. It doesn’t help that your father is getting remarried. Did he tell you? I don’t even know if you guys are in contact at all. I mean I could find out, but I don’t want to invade your privacy like that. Also, I’m never talking to that man again without going through lawyers first.

I’m not sad about the wedding because I secretly want to get back together because I really don’t. It’s just lonely sometimes. Making new friends is difficult. The last time I had dinner with anybody was with the Chen-Kirk family. A part of me thinks that happened because I’m taking over for Barnett at Starfleet Academy and Kevin doesn’t want to be forced to do his semester on ship when he has custody of his niece. They are an adorable little family.

Although your family is equally adorable. Thank you for at least sending me pictures regularly. I have several up in my office. Anyway, send more pictures when you get a chance.

Xxxxx

“My dad is getting remarried,” Nyota told Spock as she sipped her tea. Even though her friend was now captain and she had a preteen, they tried to have tea at least once a week. This week, it helped that neither Spock nor Jim were going planet side. Peter wasn’t ready for it after what happened last time. They were working with Margarita on it, but he probably wouldn’t be ready until mid-October at the earliest, before one of them went planet side outside an emergency.

“Did he write to you?” Spock asked one eyebrow raised.

“No, mom did. I don’t think I’ve heard from him since last summer and that was in an official Starfleet capacity.”

“Are you upset about this?” Spock asked.
“No. I think that bridge has been burnt and the ashes sprinkled in the water.” Nyota responded.

“The same could be said of my relationship with my own father, and yet we speak to each other at least once monthly, and he is constantly sending me pictures of my foster sister.”

“Great use of ambassadorial loophole.”

“I find my foster sister fascinating. Also, the colony is closer to our location then Earth presently. Besides, I did allow you to speak to your mother during the Jeremy crisis.”

“And your father cares enough about you to abuse that ambassadorial loophole and apparently my mom is willing to use admiral loopholes. Your dad cares enough that after your mom’s death that he was right there with you rebuilding that bridge, but you can’t rebuild on your own. I just don’t have the energy right now. I’m exhausted. I think he needs to make the first step.” Nyota tells him.

“This is a wise course,” Spock remarked as he sipped his tea.

“I have to be cautious. It’s not just about me, it’s also about Josephine. Considering how fucked up her grandfather is on her biological mom’s side; I can’t risk exposing her to someone equally toxic.”

“Agreed.”

“Besides, I nominate your dad as everybody’s foster grandfather.”

“Oddly enough, I think he would find that gratifying.”

Xxxxxx

From: NyotaUM
To: MomOU
Time sent: 9/15/2260 21:45:01
Subject: Re: I heard the minors on Enterprise program is doing well
I’m glad that you like the pictures. I’ve sent more from Josephine’s recent birthday festivities and from fencing club. She really loves fencing.

No, I didn’t know about dad getting remarried. We don’t talk. I haven’t heard from him since last summer, and that was a work thing. Honestly, I prefer the silence. I have nothing to say to him, not even angry words. I’ve moved past that.

It’s different with you. You’re at least trying, and I appreciate that. You may not have all the right things to say, but at least you’re putting in an effort and that means a lot.

Making new friends is always hard. I had such a hard time with that. When I first got on Enterprise, I was still dealing with a lot of grief from losing Marc and Gaila. I was holding on to Spock for dear life but at the same time afraid to really let him in. I was so numb, and I was worried that I was going to lose him just as I lost Marc. Finding your best friend’s body post suicide does some lasting damage. I’ve done things that I shouldn’t have because of the fear of going through that again.

Thanks to therapy and the threat of getting reassigned if I keep reading things I shouldn’t, I’m starting to connect with people again. I have a boyfriend and a wonderful daughter. I have a great friend in Sulu. We are going through our first-year parenting adventures together.

Also, I’m friends with Rebecca and Carol. More Rebecca then Carol. I’m sad they’re going to be leaving the ship soon, but I know I’m going to stay in contact with the couple. I’m glad that they’re going to London to help, Admiral Pike because obviously, Christine is not. I wonder how long I’m going to stay on speaking terms with Christine, but that’s a whole another conversation. Jim and I have been talking, and she is not the person I thought she was.

I guess what I’m saying is make friends, good ones that won’t screw you over or screw over the little brother of your other friends, literally. Of course, to do that, you have to get out there, which is always hard, but it can be done.

Maybe this Academy assignment will be useful for you. Being in San Francisco means that you can meet people outside of Starfleet. You could join a club or take up a sport. For example, Josephine has made most of her friends from fencing. Who knows who you can eventually meet?

Kevin and Liz are great people, and I am sure they invited you over because they want you there and not only to keep Kevin from a winter on ship. Although that might be a bonus.
Anyway, feel free to write back any time. Or just send pictures. It doesn’t matter what you’re saying. Just that you try at all is enough for me right now. Just keep reaching out.

XXXX

From: SuluHG2260
To: Mommy_Susan
Time sent: 9/15/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Re: Still not getting better.

You were contractually obligated to do another year on the Hamilton, and you didn’t want to bring your mommy out to save you.

I can tell you all about this mission because we have about 10 more days to go before we leave for the crew switch out. Thankfully, we’ve been productive. The planet is very habitable for multiple species. Most of the vegetation is suitable for human consumption and no hallucinogenic side effects.

I’ve been running point on planet. Peter is not ready for his Guardian to be away from him right now. Jim’s attempt to spend three days on planet blew up in everybody’s faces. Understandable considering what happened to his mom.

I wonder if things would be different if Peter knew his uncles before losing his mom. He doesn’t trust Jim or Spock. Not entirely, but then again, I don’t know if Peter trusts anybody because of what happened. I’m not sure if I’m the best one to make these observations. Both of my parents are alive and still married which is a small miracle in my social circles.

I'm equally as scared about leaving Desi behind. K is already a Starfleet orphan. Her other dad was dead before she was even born. Yes, it turns out her aunt is her biological mom, but that doesn’t change the trauma. What if she loses another dad?

A couple weeks ago Ben sent me an email joking about taking my last name and I want that. I want to be with him for the rest of my life, and at the same time, I’m scared. Part of me wants to take that nice soft, cushy assignment at Yorktown, and part of me wants to keep going and become a captain. After talking to you and Nyota, I have a better idea of what that really means. Now I wonder if I can put my family through that. I don’t know. Work-life balance is hard. Anyway, I need to get some sleep. I must be on planet bright and early tomorrow at 0700 hours. I’ll talk to Spock to see if I can send you some pictures from the planet. It is breathtakingly beautiful.
Day 209: Joy to the Jeremy free world

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You're all fabulous.

From: Kevin KR
To: kitten_loverJMU
cc: Elizabeth_Chen
Time arrived: 9/19/2260 00:00:01
Subject: How are you enjoying your Jeremy free world?

Hey, Liz and Kevin, here. Although Kevin is typing or rather dictating. Liz has a toddler that she’s trying to feed breakfast to before we must drop her off at daycare. A toddler who likes to lick the microphone, so even voice is not an option for Liz now. Classes have begun again. So now we get homework and baby feeding. A fun combination.

I feel like you would’ve got the video files of baby D covering the evil country club moms of Sandy Springs with blueberry preserves by this point. These emails are so out of sync. I wish I got your tidbits about your grandfather before we ventured down to Atlanta, but it arrived a few days too late.

There were some complications, such as your grandfather having us arrested. Thankfully, your grandfather is very afraid of Shawn and my mom. So, we didn’t stay locked up for long. Now Sean and the moms are out for blood.

Since the judge didn’t crash your aunt’s housewarming party, I think he’s backing off for the moment. Although to be on the safe side, Shawn and company will be handling the sale of all your aunt’s property in Atlanta. Lee may have also got a restraining order.

Liz and I are so sorry your family is like this. Very sorry. You make the Kirks seem normal, which I didn’t think was possible, but your aunt seems stable-ish. At least you have that.

Did you get the pictures of her apartment? She actually put up some of your artwork. It looks terrific. You have talent. I’m adding a bunch of art book chips to your October care package. I would ask you if you want anything else, but we must send off the package in a few days for it to get to the ship in time. You will just have to wait for next time. There’s probably half a chance you may already be at the Starbase. If that’s the case, we should do a chat, and you should bring Peter along.

I (Kevin) sent Peter an email a couple of weeks ago, but I haven’t heard back. Although, I did get a picture today of him cursing out his PADD, so I wonder. I know that came from you. Seriously, the video file rule is ridiculous. There’s so much sensitive data that you can transmit in an image. We would mention something to the Admiral, but we like being able to get pictures in a timely matter and therefore choose not to rock the boat.

Hey, this is Liz now. Desi is being calm enough for me to dictate some of this myself. Don’t be too hard on yourself about the Pav situation. Everybody has a safety crush, even my friend Alicia and
she’s ace or at least somewhere on the spectrum. Don’t feel bad. At least your safety crush was on a person who wouldn’t take advantage of you, unlike a certain nurse we know.

Liz, this is not the time to bring up the Christine thing at all. I had no idea Jim had a restraining order against her.

First, you and your brother need to communicate better. Second, even I knew about the restraining order.

We’re working on it. Oh, ship. We left the microphone on.

XXXX
From: Elizabeth_Chen
To: kitten_loverJMU
cc: Kevin KR
Time arrived: 9/19/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Voice rec is evil, and we are unable to recall
Did you know that it’s not possible to recall messages using the accounts that Jim created with his own server? We just figured that out. You did not need to know about Kevin’s terrible hookup decisions. I don’t want to say you’re too young because, by the time I was your age, I lived through a genocide and saw so much awfulness. I know you have too, but maybe there’s this desire to protect you from the ugly things of the universe. Remember the half your age +7 rule is for your protection. Never let somebody manipulate you into doing something you’re not comfortable with.

Pav seeing you as his little sister isn’t a bad thing. Although maybe forgetting that you’re younger than the Ashleys and doing things that you’re not ready for just to fit in is a terrible thing. Don’t feel pressure to grow up before you need to. Maybe it is a good thing that Peter is there. You have a contemporary in the program with you right now. When you become older, an age difference of 2 to 4 years isn’t that big, but right now it’s a lot. You just need to be 12 right now.

At the same time, I’m glad you guys had a talk. I think you needed to know that about him. I hope things are less awkward. Kevin says never tell the Ashleys is that Jim is pansexual. It’s better for everyone this way.

So how is being 12? I know your birthday has definitely come to pass by this point. Is school still going well? Is Peter adjusting? I heard you’re getting some new classmates. May nobody be as awful as Jeremy. He is in a special class when it comes to his awfulness.

As Kevin mentioned in the first letter, classes are starting. I’ve been to half already, and I’m doing the other half today. I also have the Kobayashi Maru this semester. I find out today when I’m scheduled. You have to do at least three mockups with your crew before the official test. Also, you are now required to do a paper about tough calls in Starfleet history.

Kevin, being the masochist that he is, thinks that I should interview my mom about her decision to ignore direct orders and save us from Tarsus hell. I feel like I’m more emotionally healthy than that, which is why I’m either going to interview Jim and Spock about the Vengeance Incident or Vulcan, but I have time to make up my mind. Classes just started yesterday, and the essay isn’t due until December.

I think the changes to the Kobayashi Maru is our mom trying to make it more useful. It’s not about accepting failure anymore, but of understanding that sometimes you are going to be in a horrible situation, and you are going to have to figure out how to get out of there with as few bodies as possible. As somebody who has lived through that type of situation, I don’t think the old version did that. I have hope for the new version even if it is three times as much work.
Anyway, write us back when you get a chance.

Xxxxx
From: kitten_loverJJMU
To: Elizabeth_Chen
cc: Kevin KR
time sent: 9/19/2260 12:49:31
Subject: Re: Voice rec is evil, and we are unable to recall

I’m aware. Peter and I found out about not being able to recall a couple weeks ago. 250+ years and voice rec is still ridiculously sensitive. I should warn you that you will be getting a message from Peter. There’s going to be a lot of rambling and stream of consciousness. I would say, please ignore, but maybe that’s not the right term here. Perhaps you need to know what’s going on with him. I think it will help. Peter is handling things better than when he got here, but there are still moments. He is a little clingy.

I kind of knew about Christine already. Mom is loud when she’s dictating angry letters to Christine. It’s hard not to hear what she is saying. I am not 100% sure they’re still friends. Although I think it’s been a long time coming. They’ve been fighting a lot, and the letters are coming less frequently. The last one was mostly ranting about Christine’s aunt deciding to have a baby. I’m not going to analyze that rant.

I’m glad I have Peter as well. It’s easier having somebody closer to my age, although I do absolutely adore Jay and Ashley 2. Ashley 3 is also becoming a friend. She apologized to Pav about forcing the breakup. He has agreed it’s for the best right now because he is not ready to give her what she really needs.

I feel a little less awkward about the whole crush thing. I’m working through it, but I’m glad to know it’s normal. At least I’m doing something normal. I can hold a conversation with Pav now without blushing, so progress.

Personally, I would be fine never knowing the Christine thing, but I also don’t like the coddling. Part of me is happy that you and everybody else is trying to protect me, but the other half knows that it’s not possible to be protected, especially considering the type of family I have. Another part of me wants you to see me as a young person who has already seen a lot. I’m not fragile. I can deal with it. Of course, Margarita will follow up with a question of ‘should I have to deal with it?’ I’m not sure how to answer yet.

Thank you for sending me the unedited version of the Desi video. I heard everything, including the fact that they all knew what was going on and didn’t do a damn thing. I’m not surprised. Not one bit, especially after a conversation I had with uncle Jim. People doing nothing seems to be a thing sometimes. Thankfully Sam’s girlfriend and Peter’s mom saw the signs and brought him to Dr. Suarez and her wife.

I’m glad Desi covered them with jelly although I wish she threw her toys at them. I hope the stains never come out. I’m officially done with my old friends and their moms. I’m happy. I’m moving forward. I’m so happy my aunt is moving forward and never setting foot back in that place. We can just close the Atlanta chapter of our lives. It’s over. We survived. Others were not as lucky. At least that’s what Ashley 2 said. She would know.

Thank you so much for sending more art stuff. I can’t wait to get to the base in about two weeks. Those books will come in handy. Gina is giving us more independent study time, and I would love to work on my art during that. I tried to look some things up in the curriculum database, but there wasn’t much. Apparently, Starfleet doesn’t think education in the humanities is essential. This will
help.

I’ll talk to Jim to see if we can do a live chat with him. I’m not sure he’ll be able to swing a video chat, but maybe we can do Starfleet instant messaging. I want to know more about the judge trying to get you guys arrested. On second thought it’s probably best that I don’t know.

Anyway, lunch is almost over. I must go. Write to me again when you get a chance. I’m sure it will be a while because you’re so busy. Maybe things will be calmer in a few weeks. Regardless, send more pictures. All the images you have been sending me have been helping Peter get acclimated to the family. So, keep sending.
To be continued
From: Benjamin_2254  
To: SuluHG2260  
Subject: Almost stable  
Time arrived: 9/23/2260 00:00:01

Bizarrely enough, I got both of your letters within 24 hours. I was going to write back to you after I read your first letter yesterday, but I had dinner with Zoe and Victoria. After that, I did not have the emotional energy to respond. There was a lot of drinking. Not me, I had to be the sober one, but Zoe and her mom needed a good drink and a good cry.

Victoria feels guilty about not leaving a long time ago and letting her abusive prick of a husband control her so much. Yes, you were right. The accidents were never accidents. He never touched Zoe or K, thank God. But I don’t think that Zach was as lucky. Unfortunately, I can’t ask him. I would like to believe that he would’ve told me, but Zachary barely talked about the verbal abuse. We were together years before he got to that point, just before Vulcan happened. Maybe Zach thought we would have more time. Perhaps he was working his way up to telling me the truth. I don’t know.

In the long run, it doesn’t change what we’re dealing with now. I need to be there for Zoe as she works through all of this. BTW, she wants to meet you. I think the goddess Liz is working out a video conference for us in October and she will be joining. She says it’s her job as my sister-in-law to make sure my second husband is better than my first. Zoe is weird, but I adore her.

Zoe’s mom, I’m still trying to understand. Winona and I have been talking a lot about it. If anybody understands abusive relationships, it’s her. She tells me that, sometimes leaving is hard. Although I do commend Winona for what she did to her ex-husband. I think I’m going to have to set up a play date with her and Victoria eventually, but without booze. I adore Winona, but I kind of miss drinking with Sue. Especially at playgroup. Did you know that they make adult juice boxes?

I think I want to take the job in Yorktown. It’s a concrete offer now. Head of pediatric services for the colony. It would be a little less money, but free housing and childcare. Of course, the best benefit is being closer to you. However, I would be required to take a crash course at Starfleet Academy before starting. Although, only a six-month intensive because pediatricians in the San Francisco area must be familiar with multiple species.

I do have experience. In addition to being the pediatrician of choice to various embassies, I helped with the Vulcan refugees on planet. This is also why I will say nothing to your sister about her extreme party planning in the face of tragedy. I metaphorically buried my husband and then went straight to work at a refugee camp. I should also tell you I’ve been invited to do a two-month stint on new Vulcan in December which will count toward part of my pre-job requirements.

I’m really thinking about it. Zoe says I should leave, and I think Victoria wants to leave herself.
You know there’s always lots of openings when a base station is being staffed.

So obviously, this divorce is not going to go well. Like restraining order not well. Like bashed in the window of Victoria’s car badly. Good news, Zach’s father is so focused on the divorce that the custody stuff has fallen to the back burner. This is partly because after Victoria defected to our side, the judge dismissed the current suit. That happened two days ago, which is why the celebratory dinner occurred, which turned into a drinking crying/session.

I know it’s going to come back around because I don’t trust the man at all. But for the moment we’re concentrating more on the fertility clinic. I’m taking over that because Zoe is helping her mom with the divorce.

Zoe’s going back to her mom’s maiden name of Kim. The paperwork is already filed. The IT service center at her work has already made the change. She is totally done.

I’m sorry about Rebecca leaving. I know you guys were friends, but I’m going to support anybody’s decision to take the life path they wanted originally, but didn’t until now because of overcontrolling parents. It’s her life, and she needs to live it her way. Although, maybe one of the newbies will be a fencing expert. Fingers crossed.

I feel like teaching is the thing you like the most. I got a couple of video files and you are wonderful with the kids. Absolutely adorable. It melts my heart.

If we're engaged to be engaged, I want a ring. Zoe says you must put a ring on it. Seriously, I deserve a ring. I kind of brought that up with my therapist.

So, you were also right about therapy. We are doing it as a family. I went for a few months after Zack died, in between time at Vulcan refugee camps. Zoe did as well, but Victoria wasn’t allowed to and now we’re dealing with other issues too, such as the fertility clinic screwing up, Victoria leaving her abusive husband, Zoe finding out how awful her father really is, and trying to be a family, a good family. For me, it’s moving on.

I accepted Zack was gone, went on a bunch of bad first dates, and then I met you. I was so happy that me having K did not scare you away. Then you got your own surprise. Most of my boyfriends do not end up with surprise children, but your relationship with Sue is very you. And hey at least with your method, you save thousands of credits and don’t have to worry about lab fuck ups. I think I prefer your method.

My daughter not being Zach’s biological daughter is also something that I’m dealing with. I never wanted Katie to feel like she only existed as a piece of Zack. I think that’s why I fought so hard with the custody stuff before. I was so pissed off that the grandparents didn’t want to see her again after the truth came out. At the same time, I’m sad too and this is something that I need to process with professional help. Winona’s idea again. She never really let go of George, even when she got remarried, which she believes led to her horrible no good husband choices.

If we’re going to have that future where I am Mr. Ben Sulu, then I think this is something I need to work through. Which is why there was a conversation about rings. Thankfully not during the family session, but in my private session. Yes, I have a lot to work out. So much but I think in the long run, it will be worth it. You are worth it.

Anyway, write when you get a chance. I miss you so much.
I’m all for taking the job. Seriously, get as far away from Zack’s father as possible. All of you get away. If I could hide you in my quarters, I would. I miss you that much.

Truthfully, I think physical distance is needed because I don’t think that guy is going to give up easily. He can’t hurt you if you’re not on the same planet. Also, I’d rather have you on Yorktown than some unknown colony. Apparently, Winona’s bad divorce was how she ended up in Tarsus hell. Although you probably know more about that than I do, since you have become best friends with Winona Kirk. You should convince Zoe to come with you. Like seriously all of you get the fuck out of San Francisco.

Okay, maybe I’ve heard too many horror stories from Jim, the Ashleys, and Josephine about their totally screwed up families that make me want to err on the side of caution. Josephine saw her grandfather hit her mom. She didn’t tell anybody for years. Not until recently, there was a lot of crying. It was a mess. The judge wasn’t the one who drove his daughter into a tree, but he created the circumstances that led to that.

Okay, see I knew you would be better at scheduling a video conference and I’m so happy about that because I really do want to talk to you. There’s about a 50-50 shot that you’ll get this before you get the next message. So, I really want to talk to you.

I’m proud of you for working things out with your new therapist. It’s better to work through things then keep it bottled up. I’ve met with Margarita a few times. I feel guilty sometimes being here doing cool Starfleet things each day and leaving you to deal with all the custody stuff by yourself. Especially because I wonder if us being together made it worse. I also feel awful about not being with the kids. Not being able to tell my sister in person about the death of the mother of her children is also painful. Margarita has been helping me work through a lot of that.

Good news, that other therapist that they’re getting for Enterprise, because our ship needs more than one psychologist, is also a championship fencer. Margarita has already convinced her to do a program for adults on Enterprise. Exercise is good for mental health and the program with the kids has been good. It lets them work out a lot of their issues, which has been great.

I hope the program does well. In 10 years, I want us to all be able to work on the ship together as a family. Yes, Starfleet does employ contractors to fill medical positions. Dr. Suarez was a contractor before somebody, probably one of the Pikes, convinced her to reenlist.

I want to meet Zoe at the first opportunity. She seems wonderful. Tell her that I will endeavor to be an excellent boyfriend to you. That’s what I really want.

So, work has been good. I’ve been doing a lot of things lately that normally Jim would do which meant spending a week on planet. Peter is not ready for Jim to be away, so I had to step up. It was good.

Anyway, I must cut this short because I just remembered I need to text my boss. I hope quality Spock time hasn’t started yet.

xx

H Sulu: I need both of your help with trying to propose to my boyfriend when we do our video
conference next week.

J Kirk: Finally. You know I am in. Cuddles is in as well because he’s a romantic at heart. What do you need from us?

H Sulu: Would you allow me to send an emergency message to Liz, so she will pick up or rather pick out an engagement ring for me?

J Kirk: That is easy although Nyota will need to be involved. But don’t expect a reply for at least 24 hours. Also, I have ring catalog chips from when I was trying to find the perfect ring for Spock. You can look over those and send a few ideas along to Liz. Just have whatever you’re planning to send out ready by 0600 hours.

H Sulu: No problem. Thank you. It’s probably best if I do give Liz some details. I did work with my sister for several summers.

J Kirk: You did well with our wedding despite it being very last notice.

H Sulu: It was mostly because of my sister. I would like to get my sister involved because she is an event planner, but I think that would be pushing my luck.

J Kirk: I’ve gotten the impression that they are friends or at least friendly at this point. I think Liz would call her in anyway.

H Sulu: This is true.

J Kirk: Just work on picking out and we will take it from there.

H Sulu: Thank you.

J Kirk: No thanks needed. Spock is a hopeless romantic. It’s adorable.

To be continued
Day 214: Will you be my proposal planner?

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are also fabulous.

Starfleet emergency message for cadet Elizabeth Chan from Lieutenant Commander Sulu; care of Captain Spock.

Subject: I need your assistance

I'm writing for a happy reason. It’s just something that is time sensitive. I'm sure Ben told you that I am okay with him taking the Sulu last name sooner rather than later due to the chaos with his father-in-law. He also mentioned his sister saying that I really do need to get him a ring before he changes his last name. I agree, and since you are fabulous and already set up a video conference on October 3, I thought that would be the perfect time to propose.

However, to pull off a proposal in a week, from deep space, I need your help. Can you help me pull off a surprise proposal? You don't even have to do the logistical work if you asked my sister for help. She is a professional, just don't let her go overboard. No birds or skywriting. Also, no more than three dozen red roses. Under normal circumstances, I would say no entirely to her being involved, but I feel like she still needs the distraction. Is she doing any better?

Mostly I need your help getting a ring. One, everything I can order from deep space will be tacky and won't get there in time. Two, you are one of the few people I trust with my financial information. Therefore, I’m okay with you making a major purchase on my behalf. Three, you know Ben better than my sister and will pick something out that he likes. I have a couple of ideas. I've attached pictures of the top three choices. However, jewelry stores being what they are, you will have to make the final choice if you agree to help. I trust your judgment and only ask that you choose something in Ben's size. Unfortunately, I don't know what that size is, but I am sure you will be able to figure out what it is without asking him directly. I am partial to the past, present, future design but I'm not sure they can pull that off in a week. So, my only stipulation is I want you to include the inscription "you are my heart."

Will you please help me pull this off? Otherwise, it's going to have to wait until probably Christmas.

Xxxxx

Starfleet priority personal message from cadet Elizabeth Chan to Lieutenant Commander Sulu.

Subject: Yes, I'll help you plan your super secret proposal.

I'm a little bit mad at you for using the emergency communication system because we expected the worst when we saw the message, mainly because it was from you and we just got a regular email from you yesterday. If it were just from Jim, I would assume he was writing me back to me regarding my school project. Although, he probably hasn’t even got that message yet. We all know that if something terrible happened to Jim, you would be the one contacting us because Spock
would be an absolute mess. Last year when Jim died, he went off the deep end and then went into a coma. I expect something like that to happen if Jim dies again. And if its Spock, we don't expect Jim to put a coherent sentence together for at least a week.

Because Jim died last year, Kevin’s in a fragile place and expected the worst. It took us an hour to get up the courage just to open the email. We are both relieved to find out we’re only being asked to help you propose. Of course, we will help, just promise next time to use the priority channel instead of the emergency channel.

Honestly, I was expecting this letter after what you wrote last time to your baby girl. Not the Quaaludes part, but asking me to get a ring. I’m just glad I have a week to prepare. However, because school is still psycho, I called your sister to help. She is on board. She promises to restrain herself. She also promises no birds or other ridiculous displays. Although she did try to involve a full orchestra, I told her no. Although I expect for her to try again for your actual wedding. However, to appease her, I need you to send me a playlist of music to play during the proposal; otherwise, I am using World on Fire as your proposal song. The original not, one of the 300 remakes.

Yes, your sister doing okay considering. The memorial service was a couple of days ago, and she handled it well. It was ridiculously ostentatious, but I think it was cathartic for everyone involved. It seems like your sister is glad to be moving on to planning something happy. We are currently working on getting your other sister there, but she's on a mission that only my mom knows about which is never a good thing.

We got your first choice of engagement ring. I like the past, present, future design myself, and so does Kevin. They agreed to put in the birthstones of both D and K. It cost a little extra, but we’ll have it done before the proposal.

Unfortunately, the sister of Sue’s ex-boyfriend, you know the one that thankfully did not end up your daughter’s father, saw us ring shopping. I have no idea why she was there. I’m sure by this point you are aware she’s a hateful person and blames us for her getting academic probation. No, it wasn't her poor grades that landed her in academic probation, it was us. Thanks to her, the whole campus thinks I’m engaged because I’m pregnant. Unfortunately, my mom, Kevin's mom, and your boyfriend all asked us if we were getting married, but thankfully, they were all too polite to bring up the pregnancy part of the rumor.

To avoid being forced to take another pregnancy test by Winona Kirk and my mom, we had to tell the moms that you're planning to propose to Ben. Good news, my mom is okay with it because she is still disappointed that Ben is not at least Kinsey five so the three of you could have a cute adorable poly family. However, she supports your engagement efforts and is giving us access to one of the better conference rooms where we are going to be able to throw a little party afterward. I'm not sure that you're aware, but my mom really likes you possibly more than Kevin.

Winona was equally happy to find out about your proposal. She's confident that Ben will say yes. Winona is also glad that the engagement pregnancy rumor is a complete lie. Winona is also helping us get his ring size. Due to her being in London until at least mid-October to help Adm. Pike settle in at Starfleet London, she’s using the excuse of wanting to get him a souvenir ring. He quickly sent her his ring size without asking too many questions.

We told your boyfriend we were getting a bracelet for Desi and just happened to look at the rings for a minute because your daughter thought they were shiny. Which was when the evil one happened to snap a picture. We’re not entirely sure he believes us because he sent me the electronic business card of an excellent OB/GYN, but he doesn’t suspect that the ring is for him. That's really
all we can hope for now.

We are trying to come up with a cute way to sneak the ring into the room. If the kids were a couple of years older, we would have them carry it into the room, but your daughter is in her ‘stick everything in her mouth’ phase and rings are small. We barely kept her from eating a Hot Wheels car this morning. Kevin’s now sad that he’s going to have to put all his collectibles in storage until they are no longer a choking hazard.

Regardless of what we end up doing, everything will be perfect and beautiful. Everything will be filmed because you know my sister is going to want to see it all. She is your number one cheerleader. I wish we could tie her into the conference, but the Hamilton is going to be in blackout mode for the next two weeks around the time of the proposal on some big diplomatic mission that mom won’t tell me about. Although I am going to give her a heads up now. I hope that’s okay.

BTW, I probably won’t be able to respond until the day of the proposal because there are only so many emergency messages I can get away with, and I'm going to save the rest for real emergencies like when Winona falls off the wagon or has another mental health emergency (or when I need Jim's help with homework). It hasn't happened yet, but it's always a concern.

Zzz

Starfleet priority personal message to cadet Elizabeth Chan from Lieutenant Commander Sulu.
Subject: You Are the Best
I’m so sorry about scaring your boyfriend. My original message did include the subject line “will you be my proposal planner,” but Spock said the system wouldn’t allow that subject line, so he just went with something else. He apologizes for freaking Kevin out. Jim also agrees that if something horrible happened, I probably would be the one sending that email. I hope that never happens.

Jim also wants to know what this mysterious homework assignment is. Obviously, he’s just going to have to wait for your regular email to get here whenever that might be.

It's an excellent idea to record the entire thing. Sue is going to be mad that she can't stream it live. For that reason, it's probably best to let her know sooner rather than later. I know nothing else about where the Hamilton is right now. The rumor mill is quiet. It’s been about a week since I last wrote to her and you know how long the lag is between messages. The only thing I got was she really hates it there and is upset her therapist is switching to Enterprise. Well, she hates her Captain and is probably hoping that he is eaten by a predator on the away mission.

What if you put the ring in the teddy bear purse that Desi has? She will be too busy playing with it to look inside. If I think she is about to eat the ring, I will go straight to the proposal. World on Fire is fine. JoJo plays that album sometimes when we’re fencing, so I’m familiar. I’m still surprised Jim did not choose that as his wedding song.

Thank you so much for helping. I owe you so much chocolate. I am so sorry about everybody thinking that you're getting married because you’re pregnant. But look on the bright side; at least that woman is not your co-aunt. At least, you kind of like my sisters. Thank you for giving me an update and thank you so much for helping with her. Liz, you are the best person ever.

To be continued
Day 218: London calling

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous.

From: Number_one_Pike

To: Spock's_cuddlebunny

Time arrived: 09/28/2260 00:00:01

Subject: Re: Good news

The pictures are adorable. Thank you for sending them. I need something new for my office. You are so good with him. I think you're going to be a good dad, no matter how you got there. Sometimes things in life don't happen the way you think they will, but they happen all the same.

I hope you approve that transfer for Carol and Rebecca to come to London because I'm going to need the extra help with the baby. Christine has been reassigned to Delta Vega, effective immediately. I'm trying to figure out who she pissed off, and I'm not entirely sure, but I think it may have been the Admiral because she found out about Kevin. Even I'm not that happy about that. She's almost a decade older than him.

I know Delta Vega isn't automatically a hell assignment like it used to be because there's now a sizeable Starfleet presence studying the aftereffects of the battle of Vulcan on the planet. However, the planet is still only considered a prime assignment if you're a science officer. Sure, they need medical support, but I'm surprised Christina was randomly chosen to be reassigned to a post she did not apply for. This feels like vengeance, and surprisingly I'm okay with it.

Honestly, I'm okay with her leaving because I'm tired of Christine's horrible attitude about my recent life choices. I do not need to hear her say things like me embarking on single parenthood is a colossal mistake. Maybe it's better for all involved if she's on Delta Vega because I don't need negative people around me right now.

Therefore, I am for Becky and Carol in London. I've sent them an email as well about the baby with the ultrasound picture included a few days ago. So, they'll know by the time you read this. I just have this feeling that they're going to be more supportive than Christine. Not that it would be that hard. It's been a hard couple of weeks.

Yes, I heard the heartbeat. I cried. Twice. It was one of the highlights. Your mom was with me. See, she is being supportive unlike some people. Christine thinks I am only having this baby because I want a piece of Chris with me. I am very aware that's a horrible reason to bring a kid into the universe. I want kids. I've wanted kids for a while, and just because Chris is gone due to Marcus and the grand Starfleet conspiracy doesn't mean I shouldn't have that family we always talked about. I want to do this.

I'm sure that's a concern of yours considering the childhood you had. I promise I will try my
hardest to make sure my child doesn't feel like they're just a replacement. Your mom and I have also talked about that. I've also mentioned it to her friend Ben as well, Lieutenant Commander Sulu's boyfriend. He was concerned about this possibility before he found out that his daughter was his biologically and not his late husband's child due to a sperm bank "mishap". I'm so glad we didn't use the same fertility clinic. They both gave me a lot of good advice, so I think I'm going to avoid that pitfall.

I think it's best not to get caught up with what could've been or what happened to our alternate selves under different circumstances. Things are what they are now, and it is useless to wish that they were different. There is no point in being jealous of the life path of alternate versions of ourselves.

At the same time, you shouldn't feel guilty that some things turned out better for you this time around. I don't think Sam would want you to be weighed down with that. He would want you to live your best life. I know that's what Chris would want for me. I also think that Sam would be happy that you're taking care of Peter. As I said earlier, I think you're going to make a good dad.

As you can tell by earlier, I am telling people. Just a few to start with, but it's starting to become a little necessary because I've been throwing up a lot. I owe your brother a pair of shoes. That was embarrassing. I'll have to make good on that the next time I'm in San Francisco.

I guess I should mention I'm already here in London. I had to relocate with the beginning of the new semester, which thankfully starts a little later than in San Francisco. Your mom is here with me. It was a last-minute decision due to Christine's Delta Vega reassignment. Your mom will only be here long enough to get me settled. Technically she's here for work reasons because Wynonna is supposed to inspect the engineering department.

I don't know if she'll still be here in October, but we'll see. It depends on what she finds in the engineering department. We are scheduled to talk on your second day on Star base, so I don't know if that will happen with us together in the same location. Someone else got the first-day spot, but I want to see my grandkid.

You should know I sent some presents ahead to the Star base. I'm too afraid to start buying baby stuff, but preteen things are totally up my alley right now. No kid should have standard-issue Starfleet sheets. I may have also thrown in something for you, but you'll have to wait until you hit the Star base to find out what it is because I'm not telling.

So how is Peter doing? How are you doing? Or maybe I should ask how many books have you read? Yes, I read through most of the collection you and Spock sent. I'm also surprised your mom never wrote a book. You know she can write. Maybe I'll try to convince her to give it a try.

So how is ship life? I heard you're getting more kids. I've also been told none of them are another Jeremy. Rodriguez did the vetting herself. I hope that turns out to be the case. Anyway, write more soon.

Xx

From: Number_one_Pike
To: Jim's_cuddlebear
Time arrived: 09/28/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Thank You for the parenting books you sent me.
Spock, I thought I would take a moment to thank you for all the gifts. The books have been beneficial so far, and I know they will prove to be helpful. Also, thank you for the guide to London. That has been very useful.

I started my new job in London recently. It's a "fun" experience starting a new job with morning sickness. I hope I do not throw up on any of my colleagues. I considered deferring until next year, but I think I'd rather moved to another country when I am just slightly pregnant than with a three-month-old. It will give me time to adjust to things before I have to throw a baby into the mix.

How's Peter? I know you know that I asked the same question of your husband because I know you share everything, but I thought I would ask you the same. How are you handling things? Balancing fatherhood and being a Captain can be difficult. I think that's why Chris and I decided to defer having children until he became an admiral.

Jim thinks you're handling it better than him, but I always feel like Jim doesn't see his true capabilities. I blame the stepfather for his self-esteem issues. I blame the stepfather for a lot of things. Too bad he's already dead.

The real reason I'm writing is that I heard about the Carol situation from multiple sources; thankfully, none of them were official HR channels. Jim thinks you can't let go of his other dimension shenanigans and that's why you're so prickly. Carol feels that you're a control freak and do not like anybody else in your lab. Becky just thinks that you find paperwork tedious, and science is your happy place. And I may have just got a letter from the couple about 20 minutes ago which is why I'm writing to you after sending an email to Jim this morning. Chrissy has a big mouth and told them I was pregnant before I told them. I'm not even surprised.

Anyway, I feel like Becky is right. So, I'm just going to ask are you having trouble adjusting to a senior leadership position? I know I did. I think that's why I stayed a First Officer for as long as I did. I'm just glad that my current job is going to be less leadership and more teaching. Although there will be lots of meetings in my future. Adjusting can be hard sometimes.

Anyway, write back when you have a chance.

Xxx

From: Spock's_cuddlebunny
To: Number_one_Pike
Time sent: 09/28/2260 06:18:11
Subject: Re: Good news

The ultrasound picture was adorable. Now that I have it in my office, I've been personalizing it more and more lately. I also have some of Peter's drawings up. He's been doing a lot of abstract art, but he did do a family portrait. He captured Spock's ears just right.

Thank you for another pep talk, but I still have doubts. I've only made marginal progress with Peter's separation anxiety. Through trial and error, I discovered that Peter is not ready for me to be on planet for a few days at a time. We are working through it with Margarita.

Good news, I think I might be able to take a couple of meetings while we are on the Star base with Peter staying behind on Enterprise, but I'm not entirely sure yet. It might all become a take your child to work day experience. Or maybe we just need to be in the same building. Peter is okay with me being on the bridge or in my office when he is in class. He panics if I'm not on the ship with
him. I think the same might happen with Spock being off the Enterprise, but we are afraid to test that hypothesis. Again, we are working on it.

We are on our way to the Star base for the crew switch out. We left last night. I have so much paperwork because of the transfer, so maybe it's good that I was stuck on the ship. I'm glad that this is not happening again until summer. I never want to read another resume. It took forever to find a new science officer that I was sure that my husband would like. I hope this goes better this time around. I think I found someone that will let Spock have science time. Fingers crossed.

Yes, you are getting Rebecca and Carol in London. Carol will be teaching while working on her graduate degree, and Rebecca is going to the engineering department to also teach. I think mom might be staying at Starfleet London until Rebecca gets there since she'll be helping reorganize the engineering department or so I've been told. It's going to be an adventure for both.

I know Nyota is angry at me for sending her friends away, but honestly, I think Carol needs to be away from Starfleet for a little while. I don't think she's fully recovered from the mess with her father. There happens to be a lot of guilt there. You getting help is a bonus.

I don't think things like Christine's behavior has made her many friends with the Admiralty. You're very well-liked. I'm sure that the members of the upper echelons of Starfleet that don't like you probably feel guilty for getting your husband killed, so they're going to be kind to you. Therefore, they reassign your niece to Delta Vega for being a petty toddler but bring your friends to help you. I know Rebecca was with you for a couple of years before.

I can't wait to get your gifts. I think it would be beneficial for Peter's room to be a little more personalized. I want him to feel like he's going to be here for the long haul. I need him to see that this is a permanent arrangement and the more stuff he gets, the more he'll feel that way. Spock and I will probably take him shopping again at the Star base, but Star base malls usually have a small amount of merchandise. Unfortunately, half of that is sex toys. Another reason why Starfleet needs more family-friendly policies. Too many lonely people or people in long-distance relationships who really need those toys.

Yes, we're getting more kids for the program. I'm almost hopeful this might work. Now that Jeremy's gone, the kids we still have are thriving. Everyone will probably graduate at least a year early. Also, nobody is trying to break into engineering for alcohol. More importantly, nobody has raided botany for "Vulcan headache medication". Unfortunately, because I now have a Peter, I can't have a Vulcan headache medication brownie, and I really wanted a Vulcan headache medication brownie. No drugs unless there's a babysitter. I learned from Winona not to indulge when kids are around.

I can understand wanting to be cautious, although I'm glad you're sharing the good news. Also, I saw the ultrasound video and I may have cried a little. It was so cute. I've been holding back myself from buying you adorable baby stuff, but as soon as you hit the six-month mark, I will begin ordering.

I've been talking to Margarita a lot about what I discussed with you. She agrees that I can't focus on the past, and it's stupid to play the what-if game. I'm starting to accept the good things that I have.

We have also talked more about the infertility thing. It hurts. I'm not going to lie. I'm starting to see that not having a biological kid doesn't mean that I'm worthless. I think I am still trying to deal with the trauma of dying. I don't think I will ever completely get over what happened, at least not entirely.

In the meantime, I will be the best uncle ever. I've told Peter all about you, and he's looking
forward to meeting you. He's excited about our video conference. He deserves all the good grandparents he can get.

Anyway, I hope all goes well with my mom in London. I already knew because of official communications. I'm sure she's still going to be there when we conference. Anyway, I'll talk to you in a few days. It's so bizarre that you're going to read that probably a week or two after we speak.

Write again soon. I must hear all about your London adventures. Anyway, I must now go wake up a preteen who would rather stay in bed all day. Joy.

XXXX

From: Jim's_cuddlebear
To: Number_one_Pike
Time sent: 09/28/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Re: Thank You for the parenting books you sent me.

I am glad that you found the books regarding childbirth and London useful. I hope you have time to explore the city before you completely immerse yourself in your duties. I spent a summer semester at the London campus during my second year at Starfleet. It was an enlightening experience.

Because she is your family, I will keep my private opinions regarding Christine Chapel to myself. Vulcans rarely lie, but we do understand the importance of strategic silence. However, I'm neither shocked nor surprised that she informed Carol and Rebecca of your impending pregnancy since she notified Nyota of the situation recently. I was made aware of this because Nyota asked James to block Christine's emails from reaching her. I do not believe they are friends any longer.

James is doing well with Peter. I think he's afraid of causing Peter irreparable psychological damage, but I have the same fear. We are trying our best to be what Peter needs. I believe we are making progress because he is talking to us more often, and he referred to James as his uncle yesterday.

Yes, it is challenging balancing our work lives with our home lives, but we are adjusting. I devised a schedule that will allow us to accomplish our Starfleet duties and spend as much time with Peter as feasible. However, that means even less time to engage in scientific pursuits due to that. The most science-related thing I have actively participated in the last month was to help Peter with his science project for the term. I was thankfully able to convince him not to do a volcano before James was made aware of his original project idea.

Instead, he is studying the growth of plants under different soil conditions in the botany lab. Peter did find this activity stimulating and enjoyed our work together. More importantly, Peter was highly engaged in the process. He also has a great appreciation for the scientific method.

I feel that Rebecca's assessment of the situation is the most accurate. Although I do not find paperwork completely tedious, at times, I do find it purposeless.

James is not responsible for the choices of his other counterpart. Only for his own decisions and thankfully, those choices were significantly better than those made previously. I miss having time to spend working in the lab. Scientific discovery is the preferred part of my job, but I also enjoy caring for and protecting my crew.

I am willing to acknowledge that I do miss having direct control of the science team. However, due
to other responsibilities, I am aware that I must delegate. I'm hoping that the new science officer will be more accepting of my ideas. Lieutenant Commander Alicia Reyes comes highly recommended. I wonder if James chose her initially because she shares a name with one of his favorite comic book characters, but her resume and credentials from her time on Columbia are impeccable.

I have included some images of Peter and I working in the science lab together as well as Peter sleeping on Jim.

Xxxxx

As Spock hit the send button on his email, he is not surprised to see his husband reading over his shoulder. It was quite common despite being a practice that is frowned upon in Starfleet. Of course, James kissed him before he could comment.

"Thank you for preventing the volcano project. I never want to see another volcano ever again."

"Unfortunately, I believe that is highly unlikely since the next planet we are to explore is 73.2% volcanic." James groaned at his words.

"I really shouldn't be surprised at all. Somebody at Starfleet still hates us."

"I would argue that you are being paranoid, but I am not certain of that myself."

"It's not paranoia if they're really out to get you. Although, Liz's mom is using her bureaucratic powers for good. Also, I'm so proud of you for not telling Nhi that Nyota is no longer speaking to her niece because Christine casually mentioned that she would prefer if her aunt miscarried."

"I have some tact."

"Not enough to keep Carol as our science officer. If you scare off another science officer, I'm not doing that thing with my tongue that you like for at least a year."

"Your request has been noted," Spock said as he kissed his husband again.

To be continued
Thank you to everyone who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all so wonderful.

From: Elizabeth_Chen
To: Peter_K
bcc: Kevin KR
Time arrived: 10/01/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Have you reached the Star base yet?

Hey Peter, it is Liz this time. We thought we would take turns. Also, Kevin has 200 pages of reading that he has to get through tonight along with some analysis work, so he only has enough energy to call suggestions over my shoulder. Junior year is kicking his ass. Which is what junior year does.

Although senior year is also hectic. I have three classes this semester. Plus, the new Kobayashi Maru, now with essays and research projects. I must do a six-page paper on a hard decision made by a Starfleet Captain previously and examine the choice they made and explore why that choice was made. As well as consider the outcome and decide if other options were available.

I’m not happy being part of the first batch to take the new test, mainly because we are not allowed to choose our own subject for the research paper, they are randomly assigned to all of us. I'm thankful I didn't get the Kelvin incident because that would be awful. Also, I am glad I didn't get Tarsus because I do not need a research project to give me a nervous break down. I'm not saying what project I have just yet, but it's something that I will be able to get eyewitness accounts for.

Which means this project will probably go better for me than many of my classmates. Not many will be able to do eyewitness interviews with those involved. Bonus points for that eyewitness not being my mom. I don’t think she would help on principal anyway. She doesn’t want to
inadvertently give me an unfair advantage.

Have you reached the Star base yet? I’m not sure how long these letters are taking to get to you. Probably too long. Anyway, gifts will be waiting for you, some were sent the usual way. Others were smuggled to Enterprise by one of my friends who will now be on the ship.

Winona also sent you some goodies. She’s going to video chat with you on October 4 from London. My mom sent her over there allegedly to audit the engineering department at Starfleet’s London campus. I feel like something else is going on, but it’s probably best I don’t know.

I’m glad Winona is venturing out from San Francisco, but that means we lost one of our babysitters. You have no idea how nice it is for baby D to spend some time with her grandma so we can work on our schoolwork. Now we’re down to just one grandmother who unfortunately is running Starfleet. And yes, your Grandma Winona wishes she was close enough that she could do that with you, but circumstances are what they are right now. She’s looking forward to talking to you again.

Also, I just want to give you a giant hug as well as send you our grief checklist. We gave it to Josephine on the first anniversary of her mom’s death, but it’s something that you can use as well. It’s attached. Let me just say here that grief is not linear, and it can hit you at weird moments. I still cry when I see daisies, it's been more than a decade, but again tears sometimes.

You're going to be dealing with this for a while. And I know it sucks, but it's just kind of the way it is. Grief is hard. Losing a parent is hard, and right now, all your pain is very fresh. It is difficult to think of the wonderful things. It might be painful. You're still processing the trauma of all of it, which again sucks and honestly, you won't get to a point where you're not processing what happened to some degree, but eventually, you find a way to deal with it.

I won’t lie to you; it took me a while to get to that point, but I got there. I still have some bad days, but they are fewer and far between. I think you will too. It took me a lot of effort and therapy in addition to some Brazilian jujitsu, but I did find that place. I have faith you will get to that place eventually. I’m sure fencing is doing wonders for you. Sometimes it’s good to have a tangible way to get out your aggression.

Also, I recommend the therapy journal. At least that way you can write out your thoughts and not risk the wrath of somebody getting them accidentally. We already know about not being able to recall before we read your message. Kevin is dreadful at remembering to turn the microphone off and we may have got in a very private conversation about bad hook up decisions and instead of deleting it, we accidentally sent the message to Josephine. That email was not 12-year-old appropriate.
No, I'm not telling you what we accidentally sent to your new friend because it was very inappropriate. Let's just say Admiral Pike has some relatives that are not the best. Also, don’t ever let yourself be manipulated into doing something you don’t want to do. I’m the best choice my boyfriend has ever made.

I wish we would’ve worked out our feelings for each other a lot sooner, but maybe it took us some time to realize that we were never ever going to be just friends. You don’t live what we lived through and just be friends. Tarsus was hell.

I’ve known Jim for slightly less than you’ve been alive, and I know he’s not going to be offended by you not calling him uncle. Trust me, he gets it. Kevin didn't call Winona “mom” for like a year. It took me equally as long before I was referring to the Admiral as my mother. Thankfully both Kevin and I got there eventually. Adoption is weird sometimes.

I'm sending you some books. Websites are hard to access while on a ship because everything is either the Starfleet database or the "local" Internet, and I feel like you're not at a place where "local" Internet exists. Digital books are better. You should be able to put them on your personal PADD. I hope. See other email attachment.

Okay, I slipped a few book chips in your care package too. It’s on its way and will get there before October 3. Don’t say we didn’t have to because we really did. It is the job of an aunt to spoil you whenever possible. That's what we do. Yes, we’re probably compensating for something. I think Kevin told you last time that we apologize in this family with cookies. It’s a thing. You’ll get used to it.

Anyway, write us back whenever you’re feeling up to it. I want to hear all your stories about ship life. I was going to write to your uncle tonight, but I'm half asleep. Maybe I'll do it in the morning after feeding Desi. That kid gets food everywhere. Pictures attached of her being bad with blueberries. I lost a blouse.

Xxxxx

From: Peter_K
To: Elizabeth_Chen
Time sent: 10/01/2260 13:13:31
Subject: Re: Have you reached the Star base yet?

Not yet, but I think we’re only about 13 hours away. Jim says that we will probably arrive
somewhere in the middle of the night. He’s cranky that he lost the coin toss so Jim will be on the bridge tonight taking care of whatever he has to take care of for the ship to arrive at Star base. I'm not entirely sure what all that involves.

Josephine shared the grief list with me during my third week on the ship. It was helpful. I’m still processing things. I don’t understand why my mom had to die. I don't know why anybody has to die, especially all my friends at the colony. Everyone there was just so good to me. It was like having this one big family. And now I don't have that, at least not the same family. Everybody on Enterprise who's not a bigot has been embracing me, but it's not the same.

I want my old life back. Not just mom, but the life I used to have. I realize that that is futile, but a part of me still wants that. I don't know if I'm ever going to stop longing for that, but I’m no longer comparing the people before to where I am now. I feel like that’s progress in a way. Margarita says it is.

I’m still spending a few days a week with her. She’s great. I really can talk to her. She also agrees that Jim and Spock are perfectly okay with me not calling them uncle immediately. Although it has slipped out a few times. I blame Josephine because she is always calling everybody uncle. It's a thing for her.

Josephine is just great. She’s making sure that everyone else in our class is good to me. So far, they have been. Thanks to the Enterprise rumor mill everybody knows why I'm on the ship, but they’re not mean about it. Everybody knows what it's like to lose a parent. The Ashleys all lost family in the battle of Vulcan. So, they understand. It's almost lovely not to get pitying looks. They're not giving me pity.

I’m a little worried about the new kids joining the ship. Are they going to be like us? Will they be another Jeremy? I never met the infamous Jeremy, but I’ve heard stories. He was evil. Just because you lose a family member during a genocide does not give you the right to be an ass hole or kill family pets. He had issues.

Okay now that I’m thinking about it were you assigned to do your project on Vulcan? I think that’s the only thing that you didn’t list that could be a possibility. I’m not sure if you will be able to interview Spock. He doesn’t like talking about his mom dying. Which I understand because I don’t like talking about my mom dying. It hurts too much.

I’m considering doing the diary thing, but I'm not quite sure yet if that's the way I want to go. I'm still figuring it out. I'm just taking it one day at a time right now.
Fencing has been good. You're right, being active helps. Part of me wishes I could be outside again. Or at the very least run around the ship. I’m looking forward to the Star base because maybe I’ll get to do something outside of classes and the fencing club.

The pictures are wonderful. I wish I could call you guys again, but Jim says that’s not possible. You’re doing some big project on the third. Although there is supposed to be a party afterward. Jim isn't talking. I wonder what all that is about.

I think you're an excellent aunt and your niece is so adorable. I can't believe she is Mr. Sulu's daughter. Of course, he talks about her all the time. He really misses her. I'm not entirely sure he's going to make it the full five years, although it probably helps that his family will be closer. I hope her ‘life in space’ experience will be better than mine.

I'm working through things, but it's going to take a while. Margarita says that it is normal, but things will improve eventually. I hope she's right.

Anyway, I'll write again later. Thank you in advance for all your gifts. I’m sure they're all going to be fantastic. You really didn't have to, but thank you all the same.

To be continued…
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all lovely.

Day 222: It’s all your fault
From: Elizabeth_Chen
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 10/2/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Re: The Kobayashi Maru is a class now, and it’s all your fault.

Seriously, it's totally your fault I have so much extra schoolwork right now. I thought I was only going to have three classes and the Kobayashi Maru which would only take like an hour tops. When you were a student, all you had to do was take the exam.

However, mommy dearest in her infinite wisdom along with the other bastards that determine the curriculum standards agree with your philosophy about the previous version of the test and now want to make it almost something useful a.k.a. a simulated captaining experience. Now I must look at resumes and piece together my bridge crew. So far only Kevin is in place as my first officer and I’m not even sure my advisor is going to allow that. Also, I get to go through multiple mockups and write an essay on a randomly assigned great Starfleet cluster fuck that somehow did not go completely FUBAR due to excellent decision-making on the Captain's part or in several cases pure dumb luck.

Let me remunerate they were randomly assigned, and somehow, I got the Vulcan genocide. Which considering other classmates got Tarsus, San Francisco, and your birthday, I feel like I got off lucky. It could’ve been so much worse for me, not that Vulcan was a particularly pleasant experience for anyone.

Ok, it’s not at all that great considering I must deal with the day my future brother-in-law watched his planet be destroyed and his mother died. Also known as the day my friend Ben lost his first husband. Honestly, there were not many great options for me, primarily because I'm personally involved in so many of them in one way or another.

However, because of the topic I received, I would like to interview you personally. I think you can tell me more than what I would find in any report. Is this possible? Maybe we can do a Starfleet messenger chat while you're on Star base? I know you're going to be doing 1 million HR things in the run-up to the crew switch out, but I would really like to talk to you and Spock about your experiences. It will allow me to do a more robust analysis. Since you are the reason why the Kobayashi Maru requires more effort now, you owe me so much.

Also, in addition to classes, I must start doing career placement. Which is going to be a little complicated because Kevin is going to be at the academy for another year. I want to stay here and start tandem after his graduation, but I don’t think that’s going to be feasible. Also, I think Winona would hurt us if we went off to Vegas and eloped just for tandem assignments. Plus if we did that, my mom would only send one of us to Delta Vega.
Scratch that, she probably would not do that because of who else is at Delta Vega right now. I’m sure you heard about what happened to Christine. Seriously she has so many issues. So, mom is not going to send us both there and will therefore choose other horrible assignments besides Ice Base Zebra.

So how is your kid? My kid does not like daycare at all if baby K is not there. I don’t know what I’m going to do when Ben leaves for Yorktown. Mom recruited him. I should not be surprised one bit.

I am also annoyed that Winona is going to be in London through October. Because Christine is on her way to Ice Base Zebra, Winona is in London being the super supportive best friend helping Nhi get settled. So, I think Winona is going to be in London for a bit because getting settled takes a while.

Also, something is happening at Starfleet Academy London, and your mom is there to figure out what it is. This is probably because she is one of the few people my mom trusts right now. It’s not rainbow sprinkles yet, but maybe confetti sprinkles and may or may not be related to the demon child problem.

Xxx

Starfleet priority message for cadet Elizabeth Chan from Captain Kirk-Spock.
Subject: I’m not sorry for making the Kobayashi Maru useful

I’m not sorry at all. If it means I get more competent people on my ship, then I’m okay with you suffering. I will help, which is why I’m sending this email express. Okay, I’m emailing you this message expressed because we are now docked outside a Star base which means it’s easier to do priority communications and this is somewhat work-related.

Because of the subject matter, I would prefer it if you mailed me your questions and I worked on it over time. Possibly under supervision of Margarita or the new therapist. Probably Margarita. I have therapist trust issues because of the Cruz fiasco.

Also, I’m probably going to have to read through the official report. I think a ton of stuff got redacted. What clearance level is your project? Am I allowed to talk about Spock’s “grandfather?” Also, you probably should send me your syllabus. I need to know precisely what the professor is asking for. Also, will you be allowed to call out Starfleet incompetence? Like why the fuck did they not search for the ship responsible for murdering my father? If they found him when I was a toddler, I would be trying to impress my mother-in-law right now. I feel like Amanda would be challenging to impress.

If I’m honest, you're probably going to need a lawyer to look at your paper before turning it in. This happened with my report on the Kelvin incident. I was too honest and put things in there that Winona told me that were apparently above top secret. I'm just glad Nhi made me let her read it first. It saved me some severe awkwardness. I also ended up having to write that due to randomly assign topics and professors who are dicks.

So, you should probably realize that what happened and what Starfleet says happened are not the same. Of course, you probably know this from the Tarsus fiasco.

I bet the official report has no mention in there about me pissing off my husband to the point that he would choke me so he would realize that he was too fucked up to be in charge. Most people don’t know about that except those that were there. Check with your mom to see what I can and can’t say before I start working on it. I have a laundry list of things I would have done differently in hindsight.
Also, thank the universe you didn’t get Tarsus. The redacted version of things made me throw up. Be glad all names are redacted because otherwise, you know whichever classmate got that one would be interviewing you and I’m not sure you would really be up to it. I think you would handle it only slightly better than my husband handling questions about the Vulcan incident.

I know you want to ask the same questions to Spock, but I don't think he's ready to go back to Vulcan. Thinking about what happened is always hard for him. It might be his own Tarsus. In addition, Spock did design the last version of the simulation, so it might be perceived as cheating if he helps you with your paper.

I know you’re mad about all the extra work, but now the Kobayashi Maru is something useful instead of sending kids in to take a test that you know you will fail miserably. That doesn't help. You can’t go into a situation thinking you're going to fail because then you will. It's like me trying to stay positive with the entire Peter situation. We will get through this, and I will not totally screw Peter up, I hope. Okay, I'm a little negative, but not wholly negative, which helps.

Things are improving. We are talking to each other more. Also, Peter wants to know more about his dad, and I think eventually, he’s going to ask about how he died. I’m not ready for the real version of that conversation. He knows a little, he knows he went to Tarsus and never came back.

He knows about the famine, but I’m not sure Peter knows about the genocide or the other god-awful things that happened on the planet of the damned. He was a little thing when it was all over the news. I feel like his mom would keep the truly hideous stuff from him. I hope she would’ve anyway, but I don't know because it was too hard for her to tell me anything towards the end.

Now let’s move on to wedding stuff because I really hate crying when writing emails. So how is the prep going? Did you get the ring? I know you picked something out, but things can go badly.

On my end, I made sure that Sulu has his video session scheduled for 11 AM ship time tomorrow. We are planning to have a party afterward. I hope you’re going to be filming everything. I wish we could have coordinated better, but you’re right about saving the messages for emergencies. I'm only sending this because we are at the base and you probably need a quick answer about helping with your project.

PS: I heard about the engagement rumor started by wedding ring shopping. That made me laugh out loud during your lines about eloping. Winona really would kill you, and your mom would help her hide the bodies.

Xx

Starfleet priority message form cadet Elizabeth Chan for Captain Kirk-Spock.

Subject: Of course, you’re not sorry for the new Kobayashi Maru.

Thank you for choosing a much better subject line. I’m surprised this managed to slip through the filters, but it probably helps that the word Kobayashi Maru was in the title.

I understand Spock not being able to participate. I wouldn’t want to do interviews about the Tarsus incident right now. It would be hard, and it's been much longer for me. I understand exactly where Spock is coming from. Rachel got Tarsus, and I am not volunteering to help her on that project.

I will consult my professor, my mother, and at least one Starfleet lawyer before I send my questions to you. I don't think my teacher thoroughly thought things through when he assigned some of these topics or maybe he didn't realize that some students in the class would have access to extremely top-secret information and choose to put it into their project.

I’m aware that the Starfleet version of what happened on Tarsus was complete bull shit. The public
version was even worse. So, you’re right, I need to start by reading the official version of events. Because of Tarsus, I have a higher security clearance than most Starfleet cadets, so I might be able to read the unredacted text. I don't know yet.

Operation Proposal is in motion. We have music, roses, champagne, and the engagement ring. The jewelers just finished it today. The ring is beautiful. Of course, there is another round of engagement rumors going around about me due to going to pick up the ring, but I don't really care. At least the parents don’t believe it although Ben is suspicious about us. At least he’s suspicious about me possibly marrying Kevin and therefore does not suspect that Sulu is preparing to propose, which is all I asked for. Scenario attached, because yes, Sulu's sister made a scenario for the proposal. She even used the Starfleet format; I kid you not. She also drafted a possible proposal for him to use.

As for the tandem assignment situation, I'm working with lawyers Lee and Shawn to come up with a possible solution. There are other ways to get tandem assignments, but the only other one I know of is to have a kid together and that would incur more wrath from the moms. We want to avoid that.

Anyway, I'll write to you once I have all the legal stuff worked out. It might take a little while, but I will get back to you.

Anyway, give Peter a hug for me. I'm sad I probably won't get to see him but getting them engaged is very important.

To be continued.
Day 223: Will You Be My Forever?

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are fabulous.

This is another one of those chapters where we break away from our usual format. Of course, we had to for this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I’m so happy to see you. It’s been way too long.” Ben said as soon as he pops up on the screen. He was dressed in his preferred button-down with Demora on his lap with a teddy bear purse. According to the scenario that Jim slipped to him, the ring was in the purse. He just had to come up with a way at the 15-minute mark to get Ben to open the purse. Easy or so he hopes.

"113 days," Hikaru replied to his boyfriend.

“If you counted the hours, I would’ve been really impressed.” Then Ben smiled at him. This was when he noticed that Liz and Katie bear were also in the room. “It would’ve been less if I got to talk to you during the Peter thing. Unfortunately, something came up.”

“In the form of Mr. Jones being a D. I. C. K.” Yes, Hikaru spelled out the word because he didn’t want his daughter's vocabulary to be 90% curse words.

"That is true, but I'm still here.” Hikaru was still slightly surprised he really was here. A part of him was expecting something to go wrong, so he wouldn’t be able to propose today. But here he was, and he was a complete nervous wreck. Nyota was with him just outside of camera range, being his emotional support and cheerleader. He threw up twice this morning.

“Thankfully so. I guess no emergency trips to the lawyers today?” He joked, and Nyota was shaking her head off to the side. Also, she may have called him an idiot in Federation standard sign language (FSSL). He’s familiar with the language because of one of his cousins.

“That would be because my former father-in-law is currently incarcerated for violating the restraining order again.” At Ben's words, Nyota called him a moron in FSSL.
“Fuck! What happened?” So much for trying to avoid curse words in front of the kids.

“Shot out the windows of Zoe's apartment. Thankfully she was staying at my new apartment at the time.” Because this was the second attempt. Ben probably didn’t even know that he knew.

“Yes, I heard you got Starfleet housing. I’m sure Liz and Kevin are taking advantage of your proximity to utilize your babysitting services.”

"Of course, I am," Liz remarked from the back. “We need all the help we can get with Winona staying in London until Rebecca and Carol get there. When will that happen?"

“Three weeks,” Hikaru responded.

“Lovely,”

“I'm okay being their babysitter for the round-the-clock security detail.”

“Sue’s mom must love you. I can’t wait until you’re safely on Yorktown millions of light-years away.”

“She really loves her granddaughter, and I do take care of her a lot. I’m going to miss her when I’m on Yorktown. Despite missing her so much, however, I really do want to get off the planet sooner rather than later. The whole situation with Mr. Jones is making me very uneasy.” And Hikaru understood that because all this was making him very uneasy.

"I want you off-planet as well right now. I said that in my last letter to you, but I'm not sure if you got it yet.”

“Not yet.”

“I am not surprised. And don’t worry about baby D. Who knows, maybe she’ll be moving there with you?”
“That’s right. Sue is applying for Yorktown.”

“Or my sister decides that since she's going to be working out of Yorktown soon anyway, Desi can come with you early.”

"I doubt that, Liz. I know Sue likes me, but I don’t think it is at ‘custody of her daughter’ levels yet.” Ben replied.

“You're the second back up,” Liz yells from behind.

“Wait, what?” Ben sounded slightly shocked as he spoke.

“Yep, you are right after mom, but before any of Sulu’s sisters or parents,” Liz explained.

“Wait, really? I know Sue talked about the possibility, but she never mentioned anything else after you and Kevin agreed to take care of her.”

“Yep,” Liz smiled. “Although you did say she would prefer if one of you put a ring on it before signing custody of D over. I suggest maybe doing that sooner rather than later.” Thank God he muted the microphone on his end. Otherwise, Ben would have heard Nyota laughing ridiculously hard at Liz’s words. Maybe he should have done this alone. Perhaps Hikaru should've brought Pav or maybe not because he is still a very brokenhearted teenager.

“You know you could always wait in the hallway with your boyfriend, who is probably being interrogated by your mom right now. I personally would love to know why you were at a jewelry store yesterday. If anybody is going to be getting married anytime soon, it would probably be you.” And now Nyota is laughing even harder. Even Hikaru is trying hard not to smirk.

“Nope. Already working with my legal team to make sure that it doesn't need to happen.”

“Although you would if need be,” Ben said just as Liz got a text.
“You know what, I think me and K are going to step out so you too can talk. Let’s let daddy have fun with his boyfriend, but not too much fun because this is official communications, and I’m leaving at least one other kid in the room.” Liz tried to get up from the seat, but Katie bear started screaming.

“Okay, she doesn't want to leave, so you get two kids. I'll be back in a few minutes with Kevin and snacks. Maybe she'll stop screaming if there are snacks.” Liz said as she left the room. According to the scenario, she was going to get the champagne for the toast. That means he has about five minutes to get to the proposal. No pressure at all.

“I adore her, but she is ridiculous sometimes,” Ben said once Liz was gone. He now had a girl on each knee.

“And now you live in the same building,” Hikaru remarked.

“Just for a couple of months. And with me starting the accelerated class late, it's good to have Liz and Kevin close by. We've been doing playgroup/study sessions together with Zoe watching the kids while we study.”

“That seems like it would be interesting or chaotic.”

"Chaotic, but everything usually is.”

“So true. So how are you really holding up?”

“Glad that the judge and Shawn won’t let him anywhere near my daughter. Upset that he really doesn’t care that much what the judge says. Glad to be somewhere safe for the moment. I wish I could be somewhere even further away sooner rather than later, but it is what it is. Also, the judge approved me moving to the Yorktown Starbase, so my career change is a go.” Hikaru couldn’t help but smile.

“I knew that would make you happy.”

“I’m very happy about it considering the last I heard, you were still thinking about it. What did the partner say about you leaving?”
"It was mixed. A few people are sad to see me go. Others are shocked that I didn’t leave sooner. I think they were always expecting it with me being a Starfleet spouse. Honestly, I was always expecting it."

"Because being medical means that you could always take a position on ship as a contractor.” Hikaru decided this was not the moment to mention that it was even more common after Vulcan because Starfleet needed the bodies.

"Which is something I’m not opposed to considering I’m willing to move to go to Yorktown. Honestly, I was considering doing that, but Zack didn't want me to do it, and in the end, he was right. Then our kid ended up an orphan and with the evil family.”

"Not entirely evil. Zoe is apparently a goddess who watches your daughter so you can do a crash Starfleet medical contractors’ courses. Also, I don't think you hate your mother-in-law anymore now that you understand where she’s coming from.”

"Yes, but I'm still frustrated with her. We're doing a lot of family therapy right now. Although I am at the point where I am okay with her going with me to Yorktown. Although I wish we had a buffer.”

"Just remember Sue is trying to get a Yorktown assignment. That way, she can be your buffer.” Hikaru told his boyfriend.

"Is that more likely to happen because of her mom or less likely?”

"More likely, but because you’re there, I feel like this is one big family reunification plan on her part. I expect to get transferred there at some point.”

"Possibly," Ben said, and Sulu realized he only had another minute to get to the proposal. He wasn't sure how to segue into that. That's when Hikaru noticed baby D trying to eat her purse. For once he's not upset about that.

"Hey, you should probably get the teddy bear purse away from Desi. I think she’s using it as a teething ring right now.” At his words, Ben quickly took the purse away from the little girl.
“Teddy bear purses are not food.” Ben chided.

Hikaru was just thankful he didn’t throw it far away. That would have been bad. Now he just had to get his boyfriend to open the purse.

“And unless there’s candy inside of the teddy bear purse.” He joked. “I feel like hiding chocolate in there is something that Lizzy would do.”

“Not Liz, but that is definitely something Kevin would do. Okay, let's see if Uncle Kevin gave you chocolate even though I said not to. If there's a Hershey bar in here, I'm eating it.” Hikaru smirked at his words.

“Not a Hershey bar?” He asked after a moment of silence.

“Not a Hershey bar? I guess maybe Liz is going to propose and put the ring in there.” In front of him, Nyota called his boyfriend an "oblivious moron" in FSSL. Hikaru realizes at that moment, he was going to need to make things a little more evident for his boyfriend.

“Then it's a good thing that I went with another option for your second engagement ring. I’m pretty sure I saw a ring just like it at Starfleet Mart this morning.”

“Then it's a good thing that I went with another option for your second engagement ring. I’m pretty sure I saw a ring just like it at Starfleet Mart this morning.”

“I know. That’s where my first engagement ring came from. It was two sizes too big and involved ‘synthetic’ rubies. I still loved it.” He knew Ben still had the ring. He stopped wearing it long before he even met Hikaru, but he kept it in a jewelry box on his dresser. He was okay with that.

"Liz told me Winona helped with that," Hikaru told Ben.

“I knew she wasn’t just getting me a souvenir from London. I mean, what type of souvenir requires
you to know ring size."

“I didn’t want to ask you outright for your ring size because I wanted this to be somewhat of a surprise,” Hikaru explained.

“I am surprised and thankful that I managed to get the ring away from them before one of our children ate the thing."

“I am too. You know I love all three of you. I consider little Katie bear as much my daughter as Desi. I want us to be a family. Ben, I adore everything about you. I love you so much. You are a wonderful human being, one of the best I’ve ever met. You're a wonderful father to both of our daughters. You are also one of the gentlest and kindest human beings ever. I know that I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

“You are making me cry.” Ben was starting to tear up.

“That's okay, so am I. So, is this a yes, you’ll marry me?”

“Yes, I will marry you. Besides, I thought we were already engaged to be engaged. I was just holding out for the ring.”

“But, I thought it was Zoe that wanted me to put a ring on it.” Hikaru joked.

“Actually, we both wanted a ring.” Called a very vibrant young woman who quickly ran over to Katie bear.

“I assume that you’re the infamous Zoe?” Hikaru asked.

“Yes. I am your future sister-in-law. Excellent taste, Ben. This one is cute and has exquisite taste in jewelry.”

“Or excellent taste when it comes to choosing people to get jewelry for him,” Kevin remarked as he walked into the room with Liz and both of his sisters. His nieces were there too, carrying the flowers. Liz had happy engagement balloons in her hands with his sisters caring in the champagne
and roses. Thankfully, no birds.

“Or at the very least knew not to buy an engagement ring at Starfleet Mart," Ben remarked.

"My brother loved you; he just hated shopping. He also forgot to consult me, but see this one knows better. Now let us toast.” Zoe said as she grabbed a flute of champagne from the tray his oldest sister was carrying. Of course, she had the champagne ready to go.

“I don't have champagne on my side.” He remarked just as the door to the conference room opened. Jim walked in, holding a tray. Pav, Spock, and Leonard were with him.

“You do now.

“I'm not surprised at all," Hikaru stated as he grabbed a flute of champagne. He is surprised it was glass. Apparently, Jim broke out the diplomatic reception glassware.

“The scenario that was sent to us yesterday stated to have champagne ready for a toast. I may have conveniently deleted that line before sending it to you.”

“Of course, you did.” He hears Nyota remark as she rolls her eyes.

“Be glad that I like you. I was saving this bottle for a special occasion. Thankfully for you, we decided not to open it on our wedding anniversary.”

“I am so flattered.” Hikaru snarked.

“I really like this one." Here Zoe says as she places an arm around Ben.

“I do, too,” Ben remarked.

“Now that everybody has either champagne or ginger ale,” apparently the nieces and his sister had ginger ale. He would have to ask about that later. “let us raise our glass to Ben and Hikaru.” Zoe said with her glass held high. “May your future be wonderful and full of joy.”
Since we met Ben Sulu in Star Trek Beyond, I really wanted to explore how they got to that point. I always knew I would be writing this eventually.
Day 224: Quality Time with the Grandmas from London

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last section. You are all wonderful. Reviews keep me in a happy writing place.

Again, we are breaking from our usual format because of deep space videoconferencing.

"Okay, you seem a little more pregnant than I thought you would be for it only being early October. I think I see a tiny baby bulge." Jim said as soon Nhi appeared on screen in her Starfleet uniform, and the baby bulge was noticeable. However, he probably should’ve kept that to himself because he’s getting the Vulcan death glare from the spouse. Jim decided it was best to put Peter in between the two of them right now.

"I'm 12, and I know better than to say stuff like that." Or maybe not Jim though at Peter's words.

"First of all, you know that Starfleet uniforms are very unforgiving. Also, I’m a little bigger than expected for just the beginning of the second trimester because I may have neglected to mention that I’m pregnant with twins.” His surrogate mom said with a smile on her face. She was very excited.

"But we saw the ultrasound, and I'm pretty sure there was only one baby. Okay, I only made out one blob. 250+ years of ultrasound development, and yet the baby still looks like blobs to me." Jim remarked, but Spock was staying quiet. Why did he have a feeling that his husband already knew? Of course, he would be able to read it correctly.

"Sorry, I didn’t get the 3D sonogram this early. Did you show that picture to Leonard because he would’ve told you otherwise?"

"No, because I did not have your explicit permission although Jo Jo told by accident," Jim said as he turned his gaze to Peter.

“She’s my best friend I share everything with her. Besides, I wasn't going to say anything to Josephine's mom because she's sensitive about baby stuff.” Jim sighed. He's just glad Peter is making friends.

“It’s still an issue?”

"Yes," Spock answered before he could. “Which is understandable considering everyone processes trauma at different rates.” ‘If they process it all.’ Jim thought, darkly. Thankfully the ship had Margarita, who was helping everybody process in one way or another. “Although she has made great strides in the last year.”

“This is part of the reason why I’m treading carefully. Which is the other reason why I didn’t show the ultrasound picture to Leonard because if I show him, I must show her, and it is just better if we keep things quiet for the moment.”
"Also, according to Josephine, her mom told your niece to get fucked when she said she hopes you have a misc…” Jim quickly placed the hand over his nephew's mouth.

"As I mentioned before, remember curse words should only be utilized in a life or death situation until you're at least 18 or not working on the starship.”

“Curse words are for when Klingons are attacking us.” Peter rolled his eyes. Margarita said he should look forward to more bratty preteen behavior because that means things are getting back to normal.

“And let us hope it doesn’t happen anytime soon. And of course, you can share the ultrasound photo with your team, especially Leonard, because he would have pointed out two baby blobs instead of one. Although make sure Nyota is not triggered and I will leave that to Spock because he’s the sensitive one of the two of you.”

“I’m well aware that for a Vulcan, my spouse has a surprising amount of emotional intelligence.” Jim quickly squeezed Spock's hand in a Vulcan style kiss. Peter has yet to figure out the significance of the gesture, and Jim has not decided to point it out until they end up on the Vulcan colony.

“I believe that was entirely Amanda's influence,” Spock remarked.

“Why do you call your mom Amanda and not mom?” Peter asked.

“In Vulcan culture, it is a tradition to refer to your parents by their given name to those not explicitly part of the family. Although in this regard, I rotate back and forth between Vulcan and human cultural norms.”

“This is what is referred to as code-switching,” Jim told his nephew. "Although I do it too sometimes." Because his relationship with Winona is really really complicated and Peter only knows the basics such as grandma has an alcohol problem and is currently in a sober living facility.

“Is this why you're okay with me calling you both Jim and Spock right now?”

“Yep, munchkin.” Jim places a hand on Peter's shoulder. “Hey, where is my mom? This thing is only supposed to be 45 minutes, and we've already killed a few.”

“Outside the door being yelled at by the soon to be former head of the engineering department. He accosted us on the way in, and only I was able to get away from him. He may or may not have been in bed with Carol's father. Regardless your mom is working through the situation, and it's a disaster. You'll have to read the classified version of the report once it’s done.”

“Why do I have this feeling that it will be classified at a level that's too high for my husband and me to read? Also, I would personally prefer not to have a need to know.”

“Unfortunately, you will have a need to know. I'm not sure what the classification will be, but I’m sure Liz’s mom will make sure that you have it.” He’s pretty sure even Spock sighed at her words. Thankfully at that moment, Winona walked into the room.

“I hate that asshole,” Winona said as she slid into the chair next to Nhi. “He’s such a moron. Like keeping me from talking to my grandson is going to make me not report his involvement with section …”

"Winnie, wave to your grandson and remind yourself that this is not a classified DVC.” Nhi chided his mom. He was so making a note to ask about that nickname later.
“Sorry. Work bullshi— bull crap.”

“Look, Peter is 12 and lived on multiple scientific colonies. Let’s not even pretend he has innocent ears.” Because Spock told him that type of behavior was stupid. “We’re just working on when it’s appropriate to curse.”

“Like you did with Kevin?” Winona smirked at him.

“Yes.” Jim sighed. “I would ask you how London is treating you, but I don’t think I want to know the answer, mom.”

“Work drama aside, I am enjoying my time in London. I have discovered you can get good fish and chips without going to a pub. No, I haven’t been to any pubs. Still sober, even though there are colleagues, I would really like to punch out. I’ve also gone through a couple of candy bars.” His mom jokes.

“I wasn’t going to ask.”

“You were thinking It.”

“No,” Jim told his mom just as Spock said, "Yes.” Jim just sighed.

“Never marry someone that can hear your thoughts. Especially someone who will share those thoughts with your mom,” Jim explained, turning to Peter. Spock raised an eyebrow at him. He’s pretty sure that was his husband’s “good luck getting sex tonight” eyebrow raise.

“So, Peter, how are you enjoying your time on Enterprise? Done anything cool yet?”

“It’s different, and I do miss the sunshine.”

“That feels like an understatement,” Jim mumbled under his breath.

"That's normal," Winona replied. "Everyone misses the sunshine. It's why we're developing more realistic holodecks."

“It’s not the same. I'm still adjusting, but I am enjoying myself. I have a few friends, at least. I didn't have that many on the colony.” None anywhere near his age anyway. Peter was a bit of a loner, which makes sense to Jim.

“Peter mentioned earlier that Josephine is his best friend,” Nhi told Winona.

“I’m glad you’re friends. Maybe you’ll make some more. I heard you’re getting new classmates. Also, I made sure none of them were evil this time.”

“Three, but I have not met any of them yet. We’re supposed to have something that’s referred to as an ice cream social once we leave the Starbase to get to know each other.”

“With actual ice cream, I hope?” Winona asked.

“The Starfleet version of ice cream. Everything here is Starfleet mart. It's a small outpost. Nothing like Yorktown. Or where we were last time.”

“James is disappointed he was unable to find Oreos at Starfleet mart.”

“Well, good thing, I included a few boxes in the care package. Did you get the care package yet?”
“They're on the ship, but we've had a lot of meetings, new staff orientations, and an engagement party. We will probably unpack everything in a couple of days.”

“That you wouldn’t let me go to, so I didn’t get to see Kevin and Liz at all.”

“I'm sorry about that. The room was small, and we only had a few minutes anyway." Jim apologized.

“Not at all. Don't worry. You'll get to see Liz and Kevin in December.”

“I assume that the admiral is allowing them to travel to new Vulcan when we are near the planet?” Spock asked.

“Something like that. I don’t know all the details yet.” Nhi replied.

“Except, you'll be too pregnant to be there.”

“Unfortunately, yes. You know Starfleet’s rules about pregnant travel.”

“No one wants to get born 2 1/2 months early," Jim mumbled.

“Hey, at least you were a fat preemie.” His mother remarked.

“You were a preemie? I was too.” Peter tells the group. Jim didn’t know that. Although he should have, since Peter’s birthday is less than eight months after Sam left for the planet of the damned.

“Yep. Getting attacked by Romulans is not conducive to giving birth at full-term.” Jim explained, mostly because Winona doesn't like talking about that at all.

“That’s why you were so small in the picture where my Dad was holding you?” Peter asked.

“That and he didn’t want to eat.” His mom said before she went into a way too graphic and detailed story about him refusing to breast-feed as a baby — no one needed to know the story.

“I was a fussy baby," Jim said after Winona was finished now extremely red.

“I guess this means you did get the pictures I sent you of your father?” Winona asked.

“Yes, although why was someone blacked out in several of the pictures?” Jim is not surprised that Peter picked up on that.

“That would be my ex-husband.” Spock squeezes Jim’s hand in support.

“Sometimes, we make bad choices after losing the love of our lives, and my ex-husband was a horrible choice for a lot of reasons. We like to forget that person was ever part of our lives or existed in the first place.”

“Which is why mom taking ‘asshole be gone’ to the family photo album.” Yes, that’s the name of the computer program. “The program automatically deletes the image of the person you want to forget. Unfortunately, grandma used black-box mode instead of the background cloning feature.” Jim explained to Peter.

“Because I’m nowhere near as computer literate as you. I didn’t want to get rid of any pictures of Sam, but I also never wanted to see that man again, so black box mode.”

“He wasn't a good person. I ended up at a smart kid boarding school, and Sam ran away with your
mom for about a month.” Jim told Peter.

“A few months actually. Sam came back once I filed for divorce from the evil one. Although I wish we would have let your mom stay with us.”

“Because my grandparents are monsters?” Peter asked, and Jim didn’t want to make eye contact because that's precisely what he was thinking.

“I wasn’t going to say that,” Jim mumbled, really wishing that Margarita was there right now.

“They murdered my aunt.” Nobody said anything after that for a good minute. Not even Spock, and you know it's terrible when Spock cannot move them to safer ground. That's his special skill. Jim had no choice but to get them on to safer ground himself.

“So, any new ultrasound pictures of the twins?” This had to be a safer subject.

“Not yet. I have two more weeks before I go back in for another check-up. Although, I’m not sure about doing an ultrasound again so soon. I will send you everything.”

“This is one of those families where we don’t talk about things that make everyone uncomfortable?” Peter asked.

“We do, but usually when therapists are present because we have that many issues,” Jim remarked.

"Unfortunately, Dr. Margarita had an emergency and could not be here to supervise. However, if you wish for the three of us to have this discussion, I will arrange a family session as soon as she’s available.” Spock suggested.

Jim is not exactly sure what the emergency is yet; he just knows that Margarita must be present from what his spouse told him. Although his instinct is telling him intentional overdose because Leonard is also involved. He will deal with the repercussions later.

“So, I am now part of a family that cannot even call each other without therapists being present?” Peter asked.

“Considering I went five years without speaking to my father outside of necessity until the death of my mother, I feel that our ability to communicate as a family is significantly better than that of the family of my birth.”

"Peter, we are a work in progress, but it's getting better," Winona remarked.

“When will you be speaking to your dad next?” Nhi asked.

“I assume, within the next few weeks, because apparently, we have to prepare for our visit to New Vulcan.”

“Since the purpose of this call is for Peter to get to know you and mom, how about until it’s time for us to leave, Peter, just ask the two of your random questions?” Jim suggested, and both women nodded their heads in agreement.

"Go ahead, Peter," Jim prompted.

“Do you like being pregnant?” Of course, Peter starts there.
“Yes, although I could do without the morning sickness, apparently throwing up all the time is the sign of healthy babies. I had a miscarriage years ago, and I'm in my 40s, so any sign that tells me that the babies are healthy I can live with.” So much for this being safer ground, Jim thought as Nhi spoke. “Even if that means throwing up on the shoes of somebody with a higher rank.”

“Yes, that happened, and yes, I have pictures. I uploaded them three days ago, although I have no idea when the images will get to Enterprise.” His mother added.

“Probably sooner rather than later. We’re downloading a large backlog of communications right now.”

“Lieutenant Commander Sulu just received images from the memorial service of his nieces’ biological mother,” Spock added.

“Oh good, you should be getting pictures of me doing the tourist thing in London soon. If I remember correctly from talking to Liz, we did that a day or two afterward.”

“You did the tourist thing?” Jim asked, slightly surprised. He wondered when either woman would have the time with their jobs.

“I had to do something to keep sober. Next question.”

“Why did you decide to raise a baby by yourself? It was always so hard for mom to be a single parent. I know that she loves—I loved me, but sometimes I’m sure she wished she wasn't alone.” Note to self, mention this to Margarita during our next session.

“I know, and a lot of people thought I should just freeze an egg and wait until I remarried. But I didn’t want to do that. Honestly, I have no plans to remarry. We were planning to have a family together, and just because things happened the way they did doesn’t mean that I’m going to put that on hold or should put that on hold. My babies will know everything about their dad. I’ll tell them stories every day. At the same time, I’m not alone because I have this huge extended family of people that love me, and that’s enough.”

“We didn't have that, especially after my aunt was killed.” Jim wants to hug his baby. Also, Mom never talked about Sam or his family. I didn’t even know anything about Jim until the Vulcan incident happened. Then she told me that my uncle saved Earth.” Jim isn’t surprised, although Spock is raising an eyebrow.

“I was kind of a drunk fu—screwup for a while. My therapist got killed by a drunk driver, and I did not process well. Then I went into Starfleet, where I met Chris and Nhi, who became my other family.”

“Chris and I raised Jim during the Starfleet years, which mostly consists of keeping him from getting expelled. It's why I feel like I'm ready for twins.”

"There are more interesting stories from this time that I want to know about."

“I’ll send you some of the video files.”

“Also, I will see what else I can find from Sam when I get back to San Francisco. Everything is in storage since we cleared out of the old house in Iowa. I have no idea when I’m going to find a condo. I’m probably going to end up in Oakland.”
"That would be cool. I have so many questions about Sam. I don't even know where to start. I don't even know what his favorite color was."

"Blue," Jim tells his nephew. “His bedroom was covered in blue. Blue sheets, blue curtains, blue carpet, and this ridiculously warm blue comforter.”

“I think I still have that comforter.”

“I have just been told that we have four more minutes. So, I have an idea. Peter, why don't you write down all the questions that you have. You can send it to your grandma, Jim and Kevin. Then they can try their best to answer the questions. You can also write to me if you have questions about other things.”

“I’ll try. Although I hate writing assignments.” Peter says with a smile.

“Don’t we all.”

"But it was so great to meet you, Peter, and I hope we will get to talk again soon," Nhi said with a smile.

“I think we will.”

"Take care, all of you. I love you, Jim and Peter. Spock, please take care of my boys." His mom said as she blew them a kiss.

“I will endeavor to do so.”
To be continued.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: In my universe, we are at the point where ultrasound will be more of a brand name, then the actual technology used. The people are so used to calling it that it just kept being called that.
Day 228: Delayed Greetings from London

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous. Your words of encouragement keep me in the happy writing zone. Please remember that this letter was written about two weeks before our video conference in the last chapter. It takes a while for emails to reach deep space.

From: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills
To: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 10/08/2260 00:00:01
Subject: Greetings from London

Hey sweetie, I’m sure by now you know I’m in London. That’s why I didn’t write to you when I first got your letter. Because of your brother being preyed upon by somebody who is your age before he was 18, I will be in London living with Nhi until her friends Rebecca and Carol get here at the very least and considering they’re on your ship that might be a while.

London is a great city. I love the history of it all. I almost considered going to the London campus instead of San Francisco, but if I did that, I would’ve never met your father. So, things worked out the way they were supposed to.

Unfortunately, this is not a vacation. I’m working on a special project for Ming. A project that’s headache-inducing, and I really can’t talk about on unsecured communications. Don’t worry, I still haven’t picked up another drink, although I am resisting the urge to punch somebody. Carol’s father had a few friends here that were dirty as fuck, especially those connected to the Kelvin Memorial research center or whatever cover name they gave to their super-secret operation.

I am fucking furious that Marcus used George’s name to cover up his activities. The engineering department at the London campus is neck-deep in this shit. I am here to get it back to its real purpose and get all the spy bullshit to where it’s supposed to be. As I mentioned earlier, I have a headache, and this is just scratching the surface of how messed up all of this is.
I’m so sorry about what your grandmother did to you. I had no idea Grandma Kirk was that petty to you, but considering how petty she was to me, I’m not surprised. There’s a reason why we don’t speak to that side of the family and not just because the courts gave us the farmhouse. They are not the best people.

I have heard from their lawyers recently. Not your Grandma’s lawyer specifically because she’s dead, but you know the Kirk family contingent. They’re pissed about us selling the farmhouse to build a museum dedicated to your father. Of course, they’re not suing to stop the sale, but they want half the money from it. Because you know it’s not about the house, it’s about the money, it’s always about the money.

Also, one of your cousins or something is writing a book about you despite the fact they haven’t seen you since you were six. A few of the others were doing the talk show circuit after the battle of Vulcan, again people that haven’t seen you since you were six... I hope they never find out about Peter. I don’t want these people anywhere near him.

I’m sorry I screwed up a lot when you were a kid. I know you’re going to do better. First, your kid will go to you for help. Yes, it's a computer thing, but he still is coming to you when he needs something. Maybe if he comes for you for the computer stuff, he'll come to you for the important things too. At least you know for sure that your husband is not a molesting abusive asshole. (I am considering the entire bridge incident consensual kink play and let us never speak of it again.)

I know that you will make sure Peter is aware that he isn’t just a sub for Sam and that you really do care about him. I’m sorry that I sometimes made you feel like a George replacement. I really should’ve gone into therapy earlier. I didn't handle losing my husband well at all. Tarsus was just an all-around cluster fuck, and I couldn't avoid going into treatment. My treatment plan didn't work as well as it could have because I didn't start digging deep into my issues until this last round.

I’m trying my best to get healthy and stay healthy. I’m even running and eating better. Being out of Iowa is helping immensely. London is helping more than San Francisco did because there's no George at all here. I am free to start something new.

Don’t get me wrong, I enjoyed San Francisco. I have a lot of friends there, but there are moments when I get sad and the house search is not going anywhere as well as I thought it would. Things are more affordable than they were during the tech boom of the early 21st-century, but it’s a seller’s market right now, especially with everything that got destroyed during the Vengeance incident last year. Also, I don’t want Starfleet housing because I like staying an independent contractor. I don't want to end up being assigned somewhere horrible. I have more control this way.

Of course, when your son is dating the daughter of the head of Starfleet, you’re friends with her, or
you get talked into doing something that you wouldn't normally do like fixing the London cluster fuck. I don't even know where all the bodies are buried yet. I can't tell you more because Carol's father was a fucking asshole, and I had to get a new security clearance just to deal with all this bull shit. Your email system isn't secure enough, no system is.

Thank you for all the pictures. I'm glad to see you smiling. I'm still worried that this is going to bring a lot of stuff back up for you, but you're dealing with it well. Kudos for spending quality time with your therapist. See another way you're doing much better than I did. Anyway, more pictures attached from London. Your other mother figure threw upon another member of the Admiralty.

If I am not sending your husband embarrassing baby pictures, I'm not doing my job as your mother. I neglected many of my motherly responsibilities previously, but I am trying to make up for that now. That means embarrassing the hell out of you. I found a few more pictures of you in your Captain Marvel costume. You made an excellent Carrol.

XXXX

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny
To: W_Kirk_wellness_Hills
Time sent: 10/08/2260 12:23:01
Subject: Re: Greetings from London

I did make an excellent Carol Danvers. Yes, I found the pictures adorable, and yes, I found it embarrassing. Good thing you waited until after we were married. Yes, you’re making good on that embarrassing mom stuff. Could you maybe focus on Kevin for a bit? Of course, Liz knows all of Kevin's dirty little secrets like Chrissy, but still, there must be something that you can embarrass him with.

I’m not surprised the Kirk contingent wants the money from the house. I guess they’re still furious that the house was given to Dad in the first place as if George didn't leave Starfleet for a year to take care of his dying father, where the others just did whatever the fuck they wanted. Apparently, there’s a long tradition of backstabbing and money-grabbing on that side of the family.

Personally, I see it all as blood money, and I'm OK not seeing any of it. I’m sure you feel similarly because you could break into the Tarsus settlement money and afford a lovely house near Starfleet, but you won’t. However, I’m sure we both believe that Peter deserves a significant trust fund. So, may I suggest calling Shawn, the lawyer god, to have his team take care of it. They’re already handling some litigation for us concerning the various tell-all books that are being written by very distant relatives as well as the sex toy line. That was just disturbing. I do not want my face on that, and I'm sure you feel similarly.
It was great to talk to you in person. You seemed lighter than last time. I know the whole thing was awkward, but we got better at the end. Although if Peter sends you a list of questions later today as agreed upon, you don't have to answer. I can take care of it. I am starting to tell him more Sam stories myself. He wants one every night before he goes to sleep, and I'm getting better at telling them. It hurts, though. Margarita says the best way to process is to tell stories and focus on the good as much as possible. That's what I'm trying to do. It doesn't always go as well as it should, but I'm trying, mom.

Peter is coming to me for more than just computer help, so that's good. I’m also being asked for advice on how to get his new classmates to like him. I told him that you can’t make people like you. You just need to be yourself, and if they don't want you, then they're the ones with the problem. We'll see how that goes. Although yesterday's ice cream social did not end in tears. More importantly, none of the new kids have tried to break into engineering for booze yet, so I consider that a positive.

I don’t want to know what you’re investigating in London, but I'm sure I will. We’re all aware that Carol’s father was shady as fuck, so it's probably nothing good, and I'm sure you're going to find more co-conspirators in the grand conspiracy of the Federation. Oh yes, let's just throw us into war with the Klingons. Fucking asshole. I should probably schedule another session with Margarita. It’s easier now with the second therapist on board.

Yes, we need so many therapists. The entire ship has issues. If they were here during the San Francisco incident, they went for the battle Vulcan too. I am sure the new crewmembers will have their own scars from the last few years. Thankfully, I like the new therapist, and I like Lieutenant Commander Reyes. She said that she's happy to let Spock spend time in the lab whenever he wants. So, this is already going to go better than Carol’s tenure as chief science officer.

Carol and Rebecca are on their way to London. We had a goodbye party and everything. I’m going to miss Rebecca, but I think Nhi is going to need her more. She also promised to send me tons of baby stuff and to keep me totally updated on everything going on, so I'm kind of happy that she's going to be there.

Have you thought about maybe permanently relocating to London? You know, after your treatment in San Francisco is wrapped up? Right now, you have your support system, but your support system will be leaving soon. Kevin will be doing his semester in space sooner rather than later, and Ben will be going to Yorktown. I’m sure baby D will be going along because Sue was trying to get stationed there anyway. Just think about it. I just want you to be someplace where you can be happy and healthy and getting out of Iowa was the first step. Maybe moving somewhere completely fresh is the next.
Don't be so hard on yourself. Frank was always showing you his best face. Once you knew how bad it was, you left. Sometimes that's all you can do. I worked through all my complicated feelings about that a long time ago. I don’t hold it against you. I don’t think I ever did.

Anyway, I can’t wait to hear from you again, and thank you so much for the care package. The real Oreo cookies were much appreciated. Peter loves the sheets that you sent. Also, tell Nhi that he loves the blanket and the posters. They’re already hanging up in his room. Also, thank you for all the food you sent along. The hubby put it away so we wouldn't eat everything in the first week, but it's all appreciated.

Anyway, we are on our way to two months of serving a volcanic planet. This is going to be so much fun.

Fingers crossed nobody breaks the prime directive again, including me.

PS: Why does Nhi call you Winnie? I need to know.

Xxxxx

From: Peter_K
To: Kevin KR; Elizabeth_Chen; W_Kirk_wellness_Hills
Time sent: 10/08/2260 00:00:01
Subject: thank you for the care package

Thank you all for your various care packages. I’m just starting to read some of the comic book chips with a bag of cheese Krispies. Also, I'm glad that I have non-Starfleet gear for my bedroom now. I wasn't able to take that much from the colony because of possible contamination. Actually, I didn't have that much at the colony to begin with. A lot of our stuff was in storage on Earth. I wonder what happened to it?

Jim has been telling me more stories about my dad as a kid. I'm thankful for that. Although nothing from what Jim refers to as the dark period. Grandma, I assume this was when you were married to your ex-husband? I want to ask why he was such a bad person, but Ashley 2 told me it's best not to
ask that question. She says I'm not ready for the answer. My grandparents murdered my aunt. What can be more traumatic than that?

We had a family session about that. We are going to have a few more family sessions about that. Also, Dr. Margarita is helping me put my list of questions together. Right now, I just want to know the little things. The heavy stuff can wait for later.

This is what I have so far:

Where was my dad born, and where did he grow up? I know he wasn't actually born in Iowa that you moved there later after grandpa George died.

What was his favorite TV show/movie growing up?

What were his favorite books? I'm including comic books in this as well. They just had better artwork then non-graphic novels.

Did he have any hobbies? Was he into things like Legos? I love Legos. I had a few sets that we had to leave on Earth. Unfortunately, Starfleet mart did not have any Legos sets. Thankfully Josephine lets me use hers. Did he like to paint or draw? Was he a creative person at all?

How did Sam meet my mom? Also, how long were they together? Did they really love each other, and if that was the case, why did they break up?

I guess this is it for now. Again, I will save the heavier stuff for another time.

Also, Kevin and Liz, I'm so sorry I didn't get to see you again, but please keep writing. I'm enjoying the letters.

Also, to let you know, the ice cream social went well, and the new classmates do not appear to be evil. Fingers crossed it stays that way.

To be continued
Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last conversation. You are all fabulous.
Sorry, this update is a little late. I’ve been focusing all my energy into finishing Hydra lullaby. The good news is all the chapters are now off to proofreading. Hopefully, that means an increase in posting chapters for this story.

Also a quick note, I will not be posting this chapter to KS archives this week due to some issues over there with the servers.

From: Legal Queen
To: kitten_loverJIMU
Subject: Everything is well in San Francisco

Time arrived: 10/11/2260 00:00:01

Hi sweetie:

I got your letter, and I feel like I'm in a much better state of mind right now. Good news, the sale of my house in Georgia is going very well. I already have a few offers. My lawyer is handling it because if I see the Judge right now, there's a 50-50 shot that I will get arrested for assault.

I'm not surprised to find out that he physically assaulted your mom in front of you. He did the same with us when we were kids. Just like you, we didn’t say anything. Who was going to believe us? He was a judge. He had so much power, and we were nothing. It's even worse realizing in hindsight that other people knew what was going on, but they said nothing because of how powerful the man was back then. At least in death, your mother exposed him for the monster that he truly was, and now he is nowhere near as powerful as he used to be.

My new therapist and I have been tackling my guilt regarding my staying silent as a child and adult. We are attempting to anyway. I wish I had done things differently, but wishes don't change things. You just must make different choices in the future, or at least that’s what my therapist says. I’m working on believing her.

In your case, you shouldn't feel guilty about staying quiet because you were so young. However, in
the future, know that there are people that you can go to that will believe you and do everything in their power to get you out of that situation. I feel like now it's more likely your friends are going to tell you what's going on in their lives. I feel like you’re going to be the person that people trust to go to.

I think, in my case, it was more like I didn't have people in my life that I could trust that would do something. You do. You have so many good people around you, from your dad and stepmom to Kevin and Liz. I wish I had grown-up friends like Kevin and Liz, who understood my life. You have no idea how fortunate you are to have that.

Those two have started to become friends of mine. We bonded over the incident with the Judge and our crappy childhoods. At least I didn't have to deal with anything as mentally scarring as watching my whole family be killed by the followers of a genocidal dictator. It is nice to have people around me who have my back. I’m too used to having fake friends. I’m glad that you found real friends at a much earlier age than I did.

Your artwork is phenomenal, it displays how talented you really are. Because of that, I sent you a bunch of art books electronically (and a few hardcopy ones too). You should study. If you were on Earth or any other planet for that matter, I would suggest going to some classes, but that's not necessarily an option for you right now. In space, at least you'll have time for self-study. I mean it’s not like you have time to go hang out at the mall with your friends. Life is probably very structured on a starship.

I am glad that you’re now making friends among your classmates. The pictures of your birthday were fantastic. I think that's the happiest I've ever seen you on your birthday. I know last year we were still processing everything with your mom. You really do look adorable in your junior Starfleet uniform.

Jim’s nephew looks like his clone. They look so much alike, it's ridiculous. If Jim wasn't in his early teens at the time of conception, I would suggest another DNA test. I'm sure if you and Peter met earlier, you would have become close friends back then. I think right now, he probably needs you. Losing your mom is very hard, and I'm sure it's worse when it is someone you're close to.

So, by the time you get this letter, I am sure that you have had your October switch out and received all your presents. I already know that you will make excellent use of the art supplies.

Also, I assume by this point you have met your new classmates. How has that gone so far? I hope no one is Jeremy level bad. Anyway, please write back when you get a chance. Talking to you makes the days go better.

XXXX
I would like to say I’m surprised that someone was exposed to a hallucinogenic plant that behaves like Quaaludes, but I’m not. It did give me a laugh, though. I need that considering all the school stuff going on. I am so glad I’m not doing a regular class load; otherwise, it would all be way too much.

Honestly, I am expecting you to ask me to help you propose at any minute. Mainly because that Yorktown fantasy might be happening. Ben will be there, at least because he accepted my mom’s proposal. I think his mother-in-law is coming with him. I’m sure you know that the Jones’s case has been dropped.

Okay, the judge wouldn't even give Mr. Jones a hamster to take care of, let alone his granddaughter or the genetic material of his perspective future grandchildren. It didn’t help his cause when he tried to shoot his soon to be ex-wife’s car. Mom moved Ben into Starfleet housing after that. He’s training with us anyway for the new Yorktown job. Ben is taking the Starfleet crash course for medical contractors. Anyway, he is three floors down in family housing. Despite the circumstances, it is so lovely to be in the same building now.

We’ve been doing a lot of group study sessions. We do our homework together. Okay, two of us do their homework, and the other one watches the kids. It works better this way. It takes a village.

Yep, Judge Lee is very fucked up. He is even worse than Mr. Jones, and again he tried to shoot out his wife’s tires. Or maybe not because I know he has a history of abuse, so I could see the shooting up the tires thing happening. Lee has had some heartbreaking stories.

I’m not terribly close to Leonard and Nyota, and I don’t want to ask Jim to talk to Jo Jo about this because it could be a trigger, but maybe you should ask Jo Jo if the judge ever hit her. I am concerned, but this is not a question I can ask her in a letter. Thankfully, you’re one of the adults she really trusts, so I feel like she would talk to you.

Yes, you need more adult friends. Although so does Pav. He’s emailed a few times. We are kind of friends because he was my TA for one of my classes freshman year. Also, Mom kept an eye on him
personally. Yep, he is totally devastated by the break-up and not able to process. Sometimes I think letting him be up there so early wasn’t the best thing. Maybe he should’ve worked on his doctorate before a deployment. I’m not sure. I think he just wanted to be in the stars.

I would say I’m looking forward to our video conference and so is your baby girl, but you’re probably going to get this after the fact. She loves the videos. She loves seeing you and hearing your voice so much. She’s just so happy.

Anyway, more videos attached and pictures because you can never ever get enough images. This time it’s your daughter playing with the cousins. Those are some very resilient children. We had the memorial service a few days ago, and they handled it so well. I was an absolute mess at the services for my parents. Although, it was right after Tarsus and I was a mess for several years after that because Tarsus was a shit show. I still just want to hug them forever, but they’re doing well.

Your sister is trying. Although I feel like her way of working through things is throwing herself into projects. I think she has two weddings a weekend for the next three months. If she’s busy, she doesn't have to think, and I’m not entirely sure that’s the best strategy.

Xxx

From: kitten_loverJMU
To: Legal Queen
Subject: Thank You for All the Art Supplies
Time sent: 10/11/2260 17:19:08

Yes, we made it to the base last week. Thankfully all your gifts were waiting there. I love the art books you sent me. Hardcopy books are so expensive, but I absolutely love them. I've been trying a bunch of new techniques. You're right, I do have time for self-study. The holo-decks are still getting the hang of creating virtual malls, so we can’t hang out there.

Gina has written self-study into our curriculum. I’m using that time for the study of arts and science. I hope it’s okay that I’m letting Peter use some of the books since he likes art too. We are working together on the self-study project.

You're right; all this has been hard for him. In some ways, it is worse for him. At least I knew my father and his girlfriend before I had to live with him full time. He barely knew anything about Jim and nothing about Spock before having to move in with them. Plus, I had a few months on Earth before being thrown into starship life. He had hours. Besides, I only had to deal with my mom
dying. He also lost several friends. His mom only got infected because she was trying to protect him. I mean, I have some survivor's guilt because my mom died while I was at Disneyland of Georgia, but I feel like noble sacrifice survivor's guilt must be significantly worse.

In other ways, I think it's worse for me because at least he has some good memories with his mother. He can hold onto those good moments now. With my mom and me, there was just too much bitterness and anger. I’m mad that she never stood up to the judge while living. Yes, I’m glad she had the video diaries, so I didn’t have to go live with him, but I’m angry that she protected me in death in a way she never did in life. Again, all things I’m working on with Margarita.

I've had about a week of classes with the new students, and it's going okay so far. They kind of just stick to themselves. I'm trying to reach out, but it's not going as well as I hope. Only the daughter of our new therapist is really integrating herself into our classes and ship life. That does not entirely surprise me. It’s probably weird being dropped off on a starship in October. However, I’m happy to say nobody is Jeremy level awful.

I'm happy to know the sale of the house is going well. You're right for letting the lawyers handle it. I think it’s better for all of us if we just leave the judge behind in Georgia at this point.

I'm not surprised that other people knew what was going on and did nothing. I've had some conversations with Ashley 2 and Uncle Jim, they experienced something very similar regarding their own abuse. There were always people around who were suspicious, but they did nothing. We all agreed that their apathy was always the worst. At least the judge only ever hit me. What happened to Uncle Jim was so much worse. I only know the bare basics of what his stepfather did to him, but that is bad enough.

I am grateful to have all these real friends. I didn’t think I would have them, but I’m glad that I do. It's been helpful through all of this.

Anyway? Pictures attached from the ice cream social. There may have been a little food fight. Don't tell Uncle Jim.

Xxxxx

From: SulxuHG2260

To: Elizabeth_Chen
I'm not even surprised to find out my sister has two weddings a weekend. This is pretty much how she dealt with the miscarriage. I’m surprised she hasn't emailed me yet to discuss wedding plans. Ben and I only had like 10 more minutes to talk after everybody left after the champagne toast. We are thinking about doing the wedding in January when Enterprise is stationed near the new Vulcan colony.

Although I'm wondering if we should wait another six months and do it in Yorktown. January is summer on the Vulcan colony. I don’t know if my human body can take getting married on a Vulcan planet in summer. We would all be sweltering in our formalwear. I saw pictures of Jim’s ceremony last year. He was covered in sweat, and that was a spring ceremony.

It feels weird talking to you after we've already talked twice. The mail delay is just so strange. Half of the stuff in your letter, I already knew. I am glad that the judge in the custody case did things for good.

It was also so great to see all of you. The babies have gotten so big. Thank you again for helping with the proposal. You were so right about that, and I couldn't have done it without you. You are wonderful. Thank you for everything you did. You are wonderful.

I adore Pav I really do, but I think you're right that he started active duty too soon. You know his first mission was Vulcan? Losing that many people so quickly will hurt you. I was in my mid-20s, and I had trouble processing, so it must be worse at 17. I should probably suggest quality time with Margarita or the other therapist, but I'm not sure how to approach him.

Plus, the anniversary of his sister’s death is coming up in a couple weeks. So, you know that the random rebound comfort hookups are going to become even more frequent. I’m hoping that our time on the volcano planet will keep him so busy that he won’t have time to think about it, but who knows.

I am looking forward to quality plant time. I love quality plant time.

I'm kind of happy that we've become this big extended family. It could've gone very differently, but
we’re all there for each other. I really like that about our family. We may not be traditional, but we care about each other.

About your question, Jo Jo has already mentioned something about her grandfather being physically abusive to her mom, to Peter anyway. They were playing whose grandfather is worse. Peter won this contest, but it was tighter than I thought it would be, considering Peter’s grandfather murdered his daughter. Although the judge drove his daughter to drink and she died, wrapping her car around the tree while intoxicated, so some may argue that he directly contributed to her death.

Right now, I think this is just something she's going to have to work out with Dr. Margarita. I believe she has been working through things. She smiles more than she did back in February. It probably helps that she has some friends at least.

Anyway, I did get the pictures. Everything arrived when we were on Starbase. I also received the care package. Bless you for sending skittles. You know I love those. Thank you for the white castle replicator code. Jim has programmed it into the officer replicator under the fake label of mushroom soup. Spock was annoyed at Jim for doing that since he accidentally ordered the mushroom soup thinking it was vegetarian, only to get a slider.

Anyway, write back to me when you can and send more pictures. Give the babies hugs for me. Tell them both I love and miss them and can't wait to see them again.

Also, best wishes on surviving Starfleet Academy. I know you can do it.

To be continued
Day 234: Better Judgement Comes with Age

Chapter Summary

Thank you to everybody who read or reviewed the last section. You were all wonderful. Thank you for all your comments and kudos. You keep me writing.

I'm so sorry that I essentially disappeared for the last 5 weeks. Finishing a story and buying a house takes a lot of energy. The day that I last updated for this story, I viewed the house that I ended up buying. So, the next five weeks were mostly filled with purchasing a home and packing. However, Hydra lullaby is done, and I’m mostly unpacked from moving. I’m hopeful that I can get back on an every other week schedule and maybe even eventually go back to weekly posts. We shall see.

Xxx

From: Kevin KR
To: Spock’ s_cuddlebunny
Time arrived: 10/14/2260 00:00:01
Subject: I am not a clingy koala

I’m starting to like your husband more and more. Obviously, he's your voice of reason. I'm aware that most 17-year-old boys don't always make the best decisions when it comes to hookups. I'm getting better because apparently, 20 is when the commonsense kicks in. You are so right. I will never ever do better than Liz. She is a goddess among women.

I got the shovel talk from Ming because the sister of Sue’s ex asshole boyfriend caught us yesterday, trying to buy an engagement ring for the Sulu proposal. She’s not actually against us getting married; she just doesn’t want it to happen for at least three more years. I am not against that timetable. Although I can call her by her first name now when not on the job, so progress.

Good news, I have a brand-new adviser because Nyota’s mom stepped in, bless her. Unwelcome news, I think I’m going to have to do my semester on ship during the winter semester. Apparently, it will get me completely off track if I defer until next fall because I can’t do it in the summer without special permission from my girlfriend's mother.
Liz is resigned to it. She knows I would like to wait until summer, but we literally must ask her mom to approve a summer position. Even Nyota’s mom can’t do it, and she’s now the head of the Academy. We don’t want to give even the impression of nepotism, so we are not going to ask.

After a lengthy discussion with my girlfriend, I have put in applications for Discovery along with a few other ships that do diplomatic stuff like the Rice and the Albright. I really wish I could read your bad captain list, but Spock is probably right that your email has been monitored. I’ve heard some interesting stuff while I was interning with Liz’s mom.

I’m sure you know by now that my girlfriend is absolutely furious due to the brand-new Kobayashi Maru that we all know you are responsible for. The only thing going in her favor right now is I can be her first officer for the simulation. Okay, and she didn't get stuck doing a report on the Tarsus catastrophe. I don’t think either of us would be mentally stable enough to write out what went wrong and what better choices could have been made. Thank god, nobody knows that I was there. I don't want to help anybody with that project.

Peter, even though adorable, is bringing back all sorts of bad memories. I don’t need another trigger. I’m already back to going to therapy twice a week, thank you very much. I am too busy for more sessions.

I know Liz wrote to you to see if you would be willing to let her interview you for her essay. I understand if you don’t want to. It’s a lot, and I don’t want you to do something that may send you back to therapy two times a week. I doubt that you have time for more sessions.

We’re getting the hang of balancing schoolwork with childcare, although mom is in London, so she’s not helping with babysitting as much. Ben is now living in our apartment building, so we have been teaming up for co-parenting. Yes, get Sue that book because she's going to need it. Liz wasn’t going to tell her about the engagement until after the engagement happened, but she needed somebody to vent to about Sue's ex-boyfriend's little sister screwing with us on social media. I hate her so much.

Also, I’m a little annoyed at you for yesterday's emergency email with an awful subject line. Although now that I think about it, your husband was probably the one that sent that. However, I’m just going to remind myself that he kept you from asking inappropriate questions.

Yes, some people tried to bring up the Georgia incident to Starfleet Academy judiciaries. However, Nyota’s mother just started laughing. Seriously, she just started laughing. Apparently, it’s very against Starfleet policy to punish a cadet for preventing domestic abuse even if it’s between father and daughter. So, nothing’s going to happen in that regard.
I was not a clingy koala bear. I just needed a hug because I was still dealing with watching my entire family being murdered and way too much sexual assault. This might be why I didn't see the Christine situation the way everyone else does because my views on sex are really fucked up. I probably should make an extra appointment with my therapist. Although Christine is on Delta Vega, it doesn't matter anymore.

So, could you please fix your email system so you can recall outside messages? I am still shocked I haven’t received an angry email from Nyota for the things we accidentally told Jo Jo. I am expecting that quite soon, actually.

Anyway, please write back when you have time. I want to know if the care package did arrive and what Peter thinks. Also, keep sending pictures. He's adorable even if he's clinging to you for dear life.

Xxxxx

From: Spock’s_cuddlebunny

To: Kevin KR

Time sent: 10/14/2260 22:23:01

Subject: Re: I am not a clingy koala bear

Do you want me to get out the pictures because I will? I should because Peter would find it all fascinating. He really does want to know more about the family, and I'm sure he would find it adorable. You were totally a clingy koala bear as a child, and I was happy to give you as many hugs as you needed because I needed them too. We were all working through a lot of shit at the time. You’re not the only one who needed extra therapy time to deal with all the memories that this is bringing back.

Peter is getting a little less clingy. He’s been hanging around with Dr. Diaz’s daughter in addition to the Ashley crew and Jo Jo. The other new kids are still getting acclimated, which I understand because getting used to a new school is always difficult. It must be so much worse when that new school is on a starship traveling to the middle of nowhere.
I am going to help your girlfriend as soon as she emails me her questions. I'm sure it's taking Liz a while to figure out how much I can tell her about what really happened during the Battle of Vulcan. However, I've already been putting my thoughts together. Spock and I've even chatted about it a little bit. Our consensus is terrible choices were made all around. My husband is still processing his Amanda guilt and has a list of at least 50 things he could do differently to prevent the death of his mother.

We both agree we are going to need legal counsel on this one because I’m not sure how much I can say. A lot of things about what happened to Vulcan are not part of the public record, including, but not limited to the truth about my husband’s "grandfather." Also, no official version contains anything about me manipulating my future husband into choking me and accidentally forming a mental bond just because I had to get him declared emotionally compromised. I’m pretty sure I’m not allowed to talk about that. Of course, I wouldn't even need to do that if Starfleet allowed more people than just the ship therapist to declare a Captain mentally compromised and relieve them of their duty. Unfortunately, the ship therapist was killed with the CMO, and you can see how this can reveal a lot of things. I’m not sure how much your future mother-in-law wants her daughters Prof. to know about. Probably not this much.

I don't blame you for not wanting to help the person working on the Tarsus project. I read the only slightly redacted Tarsus report, and I threw up twice. So, I can understand not wanting to relive it.

I don't want to dig up all the bad memories from the battle of Vulcan myself, but I owe Liz since apparently, I'm the reason why the Kobayashi Maru now requires essay writing. However, Spock is out. He might provide me little tidbits, but I don't want him to get stuck in an 'I could've saved Amanda if I did this or that' loop. Spock was extremely depressed in the months following his mother's death, and I don't want him to go back to that mind space.

Sorry, I can't allow for recalling of outside messages. That’s a Starfleet thing that I can’t override. I've tried it, and I've been unsuccessful so far. I know what you accidentally said to my pseudo-niece. Nyota isn’t holding that against you. Although she did have a very long conversation about the concept of statutory rape with the 12-year-old. Considering I was already sexually assaulted by my stepfather at this age, this conversation was probably well overdue.

Now she does hold what happened against Christine. They're not friends anymore; that was all Christine’s doing. Let’s just say all that was a mess. So, it turns out I can block emails from Starfleet personnel from their private accounts and her work accounts.

I’m sorry we didn’t get to talk during the engagement party. I mean, really, we only had time for a toast, and then we had to leave Ben and Sulu to do preliminary wedding plans. It's going to either be on New Vulcan in the dead of new Vulcan summer or Yorktown during Starfleet summer.
having a wedding during New Vulcan spring, I’m going to go with Yorktown in summer. You remember how hot everything was, and it was just spring. Although if they're having an Earth ceremony and not a Vulcan wedding ceremony, then they can have it inside.

We are currently four days into our new mission exploring the planet of a thousand volcanoes. We’re going to see if Peter can take Spock spending quality time on the planet with the away team. Our new science officer requested that Spock help with the research. I'm not perfectly okay with my husband being surrounded by volcanoes, but he promises not to go inside of one again. That’s really all I can hope for. He's happy to be doing science with the team, so I must let him. Thankfully Peter is being less of a koala. I hope he has gotten to the point that he won't have a panic attack. Fingers crossed.

Peter says thank you for all the comic books. He loves them all and has been reading, including the one about the anamorphic duck superhero that adopts a precocious orphan. It’s been helping him work through some issues. Thank you for all the toys too. We didn't get to take much from the colony because of contamination risk, not that there was much to begin with. So, I’m glad that he has more stuff.

There is a storage unit in Iowa that belonged to Peter’s mom. I'm currently trying to get it moved to San Francisco and merged with mine and Spock’s stuff, but we might have to ask you to help with it. You know how difficult it is to do anything from the middle of deep space. I’m still shocked we were able to pull off the proposal. That’s the last resort because I’m not sure how much you want to go to Iowa again.

I’m sorry that you’re not able to defer your semester on ship until summer. However, I think Discovery will be the right place for you. I mean it must be more interesting than spending quality time surveying volcanic planets. I wish we were at least going to places with populations to observe. Instead, I feel like we are looking for pretty places to colonize. Although I'm not sure why they're interested in the planet of a thousand volcanoes. Maybe energy production.

I am not surprised about the misuse of judiciaries. Although I am surprised about Nyota’s mom having a laughing fit. I feel like maybe she could use that with the ex-husband being a dick. You probably should check in on her about that.

Anyway, more artwork by your precocious little nephew and favorite pseudo-niece. Good news, Peter is starting to call me Uncle Jim occasionally. So, progress. Little by little I think we’re getting there.

Let me know how classes are going. I’m sure by the time you get this, it will probably be midterm season.
To be continued

End Notes

Please review. I really want to know what you’re thinking.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!