

# Star Trek: Sutherland Outta Sight

By David Falkayn

"I tell you Vic..." Julian Bashir, wearing a black tuxedo for the occasion, grinned as he patted the shoulder of the holographic singer, Vic Fontaine, "...when you meet her you are going to be amazed!"

"Julian's right." Jadzia, looking resplendent in a blue 1960s era evening gown, smirked as her husband, the Klingon, Worf, pulling at the bow tie he wore, looked distinctly uncomfortable wearing his tux.

"All right, already!" The gray haired lounge singer exclaimed, "So when is this chick supposed to get here?"

"Yeah..." Julian chimed in, addressing the Trill woman leaning against the bar, "You spoke to her last, didn't you?"

"She should be here any moment now." Jadzia replied, "She told me that she needed to finish up some reports and talk to Ben and then once she changed she'd be right over." Shrugging her shoulders, the Trill science officer opined, "Of course, something...or someone...knowing Liz...might have come up."

"Well..." Vic smiled as he got up off the bar stool, and jumping up on the stage, grabbed a microphone, "What say I go on ahead and get the party started and she can join in when she gets here." Gesturing with his finger for the band to begin playing, the Vegas crooner launched into a powerful rendition of 'That Old Black Magic', his rich voice, combined with the smooth playing of the jazz quartet behind him began to work its magic on the audience as Jadzia leaned into the arms of her husband while Julian's arms encircled the waist of his date for the evening, Lieutenant Ella Rodriguez of the *USS Lexington*.

She walked in just as Vic sang in his rich voice, "I hear your name and I'm aflame."

"Liz!" Jadzia called out as she recognized her old friend.

Elizabeth Shelby strode confidently into the lounge wearing a slinky jade green evening gown, slit so that it exposed her right leg up to her thigh as she

walked. Wrapped around her shoulders she wore a matching green feathered boa. Gold earrings and a gold necklace completed the ensemble.

Stunned speechless, Vic stood at the microphone for what seemed like hours until, the bass player finally getting his attention, the crooner continued the song, seemingly rushing until, reaching the last line, he belted out, "...under that old black magic called love." The audience clapping, Vic jumped off the stage. Regaining his cool, the holographic singer walked confidently towards the new lady, currently engaged in a conversation with Jadzia.

"So I told him where he could shove his 'generous peace terms'..." Liz narrated, "...and when he got close enough to board us, he dropped his shields long enough for us to transport a tri-cobalt bomb on to his bridge. Manny and his people took out the Cardies that managed to board us, we pulled our shields and weapons back on line, and then, right on cue, K'Temoc decloaked with the T'Ong and shoved a pair of photon torpedoes up both of the Cardie ships' asses."

Laughing, Jadzia quipped, "You know you stole that trick from me, don't you?"

"Of course, I did." Liz smirked, "Although I think the Cardies and the Jemmies are getting wise to it now. They stood off out of range quite a bit longer than normal. I thought we were going to have to give up the game and fight them straight up before their bloodlust finally got the better of them."

Hearing the sound of a throat clearing, Jadzia turned towards the source with a sly grin, "Vic!" The raven haired Trill introduced, "I'd like you to meet Captain Liz Shelby of the *Sutherland*. And Liz, this is..."

"Vic Fontaine..." The petite starship captain interjected, flashing her winningest smile at the hologram. "I've heard so much about you..." She said as she produced a long gold filigree cigarette holder, affixing a cigarette to it.

"I'm flattered." The crooner replied as, taking an engraved silver lighter out of his jacket pocket, he gracefully held it out to the captain's cigarette, lighting it as she inhaled.

"Thanks." Liz grinned as she exhaled a stream of smoke. "Your songs are very popular in Rick's, our lounge back on the *Suthy*."

"Really?" The silver haired crooner exclaimed, flashing a playful grin, "Maybe I should take my show on the road?"

“Why not?” Liz teased back as she drew closer to the singer, tantalizing him with brief glimpses of her exposed upper leg as her fingers grazed his arm. “You’d be a hit.”

“Only if I get to be your agent, Pally...” Julian quipped, eliciting laughter from all at the bar. “So Liz...” The swarthy doctor inquired, “How long will you be on the station.”

“Not long.” The starship captain replied as she took a martini from the bartender. “Just long enough to top off our weapon stocks and get our new orders.” Sighing, she said, “We’ll probably be shipping out again in twenty four hours.” Her smile returning, she teased, “Just long enough to get into trouble.”

“Knowing the *Sutherland*...” Jadzia joked, “...you’re probably right.”

Finishing her cigarette and putting it out in an ashtray thoughtfully provided by the bartender, Liz turned her attention back towards the singer. “So Vic...” she teased, “Can you dance as well as you sing?”

“Sure thing, doll, just watch me strut my stuff!” He grinned as he took her hand, leading her out to the dance floor. As the band played ‘Anything Goes’, the couple danced, moving smoothly to the music. Then, taking her husband’s hand, Jadzia pulled her somewhat unwilling spouse to the floor as Julian escorted his date there as well, joining the other couples. The band smoothly segueing to the next song, the romantic ‘I’m Getting Sentimental Over You’, Liz and Vic drew closer to each other, swaying gently to the music. As the hologram’s practiced hand wandered down her back, the petite blonde gasped in pleasure.

“Mmmm...” She purred as she whispered in his ear, “So...you wanna blow this place?”

“What about the others?” Vic asked subtly gesturing with his head towards where the other couples were dancing.

“They’ll be ok.” Liz remarked. “Besides...” she quipped as she saw Julian blowing gently into his date’s ear as Worf and Jadzia kissed, “I think they’re doing well enough on their own anyway.”

“Ok, babe...” Vic chuckled, “So, what do you want to do?”

"It's your town..." Liz grinned, "Why don't you show it to me?"

"You got it doll!" Escorting the blonde starship captain off the dance floor, the crooner, after helping her with her boa, waved a hearty good bye to the others as the pair left the bar.

"So..." Liz smiled as she took Vic's hand in hers, "Where to first?"

"How's about the Sands?" Vic replied, "Franky, Deano, and Sammy are playing. I figure we can catch a show and go on from there."

"Cool." Liz grinned as the couple took off.

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"The Presidential Suite?" Vic exclaimed in surprise as Liz inserted the key into the door.

"Of course," Shelby chuckled, "You don't think I'd settle for anything less, do you?"

"No." Vic smiled back as he made his way to the record player. "Jadzia told me that you didn't do anything half way," He said as he put on a Sinatra album, tapping his feet to the rhythm as the sounds of Franky singing 'Chicago' filled the room.

"She's right." Liz remarked coyly as she draped her boa over the back of the couch. Lounging on the couch, she took out her cigarette holder, affixing a fresh cigarette. Taking out a lighter and lighting it, she called out to the silver haired singer, "Vic, darling...why don't you fix us both some drinks. I'll take a Manhattan."

"Sure thing, doll!" The crooner replied as he went to the bar. Expertly dropped ice cubes into two glasses, Vic mixed the drinks, letting out a breath as he saw the blonde woman laying on the couch, her left arm and hand supporting her head as she occasionally brought the cigarette holder to her lips, the end of the cigarette lighting up as she inhaled, and then, taking the holder away, exhaling, her breasts rising and falling in a smooth rhythm. *Julian...the hologram thought as he approached Liz with the drinks in his hands, I owe you big for this!*

Putting out her cigarette, Liz sat up as she took one of the drinks from Vic's hands. "Thanks Vic," She purred as she patted the cushion next to her. Sipping her drink, she nestled in closer to the lounge singer. "Mmmm...this is the real stuff..."

"Nothing but the best..." Vic quipped as he caressed the blonde woman's arms. "...for a classy dame like you."

"Mmmm...you sure know how to show a girl a good time..." Liz flirted as she set her drink down. Licking her lips seductively, she drew even closer to the singer, inviting him to kiss her. Taking the hint, Vic smiled as he tilted the blonde woman's head up. Lowering his lips to hers, Vic kissed her, softly and gently at first, and then deeply as she responding to his lips, kissed back. After several minutes, the pair finally separated. Taking a deep breath, Liz remarked in a husky voice, "I liked that." Getting up, she flashed the singer a teasing grin as she noticed his growing frustration. "I'll only be a moment, babe." She leered, bending over to put a finger on his lips as she gave him a view of her cleavage. "I've got to go powder my nose. You just keep that motor of yours running." Taking her drink in her hand, she snatched up her boa from the couch as she made her way towards the bathroom, swaying her hips gently as she did so.

"Whew!" Vic gasped as he gazed upon the retreating form of the petite blonde woman. "Jadzia...Julian...you are both getting Christmas cards from me!" Several moments later, he heard Liz's voice, low and sultry coming from the bedroom.

"Vic, darling? You want to come in here?"

Flashing a triumphant grin, the crooner getting up out of his seat, downed his drink in one gulp. "On my way, babe!" He called back. Opening the bedroom door, Vic stood stunned, mouth agape as he saw Liz laying on the bed, naked, the green boa draped over her body strategically covering portions of her breasts and lower.

"What are you waiting for, baby?" Liz asked, her voice seductively low, "Don't you want to see what's underneath?"

Taking off his coat and undoing his tie, Vic walked towards the bed, whispering under his breath, "Ring a ding ding..."

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Hearing her door chime, Jadzia Dax called out, "Come in."

"Hey, Jadz!" Liz exclaimed as she strode into her friend's quarters, bottle of champagne and two long champagne flutes in hand. "You win." She remarked as, setting the glasses down, she popped the cork to the bottle. Pouring the sparkling liquid into both glasses, she handed one to the Trill woman sitting across from her. "It's Kristal...the real stuff...not replicated. Don't ask how many people I owe favors to so that I could get it!" Flashing a wicked grin, she added as she took a sip, "But it was worth it."

"I take it you had a good time?" Jadzia asked playfully as she took a sip from her glass.

"Oh yeah!" Liz replied with a wink, "It was great."

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"Captain." Commander Hobson remarked as the commanding officer of the *Sutherland* strode on to the bridge. "Supplies have been loaded and all personnel are present and accounted for."

"Thank you, Commander." Liz responded with a smile.

"I take it you had an enjoyable time last night, Sir?" The ship's operations officer, Anara Rysyl asked with a wicked grin.

"You might say that, Lieutenant." The captain replied with a smirk of her own.

"So, Sir...what did you do?" Sam asked in a teasing voice.

"Uh huh..." Liz answered back, her grin growing wider, "Don't you know; Mr. Lavelle...what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas."

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"Hey, Pally!" Dr. Bashir called out as he strode into the holosuite that was Vic Fontaine's lounge. Spotting the lounge singer at the bar nursing a drink, the doctor approached, flashing a wicked grin as he saw his holographic friend, "You look like you had a good time last night."

"Yeah." Vic answered back with a big grin, "But you should have warned me,

Clyde...”

“Warned you about what?” The doctor asked; his voice now tinged with a note of concern. “What happened, I thought you said you had a great time.”

“I did. I did!” The silver haired singer quickly replied, “Liz was great! Daddy-O...she’s the coolest! I ain’t seen anything like her! It’s just that when she took out those silk ropes and started tying my hands and feet to the bed posts I nearly freaked...”

Laughing, Julian quipped as he placed a supportive hand on his friend’s shoulder, “Pally...I know exactly what you mean.”

Shaking his head, Vic laughed as he downed his drink, “Outta sight, man, Outta sight!”

**The End**