

Subject: Days of Wine and Roses, Part 2

Stardate: 80415:0600

Author: Lt Cmdr Zina Gray, MD, Lt Jake Arrington

Scene: Gray Estates, Sonoma Valley California (Jake's Room)

Time: Lord only knows. I've been so confused with this new scenery, and so busy with other things, I'm kinda lost, so bare with me here. ;) LOL!

When Zina stopped at the door of the room Jake was to stay in, they kissed, and Zina left him standing there and went to her own room. Jake opened the door and entered the room and closed the door behind him. Looking around, taking notice of the strange surroundings, he saw the bed, carefully made, a beautiful flower comforter, soft pillows, all he could think of was hitting the hay and not waking up for days, he was so tired. Meeting Zina's parents was a new experience for him. He wasn't quite sure how to act. Nervous as hell. But as he got to know them, he realized that they were pretty much outgoing people, verry nice and calm. Very sweet.

He kicked off his shoes and sat down on the bed. Placing his hands folded behind his head, he hit the pillow and his head sank deep into it. Very soft. Cotton. Very relaxing. He closed his eyes and just layed there relaxing, taking in this new environment. Getting away from the stress of the ship was something he really needed. He thought back to a small incident on the ship between him and his best friend and one of the best Security officers on his team, Jay Masterson, in which as he was packing, Jay entered his quarters talking about how he wanted Jake to come with him to visit his family again, and how great it would be for his children to see their uncle after so long. And how angry Jay suddenly became with him when he told him that he was going with Zina to meet her family this shoreleave.

Jake didn't want to hurt his friend's feelings, but it ocured to him that working at getting close to Zina seemed more important at the moment. The arguement ended where Jay stormed out of Jake's quarters and shouted, "You son of a bitch! We've been planning this trip for months and you bail on me!", as he walked to the turbo lift. Jake just put his clothes and stuff into his Starfleet bag and ignored that comment. Ignoring the fact that his friend was stepping beyond the line to the point of insubordination. In cases like this, the logical course of action would have been to have him thrown in the brig, but he decided to just leave his friend alone with his anger and continued to pack.

[Dr. Gray To Lt. Arrington...]

[I'm sorry dear, I'm on my way. I'm just finishing up a few things.]

[Well come on slow poke! I've bee ready for hours. (LAUGHING)]

Jake smiled as he tapped off his comm badge and zipped up his Starfleet bag and slung it over his shoulder and exited his quarters and headed for the turbo lift. When he got to the transporter room, he saw Zina sitting on the edge of the transporter

pad waiting patiently for him. As he entered, she stood up and positioned herself inside one of... (Oh hell, one of those damn little white circles on the floor of the transporter pad ROFLMAO!) and Jake did the same, and the transporter attendant activated the transport and their atoms scattered into a bright blue flash of light.

Just then, there was a light knock on the door. Jake stood up and went to the door and opened it. It was one of the housekeepers. She smiled at him and handed him a piece of paper and turned and left. Jake closed the door and opened the piece of paper and went back to the bed and sat down on the edge of it and smiled as he read the note.

This is the time for you to start
wondering where I am.
I have something special planned for you
so catch me if you can...

Start your journey near the barn
Old Gent is waiting for you.
There you will find the next little clue
of all the things to do.

He folded the piece of paper and put it on the bed next to him and thought for a moment... "Old Gent? A horse? Oh no." Jake was naturally nervous, seeing as though the last time he attempted to ride a horse on the holodeck, he came out of the experience with a dislocated hip. He stood up and went to the mirror and checked himself. "Damn, I'm lookin' good (LOL!)". He touched up his hair a bit with an old fashioned comb and slid it into his back pocket and exited his room....

Walking down the hallway to what he thought was the front door, he opened it, and found himself in a broom closet. He was about to shut the door, when all of a sudden everything fell off of the top shelf in the closet on top of him. He hit the ground with a lot of clattering noises. The housekeeper walked in from the kitchen and stood there for a moment covering her mouth attempting to stifle her giggles, but she failed. Jake just looked up at her and grumbled as he got up and approached her and said, "Where the hell is the front door?" The housekeeper cleared her throat and pointed across the room to a much larger door and he walked to it and opened it and stepped out of the house. Closing the door behind him.

The fresh air and bright sun shined down on him as he walked to the stables. As he approached the stall, he read a sign on it in huge wood burned lettering, "Ol' Gent". And just above the name plate was another note tacked to the wooden stall door. He pulled it off the pin and opened it and read it.

Upon Ol Gents back you will ride,
You will go towards the sun
till you reach the Rocky ridge..

where you will soon be at my side...

He smiled to himself as he folded the piece of paper and put it in his pocket and opened the stall door. He went inside and looked around and saw the horse known as Ol' Gent feeding in a corner. He slowly approached the big beast, being very cautious not to disturb him. The horse looked up at him as he chewed some hay. Jake walked to his left side and began brushing his hand across his back, letting him know he was a friend. When he noticed that the horse seemed to enjoy the petting, Jake went to his head and started rubbing his nose and talking to him. "That's it ol' boy. Name's Jake. Figured I'd take ya for a little ride. Huh? What do ya say about that?" To his surprise, the horse nayed in excitement to his statements.

Jake took that as a good sign and grabbed a saddle which was draped over the adjacent wall and put it on Ol' Gent's back and strapped it nice and tight. Then he locked the pin into place on the bridle and put his foot in the strap and mounted him and rode him slowly out of the stall and into the open air. Looking up at the sky, he turned the horse in the direction of the sun and gently tapped the horse's sides with his heels and made a slight clicking sound with his tongue and the horse began to gallop in that direction. The ride was smooth. He felt at ease on the back of this horse. He didn't feel the need to panic as he did when the last horse he was on went nuts and bucked him off right into a hard wood fence, which dislocated his hip.

After a few minutes, he came to a rocky ridge just as it said in the note. And sure enough, standing at the top of the highest point, he saw the silhouette of a gorgeous woman facing him. The wind blowing her hair in all directions. As Jake turned the horse in her direction, he heard, "Bout time you got here slow poke!"

Jake: You didn't think I was gonna just jump on this beast and ride him away in the sunset like my last experience did you? I needed time to prepare him.

Zina: (Giggling) Prepare ol' gent? He is the most gentle horse my parents own... How do you think he got his name... Old Gentle...

Jake: Yeah well, I didn't know that. It seemed natural on my part to prepare. You sorta learn to respect horses no matter who they belong to after getting thrown off of one.

Zina took the reins of Ol' Gent and began petting his nose as Jake got off of his back and went to her. He put his arms around her and they kissed passionately for a few moments. Ol' Gent decided he didn't like the apparent lack of attention, and he shoved his nose right between them. Zina and Jake both giggled. "Oh you want some too Ol' boy? Here ya go", Zina said as she kissed him on the nose and pet his head.

Zina: That's alright Jake... I sometimes forget that not everyone is raised around horses... Now are you hungry? I fixed a picnic lunch... there is chicken and salad and.... Why are you staring at me???

Jake: Cause your beautiful.

Jake could see Zina's face quickly turning red. She smiled very sweetly at him and brushed her hair out of her face, and they walked hand in hand, Ol' Gent following them, being lead by the reigns which Zina was still holding. They walk a few feet in the lush green grass to a nice big blanket. Zina crouches to her knees and Jake lays down on his side and props his head up on his hand and looks up at her.

Zina smiles at him as she again brushes her hair out of her face and pulls the food out of the picnic basket and prepares it, placing chicken and salad on his plate, then hers. She then whipes her hands off with a towel and reaches into the basket and pulls out a fresh bottle of something. He couldn't tell what it was. There was no label, but it looked like champagne. She heled the top of it with one hand and the bottom with the tip of her index finger of the other hand and showed it to him and said, "This is one of the bottles of wine we crushed last year. Nice and chilled to perfection. Been aging down in the seller ever since.", she smiled at him and handed the bottle to him.

Jake took the bottle and found the cork screw and put it into the cork and twisted. The bottle gave off a loud POP as it opened. Zina held out 2 glasses, and he poured wine in both of them, and set the bottle down inside the bucket of ice in the picnic basket and took one of the glasses from her, and they clinked the glasses together and drank.

Jake: Mmm this is good. Very good.

Zina: You like it?

Jake: Yes, it's very sweet.

Zina: I was thinking about having a couple cases beamed up to the ship for Ivyena to serve on special occasions. She's probably gonna have to label em herself, cause we don't usually label these things until after they've had a chance to age for a few years. But a year has always been fine for me.

Jake takes another sip of the wine and looks at the glass. It was almost clear with the exception of a slight yellow tint. He could see the bubbles rising to the top. Just then, as fast as it all started, both their comm badges chirped.

[This is the Captain! Shoreleave is canceled. I'm sorry everyone, but we're needed on an urgent mission! Please report back ASAP.]

Jake's face suddenly turned to a sad one as he dropped the glass in the grass and grumbled out loud. Zina just looked at him and sighed, and they stood up and gathered everything up and called for transport.

NRPG: *This isn't fair. :(*pout**

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