

Hawaiian Honeymoon

A 'Sa'ren' Short Story

by
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Two groups of Clan kids:

Mortals and High Racers, and those somewhere in between:

One group left Des Moines on a Mission;

The other left Orlando for a Holiday;

Both groups have the same destination, and their objectives will mix.

So far, we know that they left to go to Hawai'i and that they were away only for about fifteen minutes - yet more than fifteen hours passed for them.

Here is the account of those missing hours...

... and the Clan gets just a *little* bigger!

So sit back, relax...

... and prepare to be amazed as Joel and Kevin go on their:

Hawaiian Honeymoon

by **Iluvantir**

The Republic of Hawai'i: Kaua'i Island, 'The Garden Isle'

Kalihiwai Bay, Kalihiwai Road:

9am HTZ:

The sun was very warm on the sands of the bay as a group of children appeared with a fairly large, substantially vicious looking alien bear-type creature. Two of the children stood out at a distance as well - they were both lions and both armed to their sharp, pointy teeth. On closer inspection, four of the other five boys stood out as well. Two had glowing purple eyes, one had glowing yellow eyes... and the last was covered in ancient looking, but definitely alien, armour. The only one of the entire group who seemed to fit in was a twelve-year-old native Hawaiian boy of Polynesian decent.

Joel Short and his attack-team had arrived in Paradise to seek justice for the crimes against Kai, the native boy with them who looked a little more than apprehensive at being there.

"You won't let him hurt me, will you, sir?" he asked Joel.

Joel looked up at the slightly taller boy before slipping off the back of his Sehlat, I-Cheya. His eyes were shadowed inside of the gleaming helm he wore, but Kai could see the look of determination in

them. "There is nothing on earth that will get past me to hurt you again, Kai," he said. Then he added, "And please, my name is Joel. Or Sa'ren, but I like Joel better. Will you call me that?"

Kai smiled shyly, "Y...yeah. Thank you, Joel."

Joel beamed at him as Brant slipped down from I-Cheya's back to join them. The young vampire then turned and helped Kyle and Tyler down, noting that both boys seemed puzzled.

"What's wrong?" Brant asked curiously.

Tyler looked up at him, "This isn't the right time."

"What do you mean?"

"We left Des Moines a little after eleven. It should be a little after six here - but it's not. It's nine am!" Kyle explained as his eyes darted about the bay.

A giggle from behind them made them all turn quickly. I-Cheya was the only one who wasn't surprised at seeing the Doctor, Kevin and a group of others there. "Hey!" Mercury giggled. "We came for a holiday!"

Joel rolled his eyes, "But we have a job to do, then we gotta get back quickly!"

"Do we? Why's that?" Galli asked innocently.

"Because the guys have things to do in Des Moines, and Kev and me and Brant and Matt and the cats have stuff to do with the UNIT. We don't have t... time... oh, boy... we have 'time', don't we?" Joel finished, making quote marks with his fingers as he said the word 'time'. The entire group started moving across the sand towards the road and the houses beyond.

The Doctor nodded with a grin, "All the Time in the world, Elf."

As Joel poked his tongue out at Galli, he felt Kai edge closer to him until the bigger boy was trembling against his side. The little Vulcan looked up, "What's the matter?"

"That's it," Kai trembled as he looked at a house not a hundred yards from them across the road they had reached. "That's where they did it to me."

"Did what?" Mercury asked, for he had no idea what was going on nor even whom Kai was.

"Sex stuff," Kai whispered sickly.

Joel tightened his grip on Kai's hand, then looked around at the others, "This is Ka'imi Ka'aukai Ma-kaokalani. He likes being called Kai."

"Hi," Kai waved sickly, although his eyes were still fixed on the house across the street.

As the rest greeted the boy, Joel looked at Brant, "You ready?"

"Hell yeah. I need a snack," Brant grated as his eyes started to turn red.

Joel nodded and drew the short Vulcan sword from his side, "I-Cheya, my faithful bearlike-steed..."

What now? I know tone. You want something.

Wide eyed, Joel turned to regard his Sehlat, and his helm and face was promptly washed with a big wet tongue.

Got you. I got you good!

This was followed by the 'Huff huff huff' of I-Cheya's laughter.

"You're silly," Joel giggled as Kevin laughed at his side. "Go batter down that door, Fatty!"

I no fatty! Big boned! I-Cheya huffed as he set himself and charged at the house. The rest of the group followed behind him at a run.

Blackie, running alongside Joel, had his tongue lolling out of his mouth, *You right. 'Cheya fatty!*

Am not!

Are too! Blackie retorted playfully as I-Cheya's front paws made contact with the 'no-longer-secure' front door of the house, and tore it down - frame and all.

All playfulness ended as the group became focused on the task at hand. Kevin pulled his small phaser from his belt and took Kai to a protected spot by the wall to guard him with Blackie and the three Miyvis, while the others followed the Sehlat into the house. Joel's armour began to shimmer and glow as he started moving from room to room upstairs with Mercury and Hermes.

"Ground floor clear," Matthew reported over their comms.

Brant, who had sped to the back of the house, reported, "Back yard clear."

Aphrodite and Artemus met Joel and the cheetahs half way across the landing. "Nothing," Arti spat. "Where is he?"

Joel shrugged. "Kyle?" he called, tapping his comm. "Can you sense anything?"

"No. No one is hiding in there," Kyle answered quickly.

"You guys better come see this," came a sick sounding Matthew.

Mercury stiffened slightly, "I don't like the sound of his voice."

Turning and running quickly, Joel added, "Nor me, but come on!"

Downstairs, they all met up by the rear living room. The six who had waited outside also joined them, and once all were quiet, Matthew pointed at a cabinet he had unlocked with his phaser. "Whoever this jerk is, he's sick as fuck," Matthew murmured.

Kai was shaking as Levi was cuddled in his arms, "He... taped me. When he had others come to do 'it' to me, he had cameras and... and stuff."

Joel looked in the nearest file, then closed it quickly with a disgusted sound in his throat. "Kai. Does this bastard have more than one home, or is he in work right now?"

"We lived either here or on O'ahu island, in Ewa Beach," Kai answered in a whisper. "I liked being in Ewa Beach. I only had to do it with... with him, not with others. We didn't stay there much, though."

"Mmm," Joel closed the cabinet quickly and thought for a moment. "I've got a funny feeling this is bigger than just your... what is he, your father?"

"Not my father. He fostered me," Kai whispered. "I was in the orphanage in Honolulu until I was nine - they did stuff as well..." he trailed off.

"You've had is bad, bro," Kyle whispered as a tear trickled from his eye, "but you're gonna get a good life from now on - that's a promise, okay?"

"And so will anyone else who have been hurt," Joel insisted.

The Doctor put a hand on Joel's shoulder, "We've got to be careful, Joel. Yes, I agree with you about what needs to be done, but we have to run this carefully. This is a world shattering paradox just waiting to happen."

Joel looked at him with hard eyes before saying, "Me and the others being in two places at once?"

"Yes. Well, mostly yes. Me and the Mikys don't count. We're High Race and you could have a hundred of each of us meet from 100 different time periods without a problem. It's mostly *you*, Shaper. If Destiny should meet Destiny - not even I know what would happen..."

"That's easy," Joel half smiled. "The other me on Earth now must be my future self, right?" Galli nodded. "Well then," Joel smiled widely, "I'll just have to remember not to come back here for a while until this 'me' has left."

"Joel," Galli started with warning.

"I know," Joel became serious, "joking aside, none of us can let on to the rest of the world we're here. We can't just wait till AFTER we go back to our correct time, though. Let me noodle this as we find Kai's old foster caregiver..."

The group nodded before turning to make their way outside. Levi waved a hand and fixed the door and frame as they assembled in the front yard. "Just so no one messes with the evidence," he said helpfully.

"Good idea," Tyler grinned as he pulled his son over and squashed him between himself and Kyle.

Joel was about to ask Kai where the other house was when a man's voice said behind them, "What do you boys think you're doing? I should call the police..."

Joel turned fast to see a pleasant faced man standing on the sidewalk not fifteen feet from them. His face was stern, and his eyes roved from face to face before him. He did not even look twice at the G-Cats, nor at the fact that Joel was in full armour "I asked a question," he said firmly before putting his pipe back in his mouth and taking a few puffs.

I-Cheya and Blackie took a step or two towards the man, sniffing the air extensively.

The man looked at both the small puppy and the far larger bear with a watchful expression on his face.

He good. Trust him, Blackie sent before sitting down and wagging his tail while looking at the man.

Joel removed his helm and ran a hand through his black, curly hair, "Hi. Sorry if we made you think something illegal is happening. We're from Clan Short."

"Oh," the man said softly, his firm expression softening slightly. "May I see some... never mind, I recognize you, Ensign Short. Congratulations on the Star Cross. You too, Ensign Thompson," he added, looking at Kevin.

Kevin blushed cutely. So did Joel.

"What has happened... Kai?" the man stopped with a start and became very quiet as he stared at the Hawaiian boy.

"Uncle Iokii!" Kai cried as he ran over, tears streaming down his face, to be pulled into a tight hug.

"Uncle?" Brant whispered to Kyle. "Did you know about this dude, dude?"

Kyle's smug look was all the answer Brant needed.

"You get a dunking later, imp," Brant growled playfully.

"Pwomise?" Kyle asked, puppy dog eyes on full power.

Joel grinned at the horseplay then walked up to the man holding Kai. "You know Kai, sir?"

The man, Uncle Iokii, smiled, "You might say that. I've known him for a long time, but only enough to be concerned about those who were meant to be looking after him."

"He was the only one nice to me... who didn't want my ass as payment for treats," Kai whispered, his voice muffled from having his face mashed against Uncle Iokii's chest.

Uncle Iokii stiffened at that revelation, then he sighed. "I thought so... I'm going to kill that man," he grated. He looked down at Joel, "My name's Iokua Ai'la'ausd. I believe I now know why the Clan are involved, here. Mr Lincoln left here late last night. I have not seen him since."

Kai turned around in Iokua's hug and said, "I can take you to my... his other house, Joel."

"Cool. Bo-bo is still hungry," the little Vulcan grinned.

"Now that is something I have never seen before," Iokua smiled. "A grinning Vulcan. Who is 'Bo-bo' - your... whatever that is?"

I I-Cheya. I Sehlat. Not a 'Bo-bo'. Boy is playing. The big creature huffed moodily.

"Please tell me that I was hearing things. That creature didn't just talk... did he?" Iokua asked plaintively.

Joel smiled wider at the middle-aged Hawaiian man. "Sorry. He did. You'll get used to him."

Kyle and Tyler had been busy scanning the man while he had been talking to Joel. Kyle walked up to his Vulcan brother, "Elf. There's something you need to know."

Joel walked off a few feet with the small Mikyvis, "Yeah?"

"Mr. Ai'la'ausd's been through some hard times. He became aware of a problem in the Islands about five years ago. He started to put pressure on the authorities to put it right, but slowly, he was discredited and silenced. Mr Ai'la'ausd has had most of his property taken illegally, and even some of his friends have been imprisoned. Once we sort out Kai's old foster father, I think we should come back here and see what we can do to help him and his friends."

Joel nodded absently. "Yes. Yes, we should. First things first, though, is Kai."

"Yeah. Um, Elf?"

"Yes, Bear?"

"You learnt a lot in the Tardis, didn't you?"

"What do you mean?" Joel asked curiously.

Kyle grinned, "You're taking command very easily. This morning I wouldn't have thought you'd be able to do this this well."

Joel's face softened slightly, "Adz took me under his wing. He taught me how to lead and everything. He said he wanted me to be the best that I could be if I was gonna live my dream and get into Starfleet!"

Kyle hugged the older boy tightly. "You'll do great in Starfleet, Elf. The bestest Elven Captain in the WHOLE Federation."

"Well," Joel giggled as he picked Kyle up to give him a tight squeeze, "that'll be easy! I'd be the ONLY Elven Captain in the Federation!"

"I think Admiral Elf sounds better!" Levi giggled. "Don't you too, Daddy?"

"Way better... Commander Starfleet!" Kyle proclaimed loudly.

Joel put the boy down before turning to nab Levi into his arms instead, "I'd rather jus' be a Captain. Admirals get boring desk jobs... so you get tickled for that suggestion, Mouse! Come on, Kyle... your son needs disciplining!"

Kyle shook his head. "Nuh uh!!! I know better... when I tickle him, we end up in places I've never seen!"

"Not this time," Joel giggled as he pulled up Levi's tee-shirt and held the squirming boy tightly.

Over by Kai and Iokua, Brant turned to find out where the extreme amount of giggles and squeals of mercy were coming from. He grinned at Joel holding Levi down so that Kyle could blow belly-bubbles on his son's stomach. Turning back to Kai and Iokau, the young vampire asked, "Kai, you want to stay with Mr Ai'la..."

"Please," Iokau smiled, "call me Iokau."

Brant smiled, "Okay, Uncle Iokii. Kai, you want to stay while we go deal with Mr Lincoln?"

Kai shook his head. "I wanna see that bastard get his."

"I'll wait for you here. I'd like to talk to you all afterwards. Especially these strange aliens. I've never heard of ones like you before," Iokau smiled at the six G-Cats.

Aphrodite cocked her head and giggled, "You think we're aliens?"

Puzzled, Iokau replied, "Aren't you?"

"Nope!" Mercury giggled. "We're G-Cats!"

"Oh," Iokau smiled. "What's a G-Cat?"

"Us!" Hermes laughed. "It's a long story, Uncle Iokii, and we'd love to tell you but we don't have the time right now, so we'll tell you when we get back from..."

"Breathe, little brother," Mont giggled as he poked the hyper cheetah in the ribs.

Iokau shook his head as Kai moved away from the hug. "Just be careful. I'll be waiting in my home once you've finished," he said.

"Where's tha..." Mercury started.

Kai smiled and interrupted, "I know. It's just around the corner."

Mercury nodded before calling out, "Joel - Guys! Time to go! I think Brant's belly is about to sing a song otherwise!"

"Hey!" Brant protested.

Joel ran over with Kyle sitting on his shoulders and Levi trotting along at his side. "Okay - who's doing the honours?" Joel asked.

Tyler raised his hand, "I took the location from Kai's mind. Let's go!"

With a wicked giggle, Tyler vanished and so too did the rest of the group. Iokau shook his head for a moment, then placed his pipe back in his mouth and headed back to his house. "A brandy. Yes, a nice brandy. Then everything will be okay, and this dream will be over," he mumbled to himself.

How wrong he was...

Ewa Beach, O'ahu Island:

Joel and the larger attack squad that he had originally planned on arrived outside a house on Hanaloa Street. Since school had already started, and most of the adults were in work, they found the closed-in cul-de-sac road practically deserted. Joel moved to the house Kai pointed out with a trembling hand, and listened briefly at the door. He gestured for the others to join him, "There's someone inside, towards the back of the house, I think. Doesn't he have work to go to, Kai?"

"No," Kai shook his head. "He gets his money other ways... like me..." he added with a sick whisper.

Joel nodded, then looked directly at Kyle and Tyler, "Stay with him." He glanced at Brant and Matthew and made a circle motion with his hand, then pointed at Mont, Hermes and Aphrodite. They all nodded and vanished quickly around the side of the building. "I'll tell you over the sub-vocals when," he whispered as they disappeared.

Mercury suddenly looked like an idea had come to him, a disturbing one.

"What's wrong?" Joel asked with a whisper.

"Daileass. He's on the sub-vocal link! He's gonna know we're in two places at once! This is not..." Mercury rushed out in sotto-voice.

"Calm yourself, young Pussy-wan," Galli said in a mystical Jedi accent. "The force is with us... he don't know a thing!"

Mercury glared at the impudently grinning Time Lord, then nodded at Joel. "Okay then... ready!"

Huff came the whispered grunt from the large beast behind Joel.

"That's funny," Levi giggled. "A whispering Sehlat!"

Joel cupped a hand over his ear and spoke to his sub-vocal, "Fangie and Vampire - when you hear the crash, your team's a go."

"Understood," Matthew's reply came a second later.

With a look at I-Cheya, Joel nodded towards the door.

It was debatable what was noisier: the Sehlat roaring or the door, frame and about five feet in circumference of the front of the house being blown in by the sound of his roar alone!

Matthew' sarcastic voice came an instant later, "You might want to tell I-Cheya we didn't *quite* hear the signal... Jesus Christ, Joel!"

"Don't blame me!" Joel protested as he followed his Sehlat into the bust up house.

Down the corridor, a head poked out of the back living room and started spitting curses before disappearing. Brant could be seen busting through into the kitchen and also heading for the room the head had vanished back into.

I-Cheya got there first, which was just as well, for he received a salvo from a submachine gun right to his face - and it pissed him off.

"Get out! The cops will be here soon, fuckers! Get back!"

ROOOOAAARRR

Between the irate Sehlat, the red-eyed Brant and the invisible Matthew, Mr Carl Lincoln was disarmed (weapon only, I mean) and lying prostrate on the ground with Matthew sitting on his back.

"What's going on! I didn't do shit, you bastards! What are you doing here?"

Joel sat comfortably at Carl's head and looked down at him, "Nothing? I have a boy outside who says you've prostituted him out, and used him yourself, to receive the moneys that pay for this house."

"I don't know what you're talking about! Get out!"

Joel sighed, "Just close your cake-hole, shitstain..." He then proceeded to meld with the man.

"Mmm," Kevin mused, "I didn't know a Vulcan could meld with armoured gloves on..."

"The Armour told me I could," Joel answered without opening his eyes. "Urgh! I need something to wash my mind with," he grouched as he removed his hand with distaste. "You are one sick mother fucker, ain't you?"

Carl Lincoln tried to throw off the boy seated on his back, but Matthew was now far stronger than he looked. It was like trying to remove a mountain. "Stay still, good boy," Matthew sarcastically said, "you'll be getting tenderized enough in just a few minutes... right, Brant?"

"Yum YUM," Brant whispered with a telling leer on his lips. "Oh yeah... I hope the walls can handle it..." Brant added evilly.

"Bad-Guy Bowling again?" Kyle giggled as he entered with Tyler and Kai.

"Yes. I do believe I will partake once more of that sport," Brant said to the eight year old formally.

"I have rights!" Carl yelled in frustration, not believing for one moment that anything 'bad' would actually happen.

"Yep," Joel said as he stood to his feet, "you have the right to cry like a girl as sentence is carried out. Mr Carl Lincoln, on the evidence I have extracted from your mind, I find you guilty of multiple counts of child prostitution, child abuse, endangerment and neglect - your treatment of Ka'imi Makaokalani has been abysmal, and he wasn't the only one. I sentence you to death under the authority of Clan Short of Vulcan. Brant? 'Cheya? You know what to do."

Joel turned and went to hug Kevin as Matthew got up from Carl's back.

Carl tried to run, but Brant was just 'too' quick. The wall between the front and back living rooms did not survive the impact of Carl's body as thrown by a vampire. Nor did the coffee table, the chairs, various other interesting objects.

The yells were loud and long. Kai was looking at all this with grim satisfaction. He was then given a brief download of information from Kyle and Tyler on the facts of Vampires, just so that he wouldn't freak on what was about to happen next.

In the end, Brant decided that the doomed man had been tenderized enough and sank his teeth into Carl's neck. Drinking all he needed to drink, Brant then threw the still living and weakly crying man towards I-Cheya.

Merciful am I.

I-Cheya's paw came down with stunning force and killed Carl instantly.

Then the big Sehlat cub ate his second breakfast...

"You know," Matthew said from the street as he looked at the trashed front of the house, "that is going to be an eyesore for this area."

Levi agreed, "Yeah. Not fair on those living here. Once the guys come out, I'll fix it up... except the door. I like the way the remains look. Artistic!"

Joel stepped over the rubble and walked up to them both. "I wondered where you two were."

"I've seen Brant's memories. I didn't want to see it for real," Matthew said softly. "Feeding okay, but the way blood sprayed when that man hit the wall... No. I don't mind blood when I'm spilling it, but..."

Joel smiled, "I don't like blood at all, but... I understand." He looked at Levi, but did not need to ask the innocent Mikyvis why he had left the house.

Levi grinned up at Joel, then cuddled into his side.

"I guess we can go back to see that man? Kai's uncle?" Matthew asked as more of the team left the trashed building to join up with them. From inside, the sound of I-Cheya's feast could still be heard.

"Not yet," Joel said, his face hard. "Mr Lincoln was just one among many. There's a whole nest of these perverts on the Islands."

Mont grunted, "What do we do next, Elf?"

"Honolulu. An orphanage in Booth District Park. They've been selling orphans for sex-toys for years. It's time we cleaned house," Joel answered.

Levi giggled, "My turn!" and the group vanished. Except for Levi, who looked at the front of the house and repaired it with a thought. "There. Good as new... except for the door... and the blood... oh well..." Then he vanished as well.

Joel looked at the large building before them with a discerning eye. "There's going to be more adults there than we can handle," he said softly.

"Doubtful," Bast rumbled from his side.

"You think we could take all the adults before a child gets hurt?" Joel asked.

"Ah," Bast nodded. "Now I see what you're saying. So we're going to need help. But from where? We can't let on we're in two places at once."

Joel looked at Galli.

Galli shrugged, "Sorry, Elf. You have to work this one out. I can't help."

Rolling his eyes, Joel turned back to study the building. "Galli?" he said without turning.

"Yeah?"

"You're stopping Dailess from knowing we're here, right?"

"Yes."

"What about Ark?"

Galli giggled, "No point in stopping Ark knowing. The Founders know time very well, and while they'd not likely be happy at a group being in two places at once, they'd keep quiet about it. So would Ark."

"You going to get Ark to beam out the kids?" Matthew asked.

"Nope," Joel smiled. "I'm going to get Ark to put me right though to Admiral Morrow."

"Why?" Brant queried.

"Because I'm betting there's far more than just this orphanage that's involved. Starfleet are going to be needed here."

"But... we're in two places at once, Sa'r!" Kevin exclaimed.

"Which," Joel said, after planting a kiss on Kevin's lips, "is why I'll ask for a group of Vulcans to help. My people understand time paradoxes better than humans!"

Joel then called over his sub-vocal, "Ark? Do you receive me?"

<Certainly. What can I do to assist you, Joel?>

"Can you put me directly through to Admiral Morrow? I don't need the headache of getting through the normal channels and explaining stuff that shouldn't be explained."

<I will do so right now. Signal has been relayed.>

"Thanks, Ark!" Joel smiled, then tapped his Clan comm-badge, "Ensign Joel Short to Admiral Morrow."

"This is Admiral Morrow. Hello, Joel. How did you get this frequency?"

"Long story," Joel giggled, "but I have an issue..."

Joel went on to explain the situation he now found his group in, then waited for Morrow to process the intel.

"Well," Morrow answered after only a moment's silence, "when the Clan does things, they never do things easy - do you?"

"Easy's boring!" the entire group whined playfully, causing the Admiral to laugh heartily.

"Okay. I don't want to know any more about this. I want you to contact the USS Endeavour that is currently in Earth orbit. The crew is entirely Vulcan - an experimental crew to see if Vulcans can show us how to better use Starfleet tech and protocols. The Captain is Sorik, and he should be able to assist you. Their next mission isn't for another five days. Morrow out."

Joel smiled as the comm went silent, "Sweet! A whole crew of Vulcans! This should be fun!" He tapped his comm again, "Ensign Sa'ren Joel Short to the USS Endeavour."

"USS Endeavour receiving. What is it that you require, Ensign?"

"I need to speak to Captain Sorik, on Clan Short business. Could you put me through to him, please?"

"Please wait one minute..."

Brant sighed, "Vulcans in general are about as much fun as a clown at a funeral. Now we're going to be surrounded by over 400 of them..."

"550," Joel supplied with a grin. "Endeavour is an Excelsior Class Cruiser..."

"Be still my undead heart," Brant sighed again.

"This is Captain Sorik. How can the Endeavour be of assistance, Ensign Short?"

"Hi, Captain. Listen, we have the following issue..."

After speaking to the captain rapidly in Vulcan for about five minutes, Joel closed the comm. "Come on. By the time we're at the front door, the security forces will be in place."

"This is going to be so much fun!" Matthew giggled as he activated his cloaking device and vanished.

Joel walked down the street, resplendent in his Armour, and stopped by the door. I-Cheya and Blackie, standing on either side of him, watched with seeming disinterest.

A rather large, rotund man opened the door and glared down at Joel, "What?"

"Greetings," Joel said with forced cheerfulness. "I was wondering if you scumbags were interested in either being disemboweled or torn limb from limb. It's a one time special offer!!"

"Oh, a smart ass... look, kid. Go to school and stop playing games," the man answered as he started to close the door.

I-Cheya's paw stopped it.

"I think you are under the delusion that this is a game," Joel said, his voice now dripping with malice and anger.

"Fuck off, kid - and get your trained bear away from here or I'll have it shot."

"He's a Sehlat - and anything but trained... 'Cheya, sweetie?"

Huff?

"Would you deal with this door and the prick trying to close it?"

Huff!

The door was ripped to shreds, and the fat man was thrown against the nearest internal wall... and went right through.

"Wow!" was the excited shout of a naked fourteen year old Hawaiian boy who was tied up in the front room the fat man had just entered by way of the wall. "Do that again! Oh, please, please! Do that again!"

Huff huff huff laughed the Sehlut.

Joel entered the hallway along with the rest of his group, and started heading from room to room, rescuing kids.

Up and down the building, and on both floors, Vulcans were beaming in and stunning adults and doing the same as the Clan Short group - untying children, or generally setting their minds at ease.

Joel got to the tied up fourteen year old and started to unbind him. "What's your name?" the little Vulcan asked with a warm smile.

"Kaleo," the boy answered as he massaged his wrists.

Joel looked around and found some rather skimpy clothes. "These yours?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yeah. They don't give us much... except their 'attentions' when they want to get off..." Kaleo whispered, his face darkening in shame.

"Hey," Matthew said as he made himself visible, "It's not your fault, okay?"

"But..."

"No buts," Matthew insisted. "We're from Clan Short. We've seen all this and more before. It's NEVER your fault, okay?"

Kaleo wiped a few tears from his eyes and nodded at the Welsh boy.

Joel turned and tapped his comm, "Brant. What's the story?"

"Ground floor clear. Seventeen kids rescued. Waiting on the Vulcans to report about the floor above."

"Cool," Joel turned to look at the approaching Starfleet Lieutenant. "Any casualties?"

"No, Ensign," the Vulcan man answered. "Those children so far recovered are in need of medical attention, but none are in danger."

"You in charge of the Away Team?" Joel asked curiously.

"Yes. I am Lieutenant Vorik. It is agreeable to meet you, Ensign Short. My Family is a part of House Surak," the Lieutenant stated formally.

Joel grinned at him.

Vorik's own comm went off. "Receiving. Report."

"Nineteen children rescued, aged between four and fifteen. Three adults in custody, two dead."

"Reason for the deaths?" Vorik asked.

"They were in the process of sodomizing two young boys when Team 4 beamed into the room. Ensign Solar took it upon himself to 'remove' them... he used the Death-Touch."

"Understood. I will require a full debrief in thirty minutes. For now, bring all children to the front ground floor room I am in, and all adults are to be taken to the kitchen in the back of the building."

"Aye, sir."

Vorik looked down at Joel, "Your discussion with my Captain made it clear that you believe this child abuse situation may reach further than just this place. Is that correct?"

"It's a feeling," Joel nodded. "You'll need to meld with all surviving adults of this orphanage and find out if any others are involved. Then, we go after them. And so on."

Vorik nodded, "A VSO style investigation. Have you had dealings with the VSO, Sa'ren?"

Joel grinned even more, "Yeah. The Dragon Division."

They were interrupted by Brant and the G-Cats leading thirty six kids into the room. Joel nodded at Vorik, then moved to greet them. "Brant, can you find some clothes for..."

Brant stopped him, "What's here isn't worth a shit, Joel. One of the Security guys said they'd get the Endeavour to clothe the kids."

Joel sighed then looked over the frightened children. "My name is Joel Short of Clan Short. You are safe, now. You won't be hurt any more."

"Yeah, right," muttered a fifteen year old girl who only had the smallest of briefs on and nothing else. She was dirty and bruised, and looked as if she was at the end of all hope.

"I believe them," Kaleo said as he struggled to his feet. "I... I think they are friends."

Joel looked back at Vorik. "Taking these kids to the Starship may not be the best idea. I have an idea for a quiet place where they can rest a while. If I give you the co-ordinates, could you bring clothes and supplies to us there? And bring any more children as they are rescued?"

"Certainly," Vorik nodded.

Joel looked at Levi, and the little Mikyvis ran over to show the Vulcan lieutenant on his tricorder the place Joel had in mind.

Joel then smiled at Kyle, "Lil'bear, can you take us all to Uncle Iokii?"

Kyle giggled... and in an instant, Joel's attack team and all thirty six children and teens vanished.

Kalihiwai Bay, Kaua'i Island:

Sitting quietly on his front porch, Iokau sipped his coffee and tried to push from his mind that strange waking dream he had had not an hour before. He looked down the road towards the house he had seen the kids invading... with that big bear of theirs... yet there wasn't a mark on the house to show that anything had happened. He shook his head and lifted the mug to his lips...

... and promptly spat coffee everywhere as that strange armoured boy, that bear, and an even *larger* group of children appeared as if by magic in his front yard.

Most of the newer kids seemed frightened, and almost all were as near to naked as you could get. Iokau stood to his feet slowly, "Wha... This isn't a dream, is it." It was a statement rather than a question.

Joel grinned, "Nope. Sorry!"

Talking softly to the gathered kids, Kevin led them all over to a grassy area and got them to sit down.

With a small smile, Joel moved onto the porch and started to explain to Iokau what was going on, while I-Cheya and Black Feet moved from rescued kid to rescued kid, bestowing kisses and cuddles.

"Joel, they can't stay here," Iokau said urgently after the little Vulcan had finished explaining the situation.

"Why not?" Joel asked, his face falling slightly.

Iokau closed his eyes, "Because... because people are going to talk. A few years ago, I... I tried to stop the corruption I saw happening on the Islands... and I was accused of child abuse... if people see I've got a bunch of naked or near-naked kids on my property, I'm going to get into trouble..."

Joel looked at Iokau carefully. "Were the charges completely unfounded?" he asked, for he could sense some hesitance within the forty year old man.

Iokau nodded as a tear rolled down his cheek. "Yes. The charges were easy to throw at me as I've no partner - neither male nor female."

"That... don't make sense," Joel muttered. "Why would that matter?"

"Because I've never had any partner. Ever. I... just don't feel the desire for sex at all. So of *course*... since I don't have a wife or boyfriend, I *have* to be involved with kids, don't I?" he finished bitterly. He sat

down on his chair and buried his head in his hands, "All that my family had worked for, all my lands and money - everything left in trust to me - I tried using to get the wrongs righted in the Republic... and due to the accusations, you're now looking at all I have left. This house. Apart from the King, I had the largest amount of land on Hawai'i! All gone, now..."

Kyle and Tyler had joined Joel by this time, and all three were looking at the man sadly. "Just like I said earlier, Joel," Kyle whispered.

Joel was about to speak when his comm went off.

"Vorik to Sa'ren. I have information for you."

"Go, Lieutenant," Joel responded. "What do you have for me?"

"I have already sent my teams out to the next group of children that are in need of rescue, and I have requested ten more security teams from Endeavour. You were right, Sa'ren. This is a large sex-slave ring that has been in operation for more than ten years."

Joel's eyes hardened. "Okay. Do what you need to do, Lieutenant. Oh, and could you send a team to my location? We have a situation here that may be linked. A Mr Iokua Ai'la'ausd tried to stop some form of corruption a few years ago..."

"Three," Iokau supplied.

"Three years ago," Joel continued, "and he has had most of his worldly possessions stripped from him. We will need someone here to investigate the possibility of having everything taken returned to him."

"Aye. I will be there in five minutes with Team 1. The other teams will continue with the current objective. Vorik out."

Kyle had finished looking through Iokau's mind by this point, "Wow. If we do get everything back, Joel, it's a lot of land."

Joel smiled at the man happily, "As long as the good people get the help, then that's all I care about. Uncle Iokii? Do you think we can get drinks for the kids? Most are in need of that and food, but drinks are more important."

Iokau nodded numbly and led Joel and the two Mikyvis inside his home.

One Hour Later:

Joel had told his Armour to go, and was now stretched out on the grass in a pair of board shorts that the Vulcans of the Endeavour had given to him. He casually looked around at the vastly expanded group. Over the past hour, another fifty children and teens had been beamed in by the Vulcan Starfleet personnel, and were all in the process of being fed, cleaned, dressed, stripped by I-Cheya and Blackie for more cleaning, dressing, being dunked in Iokau's pool, dried, re-dressed...

Joel had to admit that the Vulcans of the Endeavour had a mountain of patience. Then again, the majority of those with them were female, and they were acting in such a manor that Joel assumed they had children on Vulcan of their own.

Which wasn't far from the truth as he saw a young twenty-something ensign Vulcan male playing with a four-year-old - patty-cake patty-cake baker's man. The Vulcan looked like he was missing his own child. Joel got up and casually joined the game. During his conversation, his assumption was proved accurate. Ensign Simark had a two-year-old set of twins on Home-world.

Lieutenant Vorik and Iokau waved at Joel to get his attention, so he got up and ran over to them.
"What's up?"

"Joel! I have to thank you," Iokau beamed at him. "This fine gentleman has just given me some great news! The land I once owned on Kaua'i Island, this one, has been returned to me! He found that it had been taken illegally!"

"Kewl!" Joel grinned. He looked at the Lieutenant.

"We are still working on the records for all other property belonging to Mr Ai'la'ausd," Vorik explained, "but we can report that the three friends of Mr Ai'la'ausd that were imprisoned falsely have now been released. We are also working on getting all that once belonged to them returned as well."

"What of the sex-ring?" Joel asked.

Vorik nodded, "It appears that the sex-slave ring has dug itself deep into most areas of the Islands, Sa'ren. All children on the Islands are now accounted for, and those who were sent off to the mainlands are being tracked down. It may take a while, however - the Earth is a big place. As for those responsible in Hawai'i, we have traced the links to all that we can. There are more involved, and one who is only known as 'The Boss', but none of those under arrest have any knowledge of them. All we can do is wait for more information to be made known."

Nodding, Joel thanked the Vulcan man and then looked at the group of 86 kids interacting with the Clan kids and his two Spirit Guardians. "What of them? What will we do with them now?"

Iokau answered, "I can arrange homes for them, but not the parents that they will need."

"You could always invite them into Clan Short," Vorik said dryly.

Joel shot the normally emotionless Vulcan a look, then giggled. "That's a given, but there's not a leader among them. Kaleo seems closest, but... he's hurting too much. I'll have to think about it."

"Joel!" Brant called from the vast sea of kids.

"Yeah?"

"Kai wants to go shopping! Can we go back to Ewa Beach? There's a few shops there he remembers as being good!"

"Sure! Be right there!" Joel looked back at Iokau, "I'll work something out while I'm gone. As for your land: this area here is a bit crowded. Is there anywhere near that you own where the kids can relax and play with more room?"

"Certainly," Iokau replied, "I own everything you see here, and a good bit to the west and far more to the east. There's a large area by the Reserve that would suit them for now."

Vorik supplied, "We can assemble food and medical centers in a larger area with more ease. So far, we have yet to administer medical treatment and exams to any of those rescued, beyond emergency treatment. A large area to carry out that task would be logical."

"Uncle Iokii, could you take these guys there, please?" Joel asked, "I'll go with Brant, Levi and Kai to Ewa Beach, then come back and meet you there."

Iokau nodded, and so Joel ran over to Brant and Levi, dragged Kai into a hug, and the four promptly vanished.

Kevin sighed, "He never sits still for a moment... he's getting more like Cory every second!"

"It's a terminal illness," Kyle said sagely. "100% contagious, 100% infecting!"

"Ha ha," Kevin giggled.

Ewa Beach, O'ahu Island:

After appearing out of sight of the populace, the four boys, clad only in board shorts, started walking from shop to shop as led by Kai. In the first, Brant found a nice pair of sunglasses, just to prevent some of the stares he was getting due to his yellow eyes, while the others spread out and started looking at whatever took their fancy. It was when they gathered near the checkout that the obvious problem came to their attention.

"I don't have my card on me," Brant swore softly as the line drew closer to the clerk. "Levi?"

"My daddy says I'll get into mischief if I had one," Levi answered, looking slightly offended.

Kai's eyes were filling with tears, "I'm sorry... I... I shouldn't have asked, and... I'm..."

"Stop that right now," Joel said softly. "You're one of us and you deserve good things too. We'll work this out!" He then looked at Brant, "Sorry. I forgot mine too. I..."

They reached the end of the line before Joel could say any more, and Brant sighed. He turned to the young woman at the counter, "Sorry, but we have a problem. We've left our cards in... in the hotel. Can two of us wait to one side while me and my brother run off to get them?"

The young lady looked the four boys over, her face serious but friendly. Her eyes fell on Joel - or, more specifically, the small silvery pendant he wore and the larger Seal of House Surak. "You won't need

to," she smiled, pointing at Joel. "I think he's got more than enough access to funds than your cards would have."

"Huh?" Joel muttered as he looked down at himself. He saw the Seal. "Oh! This? You can use this to get money?"

"Yes," she answered. "I can scan it just like a card."

Joel slipped it off and handed it to her.

She backed away slightly, "No, little one. Keep it on. I know something about Vulcans - you're not meant to take that off ever."

"Oh," Joel giggled. "Yeah." He slipped it back on, then gestured for everything they had collected to be scanned through. Once done, he drew close enough to the lady so she could scan the front of his Seal.

The beep from the till registered the payment. "Thank you," Joel giggled.

"And thank you," the lady smiled. "Have a nice day!"

"We will!" all four chorused as they left the shop.

Out on the street, bags in hand, they looked at Kai. "Where now, dude?" Brant asked.

And so it went. Brant was giggling to himself after the fourth shop, wondering if Sarek would pitch a fit at getting the itemized bill on his mat in a few days. This was not the normal Clan account being accessed, after all, but the Family and, more importantly, the House account... all for trinkets, knick-knacks and toys. Brant couldn't help but giggle.

Joel didn't care, however. For the first time in his life, he *felt* like *he* had money to spend - and to spend ON friends and family to make them happy. He was walking on air throughout.

Out of sheer curiosity, Brant asked, "Elf... do you know how much is IN the House accounts?"

Joel stopped for a second as he organized his father's memories. "Well, the House of Surak is responsible for about 36% of the GNP of Vulcan, so..."

"Okay! Never mind!" Brant laughed.

"Brant?" Kai asked softly as he looked at Brant's face closely.

Brant smiled, "Yes, bro?"

"Are you getting a sunburn?"

Brant giggled, "Normally, yes I would be getting a sun *burn!* But I'm not normal for my kind any more, so no. Why?"

"Your nose is all red," Kai giggled.

"Your back too," Joel and Levi chorused, then looked at each other and burst out in laughter at each other, yelling, "Jinx!"

Brant smiled at them, "I don't need to drink the same amount that I use to. The Doc said that now, if I drink more than I need, my body will find a way to store it, but it'll make my skin mottle for a few hours while it deals with the excess."

Joel and Levi didn't say anything. They couldn't. They had jinxed each other and were just staring at both Brant and Kai to release them. Brant and Kai, however, thought that some silence from the two innocently smiling boys would be nice... so did nothing for two shops worth of time.

After saying both the boys names, Brant and Kai were chased half way down the street by the two giggling cherubs, their new water-guns being put to good use.

Sitting outside an ice-cream parlour, it was Joel's turn to ask Brant a question, "I thought you couldn't eat anything!"

Brant giggled between licks of his admittedly small ice-cream, "Another bonus the Doc told me about. I can eat a small amount - not a lot, but just a taste - and my body can deal with it."

"Oh," Joel giggled before going back to his three-high scooped ice-cream that was balanced exactly on his cone.

"You sure Galli won't mind us using his Blue Box thing to store our goods, Levi?" Kai asked between mouthfuls of his own treat.

Levi shook his head, "He said he put a room to one side for us. It's all looked after."

"Good," Kai giggled, then shot Levi full in the face with his own water gun.

Since Levi was in the middle of the hugely important and critical task of eating his own ice-cream, the water phased right through him. "Later. Eating," the little Mikyvis giggled.

As they sat there giggling, two men stopped near and started talking. "I got a message from my mother, earlier. She said the Tobins have been raided by Starfleet. Do you know what's going on?"

"My sergeant says Starfleet have enacted Lock-down, so it's classified. Why? What happened?"

"The Tobins were arrested and their kids - those fostered ones? - they were beamed out to who knows where!"

A woman standing near and looking at an item in a shop window glanced over, "A raid happened in my street not ten minutes before I left to come here too. Kids taken, adults arrested."

"Starfleet don't do kidnapping, so what's going on?" the first man asked.

Joel glanced at Brant and sighed. "We better say something," he murmured. Brant nodded, so Joel got up and went to the three adults, "Excuse me?"

They looked down at him, and the woman asked, "Are you lost? Do you need help?"

"No, Ma'am," Joel smiled cutely. "I just thought that, since you're worried, I could explain what Starfleet is doing. You see, we're from Clan Short, and they are helping us with a bunch of rescues."

"You... you're from Clan Short?" the first man asked, not quite believing it.

"Uh huh. I'm Sa'ren Short, son of..." Joel started to explain earnestly, but the second man interrupted him.

"Son of Spock! Yes, I saw you on TV yesterday! What's happening, son?"

"A lot of orphans were being badly hurt, so Starfleet were called in to assist us. The kids are rescued, now, and are on Kaua'i Island being cared for. There'll be an official announcement when the time is right," Joel finished with a smile. "We gotta go, now. Shopping! First time in Hawai'i!" he added with a grin.

The three smiled at him and watched him bounce over to the other three kids eating ice-cream. "I'm... gonna make a phone call," the woman smiled.

"Oh?" one of the two men asked with a smile.

"I'm not a stringer for the Hawaiian Mirror for nothing!" she laughed. "My editor has been waiting for a story like this!"

They watched her walk off while getting her mobile from her handbag. The second man scratched at his head for a moment, "I better call my cousin. This needs to be on the news too. See ya."

"Well," the first man laughed. "I think I'll just call home! Everyone else important will know soon enough!"

Back eating his ice-cream, Joel looks up at Brant and asked, "What's 'Lock-down'?"

"Dunno," Brant mumbled around his mouthful.

Levi shrugged, and put his attention back on his own food.

Kai giggled, "Starfleet uses the Islands for training, sometimes top secret stuff. When they do the top secret stuff, they put the Islands under Lock-down to prevent or delay information being sent off the Islands."

"Oh," Joel murmured as he started on the cone now that his ice-cream had 'mysteriously' vanished. "How's that work?"

"They delay all TV and Radio by about 30 seconds or so. That way, if anything they don't want to get into the world is transmitted, they can stop it. Also, most telephone and other communications are stopped altogether, with only important government and emergency calls getting through their operators to the mainlands," Kai explained. "All internal calls are fine, though."

"Sweet," Brant giggled.

Joel laughed, "And the information was pretty cool too!"

"Haha, runt," Brant laughed as he pushed Joel backwards off his chair onto the floor.

"Hey! Meanie!" Joel poked his tongue out at his vampiric brother before getting up. "Come on. Shopping!"

The next shop involved Joel nearly breaking all his ribs.

Brant was busy with a few tee-shirts, wondering which would be best for Matthew when a hand came out of nowhere and landed on his shoulder.

"Boy! What on earth do you think you're doing!"

Brant jumped as if stung by a bee. "Who? What? Where?" he exclaimed as he turned to see a woman behind him, her hand still on his shoulder and her other on her hip.

"You, boy! You've not got a drop of suncream on, do you?!"

"Ummm, wha... welll... pardon?"

"Are you deaf as well as braindead? Fair skin and no suncream! Your mother should be ashamed, boy!" she said, now wagging a finger under the vampire's nose.

"Uh, miss... I..."

"You be quiet and turn around," the woman said as a bottle of factor 60 suncream appeared from her handbag and aimed at him like a gun.

Brant was about to argue when Levi simply smiled over at him and shook his head. He sighed and turned around... then yelped loudly as the very cold cream made contact between his shoulder-blades.

His ears did not get a rest either as a running commentary on his abysmal lack of personal care assaulted them from the kind-hearted lady slathering his back - and especially the red blotchy looking areas - with the cream.

Joel could not breathe. He was rolling around on the floor laughing and holding his stomach for all he was worth.

Kai was trying to remain upright, using the nearest clothes rack as support.

Levi just grinned. And grinned. And grinned!

Once his back was done, Brant assumed that the lady was finished. He was wrong. "Turn around!"

He sighed again... and yelped again as MORE cold cream was spurted all over his chest... and rubbed in everywhere... even on his face...

Most of the store was laughing, now.

Kai's fight with gravity had failed, and he was on all fours, howling and beating his fists against the floor in mirth.

Joel was turning from green to blue with a lack of air in his lungs.

Levi was still grinning.

He stopped, however, as the lady's eyes fell on him. She totally disregarded both Kai (Polynesian) and Joel (Vulcan), but the two fair skinned boys...

Levi rather enjoyed the sensation, so he said later. The cold cream was kinda nice.

Brant just sat on the floor and griped about being all oily and slippery.

Kai had found a brown paper bag to help with his hyperventilating.

Joel had passed out.

"Sip it, sweetie."

"Kay, Mrs. Seaver," Joel murmured as he drank from the glass the store owner had supplied to him.

"I stink!"

Joel tried. He really did. But Brant's whining made him laugh mid sip, and water sprayed up and out of his nose.

"Stop it," Mrs. Seaver scolded Brant, wagging her finger under his nose again. "He needs to recover."

Brant closed his mouth with a snap. He didn't want another dose of 'mothering' right now.

Levi was curiously examining his arms and sniffing at himself. "This is so kewl," he giggled. "Useless, but kewl," he added in a deathly whisper than Mrs. Seaver couldn't hear.

Kai continued to use his paper bag.

Joel kept his eyes averted from Brant (who was still looking about as put out as he'd ever been) and brought back to the front of his mind the memory of his father's first night with his mother.

His laughter stopped with a shudder of horror...

After making sure that Joel was okay, and extracting iron-clad promises from both Levi and Brant to use sunscreen in the future, Mrs. Seaver left the shop - having completely forgotten why she had been in there to begin with.

Joel and Kai were at the counter paying the smirking receptionist for their items, and Levi and Brant were by the doors.

"Uh, Joel?" Brant called over uncertainly.

"Yes, Creamy?" Joel giggled back.

Brant ignored the comment and replied, "We have company."

And company they had. Three News crews and a bunch of reporters.

"Oh... boy," Joel giggled as he and Kai came to stand with the other two. "At least they won't miss you two," Joel smirked at the Mikyvis and vampire at his side, "'cos you're shiny enough now to reflect the sun!"

Brant got his revenge by pushing Joel out of the door into the voracious pack of reporters who descended on him like wolves...

Kaua'i Island:

The group of kids, with Iokau and a few teams of Starfleet security officers, had been relocated to just south of the Kilauea National Wildlife Refuge and north of Kauapea Road. Most were now spread out on the grassy field, surrounded by tents and all were eating or snoozing in the midday sun.

"Kev?"

"Yeah?" Kevin called out as he got up from the grass. Matthew was over by one of the tents and was watching the TV.

"You might want to watch this!"

Kevin got up and ran over to stand with the Welsh boy... and his jaw dropped open. "What's Joel doing on TV?!"

Matthew shrugged, "Dunno."

Kevin watching in amazed fascination as Joel held forth with gusto as to the events of the morning.

"He's MY Vulcan," Kevin said with pride as the spur-of-the-moment interview ended and the channel cut to commercials. "Alllll mine... is there a tent free? I've got plans for him once he gets back."

"No, but the bay down there," Matthew pointed to the north of the field, "is called Secret Bay. You could use that, if you climb down the bluff."

"Good plan..." Kevin giggled as he went off in search of what he'd need for his incipient seduction of the now Hawaiian famous Vulcan.

Then, with a tube of lube in his pocket, he waited.

It was less than five minutes later before the four shopping boys reappeared.

It was less than seven before two quickly naked boys were seen riding their wild Sehlat cub north towards the bay.

An hour later:

Kevin was stretched out on a bed of long grass, with his feet on the sand of the beach, while Joel drew invisible patterns on his bare chest with his fingers. Leaning on his elbow and looking down into his T'hy'la's smiling face, Joel was once again lost in the love he had and shared with this adorable human boy. 'Why does he love me?' the little Vulcan thought wistfully as he smiled back softly. 'I'm just...'

'Wonderful. Sexy. Beautiful. Loving. Mine.'

'Cheater... reading my mind,' Joel sent back at him down their bond-link.

Kevin smirked before lifting his head enough to steal a long, lingering kiss from Joel's lips. As he lowered his head back down, Joel followed after him... he liked kisses.

I-Cheya, curled up on the sand about ten feet away, snorted lovingly and huffed quietly to himself.

"It's getting to be a bad habit of them, perving on us," Kevin giggled softly to Joel.

Joel grinned, "If you think Bo-bo is bad, then look up at the top of the bluff."

Kevin glanced his eyes up, then turned over on the grass to see better. There, mostly hidden in the grass along the ridge top, were Blackie and three small faces of some of the rescued kids. Kevin turned bright red in an instant. "How long have they been there?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Oh, about since five minutes after you started loving me," Joel giggled.

Knowing that they had been busted, the three five- and six-year-olds ran off laughing with Blackie running after them.

"What are you going to do with this group, Sa'r?" Kevin asked seriously as his blush decreased somewhat.

"They are my brothers and sisters already. That makes them Clan... and unless I set them as Clan Short, it would make them another new Full Clan on Earth... I don't think this planet could cope."

"What will Cory say if you set up a division?"

"Nothing much. He made me leader while he was gone, and as a son of House Surak, I can pretty much do what I want in regards to setting up Clans. I don't think Grandfather would think it logical to make a new Clan, so I'll just use Cor's authority to pull them into being Short. He won't mind."

"I hope you're right. This would be the first division set up by someone not Cory, you know."

"No it won't, but that hasn't be made public yet," Joel grinned.

"What do you mean?" Kevin asked curiously.

Joel sniggered, "Justy has already set one up in Des Moines... he just didn't tell no one about it."

"How do you know, then?"

"Cos he can't make passwords for shit and I went looking through the Clan computers yesterday after those Starfleet tests we did. I found it. Then changed the password to something more secure."

"Did you tell Justy the new password?" Kevin asked with a giggle.

"Nope," Joel grinned evilly. "A four hundred digit code that has a modulating encrypt based on the current date on Vulcan and the age and date of birth of the user as per Andorian time keeping might have been a bit much for him. But it's secure!"

"You'd better change it back before Justy tries to get into his files," Kevin laughed, "or he's gonna kill you!"

"Meh!" Joel giggled. "I'll think about it... if he feeds me enough cookies first! Come on, I smell food cooking!"

"Bottomless pit," Kevin teased.

"You wore me out!"

"Likely story."

"You did! Well, you made my dick sore, anyway."

"So what does that have to do with your belly?"

"They are very close. They talk to each other often, and when one is sore, the other is hungry."

"What is your dick hungry for if you have a bellyache, then?"

"Your butt!"

"I shouldn't have asked..."

"Who're all these people?" Joel wondered aloud as I-Cheya plodded his way back into the small village of tents the Vulcans had set up.

All around were adults and teens, all carrying equipment and various pieces that looked like they were for an assembled stage. They were being led by Brant and Iokau off towards a field to the East of the tents, across the road.

"What's going on?" Kevin shouted at Kyle.

Kyle bounced over and said, "There was some party thing that was planned for tonight in Ewa Beach, but they've decided to move it here to honour the Clan as well as the family it was originally set up for."

"A luau?" Joel bubbled excitedly.

"Yup!" Kyle giggled.

"Oh, kewl! I've always wan... mmmm... I've a strange feeling in my tum. Something about this party..." Joel trailed off, his eyes going far away.

Galli Folded in next to him, "You're learning fast, bro."

"I feel it too," Kevin murmured, his hand holding the pendant he wore that matched Joel's.

Galli just grinned, "Those you are seeking will be here before the sun sets."

Then he Folded away again.

Joel looked off at the horizon. "Kyle. Can you and Ty keep watch on Kai's old house in Ewa Beach?"

"Sure thing... but why?" Kyle asked curiously. "I don't feel anything."

"Dunno. Just a... a feeling. Can you? You can borrow my cookie bag and help yourself," he offered by way of a bribe.

Kyle shook his head, "We'll do it anyway, bro. Don't need the cookies... Levi might want some, though."

Levi popped over looking excited. "Cookies?"

Joel handed him his bag.

"Yum!" Levi crowed, then popped away again to share the horde with the mass of little kids he was playing with.

Kyle shook his head, "If he gets addicted to those, I'm blaming you."

"Like you've never passed up a nice, delicious cookie," Kevin muttered with a grin.

"Hush, you," Kyle retorted before popping away on his assigned task.

"Well, lover?" Kev giggled as he snuggled against Joel's back as they sat on the long suffering I-Cheya's back, "What shall we do now?"

Toss-The-Kid

I-Cheya huffed with laughter as both boys on his back started nodding and giggling. They remembered the Tardis and I-Cheya's new game...

Flashback - Tardis:

"He wants to do what?" Adam Casey muttered with surprise as the entire group in training walked into a new area of the Tardis level they were on. Hundreds and hundreds of kids and teens, and no small number of Vulcan adults as well, were now milling around on what looked like a paradise beach. "Toss the what?!"

"Toss-The-Kid," Joel giggled as he pointed to where I-Cheya was already busy stripping children and lofting them into the crystal clear waters that lapped against the beach.

As each child or teen was thrown, Adam heard squeals and yells of excitement and joy from them. Then a large splash. "Mmm... it does look like fun. Wait... naw... was that...?"

"That was Will. His second go, I think," Joel giggled again as Will's exuberant yells reached his ears.

Adam got out of his kit as fast as possible.

"Don't want the rest of your team to have fun without ya, huh?" Joel laughed with glee.

"Bite me... not literally!" Adam added as an afterthought.

He knew what Joel normally did with orders...

Not long after both Adam and Joel had had a turn or two, Joel noticed something.

Five minutes later, Adam was laughing himself silly as Joel, with Korris' help, poked and prodded Chang down to the water's edge. "But I do not wish to..." Chang was attempting to say.

"Stow it, lover," Korris giggled. "It's time for you to live the Klingon life a bit. It's like staring death in the face, letting another have this control over you. You are shot into the air, and you scream your defiance of death... then you get a nice swim back."

"But..."

"Think of it as an experience of your new nature," Korris grinned. "You must honour the blood in your veins... it calls for a challenge. So challenge the air and the water!"

"But..."

Joel giggled, as he got Chang's shorts off, "Yes, you've got a butt... now park it in 'Cheya's paw!"

"But..."

Huff!

... and Chang was airborne...

His cry of defiance was heard all over the beach. He came swimming back towards the shore with a warriors grin on his face. "That was most exhilarating. I think that I must Challenge I-Cheya to send me further."

I-Cheya morphed into his adult form and huffed at Chang.

Chang grinned wolfishly, glanced at Korris, who grinned back just as wolfishly... and hand in hand, both were lofted far, far out into the deep waters, screaming to the heavens that warriors were passing through...

Joel was laughing hard as he watched them touch down in the waters, and then petted I-Cheya as the Sehlat returned to his cub size.

"Jooooooooeeellll..."

The little Vulcan turned to find Juan looking at him with puppy-dog eyes. His hair streamed water, giving mute testimony to the fact he had been tossed out to sea a few times already. "What is it, Cuddly?"

"Remember what watched last night?" Juan giggled.

Joel grinned and turned to I-Cheya. "You're Aragorn!"

Huff?

Juan ran in front of the large creature and bellowed in a deep, gruff, dwarfish voice, "Toss me! But not a word to the elf!"

Joel had his ears plugged with his fingers, of course, so that the 'elf' didn't hear the request.

'Gimli' was tossed out to be met by the returning Chang and Korris, screaming for all his worth, "There is a dwarf yet in Moria that still draws breaaaaaaattthhhh!!!!"

End Flashback

Half an hour later, the entire group of rescued kids were down by the sea, and I-Cheya was once again in his element.

"You know," Joel smiled, "I think Mama will freak if she saw this."

"No," Kevin disagreed as Brant went sailing through the air and into the waters of the Pacific, "I think she'd want a go!"

Later that afternoon, Joel stood with Brant and Matthew as they watched the stage and sound system for the upcoming luau be completed. "The Royals are coming too," Matthew said as an after thought while he rested a hand on Joel's shoulder. "Most of the government as well."

Joel nodded, then looked up at him. "Can I ask a question?"

"When have you ever not asked questions?" Brant blurted with a giggle.

Matthew poked his tongue out at his boyfriend before nodding at Joel, who was also poking his tongue out at Brant. "Go ahead, Joel."

"If Hawai'i is a republic and not a part of the US, as in the world I was on, then what's the 50th state of the US?"

Matthew opened his mouth to answer but closed it quickly. Then he giggled, "Well, I don't know which ones exist in our world that didn't in the place you were in. Which ones were there in that place?"

Joel started reciting, first the main land states that bordered each other, then the remaining two, "... last are Alaska and Hawai'i. Which ones are different here?"

"Just Hawai'i," Brant smiled.

Matthew nodded, "Puerto Rico is the 50th state in this world."

"Oooh," Joel smiled. "They kept saying no in the other place... before the last War, I mean."

Matthew smiled more and hugged Joel briefly. "You're cute when you're confused."

"Thanks," Joel muttered, "I think..."

"Elf!"

Joel turned from the hug to see Galli waving at him from the Tardis doorway. The Tardis itself was invisible, which made it look all the more peculiar.

"Elf, there's something we need to show you!" Galli called. Behind him, Kyle and Tyler were seated on a sofa inside the control room of the Tardis, eating Jelly Babies and talking with Mont and Bast. "Come on, slow poke. Get over here."

"Better do as he says. We don't want an irritated Time Lord," Matthew laughed.

Joel ran over and jumped into the Doctor's Time/Space vehicle. "What?"

Galli gestured for the Vulcan to follow him to the console. "Look at the screen-thing here, and I'll 'project you' to a group of kids on O'ahu Island. I think they are the ones you are looking for."

"Looking for?"

"To run this division," Galli giggled.

With understanding in his eyes, Joel stood where the Doctor pointed. Mont and Bast came next to him to watch curiously. Galli smiled, "Well, okay. All three of you, then."

"Will they see us?" Bast asked.

"Nope. Shouldn't, anyway. You can never tell, though. You are still here with me, it's just a phased image of yourselves that goes there. Their minds will either ignore what 'can't' be entirely, or they will see you as something else altogether. Trees, or even statues, sometimes. Not often, though. Most normal people will simply disregard the impossible," Galli explained as he touched a button.

Joel's eye swam for a moment, then he was watching as a small group of boys - teens, mostly - were talking and walking along the beach. He watched as they argued and then as they comforted a young boy of about eight who seemed to be lost. "They can see us," Joel whispered. "They think we're statues... now they can't... why not?"

Galli looked impressed. "Well, they saw you at first, but eventually, their minds rejected the vision. But that tells me a lot about them. Okay, peeps. Get out. I better go grab them. They ARE the band for this Luau after all... so that's two reasons to get them here."

Joel giggled before running out with the two lions and the two Mikyvis. In his mind, he heard, *'Take your Sehlat and go to the western edge of the Secret Bay, Joel. Lieutenant Vorik has already got a team waiting there for you. You'll know what to do.'* Then, names and faces appeared so that he would know what to call them when he saw them.

'Okay, Gal,' Joel sent back before running over to I-Cheya and mounting him quickly. As an after thought, he pulled off his shorts. Now naked, and not knowing entirely why he felt he should be, he nudged his Sehlat into a fast run to the bluff, down it to the beach, and then off across the sands.

Kevin waited until he felt he should move, then, in one fluid action, he stood and yelled, "NOW!"

About forty kids jumped down the bluff, sliding down the grass to the sands, and then they lit out across the beach to the water. As they get to the edge, they stripped and started playing in the waves.

"Kevvy!"

Kevin looked down at the group of teens approaching with a large Sehlat, a woman and a bunch of Vulcans. "Sa'r!" he yelled back as he ran off to greet his husband. Black Feet loped along at his side, his little tongue lolling out in wolfish laughter. After dancing in circles in the sand for a few moments, Joel and Kevin ran towards the now combined group of kids and teens, with Blackie bouncing around them.

'That's Prez, and Keith. Derrick and Mike. Drew and Corey... another one! John and Bruce, and this is Auntie Jen,' Joel explained down his link to Kevin as they ran to the group.

Kevin sent a wave of love back at Joel, but before he could say anything he noticed what Blackie was about to do. "Blackie!" he admonished with a giggle.

The wolf pup ignored him and placed his front paws on Prez' knees so that he could sniff at Prez' groin. Then he did the same for Keith. *Boy! Prez-Boy and Keith-Boy want mating. Where quiet spot? They want make noisy!*

As the entire group fell about in laughter, Prez blushed and muttered, "Oh God!"

"So much for sneaking away for a quickie!" Keith giggled as he too blushed slightly.

Blackie then checked out Mike and Derrick. *Mike-Boy and Derrick-Boy already make noisy*

More laughter and red faces followed that announcement. Joel didn't know whether to bury himself in the sand to save his embarrassment, or kill his Spirit Guardian.

Tilting his head curiously after inspecting Corey and Drew, Blackie sent, *Corey-Boy and Drew-Boy not make noisy yet?*

"That's none of your business!" Corey retorted with a giggle and a blush, while Drew tried to hid his face from view.

Joel apologized with a giggle, "Blackie's just a pup and hasn't really learned... wolf-control. He was guarding us last night as we... ah... well, you know... our wedding night?" he blushed before continuing, "so he likes teasing. He'll check out every boy he meets to find out where their dicks have been." Then, Joel officially introduced all the boys to his husband.

"So you guys are married?" Keith asked with a smile.

Joel and Kevin nodded and kissed each other. "This is our honeymoon!" Kevin giggled, blushing as he remembered their 'fun' from earlier.

"That's so cool!" Keith grinned more.

Prez added, "Keith and me are hoping we can too, when we turn eighteen."

Mike and Derrick chimed, "Us too!"

"How did you two manage to get married?" Keith asked. "So young, I mean."

Joel explained, "Under Vulcan law; basically, when two people love each other and already have made the commitment, you're T'hy'la. You can apply to the head of your family to see if you can be married. Me and Kev have to wait for Kev to be 21 before we have the official ceremony, but we're still counted as married now."

"T'hy'la?" Drew asked.

"Loosely translated, that means beloved, soul mate, best friend all rolled into one. The word is used for good friends too," Joel explained. Then he asked cautiously, "If you could get married say... next week, just for the sake of argument, would you?"

Prez answered so quickly that Joel knew it was a heart answer - and therefore a true one, "Absolutely."

"Definitely!" Keith smiled as he looked lovingly at Prez.

Mike and Derrick both yelled, "Hell yeah!" at the same time, and Joel smiled before turning to look at Corey and Drew.

After the two boys exchanged a meaningful look, Drew shyly explained, "We've got... umm... some 'noisy' mating stuff to kinda figure out still."

While Kevin giggled, Joel smiled softly and said, "I've learned that noisy mating stuff has little to do with real love. What matters is what you feel, in your hearts and in your minds. How you really feel about each other is the only question to answer."

"Then we would, if we could," Drew answered, again, like Prez, without thinking about it.

"You're so awesome, Drew," Corey sighed as he threw himself into a hug with Drew.

Drew giggled, "Glad ya think so cos I love you too, Cor."

Joel sent to Kevin, *'They're the ones!'* and Kevin's blast of love was the only answer Joel needed.

Joel was feeding Kevin, as was the norm, while Kai giggled at them. The three boys were sitting on the ground near to where Prez, Keith and company were holding forth with some of the rescued kids. "Do you always feed him?" Kai asked between mouthfuls.

Joel nodded as Kevin explained, "I don't like eating - unless it's Sa'r feeding me. Then, I love it!"

Kai smiled before taking another bite from his burger.

"KAI!"

"John!" Kai yelled back in greeting as he stood up and waved.

Joel turned to see one of the new kids that they had met on the beach come running over. It was one of the two youngest, and he was pulling the other young one with him. "Kai! I thought you'd DIED!" the first boy, John, yelled as he embraced Kai. The other boy, Bruce, just stood there looking shyly at them.

"I wanted to," Kai murmured, "but I got rescued by some nice adults... then Joel brought me back to get my stuff."

While the two old friends were getting reacquainted, Joel continued to feed Kevin - as well as eat a large amount himself.

As John and Bruce went back over to the table with Kai, to introduce him to John's mother, Joel noticed Levi moving close to the group looking innocent.

After a few minutes, the small Mikyvis came over to Joel and relayed the problem he had just discovered. "Auntie Jen has been sending rescued kids to CPS for a while, now. She knows a Mrs. Tamara Hekeia and thought she could trust the CPS, but it seems like they could be the background group behind the pervs we uncovered today," he said as he dumped all that he had taken from Auntie Jen's mind into Joel's. Levi then looked back at Prez' mother. "The poor lady is about to pop her cork," he added. "She's pretty much decided not to call the CPS lady and yell at her but instead to tell Mike's daddy."

"That's okay," Joel smiled, "the police already know Clan's here and will keep out of it." Joel turned to find his Vulcan security detail standing near. "Lieutenant Vorik, contact the Endeavour. Get a detail to visit Mrs. Tamara Hekeia on O'ahu. They have to find out if CPS is involved with the problem or if it is higher up. Let's see if we can follow the trail to this 'Boss' character behind the sex-ring. I want an initial report as soon as is possible."

Vorik nodded, "I will contact Endeavour immediately and report back to you before twenty-hundred hours."

Joel nodded and then sent Levi off to comfort Auntie Jen.

Kevin grabbed Joel for another long kiss. "I love how you take charge," he giggled as the kiss broke.

"How much do you love it?" Joel asked with a mischievous gleam in his eye.

Kevin's expression matched Joel's. "Later. You'll find out later!"

Joel grinned - and went back to eating... and feeding his husband.

Not long after, Joel was seated with the group and listening to some of their wild tales of previous shows they had put on. Kevin was giggling at his side, and the others from the Mainland were holding their sides laughing as well.

Standing close, Lieutenant Vorik and his squad of Security were watching all the mayhem with slightly raised eyebrows. Humans were entertaining, in an illogical way, Vorik decided. What made him wonder the most, however, was little Joel. Was this Vulcan teen going to be able to master emotional control?

"Endeavour to Lieutenant Vorik."

"Vorik," the security chief answered as he opened his comm.

"This is Lieutenant Ra'Vesti. Allow me to speak with Patriarch Short."

Vorik moved over and touched Joel's shoulder. "Lieutenant Ra'Vesti is requesting a moment of your time, Patriarch," he informed the boy as Joel moved from the table to join him.

"Patriarch?" Joel giggled. "That's my brother!"

"Incorrect," Vorik said. "You have been placed in control of Family Clan Short until Patriarch Cory Short has returned from his rest. That makes you Patriarch for the moment."

"Oh... I thought I was just filling in... didn't think I'd get the title too!" Joel exclaimed with shock.

"In some circles, that is how it is seen. Some Vulcan Families and House are very traditional, however. Ra'Vesti is from the most traditional House of them all, Great House Khu'Heya - he could have even called you Crown Prince, due to your standing as Heir Apparent to House Surak."

"Fascinating," Joel murmured, his face taking on a look that Vorik had only ever seen from the boy's father, Spock. There could be no doubting this child's heritage, he decided.

Joel tapped his comm badge and said, "This is Patriarch Short."

"Patriarch, this is Lieutenant Ra'Vesti reporting."

"Yes, Lieutenant Ra'Vesti?"

"The CPS worker identified was cooperative. She falsified information under orders of her management, one Walter Saunders who is now held in our brig. Interrogation of Saunders has revealed that he was part of a larger conspiracy. Members of the Republic of Hawai'i Ministry of Commerce have been identified. What are your orders, Sir?"

Humming to himself as he looked around for some food to snack on, Joel asked, "Do we know where they are?"

"Yes. One is on O'ahu in Honolulu. The other two are on Kaua'i. They are there at the luau, Sir."

"Understood, Lieutenant," the little Vulcan said, "I think it would be best if we didn't cause a fuss here. Let's do this quietly and tidy it up later. Transport the two on Kaua'i directly to the Endeavour and apprehend the other on O'ahu, then continue with the investigation and report back to me. I will talk with the Prime Minister and the King and Queen as soon as we have more details."

Before Joel could continue, Prez and the others started singing loudly, "I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts. There they are all standing in a row. Big ones, small ones, some as big as your head. Give them a twist, a flick of the wrist, That's what the showman said."

Joel couldn't help but howl with laughter.

Ra'Vesti's puzzled response to Joel's order was barely audible, *"Very well. Ra'Vesti out."*

Kevin looked at Joel and giggled, "That poor Vulcan! Having to deal with us Clan boys!"

Joel, still laughing, nodded his head before taking his seat next to his beloved again to listen to the group horse around.

Later:

The concert was over, and Joel had just finished making arrangements for the youngest children to be taken down the coast to Anahola Bay so that they could sleep. Starfleet had a Recreation and Shore Leave base there, so about 47 of the the youngest children, and all but two of the G-Cats as 'Official Cuddlers and Babysitters', left on a bus to settle in for the night.

Joel was about to turn and find Kevin to get some much needed cuddling in himself when Lieutenant Vorik approached.

"Patriarch. Ra'Vesti wishes to talk to you again."

Joel nodded and suppressed a sigh. On one level he loved the feeling of being in command, but on quiet another, he knew he was still a little kid at heart. He had missed so much in his life, but his brief time with the Clan had opened the doorways he had always thought closed - to play, to enjoy... to love. While he still wanted to be in Starfleet one day, it was just that - a feeling for 'one day'. Command now, when needed, he enjoyed, but it also conflicted with his new-found yearnings for play and love and happiness.

'Is this selfishness?' he wondered as he tapped his comm-badge. "Joel Short here. How can I help, Ra'Vesti?"

"I have the final report on those we have arrested, Patriarch. Shall I relay the information myself, or transmit to your datapad?"

Joel internally smiled. "My datapad, please. I can read faster than most can speak... and I am feeling the need to relax."

"I had assumed as much. Transmission shall commence now, and shall take about thirty seconds. I shall leave you to rest now, Patriarch. And I believe I should also add, 'Welcome Home, Son of Spock'. Vulcan has missed you."

Without warning, Joel's eyes filled with tears, and with a thick sound in his voice he answered, "Thank you... Short out." He closed his comm quickly and turned to look for Kevin. Now he *really* needed hugs.

I-Cheya's soul-deep eyes were filling his gaze, for the large animal could sense the shift in mood. *Come, Boy. Rest on me.*

Joel did so by squirrelling into the gap between the Sehlat's two forelegs, and under I-Cheya's chin and neck. There, he started to cry.

Welcome home... welcome home?... how much had they missed him?... why was he loved?....

These were the thoughts now running through every layer of his strange little mind.

When he opened his eyes and looked around, he found that he had been carried over to the Snack Area. Prez, Keith and the rest were sitting and laughing together. He looked up at I-Cheya, "How did you get me here? I... felt nothing..."

Cub I be. Littler cub you be. Scruff of neck wet?

Joel reached back and found that his neck was indeed wet. 'Ewww! Covered in Sehlat slobber,' he thought with a giggle. Then he looked at his Companion's large, sabre teeth - and stopped wondering how I-Cheya had been able to carry him without biting him. Some things, he decided, were better off NOT knowing!

Then he remembered - or was it 'chosed' to remember? - his datapad. He started looking around for it. It wasn't attached to his belt.

Silly Boy. Left in dirt. All clean. Blackie sent as he popped his head up from around I-Cheya's side. He had been taking advantage of the larger beast's body heat to get some snoozing of his own in. He dumped the pad by Joel's side and watched with his tongue lolling out in laughter.

Joel picked up the padd and grouched, "Sehlat slobber over me and Wolf slobber on my padd. What did I do in a past life to deserve this?"

I-Cheya huffed with laughter. *No past life. One life you get. One only. Most only have one. You need us. So you need slobber too!*

Then the Sehlat matched his statement with a tongue bath - which was when Joel realized his was stark naked... again. 'Most of the day I've spent this way,' he thought with a giggle as I-Cheya added yet *more* 'slobber' to his body.

Blackie barked happily... then buried himself under the Vulcan bear's belly again.

Joel, still giggling due to the tickling sensation of the Sehlat's tongue, picked up the padd and quickly read what Ra'Vesti had sent him. A master of multitasking, he managed to complete his task while being pushed around by a cold nose and licked by a long tongue.

Now you get dressed, I-Cheya huffed as he nosed Joel in the butt one more time.

Joel poked his tongue out at his friend before grabbing his clothes and slipping back into them quickly. "How do you dry me at the same time? Always wondered that," he asked as he pulled his robe on to keep himself warm.

I-Cheya winked, then lowered his mussel to his crossed forepaws and closed his eyes to catch a brief snooze.

"Fine," Joel muttered, "keep your secrets."

I-Cheya huffed softly, then faked a snore.

"Sehlats!" Joel muttered again as he got up and looked around. Uncle Iokii was standing with the fathers of Prez' group, and they were giving something to Keith, Prez and the others.

Joel ran over and slammed into a cuddle against Iokau's side. "Hey! Whatchya doing... uh..." he stopped as he smelt what was in the mugs that Iokau had put down. Ale. Beer. Whatever it was, it brought memories flooding back of his old master - the smell of alcohol on the beastly man's breath as he would take a belt to his already bruised and scarred back and bottom. Fearfully, he trembled, "Urgh... umm... seeya..." before running back in panic to I-Cheya - who had now ceased to fake his snooze.

He cuddled back in between I-Cheya's forepaws and sat there, shaking and trembling.

"What's wrong?" he heard Mont ask. Mont and Hermes were the only two of the six Cats still with Joel and the rest.

He felt Hermes cold nose press against his neck, "Joel? What's the matter?"

"They... they're drinking... they're gonna hurt me...", he trembled, his eyes no longer seeing the present, but the past. "You're gonna hurt me, ain't you? You're gonna claw me and bite me and..."

Mont growled low in his throat, "Never, Joel. Not ever! You're my little brother. I would NEVER hurt you, and I'll personally rip the dick off anyone that tries!"

Joel closed his eyes and buried his face deeper into the musky smelling fur of his beloved Sehlat. The scent of his friend was calming to his Vulcan senses. It spoke of Fire, Heat, Sand and the arid air of a world he had only been on briefly in his short life - three months or so as a newborn and for a brief visit to the past when he had been named. His blood responded and stirred in his veins.

Vulcan: his Home.

"Something's wrong, Prez. I... he don't feel good."

Joel looked up quickly at the sound of Keith's younger brother's voice. What was going on now? He saw Kyle standing there, with his head turned towards the speaking Prime Minister of Hawai'i who was now onstage. Joel had somehow missed all this happening.

Prez put an arm around John's waist and asked, "What do ya mean?"

"Him... he feels... bad. I dunno why, but he jus' does," John answered with a mumble.

Joel popped his head up further from I-Cheya's fur and called out, "Lil'Bear?"

Kyle answered, "Working on it..." before going back to his deep scan of the PM's mind.

Joel got up and walked over towards Iokau and the rest, I-Cheya and the two Cats following him. Lieutenant Vorik noticed the look on Joel's face and walked closer as well.

"It's him, Elf," Kyle grated in rage. "He's the 'Boss'. He's behind it all!"

Joel's eyes filled with flame as he turned to look up at the still talking Prime Minister. Ra'Vesti had failed to uncover the 'Boss' - but fate, it seemed, had a sense of Justice. Without looking at him, Joel said to Prez, "Get the kids away from the stage, Preston."

His voice was serious and as icy cold as it had ever been.

Then he ordered, "I-Cheya, Mont and Hermes? You're with me. Lieutenant Vorik, contact the Endeavour. I want a detail surrounding the stage immediately." Climbing onto I-Cheya, Joel added, "Get me over to the King and Queen as fast as you can, Bo-bo."

No call me Bo-Bo!

"No slobber on me!"

Owwwww!

"Got you, you great slobbering beasty!"

Now you sound like Monty!

"Thanks!" Joel smiled, although the smile never reached his eyes. Once they reached the Hawaiian Royals, who were seated and watching the PM speak politely, Joel started to speak from I-Cheya's back, "Your Majesties, my brothers have just found out that your Prime Minister has been behind the whole 'Child-Sex trade' that has been plaguing these islands for the last three years or more. He is the 'Boss' behind it all. I'm going to arrest him now, so I just wanted you to know."

King Ekewaka Aalona shook his head and sighed, "There's nothing I can do, young man. If you can, please do. My crown is empty of power."

"Yes, please do all you can. I hate to ask it, as you've done so much already, but please," Queen Adamina begged, "please, help us by dealing with him!"

Joel nodded and turned towards the stage. Over on the far side, he saw Kevin seated on the full-grown Blackie's back. As I-Cheya made his way over, he pondered on why the King and Queen had been so quick to believe him - had they already had their suspicions? Possible.

All around the stage, Vulcan security forces from the Endeavour were beaming in and taking position. Joel nudged I-Cheya to get up onto the stage. With a grim smile, Joel noticed that the PM was trying his best to pay no attention to the action going on around him. He also had some nerve to be speaking about 'the horrors' of the porn ring that the Clan had crushed that day.

"I think you can stop lying now," Joel said in a conversational manner. "From telepathic links, Clan Short has learned that you've allowed this Child sex trade and have profited from it. You are under arrest."

"Pardon me?" the Prime Minister spluttered. "On whose authority?"

"I am Sa'ren, son of Spock, son of Sarek, Acting Patriarch of Clan Short, Prince of Britain and Defender of the Commonwealth Alliance. On my authority! Your guilt has already been established."

The Prime Minister smirked, "I don't think so..." The man reached for what Joel immediately knew was a gun...

... And things went south faster than Sean after a week away from Cory's 'sausage'.

With astonishment, Joel watched as the Vulcan Security detail fired their phasers, and as Mont and Hermes started firing their guns. He saw a flash of sliver arc from off stage and slam into the PM. He also saw Brant's eyes glowing bright red.

What amazed him the most was that, even with all this death and destruction heading right for the PM, the gun he had gone for still went off; and I-Cheya started bitching and moaning about the bullet being lodged in his nose.

The little Vulcan was a little put out that he hadn't even finished his sentencing of the PM. He shrugged and said anyway, "You are sentenced to death... in case you didn't know it... but I think you did... okay, that was a total waste of breath. Blow your nose, Bo-Bo."

The large creature did, and the bullet plopped out onto the stage. *I want ointment. Nose feel funny.*

"I'll get you a nice cow to eat later."

Mmm... cow...

Brant moved further onto the stage and looked down at the remains of the PM, "Now, that's one totally fucked up dude, Dudes!"

Joel grinned at him, then slipped down from I-Cheya's back. He looked at the Hawaiian Royals and called, "Your Majesties. Will you come up here, please?"

The Doctor, watching all this with amusement, folded the Royals and Kyle and Tyler (who had been munching Popcorn with them while the 'show' had been going on) directly onto the stage.

The King looked at the now serious faced Joel, then started in shock as a Crown and Armour seemed to melt out of the air and click into place around the small boy. "Yes, your Highness?"

Joel stated, "The Islands and Republic of Hawai'i need leadership, and the Government has been found lacking. Are you prepared to regain that which was taken from you?"

"I... I do not know, Highness. I never expected for this to be a possibility," the King answered.

Joel clasped his hands together and said one word, "Sa'ren."

Before the now emotionally numbed King, the Shattered Sword of Surak appeared in the young Vulcan's hands.

/Are you willing to rule with compassion, to guide with wisdom, to be the first in defence and the last to have comfort? Are you willing to be all you can be?/

The King blinked and stared at the light-pulsating Shattered Sword. He nodded slowly, "I will try... but I don't think I'm ready."

/That is why you are the perfect choice. I Crown you King of the Jewelled Isles, Lord of Hawai'i and Protector of the Pacific Rim/

The Sword burst out in brilliant light. Around the heads of both the King and Queen beautiful Crowns appeared. On the apex of the brow of each, the Royal standard of Hawai'i was clearly visible.

"Welcome back, Your Royal Majesties," Joel grinned as he bowed from the waist.

Meanwhile, Kyle was giving I-Cheya a nice relaxing nose rub to ease the poor Sehlat's irritated nostril.

"How did... I do not understand," the King muttered as he watched the Sword of Surak vanish in the same manner as it had appeared.

Joel smiled, "That was the Shattered Sword, the Sa'ren. It just made you King again, more than just in name."

"By what authority?" the Queen asked, feeling about as shocked as her husband.

Joel shrugged, "As King and Queen, the power was always yours. It was taken from you, but if you took it back, who can stop you? To those who took it from your family in the first place, it was considered a legal action. But from your family's perspective, it was treason. Now, you've got your power back. And I'd like to see someone argue with my sword!" Joel started to giggle.

Galli walked up to Joel and the two Royals, "I'll take it from here, Elf. You go off and have fun. I can explain things to their Majesties."

Joel grinned again, and he bounced over to his Sehlat. As he climbed up onto I-Cheya's back, his Armour and crown disappeared. "Come on, Bo-Bo... let's go find that cow for you!"

Huffing happily, I-Cheya ambled off the stage, followed by Blackie with Kevin still on his back.

A few hours later, and all the kids and adults were safe and snug in the apartments in Anahola Bay. Kevin and Joel, however, were out on the sand of the bay itself. I-Cheya was with them and being used as a blanket, for the two boys were lying between the Sehlat's forelegs and therefore covered by his fur. Kevin was fast asleep, but Joel was still awake. Lazily running a finger over his husband's forehead, Joel smiled softly before closing his own eyes.

I-Cheya, having pretended sleep a few hours ago, now really went to sleep. Both his boys were safe and happy. Tomorrow morning, they would all return to the time they had left... after setting up a new division, that is...

And I-Cheya huffed quietly in laughter, for he could guess who it would be that would be chosen by his Boy to be the Division Director!

The End