

Your Voice

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by [Planxy](#)

Summary

Demora thinks up a creative new way to flirt with Joanna.

“An invitation from a secret admirer. Meet me at the lounge at 20:00,” was all the note said. This was stupid, but curiosity got the better of her. She had arrived a bit early and nearly finished a glass of white wine already—some liquid courage for whatever weirdness she had in store. She brought a little light reading too. Well, it was supposed to be light reading, but this particular old novel (whose target audience, apparently, was young teenagers) was more engaging than she expected. She nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard a woman’s voice not just calling toward her but singing.

“I feel you, Joanna.”

She turned to face Demora Sulu (whose voice she had not recognized, who knew the pilot had such a strong set of pipes on her?) and tried to stifle a laugh. “You must be real proud of yourself,” she teased. “I bet you think you’re the first person who’s ever sang Sondheim to me.”

The smile on Demora’s face vanished, and she scratched the back of her neck. “Sorry.”

Joanna felt her heart ache. “Well, I didn’t say I was bothered by it, did I? You’re the first one to sing it in key.”

Demora’s smile returned.

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