

Issa's Place

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by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

Shenanigans in old San Francisco. Revelations in a Link-Club

Notes

Spy vs. Spy, Deltan style.

San Francisco, California
In the late 23rd Century

Issaandrine et MacKenzie é Soturnal watches the early evening crowd on the mingling floor, as well as in some of the conversation pits and the four other bars. She opens her Link passively; she knows it is early, as the various beings and genders aren't projecting the loose emotions that a later crowd would. A crowd that had been exposed to the Threads of other Deltan patrons and employees.

What most non-Deltans came for. Not necessarily for sex.

The walk on the wild side of the Deltan Threads and Links. She looks at herself in the mirror. She sees a woman of early middle years, clad in the loose wrap that the Link-Mistress usually wears.

More clothing than most are wearing. She lifts the glass of Altair water to her lips as she completes her appraisal. Eyebrows that might be a touch too thick, over large eyes. Eyes that her lovers had always remarked on. 'Exotic' was the word that they use. She rolls them both; the left one shows dark brown.

The right one, a brilliant, piercing blue. Her bartender, going by the pseudonym of Peach tonight, catches that eye. She glances at the mirror at the dark-haired, dark-eyed woman with a very pale bronze skin sitting at the bar, two stools over.

Ostensibly human, but that was what she was here to find out. One of her employees comes over and latches onto the male in the seat between them. She pulls him away gently, either towards the dance floor, or with a promise of an early entry time in one of the specialty rooms. She takes a breath and moves over.

The woman turns and looks at her. The first expression in the dark eyes is one of anger—anger at the intrusion. That downshifts to wary. Issa takes a deep breath and opens her Threads. She sees the woman's eyes widen, then a slight smile come over her grim features.

Yeah, well, being in Section 31 kinda does that to a gal's features, she thinks. Not to mention whatever the hell else I'm tasting in the Links.

"Hi," she says, "I'm Issa."

"As in 'Issa's'?" the woman asks in a sharp alto.

Issa merely smiles. "Did you enjoy my restaurant, too?"

The woman nods. "I did. It was excellent. Your server was skilled at upselling a pass for here."

“What’s first?” Issa asks.

“Just people watching for now. And taking in the gifts that I’m feeling.” She lifts her glass. “And enjoying your excellent Saurian brandy.”

“So just looking, tonight—“ she probes.

“Daina,” she says. She holds out her hand. When Issa takes it, she smiles warmly at what she detects.

Especially the raised temperature. Even warmer than a Deltan. Masked a bit, but not quite good enough.

“And yes, I’m just here strictly to look,” Daina reiterates.

Oh yeah, honey, she thinks, as she bears the woman’s body down on the bed, their lips melding as they breathe for one another. *Another one just looking.*

She smiles to herself as the woman flips her over and starts to kiss her way down her body. She hadn’t even had to use the active Threads and their accompanying Link; it had only taken an hour of conversation and laughter.

As she watches the woman sleep, the door to her room opens. Peach, also known as Agent Greer Josephs of Federation Security steps in. Issa smiles at her, then looks down, making sure that the woman sleeps. “Yep,” she says, “she ain’t human. Probably Romulan. Good shielding though.”

Greer nods, then steps back out to move downstairs from Issa and Alexa’s apartment.

She once again looks in a mirror. She feels no remorse at seducing the woman, even without the inherent gifts of a Deltan. She knows why she does what she does. She looks through the window at the grounds of Starfleet Academy, just visible in the fog.

To keep them safe, she thinks.

At Issa’s, like any Link-joint, no one can hear your thoughts.

But they can surely feel them.

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