

Episode 1.01

Aggression

"Vessel identified: USS Voyager, Federation starship. Intrepid class, registry 74656. Heading spatial grid 1476."

A pair of cold grey eyes watched a monitor showing the Starfleet ship drop out of warp. A few numbers and circles surrounded the vessel as it entered a debris field.

"Threat: minimal," a female voice said. Her mechanical figure turned away from the screen. "Humans, in the Delta Quadrant. Interesting. Cube 138 reroute to spatial..."

She shuddered, closing her eyes tightly. "We're under attack."

Another screen next to Voyager's switched to show two Borg Cubes. An energy beam appeared from outside the screen's view, the contact with the first cube blew it to pieces within a few seconds. A similar beam did the same to its neighbour.

The woman opened her eyes again. With a sigh she turned to look at the now empty screen. "Cube 270 reroute to spatial grid 1476. Humans have a habit of sticking their noses where they do not belong."

Twelve Days Earlier

23rd February 2373

The USS Voyager continued on its seventy year long journey to the Alpha Quadrant.

First Officer's Log Stardate 51148.6: The energy signatures we detected this morning appears to be a vast debris field, only two weeks away. As it's close to our current path I've decided to investigate any threats to Voyager itself. In the mean time it's the annual crew evaluations, as I'd imagine our crew would be grateful for the distraction.

Inside the Conference Room, most of the Senior Staff were spending their second hour discussing the performance of the crew.

The tired First Officer groaned into his large hand, tightening his other. "No Tom, we're not up to Z yet." He got a few more groans from his staff as he pressed a button on the table.

On the wall monitor a picture of a blond crewman appeared, with a lot of writing about him beside it.

"Anderson, Craig."

"What?" a tired voice whined. Everyone's heads turned to the usual suspect; the blond and opinionative helmsman. "Only A?"

"We'd get through this a lot quicker if you didn't complain about it," the First Officer snapped at him. "Department; Security. Placement time; one year. Mr Tuvok?" He turned to the only calm and patient person in the room, the Vulcan Security Chief.

"Mr Anderson has shown the enthusiasm for the job, however he lacks the training. The annual Security reviews take place next month, so it is the logical time for him to take that up."

"So you recommend that he remains in Security?"

Tuvok's eyebrow raised, he nodded his head. "Yes Commander. He does have the potential."

"What, to not dodge when fired at and stand around all day?" the helmsman piped up. This earned a few more groans.

"I'll tell you what, Tom," the First Officer grumbled, pressing another button. The helmsman face popped up on the screen, showing off his old combed over hairstyle. Most of the room giggled. "Paris, Thomas Eugene."

"Oh Chakotay," the helmsman sighed. "I thought we were buddies now."

"Not this time of year," the First Officer sighed. "Department; Bridge, the helm. Placement time; two years, give or take a few months. As his department head isn't here, why don't we call her in."

Tom's eyes widened so much they started to water. "Ok, I'll be good."

The brunette Lieutenant sitting next to him smirked to herself, "quiet would be nicer." Tom pretended to zip his mouth shut, and smiled at everyone.

However the silence from Tom didn't last as they reached the C's part of the evaluation. "Chakotay. Department..."

"Seriously, do we really need to do you?" he asked.

"I'm sensing a *that's what she said* joke," the fresh faced Ensign Kim said with a smile.

"Oh come on, two years of the Delta and we're still doing this by the book. Most of the crew can't be shifted anyway," Tom said to his friend.

"I hate to say it but he has a point, Chakotay," the half Klingon Lieutenant said, wincing at her words. Tom turned his head in her direction to give her a wink. "The only one he'll ever have."

Chakotay groaned again into his hand, only both this time. "All right. What do you suggest?"

"Each department head discusses crewmembers who are having problems, need promotion, want to move elsewhere," Tom replied.

"The Captain prefers it this way, but less time with you is a bonus," Chakotay said with a heavy sigh. "Very well. I'll take her place for the department head, shall I?" Everyone agreed with a small nod. "Who would like to go first? B'Elanna?"

"All I want to change is the shifts for Danny Scott, or Ian Richards," the half Klingon replied. Tom threw her a quick inquisitive glance. "Let's just say I'm glad I caught them before they reached where they were going, which I think was just the station above the warp core."

"Ohno, can't have them stealing your spot," the holographic Doctor smiled. B'Elanna threw him one of her glares.

"Just put Danny on night shifts, and I'm ok for this year," she muttered.

"As long as they aren't sharing shifts, I get it. Who approved her move to Engineering anyway?" Chakotay said, looking around at everyone.

"The Captain. She grew very angry with her comments," Tuvok replied.

Tom laughed to himself, "maybe we should discuss her next."

"We can't change the Captain's job, as much as we'd like," Harry said to him.

Chakotay passed him a disapproving look, "even you Harry? She has reason not to be acting like herself."

"Yes but I pointed out that during the last month or two that she rest and prepare," the Doctor chimed in. "Of course I was a fool to think she'd listen to me. Maybe she'd listen to you."

Chakotay laughed, "I'm the last one she'll listen to. Now can we continue the evaluations? Doctor?"

"I'll say what I say every year; I'm very pleased with having Kes as my assistant. However I would like to train up another medic just in case both of us are unable to do our duties."

"We don't have anyone really spare, do we?" Chakotay questioned the rest of the room. Tom raised his hand. "You, Paris?"

"Good lord no," he snorted. The Doctor shook his head. "We have our new crewmember, he's spare." Everyone stared at him like he was nuts.

"Damien?" Chakotay said, his voice raised higher than usual. "The same Damien who's tried to mess with us for years. The same one who nobody's seen for months?"

"Really? I wasn't aware," Tom muttered. "Of the second one."

"And secondly, Sickbay? We may as well just kill ourselves, it'd be a time saver," Chakotay grumbled. He shook his head as if to get Tom's idea off of him. "Tuvok?"

"No issues Commander. However from next year on I would like to move forward the Security reviews to this month," Tuvok replied.

"There's no need, this years crew evaluations are only early because of... certain circumstances," Chakotay said carefully.

"Ah too busy changing dirty diapers next month," Tom sniggered into his hand.

"Show of hands if yes, do we really need Tom here for this?" Chakotay asked everyone. Everyone remained still. "Tom, out!"

Tom clenched his fist and did a fist pump. "Oh yeah, later guys." B'Elanna stared at him. "And beautiful ladies." He jumped out of his seat.

"I heard Kes isn't on duty yet, we have no one in Sickbay," Chakotay said with a smile. "Hop to it, Paris."

"Damn," Tom grumbled as he disappeared out the door.

"Harry, as the night shift Captain, any thoughts?" Chakotay questioned.

Harry's face lit up, "yes Commander. I have a request for one specific crewmember."

Chakotay groaned, "let me guess."

Harry didn't let him, "James. Yeah, he never listens to me..."

Chakotay pressed a button on the table, the picture of himself still there was replaced by a picture of a different blond crewmember to earlier. "Taylor-Stuart, James."

"This one should be fun," B'Elanna smirked.

"He doesn't listen to anyone. Do you really need to..." Chakotay muttered as he was reading the file next to the picture.

"Well he's rude," Harry replied. Chakotay stared at him as if he was going to repeat himself. "Wasn't his night shift referral only temporary? I thought he was Security anyway, one of yours Tuvok?" he stuttered.

The Vulcan raised his eyebrow, "the Captain believed he'd be more suited to replace you at Opps during the nightshift. There were no teams on Security with an empty slot during those shifts."

"What's going on with that, it's been months," B'Elanna questioned, raising her own eyebrow. "Months ago he and Jessie were on *leave*. Why the big fuss?"

"Hey speaking of Jessie, is she dead or something? I haven't seen her for ages," Harry asked. "That would explain James' rudeness."

"Not that I know of," the Doctor frowned.

"She's sick," Chakotay replied. The Doctor swung his head around. "She's fine now, recovering."

"Again, I know nothing of this. Treated by who?" the Doctor demanded. "She didn't even come in for her yearly medical last October either. Why the secrecy?"

"Good thing Tom's gone," B'Elanna muttered to herself.

"It's not important, not anymore," Chakotay muttered, pressing the buttons on the table again. James' file was replaced by a curly black haired girl's. The name on the file said *Rex-Annet, Jessica*. "She'll be back soon, you can do her medical before she starts."

"I do not understand this at all," the Doctor grumbled. "I'm the best in my field, that's the point. Who treated her, and what was it?"

"You can ask her if you want," Chakotay sighed. "I wouldn't advise it though. You'll probably find out during her medical. Kes will update her medical file for you."

"Kes knew?" the Doctor asked in a bewildered tone.

Chakotay shrugged, "Kes assumed that she has a bit of a phobia of doctors. I just assumed she didn't want her medical history shared with any random crewmember you felt like telling."

"What?" the Doctor stuttered. "I take patient/doctor confidentiality seriously."

"I beg to differ," Tuvok chimed in. Harry smirked to himself.

Chakotay pointed at the smirking Ensign, "point proven. Now, she'll most likely go back to the bridge, same post, same shift. I'll be talking to her at a later time about it. So back to James, what exactly do you want me to do Harry?"

"Security, or the Beta shift," Harry replied.

"So, just away from you," Chakotay smirked at him.

"Yes," Harry nodded.

Chakotay turned to Tuvok, "Commander?"

"As Mr Damien hasn't been seen in months, Team One have only three people in it. If you and the Captain agree, then yes."

Chakotay put his head in his hands, brushing his thick hair back. "Oh right, the Captain."

B'Elanna frowned, "what? You're the one in charge of the crew shifts."

"She decided to remove him from Security, it was his idea actually, he wanted it," Chakotay replied.

"Correct me if I'm wrong Commander, but he was originally placed on Security as a punishment duty," Tuvok said.

"The Captain did choose to keep him there as the job suited him more than a bridge, or Engineering role," Chakotay replied. B'Elanna looked up with her eyes wide.

"Oh no no, don't give Harry any ideas. It's not happening," she grumbled.

"Wow, nobody wants him," the Doctor commented.

"I'll mention this to the Captain, Security's probably the best bet," Chakotay groaned. "Now, is there anything else?"

The intercom beep rudely interrupted him, followed by a nervous male voice. "*Engineering to Commander Chakotay.*"

Chakotay tapped his commbadge, looking a little relieved. "Yes?"

"There's something here you really have to see, it's not good."

Everyone looked at him with interest, he couldn't help but show it either. "I'm on my way. Dismissed everyone, we'll sort the *paperwork* out later."

Everyone couldn't leave the room fast enough.

Present Day ***12th March 2373***

On the bridge tensions were high as the red alert siren pierced its way through everyone's ears.

Chakotay flew around the command area's metal railings, clutching them as he headed for the centre of the bridge. "Where did that ship come from?" he demanded.

"A quantum singularity has appeared thirty thousand kilometres away. The bio-ship is heading directly toward the armada," said Tuvok, as calm as you'd expect from a Vulcan.

Chakotay faced the giant screen at the front of the bridge. All he could see was the deadly view of two Borg Cubes, the Federation's greatest enemy, with their tractor beams focused toward them.

Working furiously at the Operations station was the anxious Harry Kim, Chakotay watched him as if he was only waiting for him to solve the situation. "The Borg shields are lowering. We might be able to get away from them!"

Chakotay swung around to focus his attention on Tactical. "Can you get a lock on the Captain?"

"Not yet," came the unwanted reply.

"Commander, there are twelve more bio-ships coming out of the singularity!" Harry yelled over the siren.

Tom sat manning the ship's navigational controls at the centre of the bridge, unable to take his eyes off the viewscreen.

"This isn't good," he uttered as he glanced briefly down at his station. He heard a scoff from a few metres behind him.

"Thanks for the heads up," a younger blond man retorted. "Maybe we should replace the red alert signal with you."

Chakotay swung around to fix a cold stare at the crewman. "Save it for the nightshift, Taylor."

The man shrugged, "just making up for lost time."

Tom's fingers glided across his panel, while his eyes glanced to and from the viewscreen to it. It changed view to a group of six Borg vessels, a group of twelve little ships had formed a circle and appeared to be charging up together.

"See, the red alert siren can only do so much," he retorted right back.

"Congratulations, you switched the channel," Taylor responded.

"James enough!" the first officer snapped.

Turning back to look at the viewscreen just in time to see the charging turned into a beam directed towards the ship in the centre of the armada. The entire cube crumbled like a piece of paper in seconds.

The explosion collided with the other cubes nearby, destroying them instantly. The shock wave from it hurtled closer to the two cubes and the captured Starfleet vessel.

Harry looked up from his station for a second. "Impact in twelve seconds."

"We still cannot get out of the Borg ship's tractor beam," Tom's voice almost cracked as he worked his magic on the helm.

James turned to go towards the stations at the back of the station. He lightly pushed another crewman out of his way. The crewman still managed to stumble to the side, bumping into his neighbour.

Harry glanced over, "don't bother trying, I really doubt the Borg systems can be hacked into."

The entire ship shook as the shock wave made impact with their shields and the cubes towing them. One Borg Cube moved to get away from the debris, its tractor beam locked on Voyager fizzled away into nothing. Two more Cubes were following.

Within seconds the shock wave had consumed the three of them. The lead cube still carrying Voyager on its leash managed to outrun the worst of it.

"The Borg Shields are down," Harry broke the ice. "I've got a lock on the Captain."

James turned on his heel to face the rest of the bridge again. "Oh good, we can't leave without our entertainment."

Chakotay threw him a stone cold glance, but this didn't phase him too much. He replied with a casual shrug. "Beam her up Harry," the Commander ordered.

"I'm trying, something's interfering with the beam," Harry said, his fingers rushing over the panel.

Tuvok looked up from his station with an eyebrow raised higher than usual. "We're being hailed."

Chakotay let out a loud sigh, "on screen." His face soon turned a shade paler when he was greeted by a familiar face on the viewscreen.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? I told you I had a plan you incompetent ape!" Captain Kathryn Janeway almost screeched. Her usually pale face was bright red around the cheeks, her blue eyes almost piercing to anybody who dared to look. Chakotay didn't realise there was something worse than her infamous death glare. "No beam ups, unless you plan on beaming over the coffee!"

"Beam over the coffee? Would the Borg even allow it?" Tom muttered as if to himself, while trying to hide his face from the viewscreen.

Kathryn's eyes managed to widen even further. Before she could butt in James spoke, "of course they would. They'd assimilate it, and we'd all be screwed with caffeinated Borg drones."

"What a ridiculous idea, who would do that?" Tom said to himself.

Chakotay shook his head, he tried to put on a brave face to go against the Janeway Glare. "No, no coffee, don't you remember?"

Eight Months Earlier 16th July 2372

In Holodeck Two the resort program was active. Annoyingly repetitive music playing that suited the theme of the party was blasting from some unknown speakers. Almost every member of the crew were there, most of which wearing these awful Hawaiian themed outfits.

Tuvok passed by a very peeved looking Tom, then stopped next to Kathryn and Chakotay who were standing near a big sofa. "Captain?"

Kathryn looked up at him, "Tuvok, I'm surprised you're here."

"I was following orders Captain. I also thought that I should keep an eye on intoxicated crewmembers' activities," Tuvok said. Unknown to him a crewmember ran passed him, wearing nothing on his torso.

"I was only suggesting," Kathryn said with a smirk on her face. Tuvok raised an eyebrow before walking away. Chakotay gestured his arm in one direction, Kathryn smiled as she locked her arm in with his. A smile appeared on his face as they walked away.

Tom stood around like he was looking for someone to harass, with a drink in hand he spotted a target. "Well well, Lieutenant Anderson. I'll go and talk to him. I bet he hasn't got a date, he never has."

In his line of sight was a young crewman, with messy dark blonde hair. He seemed to be eyeing up the crowd as well, but with a look of hopelessness on his face. Tom startled him as he greeted the young man. "Craig, yoohoo!"

"Oh hi Tom," he meekly said.

"I take it you don't have a date," Tom blurted out. Craig stared at him as if he claimed Janeway hated coffee and wanted it banned.

"Oh, not yet," he said once he was over his shock. From his pocket he revealed a standard pad. "I'm sure one of these lucky ladies are on their own, looking for company."

"You know that's just edging on stalking," Tom blatantly said like he didn't care.

"It's not, it's just easier to keep track on the ones who have..." Craig trailed off when he realised he was saying too much.

Tom's face lit up, the mischief in his blue eyes clearly showing. "Keep track on the ones who have what? Rejected you?"

Craig did not look impressed, "at least I didn't get turned down for a Vulcan."

Tom's eyes widened, his cheeks turned a little red. "I have no idea what you mean."

"B'Elanna," Craig said, waving his finger. "Vorik, please Tom. Don't hide the anguish, share it with me."

Tom laughed sarcastically at him, his arms folded tightly around his chest. "I have no trouble with the ladies kid, B'Elanna digs me."

James walked passed with two drinks, he stopped just to laugh then continued on his way. "Dig you a grave maybe," Tom heard him say. Craig smirk grew as Tom's cheeks managed to get redder. "Wow, deja vu," he then muttered to himself.

"Friend of yours?" Craig said, barely managing to contain a laugh building inside him.

"Friend of my ass, he can kiss it," Tom muttered under his breath. "Look, face it kid. You'll never get the ladies to like you until you learn some tricks."

"Correction, lady. I don't need to overcompensate by pretending to have had many girlfriends," Craig interrupted him.

"Ok this isn't pick on Tom day, Jessie has that scheduled for October for some reason," Tom grumbled.

"Is it on the official calendar?" Craig asked with a smile.

Tom sighed, "I wouldn't expect anything less."

"I thought every day was pick on Tom day anyway," Craig said with real confusion. He shrugged his shoulders, "no matter, I'll save some for that day."

"Good cos I want to help you, I like you just not in that way," Tom said. His eyes narrowed suddenly, "wait, what did you mean by overcompensating?"

"What else would I mean?" Craig replied without hesitation.

"Ok I'm out, you're on your own kid," Tom grumbled as he stomped off. He grabbed two drinks off one of the trays the holograms were carrying around.

A few hours later Tom was barely walking in a straight line, with a look of contentment on his face. He caught sight of young Craig again, and stumbled over to him.

"Hey, Craig!"

The young man jumped, spilling some of his drink in his hand. "Oh, hi, Tom," he said once he recovered. Tom reached over and stole Craig's PADD. "No, don't look at that!" Craig screamed.

"Hey, watch it! B'Elanna's on the list, so you'd better keep away from my B'E," Tom said loudly in a slurry voice as he collapsed into the chair beside him.

"You're drunk," Craig muttered as he took the PADD back.

"LIAR!" Tom yelled. "Prove it, damn it!"

"For starters, sober people don't talk in a slurry voice," Craig said.

"You do though," Tom replied.

"No I don't," Craig muttered.

"DO!" Tom yelled over dramatically.

"Don't."

"DO!"

"Don't."

Suddenly there was a thud; Tom had fell off his chair. Craig rolled his eyes and stood up. He started to head for the holodeck doors. "Later Tom."

For the next few minutes Tom tried to stand up, with no success. Eventually he grabbed a hold of the chair leg he fell off, and tried to pull himself back up. All he achieved was the chair falling on him instead. After many attempts he got to his feet. His eyes lit up once he spotted his next companions.

Kathryn and Chakotay were sitting on one of the sofa type chairs. In the middle of a conversation she stopped talking and looked around.

"Hey where's everyone gone?"

"Kathryn, it's 0100 hours, they're probably in bed by now," Chakotay replied.

"Is it that time already?" Kathryn gasped in shock. Chakotay nodded. "You know this is all your fault."

"Why's that?" Chakotay asked.

"You're too distracting," Kathryn laughed.

Catching on Chakotay smiled back, "in what way?"

"You know what I mean," Kathryn smirked at him.

Chakotay raised his shoulders in a half shrug, sighing, "I'm afraid I don't."

Kathryn moved closer to him. Suddenly they both felt an arm around their shoulders.

"Hi guys!" Tom yelled in their ears from behind them. "Great party huh?"

"Not now," Chakotay groaned.

"Ey! How rude, I know when I'm not welcome," Tom grumbled, swaying from side to side. The pair in front of him sighed in relief, but it was short lived. "But I'll stay here with you, cos I know you both love me!" Tom yelled. Luckily for them, he collapsed behind the sofa.

"Do you think he's had too much to drink?" Chakotay laughed.

"Why would you think that, he seems his normal self," Kathryn smiled cheekily.

Tom tried to pull himself back up, but his feet weren't behaving. "Crap, I can't get back up! Help me guys." He heard a suspicious noise that made his old gossip loving ears perk up. "Oh, nice!"

"Eew," a male voice groaned. Tom clutched to the side of the sofa while sitting on the floor, he looked up hopefully to see James standing nearby with a face full of disgust.

"Jamesy, my best friend. Put it there pal!" Tom yelled as he held his hand out like you would for a handshake.

James' face of disgust changed quickly to an amused one. "Sure thing, buddy." Instead of the help me up handshake he expected, he was lifted half way up then dropped.

"Oooh!" Tom grunted as he fell sideways to the ground, his knees still bunched up in a kneeling position.

After James left, so did Kathryn and Chakotay both separately. Only minutes later Tuvok decided to leave. As he thought he was last he turned the program off. Tom continued to lie in that awkward kneeling position on the holodeck grid, his snores echoing around the room.

Hours later he woke up with a splitting headache.

"What the hell am I still doing in the holodeck?" he asked himself.

"Janeway to Paris."

Tom reached for his commbadge, "Er... yes Captain?"

"Why aren't you on the Bridge, your duty shift starts now."

"Oh sorry, I'm on my way," Tom mumbled as he stumbled to his feet. He totally forgot that he still had his party clothes on.

Sickbay:

"I'm telling you, it looked edible for once," Craig moaned while clutching his stomach.

Attending to him was the Ocampan Kes, who the holographic doctor trained to assist him. She looked on in sympathy, "that usually means it's a lot worse." She sighed, remembering the times she was dating the only Voyager chef.

Neelix had a strange imagination when it came to making up new recipes, completely forgetting everyone on board were alien to his ways, literally. Most of her patients were his victims. The holographic doctor constantly told him to look up human recipes, but Neelix was too proud to listen to a *mere hologram*.

"I'll stick with the rations then," Craig said with a sigh at the end. "I was saving for something else, but that's out."

Kes smiled as she pressed a hypospray into his arm. "That'll take a few minutes."

Craig smiled back at her, he thought he'd try his luck. "I'm feeling better already, since you're here."

Her smile faded away very quickly, "Craig what are you doing?"

"Oh," Craig's face turned an interesting shade of red. "I thought you'd like..."

"Go please," Kes said, sounding very awkward.

"Gone," Craig almost squeaked, he ran away as fast as he could. The doors stayed open for Kathryn, soon following her was Chakotay and the holographic doctor.

"It's just a precaution," the Doctor was saying.

Kathryn stopped, halting the two directly behind her as well. "I told you, I'm fine now thanks to your excellent care."

"Then there's nothing to worry about," the Doctor retorted. He began scanning her anyway, despite her death glare being directed at him. "Hmm."

Kes walked over to stand next to the Doctor, her face showing off her usual curiosity.

"What?" Kathryn asked. Kes and Chakotay looked puzzled while The Doctor turned his attention to Chakotay.

"Commander, may I see you in my office?" he asked. Chakotay and Kathryn shared a confused glance.

"All right," Chakotay replied.

The Doctor walked towards his office, Chakotay followed.

"Kes, do you have any idea what that was all about?" Kathryn asked.

"No idea, Captain," Kes replied.

Chakotay and the Doctor walked out of the office, the former's face grimacing in confusion.

"What was that all about?" Kathryn asked. The Doctor nodded at Chakotay.

"I don't know how to tell you this, Kathryn but... you're pregnant."

Everyone in the room fell silent for a couple of minutes.

"But... how?" Kathryn stuttered finally.

"Well, it all starts when..." the Doctor started blabbering, looking a too enthusiastic. He trailed off when the three people stared at him in disbelief. "Oh of course, you know all that already."

Kes tried her best not to giggle, Kathryn's death glare soon resurfaced. "This isn't possible, we haven't even..." her glare moved towards Chakotay. "How is this possible!?"

"I er, I don't know," he stuttered.

"Oh, I get it. Well if that's the situation then I don't know how it could have happened," the Doctor said.

"Maybe we should evaluate those scans again, Doctor," Kes suggested. The Doctor nodded and they both headed for the Doctor's office.

"Well, any bright ideas?" Kathryn asked.

"Nope. It maybe just what people call a miracle," Chakotay said.

"A miracle!" Kathryn screamed.

"Kathryn, it's not that bad, you know," Chakotay said quietly.

"That's easy for you to say, you don't have to put up with anything," Kathryn said huffily.

"Yes I do, I'll have to put up with you complaining about not having enough coffee," Chakotay said. Kathryn looked at him like he was a fly in her coffee. "The Doctor said that you'll have to cut down to one cup of coffee a day." He got ready to duck.

Everyone aboard braced themselves as a loud "what" shook the ship.

Chakotay was shaking quite badly at this point, "I'm sure you can live with decaffeinated."

Unknown to them the omnipotent Q was watching, with his head sticking through the closed doors. He stepped back to the corridor outside, his laughter echoed down the corridor as he walked along it. "Poor Chuckles, he's not going to last the day."

The doors opened up, Kes peeped her head out. She watched as Q clicked his fingers to make himself disappear. Her face full of concern, "is this what you were talking about?"

"Kes?" the Doctor called from his office.

"Yes Doctor," Kes replied back to him, then stepped back inside.

Q reappeared again in front of Sickbay, he folded his arms and fixed his eyes toward the door. A booming voice spoke from out of nowhere, "Q!"

"Yes, your *excellence*," Q uttered with a drip of sarcasm in his voice.

"The Ocampan woman," the booming voice continued.

"Yes yes, I know," Q muttered, rolling his eyes. He clicked his fingers to disappear again.

Present Day

Kathryn's eyes narrowed as she moved her death glare to maximum level. "Just send over Tuvok to join me, and keep your mouth shut. If you fail at these, I'll send some Borg over to take care of you."

"Um, yes ma'am," Chakotay's voice turned into a squeak. The viewscreen changed to show the Borg ship standing still in front of them, it soon took off into warp.

"Matching speed and course," Tom said quietly. While typing at his panel, his eyes widened. "They're on route out of their space, in the right direction may I add."

"They're co-operating," Harry said in utter disbelief.

"Suddenly the Borg or Species 8472 aren't so scary," James said with a smirk.

Tom's whole body shuddered, "man, I hope she's due that baby pretty soon. I wouldn't like to be you, Tuvok."

Tuvok raised an eyebrow again, "Commander, I will head for the transporter room."

"Alone?" Tom questioned, turning his chair so he could look towards the Vulcan. "Are you insane?"

"That wouldn't be logical, " Tuvok replied.

Once he had gone, Harry's face broke into a smile. "Interesting that he didn't seem concerned about the Borg side of the mission."

"Harry, the Borg are probably Janeway's bitches now. Nobody messes with the bun, TM," Tom said, trying to put some drama in his voice.

"She hasn't had the bun for months now, that joke makes no sense," James commented.

Chakotay finally got the nerve to speak again, sighing slightly, "welcome to Fifth Voyager."

Eleven Days Earlier 24th February 2373

In the Ready Room Kathryn sat behind her desk, trying to drink a cup of what was obviously not coffee.

The door chime went off, much to her relief. The cup was slammed down, spilling some of the contents on the desk. "What?"

The doors opened, James walked in. "What's up?"

Kathryn's relief soon faded, her face turned to stone. "What's up? What's up!? I'll tell you what's *up* shall I!?"

James looked a little nervous, "um, wow."

"I've had nothing but complaints from Harry about your behaviour. Just because you're on the nightshift, doesn't mean you have to be, you know, yourself!" Kathryn yelled, almost spitting across her desk.

"Harry?" James looked confused. "Harry was there?"

Kathryn blew a fuse, "Harry's in charge of the bridge night shift, you dolt!"

"Oh, didn't notice him," James said. "Though I did notice an odd squeaking noise every now and then, was that..."

"Don't give me lip, don't ever!" Kathryn shouted at him, now rising to her feet. "You think you're so great, well I'll tell you, you're not! I was doing you a favour by taking you off Security, but god help me I don't know why. So guess what?"

James pulled a worried face, "um, you're going into labour? Please."

"I wish!" Kathryn snapped. "No, you're going back to Security cos you are no good for anything else. Well that and pissing people off!"

"Why mix a compliment into a telling off?" James asked, sounding confused.

"Ugh!" Kathryn groaned. She marched up to him, pointing a finger right in his face. "You, I don't know what I'm going to do with you. You just, ugh annoy me so much."

"Everything annoys you," James pointed out. "I'll tell you what, I'll go have a coffee in your honour. Will that help?"

All Kathryn could see was red, her hand doing the pointing twitched, her left eye did the same thing. Luckily for James the intercom noise sounded.

"Chakotay to Janeway."

Kathryn pulled the commbadge off her chest, while still staring at James. "Oh my god, WHAT!?" she screamed into it.

"Um, I was going to invite you to Engineering to see it, but I'll just tell you. We've entered Borg Space, bye. Chakotay out."

"What!? The Borg, getting in my fricking way. I'll teach them!" Kathryn ranted. She then noticed James had snuck out while Chakotay was talking to her. "That Indian asshole ruins everything!"

Meanwhile in the Security Office, one Security officer had plonked himself on the desk whilst Craig and another sat nearby on the seats. The man on the desk was in the middle of telling them a joke, whilst holding out his hand. "And then he said, I shall give you 'dis pear!" He burst out laughing like he never heard it before, his audience were less than impressed.

"What's so funny about that, it sounds kinda mean," the other security officer said.

"I've had better things for a birthday present, that's for sure," Craig muttered.

The wannabe comedian jumped off the desk, staring bewilderedly back and forth between his team mates. "Oh my god, guys. This, dis pear. Jeez," he almost whined, holding out a hand again. "Despair's not a wonderful present, Jesus Christ guys."

"This is almost as bad as your abs jokes," Craig said with a shrug of his shoulders. This made the crewman laugh for a while, again like he'd never heard his own jokes before.

"Pears aren't wonderful either," the other security guy mumbled to himself.

"If it's 'dis pear you want," the joker sniggered to himself. "You guys just don't appreciate good humour."

"Pears would be a crummy present, so it kinda fits. Both despair, pear, are obviously not wonderful," Craig said to his other teammate. "Not funny still."

"No that's not it, it's just word play you idiot. Having the villain of the story talk about pears is funny, god!"

"Thompson, quit your day job and don't try to be funny," Craig rolled his eyes. The guy next to him nodded in agreement.

The doors opened, making all three men jump in shock. Craig calmed down quickly, while the other two looked very tense.

"Oh my god, what are you doing here? We already replaced you!" Thompson stuttered, pointing at Craig.

"Yes, we have enough pears already," the security guy added on. He and Craig laughed, giving each other a high five. Thompson glared at them.

James stared at them all, raising an eyebrow. "Are you guys on Janeway's share of the coffee?"

Thompson ignored him, and yelled at his coworkers, "it's dis pear, stop stealing my joke! You said it wasn't funny!"

The intercom beeped across the entire ship;

"All you people hogging the coffee, stop it! I know who you are! IT'S NOT YOURS! If I can't have it, doesn't mean you worthless lumps can! Janeway out."

"A pep talk is always appreciated," Craig muttered.

"Oh oh, that's just reminded me of another joke," Thompson said. His team mates turned to stare at him, shaking their heads. "Fine, but it was a good one. Foster here would have loved it."

"Yeah, don't bring me down to your level," the security crewmember said.

Thompson pouted his lips, folding his arms tightly. He looked up at James, "so ... seriously, what did we do to deserve this honour?"

"I was going to give you some advice, but looks like Janeway's already done it," James said with a shrug of his shoulders.

Craig and Foster smirked at each other. Thompson breathed out through his nose, and cocked his nose up. "Ok thanks, now so long."

"Jeez Thommy, what's with the pear up your butt?" Craig questioned, trying not to laugh until he finished. Foster snorted with laughter.

"Seriously guys, pears?" James said with confusion.

Thompson's face had turned red, either with rage or embarrassment. This just made his team mates laugh even harder.

"Erm yeah, so... I'm rejoining you guys," James said. The new colour in Thompson's face left quicker than any coffee in Janeway's cup. "Kicking you when you were down seemed like fun."

"Oh god," Thompson stuttered. "You're joking right?"

"It's no 'dis pear joke, that's for sure," Foster snickered.

James raised his eyebrow, "despair? Really, that's weak."

"I'd like to see you do better!" Thompson snapped.

"Chakotay to all hands, battle stations. All senior staff report to the Conference Room. I repeat, all hands battle stations."

"Well you heard him," Craig sighed, wiping the tears of laughter from his eye. He and Foster jumped to their feet.

"Yeah, let's mosey," James said.

Thompson smirked, "oh please. Couldn't you have come up with something a little more badass?"

James stared in his direction, full of thought. "Yeah sure." He threw a light punch into Thompson's face, he fell backwards to the ground unconscious. "Let's go." Craig looked on in shock while Foster looked indifferent, like he was used to it.

"Yes, let's," Foster said happily enough. He walked out.

"Um... what just happened?" Craig stuttered as James followed Foster out of the office. Thompson's unconscious form groaned.

Present Day

"I've replicated nearly ten million Borg nanoprobes, each of them reprogrammed to my specifications, each capable of targeting the alien tissue."

Chakotay looked up from medical microscope, "assimilating him?"

The Doctor smiled, proud of his work, "just momentarily. The Borg technology will be destroyed within seconds, taking the alien tissue along with it." The hologram walked over to the head biobed, where Craig lay. His skin was covered in tendrils and other horrific growths. "It'll be a lot better than the poor fellow being eaten alive, don't you think?"

With a sigh Chakotay remained where he was, and waited for a miracle. He watched as the Doctor's cure worked on Craig's face, clearing most of the disease away from his eyes and cheek.

"Good to see you again, Lieutenant," the Doctor said with a smile.

"Good work. Let me know when he's back on his feet," Chakotay said, turning on his heel to leave.

"Commander!" the Doctor stopped him. "Commander, I must tell you, I have my doubts about this alliance. You may have convinced the Borg the nanoprobes can defeat their enemy, but a medical treatment is a long way from a weapon of war."

"I know, it wouldn't have been my first idea either," Chakotay sighed. "Kathryn's getting more irrational every day."

"Yes well, that can happen. I did recommend two months ago that she'd be relieved of duty," the Doctor said.

"You expected her to listen?" Chakotay half smiled. "The scary part about all of this is her idea could work."

A female voice scoffed from the doorway. "As if. The Borg have transwarp right, what's stopping them from rushing us through their space and getting the weapons then? They're playing us for chumps."

Chakotay and the Doctor turned to the voice, both with a different type of surprise on their face. Kes looked around too, but looked more worried.

"Jessie?" the Doctor stuttered. "Where have you been?"

The petite, raven haired girl standing at the doorway folded her arms. The expression on her face seemed pained. "Janeway's coffee-less and full of pregnancy hormones, yet you still listened to her. You know I'm right, you thought the same thing Chuckles."

The exhausted first officer could only sigh again. "You know I don't know what you're talking about."

"Unbelievable," Jessie groaned. "Everyone I passed by is saying the same thing. We're following the Borg where exactly?"

"Jessie there's a reason why the Captain thought this was a workable plan. Voyager wouldn't even take the strain of transwarp anyway," Chakotay said.

"Right, that reason is you and caffeine withdrawals," Jessie said.

Kes stepped forward, "maybe we should quickly get your physical done, Jess."

The Doctor swiftly turned to face her, "no I'll do it, she's way overdue."

Despite the overall situation Chakotay chuckled a little. "She was on leave, Doc, relax." He walked over to stand directly in front of Jessie. "I'm not exactly loving this plan either, but to be fair to the Captain, we had no other way."

"*Sick* leave, that's the point," the Doctor mumbled. "Kes I'll do her physical, you replicate more of the nanoprobes."

"As you wish Doctor," Kes said, sounding uneasy. She made her way towards the lab that was behind the office.

"Should be safe now, why not," Jessie mumbled to herself. "I'm telling you Chakotay, if one drone gets within one metre of me I'm assimilating your ass first."

"Me, why?" Chakotay raised an eyebrow.

Jessie shrugged her shoulders, "because you just let this happen. I'd say grow some balls but considering the situation we're in, it's too late for that." She marched passed him to join the Doctor, who still looked very confused.

"How did we get into this mess?" Chakotay sighed to himself.

Eleven Days Earlier
24th February 2373

The senior staff gathered in the conference room. Everyone but Kathryn looked particularly tense.

"Before the probe was destroyed, it picked up a narrow corridor of space devoid of Borg activity. We've nicknamed it the Northwest Passage," Chakotay addressed the rest of the officers.

B'Elanna chipped in, "unfortunately, the passage is filled with intense gravimetric distortions. It's probably caused by a string of quantum singularities."

Tom looked a little relieved, "better to ride the rapids than face the hive."

"Jesus Christ, do you have to comment on every little thing!" Kathryn snapped at him. Tom shrunk into his seat.

"Um we're going to set a course for that corridor, and go into full Tactical Alert," Chakotay said.

Kathryn clicked her tongue, and rolled her eyes. "Good, cos I was going to suggest Do Nothing Alert. Idiot."

"I have reprogrammed the phaser banks to a rotating modulation, but I suspect a Borg vessel will adapt quickly," Tuvok added.

"Good job, genius," Kathryn muttered.

Chakotay decided it was best to ignore her, "we can use every edge. Ensign Kim?"

"I've already configured the long-range sensors to scan for transwarp signatures. An early warning system," Harry replied. A plastic cup came into contact with his head. "Ow, why?"

"Whyyyyy," Kathryn made a fake whine. "What do you want, gold stars? We're out of junior school, kid."

Chakotay looked at the ensign with some sympathy. "Good work. Doctor, how are you coming on the medical front?"

"I've analysed every square millimetre of the Borg corpse we recovered seven months ago. I'm closer to understanding how their assimilation technology works, and I might be able to create some sort of medical defence," the Doctor proudly replied.

"Where were you eight months ago?" Kathryn grumbled at him. "I should delete and replace you with a program more useful, like a tea machine."

"This is your top priority, so redouble your efforts," Chakotay said, his resolve slipping. "Neelix, I doubt we can resupply the ship any time soon."

"No problem, sir. I'm working on a plan to extend our food and replicator rations," the Talaxian replied.

"Yes, we should all commit suicide, it's our only hope," James commented from the doorway.

Kathryn slammed her hand on the desk, "god damn it, I didn't ask for backup!"

Chakotay covered his face with a hand, "you're not even on senior staff anymore."

"Yeah well, Thompson's telling his jokes again," James shrugged his shoulders.

Neelix looked at his neighbour Tuvok, looking quite upset and a little confused. "What does suicide have to do with food supplies, that's just awful."

"Oh cry more, won't you," Kathryn groaned. She stormed out of the Conference Room, barely avoiding bumping into James on route. Everyone heard her even outside. "EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!" They then heard crying from another crewmember. "GET THE FU..."

"Um," Chakotay muttered.

"...OUT OF THE WAY!" Kathryn continued to scream.

"That wasn't a complete meeting, she didn't even insult me," B'Elanna said.

Kathryn stuck her head through the doors, "you date Tom, who needs to insult you?" She disappeared again.

Tom shrunk even further in his chair, "why doesn't she just punch me, it'd be easier."

"I can do it for you," James said with a smile.

"Guys stop, this is exactly what it wants," Harry said. "We need to work together and we can get through this." Everyone stared at him with raised eyebrows. "I mean she. Oh god, she didn't hear me."

"Oh Harry, now you've signed your death warrant," Tom sighed sympathetically, hugging his friend in close. "We'll go together man buddy."

"Right, and I'm apparently the gay one," James groaned.

Tom and Harry both blushed and pulled away from each other. B'Elanna groaned into her hand.

"Dismissed," Chakotay muttered. "It can't get any worse." Everyone stopped in their tracks and stared at him in horror.

"Oh well done, now you've doomed us!" Tom snapped. Harry burst out crying, Tom put his arm back around him to comfort him. "Look, see what you've done."

"We're in Borg Space, our Captain is caffeine free and pregnant, and we have an ex villain missing. How the hell can it get any worse, be realistic," Chakotay snapped. Harry's sobs deafened the room, everyone else just looked mad.

"Ex villain?" James muttered. "Damien counts as villain material now?"

"Yeah that's quite a stretch," B'Elanna commented.

Meanwhile

"Haha, you've made a huge mistake. Now you will suffer the pain of my greatness," a gruff male voice said. Sat in a darkened, partially damaged corridor was a man with scruffy brown hair. His dark eyes focused on a screen he held in his hands. His fingers moved across the few buttons on the side of it.

"Here's our chance for an all out attack!" a girl's voice yelled from the screen, which was in fact a PSP.

"Mwahahaha, yes yes," the man laughed, pressing the x button.

Behind him another figure shuffled closer to him, very slowly. "Damien."

"Shush!" the man hissed, with his spare hand he picked up a tiny pot and spoon. The device was placed on his lap as he dug into the pot with the spoon.

"In my day we used our hands to eat yogurt," the figure said in a slow, old voice.

"Uh huh," the man was barely listening. He shuffled around to face him anyway, picking up his PSP again. "Any minute now."

The older figured looked confused. Suddenly a blue swirly portal appeared behind him, the gravity of it dragged him inside. Minutes later it closed.

"Mwahahaha," Damien laughed. "I knew sitting on Deck Thirteen would get rid of that codger eventually. Now I'm free to get on with my dastardly plans in peace." A growl caught his attention, he looked down at the PSP with an evil smile on his face. "Oh you're picking a fight with me, how foolish."

***Seven Days Earlier
28th February 2373***

Sickbay

Kes walked back from the lab and through the office, rubbing her chest uncomfortably. Her outfit was strangely skin tight, and it was making it difficult to breathe. "That's the last time I accept a birthday present from Neelix."

She felt a presence behind her, it unsettled her so much it sent a shiver down her spine. Slowly Kes turned her head to the side, what she saw made her scream.

The turbolift doors shot open. Tuvok stepped onto the stressful bridge, Chakotay looked over his shoulder and sat up. "How is she?" he asked.

"Unsettled, and uncertain. Over the past two hours, she has experienced several telepathic visions about the death of Borg, and the destruction of Voyager," Tuvok replied.

"Some sort of premonitions?" Chakotay questioned, a frown now planted on his face.

"Possibly," Tuvok responded.

"Pfft," Kathryn grunted. "She's just trying to steal my thunder, just keep us going to the debris field Mr Parasite."

"Yes," Tom sniffed, wiping his eye with his hand. "Ma'am."

"Is it crunch time already, Eugene?" Kathryn growled at him. She cracked her knuckles.

Tom's eyes widened, "no Captain."

"Captain!" Harry looked up from his station, panic set in his eyes. "Long range sensors are picking up transwarp signatures, four point seven light years distant. Closing from behind."

"I'm so glad Danny got transferred off the bridge," Chakotay commented. "Red alert."

Kathryn jumped out of her chair, the expression on her face almost like the girl's from the Exorcist. "Did you just yell at me, Crewman Kim!?"

Harry's eyes widened to inhumane levels, "no, no Captain."

The lights on the consoles began flickering on and off, the sound of the engines slowed down to nothing. "What's happening?" Chakotay asked.

"Even the computer's scared of the Captain," Tom replied. "We've dropped out of warp."

Kathryn dropped herself back in the chair, this made Chakotay jump almost out of his. "Bridge to Engineering, you'd better have a good explanation."

"Some kind of subspace turbulence is preventing us from creating a stable warp field. How's that?"

"Are you being cheeky with me?" Kathryn growled. The entire ship started to shake mostly in synch with Harry.

"Turbulence is increasing," Tuvok said.

"Whatever would we do without you?" Kathryn said, rolling her eyes.

"I'm reading one Borg vessel," Harry said. His eyes widened again, his face getting paler by the second. "Make that two, three. No... four."

Kathryn jumped to her feet, and marched over towards Opps. Harry backed into his station, fearing his end was near. "For god's sake, can we hire somebody who actually passed infant school maths at the opps station!? You useless..."

"There's five Captain," Harry squeaked, interrupting her.

"Are you sure?" Kathryn asked in a fake sweet motherly voice. Harry could only nod.

"Going to We're Screwed Alert," Tom muttered.

"Shields to maximum!" Chakotay ordered.

"They're in visual range," Tuvok said.

Tom shook his head, "yeah I don't think we'll be doing that."

Tuvok ignored him and changed the view screen. Everyone who dared to look saw the back end of Voyager followed by an army of what looked like badly damaged Borg Cubes. They closed in fast regardless.

"Oh my god," Chakotay said quietly to himself.

"Now we're definitely on Piss My Pants Alert," Tom said. Little did he know Kathryn was standing behind him. She hit him across the back of the head with a decaf coffee jar.

Everyone were tossed back and forth as the Borg ships flew straight passed Voyager, some within only a few hundred metres of them, tossing it around. The cubes disappeared into the distance as fast as they appeared.

"Wow, any damage?" Chakotay asked, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"Shields held. Warp engines are coming back on-line. All primary systems are stable," Harry sighed in relief.

"Stand down Red Alert," Chakotay also sighed.

"They seemed in an awful hurry, didn't they?" Tom said while rubbing his sore head.

"They looked damaged," Harry stuttered. "That's worrying."

"Yes, Harry keep an eye on them. I want to know what's happening," Chakotay ordered the Ensign. He nodded.

Kathryn had steam coming from her ears. With her hands on her hips everyone knew she was going to explode any second.

"If we needed any more evidence that we've entered Borg space, I think we just got it," Chakotay said.

"Are we not good enough for those brain dead simpletons?" Kathryn snapped, her face turning very red.

Chakotay looked very nervous, "um, you'll be in your Ready Room."

"Damn right I will!" Kathryn screamed, she stormed off into her office. Everyone could still hear her voice when the doors closed behind her, but they felt a little better that they weren't in arms reach.

Seven Months Earlier
21st August 2372

The Conference Room:

B'Elanna stood at the wall panel showing some long range scans on the screen. Kathryn, Tom, Chakotay, Tuvok, Neelix and Kes sat around the table.

"Commander, you and Ensign Kaplan take Shuttle Sacajawea on the dilithium mission," Kathryn said after B'Elanna was finished.

"Didn't we do that last week?" Neelix asked with confusion.

"It's what Voyager always does. Well that and kill off redshirts," Tom said, shedding a tear. "Kaplan, we shall miss your beauty." Everyone rolled their eyes.

"You're forgetting setting a course to the Alpha Quadrant," Kes smiled.

"Fine! Commander, you and Ensign Kaplan take Shuttle Sacajawea to do a survey mission of the Necrative Expanse, or whatever this dump is called," Kathryn said.

"Isn't that what Harry, the Doc and that doomed unknown is doing?" Tom questioned. "Another hottie bites the dust."

"For god's sake! Commander, you and Ensign Kaplan take Shuttle Sacajawea so you can crash it, then we finally have an excuse to build the Delta Flyer," Kathryn snapped.

"Finally, a solid plan," Tom smiled.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "Captain maybe we shouldn't send out another junior officer, we do not have many left."

"I'll go in her place," B'Elanna said. "After all, the real reason for the mission is the ore on that planet."

Kathryn raised an eyebrow, drumming her fingers on the table impatiently. "Here I thought all we ever looked for was that trillithium."

Chakotay passed her a smile, "planning on blowing up a small star are we?"

"Captain, it also isn't a good idea for Commander Chakotay to leave Voyager. You could easily fall ill right now. If that would happen, he has to take command of Voyager," Tuvok said.

Kathryn blew a fuse as she jumped out of her seat, sending it hurtling backwards into the wall. Her hands fell to her hips as she tried to compose herself. Everyone else in the room froze, trying to avoid eye contact. "This is the Doctor's doing isn't it? What did he tell you, I'll delete the hell out of him."

"Oh this is too interesting, tell us more Tuvok," Tom said with interest. Everyone stared at him, not believing even he was that stupid.

Chakotay quickly came to the rescue before Kathryn's death glare became literal, "Tom, you go with B'Elanna instead of me. Now please."

"What did I do?" B'Elanna grumbled. She and Tom both left the meeting, Tom decided to hang back for a few seconds to check her out.

Kathryn didn't move her death glare away from Tom as they left. "How are our other two shuttles?" she asked like nothing happened.

"Harry checked in twenty minutes ago, mentioning something about beaming the Doc's emitter and camera into space," Chakotay smiled warmly. "However James hasn't checked in with his shuttle."

"Get on that," Kathryn ordered.

"They were just on a few days leave, I think. They don't really have to follow mission protocol," Chakotay said.

"Out here, we really do," Kathryn sighed.

Aboard the shuttle Sacajawea sat a very angry looking B'Elanna, and a smug Tom.

"What are you talking about, B'Elanna?" Tom asked.

"That Riley was always next to you and touching you when you were asleep," B'Elanna said angrily.

"If she was, why would you care?" Tom asked.

"Who wants to be treated by a crazy person, I don't," B'Elanna grumbled.

"We're being written by one, what's the difference?" Tom smirked in his usual way.

B'Elanna rolled her eyes as she brought up her feet onto the chair, resting her head on her knees.

"What's the real reason?" Tom asked her.

"Oh please!" B'Elanna groaned. "Get over yourself Paris, only you are that in love with yourself."

"Riley's not nuts, she seemed pretty normal considering," Tom commented.

"Somebody who devotes their time to trying to assimilate the people they fight with, just to save their own asses is not nuts? That's a new one on me," B'Elanna snapped. "Not to mention the touching I mentioned."

"Oh I remember," Tom laughed at her, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "You're just jealous."

B'Elanna flew her legs off the seat, turning it around to face him. "Jealous, of what? Her stupid airy bimbo voice, her bald head, her crackpot idea that species only get along when they're connected Borg style, her blonde wig? Oh hold me back, I want some of that!"

"Nope, you just can't stand it when another woman likes me," Tom replied.

"She didn't like you. She just wanted help, and she knew you'd fall for the flirts like any chump would!" B'Elanna yelled at him, pointing her finger.

Tom for once had enough. He turned the auto pilot on, then turned his seat around to face her head on. "If that didn't bother you, you wouldn't keep going on about it like it makes you angry. There's nothing really wrong with me, but if you want to deny it, keep it to yourself!"

"Deny what?" B'Elanna said quietly. She understood right away, "I don't like you that way, at all!"

"Fine, why do I care!" Tom snapped back.

"Fine!" B'Elanna shouted.

"Good!" Tom snapped.

Meanwhile, on Voyager's bridge:

"Voyager to Shuttle Sacajawea, respond," Chakotay impatiently said, eyeing the ceiling.

The intercom finally beeped, instead of getting a voice right away they got what sounded like numerous buttons being pressed at once, and somebody's breathing quite loudly nearby.

"Sorry Commander, we were kinda... busy. What's wrong?"

Chakotay looked at everyone in the bridge, his eyes filled with surprise. "You should have got back to Voyager ten minutes ago. The Doctor's very eager to have a look at that dead Borg drone you found."

"What was that, I can't make out the signal."

Everyone heard B'Elanna laughing quietly, which made some eyebrows on the bridge raise.

"Well if I understand correctly, I won't have to wait much longer. Check in with me when you're back in five minutes. Chakotay out," Chakotay smirked.

A blonde girl sitting at the Science station opened her mouth, everyone quickly swung their heads around to face her. She pouted.

**Six Days Before the Present
6th March 2373**

Engineering:

"We're all going out of our way not to pee off the Captain, yet you seem to be goading her," Tom was saying while leaning on one of the stations. Nearby B'Elanna worked on fixing a nearby one. "Why?" She looked up finally.

"If you think *how's that* is goading then no wonder you've been to Sickbay more times than her," she said with a smile.

"Here we thought she was going to be the death of us, no wonder the Borg ran off with a tail between their legs," Tom said.

B'Elanna's attention went back to her station, then the tricorder in her hands. "I think we've put up with worse, don't you?"

"Yeah. What with possessed crewmembers blowing up rooms and shooting people, not forgetting homicidal holograms, loony time travel Captains from the future," Tom said, almost rambling.

"You're forgetting anomalies tearing up the ship," B'Elanna interrupted him.

Tom sighed as he folded his arms on the station, his chin rested on the top arm. "We're cursed, B'E."

"I told you not to call me that," B'Elanna muttered, glancing back at him briefly from her tricorder. "We had to reach Borg space eventually, that's not being cursed."

"What about everything else then?" Tom asked, almost smug.

B'Elanna lowered her tricorder, then walked over to stand next to him. "Are you getting old Tom? I figured you'd find this one big adventure."

"It's called brain damage and homicidal pregnant Captains," Tom smirked at her. He straightened himself up and turned to face her, "you're right though, complaining isn't going to do anything."

"I do find that pregnancy odd though, Chakotay insists nothing happened between them," B'Elanna said with a thoughtful look on her face.

"He's just in denial, any guy would if he spent any special time with the Captain," Tom shuddered. His eyes widened in horror, "she's not behind me is she?"

"No," B'Elanna smiled. She turned back to face the station. "She's beside you."

Tom jumped a mile, then he felt a tight pinching in his right ear. Before he could really react he began being pulled towards the exit. No one dared to help him out, no matter how much he screamed out. Two unfortunate crewmembers walked into Engineering right at the same time Kathryn wanted to leave.

"EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!" she screeched. The pair scrambled out of her way.

Back on the Bridge:

Everyone there were quite worried as Tom had not come back, and James had decided to sit at the helm. He wasn't doing anything, but they worried that something would happen to take them off auto pilot.

"I'm not calling her, are you mad?" Chakotay was saying in Harry's direction.

He looked very ashamed of himself, "you're right."

James laughed, "yeah but what happens if Janeway finds out that you didn't tell her about this." He pointed at his own neck and drew a cut throat line.

Chakotay slapped his commbadge so hard his chest hurt, "Captain Janeway to the Bridge please."

"Ensign, shouldn't you be on night shift only," Tuvok muttered.

James shrugged, "not anymore."

"Need I remind everyone, something strange is going on," Harry butted in.

"So, that's the series slogan isn't it?" James said.

"Nah, it's probably now *writers block's a bitch*," Harry commented.

The turbolift doors opened and the atmosphere on the bridge turned very chilly.

"What was so important that you'd interrupt my Me time!?" Kathryn snapped, still holding Tom by the ear.

Everyone looked very worried, well everyone but James who seemed to enjoy Tom's misfortune.

"Um, we've reached the debris field. I figured you'd want to be kept in the loop," Chakotay stuttered.

"I don't care about that!" Kathryn snapped. Everyone turned to glare at James, he didn't look bothered though.

"See, I told you. But you had to open your big mouth," Chakotay grumbled quietly at him.

The vein on Kathryn's forehead popped, "you weren't going to tell me about this!?"

Chakotay looked confused, "but you just said..."

"Don't you snap at him you giant ape!" Kathryn snapped. "Your job is to tell me about these things, don't take your uselessness out on your crew!"

"What a shock, you're on his side," Chakotay mumbled. His eyes widened when he realised he spoke out loud instead of thinking. He ran as fast as he could into the Conference Room.

"Um, Captain?" Tom squeaked, his face red with pain.

Kathryn just shook the hand she held him with, "shush you!"

"Shouldn't I... drop us out of warp... get us closer?" Tom cringed as he spoke each painful word.

"I already did," James said with a shrug.

Kathryn's face stiffened, her head slowly turned to face him. "What?" Everyone else ducked into a hiding place, poor Tom could only just lie there.

"Chakotay told me to," James said, not looking worried at all.

"That bast..." Kathryn snapped. She threw Tom to the side and marched over to where Chakotay was hiding.

"Damn you James," everyone heard him groan behind the door, then they heard a transporter beam.

"I'll get him later," Kathryn grumbled.

Harry peeped his head above opps, which was beeping at him. "We're there."

He changed the viewscreen. Everyone gasped in shock, well everyone but Kathryn who looked happy for once. The entire debris field was filled with pieces of Borg Cubes, small and huge alike.

"Janeway, what have you done?" James said.

Kathryn narrowed her eyes, Harry quickly came to the unintentional rescue. "There's no lifesigns."

"Captain, I'm detecting two residual weapons signatures in the debris. One is Borg, the other is of unknown origin," Tuvok reported.

"Who could do this to the Borg?" Tom asked, rubbing his stretched ear.

"Someone obviously more powerful than them, I didn't pull on your tiny brain did I Paris?" Kathryn grumbled.

Harry looked his optimistic self for the first time in a while. "But they did it; looks like the remains of fifteen cubes! We might've just found our ticket through Borg space. An ally."

"God how old are you, five?" Kathryn snapped at him. "Where's the proof that they're good guys?"

"You've done the age jokes already with him," James said.

"Why, why?" Harry stuttered.

"I'm bored," James shrugged.

"Then why don't you insult him for a bit," Kathryn grumbled. "I'm getting so sick of his chirpy little face." Harry's eyes widened.

Tom stumbled over to the Helm, "scooch!" James stared at him in amusement. "Please?"

"For god's sake, be a man Paris!" Kathryn snapped. She turned to Opps, "let's take a closer look, Kimmy!"

"Um," Tom mumbled. He stood up straight, and folded his arms. "Move out of my chair, shrimp!"

James raised his eyebrow, he pushed him in the chest and he fell over in an amusing heap. His arm slightly nudged Kathryn's leg. Everyone cringed when she delivered a kick in the chest in exchange.

"I'd like to know what kind of weapon could destroy the Borg," Kathryn sighed, putting an arm on her hip. She put her left foot on top of Tom's head, this made him squeal briefly. "Is it breathable in that Borg debris?"

"Affirmative, they have pressure shields all around the damaged sections," Tuvok replied.

"Ok, get Chakotay and take that little whiner with you," Kathryn said.

"Which Captain?" Tuvok asked.

"Gee thanks," Harry mumbled.

"Well done Harry," Kathryn snapped. "You've just volunteered over Tom, enjoy."

All the colour in his face drained, "um, yes ma'am." He and Tuvok left in the closest lift.

"James get your useless ass to Tactical," Kathryn snapped, pointing towards Tuvok's station.

"Sure sure, I can eavesdrop on Harry crying for his mummy," James said as he got out of the Helm chair.

Tom groaned underneath Kathryn's heel, she huffed as she stepped off him. "Can't you just say yes ma'am, or yes Captain like everyone else? It's always a stupid remark with you!"

"Ok," James said, looking slightly deflated. "Yes your majesty."

Kes stepped out of the turbolift. Her eyes were wide, her face a lot paler than usual. Before Kathryn could explode again she spoke up. "Captain?"

"Jesus Christ, what now?" she groaned, turning to face the newcomer.

"I saw Harry, he was screaming," Kes replied, her voice sounding dazed.

James looked at her with a smirk, "yeah, Janeway sent him to a Borg Cube."

"No," Kes mumbled, she tried to shake off her daze. "A premonition."

"Yes that doesn't surprise me, the little wuss," Kathryn muttered. "What did he do, trip over something?"

"I don't know. It wasn't Borg, he was here," Kes sighed. "Something terrible. I don't think anyone should go there."

Kathryn looked deep in thought, this worried everyone. "We need to find out who destroyed the Borg, before we find out the hard way. Fine, James go relieve Harry. Tell Tuvok to bring another Security team member, Chakotay to come back to the bridge."

Everyone else on the bridge looked over to the Science station, like they were expecting something. Tom realised first, "oh yeah, Danny's in Engineering."

James sighed as he headed for the turbolift Kes stepped out of. "Fine, I'll go rescue Harry from the evil tripping incident."

"It's just not the same without her," Tom continued, without hearing him.

"What's so rude with what I said?" Kathryn asked, raising an eyebrow.

James' eyes widened as he stepped into the turbolift, "don't ever tell me."

About ten minutes later B'Elanna stepped off the turbolift near Tactical, she took over an unknown person manning it. The intercom was buzzing with noise from aboard what was left of the Borg ship; as well as footsteps from the awayteam.

Kes was sitting in Chakotay's chair looking very anxious, while he stood nearby with his arms folded.

"Holy crap, it's the Leda incident all over again!" Craig's voice muttered.

"You weren't even there," James' muttered.

"What are you toads talking about?" Kathryn huffed.

"The Borg, the drones have been chopped up into bits. But here's the weirdest part, they're piled up like. I don't know what like," Craig replied.

"Toads? Is she running low on insults?" James' voice asked.

"Shhhh, she can hear you!" Craig's whispered.

"These bodies are reminiscent of one of the premonitions Kes described," Tuvok added on.

"Didn't Kes say we were going to die?" Craig squeaked nervously.

"Not like that I didn't," Kes said with a sigh. She heard Craig also sigh over the commlink. "Just in fires, and explosions. Nothing like that."

"Oh crap."

"We've done that one already, something new is all I ask," James commented.

The footsteps continued on the commlink. Kathryn sat back in her chair. She reached over to the side of it to pick up a lunch box. Inside were two slices of bread. Kes turned her head to watch as the pregnant Captain buttered the bread, then chucked shortbread biscuits on one slice. The poor Ocampan turned her head quickly before she saw the tomato sauce being pulled out.

"It looks like something dissolved a hole in the Borg hull. A forcefield is in place," Craig's voice said.

"This Borg is attempting to assimilate it," Tuvok said.

"Is that how they do it, eeh creepy," Craig muttered.

On the Borg Ship the corridors were in tatters. Borg corpses lay on the ground, some even still standing in their alcoves. The awayteam found two lying on their backs on the ground, each of them covered in so many tendrils their faces were obscured.

"What is this?" Craig asked as he knelt down besides them. A tricorder scan didn't give him any clues. James joined him with his own tricorder.

"They've been dead two months," he said.

"How can you tell? The vacuum of space preserves a little too well," Craig mumbled, looking a bit squeamish.

"There's still enough to go on," James replied. He pointed at the tendrils on the drones torso, "all this for example. It's still growing."

"Interesting," Tuvok commented.

"Gross you mean," Craig groaned. "How is it still growing, what is it?"

James stood back up, keeping an eye on his tricorder readings. "I haven't a clue. I'd say a life form, but there's no life signs or anything."

"A virus?" Tuvok questioned.

"Maybe, but shouldn't the virus die if it has no living host to live off?" James said.

"Maybe it's what killed the Borg," Craig commented. "I mean, it'd be ironic. They're all about taking over people's bodies and such." His tricorder beeped at him, "it looks like his cells were rotted away. He's all dried up."

"If it did kill them, maybe we shouldn't be hanging around," James said.

Tuvok nodded, "agreed. Lieutenant?"

"Yeah, I'm all for it," Craig sighed in relief. He put his tricorder away. As he did the Borg corpse's arm went into spasm, touching his arm only for a second. He pulled his arm away, grimacing like it stung. "Ow, what was that?"

His teammates looked at him, then at the drone which was still moving only in the arm. It stopped after Craig stumbled to his feet. Tuvok glanced at his arm, noticing a small acid yellow coloured spot on it. "We should return to Voyager." He tapped his commbadge.

7th March 2373

Chakotay returned to the Bridge, his face giving away how worried he was. Everyone turned to look at him expectantly. Well not everyone.

"The alien DNA seems to be taking over Craig's body. The Doctor isn't sure how to stop it."

"Ohno," Harry muttered, the guilt on his face was obvious. Kes seemed to sense it, she looked over at him with a reassuring glance.

B'Elanna looked furious, she slammed her hand on the station. "You're trying to tell me that he's going to die? He's just a kid, for god's sake!"

Chakotay bowed his head, "apparently the alien's DNA can resist all forms of attack, destroying it is impossible."

"Hmm, probably why the Borg's having so much trouble with them then, they won't be able to assimilate them," Tom said to himself. A few people looked at him in surprise. "Not just a pretty face."

"Sometimes it's just way too easy," James muttered, shaking his head.

"The Doctor hasn't given up though," Chakotay said. "He's trying a very experimental treatment with Borg nanoprobes, I don't get it either."

Kathryn huffed from her chair, "if we're quite finished, can we now worry about about something far more important."

"Yeah we'll be no better off than Craig if we stick around, they could still be nearby," Tom agreed.

"No!" Kathryn snapped making the helmsman jump off his seat.

"Yep, we can't have the poor coffee supplies dying with us. Better to inject it into space as a mercy killing," James said.

Kathryn turned her head in a flash, staring at him with her blue eyes flashing with rage. "Don't make me come over there!"

Chakotay smirked as he returned to his seat. "What do you mean exactly then, Kathryn?"

"Weren't we on our way to some Northwest Passage, or some other ridiculously inaccurate name?" Kathryn replied.

"We're still four days away, Captain," Tom cringed, fearing the worst.

"So which loser should we offer to the Borg as an exchange for leaving us alone, just in case?" Kathryn questioned, staring at the back of Tom's head.

"We can only hope they'll fancy pulling a Locutus on us," James commented.

Kathryn turned her head around slowly, looking almost like her head was going to turn 180 degrees. The vein in her forehead throbbed, her eyes flashed and her cheeks were flushed.

"Nice knowing you," Tom squeaked.

"Oh so it's ok to joke about assimilating crewmembers, but not ok when it's the magnificent Kathryn Janeway. I'll remember that," James said, like he didn't really care about what would happen to him.

Chakotay groaned into his hand, "for god's sake, you'll get us all killed some day. I thought Tom would be him."

James didn't look bothered until he noticed Kathryn kneeling backwards on her seat. Her gaze fixed on him, eyes much wider than usual and mouth half open. Her hair even looked like it was standing on end. What creeped him out the most was that she was edging closer and closer to him, very sneakily.

"Oh dear god, permission to evacuate the Bridge?" Harry's voice broke.

"Well we don't really need to be here until we reach the Passage, so granted," Chakotay quickly replied. Everyone ran into their nearest turbolift like their lives depended on it. Once the doors closed they could hear her screaming mainly swear words, then a few crashes.

"James, if you really want to die there are more selfless ways to do it," Tom stuttered.

"I can't help it, I figured you of all people would get that," James said.

Tom sighed, "yes, that I do." He went to put his arm around his shoulders, James grabbed his arm at the last minute.

"No, just no," he muttered.

Tom cringed, "ok ok, ow, I wasn't thinking." His arm was let go, he held it himself rubbing the sore part.

Chakotay groaned. "Look I know it's hard for brainless idiots like you two, but either work on keeping your thoughts to yourself or die painfully. Your choice. Just don't bring innocents into this."

"You, innocent? You're the reason we've resorted to being careful around her," James commented, raising an eyebrow.

"We've?" Chakotay also did.

"Please, that was barely a comment," James muttered.

"Ugh, just don't say *anything* to her," Chakotay sighed. "And it's not my fault, I did nothing. We still haven't figured it out."

"I can get Danny to explain it for you," Tom smiled when the doors reopened. Chakotay marched out with his fists clenched. "Wow, that's going to be one moody kid."

11th March 2373

The entire crew clung on to the nearest thing for a dear life. The ship shook, the siren rang through the halls.

On the damaged Bridge Kathryn stood alone, stamping her foot. "What the hell is this bullcrap! Who do they think they are!" She ran to the helm, then went to Tactical. Her footsteps made the bridge shudder. "I'll teach them for getting in our way!"

Meanwhile some crewmembers edged their way to the escape pods to take their chances with the Borg.

"I'd like to get home sometime this century you slimy assholes!" she screeched at Tactical. "GET OUT OF THE WAY!"

Chakotay dared to enter the bridge, armed with what looked like a coffee.

"Just kill each other, hurry up about it!" Kathryn shouted at the ceiling. Her voice started to crack as she broke down in tears. "Why? Why does it always have to be so hard?" Chakotay bravely put his arm around her shoulders.

"I know, but we can figure it out together," he softly said, showing off the cup with his other hand.

"I don't want that fake coffee. I want this kid out of me and to explain where it came from. I want the Borg to sod off, the aliens to just pick on them alone," Kathryn grumbled, her rage slowly returning. Her nose involuntarily sniffed in the aroma of the cup. "That's real?" she said, already calmer.

"I talked to the Doctor, he said one won't kill you," Chakotay said in a soothing voice.

Kathryn gratefully took it, passing her friend an appreciative glance. "The last few days have been a blur. I'm sorry if I..."

"No problem, I just wish people who I'll keep nameless; Tom, James, would just stop talking," Chakotay said.

Kathryn smiled for the first time in a while, sipping on her coffee. "The aliens, they're using the Passage to get into Borg space. There's an anomaly right in there. We have nowhere to go."

"Let your Senior Staff figure it out, the Doctor said you should rest," Chakotay said.

"I can't," she shook her head. "Not when my crew need me, I'll think of something."

"We will," Chakotay smiled. He reached over to turn Red Alert off. "First things first, damage control."

Kathryn entered Sickbay looking a lot calmer, but with a lot on her mind. She noticed the Doctor was very busy working on Craig's treatment, so her heading changed to where Kes was standing.

"How is he?"

"The Doctor's working on a possible treatment. Craig's hanging in there," Kes replied. Her face grimaced. "Unfortunately we can't sedate him, the alien DNA destroys any form of attack."

"Yes, so I heard," Kathryn sighed. "Borg nanoprobes?"

"They attack cells during the assimilation process, the alien cells can easily destroy them before they can do anything," Kes replied.

The Doctor walked over looking sullen for once. "I've been experimenting with reprogramming them. In some of my tests the new nanoprobes are able to assimilate the aliens cells. Their immune system still fights back, but only when the nanoprobes attach."

"Destroying the nanoprobes, and the cell itself in the process," Kathryn said thoughtfully. She glanced between the Doctor and Kes with some hope in her eyes. "Their ships are organic."

"How do you know that?" the Doctor asked, not liking where this was going.

Kathryn began to pace back and forth, she felt the coffee she had earlier starting to wear off. "The awayteam downloaded some information before Craig was infected. The Borg know very little as they learn by assimilating. A lone ship takes on a fleet, attaches itself to destroyed vessels..."

"Like the debris field," Kes mumbled.

"How does that help him?" the Doctor impatiently asked.

Kathryn ignored him as her patience began to run out with her caffeine boost. "The Borg have tried assimilating the ships themselves, same results. The lone alien finishes off the drones, slicing them, infecting them. Then they leave. They can't assimilate, they can't destroy them. They're powerless."

The Doctor watched her with worry showing on his face. "What are you suggesting, Captain?"

"The aliens, they're arrogant. They thought they were untouchable, if they hadn't infected the drone they would have been right. They've signed their own death warrant," Kathryn muttered.

"This species, they're attacking the Borg. They've done nothing to us, not on purpose," Kes said.

"No, they're going to help us," Kathryn said like it was obvious.

"How?" the Doctor asked.

Kathryn didn't answer him, she glanced briefly at Craig before turning to leave.

Present Day

Amongst the vastness of the Borg ship a familiar voice echoed through the halls. The thousands of drones continued on with their business without even noticing or caring.

"I told you, didn't I tell you?"

Tuvok did not know what to say for the best, instead he decided to follow his Captain in silence.

"You people have no imagination, that's what's wrong," Kathryn rambled.

"Where are we headed?" Tuvok decided to ask.

"Grid nine two of subjunction twelve, where we'll be working," Kathryn said with a roll of her eyes.

The pair entered a large circular room, the two drones stood to attention at the two doorways.

"You have entered Grid Nine Two of Subjunction Twelve, proceed."

Kathryn attached her Death Glare face, "say pretty please first."

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, he decided to take over for both their sakes. "We have analysed the alien's physiology while trying to treat one of our crewmen. With a slight modification, your own nanoprobes will be able to attach to..." One of the drones lunged forward to grab him.

"We will begin."

The other went to grab Kathryn as well, she turned around to grab him by the throat. "Don't even think about it, buster!"

He whimpered a little, and took a step back. The Collective let out a quiet sigh. By this time poor Tuvok was kneeling on the ground, getting an implant placed into his neck.

Kathryn tapped her commbadge, "Janeway to Voyager. Initiate auto destruct sequence..."

"You couldn't even say hi first?" Tom's voice stuttered.

"Authorisation Janeway Pi, One One Zero, ten minutes," Kathryn said with a devious look on her face. "In that time you'll have lost your only chance to kill your enemy, and since we're following you, will do extensive damage to your stupid Cube. Your move."

"State your proposal."

"Oh I don't know, not sticking things into us is a good start. I may extend the auto destruct a minute longer if you do," Kathryn grumbled.

"Captain," Tuvok warned.

"Is this really how we're going to go, I knew it," Harry said.

"Shush you big space waster!" Kathryn snapped.

"A neuro-transceiver is required for maximum communication. We will work as one mind."

"Janeway hooked up to the Borg, telling them what to do. We're screwed," James' voice commented.

"Yep, I'm thankful for that lovely auto destruct," Tom added on. Chakotay's voice just groaned.

Kathryn put her hands on her hips, even Tuvok looked nervous as he knew that meant more trouble. "Assimilate us and I'll auto destruct the lot of you. You won't be able to switch Voyager's off either. James do something useful for once and change the Command codes!"

"I could do that," Chakotay muttered.

"Whatever, I don't care," Kathryn grumbled. "We'll stay individual and we'll do it my way or the blow everything up way."

"Isn't that the same thing?" Tom asked.

"Captain Blowupeverythingway, yeah that works," James said.

"Don't make me smack both of your asses!" Kathryn snapped.

"You must comply."

"You don't think I'll do that to you too!" Kathryn grumbled. "Every single one of you! Just pick a representative like you did with Locutus or face oblivion."

The drone holding Tuvok roughly pulled him back up to his feet, taking the implant out afterwards.

Another door in the room opened vertically. A cloud of smoke burst out from underneath it. The team glanced toward it. As the smoke cleared, a huge chested female drone stepped out of one of the regeneration units.

Kathryn stepped forward to stand mostly in front of Tuvok, her eyes wider than usual.

"I speak for the Borg," the drone announced.

"What is this? How on earth did you mix up *pick a representative* with *give us a hooker*?" Kathryn snapped.

"Um, can we get that self destruct cancelled yet?" Chakotay asked.

"I'm not so sure yet," Kathryn's eyes narrowed. She tapped her commbadge anyway.

Meanwhile on the bridge:

Chakotay paced back and forth, sighing each time the computer would warn them they were going to die.

"Chakotay to Janeway?"

"Relax," James said from Tactical. Chakotay spun around on his heel to glare at him. He was about to speak when the computer spoke again.

"Self destruct sequence, deactivated."

"I just did what she asked, with a twist," James said with a smile.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief. Harry grinned at him like he was going to go for a hug.

"What are the command codes now?" Chakotay asked him as he made his way over.

"Something she'd never guess," James replied once the Commander reached his station.

Tom frowned, "Janeway Decaf, One Forty Seven?"

"Close," James replied. "I haven't changed yours anyway."

Chakotay nodded, "yes I know, but maybe somebody should know hers. Just in case."

"Yeah, me," James said with a raised eyebrow.

"Reassuring," Chakotay groaned. "Stop that, you're no Tuvok."

"Thank you," James smiled.

"Phew, you saved our hides, at least you're good for something," Tom commented.

James frowned at him, his eyebrow still raised. "Meaning wha..." He was interrupted by something flying into contact with Tom's face.

"Ow, Hey!" he whined, rubbing his sore forehead. He looked down to see what hit him, at his feet lay a tricorder.

"God, some things never change," a familiar voice spoke from the turbolift near Tactical. Everyone turned around to see.

"Oh, she's alive, and there's two of her," Tom mumbled, blinking more than usual. "Probably seeing double."

James moved away from his station. "Jess? I thought..."

"I didn't want to miss anymore of the fun," Jessie said with a sigh. She changed her glance to Chakotay, "reporting for duty."

"Sure," he said. "We'll need your expertise."

"What experti..." Tom stuttered. Jessie pulled a tricorder from behind her, raised it to eye level and smiled deviously. "Oh."

"Now more than ever," Chakotay muttered. He moved away from Tactical, "if she isn't already, get her up to speed James. Just don't lose your eye on the weapons and shields."

Tom glanced over to the empty Science Station again, "damn. It's like a dirty joke-less void."

James and Jessie looked at each other briefly, and awkwardly. He then started to explain what had been happening.

Tom looked on with interest, ignoring the bruise on his head. "Is it just me or did it get colder in here? Marriage mustn't be going well." Despite the pair he was talking about's lack of attention on him, a tricorder still managed to fly directly into his face. This time it knocked him flying out of his chair.

"Hey!" Jessie whined, glancing at her now tricorder-less hand. James could only shrug in response.

"Wow Tom, Lemmings learn quicker than you," Harry commented. He didn't notice the second tricorder had knocked him unconscious.

Kathryn blinked a few times, her eyes flashing brilliant blue. "I beg your pardon?"

The big busted drone stared blankly, blinking a few times herself. "Coffee is irrelevant."

"No, those are!" Kathryn grumbled, pointing at the drone's chest. She fixed her death stare on the drone, expecting to see her dissolve before her. Instead the drone just stared back, her one eye looking like it would fall out at any moment. "Get, me, a, coffee, missy!" she said as slowly as possible, poking the drone above her massive chest.

Tuvok thought it would be a good idea to say something. "Captain, the alliance?"

Kathryn didn't even give him the honour of moving her stare at him. She just raised her right hand and shushed him.

"My designation is not Missy. I am Seven of Nine, tertiary adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One," the drone said blankly. "You may call me Seven of Nine."

"I'll call you Piece of Sh..." Kathryn grumbled.

Tuvok quickly interrupted her, "we could encase the nanoprobes in some of our photon torpedoes. In essence, turn them into bio molecular warheads."

The drone turned to stare at him, "your torpedoes are inadequate. They lack the necessary range and dispersive force."

Kathryn rolled up her sleeves, "now what did I say about wasting torpedoes, Mr Tuvok? Do it and I'll pull those pointy little ears off!" Tuvok stepped out of her arm range, raising his eyebrow.

"Perhaps a command officer who is not under the influence of body chemistry would be more efficient," Seven of Nine said.

"Just wait till we're alone," Kathryn hissed at her as she backed off a little.

"We are never alone," Seven of Nine blankly retorted.

Tuvok raised his other eyebrow, "what do you suggest instead of the torpedoes."

Without a word Seven of Nine made her way out of the room, down the corridor and into another one. Tuvok followed her. At one of the computer panels the drone brought up a schematic for what looked like a warhead. "A multikinetic neutronic mine. Five million isoton yield."

"An explosion that size could affect an entire star system," Tuvok pointed out.

"Correct. The shock wave will disperse the nanoprobes over a radius of five light years," Seven of Nine responded.

Kathryn caught up with them. "As long as it'll only nuke your planets and you, I'm all for it."

"We'd need approximately fifty trillion nanoprobes to arm this mine, that would take weeks," Tuvok saved the day. "It would not be an efficient strategy."

Seven of Nine looked at him in what appeared to be admiration. "Indeed. What do you suggest?"

"Load you up with the nanoprobes, and offer you to them," Kathryn grumbled. The other two stared blankly at her. "No you're right, that's an awful idea. Why would they want you? Silly Kathryn."

"If we create smaller weapons using our photon torpedoes, destroy a few of their ships, it may deter them enough to give up their attack on this quadrant," Tuvok replied.

Seven of Nine stared into space, her eyes gazing over. "We accept." She looked back down to work on the computer, "Voyager's weapon infantry. Photon torpedo complement thirty-two, class six warhead. Explosive yield two hundred isotons."

"We have that many left? Obviously Forty of Triple D doesn't know how to use a computer," Kathryn muttered.

Tuvok continued to ignore her, instantly in his Security mode. "How did you obtain this information?"

Seven of Nine looked at him, "we are Borg."

Sickbay:

The Doctor smiled at his handiwork, humming one of his opera tunes to himself. Lucky for Craig he was unconscious, this time looking a lot less alien.

Kes stepped walked back to stand side by side with James. "He'll be fine now. There should be one last injection." He could only sigh in response. "It's not your fault."

"No, I blame Chakotay," James commented.

Kes frowned at him, "him, why?" He looked at her with a smirk. "I wouldn't."

"All right, him and Janeway," James said.

"There's more to it than that. They've not done anything," Kes muttered. "In regards to this baby I mean."

"Figured," James sighed. He turned to face her. "Somebody spike the coffee, um was there a possession case I missed, what?"

"I don't know," Kes replied, her eyes clearly giving away a different answer. James frowned at her as he spotted it. "Trust me, this baby came out of nowhere." Looking back at him she noticed his eyes fall to the ground, his shoulders tensed slightly. "What?"

He looked back at her, "what, what?"

Kes sighed, "never mind. Even if there wasn't a baby, we would still be here in this mess."

"True, but I doubt Janeway would be nuts enough to think of a plan like this," James said.

Kes smirked at him, "are you so sure about that?"

The Doctor walked over to the pair, with the biggest smile planted on his face. "Ah Kes, Mr Anderson has responded well to the injection." He handed her the medicine tray he was carrying, "can you prepare the hyposprays while I go and create more of the little fellas?"

"No problem, Doctor," Kes smiled back at him. Tray in hand, she walked through the office and into the back room.

"I wouldn't worry, he's in excellent hands," the Doctor beamed. He began work at the middle station.

James glanced over at him with a frown. "He shouldn't have been there."

This took the smile off the holograms face. "I have no doubt. I'm sure Mr Tuvok knew what he was doing."

"Sure," James said, sarcasm in his tone. "Tuvok was in a hurry cos of Queen Janeway with her spawn, yelling at him over the comm."

"You know the Commander cannot experience fear, even if the Captain is giving him grief," the Doctor said seriously. A grin returned to his face, "though she does have that effect, doesn't she?"

"The kid is who I feel sorry for," James said. He turned on his heel to look straight at the Doctor. "Surely you could do something. Sedate her or something. I thought about chucking her in her quarters, and barricading the door."

"Now who's the crazy one," the Doctor commented in jest. "You're really being too hard on her. Pregnancy can really screw around with a woman's hormones, no doubt she'll be mortified once it's over. You'll know what I mean if you..."

"No!" James butted in, catching the Doctor off guard.

"I wasn't going to say if you got pregnant, my sense of humour is a lot more sophisticated," he said.

"I know, more or less. Just no," James mumbled. He turned around to leave. "Can you let me know when he's all right?"

"Sure," the Doctor frowned. "I'm sure he'll be glad to know he has a friend like you looking out for him, hmm?"

James looked over his shoulder, "we're not friends."

"Then why are you here?" the Doctor asked, clearly confused.

"Can't I just be concerned for someone? I'm not as heartless as people think," James muttered.

"What do you mean, who thinks that?" the Doctor asked carefully.

"Obviously everyone. Doesn't matter, forget I said anything," James quickly said as he went to leave.

"Do you still...?" the Doctor also quickly spoke, but he was already gone. "Want me to inform you about Craig. Hmm."

A scream from the other room made him jump. Quick as a flash he ran to the source. Kes had pressed her back against the wall, like she was trying to get away from something. The Doctor rushed to her side, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Kes! Kes!" he gently shook her as she screamed again. Her eyes still wide, turned to look at him. "What's wrong?"

"What happened?" James asked as he rushed into the room as well.

"They..." Kes stuttered, her body shaking violently. "They're watching us."

The Borg Ship:

Kathryn paced the work area, glaring at every particle of dust that dared to go near her. The Collective seemed smart enough to keep any of the drones away from her, all but one.

Seven of Nine's piercing voice broke the silence as she entered the room. "We must analyse the bio-ship. Your data."

"My dada!? Are you sicko Borg's not content with assimilating living people?" Kathryn snapped at her.

Without looking at the scene Tuvok calmly corrected her, "day-ta, Captain."

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "good god. I thought the Borg spoke proper English, am I wrong?"

This whole exchange rolled off the Borg drone like a tea bag on Janeway's desk. She just held her mechanical hand out for something. Tuvok quickly handed her the PADD he had been working with. She marched off without a word to a small panel on a wall nearby, Kathryn followed her like it was a coffee padd.

"You're Human, right?" she muttered, sounding calm for once.

"This body was assimilated eighteen years ago. It ceased to be human at that time," Seven of Nine replied.

"American family I assume. I'm from America, and I say day-ta. Are you a special drone that says fute-ill while the rest of the Collective say futile, while banging her head on the wall? Somebody may need putting down," Kathryn ranted.

Something she said hit a nerve as Seven of Nine swung her head toward her. "Do not engage us in further irrelevant discourse." An alarm that sounded like a frog croaking echoed down the halls. "We are being hailed by your vessel." She slammed her hand on the green panel filled with circles and text, then backed away. The screen changed to show Chakotay's face in Sickbay.

"Chakotay? Did you miss me that badly?" Kathryn said in a fake sweet voice.

He sighed in response, "yes Kathryn, I did."

This melted Kathryn's icy exterior instantly, "aaawww." Meanwhile the entire Collective reached for a Borg sick bucket.

"I may as well tell you while I got you," Chakotay said, shaking his head. "The Doctor believes the aliens are trying to access Kes' memory."

"Nosey barstewarts!" Kathryn grumbled under her breath. "They'll know everything."

"Bar stewards?" Chakotay mumbled, obviously confused.

"What, the old swear word censor system was ridiculous," Kathryn said with an innocent glint in her eye.

"Oookay, I've ordered long range scans for bio-ships. Nothing so far," Chakotay said.

Kathryn looked deep in thought, "hmm." An idea popped into her head, she turned to her favourite Borg drone. "Maybe if we alter our course to go around those boobs of yours. They'll get bored and go home, no doubt."

Seven of Nine continued to stare blankly, annoying Kathryn further. "Our course and heading have been changed."

"What the... aren't those the same things in the end, you pedantic drone! God, I bet you're a blonde." She turned back to look at Chakotay trying to keep a straight face. "Follow them, but don't look. Those things will have your eye out, or worse."

"Yes Captain," Chakotay laughed. He disappeared off the screen. Kathryn blew him a kiss anyway.

"I didn't think she could get more illogical," Tuvok said to himself.

Seven of Nine paced herself back to where he was, with Kathryn on her heels. "We now require one of your photon torpedoes and the nanoprobes."

"Ok that's it, I'm gonna rip her assimilation tubes out!" Kathryn growled, clenching one of her fists. She took a few steps back.

Tuvok again came to the rescue. "We are not safely through Borg space yet, that is not our agreement."

"We must construct and test a prototype, now!" Seven of Nine said with a hint of emotion in her voice. "The risk of attack has increased."

"We have an agreement, if we do what you wish you'll assimilate us," Tuvok said.

"Are you willing to risk a direct confrontation with us?" Seven of Nine asked him, piercing her eyes into his. "If we transport five hundred drones onto your vessel, do you believe..."

Kathryn screamed as she ran towards the drone, and attempted to tackle her. Instead she mostly bounced off her, falling straight onto the ground. "Ow, those things must be made of metal."

Tuvok tapped his commbadge, his eyebrow by now almost into his hair. "Tuvok to Voyager, prepare to beam the Captain to Sickbay." He looked at Seven of Nine, "if you'll allow it?"

"Indeed, a replacement would be more efficient," she replied.

Kathryn groaned from the floor, "more, efficient? Let me at her."

"Captain you've already been at her," Tuvok said dryly.

A different alarm went off, Seven of Nine looked up. "We are under attack."

Voyager's Bridge:

"Commander. I'm picking up gravimetric distortions thirteen thousand kilometres starboard," Tom stuttered. He looked back at the command area, "It's a singularity."

James smirked to himself, "Chakotay isn't back yet."

Tom's eyes widened, "then who's in charge? Aaaw shhh..."

Harry piped up, "that would be me, as I'm the night shift commander."

"Ohno Harry," Tom muttered, looking backward again. "I'm the highest ranked officer here."

"Nuh uh," Harry disagreed. "Janeway picked me to take charge, she never asked you."

Tom folded his arms, scowling at his best friend. "Yeah for the night shift, nothing goes on then."

"Right, like space just stops for a single Earth timezone's night time. Get real Tom," Harry grumbled.

Jessie meanwhile plonked herself down in the Captains chair. After getting herself comfortable she decided to get the two men's attention. "Put the handbags away ladies. Tomina evasive maneuvers, Kimmy keep a lock on the awayteam. James watch the shields."

Tom and Harry shared a quick look of horror, but they realised they had no time to argue. They did as they were told.

"Why didn't James get a girly name?" Tom pouted as he worked.

"Only a non command person would be dumb enough not to get the joke," Harry commented.

The alien ship fired their own solo version of the usual beam, hitting Voyager on its starboard belly. It looked like a tiny impact but it shook the ship violently, hurtling the vessel out of warp.

The bridge was left in a cloud of smoke as a few stations had exploded. Everyone had been thrown from their positions and were now trying to get their bearings.

Tom struggled to get back to the helm, pressing some controls on the way. Voyager straightened itself up, and jumped right back into warp.

"That hit went right through our shields!" James yelled over the noise. He muttered to himself, "dunno why I'm surprised." He spotted Chakotay rushing out of the turbolift closest to him. "Shields and weapons are down."

"What the hell?" Chakotay exclaimed.

"Transporters are off-line too. If we catch up with the Borg, we may not be able to..." Harry stuttered. Chakotay threw a Janeway like glare at him, finishing him off mid sentence.

"Don't worry, we'll catch up!" Tom yelled, not looking too sure.

Harry sighed in relief, "the Borg ship changed its path, it's on its way to rendezvous."

James groaned, "leading that alien ship right back to finish the job."

"What the..." Chakotay grumbled. "Jessie, out of that seat!" This made Jessie jump a metre.

"What, you told me to keep Tom in line, right?" she stuttered. Chakotay raised an eyebrow. "I fell into it, you know during the attack."

Harry's station beeped furiously at him, "incoming!"

The Borg Cube:

"Voyager has taken heavy damage," Tuvok said as he looked at a console.

Seven of Nine didn't even need to look, "Species 8472 will destroy them first. We cannot let them."

The Borg Cube flew towards Voyager, then somehow turned around to go in the same direction as it. The alien ship in dead pursuit didn't have much time to avoid it, colliding straight into the huge vessel. The Cube itself exploded seconds later.

Voyager:

Chakotay watched the Cube explode on the viewscreen, horror showing on all of his features. "The Cube?"

"Destroyed, and it took the bio-ship with it," Tom replied.

The intercom buzzed into life. *"Tuvok to Chakotay."*

Everyone looked around in confusion, Chakotay just looked relieved. "Go ahead Tuvok, where are you?"

"I'm in Cargo Bay Two. Along with the Captain," Tuvok's pained voice responded. "And a number of Borg."

"Ohno," Jessie stuttered. Now that she was standing nearby Tom, she gave him a slap across the back of his head. "Why did you follow them, idiot!"

Tom pouted, rubbing his head. "Ok firstly, ow! Secondly, you'd blame me even if I didn't do anything." Jessie shrugged, it was enough of a confirmation for him.

"We beamed over, just before impact. We require assistance."

"Tuvok. Tuvok? Secure that deck," Chakotay ordered. He headed back for the turbolift he came from. James shrugged and followed him. "Security Team One to Cargo Bay Two. Paris, you have the Bridge."

Tom smiled to himself, Harry looked on with his mouth wide open in shock. "Told you!" he sang.

"Ugh, I think I'll take my break now," Jessie grumbled.

The turbolift doors closed, Chakotay looked at who he was sharing the lift with. "What are you..."

"Secure that deck, Team One," James rolled his eyes.

Chakotay sighed, "wonderful. Just don't speak when we get there, Kathryn's already flew into another rage today."

"Shouldn't you be more worried about the Borg assimilating Neelix's food supplies?" James commented.

"Oh dear lord," Chakotay's eyes widened in horror.

Sickbay:

The Doctor had a new patient, this time it was Kathryn who was busy swearing abuse at him. Craig stood nearby James, looking healthy but nervous. Kes was busy treating Tuvok as he sat on the bed.

"For now they're contained," Chakotay briefed him. "They've assimilated Cargo Bay Two and they're drawing energy from the secondary power couplings."

"But they've gone no further?" Tuvok questioned him.

"Not yet. I've sealed off Decks Nine through Thirteen and posted security details at every access point," Chakotay replied.

Craig took a side step closer to James, "I thought Thirteen already was?"

"Yeah, so did I," he frowned. "If I were you, I'd fake post illness."

"I suggest we increase security around Sickbay, as well," Tuvok said.

Chakotay beckoned his head towards Craig and James, "already done."

Craig sighed in relief, "looks like I don't have to. Where's the others?"

"They both rushed to the toilets when they were told, funny that," James replied.

Craig smirked into his hand, "it's probably not what you think. Neelix brought in this slop for me when I woke up, I think he called it his lunchtime soup."

"How far did you get on the weapon?" Chakotay asked.

"We're ready to construct a prototype," Tuvok replied.

Kes looked up from her medical tricorder. "You're ready to return to duty, Commander."

Tuvok slid off the biobed, watching her intently. "And you, Kes?"

"I'm all right," Kes mumbled, avoiding eye contact. "The visions have stopped for now."

"Captain, I assure you..." the Doctor stuttered as he tried to make his escape.

Kathryn forced herself halfway into a sitting position. "One button is all it takes Mister, get back here!" She fell back down on the biobed, grumbling to herself.

"Is this why they're posting Security, or rather us to Sickbay?" Craig asked, his whole body trembling.

Chakotay placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. "No, you don't even have to stay inside. Outside would be better, and safer."

"It is in case the Borg penetrate Cargo Bay 2, they'll want Sickbay first," Tuvok replied.

Craig wasn't sure if he was relieved or not. "Borg, or Janeway."

"CHAKOTAY!" Kathryn screeched. "Where's my coffee pillow!"

The Doctor sighed. "The accident on the Borg ship triggered pre-mature labour."

Chakotay's face fell, "what? Can you stop it?"

"Accident? I heard she tried to tackle some Borg drone," James sniggered.

Tuvok raised his other eyebrow, resting his tired other one. Chakotay shook his head, "I'll repeat myself. Outside would be better."

James rolled his eyes. "I'd much prefer to stay here, much more fun."

Kathryn sat back up to throw a medical tricorder at him, he quickly dodged it. "Damn it!" She somehow found another one and threw that too, missing this time. "Stay still!" He ducked as one of the hyposprays almost went into his face.

Chakotay laughed as Craig backed away slowly to the exit. Tuvok decided to blank out everything.

"Better do what the lady says," Chakotay finally said.

"I don't remember Kes telling me to do anything," James commented, ducking again.

"But I told you to keep your mouth shut. Now out," Chakotay laughed.

"What the hell does that mean!" Kathryn screamed. "Are you saying I'm not a lady!?" She pulled her legs over the side of the bed, but struggled to sit back up. "I'll kill him." The Doctor quickly rushed over to stop her.

Chakotay shrugged, smiling a little at James. "Circle of life."

James shook his head. "Yeah yeah, akoonah matata. Whatever, I'll leave. Just be prepared to lose a few limbs." He turned to where Craig was earlier, but found he'd escaped already. With a shrug he followed him.

Chakotay sighed, "Harry's been watching Disney films during his bridge night shifts."

"Indeed," Tuvok agreed.

"Just make sure those Borg stay put. Keep me updated," Chakotay ordered.

"Should I continue working with them?" Tuvok asked.

Chakotay sighed again. "No, standby for now." He jumped out of his skin when he noticed Kathryn standing right beside him, facing him. Her eyes were much wider than usual, the bed hair she now had made her look even more unnerving.

"Keep working with them Tuvok," she muttered. Her hand reached out and grabbed Chakotay by the ear. "Try and get out of this alliance, and I'll pull something else. Understood!" Chakotay could only nod. "Good boy. Now you go get my coffee pillow." She turned to Tuvok, "shoot that Barbie drone in that smug face of hers." The Doctor hinted that he wanted her back on the biobed. "You piss off, you bore me too much. Get me some painkillers first." She then headed back to the biobed, passing Kes as she did. "You, have a vision of something useful and stop screaming. You sound like a banshee."

"Great, is that it?" Chakotay dared to ask.

"No. Tell James if he dares to come in here, I'll program the doctor to give him a sex op. I'll beam this kid into him, then force him to push it out!" Kathryn grumbled.

"Um... what?" Chakotay mumbled, clearly looking a bit uncomfortable.

The Doctor looked a tad horrified. "Captain, maybe you should have those painkillers."

"ABOUT DAMN TIME!" she screamed at him, before lying back down on the biobed.

"I'll give her a larger dose," the Doctor whispered to Chakotay. He nodded in agreement.

"How long do you think it'll be? I have to deal with this alliance," he asked.

The Doctor sighed, "it's too early to tell, there's only been one dilation so far. I can keep you posted if you'd like."

"That's all right. I'm sure I'll hear the progress from the bridge," Chakotay said with a half smile. He turned to leave with Tuvok.

One Day Earlier
11th March 2383

"Jesus, are you crazy woman. Crazy!?" Tom stuttered, pointing his finger. Everyone stared, wondering the same thing about him. Kathryn just rolled her eyes and punched him in the nose.

"Anyone else got any objections?"

"An alliance with the Borg. Who would object to that?" James commented.

Kathryn sighed in relief, "finally. It's about time you stop trying to piss me off."

Chakotay shook his head, "sarcasm. It's his thing."

"Oh," Kathryn said without a care. That didn't last long though. "You ungrateful son of a..."

"Uh huh," Chakotay agreed out loud. He looked worried right afterwards. Kathryn scowled at him then at James.

Harry looked uneasy, "so, why are we allying ourselves with the Borg?"

"For god's sake. I'll explain it so ickle Harry will understand," Kathryn groaned. She turned to him while everyone smirked to themselves, well mostly everyone. "Craig get sick right, by big bad aliens. Aliens make Borg go boom. Are we following so far?"

Harry sat down in his chair, as if he was trying to use it to hide.

"Borg dumb like you. Doccy, you know who makes boo boo's go away, cures Craig with Borg stuff. Aliens have things that go fly in space, right? Stupid aliens make it probably out of their dead people. This stuff kills them so it kills their flying things. Borg too dumb to do it themselves, so we tell them. Alien ships go boom. We don't go boom and neither does Borg. Borg happy, so we don't go boom too. Get it?"

"Ok, but what's happening so far is Borg go boom," B'Elanna said. She realised what she said, then shook it off. "We haven't been in the firing line. The Borg are too busy running away or being destroyed to care about us. Why the need for the alliance?"

"Oh please, the aliens will come for us next you dumb broad," Kathryn grumbled.

"What makes you say that?" Tuvok asked.

"Anybody who coats their claws with an *eat something alive* virus, has to be psycho," Kathryn replied impatiently.

"I'd say the same about people who volunteers their crew to the Borg for assimilation," B'Elanna muttered.

Kathryn growled as she stamped her foot. "I said alliance, not assimilation. God, it's no wonder you can't run this ship without me. Fools the lot of you!"

"But it'll be the same result, won't it? The Borg aren't known for making friends," Neelix commented.

"True, but I don't think the Borg are known for losing either," Kes added on.

"Oh god, you're not agreeing with her are you?" James questioned.

Kes' eyes widened, "ohno. What happened to Craig was horrible, but it was an accident. Their only targets seem to be the Borg."

"Pfft, you have no evidence of that. Ironic really, considering you're whining at me for having no evidence they'll attack us," Kathryn muttered. "Think about it, this is Borg space. It's not like there's other species to choose from here, and the aliens are avoiding them. There's been no other target to get, until now. We could be passing by and they could just fly by, killing us in one shot."

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "then perhaps we could adapt some of our photon torpedoes with these nanoprobes. Just for precaution."

Kathryn was suddenly in front of him, glaring up into his brown eyes. For once he looked surprised. "Keep your Vulcan mitts off my torpedoes. They've got to last us to Earth, you fuc..."

Chakotay butted in, "um, but that would be the answer to our problems. We don't need to help the Borg. Let them die, they'd have no problem killing us or anyone."

Kathryn's face was slowly turning red, her hands slowly went to her hips. Everyone in the room knew trouble was brewing.

Tom meanwhile pulled himself back off the floor, then tried to wipe the blood from his nose. "What did I miss?"

Everyone cringed as Kathryn turned around to face him, hands now on her hips.

"A thought Captain," Tuvok bravely came to Tom's rescue. "What makes you think the Borg won't attempt to take the information by assimilating Voyager and its crew."

B'Elanna groaned, "I pointed that out before."

"Why would they, we have Janeway," James pointed out.

"Ssshhhh," Chakotay snapped at him.

"You didn't let him finish," B'Elanna giggled into her hand. "I think he was going to say, we have Janeway to think of something."

"Well of course!" Kathryn bellowed in a *I told you so* voice. She went over to pat James on the shoulder, he looked at her with his eyes wide. "You know everyone else in here are stupid, but you! You get me, you do."

"Oh dear, mood swing," Chakotay said quietly.

Tom looked relieved, "anything's better than her usual one."

"Maybe you should rejoin the Senior Staff, we need another smart one," Kathryn said.

"You mean smart ass, don't you. We already have one," Chakotay muttered, glancing at Tom.

"What?" Tom innocently said.

James cringed, "don't compare me to him."

Chakotay groaned, "you're right, that was a rude thing to say. I apologise."

Tom looked confused, "no really, what? What am I missing?"

B'Elanna patted him on the arm, "it's ok Tom. I don't love you for your brain."

Kathryn clapped her hands a few times. "Okeydokey. So if Borg decide to be mean and assimilate, Doc can put all the nanoprobe info into his program. Then he will press the delete button. My plan is flawless."

The Doctor looked horrified, so did everyone else.

"Um, isn't that a bit cruel?" Kes said it.

Kathryn sighed, "yes of course, you're right. I'll delete him."

James smirked in Chakotay's direction, "so she's psycho no matter what mood she's in?"

"Uh huh," he could only mumble in response.

"So Tommy, set a course for the nearest Borg ship you can find," Kathryn ordered, smiling sweetly.

Tom looked uncomfortable, "really, we're doing this?"

B'Elanna sighed, "it would seem so."

"Ok, that's that. Get out," Kathryn said, still smiling.

Everyone headed for their nearest door, each giving the Captain their own *she's crazy* glance. Chakotay however stayed behind.

"Oh Chuckles, here really?" Kathryn giggled. She made her way over to him, smiling suggestively.

"Um..." Chakotay mumbled, his eyes widening. "No that's not why I'm still here."

Kathryn pouted, "aaw, shame. So what's up my angry warrior?"

"Well this small tiny, thing. It's nothing really," Chakotay replied. "Alliance with the Borg, mainly just that."

"We've been through this, the aliens are nasty," Kathryn said.

Chakotay sighed, "it's far more likely that the Borg tried to assimilate them, and this is their response. The Borg have killed and probably assimilated so many humans, why should we help them out?"

"Well, when you put it like that..." Kathryn mused to herself.

Chakotay looked relieved, "oh thank god, I really thought you'd lost it."

"... I don't really give a rat's ass," Kathryn finished her earlier sentence. Her face turned serious in a flash, her fists clenched. Chakotay looked very worried. "We're doing this cos I'm the Captain, and I won't be giving birth to some wussy warrior's kid while the aliens decide to target us. Do you understand or do I have to talk in pre-school speak again?"

"Wow, mood swing mid sentence," Chakotay commented. "Look, this is way too risky."

"Oh, so if I do something you don't like, it's a mood swing," Kathryn snapped.

"There's a story I heard as a child, a parable, and I never forgot it," Chakotay said quickly, hoping he wouldn't get interrupted

Obviously he wasn't fast enough. "Are you trying to get into my pants again? I'm eight months pregnant you sicko!"

Chakotay's eyes widened, "what, I've never done that."

"Pfft, how dumb do you think I am?" Kathryn grumbled.

Chakotay tried to shake it off. "A scorpion was walking along the bank of a river, wondering how to get to the other side."

"Lazy asshole should just learn to swim, I take it the scorpion is you," Kathryn grumbled.

"Suddenly he saw a fox. He asked the fox to take him on his back across the river," Chakotay continued on, despite her.

"He told him to piss off?" Kathryn butted in.

Chakotay soldiered on, "the fox said *no. If I do that you'll sting me, and I'll drown.*"

"Oh, so he's a big wet blanket. The fox is you, and so's the scorpion. I'm confused," Kathryn said.

"The scorpion assured him, *if I did that, we'd both drown,*" Chakotay continued.

"Jeez, if I pretend to swoon will you shut up?" Kathryn muttered.

"So the fox thought about it and finally agreed. So the scorpion climbed up on his back, and the fox began to swim," Chakotay continued.

Kathryn groaned, "you should be the series writer, your grammar's atrocious. So, so."

Chakotay continued, "but halfway across the river, the scorpion stung him."

"Thank god, they both die. I'm liking the story now," Kathryn grumbled.

"As the poison filled his veins, the fox turned to the scorpion and said *why did you do that? Now you'll drown too,*" Chakotay continued.

"And then the scorpion found the true meaning of peace, or some crap like that?" Kathryn groaned.

"*I couldn't help it, said the scorpion. It's my nature,*" Chakotay finished.

"Is this the part where I'm supposed to take my top off?" Kathryn muttered, shaking her head.

Chakotay groaned, "I'm not trying to chat you up!"

"Sure," Kathryn groaned. "Good lord, I thought you were trying to keep me off coffee."

"Look the point was that the Borg's nature is to assimilate and destroy. They'll do that to us, no matter what the situation," Chakotay said.

"Then I'll just erase the Doc's program. I really doubt assimilating some of us will tell them how to do it themselves, everyone here are idiots," Kathryn grumbled.

"Yes about that. Threatening the Doctor like that. If the information was stored in a crewmembers brain, would you fire the phaser?" Chakotay asked.

Kathryn stuck out her bottom lip, rolling her eyes half way. "Tom's really been pissing me off lately. That is a good idea, Chuckles. Tell the Doctor to prepare an implant. He can just move the information into it."

"Uh, so the point of deleting the Doctor is? We could just delete the data," Chakotay muttered. "You just want to be dramatic, don't you?"

"Well no, they'll assimilate the Doctor's program. Then use him to get the nanoprobes info. Dumb ass," Kathryn groaned.

"Well he can't do anything if we delete the data for the aliens," Chakotay said.

Kathryn narrowed her eyes at him, "god fine! We're still doing the rest of it!"

"The alliance, killing Tom?" Chakotay questioned.

"Finally, we're talking some sense!" Kathryn snapped at him.

Chakotay sighed, "this is a big mistake. As long as you know that, I've done my job. I'll still have to follow your orders."

"Wow aren't we good at stating the bloody obvious. Now get to it, that implant won't get into Tom's small brain on its own," Kathryn grumbled.

"Just remember what I've said when you and our baby gets assimilated, along with the rest of the crew," Chakotay muttered as he went to leave.

Kathryn growled at an empty room, clenching both of her fists.

Present Day

The senior staff sat or stood around the bridge, staring in Chakotay's direction. He paced the bridge, discussing the situation.

"The Borg want us to turn back around to meet up with a sphere, that's a week away. It's too risky," he said. "However Kathryn's wanting feedback every ten minutes, so if I don't update with something in the next two she'll..."

Tom shifted in his chair uncomfortably, "you don't have to tell us."

"Ten minute updates won't say that much. All I suggest is Tuvok reporting in some of the specs he's still working on. She won't care about that," B'Elanna suggested.

Chakotay nodded, "good plan. In the mean time, somebody should bring that female drone to the Ready Room."

Tom's face perked up, "oh, why?"

Unfortunately for him, B'Elanna was standing right next to him. She stamped on his foot. "Perv."

"Do you really think it's a good idea to be inviting a Borg drone to the bridge?" Jessie asked, shifting in her seat uncomfortably.

"Why not, we've had Janeway on the bridge," B'Elanna smirked. "But seriously, what's the plan?"

"We're gonna give them the nanoprobes," Chakotay blankly replied. Everyone's mouth dropped open, eyes were widened, well everyone but Tuvok. "We'll drop them off on the nearest uninhabited planet,

and take our chances alone. They can wait for a Borg ship to pick them up and finish the weapon. I'm in command now and I have to do what I think is best for this crew." Everyone stared at him in silence, not believing their ears. "Tom, you know what to do."

"Um, aye sir," Tom mumbled.

"I must caution you, Commander. The Borg may not go quietly," Tuvok stated.

"They're getting what they wanted, why wouldn't they?" Chakotay said. "Everyone, get to it." He watched as mostly everybody went back to their stations, or left the bridge. Satisfied he headed to the Ready Room. Catching his eye on route was Jessie, who still was staring blankly in his previous position. "Jessie?"

"What?" she mumbled, without averting her gaze.

"Got something on your mind?" Chakotay asked.

Jessie breathed a big sigh. "You know when you said you want to do what's best for the crew?"

"Yes, I vaguely recall," Chakotay muttered.

"Hmm." Jessie climbed to her feet, still avoiding eye contact with him. "You're a fool, you'll kill us all."

"Excuse me?" Chakotay snapped at her.

Jessie shook her head, "you're not deaf are you?" She slowly walked over to the turbolift, Chakotay followed her only with his eyes.

Tom's whole body shook, "woah. Is it just me or has she turned ultra creepy in her time off?"

Chakotay stared at the back of his head, deep in thought.

"She's only had James for company for the last few months. What do you expect," Harry commented. Chakotay shook his head as he stepped into the Ready Room.

Tom sighed, "she's right though. What a way to piss off the Collective."

Later

The Ready Room:

Chakotay paced himself around the desk, keeping a good distance away from the Borg drone. "Once we've beamed you to the surface we'll send down the nanoprobes and all our research."

"Unacceptable," Seven of Nine blankly said. She turned around to face him. "We don't have time for..."

"This isn't open for discussion. I'm not turning this ship around," Chakotay butted in. "You're getting what you wanted. I suggest we part ways amicably."

Seven of Nine watched him closely as his attention turned to the padd in his hands. "There is another option. We could assimilate your vessel."

This got the Commander's attention, "if a single drone steps one millimetre out of that Cargo Bay. I'll decompress the entire deck. You won't pose much of a threat floating in space." The drone stared at him coldly, as if she was scanning him.

The intercom chirped, breaking the silence. "*Janeway to Chakotay. You're late for that ten minute report. Don't make me come up there and tear that stupid tattoo off your forehead!*"

Chakotay groaned, tapping his commbadge. "I was just about to call you, I'm not late."

"You're now twenty one seconds late, Ensign Chakotay. Right that's it..."

The Doctor's voice chimed in, "Captain you're in the middle of a dilation, you can't go now."

"I'm sorry Captain. There isn't anything new to report, Tuvok's still working with Seven of Nine. Chakotay out," Chakotay said. He tapped his commbadge quickly. "I think I may join you in the Cargo Bay when we open the doors."

"So humans do not even follow their prided chain of command. Interesting. It is a wonder you haven't made yourselves extinct yet," Seven of Nine said.

"Escort our guest back to the Cargo Bay," Chakotay ordered.

The two Security guys behind the drone nodded nervously.

"Well, I've made my decision," Chakotay said softly.

All he got was silence.

"If it were only a matter of going against the orders of my superior officer," he continued.

The silence also continued.

"You're more than just my Captain, you're my friend, and I hope you'll understand." The Commander grew impatient as he was still getting no response. "I'm done."

James pulled a face, then gestured his head at the door he was guarding. "No."

"What do you mean, no? I'm your commanding officer," Chakotay grumbled. "Get out of the way."

"Yeah but I'm allowed to ignore rank if it's for the safety of the crew, so... tough," James replied.

Chakotay sighed, relaxing his shoulders for the first time in days. "Is it that bad?"

"You basically said *I did what I wanted, but it's ok we're best buddies so you won't mind*," James said, pulling a face again. "We'd have a mad pregnant woman charging down the corridors, armed with tricorders."

"Well it was better than telling her, her other plan was batcrap insane," Chakotay said awkwardly.

"True but at least it's an explanation," James said.

Chakotay rubbed the back of his neck. "What about telling her it was the Borg's idea?" James shook his head. "Kes had a vision of the Borg double crossing us?"

"Has Kes even left Sickbay?"

"No," Chakotay groaned. "Look, just let me in. She's going to check in with me via the comm in two minutes anyway. At least this way I'd be there to be the first target."

"We could just beam her into the Cargo Bay when you tell her the truth. Then she'll just take out the Borg, problem solved," James commented.

"Oh for..." Chakotay groaned into his hand. "What kind of idea is that? Send in someone to take the dozen drones out, and hope the Collective will be fine with it. Then go on our merry way like nothing ever happened."

"How's that any different than sucking the drones into space?" James questioned, raising his eyebrow.

The intercom butted in, *"Paris to Chakotay. We've arrived at a small planet, it should be ok for the Borg to camp on."*

Chakotay tapped his commbadge. "Good, take us into orbit. Tuvok, when they're gone get a few Security teams to do a sweep of the Bay. I don't want any unpleasant surprises left behind."

The Bridge:

"You mean something like a flaming poop bag, or something bigger like Terminator of Nine?" Tom snickered.

"That makes no sense. Seven of Terminator makes more sense in that..." Harry said. His station started beeping madly.

"No, no. Mine means it's the terminator of the group of nine. Yours would mean that boobs is one of nine terminators, or it's also called Seven and we had a group of them on the ship," Tom rambled on.

"Uh, what's that?" Jessie asked as her own station started beeping.

"What, what?" Chakotay's voice asked.

"Tom no, if that was what it meant that drone would have been called Seventh of Nine, jeeze," Harry groaned.

"That's a stupid name," Tom muttered.

"You're stupid," Harry grumbled.

Jessie groaned into her hand. "The deflector's gone screwy, or does no one care?"

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "screwy?"

"Looks like the emitters have been changed, I dunno. There's a lot of power being fed into it," Jessie said.

Tuvok worked quickly at his own station, "the commands are coming from the Cargo Bay."

Outside Sickbay:

"Damn it," Chakotay snapped. "You, get Craig and sort that out."

"Didn't you have five teams guarding Cargo Bay Two?" James questioned.

Chakotay sighed, "you two are the only ones that have names. Somebody depressurise Cargo Bay Two, now!"

"Yes Commander," Tuvok responded.

"No it's not, it's a group of nine. What else do you think the nine is for?" Tom's voice snapped. "Seven of Nine people, duh!"

"Then she would be Seventh, I told you, or Seven out of Nine. You're wrong," Harry's voice grumbled.

"Ok, the deflector's just chucked out a gravitation beam," Jessie's voice said. "Uhoh."

Chakotay lost his patience, "uhoh what? Do you even know how to use that station if it isn't running Pacman?"

James stepped backwards to open the door, "er Janeway. Chakotay tried to dump the Borg, and now they're pissed."

"WHAT!?" Kathryn's voice shook the ship.

Chakotay narrowed his eyes, "why, why?"

James stepped out of the way of the door. "Why not?"

A pair of hands flew out of the doors, grabbed Chakotay by the scruff of his neck. He disappeared a second later, the doors closing afterwards. All that could be heard was a woman's scream, and lots of crashing.

Craig walked around the corner, holding two trays of food. "Hey you were right, Tom does have a lot of rations." He jumped at one of the crashes. "Woah?"

"Chakotay cancelled the Borg alliance," James said as Craig handed him one of the trays.

The boy's face turned slightly paler, "oh."

Back on the Bridge:

Everyone was cringing as they could hear the whole commotion in Sickbay, over the comm.

"Why is that still going?" Jessie asked.

Tuvok looked up briefly, "a single drone has survived."

"The terminator I bet," Tom commented. Harry rolled his eyes.

"What do think Chumpatay, do I look understanding? DO I LOOK UNDERSTANDING!" Kathryn's voice screeched.

"Kathryn please, they were leading us into a trap," Chakotay's voice whimpered. "No, anything but that!"

"They're Borg, they have drones on our god damn ship. Why would they need to lure us to a Cube you dumb sh..."

Everyone looked disappointed, then turned to Tuvok. He raised an eyebrow. "It was a distraction."

Tom pulled a face, "yeah?" He pointed at the viewscreen, on it was what looked like a close up of one of Neelix's soups. "And?"

"We seemed to have crossed an interdimensional rift," Tuvok said.

"We're not in Kansas anymore," Tom commented.

"Good god. Can I beam him into Sickbay, Tuvok?" Jessie grumbled.

Tuvok raised another eyebrow. Tom looked a little cocky, "Jess, Tuvok's way too logical for that."

"Our deflector's been burnt out, we have no navigation," Jessie said.

"Indeed. The Doctor may need extra help in Sickbay," Tuvok said.

Tom's eyes widened, "wait, what?"

"Mr Paris," Tuvok ordered.

"Wh.. what?" Tom stuttered. He looked at Jessie, she gave him a little wave with an evil sparkle in her eye.

Captain's Log Stardate 51, er 47... oh for god's sake, erm, only five bloody cm's, point three. As Chakotay's the biggest dumbass since Tom asked me if I was having twins, I've took command again. The stupid prick of an EMH won't let me leave though. The crew have been working on some upgrades to the shields, Tuvok's still working with the Bratz doll on the weapons. I've been told a few of the alien ships are on their way, I'm going to kick the little crapheads to the Alpha Quadrant and back.

The Bridge:

Seven of Nine stepped off the turbolift, with a few nervous Security guys not following behind her. She eyed the command chairs with a blank stare, then turned to look towards Tuvok.

"Captain Janeway relieved the Commander of duty," he answered.

Sitting in his chair was the Commander. His wrists were tied together with what looked like shreds of his own uniform, the left hand was also tied to the arm of the chair. Sleeves from his uniform were ripped away. On the tattoo-less side of his forehead the words *Ensign Dumb Bitch* were scribbled in red. His mouth was forced open by what probably was his other torn sleeve, rolled in a small ball.

"Amongst other things," Tom snickered.

Chakotay's eyes narrowed. "Whrmmm hmm mmmm, Phmmhmm!"

"Wow, a week's worth of free rations. You're too kind, Commander," Tom smirked back at him.

Chakotay's eyes bulged, he struggled against his restraints, with no luck. "Fffghhh yhmmm!"

"I hope you don't kiss your new baby with that mouth," Jessie commented from her station.

"He'd have a hard job," Tom laughed.

"Errgh!" Chakotay groaned.

Tuvok tapped his commbadge, "Bridge to Janeway, we're ready."

"Jesus, what took so long? Was the Barbie cow in the crapper?" Kathryn's voice snapped.

"The what?" Seven of Nine muttered.

"No Captain. It took a few extra minutes for the Security team to collect her," Tuvok replied.

"What is the relevance of Commander Chakotay being here?" Seven of Nine bluntly asked.

"Hmmp. We disagreed on the mission. He needs to learn his place, so do you."

Seven of Nine accepted this a little too easily. "So you understand the situation?"

Everyone heard a crash over the intercom, they cringed at a following thud.

"Oh I don't know, let's see. You spoilt Borg brats come here, pick a fight and run crying to mummy. I come along to save your ungrateful mother..."

The Doctor's voice butted in, "Captain, you hit Kes!"

"Do you mind, I'm getting somewhere here! Oh look at me, I'm Doctor No Name. Please state the nature of the useless hologram!"

Tom laughed to himself, "ooh burn."

"Thanks for the tip London, I'll start with that stupid cheeky grin of yours! Anyway where was I? Oh yeah. And then you stupid plastic bitch scare the kid almost out of me, so monkey twit takes charge. Then he screws that up cos he wouldn't know how to command his own bowels, let alone a starship."

"Did she just call him monkey twit?" Harry asked quietly.

"That's the insult you focus on?" Jessie giggled.

"Jhmmmm, hmmm mmmm," Chakotay rolled his eyes.

"I didn't say twit you deaf mummy's boy!" Kathryn's voice screamed. "Can't a girl finish a rant these days? So yeah, the only decent thing he thinks of is to chuck the Borg bitch into space, but he fricks that up the useless dogcrap. So now we're stuck in this space cos you're a spoilt little whore. To make me feel better we're going to blow some assholes up. Now, what do you think? Do I know the god damn situation?"

Seven actually looked a bit amused in her only eye. "Indeed."

"Ok that's it, I'm going to f..."

"Captain, Species 8472 are gaining on us," Tuvok butted in.

"Oh fine! You're so impatient. Arm the new weapons and shields, god!"

Tuvok frowned, "I'm the impatient one?"

"EXCUSE ME!?"

"So er, Red Alert?" Jessie said.

Tuvok nodded, "affirmative."

"Ugh, I haven't missed you, you smart bitch!" Kathryn snapped. "Janeway to all hands, get to your battle stations. NOW!"

Harry shook as he worked, "um... torpedo launch tubes active. Hull armour engaged. Shield enhancements stable."

Tom looked impressed, "wow, we did that in a few hours."

Jessie gave him a funny look, "we? You've spent the last couple of hours humming and playing Solitaire."

Tom turned his chair around to stare at her back. "Ha, Freecell." Jessie shook her head, smirking to herself. "Hey, there was nothing for me to do. You're just jealous of my cushy job."

Jessie sighed, "yes I'm jealous of your sad, useless self Tom. I bet you can't even finish Freecell."

"Mmmm hmmm, ghmmmm mhmmmmhmm!" Chakotay added on.

Tom pointed at him, "exactly!"

Harry shook his head, "is that all you can do at the helm, when we're not flying?"

"That I'm allowed, Janeway blocked the good stuff," Tom said with a heavy sigh.

"I'm going to block your face in a minute. Evasive maneuvers!"

Tom quickly turned his chair around, "oops."

"Four bio-ships have just entered sensor range," Tuvok reported.

"Visual range," Harry added on.

Tuvok nodded at him, he keyed in a few commands to change the view on the screen. On Voyager's tail were four of the alien ships.

"Dooo dooo dooo dooo, dun dun dun dun! Dooo dooo dooo dooo, dun dun dun dun!" Tom happily hummed to himself, eyeing the screen.

"I think all the beatings has finally given him brain damage," Harry commented.

Jessie stared at him looking confused, "Tom has a brain?"

"Tom, go chuck yourself in the airlock. Jessie, take the helm!"

Jessie looked hopeful, "what, really?" Everyone looked at her with a worried look on their faces.

"Noooooo!" Tom screamed. "I'll be quiet, I promise."

"Yes yes, and Chakotay will be competent. Just fly around, upside down, side to side, inside out!"

Tom bit his lip nervously, all he could do was nod.

"Ehhmmshmm ohmmm," Chakotay mumbled.

"Got something to say Chief!?"

"Um Captain, the aliens are talking to me," Kes's voice said.

"Yes, sure they are! I threw a medical tray at you, you'll hear all sorts of things," Kathryn's voice muttered.

"No they were talking before you did that. They say we've contaminated their realm."

"I told you we shouldn't have let Neelix cook now," Jessie said in Chakotay's direction. "Or at all for that matter."

"That's a good one, har hardy har, NOT! Who gives a crap. Tell them to back off or we'll throw Seven of Nine at them."

"You mean the torpedoes," Tuvok corrected.

"NO! Wait what, you used my torpedoes!" Kathryn screeched.

"Um, if anyone's interested. They say our galaxy is impure. Its proximity is a threat to their genetic integrity," Kes said.

"What?" Harry mumbled.

Neelix stepped out of the turbolift holding a tray with a pot sitting on it. "Leola con came anyone?"

"They said your galaxy will be purged."

Everyone stared at Neelix. He was busy sipping at the slop in the pot, with a huge ladle. "Mmmm, chewy."

The alien ships circled Voyager, one aimed and fired.

"Shields and weapons are off-line!" Harry yelled over the usual explosions. He looked relieved, "oh and so are internal communications."

"Finally, I can talk again," Tom sighed in relief. "They're coming around for another assault. I've lost thrusters."

"Re-routing emergency power to the weapon launchers," Tuvok reported from a smoking station.

Harry turned around to look at the newly blackened station behind him. "We really have to find spare parts that don't explode at the slightest thing."

Neelix nearby cried over his pot lying on the floor, which had left a brown and green stain on the carpet.

"God damn it! Whatever happened to the evasive maneuvers?" Jessie snapped in his direction.

Tom cringed, "maybe not." He turned back briefly, "they surrounded us, ok. I'd like to see you do better."

Jessie stared blankly at the helmsman, then at Chakotay. "Maybe we can hire a helmsman that doesn't think he's driving a car."

Tom's face flushed, "oh right."

Voyager flew straight up out of the alien's weapon range, they quickly followed while going in their combined formation.

The bridge crew looked on in horror as they knew what this meant. Tuvok came to the rescue, "Bio-molecular warheads are charged and ready."

Everyone looked at Chakotay, he rolled his eyes and shook his head. "Fhmnn."

The bridge was silent as they waited for the results. The viewscreen showed one of the ships fly in behind them again.

"Direct hit on all four vessels. No effect," Tuvok stated.

"Oh leolaroot," Tom stuttered.

"Quick, fly us one metre to the left. That'll save us," Jessie muttered.

Tom folded his arms, "that's it. If flying a starship is soooooo easy, I quit and let the genius Jessie take over."

The alien ship loomed closer to the tail of the ship, charging up its weapon again.

"TOM!" Harry, Neelix and some random crewmembers snapped. Chakotay instead made an angry muffled noise.

Tom sat down in a huff and got back to work. The alien ship froze a green colour on the spot, its path strayed off to the side like it was adrift. It soon was in thousands of bits. Everyone who saw this, sighed in relief.

"The nanoprobes were successful, if not prompt. All four bio-ships were destroyed," Tuvok said.

Harry wiped the sweat off his brow, "can we go home now?" Tom smiled and shook his head.

Tuvok turned to the Borg drone who paced the back of the bridge, stepping into Neelix's concoction on the floor.

"Ok that's just mean!" Neelix snapped with a mouthful of the stuff.

"I think it is time to return," Tuvok said with a raised eyebrow.

Seven of Nine turned on her heel, squishing more of the so called food. She used one of the stations at the back to work.

Meanwhile James and Craig stood outside Sickbay, guarding the door from an unusual crowd. They seem to be oblivious to the battle, or not concerned about it. One crewmember pushed forward, holding a padd.

"Is it a boy or a girl? My life depends on it," she asked.

A random head popped up briefly from the back. "I hope you enjoy Neelix's leola lasagne, Lisa!" The girl growled in response before being pushed to the side by a male crewmember twice her size.

"Has the kid been born with a giant bun?" he asked.

James and Craig looked at each other briefly before turning back. "Yes, it's huge," James replied. He pushed the guy to the side, but he ended up on the floor and soon trampled on. "Next?"

The head popped up again, "oh, oh so it is here. It's a boy, right?"

Craig laughed, "well actually..." James shushed him, raising his hand. "A few minutes ago, yep."

"Score!" a random crewmember yelled out from the back. He ran off into the distance. "Lileni, I was right. You owe me two days!"

"Oh, so a boy with a giant bun?" the head yelled as he appeared again. Everyone heard a grunt.

"Stop jumping on my toes!" a girl snapped from the back.

Another girl pushed forward, "does it have a tattoo?"

Craig pretended to look confused, "yeah, I was surprised too."

"I know. It looked like a tattoo of a monkey, didn't it?" James added on.

"Wow, that's one ugly assed kid," a male crewmember commented.

Craig froze as he heard the doors behind him open, so did the crowd moments later.

"Ah, I'm glad you're all here. I need some punch bag volunteers for each contraction, and while I try to push this kid out. Who is going first?" Kathryn said calmly. Her face on the other hand looked deranged. The crowd soon dispersed. Craig tried to follow but Kathryn grabbed his arm, making him squeak. "I knew I could count on you two boys."

"No, no he made me," he whimpered. James just shook his head and smirked to himself.

Kathryn turned her head to glare at him. "You know Craigy." She turned back, "look to him as an example. Watch what he does, what he says and do the bloody opposite." Again she turned to James. "And you! Did you speak to or treat your mother like this? You treat pregnant women with a tiny bit

more respect and you won't get clobbered. As if it weren't for women like me, you wouldn't even be here. Whatever's making you piss me off, sort it out or I'll sort you out!"

For once James was speechless, he turned back against the wall. Craig began edging away, forgetting Kathryn's grip on him, it tightened.

"Now, now... I didn't mean do the opposite of everything he does," she said in a sweet voice.

"Yes ma'am," Craig squeaked.

Kathryn gave him a light slap across the head, "Captain, it's Captain!" She clicked her fingers, her eyes lit up. "Oh crunch time, that reminds me."

Craig rubbed the back of his head, pouting in James' direction like he wanted help. He shrugged.

"Jamesy dear, do you want to get back into my good books?" Kathryn asked, smiling her devious smile. James didn't dare look at her, or answer for that matter. It didn't matter though. "Right now that Borg bitch is on my Bridge. Smack her around a little. If she says futile wrong, correct her with a fist."

Craig's eyes widened, "punch a Borg? Wow, you're really mad at him."

James didn't seem that bothered though, he seemed relieved. "Sure, why not."

Kathryn patted him on the arm, "good boy, you do this for Mummy."

Both men stared at her with raised eyebrows, James looked more freaked though. "Mummy?" he finally said.

Kathryn put her hands on her hips, "yes! I'm a mummy. Now get Borg slapping, you hear!"

"Gladly," James mumbled to himself, walking away from the crazy Captain.

Just before he reached the turbolift doors, Kathryn looked very worried. "Oh, watch out for those implants, they're razor sharp!"

Voyager flew out of a new singularity back into normal space. Right behind them were an army of bioships. The starship cruised to its port side slightly as the armada gradually caught up with it.

"Oh my god Tom, if you fly us anymore to the side you'll kill us all," Jessie mockingly snapped.

Tom gritted his teeth, "shut up, shut up, shut up, Janeway Junior."

"Mr Kim, do we have internal communications yet?" Tuvok asked.

Harry smiled, "no sir."

"What did you call me?" Jessie growled.

"Mmmh h h b r g h h h e e r," Chakotay added on.

Tuvok looked to Seven of Nine who was watching the viewscreen like everyone else. "I'll arm the high yield warhead, aft torpedo bay." The drone nodded like she agreed with him.

Tom groaned, "at least Janeway has a reason to be a bitch. You, you..." He didn't realise Jessie had walked over to stand behind him. "You're behind me."

"Yep," she said with a smile. The helmsman squealed as she grabbed his ear.

"Crewman," Tuvok said in a warning tone.

Jessie shrugged, "we're already flying in a straight line, what's the difference?"

Chakotay shook his head. Unable to raise his hand to do a facepalm, he just brought his head closer to his hands.

"High yield is ready, firing," Tuvok said.

On the viewscreen a torpedo went flying away from the tail of the ship. It went straight for the centre of the armada. It exploded in a sea of green which hit most of them. Moments later they all froze and exploded like the others.

"Thirteen bio-ships have been destroyed. The others are in retreat," Tuvok reported.

Seven tilted her head to the left, her eyes gazing over. "I have regained full contact with the Collective."

Harry looked at her, "and?"

"All remaining bio-ships in the Delta Quadrant are returning to their realm," Seven of Nine replied. She stood straight again, with a proud look on her face. "The Borg have prevailed."

Jessie groaned, then she let go of Tom's stretched ear. "I'm bored of this."

"Ow god," he moaned. "Wait, what did I miss?"

"If it wasn't for our Doctor and Captain you would not have," Tuvok corrected the Borg drone. She made her way to the centre of the bridge.

Chakotay tried to stand up but he still couldn't. "Mmmm hmmm, eh mhmmhmm!"

"You do remember our deal. Safe passage out of your space," Tuvok said. "We'll give you a shuttlecraft if you wish to leave."

"If, if?" Tom squeaked.

Jessie sighed, "I hope you give her the one with the biggest crash record."

"Unacceptable," Seven of Nine stated.

"Fine, but they all crash," Jessie muttered to herself, she retook her station.

"This alliance is terminated. This ship and everyone on it will adapt to service us," Seven of Nine said.

She turned on her heel to head to the helm. Tom looked on worried, he pulled out his phaser and fired it at her. The shot disappeared into her personal green shield, she didn't even flinch. "Resistance is fute-il." With barely a flick of her arm, she knocked him flying to the ground. The tubules in her arm shot out and went straight into the console.

"She's tapping into helm control. She's trying to access our co-ordinates!" Harry stammered.

"Shhhhhm, hmmm mmmm!" Chakotay added on.

"Um... I can't shut her out," Harry stuttered.

While the bridge crew were busy panicking, a figure tapped the drone on her shoulder. She glanced over to see a fist fly towards her face. The drone fell to the ground, the tubules still hung onto the console. Nobody noticed as they were still trying to cut her off.

The figure walked over, and pulled the tubules out with no trouble at all. Then he stood over the drone. "Resistance is futile. Dumb cow."

"Um, we're fine," Harry said in confusion.

Chakotay looked around, spotting the drone unconscious near the helm and the person responsible for it. "Mmmm hmmmhmm?"

"What just happened?" Tom asked.

James knelt down next to the drone, "I'd ask Janeway, if I were you."

Tom sat himself up, looking very much dazed. "Woah, even from Sickbay she's a deadly force. Against the Borg, no matter."

James pulled a little implant off the drone's neck. He stood up with it, passing a brief smirk Jessie's way. "Yeah, she sure is." She smirked back at him, shaking her head.

Chakotay gestured at his hands, "mmmmhh, thmmmm, hmmm! Nmmmg!" James looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "Ghhhhh, fmmmm hmmm."

The intercom buzzed, Kathryn's voice filled the bridge. "Chakotay, if you're quite finished screwing everything up, and getting me to fix it for you... GET YOUR USELESS ASS HERE NOW!"

"Captain please, you're scaring the baby back in," the Doctor's voice stuttered.

"EXCUSE ME!"

Chakotay quickly made a half assed hand signal to cut her off. Tuvok made his way over to remove the restraints from his hands. "Finally! All right, let's clean this up. James, get your team to help get that drone back to the Cargo Bay. We'll open the doors again."

"According to the Doc, this'll cut her off," James said, waving the implant near his face. "But ok."

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "disconnected she could be an asset, I would recommend not killing her."

Tom snickered from the floor, "huuuuge assets."

Chakotay sighed, "somebody get him to Sickbay."

"Why? Even not concussed he talks like that," Harry questioned.

Chakotay closed his eyes, "I'm hoping Kathryn will beat him around during labour." His eyes widened, "oh god, I really should get there." He headed for the turbolift, "it was not an honour serving with you all. Goodbye." He disappeared into the turbolift.

Harry looked worried, "since we disconnected one of their drones, do you think the Borg will come and get us?"

"I'm a lot more concerned about Janeway Junior," Jessie commented. "Can you imagine?"

"Yeah, that's why I asked," Harry muttered.

Sickbay

Tom lay on one of the biobeds, sporting a nasty bruise on his face. He was busy telling a story to an uninterested Kes, who tried to treat him. "Then these people appeared, controlling everything with notepads, doing horrible things to me. Oh, oh and made me do things I didn't want to do."

"Tom, hold still," Kes sighed, her high patience nearing zero.

"One second I'm hitting on B'Elanna, the next a Borg's on the bridge. Dunno what that was about," Tom muttered. He raised his finger as he thought of something. Kes huffed as she tried to make him lower it again. "Oh god the yelling, everyone was yelling. Or exclaiming. There was this old guy, and ..."

"Tom, you're concussed. Hold still!" Kes snapped. "What you're saying is ridiculous, none of that happened."

"Even the bit with the Borg and me getting into her head?" Tom asked.

Kes groaned, "something got into her head, it wasn't you." She finished her treatment, then walked away shaking her head. "What series would have a first episode like that?"

The doors opened, Craig and James walked through them. Tom pointed in James' direction, "hey, who's that guy?"

Kes groaned as she prepared a hypospray. "Sorry about him, that little knock seems to have made him forget the episode." Kathryn meanwhile screamed in pain. She threw a tricorder, then an empty cup at the Doctor. Lucky for him they went straight through him.

"Probably for the best," Craig cringed. "Are we even allowed in here?"

Chakotay sighed, trying to calm down the Captain with a soothing voice. "Kathryn it's ok. It's nearly over." He turned around to look at the two new arrivals. "Yes it's fine. Kathryn is refusing to have the kid till we have a report."

Kathryn sat herself up, "hey, those two better not have a view. THEY BETTER NOT HAVE A VIEW!"

"We're still here, aren't we," Craig said quietly.

The Doctor sighed, standing back in front of her, just in case. "Captain please..."

Kathryn interrupted him by screaming again. "Damn it Craig, I told you, we don't need another James!"

James frowned, then looked at Craig who seemed to have shrunk five inches. "I'd have said something so much better than that," James said.

Tom headed for the exit, looking a little worried. "Uh Doc, you did remember to get that drug out of her system, right?"

"What? I told her to stop drinking coffee," the Doctor groaned.

Kes quickly rushed over to Tom to push him out the door. "Forget it Doctor. Tom I told you, the Captain did not inject herself with anything. That makes no sense. Now go home, get some rest."

Tom pouted when he reached the doorway, he grabbed a hold of it to stop Kes' pushing. "What if those girls try to kill me again? That hypospray was meant for me." He looked at James and Craig again. "Craig, you have a job now? Good for you." Kes groaned as she couldn't push him any further.

Craig looked confused, but he smirked anyway. "I've been in Security for months, Tom. Are you sure he's only just got short term amnesia?"

"It's not permanent," Kes muttered. She continued to push him, but he kept a tight grip.

Kathryn threw another tricorder, this time in Tom's direction. He collapsed on the spot, leaving the doors wide open.

"Oh, now he'll probably forget the entire series," Kes sighed.

Chakotay groaned into his hand. "Who cares, the report?"

"The Borg seem to be leaving us alone. Two cubes have diverted their course to keep away from us," James said.

"Who can blame them," Tom groaned from the floor.

Kathryn growled, sitting up again. Chakotay put a hand on her shoulder, "ignore him. What about the drone?"

"Almost every Security member on duty is hanging around outside Cargo Bay 2, no one's dared to go in though," Craig replied.

"Tuvok thinks we should keep her," James said, pulling a disgusted face.

Tom tried to pull himself up. "Maybe it's that time of the... er seven years. Know what I mean?"

James aimed his disgusted face at him instead. He nudged him out of the room with his foot. The doors closed immediately.

"Maybe that's what is keeping the Borg away from us. She'll know everything," Chakotay said. Kathryn screamed again, grabbing his arm very tightly. He bit his lip as the pain was too much for him.

"We're not keeping that Barbie doll!" she yelled. "Get rid of her, get out and get this thing out of me! NOW!"

"You two, wait in the office. We'll discuss this," Chakotay quickly said. "Doc?"

"Finally," the Doctor sighed.

James and Craig headed into the Doctor's office, both looking a little uneasy. Through the glass they could still see the side of Kathryn's biobed. Luckily Chakotay was standing at her right side, so they couldn't see anything graphic. They both still averted their eyes to the left side of the room.

"Do you have a bet on this?" Craig asked.

James nodded, "yeah everyone has."

Kathryn grabbed a hold of Chakotay by the scruff of his neck, and slammed his head on the side of the bed a few times. Kes ran over to try to loosen her grip on him.

"I think it'll be a girl, born with hair cos you know, it's a Janeway," Craig said, oblivious to the show he was missing. "I have lost out on the birth date though."

"Yeah I did too, but I did bet that the kid would be born during a crisis. Like Naomi," James said.

Kes managed to get Kathryn's hand off of Chakotay's collar, but Kathryn just grabbed her long hair instead. The Doctor meanwhile was yelling push constantly, making Kathryn pull harder.

"What else, that couldn't be it. Gender is a 50/50 bet, easy small rations," Craig questioned.

"I bet on a psychotic boy, cos you know... it's a Janeway," James replied.

Kathryn managed to pull a large strand of Kes' hair out. The poor Ocampan quickly backed off before she could get a new strand. Kathryn settled for elbowing Chakotay in a sensitive area.

Craig looked nervous, his eyes shifted nervously. "Shhh, she'll hear you."

"It'll probably leap from her arms at the slightest sniff of coffee," James continued anyway. Craig's eyes got wider. "She'll try to feed it decaf instead of milk, in a bottle. That'll push it into a psychotic frenzy."

"Oh god, now I don't know who I'm more scared of," Craig stuttered. "Janeway, the kid, or you."

Kathryn started screaming at Chakotay, who was lying on the floor nursing his wounded area. "Get back up you big wuss, get up! Try pushing something out of that you tattooed pansy! Then you'll know pain!"

James briefly glanced over, smirking at Craig once he looked back. "What, I'm not a Janeway."

"No, but you've got a hell of an imagination," Craig stuttered. He jumped out of his skin when something hit the glass, cracking it. He and James looked at it, then down. They saw another tricorder lying there. Neither of them dared to look up, as they knew Kathryn would have been looking at them.

"Don't think I won't do that to you!" she screamed. The Doctor tried to calm her down, but she ignored him. "You get here, get here now! You push this out for me, NOW!"

"Wow," James muttered.

"I hope she doesn't mean me," Craig stuttered.

"Kathryn, he can't do it," Chakotay said in a higher voice than usual.

"We're almost there," the Doctor said, knowing he'll be ignored anyway.

"Of course he can, he'd push once and it'll fly out. Get that boy here now!" Kathryn screeched.

Chakotay groaned into his hand, "what? No really, what?"

"Its days like this that I'm glad I'm a boy," Craig commented.

James shook his head, "so all the days where psycho Captains aren't giving birth, you want to be a girl?"

Craig pouted at him, "no! God, never mind."

The Doctor meanwhile smiled, "there, all done."

"About frickin' time!" Kathryn groaned, collapsing on the bed. Cries from the newborn filled the room, everyone else breathed a sigh of relief. Kathryn's face softened up at the sound.

"It's a girl," the Doctor said. He wrapped up the new arrival in a blanket, while Kes walked over to pick up the last discarded tricorder from the floor. "Kes?"

"In a moment," Kes mumbled. The tricorder beeped at her. "It still works." She walked over to scan the newborn, smiling as the baby watched her every move. "Perfectly healthy."

"Of course I'll want to do a full examination. In the meantime though..." the Doctor smiled. He handed the baby to her mother. Chakotay stood next to them both when the Doctor moved away.

"She's beautiful, of course," Chakotay smiled, he reached over to stroke the baby's face with his finger.

Kathryn smiled at her, then him. "I'm sorry. I didn't hurt you too much did I?"

"Don't worry about it. Times like this, you're allowed to go a little crazy," Chakotay grinned at her.

Kathryn's face turned pale, "oh god. The Borg, what was I thinking?"

Chakotay laughed, "well it worked. The aliens are gone, the Borg are leaving us alone. We'll figure out what to do with the drone later."

"Yes. We need to think of a name for this little angel first," Kathryn cooed at the newborn.

Chakotay looked over at the office. "I'll get the Doctor to look at the drone, that'll give us more time with her. What should I tell those two?" He raised a hand to beckon the two Security officers back into the room. Craig was a little more hesitant than James was.

Kathryn sighed a little in frustration. "James, what are you still doing here? I didn't tell you to knock it out and leave it alone. Get out of here."

James looked at Craig, he frowned at him and shrugged. "Fine." He walked straight out without another word.

"Er, Craig too?" Chakotay questioned awkwardly.

Kathryn still didn't look up from her baby, "no, he can stay and keep an eye on things here. Just in case. Aaw, you're such a little cutie, aren't you?"

"Oh, thanks," Craig smiled.

Kathryn finally looked up to stare at him with a raised eyebrow. "I was talking to my daughter."

"Um er, I'll guard the door," Craig replied. He was replaced immediately by a cloud shaped like himself.

Chakotay smirked briefly, his face looked full of thought. "You seemed a little... rough on James. Did I miss something?"

Kathryn looked at him like he was carrying a cup of tea, "what are you talking about?" She shook her head, "now what should we name our daughter?"

"As long as we don't name her Kenco, I'm ok with anything," Chakotay teased.

The Doctor walked up to Kes, who had been staring at the baby and new parents the whole time. "Kes? Can you keep an eye on things, while I examine our other new crewmember?"

"Sure, Doctor," she replied without even looking at him.

Concern appeared on his face, "what's wrong?"

Kes shook her head, then turned it to look directly at him. "It's nothing, Doctor. I'm fine."

"Another vision?" the Doctor questioned.

"No, it's fine," Kes replied with a smile. The Doctor nodded, he picked up a med kit and headed for the door. Kes' smile turned into a frown as she turned back to the new family. "Not exactly."

Kathryn handed the baby carefully over to Chakotay. "So, now that that's over..."

Chakotay smiled back at her, "yes?"

"I can drink coffee again, right?" Kathryn said with a smile.

Chakotay's smile fell off his face, the colour in his cheeks escaped him. "Oh erm, about that..."

First Officer's Log Stardate 51218.1: We've been Borg free for several days now. Scans suggest they're avoiding us. Most of the crew are still on edge, can't say I blame them. We've still got a long way to go before we're in the clear.

Kes made her way down the busy corridor leading to the Mess Hall. Unlike everyone else, she turned into the turbolift. Her whole body froze as the doors closed behind her.

A familiar voice spoke to her, "don't get too comfy, it's not over yet."

All she could do was stare at the figure standing directly in front of her. It was almost like looking in a mirror.

TO BE CONTINUED