

Episode 2.27

Man Out Of You

January 2364, Manchester, England:

It had been a perfectly normal day for James. He had been sitting around the empty house, doing absolutely nothing but sulk. As usual he hadn't actually eaten anything.

At about midnight he headed into his room. It felt strangely cold, and windy. He looked around, the windows were tightly closed, and it looked calm outside. He tried to ignore it, and went to bed. He kept hearing what sounded like a man whispering. It took him about an hour before he actually fell asleep.

The next morning he awoke to the sound of his mum's voice yelling up the stairs. As he sat up he felt a tight pain coming from his upper right arm. He sat up properly and he looked at his arm. There was a large bruise there, that wasn't there the previous night.

The present, Voyager

The Mess Hall:

As usual, the room was busy. Unknown crewmembers were chatting about nothing worth mentioning, and Neelix was cheerfully concocting some bizarre dish.

Lena and James walked into the room, and they went straight to the replicator, avoiding Neelix's recent concoction.

"So, when did you do that to your upper arm?" Lena was asking as she ordered her food.

James finished ordering his food. "Long story, Lena."

They both headed over to the nearest empty table and they sat down.

"Oh, I like long stories as long as they're interesting," Lena said. She started eating the food on her tray.

James sighed. "Fine, but you asked for it. I've had that bruise for fourteen years.."

"Fourteen years, and you didn't get a doctor to heal it?" Lena asked.

"Originally I didn't want my parents to know about it, so getting it healed by the family doctor would've been tricky. By the time I got away from them both, I was used to it. Now can I continue the story?" James replied.

"Yeah, sorry," Lena muttered.

"Well basically I went to bed one night, and the room was cold and a bit breezy. It took me a while to get to sleep since there was this strange voice speaking in the breeze," James said.

"Cool," Lena said with interest, and she drank some of her Cherry Coke.

"I woke up the next morning with this bruise. After that incident, every three nights I'd get the cold feeling, and an injury the next morning. That went on for a while," James said.

"Maybe you slept walked," Lena said.

"Explain the cold room, the voice, and the once every three day thing," James said.

"So did you find out what it really was then?" Lena asked.

"Well, believe it or not, the voice was my father's," James replied.

"Wow, your father was haunting you," Lena said.

"He obviously wasn't content with all the beatings he gave me as a kid, so he literally came back to finish the job. I don't know why, but it just stopped one day," James said.

"I know this is a silly question, but does Jessie know anything about this?" Lena asked.

"Yeah, she was the first one I told," James replied.

"That figures," Lena muttered.

"Whatever," James said.

"What about the bruise, does she know about that?" Lena asked.

"I didn't tell her, she just noticed it," James replied.

"Just wondering. I didn't think you'd tell me something that Jessie doesn't even know about," Lena said.

Craig, who was on the neighbouring pulled his chair over. "I hate to ask Lena, but how did you see this bruise on his upper arm?"

Lena and James looked at him. "Always with the eavesdropping," James muttered.

Craig ignored him. "Well?"

"It's quite hard to miss, Craig. It is a big bruise," Lena replied.

"Yeah, but he always covers it up. So how come he didn't this time?" Craig asked.

"Is this relevant?" Lena asked.

"Yeah, it is," Craig said.

"I don't think it is. All that matters is that I saw it," Lena said.

"If you're wondering why I didn't cover it up, I'll tell you. The top I'm wearing underneath my jacket shows half of the bruise. I only wear the top with a jacket, but I had to take the jacket off when we were training," James said.

"Ok, I let you off," Craig said.

"I still don't get why you asked," Lena muttered.

"Neither do I," James said.

Craig rolled his eyes. "Forget it, I was only joking on but you didn't get it."

"Nope, we didn't," Lena muttered.

Meanwhile, the Bridge:

Everything was quiet, nothing really was going on. Everyone there was at their stations, bored to tears.

"Aren't we going to get any action around here?" Tom moaned.

"It's only the third scene, something will happen soon," Harry said.

A console beeped and everyone jumped to attention.

"What is it, what is it?" Kathryn asked.

"False alarm," Harry muttered. Everyone groaned.

"This can't get any worse," Chakotay muttered.

Annika skipped out of the turbolift carrying a tray of muffins, wearing the biggest smile on her face.
"Hello my dearest friends!"

"Note to self, never say 'this can't get any worse' again," Chakotay said.

Tuvok's station beeped and everyone jumped to attention again.

"This better be good, Tuvok," Kathryn said.

"A ship is approaching. It's hailing us," Tuvok said.

"Finally, open a channel," Kathryn said.

"It's audio only," Tuvok said as a muffin was almost shoved up his nose.

"Well lets hear it then," Kathryn said.

Tuvok nodded and he worked at his station. He nodded at Kathryn when he opened the channel.
Annika pouted and ran off towards Opps.

"This is Captain Janeway of the Starship Voyager," Kathryn said as she stood up.

In: "Are you a Federation ship?"

Kathryn looked back at Chakotay. "Yes we are."

In: "Well this is a longshot, but do you have somebody on your crew called James Taylor?"

Tom looked behind him, at Kathryn and then at Chakotay. Annika started jumping on the spot with her hand up as if she were volunteering for something.

"We do, but if you're looking for someone called that then there's a low chance that the one we have is the same one you're looking for," Kathryn said.

In: "I'm aware of that. Can I talk to him?"

"How do you know him?" Chakotay asked.

In: "It's a long story."

"Give us five minutes, and we'll ask him up here," Kathryn said.

In: "Thank you, Captain."

Tuvok blocked the audio link on command.

"There could be hundreds of humans named James Taylor, there's a very low chance that it's our James," Jessie said to make her presence known.

"I know, but we may as well make certain of it," Chakotay said.

Kathryn nodded and she tapped her commbadge. "Janeway to Stuart, please report to the Bridge. Janeway out." She tapped her commbadge.

"Tuvok, can you tell what ship that is?" Chakotay asked.

"It's an unknown signature, Commander. The lifeform aboard is humanoid," Tuvok replied.

"There is no way that our James could know that guy, we've never encountered his ship before," Chakotay said.

"And there's an even smaller chance that a James Taylor from the Alpha Quadrant would of met him either," Kathryn said.

James came onto the Bridge, followed by Lena. Annika made a beeline for them with her eyes bugged, and her tray shoved further forward.

"We didn't ask for you, Lena," Kathryn said.

"I was curious," Lena said, eyeing Annika with disgust. At the last second she shoved her into the turbolift. Everyone sighed in relief.

"What's going on?" James asked.

"The man aboard that ship claims to be looking for a James Taylor. There's a small chance it's you he's looking for, but we thought you should talk to him to find out if it is you," Kathryn replied.

"Er, ok," James muttered.

Kathryn nodded at Tuvok. He re-opened the channel. Kathryn then nodded at James.

"Erm, James here," James said.

In: "Your name's James Taylor, right?"

"It used to be, I changed my surname to my stepfathers surname," James replied.

The man on the intercom sighed.

In: "Typical. Where are you from exactly?"

"Earth," James replied.

In: "Ok, what country and what region?"

"England, the North East," James replied.

In: "We're getting somewhere."

"How do you know a James Taylor?" Jessie butted in.

In: "We've met before, but he was very young at the time. That's why I can't recognise the voice."

Everyone on the Bridge looked at each other with confused expressions on their faces.

In: "Tell me, was your mother named Susy?"

"Yeah, she was," James replied nervously.

In: "You had a sister called Debbie, and a father named Peter."

"How do you know this?" James asked.

In: "It's hard to explain, basically I think you're the one I'm looking for. Captain, may I come aboard your ship?"

"Perhaps, but first I want a good explanation for this," Kathryn replied.

In: "It'll be easier to tell it once I'm aboard."

"Very well, stand by for transport," Kathryn said. She glanced at Tuvok, and he cut off the transmission.

"I don't get it, how does that guy know you?" Jessie asked.

"His voice sounded a little familiar, so maybe I have met him before," James replied.

"Well Tuvok, James, greet our guest," Kathryn commanded.

"Captain, can I go too?" Jessie asked. Kathryn nodded in response.

Tuvok, James and Jessie headed to the turbolift, and they stepped inside.

"This is a strange one," Tom said.

"No argument here," Harry muttered as he picked what looked like grapes off his giant blue muffin.

Transporter Room 1:

Tuvok, James and Jessie walked through the door and they stood in front of the transporter pad. Tuvok turned around and nodded his head at the transporter person.

A figure dematerialised on the pad. It was a man that looked like he was in his late forties. He had dark hair, and cold brown eyes.

James backed off a little when he saw the man on the transporter pad. Jessie and Tuvok watched him as he did so.

"James, what's wrong?" Jessie asked.

"This is impossible.. he's my father," James stuttered.

Jessie stared at him in shock, and she turned to look at the new arrival.

"That's right, I am Peter Taylor. Well was, I'm his reincarnation," James' father said.

"You b****rd," Jessie said angrily. She tried to storm over to Peter, but Tuvok got in her way.

"I understand James' reaction, but I don't understand what your problem is young lady," Peter said.

Jessie pulled herself out of Tuvok's grip. "My problem? I don't have a problem. You're the one with the problem. What kind of father beats his three year old son?"

"I see he's told you," Peter said.

Jessie folded her arms, and she growled in disgust.

"This isn't happening," James muttered to himself.

Peter stepped off the pad, and he walked over to him. He stepped further back. "There's no reason to fear me. I only possess Peter Taylor's memories. I am not him in anyway."

"Wait a minute, how can you be my dad's reincarnation? I was haunted by his ghost for years," James asked.

"His spirit didn't reincarnate until twelve years ago, I do not recall anything before that," Peter replied.

Jessie laughed in disbelief. "You don't look twelve."

"My species ages four times faster than Humans do. In Human years I am forty eight, about five years younger than what Peter would've been now if he was still alive," Peter said.

"I don't believe this," James muttered.

"What is there not to believe?" Peter smiled.

James didn't answer, he walked straight out of the room. Jessie glared at Peter one more time, and she followed James out.

"I will take you to the Captain," Tuvok said.

"I didn't come to talk to her," Peter said.

"She wanted to speak to you," Tuvok said.

Peter sighed, and he followed Tuvok out.

The Ready Room:

Kathryn was sitting at her desk, and Peter was sitting opposite her.

"So if you're only his reincarnation, what do you want with James?" Kathryn asked.

"You may find this hard to believe, but some members of my race experience problems if their past lives were aliens. Sometimes they lose their memories, and retrieve their past lives ones instead. That happened to me. In a way, James is the only family I have left," Peter replied.

"I see," Kathryn said.

"All I want is to have a family. Peter's is the only one I know. I know that James is Peter's only living relative," Peter said.

"If I understand correctly, he hasn't seen his father since he was five, he's twenty eight now. It will be difficult for both of you," Kathryn said.

Peter sighed. "If you had children, you'd understand."

"Actually I know exactly what you're going through," Kathryn said. Peter looked at her with interest. "I have a seventeen year old daughter who I've only known since she was fifteen. No matter how much time you've missed, there's still a chance, if it's fifteen or twenty three years."

"Yes, but in my case this will be harder. I doubt you hurt your child like Peter did," Peter said.

"No, the other way around maybe," Kathryn said through a strained chuckle.

"A three year old couldn't though. Even now I can see fear in his eyes," Peter said.

"Yeah, well you can't blame him. From what he's told me, your past life caused him a lot of pain," Kathryn said.

"I know, that's why I want to make it up to him. Can you convince him to talk to me?" Peter asked.

"I'll see what I can do," Kathryn replied with a smile. Peter smiled back at her.

"Thank you, Captain."

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie was sitting on the sofa, watching James pace the room. Duncan was sitting next to her with a bowl of icecream. He had the chocolate icecream all over his mouth.

"Just when I thought I had gotten rid of him for good, he appears on the ship. Why?" James said.

"Why?" Duncan repeated. He stuffed more chocolate icecream into his mouth.

"It's not really him, it's his incarnation," Jessie said.

"Technically it is him," James said.

"So what are you saying? I mean you?" Jessie asked.

"That's different. Only part of his soul is apart of me," James replied.

"We both still reincarnated from those two, just like he did from *him*," Jessie said.

"So what are you suggesting, that I should love him because in a way he isn't my dad," James said.

"No, I hate him either way. I'm just trying to say that maybe you shouldn't be afraid of him, he's not the same person," Jessie said.

"I'm not afraid of him!" James snapped.

Jessie raised her eyebrow. "Yes you are. You always have, why deny it now?"

"Maybe I was, but it's wore off now," James said.

Jessie shook her head and she smiled. "If it has, why did your face turn pale when you first saw him on the transporter pad?"

"No, I didn't turn pale," James said.

Jessie shook her head. "You don't have to act brave around me, I thought you knew that."

James sat down next to Jessie, and she put her arm around his shoulders.

The door chimed. Duncan jumped off the seat and he ran over to the door. It opened to reveal Kathryn. She looked down to see Duncan's chocolate covered face.

Kathryn walked around Duncan, and she went over to the sofa.

"Jessie, can I talk to James alone?" Kathryn asked.

"What's the point, I know what you're going to say," Jessie replied.

"I don't want you to influence his decision though," Kathryn said.

"I don't want to talk to him, I don't want to see him, so there's no point," James said.

"James, all he wants is to make up with you. He's not interested in hurting you," Kathryn said.

"I don't care," James said.

Kathryn sighed. "If I were you I would talk to him. I have a feeling there is a lot you want to ask him. Now is a good time."

"If he wants to talk to me, he can make the effort instead of sending somebody else to talk me into talking to him," James said.

"Yeah, bog off," Duncan said.

Kathryn raised her eyebrow and she looked at the child. "I can understand why you don't want to talk to him. You're afraid aren't you?"

"No I'm not," James said.

"Yes you are," Jessie mumbled.

"No I'm not," James repeated.

"There's nothing wrong with being afraid. I thought you of all people knew that," Jessie said.

"She has a point," Kathryn said.

"Yeah, well I've changed. I can't admit to something like that in front of my fiancée and son," James said.

"What is there to admit to, James?" Jessie asked slyly.

James was about to answer when he realised what he said. He covered his face with his hands.

"It won't kill you to talk to him. You never know, it might help you," Kathryn said.

"Ok, fine. You win," James groaned.

The Conference Room:

Peter was standing and staring out the window. He heard a door opening and he turned around. He smiled and he walked over to the table.

"Glad you could make it," Peter said.

"Let's just get this over with," James muttered.

"First things first, what's been going on for the past twenty so years?" Peter asked.

"I'm not going to tell you my life story," James replied.

"No, of course not. Generally I just want to know if there are any daughter in law's, or grandchildren?" Peter asked.

"That's none of your business," James said.

"I think it is, I'm family," Peter said.

"Fine, I'm engaged, but that's it," James said.

"Engaged? You're bloody twenty eight, you should be married by now with kids," Peter said in disbelief.

"I should? Since when was it a rule to have a kid at fourteen years old and get married at seventeen?" James asked.

"Your mother and I were different, so don't speak of us like that," Peter replied.

"Fourteen year old, were you crazy?" James stuttered.

"It wasn't an accident like you think, Debbie was intentional," Peter replied.

"Fourteen? You were kids yourselves," James said.

Peter shook his head. "You don't understand, do you? Time is precious, don't waste it."

"Why was Debbie intentional?" James asked.

"We wanted children early so they would grow old with us, obviously that didn't happen," Peter replied.

"You wanted children, so how come I was so close to being aborted?" James asked.

"That's not true, who told you that?" Peter said questioningly.

"Mum, she really knew how to pick the best time to tell me," James replied.

"Ok, maybe I was a bit angry with your mother. She claimed that she didn't know herself, but she was so far along how could she not notice," Peter said.

"How could you not notice?" James asked.

"Be quiet, it'll happen to you someday," Peter replied.

"What I'd like to know is if you wanted children so much, why did you make all that effort to make my life a living hell?" James asked.

"A living hell? That's a wuss opinion," Peter replied and he folded his arms.

"I thought you just had my dad's memories," James said.

"I do, what's your point?" Peter asked.

"Well you're acting a lot like him as well," James replied.

Peter smiled and he headed over to the window. "Mainly because Peter's memories have been with me for most of my life, and so his personality has rubbed off on me," he said with his back still on James. He turned around. "I bet you weren't expecting that."

"If that's the case I'm going," James said, and he turned to leave.

"Don't be a wuss. You're still acting like that bratty little kid who wouldn't stop crying, and moaning on like a little girl. Grow up, and be a man for once in your life," Peter said harshly.

James stopped, and he turned around. "Hey, don't give me that lecture. If you hadn't have been all aggressive with me, then I would be a lot better now."

"Don't be stupid. I was just trying to toughen you up, so I doubt all the training I put you through did the opposite," Peter said.

"Training? Explain my fear of the dark, or my claustrophobia. They formed because I used to hide in my room to avoid another day of hell. I used to hide in the cupboard, under the bed, in the dark, you name it," James said.

"Only a girl would hide, it's your own fault so don't start blaming me," Peter said.

"I was three years old, what did you expect me to do?" James yelled.

"Stand up for yourself, or at least take it in. Everytime I saw you, you kept running away, and or crying," Peter said calmly.

"Didn't Debbie cry at that age?" James asked.

"Of course she did, she's a girl," Peter replied.

"Stop being so sexist, being afraid doesn't mean that you're not a man. Maybe if you weren't too busy blaming me for Debbie's death you'd realise that," James said angrily.

Peter smiled. "What makes you think I blamed you for Debbie's death? It was an accident after all."

"I can't believe this. I heard you ranting on to mum about you wanting me dead and everything!" James yelled.

"Keep your voice down. It wasn't like that, why would I want you dead?" Peter asked.

"I can't take this anymore, I'm going," James said and he left the room quickly.

Peter smiled as he shook his head. "Getting nowhere fast," he said to himself.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Once again James was pacing the room, and Jessie was watching him on the sofa.

"As soon as we're alone he starts acting normally. Why does he do it?"

"James, calm down," Jessie said calmly.

"He thinks that three year olds should be able to defend themselves, and act manly. I mean, this guy needs psychiatric help," James said, ignoring Jessie.

Jessie shook her head. She quickly got a hold of James' arm, and she forced him to sit down next to her.

"If we're not careful, you will again," Jessie said.

"Why did he hate me so much, Jess?" James asked with tears in his eyes. Jessie put her arm around his shoulders, and she pulled him closer to her. She kissed him softly on the forehead.

"I don't know. I wish I could kill him for causing you this much pain," Jessie replied softly.

"I tried, I really did try to make him proud of me. But what can a three year old do," James said.

"A three year old shouldn't have to do anything, no child should. A parent should be proud no matter what," Jessie said. She placed her available hand on his left hand. He held it tightly. They stayed like that for what seemed like hours.

The Mess Hall:

Tom circled the room with his drink at least twice, keeping an eagle eye out for any of the tables to have a chair free. The only table with spares he wanted to avoid. His breaktime almost up, he forced himself to walk over.

"Can I?" he asked begrudgingly.

James looked up from his own drink for barely a second, shrugged and looked back down at it.

Tom took that as a yes and sat down in the furthest seat. "So, what was that alien dude visitor all about?"

"No," James bluntly replied.

Tom's eyes widened briefly, then he rolled them, "ookay then."

James sighed before he took a brief sip of his drink. "You of all people don't want to know."

"Oh?" Tom said curiously. "Don't you mean 'you of all people can't know or you'll blab'?"

James' eyes fell further down, shoulders tensed. "No."

"Really?" Tom was surprised. He noticed someone else approaching, likely after the only spare seat in the room. He thought nothing further of it until the man spoke up. Not because of what he said, but James's loss of colour and a subtle arm tremble.

"Is it always this busy in here?" Peter asked casually as he took a seat.

Tom laughed, a little shaken himself. "Only on our cook's day off."

Peter glanced between the two curiously. He focused on James, "so you two friends?"

He couldn't help it, Tom started laughing genuinely. He forced himself to stop. He then noticed Peter's eye drift over to him briefly. He got a cold shudder from it. "Shipmates, if that," he answered.

"Hmm," Peter mumbled, once again keeping a watchful eye on James. "There's still a lot we need to discuss, sooner or later. Sooner the better." He waited a little for a response, but got nothing except Tom's eyes getting more curious. "If it helps make this easier, we can do this while your bodyguard is here."

Tom unintentionally laughed again, this time loud enough for the whole room to hear and glare at him. Peter more so than anyone. "You're... you're a funny guy Mister... er?" he said nervously.

"If only that was a joke," Peter sighed as eased his glare on him for now. "Well?"

"There's nothing," James mumbled. Peter's resulting throat clear made him flinch, Tom glanced between the pair with widening eyes. "There's nothing to talk about."

"So there's a lot less sass with this one around, I see," Peter said, gesturing his thumb at Tom. "Better for me, so for now just listen. I've asked around, you're pretty famous on this bucket."

James looked up abruptly in alarm. "What, you..."

Peter chuckled, "emulating what you think your old man was like, of course some clammed up."

"Emulating?" James mumbled, his jaw clenched, the hand under the table out of sight clenched. "I was never being like you."

"Oh we can agree on something," Peter said, smiling a little nicely to be believable. Tom got secondhand chills again. "I know, you know that only cowards pick on the weak. Naturally I didn't doubt it."

James laughed very bitterly. "That's rich," he mumbled.

"Sooo, I'm just gonna... go back to work," Tom very nervously said, rising slowly.

Peter looked up at him, freezing him on the spot with a strangely charming smile on his face. "What is it that you do here, son?"

"Um, I'm the senior pilot," Tom replied.

"Your father must be very proud of you," Peter said in an icy voice.

Tom looked across just as James closed his eyes in a grimace. He felt a metaphorical punch in the gut. "No, not even close. That suits me just fine," he said with a small smile. He hurried away before he could see the reaction, leaving behind his drink.

Since he did, he missed the teeth grinding and cold eyes Peter pointed at his seat. "Now that your boyfriend is gone..."

James rolled his eyes. "Here we go."

It didn't get the reaction he expected, Peter smiled a little smugly. "You think that I'm impressed? Quite the opposite. You were given a gift, you've squandered it. And you call me a bully." James had enough and rose to get up. "I suppose I could find this fiancée of yours, if he or she exists."

James froze for a second before sitting back down reluctantly. "You don't know anything about me, so don't think..."

"Don't deny it. This wouldn't have happened if you kept quiet. I'd have taught you to use it properly," Peter said. He rolled his eyes, "well tried to, but you'd only run off again."

"I do, I have," James tried to say normally but it came out in a stutter. He cringed at himself afterwards. "You don't know. It's only you, only you I'm afraid of." His head shook more out of disbelief, "you knew, all along?"

"Please," Peter scoffed. "So many broken toys, cutlery, furniture... bones, to not notice. I continue to wonder why out of all of us it chose you."

James frowned. He tried to look in his direction. Unable to he went back to staring at the glass. "What do you mean?"

Peter chuckled if a bit bitterly. "My father, his father and many more before them, we were all told the same story. That it was in our blood that we'd be strong and noble enough to inherit the Slayer legacy, one day. We trained for it, I tried to train you and now. It must be some kind of cruel joke."

This time James wasn't put off, he got up to leave. He heard his father grunt, then tut his disapproval from even as far away as the doors.

The Ready Room, the next day:

Kathryn was once again sitting at her desk, with her tenth coffee of the day. Tuvok was standing in front of the desk waiting for her to finish her coffee.

"What can I do for you, Commander?" Kathryn asked with a hyper smile on her face.

"Mr Stuart wants to see you, it's about our guest," Tuvok replied.

"Ooh, yey, bring him in. I need something to calm myself down," Kathryn said and she giggled. Tuvok walked over to the door to open it, James slowly walked in. Tuvok stayed by the door. "Hiya sweetie," Kathryn said.

James raised his eyebrow and he looked at Tuvok nervously. "How much coffee has she had?"

"I do not know, Ensign. Why do you think I'm staying here as guard," Tuvok replied.

James looked back at Kathryn who was giggling at nothing in particular.

"So what can I do for you, sonny boy," Kathryn said.

"Sonny boy?" James said in a confused tone of voice.

"Yeah, I don't think I've ever told you this before," Kathryn said as she stood up. She headed over to James, he backed off slowly. She put her arm around his shoulders. "I've always considered you as the son I never had," she giggled.

"Ensign, maybe you should come back another time," Tuvok said as he watched the disturbing display in front of him.

"No, it's ok. I'd rather have her as a parent than my dad," James said nervously.

"That's my boy," Kathryn giggled, and she patted James' shoulder.

"Er, ok," James muttered.

Tuvok shook his head slightly. "Maybe you should tell her what you came to say, and leave."

"Ok, erm. I think we should put Peter back on his ship, and leave him on his own. He's no different," James said while trying to ignore Kathryn's annoying giggles.

"I'll take note of that, I'll tell her later," Tuvok said.

"Ok, can I go now?" James asked.

"No, don't go. I get so lonely in here," Kathryn said.

"What about Tuvok?" James asked, he was starting to get scared.

"Oh yeah," Kathryn said and she burst into more hyper giggles. Suddenly she collapsed on the floor.

"Don't worry, this happens every morning," Tuvok said.

"Why would I be worried?" James commented.

"If you don't mind me asking, why do you think we should leave your father on his own?" Tuvok asked.

"I just don't understand why he treated me, and still treats me the way he does," James replied.

"That's no reason to leave him alone. If you really are unsure about why you were treated in such a way, then I have a solution," Tuvok said.

Tuvok's quarters:

"I don't see why we've come here," James said.

Tuvok rearranged the seats around his table. He turned back to James.

"You say you were only three years old when the incidents first started, am I correct?" Tuvok asked.

"Well yeah, it went on for over a year," James replied.

"And you have no idea why your father did these things to you?" Tuvok asked.

"You know about the Debbie incident, he blamed me for it," James replied.

"That may be incorrect. Not many human's remember specific events from their childhoods. You may be missing a valuable piece of the puzzle," Tuvok said.

"I have no idea what you're getting at," James muttered.

"I suggest a mind meld," Tuvok said.

"That's your solution for everything," James said.

"No it isn't. The mind meld I'm suggesting will allow you to witness a day of events that your sub conscious knows is vital. I will be there also, to guide you," Tuvok said.

"Oh, it's one of those mind melds," James muttered.

"Indeed. You must understand, you can't interfere with the events, and no one will see either of us. Do you want to go through with it?" Tuvok asked.

"Maybe, I just want to know one thing," James replied.

"And what is that?" Tuvok asked.

"Can you do the mind meld without having to do the touching face thing. The last time I had a headache for days," James replied.

"There is no other way to do the mind meld, Ensign. If you refuse to do the mind meld just because you feel uncomfortable then that is illogical," Tuvok said.

"Always with the logic," James muttered to himself.

"What did you say?" Tuvok asked.

"Nothing," James replied.

"Well, do you want to go through with it?" Tuvok asked.

"Lets get this over with," James replied.

Meanwhile:

Triah was walking down A corridor, bored to tears. She ran into Jessie.

"Hey, Jess," Triah said.

"Hi. Have you seen James?" Jessie asked.

"I doubt it, I think the writers have forgotten about me," Triah replied.

"Oh. Well I can't find him anywhere," Jessie said.

"Why are you looking for him?" Triah asked.

"I dunno, I just am," Jessie replied.

"Erm, ok," Triah muttered.

"Well see you later," Jessie said, and she continued down the corridor.

Triah sighed, and she continued down the corridor all by herself.

Back in Tuvok's quarters:

Tuvok and James were sitting opposite each other next to the table.

"I'm not really looking forward to this," James muttered.

"A mind meld isn't something that's meant to be looked forward to, Ensign," Tuvok said.

"I know, but I've never done this before," James said.

Tuvok's eyebrow raised, "you insinuated you had earlier." James shrugged, leaving the poor Vulcan baffled. "Just close your eyes and clear your mind, that shouldn't be too hard."

"Hey, was that a joke?" James asked.

"No, I was being serious," Tuvok replied.

"Why do I feel insulted?" James muttered.

"Now do as I say," Tuvok said. Tuvok used his right hand to do the meld. "I told you to close your eyes," Tuvok said. James did as he was told eventually.

Tuvok closed his own eyes and he started to say the usual lines. "My mind to your mind, your thoughts to my thoughts...."

2354, England:

James and Tuvok appeared in a small house's bedroom. Tuvok looked around the room briefly and he turned to James. He was looking around the room as well.

"Do you recognise this place?" Tuvok asked.

"Yeah, this is the house I was born in," James replied.

The room they were in was in darkness. The curtains were closed, but there was no light on. The room was deserted.

James knelt down to try and pick something up, but his hand went straight through it.

"Remember, you can't interfere," Tuvok said.

"Oh yeah," James muttered as he looked at the objects on the floor. "Doesn't matter anyway. I think this is my room, that's why there's no light in here."

"I do not understand," Tuvok said.

Both of them heard a woman's voice coming from outside the room. They both walked through the door, and entered the living room. Another door led to the small kitchen. James and Tuvok noticed a young boy watching a TV like machine, while sitting on the floor. A woman stepped out of the kitchen holding a plate of food.

"Is that...?" Tuvok asked.

"That's my mum," James replied quietly.

Susy knelt down and she put the plate in front of the young boy. Afterwards she put her hand on his head and she messed up his already messy blonde hair. She stood up and walked back into the kitchen.

The boy jumped when the sound of the front door slamming shut echoed through the whole room. He wasted no time in getting up off the floor, and running into the room Tuvok and James were in earlier. What the boy didn't realise was that he ran straight through James.

"Ok, that was weird," James muttered.

Susy came out of the kitchen with a worried expression on her face. Just as she did so a younger Peter stormed into the living room.

"Peter, why are you home early?" Susy asked with caution.

"Just get me some food you stupid woman," Peter snapped.

Susy nodded, and she rushed back into the kitchen. Peter sat down on the nearest chair, before he did he picked up the plate the young boy had.

"Where's the brat?" Peter asked as he got himself comfortable in the chair.

"He's not a brat," Susy said as she came back into the living room holding a plate. She stopped in her tracks and she stared at her husband. "That's not yours," she said, eyeing the plate Peter had.

"Stuff you woman, I'm starving. Give me that plate," Peter snapped.

"That's James' dinner, this is yours," Susy said. Peter glared at her with his stone cold eyes.

"I don't f***ing care, I think I'm more important than that excuse of a boy," Peter snapped.

"No, give me his plate," Susy said forcefully.

Peter stood up quickly, while throwing the plate to the floor. "Don't give me that attitude. You're only a woman, I'm the man of this house and you will do as I say!" he yelled.

"You've been drinking again, haven't you?" Susy said carefully.

"That's none of your business. Now clean up that mess," Peter said.

"No, you dropped the plate so you clean it up," Susy said. Peter stormed over to her and he slapped her hard in the face. The force made her stumble backwards, and drop the other plate on the floor.

"Now be a good girl, and clean up your mess," Peter said calmly.

"I'm not doing anything for you. You clean up your own mess," Susy said with a trembling voice. She quickly went into another bedroom to avoid another hit. Peter threw a piece of the plate at the door, and it smashed against it on impact.

"Do you remember this?" Tuvok asked.

"Well obviously not, I'm in my bedroom," James replied quietly.

"What I meant was, do you remember hearing yelling in your room?" Tuvok asked.

"I've heard them arguing a couple of times, but I heard nothing like things smashing or anything," James replied.

"Well your subconscious must remember it, or we wouldn't be witnessing anything. What we've just witnessed is probably your subconscious trying to interpret what happened just with the voices and noises you heard," Tuvok said.

"I remember that he started to come home early before I started school, and he used to be even tougher on me. But I don't remember him yelling at my mum," James said.

Tuvok was about to respond, but Peter interrupted him. He started muttering on to himself, and he quickly walked straight through Tuvok and James. He went into the room they were in earlier.

Tuvok raised his eyebrow. "Curious."

James ignored him, and he followed Peter into the room.

"I don't think you should..." Tuvok started to say, but there was no use in talking to an empty room. He followed James.

The two watched Peter's shadow as he wandered around the room like he was looking for something. Neither of them could see the younger James anywhere.

"Come out, come out wherever you are," Peter said in a taunting voice. He stopped by the small bed, it was a cross between a normal bed and a crib. It had wooden bars on the side of it. Tuvok raised his eyebrow when he noticed it, and he looked James' way.

They watched as Peter quickly grabbed the bed sheets, and pulled them clear off the bed. They both noticed that the younger James was obviously trying to hide under them. Peter smiled, and he quickly picked him up. The younger James started crying as his father started throwing the poor lad up and down.

"Oh, stop crying like a girl you wuss," Peter said harshly, but the younger James didn't listen to him. Peter got even more angry, and he literally just dropped him back onto the bed. "I don't know why I even bother," he growled.

The kid didn't stop crying, and Peter completely lost it. "Shut the f**k up!" he screamed, and he used all his strength to over turn the bed itself.

James, and even Tuvok, watched in shock. The wooden bars on the sides stopped the bed from completely landing upside down.

Peter shook his head, and he pulled the bed back. He picked his son back up and he started shaking him roughly. "Why won't you shut up!" he literally screamed.

Susy rushed into the room. "What the hell is going on?" she yelled.

Peter picked up the nearest object, which was a lamp, and he threw it at her. She ducked, and it hit the door. "Get out of here, woman!" Peter yelled.

"Peter, you're scaring him. No wonder he won't stop crying," Susy said.

"Susy, stay out of this. You're just a woman, that's why you think like that. Get out!" Peter yelled.

"No, leave him alone. Don't you think he's been through enough already!" Susy yelled back.

Peter growled, and he went over to the nearest cupboard. With his spare hand, he opened it, and he literally threw his son inside. He slammed the door, and he locked it.

"That should drown out the sound," Peter said in an almost calm way.

Susy stared at her drunken husband in disbelief. "Let him out of there," she said. She tried to get over to the cupboard, but Peter grabbed her arm roughly.

"Don't. A few days in there should toughen him up a little," Peter said.

Susy struggled against his grip, but he was too strong for her. With a smile he pushed his wife out of the room, and slammed the door.

Tuvok turned to James, he was walking over to the cupboard where his younger self was. Tuvok followed him.

"Ensign?" Tuvok said.

"I always wondered why I started school two days later than the other kids. I was stuck in here," James muttered as he stared at the cupboard.

"So you don't remember this, at all?" Tuvok asked.

"No, I knew it was bad, but not this bad," James muttered in response.

"Your father seemed intoxicated, that may explain his irrational behaviour," Tuvok said.

"Does every drunken father do this to his kid, or did it just happen to me?" James asked.

"I do not know," Tuvok replied.

"This mind meld isn't helping at all, you said it would help me work out why my father did what he did," James said.

"It will, in time. This is not a quick fix," Tuvok said.

"What are you saying, that I have to witness more of this?" James asked.

"If you want to know why your father performed those actions, then yes," Tuvok replied.

"Screw this, I don't want to see anymore!" James yelled.

"You're acting just as irrational as your father.." Tuvok said.

"Don't compare me to my father, I'm nothing like him. Now get me out of here," James said angrily.

"It will end when your subconscious wants it to end," Tuvok said.

Both of them heard a different woman's voice, but this time it seemed distant.

"Who is that?" Tuvok asked.

"Erm, I think that's Jessie," James replied.

"She's only a child in this, she shouldn't sound like that," Tuvok said.

"I didn't know her back then, I mean she must be in your quarters," James said.

Suddenly the two arrived back on Voyager. They both looked towards the door, Jessie was watching them with her arms folded. She was shaking her head.

"James, just tell me what are you doing?" Jessie asked.

"Getting away from him," James said as he stood up.

"If you continue to act irrationally...", Tuvok said.

"Oh button it," Jessie snapped.

Tuvok raised his eyebrow at her. James walked straight past her, and left the room. Jessie watched him as he did so, and she followed him after giving Tuvok a glare to remember.

Jessie picked up speed to catch up with James.

"Just what did you think you were doing?" Jessie asked.

"He said it would help me find out what my father's motive was," James replied.

Jessie stopped him by taking a hold of his arm. "Please don't tell me that you.."

"Yeah, I did. I saw my own father throwing a younger me into a cupboard," James said.

Jessie recoiled in horror, her face paled. For a while she had no idea what to say. "But why, why would you want to see that?"

"I wanted to know why my father did all those things to me. Yeah, it was a mistake. All I learned was that things were worse than I thought they were," James replied.

"I don't understand," Jessie said.

"Remember when I started school later than the other kids in our class?" James asked.

"Yeah, how could I forget," Jessie replied.

"Well I've never remembered why. Now I know. I was trapped in a cupboard for at least two days. I must of tried my best to forget it, and it worked," James said.

"What are you saying?" Jessie asked.

"The stuff I remember must be all the mild stuff. If I managed to block something like that out of my memory, then a lot more must've happened that I don't remember. Tuvok told me it would help me, but it's made me feel worse," James replied.

"Mind melds," Jessie grunted. "Promise me you'll never do something stupid like this again," Jessie said. Both of them stopped outside a turbolift.

"I'll try," James said, and he managed a weak smile. Jessie smiled back, she raised her right hand and she gently placed it on the side of his face.

"That's better," Jessie said.

The turbolift doors opened, and some unknown crewmembers stepped out. As soon as they had walked past somebody said, "get a room."

"Oh, shut up," Jessie said as she put her hand back at her side. They both stepped into the turbolift and the doors closed.

Later that night, James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie was sitting on the sofa, reading a PADD. The door chimed. She put the PADD onto the nearby table, and she stood up. She headed towards the door and it opened.

"Oh god, what do you want?" Jessie asked.

Peter looked at her in a confused way. "Am I in the wrong place, I'm pretty sure these were James' quarters."

"Yes, they are. They're also mine," Jessie said.

"Why on earth would he want to share quarters with a girl like you when he's engaged," Peter said, and he let himself into the room.

"He's engaged, gee I didn't know that," Jessie said sarcastically.

Peter looked at her oddly. "Well, lets hope he moves out sooner rather than later."

"Excuse me, but why should he move out?" Jessie asked.

"Didn't you hear what I said earlier, you stupid girl," Peter replied.

"I'm not stupid, you are the one who's stupid. Don't you get it, I'm the one he's engaged to," Jessie said.

Peter stared at her in disgust. "You? Is this meant to be some kind of joke."

Jessie glared at him. "No it isn't, so shut up."

Peter shook his head as he looked at his future daughter in law. "I don't believe this."

"Oh, deal with it," Jessie groaned.

"I suppose I could, if I wasn't lied to," Peter said.

"What?" Jessie hissed.

"If my guess is accurate, you're two months along," Peter replied.

Jessie stared at him with a confused expression on her face. "What are you talking about?"

"Typical female, let me spell it out for you. I can tell that you're two months pregnant, am I right?" Peter said.

"No, I'm not," Jessie said.

"Don't lie to me. I almost had three kids, so I should know by now what that looks like," Peter said. "It's bad enough that you're getting married to my so called son, without adding a child to it. That's why he didn't tell me. It'll be babied, just like him."

"You make me sick, get out," Jessie said angrily.

"Really? I thought it was the other way round," Peter sneered.

"I said get out!" Jessie snapped.

"Why should I?" Peter sniggered.

"I hated you when I first knew of you. I wanted you dead when we met. Now I know more, they need a better word than loathe," Jessie snapped.

"Know more? What exactly do you know?" Peter asked.

"What kind of sick twisted freak locks a four year old into a cupboard for two days?" Jessie replied.

"It was the only way to toughen him up," Peter said.

"You gave him claustrophobia, that hardly helps," Jessie said angrily.

"You're a woman, you wouldn't understand," Peter said.

"Get out, or I'll call Security," Jessie said.

"Ok, I strongly suggest that you tell James about this kid of yours tonight, I can tell he doesn't know already," Peter said.

"Why?" Jessie asked.

"Because if you don't, I'll tell him myself tomorrow. I know what it's like to be left in the dark in situations like these," Peter replied.

"Don't even think about it, I want to tell him myself," Jessie said.

"Well then, you'd better tell him tonight," Peter sneered and he left the room.

Even later that night:

Jessie and James were sitting on the sofa, in complete silence. Duncan was in bed, so it was just the two of them.

"Erm, James," Jessie said.

"Yeah?" James said.

"Erm, do you want something to drink?" Jessie asked.

"Er.. sure," James replied.

Jessie stood up and she headed over to the replicator. She replicated two bottles, then headed back over to the sofa.

"Ok, I have something to tell you," Jessie said as she handed one of the bottles to James.

"Is that what this is for?" James asked, gesturing to the drink.

"Er.. not exactly," Jessie replied, and she sat down next to him.

"Ok, what do you want to tell me?" James asked.

Jessie looked around nervously, and she drank the bottle of vodka all in one. "Well, I.." She quickly stole James' bottle and she drank that down in one as well. "Erm, putting it simply.. I'm er, I'm.."

"You're what?" James asked.

"I'm er, pregnant," Jessie said under her breath.

James' eyes widened in shock. "You're what?"

"Yeah," Jessie replied nervously.

"How's that possible, Jones, you both said that there was hardly any chance of you getting pregnant. Plus he said that you were fine," James said in disbelief.

"I told him to keep it a secret, so I could tell you myself," Jessie said.

James started to stammer, "it's... this is good isn't it, so why...?" Jessie didn't answer, she figured he was asking himself. "You're fine, everything's fine?"

"Yes. I know the timing is, it's the worst," Jessie stuttered. "This isn't how I planned to tell you, but..." She noticed the colour drain from James's face, she knew why. "Your dad, he noticed."

"How?" James instantly felt bad for asking. Jessie though looked a little relieved down at her stomach. "No, no he can't."

"You didn't tell him about Duncan, not that I'm surprised," Jessie said with a small smile. "It's okay for now. We'll deal with this, together."

James was silent for a long time before he finally seemed to nod once. "What do we do now though?" he whispered.

The next day, the Bridge:

The morning was still young, not many crewmembers were on duty. Some of the night shift people had already gone to bed, and some morning duty people were at their stations early.

Tom was at Harry's station, chatting with him. Everyone else was unknown crewmembers.

Harry shuddered, "he sounds a bit..."

"Serial killery, yup," Tom answered for him a bit fearfully. "Puts mine to shame. Yikes, no wonder he's such..."

Jessie and James came onto the Bridge, Tom and Harry stared, a little confused and worried they'd overheard.

"Wow Jess, you are never this early," Tom said.

Jessie winced, "typical, Tom had to be here."

"Actually that's better isn't it? He'll tell the entire crew in minutes.. saving us the hassle," James said.

"Yeah, I suppose. You've got a point," Jessie muttered.

James nodded, "do you still want to do this now?"

Jessie sighed. "Yeah, lets get it over with." She cleared her throat loudly. "Er, can we have everyone's attention please." Everyone on the Bridge turned their way. She flinched a bit at all eyes on her.

"We've got something to tell everyone, and feel free to tell everyone you know about it. It saves us from telling everyone ourselves," James said.

Everyone stared oddly at the pair. Everyone turned to Tom.

"Don't look at me," he moaned.

"I don't know if you all know already, but we're engaged," Jessie said.

"Yes! I won some rations!" Tom yelled. Everyone stared at him again. "Oops, I shouldn't have said anything."

"And, the main bit of news we have to tell you is... Well we're going to have another kid," James said.

Tom screamed and he ran into the turbolift. Everyone watched him, and they laughed nervously.

Harry seemed happy though. "Yes, I've won some rations too."

Jessie and James were the last people in the turbolift after its stop on Deck Five.

"What do you think it's going to be?" Jessie asked.

"I dunno, I hope it's a girl," James replied.

"You do? I want it to be a boy," Jessie said.

"Well I think it's going to be a girl," James said.

"No, it's going to be a boy!" Jessie snapped.

"We've already got a boy, it's going to be a girl," James laughed.

"But I want it to be a boy," Jessie moaned.

James shook his head. "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course," Jessie replied.

"Have I kissed you lately?" James asked.

"No," Jessie replied.

They started kissing each other lightly. Once they broke apart Jessie gave him a sly smile.

"Turbolift again?" she teased and giggled.

James laughed as well. "I suppose it doesn't matter anymore if we're caught."

They started kissing again, but they broke apart when they heard somebody coughing. They turned to see that the door was open, and Lena was looking at them with a disgusted look on her face.

"Oh, get a room you two," Lena said.

"Ok, we will," Jessie said. She and James got out of the turbolift and they strode down the corridor holding hands. Lena stared after them with a worried expression on her face.

"Crap, I was only joking," Lena said, and she stepped into the turbolift.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

James and Jessie walked in and they stopped in their tracks, staring in horror. Peter was holding Duncan above his head with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Can you two tell me, what the hell is this thing? I caught it sneaking around your quarters," Peter said without taking his eyes off Duncan.

"Put him down, now!" Jessie shouted fearfully.

Peter dropped Duncan onto the floor in shock. "Don't tell me. This one as well?" He had to laugh, "why am I surprised."

"What the f**k are you doing here?" Jessie snarled.

Duncan ran to hide behind her. "He made me hurt my bloody arse," he moaned.

"Maybe you should learn to be more respectful," Peter hissed back.

Duncan looked up at his mother. "Is he taking the piss?" Jessie gave him a smile and a nod.

Peter groaned. "The kid's just as bad as you are."

"A compliment, how rare of you," Jessie said.

Duncan meanwhile smiled proudly. "Thanks, I try!"

"That kid's bugging me," Peter said.

"Good, will you go away now?" Jessie asked.

"No, make me," Peter said.

Duncan stuck his tongue out at Peter.

"Don't make me rip that out," Peter growled, he stepped closer.

Jessie immediately lunged forward to block his path. "Keep the hell away from him!"

"You can't hurt me, sweetheart," Peter sneered.

"Oh I'll do more than that," Jessie grumbled. She was about to move forward again.

"No!" James blurted out. All eyes on him saw him struggling to stop shaking. Duncan looked a little confused.

Jessie hesitated a moment, until she glanced back towards a smirking Peter. Her fists clenched tightly. "Why, he'll always remember being beaten by a girl. Punch to the stupid ego."

"He's, he knows how to fight. They all do. I don't want you to get hurt," James stuttered.

Peter's eyebrow twitched in anger. Jessie meanwhile only looked confused, "and I don't? Who's they? No I don't care, no one touches Duncan."

"Don't insult me..." Peter snarled.

"Why?" Duncan cut in.

Peter growled in return. "She's with child, and dainty. I wouldn't ruin the Taylor honour by even considering it."

"Dainty?" Jessie muttered through gritted teeth. "Honour? You won't fight me, an adult who will rip your teeth out and shove them into your eyes..."

"Ooh, she's a lot tougher than you'll ever be, James," Peter said.

Jessie wasn't done though, "but you'll threaten a baby, beat your toddler son who won't, can't fight back. How courageous."

Duncan started pulling faces behind Jessie's back, directed at Peter. He saw, already fuming at her words. He lunged forward to grab Duncan's arm. Jessie kicked him where it hurts before he got there.

"You stupid little b**ch!" Peter snapped and he slapped Jessie hard in the face. She stumbled backwards from the blow.

"For that I'll give you a beating you'll never forget," Jessie growled.

James took a hold of her arm to stop her, stepping slightly in front of her instead. "No, Jess. He's not worth it."

"So I'm just going to let him slap me?" Jessie asked angrily.

"Yeah, good point," James said. He punched the currently sneering Peter in the face so quickly it knocked him to the ground, and rolling into the wall.

Duncan rotated his arms and cheered, "go daddy, go daddy," at the same time.

Peter sat up a little, and he wiped a tiny drop of blood from his mouth. He started to get up. Once he did so, he headed straight for the door. Jessie scoffed at him in between a smug smile of her own.

"Stay out, and stay away from my family. The next time you come near them, I will kill you myself," James said.

"He's a piece of s**t," Duncan said.

To everyone's surprise Peter smiled. "At least I got somewhere in the end." He walked out.

THE END