

Episode 4.24

Closing of the Eyes

Day One

08:32 Eastern / 13:32 GMT

Indiana

A shuttle landed outside the large farmhouse belonging to the Janeway family.

The door on the back opened, James stepped out of it, then headed straight for the front door. He was about to knock on it, but noticed one of the windows above it had a neatly cut hole in the glass. He pushed the handle down hard, it broke off in his hand and the door creaked open.

"Mum... Phoebe!?" James called out, stepping into the house. "Anyone home?"

A few creaks on the floorboards above him caught his attention. He headed into the living room, then immediately stepped into the hallway where the stairs were.

His eyes followed the banister up to the first floor, they caught sight of a scruffy dressed man climbing onto the end of the banister itself, overlooking the ground floor. Obviously not noticing that he had been spotted, he threw himself over it.

James stepped out of the way, the man had enough time to land on his feet nearby. He turned around to throw a punch at him, but he blocked it with his arm, and used his other arm to hit him in the face. A small kick in the leg made the man stumble to the ground. James knelt down to get a hold of him by the front of his shirt, then he pulled him up so he was eye level.

"All right, you have one minute to explain why you're here."

"We're here to borrow some coffee," he sneered.

James pushed him into the wall, "we?"

"There's three of us."

"Thirty seconds, what are you doing here?"

"I'm pretty sure it's forty."

"Now it's twenty," James muttered.

The man laughed, "well wouldn't you like to know."

"That's why I asked," James said.

The man pretended to think about it, "I'm sure it's got something to do with the coffee."

James sighed, "fine." He dragged the intruder into the living room, then into the kitchen. He grabbed the nearest knife.

He attempted to kick his attacker in the leg, but it got him nowhere. James pushed him onto the bench whilst pushing the knife into his chest. The man quickly disappeared into dust. James headed out of the room after brushing the dust off the bench. He sighed again, "great, I wonder where are the other two?"

He noticed a PADD lying on the coffee table in the centre of the room, he went over to pick it up. His eyes widened a little as he read it, and rushed out of the living room.

"Ok vamps, you'd better have already left or staked yourselves," James said quietly, walking up the stairs. Slowly he walked towards the closest door, a little push forced it to open fully. He walked into the dark room, which was dimly lit by the sunlight shining from the small crack in the closed curtains. Next to the window there was a large bed, on one side of it lay a person sized lump under the covers.

James put the padd down on the chest of drawers on the way over to the bed. He gave the lump a gentle shake, "hey time to wake up. Mum?" He lowered the cover to reveal Kathryn's head. "I'm surprised you can sleep after that much coffee," he groaned, shaking her again. His face stiffened and turned a little pale, "mum come on."

**00:00 Eastern / 05:00 GMT
New Manchester**

The front door to Lena and Sandi's flat flew open, Sandi marched in holding a sword. "You could have just done as you were told for once."

Kevin followed her in, closing the door behind him, "that would be against my nature San."

Lena peeped her head over the back of the sofa, "hey."

Kevin jumped a mile, but Sandi didn't budge an inch. She looked over at her, "you're back, that's good."

Kevin sighed, "yeah it's cool, and I knew you were there."

"Sure you did," Lena said, climbing off the sofa.

"Where's Daniel?" Sandi asked.

"Oh you wouldn't believe me if I told you," Lena muttered.

Meanwhile, a few flats away:

Daniel frowned at the open book he was reading. "Then fold over... what? Who wrote this!?" He dumped the book on the table behind him. He turned back to Scott, who was lying on the other table with what looked like a white carrier bag wrapped around him instead of a nappy. "Meh, that's good enough anyway."

Lena/Sandi's flat:

"So, how's the hunt for our old Trafford residents going?" Lena asked while raiding the fridge.

"Badly. They're not back home, and there's been less around lately. They're obviously up to something," Sandi replied.

"I still don't get how they got out of Manchester," Kevin said.

Lena shrugged as she opened up a bottle, "neither do I, but it's ok, we'll get them. I mean when James and I left you killed a good percentage of them, right?"

Sandi looked over at Kevin, "hmm, about thirty percent. Most decided to nick off when we were killing the others."

"What about the other game sites then?" Lena questioned.

"No... well obviously yeah, a few, not all," Kevin muttered in response.

Lena sighed as she put the bottle back into the fridge. "Fine, I'll cover what's left. We don't want any more surprise visits."

00:10 Eastern / 05:10 GMT

Chakotay walked into Kathryn's bedroom, and closed the door behind him. "Lena came back to Earth this morning."

"So she's coming, good. Now I just need to get James to like me again overnight, and then we'll have the whole family," Kathryn said. She smiled weakly at him, "got any miracle spells?"

Chakotay smiled as he sat down next to her, "no, I'm afraid I don't."

"I don't know," Kathryn said, looking uncomfortable. "Where are we going tomorrow?"

"It's a surprise," Chakotay replied.

"Why does that worry the hell out of me?" Kathryn muttered.

Chakotay slid his arm around her shoulders, "look I know you didn't like the idea of a family trip from day one, but it'll be fun I promise."

"It probably will be, it's just... family trips don't usually go well," Kathryn sighed.

"I guess now's not a good time to mention that Lena's bringing Daniel," Chakotay muttered.

Kathryn's eyes widened, "what!?"

"I know he's not family but she really wants you to get along with him, or at least be ok with them being together," Chakotay replied.

"Not only did he get Triah pregnant, he murdered James' step mother," Kathryn grumbled. "I'm never going to like him."

"That was Ronnie, the confusing and irritating watcher. We're talking about Daniel now," Chakotay said.

"Who's rude and thinks he's the best thing that ever happened in this century," Kathryn grumbled.

Chakotay smiled, "just give him a chance. Remember you judged Jessie just as quick, and now you're fine with her."

"Yes because she eventually became less annoying. Don't you remember what she was like when she first came aboard?" Kathryn questioned. She turned a shade paler, "and do you think she and him will stay together or something?"

Chakotay tried not to laugh, "no, I never saw Lena as the committed type."

"That's what I thought about James, once upon a time," Kathryn sighed.

"True. She's only twenty though, and he didn't start dating until twenty one, right," Chakotay smirked. "Then a year later..."

Kathryn shuddered, "I'm going to make sure she's isolated from all men during her twenty second year."

"She's not going to be exactly like James, is she? Remember she started dating at, what seventeen?" Chakotay said, trying not to laugh.

Kathryn glared in his direction, "who was she with at eighteen?"

Chakotay laughed, "I'm sure she had just broke up with Craig then, don't worry."

Kathryn sighed in relief, "that's good."

"I guess but if she finds out we were talking about her like this, our relationship with her will be just as volatile as yours and James'," Chakotay said.

"We won't ever tell her then," Kathryn said.

00:30 Eastern / 05:30 GMT
Shield Row, England

Jessie was sitting up in her bed, trying her best to read a book and not fall asleep. The door opened slowly as she closed her eyes. James stepped inside, "Jess?"

She opened her eyes, "yeah, I'm awake."

James closed the door quietly behind him, "it's half five, you should be asleep."

Jessie closed the book, "I wanted to wait until you got back."

"If I'd known that I would have come home sooner," James said as he headed over to her. He took off the jacket he had on.

Jessie shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not tired, no biggie," she yawned. She watched him get changed. "So, did you kill anything good?"

"Not really, unless you count the drunk vamp who acted like Neelix, you know drunk," James replied. He climbed into the bed, "and he acted rather gay."

"Do I want to hear the rest?" Jessie asked, smirking slightly. She moved over to rest her head on his shoulder, she slid her arm around him.

"Not really. How was your night?" he asked.

Jessie sighed, "dull, Sarah didn't even want to argue or anything."

"I thought that was a good thing," James said.

Jessie raised her head a little so she could shake it and look at him, "not when you're bored."

James tried not to laugh, "now that's a good reason to start an argument."

"You never know, that maybe why she does it," Jessie said, resting her head on his shoulder again.

"Explains my last fight with Janeway," James muttered.

"Hmm, it must be bad if you're calling her Janeway again," Jessie commented.

"Force of habit," James muttered. "Anyway, everytime I think about it, I start to think that she was right."

"About what?" Jessie asked.

"That I was only there for a fight," James replied.

Jessie frowned, "I don't think that's true. You did have a good reason to be mad at her."

"Did I? Everyone yells at their kid at least once. That's all she did," James said.

"I know but you did nothing wrong, right... plus she lied to you again," Jessie said.

James sat up a little, "that's what I said, but hearing it sounds rather desperate."

Jessie sat up fully, resting her back on the wall, "desperate? Now you've lost me."

"You know, I said it to desperately keep the argument going. She was right," James said.

"No, you recently fought with Angela, why would you want to?" Jessie questioned.

"I don't know. We were doing so well too, why did I have to mess it up?" James replied.

Jessie shook her head, "no, you didn't go in looking for a fight, I'm sure. I think you're still upset about her abandoning you."

"You're not mad at your dad, are you?" James asked.

"No but, that's different," Jessie replied.

"No it's not. He had a good excuse, so did my mother," James said.

"Yeah but the difference is she had a choice. I know I wouldn't have done the same as she did, and you're mad cos you know you wouldn't either. That's what all these arguments must come down to in the end," Jessie said.

"That's the thing, I'm not," James muttered.

Jessie looked confused, "not what?"

"Mad at her. Obviously I used to be, who wouldn't be? The thing is if she raised me, I'd be different and I would have probably lived on starships my whole life. Bottom line is, I never would have met you," James replied.

"Yeah but you always said it was the principle of the thing, and you went through a lot to get where you are now," Jessie said.

"So? If I had to choose between an 'easy' Starfleet brat life and the hard one with you in it, then I'd choose the hard one," James said.

Jessie glanced down at her hands, she slowly looked back up, "all right, but the principle's still there."

"No it's not, I'm over it," James said.

"Then tell her that. Maybe then you won't fight so much," Jessie said.

James sighed, "yeah good idea. It's her birthday tomorrow and Lena mentioned something about a family trip. They're going early morning, so I'd have to go during the lunch break."

"Hmm, it's nice of them to invite us," Jessie muttered sarcastically.

"Sorry, my fault," James commented.

Jessie shook her head, "if you say so. You know, you don't have to do this later today."

"Why not?" James questioned.

"Well if she gets mad before you get a chance, the day will be ruined," Jessie replied.

"No that's ok, I'll get her a present for the first time ever," James said.

"What, like a coffee filter machine?" Jessie said, smirking a little. "You're going to bribe her, that's cheating."

"No I'm not, it was your idea," James said. "She really wanted one, didn't she?"

"Yeah. This is a perfect plan. You'll bribe her, get her high and then tell her you want to make up again. Brilliant," Jessie giggled.

"Actually, it sounds like the perfect backup plan," James said. He kissed her on the cheek. "Thanks."

She stared at him, blankly, "uh... you're not serious are you? I was joking."

James shrugged his shoulders, "maybe... maybe not."

"Well at least you won't wreck her birthday," Jessie muttered.

08:45 Eastern / 13:45 GMT

Indiana

James sat on the edge of the bed right next to where Kathryn lay, he placed a hand on the side of her face but pulled it away. "Cold. No... oh my god." He put two of his fingers on the side of her neck to check her pulse. Shocked, he stumbled back onto his feet, his eyes widening.

Slowly he raised his hand to see dried up blood crumble off his fingers. "No... no way," he stuttered, rushing over to the computer nearby. It switched on with a few commands. A woman close to his age appeared on the screen. "I need some people here now, my mum she's..."

"Try to stay calm, I'll check your address," the woman said. She looked to the side, "right, one shuttle will be with you in five minutes. What is the emergency, maybe I can help now."

"She's dead, I found her... in her bed, cold. I think her throat's been cut," James stuttered, glancing back at Kathryn.

"So you didn't see it happen," the woman said.

James turned back to the woman, "I said I found her. Three vamps are in this house so it must have been them."

"So she was bitten?" the woman asked calmly.

"I don't know, it felt like a cut. It doesn't matter anyway, are you going to help or not?" James snapped in response.

The woman sighed, "no this is important. If she was bitten then it's likely we cannot do anything. Is her neck still bleeding, are there any other injuries?"

"I don't know," James muttered, glancing at his hand. "It's dry."

"What is, the blood?" the woman questioned.

"The wound is, yeah but I backed away, it might be still..." James said.

"Right, have you tried CPR yet?" the woman asked.

"No, but I don't know how without..." James replied. He looked down uneasily. "Hurting her," he mumbled to himself.

"First if the neck's still bleeding, try to cover it and put a little pressure on it. If the blood is dried and she's cold there's nothing you can really do," the woman said.

James pushed the computer off the table, it smashed on impact with the ground. He headed back over to Kathryn while ripping a part of his sleeve off. After folding the material, he covered a part of her neck with it. Blood soaked straight through it and covered his hands. He closed his eyes as tears started coming down his face. After opening them back up, he looked down at his now stained hands, they started shaking. He put them both back down at his sides as he stood up fully.

The door creaked slightly, James glanced quickly at it just in time to see a teenaged girl's head briefly look around it and disappear again. He quickly marched over to it, pulling it open as hard as he could, making it come off a few of its hinges. The girl rushed to the stairway, she turned around before she

got to them, "I didn't do it, I swear, it was my bro..." He almost growled at her as he grabbed a hold of her by the neck. "Really, I was covering downstairs. I swear," she stuttered.

"You know, I lost the will to care," James muttered. Then he pushed her through the wooden banister, she rolled down the stairs. He stood in the new gap between the banister and watched her get back up. He pulled a part of the banister away, then jumped down to join her.

"I told you, it wasn't me. I didn't do anything," the girl stuttered. She kicked him in the leg and ran off into the living room. James went after her, he grabbed the knife that he left on the coffee table. The girl took the time to pick up a chair, and throw it at him. He ducked, then threw a punch at her, she stumbled into the wall. He stepped closer to her, raising the knife.

"So, did you come here to kill her, or was this just a random visit?" he asked.

"I uh... we were sent here," the girl stuttered.

"By who and why?" James asked, waving the knife in front of her face.

"Frenit, he wanted to get you back by er, killing family..." the girl replied eyeing the knife. "But I was just covering, I didn't even see her or anything."

James placed the knife against her throat, "why should I believe you?"

"Um that won't kill me," the girl said carefully.

"No I won't, not yet," James muttered. "I just want to see how you like getting a knife slice open your throat." A few strokes of the knife made her gasp and put a hand over a few new cuts. "Now, where's your brother?"

"Screw you," the girl muttered, she tried to push him away. He just pushed her back into the wall.

"Where is he?" he asked more sternly.

"Not telling you even if I knew," the girl muttered.

"Fine, you're just squeaky and useless," James grumbled. He pulled her away from the wall, instead he pushed her through the closest window. All that could be heard after the glass smashing was a painful scream.

Inside a cupboard nearby a voice muttered something. James turned to face it, narrowing his eyes a little as he walked closer to it. He clenched one fist then pushed it through the cupboard door. He pulled a guy through the door with his hand around his neck.

"Well... hi," he muttered. He raised the arm that was holding a blood stained knife, and slashed his face with it. James stumbled back, he placed the palm of his hand on across the cut on his face. The blood on it spread across his face as he pulled it away. The guy snorted, "you killed my sister..."

"You killed my mother, we're nowhere near even," James muttered.

"Yeah she bugged me. She didn't even fight back, but Frenit insisted we'd get her in her sleep. You know, it was all for the effect," the guy smirked. The front door burst open. "Oh you phoned the takeaway, how..." He screamed, and fell backwards onto the floor.

"Oh my god..." one paramedic stuttered from the doorway.

James glanced over at the group, "upstairs, first bedroom door." All but one of the paramedics stared at him looking pale, with wide eyes. "Now people!" They all rushed towards the other door. He picked up the guy's knife, "making a big fuss over a vamp with a knife in his forehead... you're in the wrong line of work." He stood on the guy's neck and put all of his weight on it, he turned to dust.

The last remaining paramedic sighed, "oh vamp, good."

"Why are you still here?" James grumbled.

"Um..." the guy stuttered, he rushed out.

James dropped the knife onto the floor, followed the paramedics out of the room and up the stairs. He slowly walked into Kathryn's bedroom.

One paramedic shook his head, "she's gone, we're too late."

The only woman there sighed, "we would have had a chance if the vampire hadn't feasted."

"Are we sure that's what happened?" the first paramedic asked.

"Obviously, the guy downstairs was one," the last paramedic replied.

"Why am I relieved?" another paramedic asked as he glanced back at James.

"So, are you taking her to hospital?" he asked.

One of the paramedics stood up, he walked over to stand in front of him. "I'm afraid um, this isn't easy telling you this but your... aunt or..."

"Mother," James muttered.

The paramedic looked uncomfortable, "oh, well she must have been attacked half an hour before you found her. Even if you were there at the time, you wouldn't have been able to do anything to help her."

"But you've got to. Just regenerate the cut, get her some blood and then revive..." James stuttered.

The paramedic sighed, "she's been dead too long, I'm very sorry."

The only woman stood up, "I could treat your face for you..." James turned around to leave the room.

"Laura, call the coroner, we'd better go," the first paramedic said. They all headed out of the room, they started going down the stairs. "This is one of the reasons why I hate this job you know," one paramedic muttered.

"Coroners on the way," Laura sighed. "Don't you find it weird that this was a vampire attack."

"I know, especially at this time and place," paramedic two said. They all passed James sitting on the ground near the stairs. Laura stopped while the others continued on.

"I called the coroner. They'll pick up the body. I'm sorry, I know it's not a great comfort but..." she said.

"It was her birthday today... the family left to prepare, Chakotay's coming back for her, she slept in... don't know how..." James muttered, just staring at the ground. "He left her a note to tell her." He looked up at her, "sorry I'm muttering."

"It's ok. Do you have anyone to call like friends, girlfriend, family..." Laura questioned.

"Oh no, Chakotay will come, he's going to freak," James said.

"Who's he?" Laura asked.

"He and mum have been married for over a month," James replied. "This is going to kill him."

"Stepdad right, do you have anyone else to call beside him?" Laura asked.

"Yeah, my wife," James muttered in response.

"Good. Once again, I'm sorry for your loss," Laura sighed, she walked away.

"Thanks," James sighed. He looked down at his hands.

"What on earth!" Chakotay's voice bellowed from the living room. He marched into the hall way, he stared at James with wide eyes. "Did you have to bring your fighting here?" He headed for the stairs.

James quickly stood up, "no, where are you going?"

"Upstairs, is your mum still not up yet?" Chakotay asked. "Clean up and make a coffee for her..."

"Oh, you don't want to go up there," James stuttered.

Chakotay stared at him, "why, what's up there? Is she up there with it?"

"I... uh, you just don't," James stuttered.

Chakotay rushed up the stairs, "why does everything have to happen when you're around."

"You don't want to go, no don't!" James yelled up the stairs, but Chakotay had already disappeared into the bedroom. He swallowed hard, "oh crap."

Chakotay reappeared looking pale, he headed back down the stairs, "what did you do?"

"I didn't, I found her," James replied.

Chakotay got to the bottom of the stairs, "she was your mother, how could you?"

"I didn't do it, I wouldn't," James said.

"Right, like you've never tried to kill her before," Chakotay grumbled.

"I was evil then, and I was still mad at her," James said.

Chakotay back handed him on the side the cut was, "you son of a rat faced b***ard!"

"I didn't hurt her, I really wouldn't... she's my mother," James muttered.

Chakotay groaned, "she always was."

"It didn't always feel that way. She was there for me when I needed her and I slapped her, not literally, in the face..." James said.

Chakotay stared at him, "then why did you come here for, huh, to have another argument with her?"

"Actually I was here to make up with her. I mean she's my mother and I loved her... I didn't get to tell her that," James stuttered. He sat back down, then put his hands over his face.

A few people walked in. "I'm sorry sirs, where is..."

"Upstairs, first door," Chakotay muttered.

"Right," one of the people said, they all headed up the stairs.

Chakotay waited until they walked into the bedroom, "you really love her?"

"Chill, we're related," James replied. "Why is it such a surprise?"

"You... who did this then?" Chakotay asked.

"A vampire, a friend of one who's going to be dust soon," James muttered. He pulled his communicator out of his pocket, "you know, I have to tell..."

"Fine, I'll go upstairs," Chakotay said, he walked back up the stairs.

Keeping the communicator in his palm, he pressed it with his thumb. "Jessie?"

In: "James hey, sorry for hanging up before..."

"No it's ok, are you able to pick up Duncan?" he asked.

In: "No, but I called the school, they'll look after him."

"It's ok, I'll probably do it," James said.

In: "Um are you all right?"

He watched as the coroners carried a body bag down the stairs. "No... no I'm not..." he crushed the communicator with his hand.

09:10 Eastern / 14:10 GMT

Daniel and Lena were sitting in front of the consoles at the front of a shuttlecraft. Daniel had his feet up on the console, while Lena just then sat up to look at hers.

"We're nearly there, so let's go through the rules," Lena said.

Daniel raised his eyebrow, "rules?"

"Well I wanted you to come cos I want you and mum to get along," Lena said.

"Right," Daniel said, he put his feet back onto the ground. "Hit me, not literally."

Lena tried not to laugh, "I wouldn't do that."

"Your brother did though," Daniel muttered.

"Well look on the bright side, he took his time," Lena giggled.

Daniel narrowed his eyes mockingly, "I hope you're worth it."

"All right, I'll stop," Lena said, trying to calm down. "Ok, rule number one, don't diss coffee. If she offers you one either take it politely or say she can have it. Two, we shouldn't drink coffee together."

"Yes, I can do that," Daniel said, he took out a cigarette and lit it up. Lena eyed it.

"Oh yeah, number three, no smoking," she said uncomfortably.

"Well it's a good thing I don't do it as often now," Daniel said. "Last one, promise."

Lena watched him, "I don't know if she'd care, I'm just paranoid as Craig didn't, and she didn't like him either."

"Right and he didn't have a kid with another girl," Daniel muttered, he pressed the cigarette against the console to put it out. "Or murder somebody related to your half brother."

"What are you doing, you just lit that," Lena questioned, frowning.

"I'll stop now, it's fine," Daniel replied.

Lena sighed, "no it's ok. Smoke all you want, mum won't give you a chance for another few years anyway."

"Oh... will I still be with you then?" Daniel asked.

"I don't know, I hope so..." Lena replied glancing down at the console. She looked back at him, "I said you can smoke remember. I don't mind as long as you get a doctor to fix you up every now and then."

"I'll get a check up when we get back, then that's it... no more smoking. I know you don't like it," Daniel said.

"So? As long as you like it, you can do it," Lena said.

Daniel reached out and took a hold of her left hand, "I don't if you don't... um." He took his hand back, "sorry."

Lena stared at him, smiling weakly, "sorry?"

"You know, for thinking I could just take your hand whenever I feel like it," Daniel replied.

"Ohno, that's fine," Lena said, she reached over to take a hold of his hand again.

03:00 Eastern / 08:00 GMT

James stepped into the landing, he glanced back at the door he walked out of. "I told you shouldn't have waited."

Jessie appeared at the doorway looking half asleep, "what, I'm fine really." She closed the door. "I'll just get a coffee."

"Since when do you drink that stuff?" James asked.

Jessie shrugged, "since I married a Janeway." She yawned and headed down the stairs.

"Second time I've been called that, not good," James muttered to himself. He walked into the bedroom opposite. He pulled the curtains open a little, the room quickly was lit up with bright sunlight.

A small groan came from the lump underneath the covers on the bed nearby, "no no, still sleep time."

"No sorry, it's get up and eat time," James said, making his way over to it.

Duncan peeped his head out of the covers, "but I'm still tired. Just five more minutes." He buried his head back under the covers.

James pulled the cover back away from his head, "five more minutes will end up being an hour."

"That's good too," Duncan muttered.

"Come on, it's nice outside and how often does that happen?" James said. He pulled the rest of the cover off of him, then gathered him up in his arms.

"They lock us up most of the day, it's not fair," Duncan groaned in response.

James lowered him to the ground, "it won't be so bad. Now get changed."

"Fine," Duncan pouted.

Jessie walked into the room holding a cup, "Janeway lied, this isn't a quick fix."

"She really does lie a lot," James smirked. "It's ok, I'll get Sasha ready if you want."

"Nah, you go on Sarah-Amy duty, she'll probably wake up soon," Jessie said, heading over to the large crib nearby.

"Fine but it's going to have to be your turn sometime," James muttered.

"Not really, I fed her for a month or so we're not even yet," Jessie smiled sweetly.

"That's not my fault though, I couldn't do it," James said as he went back towards the door.

Jessie laughed, "I know, I'm mean."

James glanced over at Duncan, who was struggling inside a jumper. "Oh I don't know, I think I got the better part of the deal." He stepped out.

"Stupid piece of crap," Duncan grumbled from inside the jumper.

Jessie sighed, "Dunc, it's hot today, you don't need that."

"Now you tell me," he muttered. She walked over to him.

"Stay still, I'll get it off," she said, trying not to laugh. She easily pulled the jumper off him. "There is that better?"

"Yeah, does it even have a neck bit?" he asked.

"It does, you just had it on wrong," Jessie replied. "That t-shirt will be enough if you take your jacket, just in case it rains."

"Ok mum, can I have chocolate loops for breakfast again?" Duncan asked, eyes lighting up.

Jessie widened her eyes a little, "no, you're getting something sugar less."

Duncan pulled a face, "but why?"

"You know why," Jessie replied, she headed back over to the crib. "I'll see you downstairs in a minute."

"Oh, did I mention today was a day off?" Duncan said.

Jessie glanced back at him, "no, downstairs."

"But it is," Duncan said.

"Nice try," Jessie shook her head.

Duncan pouted again, "fine." He walked out.

08:00 Eastern / 13:00 GMT

For once it was a bright, sunny day in Shield Row.

Jessie and Sasha were going up a large path in the edge of the village. Jessie was pushing Sarah-Amy's pram while looking in a bag she had hanging from her shoulder.

"What you doing?" Sasha asked.

"Looking for the keys," Jessie replied. She let the bag drop by her side, "I'll tell you what, I'll get you some icecream and that'll give me some time to look for them."

"Ooh, can I have strawberry?" Sasha asked, grinning.

"Great, that'll make me want one too," Jessie said. She stopped outside a shop nearby an old metal bridge, and pushed the door open. Sasha went inside, Jessie followed her in.

The man behind the counter walked around it, "can I help you ladies find anything?"

"Yeah it's been a while since I was here, where's the icecream fre..." Jessie started to ask.

"I got it mum!" Sasha yelled from the end of one of the aisles.

"Never mind," Jessie said with a little smirk on her face. "Actually maybe you could help us, I need to look for something and she can't open the freezer."

The man smiled, "that's no problem, what kind and how many?"

"Just two, the strawberry mini things. You still have them right?" Jessie replied.

"Yes I do, I'll be right back," the man said, he headed in Sasha's direction.

A little while later Jessie and Sasha came back out of the shop. They headed back the way they came, but turned at the next crossroads. "Did you find them mummy?" Sasha asked before putting the little spoon in her mouth.

"No, we'll have to sit in the garden until I do. No doubt Sarah will be out right now," Jessie replied. She opened the little gate at the front of one of the houses, Sasha walked into the garden first, she sat down on the grass nearby the door.

"This is nice, why did you not get any?" Sasha asked.

Jessie smiled as she sat down near her and in front of the pram, "maybe another time." She took the bag off her shoulder, "damn the icecream will melt before I find them..."

Sasha put down the small tub which was now empty, "I can look."

Jessie eyed the tub, "you really do like those. Ok, it's probably on the bottom anyway." She placed the bag in front of Sasha. She started to look inside it. Jessie opened the other tub they got and started feeding it to Sarah-Amy.

"I think I found them," Sasha said, she took her hand out of the bag holding a bunch of keys. "Yep I got them."

"You're a star, Sash. I'll open the door in a minute," Jessie said.

Sasha pouted slightly, "I can open it, I wanna get Duncan's ball."

"Can you reach the keyhole?" Jessie asked.

Sasha looked over at the door, "yeah."

"Do you know how to use the keys?" Jessie asked.

Sasha looked down at the grass, "no."

"Here, don't eat it," Jessie said as she handed the tub to her. She stood up, Sasha handed her the keys. She quickly opened up the door, "there you go."

"Thanks," Sasha said, she handed her the icecream back then ran into the house.

Jessie sat back down on the grass, "ok I hope you're actually allowed icecream after all this." Sarah-Amy replied with a little squeak. "Meh it's milk mainly, and sugarless, don't tell your sister ey." She scooped up some of the icecream, then put it near her mouth.

Sasha ran back outside, "mummy."

"That was quick, what's up?" Jessie asked.

"That Sarah woman, she's on the sofa, she was pale and she hurts, I think..." Sasha stuttered in response.

"Oh," Jessie said, turning a little pale herself. "You stay here, I'll check it out." She handed her the icecream again as she got back onto her feet, then rushed into the house.

In the living room Sarah was lying on the sofa, with a hand on the lower half of her stomach. Jessie came through the main door, "hey, Sasha said..."

"I'm fine, I'm just lying down," Sarah muttered.

Jessie stepped closer to the sofa, "you don't look fine."

"No really, it's nothing," Sarah said.

Jessie sighed, "fine." She walked over to the table, "if it's nothing, you won't mind if I contact a doctor."

"There's no point in doing that," Sarah muttered as she tried to sit up.

"You stay right there," Jessie snapped as she glanced back at her. She turned back to the table which had a computer on it. A woman appeared on the screen. "Hi, can I get a doctor over here on short notice, my mother is really ill."

"I'm fine," Sarah groaned.

Jessie glanced back at her, "shhh." She turned back, "well?"

"There are two doctors available right now. What's her name please?" the woman asked.

"It's Sarah Rex, you do have the address right?" Jessie replied.

The woman nodded, "we can track the signal." She worked on the computer on her side. "I'm afraid her doctor isn't available though, do you know if it's related to the treatment she's getting?"

Jessie looked confused, "what treatment?"

Sarah groaned, "oh god no."

The woman looked confused too, "didn't you know that your mother has been getting weekly injections for years now?"

Jessie turned around to stare at Sarah, "no I didn't, what are they for?"

"Ok, I told her it was nothing and it is that. I just need another injection but I couldn't get up, the doc tried to contact me but I couldn't reach the computer. Happy?" Sarah muttered.

"What are they for?" Jessie repeated.

"They're just painkillers Jessie, don't make a big fuss over it," Sarah said.

"I'll make a house call appointment if you wish, Miss Rex," the woman said.

"Yes thank you," Sarah sighed.

Jessie turned back to the computer, "hang on, nobody's telling me anything here, what's going on?"

"I had the same kind of infection as you did last month Jessie, that's it," Sarah replied.

"For years now, mine's gone," Jessie said.

"I know but they got to treat yours when it was still able to be, I wasn't so lucky. Now when can I have my next appointment?" Sarah asked.

"He can't go on a house call, none of them can at least for a week. You'll have to get your daughter to bring you here, or maybe get a small ambulance," the woman replied.

"Yes let's do that right now, send that ambulance," Jessie muttered.

"It's on it's way," the woman said. The computer went off.

"I thought you didn't like hospitals," Sarah said.

"You're just going for an injection, I'll be ok. I just wish I had a few Slayer babysitters, you know like an army of them," Jessie said.

"Just keep them here," Sarah said.

"No, I'd rather they were somewhere I could watch them," Jessie said. "Speaking of which, will you be ok on your own?"

"Yes, you don't need to come with me," Sarah said.

Jessie narrowed her eyes a little, "maybe one of the doctors will tell me the truth, I just don't get this." She walked out of the living room.

08:20 Eastern / 13:20 GMT

"Computer, auto pilot to the given co-ordinates," James said as he typed something on the console.

"Acknowledged, auto pilot set."

He got off the seat, then went over to the back of the shuttle. A loud beeping noise caught his attention. He turned back to the console, then pressed a couple of buttons. "Hey Jess."

In: "Hey um, are you busy?"

"Not right now, no," he replied.

Meanwhile

North Durham Hospital

"All right um, can you do me a big favour," Jessie said, almost stuttering.

In: "What is it, what's wrong?"

"Well I'm kinda out at the moment, so can you pick up Duncan from school?" Jessie asked.

A nurse walked over to her, holding a small bottle of water. "Miss, you ordered a drink?"

"Yes um, it's for her." She pointed at Sasha, who was sitting nearby.

In: "It's oneish, you're really going to be out for that long?"

"I don't know how long I'll be out so, can you?" Jessie replied.

In: "I'll try but I've just got on my lunch break now, we're an hour late."

"Oh, well I'll tell the school to look after him until one of us gets there," Jessie said looking around the waiting room.

In: "What's going on anyway?"

An elderly doctor headed in her direction. "Sorry, I'll call you back later." She pressed her communicator. "Well?"

The doctor sighed, "it's a good thing you contacted us. She was aware that this would happen soon but she didn't want to come here when it did."

"Ok, what's wrong with her?" Jessie asked.

"I see she's been secretive with all her daughters," the doctor sighed. "Ok, Mrs Stuart your mother got an infection like you did, when she was thirteen. She only went to a now closed down doctor's surgery. The doctor she saw didn't treat it properly, or stop what was making it worse. You see every month the infection came back, and again not treated properly. She came to us only a few years ago, but the only thing we could do for her is give her pain killers on a weekly basis."

"I don't get it, mine was life threatening and it was treated," Jessie said.

"Your situation was a little different. Yours was more recent, and it had been treated in the past properly, but only arose because of a pregnancy. Your mother was stabbed at a young age, wasn't treated properly everytime, so it slowly developed over the years. We weren't able to do anything when she came to us," the doctor replied.

Jessie folded her arms, "so what is to be done about it today?"

The doctor sighed, "it's never easier to tell people this sort of news but, she's only got a few days."

"Until an operation, right?" Jessie muttered.

"No, I'm sorry," the doctor sighed.

"Oh please, it's still an infection, it's treatable," Jessie said.

"I'm afraid the only thing I can do for her is give her something for the pain," the doctor said. "If you want, you can see her now."

Jessie looked down at her hands, "I need to contact my son's school."

The doctor nodded, "I understand. She's in room twenty eight." He walked away as her communicator beeped, she quickly tapped it.

"James hey, sorry for hanging up before..."

In: "No it's ok, are you able to pick up Duncan?"

Jessie frowned at the quietness of his voice. "No, but I called the school, they'll look after him."

In: "It's ok, I'll probably do it."

"Um are you all right?" she asked.

In: "No... no I'm not..."

Jessie's face dropped as the communicator seemed to cut him off, "right."

"Mummy," Sasha called from the chair nearby. "When can we go home?"

"Um I don't know," Jessie honestly replied.

10:03 Eastern / 15:03 GMT

Taiya walked out of a kitchen holding two cups. She sat down on the sofa while putting the cups down on the table nearby. "Ok, does your mother in law know yet?"

Chakotay sighed, "she and Phoebe know now, they're at the morgue."

"How did they take it?" Taiya asked.

"Doesn't matter," Chakotay shook his head.

Taiya stared at him, "what, of course it does."

"No it doesn't, everything's going to be just fine," Chakotay said.

"Okay, you're in denial," Taiya muttered. "Anyway did Yasmin and Lena find out too?"

"No, they never have to," Chakotay replied, standing up.

"I hate to sound blunt, but their mother is dead and they'll find out eventually," Taiya said.

"Not if you help me with something," Chakotay said.

Taiya frowned, "help with what?"

Chakotay groaned, "isn't it obvious? We're going to bring her back."

Taiya turned pale, "what... what?"

"You know, we can perform one of the Lea Halalela's," Chakotay replied.

"Uh no we can't do either of them. First one needs a female member of the family, and I doubt I could do it. Plus I'm sure there's a time limit, and a small percentage of the rituals work," Taiya stuttered.

"I know that, but the second one is more likely to succeed. It can be altered to suit the situation," Chakotay said.

"I doubt it, besides you know that an evil person has to do it," Taiya said.

"Well there's James, I'm sure he'd do it," Chakotay said.

Taiya sighed, "didn't he bring back Jessie via the same ritual? You can only do that once. We're not going to do it anyway, it's crazy."

Chakotay stared stonily at her, "and why not! We've just been married a month and it wasn't her time, it's not fair."

"I know it's not, but this is wrong," Taiya said.

"Right, so when James revived Jessie it was right," Chakotay muttered. "I should have expected that as he's sooo special, he can get away with anything including murder as it's all his upbringing's fault, not his!"

Taiya looked uncomfortable, "um.."

"I mean she could have had a normal kid like everyone else instead of psycho Slayer, who pisses off a vampire who then decides to murder her..." Chakotay grumbled.

"Ok ok, stop it. I didn't mean that when he did it, it was right," Taiya said. "Bringing back your wife is dangerous, plus no one can do the dark one for you. I doubt you being like this counts as evil."

Chakotay sat down again, "wife huh. Oh Taiya, there is someone who can do this." He looked at her, "Jessie can turn evil, its perfect."

"Oh, you've got to be kidding," Taiya groaned.

"No. She is related in a way, she's the wife of the son of my wife so it'll work," Chakotay said. "That helped the last time, although Kathryn and I were divorced when James did it. We do have a shot."

"Ok, how are you going to change the ritual, to allow it to revive someone who's only been dead for a short while? And how are you going to get Jessie evil enough and convince her to do this when you do?" Taiya questioned.

"That's what you're going to help me with. You're a spell whizz after all," Chakotay replied.

Taiya groaned, "oh no no no, this is..."

"Think of this as a favour," Chakotay said. "It won't be dangerous if you help me, and it will be if you don't."

Taiya closed her eyes, "all right, I'll help you if I can, but I hope you change your mind."

10:30 Eastern / 15:30 GMT Shield Row

The living room door opened, James walked in through it. He looked around the room, his face turned a little pale as he did. "Jess, Sasha... Sarah?" he called out.

The computer next to the door started beeping. He walked over to it, then pressed a few buttons on it. Jessie's voice started coming from it, "I hope you get this before I get back or see you. I couldn't contact you, so I thought I'd try here. I couldn't tell you before, but Sasha and Sarah-Amy are with me and Sarah at North Durham Hospital.

"I don't know why I'm bothering with this as you probably won't be home until fourish, but I really want to see you. Um, I got to go, a doc's coming over. Love you."

"Love you too," James muttered, he headed back out of the living room.

11:02 Eastern / 16:02 GMT North Durham Hospital

Sasha watched Jessie pace the corridor they were sitting in. "Mum, you're making me dizzy," she said.

Jessie stopped in front of her, "sorry, I can't help it. What time is it?" Sasha stared at her. "Oh right, you can't tell the time."

"You said daddy wouldn't get home until five," Sasha said.

"I know but he should pick up Duncan before then," Jessie said. She placed her hand over her face as she sat down. "It's been ages, it must be nearly four by now."

"Mummy, they're here," Sasha said, glancing down the corridor.

Jessie followed her glance, she saw James coming towards them. He was a little cleaner than before, but still had a massive cut on the side of his face. She stood back up and headed over to him. "What happened to you?"

"You first, what are you doing here?" James asked.

Jessie glanced down at Duncan briefly, looking a little nervous, "um, it's Sarah." She lowered her voice, "she's dying."

James' eyes widened, "what... please mean that she's dying to do something."

"No, Sasha found her. It's something about her being stabbed as a teen," Jessie muttered.

"No no, this can't be happening," James stuttered. He turned to face the wall, Jessie put a hand on his arm.

"That was kinda my reaction," she said.

"This is a nightmare... what did I do?" James grumbled as he leaned on the wall. He looked over at Jessie, "how long?"

"A few days," Jessie replied. She stroked his arm, and held his hand with her other hand. "She's asleep right now, we can see her when she wakes up."

"I can't do this, not today..." James muttered.

Jessie moved over to stand in front of him again, "ok, your turn. What happened to you?"

James glanced around at Duncan and Sasha, then back at her, "let's talk further down here." They both walked further down the corridor. Duncan shrugged his shoulders, he climbed onto a chair next to Sasha.

"Well what happened?" Jessie asked again.

"I had a fight with three vamps," James replied. Jessie looked a little confused. "At Indiana not long before I called you. They must have snuck in and hid overnight."

"You mean at your mum's place?" Jessie questioned. "Was anyone home at the time?"

"I got there too late, it looked like everyone had gone. I noticed a hole in one of the windows, then I found a padd Chakotay left for my mum and..." James replied a little faster than usual.

Jessie stared at him with concern in her eyes, "they left without your mum, what's awfully wrong with this story?"

"He was going to come back for her," James said. "I don't know how to say it..."

Jessie turned a little pale, "I don't think you have to... did they attack her?"

James moved his hand away from the wall, put it back by his side. "They must have got some tips from Ronnie before he lost his memories."

"You can't be serious, you saw one of the vamps trying to cut her?" Jessie stuttered.

"No I didn't see it happen, I didn't stop it..." James muttered.

Jessie couldn't help but gasp as she put her hand over her mouth. "Oh no, please tell me they missed."

James closed his eyes, "how could they, she was asleep and unaware this was happening."

Jessie continued stroking his arm, her other hand moved onto his shoulder. "This really isn't a good day, she will be ok right?"

James slammed his spare hand into the wall, it went through the plaster but he didn't pull it back. "No, was too late."

"Um," Jessie said, staring at the hand that was in the wall. "I really should stop asking stupid questions, but are you ok there?"

James looked at his hand, "no, yes... you know I can't feel it." He cringed as he pulled it out, "well at least it's my own blood this time."

"I... I don't know what to say," Jessie said. She placed the hand that was on his arm before the wall slamming, on to the unhurt side of his face. "I thought my day was crappy."

"It's ok, you don't have to..." James muttered. He stepped closer to put his arms around her. She did the same, while he buried his head in her shoulder. She moved her left arm up to stroke his hair.

"I'm so sorry," she said softly.

Duncan walked over, "uh... mum, dad, what's going on?"

They pulled away from each other, Jessie looked down at him. "James, do you want me to take them all home?"

"No we're all going together. The vamp said Frenit wanted to kill family. I can't leave you all until you're all safe at home," James replied.

"Wasn't Frenit that idiot who kidnapped me?" Duncan asked.

Jessie sighed, "yes. We can't all go, what about Sarah?"

"I have a better question. Why isn't Ali, Zoe and Trish here?" James questioned.

"Oh god, I totally forgot. It'll be easier to contact Trisha as she's part of Starfleet, I'm sure she can tell the other two," Jessie replied. She turned back to James, "I'll be right back. I'm afraid to ask if you want a coffee while I'm gone... "

"No thanks," James muttered.

"All right," Jessie said. She kissed him on the cheek, then headed down the corridor.

11:30 Eastern / 16:30 GMT Voyager, The Mess Hall

Craig and Triah walked into the room, Triah was cradling Scott in her arms. They passed a few groups which were standing around, gossiping.

"I'm telling you, you can never get a decent short break when you work here," Craig said.

"Yeah true," Triah sighed. "What is it all about anyway?"

"Beats me, but it's obviously something serious... seriously interesting," Craig replied.

Triah raised her eyebrow at him. They sat down at a small table not far from one of the gossip groups. "When is the meeting anyway?"

Craig shrugged, "Andrea said either 1100 or 1200."

Triah rolled her eyes, "oh brilliant Craig."

"Well if it were 1100 then they would have contacted us by now," Craig said.

"I guess. Well we've got half an hour to kill then," Triah sighed. He nodded looking at the group nearby. "Maybe we can get some early lunch, I'm starved."

"I'm ok, you may as well," Craig muttered.

Triah frowned, "right, you hold Scott while I get something."

"Uh huh," Craig muttered.

"Craig!" Triah snapped. He jumped a mile and turned to her. "Hold Scott."

"Oh right, sorry," Craig meekly said. She stood back up, she handed Scott to him then walked over to the replicator.

"No, you're kidding!" one guy in the group gasped.

"I'm not. Supposedly Chakotay and his step son found her," one girl in the group said.

Craig moved his chair closer, "excuse me, what?"

"Um, I said Chakotay and what's his name found her," the girl said, raising an eyebrow.

"Found who?" Craig asked.

"Wow, someone's been hiding in a jeffries tube," another guy in the group muttered.

"Hey I just found out," the first guy grumbled.

"Actually I've just come from Earth," Craig said.

The girl sighed, "some vampires murdered the Captain."

Craig's eyes widened in shock, "you mean Angela?"

"Ohno, rumour has it James would have been happy if that had happened to her," the second guy said.

The girl looked a little relieved, "that's his name, I wasn't sure."

"Ok, so which Captain are you talking about?" Craig asked, uncomfortably.

"Janeway obviously," the girl replied.

"Oh, so is there any word on her recovery yet?" Craig asked.

"No, they were too late. Blood was drained, throat slit... not pretty," the second guy said.

Craig was now white as a sheet, "and James found her... and Chakotay?"

The second guy rolled his eyes, "ignore her, it was James that found her. Chakotay came by later." The girl rolled her eyes.

"Oh crap, we're dead," Craig stuttered.

"We are, why?" the second guy questioned.

"You guys thrive on rumours, you should know," Craig muttered, turning back to the table.

Triah came back over to the table holding a tray, "with all these people around, I expected a queue."

"Right, no one will want to eat at a time like this," the girl said before turning back to her group.

"Oh, you found out what's going on?" Triah questioned. Craig bit his lip nervously.

11:36 Eastern / 16:36 GMT

North Durham Hospital

Jessie turned the corner and rejoined James and the kids. "I found Zoe and Trisha easily, they're coming."

"What about Ali?" James asked.

"Well Zoe was visiting Trish on her ship, so I was able to get them both easily. There's loads of Alisons and well she's married, so I don't know her surname now," Jessie replied.

"So, what are we going to do?" James questioned.

"Well they'll be here soon, so we can go whenever then," Jessie replied.

"I mean about Ali, she should be here too," James said.

"They fought a lot you know, so it wouldn't be a good idea," Jessie said.

"That's exactly why she should be here. When Ali finds out it'll kill her. She needs the chance to make up with her," James said, glancing at the ground. "Believe me, I know."

Jessie sighed, "that's true. Probably Zoe or Trish know how to contact her." She eyed his badly hurt hand, "you really should get that treated."

"No it's ok. The sooner we leave, the sooner we can get the kids home. Lena and Yasmin could babysit, that way they're safe too," James said.

Jessie nodded her head, "good idea. Do they know yet?"

"I don't know. All I know is that I didn't tell them," James replied.

Jessie took a hold of the good hand, "so it's just you that knows?"

James shook his head, "Chakotay came back, he told grandma and Phoebe to go to the hospital so they'll know by now. Lena and Yasmin just got sent home."

"This is awful," Jessie groaned. "He just told them to go to the hospital without even saying why?"

"Yep, then he left. He didn't take it too well so we can cut him some slack," James replied.

"I know but..." Jessie said. Sasha tugged on her trouser leg.

"Mummy, I need the toilet," she said.

"Oh sorry sweetie," Jessie said, she took a hold of her hand. "This first, then we go home." They both walked away.

Two women walked down the corridor after she had turned the corner. They stopped talking to one another before stopping nearby James. "Excuse me," the one in a Starfleet uniform said.

James turned to them, "um yeah, what?"

"We're looking for someone, the receptionist said she'd be here," the other girl said. The Starfleet girl elbowed her. "Oh right, she's dark haired, thirty, with three kids."

James nodded, "uh huh, is she called Jessie?"

The other girl smiled, "yeah that's right, how did you know?"

The Starfleet woman ignored her and stared at him in shock. She elbowed the other girl again, "uh Zoe."

"What? Stop doing that!" the other girl snapped.

"Um, if it helps Jessie will be back in a few minutes," James muttered.

"Yeah it does," the Starfleet girl said. "Zoe you idiot, this is obviously Jessie's hubbie."

Zoe nodded her head, "yeah, that makes sense." She turned to him, "hi, I'm Zoe."

"Really?" James sarcastically said. "I'm uh, 'guessing' you're Trisha."

The Starfleet girl smiled, "yes, it's good to meet you, finally. What's your name, I'm not sure if Jessie mentioned it."

"Okay seriously, you don't recognise me?" James questioned, sounding bewildered. The two girls stared at him blankly. "Okay, I'll let you off only because Sarah didn't recognise me either, and you moved out long before I did."

"Oh," Trisha sighed. "Oh, oh... my god, James?"

Zoe's eyes widened, "really, woah. You're not James, he's only eight."

"Well people do get older you know," James muttered.

"Yeah they do," Zoe mumbled, smiling sweetly. "They do, older and cuter... hmm."

Trisha pulled a face at her, "uh Zoe, you're married and he's eight years younger than you."

James looked a little disturbed, "yeah and I'm married too."

"Oh really, cool. Speaking of which, where's Jessie's husband?" Zoe asked.

James groaned, "you're talking to him."

Zoe and Trisha stared, Zoe turned to Trisha, "lucky."

Trisha stared at her in disgust, "I'm telling her and your husband that." She turned back to James. "Ok you and Jessie together? Sorry, that's difficult to imagine. Though the last time I saw you both you were only eight."

Jessie and Sasha turned the corner. "Right, are we ready to go?" she asked.

"Not really, look who's here," James replied, still glancing in Zoe and Trisha's direction.

Jessie's face lit up, "hey, it's great to see you two." She went over to hug the closest, which was Zoe, Trisha soon joined in.

"I did see you on the computer silly," Trisha said.

"I know but still," Jessie said.

"So, um is Ali coming?" James asked, looking a little uncomfortable.

Trisha was the first to break away from the hug, "yeah she is, but she won't be here for a while."

Zoe pulled away, she quickly spotted Sasha standing nearby James. "Aaaw, you're a cutie aren't you," she cooed as she knelt down in front of her.

Duncan walked over, pushing the pram in front of him. "I thought we were going to go."

"Yeah we were," Jessie said. She turned to James, "can you get the pram off him?"

"Sure I'll get it," he replied.

Jessie picked up Sasha, she held out her hand for Duncan. He reluctantly took it, they walked down the corridor.

James carefully brought the pram over to him, "we'll be back, we just need to get babysitters."

"Figured, that's what Ali's doing," Trisha said.

"Wait, aren't you forgetting something mister?" Zoe said.

"Actually yeah, I forgot to wake up this morning," James muttered.

"Oh typical," Zoe said, trying not to laugh. "Seriously, you haven't hugged us yet."

"Um, I didn't think you..." James said, Zoe interrupted him by hugging him. Trisha shook her head but joined in anyway.

**11:52 Eastern / 16:52 GMT
New Manchester**

Sandi placed three glasses onto the table and sat down on the sofa. "So do you know why you were told to go home?"

Lena shrugged, "nope. Dad called Phoebe, she didn't look too good afterwards. I'm hoping it was coffee related."

Yasmin's eyes lit up, "coffee?"

Lena glanced at her, "yes that's what you drink all the time. Now drink your coke."

"But it's not as nice as coffee," Yasmin pouted.

"Yes it is, just think of it as a cold black coffee with sugar," Lena said.

Yasmin grinned, "mmm sounds good." She picked up the glass.

Sandi quickly downed her coke. "Ok guys, I'm going for a quick shower before patrol. One of you keep an eye on the clothes on the line." She got up just when the computer nearby the window started beeping. "First I'm checking that."

"Right but San, you do realise the washer dries the clothes too," Lena pointed out.

Sandi fiddled with the computer, "yeah, but I prefer the old fashioned way." She stared at the monitor screen for a minute. "Lena, Yasmin... you've both been volunteered for babysitting duty."

"What, Yasmin too?" Lena questioned.

Yasmin looked up from her half full glass, "will there be coffee?"

Lena frowned as she glanced at her, "well if we ever lose mum in a crowd or something, we've always got a backup."

"What does that mean?" Yasmin asked.

Lena sighed, "what's the emergency?"

"That foster mum is in hospital and they both have to be there, but they want the kids home where it's safe," Sandi replied.

"Oh, sounds like we're going to their place then," Lena muttered.

"Obviously you don't remember the last time Duncan and Sasha stayed here," Sandi said.

"No I do, it's just Kevin was here the last time, Yasmin and I, no contest," Lena commented.

Sandi smirked, "don't be too hard on him, there was a lot of them."

"I know. Come on Yasmin," Lena said, standing up. "Now right?"

"Yeah, see you later ey," Sandi replied. She headed into the bathroom.

"Why do they want me there?" Yasmin asked.

"Beats me," Lena replied with a shrug.

Yasmin pouted, "hey, was that an insult?"

**12:06 Eastern / 17:06 GMT
North Durham Hospital**

"I can't believe you just let your sisters into the house, talked to them for five minutes, without even telling them about your mum," Jessie said, she and James stepped into a lift. "Floor three." The lift went into motion.

"If I'd told them they would have got upset, the kids were around so they would have too," James said.

Jessie shrugged her shoulders, "true but still, I thought you would have said something."

"I'm still hoping that somebody else will tell them," James said as the lift stopped.

Jessie took a hold of his hand as the doors opened, "ok but if nobody does, you'll have to."

"Great, and then we could both go on a date just so we can murder cute little puppies," James muttered.

Jessie pulled a face, "no, that doesn't sound like fun at all."

They turned around the corner, they almost walked into a woman holding a cup of coffee. "Oh sorry, I wasn't... wait," the woman stuttered. Her face lit up, "Jessie?"

"Oh my god, Ali?" Jessie gasped. They both hugged each other.

Alison turned to glance at James, "ok Jess, aren't you going to introduce me to your boyfriend?"

Jessie showed her, her left hand, "actually, husband."

Alison took a hold of her hand, "oh wow, I've got one of those too."

"I know, Sarah said," Jessie said.

Alison grinned, "yes, his name's Sam, and we have two gorgeous little lads called Johnny and Andy. So, does the new boy talk at all?"

James glanced at Jessie looking a little helpless, "help me out here."

She just smiled, "it's ok, you did look different back then." She glanced back at Alison. "Ali, this is James."

"Oh I see, you must like that name a lot," Alison said, nodding her head. She held out her hand, "it's nice to meet you."

"No Ali, I meant this is James, you know the one we both know," Jessie muttered.

Alison blushed a little, putting her hand back by her side, "oh god sorry, that's embarrassing. So who did you marry then?"

James looked at her, looking annoyed, "what is it, am I so unmarriageable or something?"

Jessie placed a hand on his arm, "no of course not."

"Oh right, maybe I should leave, come back and start again," Alison muttered to herself. She sighed, "well, this is good news..."

"At an inappropriate time," Jessie said.

Alison nodded, "yeah but still." Her face lit back up quickly, "this is great, if you have any kids we could do a play date thing sometime."

"I don't think this really is the time," James said, eyeing something behind Alison.

She turned around just as a doctor walked up to them. "I'm sorry to interrupt but I'm afraid we were wrong."

"I'm afraid is only used for bad news, how much worse can this get right now?" Alison questioned.

"If it's somebody who doesn't like you, then it's used for good news," James commented. Everyone else stared at him blankly. "I'm sorry, I can't control it."

"Still?" Alison said, raising her eyebrow.

The doctor sighed, "ok, well the doctor who told you it would be a few days, he made a small mistake."

"How small?" Jessie asked.

"We don't know exactly, but if you want to see her I'd go now," the doctor replied, looking uncomfortable. He walked passed them.

"Well that's just great, this day is slowly climbing near the top of the Crappiest Day Ever chart," James grumbled. He walked around Alison, then headed down the corridor.

"Uh huh, tell me about it," Alison said.

Jessie looked uncomfortable, "his real mother died today so, it should be number three or something."

Alison stared at her with wide eyes, "only number three?"

"Well number one would be a tie between two of our kids dying, and number two will be stepmum Susy dying," Jessie muttered, she started to follow James.

"Right, now I'm officially scared," Alison said to herself, she turned around to follow them.

They both stopped outside one of the doors. "Actually move all them up one, yours is number one..." James muttered.

"Ok, that's even creepier," Alison said, she walked through the door.

"Maybe we shouldn't make a chart," Jessie muttered, glancing at the ground. She looked back up, "are you going in now or..."

"Not yet, that doctor who obviously talked to you first will come back sometime," James replied.

Jessie rolled her eyes and sighed, "it's not his fault this happened, don't pick a fight or anything."

"It's either that or make another hole in the wall," James said.

"Listen we don't know how long she has, don't hang around here too long," Jessie said. She stepped into the other room. The other three girls were standing around Sarah's bed, Trisha and Zoe on the side near the window, Alison on the other side.

"He does know this is not the time to do DIY, right?" Zoe said. Everyone stared at her.

"So you still make stupid jokes when you're uncomfortable?" Jessie questioned.

"Oh yeah," Zoe replied, looking a little ashamed.

Sarah tried to sit up a little, "it's ok." She took a hold of Zoe's hand.

"Mum, why didn't you tell us about this?" Trisha asked.

"I don't know, I didn't want to worry you, but at the same time I knew you had to find out anyway," Sarah replied.

"So how long is it, the doc wouldn't say," Jessie asked quietly.

"He wouldn't say cos he doesn't know, somewhere between ten minutes and half an hour," Sarah replied.

Alison shook her head while folding her arms, "how can you be so calm about this?"

"It's kind of a relief," Sarah muttered.

"How is it a relief?" Alison snapped.

Jessie stood beside her, "take it easy."

"And you too," Alison said, rolling her eyes.

Jessie glanced at Sarah, "it hurts, doesn't it?"

"Exactly, pain killers just isn't enough, and you all know how much I hate hospitals," Sarah said.

"Yeah but what about us, it's not a relief for us. Especially Jess and I, we haven't exactly been around for the last thirteen years," Alison grumbled.

"Ali, you're forgetting someone," Jessie said.

Alison glanced at the doorway, "oh yeah."

"Speaking of which, why isn't he coming in?" Sarah asked.

"Because it's obviously harder for him, his mother was murdered this afternoon," Jessie replied, glancing around awkwardly.

"Someone tell me it's Friday the thirteenth," Trisha muttered.

"May 20th actually," Zoe said.

"Well that's just well, dandy," Trisha said sarcastically.

"Dandy, how did you pass the Academy?" Alison asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Ok that's enough, no arguments or insults," Sarah said. "Jessie, can you convince him to come in, please."

"Sure, I'll try," Jessie quietly said, she headed towards the door. After opening it she heard James arguing with someone. "Oh, this'll take a while." She closed the door behind her.

"I'm sorry sir but there's nothing we can do about this now," a doctor said, looking a little worried.

"But there is, my wife had the same problem and she's better now," James said.

"Yes but Miss Rex has had this condition since she was a teenager, there's too much long term damage..." the doctor said.

James rolled his eyes, "don't give me that bull, we're not in the middle ages or something."

"Um James, she wants to see you sometime, you know," Jessie said, placing a hand on his arm.

"We wouldn't be here if it wasn't for stupid doctors making stupid mistakes," James muttered.

"The doctor you're probably speaking of retired five years ago, I'm not the one you should be yelling at," the doctor said. "I really need to see my other patients, excuse me." He turned around to walk away.

"I had a feeling you'd do something like that, I said don't pick a fight," Jessie said.

"Oh please, I wasn't going to hit him or anything," James muttered.

"You probably would have if I hadn't of stopped you," Jessie said.

James turned around to face her, "what makes you think that?"

"Well this is what you do when you're this upset. Sometimes you do the normal thing and cry, but the other times you act violent to make yourself look more, 'manly'," Jessie replied.

James shook his head, "no I'm just angry."

"You can't fool me. Obviously you're angry but you just don't want anyone to see you cry or anything," Jessie said. "Come on, who knows you better than I do?"

James sighed, "fine, I'll take your word for it."

Jessie started to stroke his arm, while she put her other hand onto his shoulder. "She wants to see you one last time, you don't want to be too late again." James took a hold of the hand which was on his shoulder.

12:31 Eastern / 17:31 GMT

New Manchester

Kevin snuck into Sandi and Lena's flat, he looked around. "Sandi, Lena?" He passed the bathroom door just as it opened. "Ok, this is weird."

Sandi pulled a face, "what is?"

Kevin jumped, then turned to face her, "nothing."

"You're here late, what took so long?" Sandi questioned.

"I can't find my favourite axe," Kevin replied.

"Oh, you'll find that it in my room," Sandi sheepishly said.

"Ugh typical," Kevin groaned, he headed back the way he came. "I just got a message from that Picard guy. He said something about an attack, I wasn't really listening when I played it."

"That's ominous," Sandi muttered. She followed him into the opposite flat, he lead her to the computer on the smaller table.

"There was no point in watching it until you were here, and it was beeping all the time so I had to play it," Kevin said, leaning over the table. He pressed one of the buttons.

Picard appeared on the screen, "I have just got a notice from Admiral Walkers who's based in London. Apparently a couple of locals have sighted vampires in several areas around the centre of the city. We've got the whole city on alert until they're sorted out. I want you and the girls to hunt them down. Contact me when you do." He disappeared off the screen.

"Hmm, he's good at answer machine messages," Sandi sarcastically said. "Looks like we're going back home."

15:30 Eastern / 20:30 GMT

Outside one of London's many museums

The high window inside one of the exhibit rooms opened slowly. Kevin stuck his head through it, "no one's here, are you sure?"

"They could have went into another room," Sandi's voice groaned from behind him.

He climbed through leg first, once through he jumped down to the ground. Sandi did the same.

"Why would vampires want to visit a museum anyway?" Kevin muttered.

"I don't know, maybe they're bored," Sandi said. They both headed for the nearest door, loud rough male voices echoed around in that exhibit. "Shh, they're close." They stood beside it, Sandi peeped her head around.

In the next room three guys had their back to them, surrounding a glass box in centre of the room. "This is it guys. What we've been looking for, for years," one of the guys sneered.

"I dunno, it seems pretty crappy to me," the second guy said.

Sandi frowned as she turned back to Kevin, "does one of them sound familiar to you."

"A little, but are you actually listening to what they're saying," Kevin whispered.

Sandi rolled her eyes before turning back.

"This doesn't look like something that could kill us," the third guy said.

"Doesn't matter. Cut the glass and we'll take it," the first guy said.

The second guy groaned, "we have to do all the work around here." He pulled out a small device.

The third guy put a hand on his arm to stop him, "hang on, there's usually alarms on these things."

"Usually, but not on Earth. They're all so gullible, they all think this place is crime free, believe me," the first guy said. He placed a hand on the glass. "See."

"Ok, let's do this thing," the second guy said. He placed the device onto the glass, it started to glow around the edges.

Sandi decided to go into the room, "ok boys, you do realise that the museum closes at eight?"

"That's good, they usually close at seven," the third one commented. The other two stared at him. They all turned around to face Sandi, Kevin stepped into the room just then.

"Oh look, it's the cave-Slayers," the first one sneered.

"Hey, that's... wait," Kevin grumbled. "He is familiar."

Sandi shrugged, "told you."

"What are you waiting for, go get them!" the first one snapped.

"I don't know, it hasn't been a good day for vamps," the third one muttered. The second one rolled his eyes, he dragged him forward. They were both beaten easily.

"Why do I always get stuck with the rejects?" the first one grumbled. He turned to the glass box.

"All right old man, it's your turn," Kevin said.

"Speak for yourself," the first one muttered. He glanced back and forth between the glass box and Sandi & Kevin. "Screw this," he grumbled. He rushed towards the small window, he quickly climbed through it.

"Hmm, he's a feisty pensioner isn't he?" Kevin commented.

Sandi groaned, "he is a vampire Kev. I'll go after him." She followed the first one.

Kevin glanced at the glass box, "what is this thing anyway?" He eyed the object inside it.

Day Two

00:09 GMT

Shield Row, England

The living room door opened. Lena and Yasmin glanced at it from the sofa. "Oh, does this mean we can't watch the rest of the film?" Yasmin moaned.

"You've seen it before," Lena replied with a raised eyebrow.

James, Jessie, Alison, Zoe and an unfamiliar guy walked in. "Ok, Zoe and hubby can have our room, but you're just sleeping in it," Jessie said.

Zoe glanced at the guy standing next to her, "who do you think we are?"

"I guess Lena and Yasmin can stay in Sarah's room," James said.

"Actually," Lena said as she pulled herself off the sofa. "We'd better go. Yasmin didn't tell me that this was a zombie movie."

"It's not real Lena," Yasmin said, pouting slightly.

"You don't have to watch the movie though," James said.

Lena shrugged, "true, but it looks like it's going to get cramped here."

"Not really. Somebody can have the sofa, we have sleeping bags from the, um wedding a month ago," Jessie said.

"It's fine, it's still really early," Lena said.

"No, you're staying here tonight," James muttered.

"Um, ok..." Lena looked confused. "What for, you don't need us here anymore."

"Lena just listen to me this one time, I'll explain..." James said.

Jessie turned to him, "you will?"

"Um, are you guys sure about us staying in your room?" Zoe asked.

"Yeah, just remember," Jessie replied.

"I know, just sleep," Zoe said. She took a hold of her husband's hand, and guided him out of the room.

Alison watched them, "looks like it's going to be one of those nights."

"One of what kind?" Jessie questioned.

"You know, stay up all night," Alison replied.

Lena climbed off the sofa, "well, if it's going to be one of those nights, I'm going to bed." She headed out of the room. James watched her.

"I guess I'll have that sleeping bag, you two can take the sofa. I'm pretty sure it's a fold out one," Alison said, heading over to the sofa.

Yasmin eyed her suspiciously, "don't even think about it." She jumped off. Alison shook her head as she started to work on the sofa.

"I'd watch the movie in the morning or something, if I were you," she muttered. She stood up, "this thing won't fold out."

Yasmin raised an eyebrow, "ok." She looked at James and Jessie. "Who is this woman?"

"She's our foster sister," Jessie replied. Yasmin stared blankly. "She was adopted by the same woman I was adopted by."

"Oh, ok..." Yasmin muttered, staring at Alison who was now buried under the seat cushion. "Whatever, see you tomorrow." She walked out.

"I'll get the sleeping bags," Jessie said, trying not to laugh. She followed her.

"Aargh, this thing won't pull out," Alison's muffled voice grumbled from under the cushion.

"Why don't you let me do it?" James questioned.

Alison's head reappeared, "that could work." He walked over, knelt down in front of the sofa. She stood up, "those were your sisters, ey?"

"The first girl is my half sister, and embarrassingly enough the other is the female clone of me," James replied.

Alison raised her eyebrow, "I see the resemblance."

James looked up at her, "please tell me you're joking."

"I don't know actually," Alison muttered. "By the way you just pull that bar forward and it'll come out, but it's jammed."

James pulled the sofa extension out easily, Alison backed off a little as she wasn't expecting it. He stood back up. "No it's not."

"Well, you always were a bit strong," Alison muttered.

"Are you sure you don't want to sleep on it?" James questioned.

"Are you kidding, where would you and Jess sleep?" Alison replied.

"Well you and Jess can share the sofa, and I'll not sleep. I wasn't planning on doing that anyway," James replied.

Alison sighed, "you should at least try, it's been a rough day for all of us."

"I agree," Jessie added on, she dumped a sleeping bag, a blanket and a pillow onto the ground. She looked proud of herself, "ha, I didn't think I'd make it with all that stuff."

James walked over to her, "I thought you were just getting a sleeping bag."

"Yeah and?" Jessie commented, she knelt down to pick up the sleeping bag again. "This is yours Ali."

Alison walked over to take it off her, "thanks."

"Ok mister..." Jessie muttered as she picked up a pillow, she dumped it on the sofa. "Lie down."

James raised an eyebrow, "um, why?"

"Well normally people sleep while they're lying down, it's more comfortable. Unless the Borg got you again," Jessie replied sarcastically.

"I don't want to sleep though. After all that's happened, I'd rather keep an eye on everything," James said.

"Don't have to. Shield will work as long as I'm alive, and let's face it no vamps can get in here to disable it so..." Jessie said. She carried the blanket over to the sofa. "Get some rest, now."

"But Jess, I don't..." James muttered.

Jessie folded her arms, "one way or another, you're going to sleep tonight."

Alison tried not to laugh, "aaw, you guys are picture perfect aren't you." She put the bag down on to the ground, sat down.

"Was that a threat?" James asked, looking bewildered.

Jessie smiled sweetly, "might have been."

"This is mutiny, but ok. Don't blame me though if I keep you up all night," James grumbled, going over to the sofa.

"Wouldn't be the first time," Jessie commented.

**02:13 Eastern / 07:13 GMT
New Manchester**

The door to Lena, Yasmin and Sandi's flat opened, letting some light into the main living room. Lena walked in, with Yasmin not far behind her.

"Well it's not my fault you kept kicking me," Lena grumbled.

"You kept going over to my side," Yasmin said.

"No I wasn't," Lena muttered, dumping her coat onto one of the dining table's chairs.

Yasmin looked around the room, "gee, what time is it?"

Lena shrugged, "I don't know, but Sandi either is in bed or patrolling. I'm guessing bed so we'd better be quiet."

Kevin stuck his head around the main door, "hey girls." They both jumped a mile. "Ha, got you that time."

They both turned around to glare at him. "What are you doing Kevin?" Lena snapped.

"Well I've been waiting for you to come back. I've got news," Kevin said.

"Do I want to know?" Lena asked.

"Yeah kinda. Some vamps escaped into London, they were trying to mug a display from a museum," Kevin replied.

Yasmin rolled her eyes, "god, they're running out of ideas." She headed for the sofa.

"London? What were they trying to steal?" Lena asked.

"I dunno, some artifact. Don't tell Sandi, but I took it instead," Kevin replied.

Lena's eyes widened, "what, you can't do that!"

"One vamp said it could kill them, so it might come in handy," Kevin said.

"Whatever," Lena groaned. She headed for the nearest bedroom.

"Um, never mind then," Kevin sighed, he left the flat in a huff. "I'll find out myself," he muttered in the hall.

**03:04 Eastern / 08:04 GMT
Shield Row**

Alison rolled over in her sleeping bag, eyes half open. The light from the open curtains was shining right on her. She sat up, "crap, everytime."

Jessie looked over from the sofa, "you ok there?"

"No, sun's right in my eyes," Alison moaned in response. She climbed onto her feet, headed over to the curtains and closed them. "It always happens, I always forget to close curtains."

"Shhh, keep your voice down," Jessie whispered.

Alison turned around, "what why?"

Jessie glanced over at James, he was fast asleep and resting his head on her shoulder. He also had his arms tightly around her, she kept stroking one of them with her hand.

"Sorry," Alison said quietly. "I'm usually the last one up."

"It's ok," Jessie said. "It's just he was still awake when I must have fell asleep, last time I looked at the clock it was about five."

Alison smiled as she went over to sit in the chair nearby. "Now you two are picture perfect, you look so cute."

Jessie rolled her eyes, "I'm so glad people are still saying cute to me at thirty years old."

"Yeah but you two are, always were," Alison said.

"I didn't fall asleep like this, I'm sure," Jessie said.

Alison smirked, "aaw, he probably missed you when you did."

Jessie sighed, "I need to get up, so does he... school, work. I don't want to wake him though."

"Well can you get out?" Alison asked.

"I don't wanna. I think after yesterday everyone should stay off anyway," Jessie replied.

"Sounds like a plan. I'm going to get some breakfast, you're welcome to join me if you can tear yourself away," Alison said, getting back off the chair. She headed for the kitchen.

Jessie watched James for a moment, "yeah I will, I might wake him if I don't." She gently moved his arms away from her, she climbed to her feet and followed Alison.

"So, after breakfast can I meet these kids of yours?" Alison asked as she worked at the replicator.

"Sure, I'd better get them up anyway. I can't have breakfast until they've had it," Jessie replied.

Alison smiled, "ok, lead the way."

Jessie raised her eyebrow as she shook her head, she walked back out of the kitchen with Alison right behind her.

They got to the top of the stairs, only to find Zoe and her husband talking in the passageway. "Guys, if you're planning on going downstairs, you'll have to keep it down. James is still asleep so," Jessie said.

"No problem, we were just going to go out the back. We need to get to work," Zoe said.

Alison smirked, "yeah I'm sure."

Zoe groaned, "oh shut up."

"She means our jobs," Zoe's husband said.

"For god's sake, take a day off, everyone else is," Alison commented.

"I wish it were that simple. See you again sometime, yeah?" Zoe questioned.

"Yeah, you know where we are," Jessie replied.

Alison shrugged, "and I'll send directions sometime."

"All right, see ya," Zoe said. She and her husband headed downstairs.

"Oh by the way, we need to talk about something," Alison said.

Jessie looked worried, "about?"

"Well duh, how you two got together and the wedding, you know," Alison replied.

Jessie shook her head in disbelief, "maybe later. I'll tell you what, I'll have time to show you the wedding photos, there's some good ones."

"What do you mean you'll only have time to show photos?" Alison questioned. "Not that I'd gladly pay to see you in a wedding dress, cos that's a rarity."

"It wasn't a wedding dress," Jessie muttered. "Anyway the story of how we got together, and even the wedding are kinda long."

"Oh ok," Alison said, looking disappointed.

Jessie walked into the kids bedroom, Alison followed her. Jessie went over to Duncan's bed first, he was fully under the covers so they could only see a little lump. She pulled away the covers, he started groaning, "no mum, sleep."

"Come on, you've had a little lie in," Jessie said quietly.

"No, don't feel well," Duncan muttered.

Jessie placed her hand across his forehead, "you don't have a temperature. You're not going into school anyway."

Duncan sat up, "in that case, I'm fine."

Jessie smiled as she picked him up, "maybe I should say that every day."

Alison grinned as she walked closer to them, "oh my god, it's James Junior."

Duncan looked over Jessie's shoulder, "mum, who's this?"

"It's another aunt Duncan, last one I swear," Jessie replied. "That's another person who thinks you look exactly like your dad."

"Well then, he must do," Alison commented. She looked around the room, "so there's two others. If you have daughters, I'll be so jealous."

Jessie stared at her, "oh you're going to hate me."

Alison turned back to her, "we've been after a baby girl for a while. Don't get me wrong, we wouldn't swap our two boys for anything in the world, but you know."

"Well, prepare to be jealous," Jessie commented. She put Duncan onto the ground. "Ok, can you give us a moment, I need to get him changed."

Duncan pouted, "I can change myself."

Alison grinned, "I'll take a quick look at the girls if you don't mind."

"Yeah ok, I'll get the photos," Jessie said. She knelt down next to Duncan, "guard your sisters, she might try and steal them." She stood back up and left the room.

"I wouldn't do that," Alison laughed nervously. She walked over to the bassinet, which had Sarah-Amy sleeping inside. She looked inside, "oh dear." Smiling sweetly as she looked over at Duncan, "ok Junior, look away for a second will you?"

Duncan shook his head, "you don't want that one. She cries all the time."

Alison smiled as she went over to Sasha's crib. "Oh god, can I take this one?"

"Eleven ninety five," Duncan said.

"That's a cheap one, cool," Alison commented.

Jessie walked back into the room holding a book. "Ok, they better be where they were before."

Alison walked back over, "it was so tempting. They're both so cute, but for a moment I wanted to take the boy."

Duncan's eyes widened, "uh, that's a few million, billion... twenty six."

"He's priceless," Alison commented, with a smirk.

"Yeah I am, can't take me," Duncan said nervously.

Jessie tried not to laugh, "yes he is." She opened the book, started flipping through it. She pointed at one photo, "that's my dad by the way."

"Your dad? I thought since he nicked off before you were born, he wouldn't turn up," Alison said.

"He didn't, game cube took him," Jessie said. She turned another page. She bit her lip nervously, "oh that's um, James' mother and her sister."

Alison looked at the photo, which had Kathryn and Phoebe standing next to a brown cake, with big grins on their faces. "Well they seem nice, it's a shame about his mother. Which is..."

"Oh, the older one," Jessie replied.

"Oh ok," Alison said, looking down to the next picture. She burst out laughing at it.

"It better not be a picture of me," Duncan muttered as he went over to them.

"No, it's just your grandmother," Alison sniggered.

Jessie tilted her head to the side, "I don't remember that." The picture had Kathryn standing next to where the cake was, with brown all over her face, trying to look innocent. "We did have to order a coffee cake especially for her and Phoebe. She claimed they didn't like wedding cakes."

"Coffee cake, ugh. What don't you remember?" Alison asked, still trying to keep a straight face.

"The picture, oh well," Jessie replied, turning the page over. "Oh, this one's a picture of the family at the time. You can probably see Neelix trying to get into it, he loves photos."

"You mean that weird alien right?" Alison nervously said.

Duncan shuddered, "I don't remember him doing that, he does have his clothes on right?"

"Yes, he didn't streak until after we left," Jessie muttered.

Alison's eyes widened, "so glad I wasn't there now."

"He did that a lot when he was drunk," Jessie said. She handed the book to her, "you can look at them downstairs. I've got to get the kids up and changed."

"All right, thanks," Alison said, flipping through the book. She headed for the door.

Downstairs, James was in the kitchen making some coffee. Alison stepped in sniggering at one photo, "oh I wish I met her." She then spotted James, "oh er... uhoh, hey."

"Um, hey. Who are you talking about?" James questioned.

"Um er, your mother. She seems like a funny woman," Alison replied, quickly closing the book.

James eyed the book, "let me guess, the one with coffee around her mouth?"

"Yeah, nice pictures so far by the way. It just looks like somebody dressed up as a bride to make up for Jessie," Alison replied.

James shook his head as he opened a new jar of coffee, "nah, we got married the same day as another couple. Do you want a coffee by the way?"

Alison eyed the few cups on the bench, "yes please. Does it run in the family or something?"

"All the cups aren't for me. They're for everyone, speaking of, where is everyone?" James asked.

"Zoe and hubby have gone, Jess is upstairs, I'm here, and I don't know about your sisters," Alison replied.

"Oh well, I've got to take over from my mother anyway. Phoebe and Yasmin shouldn't," James muttered. He then looked like he realised something, he put one cup away quickly. "No coffee for Yasmin, almost forgot."

"She as bad as her mother?" Alison questioned.

"Just recently yeah," James replied.

There was a loud knock on the front door, that startled them both. "What on earth, isn't it a bit early to do that?"

"A little yeah," James replied. He stepped out of the kitchen and headed for the front door. As soon as he opened it, a tall thin guy barged in, not looking happy. "Oh, hi..."

"Yes hi. Aren't you supposed to be at the site? And where were you yesterday?" the man asked.

"Family issues," James replied.

"More? Jeez, what is it this time?" the man grumbled.

"Ok, I'm not one of your push over workers, so calm down will you," James muttered, trying to keep his cool. "I just lost two family members, ok. Are you happy now?"

The man softened up, "what, two?"

"My mother, and my ex foster mother," James replied.

"Oh, why didn't you call in?" the man asked.

James shrugged, "forgot to, you know how it is."

"Yes I do. As long as you come in tomorrow, I'll keep all this quiet from Starfleet," the man said. He stepped back outside.

James walked back into the living room as Jessie rushed in too. "James don't panic... ok, wait, how did I know you were awake," she stuttered.

Alison watched her from the kitchen doorway, "beats me, I found it strange too."

"Ok I'm not panicking..." James commented.

"Good. Um, Lena and Yasmin aren't in that bedroom. Their stuff's gone so they must have went home," Jessie said.

Duncan followed her into the room, Sasha was right behind her. "Ok, go to the nice lady and she'll pay me."

Sasha looked at him pouting, "I don't wanna."

James meanwhile had rushed over to the computer, and was working on it. Sandi appeared on the screen. "Hey James, what's up?"

"Is Yasmin and Lena ok?" he asked.

"Well Lena's just gone to breakfast with Daniel, Yasmin's asleep," Sandi replied.

"Can you check Yasmin please," James stuttered.

Sandi looked concerned, "James, what's going on?"

"Please, just check to see if she's ok," James said.

Sandi nodded, "ok be right back." She disappeared out of sight.

Jessie walked over to him, she put a hand on his arm. "She's probably ok you know."

"She better be," James muttered.

Sandi appeared back on the screen, "I checked her, she's talking in her sleep again but she's ok."

James sighed in relief, "thanks Sandi."

"No problem, now what's going on?" Sandi asked.

"I'll explain when I come over," James replied. He switched the computer back off.

Jessie raised an eyebrow, "you can't drag them back you know."

"No, I've got a better idea. Do you know where Juna is now?" James asked.

"Probably on Voyager or something," Jessie replied. It then hit her, "oh right... I could do it instead."

"No, it might be too much for you. I have to do the same for Phoebe and grandma," James said.

"Do what, am I missing something?" Alison asked.

Sasha started pouting, "what's going on, I'm hungry."

Jessie sighed, "fine but getting Annika's sister to do the protection spell is asking for trouble." She headed over to the kids. "What do you want for breakfast then?"

"Coco pops," Sasha replied, her eyes lit up. "Oh and orange juice."

"Can I have toast?" Duncan replied.

"You mean a toasted buttie again?" Jessie questioned.

Duncan nodded, "how did you know?"

Jessie groaned, "I wonder." She headed for the kitchen, Alison right behind her.

"They're both so cute," Alison said. Her face turned serious, "protection spell?"

"It keeps out vampires," Jessie replied.

"Oh... still don't get the spell part," Alison said.

Jessie shrugged, "another long story."

03:10 Eastern / 09:10 GMT

New Manchester:

James and Juna were walking up the stairs up to Lena, Yasmin and Sandi's flat.

"I've never like done it before, but it's like important, so I'll like give it a try," Juna was saying.

"Mmm hmm," James mumbled, trying not to open his mouth and say something.

"It's like really sad about your like mother. I've never like met mine," Juna said.

"Yeah, you do remember..." James muttered.

"I know like, don't like mention it to them, like I know," Juna said.

James closed his eyes, "oh god, this is a bad idea."

"Like what is?" Juna innocently asked.

"Never mind," James replied.

They stopped outside one of the flat doors. He pressed the door chime. Moments later Sandi answered. "Wow, you're the first one to use that."

"Like that's strange," Juna commented.

Sandi stared blankly at her, then at James. "What's she doing here?"

"It's about time I get the anti-vampire spell up here," James replied.

"Like I? You don't like do anything," Juna commented, she pushed passed Sandi.

Sandi managed to look annoyed, "yes you can come in."

"Sorry, I should get Lilly. Lots of people would want to kill Juna so..." James muttered.

Sandi nodded, "like me, but as long as she's far away after casting it then I'm good." She stepped out of the way. James walked in, she closed the door behind him.

"I never thought about it until well I met with her. I just figured that no vampires would know about her," he said.

"They wouldn't, no it's a good idea. I just thought that we'd never get one, you know cos Jessie might go evil if she did another one," Sandi said.

James nodded, "yeah... um is Lena and Yasmin around?"

"Yeah they are. What's going on anyway, you seemed really worried about them?" Sandi asked.

Juna gazed around the room before rushing over to them, "this like place is so much like smaller than mine, it's like surreal."

James and Sandi frowned at her. "Why don't you start the spell," he muttered.

"Like sure darling," Juna giggled. She looked around again, "where like would you consider the like centre of the like flat?"

Sandi shrugged, "the sofa maybe."

"Good like call," Juna commented. She headed over to the sofa.

"Well?" Sandi questioned, glancing back at James.

He looked uncomfortable, "um well, Frenit's been threatening to kill off my family. I thought I'd get the shield up to avoid that."

"Yeah but we're not going to be here all the time," Sandi said.

"No but I know Lena and Yasmin would be able to handle an attack outdoors," James said.

Sandi looked confused, "my flat isn't that crowded you know."

James sighed, "look, I'll tell you after I tell Lena and Yasmin, ok."

"Now I'm even more confused. Has he already attacked or something?" Sandi asked.

Yasmin walked into the room yawning, she walked straight passed Juna and sat down. She looked up slowly, frowning. "Ok, what is she doing here?"

"Doing an anti-vampire spell," James replied.

Yasmin stood back up, "ok, whatever." She headed for the kitchen, "I'm sure she could have waited until after the morning cartoons are finished."

Sandi sniggered, "it's afternoon."

Yasmin started to raid the fridge, "no, I watch the American ones. I go by American time."

"Where's Lena then?" James asked.

Sandi sighed, "she's in the shower."

Yasmin giggled as she picked out a bottle of milk, "to probably get the Daniel dirt off her." She started drinking from the bottle.

"Actually that reminds me, I'll warn her that you're here. I don't think she'd appreciate you or Juna seeing her in a towel or something," Sandi said. She headed towards the bathroom.

"Can I ask you something?" Yasmin asked, not noticing the milk mustache she now had. "Was mum mad that I didn't go to her place for her birthday? I would have but I slept in."

"Um well..." James muttered. He then noticed the milk mustache she had, he almost sighed in relief. "You've got milk on your face."

Yasmin pouted as she wiped some of the milk off, "well?"

"Lena for god's sake, I didn't say that you're lame ok, I said James is here," Sandi snapped at the bathroom door. She rolled her eyes, "your brother and like girl is here. Just turn the shower off!"

The door opened, Lena stuck her head through the gap, "what?"

"I said that you should put on a dressing gown too when you leave. Your brother and Juna are here," Sandi replied.

"Oh James right... I thought you said lame, they rhyme kinda don't they," Lena said sheepishly. She disappeared back into the bathroom.

James tried his best not to pout too, folding his arms. Yasmin giggled, "lame James."

"Shut up," he grumbled.

She calmed down, "forget it, I forgot you weren't invited cos you fell out."

Lena walked out of the bathroom, "ok, I understand James being here, but Juna?"

"Anti-vamp spell," Yasmin said.

Lena sighed in relief, "finally, I'd love a personal one too." She disappeared into her bedroom.

"It only does buildings," James said.

"But a personal one would be good for wusses like Lena," Yasmin commented.

Lena stuck her head out of the door, "I'm not a wuss, it's just good sense ok." She disappeared again.

"She's right, that would be good sense," James said.

Sandi sighed, "yeah I bet."

Juna smiled, "like done it. Somebody like throw a dead pet like out the window like, it shouldn't like go through it."

"We don't have any pets," Sandi muttered.

"I'm sure someone in this block has a cat, I'll get one," James said.

"A dead one?" Sandi questioned.

"It will be," James replied.

"Wow, somebody's touchy," Yasmin giggled.

"What, I don't like cats," James muttered.

"I know, it's just you're in a bad mood today," Yasmin said. "And yesterday."

"I haven't broken anything, so I can't be in a bad mood," James commented.

Yasmin held out a jar, "whatever, open please." He took it off her, opened it, and passed it back. "Thanks, now can you give me a lift to mums? I got this coffee set thing for her birthday."

James looked uncomfortable, "um, I'm going there but..."

"Oh yeah like that's where we're going like next, it's like a little late for it like though," Juna commented.

James glared in her direction, "shut up."

Juna giggled nervously, "like sorry, oops."

Yasmin stared at her, "what did she mean? I can give belated birthday presents, right?"

Juna laughed, "right, like you can't give like presents to the dead like." She then realised what she said, "like oops. Can I like have an anti-Slayer like shield?"

Yasmin turned around and stared at her, while James' glare got even stronger. "What, what are you talking about?" She turned back to James, "is this a joke?"

"Well, it looks like we'll have something dead to test the shield after all," Sandi said nervously.

"Nope, she dies, shield goes down," James muttered.

Yasmin stamped her foot, "somebody tell me what's going on!"

James sighed, "fine, but I was going to tell you later. Frenit decided to get revenge on me, and um, sent three vamps to murder her."

Yasmin stared blankly at him, "and?"

"And um, it was too late when I found her," James muttered.

"But... but, she didn't do anything," Yasmin stuttered.

"I know, but this is why the shields are getting set up now. Frenit may strike again and..." James said.

Lena stepped out of her room with a killer look on her face, "well it's a little late for that." She headed in their direction, she pulled a jacket off one chair, the force knocked it onto the ground.

"Wait, you heard?" James questioned, uncomfortably.

Lena stopped while she was passing him, she turned to him, "yes and when were you going to tell me? You had plenty of times."

"I'm sorry but I didn't want to hurt you guys," James muttered.

Despite the situation Lena laughed, "oh really, well if you had told me sooner then I would be less hurt and not angry at you." She continued towards the door, she slammed it open.

James turned around, "wait, where are you going?"

"Where do you think? I'm going to kill him!" Lena snapped back. She stormed off.

Yasmin pouted, "is she evil?"

"No, just pissed, like I was," James muttered in response.

Juna laughed nervously as she walked slowly towards the door, "ok, like I'm so glad that's like all out in the like open and like there's no like pressure. I say like we should get to like Indiana, don't you like?"

"Oh, one thing Juna," James said.

She bit her lip nervously, "like I'm not like Juna... bye." She ran for the door, but he easily grabbed her by the arm. He gave her a gentle slap across the head. Then he dragged her out of the flat.

"Don't kill her, we need her!" Sandi called after them. She closed the door with a sigh, "you know what makes things better?"

"Killing?" Yasmin suggested.

"No, cakes and icecream," Sandi stuttered. She headed for the fridge.

06:15 Eastern / 11:15 GMT

Indiana:

Phoebe headed towards the front door muttering to herself, "if that's another Security officer, I'm going to slap them." She opened the door, "oh, you're Security but that doesn't count does it?"

"Um, count to what?" James asked.

"Never mind," Phoebe sighed.

"I know you probably already hate me, or will even more for not doing this sooner, but I have brought Juna," James said.

Juna waved nervously, "please like tell me she like knows already?"

James rolled his eyes, "yes she does."

Phoebe frowned, "actually I'd love you if you take her back to the toy shop you got her from."

"Like hey, like that's mean," Juna pouted.

"She's a witch Phoebe, and she can put an anti-vampire spell around the house," James said.

Phoebe stared at him, "yeah you're right, I should hate you for not doing this sooner."

"You're like not doing very like well today, are you like?" Juna asked innocently.

James tried to ignore her, "look I'm sorry I didn't, I thought the vampires were just interested in my kids. I didn't know they'd change their plans."

Phoebe sighed, "please stop that, it's ok. I can't ever hate my own flesh and blood. I just said I should."

"Right well I've already got Lena, Yasmin and Chakotay angry at me..." James muttered. "Where would you call the centre of the house?"

Phoebe looked confused, "the living room I think, why?"

"Like I need to be there for the like spell," Juna replied. She pushed passed.

"Ookay, she's nice," Phoebe sarcastically said.

"Yeah well, I don't want to risk Lilly as the vamps may know about her, and Jessie shouldn't do anymore of these spells," James said.

"I don't get it," Phoebe muttered.

"If Juna is murdered then your shield would go down," James said.

Phoebe nodded her head, "right, but she's really annoying. Do you hate us?"

"She doesn't have to live with you," James said.

Phoebe cleared her throat, "ahem, James... she's so annoying a normally gentle person will end up killing her."

"I see your point, but she's the best candidate," James said.

Gretchen appeared at the doorway, "what on earth is that woman doing on my table?" She glanced at the door, her face stiffened, "you? You have some nerve coming here."

"Oh, that's four," James muttered to himself.

Phoebe looked uneasy, "mum, stop it... it's not his fault."

"Yes it is. Everything was fine until I found out about him, and probably was even better before he was even around," Gretchen snapped.

"Ok, that's a bit harsh," James muttered, looking slightly hurt.

"Good, I hope one day you'll know how it feels to have your heart ripped out and cut to shreds, like what happened to us yesterday," Gretchen said.

"Mum, stop it," Phoebe stuttered.

"Ok I do know, I know that feeling all too well," James grumbled.

"Oh really, shame... you'll not get any sympathy here so move along," Gretchen muttered.

"But I'm not here to..." James said.

"You heard me, get out of here you little leech!" Gretchen screamed at him, she slammed the door in his face. Moments later the door opened again, Juna was pushed out and she crashed into James.

"You're like welcome," she pouted.

James sighed, "ok, let's go." He headed away, leaving Juna behind. A few moments later she caught on and followed him.

12:30 Eastern / 17:30 GMT

New Manchester:

Wesley and Kevin had now joined Sandi in her flat, they had all gathered around the dining table.

"That's really awful. I take it they didn't take it well," Kevin said.

Sandi sighed, "Yasmin was trying to pretend that she was ok, but you can tell she's really upset. Lena well she snapped at James and went to find Frenit."

"Well I hope she gets him," Kevin said.

Wesley sighed, "that's not likely. Frenit is almost as old as the Masters, he has killed a lot of Slayers. Lena is too angry to think straight, she'll concentrate on power, not strategy and every one of those Slayers made the same mistake."

"He's that powerful?" Kevin questioned.

"It would take one powerful Slayer to hurt him, let alone kill him with power alone. You won't survive if you don't think or plan your attack," Wesley replied.

Sandi frowned, "but Lena's tough, she can handle it right?"

"No I have no doubt that she'll do well, but in her current state I doubt she'll want to back down when she has to," Wesley said.

"So what do we do, find her?" Kevin asked.

"I somehow doubt that she will even find him. They keep moving hideouts don't they?" Wesley replied.

"Yes but the best time to find a vampire is during the day. Every Slayer knows that," Sandi said, with a raised eyebrow. "They can't escape and they will stay in the same place."

"Well I have a plan," Kevin smugly said.

Sandi and Wesley stared at him looking shocked. "You? Ok let's hear it," Wesley said.

"I'll ignore that," Kevin grumbled. "That thing those vamps were trying to steal from the museum, they said that it would hurt them."

"Yeah it will if we throw it at them," Sandi commented.

Kevin pulled a face at her, "very funny."

Sandi smirked, "I know, what's the plan?"

"Well I say we find out how it hurts them and do it," Kevin replied.

"I doubt the museum would just let us borrow it," Sandi said.

"Not a problem," Kevin smugly said. He pulled a small stone object out from under the table. "Look what I borrowed."

"Kevin, you can't just steal it from the museum!" Sandi snapped.

"Oh that's funny cos I think I already did," Kevin said.

Sandi sighed, "you're taking that back."

"No, this could save lives," Kevin muttered.

"Or it could be just a bit of rock," Sandi grumbled.

Wesley tried to snatch it off Kevin, but he kept a tight hold on it. "May I please?" he asked politely.

Kevin stared at him, "better." He handed it to him.

"We could research it. It could prove to be of some use," Wesley said.

The door slammed open, this time it fell off the hinges and fell down near the table. Lena stormed in looking a bit battered, she stared angrily at the others who were staring at her. "What, it's not my fault the door is so crummy." She headed straight for her bedroom.

"No I agree, how many times has it broke?" Sandi asked.

Lena slammed the bedroom door behind her, that fell to the ground too. All that could be heard were a few swear words as it was pulled back up.

"Ouch, that's not good," Kevin said quietly.

"I think we should get some help," Sandi said as she climbed to her feet.

13:05 Eastern / 18:05 GMT

Daniel walked in eyeing the door on the floor, "ok, another vampire attack?"

"Not exactly," Sandi replied as she walked over to him.

Daniel eyed Kevin and Wesley who were almost buried in books and a few computers. "Oh god, I'm not really good at the books and stuff."

"No we know you don't like them," Sandi said. She glanced towards Lena's bedroom. "Lena needs you."

"Why, what happened?" Daniel asked.

"Some vampires murdered her mother," Sandi replied quietly.

Daniel's eyes widened, "what, really?"

"Yeah, that's obviously why your day out was cancelled," Sandi said.

"But it was her birthday that's... ok that's just sick," Daniel muttered, looking uncomfortable.

"There's not a good enough word to describe it," Sandi muttered. "She's in a really bad mood, I thought you could calm her down."

"Ok I'll try but I'm not promising that I'll come out alive," Daniel said.

"Well we've tried from behind the door, all we got was some yelling and muttering. Well Kevin only got screamed at because he knocked on the door, which is broken so it fell over," Sandi said.

Kevin looked up innocently, "I forgot all right."

"Right so how do I get in without it falling over?" Daniel asked.

"You talk your way in, good luck," Sandi replied, patting him on the arm. She quickly sat down next to the others.

Daniel stared towards the door, "this is where my life ends." He headed towards it.

30 Years Ago - June 2350

Shield Row, England

Kathryn was sitting on the sofa watching a program on the TV, resting a coffee cup on her chest.

"I didn't know Televisions were still around," she said, sipping at her coffee.

A one year old James walked over holding a bit of paper. He tugged gently on her trouser leg, "mum."

Kathryn glanced down, "what is it sweetheart?"

James handed her the paper, "I drew a picture of you."

"Aaaw, how sweet," Kathryn said, she brought the paper close to her. "Oh, you've even drew a big coffee jar. Very nice."

"Yeah but I'm so glad there is no jar that big," James said. He shuddered, "bloody scary."

"Honey, enough with the bloody ok," Kathryn sighed. She messed up his hair with her available hand, making him pout.

Peter walked into the room, "damn I hate that Fluffy."

"Yeah me too. What did that hissing furball do now?" Kathryn asked. James looked up at Peter, he quickly climbed onto the sofa beside her.

"It knocked a few things off the bench, and Susy isn't around to clean it up," Peter replied.

Kathryn rolled her eyes as she gathered James up in her arms, she placed him onto her lap. "Let me guess, men don't clean things either."

"Well sometimes, but I thought you would considering one of the things were a coffee jar," Peter said, smiling sneakily.

Kathryn's eyes widened, "what? Is it ok?" She quickly put James back where he was before, and rushed for the kitchen.

"Works every time," Peter said. He walked up to the sofa, "so what useless thing are you doing now?" He snatched the paper from the sofa, he laughed as he looked at it. "That's cute, I like the way you drew the coffee jar bigger than her."

James looked up at him with fear in his eyes, "it's just, she's thinking it."

"Yeah I get that, don't care. Stop looking at me like that all the time," Peter snapped.

James looked away, "sorry." He climbed off the sofa, then headed for one of the doors.

Peter reached out and grabbed him by the arm, "where are you going? Don't you want to watch that crazy mum of yours eating coffee off the floor?"

James tried to pull away, "no."

"Stop being a baby," Peter grumbled. He gently slapped him across the back of the head, then roughly pulled him back towards him. "Come on, it's funny to watch it." James started to cry, making Peter groan, "for god's sake, why must you cry at every little thing!" He let go and stormed out of the room.

Kathryn came back in from the kitchen, "that damn cat, one jar wasted. I..." She spotted James nearby the sofa picking up the paper, still crying. "Oh sweetheart, what's wrong?" She rushed over to gather him up in her arms. She used one hand to wipe away some of the tears, "it's ok, I'm here." He smiled weakly as she brushed away a few strands of his hair. "Now, you tell mummy what's wrong."

Day Three

03:05 GMT Shield Row

Jessie stood nearby the bedroom window, she pulled the curtains apart and peered out of it. She watched for a while, her eyes lit up slightly. She turned away from the window after closing the curtains again.

A little while later the door opened slowly, James quietly stepped inside without realising Jessie was watching him. He closed the door as quietly as he could, then turned back, he spotted Jessie after he did. "Jess, what are you doing up?"

"Waiting for you. I figured you'd be back sooner," Jessie replied.

"Sorry, didn't notice the time," James said quietly. He took off the jacket he had on, revealing a few cuts and bruises on his arms.

Jessie walked over to him, "what happened, did you find him?"

"No, but I found a lot of vampires," James replied, turning to her.

Jessie sighed, "you should have called or something. After what's happened lately, I couldn't help but be worried sick."

"I'm sorry but I wanted to find Lena, but I couldn't. Things got a bit out of hand, I lost track of time," James stuttered, sitting on the bed. He covered his face with his hands, then looked back up at her. "Please, I don't want you to be mad at me too, I'm sorry."

Jessie sat down beside him, she took a hold of one of his hands. "I'm not mad, I was just worried."

"Good because this has already been a hard enough day, with people snapping at me and stuff. Not that I don't deserve it or anything," James muttered.

"I take it you're talking about Phoebe and Gretchen when you visited them," Jessie said.

"Phoebe was ok, so was Yasmin..." James said.

"Oh god, you told Lena and Yasmin?" Jessie questioned.

"No Juna decided to blurt it out, I had to tell Yasmin the rest as she was in the room. Lena overheard from her room," James replied.

"Oh, that's not good. Lena's mad at you then? Why?" Jessie asked.

"Because I didn't tell her earlier," James replied.

Jessie sighed, "right. She'll calm down eventually."

"I know but she went to find Frenit and she's never fought him before. I don't know if she found him or not," James said.

Jessie bit her lip nervously, "it's ok, Sandi left a message for you saying she was home. I thought she sent it so you could keep tabs on her, not because of this."

"Well at least she's home and behind that shield. As long as no one attacks Juna, they'll all be ok," James said. He glanced at her, "but I should have done this ages ago. That's obviously why everyone's mad at me."

"No, don't blame yourself. It's not your fault at all. No-one expects you to organise these kind of things," Jessie muttered.

"Well grandma thinks I do. Just because I married a witch, doesn't mean that I boss them all around I know, but it should have occurred to me sooner," James said.

"I think it slipped everyone's mind," Jessie said. "Listen it's not your fault at all. If people want to use that excuse to blame you, they may as well blame themselves too."

"I should have killed Frenit years ago Jess. I had plenty of times to do that, but I never did," James muttered. "This is my fault."

Jessie shook her head, "I disagree. He is a strong vampire, you said he was harder to fight than the Masters. I think if you really had a chance to kill him, you would have."

"I can't help but feel responsible though," James said. "Will this always happen? I mean, if someone I love dies it always feels like it's my fault. Will it happen the next time, and the time after that?"

"I don't know. But you have to remember, not one person you love died because of you, unless you count your dad," Jessie said.

James raised his eyebrow, "I suppose I do count him, that was definitely my fault."

Jessie smiled slightly, "technically it was Unu's for killing me, and his because he's an ass."

"No you can't take that one away from me, I did kill him in cold blood," James said.

Jessie smirked, she stroked the side of his face, "if you insist, but you were evil. I doubt you would have done that like you are now."

"What makes you so sure? I seem to be getting worse with each death," James questioned.

"No you're not, because of your training. You're not evil are you?" Jessie replied.

"I may as well be. Yeah I killed my father, and put my mother in a coma the last time. Don't get me started on Claire and Threepwood. But this time, you should have seen me when I killed those vampires. I didn't just kill them quickly like I did with my dad, I made sure they went through a lot of pain first," James muttered. "I'm sure I was more evil as myself before than I was when you died."

Jessie shook her head, "no you're not evil. They were vampires, already dead. If they were alive, you wouldn't have done the same thing."

"How can you be so sure? You didn't see it," James said.

"Because I know you. Evil people don't have a conscience, or at least very much of one. You have a bigger heart than anyone I know," Jessie said.

James shook his head, "yeah right."

"James you wouldn't have killed those vampires like that if you didn't," Jessie snapped, she quickly softened back up. "Your mother left you when you were two years old with a monster of a father. You had a hard life because of that. She then came back into your life, trying to be the mother again but without even telling you..."

"I'm over that Jess, why are you..." James butted in.

"Let me finish," Jessie said. "I can't keep count of how many times she was cruel to you when Lena came aboard. You used to hate her for intruding in your life and everything. Despite everything she put you through, you let her into your life eventually like she did nothing to you. I must admit, I would never have given my real mother the same chance."

"That's because my mum tried to get into my life and yours didn't," James muttered.

"Yes but if she did, I wouldn't let her anywhere near me," Jessie said.

James shook his head again, "if I'm such a good person, then why do I feel like a monster?"

Jessie stared at him with wide eyes, "you don't really feel like that..."

"I do. Other evil Slayers, witches whatever, they only kill and torture people when they're actually evil. They're fine when they're not. But I'm worse when I'm not," James said.

"You're no monster, Frenit is the monster," Jessie said.

"Maybe I wasn't one, once upon a time. But right now, I'm turning into somebody different, and I don't like him at all," James mumbled.

Jessie shifted herself closer to him, "you'll always be the same man I fell in love with, so don't ever think that. You're just going through a rough time."

"Then I must be always going through a rough time," James said.

"Look you're not a different person. Yes you've changed over the years, but not in a bad way and you're still James," Jessie said. Her hand moved to the back of his neck. "Would I still be here with you, if you were a monster? Me of all people come on, remember I am, was the man hater."

"I'm still changing aren't I? You don't want to be with the end result," James said.

"Yes I would, even if you did turn into one, but you won't. Don't you know me at all after all these years? Nothing can tear me away from you, hasn't the last ten years taught you anything?" Jessie said.

James smiled weakly, "you always know what to say, don't you? How do you do that?"

"Well I've had lots of practise," Jessie smiled sweetly.

Day Three - 04:20 GMT

Duncan jumped and quickly sat up in his bed. He heard a scratching noise coming from the window.

"Sasha... Sash, wake up."

He heard a groan come from the crib, "no, don't wanna."

"Do you hear that?" he asked, the scratching continued.

Sasha moved the cover off her as she sat up, "oh yeah, I did."

Duncan pulled himself out of the bed, he slowly headed towards the window. The scratching stopped just as he got to it.

"Shields up, can't be anything dead right?" Sasha stuttered.

"Can't be, no," Duncan replied. He pulled the curtains open. "Ookay, it must have been a cat or something."

"Daddy said they're nasty," Sasha muttered.

Duncan turned to her, "I doubt they can get through the window though."

Sasha's eyes widened, she pointed towards the window. "What?" He turned back around, "nothing there."

"There was, she moved," Sasha stuttered, shaking. She tried to get through the wooden bars on the crib.

"Are you sure you're not just half asleep," Duncan muttered, glancing back at her. He looked back, then he found himself face to face with a woman's face, pressed against the window. Startled he backed away from the window. "Oh god..."

"What is it?" Sasha stuttered.

Duncan backed into the crib with wide eyes. "I don't wanna know." He glanced back at her, "for crying out loud." He pulled off one of the bars, Sasha climbed out of it. She rushed to the door, while Duncan just stared at the bassinet nearby it.

Sasha opened up the door, then ran into the door opposite. "Mummy, daddy..." she cried, running towards the bed.

"Sasha, what's wrong?" Jessie asked as she sat up. James also sat up.

"There's something outside the window," Sasha replied.

James climbed out of the bed, "it better not be that damn cat again."

"No it's a woman, very creepy," Sasha stuttered.

"Ok ok, wait outside, I'll get something," James muttered, kneeling down next to the bed.

"Ok," Sasha quietly said. She rushed back out but ran straight into Duncan, who was holding the baby.

"She's still there," he stuttered.

James and Jessie stepped out of the room, he handed her a knife. "Just in case, you take this."

"This is your favourite one right?" she asked, looking bewildered.

"Yeah," James said, turning to the kids. "Stay with your mum." He went into the other bedroom.

Jessie sighed as she walked over to the window. She looked through the gap in the curtains. "Oh crap."

"What, creepy woman?" Sasha questioned.

"No, it's ok... that shield is up," Jessie replied.

James stepped back out into the landing, "all right, here's the deal. There is a gang of vampires behind the shield, and a pale looking woman on the roof."

"Is she a vamp?" Duncan asked.

"It's not possible," James replied. "I'm going to go and get rid of them, just in case. Jess, you remember the plan we made before the shield?"

"You mean they hide, I guard the room one?" Jessie muttered.

"Yeah. The woman joined the gang so they must be working together. Also I'd prefer that you all hide during this," James said.

Jessie pulled a face, "I'm perfectly well enough to guard. I'm not the hiding type."

"Fine, the weapons I have are on our bed, so help yourself," James muttered, he rushed down the stairs.

"Ok, you heard him. Duncan you keep a hold of Sarah, both of you hide somewhere," Jessie sighed. She gently pushed them into the bedroom.

"But mum, the vamps can't get in," Duncan muttered.

"The other woman can," Jessie quietly said.

Meanwhile, outside:

"I'm telling you, that's what this is about," Frenit said to the group.

"Ok ok, we get the picture. There's nothing we can do yet so quit..." one vamp said, muttering slightly after catching Frenit's glare. "Sorry sir."

One other vamp looked behind him, "when is she going to get on with it?"

"Probably now," Frenit said, watching the front of the house. He watched as James walked through the front door. He walked through the bushes, he stopped at the fence. "Slayer, glad you made it."

"I live here, you stupid pile of crap," James muttered.

Frenit pretended to look offended, "aaw ouch. What did I do to... oh right, I killed your mummy didn't I?"

"Ok," James pulled another knife out. "Tonight it ends."

"What does exactly?" Frenit frowned.

"The unbelievable cheesiness of you," James replied, he kicked the gate open, it went through a shield.

"Ok that one hurt," Frenit muttered, glancing back at his minions. "I'm cheesy?" They all nodded backing away. "Ok, this time you'll die and then you'll share your mothers grave."

Meanwhile:

Jessie took a deep breath, pacing the room nearby the door, fiddling with the knife. Drumming on the window made her jump, she turned to the window raising the knife. The drumming stopped, she backed away as a light scratching sound came from the window, followed by a loud bang.

A loud smash from the other room startled her. "What the..." She walked over to the door and slowly opened it far enough to look outside.

The woman stood up whilst pushing a ripped curtain off her. Jessie went through the door and closed it behind her. The woman turned to face her, "ok let's make this quick."

"If you insist," Jessie shrugged, raising the knife again. The woman kicked her below the knee, making her drop the knife, it skidded towards the window. She hit her right back. The woman stumbled back, Jessie went to hit her again, she grabbed her arm as she pulled it back. She pulled her closer and grabbed a hold of her neck. Jessie kicked her again but she didn't loosen her grip.

Meanwhile:

Frenit stumbled to the ground, he just laughed. "You haven't changed have you?"

"So I've been told," James muttered, kicking him hard.

Frenit tried to pull himself back up, but James kicked him back to the ground again. He laughed again, "you seem to have this obsession with me, don't you?"

"What do you mean?" James asked.

"Well every time you forget what you're supposed to do, and go for me. It's quite cute actually," Frenit laughed.

James' eyes widened as he glanced back at the house, he noticed the broken landing window. "No..." he stuttered, he kicked Frenit in the face and ran back towards the house.

Meanwhile again:

Jessie managed to push away the woman, she crashed into the wall where the window was. She walked over carefully as the woman pulled herself back up, holding something behind her back. The woman made the first move and leapt for her. Jessie got knocked to the ground nearby the stairs.

She started to pull herself back onto her feet, the woman put her arm around her neck and helped her back onto her feet. Jessie struggled to get out of it but couldn't. The woman raised the knife Jessie had before, she plunged it into her chest. She smiled deviously while looking down at the bottom of the stairs, where James was.

"Hey, catch," she sneered before pushing Jessie down the stairs. He managed to catch her half way down, he carried her down to the bottom. The woman laughed, "say goodbye to your children too Slayer." She blew him a kiss, and continued to laugh.

Meanwhile again:

Frenit was still lying on the ground while two vampires talked nearby. "Do you think Frenit sent the Slayer in too late, the witch may not have had enough time to kill his witch."

"Which witch is which?" the other vampire asked.

"His witch obviously means the Slayers witch, the other witch is ours you idiot," the first one groaned.

Frenit looked up at them, "would you two just test it and go through?"

"Nah, I think you sent him in too early," vampire 2 said.

"And I think you shouldn't have at all. He's really going to kill us for this," vampire 1 said.

"So what, just do as your told!" Frenit snapped, he tried again to get up, the pain brought him back down.

"Woah... and the Slayer isn't even evil yet. I'm really scared now," vampire 2 said.

"Don't be a wuss. How bad can it be?" vampire 1 rolled his eyes.

They both heard a scream come from the house. The woman had been thrown through the window, she landed right on the fence and turned to dust.

"Very bad," vampire 1 stuttered. "That was a good shot."

"Try the shield," a more braver vampire said.

Meanwhile again, again:

James put down one of the computers next to him, while trying to cradle Jessie's head with his spare hand. A woman appeared on the screen, "what's the emergency."

"My wife's been stabbed in the chest, get someone here now," James stuttered.

"Ok, is she breathing?" the woman asked.

"Yes just do it!" James snapped.

"Ok ok, calm down. I've got help coming now. Try and put pressure on the wound, keep her head upright," the woman said. "It'll be five or so minutes." She disappeared off the screen.

James quickly put his other hand on the wound. "Oh my god, Jess I'm so sorry..."

Jessie looked like she couldn't breathe very well, "James... it's ok."

"No, I can't believe I let this happen again," James stuttered.

"At least this time..." Jessie said. "This time I get to..."

"Jess, if you're having trouble breathing, you shouldn't talk, it makes it worse," James said.

Jessie weakly took a hold of the hand that was on the wound, "I have to. It's really bad..."

"No it's not, you're going to be fine," James stuttered.

"I'm sorry... don't want to hurt you, again," Jessie said in between breaths. "Tell the kids, that I love them."

"No... you can tell them yourself," James said, tears forming in his eyes.

"I'm sorry," Jessie said quietly. She closed her eyes tightly. "I will always, love you..." she whispered. She then fell limp in his arms.

His eyes widened, "no... no come back, Jess?" He shook her lightly, "Jess, please don't do this to me again. Come back, no." He brought her closer to him, and started crying into her shoulder, "no, Jess... don't, I love you."

"Aaaw, that's so pathetic," vampire 3 sneered from the doorway.

"What are you doing?" vampire 2 stuttered.

"Yeah," vampire 1 grumbled.

"Oh come on, what's he going to do, use us as a hanky?" vampire 3 asked.

"Um," vampire 1 stuttered.

James gently placed Jessie onto the ground, he got onto his feet. A strange rumbling noise could be heard from upstairs, this made all the vampires a little nervous.

"What's that?" vampire 1 asked.

"A spaceship?" vampire 2 shrugged.

"Uh," vampire 4 pointed at the stairway. A lot of weapons like axes and knives were flying down the stairs on their own, heading James' way. At the last second they stopped right in front of him. He slowly turned around now with red in his eyes.

"Uhoh," vampire 1 said.

Vampire 2 slapped vampire 3, "look what you did!"

The weapons floated around James so they were in front of him, they then suddenly flew forward in full force and hit every vampire in the right place. They all turned to dust seconds later. The weapons all collapsed onto the floor afterwards.

Frenit walked in, "ok boys, let's get..." He looked around, "where is everyone?"

James stepped forward. He wiped some dust off the chair nearby, "what do you think?"

Frenit looked around again, "oh, I'm impressed. Telekinesis is very advanced, good. Now is that going to happen to me?"

"No. I want to hurt you," James replied.

Frenit laughed, "oh really. Well you have become a very challenging opponent, I'd be lying if I said you weren't. Now let's see if you're a match for me now."

James closed the gap between them, more or less. "Ok," he said with a shrug. He swung a fist at him, he fell hard onto the floor. Blood started pouring down his face. "Am I, or aren't I?"

Frenit smirked as he wiped away some of the blood, "this is more like it. I can stop holding back." He jumped back onto his feet. He then attacked him, but James didn't seem hurt by any of his attempts. He grabbed a hold of him by the throat, and pushed him right into the wall.

"What's wrong Frenit, are you getting on in your old age?" James said.

Frenit struggled to get free but failed, "you can talk, you should have been dead and buried eight years ago."

"Yeah, I've heard it all before," James muttered. "You know, I'm getting bored of this." He pulled him away from the wall, and backed away himself. He then literally threw Frenit back towards the wall.

Frenit groaned as he pulled himself up a little, "woah, I feel like I've just went through a brick wall." He looked back and saw he was now outside, and there was a gaping hole in the wall. "Oh I have."

The front door burst open, several medical officers ran in to the room. James turned to them, scaring the crap out of most of them.

One turned to another, "you know the procedure." He nodded and ran back out.

"What are you gawking at, treat her," James muttered, beckoning his head in Jessie's direction.

They rushed over to her, they got out tricorders and regenerators. James meanwhile headed for the hole in the wall, Frenit caught him by surprise by jumping through it. He just managed to knock him onto the ground. James pushed him away easily, he got up as he grabbed a hold of Frenit by the neck again. He tightened his grip and Frenit turned to dust.

"Vampire good, doesn't count," one medic whispered, turning back to the patient.

They all were too focused on what they were doing to notice James coming up to them.

One guy shook his head, "it's too late, her lung is too badly damaged. She's gone."

"Really?" James said. He put his hand across the side of the guy's head, and pushed it. He collapsed onto the ground, everyone stared in shock. "Now he is," he said, his eyes turned from red to black.

"We can take her to the hospital to revive her," one medic said quickly.

"Right," another medic said. One of them set up a stretcher.

"Daddy," Sasha's voice called from the stairs. She climbed down the last one, she started hugging James' leg. "Daddy, they came in and took them. They're gone."

"What? They're all dead, how did they..." James muttered.

"Came through window," Sasha said quietly. She looked over at the medics, she turned a little pale. "Mummy?" She rushed over to Jessie as the medics put her onto her stretcher.

"Sorry sweetheart, we're taking her to the hospital," one medic said carefully.

One medic eyed James briefly, then turned to Sasha, "would you like to come?"

"She's staying with me," James said coldly.

Sasha looked up at him, she backed away with fear in her eyes. "Daddy, what's wrong?"

"He's not your father, not anymore," one medic said, holding out a hand for her.

"Sasha, you know I won't hurt you... and of course I'm your dad," James said.

Sasha backed away again, she took a hold of the medics hand. He quickly rushed her out while the medics carried Jessie and the other guy out too.

"No," James said as he followed them out of the house. He was then greeted by a few dozen Security Officers surrounding him, all pointing rifles at him.

A familiar Security officer stepped out from the crowd, "it's on kill by the way. After your last rampage we know how to stun you."

James watched as the medics got Sasha and Jessie into one of the shuttles. "That won't stop me."

"No? It'll do for now," Craig said.

"Then why don't you do it?" James asked in a cold voice.

"Because violence has never worked in the past, why should it now?" Craig replied. "I know a lot of crap has happened lately, and Jessie being stabbed was the final straw, but this is not the way to go."

"Oh please, you should know by now that the cure is to either tell me you love me, which you don't thankfully, or take the power away from me. Speechifying me doesn't," James said.

"I'm only trying to make you understand. The last time you did this, you hurt a lot of people, and I'm not talking about the ones you killed," Craig said. "You hurt your family, Lena, Duncan, your mother."

"Well that's simple, they're not here so I won't," James said.

Craig looked confused, he turned to one Security guy, "that's a point, I just saw Sasha go into the shuttle. Where is Duncan and the other one?"

"The vampires I killed were a distraction, others took them. Now, will you be a good little Slayer Groupie and get out of my way," James said.

"Out of the way of what? Killing people, that's not the way," Craig said.

"Whoever's in my way will get it," James said.

"Oh right I see, that's typical. Only caring for yourself, that didn't take long did it?" Craig muttered.

"What are you talking about?" James asked, rolling his eyes.

"Isn't it obvious? You remember how you felt when you found your mother murdered in her bed, or when you saw Jessie get murdered, twice even?" Craig questioned. He bravely took a few steps forward to get closer, "you're not the only person who feels like that you know. Imagine what the families of that man you killed will feel when they find out."

"You're not a bad guy, and I know you really care for your family. But this isn't going to bring them back. Your kids need you now, now more than ever. Jessie believed in you more than anyone, I'd imagine she'd be pretty disappointed in you right now."

"Why don't you imagine something for me then. Your whole family either murdered, taken away from you or hates you. That's simple enough for you isn't it?" James said.

Craig closed his eyes, "I know this is very hard, but you don't get it. We'll all get search parties looking for your children, nobody has to die to get them back."

James stepped closer, leaving them only a foot apart. "You know what?"

Craig now looked pretty nervous but stood his ground, "what?"

"I'll make a deal with you. Now you take me to that hospital, you keep out of my way when I look for my children. In return, I'll not kill anyone, excluding vampires of course," James said.

"You won't kill anyone, how do we know you'll keep your word?" Craig asked carefully.

"Because if you take me to the hospital, I might be able to cure myself," James replied.

Craig then got it, "ohno, what if it doesn't work? I thought it only works if you're evil for a while."

"It will, I'm more experienced than I was back then," James replied. "If it doesn't, I'll still keep my word as long as you don't send anyone after me, like the other Slayers for example."

"You can't trust him," one Security guy said.

Craig sighed, "no I think we can. He only wants his kids back after all."

00:20 Eastern / 05:20 GMT

New Manchester:

"How bad is it?" Kevin asked.

Sandi shrugged, "beats me, we've never seen him like this."

"I dunno, I have briefly. He turned himself evil to help us escape," Kevin said, shrugging. "That's why I figured he'd always have control of it."

"It's not surprising considering what's happened," Sandi said. "Craig told us we're only back up though. If we needlessly attack we could risk lives."

Emma and Zare walked through the empty doorway. "What happened to your door?" Emma asked.

"Lena broke it," Kevin replied.

"We only got a brief message, anyone like to explain what's going on?" Zare asked.

Sandi turned to Kevin, "the brief message should have told you, what did it say?"

"Go to Sandi's," Zare replied.

Sandi groaned, "great. You two shouldn't really do this, it will be dangerous for even Kevin, Lena and I so..."

Lena pushed her bedroom door to the ground, "this better be good, I had plans."

"James is evil," Sandi sighed.

Emma's eyes lit up, "yeah, that's cool, I missed it last time."

Lena stared at Emma oddly as she walked over to the group. "Took his sweet time, well he has took his time about everything, right?"

Zare looked confused, "hang on, wasn't he trained so he wouldn't? And what happened?"

"Well after losing a baby, then your mother, then the love of your life and finally two of your kids get kidnapped, wouldn't you flip out?" Kevin commented.

"What? Nobody told me about Jessie and the kids!" Lena snapped.

"It just happened, ok," Sandi said nervously.

"So what's the plan?" Zare asked.

"Supposedly Craig's took him to the hospital, something about a Chosen power that he has that should help Jessie. We're back up in case it doesn't work," Sandi replied.

Lena raised an eyebrow, "well we'd better get there now, James can't do that."

Sandi looked confused, "he's done it before."

"Yeah with me, and I was still alive. We're talking about the same power, but enhanced to revive the body after treatment," Lena said.

"Twice Lena," Sandi said.

Lena frowned, "oh right, Sasha... she didn't have any wounds to treat."

"And?" Emma said.

"And she was still a foetus, I'd imagine a full grown woman with some sort of wound..." Lena muttered.

"Stabbed in the lung," Kevin added on.

Lena stared at him, "well there you go. That would take up a lot of his energy. Normally he'd get that mid thirties, and it would be fine, but being evil will have tapped into powers he's not used to."

"Ok let's get there then," Zare muttered.

**00:45 Eastern / 05:45 GMT
North Durham Hospital**

A couple of Security officers burst into a waiting area, one of them went over to reception.

The other Security guy at reception leaned over the counter, "ok, procedure nineteen."

The reception woman nodded nervously, she and the other nurses headed into the back room.

"Ok everyone," another one said loudly, clapping his hands. "We've got a bit of a situation here, so unless you've got a death wish, I'd move into the other waiting room."

Everyone in the waiting room looked around at each other nervously before doing as they were told. A female Security officer who was already there with Sasha looked worried. She looked down at her, "we should do that too." She picked her up, and carried her away.

"It had to be my shift, didn't it?" one Security guy muttered.

"Yeah, we'd better get out of the way," the one at Reception said.

The Reception woman came back, "are you sure this is the right place? Wouldn't the morgue be the right one?"

"No, the medics had no choice but to try and revive her. One guy got murdered for refusing," the Security guy replied.

"Right, which patient?" the woman asked.

"Stuart," the guy replied.

The woman sighed, "oh, good luck. That's operation room two." She walked back into the back room. Every Security guy spread out around the room, while the Reception one remained where he was.

The doors burst open again. Craig, James and several nervous Security guys and girls came through them.

"It's room two," the Reception Security guy called.

Craig sighed, he glanced at James. "Ok, but remember the deal. If it doesn't work and you start attacking, we've got permission to start firing, ok?"

James turned his head to stare at him, "fine but you remember, if someone purposely gets in my way or even looks at me funny..."

"Yeah yeah," Craig muttered. "Nobody can help but look at you either funny or be terrified, so get used to it."

"Tell me, when did you become a bigger ass?" James asked. He headed for the nearby corridor.

Craig tried his best not to pout, "ok, that was uncalled for." He slowly followed him, two others did the same.

Meanwhile inside one of the operating rooms, several doctors and nurses were trying to treat Jessie.

One doctor shook his head, "it's no use. The lung is too badly damaged. She probably died as soon as this happened."

Another doctor nodded, "we'd better get her out of here before..."

The door opened, James walked in, followed by Craig and co. "Ok guys, step back," Craig carefully said.

"What, you brought him here?" one doctor asked.

"Please don't say stuff like that," Craig muttered under his breath. He walked up beside James, "ok, you're on."

He headed over to the biobed, the doctors and nurses quickly got out of the way.

Craig stepped closer, "ok, this better work."

One of the consoles next to the biobed started beeping. One doctor slowly walked back over holding a tricorder. He opened it up and started to scan. "This is strange, it's healing."

Craig sighed in relief, "good. Come on Jess."

James glanced at the doctor, "what have you done?"

The doctor looked worried, "what do you mean? We tried to heal her."

"What exactly did you do?" James asked.

Craig swallowed hard, "what's with the questions?"

James turned around, "it's not working, you prat."

"Hey, that's not my fault," Craig muttered. "You probably don't know how to do it."

The doctor did another scan, "the lung is damaged still, the area around it is healed completely."

James glanced at him, "it should have fully healed, you must have done something."

"Um... I don't understand what you did enough to tell you," the doctor stuttered.

Craig took a step backwards while raising the rifle he had, the others did the same. "Ok I'm sorry James, but remember..."

James sighed, "ok." He rushed over to the window, and jumped through it.

"Uhoh, what do we do?" one Security guy stuttered.

Craig stared at the window blankly, "um, learn how to fire rifles quicker?" He tapped his commbadge.

Meanwhile, onboard Lena's shuttle:

In: "Anderson to Janeway."

Lena tapped the commbadge lying on the console, "this better be good."

In: "It didn't work. Luckily no one got hurt, but he escaped."

"How did he escape without hurting anybody or getting stunned?" Zare asked.

In: "He's fast ok, leave me alone."

Lena groaned, "I'll contact Voyager, they may be able to locate him. We'll go after him when they do."

North Durham Hospital:

Craig was now walking into a different waiting room, "no offense Lena, but I think the others should do that. You should come here."

In: "What are you talking about? None of the others have ever handled James like this, I have!"

"I don't think telling him you love him and stuff is going to help this time," Craig muttered. He stopped nearby Sasha. "Besides, your niece needs babysitting and I can't do it."

In: "Craig, you're not the boss of me. I'm sure one of these guys can watch her. He's my bloody brother ok, I have to help him."

"He'll be expecting you Lena, it won't work the same way. You've been through enough and Sasha has too, you two should stick together," Craig said.

Sasha looked up at him, she tugged on his jacket. "Craig, where's my mum?"

Craig looked uncomfortable, "like I said, I can't look after her."

The shuttle:

Lena groaned into her hand, "all right, I'll come." She tapped the commbadge again.

"It's ok Lena, we'll be able to handle it," Sandi said.

Lena slammed her hand on the console, startling the whole shuttle. "Damn it, I should have found him before he got to Jessie." She folded her arms on the now broken console, "I can't do anything right."

Zare put a hand on her shoulder, "it's not your fault Lena."

"Somebody transport me to the hospital. At least there I can't screw up," Lena muttered.

Kevin looked over from the neighbouring chair, "don't beat yourself up, in a way we all screwed up."

"Please, if Sasha gets told about her mum it'll kill her. I may as well be with her, I know how it feels," Lena said.

Sandi glanced at Kevin, he nodded his head and turned back to his station. He keyed in a few commands, Lena beamed away.

Emma sat down in Lena's chair, "I don't mean to worry everyone but, how are we going to stop James anyway?"

"We don't. We just follow him to see what he does. If he tries anything drastic, we'll either help or stop depending on what it is," Sandi replied.

"In other words if he kills, we attack, or if he attacks an entire horde of vamps guarding his kids, we help," Kevin said.

Zare raised an eyebrow, "really? I thought it was the other way around."

Sandi shook her head, "contact Voyager, they will have better sensors than us to track him."

"Aye aye," Kevin said, typing in new commands.

01:15 Eastern / 06:15 GMT

North Durham Hospital

Lena and Craig stood by the doors in the waiting room, Sasha sat nearby.

"It feels all surreal to me you know," Lena muttered.

Craig glanced at her, "what does?"

"This whole thing. It hasn't really sunk in that mum is gone, but I still manage to feel annoyed about it. And this whole thing with Jess and James, it just seems too much to happen at once," Lena replied.

Craig nodded, "yeah, I guess any Slayer in his position would have flipped too, training or no training. I know I would."

"I thought I did when I found out about mum," Lena said.

"Yeah, I remember the day when my mum died," Craig muttered. She glanced at him. "I didn't believe it but I spent the whole day snapping at people. When it finally sunk in I cried for ages, it's not a nice thing to happen, I know." He turned to her, "I'm sorry."

"Don't be, I should be. All I've been is angry, I haven't even cried at all," Lena said. "I bet mum is watching thinking 'well at least James cared enough to go evil eventually, and be mopey about it. Even Yasmin cried in her room for god's sake'."

Craig frowned, "no I doubt that. You don't know how James reacted, he probably did the same as you. As for Yasmin, she's only a kid in a way. Your mother's probably glad that you didn't cry."

"Yeah, she probably would be," Lena muttered. She glanced over at Sasha. "I don't want to see how she'll react when someone tells her. As for Duncan, he's already been through it. At least they'll not remember her in twenty years, that way it won't hurt as much."

Craig sighed, "sorry Lena, but I say it's worse for them. James is never going to be the same again now, he's proved that before, and those kids aren't going to grow up right because of that. They'll always be reminded of what they lost because of the way he'll act. Also I think Duncan won't forget her that easily."

Lena stepped forward, she turned around to face him. "I don't want to tell her, you do it."

He stared at her blankly, "me? I have no right."

"You expect me to do it or something? I can't, I'm still mad at James for telling me about mum," Lena questioned. She placed her hands over her face, "I shouldn't be I know, it's just..." She started to cry into her hands, "she's only a kid, I don't want to make her cry or anything."

Craig stepped up and put his arms around her. She moved her hands so she could cry into his shoulder, and put her arms around him. "Don't worry, it's going to be ok."

Lena looked back up at him, "wait... yeah, everything's going to be ok."

"Erm, I expected that to be harder than that," Craig said, looking confused.

"No I just thought of something. I know how to get Jess back," Lena said.

Craig raised both of his eyebrows, "how exactly?"

01:25 Eastern / 06:25 GMT
The shuttle

Andrea was on the small monitor screen on Kevin's station, while the others had gathered around his chair.

"He's obviously not lost his old skills. After we gave you the scan results we noticed a delay in the readings. He somehow managed to tap into our scanners, and delayed them by ten minutes," Andrea was saying.

"Meaning that he's ten minutes ahead of us," Zare muttered.

"No, it's ten minutes behind us," Kevin sarcastically said. Zare glared at him, he ignored her.

"It's not a total loss," Sandi said. "He must have access to a shuttle or something."

"Well that would explain how he got to a museum in the city, which is a good half an hour walk from the hospital, in a few minutes," Kevin said.

"He could have ran, fast," Emma pointed out.

"Still, it would have took longer and he had to hack from somewhere," Sandi said.

Zare frowned, "am I missing something here?" Everyone glanced at her. "Why would James want to go to a museum? Doesn't he have kids to find?"

"Good point, what kind of museum was it?" Sandi asked.

Andrea sighed, "a twenty first century ammunition museum."

Emma's eyes lit up, "ooh, do they have chain-saws in there?"

"It's not ammunition," Kevin said.

Emma pouted, "damn it."

Sandi shook her head as she walked away, "damn it, he must have gone there to stock up on weapons."

"But wouldn't there be phasers in the shuttle?" Kevin pointed out.

"They're useless against vampires," Sandi groaned into her hand.

"They can hurt a vampire good in the right hands," Kevin said.

Sandi shook her head, "no, he went to get some of the most brutal weapons in history. Those would never kill a vampire, but they'd hurt them like hell."

"And what kind of weapons are those?" Zare asked.

Sandi turned back, "guns."

Emma pulled a face, "nah, the most brutal weapon is a chain-saw."

"It's not supposed to be a weapon, get the point," Kevin said.

Emma glared at him, "I'll give you the point in a minute."

"Andrea, start searching for a shuttle he may have taken. We'll do the same," Sandi said.

Andrea nodded, "will do." The monitor turned to black.

North Durham Hospital:

Lena was now inside the operation room Jessie was in. She was fiddling with a station, while Craig watched from the doorway. He kept looking back into the waiting room every now and then.

"Are you sure this'll work?" he asked.

"I'm sure of it. This'll help get James back, and he won't do something too drastic to get his kids back," Lena muttered in response. She glanced at Craig, "it won't bring my mother back but it'll have to do."

Doctor Jones appeared in the middle of the room. "Please state the nature of the medical..." He looked around the room, "this isn't right."

"Hey doc, we've got an emergency here," Lena said.

"Ok, what is it?" Doctor Jones asked.

"Look behind you," Lena replied.

Doctor Jones turned around, he gasped when he spotted Jessie on the biobed. "Oh no."

"Yeah and you've obviously already guessed that James is evil now," Lena said.

"As expected," Doctor Jones muttered. He picked up a tricorder and started to scan. "I don't know what you expect me to do."

"It's ok, I have a plan. You just have to help me with it, none of the other doctors would," Lena said.

"What is it?" Doctor Jones asked.

"Well Jessie's an ex Borg, all we have to do is re activate any remaining nanoprobes in her system. They should treat the rest of her wounds, and we can revive her," Lena replied.

"There's a flaw," Doctor Jones said. "Re-activating so few nanoprobes when she's already dead is a bit of a waste of time. She doesn't have enough, and we'd have a lot of trouble re-activating them."

Lena shrugged, "not if you donate some of mine."

Craig and Doctor Jones' eyes widened in horror. "Ohno, you know what always happens when you donate nanoprobes," Craig stuttered.

Lena rolled her eyes, "you know how to disconnect us if it happens."

"True, but I don't like this idea," Doctor Jones said.

"It'll work," Lena said.

Doctor Jones sighed, "fine, but it may be too late. Please accept that if it doesn't work."

"Try telling that to Sasha outside," Lena muttered.

Doctor Jones looked uncomfortable, "fine, I already agreed you know."

02:28 Eastern / 07:28 GMT

"Ready?" Doctor Jones asked as he looked up at Lena.

She nodded, "as I'll ever be." She pushed a hypospray into Jessie's neck.

Doctor Jones placed a large device on her chest where the wound is. He started to scan, "her nanoprobes are not reactivating."

Lena sighed, "hopefully mine will do the trick alone then."

Doctor Jones' tricorder started beeping, "it's not working Lena."

"Can she survive with just one lung?" Lena asked.

"In theory yes, but..." Doctor Jones replied.

"But what?" Lena snapped.

"We don't have time to remove it. Her cells are already starting to decay, she's been dead too long already," Doctor Jones stuttered.

"We can try, there's nothing else to do," Lena muttered.

"There was obviously a reason why the other doctors didn't do this for her before," Doctor Jones said.

"She was already dead when they brought her in here. Obviously doing that would have been against the rules or something," Lena said.

Doctor Jones frowned, "no, that's not what I meant."

Lena started glaring, "do it or I'll reprogram you to do it."

Doctor Jones sighed, "all right, but don't say I didn't warn you."

"The nanoprobes will repair her cells anyway, so stop moaning," Lena grumbled.

3 Years Ago - December 2377

Voyager, James/Jessie's Quarters

James walked out of one of the bedrooms holding a PADD, "you know we could just manage through Christmas and New Year, if we cut down on, everything. Maybe we should give alcohol a miss one year."

"Uh huh," Jessie mumbled, not paying attention.

James looked up from the PADD. He found her hovering near the baby carrier, which a very young Duncan was lying in asleep. He headed over to her, "so, you a little more used to him now?"

She looked at him, "huh, what?"

James smirked, "you're obviously getting used to Duncan."

Jessie shrugged, "I guess." She leaned over to stroke Duncan's cheek with her finger. "I can't believe that he causes so much bother for Tom and B'Elanna. He's so peaceful and behaved with us."

"He probably knows who we are," James said, putting an arm around her waist. "I doubt it'll stay that way anyway."

"Yeah, maybe so," Jessie sighed. "How long do we have him today?"

"A few hours while Tom and B'Elanna go on the holodeck," James replied.

"Hmm, they forgot about Bryan quickly," Jessie said with a smirk planted on her face. "Be right back." She headed for the closest bedroom.

Duncan opened up his eyes and looked up at James. He leaned over to pick him up. "So, you have any plans for today?" Duncan grabbed a hold of one of his fingers, smiling innocently. "Huh, I take that as a no then."

The door chimed, he headed over to it. Tom strolled in once the door opened. "Hey," he said cheerfully.

"Tom uh, did you forget something?" James questioned, looking confused.

"No, we've just cancelled the date. Thought we'd spend some time with the boys," Tom replied.

"It's ok you know, we're good. You and B'Elanna have fun ok," James said.

Tom smiled, "nah, we cancelled it cos we want to, not have to. I want to spend as much time as I can with him, you understand." He frowned, "no you wouldn't. Maybe one day you will." He took Duncan away from him, he immediately got restless. Tom got as far as the doorway when he started crying loudly. "Don't cry, it's ok," he whispered, walking out.

Jessie stepped back into the room, she looked around the room all confused. "Um, how long was I in there?"

"Tom changed his mind," James muttered.

"Oh, that's nice," Jessie said, shaking her head.

James turned to her, "we've got to do something."

"About?" Jessie questioned.

"This. Doesn't it hurt you a little when Tom or B'Elanna take him away?" James asked.

Jessie looked a little uncomfortable, "a little but..."

"There really shouldn't be a but," James cut in.

"But there's nothing we can do yet. We're not ready," Jessie said.

"I bet all parents feel like that, but they have no choice. Tom's already attached to Duncan, the sooner we tell him the better," James said.

"Right but this'll kill him. Yes I hate him, but I wouldn't enjoy hurting him like this," Jessie muttered.

"We have to, we can't have Duncan raised by people who aren't even his parents," James said.

"I know that," Jessie snapped. "I'm not ready yet, and that's not good for him. I'd rather not hurt anyone until we are."

"You should have already noticed that Duncan prefers to be here with us," James said.

Jessie shook her head, "you're not making it any easier."

"It's not meant to be hard at all. I'm tired of pretending to be somebody I'm not, and giving my own son to someone I don't like," James muttered, slowly getting tears in his eyes. "If we tell him we'll hurt

one person. If we don't we're both to get bashed every time he leaves, it's going to hurt Duncan most of all."

Jessie stepped closer to place a hand on his arm, another hand went up to his shoulder. "James don't, we're just not ready for him. Yes it hurts me too to see him that upset, but it can't be helped."

"Jess, your mother wasn't ready for you and your sister, so she abandoned just you. You've never forgiven her for it," James said.

"No, this is different," Jessie stuttered.

"I'm sorry, but it's natural to feel like this. All we can do is give it a try, and that's what I want to do. You want to do it too," James said.

"I do but..." Jessie said.

"The sooner we do this the better it will be for everyone," James said.

"What if he doesn't know, and he hates us for lying to him?" Jessie muttered.

"He knows. He's a smart kid, and I think on some level, every kid would be able to pick their parents out from a crowd," James replied.

"But will he hate us though?" Jessie asked carefully.

"Nah, but it was never about him, was it? We weren't afraid of him, we were afraid at what would happen," James replied.

Jessie smiled, "yeah, and it didn't. I don't think I could have lost another child, it was painful enough the first time." She pulled a face, "I hope I didn't just jinx it."

"I wouldn't worry about it. As long as at least one of us still around, nothing will happen to him," James said. "You know we'd both risk our lives for him, if we had to. Well actually I hope you won't, ever..."

Jessie tried not to laugh, "ditto to you, but someone has to."

**02:40 Eastern / 07:40 GMT
Old Manchester City Centre**

Three vampires had gathered around nearby the centre of a shopping centre. Sarah-Amy was busy wailing nearby from the floor. Duncan lay nearby unconscious, hands tied to a fountain wall with chains.

"But we need that, they'll find out now what it's for," one vampire stuttered.

"No worries, we'll be long gone before they do. They are rather distracted you know," the vampire from the museum sneered.

The last vampire covered his ears, "will that baby ever stop crying? She's doing my head in."

"She's just like her father. She can't help it, she's a natural moaner," the lead vampire said.

"When will the Game arrive?" vampire 1 asked.

"About ten minutes," the lead vampire replied.

Duncan groaned as he woke up, "ow my head." He looked around, still a little bit dazed.

The lead vampire smiled at the others, he walked over to stand right beside Duncan. "Glad you could join us."

He looked up at him, then he noticed the chains. "No, not again," he groaned as he tugged on them. "Where's that Frenit guy?"

"Dead, finally," the lead vampire replied as he knelt down beside him.

The other two vampires glanced at each other in disbelief. "What, how did you know that?"

The lead vampire shook his head, "because I saw it happen."

"Good, so why am I here?" Duncan grumbled.

"Because I'm in charge now and our circumstances are still the same as before," the lead vampire said.

"What are they?" Duncan asked.

"I'm not explaining big words to you, kid," the lead vampire muttered.

"I know what it means," Duncan muttered.

"Oh I see, you want to know why we keep trying to capture you," the lead vampire questioned. He stood back up, "you'll find out soon enough."

Vampire 2 glanced at his watch, "in about eight minutes."

"No, the game will take up a good half hour, idiot," the lead vampire snapped.

"Game, what game?" Duncan asked nervously.

"The game that'll take us away from this dump," the lead vampire said. He knelt down beside him again, "and that's when your training will begin."

"Training, huh?" Duncan said.

"Isn't it obvious? This generation of Chosens and Naturals are going to be on our side for once. Once we're finished here we're going to a planet called Hetaria to pick up the next Natural," the lead vampire said.

"I won't be on your side, I don't like you," Duncan grumbled.

"Oh you will, your sister will be easy too," the lead vampire said.

"F*** you," Duncan muttered.

The lead vampire smirked before slapping him across the head. "You're just as bad as your dad, never mind that'll change, kind of."

"Kind of?" Duncan said.

"Well you'll be evil after training so that's the only thing you'll have in common with him," the lead vampire said.

"What he is? Do you think the game will beat him here?" vampire 1 asked.

Duncan looked confused, "why would dad be like that again?"

"I did warn him about your mother Duncan, but he would never listen to me. Now look what she's done to him," the lead vampire sniggered in the other vampires direction.

Duncan pouted, "what do you mean?"

"Well I suppose training could start while we wait," the lead vampire said. The others smirked. "Mummy's dead, somebody stuck a knife into her and she died in front of your dad."

"I don't believe you," Duncan grumbled.

"I don't have time to pick up the body to prove it to you," the lead vampire said. "Why do you think I was able to capture you on my own? Your dad was too busy going psycho on everyone downstairs to even notice me sneaking in upstairs, while your mother lay dead on the ground."

Duncan shook his head, getting tears in his eyes, "no, she can't be. She's tough."

"Well she can't be if she keeps getting stabbed, ey boys?" the lead vampire laughed. The others joined in.

"Shut up!" Duncan snapped at them. They ignored him and continued to laugh. "Stop it," he muttered, before bursting out crying.

"Aaaw, poor Duncan... twice before you're even five. That's so sad," the lead vampire sniggered, standing up. "He's never going to see daddy again either, so that's a bonus." The others continued to laugh.

2 Years Ago - June 2378

The Enterprise, James' Quarters

Lena walked in with Duncan beside her, she looked around the room. "Hello? Anyone home?"

James walked in from behind her, they both stared blankly at each other.

"Where have you been?" Lena asked finally.

"Somebody threw something at the door, so just down the corridor," James replied.

Lena looked nervous, "did you catch them?"

"No," James replied with a shrug. He knelt down next to Duncan, "so did you have fun with Aunt Lena?"

"Yeah, we threw coffee balls at grandma, and then Yasmin got chased for eating the icecream, and then..." Duncan replied.

Lena quickly covered Duncan's mouth, "and then we behaved ourselves."

James looked up at her suspiciously, "what did you do?"

"Lena spilt her coffee all over her desk and wrote her a message, for when she got back from chasing Yasmin," Duncan blurted out.

"That was me, yeah," Lena muttered.

"Lena, I don't care if he did. She deserves all she gets," James said, looking back at Duncan. "What did you write?"

He started fidgeting a little, "Lena wrote it daddy, she wrote 'all coffee, RIP'."

"That's nice," James said, not looking too sure.

"I was going to put 'coffee bitch's desk'," Duncan said.

"I thought it wasn't you," James said.

"Oh... aaw," Duncan moaned, pouting a little.

"No it's ok, I probably did worse to her anyway. Hope so anyway," James said.

"So yes we did have fun. We should all hang out some time, it'll do you some good too," Lena said.

"Nah, I'll only just ruin it," James sighed, standing up. "But we can arrange something just for Duncan again. What do you say?"

Duncan nodded, smiling, "yes please."

Lena smiled, "good, tomorrow then." She messed up his hair, making him pout. "See you usual time Dunc." She headed back out.

"Sorry Duncan," James muttered as he headed for the sofa.

"Why?" Duncan asked.

"Well I'm just going to spoil your mood. Maybe we should tell Lena to extend the sessions," James replied, sitting down. "Maybe you can have a sleepover or something."

Duncan pouted again, "why don't we both go, it's fun annoying grandma."

"Sorry, anyone who shares the room with me either winds up depressed as hell or de... um, scrap that," James muttered. "That's why I send you to Lena, Duncan, I don't want you to be unhappy, it was nice to see you like that before."

Duncan sat down nearby, he started playing with the toys he left there, "ok."

James closed his eyes and groaned, "god, I'm doing it again. Just ignore me."

Duncan looked up at him, he held out one of his toys, "do you want to play?"

James shook his head, "no, you'll have more fun without me."

Duncan looked back down at his other toys, "ok." He gathered some up in his arms, "I'll play in my room." He pouted as he rushed to his room.

James watched him. He rolled his eyes after he disappeared into his room. "Idiot, that's parenting your dad'll be proud of." He pulled himself to his feet and headed to the room Duncan went into. He walked inside to find him lying on his bed crying, with the toys he had scattered, some broken on the floor.

He went over to sit beside him, "Duncan I'm sorry. I didn't mean..." He reached out to stroke his hair, "I do want you around, I do. I hope you don't think. It's just I don't know what I'm doing sometimes."

Duncan lifted his head off his pillow to look at him, his face damp with the tears. "But you don't, you avoid me."

"Why would I do that?" James asked carefully.

"Because it was my fault. Mum's not here and it's my fault," Duncan cried, rubbing one of his eyes.

"No, don't ever say that. It wasn't your fault. She was murdered, no one but the one who did it is responsible," James said. He moved his hand so he could wipe away a few tears. "And I do want you around. I wish I could have you around all the time, but I don't want to bring you down with me, like I'm doing now, you see."

"You do? So why don't you act that way?" Duncan asked.

"Because I'm just a miserable, and bitter sod without your mother around. If my step mum was alive, she'd tell you the same thing," James replied. "It's not about you, I'm sorry. I don't want you to be like me at all, you've got your whole life ahead of you. I'm the one who's stuck."

Duncan sat up, "do you think she'll miss us, wherever she is?"

"I'd be lying if I said no," James replied.

Duncan rubbed his other eye, "I miss her more you know."

"You wanna bet?" James said, raising an eyebrow.

Duncan nodded, "she was a cool mum, probably the coolest." He started playing with his blanket. "I'll never ever see her again, will I?"

"I don't know, I hope so," James replied with his eyes closed.

"What?" Duncan said.

James shook his head, "sorry, it's just your future brother or sister, they'll never ever meet her. They won't know who she was, and how incredible she was. I just hope you'll remember when you're older, you are very young now so..."

"I won't forget mum that easily," Duncan said.

James sighed still with his eyes closed, "you'd think my mum would be memorable enough. But I barely remember her being around when I was little, and I was two when she left. You might forget her." Duncan watched him with wide eyes. "I don't know, she doesn't deserve to be forgotten, and not known by her own children. It can't be helped though." Tears started forming in his eyes, "I don't know if I can bare to do this, I can't."

Duncan put his own hand on his, "dad, I don't want to. We can tell the newbie everything, show pics and stuff. It'll remind me too."

James reopened his eyes, "sometimes I forget you're only one. The most intelligent thing I ever said at your age must have been the F word, placed before something like cat."

"I said mum was cool didn't I? You said incre... increwible, you are too," Duncan said.

"Well when your brother or sister arrives, we'll see about that," James said.

02:45 Eastern / 07:45 GMT

The shuttle

Kevin's console started beeping, he turned to it, "um guys. Craig's just left us a message."

Sandi, Zare and Emma walked over. "What is it?" Sandi asked.

"Somebody else has stolen a shuttle from the hospital shuttle park," Kevin replied.

Emma shook her head, "hasn't anybody ever heard of console locks and passwords."

Zare smirked, "nope obviously not, but one thief was a hacker."

"Whatever," Emma groaned.

"Ok, who?" Sandi asked, ignoring the other girls.

Meanwhile

Tanfield, England

Inside the old comprehensive school, the main door to the assembly hall opened up. James walked

inside, his face fell as he glanced around, and found nobody inside. He walked further into the hall, and stopped in the centre nearby a couple of tables. Angrily he kicked one of them, then leaned on another one. He closed his eyes tightly, and put one hand over his face.

The main door opened up again, somebody stepped through it. "James," a familiar voice said softly.

James opened his eyes again and stopped leaning on the table. He turned around, eyes widening in shock or maybe disbelief. "Jess, that really you?"

Jessie took one step closer, "yeah, it's me."

James headed over to her. As soon as he was close enough, he put his arms around her, she did the same. He buried his head in her shoulder, "you've got to stop doing this."

Jessie smiled weakly, moving one hand over to the back of his head. "What, dying or coming back?" Her only response was him crying into her shoulder. She stroked his hair, "shh it's ok, I told you it was hard to tear me away from you."

03:20 Eastern / 08:20 GMT

Old Manchester

The lead vampire was busy pacing while the other vampires watched. "What is taking them so long?"

"They're never on time, sir... it depends on the Matrix remember," vampire 2 said.

"I don't like to be kept waiting," the lead vampire said.

"I wouldn't worry sir, it'll be here soon," vampire 2 said.

"It better be. I don't know how long I can stand that baby crying," vampire 1 muttered.

Meanwhile, in another part of the centre:

"God it's been a while," Jessie commented as she looked around. She stared at one shop they passed, then turned to James, "remember that place? I used to be in there for ages."

"How could I forget, I was the bag carrier remember," James said.

Jessie smirked, "well things sure haven't changed then." She quickly linked arms with him, "do you really think those lifesigns are Duncan and Sarah-Amy?"

"No one else should be here," James replied.

"You know, I think that Susy's ghost will be in here somewhere, still looking for those red shoes she wanted," Jessie said, giggling a little.

"Tell me, did the doctors give you drugs after you were revived?" James asked.

Jessie shrugged, "I don't know, why?" She then got it, then slapped his arm. "Aren't you supposed to stop being evil after I come back?"

James frowned, "do you hear that?"

"Oh yeah, shut me up..." Jessie muttered. She then heard some voices echoing down the corridor. "Oh I do." They both stopped nearby the top of one of the escalators. James slowly walked over to the banister, and looked over it. There he could see the vampires and the kids. He quickly came back over to Jessie's side.

"Ok, we should backtrack and beam that torpedo nearby that shop of yours," he said.

"It's not my fault they had good clothes," Jessie said, pouting slightly. James smiled as he reached out to stroke the side of her face. She smiled nervously, "what?"

"Nothing," he said. "Here's the plan, you transport that torpedo there and set it up. Timer for twenty minutes, once you've done that you run to the shuttle, and get the damn thing prepared for take off."

"What? I really don't like that plan at all," Jessie muttered.

"Ok, twenty one minutes," James said.

Jessie raised an eyebrow, "that didn't take you long."

"What do you mean?" James asked.

"You know what I mean. That sarcastic attitude didn't take long to resurface," Jessie replied, folding her arms and pouting again.

James smirked, he leaned in to kiss her briefly. "You know you bring it out in me." He walked away.

Jessie continued to pout, "ok, I still don't like the plan." She walked off in another direction muttering to herself.

Meanwhile the lead vampire was standing still, looking really annoyed now. "I don't hear 'incoming game'," he grumbled.

"Maybe cos we're indoors," vampire 1 said jokingly. The lead vampire slapped him hard.

"I'm not in the mood for jokes!" he snapped. He stormed over to where Duncan was sitting. "Ok you, why isn't the game here yet?"

"How the hell would I know," Duncan muttered in response, turning his head away. "Maybe it's idiot proof."

"Oh you are too much like your father," the lead vampire grumbled, now fuming. He grabbed a hold of him and held him up into the air. "And that I don't want to put up with again."

A loud bang startled everyone, especially vampire 1 who screamed in pain. He fell onto the ground, cradling his head.

"What the..." the lead vampire muttered. Another bang interrupted him, vampire 2 screamed and stumbled to the ground, cradling his leg.

"That sounded really painful. Maybe pain killers will help," James' voice said from nearby. He stepped out of the shadows holding an old rifle.

Duncan's eyes lit up, "dad..."

The lead vampire groaned, "oh great, now there's two of them."

"You'd better put him down, or you'll end up with more metal in you than organs and bones," James muttered.

The lead vampire turned around, "I don't think so, you might hit your little brat."

James' eyes widened in shock, "what, John? What are you..."

The lead vampire smiled deviously, "oh you do recognise me then. It has been a while since I looked this young."

"But you said they wouldn't sire you," James stuttered.

"Oh but they would get the shield password to Manchester," John said, shaking his head. "Silly boy, you never did have any brain cells in that big head of yours."

"That's how the vamps got out," James said quietly.

"Bingo," John said, smirking a little. "All those people that have died," he said, stepping forward. "Your mother, that slut of a wife... that's all your fault."

James shook his head, "no, it was, you said..."

"Yes it was, and now because of you, your two annoying children will work on the side of the Softmicron. How about that," John said. "I bet you're proud of them."

James reloaded the rifle he had, "put him down."

"Hmm, no," John said. He tutted while shaking a finger at him, "you wouldn't want to hurt your little boy, would you?"

"Oh I see. You're so cowardly that you use a three year old as a shield. Same old John," James muttered.

John narrowed his eyes, "I'm no coward. I'll put him down if you put the rifle down."

"It gets better," James commented, managing to look amused.

"Fine," John grumbled. He threw Duncan back onto the ground, he quickly moved out of the way but still managed to get shot in the leg. He stumbled nearby Duncan.

"Aaw, you're not fast enough old man," James said, walking closer to him.

"You call me the coward," John muttered while trying to pull himself up. "Some Slayer you are, using a gun as a weapon."

James shook his head, "you'll have to do better than that."

"It's true you know. You're probably the weakest excuse for a Slayer there is. If you had of listened to me, instead of eyeing up that girl of yours, you wouldn't be so weak," John said.

"Wrong," James muttered. He swung the rifle into his face, knocking him back over. "Shows what you know."

John smiled as he got back up, "there's the rifle again..."

"Oh give it a rest," James muttered. He hit him with his fist instead after throwing the rifle to the ground, John then hit him back. They both started to battle it out while the other vampires struggled to get up.

"Holy crap, what a headache," vampire 1 groaned, rubbing the back of his head.

Vampire 2 managed to get to his feet, he spotted the rifle lying on the ground.

James managed to knock John to the ground, "sorry, haven't got time ok." He went over to Duncan, and knelt down. "Are you all right?" he asked. Duncan nodded his head as James started to remove the chains.

His eyes widened, then he pointed behind him, "dad!"

Another bang echoed around the room. Vampire 2 shrugged from right behind him, "damn thing moved, what kind of crappy weapon is this."

James stood back up, holding his arm. He moved his hand away, and found blood on it. "Ok, you guys are really starting to piss me off." He grabbed a hold of the rifle, and pushed it backwards, it hit vampire 2 in the stomach, making him stumble backwards. James managed to keep a hold of the rifle. He noticed vampire 2 about to fall nearby Sarah-Amy. He quickly went forward to push him in another direction, he fell to the ground nearby.

John quickly grabbed a hold of Duncan again just as James turned back their way. He tutted again, "you're not handling the parent thing very well. Maybe we should go and leave you with one."

James narrowed his eyes, "Duncan, close your eyes."

Duncan did as he was told, "ok why?"

"You don't want to see this," James replied. He fired the rifle at John, taking him by surprise. He bit his lip to stop himself from screaming, he dropped Duncan onto the ground.

Vampire 2, who was just about to attack James from behind when he shot John, stared in horror. "Oh my god, you'd do that to your own dad... that's sick."

James glanced back at him, "step dad." He knocked him onto the ground easily. Duncan got onto his feet and ran over to James, and started hugging his leg. After he let go, James went over to pick up the baby. "Come on, we haven't got time." He headed back out, Duncan followed him.

Meanwhile:

Jessie was running down a street in the middle of the city, she stopped to lean on a lamp post. "Oh god," she said, trying to get her breath again. "I can't run with just one lung. Stupid plan." She looked around, "I hate this city." She then headed for one of the alleys, there a shuttle was parked.

She didn't notice the clouds above the city turning a slight shade of purple and blue. The usual voice started speaking, "warning... incoming game."

Jessie opened the shuttle doors, then she looked up in the sky. "Ohno, not now."

She climbed into the shuttle and rushed over to one of the stations. Sitting down she keyed in a few commands. "Computer, locate any human lifesigns."

"Three lifesigns are one hundred and fifty two metres away and closing," the computer responded.

"Good, how long until they get here?" Jessie asked.

"Three minutes," the computer replied.

"How long until the game lands?" Jessie asked.

"One minute," the computer replied.

Jessie slammed her hand on the console, "crap. Computer close the shuttle doors." The doors closed on their own, while she worked fast at the station she was at. The shuttle started to raise from the ground. "Computer, transport those lifesigns to the shuttle."

"Unable to comply. Game Cube radiation is interfering with the alignment sensors," the computer said.

"Will you be able to if we get closer?" Jessie asked.

"Affirmative, within twenty metres," the computer replied.

"Twenty? Oh brilliant," Jessie muttered. She continued working, "I'm crap at flying shuttles too."

Meanwhile again:

James and Duncan went down one street, and ended up in a dead end. "Crap, I always get lost in this city," James groaned.

Duncan looked up at him, "what do we do?"

James knelt down to pick him up with his spare arm. "You just hold onto me tightly, we're going over the wall." Duncan nodded, he put his arms tightly around his neck. He moved his arm away as he walked up to the wall.

Not far away the shuttle was flying low but a little too fast. The shields grazed one building, knocking it slightly to the side.

"Warning, shields down to 90%," the computer said.

"So what. Can I get a lock on them yet?" Jessie asked.

"Negative," the computer replied.

"Let me know when I can," Jessie muttered.

Outside, James jumped down from the wall. He looked around, confused again. "Crap, where now?" he asked himself.

Duncan looked up at the sky, the Game Cube was just touching the tallest building and was coming down fast. "Dad... it's coming."

They heard a loud crashing sound, James turned in the direction it came from. The shuttle had just flown through a large window in a tower block. "Holy crap, what's she doing," he muttered. They all dematerialised, and rematerialised inside the shuttle.

"Phew, hope the shields go back up after that," Jessie commented, glancing back at them. "Everyone ok?"

"Yeah we are," James replied as he put the kids down on the chairs at the back. He rushed over to her, "let me take over."

Jessie stared at him, "I can fly it fine." She turned back to the station. "Hold on tight."

"Warning, Game Cube has now surpassed the safety range," the computer said.

"Great, looks like we'll have to fly through more buildings," Jessie muttered. She keyed in a few more commands, James quickly sat down in the other chair.

"Duncan, hold onto your sister ok," he said.

Duncan frowned, he leaned over to pick up Sarah-Amy.

"I wonder if warp would work," Jessie muttered.

James stared at her, "please be joking."

"I am don't worry," Jessie said, shaking her head. "Going to impulse though, raising shields." The shuttle lurched forward, and shook madly as it went through more towers, and around some other buildings. "Ok, we're clear of the game... going up."

The shuttle picked up speed as it flew into the air nearby the game. The game was not far from the ground when the old shopping centre suddenly exploded. A huge shockwave emerged from the area the Game Cube was, it collided with the shuttle, sending it flying towards New Manchester. The Game

Cube stood, with sparks going around it, it then lifted back up and headed back for the clouds, leaving a massive crater filled with fires. Buildings around the crater started collapsing to the ground.

Another shuttle flew over New Manchester, it locked a tractor beam onto the other shuttle to stop it.

Jessie raised her head off the beeping console, complete with a nasty scar on her forehead. "Ok, what happened?"

James moved out of his chair, he eyed the scar on her forehead, then looked back at the kids. Duncan had fell onto the ground, but still had a hold of Sarah-Amy, who was busy crying loudly. He rushed over to them and knelt down. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah think so," Duncan muttered in response.

Jessie glanced back, "what about Sarah?"

James took Sarah-Amy away from Duncan, "it's ok, she's just a little scared. Don't blame her."

"Yeah, it was quite scary when the area exploded," Jessie commented, turning back to the console.

"No, I think I was talking about your mother's flying," James said to Duncan. He sniggered.

Jessie glanced back at them, "hey what?" She turned back with a frown on her face, "we're being hailed, another shuttle saved us from crashing into something."

James walked back over to sit beside her, Duncan followed and stood in between them. "Who is it?"

Jessie pressed a few commands into the station. Kevin and the others appeared on the screen. "Hey guys, looks like we got here just in time," he said.

"Just. Thanks," Jessie said.

"We'll tow you back to Durham, Lena and Craig aren't too happy with you Jess," Sandi said.

James glanced at Jessie, she tried to look innocent. "Ok, I wasn't allowed to leave that soon, but what are you going to do?"

"Obviously a lot of people are more mad at you though James," Sandi commented.

"So what else is new," James muttered.

"Yeah well, at least you're both back now. Or should I keep quiet," Kevin said, eyeing Duncan.

"Doesn't matter, too late now," James said.

Kevin laughed nervously, "yeah, ok shuttle um, Lena's shuttle out."

"Next time, I fly ok," James said.

Jessie shrugged, "fine, but it wasn't my fault. I did warn you that it was a bad plan."

"I suppose you did," James sighed.

Jessie glanced at him, "ha, I win again." She then noticed the wound on his arm. "Hey, what happened?"

"One of the vamps nicked one of my guns," James replied.

"Oh," Jessie said. She moved closer to take Sarah-Amy off him. "You'd better rest it then. Wait, guns? I thought you only had one."

"Jess, when you're in a twenty first century ammunition museum, you don't just help yourself to one rifle," James commented.

"Cool, can I have one please?" Duncan asked.

"No," both James and Jessie replied. He pouted.

Day Four

03:02 Eastern / 09:02 GMT

New Manchester

"Well?" Daniel questioned while leaning on Sandi's chair.

Sandi looked up at him, "do you mind?"

He backed away, "geez, sorry."

Sandi folded her arms, "I've never heard anything about this at all."

"No, it's only a legend. This artifact fits into a hidden temple, the rest of the ritual is a bit sketchy though," Wesley said.

Kevin turned his computer around, "but we know what the end result is."

Wesley groaned, "this is the big thing. Now we know why the vampires were after this, they didn't want to be destroyed before they got the chance to escape in the game."

"Well they've been vaporised most likely, well the ones in Manchester have anyway. What do we do?" Kevin said.

"We can't risk this falling into the wrong hands, and all this happening again. We need to find out more," Sandi said.

Wesley nodded his head, "I agree."

Daniel now looked very confused, "ok, are you guys doing this on purpose?"

"In a way yes," Sandi replied. She looked back up at him, "whatever you do, don't tell Lena or James, the last thing we need is them being impulsive."

"Fine, but I don't like keeping this stuff from her," Daniel said.

"You have to. There's no telling what this thing will do," Sandi said.

******THE END******