

Episode 5.01

Wrong Direction

The Crazy Horse B:

A middle aged man made his way across the bridge, he stopped by the opps station where a young blonde woman was working. "What is it?"

The woman shook her head, "I do not know Admiral. Sensors can't get inside it just yet. We'll need to adjust the deflector to help us look inside."

The man at the helm rolled his eyes. "It wouldn't surprise me if that damn thing turned into a back up warp core next."

The middle aged man stared at him briefly, he groaned and turned to look at the viewscreen. "Let's see it, Ensign."

"Yes Admiral," the woman said.

The viewscreen changed from the usual space view, to show a very dark blue anomaly.

"From first glance sir it looks like a wormhole," the woman said.

"I've never seen a wormhole like that before," the Admiral sighed.

"It does lead somewhere, I just don't know where yet. If we sent in a probe, we could track it," the woman said.

The Admiral nodded his head, "do it."

"Hang on," the helm guy butted in. "A ship's approaching off the starboard bow."

"Where did it come from?" the Admiral demanded.

"I don't know sir, sensors just picked it up," the helm guy replied. He looked up at the viewscreen. A large ship blocked the view of the wormhole as it passed by, the ship rocked slightly. The view was clear for a minute, then a much smaller version of that ship flew into the anomaly and disappeared.

"That was close," the helm guy muttered.

"Analysis on the ship, Ensign," the Admiral commanded.

The woman looked confused as she punched in a few commands into her station. She looked up, "Admiral, it was Starfleet."

"Well that was stupid of them," the helm guy muttered.

"Which ship was it?" the Admiral asked.

"That's the thing, this is impossible. That ship shouldn't even be in one piece," the woman replied.

"It probably won't be now," the helm guy commented.

"I repeat, which ship is it?" the Admiral said.

Starfleet Command, San Francisco:

"There's no doubt about it," a male Lieutenant said. He keyed in a few commands on the wall panel. A video file of the Crazy Horse's viewscreen started playing.

Admiral Picard and Paris both leaned forward on the desk they were sitting at.

"I'd recognise that ship anywhere," Picard said.

The Lieutenant nodded, "yes sir, that's the Enterprise."

"But how can this be? That ship was lost in battle in the war," Paris questioned. "It could easily be another Sovereign class ship."

"It wasn't sir, no Sovereign classes were reported to be anywhere near the Crazy Horse," the Lieutenant replied.

Picard wrinkled his forehead up, "hmm. Nobody witnessed the explosion and we never did find any debris."

"If that is the Enterprise, why have we just seen it now? It's been fifteen months since its demise," Paris said.

"The theory going around the Crazy Horse is that it's an alternate universe Enterprise," the Lieutenant said.

"That's a possibility," Picard muttered.

"Yes, the Enterprise reappears at the same time as a mysterious anomaly does," Paris said. "Has the Crazy Horse determined what the anomaly is yet?"

"Not exactly yet sir. They believe it's a wormhole, but it doesn't match any previous wormholes we have seen before," the Lieutenant replied. "The Enterprise did fly inside it, the Crazy Horse is still tracking its journey through it."

"I don't understand it, this footage was taken hours ago. How long will it take to get through this so called wormhole?" Picard said.

Paris nodded, "this is very interesting. Inform the Crazy Horse to continue monitoring. We might be able to find out where it leads."

"And if it doesn't?" Picard questioned.

"Then we should send our own ship inside it," Paris replied.

The door chimed. "Yes," Picard called.

A Security Ensign walked in, "sirs, you won't believe what's just happened."

"Well it looks like today's full of surprises," Paris muttered. "Try me, Ensign."

"A missing shuttlecraft has returned," the Ensign said.

"My god, it didn't crash or get destroyed. It came back in one piece?" Picard stuttered. "Could the shuttle curse be lifted?"

The Ensign looked nervous, "no sir, it was coming back in one piece but then it crashed at the last second." The two Admirals groaned. "It gets worse, the shuttle crash happened at Starfleet Command."

"Oh so that's what that crashing sound was. It's usually the cadets that make all the noise around here," Paris muttered.

"Uh sir, it crashed into your office," the Ensign stuttered.

Paris' eyes widened, "what? Just my office?"

"Directly into it sir," the Ensign nodded.

Paris growled and stormed out of the room.

"Any casualties?" Picard questioned.

"No, only the pilot was injured. He's ok now, well kinda," the Ensign replied.

"What do you mean by kinda?" Picard asked.

One of the brigs:

"Interesting," Picard muttered. His eyes were focused on the man behind the field, with his back turned. "You put him in the brig."

"Uh, of course sir," a Security guy said nervously.

"Frigging ungrateful Starfleet," the man behind the field muttered.

Picard stepped closer to the force field. "I'm Admiral Jean Luc Picard. State your identity."

The man scoffed, "I'm Jackie the lumber jack, idiot." He turned around, "is this how you treat the saviours of your precious Federation? No wonder most people don't bother."

"Jackie's a girl's name," Picard muttered to himself.

"Well Jean Luc's a wussy name, and I'm not called Jackie. Ever heard of sarcasm, so shut up," the man grumbled.

"I'm going to repeat this only once more, state your identity," Picard said.

The man rolled his eyes, "I'm only the guy who helped you fight against those 8472 guys." The two men stared blankly at him. "Ugh, my name is Damien."

Picard raised an eyebrow, "Thee Damien?"

"Yes of course I'm Thee Damien. I'm absolutely appalled at how you treat celebrities and other important people," the man replied.

Picard glanced back at the Security guy, "I take it you already knew."

"Yes sir, his picture is on file, that's what is so strange," the Security guy said.

Damien's face lit up, "oh you have a picture of me, how sweet." His face quickly stiffened up, "I'm not signing autographs until I'm let out of here and fed."

"This picture was taken before he died and started possessing people. He posed for it when he joined Voyager briefly nine years ago," the Security guy said.

Picard frowned, he turned back to look at Damien. "I heard you lost that body back in 2376."

"I did, it died in a mighty battle with a Softmicron," Damien said.

"It was suffocated by a Victreebell," Picard muttered.

Damien's face turned red, "yes but it was really a Softmicron, imbecile."

"Yes well," Picard muttered. "It should be decomposing now as we speak."

"My body was too good to decompose," Damien said, smiling smugly. "Looks like yours already is."

Picard sighed, "how long does it take to get an actual answer from you? I was wondering how you got that body back, it looks pretty much alive."

Damien's smile grew wider, "ah now that's a tale, it all began..."

Picard quickly butted in, "flashback please."

Damien clicked his fingers, "damn, so close. Ok you obviously don't appreciate true story telling skills. I mean you choose that writer over me."

"Hmm, your way would have had big paragraphs and had lots of ego trips. Get on with the flashback," Picard said.

"Ugh like she doesn't do the first one anyway, fine have it your way," Damien rolled his eyes.

June 2380:

A shuttle dropped out of warp. Inside it Damien and Chakotay were arguing.

"It is much easier that way," Damien grumbled.

"How? It's a crew you hated, they didn't respect you as you treat them like slaves, and they annoyed you more for it," Chakotay said.

"No, really?" Damien said, sounding surprised. He shook his head, "nah, I'm a great leader."

Chakotay rolled his eyes. "You're useless."

Damien narrowed his eyes, "and you're, you're an idiot."

"Wow brilliant comeback," Chakotay muttered, glancing at his station. "We're here. No turning back."

Damien looked up at the front window, he smiled evilly, "no, are you scared?"

Chakotay just sighed as he looked up too.

The shuttle flew slowly towards a large round object, which had a circular hole in it. A pyramid shaped ship emerged from the hole and flew towards the shuttle.

"We're in transporter range," Damien said. He climbed out of his chair.

"Hang on, what is Commander Chakotay doing with you?" Picard's voice asked.

"Look I didn't want to make this episode file any bigger than it should be, so you'll just have to do with this one scene," Damien's voice grumbled.

"Computer, lock onto the two lifesigns in our shuttle and onto my commbadge and beam us aboard the Tolg ship," Chakotay ordered.

Damien smiled and put his hands together, "finally, I can be rid of these ugly hosts that don't flatter my evilness."

"It was a while ago but wasn't your original body ugly too?" Chakotay muttered.

"As if," Damien said while rolling his eyes. "Computer energise."

"Um, it's energise," Chakotay said with a smirk.

"I knew that!" Damien snapped. "Energise."

The Tolg Ship:

Damien and Chakotay rematerialised in a large room, along with one of those torpedo casings. A group of Tolg drones were standing around, waiting to greet them.

"Commander Chakotay, Damien, welcome aboard," the collective's voice echoed around the room.

"Hmm polite," Chakotay muttered.

"Didn't I mention in our message that my name was Damien the Evil Overlord?" Damien questioned.

"Affirmative. However we zombified your body in 2376, and we know you're just messing with us," the collective voice said.

"Damn," Damien muttered, clicking his fingers. "Should have known you could still access my brain, despite it being dead at the time. Now where is me?"

A few of the drones stepped aside, a very familiar looking drone stepped into view.

Damien gasped, "oh what a vision of true evilness. Can I keep the implants and stuff?"

"Is evilness even a word?" Chakotay muttered.

"Negative on both accounts," the collective replied. "We cannot accept the loss of this drone without the agreed replacement."

"Well she's right here. Don't worry, all that coffee must be way gone by now," Damien replied. Chakotay turned to him and smacked him across the back of the head. "Ow, it wasn't an insult you fool!"

"Excellent. We will zombify her into our collective then we will return your body," the collective said.

"The agreement was that I'd get my body back first," Damien said.

Chakotay elbowed him, "it doesn't matter, either way is fine."

"How gullible do you think we are?" Picard's voice asked.

"Um, I don't know, I don't think about you that much," Damien's voice replied.

Present day:

"You expect us to believe that Commander Chakotay gave his dead wife to the Tolg, for your body in exchange," Picard's muttered.

"Of course not you imbecile, you interrupted the flashback and didn't give it a chance to finish," Damien replied.

"I don't think I want it to," Picard said.

"Of course he wouldn't permanently. The plan was to get her revived by the Tolg, and then kidnap her. One Tolg has been disconnected properly, he was hoping it would work again," Damien said.

Picard shook his head, "pure garbage. Totally unbelievable. If it were true, how come you came back alone?"

"Ok firstly, you guest star in total unbelievable garbage and you question my true story?" Damien muttered. "Secondly, it didn't work did it? They got her, I got my body back, Chakotay and I tried but he got captured. I had no choice but to leave him behind."

"No choice?" Picard said.

"Yes, I already used my ex host as bait. What else could I have done?" Damien said. "Plus I got my end of the deal."

"I don't believe Chakotay would have done such a thing," Picard said. "You must be making it up."

"Fine that's up to you, but you explain why he's been missing for over a year," Damien smugly said. "He has hasn't he?"

"You probably kidnapped him and used him as your exchange," Picard said.

Damien managed to look surprised, "wow, what a good imagination you have there. Unfortunately it's way off."

"I really doubt it," Picard said.

"Check the transmission logs on Voyager, it'll show secret transmissions sent to my old ship. What have you got to lose shiny head?" Damien asked.

Picard narrowed his eyes, he turned back to the Security guy. "Keep him here for now, I'll deal with him later." He nodded. Picard stepped out of the room.

Durham City:

For once it was a sunny day and it was pleasantly warm for September in England. Not far from the centre itself was a huge brand new housing estate, filled with lots of different types of houses. One side of the estate had a great view of the river. One of the more larger houses had a big garden behind it, which you could see the river and the other side of the city from.

Inside the garden there was a swing set that had two swings, and a little slide. A few toys were scattered on the lawn. A little two year old girl, with raven black curly hair down to below her shoulders, ran up to the slide.

Another little girl sat on a blanket, playing with those big Lego bricks that are for younger kids. This girl had bright blonde hair that barely got to her chin, and she looked just about one year old.

The back door opened, James stepped out holding two ice creams in his hands. "Ok girls, ice cream's here."

Sasha climbed back down from the slide and ran over. The other girl climbed to her feet and rushed over. They both got to him at the same time, and looked up. He smiled and knelt down, he handed them the ice creams.

"Fank you," they said more or less in unison.

Sasha's was gone about a minute later, well some of it had gotten in her hair and left cheek. Sarah-Amy got a lot of hers all over her face.

James glanced at the watch on his wrist, "ok we'll have to go in a minute." He stood back up with a sigh, "though I was hoping your mum would be back before we left."

"What's wrong with mummy?" Sarah-Amy quietly asked.

"Um well nothing, she just likes visiting her sister that's all," James replied. He looked back down at his two daughters, just then spotting all of the pink icecream on their faces. "Looks like we're going to be late again, come on let's get you cleaned up." He knelt down again, with his arms outstretched. The girls ran into them. He stood back up.

Meanwhile:

The USS Leda dropped out of warp, swerved gently to the right and entered orbit around a small red planet.

Harry pulled himself out his chair and made his way over to the helm. "Are they at the rendezvous coordinates yet?"

The ensign there worked at the station, "not yet sir."

"Well they'd better be here soon, we're not their personal taxi service."

"Yes we are," the ensign commented.

The turbolift doors opened, as they did everybody in the room froze in fear.

"Is it?" Harry stuttered.

The ensign shuddered, "I have my back turned and it's staying that way."

"Aaw hello everyone, are we playing statues again?" Annika giggled from the turbolift doorway.

"Shh, don't answer," Harry whispered.

"Why, don't you remember the last time we 'played' that?" the ensign said.

"Eeh you two are not very good," Annika said as she walked down to the centre of the bridge.

"Shh, we're trying to hear something," Harry snapped, cringing slightly.

Annika looked around, "I don't hear anything."

"That's why we're being very quiet," Harry said.

"Oh right, check," Annika giggled.

Everyone sighed in relief and remained in silent for five minutes.

"I think it's the ship's engines, now who wants to play hangman?" Annika blurted out.

"Ugh, somebody shut down the warp core or I'll play the real life version," Harry groaned.

San Francisco, Starfleet Academy:

"I don't see why we had to come here," Ylara muttered as she folded her arms. She and Daniel were walking side by side down one of the paths outside. As usual the weather was hot and there was not a cloud in the sky.

"I heard they have a brand new area for outdoor training for the cadets. Plus this is the kind of weather you're used to," Daniel muttered with no interest in his voice.

Ylara's eyes rolled only half way, "actually the wind is too cold here."

"Must you complain about every single thing?" Daniel groaned.

"No, but I must annoy you at every opportunity," Ylara replied. She picked up speed so she could stop in front of him. "I really bug you don't I?"

"Ohno, of course not," Daniel said. "Why would someone who killed one of my best friends bug me?"

"Best friend, wasn't she your girlfriend who was cheating on you?" Ylara said, developing a fake sweet smile on her face.

"She was my best friend too," Daniel growled. "Now one more attempt to bug me that's related to Lena will..."

"Will what, you know I could beat you in a fight while I was sleeping," Ylara said.

"Will earn you a trip to north Scotland for a year. I'm not stupid," Daniel muttered.

"Scotland?" Ylara said with a raised eyebrow.

"Very cold country," Daniel said.

Ylara groaned, "fine, it's only fair, but I can still bug you in other ways."

Daniel wasn't really listening anymore, he was staring at a group of blonde girls in cadet uniforms heading towards them. Ylara frowned, then glanced behind her.

"Yeah, what stupid outfits everyone's wearing around here," she said.

Daniel shook his head and walked around her. "Hey Naomi."

The group of girls took notice of him, they stopped right in front. One of the girls grinned, "Daniel, I haven't seen you in ages."

"No it's been a while. You know you're only supposed to wear those when you're in the academy. I doubt they'd appreciate you wearing that," Daniel said.

Naomi giggled into her hand, "unfortunately I am in the academy."

Daniel stared at her with wide eyes, "you? No offense but..."

"I know, it's not really my thing anymore but it's actually really fun sometimes. I have these guys." Some of the girls she was with giggled.

"What's this, the academy of annoying bimbos?" Ylara muttered while glancing to the side.

"Naomi he's cute, when did you nab him?" one girl giggled.

"I didn't, shame ey Dan?" Naomi replied.

Daniel raised an eyebrow, "yeah, shame."

"Yeah shame he actually seems to like girls with a brain cell or more," Ylara muttered.

Naomi sighed and folded her arms, "oh yeah, that Egyptian girl. What are you doing with her?"

"Wesley suggested training her, he thinks it will help me too," Daniel replied.

"Oh, the mighty ex evil Slayer needs training, how cute," Naomi commented.

"I don't, can we go now?" Ylara muttered.

"No, you guys should totally hang out and catch up," one girl said.

Another girl nodded, "great idea. We'll be around here for a while so you can catch up with us later."

"Actually that is a good idea," Daniel said.

Naomi grinned, "that should be fun. See you later guys." She waved at the group of girls and walked back the way she came. "Follow, I know the perfect café." The girls continued on. Daniel was about to follow Naomi but Ylara took a hold of his arm to stop him.

"You do realise it wasn't my fault that I turned evil, right?" she grumbled.

A smirk developed on Daniel's face, "oh come on, she isn't that bad."

"Oh she is. I put up with one girl like that, she followed me around all the time. Eugh, I didn't want another reminder," Ylara said.

"Why would she want to follow you around?" Daniel asked as he walked away from her.

Ylara narrowed her eyes then she started following too.

Elsewhere in the US:

A shuttle flew out of the clouds, and down to earth. It landed beside a large house within a small housing estate. The door at the back slowly opened, Tom headed out while slinging his jacket over his shoulder.

He walked up to the front door, which was already open. B'Elanna was sitting in the passage way, cradling a really cute baby girl.

"Hi ladies," he said with a smile, then knelt down in front of them. "So, do you want to go that café for lunch today?"

"It depends," B'Elanna replied.

"I'm sure the boys like that place, no problem," Tom said.

B'Elanna smiled, "it depends on our visitor."

Tom frowned, "who, where?"

"He's talking to Bryan and Johnathan right now in the kitchen," B'Elanna replied.

"Why do I get nervous when you smile like that?" Tom muttered.

"Beats me," B'Elanna said while shrugging her shoulders. She looked down at their daughter, "what do you think?"

The little girl giggled slightly, looking up at her dad with her big blue eyes. Tom smiled as he reached out to stroke the side of her face. "Aaw, how's my beautiful little girl the..." She interrupted him by attempting to bite his thumb.

"She's her usual self," B'Elanna laughed.

"I'm so glad you find it funny, I'm getting really worried about that," Tom grumbled.

"Don't be silly Tom. Miral loves you, she's just showing her affection," B'Elanna said.

Tom raised an eyebrow, "is that true sweetie?"

"No," the little girl answered in a sweet voice.

Tom sighed, "never mind." He stood back up and headed into the house.

"I dunno granddad, I only would fly a ship and I already know how to do that," Bryan's voice said from the kitchen.

Tom turned a little pale, "please be granddad Torres, please be granddad Torres." He walked into the kitchen, then smiled weakly, "hi dad."

Admiral Paris glanced in his direction, "hello Tom. I was just telling your son what he could do after school."

"Dad, he's not even five yet," Tom muttered.

"Well he's already flown a ship," Paris said.

"Yeah actually, I'm not sure who approved of that," Tom said.

Bryan pouted, "I'm actually really good at it."

Johnathan started sniggering, "you crashed at least twice."

"Shut up you, it wasn't my fault," Bryan grumbled.

Tom cleared his throat, "ok um, dad, it's not like I'm not happy to see you, but why are you here?"

Paris sighed, "actually, I'm here to discuss something with you and B'Elanna."

"That's ominous, I'll go get her," Tom said. He stepped back out of the room.

"So Johnathan," Paris sighed. Johnathan looked up at him, expecting the worst. "Do you want to be in Starfleet?"

"No I want to be a lead singer of a band," he replied with a grin.

Bryan started laughing, "my god, you did say it. Damn it." He stopped to hand him a chocolate bar he had behind his back.

Johnathan quickly opened it and stuffed it into his mouth.

Meanwhile

Deep Space Four:

The resident bar was heaving with customers, most of which were just standing around with drinks. One girl pushed her way through the crowds, but had to take a break over a third of the way through. She managed to nab one of the chairs at a small table.

"Wow, I hope all of these won't be on the same shuttle," she muttered quietly to herself.

The crowds quieted down as glasses started smashing nearby, and a table was broken.

"Come on human, attack us!" one guy laughed.

Two other guys and a girl stood nearby, and over the broken table. The girl started smirking, "I think you broke him."

The guy who'd obviously been pushed into the table rolled his eyes. "God, you're so lame." He pulled himself up, and started to brush dust off him. "I've never met one of you people that can't resist saying some stupid line."

"Oh yeah, well you're lamer," one of the other guys stuttered. The rest of his group glared at him.

"Whatever," the victim groaned. He pulled out a crossbow and fired it at all four of them, turning them quickly into dust.

Faye pushed her way passed a guy in her way, she stared in shock. "Holy crap, at first I thought it was James or Zare, ok this isn't right."

Craig put the crossbow back behind his back then turned around, "that's familiar." His attention focused on Faye, "oh, hey."

"Hey? You just killed four vamps like they were nothing," she stuttered.

Craig shrugged his shoulders, "most of them are. Did you hear that though, you won't believe how many I've tricked into saying that."

Faye nodded, "ookay, next question."

"Why am I picking fights with vampires?" Craig questioned.

"Ok that's the question after the next one," Faye replied. "What are you doing here?"

Craig sighed, walking over to stand with her, ignoring a lot of the crowd that were still watching him. "I'm waiting for a transport to Earth. I'm taking a few day break there."

"Break, from what? You quit Security," Faye questioned.

"Yeah, sometimes I wish I hadn't," Craig muttered. "I've just been going from planet to planet, you know, picking fights with vamps."

"And here comes my other question," Faye said.

"There's one Slayer down, and another one that's an uncaring bitch. I'm just filling in," Craig said.

"Uh huh, no offense but, you?" Faye muttered. "It would be like me being an ambassador, or a speech maker."

"I'm sure you could talk for hours if you had the inspiration, that's all I got," Craig said.

"I think I'd need more than that," Faye said.

Craig smirked, "yeah you'd probably need a few drinks down you. Well I'd love to chat more but I've got a shuttle to cra... I mean catch."

"Actually so do I, I was just trying to get out of here," Faye said. "Why did you nearly say crash?"

"Shuttle and crash go together I guess," Craig replied with a shrug. He turned away from her and started to head for the exit. Faye sighed, then followed him.

San Francisco:

Daniel, Naomi and Ylara were sitting at a table in the corner of the café. Naomi was telling a really uninteresting story, which she found very amusing of course. Daniel was leaning on his hand, trying to stay awake. Ylara was fiddling with her fork with a slightly murderous look on her face.

"And then I said, 'you cant go in there'. He said 'why not'. So I said 'who knows what's been in there'," Naomi giggled.

"I wish I stayed dead now," Ylara muttered.

Daniel just stared at nothing in particular, "you and me both." He then glanced at her and became a little worried. "Ylara, put the fork down."

"No, I think we both will be needing it," Ylara muttered.

Naomi finally finished her story, she patted Daniel on the arm. "So, what have you been up to?"

"Oh um sulking, trying to avoid Wesley, usual stuff. The last two months I've been retraining Ylara," Daniel replied.

Naomi pulled a face, "that's it? Ookay."

"Yeah well, nothing interesting happens when there's nothing really to do," Daniel muttered.

Ylara rolled her eyes, she climbed out of her chair then walked away without either of them noticing.

"Oh you'd be surprised. There was one night where I had to stay in, and you know do work, ugh I know," Naomi said. "And then this guy came to the door, totally hammered. It was so funny, he thought he lived there."

Daniel groaned into his hand.

Ylara stepped out of the café and into the sunlight. She started to walk along the path. Nearby she could hear people yelling.

"He went down this way I'm sure of it!" a Security guy yelled. Another Security guy ran up to him.

"Don't yell, I'm not deaf you know," he grumbled. "Come on." The pair rushed towards one of the buildings.

Ylara stared after them with a raised eyebrow. She sighed and turned away, shaking her head slightly. Just then somebody ran right into her, she stumbled back a little, the culprit fell backwards onto his butt.

Ylara regained her balance and put on the most ferocious look she could on her face. "What do you think you're doing! Look where you're going!"

"Ow that freaking hurt," Damien groaned from the floor. He looked up at her and cowered slightly. "Oh boy, I'm in trouble."

"You'd better believe it," Ylara grumbled.

Damien narrowed his eyes a little as he pulled himself up, "wait, you're not evil anymore. I don't need to be afraid of you."

Ylara grabbed him by the front of his shirt then pulled him closer, "if you don't explain and apologise, you won't be anything cos you'll be a corpse."

"Now now, calm down. There's an explanation, a very good one," Damien nervously said, patting the arm that was holding him.

A group of Security people spotted the two and started running towards him. "There he is," one said quietly.

"Crap," Damien muttered. "That's my explanation, can I go now?"

"What did you do exa..." Ylara muttered, she softened up a little. "I don't care really, say sorry and I'll throw you a good way away."

"No no, just letting me go is good," Damien muttered. "Please either do that or help me here, one fellow villain to another."

"Villain? Who calls themselves that?" Ylara said with a roll of her eyes.

"I could help you get out of this dump, I'm very good at stealing shuttles," Damien said.

"Oh fine," Ylara groaned. She pulled him around her so he was behind her instead.

Security stopped in front of her, a few looked pretty nervous. "Ok er, miss, he's a prisoner, please step aside," a nervous one said.

"Why, what did he do that's so terrible?" Ylara asked.

"We don't have the entire list of things he did. Let's just say he's a trouble maker," one guy replied.

Another elbowed him, "uh Doug, this was the guy who took over Starfleet with his alternate universe people. Trouble maker doesn't cut it."

Ylara's eyes widened as she glanced behind her, Damien just smiled proudly. "That was one of my greatest achievements," he said.

"You're that Damien guy," Ylara muttered.

"I prefer the term Thee Damien," Damien said.

"Ugh fine, you can have him," Ylara groaned. She pulled him back around and pushed him into the guys hard. They all fell to the ground in a heap.

The Leda:

Harry walked into the transporter room, Annika followed him. "Energise chief," he said.

"Hey cutie," Annika cooed at the transporter guy. He widened his eyes and ran out of the room as quickly as he could.

Harry groaned, "agh, there's only so many times you can do that without it being funny anymore!" He stepped over to work the station.

"Funny, what's so funny?" Annika stuttered, pouting a little.

"Energising," Harry said.

Two figures and two bags rematerialised on the pad.

"I'm telling you, you can't kill a vampire with holy water, not really," Kevin said.

"You really can if there's a lot of it, they'll burn to death," Zare said.

Kevin shook his head then stepped off the pad, "listen honey, this is why I'm a Chosen and you're not. Holy water only stuns them for a while."

"You're a Chosen because your sister was probably the best candidate. I'm not because some Ocampan woman just had to mess with the timeline," Zare muttered.

"Hey guys, did we catch you at the wrong time?" Harry uneasily said.

"A little," Kevin muttered. "You still would be Chosen if you were the best candidate. You obviously weren't if you're not now, you were only Chosen in the other timeline because the so called 'best' didn't have siblings."

"At least in my case I didn't freeload off my sister, cos that's what happened with you," Zare grumbled. She picked up one of the bags and threw it at him, then picked up the other one. "If you're not going to listen to me, and do whatever the hell you want... I quit." She stormed off.

Kevin cradled the bag nervously, "crap." He quickly ran after her, "no please, you still haven't taught me how to use that rifle thing you have."

Annika giggled as she watched him leave, "he has a cute butt."

Harry stared at her in disgust.

Somewhere in the US:

Tom and B'Elanna were sitting at their kitchen table, looking deep in thought. Miral was sitting in her high chair, stuffing her face with some melted chocolate bars.

"What are you thinking B'E?" Tom asked.

"I'm thinking it was Johnathan who left those chocolate bars in the sun," B'Elanna replied.

Tom groaned, "no, not about that."

"That was all I was thinking about," B'Elanna said.

"Have you thought about the offer though?" Tom asked.

B'Elanna glanced at him, "what's there to think about? You get to command your own ship, and it's Voyager."

"Yeah I should take it," Tom nodded.

B'Elanna frowned, "actually I was thinking 'hell no' there."

"What, why?" Tom moaned.

"You seem to enjoy the shuttle test drive job. Plus I don't know how I'd feel about you being the 'captain'," B'Elanna replied.

"How about proud and happy," Tom said.

"Tom, your dad only gave you command because Starfleet are low on Commanders," B'Elanna said.

"I know that. I still think we should take it. Voyager's always been more of a home to me than this place," Tom said.

"I know but what about the kids. We really shouldn't decide without talking about it with them," B'Elanna said.

Tom nodded, "you're right." He looked over to a chocolate covered Miral. "Aaw, I think someone's going in a bath tonight."

Miral did a little arm stretch while making a little squeaky sound, then started licking the chocolate on her hand.

San Francisco:

Naomi was busy telling another interesting story, while Daniel rested his head on the table with one arm lying over it.

"Do you believe it? Me, like I'd ever do that," Naomi muttered.

Paris came up to the table, "Mr Lavine, Miss Wildman."

Daniel looked up, "oh thank god, an interruption."

Naomi nervously looked up at the admiral, "hello sir."

"May I join you?" Paris asked.

"Yes please," Daniel quickly replied.

Paris sat down in between them. "Now I'd like to move straight onto business. As you know we've had the Voyager in dry dock as it under go's a big update. It should be ready to go on another mission soon."

"Where to, the good lands?" Naomi giggled.

The two men stared blankly at her before turning back. "The mission is to find another ship though."

"Oh, so why are you telling us?" Daniel asked.

"Voyager needs a crew, and who better than its old crew?" Paris replied with a shrug.

Ylara walked back into the café, she stopped nearby the bar folding her arms. "What's the matter with you, I got you away from them didn't I?"

"Yes but you nearly knocked me unconscious along with them," Damien grumbled as he joined her.

Paris glanced over in their direction, "hey, that's the prisoner."

Damien overheard, "crap." He ran back the way he came, only to bump into about five Security people.

"I thought it would be quite hard to escape," Daniel muttered.

Paris sighed, "you're right, it should be. I guess Mr Damien is very resourceful."

Naomi and Daniel's eyes widened slightly. "That's Damien, just when you think you've gotten rid of him," Daniel said.

"Take him back to the brig," Paris ordered.

"Yes sir," one Security guy said.

"Uh, Slayer girl, help me out here!" Damien yelled as he was dragged away.

"Slayer girl?" Ylara said.

Paris sighed, "where was I? Oh yes, Voyager's crew. We want you to rejoin Voyager."

"Why, I was only a passenger and she's only a dumb blo... cadet," Daniel questioned.

"Dumb blow cadet, what's that?" Naomi asked.

Daniel groaned into his hand, "my god."

"It's all right, I will explain," Paris said. Naomi smiled at him. "No not that, the Voyager crew part."

Her face dropped, "oh ok."

Durham:

The door to one of the bedrooms opened, Jessie walked through it holding a cup of hot chocolate. She put the cup on the bedside cabinet, then climbed into the bed. She heard two doors closing from downstairs. "Finally," she sighed as she reached out for her cup.

A little while later the bedroom door opened, James stepped inside. He took off his jacket, took out all the weapons he had with him, and put them down on a table.

"You're back a little later than usual," Jessie said.

"Sorry, some guy wouldn't take die for an answer," James said.

Jessie smiled weakly, "right."

"Just a little smile this time? Yeah, I admit it was lame," James said.

Jessie pulled the cover over her, "sorry, I'm just a little tired."

"You don't have to wait for me to get back now. Sunrise is going to get later and later," James said.

"I know that, but you don't have to stay out all the time when it's dark," Jessie said.

"No, I'll just do what I did last year. No more than seven hours per night," James said.

Jessie nodded, "ok." She picked up her cup and took a sip from it.

James sat down on the foot of the bed, "isn't this the part where you tell me off, or complain?"

"Nope, as long as you start at nine-ish or something. Any earlier is just stupid," Jessie replied. She finished off her hot chocolate. "Good night." She lay down and pulled the cover up to her shoulders.

James frowned, "ok then."

The following morning:

The sun was beaming into the living room through the large window on the far left. It reflected right on the television that was against the wall underneath the stairs. Duncan was playing around with the remote, squinting his eyes.

The door right at the end of the neighbouring wall opened, James walked through it and closed it behind him. "What's the matter?"

"Somebody opened the curtains," Duncan pouted. He slammed the remote down next to him, and folded his arms in a huff. "I can't see the TV."

"Yeah, we should move it back to the original spot," James said. He shrugged, "no worries, it's almost winter, we never see the sun then."

"Yeah," Duncan said.

"Come on, your breakfast's ready," James said as he re-opened the door.

Duncan's face quickly lit up, he jumped off the sofa and ran over to him. He went through first, James followed him.

Sasha and Sarah-Amy were already sitting at the dining room table, the latter was in a high chair and Sasha was sitting on a few cushions so she could reach her food. Duncan ran over to his chair, he sat down on it and quickly started stuffing his face.

They all heard a loud knock coming from down the hall. Jessie rushed down the stairs, "I'll get it. It might be Jodie." She got to the bottom, turned right around to the left and walked down the hall. At the very end of it, there was the front door. She opened it. "Oh, hi dad."

Richard stepped inside, "hello Jessie."

"Not that I'm not happy to see you but, what are you doing here?" Jessie questioned.

"I had a worrying visit from Jodie," Richard replied.

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

Richard sighed, "it's not her I'm worried about, it's you."

"Me, I'm fine dad," Jessie said. She walked through a different door and ended up in the living room, Richard followed her. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"I don't know, that's what I want to find out," Richard said. "I can see the change, and I've only just arrived here."

Jessie turned around, "don't talk to me like you know me at all. You don't know me well enough to say that I've changed, I haven't."

Richard sighed, he sat down on the sofa. He watched her intently, placing his hand beside him. Jessie rolled her eyes before going over to sit next to him. "That's not how Jodie tells it."

"So she's blabbed everything to you, I take it. I knew she was a daddy's girl but this is ridiculous," she muttered.

"She's worried about you," Richard said.

"Whatever, what did she say?" Jessie asked.

"She told me you go out everyday, on your own or go to see her, leaving your daughters with their dad," Richard replied.

"Oh my god, call security, you have to lock up this monster right now," Jessie sarcastically said.

"Jessie, you do this every day according to her, even on weekends. You get their dad to do everything for the children so you don't have to do anything," Richard said.

"That's not true, I watch them when he goes on patrol," Jessie said.

"They're already in bed when he does," Richard said.

Jessie shrugged, "so that doesn't matter, he does a good job of taking care of them."

"That's not really the point is it?" Richard muttered.

"Yes it is. He's the good parent, the children are better off with him around than me," Jessie said.

Richard shook his head, "yes you said that to Jodie. You weren't a bad parent at all, but right now you are."

"You don't understand, just leave it," Jessie grumbled.

"You're right I really don't. The last time we saw each other you were quite the devoted mother. Now it seems to me like you're avoiding them," Richard said.

"What choice do I have?" Jessie muttered. "You don't get it, and you never will."

"So you are avoiding them," Richard said.

"No, I just want it to end, all of this," Jessie stuttered, standing back up again.

"End what?" Richard questioned.

The other door opened, James walked in holding Sarah-Amy. "Jess, Duncan's hid his P.E kit again. Can you get the girls washed up while I look for it. We'll run late again if..."

"James do you mind, I'm talking to my dad here," Jessie snapped.

"Ok sorry, you weren't talking when I came in," James said awkwardly. "Fine, we'll have to be late again." He stepped back out.

"Ok what was that?" Richard asked.

"You were asking a question, it was rude," Jessie replied.

Richard raised an eyebrow, "ok, what's the answer?"

Jessie grew uncomfortable, "speaking of late, I'm going to be late meeting Jodie." She headed towards the door she came through earlier. Richard quickly got up and took a hold of her arm to stop her.

"I take it you're avoiding him too, that's really not like you," he said.

Jessie pulled her arm away, "I'm not, I'm just late ok." She looked down at herself, then groaned. "Damn my bag," she muttered, heading for the other door instead.

Richard followed her into the dining room, only Duncan was still there. He was busy writing in a notepad while sitting at the table. Jessie started to go up the stairs, but Richard stopped her again.

"Jessie listen to me. I missed twenty nine years of your life, and that's something I wish I could change. I wish I could go back and not leave the house on the day of that cube," he snapped at her.

She turned around, "what's your point?"

"Your children won't be children forever, and one day they'll move out and start their own lives and families," Richard replied. "When that day comes you'll wish you had been around. Like I do all the time with you."

"That would be awfully selfish of me, wouldn't it?" Jessie muttered. "I've always been a terrible mother, why do you think those vampires kidnapped Amy so easily? What about the second time where I let them get her and Duncan. Where was I when Duncan was being dropped off a cliff, and nearly drowned in a river?"

Duncan glanced over with a frown on his face. Richard glanced back at him briefly, "Jessie that's not..."

"God when Duncan was a baby I let him drink alcohol, I put Sasha straight into a nursery before she could even talk and walk properly. I put her and Duncan at risk when I set fire to my quarters, just because I was suffering. I didn't jump straight away when they were missing once, and Damien had them," Jessie said. "Why on earth would you want to punish my kids by having me around, cos if I am something'll happen."

"Mum, you're talking crap," Duncan commented.

"Why thanks," Jessie muttered. "Things would have been a lot better if James hadn't brought me back, that's for sure." She stormed up the stairs.

"Mum wait," Duncan said with a pout, he rushed after her but Richard put his arm out in front of him.

"It's ok, I'll talk to her," he said. He followed her up the stairs. "Have you told anyone about how you feel?"

Jessie didn't answer, she slammed her bedroom door shut behind her. On the opposite side of the stairs, the bathroom door opened. Sasha ran out, and went into the room next door. James walked out, still holding Amy. He made his way over to Richard. "What was that all about?"

"I obviously was getting somewhere, that's what," Richard sighed. He knocked on the bedroom door. "Jessie come on, it's not like that at all. Some of those things you said could have been said of James as well."

"Um, what things?" James said with a raised eyebrow.

The bedroom door opened, Jessie stepped out. "I'm done talking about it." She pushed passed Richard, then headed for the stairs.

"Ok I don't know what you guys are talking about here but, Richard you should back off," James said. He blocked Jessie's route to the stairs, then put his spare hand on her arm. "Jess, are you ok, is there anything I can..."

"I thought you were going to be late," Jessie grumbled. She walked around him and started going down the stairs.

James turned around, "where are you going? You said you were coming with me and the girls to the park after we drop off Duncan."

Jessie glanced back at him, "oh I changed my mind, roughly the same time I said I was going." She got to the bottom, and went out of sight.

James bit his lower lip, narrowing his eyes a little, "ok."

Richard stared at the stairs in disbelief. Then over to James and Amy. She looked up at her dad, "what's wrong daddy?"

"Nothing sweetheart," James said, shaking it off. He put her down on the ground. "Why don't you stay with your sister until Duncan and I are ready to go."

"Ok," Amy squeaked, she ran into the room Sasha went into.

"How long's this been going on?" Richard asked, trying to sound calm but failing.

"A few months now," James replied. "I've been trying to figure out what I did wrong, but for the first time I'm stumped. If it was me, there's no reason to punish the children either."

Richard sighed and leaned on the banister, "she seems to be avoiding everyone, except Jodie that is. She told me that she doesn't trust herself with the kids."

"I don't see why she would be, and it doesn't explain why she's treating me like this," James said. "God knows I've tried everything, it's like I'm slowly losing her."

Richard frowned and shook his head. "You know her better than I do, and you have no idea why she's acting like this. This is going to be a challenge." He straightened back up, "so does she always talk to you like that, and is that really it between you?"

"Not always, it's usually when I ask her if she's ok or try to get her involved with the kids. There's only a few moments where she's fine," James replied. He glanced over at Richard, "actually, that isn't it between us, but I'm not saying it to her dad."

"Oh, you still sleep together. That's odd considering that she avoids you a lot," Richard uncomfortably said.

"I'm sorry but those are the only times where she seems her usual self, and is not treating me like crap. I take what I can get, you can judge all you want," James muttered. "Though, it's not the same thing in the morning."

"No no, I was not judging you. I was wondering why she'd still want to if she's acting like she's mad at you," Richard said.

"Yeah I know, I can't figure it out either," James said. "Look I have to get Duncan to school, or he'll be late again."

"No it's no problem, I'll let myself out," Richard said. He headed for the stairs, but James stopped him.

"Before you do that, can you help me find Duncan's P.E. bag?" he asked meekly. "I looked in his room and nothing."

"Sure, I'll look downstairs," Richard smiled. He headed down the stairs. He found Duncan sitting back at the table, looking sorry for himself. He walked over to stand beside him. "Chin up son, she'll be all right."

Duncan looked up at him, "I thought I was your grandson."

Richard smirked a little as he sat down next to him. "Some people say son instead of boy, or their name. Never mind. We'll figure it out."

"Mum was pretty cool and now, I hope she's not mad at me," Duncan said.

"I don't think so," Richard said. "Let me and your dad worry about her, you just worry about your homework."

"I done that," Duncan said.

"Good, but what's the deal about your P.E. stuff?" Richard asked.

Duncan pouted, "I don't want to go."

"Go to P.E. or school?" Richard questioned.

"Both," Duncan replied.

"Well if I understand correctly you will be getting five years off before going to Comprehensive," Richard said. "If you don't go, you might be just throwing away your little break."

"I know that, I just don't want to today," Duncan muttered.

"Surely a healthy boy like you does really well at P.E.," Richard said.

Duncan shrugged, "not really, sometimes I throw a ball too hard and I break something."

"Apart from that I'd wager you'd be good at sports," Richard said. "And I bet there's at least one boy that annoys you. It'll be fun to show him up, right."

"All the ones who do are good at sports," Duncan said. "I don't care about it anyway, any idiot can throw a ball."

"That's true, it's not important. But on a day like this you'll be outside, and that's always fun," Richard said.

Duncan narrowed his eyes, "I'm not telling you where my kit is."

"You don't have to, I saw it behind the sofa in the living room," Richard smiled.

"Aaaw, you're mean," Duncan grumbled, folding his arms.

"No I'm not. P.E. days have got to be better than the ones without, it gets you away from boring school work," Richard said.

"Yeah I guess so," Duncan pouted. He pulled himself out of his chair, "I'll get it." He walked into the living room.

Several hours later

The Leda:

Harry was busy working on the computer on his desk when the door chimed. "Come in?"

Paris walked in, "Mr Kim."

Harry looked up, "oh you're here already. I wasn't informed."

Paris sat down opposite him, "I'll get straight to the point. I have an assignment for the Leda."

"What about the whole 'Slayer ferry' we're doing now?" Harry questioned.

"Oh don't worry about them, I will be asking them to stay aboard or join the other ship," Paris replied.

"Which other ship?" Harry asked.

"As you should know Voyager is ready to leave dry dock, and I want it to join you," Paris replied.

Half an hour later:

"But why us? She never knew what she was doing with Starfleet junk and me well, I'm not even from this time," Kevin questioned.

Zare rolled her eyes while drumming her fingers impatiently, "I know more than you."

"We don't know what to expect on this mission, you two should join Security again," Paris replied.

"What is the mission exactly?" Kevin asked.

"The Crazy Horse sighted what seemed to be the Enterprise going into an unknown anomaly," Paris replied.

"But wasn't that destroyed?" Kevin muttered.

"Unknown anomaly, great send two starships into it," Zare grumbled.

"We won't send anyone until we get the results of the scans and find out what it is," Paris said. "We believe it's a wormhole."

"It could be a dimensional portal, that would be the only explanation for the Enterprise appearing," Zare said.

"It's a possibility but it's not the only one," Paris said. "Would you be interested in re-joining the fleet?"

"What about our duties here?" Kevin questioned.

Paris shrugged, "the Liger ship Lillyia is sticking around Federation space for now, Emma can do your job for you. We'll have to think of something else when they're gone, unless the other Slayers refuse the offer."

"Somehow I doubt Ylara and James would be interested so we're probably ok," Zare said.

Kevin started smirking, "Ylara on a starship, that's a recipe for disaster. I doubt she's even been asked."

"She has actually. She is interested," Paris said. "I haven't asked Stuart yet, it would depend on his wife too but I'm predicting he will join."

"I doubt it. He has a family which would be better off on Earth," Zare said.

"I'm aware of that," Paris said. "If my son decided to go back then I'm sure he will decide to too."

"Unless you tell him Tom is re-joining," Zare said with a smirk. Paris raised an eyebrow. "We'll get back to you ok."

Durham:

Jodie and Jessie walked into a small café near one of the bridges. They sat down at one of the smaller tables.

"So, you told dad everything," Jessie said.

Jodie grew uncomfortable, "I didn't tell him everything Jess. I didn't tell him about your little plan that makes no sense."

"It's not a plan," Jessie muttered. "I thought everything was between us."

"It was. I'm just really worried about you. This is getting out of hand. You could at least talk to James and maybe tell him what you're doing," Jodie said.

"I can't, not yet," Jessie said. "There's no point in talking to him, he'll only make me feel better for a small amount of time. Besides, I've probably snapped at him one too many times already, he probably doesn't care now."

"Yeah he probably doesn't. Oh did I mention that I saw a pig fly across the sky yesterday, and the ground got really cold as hell froze over," Jodie muttered.

Jessie raised an eyebrow, "don't you think I get enough sarcasm?"

"No, I'm just pointing out that it's never going to happen," Jodie replied. "Look that guy's just as nuts about you as ever. It's beyond me, you're treating him like one of those guys who thinks raising and making the kids are the woman's job and he does nothing, except roles reversed."

"Ok that's enough. I didn't meet up with you to discuss my marriage problems," Jessie said.

"But that's all we ever do when we meet up," Jodie said.

"Look either shut up about this or I'll go," Jessie said.

Jodie sighed, "fine."

Meanwhile

James/Jessie's place:

Sasha and Amy sat in the corner of the living room, surrounded by a few toys. Sasha was busy brushing a doll's hair. Amy grabbed one of the other dolls, then stuck the feet of the doll into her mouth.

"No, don't do that," Sasha moaned.

Amy looked at her innocently, she muffled something that wasn't easy to understand.

James stepped into the room. Sasha ran over to him, still cradling her doll. She gently tugged on his leg. "Daddy, Amy's eating my dolls again."

"Oh not again," he sighed. He walked over and knelt down in front of Amy. He held out his hand, "honey, give me the doll."

She pulled the doll out of her mouth, then placed it in his hand. She smiled sweetly, "sowwy." She then stuck her thumb into her mouth instead.

"When are we going back out?" Sasha asked.

"Round about nowish, Duncan'll be out for lunch in ten minutes," James replied.

There was a knock on the front door. He headed towards the far living room door, walked through it and opened the front door.

"Brilliant, my day's now complete," James muttered.

"May I come in?" Paris asked.

"Depends, what do you want?" James questioned.

"Well I'm here to discuss something with you and your wife," Paris replied.

"She's not here, bye," James said. He tried to close the door but Paris stepped half in. "Ok this is an invasion of privacy."

"You can talk to her about it later. It is urgent so can you at least hear me out?" Paris questioned.

"Why, you never heard me out when you should have," James replied.

"Surely you understand that I couldn't just trust you blindly," Paris said.

"Well you know better next time," James said. "Now get out of my doorway or I'll push the door closed with you still there."

"Starfleet want you and Jessie to re-join Voyager or the Leda," Paris said.

James stared blankly at him, "what?"

"We're not sure what to expect on this mission, and it's agreed that Voyager should get some of its old crew back," Paris said.

"All right, you can come in, but only for two minutes. I could do with a funny story," James said. He got out of the way of the door and walked back into the living room. Paris sighed before closing the front door and following him in.

Sasha looked up then pointed a finger at him, "hey it's that mean old guy."

"Sweet," Paris muttered.

"You're wasting your two minutes," James said.

"We've got two good promising jobs for the both of you, and that's each. You can go on either ship if you decide to join us," Paris said.

"There's one problem, ok two, neither of us are Starfleet Officers," James said.

"A lot of the people we chose are not, we still are low on people," Paris said.

"Shame," James muttered.

"So what's the other problem?" Paris asked.

"I spent one too many years on Voyager, I really don't want to go back. There's too many unpleasant memories there. Also it would be better for the kids if they were raised on a planet, not a starship," James replied. "We do have a good home here too."

"I see, there's not one part of you that's interested?" Paris questioned.

"Not really, and I'm sure Jessie's response will be the same," James replied.

Paris sighed, "the re-launch of Voyager will be in a week. If you change your mind, you know how to reach me."

"I doubt we will," James said.

"Ok then, I'll let myself out," Paris said. He went back the way he came.

Runabout 3:

Only a dozen people populated the passenger area. Craig and Faye were amongst them.

"So what have you been up to?" Craig asked to break the silence.

"Nothing much. Going back and forth between Earth and Betazed a lot, writing, little uninteresting things," Faye replied.

"Oh ok, well that killed ten seconds," Craig said.

"I have an annoying roommate on Earth," Faye blurted out. "She listens to rap and R'n'B music."

"Uh huh," Craig said.

"What about you then?" Faye asked meekly.

"What I've told you already, picking fights with vamps a lot of the time. Every now and then I'll return to Earth for a visit," Craig replied.

"Oh, how's your nephew?" Faye asked.

Craig shrugged, "beats me, I haven't seen him in ages."

Faye frowned, "why not?"

"Even if I wanted to dare be in the same room with that piss head Daniel, I doubt he'd let me see Scott," Craig replied.

"Oh yeah, I forgot that Daniel looks after him," Faye said.

"I wouldn't mind seeing him, but I hate to know what things Daniel's taught him," Craig said. "It would be nice to know if he's ok though."

"Yeah maybe you should look him up when you get back," Faye said.

Craig nodded, "I probably will, but when he's with a babysitter or something." Faye shook her head.

One of Durham's Primary Schools:

A group of about twenty 8 and 9 year old kids were in a large field, playing Rounders. Two teachers were standing around doing nothing really.

Duncan was standing at one of the base things, looking a little bored.

One kid swung the bat, the ball went flying high in Duncan's direction. He only watched as it went a few metres above his head, and into the trees behind him. "Crap," he muttered as he ran after it.

"That's out of play, we'll get another ball," one teacher said. The second teacher passed a different ball over.

"Where's Duncan?" he asked.

The first teacher sighed, "he must have went after the ball." She ran towards the trees.

Duncan meanwhile had found the ball lying next to one of the bigger trees. He knelt down to pick it up, a rustle in the tree branches made him stop and glance over. A figure stepped out from behind the tree and grabbed him from behind. He quickly put a hand to his mouth then lifted him up.

A few other men vacated their hiding places. One of them pulled out a knife. Duncan immediately started squirming and tried to yell but couldn't.

The teacher arrived on the scene, she gasped in shock. "Hey, put him down!"

The other guys quickly ran off. The one who had Duncan growled at her, then he tossed him aside so he could run off. Duncan landed right next to the tree, and bumped his head on one of the big roots.

The teacher rushed to his side, "Duncan can you hear me? Ohno."

Indiana:

Phoebe groaned and shook her head. She picked up a coffee jar, put it on her lap. "Now what do you say?"

"Gimme!" Yasmin yelled out. She leaned forward to grab it, Phoebe quickly put it behind her back. "Why do you keep torturing me?"

"I'm not, I'm trying to teach manners and stuff," Phoebe groaned into her other hand.

"Why?" Yasmin moaned.

"You know, to get you to act a little saner or something," Phoebe sighed. She heard a knock on the front door so she got up. "Stay, I'm not finished with you yet." Yasmin rolled her eyes.

Phoebe made her way over to the front door, she looked through the peep hole before opening it. "Admiral, what can I do for you?"

Paris stepped inside, "I was wondering if I could talk to you and Miss Yasmin."

"Um ok, come in," Phoebe said. She stepped out of the way so he could walk in.

Durham:

Jessie walked through the front door, and shut it behind her. She dumped her bag on the table next to it. A voice was coming from the living room. She stepped into the living room, but found no one there. The voice was coming from the computer, a woman was on the screen.

"We sent him to Durham hospital. We apologise for this, we take full responsibility for what happened," the woman said. "We've already gotten Security checking for these men. Again we apologise." The screen turned back to normal view.

Jessie's eyes were now wide and her face was a little paler. She pressed a button on the computer. The woman appeared on the screen.

"Hello this is Miss Winsburn of Durham Primary School. I'm afraid Duncan has been in an accident. A couple of men grabbed him, he bumped his head during their getaway, luckily there was no other injuries as we could see. We sent him to Durham..." she said. Jessie pressed the button again.

"Oh god," she stuttered. She rushed back out of the living room, then out of the house.

Durham Primary School:

James, Sasha and Amy were waiting by the school gates with lots of other parents. A lot of children ran out of the school as soon as the bell rang.

All but a few parents were left behind minutes later. A teacher came out with a few children. The teacher said something to them, then they ran off to their parents.

"Where's Duncan?" Sasha asked.

"I don't know, not detention. Those were detention students," James replied uneasily.

A few more teachers stepped out. One of them spotted him, she made her way over. "Mr Stuart?"

"Yeah that's right, where's Duncan?" James questioned.

"Your son was in an accident, he hit his head during a fall," the teacher replied. "He's at North Durham now."

"What kind of accident?" James asked.

"A man grabbed him, others were there. One had a knife. During their escape the man just dropped him," the teacher replied.

James knelt down to pick up Amy, he stood back up and held his hand out for Sasha. She took it, he led her away.

A space station orbiting Earth:

A familiar Doctor was performing surgery on a man lying on the biobed. Nikki was by his side, assisting him.

"I'm just suggesting that you should at least think about it," Nikki said.

Doctor Jones raised his eyebrow, "somehow I don't think the patients would appreciate that somehow. Now pass the regenerator."

"Ugh ok," Nikki groaned. She handed him a regenerator. "Come on, give me one good reason why not."

"Well right now we've got a patient who needs us. If he dies while I'm discussing painting the wards with you, we won't even have the option," Doctor Jones said.

"Good point," Nikki said. "We'll talk about it later."

A little while later:

The pair stepped into a waiting room where a family of three were waiting. The woman stood up, "well?"

"Your husband will be just fine," Doctor Jones replied. "He will have to stay in the ward for a night, he still has that stomach bug that made him collapse in the first place. Of course it's nothing a little pink paint won't cure."

Nikki smiled, raising her shoulders. "Pink's soothing."

"You're getting mixed up with another colour," Doctor Jones muttered. "Seriously he should be fit by the morning."

"But he's already fit," Nikki commented. The woman and Doctor Jones stared at her in annoyance.

"The healthy kind of fit," he said.

"Oh right, I'll show myself out," Nikki giggled nervously. She rushed out.

Doctor Jones shook his head, "don't mind her, her people haven't even heard of counselling yet."

In: "Comm Room 2 to Doctor Jones."

Doctor Jones tapped his commbadge, "yes?"

In: "You have a transmission coming in from Starfleet Headquarters, it's urgent."

"On my way," Doctor Jones said. "If you'll excuse me?" He stepped back out of the waiting area. Nikki was standing beside the door thinking.

"Is it green or yellow?" she questioned. Doctor Jones shook his head and walked away. "What?"

Indiana:

"Now let's try again," Phoebe sighed. She held out a knife, "now what do you say?"

"Want now?" Yasmin said meekly.

"No, it's 'get rid of it, it's dangerous'," Phoebe groaned. She dumped the knife on the sofa. Next up was a cup of coffee.

"Yummy?" Yasmin said.

"Oh my god, you're impossible," Phoebe groaned. She dumped the coffee on the table as she got up, she stormed into the kitchen. Yasmin reached out to get the cup but Phoebe ran back in and grabbed it, then ran back into the kitchen.

"How does she do that?" Yasmin asked herself. She eyed the computer sitting nearby. "Hmm?" She walked over to it, while looking at the kitchen door she typed in a few commands.

The computer responded, "preparing to send message to Admiral Paris. Please record your message now."

Yasmin knelt down and started whispering into the computer, "hey Paris, I'll take it, as long as you don't let my aunt aboard. Oh and there has to be free coffee, right?"

North Durham Hospital:

Jessie rushed down a corridor, stopped at one reception. "Excuse me, my son was brought in here."

"His name please," the woman there said.

"Duncan Stuart," Jessie replied. "Do you know if he's all right, it isn't serious."

"Miss I don't know yet, he's in room 220 but you'll have to wait outside until the doctor comes out," the receptionist said.

"Gee, you didn't get this job because of your charming personality," Jessie muttered. "I'm just worried about my son."

"I understand, there's no need to be rude," the receptionist said.

"So it's ok for you to be then, I'll remember that," Jessie grumbled. She stormed away, and stopped in front of room 221 and 220. She sat down on the chairs there, then buried her face in her hands.

The 220 door opened, a male middle aged doctor walked out. Jessie quickly stood up, "doctor, how is he?"

"Are you a relative?" he asked.

"I'm his mother. He is going to be ok, right?" Jessie replied.

"He hit his head pretty hard, he is still unconscious and he's going to have a lot of headaches over the coming week," the doctor replied. "We've prescribed him pain killers, he will recover with a lot of bed rest."

"Oh, can I take him home when he wakes up?" Jessie asked.

"Sorry, I recommend he stays here overnight for observation," the doctor replied.

"Wouldn't he recover quicker at home, where he's more comfortable," Jessie said.

"Yes but we have to make sure that his little bump didn't do anything else. There's a low chance it did, but we want to be sure," the doctor replied. A different doctor walked up to him and whispered something to him. "Will you excuse me, I have another patient to attend to. I'll be right back."

"Wait, can I see him?" Jessie asked.

"Not until our receptionists check your son's file to see if you're who you say you are," the doctor replied. "We've had a lot of people pretending to be someone else to get to patients."

"Don't I know it," Jessie muttered. The two doctors headed away.

Meanwhile James had gotten to the reception. He headed towards Jessie. "Jess, how long have you been here?"

"Not long," Jessie replied. "He's hurt his head pretty bad, somebody did this. How could someone do this to him?" She stepped over so she could wrap her arms around him. "I hope he's going to be ok."

James put his own arms around her, "he will be, he's tough remember."

"Yeah I guess," Jessie sighed.

A young woman walked over to them. "Excuse me, I've checked Duncan's file, you're free to go in now."

"One of us should stay out here with the girls until he's awake, they could get upset if they see him like that," James said.

"Ok I understand, I'll do it," Jessie muttered.

"No I will. You're more concerned than I am," James said.

Jessie smiled weakly at him, "that's a first, it's usually equal."

"Yeah but I've been in hospital lots of times for worse head injuries, and I'm ok. I know he'll be happy with a few days off from school," James said.

"Yeah he will," Jessie said. The young woman walked away as Jessie went up to the door. She went inside.

Duncan was lying in a bed, fast asleep with a little bruise on his forehead. She sat down on the chair beside him, and reached out to gently stroke away strands of hair out of his eyes. She leaned over to kiss him on the top of his head.

He started to open his eyes, he looked up at her groggily, "mum?"

"Yeah it's me. How are you feeling?" Jessie said.

"Crappy, my head hurts," Duncan replied. "Where's dad?"

"Just outside," Jessie replied.

"Can I go home now?" Duncan asked.

"Sorry, they won't let me until tomorrow," Jessie replied. "Don't worry though, I'll be here with you ok."

"I thought you said you didn't like being around us cos you think you'll mess up, or something," Duncan said.

Jessie looked down at her hands, "um, I'll get your dad in as you're awake." She walked over to the door and opened it. "He's awake." She moved away.

James and Sasha came in. "Hi Duncan, how are you?"

"Head hurts," Duncan replied. Sasha reached up to pat him on the left hand.

James put Amy down on the chair next to the bed. "Who did this to you?" he asked.

"I think they were vamps but it was day," Duncan replied.

"The goons, don't they ever give it up," James muttered.

"Obviously not. No doubt they'll keep trying," Jessie said.

"No they won't, not after I get through with them," James said.

"Not now mister, you need to keep an eye on the kids. You should know better by now," Jessie said.

James sighed, "you're right, I knew that. I meant later."

Amy tilted her head a little, "Duncan's face funny colour."

"Thanks, I feel better already," Duncan muttered.

The space station:

Doctor Jones sat down behind his desk, Nikki stood nearby. "I don't understand this at all. I thought for a mission this important you'd have a more qualified crew."

"Yes senility's a sad case. We usually put our senile and crazy people out of their misery," Nikki commented.

"Yes Nikki but this isn't Mercury," Doctor Jones groaned.

"The ex Voyager and Enterprise crew are the most qualified. Your people spent a lot of time in the field under extreme circumstances. Not many officers would be able to handle a mission like this," Paris said.

"Yes but some didn't even have jobs," Doctor Jones said.

"There are a lot of job possibilities, we have thought this through you know," Paris said.

"Really? It seems pretty strange to me," Doctor Jones muttered.

"It sounds good to me, sign me up," Nikki said.

Paris smiled, "good, it would seem that you're the only medical 'officer' to accept right now."

"Ooh goodie, my own Sickbay," Nikki giggled.

Doctor Jones' eyes had widened in pure horror, "I'm in too, just don't let her be in charge of a Sickbay."

"Why not, we have two to organise," Paris said.

"I'll show you," Doctor Jones said. "Nikki, what is CPR?"

"Um, Chronic Pee uh... Rhydrome?" Nikki replied.

"I see your point," Paris muttered. "I thought she was Tolg at one point."

"It would appear that the Tolg knowledge in her head is depleting, if she was Borg we'd have no problem. Tolg thrive on corpses, and she's not a corpse," Doctor Jones said.

"I don't look like one anyway, I spent ages in the tanning salon," Nikki said.

"I don't really know much about Tolg's sir, I'll get back to you someday on that," Doctor Jones said.

"Well I'm glad you both decided to join. I still need one more chief medical officer for the other Sickbay," Paris said.

"There must be plenty of capable doctors that are willing to take over that job," Doctor Jones said.

"You'd be surprised at how wrong you are," Paris muttered.

Later that day

North Durham Hospital:

Two medium chairs were facing each other so Sasha and Amy could sleep on them. They both had a jacket covering them. Duncan was still in his bed, curled up in a ball, with only the top of his head showing from underneath the covers.

James and Jessie were sitting on different chairs, both of them wide awake.

Jessie broke the silence, "I thought it would be easier."

James glanced at her, "you thought what would be easier?"

She stared at him with wide eyes, "oh, never mind." She turned away.

James sighed, "Jess, talk to me. What were you going to say?"

Jessie turned her head to watch Duncan sleeping. "I thought it would be easier to stay out of the way, then stuff like this wouldn't happen."

"What are you talking about? This had nothing to do with you," James questioned.

"You wanna bet," Jessie muttered. She glanced back at him, "I do everything all wrong. If it wasn't for me he and Amy would never have been kidnapped at all, let alone twice in a space of a month."

"You did everything you could, we both did. You're being too hard on yourself," James said.

Jessie shook her head, "no, no I'm not. For once I'm being just right on myself. For years I've had this tough persona going on, it was believable to me for a while but I know better now. All of the recent deaths, kidnappings, they've taught me that."

"I can safely say that I know you better than anyone else. I don't see any fake tough persona on you at all. You've always been the strongest out of the two of us," James said.

"I don't feel strong," Jessie said. "When Amy's twin died it felt like a part of me went with her. Then mum died, Lena, Danny, Ian. Each one of them took something away." She put her hands across her face. "I was so scared that something would happen to you or the kids, so I tried to keep my distance."

"So you wouldn't feel as bad if something did?" James questioned.

"That's it exactly," Jessie nodded her head. "But when that woman contacted the house about Duncan, I was terrified. I haven't been in a long time, not in that way. The distance thing just made me feel worse about it, my dad was right, damn him."

"You're always going to care deeply for your children, Jess. Nothing you do is going to change that. But the question is, do you really want that?" James said.

"I really don't," Jessie muttered. "There's got to be something we can do besides hunting these creeps. I want our children to be safe, I don't know how I'd feel about sending Duncan back to that school as they know he goes there. And they'd expect our daughters to go too."

"There is something we can do," James said. "Paris called by today, he wants us to re-join Voyager for a mission."

"That's weird, we're not even Starfleet," Jessie muttered.

"I know, I didn't ask. I turned him down, but we can still take it, if you want," James said.

"Yeah like our kids were safe on Voyager," Jessie said.

"They will be safer. On Earth a vampire can strike at any time and place. But with all the security measures built in on starships lately, a vampire wouldn't get aboard and they wouldn't even know we were going," James said.

Jessie sighed, "I guess so."

"We don't have to decide now. I think it's a good idea, now anyway. You should think about it," James said.

"Why bother letting me help decide? I'll probably choose the wrong one, that's what I do," Jessie said.

"Did we swap a little of our personalities sometime? I'm sure that's my attitude towards me, not the total opposite," James questioned.

"No we didn't. We both just realised stuff about ourselves, and accepted it. That's all," Jessie replied.

"Jessie I don't understand. Why do you think like that?" James asked.

"Because it's the truth. I had help to realise it but it is true. I was never a good mum, wife, friend. The only thing I was truly good at was being evil," Jessie replied. She looked down at her hands, "why else would I screw up at everything I do?"

James frowned, he moved his chair closer to her. "You do know that you can tell me anything, you don't have to hold back. I'm always here for you. Tell me, did someone put that ridiculous idea in your head?"

"How do you know that somebody helped me?" Jessie asked quietly.

"You said that, it was obvious you meant a person," James replied. "Whoever this person is, he or she has got it all wrong. You're the strongest woman I have ever known. All those times when we were little and you fell over, you never cried once. I always did remember? You always just sat there and let bullies say anything to you, and didn't do anything about it, I always admired that."

"That didn't last long, did it?" Jessie commented.

"No but it lasted years longer than me, I lasted a few weeks. Not even that," James said.

"I don't see how this proves anything though," Jessie muttered.

"It proves a lot to me. Despite all the hardships you went through in your childhood, you still managed to become one hell of a person. You did it all on your own. I've always been so proud of you, I sure as hell couldn't do what you did," James said. "One of the many hundreds of reasons why I fell in love with you is that you were so independent and strong. The Jessie I know and love wouldn't let some moron who doesn't know a damn thing, get her down like this."

Jessie smiled weakly at him, slowly getting tears in her eyes. "I didn't do it on my own. I had you didn't I? If it wasn't for you, I'd be in an even bigger mess than I am now, and I'd be on my own."

James put an arm around her to pull her closer to him, she rested her head on his shoulder. "My point's still valid though. Now which random stranger decided to become such a Jessie expert?"

She grew a nervous look on her face, "promise you won't freak out and get mad?"

"I'll promise I'll try," James replied.

Jessie sighed, "ok. It happened not long before the trip to Egypt. Chakotay came to visit and..."

The next morning

New Manchester:

Craig and Faye stepped out of the runabout with the other passengers. They entered the station and were greeted by a familiar Admiral.

"Ah Mr Anderson, Miss O'Tani. May I have a word with you both?" he asked.

The pair looked at each with the same look of dread on their faces.

North Durham Hospital:

The doctor smiled as he finished Duncan's scan. "Well his scan checks out, you can take him home."

"Finally," Duncan said. He slid off the bed.

"I recommend lots of bed rest, and at least a week off school," the doctor said.

"Cool," Duncan said with a smile.

James smiled too, he glanced at Jessie, "that means I'm going to need an extra hand around the house. Will you be around?"

"Sure, no problem," Jessie replied.

The doctor handed James a med kit. "Inside is the pain killers. He should take them every five hours, make sure it's just before his bedtime as well."

"Will do, thanks doc," James said.

Jessie sighed, "good, let's get out of this place." She stepped out.

James picked up Amy, he followed her. Sasha and Duncan were right behind him.

"That's the last time we go to a hospital for at least a year, agreed?" James said.

"Does Sickbay count?" Jessie asked meekly as she stopped.

James stopped next to her, "are you sure about this Jess?"

"Positive," Jessie replied.

"Ok, it's agreed then, we're re-joining Voyager," James said.

"That means I don't have to put up with those annoying lads in my class now, great," Duncan said.

"I've still got this fishy feeling about this mission though. Why is Paris so determined to get the old crew back?" James questioned.

Jessie shrugged, "I don't know, but we should watch our backs."

Meanwhile

Starfleet Headquarters:

"Now," Paris said, pacing in front of the brig's forcefield. "Your expertise will be needed and you're the only one who can do this mission, but getting you aboard will not be easy."

"Oh please, easy is my second na... ok forget that," Damien muttered.

"I'll have to pull some strings, but I believe I can get you aboard," Paris said.

"I thought you were an Admiral," Damien said.

"I am, that doesn't mean I'm the boss of everything. Now I have four Slayers aboard this fleet, an odd few good Security crewmembers, so if you cause any trouble," Paris said.

Damien rolled his eyes, "yeah yeah, my anti-Voyager days are behind me. The ship's so outdated, and the crew. I don't even think about them anymore."

"That reminds me. Be careful around the newly updated Deck Thirteen, it's habitation lab and Thirteen Forward have had a few power shortages. I'll let everyone know when they're safe," Paris said.

"Habitation lab?" Damien said, his eyes gazing over. "Is that where you keep animals, like rabbits?"

Paris raised an eyebrow, "I see I made the right choice, you won't let me down."

"No old man, I won't," Damien said with a fake salute.

Paris rolled his eyes, "it's Admiral Paris to you." He walked forward to press a button on the panel next to the field. It went down, "you'd better be prepared. Voyager launches in one week."

"Whatever," Damien groaned. "I'm always prepared, you'd better learn that." He walked around him and left the brig.

Dry Dock:

Two men were standing by bay windows, watching as people in space suits were working on Voyager's hull.

"I've just got word. It is in fact joining this ship," man 1 said.

"Why do I get the feeling there's an 'and'?" man 2 muttered.

"It isn't the only one, there are two others. We need more men to join this crew or we'll be unable to stop them," man 1 said.

"Don't worry, leave that to me," man 2 said. He walked away.

THE END