

Episode 5.02

Death Corridor

Dry Dock:

Two men were walking down a corridor carrying engineering kits. "Supposedly some of the Engineering equipment for Voyager isn't working, and was sent back," guy 1 said.

Guy 2 groaned, "so I have to fix it, again?"

"Yes and take it back to Voyager," guy 1 replied.

Guy 2 rolled his eyes, "I don't have authorisation. Because of Slayer kids joining, both ships have strict regulations about visitors."

"Yes I know, but you being alive would help you pass one of the tests which is a scanner," guy 1 said. He fished a card out of his jacket pocket, "just tell them why you're here and give Security this."

"Fine," guy 2 grunted. He marched off down a different corridor when they reached a junction.

Meanwhile:

Tom, B'Elanna and their kids were busy checking in with Security at one of the docks to Voyager. B'Elanna was talking to the Security Chief while Tom was dragging some of their bags over to where they were standing.

"Right, everything's clear Lieutenant," the Chief said with a smile. "I must apologise for the extra Security measures. With Slayers boarding we have to make sure they don't accidentally lure vampires or other creatures aboard."

"No I understand," B'Elanna said. She glanced at her husband. He let go of the bags and rushed to drag over the last two. "It gave him a little time to handle the bags."

"I keep telling Starfleet the scanner is enough, if anybody who went through it had no bio signs we'd know what they were," the Chief said.

Tom finally dropped off the last of the bags, "pew, that was fun."

"So glad you think so, we're finished here," B'Elanna smiled.

Tom's eyes widened, "what, oh."

"You know it wouldn't be ungentlemanly if you asked me to help you," B'Elanna said.

Tom sighed, "all right, you can carry the light ones."

B'Elanna shook her head, she picked up one of the heavier suitcases and two of the small bags. She walked away, Johnathan ran after her.

"Son, it wouldn't kill you to help too," Tom groaned.

Bryan pouted, "but dad, I'm still a kid."

"With a grown boy in his prime's body," Tom muttered. He started to follow B'Elanna. "Miral, come on sweetie."

Miral smiled, "but I want to watch Bryan."

Bryan narrowed his eyes, "fine, you're an evil little witch." He leaned over to pick up the remaining bags.

"Thank ya," Miral squeaked. She climbed on top of one of the suitcases he was about to pick up. He groaned in frustration as he picked it up, he followed his parents while muttering something under his breath.

Meanwhile again:

The engineer guy walked into a small cargo area at the end of the corridor. The lights were all off, one of the large containers rocked a little.

"Computer lights on," the guy said. The lights did as they were told. He looked around but the room was person-free. "Is anybody here?" He jumped as a different container nearby rocked, some smaller containers fell off it. Slowly he stepped closer to pick up the containers.

When he picked up the last one he looked up a little, a large pair of feet stepped into his sight and stopped directly in front of him. He slowly looked directly in front of him.

In front of him stood a tall, heavily built man in a black outfit, with a hood over his head shielding most of his face.

"Ok if you're a vamp, you're not going to get aboard either of those ships," the engineer stuttered. "You'll never get through the scanner."

"Oh I will," a damaged, croaky male voice hissed at him. "I may not be a vampire," he said while pushing his hood more to the side. This revealed his pale scarred skin, and a metallic implant over his eye. "But I am kind of undead."

"Dude, that's got to be the lamest creepy and mysterious intro ever," the engineer said.

The mystery guy didn't take too kindly to his opinion. The screen faded out with the sound of the man screaming loudly.

Three days later

Starfleet Command:

An ensign walked into Paris' new office, "sir we've just gotten word about the USS Crazy Horse."

Paris turned away from his computer, "and?"

"It reached the end of the corridor, it does seem to be a wormhole," the ensign said.

Picard, who was sitting opposite Paris, turned his chair around to face the ensign. "The Crazy Horse went into the anomaly, on who's order?"

"Mine," Paris replied. He stood up to walk around the desk, "where did they end up?"

"We're still trying to figure that out sir. We cannot make contact with them for obvious reasons, and the link we do have is having trouble," the ensign said.

"That was a pretty reckless order," Picard muttered.

Paris ignored him, "contact me when you find out, and if there's any sign of the Enterprise, if it is that."

"Yes sir," the ensign responded. He stepped back out.

"Why did you endanger the Crazy Horse like that?" Picard asked.

"Because the Enterprise flew through that anomaly, it couldn't have been anything else other than a wormhole or a portal," Paris replied. "I'm not a reckless person, you know that."

"No, I just find it a little odd," Picard said.

Paris turned the computer on his desk around, "Voyager will be departing in four days, the Leda's already in Earth's orbit."

"Ok now that the Crazy Horse is through the anomaly, is there any need for those two ships?" Picard questioned.

"The Crazy Horse's mission is to find out their location and report back. Their crew isn't prepared," Paris replied.

Picard pulled himself out of the chair, "prepared for what exactly? You got most of the old Voyager and Enterprise crew to join their fleet again, just for this mission. You wouldn't have done that if you didn't know already that this anomaly lead somewhere."

"I already said," Paris said.

"Yes the 'Enterprise' went through it. It could have been a suicide mission from another dimension, to lure us into a trap. For all we know the Crazy Horse is in pieces inside that anomaly, and we're getting fake telemetry back," Picard said.

"When did you become such a whiny pessimist Picard?" Paris muttered.

"And when did you start to ignore all the possibilities and facts? We've battled with alternate realities before, we're no stranger to alternate ships," Picard said. "Several ships also have sensor data on the Enterprise's core breach, that ship can't be still in one piece."

"The decision's been made already. The Leda will be receiving all of the sensor data we have so far, another ship will be transferring new data to it. When Voyager is launched both ships should go through the anomaly, unless it just leads somewhere else in Federation space," Paris said. "Now get out of my office."

Picard rolled his eyes, "this is my office, you're just using mine while yours is repaired."

Paris groaned, "ugh, we should device a rota or something."

The Leda Stellar Cartography Lab:

The doors opened swiftly, Harry strolled in with his trademark chirpy smile planted on his face. "Report."

His mostly new senior staff turned to look at him blankly. He raised his shoulders, "what, I like saying that."

"You still act like a green ensign. Quit it or I'm transferring," Craig muttered.

Harry joined everybody at the group of stations. They were surrounded by a large viewscreen that went around most of the room, which was mostly circular.

"He's pleasant," he said.

"You don't even know the best part," Faye said with a smirk.

Harry sighed, "maybe I don't want to. Now, I'll ask again. Rep..."

"We've received some new data from a probe that was sent in the anomaly. It was sent after we lost contact with the Crazy ship," Annika said.

"And you're not going to like what it is either," Kevin said.

"Let me judge for myself. What is it?" Harry asked.

"There are a few faint distress calls that never got out of the anomaly, until the probe came along," Annika said. "The last message they sent had some attachments."

"Which I still suggest we do a virus scan on," Kevin commented. Everyone stared at him funny. "What? You should scan all attachments in your mail."

Craig groaned, "ok we've had this episode's state the obvious moral of the story already, let's move on."

"Watch your mouth blondey," Kevin snapped to Craig's surprise.

Annika's face lit up, "ooh, could this turn ugly?"

"It grew ugly when you and I came in the room," Faye said.

Harry groaned into his hands, "yep, this is my 'Fifth Voyager arguments' headache. What was in the attachments?"

"A few of the Admiral's and First Officers logs. The First Officer has really nice eyes," Annika giggled.

"Eyes, well that's an improvement," Harry muttered.

"Well I couldn't see his butt during a log recording could I?" Annika muttered.

Harry groaned into his hand, "whatever. What else is there?"

"A chart of the anomaly," Annika said. "They've nicknamed it Death Corridor, isn't that cute?"

"That's encouraging," Harry muttered. "Let's see it."

A small square screen appeared in the centre of the screen. On it showed a cgi version of the anomaly, in four dimensions. A red line appeared in the centre of it.

"Doesn't look very deathy to me," Craig said as he looked at one of the stations. "Where did they get the name from?"

"Well in one of the logs the cute First Officer said something about creepy events," Annika replied. "Then I got lost in his eyes."

"Did anyone else have that problem?" Harry asked impatiently.

"Eew no," nearly everybody replied.

"He mentioned attacks, murders that couldn't be solved," Faye said.

Kevin nodded, "but they did sight a few demons, and some people claimed the ship was haunted."

"Can't we use that probe to make contact with the ship?" Harry questioned.

"No we tried, we think the message gets through but we get no response each time," Faye replied.

"All right, but what about their location. Can we figure that out?" Harry asked.

"The computer's still comparing the Horse's whereabouts with the current star charts," Annika replied. "It's not very encouraging so far."

"What do you mean?" Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Well it's not in the Delta Quadrant," Annika replied.

"That's good right, we're not doing that again," Faye said.

"Or in the Alpha Quadrant," Annika said. Her station started beeping, she turned to it. "Oh we have a match."

"Well," Harry said in a worried tone of voice.

Annika's eyes lit up, "oh goodie, it's the Beta Quadrant. My Unimatrix Zero boyfriend is there." Nearly everyone in the room groaned.

"What are you groaning for? He might take her away from us," Craig said.

"Do you have any idea how long that corridor will be here?" Harry questioned.

"It doesn't look like it's going to collapse anytime soon. I think we'll have time to track down the Enterprise look-alike and get back in time," Annika replied.

"I'll make you eat and then choke on those words if you're wrong," Harry grumbled. "I'm not getting lost again."

"Right, we've got one season to go, do you really think we're going to get back in a few episodes or less?" Faye commented.

Harry groaned, "I'm really going to regret this."

Voyager:

A couple of engineers had taken over the bridge. Tom, B'Elanna and Bryan were standing in the centre of the bridge with a shy looking ensign.

Tom eased into the Captain's chair, "wow, it's more comfortable when it's yours."

The ensign handed him a padd. "Here's the crew report you asked for."

B'Elanna sat in Chakotay's old chair, cradling Miral in her arms. "What do you want that for?"

"I want to know if there's anyone I know joining the ship," Tom replied. "Where's my first officer anyway?"

"He's uh not going to be here for a few days," the ensign replied. "I must warn you he's supposed to be hard to deal with."

"Tom must be used to difficult people by now," B'Elanna said with a smirk on her face.

"Actually you might know him already, he used to be on Voyager too," the crewmember said.

Tom glanced at his padd, "oh well, let's see." His eyes widened, "James is re-joining, oh boy."

"Looks like dad's got his work cut out for him," Bryan commented.

B'Elanna smiled, "Security Chief again?" Tom nodded slowly, looking a bit pale now. "I bet you're secretly relieved."

"Sir," a male voice called over from the turbolift. Tom glanced over as the Security Chief headed over to him. "We have a problem."

"What could it be now?" Tom groaned.

"There's been an attack," the Chief replied.

"Yep, I'm back on Voyager," Tom sighed. "What happened? Will the victim be ok?"

"He was taken to the Sickbay at Dry Dock, he should recover," the Chief replied. "He was mugged, according to his boss he had a repair pass to Voyager, and a repair kit. He was supposed to repair and deliver equipment to Engineering. It was delivered on schedule."

"What's that got to do with anything?" Tom asked.

"He didn't go through the Security checks. He was obviously attacked before he had the chance to get there," the Chief replied.

"So who delivered the goods?" B'Elanna questioned.

"I don't know. I hope to solve this before the new Chief of Security takes over, I don't like to pass on unfinished work to other people," the Chief said.

"Why mug somebody and then finish off his job for him? It couldn't have been a vampire or the alarms would have went off, and or there would be reports of injured or dead Security personnel," Tom said.

"Not necessarily sir, the alarm triggers a forcefield that would go around the vampire," the Chief said. "This was a person who didn't want to blow his or her cover, that's the only reason they'd deliver the goods."

"So in other words it's somebody sneaky and smart," Tom said. "Great."

"We've already got teams searching for an intruder. I do find it disturbing that this person still got on board, that pass alone shouldn't have gotten him or her here," the Chief said.

Starfleet Command:

"Beta Quadrant? Interesting," Paris said to his computer. On it was a Security Lieutenant.

"There's something else sir. We believe there's been a Security breach on Voyager. Somebody mugged a repair officer who was supposed to deliver repaired equipment. It was delivered but none of my team members saw him come through the Security checks," the Lieutenant said.

"Perhaps the intruder used a transporter," Paris said with a raised eyebrow.

"No sir. We're the only ones who authorise transporting, and everyone who uses that needs high level clearance, plus they have to go through the scanner first," the Lieutenant said. "We would have detected any other transporter activity."

Paris narrowed his eyes and lifted himself off the chair. "Search that ship from top to bottom son, whoever it is needs to be found before launch."

"Yes sir," the Lieutenant nodded his head. The screen changed back.

Paris sighed, he pressed in a few commands. "We have a problem, contact Mr Damien and tell him to contact me for instructions."

A rough male voice came over the com, "will do. Can I ask what the problem is?"

"We have an unwelcome guest on Voyager. I need to find out who it is or we can't launch," Paris replied.

In: "But if you delay the launch the crew, the public and other Starfleet personnel will get suspicious. We can't let them find out about the mission."

"But if we don't find out who this person is, and we lose contact with the ship we could be risking the entire operation. This person may know about it," Paris muttered.

In: "I really doubt that. Pull yourself together or I'll get somebody else to do your job." The connection cut off.

Paris frowned, he slammed his hand on the desk. "We'll see about that."

Four days later

Dry Dock:

There was now a big queue at the Security Checking area. Two male Security members were checking through the computer, and a padd. Daniel stood opposite them. He had a baby carrier standing on the table next to their station. Inside it sat a little one year old boy with dark brown messy hair, feasting on a packet of crisps.

"We've checked your files, your belongings have been scanned," Security guy 1 said. He noticed the little boy looking at him. "Everything checks out Mr Rise-Anderson." The man handed him the padd.

"Whatever minga," he said.

Daniel picked up the carrier with a smirk on his face, "yeah sorry, I'm paying him to say that to people." He handed the boy a bar of chocolate, then headed into the docking corridor. The two Security guys glanced at each other with similar worried expressions.

The next 'customer' was a frazzled looking Yasmin. She put down a suitcase and a lot of heavy looking bags. She handed one of the guys a padd. "Jeez, it's a little tight around here now isn't it?"

The guy glanced at the padd, "ah the girl with the bags of coffee in her second case. We heard about you, we thought you were just a myth."

Yasmin didn't look amused, "very funny, not. Look when Voyager got lost we ran out of coffee long before I came aboard, there was only replicated left. I hate that stuff."

"Uh huh," Security guy 2 smirked.

Yasmin's commbadge chirped, Phoebe's voice quickly came over it. "Yasmin where the heck are you? You can't just steal all of our coffee!"

The two men stared at her suspiciously. "Uh, it's not what you think, she's my aunt."

"Right. We'll be talking to you later when we've launched," Security guy 2 said. He handed her the padd, "apart from that you're all set."

Yasmin smiled nervously as she picked up her bags, but Phoebe's voice wouldn't let her off the hook. "Listen missy, you just give the coffee back now and I'll stop trying to teach you to be sane."

"Yeah, that's what you said last time," she muttered as she walked away.

Meanwhile

Voyager's Cargo Bay:

The room was dark except for a dim flashlight and a tricorder being held by somebody. He stopped next to a crate, "oh boy." He opened it and started looking inside.

The main door opened, making him freeze. Two men headed over to him, aiming phasers.

"Uh, I'm not here," the man stuttered, not moving an inch.

"Yeah yeah," one Security guy said. He tapped his commbadge.

The Bridge:

In: "We seem to have found him sir."

Tom glanced at B'Elanna, "are you sure?"

In: "Positive, he was in the brig at San Francisco just a week ago."

"So how did he escape and get passed Security checks?" B'Elanna questioned.

"We'll find out. I'll join you in the brig, Ensign," Tom said, pulling himself up.

The Brig:

"Three times in one week, how embarrassing," Damien grumbled as a forcefield went up in front of him.

"Don't worry, this'll be the last time," the Security Chief smiled.

"It damn well better be. I was granted clearance and stuff, I shouldn't be in here," Damien muttered.

"Yeah sure, we'll see about that," the Chief said. He glanced back at Foster, "check that padd he had, I doubt this man was allowed to board the ship he tried to destroy many times."

Damien rolled his eyes, "oh brother."

"If you're as innocent as you claim, which I doubt, why were you raiding the Cargo Bay?" the Chief questioned.

"Supposedly helping you guys out. I was looking for your intruder," Damien replied.

"You should have looked in the mirror then," the Chief said.

Damien stared blankly, "tell me, was your parents named Edam and Cheddar? I've never met anybody cheesier than you."

Tom stepped through the main door, he stopped in his tracks as his eyes set on Damien. "This the guy?"

"No your dad let me aboard. He said I'd be helpful in Engineering. Now get me out!" Damien snapped.

Tom tried not to laugh, "ahem, the victim was badly beaten. He couldn't have done that."

"Victim?" Damien sniggered. "Oh your god. The ship hasn't even been launched yet and someone's already been attacked?"

Foster bit his lip nervously, "uh he's telling the truth. He's been assigned to the Engineering staff by Admiral Paris."

"I didn't know we were desperate enough to allow criminals to work for us," Tom said.

"Why not? Most of the Voyager crew were criminals," Damien said.

"Yes but you should be in jail for a lot of the stuff you did," Tom said. "You tried to take over the Federation, aided an undead guy who killed people horribly."

"The Federation needed a little excitement, and those people were just idiot's reincarnates," Damien said.

"Don't try to justify what you did," Tom muttered.

"Listen butt nose, I am no different to a certain Slayer you know, except I'm more likeable. Or that witch, same again and I'm not a girl," Damien said. Tom interrupted by groaning. "You know what I mean though."

"Keep him here until I talk to my dad. Something's really not right about this," Tom grumbled. He turned to leave.

"Which part exactly?" Foster questioned.

"All of it," Tom replied.

The Bridge:

Tom stared at the viewscreen with a pained look on his face. "But but, this is a guy who'll betray the whole Federation for a small tub of yogurt. He's not to be trusted."

"Maybe so but we need him to complete the mission," Paris said.

"We don't, we can find a ship easily without him," Tom groaned.

"No not that mission, the other mission," Paris said.

"What other mission?" Bryan asked.

"Well actually it's more of an assignment, for him really. I've already said too much," Paris replied.

"It's top secret, you won't even tell me and it's regarding Damien. None of this makes any sense," Tom said.

"Here, here," Bryan commented.

"That's why I shouldn't have said anything. Trust me Tom, I know what I'm doing. Just keep a good eye on him son," Paris said. The viewscreen switched to space view.

"Is there anyone here who's not nervous?" Tom questioned. Nobody of course said a word.

Meanwhile:

Two crewmembers were walking down the corridor carrying small bags, the two were talking quietly between them. James, Jessie, Duncan and Sasha were following. Amy was sitting in a pram Jessie was pushing, with a lollipop hanging out of her mouth. James had obviously been forced to carry the heavier bags.

"Yes you are," Duncan said.

Amy shook her head, "no."

"You are too, Sasha and I stopped using those when we could crawl," Duncan said.

Amy pouted, "not my fault."

"Stop it you two," James groaned.

"Now you got dad mad at me," Amy moaned.

"You did that to yourself," Duncan said.

"Did not," Amy said.

"Ah, what did I just say?" James snapped lightly.

"Sorry," Amy quietly said.

Duncan rolled his eyes, "so you should be."

The crewmembers reached the end of the corridor, next to the turbolift. They opened the door next to it. "Ok this is one of the new family suites that were original two quarters," one said.

Everyone stepped inside. The living area was the usual size, but both sides had more doors than other quarters. The side to the right of them had two doors next to each other. To the left was a zig zag wall, with one door on each of the two walls adjacent to the window.

Right next to the window on the right hand side was a high rectangular table. On the side closer to the window was a dining table and a replicator. There were high chairs on the opposite side.

"Are all the family ones like this?" James asked.

"Yes. Admiral Paris expected three families with more than two kids to join," the girl replied.

"Oh we don't know anyone with more than two," Jessie said. "Who are they?"

"There's the Johnson's, they have four daughters. And there's the Torres-Paris' they have three, two boys and a girl," the guy replied.

"When did Tom and B'Elanna have another kid?" James questioned.

"I don't know," the girl said. "The youngest is a baby though."

Duncan pulled a face, "she better not be another Tom."

"I second that," James said. "Maybe she'll be more B'Elanna like."

"We can only hope," Jessie muttered.

The Leda:

Harry climbed out of his chair, "report?"

Kevin rolled his eyes, "we're still heading for Dry Dock."

"I'm sorry if I'm being too efficient for you," Harry grumbled.

"I think the word is pedantic," Faye said.

"You're both wrong, it's annoying," Craig muttered. Everyone but Harry seemed to agree. For a few minutes it was peacefully quiet.

Kevin of course broke the silence, "ok we're here, now what?"

"Hang around, just don't dock. Security there are busy as it is," Harry replied. "Oh and let Voyager know we're ready for the crewmember swapover scheme."

Kevin sighed in relief, "thank god for that." He jumped out of his chair.

"Can you at least stop the ship before leaving?" Harry stuttered.

"Oh, yeah that would be an idea," Kevin laughed nervously. He keyed in a few commands at the helm. "Sorry guys." He rushed into the turbolift.

Harry groaned into his hand, "please tell me the permanent replacement is a lot better than him."

"I think it's Bryan, Tom's son," Faye said. "So do you want me to lie then?"

"No that's ok, I'm sure I could easily replicate seat belts," Harry groaned.

"But what about the people who have to stand?" Faye questioned.

"Easy, seat belts that are attached to the stations as well. Though that will be quite disastrous if they explode," Harry replied. "Which they will."

"Note to self, replicate one of those to attach to the warp core and put it around Harry," Craig muttered.

Harry turned around, putting his hands on his hips. He was about to reply but noticed Craig actually making a note of it on a padd.

Faye tried not to laugh, failing miserably. "When will you do that?"

"During a core breach obviously," Craig smiled.

"Uh, tell me when is the real Craig coming back?" Harry stuttered.

Voyager

The Bridge:

James, Jessie, their kids and Jodie came off the lift. They spotted Tom nearby the station behind the command chairs.

"Reporting for duty sir," Jodie said as she headed to opps.

Jessie frowned, looking around, "ok, who were you talking to? The highest rank here is Tom."

Tom turned around, "hey guys, it's great to see you again."

"Yeah, kinda you too," Jessie said.

"Kinda? Well I take what I can get," Tom said. He glanced at James, who was holding Amy with one arm. He held out a hand, "hey."

"You know I don't like shaking," James said. He held out his hand anyway, "I'll humour you this once."

"Great. Hasn't she grown since I last seen her," Tom said while shaking his hand briefly. He then held out his finger towards Amy. "Hi, I'm uncle Tom."

"I don't have a ucle," she said quietly.

"Never mind then," Tom smiled. He looked down at Duncan and Sasha, "hey you two." Duncan just shrugged his shoulders, Sasha did a little wave.

"So, who's in command of both ships?" James asked.

"Harry has the Leda. Rumour has it Andrea was demoted to First Officer," Tom replied. "Yours truly has Voyager."

"You've got to be kidding," James muttered.

"Woah, who did you sleep with to get that?" Jessie asked quietly.

Tom pulled a face in disgust. "Uh, my dad gave me the job."

Jessie looked a little embarrassed, "oh, sorry."

Tom shook it off, "I figured dad told you since you will be working for me. Has he told you what you're doing?"

"It was either Tactical or Engineering, so I'll be here," Jessie replied with a groan.

"Security again. I heard my office has been refurbished," James said.

"Yeah they only did it as it'll be the First Officer's office too," Tom said.

James stared blankly at him, "I have to share my office?"

It was Tom's turn to look confused, "nobody told you?" James shook his head, "you are him."

His family stared at him in shock. "What? Me, why?" he stuttered.

"Dad said you did well during the war," Tom replied. "Yeah I don't get it either."

"But I'm not command material, I don't really want to sit or stand around here all day," James muttered.

Tom shrugged, "you have to. As you're the Security Chief you don't have to hang around here though."

"Good, all day with you would be too much," James said.

"Lucky me," Jessie said.

Tom raised an eyebrow, "I'm sure you'll live. Anyway you should get the kids here all signed up for the school and nursery. It's now on Deck 8."

"That was next anyway," James said. "My office in the same place?"

"Yes but the previous Chief is still there. He's working on something," Tom replied.

"Oh? Anything interesting?" James questioned.

"We have an intruder but I wouldn't worry about it. We've narrowed out vampires, demons and dumb people," Tom replied.

"You better be right, we came here to get away from the first one," James said.

"You came through the Security checks, there's no way any of the first two would have gotten through unnoticed," Tom said.

The Brig:

Craig stepped into the room. "We've got orders to let him go."

Foster glanced at him briefly, "but he's the bad guy."

"Yeah I know, the Admiral thinks he knows best," Craig muttered.

Damien smiled smugly, "about time."

Craig narrowed his eyes, "that doesn't mean it's over. If you try anything you're in here for a long time."

"Ooh," Damien said with a smirk. The forcefield went down and he stepped out. "Keep it up, one day you'll be a real boy."

Craig marched forward, he grabbed a hold of him by the front of his shirt. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Damien just continued to smirk at him, "look at you. One dead ex girlfriend and you start thinking you're Mr matcho."

"Er Craig," Foster stuttered. He quickly rushed forward to try and pull the two apart.

"Whatever," Craig groaned, pushing Damien away. "He's not even worth it." He stormed back out of the room.

"I think I'm going to like it here," Damien said.

Deck Eight:

Sasha and Amy were kneeling in the corner of an office, both of them were playing with big lego bricks. James, Jessie and Duncan were sitting opposite a cheerful, plump, female middle aged teacher.

"Yes I understand," she said. "I received his file this morning, we can accommodate for his needs. Unfortunately he'll be on his own until little Britney and Heidi are old enough to join the school. That won't be until the next school year begins in January."

"I can stay off until then if it's easier," Duncan said.

"How considerate, but it's no problem at all young man. It'll be a pleasure to teach one child. It'll allow us to get to know each other," the teacher said.

Duncan pouted and folded his arms. James tried to keep a straight face, "I'm sure he'll like that Mrs Appleton."

"I understand there was an accident last week. It's ok if you don't want him to start straight away," the teacher said.

"Doctor Jones suggested he stay off for another three days. That's ok right?" James questioned.

Appleton smiled while nodding her head, "no trouble at all. He can have as much time as he needs to rest his head. He'll be needing it working 100% with me."

"That's impossible, we only use something like half of our brains," Jessie muttered.

Appleton's face dropped a little, "that's true yes, but I wasn't being technical."

"So 50%, great," Duncan muttered, still pouting.

"Yes," Appleton sighed. "The nursery is just next door."

"I know, we were just there," Jessie said.

"Thanks," James uneasily said. He and Duncan stood up first, Jessie sighed before doing the same. James knelt down to pick Amy up with one arm, Sasha outstretched her arms with a pout on her face. He picked her up with his other arm, and stood back up.

They left through the nearest door, they headed down the corridor towards the neighbouring door. "You really know how to put down the most cheerful person," James said.

"She was annoying me," Jessie commented.

They entered the nursery reception area. A teacher was there waiting. "Hello again."

"Hi again, is it ok to drop them off now?" James asked as he knelt back down. He put down the two girls.

The teacher nodded, "of course." She knelt down in front of them. "Now here you can play with any of the toys, but there are only a few rules. One if there is somebody already playing with something, ask if you can play with them or wait for them to finish. Two no fighting."

"I don't fight," Sasha said.

"I know but I have to tell everybody," the teacher smiled. "Three, at dinner time and about 1600 it's clean up time. You have to clean up any mess, but I suggest to avoid making so much."

"Right, I never heard that one before," Jessie raised an eyebrow.

"I know most children make a mess and it can't be helped, but we try to teach them that it has rewards. We have extra sweets, drinks, you get the idea," the teacher said, standing back up.

"Well girls, we'd better love you and leave you for now. What's the pick up times?" James questioned.

"Lunch time is between 1200 and 1300. You can pick them up anytime really, but the closing time is 1800," the teacher replied.

"Ok," James said. "I'll pick you up at 1700."

Sasha nodded, "okeydokey."

Amy just pouted, she grabbed a hold of James' leg tightly.

"Oh she doesn't want to stay," the teacher said.

"No, don't wanna," Amy moaned.

James sighed, "I'm sorry sweetheart but there's nothing to do at my work, you'll be bored. There's lots to do here."

"No, go with you," Amy cried.

James glanced at Jessie helplessly, she shrugged and knelt down. "Just try it, you might have fun. If you don't like it, dad can pick you up."

"But there's nothing to do in my office," James quietly said.

"She can bring her own toys," Jessie said. "Can you try it?"

"I dunno," Amy quietly replied.

"Would you try it for daddy?" Jessie questioned.

"Ok," Amy replied. She pulled away.

"Wow, you're good," James said as Jessie stood back up.

"Thanks and you're welcome," Jessie said before walking back out of the door.

"You're really going to try it?" James questioned. Amy nodded her head. "Good girl, if you don't like it here, just tell one of the teachers."

"She'll be all right Mr Stuart. A lot of the children hate coming to a nursery for the first time. She'll love it after five minutes I'm sure," the teacher said.

"Good. Both of you have fun, I'll see you in a few hours ok," James said. The two girls looked up at him. "Come on Duncan, we'd better catch up with your mum and drop you off home."

He and Duncan stepped out. Amy started to crawl after them, the teacher quickly picked her up.

"Why don't you stay home instead?" Duncan asked. "Mum is always quiet and avoidy."

"That's exactly why she should be the one to watch you. She needs to get back to her normal self," James replied.

"What's wrong with her?" Duncan asked.

"She's just not feeling herself lately. If she's on her own while looking after you, it might ease her back into it," James said.

Duncan raised an eyebrow and looked up at him, "why won't you tell me what's wrong?"

"Because it's complicated," James replied. "But she'll be ok, she is already getting better."

Deck Five:

Jessie strolled into Sickbay. "Doctor?"

Doctor Jones appeared at the doorway of his office. "What's the nature of your medical emergency?"

"I need a scan," Jessie said.

Doctor Jones' brow wrinkled up, "what for? Are you sick, can you be specific?"

"No, I just want a scan," Jessie replied.

"All right," Doctor Jones said, not looking sure about it. "Lie down on a biobed and I'll do your scan now."

"Good thanks," Jessie said. She walked over to the nearest biobed, then sat down on it.

"This wasn't how I expected seeing you again," Doctor Jones said. He picked up a tricorder, "how's the family?"

"Good, kinda, you heard what happened to Duncan?" Jessie replied.

"Yes, I saw the file James sent to me. We've got an appointment later today," Doctor Jones said.

"Good. I have to go and watch him, so can you hurry it up," Jessie muttered.

Doctor Jones began scanning, his face frowned, "huh, interesting."

"What?" Jessie questioned.

The Bridge:

"Ok, take us out Naomi, carefully," Tom said as he sat down. His hands clutched the arms of the chair tightly.

"I'm always careful," Naomi said. She started working at the station while everyone held on for a dear life.

Meanwhile

Starfleet Headquarters:

"They're departing sir," an ensign said.

Admiral Paris sighed, "excellent. Contact Admiral Hayes."

"Yes sir," the ensign said, he stepped out.

Sickbay:

"I thought you were going to get the operation Jessie, what happened?" Doctor Jones questioned as he paced.

Jessie pulled herself off the bed, "I freaked out ok. I was worried we'd change our minds so we got this drug on prescription. James takes it whenever it's, you know needed."

"So why didn't that work?" Doctor Jones muttered.

Jessie raised her shoulders, "well, I stopped getting it for him. He thinks what he's taking is the drug, but it's nothing."

"Please tell me you're joking," Doctor Jones stared at her blankly.

"I'm not," Jessie said.

"This isn't like you at all. For one thing you're lying to James, you're deceiving him and you're betraying his trust in you," Doctor Jones bewilderedly said. "You're treating him like an object."

"I'm not, I would never," Jessie stuttered.

"That's exactly what you're doing," Doctor Jones snapped. "You decided that you wanted another baby, ignoring the obvious risk of infection, and just gone ahead and done it. He was just a donor in your eyes. You obviously didn't talk to him or wonder how he'd even feel about this. You just selfishly thought you are the only one who decides it."

"He would have said no," Jessie said.

"It gets better," Doctor Jones muttered.

"But deep down I know he wants it too," Jessie said.

"Haven't you thought about the risk? You nearly died along with your daughters the last time, and you lost one of them. This could easily happen again," Doctor Jones said.

"I have thought about it, I'll have an appointment every week and I'll stick to it," Jessie said. "I want it to go right this time, I really do."

"But you did it in the worst possible way. Having a child is all about two people who love and trust each other... well at least it's supposed to be," Doctor Jones said.

"We do though, and he'll understand," Jessie said.

"How? I don't," Doctor Jones said.

The Bridge:

"Report," Tom commanded.

"We'll enter the corridor in twenty seconds," Naomi replied.

Tom glanced at his white knuckles, "we can't do this for the whole season."

"Maybe Kevin should be promoted to full time helm person instead of Naomi," Jodie said.

"Hey, I flew a lot of shuttles in the Academy," Naomi moaned.

"Yeah but did you land them?" Tom asked with a raised eyebrow.

Naomi's eyes shifted nervously, "ten seconds to go."

"Oh crap, we're doomed," Tom groaned.

Voyager flew into the corridor, Leda followed shortly later. The corridor itself was mostly black, with green flame like patterns.

"Ok Paris to Astrometrics. Chart the corridor and send a flight course to the helm," Tom ordered.

In: "Aye aye sir."

"For now we wait," Tom said.

Naomi pouted, "fine don't trust me."

Deck Thirteen:

A couple of crewmembers were sitting in a new Ten Forward. Ylara was sitting on her own nearby the window. She got up and walked out into an empty corridor. After turning the corner she stopped dead in her tracks.

"All right, why are you following me?"

A man behind her stopped. "I could have just been going your way, why would anyone want to follow you?"

Ylara frowned, "that voice." She turned around, "you? You were presumed dead a year ago."

The man, who hid his face in his black hood, smiled evilly, "what does that even mean these days? You're here aren't you? Now let's see what we can do about that." The hood moved away slightly, revealing his face. Ylara backed away a few steps.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie headed over to Duncan holding a drink in her hands, he was lying on the sofa with a blanket over him. She knelt down then handed it to him. "How are you feeling?"

"Headache again," he replied.

"It's time to have another pain killer hypospray," Jessie muttered. She reached over to the table to pick up a hypospray. "Only two left after this." She pressed it into his neck.

"Good I don't like them," Duncan said.

Jessie smiled, "don't worry, by tomorrow they'll be gone." She placed a hand across the side of his face, then brushed one strand of hair away. "Then you should be feeling better."

"What if I'm not?" Duncan asked.

"You will be," Jessie replied. She kissed him on the forehead. When she pulled away she expected to see a grossed out look on his face. That's not what she got. "Ok, you didn't go 'eww mum' or pull a face. Maybe I'll have to take that back." She placed a hand on his forehead, "you don't have a fever."

Duncan just laughed, "does that mean I can have more days off school?"

"Yeah you wish," Jessie replied.

James walked in through the main door, "hey, how is my favourite little guy?" He headed over to kneel down beside Jessie, and put an arm around her. "And my favourite wife?"

Jessie raised an eyebrow at him, "I knew it, where do you keep the other women?"

"There's one under the bed, the other one, nah, I can't keep even joke about it," James replied with a smirk. "So Duncan, how are you?"

"Head was hurting, now I'm just tired," Duncan replied.

"Oh well you should feel better once those pain killers are gone," James said.

"Let's hope so," Jessie said as she stood back up. James watched her walk over to the 'kitchen area'. She sat down on one of the tall stools.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yeah um, can we talk for a minute?" Jessie uneasily replied.

"Sure," James replied. He got up and walked over to her, "what is it?"

"I have to tell you something," Jessie said. "I'm uh... I'm a few weeks... uh pregnant."

James stared blankly at her, he then started to laugh a little, "good one."

"No I'm serious," Jessie muttered.

"That's impossible, don't be silly," James said.

"Nope, I am," Jessie said.

"But you can't be, I've been taking that drug so it wouldn't happen," James said.

"Yeah um, you haven't been," Jessie muttered.

"Um, what do you mean by that?" James asked.

"Well you know the hypospray, well instead of getting them all re-filled at the hospital, I got them done at the house," Jessie said.

"Ok what are you talking about? Is this still a joke?" James questioned.

"None of it is James," Jessie replied. She stepped closer to put a hand on his arm and took a hold of his other hand. "There's no drug in them. Two weeks ago we um... did it and now we're having another baby."

James pulled his hand away, stepping backwards. "What? You did... I don't believe this."

"It's true," Jessie said. James stared at her, shaking his head lightly. "This is good right."

"How is this good? If you're serious, which I hope you're not, you..." James said.

"I am serious, promise," Jessie said.

"Ok right now that means nothing to me," James muttered. He walked away from her.

"What do you mean by that?" Jessie asked.

James stepped to turn back around, "what do you think it means? Did you expect me to be happy and just forget what the hell you did? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I just wanted another... you've always known that four was what I wanted," Jessie said.

"I didn't know you wanted to lose a kid all over again, nearly die or actually die though," James said. "And I didn't know that you didn't care about me."

"What? Of course I do," Jessie said. "You and the kids mean the world to me, maybe more."

"It sure doesn't seem that way to me," James muttered. "You've been spending the last few months avoiding our children like the plague, and now you want another one? I'm not even going to start with me."

Jessie stepped forward, "no, maybe you should."

"Well the only time you were even nice to me was when you wanted to..." James said. His face quickly stiffened, "that's the only reason wasn't it? You just pretended, and held back from snapping at me for less than an hour so you could get pregnant."

"No that's..." Jessie said.

"I really want to hear me talking right now," James snapped at her. "You owe me that much."

"You don't understand," Jessie stuttered.

"That's putting it mildly," James said. "For months I took care of our children. I fed them, bathed them, clothed them, comforted... I did everything for them!" Duncan glanced over as his voice raised.

"James, try to calm..." Jessie quietly said.

"While you've done what? Hanging out with your sister or whatever the hell you were doing. Probably moaning on about how hard everything's been for you over the last two years. I've tried and I've tried to talk to you, I never got angry or showed you I was upset and I all I got was f***** abuse! And now you're telling me to calm down?" James yelled at her.

She started to get tears in her eyes, "James stop, you don't..."

"I'm already aware that I don't get it," James muttered. "I get that you've been through a lot, and I feel for you, but so have I remember. You don't keep pushing the people who love you away."

"I don't know why I do it. I just know that I'm afraid to get hurt again," Jessie said.

"Then why did you go through the trouble of using me just so you can get pregnant again? You know something will happen," James questioned. "And when you don't even care enough to look after or even look at the children you have now."

"Because it's not just about me. You are the parent in this family, you're a great dad to them. I'm just the one who has them, and you know I can't even do that right," Jessie cried, tears started to come down her face.

"That's what I'm here for. If you felt that badly why didn't you just talk to me? Why betray me like this, what did I do to you?" James said.

"You would have said no," Jessie muttered.

"Oh so that's how it is? If I will say yes, great you'll ask me. But if I'm going to say no you do it anyway," James grumbled.

"You would have said no because you'd be worried about what would happen. But I know you love our kids and would have said yes otherwise," Jessie said. "Plus just cos you say no doesn't mean no, my opinion counts for something too."

"I know that, but if I'm the one who has to raise this child, I have a lot of say in it," James said.

"I'm the one who has to carry it and go through all the pain!" Jessie snapped.

"For what, less than nine months? If you're always going to be like this then I'm the one who has to raise it for eighteen years. I also have to live with the other kind of pain I'll get for the rest of my life with you like this," James said.

Duncan got off the sofa and headed over to them, with an angry look on his face.

"It's pointless arguing about this now, it's too late. You don't believe in abortion so you're not going to suggest it, so there's nothing either of us can do," Jessie said.

"So now what? What's next huh Jess? I thought you would never treat me like this so I don't know what to expect," James said.

"Treat you like what?" Jessie asked.

"Like I'm nothing to you, that's what I feel like Jessie. That's how I felt every time you must have tried to get pregnant. You always pushed me away like I was infected with a life threatening disease. Do you have any idea how that feels?" James muttered.

Duncan stamped his foot, "stop it! Stop arguing!"

They both glanced down at him. "It's all right Duncan," James muttered, looking back up at Jessie. "We have finished. I just have one thing to ask."

"What's that?" Jessie quietly said.

"Do you still love me, at all?" James asked.

"How can you ask me that? I always will, nothing will change that, I trust you with my life," Jessie stuttered.

"Well I don't, trust you I mean," James said.

"But why?" Jessie stuttered.

"Why? You haven't given me a reason to. And in answer to the earlier question, how can I not? Do you even know what you're doing? I certainly don't," James said. "Right now I don't even recognise you. You're not the same girl I fell in love with and married. That girl would never hurt me like this." He turned around and headed for the door.

"But James... I didn't mean to..." Jessie stuttered.

"Sure whatever," James muttered, he walked out.

Jessie stared at the door, tears were still coming down her face. Duncan was still looking up at her. "I'm sorry you had to hear that, excuse me." She rushed to one of the bedrooms. Duncan stared after her then he followed. He found her lying on the bed, crying into one of the pillows. He ran over to the bedside, then placed a hand on her arm, "mum?"

"Duncan please, I don't want you to see me like this," she cried.

"But mum," Duncan said.

Jessie lifted her head to glance at him, "no buts, I want to be alone please."

"Why was dad yelling at you?" Duncan asked.

"Because I deserved it. Now can you leave? You should be resting," Jessie replied.

Duncan pouted, "no you don't."

"Duncan get out," Jessie said.

"But," Duncan stuttered.

"Now," Jessie said more forcefully. She buried her face back into the pillow. Duncan slowly walked back out.

The Leda

The Bridge:

"That guy does nothing but abuse his power," Faye muttered.

"Yeah like you wouldn't," Bryan said.

Harry glared at them angrily from the centre of the bridge, "what are you two talking about?"

"At least Janeway bothered to turn up right," Faye said.

"Um, I'm right here you silly girl," Harry muttered.

"I guess I would though, but nobody would listen to me," Faye said.

"Have you ever thought of projecting your mind's voice into others? You know, talk to everyone without even speaking," Craig said. "The creep factor would make them listen."

"I've never tried that, purposively anyway," Faye said.

Harry sighed, "ok don't encourage her. Betazoids that do that really annoy me."

"It must be cool to be telepathic," Bryan said.

"Yeah it's not, I get a lot of headaches," Faye said.

Harry looked around at everyone, "why are you all ignoring me?"

"So why is Harry in charge anyway, just how cursed is this ship?" Craig questioned.

Harry put his hands on his hips, "hey!"

"God knows, he's probably the stupidest geek I've met," Bryan replied.

"I hope you don't say that to his face," Faye giggled.

"Yeah that's the geekiest insult I've ever heard, but he'd still cry over it," Craig smirked.

"No I wouldn't," Harry muttered. He marched over to the helm.

"Yeah he probably would," Bryan said.

"I'm right here!" Harry yelled as he waved his hand in front of Bryan's face, he didn't seem to notice it. He tried clicking his fingers and clapping his hands, he didn't even blink. "Ok if you're just pretending you're very good."

"So where is he?" Faye asked.

"I dunno, but I can live without him being here," Craig replied.

"Ok this is very strange," Harry grumbled.

Meanwhile

Voyager's Bridge:

Kevin was arguing with Naomi at the helm. Tom was just sitting in his new chair trying to look important. Jodie stood in front of him with an angry look on her face, "listen buddy, I said there's something weird on the shields."

"I'm better than you, that's why I was promoted," Kevin snapped.

Naomi raised an eyebrow, "oh I see, this is a blonde insult isn't it? My teacher told me to be aware of this."

"No it's not a general blonde insult, it's an insult to you. You can't fly very well," Kevin muttered.

"You two pack it in. Naomi, let him fly," Tom ordered.

Jodie's eyes widened, she started jumping up and down. "Aaaah, listen to me you freak!"

Tom continued to not notice her, "I got you a better job."

"Oooh, what is it?" Naomi asked as she turned her chair around.

"The doc needs another nurse in training," Tom replied.

Naomi's eyes lit up, "oh really?" She jumped out of her seat, Kevin quickly nabbed it. "Will I get to do operations on guys who have to be mostly stripped, or do those little check ups with cute guys?"

Kevin laughed, "no."

Tom looked nervous, "I think so, you'll have to ask the doc. Do you want it?"

"Oh yeah," Naomi giggled.

"For crying out loud. This is more important than this," Jodie groaned.

"Well you'd better get to Sickbay," Tom said.

"Will do," Naomi said. She rushed to the turbolift, but she noticed that one of the consoles next to it had an error flashing on it. "Oh that's weird." She pressed a few controls, it then exploded knocking her flying onto her back.

"Yes she should," Jodie muttered.

Tom, Kevin and a few unknowns rushed over to her. Tom tapped his commbadge, "Paris to Sickbay, we have a medical emergency."

Kevin was the first to stand up after Naomi was beamed away. "Hey, where is Jodie?"

Tom looked over at opps, "hey yeah, where is she?"

Jodie started fuming, "I'm right here!"

The two looked around the bridge, but they obviously couldn't see or hear her. "Computer locate Jodie Harris," Tom said.

The computer responded, "Jodie Harris is on the bridge."

"Uh no she's not," Kevin muttered.

"Uh, yes I am!" Jodie snapped. "What's going on here?"

Sickbay:

Doctor Jones hovered the regenerator over the burns on Naomi's face. Nothing seemed to happen. "This is odd. Nikki, can you get me another regenerator?"

Nikki nodded, "sure boss." She walked over to the med tray, she picked up another regenerator then handed it to him. He used it but the same happened.

"I don't understand. This should be working," Doctor Jones said.

"Yeah," Nikki sighed, fidgeting slightly and twitching her nose. "That's weird, the air's moist."

"It is? It shouldn't be," Doctor Jones said.

Nikki looked confused, she stumbled back and put a hand over her mouth.

"What's wrong?" Doctor Jones asked. He used the tricorder he had in his hands to scan her. "Oh my, there's water in your lu..."

What looked like small gills came out of the marks on her face and arms. She sighed as she removed her hand from her mouth. "Phew, I thought those wouldn't work for a second there." She frowned at Doctor Jones' dumbfounded look. "What? You know my species can breathe under water, right?"

"I do but I've never seen a Porséan adapt to water conditions before," Doctor Jones said.

"I haven't done it since I was a kid," Nikki said. "That was weird though, where did it come from?"

"I don't know but this is all strangely familiar to me," Doctor Jones replied. "This has happened before." Suddenly his program started flickering, when it stopped he had a cowboy outfit on. "And so has this."

Nikki started smirking, "I must have missed it the last time, shame."

Doctor Jones frowned at her. "Computer remove the cowboy outfit from the EMH and replace it with the medical uniform."

"Cannot comply, password needed," the computer responded.

"Great, just great," Doctor Jones groaned. His program flickered again, this time he had a clown outfit on.

Deck Thirteen, the Habitation Lab:

Damien wandered down alongside two rows of shelves, both of which had vegetable crops growing on them. "Crap, nothing but leaves and grass, and other crap." He stopped at the end eyeing the carrot crop. "Hmph, this deck better still be cursed or something."

The door opened, Ylara walked in sporting a deep cut on the left side of her face. She stopped to stare at Damien, he turned to look at her.

"You, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"Well no thanks to you I've been forced to join this crew," Damien grumbled.

Ylara glanced around the whole lab, "as a farmer?"

"No, I have a really important high command role," Damien replied.

"Right, and I was left in charge of the, what's it called? Oh science department, thing," Ylara said.

"It's true," Damien moaned.

"Prove it," Ylara said.

"I shouldn't have to, I'm a higher rank," Damien muttered.

"Look I'm not really that bothered ok, do you have one of those magic devices?" Ylara questioned.

Damien smirked a little, "magic devices?"

"Yes, those things that people use to make wounds disappear," Ylara muttered, narrowing her eyes.

"What happened to you, not like I care," Damien questioned.

"If you don't care why did you ask?" Ylara asked as she folded her arms.

Damien's eyes shifted nervously, "I'm nosey and curious. I like to laugh at people's misfortunes."

Ylara shook her head, "you try too hard at being over the top evil, don't you? Real evil people don't act like you."

"I am evil damn it!" Damien snapped at her. "I took over Starfleet, I worked with the undead, negotiated with evil spirits, brainwashed people."

"And if Lena's memory is right, you have helped out a lot. If you were truly evil you wouldn't do that," Ylara said.

"I only helped to help myself, I didn't care about any of these people," Damien muttered.

Ylara started to smirk instead of him, "you got an army of rabbits to attack the ship once. Now that's lame."

"How do you know about that?" Damien grumbled.

"Somebody told her. I only remembered cos of the Watership down screensaver she saw while on your ship, it's something to do with rabbits," Ylara said.

"You don't even know what rabbits are. They're dangerous, big seven foot long creatures with big sharp," Damien said, trailing off near the end. "No that's totally wrong, they're gentle looking creatures with a devilish streak you don't expect. They remind me of me," he said, getting a little emotional.

Ylara tried not to laugh, "you're not evil, you're just a weirdo. A power hungry, self obsessed prick really."

"Ah you see," Damien said, smiling smugly. "You don't think I'm evil, cos like the rabbit I put you into a false sense of security. Before you know it I'll have my own ship, an army and you'd be wishing I was just a weirdo."

Ylara raised an eyebrow, "have you ever killed anybody, directly?"

"Yes, that stupid jackass that kept dying and coming back. He just wouldn't die," Damien grumbled.

Ylara rolled her eyes, "anybody worth mentioning I mean, and permanently."

"Directly, well nobody worth mentioning. I've arranged a murder, and that was done in front of her own kid. That's evil," Damien said.

"Uh huh, did you plan it to happen that way? Was the person you hired just told to kill her?" Ylara questioned.

"I don't like the way you're questioning me. Yes I'm a killer, I do evil things, I'm a villain," Damien grumbled.

"So why are you still on Voyager being told what to do by an Admiral, who's miles and miles away by now, and hanging around a weird futuristic farm? And talking to an ex Evil Slayer who you were concerned enough about her to ask what happened to her?" Ylara asked.

"Because this is just to put everybody into a false sense of security, they won't expect," Damien replied.

"Nobody trusts you anyway, there was security just outside waiting for somebody, obviously you," Ylara said.

Damien tried to ignore her, "the Admiral is obviously after some evil intruder, so if I find him or her then I can assist him in um, whatever they're doing."

"Even your really good plans have been thwarted, why do you think you ended up here?" Ylara commented.

"Three, I thought the habitation lab would have animals not plants," Damien muttered.

"Looking for another rabbit army?" Ylara smirked.

"Four, why would I care about what happens to you? I was asking in case you came up against the intruder," Damien said.

"Fine, I just thought that we were 'fellow villains'," Ylara said with a smile. She turned to leave, "now I know you're just jealous of me."

"Jealous, of what exactly? I possessed more people than you ever did, and," Damien grumbled as he marched after her. She turned around suddenly so he nearly walked into her.

"You're jealous because I was actually evil and you never really will be. Face it, I caused more permanent damage to the crew you hate in one day than you've done over the last ten or so years," Ylara said. "You were right, you just asked because you were trying to find your next 'teammate' because you don't do it alone. You can't, on your own you're even more pathetic than usual."

"You're going to regret saying that when I get my army back together," Damien muttered.

Ylara smiled and shook her head, "take it easy." She slapped him gently across the head, he still winced like it hurt a lot though. "Being evil isn't really so great, I should know. You're not even very good at pretending, surely there's something else that you can do."

Damien frowned, "let me get this straight, an Egyptian woman from thousands of years ago is giving me job advice?"

Ylara's eyes turned a little cold, "I'm just saying that maybe you should quit acting like some dumb cartoon like villain. You're obviously somebody with an ego bigger than his brain. Spare yourself some embarrassment and leave the villainy to ones that know what they're doing."

"What, like you?" Damien sniggered.

"No, somebody who's full of so much hate and grief that he's no longer him anymore. True evil comes from too many bad experiences, why do you think Slayers are given more power that way," Ylara replied. "But if you're not going to listen to me then I'll leave you to find him on your own."

"The intruder, where is he?" Damien asked.

"I think the better question is, who is he?" Ylara replied smiling in a way that made him nervous. "He's after you, you know. And I tried to give you a chance to actually give me a reason to protect you from him."

"What are you talking about? When did you give me a chance, you're full of crap," Damien muttered.

"Ok, I'll not even tell you who it is. See ya," Ylara said. She stepped out of the lab.

"Crap," Damien muttered, he rushed after her. "What do you want from me?"

Ylara turned back around, "I've given you enough hints. You're obviously too stupid to figure it out." Damien stared blankly at her. "Ugh, why would I help somebody who's evil and who's planning on taking over the ship or something?"

"Ah, so you do think I'm evil," Damien smiled.

"Ugh, you're impossible!" Ylara groaned. "I hope he does kill you."

"I think I get you, you wanted me to promise to be good and you'd help me?" Damien questioned. "Why would I want your help, he obviously hurt you."

"He didn't win though, he realised he couldn't hurt me," Ylara muttered. "And no I wasn't trying to get you to promise. I was trying to get you to understand that you're never going to be liked, and that's what you really want. What you're doing only makes people hate you and now there's an angry ex Tolg on this ship that's wanting your blood. I'm smart enough to understand that a lot of people hate me for what I did, which wasn't a good thing, I just wanted..."

"Why didn't you say that you wanted somebody to talk to, or at the very least be hated with?" Damien questioned. "You know, girls make such a big fuss over everything."

"I don't want to be best friends with you, or friends for that matter. I'm just tired of everybody hating me. You put it right, I want someone to be hated with. It's better than nobody at all," Ylara muttered.

"The Evil Slayer thing wasn't really your fault but people still treat you like they treat me?" Damien questioned. Ylara groaned and looked away. He smiled smugly, "are you sure you don't want just a friend."

She raised an eyebrow, "girls never make friends with men from where I come from."

"Right, I thought your body's brother would have been a good pal for you. He's like you right, well you're less annoying than he is," Damien said.

"He can't help but hate me, unlike the others he did try not to. Besides I..." Ylara said.

Damien cut her off quickly, "wait did you say angry ex Tolg?"

Ylara smiled, "yeah, you figured it out then."

"Oh that makes my two jobs just one job, no one and a half yes," Damien muttered. He looked at her with wide eyes, "screw that, he's really going to kill me."

"What exactly did you do anyway? He just mentioned wanting to really hurt you," Ylara asked.

"That doesn't matter now, you've got to help me. You said he can't hurt you right," Damien stuttered.

"All right but you owe me twice now. Promise you'll do two things that I name without question?" Ylara said.

"Depends what it is," Damien said. He frowned, "wait, that better not be what you really want."

"No of course not," Ylara said, smiling sweetly. "We can hang out and argue some more, and bitch about all the people who go out of their way to insult us. I do mean that."

"Ok ok fine, I promise. Two things just make sure he doesn't hurt me. I just got this body back," Damien said.

"I don't believe you mean that," Ylara said.

Damien groaned, "ok I swear on uh, the rabbit gods that I'll do the two things."

"Rabbit gods, oh and I thought the idea of cats in the underworld was stupid," Ylara giggled. "All right, leave it to me."

Meanwhile:

In the recently re-done Security Office, the ex Security Chief was standing in front of the desk looking sullen. James was sitting in the comfortable looking black chair behind the desk, cradling a cup in his hands with a 'I dont care' look on his face. A group of young crewmembers were chatting at the other side of the office.

"We can't turn back, so you have to give me my job back. You have two," the ex-Chief said.

"No I don't, technically I outrank you so I shouldn't stand down just because you told me to," James muttered.

"But, we're both Lieutenants," the ex-Chief said.

"Yeah but I was stupidly given the second command of the ship role so technically I do," James said. "Though you can have that job if you want."

"I don't think you understand. I'm a proper Starfleet Officer, I went through the Academy," the ex-Chief muttered. "I'm sure you were just promoted by your mother."

"Sorry it's you that doesn't understand. I'm not giving up this job, I don't want to sit around putting up with Tom's lame jokes and insults all day, every day. I'd rather be dead, again," James said. He finished off whatever was in his cup, then put it down on the desk. "I'll give you a different job in Security, if you want."

"No that would be going backwards," the ex-Chief said.

"Not really. I'll give you parts of my job that I can't stand. Like oh, train the newbies over there and write the reports," James said.

"I'm not doing only that, if you want the Chief job you have to take it all," the ex-Chief grumbled.

"Really? Ok then," James said. He pushed one of the PADDs over to the other side of the desk. The ex-Chief picked it up.

His face was going a darker shade of red as he read it, "I'm not doing any of these. I'll take that training job, but that's it."

"No I don't like you, you've annoyed me. Most trainers forget to teach their people how to duck phaser fire, or for that matter move while in a phaser fight," James muttered. "I recommend the habitation lab, it's on Deck Thirteen so you'll still have some action."

"You know as well as I do that deck's been quiet for years," the ex-Chief grumbled.

"Fine, I hope you enjoy being a bartender, I didn't when I did it," James said.

"What is your problem?" the ex-Chief grumbled.

"Overall that's none of your business, currently my problem is whiny ex Chiefs who forget to leave the ship on time," James replied. "Why should I give my job to somebody who can't even remember that."

"I was busy working on finding that intruder," the ex-Chief muttered.

"If Voyager is the same as I remember it, the intruder will find me and or someone else I know. They don't usually sit around and do nothing," James said.

"Fine," the ex-Chief grumbled. "I'll talk to the Leda commander, maybe he'll give me a better job." He turned around and marched over to the crewmembers. "Everyone, change of plans." Most of them glanced at him. "I won't be your teacher after all, just wait here until you're given your orders."

"You really thought he'd give you your job back," one guy snorted with laughter. "I wouldn't give up that job unless you were offering the captains chair in return."

"Actually he's second in command, so that's partially accurate. Good luck," the ex-Chief muttered as he headed out.

One of the brunettes started messing with her hair, "oh first officer as well? Score, how old is he, he isn't ugly is he?" Most of the group groaned.

"He came in five minutes ago," one of the guys replied, beckoning his head towards the desk. James was already heading over to the group anyway.

"Oh yummy," the brunette whispered to the girl next to her, fanning her face.

She snorted in disgust, "ugh whore."

James stopped nearby the seating area, the group were sitting on the small sofas or the chairs surrounding a table nearby the window. "Does any of you know how many newbies there are supposed to be?"

The brunette jumped onto her feet, "only one that counts." She held out her hand, "hi I'm Janet."

"Uh huh," James stared blankly at her for a second. He glanced down at the PADD in his hands, "there's just ten names, that can't be right."

"Why can't that be right?" one guy asked.

"Well there's ten here now, there's always one tardy person. And I was expecting a whole horde like the last time," James replied.

Janet had a big pout on her lips, "that's a good thing right, more time for every person."

"No, I train you as a group. In the afternoon we go to the holodeck, the morning you all join the so called experienced teams," James said.

Janet's pout got bigger, she held out her hand again, "just in case you didn't hear me, I'm Janet."

"Oh great, the bimbo's aren't just blonde anymore," James groaned. A few members of the group sniggered quietly as Janet sat down in a huff. "Ok I'm not going to make a good impression today so I'll make this quick. Your duty timetables are on a pile on my desk, if you have a problem with it take it up with me first thing tomorrow. For today just settle in."

Everyone got up and headed over to the desk. He watched them briefly squabble over the PADDs, then a few of them headed out while reading one each.

"Tomorrow you'll be getting briefed in the morning, you'll join your teams in the afternoon instead," James said as he went back over to his desk.

As the last few headed for the door, Duncan walked in but had to stop as they were blocking the rest of the way. "Aaaw, what a cutie," one girl cooed at him.

"I think he's a bit young for you," Janet commented.

Duncan pulled a face at them both, another girl knelt down next to him. "Are you lost ey cutie?"

"No, this was where I was going," he muttered.

James headed over to the doorway, "guys, give him some air please."

"Yeah Annie, god," the first girl said.

The girl next to Duncan frowned, "I was only trying to help, unlike you." She stood back up, the first girl pulled her out of the office. Janet ran after them.

"Tell me something, are all the girls bimbo-ish?" James asked the two remaining guys.

"Nope. Two of them you can share a room with for five minutes, without losing the will to live," the first guy replied. He glanced at the guy next to him, "oh but in exchange, you have him."

"What do you mean by that?" James asked like he didn't want to know.

"Shut up loser," the second guy groaned, elbowing the first guy. He held out his hand, "I'm Stewart, it's nice to meet you sir."

"Yes I'm the loser," the first guy muttered.

"Um you don't have to call me sir," James said, he uneasily shook the guy's hand. The guy didn't let go afterwards though, James looked down at their hands in distaste. "Ok we're just holding hands now," he muttered, quickly pulling his hand away.

"Told you, he's just like those girls," the first guy smirked.

James looked really worried, "ok, go now please before I change my mind about that guy's job."

"I told you Stewart, no hitting on the higher ranks," the first guy sniggered. He pushed Stewart out of the office, slowly following him. He glanced back, "I take it you're not used to gays hitting on you then huh sir, or whatever you want to be called."

"You'd think I would be," James muttered. "Just go, we'll go through everything tomorrow." The guy quickly followed his friend.

"Eew," Duncan said while staring at the door. "I didn't know boys like boys, that's wrong."

James sighed in relief, "no it's not, it's normal for a lot of people." He headed back towards the desk, "what are you doing here anyway, you should be resting."

Duncan followed him, he climbed into one of the chairs in front of the desk. "I want to know why you were being so mean to mum."

"You don't understand, it was an argument, it's not like it was our first time," James replied as he sat down in his own chair.

"But you were yelling at her, she wasn't. You made her cry. I wanna know why," Duncan muttered.

"Duncan I'm sorry you had to hear all that. There's two sides to it and..." James said.

"Mum's upset, don't you care?" Duncan grumbled.

James sighed into his right hand, "she doesn't care about me so." He glanced at his son's angry little face. "I do care about her, it's just you know how she's been for the last few months. She's not the only one who's hurt."

"I guess," Duncan said. "Do you hate her?"

"What? No I never could," James replied. He stood back up, "I just don't trust her right about now. It's hard to explain, you're too young." He moved over to sit on the edge of the desk.

Duncan looked confused, "why?"

"Well let's just say she did something you wouldn't really understand. It was a big shock as your mum's not the type to go behind my back. I couldn't really tell you why, you wouldn't get it," James replied.

"Well I'll just have to stay mad at you then," Duncan said as he folded his arms.

James raised an eyebrow at him, "ok who did you get that from? Me or your mum."

Duncan shrugged his shoulders, "I dunno."

"All right, I'll give it a go, but if you get confused just tell me," James said. "Me and your mum have known each other since we were your age. Over the years our trust in each other grew to the point where I'd trust her with anything."

"Like what?" Duncan butted in.

"Well anything, you name it," James replied.

"Um, cooking lunch without the replicator," Duncan said.

James bit his lip nervously, glancing behind him briefly, "ok maybe not. I mean more personal stuff. I'd trust her to hang around with guys she liked and found attractive or something."

"Has that happened?" Duncan asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No, I don't think so," James replied.

"You'd be a little mad though," Duncan said.

"I wouldn't, not at her anyway at least," James muttered. He shook his head, "ok we're getting way off here. I trusted her with an errand, an important one. Ok this'll make no sense."

"Why couldn't you get it if it was so important?" Duncan asked.

James groaned into his hand, "ok I'm already a bad parent for discussing that much with you, I don't want to make it worse. The way she was acting and what she did didn't really go together. Besides the trust thing I'm confused to say the least."

"You do still want to be with her right?" Duncan asked.

"That's not even the issue, don't worry about that," James replied. "I just need time to think, I might be able to figure out what she was thinking. By then I might have calmed down a little."

"And then you'll trust her again and make up?" Duncan questioned.

"I wish it were that simple. I don't know what to do about it though," James replied. He slid off the desk to stand back up again. "You should go back, see if she's ok for me."

"Why don't you?" Duncan asked with a pout.

"I'm still a little mad at her, do you really want me to make her worse?" James questioned, smirking a little.

"No," Duncan replied. "Can I help?"

"There's nothing you can really do. I don't even know what I have to do. We've never had a trust issue, well we have but the other way around," James replied.

"What did mum do then?" Duncan asked.

James closed his eyes and turned away, "great, she must think I'm such an asshole."

"Why?" Duncan asked.

"Because I did this horrible thing years ago, she forgave me straight away. It wasn't a matter of her trusting me again, it was a matter of me trusting myself with her," James muttered, shaking his head. "She isn't exactly been herself lately, how on earth did she do it?" He glanced back at Duncan, "sorry, you're probably thinking even less of me than you were before."

"Mum's still with you after it. It couldn't have been that bad," Duncan said.

"I'd better not say anything else," James muttered. He walked back around the desk, "I wasn't myself that day, she hasn't been herself lately. What's different?" He sat back down in the chair, "you should go back home."

"No I want to help," Duncan said.

"I think your mum'll be worried if she notices you're gone. You should," James said.

"I got an idea though. Maybe you should assign her an errand or a task," Duncan said.

James frowned as he leaned on the desk, "this isn't the time to be bossing her around. Actually you never do that anyway."

"She probably wants you to trust her again so if you ask her to do something, she'd probably do it," Duncan said.

"What like wear a dress or something, that would be cruel," James said.

Duncan smirked, "that's not what I meant."

"I know, go on," James said.

"I can't, I don't know what you'd trust her with that's small. Cos if you do that, she passes you try something harder. I'm not very good at this," Duncan said.

"No you are, it's actually given me another idea," James said.

"What's wrong with mine?" Duncan pouted.

"I don't want to tell her what to do, not really. The only reason I'm finding it harder to trust her again is because of her behaviour lately. I know just the thing to help her with it," James said.

"What is it?" Duncan asked.

The Bridge:

Tom tapped his foot impatiently, "report."

"We've still got another ten hours," Kevin muttered.

"Any sign of weirdness?" Tom questioned.

Nobody answered him. Kevin glanced back at opps, shrugging his shoulders. "Jodie still hasn't comeback. That was weird wasn't it?"

Tom shrugged, "I guess. Oh well, five minutes and I go on my last break."

"You have a lot of breaks," Kevin commented.

"Yeah well I'm the Captain," Tom said.

The comm activated. Everyone on the bridge could hear background noise but no voice.

"And there's some more," Kevin said.

Meanwhile on the Leda Bridge:

Everyone was looking pretty confused as the same thing played on their intercom.

"What the?" Bryan muttered.

Harry had his eyebrow raised as he listened, "ok, can't they hear it?"

In: "And I repeat anyone having invisible-ness report to Voyager, Deck Three, Section Two. Harris out."

"Invisible-ness, ok? I guess that's me," Harry sighed while heading for the turbolift.

"Ok that was odd. Doesn't anybody know how to use the comm?" Craig said.

"The computer says that it came from Jodie's commbadge," Faye said.

Bryan shrugged, "she must have accidentally tapped it."

Voyager's Nursery:

The three young teachers were either standing or sitting on a chair in front of about fifteen toddlers. The woman sitting on the chair was reading out loud from a book.

One boy shoved his hand into the air, "miss?"

The teacher groaned, "yes, what now?"

"Does the princess die?" the boy asked.

"I haven't finished the story yet Carl," the first teacher groaned.

"My mum says I can't be read any sad stories," the boy said.

"It's not a sad story," the teacher said. She continued to read from the book.

Carl put his hand in the air again, making nearly everybody in the room groan. "Does the princess marry that guy?"

"If you wait a little you'll find out," the teacher muttered.

"But why does all these stories have weddings and stuff. If people don't get married does that mean they're sad?" Carl asked.

"No of course not, it's just a nice ending for the characters," an older woman said softly.

"Ok so why do all the characters like to marry?" Carl asked.

Johnathan glanced at him, "would you shut up."

"Because they love each other, obviously. Now can I continue the story?" the first teacher replied. She didn't wait for an answer, she continued reading.

Carl put his hand up again, "do they have any kids?"

"It's not said in the story, now please just listen to the rest of it," the teacher groaned.

"Shut up Carl," one girl moaned in Carl's direction.

"Yeah I want it to be cookie time," one of two blonde twin girls said.

"Why are you always hungry?" her other half asked her.

"Ok I'm going to continue the story one last time," the teacher butted in. She sighed before beginning to read again. Carl raised his hand again, a lot of the kids glared at him. "What is it now?"

"I need the toilet," he said quietly.

"I've only got a paragraph to read, it's not much," the teacher said. She finally finished reading from the book. The other two teachers sighed in relief as she closed it.

"That was a stupid story," Carl said.

Johnathan raised his fist angrily, one of the teachers scowled at him. "Don't, one more violent bit of behaviour and you're in the naughty corner."

"Fine," Johnathan pouted. He glanced back at his little sister, "you can have my cookie if you hit that boy."

"You dont have to tell me twice," Miral said with a smile. She crawled forward a little, then slapped Carl across the back of the head. He instantly burst out crying. She crawled back over to where she was sitting before, "who's the baby now?"

One teacher rushed forward to pick him up, "all right, you can go to the toilet now." She walked away with him.

"How come no one ever sees you do it?" Johnathan said.

Miral tilted her head to the side, "cos I'm good at it."

James and Duncan entered the nursery, Duncan stayed in the reception area as James headed over to the group of toddlers. Meanwhile one of the teachers carried a tray of cookies over to them. "Oh you're here early."

Amy glanced behind her, her face lit up, "daddy." She crawled over to her dad and wrapped her arms around his leg.

"Only by five minutes or something, sorry," James said, kneeling down. "How was it then?"

Amy shook her head, "I couldn't play with anything, and one of the boys won't stop talking all the time."

Sasha headed over to them, "you played with the lego for a while."

"That boy came over," Amy pouted.

"So you stopped?" James questioned. She looked back up at him. "He couldn't have been that annoying."

Johnathan glanced back at them while receiving his cookie, "oh but he is." Miral snatched it out of his hands. "Aaaw, I forgot."

Miral stuck her tongue out at him, "I didn't."

The teacher stopped at her, "um, I didn't give you a cookie yet. Who's is that?"

"I'm holding it for Johnny," Miral replied sweetly.

"It's Johnathan," Johnathan muttered.

"Give it back to him," the teacher said. Miral pouted, she handed him the cookie back. The teacher handed her a different one. Once her back was turned she took Johnathan's back.

"Is that Johnathan's sister?" James asked.

Sasha nodded, "yeah she's funny. She kept hitting Carl and the other boy, and the teacher thought she was cute or something."

"Oh, I wish I got away with that when I was a kid," James said.

The teacher handed a cookie to Sasha, then one to Amy. "Can I just say something Mr Stuart, your girls are really well behaved. It's kind of a relief considering most of the class get up to at least something," the teacher said.

Sasha giggled, "Duncan's bad enough for all of us."

James smirked as he reached out to stroke a bit of her hair, "I wouldn't be so sure about that, if I were you."

"I'm good," Sasha said with a mouthful of cookie.

"Your little Sasha's a little angel, good as gold," the teacher smiled. "She and Miral have been good all day, however Amy."

James frowned, "what about her, you said they were both well behaved. Are you getting mixed up with this Miral?"

The teacher shook her head, "no Miral has been sweet and polite, unlike her mischievous brother." She glanced back at Miral who had finished off her second cookie.

"Uh huh, I'll take your word for it," James said, smirking at Sasha.

"Told ya," she said quietly.

"Don't get me wrong, Amy's been well behaved but she doesn't like playing with any of the children," the teacher said.

Amy took her cookie out of her mouth, she looked up at her dad with wide eyes. James glanced down at her briefly, "this is her first time in a nursery, she's not used to other kids, just her brother and sister."

"I know, but she did seem to get upset anytime one of the children tried to play or talk to her," the teacher said. "Also she tried to crawl or walk out three times."

Sasha giggled, "that was funny."

James glanced back down at Amy, "why did you do that sweetie?"

"I don't like it here," she replied.

"What don't you like, maybe we can do something about it?" the teacher questioned.

"Never mind, we'll talk about this later," James said. He picked up Amy, then looked at Sasha. "Are you walking or do you want a lift?"

"Can I have a piggy back?" she asked.

"I want one too," Amy pouted.

James sighed, "you both can't at once, you can take turns if you want. Let's just go."

Duncan walked over looking a little annoyed, "where's my cookie?"

"They're just for the nursery students Dunc, come on," James replied. He took a hold of Sasha's hand and lead her out, Duncan followed them with a pout on his face.

"I never got any cookies when I was," he said.

The teacher raised an eyebrow as they left, she turned back around as a different boy burst out crying. He was sitting next to Miral and Johnathan, the two twins were behind them.

"What's the matter?" the teacher asked softly.

"She hit me," the boy pointed at Miral.

"Me?" she squeaked. She looked up at the teacher with wide watery eyes, bottom lip sticking out.

"Aaaw," the teacher sighed as she looked at her. She knelt down to pick up the crying boy, "you shouldn't make stuff up like that." She walked away.

"You're evil," Johnathan said. Miral glanced at him, her sob-act look instantly disappeared. "I'm telling mum."

"Well I'll tell her that you told Sasha about what happened to dad last week," she said.

"See, you're evil," Johnathan glared at her.

Deck Three:

Harry turned one of the corners, nearly walking into a stressed Jodie in the process.

"Ok can you see me?" he asked.

"Yes and I bloody felt you walk into me too," she replied angrily. "What's going on?"

Harry shrugged, "I don't know. We're obviously invisible, but not to each other. What's weirder is that nobody can even hear us."

"But we can touch things so we do exist and we're not dead," Jodie said.

"So what do we do? Do you know when people stopped noticing you?" Harry asked.

"No, I was at opps. I just tried to tell Tom about something weird with the shields, but he wouldn't listen," Jodie replied.

Harry raised an eyebrow, "what do you mean?"

"I don't know, it's like something's gently hitting the shields and they fluctuate in a strange way. I can't explain it, you have to see it. You'd probably understand it," Jodie replied.

"Ookay, you do understand opps a little don't you?" Harry questioned.

"Yes I do, I know the basics. I've seen some weird things happen to shields on Voyager and my dad's ship, but I haven't seen that before," Jodie replied.

Harry sighed, "all right, we'll go back to the bridge and take a look." He turned back the way he came.

The next morning:

Jessie was lying in bed staring up at the ceiling. She sighed and climbed out of bed, then made her way towards the door. She almost bumped into James at the door way. "Where have you been? I was worried."

"You do know you can check with the computer now, right?" James questioned.

"Those things aren't always accurate," Jessie muttered. "So?"

"My office," James replied.

"Oh," Jessie said. "It's a long shot but uh, are you still mad at me?"

James raised an eyebrow before turning back around, "I know we usually make up quickly but..." He walked over to the sofa.

Jessie bit her lip, "I said it was a long shot." She followed him halfway.

"This is different though," James said. He turned back around, "I really don't understand the baby part but I get why you've been acting this way."

"Do you really? You did, then didn't, what's new?" Jessie questioned.

"We've both been through some crap over the last two years most of all, but the Chakotay incident separated us. I spent more time with the kids, and you did the opposite slowly over a few months," James replied.

"He said I wasn't mother material, he's right," Jessie said.

"He's wrong though. Sure we both had a really rough start but we have stuff a lot of parents don't have to deal with," James said.

"I guess," Jessie said.

"Look Jess, you know what I'm really angry about don't you?" James questioned.

"I betrayed your trust," Jessie replied.

"That's one thing that will take a lot of fixing," James said.

"What else is there?" Jessie asked.

"Your problem with the kids. Duncan came to me yesterday and he gave me an idea how to help with both," James replied. "He suggested entrusting you with something small, then later something bigger, you get the idea."

"I'll do that, no problem. I'll do anything. I want you to trust me again," Jessie said.

"I said he gave me an idea Jess, I'm not really suggesting his to you," James said.

"Oh what is it?" Jessie mumbled.

"We'll swap," James replied.

Jessie raised an eyebrow, "swap?"

"Yeah it's simple really. I'll get ready to go back to work. You get the kids up and ready, take the girls to nursery, look after Duncan, you get the idea," James replied.

"Uh, I thought we were just easing into this, can't we just continue doing that," Jessie stuttered with wide eyes.

"Nope, this'll work better. If I'm around to help I probably will," James said.

"But how will this help you trust me again?" Jessie asked.

"Jess it's obvious, I'm leaving you with the kids aren't I," James replied.

"Oh, you must have some in me then," Jessie said, sounding hopeful.

"Probably a little. I know that you still care about them. Believe me, this'll help you a lot. Being with the girls all day, them and Duncan at weekends helped with the grieving. You should have done the same. It is my fault that I didn't tell you sooner," James said.

"It does really?" Jessie said. "I'm not grieving though."

"Jess look, losing my mum, the baby and especially Lena was really hard for me. Our first baby and your deaths were the only worst times of my life. I felt terrible, you remember. If looking after the kids helped me, it'll help you too," James said.

"I don't know," Jessie said. "If I screw up then does that mean you won't ever trust me or..."

"No it doesn't, let me worry about that part. All I want from you is to get better, be yourself again," James said. He stepped closer to her, "I have missed you."

Jessie smiled weakly, "that can't be what it takes, really tell me. You know I'll do anything."

"Yeah I know. Just do this for yourself and the kids. Trust me, it'll help," James said.

"I believe that but..." Jessie said.

"As far as I'm concerned you being not yourself had something to do with what happened. The way you are now, that girl is the one I don't trust that much," James said.

"Right, I see. How long would you be off?" Jessie asked.

"I don't know really, a week maximum if I can, I doubt it'll last longer than an hour though. Amy will make it harder," James replied.

"This'll probably be more of a challenge for you than me," Jessie smirked.

"I know. The minimum would be anytime I think you've shown a lot of improvement," James said.

"Will I get an exam at the end of the week too?" Jessie asked, still smirking.

"Well if you insist," James replied with a smile.

"Oh now I'm nervous, I'm terrible at exams," Jessie said.

"I'm sure you'll do fine. Trust me, two or three days and you'll be waking up with a smile every morning again," James said.

Jessie sighed, "I miss that. I do miss actually wanting to get up just so I could see the kids. I remember being torn a lot between getting up to see them or staying with you."

"Yeah I miss that too," James said, glancing at the watch on his wrist. "Well it's time for the kids to get back up."

Jessie already looked nervous, "ok uh, won't they get worried if I'm there instead of you?"

"They'll probably be more relieved than anything else. Though Duncan knows about this anyway," James replied.

"Ok I can do this," Jessie said. She headed for the other side of the quarters.

"Uh that's Duncan's room, he doesn't need to be rushed out of bed," James said.

"Oh yeah, he's off school," Jessie muttered. She stepped into a different bedroom.

A little while later:

Daniel stepped off the turbolift carrying Scott in his arms. "Just try not to spill the lego bricks everywhere again."

"Why?" Scott asked, glancing up at him innocently.

"Because I get the damn teachers talking to me," Daniel replied. "Ok just don't eat the play doh."

"Why?" Scott questioned.

"Oh come on, can't you do one of those at least?" Daniel muttered. He stopped when he heard a strange buzzing sound coming from behind him. He glanced back, his eyes widened. "Crap," he mumbled before running off down the corridor. He got to the nursery, once there he handed Scott to one of the teachers.

"Something wrong sir?" she asked.

"Yeah something's out there," Daniel replied. "See you later Scott."

Scott tilted his head to the side, "what's wrong dad?"

"Nothing, I'll handle it," Daniel replied. He quickly stepped back out, glanced around the corridor. The buzzing noise he heard before was fainter, but was getting closer again.

Meanwhile Jessie stepped out of the same turbolift, with Duncan, Sasha and Amy.

"No Amy it's not you. Daddy just thinks we need to spend more time together," Jessie sighed.

Amy pouted, "but that doesn't mean he has to go."

"He thinks it's a good idea," Jessie said.

Duncan raised his eyebrow while looking at Amy, "you always have to pout, can't you go five minutes without doing that?"

"I only copied off you," Amy said sweetly.

"I don't do that," Duncan grumbled.

Sasha giggled, "yeah you do, you're a big baby."

Duncan glanced angrily between the two girls, "no I'm not, if I am you are."

"I am a baby," Amy said.

Sasha grinned, "yep me too, am only two."

Duncan looked up at his mother, "mum, tell them."

Jessie was too busy staring at somebody lying further down the corridor, "what's that." She turned around and knelt down in front of them, "stay here." She walked over to the obviously unconscious form on the ground. "Great," she muttered, tapping her commbadge. "Rex-Stuart to Sickbay."

The Leda Engineering:

"Crap, this isn't good," an engineer muttered while staring at the warp core.

"We can't keep using the core when it's like this. We'll have to at least slow down," another engineer said.

Annika sighed, "yes, that does sound like a good plan." The three glanced at each other. "Um, who's in charge?"

"Who knows," the first engineer shrugged.

In: "Astrometrics to Hansen."

"Ooh I'm important," Annika giggled. She tapped her commbadge, "yes Hansen here."

In: "Weren't you supposed to swap duty shifts ten minutes ago?"

"Oh well it's obviously not me that's in charge, sucks to be you guys," Annika giggled. "I'm on my way." She walked straight out.

The two remaining engineers glanced at each other. "Am I the only one who's relieved?"

"No," everybody in the room all replied at once.

"Ok, for now I'm charge. I'm a Lieutenant," the first engineer said. She tapped her commbadge. "Engineering to Bridge. We'll have to go to one quarter impulse, we have a problem with the warp core."

In: "Um ok then. Bryan, you know how to do that right?"

The Bridge:

"Hey you don't have a rank, you can't boss me around," Bryan pouted. He typed in something on his station, then pressed the send button.

"Um Bryan, there's just us left. Who else but me has an actual rank on this bridge?" Craig questioned.

Faye raised her hand meekly, "I'm an ensign." Bryan and Craig both widened their eyes in fear.

"Okeydokey, going to one quarter impulse," Bryan stuttered. He turned his chair around, "I just sent a message to mum, she'll know what to do in the Leda Engineering."

"Good move. Voyager got all the engineers that know what they were doing, we got the ones who can't even open a door," Craig said.

Faye pulled a face, "I thought they were automatic doors."

Craig nodded, "exactly my point."

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie walked around the big table in the centre of the room, with a bunch of clothes under one arm. Duncan was busy playing on the computer sitting on his lap, while lying on the sofa by the window.

"I'm just going to get the washing done, do you need anything before I get started?" she asked.

"No mum," Duncan replied. He glanced up at her, "you're not mad at me for suggesting that to dad, are you?"

Jessie smiled as she knelt down next to him. She brushed the disobedient strands of hair in his face to the side, "no, it's a good idea sweetheart. I do want your dad to forgive me, and I want to be me again you know."

"Yeah, I want you to too," Duncan said. He pulled a face, "to, too."

"I'm just sorry you got involved in this, you shouldn't have," Jessie said, smirking at him. "I knew what you meant anyway."

"Oh good," Duncan said.

"Are you sure you don't want anything?" Jessie questioned.

"Sure mum," Duncan nodded his head. He turned it back to his computer.

"Ok, you know where I am if you need me," Jessie said as she stood back up. She headed into the nearest bedroom.

The game on the computer screen flickered off, a list of files appeared on it instead. He pulled a face at it, "weird." He keyed in a few commands, information about one file appeared. Accented letters and symbols appeared randomly all over the screen. He looked towards the room Jessie went in. "Mum!" he called, "something's wrong with the computer."

He glanced back at it, the screen was now showing a video file. The video jumped to a picture of a dead forest in black and white. "Mum!" he yelled as loud as he could.

Jessie rushed in. Her eyes widened as her eyes focused on what was on the screen. She dropped the clothes she was holding, "oh my god!" The screen changed to show a static screen, then it turned back to the list of files.

"That was weird," Duncan said.

Jessie ran over to him, quickly kneeled down beside him. She pushed the computer off his lap, it broke as it hit the ground.

"Ok now it's broken," Duncan said. He glanced at his mother, "what's wrong mum, it wasn't..."

"Where did you find that file?" Jessie stuttered.

"I don't know, the computer started acting weird while I was playing," Duncan replied.

The intercom switched itself on. An eerily cold female voice came over it, "seven days."

"No... no you can't!" Jessie stuttered. She grabbed a hold of Duncan tightly, "you'd better leave him alone!"

Duncan now looked pretty freaked out, "what's going on mum, who was that?"

Jessie looked around the quarters slowly, trembling in fear, her arms still tightly wrapped around him. "It's going to be ok, I won't let her hurt you." She kissed him on the forehead, "I promise."

"Mum, you're scaring me now. What's going on?" he said.

"This shouldn't be happening," Jessie muttered. She glanced down at him, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. Just stay away from mirrors and screens ok. If you see anything weird, tell me straight away." She got up after picking up one of the spare sheets lying nearby the sofa. She threw it over the TV in the corner, then rushed into the bedroom again.

Sickbay:

"I'm so glad you find this amusing," Doctor Jones snarled as he scanned Daniel.

Nikki again tried to treat Naomi's face while giggling to herself. "Good, then you don't mind me laughing then." She glanced over and found him to be in a bunny costume this time.

"I do mind! Find out what sarcasm is," Doctor Jones grumbled.

Annika stumbled through the door, leaned on the door frame. "Um little help." Nikki and Doctor Jones glanced over. They saw she was staining the doorway with blood from her arm.

"What happened this time?" Doctor Jones asked.

"Yeah you have to be more careful," Nikki said. Annika's face lit up. "You're wasting medical resources."

"Nikki!" Doctor Jones snapped at her. She shrugged and smiled innocently.

Annika stumbled in further as he headed over to her. "Nice bedside manner she has."

"What happened, lie down," Doctor Jones said.

"I dunno," Annika replied as she sat down on a biobed. She raised her hands, showing off her new largely pierced wrists. Doctor Jones gaped in horror.

"Oh my. Nikki quick, regenerator." He lunged forward to put hands, or rather paws around her wrists.

Ylara marched in, "ok, who has been up to witchcraft?"

"Um no-one and we're a little busy here," Doctor Jones muttered as Nikki handed him a regenerator.

Ylara tried not to laugh, "that's a funny outfit."

Doctor Jones groaned as he treated Annika, "can I help you with something?"

"Yeah I have a nagging pain in my wrist holes," Ylara muttered, raising one hand into the air. She quickly put another hand around the hole in the wrist, and put that arm against her stomach.

Doctor Jones' eyes widened, his outfit changed again into a red ball gown. Nikki went over to Ylara sniggering, "I'll treat you."

"It won't work. Annika's injuries won't heal and I have a feeling Ylara's won't either," Doctor Jones said. "I've seen this all before. Get some bandages replicated, that's all we can do for now."

"Aye aye," Nikki said. She rushed into the office.

Ylara ripped off all her own sleeves, she wrapped the material around both of her wrists. "None for me, thankfully I was always too common to be mummified."

Doctor Jones raised an eyebrow, "no, it's to block the bleeding, like you did with your sleeves."

"Oh right," Ylara sighed. "Good. Now why do you 'English' called it mummification? And make stories about it?"

"This isn't the time," Doctor Jones groaned as Nikki ran back holding bandages. "Just put them on Annika."

"Righty oh Doc," she said.

"What is this then, sorcery?" Ylara questioned.

"You could say that. There's no way we can treat it, but there's no way this could have happened," Doctor Jones replied. He glanced at Daniel's unconscious form. "But his conditions familiar too, and my program shouldn't be doing this."

"Don't look at me, I don't know," Ylara said.

Doctor Jones turned to her, "yes I sometimes forget."

"What do you mean doc?" Nikki questioned.

Doctor Jones' outfit changed to an army uniform. "Finally, an outfit I can be taken more seriously in. I mean I forgot it wasn't Lena, they have..."

"No not that, I got that," Nikki said.

Ylara rolled her eyes, "I thought you holo things are supposed to know and remember everything."

"I do have a lot in my memory and too much is going on," Doctor Jones muttered.

"She's right doc. Your program should be able to multi-task. Your matrix must be corrupted," Nikki said. Doctor Jones' outfit changed to a flowery dress and a blonde wig appeared on his head. "Obviously the uh," she sniggered, "your image file constantly changing is confusing it. I'll take a look." She wandered out of the room, trying to hide her laughter beneath her hand.

"And now she decides to be smart," Doctor Jones grumbled. "I'll inform the bridge." He walked away.

Ylara glanced around at all the patients, "so when did this happen?"

"All happened at different times, that's what I'm more confused about," Doctor Jones replied. "Daniel's coma happened to somebody else nine years ago, my program's been tampered with many times over the last eleven years, and everything else was four years ago. I have a feeling that this isn't the end of it."

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Duncan walked over to the main bedroom door, "mum, are you ok?" He tried to walk through it but they wouldn't open. "Mum?"

The main door opened, James walked through them. "Duncan, you should be resting." He eyed the broken computer, "what happened?"

"My computer started acting weird. Mum freaked out and broke it, she was really scared about something," Duncan replied.

"Is she in there?" James questioned.

Duncan nodded his head, "somebody contacted us and she put a blanket over the TV." He shrugged, "dunno why."

James keyed in something on the door panel, the door opened. He stepped in, the door closed behind him. Jessie was sitting on the floor, reading out from a spell book in front of her. "Jess, what are you doing?"

Jessie ignored him, and continued reading. James quickly knelt down behind her, put one arm around her, his other hand around her mouth and pulled her backwards. "Jessie, what do you think you're doing?" All he got was a muffled angry groan. "You know which book that is."

Jessie pulled his hand away from her mouth, "yeah so what. I'm not a rookie, I can do it."

"Do what exactly?" James asked.

"Duncan's in danger, I can't just stand around and let it happen," Jessie muttered.

James sighed, "Jess that book has the stronger spells in it, any of those could turn you over the edge. If it's this important, can you at least tell me what's going on?"

Jessie turned her head so she could stare right into his eyes, "you just don't trust me. I thought when it came to the kids you could."

"It's not you I don't trust, it's your powers I don't," James said. "Come on, tell me what's wrong with him."

Jessie started to get tears in her eyes, "that thing, it's come back and it'll kill him."

"What will?" James asked. "You don't need magic to protect him Jess."

"For this we do," Jessie muttered. "You said she wouldn't harm anyone again."

"Who?" James said.

"That girl who killed her victims by scaring them," Jessie said. "Now she's after our son, now what's more important?"

James shook his head as he let go of her, he stood back up. "Don't do that Jess. He and I will be the first victims when that spell gets to you."

Jessie's mouth dropped open in shock, "oh my god, I would never hurt him."

"You don't know that. When a witch turns evil they don't care about anything, you know that better than me," James said.

"All right fine," Jessie muttered, biting her lower lip. "I just don't want anything to happen to him. If he was the reason I turned evil, then I wouldn't."

"Sasha was the reason that time, I know the one you fought with was from the future but," James said.

"I know I can do this, it's just a revealing spell. It'll help us see where that bloody bitch is and make her solid," Jessie said. "I wish you'd have some faith in me for once."

"What are you talking about Jess, I," James questioned.

"You don't really ever let me be a witch, that's what I am, you can't change that," Jessie replied. "Please, just let me do this."

James frowned, "but we shouldn't need a spell to make us see this ghost. I was confused at how she's even back but now, we can both see ghosts usually, why can't we see this one?"

"I wondered that too. That's why I thought of the spell," Jessie replied. "I've heard that lots of other weird things are going on, on the fleet. It wouldn't surprise me if they were all linked."

"What, to the corridor?" James said.

Jessie nodded, "the Crazy Horse crew reported similar things, that's why they gave it such a cheerful name."

"I don't know Jess, it seems a little too much to ask. There's got to be something else we can do," James said.

"There isn't. I won't turn evil, I'll stop when I start to reach my limit," Jessie said. She sighed and turned away, "what am I saying? You don't even trust me anymore, asking you to let me do this is asking a lot."

"I trust you," James said. She glanced back at him looking confused. "You've obviously thought this through, I thought you just. It's Duncan, I'd do the same."

Jessie smiled at him, "don't give me that, you're more impulsive than I am."

"I'll check on him, wait until I get back," James said.

Jessie raised an eyebrow, "you don't fully trust me."

"No, I just don't want to miss anything," James said. He stepped out.

Deck Six:

"It's pretty weird around here. Jodie's disappeared, so has Harry, a computer exploded for no reason," Kevin said.

Zare frowned at him, "haven't you heard about Annika getting holes punched in her arms, that was screwy."

"Not really, I bet a lot of people would want to do that," Kevin said.

"No, I saw them just appear out of nowhere. You're right, something odd is going on. But it wouldn't be Voyager if nothing was happening, so this is normal," Zare said.

"Yeah it's really normal right now," Kevin said as he looked over her shoulder. Zare glanced behind her.

"Oh boy," she muttered as she faced a dozen demons.

A few minutes or so earlier

Leda's Conference Room:

A few members of the cast sat around the new fancy looking desk. "So we need to recount everything that has happened," Tom said. Everyone groaned and glared at him. "It'll help ok."

"How many bloody recaps of this episode do we need?" Faye asked.

B'Elanna sighed, "probably five or more, the writer must have lost track after writing in four different places. Anyway Jodie and Harry have disappeared."

"A console exploded, Daniel is in a coma, something stabbed him. It looks like that coffee bat thing that got Danny years ago," Craig said. "Do you want me to write any of this down for you?"

Tom frowned, "no, as B'Elanna said, a lot of it is written down already. Ok Annika and Ylara got holes punched through their wrists by an invisible uh thing. Also a few of our staff haven't turned up for the meeting, maybe they're missing too."

"You've failed to point out another thing, all of these incidents have happened before," Doctor Jones pointed out. Of course he looked really out of place wearing his flowery dress.

Craig shrugged his shoulders, "are you sure the holes were done by something invisible? Neither Annika or Ylara are liked, at all."

"True, Craig's a suspect then," Bryan smirked.

Craig raised an eyebrow, "yeah I wish."

"Um has anyone heard Jodie or Harry?" Faye questioned. "Cos when I was invisible I could touch and people could hear me."

B'Elanna frowned, "that's right. Neither of them have been heard, so at least that's different."

"They could just be very quiet today," Yasmin said.

"This is Harry and Jodie we're talking about here," B'Elanna muttered.

Tom nodded, "true."

Yasmin perked up a little, "where did you see that coffee bat anyway?"

"Deck Eight, why?" Bryan replied. Everyone else groaned.

"Score, I'm there!" Yasmin giggled. Soon all that was left was a Yasmin shaped cloud of dust.

"Um ok Bryan, tell Kevin to do this too. Pick up speed, to hell with the safety guidelines for the Leda right now," Tom ordered.

"Aye aye," Bryan said. He rushed out.

"Craig, can you look for the others?" Tom asked.

"Whatever, who am I looking for?" Craig replied with a groan.

"Um Jessie's off so, James, Kevin unless Bryan contacts him, Zare. Also Harry and Jodie. If you find James and or Zare, tell them to keep an eye on Damien," Tom replied.

"Fine, should I accuse him of all of this like all 'good guys' do?" Craig muttered as he got up. Tom rolled his eyes in response. Nikki skipped passed him as he headed for the door.

"Hi guys, sorry I'm late," she said.

"Uh Nikki, I told you to keep an eye on patients while I was in a meeting," Doctor Jones grumbled.

"You did? You said go to the meeting for me," Nikki said.

Doctor Jones groaned, "no, I said don't go, I'll be in the meeting for a while. And keep an eye on the patients."

"Oh well that's not what I heard," Nikki sighed. "When did you..."

"When you were checking on Daniel!" Doctor Jones snapped.

Nikki smiled dreamily, "I think I know what happened there. Even asleep he's so handsome and yummy."

Craig, who was standing at the doorway, started making gagging noises. "Well if bony white haired twits are what you like, I'll take you to a retirement home when we get back home." He stepped out.

"Hmm, that was pretty rude," Tom said.

Nikki smiled dreamily yet again, "I always thought Craig was too soft, but now, yum-me."

"You need serious help," B'Elanna muttered.

In: "Bridge to Paris. The station next to Harry's chair is stuck on a music player." In the background an electro-pop song was playing a little too loudly. "I can't get it off."

Faye looked around nervously, "I wonder how that happened."

Tom groaned into both of his hands. "Faye, you will come with me to get that song off. The lyrics might bring Danny back from the dead or whatever just so she can snigger, and it may be quite catchy but..." He looked up at the ceiling, while scratching his chin. "Ok I forgot the bad part," he shook his head. "Never mind, come on."

"Fine," Faye moaned. She followed Tom towards the door.

"Guys I'll be right back, so wait up," he said.

B'Elanna, Doctor Jones and Nikki sat in silence for a three minutes. Tom's voice came over it, "um we'll have to have the meeting later. We can't seem to contact other parts of the Leda and we're getting reports of other strange things happenings from Voyager."

"Fine," B'Elanna sighed. Everyone headed for the door. As soon as they stepped through it they looked confused.

"What the?" Nikki stuttered.

Instead of the bridge, they were in the middle of a forest. Another crewmember walked up to them, "what are you doing in my holodeck program?"

"Holodeck? Good question," Doctor Jones said.

Meanwhile:

A creature that looked like a huge bat flew off down a corridor, squealing. Yasmin ran after it. "Get here, they took all my coffee off of me!" She stopped to catch her breath, "what are you, a bat or a chicken?"

Meanwhile further down the corridor:

Zare and Kevin were busy still fighting the demons. A portal appeared out of nowhere, more jumped out of it.

"This is ridiculous, how many of those things are going to open!" Kevin grumbled as he stabbed one of the newcomers.

"Yeah, maybe we should tell James and Ylara," Zare muttered.

"No way, we don't need them," Kevin said.

Zare pushed one demon into two that were charging toward her. "This is not the time to start growing some pride Kevin!"

The bat thing flew around the corner just as Kevin ducked away from a demon's punch. It flew right into it with its stinger.

"Ok, what now?" he asked. The bat flew towards him again, he ducked. Yasmin quickly grabbed it.

"Yes, free coffee here I come," she giggled before running off.

"Ok, are we sure that's not Janeway's clone instead of a female James one?" Zare muttered.

Kevin shrugged his shoulders, "I was never sure."

Sickbay:

Naomi sat up, still with the burns on her face. "What the?" She looked around as she could hear people moaning, but nobody was conscious in sight. A hand appeared on the biobed nearby making her jump a mile.

Ylara pulled herself up with a deranged look on her face, "ok, whoever's doing this will get some serious pain of their own."

"Um, doing what?" Naomi shakily asked.

"Ugh," Annika's voice moaned from beside the other bed. She dragged her body across the floor. "Now they're in my legs, this isn't funny anymore!"

Ylara rolled her eyes, "this was never funny. Holes keep appearing in our arms and legs, if anyone's been laughing I swear to..."

"Ouch," Naomi muttered.

"We have to figure this out or we'll have more holes than pores," Annika said.

Ylara looked confused, "pores?"

"Yeah, they're tiny holes in your skin. I use two facial creams on mine to keep them dirt free, four times a day," Annika said, giggling a little.

"That'll just dry out your skin. Typical Borg, you're the last people to be giving out skin care tips," Naomi groaned.

Ylara glanced briefly at the two of them, "ok stop this. I'd rather have the pain than this."

"She probably won't even know what a facial scrub is," Annika whispered.

"Yes she does, it's called sand and water," Naomi giggled.

"Do you guys know why there was no blondes around my city?" Ylara questioned with her eyebrow raised. "I killed them all." Naomi and Annika glanced at each other with wide eyes.

"Well I thought all Egyptian girls had black hair, so stop trying to scare us," Naomi said. Ylara rolled her eyes.

Meanwhile yet again:

B'Elanna growled at the holodeck controls, "I can't deactivate this program and the doors won't open."

"But I have lots of patients that need me," Doctor Jones muttered.

"Then you'll just have to try to transfer yourself again," B'Elanna snapped.

Nikki sniggered quietly to herself, "that wouldn't be a good idea, not after last time."

B'Elanna glanced back at the two, she smirked. Doctor Jones stood with his hands on his hips, in a cowboy's outfit. "This isn't funny."

"Oh it is," Nikki giggled.

The holodeck doors opened, everyone breathed a sigh of relief and dashed out. As soon as Doctor Jones took one step out of the holodeck, his appearance changed again. A few girls conveniently passed by as it happened, they screamed hysterically and ran off.

"What's their problem?" B'Elanna asked. She glanced back at Doctor Jones, she quickly turned back. "Oh that's what."

Nikki looked at him in disgust, "ok that's the worst one so far, cover yourself up mister."

"I would if I could, I have patients to tend to," Doctor Jones grumbled. He stormed off.

"Why do I get the feeling they'd be worse off when he gets there?" the crewmember sniggered.

Voyager's Bridge:

Tom stepped off the turbolift. "Ok people, we've got to get this ship going a little faster. So let's get..." His eyes widened as they focused on the viewscreen. He screamed hysterically then ran back into the lift.

The unknowns habiting the bridge looked very confused. "What's wrong?" one asked.

Another one looked at the viewscreen, she turned pale. "That's what." Everyone in turn looked at the viewscreen, and did the same thing. Neelix's drunken strip tease from many years ago was playing on it.

"Somebody get that off!" one crewmember squealed.

"Don't worry, it's ending now," another crewmember stuttered. Right on cue, the screen turned all static but the horror was not yet over. The whole thing restarted from the beginning. "Oh my god, it's stuck on a continuous loop."

"Well stop it!" a girl stuttered.

"I can't, it won't let me," the crewmember said.

"Ok evacuate the bridge, now!" one ensign yelled. Everyone ran into the Conference Room.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

James sighed, "I can't believe I'm letting you do this."

Jessie knelt down on the floor, "I thought you trusted me with this?"

"I do, I just hope that in five minutes you're not throwing me through a wall," James said with a smirk on his face.

Jessie narrowed her eyes, "I wouldn't do that every time I turned." She pulled the spell book over to her. "If it doesn't work, it doesn't work. If it does, it'll help Duncan."

"Are you sure you can stop when you..." James questioned.

"It's ok, Duncan's in the next room. I'm not going to forget that," Jessie said. She sighed briefly before reading out loud from the book, her eyes closed. The book itself turned glittery, a cloud of yellow dust rose from the ground and circled her.

Meanwhile:

Duncan picked up the broken computer pieces so he could put them on the coffee table. The TV screen lit up, the light shone through the blanket. Duncan stared at it, "what the?" He picked up a remote, pointed it at it. The TV wouldn't respond to it.

He headed over to it, he then pulled the sheet off of it. On the screen was the dead forest he saw on the computer screen. "Um ookay."

The bedroom:

The cloud dropped to the ground and disappeared, Jessie opened her eyes.

"Did it work?" James asked.

Jessie scrambled to her feet, "no, I had to stop it. The spell needs a lot more power." She glanced at him, "I do have what it needs but..."

"So what should we do?" James sighed.

"You, I need your help. In order to help Duncan I have to," Jessie said.

James shook his head, "no no."

"Hear me out. Duncan's more important, you'll just have to stop me," Jessie said.

"There has to be another way Jessie. Can't another witch lend you some power or something, or can someone else do it?" James said.

Jessie frowned, "lend power? Of course." She groaned, "well unless Annika's superpowered we're screwed. I can barely use a third of what it needs."

"Ok, does it have to be a witch you can draw 'power' from?" James asked.

Meanwhile:

Duncan backed away from the TV with wide eyes. A hand had pushed out of the soil on the screen, a second one did the same. Both hands grabbed a hold of the soil, something black came up slowly in between them.

The bedroom:

Jessie and James were sitting opposite each other, with the book in between them. "So it's kinda like, take what you need," James said.

Jessie nodded her head, "I've done it before while evil to Le... uh."

"It's ok Jess, you're allowed to say her name," James said.

"To Lena. I just have to do it the chanty way when I'm not," Jessie said. "Are you sure you want to do this? You don't trust me enough as it is, what if I mess up?"

James reached over to take a hold of her left hand, "you won't, and yeah I'm sure. Just think of this as that exam." He smiled at her, she smiled back.

"Ok then, let's do this." She held out her right hand, he took a hold of that one too. "Ok just close your eyes and uh, how can I put it, clear your mind."

James smirked as he closed his eyes, "no problem."

Jessie sighed as she glanced at the book. She started to read it again out loud.

Meanwhile just outside Duncan was looking pretty frightened, but he couldn't stop looking at the screen. On it a figure was staggering toward him, it had long black wet hair covering its face and was wearing a tattered wet white dress. Its arms were rotting away and pale. The hair across one side of its face moved a little so he could see one of its large black eyes.

"Crap crap," he stuttered. He bumped into one of the chairs, that made him jump a mile in shock.

Deck Five:

Ylara limped out of Sickbay, muttering angrily to herself. She bumped into Damien as she turned the corner. "You again, you don't ever look where you're going do you?" he muttered.

She raised an eyebrow, "I don't think that's your biggest problem."

"Right, you were just trying to scare me. I haven't seen him, you were just trying to trick me," Damien grumbled.

"Well to me it looks like I was actually trying to protect you," Ylara said, smirking a little.

Damien widened his eyes, he slowly turned around. A fist flew into his face, knocking him out cold.

"Ok maybe not," Ylara said as he landed next to her feet.

"What's wrong Ylara? Haven't you got enough people hating you," the mysterious man sneered.

"Oh he won't hate me, not yet," Ylara said.

"That's not what I meant. You may as well go sleep with the devil, it's really the same thing," the man said.

Ylara put one hand on her hip, "and would you really want me to do that with your precious daughter's body?" The man's face turned colder. He threw a punch at her, she grabbed it. Like he expected it, he tried to punch her with another fist. She blocked that too.

"Don't talk about her like that!" he snarled.

"Like what?" Ylara said, staring blankly at him. She pulled one of his arms so he was closer, "I'm not your enemy, remember that." She twisted it into a painful angle, "next time you attack me, I'll do more than break your arm." She turned to walk away.

"You murdered my daughter. Of course you're my enemy, and you can't threaten me. I'm already dead," the man said, cradling his broken arm.

"Yes you're Tolg, whatever that means again," Ylara groaned, rolling her eyes. She turned back around, "I didn't kill her. There's no black or red in my eyes after all."

Damien groaned as he started to come back into consciousness. "Oh great."

"If you're not evil, prove it. Get out of her body!" the man snapped.

"I can't, I don't know how," Ylara muttered. "Besides I have a right to live too."

The man laughed, "no you don't. Your body's dust, you died thousands of years ago. How to get you out of her, it's simple."

"You kill me, you kill her. Well you know what I mean. It doesn't bring her back," Ylara said.

Damien quickly got onto his feet, "ok you keep distracting him, I'll be..." He backed away from her, she grabbed his arm to stop him. "Here then."

"I don't care. I'd rather spend more time with him than see you wearing that body any longer," the man growled.

Damien glared at him, "hey, I happen to be great company."

"You both will be none at all," the man said. He pulled out a phaser rifle that he had attached to his back. "I wouldn't move, it's on widespread kill."

"What does that mean?" Ylara whispered.

Damien glanced at her, "it means if we move, we'll die. Even a Slayer wouldn't get away in time."

"Actually you'll vaporise," the man snarled.

"You know it's a good thing I did kill Lena, she doesn't have to see you like this," Ylara said.

"Don't make him madder," Damien hissed at her.

"Why not? He's bluffing. He wouldn't vaporise his own daughter's body, no matter who was occupying it," Ylara said.

"Really, let's see shall we," the man growled. He rested his finger next to the fire button.

A couple of minutes earlier:

Doctor Jones rushed as quickly as he could down the corridor, trying to ignore all the sniggering. He stepped into the turbolift, but of course he had to share it with two guys. They tried not to snigger too loudly. "Deck Five."

"Um doc? There's no swimming baths or holodeck on Deck Five," one of them said. The others burst out laughing.

"Oh very funny. It's not my fault, my program's broken," Doctor Jones grumbled. He looked down at his spotty swimming trunks and bare chest. Before his eyes a Seven of Nine like catsuit appeared instead. The two men continued to laugh as the turbolift stopped, he rushed out as quickly as he could.

"I can't keep functioning like this, there's got to be," he said as he stepped through some doors. He appeared in the Leda's Mess Hall, looking more confused than ever. Everyone stopped to look at him. "This is not Sickbay."

"Er, no it's not," a random crewmember said.

"This isn't even Voyager's Mess, how did I get back to the Leda?" Doctor Jones questioned.

"And in that outfit? Even god doesn't know," another crewmember sniggered.

Meanwhile again:

B'Elanna was ready to explode in anger, her fists were clenched and her eyes were fiery. "This isn't Engineering."

"Uh no," one half of a couple lying on a sofa groaned. The girl lying there with him rolled her eyes in frustration.

"Really, you need some help honey. You can't keep coming in here, how does she get in here anyway?" she muttered.

"Don't... call... me... honey!" B'Elanna snapped. She stormed back out. "Computer!"

The computer responded with some emotion in its voice for once, "ooh touchy, manners manners. Yelling gets you nowhere."

"Ugh," B'Elanna groaned. "Why is it every time I go to Engineering, I end up in the lusty couples quarters? And why are you talking like that?"

"Because you're on Deck Eleven, and I feel like it," the computer replied.

"Engineering is on Deck Eleven!" B'Elanna yelled at it. She continued on down the corridor.

"Nope, Deck Eight. You're thinking like you're on Voyager," the computer said.

B'Elanna stopped in her tracks, "I transported to Voyager. You're saying you were lying before, and just beamed me back to the Leda?"

"Tsk, tsk, what did I say about the manners?" the computer said.

"Whatever, I'm obviously more needed in this Engineering, again!" B'Elanna growled. She marched towards the nearest turbolifts, "what have those so called engineers done this time?"

Meanwhile yet again:

Only Faye and Bryan were left behind on the usually busy bridge. "How come it took you so long to get here then?" Faye asked.

Bryan sat down at the helm, "the transporters decided to be touchy. I ended up in somebody's quarters twice."

Faye screeched, she leapt a few metres away from her station. Bryan looked back at her. "Oh god, oh god. Why is it always me?"

"What? You're freaking me out here," Bryan stuttered.

Faye's eyes widened, she pointed her finger at him. "Look behind you."

"I don't wanna," Bryan muttered. Little did he know a creature with eight thick black legs, about a metre wide each was crawling up the viewscreen. Another one emerged from the station Faye was at before, it stayed put on top of it. "Ok please tell me what's behind me is not one of those."

"I'm not very good at lying," Faye stuttered. Another creature crawled up on the door behind her. She glanced around, breathing heavily, violently trembling. "Crap, please be nightmare, please be a nightmare."

Bryan edged his chair away from his station quickly, once he was a metre away he jumped to his feet. "I'll get us out of here."

"But what about picking up speed, if we don't we'll be stuck here longer," Faye said.

"Fine, you do that, I'll go," Bryan said.

"Hey!" Faye snapped. "I'm the one with the phobia here, I don't know how to use the helm."

"Yeah well I'm a kid, you should be protecting me," Bryan said. His face turned pale, "you have a spider phobia."

"A little yeah," Faye squeaked as she spotted another one on the ceiling. "Get me out of here please, I'll pay you."

"Um ok, how am I supposed to increase speed when there's giant spiders everywhere?" Bryan questioned.

"I don't know, figure something out yourself," Faye replied.

"You can't go until you help me out here," Bryan said.

"I'll pay you, now beam, beam, beam!" Faye screeched. The spider behind her crawled to the floor and headed over to her.

"Er, I'd run over here if I were you," Bryan muttered.

Faye screamed and ran forward, but the spider on the ceiling made her stop, "I can't, they're everywhere!"

"Even here?" Bryan stuttered. He looked up to see the one directly above him. "Thanks for the warning." He ran towards her at the same time she moved, they collided in the process. Both of them hit their heads against the other.

"Phew, well at least I didn't get knocked out," Faye said. She smiled with an evil look in her eye, Bryan looked nervous. "I'll pay you double."

"For what?" he asked nervously.

She grabbed a hold of him, "you'll be my bodyguard." She pulled him with her as she ran for the Ready Room. The door refused to open for them. Faye dragged him to stand behind her, she started to work on the door panel.

"Uh, what makes you think I can protect you?" Bryan stuttered.

"I don't, you're just something to block me," Faye replied. "Sorry, phobia's working overtime right now."

"Comforting," Bryan muttered.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie stopped reading from the book, as she did both of their hands started to glow. It started to spread to her forearms, it wore off on James' hands. His eyes started to twitch. Jessie opened hers wide, "oh, my god." His hands loosened as he fell onto his back. She meanwhile was pushed back by the spell, her eyes changed to a light blue colour.

"Oh, that was..." she said as she tried to get her breath back. She rushed over to James' side, "are you ok, how much did I?"

"It's ok Jess, Duncan needs you," James weakly said. He closed his eyes, his head rested on the ground. "Finish it."

"Right," Jessie said. She brought the book back over to her.

In the living room, Duncan had backed into the coffee table and had stumbled to the ground. The girl in the TV had placed her palms on the screen like she was inside it. "Mum, dad," he stuttered. He climbed to his feet and ran over to the other side of the room.

He shakily made his way back over to the TV, with his arms behind his back. The girl then pushed her head through the screen, along with one of her hands. The room lit up briefly, this seemed to stop her in her tracks.

Sickbay:

The whole room lit up too, Naomi's burns disappeared off her face. Annika looked on in jealousy, but then she looked at her wrists. "Hey the pain's gone."

"Ugh bloody hell," a familiar rough male voice grumbled. Everyone glanced at Daniel's biobed as he sat up. "What happened?"

"That's a good question," Annika replied.

Voyager's Bridge:

Harry and Jodie appeared at the opps station, both were arguing while working at it.

"Look if you don't stop that, I will," Harry grumbled.

"I don't know how, quit bugging me," Jodie snapped.

An unknown peeped his head through the Conference Room door, "Lieutenant Kim? Thank god, can you get rid of that awful video file."

"We're working on it," Harry said.

Jodie stared blankly for a few seconds. She glared at Harry, who was working madly at the station. "Um dumb ass."

"Yes I'm dumb, you can't even work an opps station properly," Harry muttered.

Jodie rolled her eyes, "ok that guy saw us, doesn't that mean anything?"

Harry frowned, "no." A few seconds later it hit him, "oh I see."

"Yep, we're visible again," Jodie sighed in relief.

"Great. And the video file's stopped playing," Harry said. "I didn't do anything but, Never mind, get those unknowns back to the bridge."

"Okeydokey," Jodie said. She ran over to the Conference Room.

Leda:

Doctor Jones stepped out of somebody's quarters, this time wearing a Popeye outfit, complete with the pipe and tattoo. "What is the matter with this ship, why does the rooms keep moving?" His outfit changed, he groaned at the same time. This time his uniform appeared. He perked right up, "ah, my matrix, it's fixed." He headed off down the corridor, "this is all Twisted, terrible episode."

Deck Five:

"Shame you have those holes in your legs, otherwise you probably would have a chance to get away," the man in the hood said. "Can't say the same about him though."

Damien glanced at Ylara nervously, who had a very angry expression on her face. "Ok what do we do about Evil Chuckles here?"

"It's Chakotay moron," the man grumbled. "That's it, no more hesitating."

Ylara shuddered slightly, Damien glanced at her. "What now?" She glanced back at him, then at Chakotay. "Take your best shot."

"If you insist," Chakotay snarled. Just as he fired, Ylara grabbed Damien and pulled him to the ground. Chakotay quickly re-aimed at her, she kicked his leg. He lost his balance and stumbled back. Ylara jumped back onto her feet with a smile on her face.

"You know, I'm feeling much better," she said, picking up his rifle. "Now Damien, you owe me three things."

"I do?" Damien said with a raised eyebrow. He got back onto his feet.

Chakotay growled, he leapt forward towards them both. Ylara sighed, she punched him in the face. He fell to the ground. She tilted her head to the side, "do you know if this place has a prison?"

"Yeah, it's called a brig," Damien said with a smirk.

"Good. Like I said, you owe me three. Two for saving your life and warning you, one for doing your job for you," Ylara said. She glanced at him, "agreed?"

"Fine," Damien sighed.

Ylara stood over Chakotay, who was still conscious a little. She knelt down next to him, "you know, Lena's probably not happy with you right now." He glared at her as he sat up a little.

"You're nothing without her, you remember that, whore," Chakotay muttered.

Ylara's eyes turned cold, she stood back up. "And you're obviously nothing without her, good night." She raised her foot, then stamped on his face.

Damien stared with wide eyes, "that was cool." Ylara stared at him in a way that made him cower. "I'll help you get him to the brig."

"Good, but that doesn't count as your favour," she said. Damien muttered something under his breath.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

"Ok, what now?" Duncan muttered.

The girl lifted her head a little bit, all of the hair in her face fell away to the sides. She looked directly at him. Duncan quickly pulled an axe out from behind his back when he was a metre away from her.

The bedroom door opened, Jessie rushed out just as he swung it at the TV. It smashed to pieces, the full body of the girl dropped to the ground, all limp.

"Why didn't I think of that?" Jessie said.

Duncan turned around as he dropped the axe, "sorry, you wouldn't believe what happened."

"Oh I do honey," Jessie sighed.

The girl's arm reached forward and grabbed Duncan's leg, she pulled him to the ground. As she wrapped her arms around him in a tight grip, she changed shape.

"Um, that's not right," Jessie muttered.

"Uhoh," Duncan stuttered. The girl finished transforming into a huge grey, scary looking demon. It kept a hold of Duncan as he stood up.

"You, what did you do witch!" it hissed at her.

"I was going to ask you the same thing, you looked a lot better before," Jessie said. "Now let him go."

"All right," the demon said. He tossed Duncan to the side.

Jessie narrowed her eyes as it lunged for her. She swung her arm at it, the blow pushed it backwards. He crashed into the wall. She looked down at her hand, "wow, wasn't expecting that."

The demon growled, it ran back towards her. It swung its fist, she just grabbed it by the wrist and hit him right back. Duncan meanwhile had sat up, "mum, when did you start working out?"

Jessie kicked the demon, it fell back into the table. "I didn't," she walked over to it as it pulled itself up.

"You stole Slayer strength, you're stronger," it grumbled.

Jessie smiled as sweetly as she could, "actually I borrowed it."

Duncan looked over at the axe, he reached over to get it. The demon turned to grab him. Jessie clenched her fist and punched it straight through its stomach, and I mean straight through. A bright light blinded her and Duncan.

Deck Six:

The same light blinded Kevin and Zare. They covered their eyes with their arms, as it died down they lowered them. The demons were gone, and the portal that was open had gone.

"Ok, that was odd," Kevin said.

Zare nodded, "just be thankful it's stopped. Damn I'm starved."

"Me too," Kevin said. They walked down the corridor. "So how was I?"

Zare glanced at him, "actually not bad for once."

"Oh thanks for the compliment," Kevin said half sarcastically.

Meanwhile:

Yasmin ran into her living room holding a big cup, she didn't look too happy afterwards. "Hey, who stole my bat damn it!" She stormed back into her bedroom.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

The light died down. Jessie looked around, the demon had gone but a ball of green light was flying around instead. "The spell, it's working fully now." She knelt down next to Duncan, "are you ok?"

"Yeah, what happened to your eyes and how did you do that?" he replied.

"Your dad let me borrow some of his power to aid the spell, there shouldn't have been any left over to deal with that thing," Jessie replied. She scrambled to her feet, then held out her hand, "come on." Duncan took it, they headed into the bedroom. James had pulled himself onto his feet using the chest of drawers nearby.

"What was that?" Duncan asked.

"I dunno, but the way it is now, it's no threat," Jessie replied. She headed over to James. "Are you ok, I seemed to take more than I should have."

"I'm ok really, the spell must have just wiped me out," James replied.

"Um maybe," Jessie muttered.

"You should have seen mum before, it was cool. She really beat up that demon," Duncan said.

James stared at him, "demon?"

"It's ok, I got it," Jessie said.

"She punched a hole in him," Duncan blurted out.

James moved his stare to Jessie instead, "ok maybe you did take too much."

Jessie smiled nervously, "told you. Look the spell will only keep these guys like this for an hour."

"These guys are what exactly?" James questioned.

"I'm not really sure, but they look like they came from the corridor. They can change shape so..." Jessie replied. She tapped her commbadge, "Rex-Stuart to Paris."

In: "Uh yeah, what is it?"

"We need to get out of this corridor before about fifty odd minutes passes," Jessie said.

In: "Don't I know it, it's getting really creepy around here."

"Well it should be ok, but not if we don't get out of here in that time I said," Jessie said.

"I'm really confused," Duncan said.

James shrugged, "aliens made us see things to scare us, mum did spell to stop them, from there I'm drawing a blank."

"No, the part about mum being strong and stuff," Duncan said.

"Simple, she's borrowing Chosen Slayer strength, most of it so it seems," James replied. Jessie again looked a little nervous.

"So she has a Slayer in her, that's cool," Duncan said.

"You know, I bet Danny's watching us right now and smirking," Jessie muttered.

"Unless the Enterprise we're looking for is ours," James said. He let go of the chest of drawers to turn around a little, he stumbled to the ground. Jessie rushed to kneel down next to him.

"Oh I'm sorry, I didn't mean to." She took a hold of his hands, "I'll give it back."

"No, remember that spell needs you fully uh, juiced up for the hour," James said. "I'll be ok."

Jessie sighed, "ok, I have to check that both ships are moving fast enough, and the girls are ok. But I don't know if you'll be..."

"Jess, I will be. Duncan will stay with me, won't you," James said.

Duncan nodded his head, "yeah."

"There you go, I've still got a Slayer watching me," James said with a smirk.

Jessie smiled and shook her head, "you'll get it back, promise." She took a hold of his arms, "first I'll help you up."

"No you don't need to, I'm good here," James said. Jessie climbed to her feet, pulling him to his as well. He looked at her with a shocked expression on his face, she stared at him the same way. "Ok this is why they don't make witches Slayers."

"Yeah," Jessie said. "But if you think about it, witches aren't that much stronger than normal people."

"Uh huh, you always said I was really heavy. How did, oh forget it," James muttered.

"Well you can pick yourself up, surely," Jessie smiled. She kept a hold of him as he sat down on the bed. "I'll be back."

Leda's Bridge:

Bryan peeped his head out of the Ready Room door, "hey it's true." He stepped out. About a dozen of the green balls of light were whizzing around the room.

"Ok whatever, I'm still not going out," Faye's voice stuttered.

"Suit yourself," Bryan said. He rushed over to the helm, "increasing speed."

Voyager's Bridge:

Tom paced back and forth in front of the command chairs. "Well?" he said.

"Five minutes to go," Kevin said, glancing behind briefly. "With two minutes to spare."

"Good," Tom said.

"So how did we figure this one out? I seem to have missed something," Jodie questioned.

Tom shrugged, "Jessie said she handled it."

Jodie looked surprised, "Jess did it?"

Tom glanced at her, "what's so shocking about that?"

"Well she hasn't exactly been herself lately," Jodie replied.

"How do you mean?" Tom asked.

Jodie shrugged, "well she's been avoiding her kids, being cruel and stuff to James. It's not her fault though, I just wish I knew what was wrong with her."

"Hmm, I wouldn't worry about it Jodie. She and James have a habit of sorting their problems out fast," Tom said.

"Yeah I guess so," Jodie sighed.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie had lay down next to James, he was resting his head on her shoulder. She had her left arm around him, her head rested on top of his. "Yeah, the teachers think it's a great idea to keep the kids calm during a crisis."

"We'll have to talk to them about a new crisis system, they're on Voyager now," James said.

Jessie smiled, she brushed bits of his hair out of his face. "Nothing wrong with the nap time and boring story telling idea."

"Not if our daughters are going to spend most of their time sleeping because of it," James said.

"I see your point," Jessie said. "Shouldn't be long now."

"Good, I don't know how much longer I can take lying around here," James said.

Jessie pouted, "oh I don't know, I kinda like it." She moved her arm and sat up a little, "but I guess you're still mad at me."

"I told you not to worry about that," James said.

"I know, but I hate it when we fight. This time more than any other," Jessie said. "Yes and I do include the time we broke up years ago. At least then I had a reason for being all bitchy to you."

"You weren't being bitchy, that was me," James said as he sat up too. "Listen, my feelings for you haven't changed, and you proved before that I can trust you still. This was all because of him."

"Right, I can't blame it all on Chakotay," Jessie said.

"Yes you can. He made you feel crappy, stuff that happened afterwards made you feel worse," James said. "Look several months of us like this is too much, I just want to forget about it."

Jessie glanced at him, "really, do you mean?"

James smiled at her, "yeah, I can't stay mad at you. You've forgiven me over worse things, I don't think I had a right to yell at you like that anyway."

"You did a little bit. So, we're making up then?" Jessie said. James moved a little closer to her, he took a hold of one of her hands. She grinned as she leaned in to kiss him on the lips, she placed her spare hand across his face.

Meanwhile

The Bridge:

Damien literally fell out of the turbolift, he crashed into the banister. "Hey watch it Anderson!"

Craig stepped out after him, "watch what exactly?"

Damien straightened himself back up, muttering to himself.

Tom turned around, "what's he doing here Craig?"

"You're welcome Paris," Damien muttered. "I caught your intruder."

"Oh good. Wait, you did?" Tom said in disbelief. "Ok, what's his story?"

"No no, this episode is already way too long to be asking that question," Damien replied.

Craig rolled his eyes, "ok fine, sum it up in one or two words."

Damien nodded, "ok fine. Issues."

Tom shook his head, "for god's sake, throw him back in the brig."

"Gladly," Craig said with a smile on his face.

Damien glared at him, "no, you can't."

"We're in the Beta Quadrant now. Unless you can be useful and stop being a prick so often, we'll not lock you up," Tom said. "Now what did this guy want, and who is he?"

"Ok revenge on Ylara and me," Damien replied.

"That narrows it down," Craig muttered.

"Funny," Damien sarcastically said. "I bet you're all wondering why then." Everyone stared blankly at him. "I'll give you a clue." Craig hit him across the back of the head, "ow ok, fine. It's Chakotay, god!" Everyone's eyes widened.

THE END