

## Episode 5.05 Programmable You

### **Voyager**

#### **The Bridge:**

The usual people were in the usual places, none of them appeared to be working. Tom climbed out of his chair to face Tactical.

"It should be fun. We should've done this two years ago," he cheerfully said.

Jessie glanced up from her station looking less than enthusiastic, "no we shouldn't. Sasha and Johnathan are not friends."

"Well they should be, and besides it isn't just those two. We have three other children who have their birthdays on the same day," Tom said.

"I don't even know their names, but I do know the boy's father is a perv," Jessie muttered.

"Oh come on Jess, lighten up. I'm sure Sasha will love it," Tom said. "I know Johnathan's looking forward to it."

"Probably cos there'll be more people to tell rumours to," Jodie commented.

Kevin smirked to himself, "and three girls his age to 'bond' with." Even from where he was he still managed to hear a small growl come from Jessie.

Jodie tried her best not to laugh, "and a thought occurs."

"Keep it to yourself Jodie," Jessie grumbled. She eyed a nervous looking Tom, "repeat that to your son when he hits puberty, yes?"

He nodded, "yes ma'am."

Kevin turned his chair around, "you never know Jess, he might end up picking one of the nameless ones. I've never seen them, what are they like?"

Jodie raised an eyebrow, "a little young for you Kev."

"Yeah right," Kevin pulled a disgusted face. "Unless a future self came back in time."

"I don't know why I'm worried. Sasha and Johnathan are nothing alike, and she is a smart girl," Jessie muttered.

Tom put one hand on his hip, "what's that supposed to mean?"

"I think you know already or you wouldn't ask me like that," Jessie replied.

"Oh come on Jess. He's got B'Elanna's aggressive nature, if Sasha's anything like you then..." Tom muttered.

"Don't even dare finish that sentence," Jessie snapped.

Jodie laughed nervously, "so the party, there's nothing else that's different about it, is there? It's just a combined birthday party for the soon to be three year olds? Repeat, three year olds."

"Yeah guys, how sick are you planning their future partners," Kevin said, raising an eyebrow and smiling cheekily. Jessie and Tom turned to glare at him. He just casually shrugged his shoulders and turned back around.

"We're not going to be the same family, ok Tom," Jessie grumbled.

Tom laughed, "yeah right, even if they did date, they wouldn't get as far as the alter. I'd stop it long before James found out and beat me to death. Besides I don't see Sasha or Amy getting married at all, if the poor guys were lucky they'd get to the bottom of the alter and then get shot. James'll never give them away, no way in hell."

"One's a Slayer anyway," Jodie shrugged. "She's got an excuse."

Jessie rolled her eyes, "James wouldn't just kill them." Everyone on the bridge laughed, she tried to glare but they were too busy to get affected by it. "Probably beaten if they did something to them, only warned really." She glanced around at everyone, most of them were people she'd never seen before. "Oh who am I kidding, I'd be the same with Duncan."

Tom tried to dry tears from his eyes, "don't ever say that again Jess, good god. You have three kids so you've got a good chance of having to give one of them away. Make sure I get an invite, it'll be the most interesting 'wedding' of that century."

"No, the less witnesses the better," Kevin sniggered.

"Shut up, all of you," Jessie growled. "Stop making fun of my family or I'll be forced to do something about it."

Jodie glanced around the room, "um Jess, do I count? It's my family too."

"So stop laughing," Jessie grumbled.

Tom cleared his throat, "we should stop. Sorry Jess, but that was just wishful thinking to the extremities. You know how aggressively protective he can be."

"I know, but the girls have the higher chance of getting married," Jessie muttered.

"Again wishful thinking, it could be Duncan," Tom smiled slyly.

"Or it could be Miral," Jessie said, smiling sweetly.

Tom turned pale, "anyway, the birthday party."

The turbolift doors opened, Craig stepped out with a puzzled look on his face. He walked up to Jessie, "have you seen James, you know like during shift time?"

"No, I only see him at break times. Why?" Jessie replied.

"I've been trying to contact him for an hour now. He either won't answer me or it's 'engaged'," Craig muttered.

"We don't have engaged tones, you shouldn't know the difference between that and not answering," Jessie said, raising an eyebrow.

"Well I hope for his sake it was engaged most of the time," Craig grumbled.

Tom sniggered, "oh please Craig, we've only just got over a laughter fit."

Jessie smirked between the two men, "what would you do about it Craig? Just curious."

"You can hurt people without violence Jess, haven't you forgotten. He's gotten on my last nerve, I should be the one properly in charge of both ships Security. At least I do the job," Craig grumbled.

"Whenever I visit him, he's doing the job," Jessie said.

Kevin burst out laughing, "oh I bet."

Jessie groaned, "ugh, a male Danny replacement."

"Whatever Jess, I'm just going to find him. I hope that he's investigating some murder or something else important, cos he's not in his office," Craig said.

"He is doing something important, I know that much," Jessie said, shaking her head.

"And what's that exactly?" Craig asked.

### **The Mess Hall:**

A couple of crewmembers were decorating the room with decorations, or moving tables around. Neelix was fidgeting impatiently around outside the kitchen while Noah worked inside it. James was standing nearby with a woman his age, and a couple who were more interested in gazing at each other than the conversation.

"I was thinking we could do a little pass the parcel type game," the woman said. She laughed in a really annoyingly nasal way. James cringed, the other two just continued gazing at each other. "Those were so much fun when I was a young one."

"Uh huh," James said with a fake smile on his face.

A much younger woman walked up to him. "Excuse me."

He turned to her, the fakeness disappeared off his face and was replaced by an annoyed face. "Yeah?"

"Noah needs to know what types of cakes to bake," she replied.

The annoying woman stood right behind him, she put a hand on his arm. "Oh my little girl loves chocolate fudge. I can't have any though, I'm on a diet haha," she laughed. James and the other girl tried not to shudder.

The young woman shook it off, "what does your girl want?"

"She loves strawberry so," James replied, he trailed off as he noticed the annoying one now stroking his arm. "What are you doing?"

She laughed again, "nice, do you work out?"

James pulled his arm away, clearly shuddering this time. "Ask the two lovebirds what cake they want."

"Ok honey," the annoying woman laughed. She turned away.

"No matter what, I should never hit a woman, never," James muttered to himself.

"So strawberry?" the younger woman smirked.

"Yeah, I guess. I'll talk to Noah in a sec," James replied. He walked away quickly before the annoying one turned back to him. She pouted.

"Oh, where's cute boy going?"

"You do realise he's married, right?" the younger woman questioned.

"So, so am I?" the annoying one laughed. "They want white chocolate and raspberry, something like that darling." She turned back away.

The girl rolled her eyes, "who'd marry that?"

Craig walked in, he looked around the room with an unimpressed expression on his face. He marched over to where James was. "Hey, this doesn't look like work."

James glanced at him with a frown on his face, "I have to do something until that annoying woman moves somewhere else in the room."

Craig looked confused, "what?"

"I was working until she started touching me, ok. What's with the attitude?" James said.

"Since when were you a party planner? This isn't your work," Craig asked angrily.

James smirked at him briefly, he turned back to the crewmembers he was standing nearby to. "That one's simple, no. Most kids are scared of clowns."

"Yeah there's five of them, probably one of them is already scared of them," the crewmember said. "Plus all but two of the kids have brother and sisters. What should we do instead?"

"I don't know yet. Most of the kids won't want to sit still for too long you know, just think of something," James replied. He turned back to Craig who looked even more annoyed than before. "Now what were you bitching about again?"

"I've been trying to contact you for an hour," Craig replied, almost sounding like he was growling.

"Yeah I know. I'll only listen if you say it's an emergency. Remember the key word, emergency. I won't be friendly if you misuse it though," James said. He walked away.

Craig looked like he was ready to kill the nearest person at this point, he followed him. People in his way quickly got out of it. "What the hell is going on here? Are you retarded or something?"

James stopped and turned back to him, "you know that's a very offensive term."

"Oh my god. Have we swapped places or something. I can't seem to piss you off, stop being so happy, it's annoying," Craig groaned.

"What's the matter with you? Nothing's really going on, yet. I can't not do this, so you'll just have to do without me for a while," James muttered. "I don't know what's so urgent anyway, surely you can handle it if it's not life threatening."

"It is urgent. The trainees refuse to listen to me, and Harry keeps being soft and nearly letting Chakotay out again," Craig said.

"Nearly? You must stop it, so what's the problem?" James questioned.

"Trainees, there's that too. Plus I can't be sure that Harry won't crack when I'm not on duty or busy," Craig replied. "Shouldn't he be in your brig, he did try to kill you or whatever."

"It doesn't matter really. If it bothers you that much, make the transfer when he's unconscious. I'll help with that part, just not today or tomorrow," James said. "As for the trainees, stop being so abusive to everybody and maybe they will."

"Um that doesn't make sense. You're always abusive," Craig muttered.

"Not always, you just said that I was being annoyingly happy," James rolled his eyes. "Now are we done?"

"What is going on that's so important?" Craig groaned. "It's just a party, big deal."

"It's actually my daughter's birthday tomorrow, it is a big deal. Now go away," James muttered. He walked away from him.

Craig rolled his eyes, then spotted crewmembers nearby staring at him. "What?" Everyone but Trinity's mum stopped, she just smiled seductively at him. His eyes widened, he ran off as quickly as he could.

### **The Conference Room:**

The senior staff were of course in the middle of a meeting. Most of them looked bored to death, the others with the exception of Tom kept themselves occupied by reading. Tom was the reason for the lack of interest, he however hadn't realised that no-one was paying attention.

"And so in conclusion, that's everything on Johnathan's list that B'Elanna and I haven't got," he finally finished. After a quick glance at everyone he noticed. "Hey, pay attention people!"

"You don't expect everyone to get absolutely everything off that list do you?" B'Elanna questioned. "There isn't enough people on the fleet."

"Oh, that's what that was," Faye yawned. "I thought it was one of Neelix's monthly menus."

Tom frowned, "what, even Extreme Fire Truck?"

"It sounds like a chili meal," Faye replied.

Tom rolled his eyes, he slammed the padd in his hands on the table. "Fine fine, don't bother. You've just majorly disappointed a soon to be three year old."

"There's always Christmas you know," Jessie said with a shrug.

Tom stared blankly at her, "no there isn't. He'll have a completely brand new list, the same size."

"Probably bigger," B'Elanna muttered.

"Can we move on?" Harry sighed.

"Sure whatever," Tom muttered. "The party. Try not to do anything, we're trying to ease him off the rumour telling."

Faye shrugged, "is not turning up ok?"

Tom laughed, "you can turn up, you're not interesting enough to spread rumours about."

"I'd pout but it's true," Faye mumbled to herself.

"Tom if the meeting is just about your son's birthday I'm going to dismiss everyone," Harry said.

"You'd try but everyone would listen to me not you, right?" Tom said, glancing around at everyone.

"No way," everyone said in unison.

"All right, fine. What else is on the so called agenda besides 'we are stuck in the middle of nowhere still?'" Tom groaned.

"Ok we're getting a lot of complaints about certain crewmembers," Harry said. "One of them being Craig."

"Wow really? He hasn't had so many complaints that we've had to talk about it since his padd days," Jessie commented.

"Why bother discussing it? There's nothing we can do unless somebody can bring a 'resurrect Lena' machine out of their ass," Kevin questioned.

James smirked, "hey if we get to choose, I vote it come out of Tom's."

"What did I do?" Tom moaned.

"Actually there's something else we can do," Jessie said with a sneaky smile on her face.

Tom looked worried as he stared at her, "as long as it doesn't involve me and my butt, I'm all ears."

"No I'm all for that plan," James said.

"Realistically James, nobody would want to touch the machine after it's out," B'Elanna said with a smile.

"Thank you B'Elanna for sticking up for me, as usual," Tom said, smiling in a fake way.

Harry shook his head, "what's the plan Jess?"

"Well I know a good therapist," Jessie replied.

Faye shrugged, "well why not, it could be a once an episode theme for the season."

### **The Leda:**

Craig stared blankly at whatever was in front of him, as he sat at his desk. "Tell me you're joking."

A nervous ensign stood in front, padd in hand. "Supposedly Tom's kid has a list that needed to be stored in two padds."

"Fine I'll bring a chocolate bar, but I wouldn't hold your breath about me going at all," Craig mumbled.

"That's not on the list, but a giant chocolate shaped Voyager is," the ensign said.

"Tell me the other kids have saner lists, please," Craig groaned into his hand.

"I would but I hear that girl who has the nasally voiced mum asked for a new mum," the ensign said.

"Well problem solved, just bring a girl with you and hand her over," Craig said, turning to the computer on his desk.

The doors opened allowing Tom and Harry to walk in. "Craig can we have a word with you?" Harry asked.

"As long as it isn't about your brat's birthday," Craig replied.

Tom frowned angrily at him, "see that's the problem, right there." He pointed at him and leaned on the desk. Harry and Craig both raised eyebrows at him. "What's the matter with you?"

"Well if you must know, I don't like wasting rations on gifts for spoiled little brats," Craig muttered.

"Look we've got some complaints about you. Everyone's sick of your attitude," Harry said.

Craig shrugged, "I'm just trying to fit in with the aggressive crowd. Those ones always get away with stuff."

"Well it doesn't work with you. You're going to therapy," Tom said.

"No I'm not," Craig muttered.

"Oh you are. We've got the power to revoke all your codes and stuff until you're fit again," Tom said.

"In other words, you're out of work until then," Harry said.

"Ookay, not that I care but how will I use the replicator without a job?" Craig asked. "And what if the stupid therapist can't do anything, not that I want him or her to."

"Firstly, you'll get a reduced sick pay. Secondly tough," Tom replied.

"I'm not sick," Craig grumbled.

"Well in that case, you'll get nothing," Tom smiled smugly.

Craig pulled himself out of the chair, "I'm not crazy or depressed, I don't have to get therapy."

"No but you've got a case of severe 'Evil Slayer wannabe syndrome'," Tom said. "Sad really."

"I haven't killed anybody or even tried so don't bother," Craig muttered.

"Well I can't think of an accurate name so I'm leaving it to the professional. You don't have a choice, the sooner you're cured the sooner you can work again," Tom said.

"Whatever," Craig groaned.

### **An hour later**

#### **The holodeck:**

Craig now sat looking really bored yet annoyed in front of the holographic therapist. She was busy making notes while talking.

"Judging by your dramatic character change and the lack of interest in your welfare, I think we should schedule a daily exercise. I'll book you in for appointments every morning, how does that sound?" she asked.

"Like Neelix singing James Blunt's 'Goodbye My Lover', unbearable torture if you haven't heard it," Craig replied, staring blankly at her.

"Now now, there's no need for that. After all, I'm only here to help you," the therapist said. "Your Mister Paris gave me an idea of what happened to this ex of yours, but I'd like to hear it from you."

"No you wouldn't," Craig muttered.

"Ok, take your time," the therapist softly said. "Now maybe we should do some breathing exercises while I ask you questions about this Ylara character. Then maybe you can keep your cool around her, if you can it'll help with everyone else you encounter. Now how does it feel to see her going about her life like..."

"Computer shut down the program," Craig quickly interrupted her. The hologrid reappeared around him. "Computer, where is the Holographic Research Lab?"

### **The next morning**

#### **James/Jessie's Quarters:**

James and Duncan sat at the high table, working on a few notebooks. Amy sat on the sofa sloppily eating her bowl of cereal.

Jessie walked out of one of the bedrooms with Sasha in her arms. Sasha had been dressed up in cute new clothes and shoes, with her hair in bunches. "Look it's the birthday girl."

"One of three," Duncan commented. Amy looked up looking hopeful. "Not you."

James got off the stool and walked up to the two girls. "Aaaw, you overdressed her up."

Jessie grinned at him, placing her cheek against Sasha's. "Yes I did."

"Oh god," Duncan groaned.

"Please tell me you're not going to put make up on her," James said.

"Yeah right, she'll never need it," Jessie cooed over Sasha, she giggled cutely.

James smirked at the two of them, "and you did?"

"Maybe when I first started wearing it," Jessie replied.

"Yeah right," James said. He headed back over to Duncan. "You know she's cuter than the other two girls, you didn't have to dress her up."

"Yeah I know, this way she'll really show up the others," Jessie said.

"Uh huh, cos looks is the only important thing in the universe right," James muttered.

"Ok ok, I mainly wanted her to look her best for her birthday," Jessie sighed.

"I know, but she won't even get to her party if she doesn't have the energy for it. I'll get her breakfast," James said, heading over to the replicator.

"Yeah I should've let her have that first," Jessie meekly said.

"We don't have to sing do we?" Duncan asked as Jessie sat Sasha beside Amy. He jumped down from the stool.

"At the party yes," Jessie replied.

"Eugh no," Duncan groaned. "You don't have any glass around then, do you? What about the windows?"

"Those windows have survived about ten years of Neelix, I'm sure they'll hold," James said. He walked over to the girls holding a tray. "Ok birthday girl, it's your favourite." He put the tray down on the table in front of Sasha.

Amy stared at her as she tucked into her breakfast. "Can I have your hair?" she asked, reaching out for the bunches. Jessie quickly picked her up.

"No hair pulling sweetie," she said.

"I wasn't," Amy pouted. Jessie put her back down where she was.

## **Meanwhile**

### **Tom/B'Elanna's Quarters:**

Tom and B'Elanna watched as Johnathan sat in front of a lot of presents. There was already a lot of wrapping paper behind him.

"Did we get him twice as much as last time?" Tom whispered.

B'Elanna smiled at him, "I don't care, I'm just happy he's out of the terrible two's." The two shared a kiss, then turned back to look at their son. Their mouths dropped open in shock, all of the presents had been opened and there was a mountain of wrapping paper blocking half of the window.

### **The Holodeck:**

All nine trainees stood in a group, some of which looking either bored or worried. James stood in front of them looking less than impressed as well.



"I know the last thing you want is more tests, but I promise this is the last you'll get from me," he said.

"They can't be as lame as Wesley and Chin's tests. Even a legless person is less lame," Stewart muttered.

"Ookay then. The other reason for doing this is so I have time to figure out a training plan for you guys, this is all last minute for me," James said. "Who'd like to go first with the first test then?"

Janet eagerly put her hand into the air, "ooh ooh, pick me."

"Relax Janet, it's not a kiss test," Shar muttered.

"Ooh, do we actually get to do that?" Stewart asked. Everyone stared at him looking worried. "It might be useful in reconnaissance some day."

James shuddered, "ok then, I'll just ignore all that." He picked up a medium sized hammer, "here Janet, knock yourself out or anyone else if you feel like it."

Janet giggled, she took the hammer off of him then went over to one of those strength tests you find at carnivals.

"This isn't going to end well," Leesa whispered. Everyone nodded.

#### **Five minutes later:**

Jach lay on the ground in front of the test, nursing a smashed nose. Everyone had gathered around him.

"How the hell did he manage to hit himself with the hammer?" James asked bewilderedly.

Binene smirked, "it looked like it bounced off the thing."

Jach by this time was crying as expected, "please tell me, I at least got a good score."

Stewart looked at the strength test, the bar had barely moved up an inch. "Nope, a baby could beat that."

"So how on earth did it bounce so hard that it smashed his nose?" Onlan asked.

"I dunno, maybe it's broken," James replied.

"Or he's just got a weaker nose than we thought," Shar said, while pressing on the part of the test where you hit the hammer. It bounced up a little. "Is it meant to do that?"

"I have no idea, nobody let me near these things," James said. He frowned in confusion, "ok here's a better question. How did a holographic hammer hurt him when the bloody safeties are on?"

Everyone widened their eyes as they turned back to Jach. "It's a good thing you didn't turn them off, that would have killed him," Binene sniggered.

James groaned into his hand, "I doubt it, the holodeck must be broken. Has anyone got any ideas on how to waste time without actually going back to work?" Jach cried out in pain. "Ok two of you could take him to Sickbay."

Leesa smiled, "I think I might like working on this ship, even the boss allow you to skive."

"We'll take him," L'era sighed, kneeling down next to Jach while glancing at Binene.

"We will?" he muttered. He groaned, "fine."

"You do know the way there, don't you?" James questioned.

"Yeah, that doctor had to do those annual new crewmember tests yesterday," L'era replied. She and Binene helped Jach up and guided him to the door.

"I'll get someone to look at the holodeck," James sighed. "Let's hope for Jach's sake it is broken." He headed towards the door, the trainees soon followed.

"Uh boss, I have an idea for a test we can do without using the holodeck," Stewart said.

Shar groaned, "ugh can't we just do phaser rifle aiming?"

"That would require real phasers, I don't think so," James muttered as he left the holodeck.

Janet shrugged, "holodeck only is standard procedure for new non Federation alien crewmembers."

"Oh what do you know, she knows something. You owe me a day's rations," Shar said.

Onlan grumbled to himself, "no why today? Have you seen that green and pink stuff they're serving for lunch?"

### **Later in the Security Office:**

All the remaining trainees and James sat on the sofa or on ground nearby it, all holding padds.

"Ok now we're beating Wesley's lame score," Onlan said.

Stewart shrugged, "it's fun, I love these kind of tests."

Shar frowned at her padd, "how exactly does it work?"

"Easy, each question is based around a certain subject and each answer will determine your personality. The computer will then assign a weapon to your type of personality," Stewart said. "We did a one at school that would tell you what kind of animal you were most like, it's a similar thing."

"For once work sounds more appealing than skiving," James muttered. "I'll leave you to it." He went over to his desk.

"Maybe to spice it up we could actually get training with the weapon we get," Stewart said.

"Depending on what they are, holographic only," James said, sitting down behind his desk.

Wesley walked in while talking to somebody outside. The door closed after him. "Mr Stuart, why aren't you in the Holodeck?"

"It's broken, so is Jach's nose," James replied. "What do you want?"

"Doesn't your holodecks have safety protocols? Oh, you didn't hit him did you?" Wesley groaned.

James raised an eyebrow and laughed only slightly, "he'd be dead if I did. That's what is broken in the holodecks, the safeties. We were doing those strength tests and the hammer bounced and hit him back."

"What do you mean by he'd be dead?" Wesley asked.

"The bar for the test barely moved yet it still managed to nearly concuss him," James muttered in response.

Wesley sighed, "point taken."

"Again I ask," James said.

"Oh, Mr Paris informed both crews last night about the Slayer training we have," Wesley said.

James nodded, "ok, ok." He pulled out a phaser and pointed it at him, Wesley backed off a little. "No, I'm not training anymore."

"But, that's cheating," Wesley stuttered.

"Yes well so is casting spells on your Slayers," James said with a shrug.

Wesley looked worried, "but it's only one more."

"Tell it to the phaser," James muttered.

"Will you at least meet with him?" Wesley questioned. "He's waiting outside."

"He can join as long as he's not some moron who hasn't got a chance in hell of fighting," James replied.

"What like Jach?" Wesley said. James nodded. "He's not."

"I'll meet him, but I'm not promising anything," he muttered.

Wesley clapped his hands, "excellent." Before James could say anything more he dashed outside. Moments later he strode back in, a human man who looked like he was the same age as James followed him. He seemed familiar to him but he couldn't put his finger on who he reminded him of. The man looked a little rough with his dark scruffy hair and beard, and crumpled Starfleet uniform. "Well?"

"Well what? You don't expect me to judge him just by looking," James said. "Do you?"

"No of course not," Wesley sighed. He glanced at the man, "Mr Stuart this is Nathan Andrews. Andrews this is the Security Chief and..."

James quickly cut in, "that's enough."

"Right, I'll leave you to make up your mind," Wesley said. "Later."

The man smirked once Wesley stepped back out. "Is he always like that?"

"Unfortunately," James replied. He began to work on the computer.

Nathan frowned as he took a seat opposite him. "Aren't you going to give me a training schedule or something? He said 'make up your mind'."

"Look I've just started Slayer training nine wannabe's. In the first five minutes one of them managed to hit himself with those hammers you use in strength tests. It barely got to the first line yet he still managed to smash his nose into pieces," James said without looking at him. "I'm not taking on anymore unless I think you're up to the training."

"Then shouldn't you ask me stuff?" Nathan asked.

"I'm looking at your file," James replied. He looked confused, he eyed Nathan. "You're really forty two?"

"Oh I know, I get that a lot," Nathan said smirking. "Looking younger than you are seems to be a family 'curse', my mum's side of course."

"I've got a niece and a younger sister like that," James said. "Though I doubt that was genetic, plus it's the other way around."

"Ouch, they mustn't like you much," Nathan smirked. He sat back in his chair, "women don't like too much honesty."

"Yeah Yasmin and Kiara weren't happy when I said something similar," James said. "It's not like they don't know, one minute they were young kids, the next they were teens."

"Ah a mother and daughter curse, odd but kinda cool," Nathan said.

"No, Yasmin isn't her mum. I have two other sisters you know," James muttered. He climbed out of the chair but stayed where he was.

"Three sisters? Wow, I bet growing up with three of them was hard, especially the teenager slash child one," Nathan smirked.

"Nah, I didn't grow up with any of them. A few years with each one doesn't really count as growing up with," James said.

"Hey I know the feeling. I have three sisters too, I never met them," Nathan said with a shrug. "So um, is this how you pick out good potential fighters?"

"You were the one who decided to start a conversation," James said.

Nathan sighed, "no you were, you know by mentioning your sis and niece"

"Fine we both did, let's just leave it," James muttered. "According to your file you've only been a member of Starfleet for two years, why's that?"

"I only joined as there was a shortage. I only went through a six month training course, hence the Crewman rank," Nathan replied. "If you're wondering I did do some psychical training, everyone had to. I don't just look like an early thirties guy, I am pretty fit too."

"Ooh I'll say," Janet drooled, staring at him. Most of the trainees stared in disgust. Nathan and James stared blankly at her.

"Don't mind her, she hit on me too," James said.

"That's ok, that wasn't hitting on me," Nathan said with a smirk. "She's not my type so no problem there. You don't want members of your trainee group getting too friendly, right?"

"I'm not really bothered as long as they don't do anything during training," James replied. He sat down on the edge of the desk. "With only two years of Starfleet experience, you have a lot of reports about you."

Nathan sighed, "those were personal issues. Those shouldn't get in the way of my professional life, right? Haven't you had any reports?"

"Probably one for each day I've worked for them," James muttered to himself. He cleared his throat again, "ok why would you want to be a Trainee Slayer and choose to work on the bridge?"

"You're really trying hard to make me seem unfit for your training class," Nathan said, raising an eyebrow.

"No of course not," James said, rolling his eyes. "Answer the question."

"I like working on the bridge as I know what's going on all the time, but I want a little excitement. It's not something you should admit to your possible future boss but I have had plenty of fights in my life,

I'm more than qualified to be a Trainee," Nathan said. "Besides I haven't even started on Voyager's bridge yet, I start tomorrow."

Jach, Binene and L'era snuck into the office, they joined the other trainees on the sofa.

"What did you do before?" James asked.

"Shouldn't it say what in my file?" Nathan said, looking a bit annoyed.

"Have you ever had an interview before?" James muttered, also looking annoyed. "The employer doesn't just look at your application form and ask you to leave, do they?"

Nathan narrowed his eyes, then smirked a little. "You have a good point. I worked in Engineering on the Leda, but the imbeciles there didn't help me contain my temper. Most of them don't know what the core is. Tell me, have I just blown my chances by admitting to a temper and fights?"

"No, as long as you try to keep your cool so will I," James replied. He heard Shar scoff and mutter something to Binene. "Well with you anyway."

Nathan glanced back over his shoulder, "I think I get why you are being a bit hard on me." He looked back, "you don't want someone who'll annoy you, not someone who can't fight."

"Well I'm sure it's unethical to punch your own trainees," James said with a shrug. "It's fine, you can join the group."

"I thought as much," Nathan smiled. "What are we doing this morning?"

"We were supposed to be in the holodeck but they're broken, so just wasting time with idiotic tests," James replied. He pointed at Stewart, "if you want to waste time, go ask him for a padd." Stewart waved at them both.

"He seems a bit gay," Nathan muttered.

"Doesn't mean he'll hit on you, you might not be his type," James said. "You'll have to talk to Tom about your shifts, Slayer training doesn't count as a half shift. It only does if you're Security."

"I'll take a night shift to make up for it," Nathan said. "Thanks boss, you'll not regret it."

"Be sure I don't, or I'll have to rethink that ethical comment," James said.

Nathan climbed out of the chair, "you don't like boss? Ok then, would you prefer Stuart, sir or, what's your first name?"

"Stuart," James muttered in response. "And no I don't mean my first name's Stuart, I mean..."

"Damn you ruined that. Probably a good thing, if you guessed what I was going to say it wouldn't have been funny if I got to say it," Nathan said. He walked over to sit with the other trainees.

James groaned into his hand, "where's Tom when you need him?"

In: "Paris to Stuart."

"That was creepy," James muttered. He tapped his commbadge, "are you eavesdropping on me Tom?"

In: "Um no, why do you ask?"

"Oh I was just saying before you called that you're never around when you're needed," James replied.

In: "Aaaw, that's swee... wait, what do you mean by that?"

"I've had a stressful half an hour, work it out," James replied. "What did you really call for?"

In: "One of these days you'll need me for something other than relieving stress. Anyway B'Elanna wants to see you in Engineering, about the Holodeck report."

"Ok I'm on my way," James said. He stood back up, "guys I have to leave for a while. When you're done with that maybe you could compare any stories that have violence, fighting in, you know, compare notes."

"Ooh does getting tripped up in school count?" Stewart asked.

"I suppose so," James mumbled. He stepped out.

"Did you know people only trip you up so they can see your butt?" Nathan questioned.

Stewart's eyes lit up, "really cos one of those guys was mega hot."

Nathan pulled a face at him, "ew, no I was kidding."

"Eew? Do you have a problem with gays cos if you do," Stewart grumbled.

"Keep talking and I'll make you sure you never speak again," Nathan muttered. Everyone stared at him blankly. He smiled like nothing happened, "ok so what test are you doing?"

"Well we're doing a personality test that determines what weapon we're most suited too," Shar said unenthusiastically. "It was Stewart's idea." She stared at her padd with a frown, "my weapon is a phaser rifle, how dull."

"Hey, a pen is not a weapon," Jach moaned.

"You think you have it bad, I got a pole," Onlan said. He smiled to himself, "actually that's not that bad."

Nathan quickly worked at his padd, he smiled. "I got my own bare hands, neat."

"What, your measly bare hands. What's neat about that?" Binene muttered.

"It looks like I'm really going to like working with you guys," Nathan smirked as he looked around at everyone. "No seriously." Janet quickly attached herself to his arm.

"Is that because of me?" she purred.

Nathan pulled his arm away, "no, not really."

The door opened, Jessie walked through it. After a quick glance around she turned to leave again.

"Are you lost or looking for someone?" Nathan asked, standing up.

Janet pouted, "damn it, she gets all the cute guys." Stewart patted her on the shoulder.

"Um it doesn't matter," Jessie replied. She eyed the trainees, "you're new."

"Yes I am. I'm starting on the bridge tomorrow," Nathan said, stepping closer.

"That's nice," Jessie said uncomfortably. "I'm looking for James."

Nathan shrugged, "um, is that one of these guys?"

L'era sighed, "he's just left for Engineering, I doubt he'll be long."

"Oh I'll just wait then," Jessie said. She walked over to sit on the chair behind the desk.

"You do know that's where he sits right?" Nathan questioned.

"I'm sure he won't mind," Jessie replied, frowning at him. "You don't have to keep me company you know."

"Ok what do I get for being friendly around here?" Nathan sighed. He turned away.

"All right I'm sorry, continue," Jessie said with a raised eyebrow.

Nathan turned back, he sat down in the chair opposite her. "You know ever since I joined Voyager I've been hearing stories about a powerful young witch, who did a lot of damage to the men just two years ago. You wouldn't be her by any chance?"

Jessie laughed nervously, "would you be scared or just star struck if I said I was?"

"Kinda star struck, but mainly impressed," Nathan replied.

"I was evil, I doubt I could do that on a normal day," Jessie said.

"That's probably for the best," Nathan said.

"What made you think it was me?" Jessie questioned.

"I was just following my instinct," Nathan replied. "What are you doing for lunch anyway?"

"Um sorry, but I'm married. With three kids as well, and one on the way," Jessie meekly said.

Nathan didn't seem too phased, "well we really are the masters of random conversations aren't we?"

"I thought you were asking me out, picture me embarrassed," Jessie muttered.

Nathan smirked at her, "I get why you thought that though, my bad."

"So why did you start talking to me then?" Jessie asked.

"One of my ex's told me to, after telling me to go to hell, that I should befriend a girl for once. Maybe then I'll learn to respect them more," Nathan replied. He shrugged, "that's what I get for spoiling her and everything. Typical huh?"

Jessie pulled a face at him, "uh huh, again why me?"

"I dunno. I thought you seemed cool, but I suppose if you're not interested I could talk to a girl called Zare," Nathan said.

"I'm way cooler than her, and that's saying a lot considering," Jessie said.

"Oh I like considering, tell me," Nathan grinned, leaning on the desk.

"I'm not going to tell you, I don't share with strangers," Jessie muttered.

"Look I'll level with you. You don't have to be my real friend, just hang out with me when my ex is around," Nathan said, smiling cheekily.

Jessie shook her head, "please tell me it gets better."

"I'll make it worth your while," Nathan smirked.

"I can see why she dumped you," Jessie mumbled.

"Now that's harsh, only a real friend would say that," Nathan said.

"Ugh," Jessie groaned, slamming her hand on the desk. "Seriously, what is the matter with you?"

"Ok I was kidding about the ex part, all of it. I'm new here, and I was just trying to make some new friends," Nathan said.

"I'm sorry, I've learned not to make friends so easily with 'charming' men," Jessie said. "They usually tend to be evil and/or fall for me."

Nathan narrowed his eyes suspiciously, "how many times has that happened?"

"Three times," Jessie sheepishly said. "Though one of them turned out ok, and he really was charming."

"And the other guys weren't?" Nathan smirked.

"Ok shut up. I just don't get along with guys, most of them are jerks," Jessie said.

"Am I a jerk?" Nathan asked.

"How do I know?" Jessie muttered in response. "I don't know anything about you except that you appear to be a bit eccentric, and annoying."

"All right, how much time have you got to kill?" Nathan asked.

"Um until dinner time, I pick up my kids for that," Jessie replied. "Why? How much time do you need to deceive me into thinking you're nice, five minutes?"

"Wow, a lot of guys have really been jerks to you, huh?" Nathan said. "Ok we got an hour, I'll tell you everything about me, you'll listen and I guarantee that you'll love me at the end. Not because I've had a hard life and you feel sorry for me, I don't want that, can't stand that."

Jessie shook her head, trying not to laugh. "You're really a strange guy."

"I'll take that as a compliment," Nathan said. "Ok, um let's start somewhere nice, yeah?"

"Ookay I'm listening," Jessie sighed.

### **Engineering:**

James, B'Elanna and Yasmin stood near the warp core discussing the Holodecks, Damien was nearby at his useless station listening in.

"What could you possibly have been doing there to have caused these malfunctions?" B'Elanna questioned while reading a padd.

"I hardly think a measly strength test thing could have done it," James replied.

"Maybe, did you do it?" Yasmin asked.

James stared blankly at her, "no and I doubt that would have either."

"Somebody's obviously been messing around with the holodeck controls," B'Elanna muttered. "We should check who's been making or altering programs lately."

"How could someone changing a program affect the whole system like that?" James questioned.



"It shouldn't, but there's no other explanation. I've tested for everything that does make sense," B'Elanna replied.

"Maybe somebody doesn't want you to use the holodeck," Damien said.

B'Elanna and James glanced toward him, Yasmin was too bored at this point to react. "What are you talking about?" B'Elanna asked.

"Problems with the holodeck mean that no-one uses them, except the person who screwed it up on purpose that is," Damien replied. "You people need some common sense knocked into you, it's so obvious."

"James can you please find him somewhere else to work," B'Elanna grumbled.

"I don't know, I think his theory could be right," James said. He turned to the station nearby.

"I'm not saying that it isn't, I'm saying he's annoying," B'Elanna said.

"He'll be annoying wherever you put him," James said.

Damien smirked, "you'll find I'm also great wherever you put me too."

"If your theory is right, the person who did it hid it well. I'll take a good look later," James said.

"Why not now?" B'Elanna questioned.

"Holodecks are hardly important," James replied. He turned to leave.

"All right but if I'm right and someone is planning something evil, then I'm blaming you for it," Damien said. "I can't have some newbie steal my thunder."

James turned back toward them once he got to the door. "I'll try and live with that." He walked out.

B'Elanna sighed, glaring briefly at Damien. "Yasmin, if Damien utters one more word then you have my permission to kill him." She walked off toward the lift.

Yasmin's eyes lit up, "ooh really?"

"Hey you owe me your existence," Damien grumbled. "Though you are evil, I like that."

Yasmin picked up a tricorder, she looked at it funny, "I can't, oh it'll do." She threw it at his head, he didn't have time to duck and it slammed right into his nose. She then ran toward him, he ran off as he quickly as he could.

"I knew that wouldn't take long," B'Elanna said as the lift went up to the next deck.

### **The Security Office:**

Nathan now was in the middle of a story that was obviously a little depressing, little did he know the rest of the trainees were eavesdropping.

"They had to wait until she had me before locking her up properly," Nathan said.

"Oh my god, your mother didn't actually give birth to you in that brig, did she?" Jessie asked.

"I don't know. All I was told was that she had to be locked up for ten years, and that it would be best for me to get a foster family to look after me permanently," Nathan replied. "I wasn't told until I was in my mid twenties. I thought they were my proper parents."

"Oh that's awful. My husband went through the same thing," Jessie said.

"Really?" Nathan said in a bemused tone. "So your mother in law attacked a twelve year old boy when she was eighteen, and got locked up for it?"

Jessie frowned, "no, I mean he didn't know who his real mother was until he was twenty eight."

"Sorry, I take a lot of things too literal," Nathan said.

"So did you ever find out who the boy was? Was he your father or not?" Jessie asked.

"I didn't believe it so I did a DNA scan, and sure enough he was," Nathan replied. "It's weird being in your forties and have a father that's probably only fifty four."

"Well if it helps, my mother was something like twelve or thirteen when she had me," Jessie said.

"Well at least you know her, I don't know my father or my mother, nor do I want to," Nathan sighed.

"I actually only met my mother twice when I was younger. Why wouldn't you want to meet your dad, it wasn't his fault," Jessie asked.

"No I know that, he doesn't even know about me," Nathan said. "The last thing I want to do is bring up something like that, it must have been hard for him."

"Yeah tell me about it," Jessie muttered. She blushed slightly, "um I can imagine. So what did you learn about your father then?"

"Why do I get the feeling there's more to that 'yeah tell me about it' and you won't tell me?" Nathan questioned, eyes narrowing. He sighed, "ok my father. Well he married, had a daughter but the mother died when she was young. He had two more daughters but his engagement with that girl was broken off."

"Oh so three half sisters. Have you ever thought of looking them up?" Jessie asked.

"I have yeah," Nathan replied, smiling at her. "That's why I joined this ship, I know two of them are here."

"Then why are you wasting your time with me then?" Jessie questioned.

"I don't feel like I'm wasting time," Nathan replied. "We're getting on aren't we?"

"I suppose, for now," Jessie muttered. "Do you know why your dad ended that relationship with the second mum?"

Nathan smiled, "oh if I told you that, it would get a tad complicated."

"All right fine, you decide the next subject then," Jessie said.

"Ok, you," Nathan said.

Jessie narrowed her eyes at him, "complicated's fine."

"No I'm curious now. You said you only met your mum twice," Nathan said.

"She gave me up as a baby, that's all you need to know," Jessie said.

"Ok what about this husband of yours? Are you and him still ok, is a jerk, etc..." Nathan questioned.

"Hey you said you'd talk all about you until I loved you, it ain't happened yet," Jessie replied. "Now answer my question."

Nathan pouted, "you don't love me yet? You are a challenge."

"Yes I am. Besides I thought you didn't want me to feel sorry for you," Jessie said.

"Well it's ok cos it seems like you have your own baggage," Nathan said. "All right, you wanna know why my dad and the second girlfriend broke up?"

"Charming," Jessie muttered.

"Ok they didn't split up really, he disappeared," Nathan said. "For ages the reason was classified, Starfleet knew all along. He and his daughter from that marriage were taken away by a Game Cube."

Jessie stared at him, her cheeks got a little red. "Um, do you happen to know their names?"

Nathan glanced at her with a sneaky smile on his face, "why else would I be here?"

"No way, I don't believe you," Jessie muttered.

"No? My father's name was Richard Harris, the daughter that got lost with him; Jodie," Nathan said.

"You could have got those names from the database," Jessie said. "Besides my dad never mentioned being raped before."

"Why would he? For a guy it would be really humiliating, it's not something you tell your daughters," Nathan said.

"All you have is names, that's not proof," Jessie said.

"Sorry sis but the only proof I really have is my DNA," Nathan said. He held out his hand nearby her, "want some?"

"Don't call me sis," Jessie muttered. She stood up, "we're going to resolve this now."

Nathan jumped onto his feet, "sure but there's one problem."

"Let me guess, you're scared of hyposprays and transporters," Jessie said.

"Ohno, I looove them," Nathan sarcastically said. "Seriously that Chief guy will come back, he already doesn't like me and if he comes back to find me gone, I'll be in serious trouble," he said like he didn't mean it.

Jessie raised an eyebrow, "he doesn't like you?" Nathan nodded. "Gee I wonder why. I'm guessing you haven't done your full research on me."

"No why would I? I wanted to leave some stuff unknown, it's more fun that way," he said. "Were you serious about the three kids and pregnant part by the way? Am I an uncle?"

"Ok enough. We're not talking about this until there's proof, agreed?" Jessie snapped.

Nathan widened his eyes, "ok yes ma'am."

"Are you sure the Chief doesn't like you?" Jessie asked.

"Very sure, I can tell when a man is holding back from punching you," Nathan replied. "Why?"

"Well," Jessie said.

Right on cue the door opened, James walked in. "Ok holodecks are still broken. How's the so called tests going?"

"My weapon is a pen," Jach moaned.

Onlan raised a pen and pretended to stab him in the back, doing the usual violin noises. Jach looked back at him just when he hid the pen behind his back. "What?"

"Bare hands," Nathan said.

"Has feather duster come up at all?" James asked.

Stewart gasped, "wow that's amazing, how did you know?" Everyone stared at him.

James tried not to laugh out loud, "ok um, you're on Sid duty then."

"No wonder you were so adamant about not letting anymore in your group, huh boss," Nathan smirked.

James walked over to him and Jessie. "I thought you figured that out earlier," he said.

"James you don't mind if I take Nathan off your hands for five minutes?" Jessie questioned.

"Depends, why?" James replied. "We haven't got long until we have to pick up the..."

Jessie did a fake cough to interrupt him, "oh sorry."

James and Nathan both looked at her with narrowed suspicious eyes. "I thought we were passed the secret part of the relationship Jess?" James muttered.

Nathan nodded his head, "oh man I'm good."

Jessie glared at him, "shut up." She turned back to James, "I wasn't doing anything of the sort, I just coughed."

"Jessie I'm not stupid," Nathan said. "This is your husband isn't it? Hence the 'are you sure he doesn't like you' question."

"Ok he's figured his part in this out, what about me?" James said.

"There's nothing to figure out, that's why I need five minutes," Jessie said.

"What's going on?" James asked, folding his arms.

Nathan did the same, "yes Jessie."

"God you're annoying," Jessie muttered. "Um he's got this crazy idea that I'm his half sister."

James glanced briefly at Nathan, "him? Seriously."

"Told you he didn't," Nathan said.

"Shut up," James said to him the same way Jessie did, then glanced back at her.

"Hey you're lucky I didn't go all big brother on you," Nathan said.

James looked at him again, "big brother on me?"

"Well you know, you married my sister. Come on, you said you have three sisters, surely you get that," Nathan said.

"Two are dead and they never married, the third would only marry coffee if it was legal," James muttered.

"Ok did the other two date, ever? Do you get it yet?" Nathan groaned.

"Whatever. Go all big brother on me, it would be amusing," James said.

Jessie rolled her eyes, "I think this is proof enough."

"Really?" Nathan questioned.

"No!" Jessie snapped. "I was just joking. Though if it is true, you both fit the default profile for brother in laws."

"That's fine with me," Nathan said, smiling. "Now why would it be amusing? Would I knock you out so easily in front of the people you're supposed to train."

James laughed, "no, you'd be in the same state as Jach was earlier. And I'm not talking about the stupid pen joke Onlan did."

Jessie groaned, "oh for god's sake. I'll borrow him for five minutes anyway, to save him from a beating."

"Well he'll have to go to Sickbay for a DNA test right?" James said.

Jessie moved her glare to him, "no, you can do that when it turns out he's not my brother."

"Aaaw, poor little man," Nathan sniggered.

James stepped closer to him, "little? You're just an inch or two taller, apart from that I've got you beat."

"All right, would you prefer poor fat man?" Nathan asked.

Jessie quickly dragged him to the door by the arm, "ookay, Sickbay it is." James started to follow them looking very annoyed. "James follow me further and um." She pushed Nathan out the door, she stood at the doorway. "Oh I know, no, you know."

"You've never threatened me like that," James said. "Are we talking permanent or for a certain amount of time. Oh god, you're not threatening to..."

"I wouldn't do that to you," Jessie muttered. "And obviously a certain amount of time, what about a week?"

"We've managed a week before, can I kill him now?" James asked.

Jessie frowned at him, she stepped really close to him. "You can't last a week, and you know it. Yes we've managed a week only cos I kept saying no," she whispered.

"Thank you for saying that quietly for my benefit," James muttered sarcastically.

"You're welcome," Jessie said, smiling sweetly. "I'll make it two weeks actually, no, a week. Why should I be punished. God." She walked out, then dragged Nathan down the corridor. He had a disgusted look on his face.

"Too much information Jessie," he said.

"Well what else can I realistically threaten him with that would stop him," Jessie muttered.

**Sickbay:**

Doctor Jones sighed, "how many more members of your family are we going to uncover Jessie?"

Jessie narrowed her eyes, "enough cheek Doc, does that mean he is my brother?"

"Yes, he's also a very young looking forty two year old," Doctor Jones replied.

"Thanks doc," Nathan smiled.

Jessie groaned, "great. My siblings either love or hate my husband, just great."

"I don't hate him, I was just teasing him," Nathan said. "He just hates me."

"Well hold back on the teasing, or you'll end up back here," Jessie said.

"Oh please Jess. Don't you have any faith in your older brother?" Nathan asked.

"Trust me, faith's got nothing to do with it. Give him the chance and he'll kill you," Jessie replied. "And I can't keep threatening him with no sex for a week forever."

Doctor Jones and Nathan stared at her in disgust. Naomi nodded like she was agreeing, Nikki just frowned in jealousy.

"Ok the teasing continues," Nathan said. He headed for the door.

"If you do that, I won't help you," Jessie said. "And don't act all brotherly with James, I've known him since I was four. It's not like you and I grew up together and he came into the picture when we were sixteen or something."

"Why not? My foster siblings were all boys, don't disappoint me like this," Nathan said, glancing back at her.

"I'm not, you can be all protective brother all you want. As sick as it sounds to you James was that overprotective older brother when I was growing up, I don't need you for that," Jessie said.

"You're right, that is sick. Keep away from me," Nathan muttered.

"I'm just saying that the overprotective job has already been taken by James and my son," Jessie said.

"So is the annoying job still open, or do they both do that too?" Nathan asked. He smirked at her then stepped out.

Doctor Jones smiled, "I don't think you two needed a DNA test."

"Yes we did, I was hoping you'd tell me he wasn't," Jessie muttered.

"Sorry to disappoint you. What I meant was you two argue like brother and sister," Doctor Jones said.

"It's still hard to believe," Jessie said.

"So he's not invited to your daughters party then," Doctor Jones said.

"You're damn right. I want to be able to celebrate this day without having to hold back her dad every five seconds," Jessie said.

"Ohno and god forbid, you might have to refuse to sleep with your husband," Doctor Jones sarcastically said.

"I know, I have time to make up for as well," Jessie said. She stepped out.

"I can't believe she took my comment seriously," Doctor Jones muttered.

## **Later that night**

### **The Mess Hall:**

The multiple birthday party was in full swing. Kids were running around, pestering an adult or eating from the snack table. Most of the adults were trying their hardest to keep their sanity in check, some of those were looking for the non-existent alcohol table.

Neelix and Noah were working in the kitchen, Duncan walked up to them.

"Did Neelix make any of the food?" he asked.

"No he only did the decorative things like the banners, and stuff," Noah said. "The cakes are done Neelix."

"So you didn't make those?" Duncan asked.

Neelix sighed, "no."

"Ok go ahead then," Duncan muttered, walking away.

"He's a nice boy really," Neelix said like he didn't mean it. He clapped his hands and raised his voice, "it's time for the cake, birthday girls and boys, and parents gather around the centre table."

All of the newest three year olds were placed around a circular, short table where they could just sit on the floor and reach it. Everyone else gathered around.

"We're going oldest first," Neelix said.

The sappy parents knelt down in front of their daughter, the only one there with blonde hair and a pout to go with it. Noah headed for the table holding a big cake with three candles on. The mother of the girl put her on her lap while some of the crowd sang 'Happy Birthday' to her. At the end she was still pouting.

"What's her problem?" Johnathan asked the girl next to him. She shrugged in response.

This time Neelix carried the cake, he headed toward Carl. However his young parents were too busy arguing with each other to notice, making his pout bigger than the other girl's. As soon as the cake was put down in front of him, it was replaced by a grin.

"It's not just for you mind," Neelix said. He rushed back to the kitchen once the singing stopped. "Next up is little Trinity."

"So much for the oldest equals worst kid theory," Jessie whispered to James.

"Jess," he said, slightly scolding her. She just smiled sweetly at him. "I think Trinity and Johnathan are evened out cos of her mother, even Tom doesn't make me cringe."

"True but Trinity's ador..." Jessie said. The annoying woman laughed, interrupting her.

Some of the crowd began singing, her voice overpowered everyone else's but not in a good way. The other little girl sat with her hands covering her ears while the song was going on. Noah brought over her cake.

Neelix cheerfully brought over the cake for Johnathan, grinning briefly at his parents. B'Elanna sat down with him, he clapped his hands along to the song. "Go on make a wish," Neelix said.

Noah sighed, "ok people, from the top for the last time." A lot of people sighed or groaned.

"My throat's getting dry for god's sake," somebody whispered.

"Hmm some people are working extra shifts with low pay," James muttered.

"You like the first officer role now, huh?" Jessie said with a smirk.

"It has its up sides," James said.

Noah lifted a cake with pink and white icing on, and the three candles too. "All right everyone, one more time for cute little Sasha."

James and Jessie knelt down next to Sasha, she was placed onto his knee. The cake was placed in front of her. She closed her eyes, when she reopened them she blew out the candles. Everyone clapped mostly out of relief.

"What's the matter Linsey sweetie?" the sappy mum asked.

The pouty girl glared at her, "you always get the cake wrong, it's horrible."

"No we didn't, you asked for this," the sappy mum said.

Linsey folded her arms in a huff, "it tastes like crap. Where's my other presents?"

"That's Sasha's 'competition' Jess," James muttered.

Jessie pulled a face as she watched them, "I know, I've never seen a kid pout like that, it's usually cute."

Trinity shuffled closer to Sasha. "What kind's yours?"

"Strawberry," Sasha replied. "What presents did you get?"

"I didn't get a new mum," Trinity pouted. She shuddered as her mother walked over, laughing. "Can I have yours?"

"Aaaw honey, making friends?" the mum laughed. She knelt down to cuddle her daughter.

"No, I already met her and stuff," Trinity muttered.

"Well nice taste sweetie, you picked the one with the nice looking daddy," her mother laughed. She quickly stood back up, looking toward James. "Hey now that our kids are friends, we should go on one of those kiddy babysitting date things."

"Mum, what about my daddy?" Trinity moaned in disgust.

Jessie folded her arms and stepped in front of James, "and what about Sasha's mummy."

The woman laughed to her surprise, she walked off mostly with her head turned back to watch James as she left.

"Ugh James, we need to get you through plastic surgery, anything to stop girls hitting on you," Jessie muttered.

"That wasn't her kind of hitting on me. Yesterday was, and no thanks," James said.

Neelix walked over to a group of crewmembers with a tray of drinks. They all took one. He went over to Craig who was standing on his own. "A nice fruit cocktail? The person who ordered it left early."

"No thanks Neelix. I'm leaving soon anyway," Craig muttered.

"Oh go on, it'll cheer you up and that's what you need," Neelix said.



Craig stared blankly at him, "I'm beyond cheering up Neelix. See you later." He turned around and headed for the door.

Neelix sighed, "poor lad." He headed over to a different group of people, some of which were the teens of the cast. "First dibs on the fruit cocktails Noah is making." Bryan was the first to grab the drink off him.

"Ha, too slow girls," he laughed.

Yasmin kicked him hard in the kneecap, he cringed and fell to the ground, she of course grabbed the drink before he did. "Ha, too weak," she laughed back.

Nikki sighed while staring at the nearest door, "when is it not too soon to hit on a guy whose ex died?"

Naomi rolled her eyes, "one year and three months ago."

"But if it's Craig, then it's always too soon," Neelix chimed in cheerfully. He walked away whistling.

"Um Neelix, little help?" Bryan muttered from the ground.

Yasmin pulled a face, "wait, three months and a year, that was when Lena died."

"Exactly," Naomi said. "She was his ex, the last time they were together was something like two years ago. The only reason I picked that date was as long as she was alive, he thought he had a chance with her. Now, bingo."

"You're sick," Yasmin said while taking a step forward. Bryan immediately started squealing.

"Get off my hand Yasmin!"

"You're half Klingon, make me," Yasmin muttered.

"Quarter," Bryan groaned.

Yasmin rolled her eyes, she stepped away. "Fine."

"He's half Tom, what do you expect?" Naomi asked.

Yasmin shrugged, she looked toward Miral and a few of the other kids. Everyone else looked just in time to see her punch a strange guy cooing over her and Amy. They both giggled.

"God this party sucks," Bryan grumbled while scrambling to his feet.

"Yeah," Nikki sighed. "Do you want to stalk Craig with me?"

"Not really, no," everyone else muttered.

Annika charged in via the same door Craig used to leave, wearing a black catsuit. She walked over to Jessie and B'Elanna.

"Sounds like fun," Yasmin said. She and the group quickly ran out.

"I'm so sorry to hear about um, somebody's loss or whatever," Annika said sympathetically.

Jessie and B'Elanna glanced at each other with raised eyebrows, then back at her. "This is a kids birthday party," B'Elanna said.

"What, this isn't some guys funeral?" Annika muttered angrily. She immediately calmed down and grinned. "Oh well, at least black's slimming," she said, stroking her hips. "You two should try it." She rushed off to the next nearest lot of people.

"When was the last time she died?" Jessie muttered, looking really angry.

B'Elanna had the same look on her face, "too long ago." The two slowly followed Annika with murderous looks on their faces.

On the other side of the room Tom stood watching them, looking proud for some reason. James stood nearby him with Duncan and Sasha, the two kids were raiding one of the snacks tables. Duncan of course had chosen to feast on the sausage rolls.

"It makes you wonder doesn't it?" Tom said.

"Yeah," James muttered with something in his mouth, looking disgusted.

"Jessie and B'Elanna get on so well, despite stuff that's happened between them in the past. They're very much like each other," Tom said. "Yet we can't seem to do the same, why is that?"

James looked at him with a raised eyebrow, he reluctantly swallowed whatever was in his mouth. "It's simple, I don't like you." He handed Tom the plate he was holding, it had a few mini chocolate rolls on. Tom took it off him without looking at him.

"We could though," he said.

"What, you don't like you? Liar," James said.

"I mean we could be more like those two," Tom said. He turned around to face James. Of course at that moment B'Elanna and Jessie had surrounded Annika like vultures. "Whether you like it or not, we both have a lot of similarities, just like those two do." Annika was quickly pushed to the ground, B'Elanna held her down while Jessie punched her. "For the sake of our kids and crew we should be friends."

James at this point had a smirk on his face, he could easily see what was happening with Annika. People had started to gather around, but he could still see, just. "You mean work together and stuff, as well?"

Tom smiled, "yes exactly. We are a command team." He put one of the mini rolls into his mouth, he quickly regretted it. "What did you give me?"

"Well now that we're 'pals' you could help me figure that out," James said. B'Elanna and Jessie swapped jobs. James looked toward Noah, "I'll tell you what, I'll hold him down and you can do your thing."

Tom frowned, "my thing?"

"You know, annoy him or something," James shrugged.

Duncan turned away briefly, his eyes lit up. "Yeah go B'Elanna, beat that cow!" He ran over to the 'fight'.

Tom glanced over his shoulder to watch Duncan, "oh."

"That's the only thing they have in common," James said. "What do we have exactly?"

"I don't know, they seem to have team work going for them," Tom said, looking toward the fight with a worried expression.

Duncan meanwhile pushed through the crowd, "mum please can I help?" He was about to help B'Elanna punch Annika.

"No don't!" Jessie screamed, almost blowing the three of them and the crowd away. "You might get germs," she said calmly.

Duncan pouted, "if I get gloves, then can I?"

"No, my turn," Jessie muttered.

B'Elanna stared at her blankly, "I dunno, this is sort of getting a bit dull and repetitive after so many years."

Jessie sighed, "yeah you're right." The two stood back up.

Annika looked relieved, she climbed onto her feet and limped away.

"Well?" James said.

Tom glanced at him briefly, "uh, we both had abusive fathers?"

"Oh yeah, let's go to your Captain Proton programme," James muttered sarcastically.

"You didn't give me a chance to list anymore," Tom said.

"Sorry," James groaned.

"We're both impulsive, impatient, um, have to comment on everything. We both have at least one violent child, and one who looks older than he is," Tom said, getting more cheerful with every word.

"Hmm, I may be growing bored of this," James muttered, he walked away. Sasha followed him holding a plate which had a big pile of food on.

### **Meanwhile:**

Craig walked down the corridor, he stopped outside the Holodeck. The doors opened for him after he worked at the panel on the side of it.

Naomi peeped her head around the corner, Nikki did the same but had to lean further out to see around her head. Yasmin did the same, she had to resort to standing on her toes so she could look around Nikki's head without leaving the wall. Bryan tried to do the same but his height was against him. He tried to push his way in between Nikki and Yasmin, following the same style as the girls. Yasmin pushed him away in disgust, he fell to the ground bringing Nikki with him.

"Shhh, guys," Naomi shushed. "Don't make me go back there."

"What, he's in the Holodeck now," Yasmin innocently said.

Bryan and Nikki tried to get back up but they were in each other's way. Eventually they got back to their feet and stood a few feet away from the others. "God Yasmin, you really are James' clone," Bryan muttered angrily.

Nikki tilted her head to the side, "nah I don't see the raw hotness. Plus she has..."

Naomi quickly butted in, still whispering, "guys do you mind?"

Yasmin stepped out from the corner eyeing Nikki weirdly, "why are we doing this again?"

"The Holodecks are supposed to be offline for repairs, Craig's gone in, suspicious no?" Bryan replied. Yasmin and Nikki stared at him with the 'I'm not buying it' look. "I didn't get my brother a birthday present ok, I had to escape before my mother found out."

"Oh I thought you were just being a Paris," Yasmin said.

"You could have just ran off elsewhere instead of making us follow Craig," Nikki said.

Bryan and Yasmin turned to her, "it was your idea!"

"Oh yeah," Nikki sheepishly said.

"Shhhh," Naomi snapped.

The rest of the teens stared at her. She was still hiding the rest of her body around the corner.

"Was she really the next Wesley Crusher in the original Voyager series?" Bryan questioned.

"Rumour has it Kiara smacked her over the head when they were still brats," Yasmin said.

"Naomi. Craig walked in the Holodeck two minutes ago," Bryan said. "Why are you still hiding?"

"I'm trying to listen through the wall," Naomi said. "I'm not as stupid as you think I am."

Bryan raised an eyebrow, "that's a great idea and all but there's a flaw in it."

"Oh and what's that?" Naomi rolled her eyes.

Bryan pointed at the wall parallel to the one she was hiding behind, "that's the wall surrounding the Holodeck."

"Oh, that's why Craig sounds like a woman crying and wailing in the shower," Naomi smiled. She still remained where she was.

"Oh forget it, just leave her," Yasmin groaned. The remaining teens headed for the Holodeck doors.

"Wait, how are we going to get in there and eavesdrop? He might be directly next to the exit," Bryan questioned.

"Naomi's idea might work," Nikki said. She pressed her ear against the wall. "I hear a woman's voice, oh and Craig's."

Yasmin rolled her eyes, "Craig was seeing a therapist, that's all it will be."

"Nope the voice sounds familiar," Nikki said. "Probably a member of the crew." Bryan and Yasmin wasted no time in pressing their own ears against the wall.

Inside the Holodeck Craig was sitting in the therapists office, the therapist had her chair's back to him. "How does that make you feel?" a familiar woman's voice said, in a jokey tone.

"I don't know, can't you tell me?" Craig said, almost smirking.

"Hmm confused, kind of angry," the woman said. The chair turned around to reveal Ylara was its occupant. "Alone, unsure of himself."

Craig didn't look surprised or angry considering who he was facing, his facial expression didn't in fact change at all. "Of course I'm unsure of myself. All my life I've lost people. My parents, Lena, Triah."

"There's no one left, well except the step-nephew," Ylara said. "How does losing people make you unsure of yourself?"

"I don't know, after my mum died I went a little crazy. Maybe fate was trying to hint at something when I was constantly getting rejected by women, losing Lena probably was a punishment for not getting the hint," Craig mumbled.

"I hardly doubt that fate wanted you to be alone. Don't give me that bull," Ylara said.

Craig sighed, "why not? I was a loser as an unknown shy teenager, as a wannabe womaniser, with Lena. Why else would I have lost her so many times? Being any kind of Mr Nice Guy wasn't doing me any favours."

"And being all Mr Angst Guy is?" Ylara questioned with a smirk.

"It keeps people away doesn't it?" Craig muttered. "It doesn't matter if I try or not to be any kind of person, cos that would be just pretending to be someone I'm not. I'm nobody without you."

Ylara glanced down at the desk uncomfortably, "I'm only the hologram of her."

"You know what I mean," Craig muttered. "I loved her from the moment I first saw her, she gave my life meaning. Still think you could help me?"

"I can but only just a little," Ylara, or rather Holo-Lena said. "Delete this program."

Craig stared at her with wide eyes, "what, how will that help me?"

"You'll never get over me if you have this program running. Besides her family will find out," Holo-Lena replied.

"The family you mean is James right? Good, let him. I'm just a waste of space anyway," Craig muttered as he stood back up.

"I don't think you are. I liked you when we first met, remember?" Holo-Lena said. She smiled, "it takes a lot to impress me."

"Don't. I only programmed you so I could talk to someone, get Tom and Harry off my backs," Craig said, turning away from her.

"Well it would have been pointless programming me to talk to if I wasn't like her, you may as well of just talked to the actual therapist," Holo-Lena said. "You came here for more than that, I'm not stupid."

Craig turned to glance back at her, "but you're not real."

"Is that what you say to the Doc?" Holo-Lena frowned, standing up. "If you're not going to delete me, then I say you should just use me for what you actually programmed me for."

Craig walked towards her, "why not, I've got nothing to lose really."

Meanwhile back outside, Yasmin and Bryan were pulling faces while Nikki looked shocked. She pulled away from the wall, "ugh no, I don't want to hear that."

"Well we'd like to hear it," Yasmin said. Bryan nodded.

Naomi frowned, "I think the girl in the shower committed suicide, I can't hear her anymore."

The others ignored her. Nikki stared at Yasmin and Bryan in disgust, "you actually want to hear what Craig's doing, you're sick."

"You can actually hear people speaking in there?" Yasmin asked. "I couldn't hear a damn thing."

Bryan pulled his head away, "ok the look on your face and the comment you made can only equal one thing."

"I think I heard a thud," Naomi said.

"Craig's programmed somebody to date, kiss and/or do it with," Bryan said.

Yasmin widened her eyes, she scrambled away from the wall. "Eew gross, can we go?"

"You didn't hear it so you don't know the 'best' part," Nikki said.

"Wait how could you hear it?" Bryan asked.

"Seriously guys, she sounds a little dead in there," Naomi said.

"It's probably a Tolg thing," Yasmin muttered. "What's the best part? Oh I don't care." She walked off.

"Well if she is actually like James then it's for the best she doesn't hear it," Nikki muttered. She started daydreaming for a second.

Bryan rolled his eyes, "thinking about James again aren't you?"

"And Craig," Nikki sighed. She quickly snapped out of it, "you're only five or something so you're too young to know." Bryan pulled a disgusted face at her. "Anyway I thought Craig was talking to Ylara, but then he said something like 'my life is nothing without you'."

Bryan widened his eyes, "oh my god, he's going to do it and/or make out with a holographic Lena!"

Nikki shushed him, "shhh, keep it down. We'd better go before he hears us." She and Bryan jumped as they heard a constant light knocking noise nearby, they looked toward the source. "Naomi, what are you doing?"

Naomi knocked again on the door that was on her wall, "I told you, I think that girl killed herself. I'm just checking on her."

Nikki and Bryan stared at her blankly, Nikki sighed and walked off. "Why don't you try the door chime?" Bryan asked.

"She'll never hear that from her bathroom, god and people call me dumb," Naomi muttered. She knocked again.

Bryan sighed, he walked off. "If Kiara ever comes back I'll have to ask her how many times she hit her."

Naomi waited patiently, she fidgeted slightly. "Crap I need the loo, maybe she'll let me use hers."

### **Back in the Mess Hall:**

Amy and Miral both occupied one of the sofa's, looking a little unimpressed by the party.

"Wonder where my presents are," Miral muttered, watching Johnathan receive a present from Harry.

Amy glanced at her briefly, "birthday. When's yours?"

Miral looked confused, "huh?"

"Day you were born. He gets presents for his, you do too," Amy shyly said.

"Bet I don't," Miral pouted. "My daddy doesn't like me."

Amy also pouted, "daddy spend more time with Sasha today."

Tom walked passed just in time to hear that, he walked off toward James. "I've got another one for you." He groaned and rolled his eyes.

"What is it?" he asked.

"We both have daughter problems," Tom replied. "Mine can't stand the sight of me, and one of yours is so used to you spoiling her she's acting all spoilt and jealous of her sister."

"Why would she be, they both get the same kind of attention," James said.

Duncan coughed briefly, "not true." He put another sausage roll in his mouth.

Tom smiled in victory, the look on James' face made him change his mind. He looked down at Duncan, "what do you mean by that?"

Duncan pointed at his mouth while chewing his food. Eventually he swallowed it, "you told me not to talk with my mouth full."

"Duncan," James muttered.

"All Amy has to do is cry and pout to get you to take her to duty with you. You never gave in to Sasha," Duncan said.

"Sasha likes the nursery though," James said.

"I don't like school, you still make me go," Duncan said.

Tom again looked smug, "excuse me." He tried to walk away, James grabbed his arm tightly to stop him.

"You have to go to school," James said. "Amy's different, your mother and I never had to get someone to look after her cos of work. You and Sasha had to, you're more used to it."

"My point's still valid. I complained, you never let me off when I was in nursery," Duncan said.

"That's not true. Sometimes you'd be on the bridge with your mum, or in the office with me," James said. "Amy's not more spoilt than Sasha, you're both wrong."

"No but she has you wrapped around her tiny little finger," Tom said. "To me there's more to her than that cute little innocent face of hers."

"You do give in more than you did with us. She ain't going to get used to the nursery if you keep giving in," Duncan said.

"He's right," Tom said, cringing slightly. "Could you loosen that grip on my arm?"

"I know he's right," James muttered.

"Her cute routine doesn't work on me," Duncan said, shrugging his shoulders. "It works on you and mum, too well."

"You don't seriously think she does it on purpose to get her own way? Do you?" James questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"I wish I had thought of it," Duncan smirked at him. He walked away.

"It's not true," James muttered. Tom smiled nervously as he looked at him. "That's your daughter's routine, not mine."

"I'll admit, Miral does do that to stop her getting in trouble," he said. "But yours craves your attention all the time. She may not use the cute routine, but she does cry to get her own way."

"That's no different to a newborn crying because he or she's hungry, you're overreacting," James said. "She's still a baby you know, she's at the age where it's normal to scream bloody murder when someone leaves the room, for example."

Tom frowned, "I suppose. Did Duncan and Sasha do that or something similar at her age?" He frowned, "she's a year old, surely that's something babies my Miral's age does."

James pushed Tom away from him, "fine, but she's still a baby. Duncan and Sasha did go through that phase at the right age, Amy's always been the way she is."

"And who's fault is that?" Tom said while regaining his balance.

"For god's sake, I'm not completely stupid. I've already said that it's my fault she always wants to be around me," James groaned. "Just don't give me advice or whatnot just because my seventeen month old daughter wants attention from her parents. To me that's normal behaviour. When your Miral stops punching you or throwing insults your way, then maybe you can give me advice, cos to me that's not normal."

"She's just going through a phase, she won't always hate me," Tom said. "Besides you do need advice, there isn't many parents onboard."

"I don't need it. I know what to do, I just need the strength to do it," James said. He walked away.

Meanwhile Miral was just finishing off telling Amy something, she looked confused and pouted her lips. "I don't get it," Amy said.

Miral briefly eyed Annika who was nearby. Because of her annoying immortality she was already healing from the wounds Jessie and B'Elanna gave her. "You want our daddy's to come over, don't you? This will do it."

"But don't like your daddy, he's creepy," Amy said.

"All right, my mummy and your daddy then," Miral said, smiling sneakily. "Just look cute and follow." She somehow managed to climb down from the sofa without falling, then crawled toward Annika. She sat herself about two metres away.

"Look cute?" Amy mumbled, looking even more confused. She looked down from the sofa, the ground looked very far away to her.

Annika turned around, she spotted Miral sitting nearby. She quickly turned on the charm, sucking her thumb while looking up with wide eyes. "Aaaw you must be the cutest part Klingon I've ever seen," Annika cooed. She knelt down next to her, Miral immediately started crying loudly.

B'Elanna heard her, and of course marched toward them. "What did you do to her, you stupid whore!?"

"I didn't do anything," Annika said, quickly standing back up.

Miral pointed at her and looked up at her mother, "she said she'd assima... assiwa... make me Borg like her."

B'Elanna gasped, "you sick..." She jumped on Annika, knocking her to the ground. This time she didn't need Jessie to hold her down while she beat her.



Miral giggled and clapped her hands. She looked toward Amy, wondering where she was. Amy had moved so she was on her hands and knees, still trying to figure out how to get down.

Annika this time decided to fight back. The two women got to their feet again, resorting to just punching at each other. B'Elanna pushed her hard, she crashed into the wall nearby the sofa.

"Why don't you do us all a favour and inject yourself into space, and not come back," B'Elanna hissed.

"I'd like to see you make me," Annika muttered.

Amy widened her eyes, she looked behind her. Annika was right beside her. In a panic, she tried to climb down anyway.

B'Elanna muttered something Klingon which made Annika look angry for once, she used the sofa to straighten up but it moved forward a little. Amy fell the rest of the way, which really wasn't far but it was still enough to make her start screaming once she hit the ground. Everyone nearby covered their ears, Annika more so with her super sensitive hearing that I just decided she had.

James and Jessie wasted no time in rushing toward their screaming daughter. Jessie was closest so she got there first, she gathered her up in her arms and stood up just as he got there.

"It's ok sweetheart, you're ok, mummy and daddy's here," Jessie tried to comfort Amy, slowly rocking her. Her cries turned into small sniffles. She handed her to James while at the same time glaring toward both B'Elanna and Annika. "What the hell were you two doing!?"

Miral pointed at Annika, "she pushed her off the sofa."

Johnathan nearby glared at Miral, "hey, I'm the rumour guy around here."

"Screw you," Miral said in a sweet voice.

Annika looked toward her, "what, I didn't even know there was a child there. I would never push any kid off a sofa."

"You two were fighting, I don't know exactly how it happened but I know it was one of you," Jessie growled.

"I told you," Miral said.

"Annika maybe a weird catsuit loving ex-psycho, but I really doubt it," Jessie muttered. "Well?"

B'Elanna sighed, "I'm sorry Jess. I pushed Annika into that wall, honestly if I knew Amy was there I wouldn't have pushed her."

"So you pushed her hard enough to hit the sofa, and Amy fell?" Jessie said.

"I said wall," B'Elanna muttered.

"Then how did she fall?" James asked.

"I don't know, I didn't see it," B'Elanna replied.

Annika glanced at Jessie, then James and around the whole room. Everyone was staring at her. "It was an accident, I swear."

Duncan walked over, still holding a plate with sausage rolls on. "Can I punch her, no kick her, germs can't get through my shoes."

"No, it's all right. She and B'Elanna can continue their fight outside," Jessie muttered. She walked away muttering under her breath.

"Oh well, that's a first," Annika sighed in relief. She quickly headed out of the room, not noticing that her hair was falling off from the back of her head. B'Elanna couldn't help but laugh as she followed her.

Miral sighed as she looked up at Amy, "you're good, better than me. Teach me."

James frowned at her, "teach you what?"

"Not you, her," Miral muttered, rolling her eyes.

"I got that," James said. "She fell, didn't she..." Amy looked down at her, pouting. Miral noticed she had little scrapes on arm.

"She actually did fall?" she questioned. "I thought she just faked it like I did. Oh good, I'm still the best." She crawled away.

"I really hope she didn't teach you anything," James said. Amy shook her head. "Ok, let's find the doc to get you feeling better." He walked toward the centre of the room.

Jessie meanwhile sat down next to Sasha, she was working her way down that big pile of food she had. "Big doll girl's hair was falling out," Sasha said.

Jessie smiled sneakily, "yeah I know." She picked her up to sit her on her knee. "I'm sorry honey, for your next birthday we'll not invite the entire crew."

### **The following morning in Engineering:**

Doctor Jones knelt by the warp core holding a medical tricorder, "this time he's not concussed." He helped Damien to his feet, he had a nasty bump on his head. "I should speak to Mr Paris about moving him to another work area."

B'Elanna groaned, "it's just Damien doc."

"Evil or not, it's my duty to treat any patients," Doctor Jones said.

"Thanks doc," Damien smugly said. B'Elanna growled at him.

Doctor Jones glanced at him briefly, he quickly healed the bump with a regenerator. "Maybe I should seal up your mouth, at least until you're reassigned."

"But why, it's so easy to irritate her," Damien said.

"Exactly," Doctor Jones sighed. He walked toward the main door, "make sure I don't have to return here, at least for another hour anyway."

B'Elanna sighed, "now can you continue with that report of yours without being annoying, no you can't."

"I did an analysis on the Holodecks as freak boy didn't want to do it, and guess what, I was right," Damien said.

"Can I have some proof of that?" B'Elanna grumbled.

Damien handed her a padd, "read it and shut the hell up." B'Elanna narrowed her eyes at him. "What, it just seems like you have more problems within your crew than worrying about me. What with Chakotay trying to kill James, Craig being so out of character, and that bossy Lena replacement."

"Ok enough already," B'Elanna hissed. She looked down to read the padd. "The only person to go in the Holodeck was Craig, that's hardly proof that you were right."

"Keep reading," Damien muttered.

Bryan ran into Engineering, "mum." He ran toward the pair, "mum there's something I have to tell you."

"I know, you didn't get your brother a present," B'Elanna mumbled, still reading the padd.

Bryan smiled nervously, "oh yeah, that too."

"Oh and you were home after your bed time, you're grounded," B'Elanna continued to mumble.

Damien smirked at them both, "he has a bed time?"

"He's five next week," B'Elanna sighed.

"Ok would you go easier on me if I said I was too scared to come home, cos I figured you'd be mad about the present?" Bryan asked quickly, trying in vain to look cute.

"No, it's ok. Johnathan can't really get you anything next week, you're only four, you didn't have to anyway," B'Elanna muttered. She finally looked back up. "Craig was the one who caused the malfunctions."

"It took you that long to read that?" Damien smirked.

"Bryan I'll not ground you if you kick him in the kneecap or nuts for me," B'Elanna said.

Before Damien could move Bryan kicked him in the left kneecap, then turned to his mother. "I'm going to regret saying this but I do earn rations so I could have got him something."

"You don't have to make it up to me, if Johnathan minds then you'll have to deal with him," B'Elanna said.

"Oh Craig, mum," Bryan stuttered. "He was in the Holodeck last night."

"I know honey," B'Elanna said unenthusiastically. "What did you come here to tell me?"

"That actually," Bryan replied, looking disappointed. "I was just trying to help you."

"Thanks but you don't have to do that," B'Elanna said.

Bryan relaxed slightly, looked briefly at Damien who was leaning against the rail around the corner, cradling his knee. "I think I know why he's trying to stop people using the Holodecks."

B'Elanna glanced at him, "oh, why?"

"He doesn't want people to know what he's done to the therapist," Bryan replied.

"Why, what could he have possibly done to it that would make him break the Holodecks?" B'Elanna questioned.

### **Meanwhile:**

The Security only trainee team wandered down a corridor on Deck Two, talking quietly amongst themselves.

"How does this kid find out about all these things?" one asked.

"Supposedly he takes after his father," one girl replied.

"What kind of loser would make out or something with a hologram of a real person?" another girl asked.

Right on cue Annika strutted down the corridor in her five inch heels, and old silver catsuit. Her hair swished from side to side like in one of those shampoo adverts. She politely waved at the newbies, "hello homies." Two out of three of the guys stared after her.

"Supposedly this girl was an ex of his who died," the last guy said.

"Ok that's not being a loser, that's just being plain sick," the first girl said.

Annika bumped into somebody, she giggled. "Oh excuse me handsome." She only had to look down slightly to realise who it was. "Ooh now Chakotay, copying my image so you can be with me, huh?"

Chakotay stared at her in disgust, "how come decent people die and stay that way, while sluts like you keep coming back?"

"Oh you're only mad cos you're married. How is the wife?" Annika asked.

Chakotay responded by punching her in the face, knocking her to the ground. He continued on his way.

"Oh did you hear about him?" one guy asked. "He tried to kill our Security Chief."

"Why?" one girl questioned.

"I dunno, his mum was married to the guy so, it obviously didn't end well," the other guy replied.

Ylara appeared from the other side of the corridor, from around the corner. She almost bumped into Chakotay. "Oh god, who let you out?" she groaned. "Again!" He again swung his fist, it didn't get to its target as she punched him in the ribs. He stumbled to the ground. She walked over to the trainees. "Ok are you the other new Security people?"

The trainees looked at her with scared looks on their faces, slowly they all nodded. Annika stumbled over to them, one of her heels had snapped off during her tumble.

"Oh thank you Lena, he's a brute," she said.

Ylara looked at her with a raised eyebrow, "Lena? You look eerily familiar."

"Oh yes, we're rivals. I was the original ex-Borg drone with big..." Annika giggled. Ylara punched her too, this time she went unconscious.

"What is this, a tag punching match?" one of the guys asked.

"What? No, I just had this weird instinct to punch that, thing," Ylara said, staring at Annika in disgust. "Dunno why."

Craig turned the corner, he stepped over Chakotay, kicking him in the process, then casually stepped over Annika. "Ah there you guys are, weapons training is cancelled, but I have a better idea." He spotted Ylara, "why are you in my group?"

"Tom said that I was best suited for Security, I've already done a week's worth already," Ylara replied, glancing at Chakotay and Annika proudly. "I could kill them but humans now have problems with that."

"Yes, we're crazy like that," Craig muttered sarcastically. He looked back at his trainees who were either smirking at him, or glancing away nervously. "What's the matter with you guys?"

Ylara ignored him, "he should go to the brig come to think of it." She walked back over to Chakotay.

"Please, lock yourself in there with him while you're at it," Craig muttered.

"Hmph, some people are never grateful," Ylara grumbled. She leaned over to grab a hold of Chakotay, she began to drag him down the corridor.

"Grateful? Yes, thank you for killing my best friend in cold murder and pretending it never happened," Craig muttered sarcastically.

Ylara passed him a cold stare as she passed him, she and Chakotay disappeared around the corner.

"Oh well, is that the end of the violence then?" one guy asked. He whispered to one of the girls, "it makes me queasy."

"Then why join Security? Oh never mind," Craig groaned. "What is the matter with you guys? Do I have something on my face or uniform or something?"

"No sir," most of the trainees mumbled.

Craig frowned, "then what?"

James turned the corner, he actually stepped on Annika though and stopped behind Craig.

"Oww, what is it with your moody family?" she moaned. "I'm three for, how many is there?"

"Let me guess," Craig muttered, he turned around. "What do you want?"

"A three year old Paris told me something which I'm not too happy about," James said.

"What Johnathan? I don't even need to hear it, he always makes up crap," Craig said.

"Not this though," James said.

"Look I'm busy, I've already gotten rid of two pains in my backside, don't make me get rid of the third," Craig grumbled.

James grabbed his arm tightly, "excuse me." The trainees nodded nervously. Craig was dragged down the corridor, all he could do was let him. He let go of him, he bumped into the wall. "There's no way Johnathan can make up something like this."

"Oh what, what have I done this time?" Craig snapped.

"Oh not much," James muttered. "You only just made yourself a new love interest on the Holodeck."

Craig frowned, "what, no I haven't. Tom will tell you that he forced me to undergo therapy, that your wife supposedly recommended."

"That was the original idea, but you reprogrammed the therapist, messed up the Holodeck," James said.

"Why would I mess up the Holodeck?" Craig muttered.

"Beats me, as unlike Damien suggested it gives you more chance of being caught," James said.

"Oh boo hoo, so the Holodeck's broken, big deal," Craig said.

"No, the big deal is that you're doing what only sick people like Annika do," James grumbled.

They both heard a faint, "hey," from around the corner.

"I only broke the Holodeck so less people would know I was getting therapy, I didn't do anything," Craig said.

James slammed his hand against the wall right next to Craig's face, he cringed slightly. "You think you can lie to me, or keep a program like this hidden for long? You decided that you'd rather spend your

therapy sessions with a holographic version of my sister, to do god knows what with! What I want to know, is how could you be so sick?"

"You got that from Johnathan, of course he could make that up," Craig muttered quietly.

"Didn't you hear the 'god knows what with' part, and the Annika reference?" James questioned.

Craig stared at him in disbelief, "you don't think? Oh god I could never do that, you've gotten the wrong idea."

"I think I've gotten the right idea. I'm going to delete that program after I'm finished here, and that's not all," James said.

"I didn't program the Holo-Lena to make out with or sleep with, Lena and I never did either of those things anyway!" Craig yelled. "You can't even begin to understand how hard it's been, I only made her so I could see her again."

"That's not seeing her again," James muttered.

"I know, it's not even close," Craig said. "But it's all I've got. I can't even look at Ylara for ten seconds without getting at least two violent images in my head."

"What do you mean by I can't begin to understand, I understand fine. I just don't understand the Holodeck part," James said.

Craig sighed, "you obviously don't understand or you wouldn't be questioning what I was doing. I thought you and Chakotay would be the only ones who would get it, I did expect hostility at first though. The Holodeck maybe no where near close but it's all I have."

"Then what did you do in there for two hours?" James asked, backing away a little.

"I just talked to her like it was her, it made me feel better. Now are we finished here?" Craig said quietly.

"I'll check the program, I'll know if you did anything else. If you have, it's gone," James said.

"I'll be deleting it soon anyway," Craig muttered.

Meanwhile Ylara was standing right around the corner, a look of thunder planted on her face. She could hear them faintly talking and the trainees talking a little clearer. She turned on her heel and marched off, also stepping on Annika in the process.

### **The Bridge:**

Unlike the corridor on Deck Two, the bridge was calm and quiet for once. Tom sat down in his chair with a padd in hand. Kevin was busy flirting toward the helm for some reason. Jessie and Jodie were talking at Tactical, they didn't notice Nathan had stolen Jodie's station.

"I can't believe it, dad was, the R word?" Jodie whispered.

Jessie nodded, "I know, I couldn't believe it either. The guy's a prat though, really irritating."

"Oh does James know?" Jodie asked quietly.

"Uh huh, I had to stop him from starting a fight," Jessie replied. "I asked him to keep this all within the family, oh and the doc. Everytime a new family member 'appears' James and I usually get made fun of."

"That doesn't include my boyfriend does it?" Jodie meekly asked. "Oh never mind, he won't really care. Nathan didn't go to the party, did he? For all I know I could have been talking to him."

"No, he doesn't know much about the kids. I didn't want James and him arguing again," Jessie said.

"Oh no of course not, but it's ok for you and another of the birthday kid's mums to beat up Annika?" Jodie smirked.

"That's different. That was apart of the kids' entertainment," Jessie muttered. "Sasha gets on well with a girl called Trinity, she had her birthday the same day. I don't want James doing something that'll put her parents off letting their daughter hang with ours."

"Trinity, which one's that?" Jodie asked.

Jessie sighed, "unfortunately her mother's the one who kept laughing at everybody's jokes, and then at Johnathan's cake."

"Oh, half thank god and half poor you," Jodie said, patting her sister on the shoulder. "Thank god is really cos Sasha could have befriended Johnathan, that kid who interrupts everybody and eavesdrops, or the snobby looking one with the sappy parents. Though, her parents and you guys would have got on great."

Jessie pretended to laugh while pulling a face at her. "At least James and I can flirt, gaze at each other etc, at appropriate times, not when somebody's talking to us. They should be in a room permanently. James told me he tried pushing the father but he just got back up and continued the gazing."

Jodie tried not to laugh, "the mum didn't gasp at this?" Jessie shook her head. "Well there you go, no need to be jealous of this couple, they're not in love, just brain dead."

"Jealous? Hardly," Jessie muttered. "They're not completely brain dead, they managed to make four daughters didn't they? Though that just proves that they're mindless rabbits."

Tom raised the padd into the air, "oh Jessie's brother, take this to Engineering for me."

"I have a name you know," Nathan muttered, shaking his head in disgust.

Jessie and Jodie stared blankly, Jodie glanced toward Nathan and Jessie moved her stare towards Tom. "Tom, how did you?" she stuttered.

Tom shrugged without glancing back at her, "Johnathan." Nathan roughly snatched the padd out of his hands. "Yes he's definitely related to you Jess."

"Do you want me to hit him with this?" Nathan asked.

"If you want but it's ok," Jessie replied, shaking her head.

"This is Nathan? He's not forty something," Jodie whispered to her. "I hope I look that young when I'm forty."

Nathan walked up to the two, he held something behind his back. "I'm guessing you're Jodie."

"Uh yeah, hi," Jodie mumbled.

"Yeah sorry, this kid ran up to me to tell me that a guy called Nathan was your half brother," Nathan smirked. "I stupidly told him who I was, then he took a picture."

Jessie laughed into her hand, "yeah, that kid belongs to the so called Captain."

"Hey! Less yammering more padd delivering," Tom groaned.

"Yeah I see the resemblance," Nathan said. He pulled a wrapped present out from behind his back, "this is for your daughter."

"Thanks but how did you know?" Jessie questioned as he handed it to her.

"The boy also called me a bad uncle for not attending the party," Nathan replied. "I tried to tell him it was her cruel mother that didn't tell me."

Jessie narrowed her eyes, this time Jodie laughed. "I only did it so you wouldn't..."

"I know, you didn't want me to kick your husband's uptight ass in front of his daughter," Nathan said. Everyone on the bridge with the exception of him and Jessie burst out laughing, he looked around at them all confused. Jessie just smirked at him. "What?"

"Oh I like you, welcome to the family," Jodie sniggered. She headed back to opps.

"Thanks but, anybody going to fill me in?" Nathan muttered.

"Let's just say James is a bit experienced with attempted ass kickings," Jessie replied. "Thanks for the present, I'll give it to her at dinner. It isn't a bomb or something is it?"

"No but it'll make her the bomb, if you know what I mean," Nathan said, winking.

Tom glanced back at him, "she's only three you sicko."

"You obviously don't know what I mean then," Nathan said while looking at him. He glanced back at Jessie, "you do right?"

"I get it, it is clothes which I think Tom assumed, only inappropriate," Jessie said. "It isn't a dress is it?"

"No, it's a few things actually. I just hope they fit her," Nathan replied.

"A bit of a risk buying clothes for a niece you never met, isn't it?" Jessie said.

Nathan back stepped into the turbolift, "hey what can I say, I'm a risk taker." The door closed after him.

Tom sighed, "one of these days I'll meet a member of your family that'll give a good first impression."

"Oh I don't know, I think mine was pretty good," Jessie said, narrowing her eyes at him.

"The first time I saw you and James, you were sick weak things that needed my help," Tom said.

"I meant later when I was better, obviously," Jessie muttered. "My kids don't count in your first impressions, do they?"

"No of course not, one of the first things Duncan did to me was try to punch me in the face," Tom replied. "I wonder why I didn't click then and there that he wasn't mine. Oh and Sasha tried to bite me."

"Why would you click, it's not like B'Elanna's never laid a finger on you," Jessie said.

Kevin turned his chair around with a confused look on his face, "ok, this computer's hitting on me." Everyone stared blankly at him.

### **Outside Holodeck One:**

Ylara stood by the Holodeck controls, grumbling to herself. She slammed her hand halfway through the wall. A shadow cast over her just then.

"I can get you in," a croaky voice said.



Ylara glanced to the source with a bemused look on her face. "You can how, and why?"

"Let's just say that little, ok he's taller than me. That weasel deserves for his toy to be exposed," the croaky voice replied. "But I think we can have more fun than that."

Ylara rolled her eyes, "ok why are you talking like that?"

"Sorry, sore throat," Damien coughed. His voice sort of returned to normal, "that Klingon cow choked me."

"Shame it didn't get rid of your whole voice," Ylara muttered.

"Do you want my help or not?" Damien snapped. "This could help me re-pay you for one of those things you did for me."

Ylara shrugged her shoulders, "fine."

"Oh do I get to choose the job this replaces?" Damien asked.

"Hell no," Ylara replied.

Damien muttered something rude under his breath, he began working on the Holodeck controls. "Once you're in you just tell it what you want doing to the program, once you're done say 'save'."

**Later:**

Craig walked down the corridor, he stopped outside the Holodeck. "Computer activate program Anderson Beta Four."

"Please state authorisation code."

Craig keyed in a long code on the control panel, the doors opened for him. Inside the Holo-Lena was standing by the bookshelf, looking like she was reading the titles of the books.

"Sorry, this is going to be my last visit," he said.

"Oh, why?" Holo-Lena questioned without looking at him.

"Everyone seems to know and they all think the same thing," Craig replied, he sat down on the arm of the chair.

"What that I'm your new slave, so to speak?" Holo-Lena mumbled. She looked over her shoulder, "that would be an accurate idea wouldn't it?"

"No, we only just talk," Craig said.

"Yes but you programmed me to do that, so I'm doing what you want me to do?" Holo-Lena said as she turned right around. "Typical of Craig, he had to have it his way."

Craig groaned, "computer, has anybody been tampering with the program?"

"Affirmative."

"Who?" Craig snapped.

"That information is unknown."

Holo-Lena looked around as if she was trying to figure out where the voice was coming from. "That doesn't matter, I can still do what you need me to do."

Craig sighed, "computer end program and delete."

"Unable to comply, those commands need a different authorisation."

"Can you at least give me the doors?" Craig asked. The Holodeck exit appeared, he headed towards it.

"Why won't you listen to me?" Holo-Lena asked.

Craig stopped at the doors, he turned around. "Because you're not real, you're not her!"

"I thought you would have figured that out earlier," Holo-Lena said.

"I programmed you to be like her, but it's like a hollow shell," Craig muttered.

Holo-Lena sighed and smiled a little. "So what if I am, you have the opportunity to do anything you want here. Who cares what people think."

"I do," Craig quietly said. "It's wrong, I knew that before. I just miss her so much, she was the first person to really appreciate me. She never lied for me, and when we first met she said she liked me, not many people do."

Holo-Lena frowned, she stepped closer listening intently. "Why is it wrong?"

"Cos you're just a fake. Lena's gone, and even just talking to you is a violation of her memory. I never programmed you to do anything with, but cos I was so weak I..." Craig mumbled. "I killed her."

"No you didn't," Holo-Lena bluntly said.

"No not technically, but I was why she didn't fight back. Things were hard enough and I kept pushing and pushing, you were right. I had to have it my way and to hell with anyone else," Craig said.

"She had a lot going on yeah, but you didn't kill her. You were in her mind at the time, she regretted something. What killed her was everything else," Holo-Lena said.

Craig glanced toward her with a frown, "what do you mean?"

"You know Kiara, that tore her apart, she thought she was a terrible mother to her and hated the fact that she'd never make it up to her. Same with her mother. Then the last person she could count on to be a steady, calm shoulder to lean on, hurt her by changing, she felt betrayed," Holo-Lena said.

Craig nodded, "Chakotay." He walked over so he was about a metre away, facing her. "How would I know that to program it in to you?"

"It's just a guess. You know I have her personality, you told me stuff. I worked it out," Holo-Lena said.

"I don't think so," Craig shook his head. "What kind of sick game are you playing at Ylara, huh, don't you think you've messed up enough as it is?"

Holo-Lena's face tightened, her eyes narrowing. "I had the opportunity to mess with your head, or even make the holo thing act different to you, but I didn't."

"Then what is it then? You're just making up lies to make me feel better, what were you going to do next?" Craig yelled at her. "Answer me, you owe me more than that!"

"I was going to do the mess with thing," Ylara muttered.

"So what stopped you, another little scheme that's worse?" Craig angrily asked.

Ylara shook her head, "that's it, isn't it? You think I'm still the Evil Slayer who killed your ex girlfriend, I haven't been for over a year!"

"You're still a heartless, uncaring woman who thinks she's better than everyone. You don't show any remorse for what you've done, at least all the other ex Evils I met felt bad about their victims, you can't even think about them," Craig said.

"I think about that every single minute," Ylara growled. "I took many lives, and all I dream about is how they died, the blood on my hands. You may think I'm the moodiest, evil, uncaring bitch in the whole galaxy, but have you ever stopped to think that maybe that's the only reason I seem that way?"

"You should suffer," Craig muttered.

"What more than James or Jessie, Zare?" Ylara said. "They never touched your precious Lena, did they? Oh wait. James has probably had countless fights with her, and upset her more than daddy ever did. Jessie never liked her, and turned on her during her evil stage. Oh and Zare tried to erase her from history."

"What's your point?" Craig grumbled.

"You only claim to hate me and not them because my evil self killed her. When is that always a bad thing? She was miserable, and this way she's at peace. All those three did was cause her pain," Ylara said. "There's another reason, and that's why I posed as your toy, to find out."

"She was only twenty, you killed her, it's very simple," Craig muttered.

"Well I suppose I'll never know, will I?" Ylara said. "Damien said your code for the delete was 'URAtwat', or something."

Craig rolled his eyes, "Damien, typical."

Ylara walked towards the exit, she stopped as the doors opened, "do you know why I decided to tell you those things about her?"

"To hurt me?" Craig said.

"No, quite the opposite. I told you that I think about stuff I've done all the time, well lying to you was one of them," Ylara said.

"Lying to me when?" Craig asked like he didn't care.

"When I said it was you that killed her," Ylara replied. "And that you were all she could think about."

"Yeah well I probably was, we all had a little part to play," Craig muttered, glancing at the ground.

"I told you she regretted something," Ylara said. "She was almost gone around about the same time I was going for the statue. She knew then she was going to die. I didn't lie when I said you were all she thought about at the end."

Craig looked up at her, "what?"

"Her regret was only that she didn't give you that kiss sooner. That was the last thing she thought," Ylara replied quietly.

She walked through the doors, they closed behind her. Craig stared at them, his shoulders sank a little as he let himself drop onto the chair.

**THE END**