

Episode 5.06

One Hundred & One Lies

Deck Ten:

Tom walked down the corridor, then stopped outside somebody's quarters. Inside he could hear a lot of angry grunting, and something being smashed. Tom shrugged his shoulders while stepping inside anyway, he put his hands on his hips to try and look more command like.

"What are you doing? Put that down!"

Damien turned to him with a deranged psycho look on his face, breathing heavily. He slowly lowered a hammer in his hands. "I don't remember there being a rule that says Captains can walk in without knocking."

Tom wasn't sure whether to laugh at him or back away. "What did the TV do?" he asked, pointing at what remained of the small antique looking television.

"I asked the computer to play a damaged, supposedly lost special of Pokémon," Damien said.

"Oh well that's easy, don't do that again if you don't like it that much," Tom said.

"I heard it had Mewtwo in it, but I didn't let it get that far," Damien sighed, suddenly calmer.

"Um, why exactly?" Tom asked, not looking too sure about it. "Was it that baseball girl singing again. I mean um, I wouldn't know."

Damien's face twitched a little, he stepped closer to Tom. "What do you want anyway?"

"Oh B'Elanna's sick of you so I have to find you a new job. At least I have to find one where we can trust you to do it. With your um, knowledge you'd be handy in places like Astrometrics but I don't even trust you there," Tom said.

"I'm not a cleaner, though I did do a great job with Ylara's quarters. Though what do you expect from a perfectionist like me?" Damien said.

Tom raised an eyebrow, "um a perfectionist is somebody who wants things done perfectly, not somebody who thinks he's da man when he isn't."

"Well who is da man here, it's obviously not you," Damien muttered.

"Whatever, and no to the cleaner. You'd have access to quite dangerous cleaning stuff," Tom said.

"Oh brother," Damien groaned.

The door opened again, this time James walked in. The door remained open as he stayed close to it. Tom failed to notice Damien's face twitch again. "Next time you call for me to meet you, don't keep moving around," James said.

"Doesn't anyone knock around here?" Damien growled, tightening his grip on the hammer.

"Oh yeah I forgot I called you," Tom said, ignoring Damien. He barged forward, pushing him out of the way.

"You're English right?"

"Yeah so?" James replied, raising an eyebrow.

"You and your witch wife's named after Team Rocket," Damien grumbled, eye twitching madly.

"I really doubt mine and her parents met up before we were both born, and decided it would be fun to do that," James said.

Tom shook his head, "hell no, Janeway wasn't fond of Jessie in the first place. Doing that would mean she'd want you to pair up."

"Besides Jessie's real name is Jessica," James shrugged his shoulders. "Oh screw it, you're just leading to one of those stupid jokes about our names, which was only done in the original first season, and wasn't funny then. Get it over with."

"It was," Tom pouted.

Two crewmembers walked passed the doorway, talking to each other. One was a guy with a deep, goofy fake like voice, with a fake English accent that Americans do to go with it. Damien screamed loudly and charged after the hapless guy.

Tom and James glanced at each other with wide eyes, then turned around. Luckily Tom noticed that Damien had dropped the hammer when he had pushed passed him before. Damien meanwhile had pushed the guy to the ground and had started beating him.

"Um what the hell?" James said.

Tom shrugged his shoulders, "he said something about a lost Pokémon special, and he smashed the TV."

"Oh, makes sense," James said.

Tom frowned in confusion, "um."

"My kids watch it ok," James muttered.

"Uh huh," Tom smirked. "I know you used to."

"Aaaghh, my name's not James, get off me you psycho!" the crewmember yelled, trying to block attacks. His friend was busy trying to pull Damien off of him.

"You call that a voice? A few thousand year old corpse talking and walking is more realistic than that voice!" Damien screamed.

"Corpse ey," Tom muttered. "I still don't get it, though I never did get Damien."

"Link it all together. Guy with goofy annoying voice, me and the English comment, special that was lost," James said.

Damien jumped back onto his feet, "you may not be him, but you do imitate him. Don't tell me, young, crazy, drunk?"

James briefly narrowed his eyes at him, he calmed down and sighed. "I probably spent the entire original first season drunk."

"What about the second?" Tom questioned.

"Some, just some," James muttered.

"Weren't we all?" Tom shrugged.

Damien rolled his eyes, "why must you two bother me anyway?"

"Oh I just thought of a good job for you," Tom replied. He turned to James, "you have to watch the ship, I'm going on an away mission. Harry's offered to keep tabs on you but he also told me not to tell you that."

"Great fine, who's in charge now?" James asked.

Tom widened his eyes, "oh god."

The Bridge:

Jessie sat in the command chair with her feet up on the first officer's chair. "Maybe we should move Tom to night shift, then I can command more often."

Jodie watched her with a raised eyebrow, "if we're still alive when he returns, I'll tell him that."

Nathan meanwhile leaned over the console behind Jessie. "Give the girl some credit. She'll probably have us all suffering for a while, then we'll die."

"Nothing's going on that'll kill us! Don't make me slap you both," Jessie snapped at them.

"Question, how do you mute sibling fights?" Kevin asked.

"This is no fight, me versus them, no contest," Jessie muttered, folding her arms tightly.

Nathan glanced toward one of the turbolifts as the door opened. A petite brunette woman, mid thirties stepped through it. She shyly shuffled toward him. "Hi."

"Hey Ruby," he said.

"Ruby, who's Ruby?" Jodie muttered without looking up from her station. She finished what she was doing before looking. Jessie moved around in her chair so she could look over briefly, then turned back.

"I got somebody to introduce to you little minxes," Nathan smirked.

"Who are these women?" the girl asked quietly.

"Ruby, these are my half sisters Jodie and Jessie. Guys this is Ruby, my girlfriend of a month or so," Nathan replied. He slipped an arm around the girl.

"Oh cool, so we're all hooked up with someone," Jodie smiled.

Jessie climbed out of the chair. "Why would anyone want to date our Nathan?"

Ruby frowned at her slightly, Nathan pulled a face. "Ok why would anyone want to marry a moody blonde gay guy."

"He's not gay," Jessie grumbled. She started muttering to herself.

"I think he's nice," Jodie added on.

"Uh huh," Nathan groaned.

"I mean how can he be gay? All the stuff he does with me isn't," Jessie continued to mutter.

"Eew," Nathan groaned. "Ignore her, she's quite the whore."

"Hey, I'm not," Jessie said, pouted.

Ruby glanced up at Nathan, "you started it honey, she doesn't seem slutty to me."

"I didn't. Oh by saying her husband is gay, I suppose. It's true though," Nathan said.

Jessie growled at him, "don't make me hurt you."

Jodie smiled, "I like her, she keeps you in line. Well sort of."

"I didn't know there was a line," Nathan muttered.

"There is. It's called a sane line, and you're way off," Jodie said.

"It must be a family trait," Nathan said.

Ruby giggled behind her hand, "nothing's wrong with that."

"Aaw, you're a sweet little thing," Jodie cooed toward Ruby like she was a child. "Good spotting Nath."

Nathan looked at her with a disgusted look on his face. "Uh thanks, I think."

Meanwhile

The Leda:

James stepped out of a turbolift, he walked passed Craig who leaned against the wall not too far away from it. He started to walk alongside him.

"This better be good. I have to watch the bridge, and Jess is..." James said, trailing off. "Never mind, the ship's probably better off."

"With Jessie in charge? Yeah sure," Craig muttered.

"So what's the emergency then?" James questioned.

Craig stopped outside someone's quarters, James stood nearby. "Before the re-launch of Voyager, a crewmember was reported missing. They only found, um bits of him."

"Bits of him?" James said.

"Yeah, recently we've found the rest of him, and..." Craig replied. The two walked in.

Inside two Security guys and another man were hanging around a body bag. The other guy kept opening the bag a little, holding a tricorder. The two Security officers looked like they were going to be sick.

"So doc, er morgue guy?" Craig mumbled. "Anything?"

The third guy stood up with a sigh, "his hands and feet were removed, it was quite a clean cut. There's signs that he was drugged too."

"I hope they were pain killers," the first Security guy said.

"I can't tell. His body's two months old," morgue guy said.

"Meaning he's too dried out. So how can you tell that he was drugged at all when we're lacking of blood?" Craig questioned.

"Simple. It would have took a good long while to cut through the bone this way. Nobody would be able to lie still through it, if they had moved it wouldn't have been such a clean cut," morgue guy replied.

"He was paralyzed then. If it wasn't a clean cut, what did he or she use? A pen knife?" James muttered.

"I don't know. It's not straight enough to have been a quick axe or sword swing. It's too clean to have been somebody sawing for twenty minutes," the morgue said.

One Security guy put a hand over his mouth and ran out.

"Great. The killer could be still here, or left when Voyager was launched," James said.

"Yep, that's the problem," Craig sighed.

"So I'm guessing it was the hands and feet that were found first, two months ago," James said.

"And head," morgue guy added on, nodding his head. "The cut is very similar to the hands and feet."

The other Security ran out looking a little too pale.

"Let's hope this guy was a rapist or something," James said.

"Nah those sods always get off easy," Craig said. He pulled a face while glancing toward James, he looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "Huh, a double meaning sentence. You can never do those on purpose."

James shrugged, "ok then maybe he cheated on his girlfriend with her sisters, and got them all pregnant."

"Let's be realistic, this guy was probably a saint, wouldn't hurt a fly for example," Craig muttered. "Anyway yes those parts were found in the victim's quarters two months ago. These quarters were unoccupied, during a routine inspection the body was found right here."

"So did anyone live here before Voyager joined the Leda?" James asked.

"It's hard to tell, somebody's messed with the database. Well pre-trip to the Leda anyway," Craig replied. "This is why I called you."

"Well there's a few places we can start, obviously I need to know what you've done already," James said.

"Usual. The doc here's going to get started to find any DNA samples or anything else that's useful," Craig said. "We've already got a head start on that anyway."

"Ookay how, the other body parts?" James said.

Craig sighed, folding his arms. "Yeah, but um, there's something else."

"Look as long as he still has his, you know, I'm sticking with *it cant be as bad as*," James said.

"Actually, that's the only part of him we haven't found," morgue guy said.

"Ok, this guy really really pissed off whoever did this," James awkwardly said.

"It still manages to get worse," Craig said.

The Delta Flyer:

"How long?" Tom questioned.

"Almost there, the ship's not answering hails yet though," Faye replied from the opps console.

Tom glanced back at her from the helm, then at Zare who had her feet up on tactical, filing her nails. "What do you think it'll be this time girls?"

"A loser eating demon, we can all hope," Zare muttered.

"That's me good as gone," Faye sighed.

Zare looked up from her nails, "oh, I was insulting Tom."

"Oh now I'm depressed," Tom sarcastically groaned. "Somebody pass me a knife so I can cut my wrists."

Zare rolled her eyes, "I'm still hoping. Why invite me along if it isn't demony."

"You never know," Faye said.

The door at the back opened, Daniel stepped in with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth.

"I'm sorry Zare. How inconsiderate and Slayer-ist of me to invite you along to any old mission which'll have no violence. At least I hope," Tom said. "Next time I'll wait until vamps and stuff are involved."

Zare groaned, "I wasn't complaining."

"Is Tom still being an annoyance?" Daniel questioned. He put out the cigarette on the console he sat down at.

"Is going for a walk in space a really dumb idea?" Zare replied.

"It depends if you have a working space suit, now quiet, I'm the Captain now," Tom said.

"You're not officially," Faye mumbled. Her station beeped at her. "Oh, there's only one lifesign onboard."

"Try hailing again," Tom commanded. "Zare, Daniel, you'll be with me."

"Can't we just beam him or her aboard?" Faye questioned.

"We should see if the ship's fixable, if not then we can," Tom replied.

"What if it's a demon attack?" Daniel asked.

"Then we throw Tom at them, this mission will be a breeze," Zare smiled.

"You wouldn't," Tom muttered. "Oh who am I kidding."

The Leda Morgue:

"Told you it gets worse," Craig muttered. He and James stood in front of another body covered by a sheet. Craig lifted the sheet off the top of the body. They both cringed at the sight of a partially decomposed upper torso, minus the head.

"We found this one in the empty quarters too," Craig said.

"How old is this one?" James asked.

"Four months," Craig replied.

"What about the rest of him?" James muttered uncomfortably.

"Nope, we haven't found the pieces unlike our other body," the morgue guy replied as he walked over to them.

"I'm guessing it's the same injuries as the last one," James said.

"Yes exactly. Apart from waiting for the DNA results from the second body, there's nothing I can do," Craig said.

"Didn't you have any DNA samples or anything from the first guy?" James asked.

"Nope inconclusive," morgue guy muttered while washing his hands nearby.

"I don't expect much better from the second victim," Craig sighed.

"Have you tried talking to friends, colleagues, anyone who met them?" James questioned.

"Uh no," Craig replied.

"Ugh god," James groaned into his left hand. He walked out.

Meanwhile:

Tom, Zare and Daniel rematerialised on an alien bridge. No people or corpses were around, consoles appeared to be working normally and there was nothing really there that was damaged.

"Where's the lifesign?" Tom questioned.

Daniel rolled his eyes while scanning the room with a tricorder. "Be patient, it's a large ship."

"This is all very strange. Where's the fires, smoke, damaged hull, heck even dead bodies would be 'nice'," Tom said while looking around.

Zare sighed, she looked down at a nearby station. Her hand rested next to the controls. "This is even weirder."

"What is?" Tom questioned.

"It's not just the bridge, the entire ship is perfectly fine except for a power surge on a lower deck," Zare replied.

Daniel walked over to stand beside her, he moved his tricorder toward the station. "That's where the lifesign is. We'd better get there."

Zare nodded, "good idea, it could be lethal, and if Tom annoys us enough we can use it." The pair quickly walked away. Tom groaned before following.

Voyager's Bridge:

"Seriously Craig, it's one of the first things you do," James muttered.

Craig stood next to him with his arms folded. He rolled his eyes, "well maybe I have a serious case of not caring in the slightest... syndrome."

"You should, there's a two months apart gap, and guess what," James said.

"You said it, the killer probably didn't even stay onboard. Why else was the data on who lived in the quarters gone?" Craig said.

"That doesn't prove if she or he's here or not," James said. "Seriously why did you get picked for this job?"

"Probably cos the main thing employers look for in a Security Chief is their charming personalities," Craig muttered, raising an eyebrow.

James sighed, "do you remember when we used to be friends?"

"Yeah, we were just both soft as muck, childish and you were only interested in one thing; getting with Jess," Craig said.

"Soft as muck, and what?" James said.

Craig casually shrugged, "you heard me."

"What's the last part got to do with anything, it's not even true," James said.

"Oh, once Lena got into the picture that changed. You were obviously wondering what happened to us," Craig said.

"Uh no, I didn't care that you and her dated until..."

"Until you decided to be overprotective brother. That's what happened."

"That's where you're, as always, completely wrong. We only fell out cos Lena's connection with Emma, you know, did that thing," James muttered awkwardly. "You said I was your enemy when you were told about it."

Craig's eyes shifted nervously, "oh, I forgot. I thought you were just being an ass cos you liked her, and you know the rest."

"You need to sort that paranoia out," James said.

"So what then? You want us to be buddy's again? I wasn't expecting that one," Craig said.

"No I don't. I just want you to stop pretending to be me on a bad day, constantly," James said. He headed toward the Tactical station. Craig followed quickly to stop in front of him.

"Ok why the insults? You know I didn't use that program for the reason you thought."

"It wasn't intended to be an insult, it's a fact. I hate to say this but Lena liked you for a reason, and I'm sure she wouldn't like you now," James said.

"She's not here though," Craig muttered. "And who are you to judge me? I just don't care, do you really think I'd act like this if she was here?"

"We could go on like this for a while," James sighed, glancing briefly at the padd in his hands. "Crap I told Asher to meet in the office at two, not three. I'm not going to get back in time."

"I doubt the interview with a victim's friend needs two of us anyway," Craig said. "I'll handle it." He headed for the turbolift.

"Why did you even follow me here?" James asked.

"We were arguing, I didn't want to leave it so I followed," Craig replied.

"Oh yeah, well go ahead then," James said.

"I will, I wasn't asking," Craig said. He stepped into the lift.

James stopped at Tactical, Jessie glanced at him briefly with a raised eyebrow. "What was that for?"

"Oh nothing, I'm just surprised that your bickering with Craig hasn't ended up in Sickbay yet," Jessie said with a smile.

"Well we all know that's where your brother will end up," James said.

"Oh come on, he hasn't done anything to you," Jessie said, shaking her head.

"Oh he's around, and that's enough," James muttered. "Seriously he's really annoying."

"I know but try not to kill him, can you do that for me?" Jessie asked, smiling sweetly at him.

James pulled a face, "ohno, don't do the 'do that for me' thing."

"Why?" Jessie asked, her smile turning into a sly one. She leaned on the console to get closer, "if it's not broken, don't fix it."

"All right, but those only last for a certain amount of time and are void when I'm really stressed," James said. He sighed before heading to an unknown crewmember at the Engineering station.

The Security Office:

Craig walked in, he decided to sit down in James' chair. A few of the Slayer trainees were studying books nearby with Wesley and Li'Chin.

"Guys has anybody been in, in the last five minutes?"

Wesley glanced over, "no, just us."

The door opened, Nathan and Ruby walked in arm in arm. "Sorry I'm late, I had to deliver a report and I got lost."

"You shouldn't let that job distract you from training," Li'Chin said.

"Ok but when I offered to do it, I had time to do it in," Nathan said. "God Jessie's strict when she's playing Captain. Lucky I left just when James took over."

Craig glanced toward Ruby, "um please tell me you're not another trainee."

"Oh no, I couldn't," Ruby stuttered quietly.

"No, she walked with me. Ruby this is one of the Security Chiefs, Craig, this is my very beautiful girlfriend Ruby," Nathan said.

Ruby giggled slightly, "you don't mean that. Boyfriends always overexaggerate."

"Sometimes they don't need to," Craig muttered. He tapped his commbadge, "Anderson to Asher."

In: "I'm sorry sir, I'm stuck in Engineering. I'll be another ten minutes."

"That's ok, I'll come by," Craig said. He walked out of the office.

"Is that the brother in law or..." Ruby asked.

"No, he's the other one," Nathan said. "What did I miss anyway?"

Wesley sighed, "we've been studying vampire habits."

"Great, mind if she listens?" Nathan questioned while taking a seat with the others.

"I suppose," Wesley replied.

Meanwhile:

The awayteam walked slowly into a small engineering room. Right in front of the core stood a large squarish shaped white portal. The team split up to walk around it, Daniel started to scan it.

"I wouldn't go near it, it will disintegrate anything biological," Daniel said.

Tom rolled his eyes, "yes my first instinct was to run into it. What kind of idiot would purposely run into a glowy white portal thing." Somebody pushed him to the ground as they ran passed. Daniel and Zare turned around just in time to see an alien jump into the portal and disappear.

"That kind of idiot," Zare said.

Tom tried to get back up, Daniel helped him but he tried to drag him up more than anything else. "I don't understand what just happened here," Tom muttered.

"It seems like you were in the way of a suicide attempt," Daniel said.

"That was pretty strange," Zare said.

"These readings do seem familiar to me, I just don't know why," Daniel muttered.

Zare glanced at the tricorder, "it looks like something I've seen as well."

"Oh well, must be something supernatural. Since the person we were here to rescue is dead, how about we go home," Tom said.

"Sounds good," Zare sighed.

The team headed back the way they came. Just as Tom went through the doors, the rift suddenly changed to a dark red colour. Zare and Daniel stopped to look toward it. The door Tom went through shut on it's own.

"Hey," Zare grumbled. She stepped forward to open it again, but a red field blocked her.

"This isn't going to end well," Daniel muttered as he stared toward the rift. Zare turned back around to see different kinds of large demons come through the rift.

"Ohno," Zare groaned. "It's one of those rifts. They cause hallucinations that always end the same, the victims commit suicide by jumping into it. Once they have enough, the doorway's open on the demon's end."

"So how come we can't get out?" Daniel asked.

Zare shrugged her shoulders, "beats me. But for example if the ship had two hundred crewmembers, we'd get the same amount of demons."

"Well that's not too bad, I was expecting you to say it would be doubled or tripled," Daniel said.

Engineering:

Craig and another mid twenty's man were busy talking beside the station nearest to the main entrance.

"Yeah he was a good bloke, lots of friends. He was a very good Engineer, he used to work over there," the man pointed toward the consoles on the other side of the warp core.

"Did he, well when was the last time you saw him?" Craig asked.

Asher frowned, "um, it was before Voyager joined us. Sorry I'm not 100% sure."

"Do you know of anyone who'd wanna hurt him?" Craig asked.

"Only guys from school but none of them are onboard," Asher replied. "Can I ask what this is about?"

"He's been murdered," Craig muttered.

"Oh god, no, no," Asher mumbled, turning away slightly. "No, even those guys wouldn't go that far."

"How far would they go?" Craig asked.

"They're morons but they're not that stupid. Once the fights they started got too violent, they backed off. There's no way anyone would have wanted to hurt him like that," Asher said.

Craig sighed, "everyone's said the same thing, must have been a random."

"What exactly happened?" Asher asked.

"I don't think you want to know. We have talked to three other guys, and a girl he worked with," Craig said.

"Yeah Angela, she used to hate her," Asher said.

"I was wondering if there's anyone else you can think of... wait, who hated who?" Craig questioned.

"Oh his girlfriend, she was always accusing him of cheating on her with Angela. That girl was always on his back. She probably saw him last, no doubt," Asher replied.

"Why's that?" Craig asked.

"Oh, those two were inseparable," Asher replied.

"Do you know her name?" Craig asked.

Asher sighed, "no, I'm not good with names. It was something like Lucy, no Rosie. No, sorry."

"Great, thanks anyway," Craig muttered.

The Security Office, Voyager:

James now sat at his desk, opposite another guy. A second one stood behind him, arms folded. Amy was busy playing beside James as usual, except she had what looked like overhead headphones on.

"No, he was a great guy. He was always up to partying, holodeck, you know, nobody didn't like him," the guy in the chair said, looking back at his friend.

He meanwhile frowned, "why is that kid wearing headphones bigger than her head?"

"She can still hear with the small ones," James replied with a slight groan.

"Why bother, it's not like we were there when he died," the standing guy said.

"You guys are known to drink too much, sleep around, treat women like crap. I don't want her hearing what your murdered friend got up to," James muttered.

"Like crap, that's bull," sitting guy said.

"Hey, a kid that young wouldn't understand some of that stuff anyway," standing guy moaned.

"Besides aren't you from around Newcastle-ish area anyway, she's probably already heard you," sitting guy said.

"Ok if we're being stereotypical Geordie guys then great, stand still and don't scream while I beat you for information," James said, smiling slightly.

The sitting guy's eyes widened, he scrambled to his feet. "Oh, now I know where I've seen you. You went to my school."

"Oh so I've already beaten you then, shame," James said.

Standing guy nodded, "lots of times. You threw me into Zack's face."

"Oh when I," James said, about to slowly clap his hands together. "With your heads right. Yeah that was fun."

"How come you've got a daughter anyway? Oh, did you and your boyfriend adopt her?" standing guy asked.

James raised an eyebrow while sitting back in the chair. "Some people just don't change, do they?"

"Looks like you have, we're not in Sickbay yet," sitting guy said, sounding hopeful.

"No not really," James muttered, he stood up quickly just to startle them. The standing guy backed off a few steps.

"Um I'm surprised you didn't recognise Zack when you saw his body," sitting guy said.

"Well his head is missing," James said.

"Oh ew," sitting guy mumbled. "What about the name then?"

"No, I referred to every guy I knew as *annoying piece of crap*, you each had your own number to go on the end," James said.

"Neat, I think," sitting guy said.

"Now I really find it hard to believe that Zack didn't have any enemies," James said.

"Hey Zack always did as he was told, he wasn't actually a bad guy. He just liked the ladies as all, couldn't get enough," standing guy said.

"Whatever," James groaned.

The door opened, Jessie walked in. "Ugh never again." The men all looked toward her. "Ok, this can't be good."

"Uh who's in charge?" James asked.

"Harry technically, he's constantly on the viewscreen," Jessie replied, eyeing the other men with nervous eyes.

"Woah Jessie?" sitting guy asked. "Still as gorg as ever I see."

"And my day keeps getting better," Jessie muttered.

James rolled his eyes, "tough, not you Jess, him."

"I gathered," Jessie said. She edged closer to Amy, keeping her eyes on the guys. She eventually looked down. "What the?"

"Oh I didn't want her to hear anything," James said.

"Yeah good idea," Jessie said. She knelt down to pick Amy up, then she stood back up. The two guys glanced at each other in disgust. "You don't mind if I take her to the bridge?"

"Nah, then she won't have to wear the headphones anymore," James said.

Jessie carefully removed the headphones from Amy's head, "hello sweetie." She gave her a little kiss on the cheek. "Do you want to spend the rest of the day with mummy?"

Amy glanced at James briefly, "daddy too?"

"Mummy?" standing guy muttered.

"Daddy?" sitting mumbled. "I knew there was a reason I hated you."

"Um I still don't know the reason why you never liked me," Jessie mumbled.

"Um Jess, he meant me," James said.

"Oh, still why?" Jessie asked while trying to stop Amy pulling strands of her hair.

James sighed, "cos like a lot of the guys at school, he really likes you."

"I hate to know what he does to people he hates then," Jessie pouted.

"Oh that reminds me," James said. He walked around the table to stand with the guys. "I've got a couple of years to make up for." Before they got the time to react, they were both dragged out of the office.

Jessie shook her head, "and they say boys change after they leave school, utter crap."

Amy giggled, "utter cwap."

Outside, already one of the guys was lying on the ground unconscious. The one who was standing earlier tried to escape, he was pushed into the wall.

"Look I was just a lackey like Zack," he stuttered, pointing at his unconscious friend. "He was the one who kept abusing Jessie while you were gone."

"Ok ok, I'm not as punch happy as I used to be," James said.

Damien walked passed holding a pot of yogurt, he burst out laughing as he walked around the corner. The two men heard him mutter, "bloody priceless."

"Shut up!" James snapped. He turned back to the guy. "Just tell me the truth about Zack, who hated him? Tell me and you can go."

"It's true. He's a good guy, his only weakness was his love of women. His girlfriend hated that," the guy said.

"His girlfriend?" James said.

"Yeah, oh she was a nutcase," the guy said. "She'd act all sweet and nice around him, but she was a right cracker. And not in a good way."

"Really, what kind of crazy was she? Hyper, moody, homicidal?" James questioned.

"Oh no, moody's the best one. She always scowled when he wasn't looking, she always wanted him all to herself. She'd make him cancel plans with us, you know the typical possessive type. We haven't seen him for like five months," the guy replied.

"But she wasn't psycho or anything?" James asked.

"Hell no. She was mad, but she wouldn't have been able to hurt him even if she wanted to. She was just a little soft thing," the guy replied.

James groaned, "fine, go." The guy ran off down the corridor, leaving a smoke double of him behind. "Huh, he's a fast runner."

The Leda Morgue:

Craig glanced at the morgue attendant by his side in disgust. He picked up a big sloppy sandwich and took a huge bite out of it, it was dumped on the plate sitting beside the man's body.

"How are you going to find someone as sick as you to work in Voyager's morgue?" Craig questioned.

"I'm not ill," morgue attendant mumbled with his mouth full.

"Whatever. Have you found anything?" Craig asked.

"Nope but a crewmember did find body parts in his quarters," morgue attendant replied.

"Nice, is there anymore details than that?" Craig asked.

Morgue attendant lifted a padd, licking the crumbs off his lips. "The guy just moved in, he found them in a cupboard."

Craig sighed, "what about the DNA?"

"Nope," morgue attendant said.

"That can't be. The killer had to have touched him," Craig said.

"If they did it must have been with gloves or something," morgue attendant said.

"Of course but what about traces of hair, crap like that?" Craig questioned.

"Um actually," morgue attendant mumbled. He dashed over to the other side of the room. "Not sure."

"Ugh, don't tell me. You were only hired cos no-one had the stomach for this job," Craig muttered.

"More or less. The only reason I didn't check for other DNA samples is cos I've been rushed off my feet today, what with interviews and such," morgue attendant said. "I've only had one volunteer and well, she doesn't even know what a cadaver is."

"What is a cada... Let me guess, it was Yasmin," Craig said.

"Yes," morgue attendant replied. "Paris has volunteered somebody else."

"Um ok, who?" Craig asked. He shook his head, "never mind. Just tell me when you find something else."

The Delta Flyer:

"It sounds to me that it became demon central in there," Tom said.

Faye frowned, "how do you know?"

"I heard a lot of growling, fighting and Zare swearing a lot. So yeah, unless she and Daniel like growling while fighting and the two came to blows," Tom said.

Faye rolled her eyes, "all right, shut up. What do we do about it?"

"Well are you sure you can't beam them out?" Tom asked.

"No, let me try again for the thirtieth bloody time," Faye grumbled.

The demons in the alien's Engineering room all gathered around the warp core. Zare and Daniel remained under guard of a couple of demons, both looking a bit beat up.

"Ok what are they doing now?" Daniel asked.

Zare growled at him, "I know you have amnesia but for god's sake, it's been two years."

"I can't possibly re-learn everything in that time," Daniel muttered.

"Ugh it's nothing we need to worry about right now," Zare said. "We should worry about what they'll do when they're finished."

"Won't they try to open up their portal again to let more demons in?" Daniel questioned.

Zare sighed, "bingo. If we destroy this ship, it'll stop it." She glanced at their guards. "Hopefully once we get that field down, we can beam out of here. The Flyer can easily destroy this ship once we're off. Any ideas watcher boy?"

"No I don't even know where that shield comes from," Daniel muttered.

"Me neither. There's about twenty of them left, we could just kill them," Zare whispered to him.

Daniel smirked, "I have no problem with that. What do you have in mind?"

"I was thinking of asking them to lunch, but if you have any better ideas," Zare said, looking briefly at the demons watching them.

"If we kill the guards as discreetly as possible, we might have a shot. Otherwise it might get a bit messy," Daniel whispered.

"Agreed, but how are we going to do that quietly?" Zare asked. Daniel smiled at her.

Meanwhile:

Jessie sat at a table in the Mess Hall, impatiently drumming her fingers with a plate of food in front of her. James walked over with a cup in hand. "Still not here yet."

Jessie sighed, "no, typical."

"Your lunch's going to be long cold by now," James said.

"I've already recycled and re-replicated it three times," Jessie muttered.

"If you want I can sit with you again," James said.

"It's ok. If they're not here in five minutes I'm going back to the bridge," Jessie said. She glanced down at her plate, "ok I mean, I'm starting on this anyway. Besides there's a nasty murder mystery to solve."

"Yeah I think I'm onto something, maybe, I dunno," James said.

"You'll figure it out, you usually do," Jessie said.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, but I'm thinking of dumping it on Craig if my theory's proved wrong," James said.

Jessie shrugged, "well it was his mystery to start with."

"True. I'll see you later, have fun with Mr Pain in my Ass," James said, he headed out.

"Wow he's running out of insults," Jessie muttered to herself. She looked toward the other door. Nathan and Ruby just then walked through them. They stopped at Jessie's table. "You're late."

"Yeah sorry, well, you know," Nathan said, smirking at Ruby. She smiled back.

Jessie pulled a face, "how sweet, not."

"You're one to talk Jess," Nathan said. "Ruby, I'll get our dinners. You and Jess, I dunno, be girly." He walked toward the replicator.

Ruby uneasily sat down opposite Jessie.

"So uh, how long have you and Nathan known each other?" Jessie asked.

Ruby shyly looked toward Nathan, "about a month and a half."

"Just as long as I have then, more or less," Jessie said.

"You're all he talks about sometimes," Ruby said. She looked back towards her. The shy look in her eyes were gone, the look she was giving her made her uneasy.

"Well the man's just found his long lost sisters, only natural," Jessie muttered.

Ruby stared coldly at her, "I don't think we should do these get together's anymore."

"Um, this is only our first and..." Jessie said.

Nathan appeared in between them holding two plates. "Won't yours be cold Jess?" Ruby's face quickly softened, she looked up at him. He put the plates down.

"Yeah, it was cold," Jessie mumbled, staring toward Ruby. She just looked down at her hands shyly. Nathan sat down in between them. As he looked down to tuck into his meal, Ruby looked back up at Jessie, her eyes all dark and unfeeling.

The Leda Morgue:

"Ok so what interesting qualities could you bring to the job?" morgue attendant nervously asked.

"Well if we're swamped with too many bodies, I can possess one," Damien replied. "It would also be good if it's boring, nothing to do. I can scare you."

"Ookay," morgue attendant said. "So you don't have any problems with dead bodies then."

"Only when they keep coming back to life no matter how many bloody times you kill them," Damien muttered angrily. "Damn you Justin."

"That's um, not what I meant. I mean are you squeamish, can you handle seeing them?" morgue attendant asked.

"Squeamish? Well yes, when you're limited on who to possess and it ends up being a Justin lookalike, eugh," Damien replied, shuddering slightly.

"Um," morgue attendant mumbled.

"Look I think I failed the interview at the start, so stop wasting my time," Damien groaned, rolling his eyes. "If I wanted the job I'd lie like everyone does at interviews."

"Actually considering you're the best so far," morgue attendant said.

"Well of course I'm the best, what's that got to do with the job interview?" Damien asked, sounding confused.

The morgue guy sighed into his hand.

Sickbay:

Jodie stood with her mouth wide open, her eyes wider than usual. Doctor Jones sat opposite her at his desk. "Jodie I understand this is difficult but, are you sure you're ok?"

"Mmm hmm," she sighed. "Gotta go."

"I suggest that you talk to your sister. She might be able to give you some advice," Doctor Jones said.

"I guess, thanks," Jodie muttered. She headed outside. As soon as the door opened, she bumped into Ruby.

"Is there a problem?" she asked.

"Yeah, I mean no. It's ok," Jodie mumbled. She began walking down the corridor. Ruby followed her but kept behind her by a few steps.

"I suppose you think it's cute of me to ask."

"No, just nice of you," Jodie said, still not looking there at all.

"Ok is it my voice then, my height, the way I look?" Ruby asked.

Jodie stopped in her tracks looking confused. "Um what do you mean?"

"You said I was cute, like I was some sort of helpless annoying child," Ruby said.

"Oh that. Look I'm sorry I offended you," Jodie said. She turned around to face her. Ruby stood directly in front of her, staring with a deadly look in her eye. "Really Jess will tell you, I say stuff different to people. I only said it cos you seemed like a nice girl for Nathan."

"And how would you know what, you've only known him for five minutes?" Ruby said, her eyebrow twitching.

Jodie frowned, "uh, I'm a great judge of character. Excuse me." She turned to walk away again.

"Maybe you should judge yourself once in a while," Ruby said.

Jodie turned back, "what does that mean?"

"People who always judge at first sight usually don't know themselves," Ruby replied. "Those are usually the types that enjoy butting into other people's business."

"Ok I said I was sorry even though I was paying you a compliment. What's your problem?" Jodie demanded, folding her arms.

"I've already made that clear," Ruby replied.

Jodie stepped closer so they were only about an inch apart. "God you're crazy, would you prefer it if I insulted you?"

"I'd prefer it if you shut up for once, and keep away from Nathan," Ruby muttered.

"Why should I?" Jodie snapped.

"He doesn't need you does he? Plus I don't want to hear your screechy, child-like voice going 'aaw she's a cutie' for the rest of my life," Ruby said.

"Right that's it," Jodie growled, she pushed Ruby roughly. Her eyes widened in anger so she pushed straight back.

Jodie screeched angrily as she lunged for her. The two were soon in a typical cat fight; pulling each others hair, scratch slapping and annoying girly screams that go with it. Of course a couple of the guys that like to watch that stuff stopped to watch. A few other people stopped just out of curiosity. However it didn't take long for Jodie to get the much smaller girl in a head lock. Ruby grabbed a big chunk of hair and pulled hard. With her other arm, Jodie did the same to her. The two screamed as they each pulled harder.

"Stop it you crazy bitch!" Jodie screeched.

"No! I will if you let go of me!" Ruby screamed back.

"Fine, on the count of three," Jodie muttered. "One, two, three." Ruby stamped her foot on Jodie's as she let go, she ran off down the corridor. Jodie growled at where she once stood. All the disappointed guys continued on their way.

The Mess Hall:

Nathan and a few of the Security Slayer trainees stood next to the kitchen, holding drink glasses.

"So the vampire lessons, what did I miss?" Nathan asked.

Onlan briefly sipped at his drink, "the usual rubbish on how they probably weren't created, the Masters, how they died. We had just started on the goons when you walked in."

"I still don't get those guys," Nathan said. "Was Frenit one?"

"Nobody knows, he probably just had a lot of fighting experience," Leesa replied.

"He's ancient history now, no worries. Same with the Masters," Onlan said.

"So what was the point in learning about them?" Nathan asked. The others shrugged.

Jodie marched through the nearest doors, and toward the group. "Nathan, we need to have a word now."

"Unless a 'word' is a drink, I'm not interested," Nathan said, smirking at the others.

Jodie growled, she dragged him away by the arm. "I'm not in the mood for bad humour Nathan."

"Ok fine, what's the matter?" he asked while pulling his arm away.

"Your girlfriend, is nuts," Jodie said slowly with her eyes wide.

"Well she'll fit right in with the family won't she," Nathan said.

"Not that kind of nuts," Jodie grumbled. She gasped and pointed at him, "you're not marrying her are you?"

"No, it's barely been two months," Nathan replied. "But you never know, we're already living together and she's perfect for me."

"Oh yes, she's perfect for you," Jodie laughed, then her face turned completely serious. "You're both psychos."

"What did she do then?" Nathan asked.

"She started insulting and accusing me of mocking her when we met," Jodie replied.

"She's not like that, you saw how shy she is. Besides you were mocking her," Nathan said.

Jodie stared at him in disbelief, "I wasn't, and she's certainly not shy."

"Don't, you barely know her," Nathan grumbled. "And you don't think 'aaaw she is cute, good job' isn't mocking or offensive. I think it's a good trait of hers that she can hold back."

"She obviously can't hold back as she attacked me, and don't ridicule me by ignoring what I've said!" Jodie snapped.

"Oh I'm not ignoring you. Ruby is not the type to fight back," Nathan said calmly. "Maybe you were mistaken."

Jodie pouted her lips, "I was not mistaken. Your girlfriend's obviously not all there, and she's only shy when you're around. Don't come running to me when she does something."

"You're overreacting. Maybe we should talk when you've calmed down," Nathan said.

"Ugh I liked you better when you were just an arrogant joke teller, and that's saying something," Jodie muttered. She stormed off.

Meanwhile:

Zare and Daniel stood over their now dead guards, while the rest still focused on the warp core. Daniel dropped a cigarette onto the ground, and stepped on it to put it out.

"How exactly did you..." Zare muttered. She shook it off, "never mind."

"Easy, lazy writing," Daniel smiled. "Why don't we finish the rest off."

Zare turned around, "finally something I can do." She headed towards the demons that were left.

The Delta Flyer:

"It seems like that rooms surrounded by a dampening field. It seems to be coming from that rift thing you saw," Faye said.

Tom sighed while sitting down at the helm, "try the usual to disrupt it."

Faye muttered angrily to herself, "I'm trying, it's obviously not the usual kind of field or it would be gone by now."

"Well then, they're on their own," Tom said.

Meanwhile on the ship:

Now a full fight was in progress. Zare and Daniel were quickly surrounded. The two backed into each other.

"I wouldn't try anything else if I were you. You're trapped, and it won't be long before hundreds of our kind arrive," one demon snarled.

"You haven't given us a good enough reason to not try anything," Zare muttered, raising an eyebrow. "You demons seem pretty lame." She turned around to kick one in the leg, it stumbled to the ground cradling it. "See."

"Boys, show 'em," the leader said. All of the demons raised their arms, very large claws extended from their hands.

Daniel pulled a face, "why didn't we bring weapons?"

"We can blame Tom when we get back, ok," Zare whispered to him.

"Tom saying we don't need them shouldn't have stopped you. I'll blame you," Daniel whispered.

"Well you're the watcher, you're supposed to remind me," Zare hissed.

"Aaaw look boss, isn't that sweet?" one demon cooed.

The leader smirked, "ah yes, the watcher and the Slayer, what a sweet freakshow we have here."

Zare's face stiffened up, she looked back towards the leader with a deranged look in her eyes. Daniel just looked amused. "Me and Daniel? Eugh, time to die." She lunged for the leader first, snapped off one of his claws and stabbed him in the head with it. "Ok who was the one that said 'aaw boss'?" All the other demons pointed at each other.

The Bridge:

Craig paced back and forth in the centre of the bridge. "It can't be, why would the possessive girlfriend kill him?"

"I don't know for sure, but friends of the two month old corpse mentioned a crazy girlfriend as well," James said.

"Of course the best buddies would say she's crazy, they usually do with girlfriends who take their friend away from them," Craig said.

James stood up from the chair. "I know that."

"Do you? You don't have any male friends who date, not really," Craig snapped. "There was me but..."

"But you were the one doing the complaining, that I was 'stealing' Lena off you," James muttered. "And don't snap, at least I thought of actually talking to people who knew them."

"Oh you are so uptight to shove those things in my face, if I cared I would have thought of it," Craig grumbled.

Everyone on the bridge at this time were looking very nervous.

"Look the evidence points to the girlfriends. There's a two month gap, both relationships started two months apart. The girl is probably still onboard," James said.

Craig rolled his eyes, "what's your evidence for that?"

"Simple, if she left she would have hid the bodies and parts better, or took them with her. She wouldn't just leave them behind so carelessly," James replied.

"She could have done that, the owner of the quarters from before Voyager has been hidden," Craig said.

"Yes but not many people left the Leda then, we can easily narrow it down. I don't think the killer left, it would have been easier for us to catch her," James said.

Craig groaned, shaking his head. "you're wrong. You only figured it was the girlfriends cos both victims had similar kinds. Your other evidence isn't actually evidence, it's just theories. There's no proof that it was the same girl. If it was there's still nothing that suggests she left the ship or not, or just transferred to Voyager. She could be living on Mars for all we know, or just swapped quarters."

"Swapped quarters," James mumbled. He sat back in one of the command chairs, and worked on the station in between the chairs. "A lot of people transferred, so a lot of people were moved around."

"Whatever. I think we just have a psycho either framing the girlfriends, or just chooses random people," Craig said.

"Ok with the evidence we've got I've narrowed it down to three women," James said.

"Are you listening to me at all!?" Craig snapped.

"Yes I was, and sometimes you do have to rely on theories when there's a lack of clues for the brainless," James groaned, rolling his eyes. "We have the similar type girlfriend described in detail right, you told me yourself."

"Yes but," Craig said. "I'm not brainless."

"There's the careless sudden findings of the bodies and parts. How come a body just lying right near a quarters door wasn't discovered sooner, especially when there was two missing Leda crewmen? How come that guy didn't find body parts in his cupboard sooner?" James said.

"That's easy cos he just moved in," Craig replied.

"And what was the reason for that?" James asked.

Craig sighed, he folded his arms. "His room-mate was moving in with his or her partner, and he had to give up the bigger quarters. What's that got to do with anything?"

"Oh just trying to annoy you further," James smirked.

Craig didn't look amused, "all right, fine, go on with your crap."

"Those quarters the guy moved in were empty throughout the whole Leda trip, but according to reports there was signs that somebody had crashed there a few times. A female person," James said.

"What, was there make up, or something?" Craig groaned.

"Look Craig, you'd know this if you actually bothered to investigate," James said.

Craig pulled a face, "oh I'm sorry. Next time a corpse is found with bite marks in their neck I'll go and research B'Elanna and Tom's relationship, just to see if they're on the rocks."

"Generally that's not what I was doing, didn't you read the message I sent you?" James asked, raising an eyebrow.

"What message?" Craig frowned.

The turbolift doors opened, a few random crewmembers stepped out of the turbolift. One crewmember already on the bridge whispered something to them. They all stood at the back of the bridge, munching on popcorn. Another crewmember held a PADD, making notes.

"The one that had new information about this," James muttered in response. "You really are useless."

"Again I'm stuck on the 'I do not care about this' thing," Craig said.

"Well you seemed to care when you kept insisting that I was wrong," James said.

Craig shrugged his shoulders, "hey you always gave me a hard time, why not? Besides I don't need hordes of so called evidence to say 'you are so so wrong, it is laughable'."

"All right, what do you think happened?" James asked.

"I think we've just got some sicko who's either one, in love with the girlfriend and wanted to get rid of the competition. Remember one body part missing was the uh, his thing," Craig replied. All of the guys that had obviously not heard about this earlier cringed, and most covered themselves. "Two, somebody who just likes to torture random people to death."

"Great theories, no really," James said. He stood back up to stand directly in front of him. "So how did you go about finding this sicko, and arresting him? Oh yes that's right, talk to the morgue guy briefly and call me to do all the work for you. Of course you did give me a place to start with these ideas of yours, oh no wait you didn't, you just left me to make up my own, back these up with evidence and then bitch at me for being wrong."

One crewmember at the back laughed quietly, "oh it's so on."

"I hope it's so on quickly, I've got somebody who's keeping an eye on these two girls who had a catfight," another crewmember whispered.

"Oh yeah I got better, somebody's spying on Chakotay," a female crewmember whispered back.

"Remember, I just don't give a damn," Craig said.

"This is already getting old. You do care, you're just trying to justify not proving your own theories so in a way you can still criticise mine," James said.

"All right fine. You've 'proved' the killer is still onboard, as the body and parts were carelessly placed. It still doesn't prove your stupid theories that it was the girlfriend," Craig said.

James sighed, "well we're nearly there, at least you're admitting it was the same girl who dated the two."

"I only believe that slightly as it supports one of my theories, remember," Craig muttered.

"How many guys would go and cut off another guy's thing, in the manner it was done as well?" James questioned. "For one thing they would have to touch it."

"Eew," a lot of the male crewmembers groaned.

"Also that morgue attendant found a strand of hair after you told him to look. That was in the message I sent by the way," James said. He turned back to the computer, then he noticed the audience. "Um, what the hell?"

All of them stood perfectly still, even the ones with popcorn in between their fingers. The only movement seemed to be some of the crewmember's eyes looking at their neighbours.

Finally one got the nerve to speak up, "um, we can't look at our stations, cos we all watched the Ring and we're scared of the screens."

Craig raised an eyebrow, "uh, the viewscreen is directly in your sight."

James smiled, "yeah just imagine a huge version of the well, then a huge black haired girl climbing out of it, staggering toward..."

One of the male crewmembers screamed hysterically and ran into the turbolift. The others slowly looked toward it, then back at James and Craig. They pretended to do the same, and ran into the other turbolift. Unfortunately a few couldn't fit and were left to stand and wait for the next one. Instead they ran to see if the first one next to Tactical had come back.

Jessie finally looked up at that point from the station, "what the?"

James pouted, "I didn't get to finish."

Craig smirked, "is that what you always say to Jessie?"

"Huh, I don't get it," Jessie also pouted.

James glared in Craig's direction as he sat back down. He glanced back at the station. Craig nodded, "yeah thought so."

"I know I'm right," James muttered to himself as he worked at the station. "Out of the three girls, only two match the description one of the friends described to me. Both transferred to Voyager obviously, both seemed to do that cos of boyfriends who were stationed here."

"Ooh the girl has her next victim," Craig said with a smirk.

James looked up, "crap she does." He looked back down at the computer, "there must be something I can do to narrow it down completely."

Craig groaned, "ok did the girl transfer straight away once Voyager joined, or was it after?" James looked up to raise an eyebrow. "Just humouring you."

"One was straight away, the second was just last week," James said.

"We don't know for sure when the girl left those supposed empty quarters, with the log of who stayed there hidden pre-Voyager. The computer wouldn't know there was someone there to begin with, let alone that they left them recently," Craig muttered to himself. He pulled a face, "I know what I mean. What was the description?"

"I told you, I've already narrowed it down," James groaned.

"Just comparing to what my guy told me, then we can put to rest the girlfriends issue, it could be a different girl," Craig said.

James sighed, "ok, five foot two, long black hair, shy demeanour."

Jessie meanwhile widened her eyes, she quickly pushed her way into the turbolift. The ones who were waiting rushed in after her.

"Well, cos this doesn't help me," James questioned.

Craig nodded, "same girl."

James clicked his fingers, "damn, it does have something to do with this." Craig frowned at him. "The guy who found the parts in the cupboard, he moved in there recently, something like a few days ago. Remember his room-mate moved out, so he had to as well, so he ended up there. He did say that they didn't get along, so the girl could have planted the parts in his quarters as a 'leaving present'."

"Again that's just a theory that can't be proved," Craig muttered.

James shook his head, "no it's got to be. There we go, narrowed it down to one girl; Ruby Watts."

"Where have I heard that name before?" Craig muttered. "Is she a trainee, let me see a picture."

"She doesn't have one, some people don't," James said.

"Interesting," Craig said. "Let me see yours."

"Go to hell," James muttered.

Craig shrugged, "eh, you should see mine. I look so pasty. Oh and I'll save you a seat."

"Oh come on Craig, I probably have five seats waiting for me already," James said.

Craig tried not to smirk, "right ok. Who the hell is this woman?"

"She's not in Security but I'm so sure that's..." James said.

Craig nodded his head in agreement, "where I heard the name, yeah."

James' eyes widened, he quickly stood back up. Craig glanced back at him, they both said it at the same time, "Nathan."

"Yes he introduced her to me," Craig said.

"Quickly, what did she look like just so we're sure?" James asked.

"Quick why?" Craig muttered.

"We're on the two month deadline," James replied.

"Yeah and? It's Nathan, I thought you hated him," Craig said.

"Oh yeah, oh well if we find his corpse then case is solved," James said while sitting back down.

Craig raised an eyebrow, "she matches the description. Imagine how mad your wife would be if you just left her newly found brother to be brutally murdered."

James narrowed his eyes, "I hate you."

"I know," Craig said. "I don't like you either."

"Aaaw how sweet," the helmsman said. James and Craig turned to stare at him, he didn't notice as his back was to them.

The alien ship:

Now all but one of the demons were dead, most of them killed by their own claws. Zare held the last one in the air by the throat, "now tell me how to get rid of that field and I'll kill you quickly instead of slow." All the demon could do was sputter, grunt and of course wriggle around trying to escape.

"I think that's a yes Zar," Daniel said.

Zare flashed him a glare, "don't call me that." She lowered the demon down.

"Jeez somebody's a little too cranky about the couple idea," Daniel said.

Zare growled at no one in particular. "Ok demon boy, get to work." The demon nodded, it headed toward the rift. Zare grabbed him again. "Ah ah, are we sure that's what you want to do?"

"Yes, need to close it," the demon stuttered.

Zare groaned, "fine." She pushed the demon the rest of the way, and he disappeared. The rift turned back to its original colour.

Daniel tapped his commbadge, "Lavine to the Flyer, get us out of here."

In: "Finally."

The pair dematerialised, and soon rematerialised on the Delta Flyer.

"We have to destroy that ship, just in case. It'll try to start the suicidal trick all over again," Zare said.

"Yes ok, I understood that," Tom muttered sarcastically.

Daniel moved to Tactical, "arming missiles, honey."

Zare glared at him in full force, "make more jokes and I will personally neuter you."

"Yes ma'am. Firing the missiles," Daniel said.

Tom sighed as he watched the alien ship be destroyed, "status."

"Um you just watched the ship explode, what status do you want?" Faye asked.

"The status of the honey joke, what's that about?" Tom asked, glancing back at everyone.

"Do you want a fourth child, Tom? You won't get it at this rate," Zare muttered.

"Oookay," Tom said with wide eyes, turning back. "Setting a course back to Voyager."

Nathan's Quarters:

Nathan walked in with a smile on his face. He took off his jacket and left it to hang on the back of a nearby chair. He looked around while heading further into the room. "Ruby? Are you here yet?"

The bathroom door opened, Ruby stepped out to stand in the doorway then leaned on the doorframe. "Hi how was your day?"

Nathan grinned briefly, "it was, interesting." He stepped closer to her. "You?"

Ruby sighed, "I've had a bad day. We need to talk."

"Oh, ok, I just need to get changed first," Nathan said. He turned around, started to head away. Ruby stopped him gently by taking a hold of his arm.

"You don't know how important this is. We need to talk now."

"It won't take long," Nathan said.

"No, now," Ruby sighed. She raised her hand that was holding a hypospray, she pushed it into his arm.

He stumbled around, looking at her with wide eyes. "What did you?" He placed a hand on the part of arm injected. The room and Ruby herself appeared to be moving to him, he lost his balance and fell to his knees. She knelt down with him, placing a finger on her lips.

"Shhh, just relax."

"You crazy..." Nathan mumbled before collapsing completely.

The Morgue:

James and Craig stood in front of the computer in the office, the attendant was on it eating a packet of crisps. "Yes the strand of hair does belong to a Miss Watts," he said. "What do you plan to do?"

"Well we've already tried locating her, but all we found was, as usual her commbadge," Craig replied.

"No doubt about it, she'll be with Nathan in their quarters," James said.

Craig pulled a face, "it seems awfully convenient, and TV showish. Why would she pick the same day we figure it out?"

James rolled his eyes, "Jessie told me Ruby was acting strangely, almost possessive."

Damien appeared behind the two with a smirk on his face, "and it didn't occur to you that it was her before now?"

James and Craig slowly turned around to face him, Craig with both his eyebrows raised and James with an unimpressed look on his face. "Don't tell me you got the job," James muttered.

"Unfortunately," Damien groaned. "He thought my Tolg knowledge was invaluable for the job."

"Remind me not to die this season," James said.

Craig nodded, "will do."

"No it didn't occur to me cos I didn't have suspects then," James said.

"So what are we standing around here for, let's save him like you hero types do. Serve justice or whatever," Damien said, trying to sound sarcastically enthusiastic.

"We've got time anyway, Nathan has the night shift soon. There's no point in going home," James said.

"So she'll wait until tomorrow, great," Craig said. He sat down in the chair by the desk.

Damien marched toward him, "hey that's my desk now chump."

"So, it didn't stop you messing with my holodeck program," Craig said. He turned to the computer, "so I may as well." He typed in a few commands.

"Oh you are so going on my list a fifth time for that," Damien growled.

Craig turned back to Damien looking smug, while James placed a hand over his face. "Ha, I'd like to see you break that password."

"For god's sake," James muttered, he walked out.

"What's his problem?" Damien asked. Craig shrugged.

A few minutes previously

Jessie rushed out of the turbolift, she stopped outside one of the quarters. She was about to ring the door chime but decided against it. With a few keys to the door panel, the door itself opened.

The quarters lights were dimmed slightly as she walked inside carefully. She didn't seem to notice Ruby creeping closer to her from behind.

Jessie gasped when she saw Nathan's upper torso sticking out from beside the table, she rushed over to kneel down beside him. "Nath, are you ok? Where is she?"

"Ess, et at of ere," Nathan mumbled without opening his mouth that much.

Jessie frowned, "what's wrong?" She slowly looked towards his hands, then down toward his feet. Her eyes were now wide, face a sickly pale. "Oh god."

Ruby smiled as she stood behind Jessie, hypospray ready in hand. Nathan tried to speak again but it came out more muffled than the last attempt. Ruby lowered the hypospray toward Jessie, at the last second she grabbed her wrist, then looked up at her.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Jessie muttered, before elbowing her attacker pretty hard.

While Ruby backed off a bit, Jessie got onto her feet and turned to face her.

"You sick little bitch, didn't you have enough fun with the last two you murdered?" Jessie said.

"You don't understand," Ruby said.

"Duh, obviously," Jessie groaned, rolling her eyes.

"He obviously loves you more than he could ever love me," Ruby hissed. She moved her other hand slightly from behind her back, in it was a long thin wire with blood dripping from it. "He'd keep telling me it wasn't true, that he lived for me, that things would get better when we lived together."

Jessie edged closer to a nearby wall panel, "ok."

"How else could I get the truth from him?" Ruby questioned innocently, smiling cutely.

"Wow I'm so glad my husband hadn't thought of hacking off limbs with a wire to solve trust issues," Jessie stuttered.

"Words easily make lies. Pain you can always trust," Ruby said.

Jessie reached the panel, before she could do anything Ruby lunged forward. Jessie threw a punch in her face, knocking her to the ground. Immediately she turned back to the panel. "Good," she mumbled, then tapped her commbadge. "Rex-Stuart to transporter room, can you get a lock on Nathan Andrews?"

In: "Yes I can, where do you..."

"Sickbay quickly," Jessie replied.

Ruby started to get back up. Nearby the bathroom door a commbadge transported away. Jessie groaned, "oh crap." Ruby then went over to where Nathan was lying. "Ok scrap that, get the doc here," Jessie quietly said.

"Now where were we?" Ruby softly said while kneeling down beside his legs. Next to her stood what looked like one of his boots covered in blood, and a slight bit of what looked like a severed part of his leg sticking out at the top. She wrapped the wire around the leg which was still attached to him.

"Damn," Jessie stuttered, looking slightly faint. She picked up an ornament that stood on a small book shelf, snuck it behind her back and started to walk closer with her eyes narrowed. Once she was close enough to Ruby, she swung the ornament at her head. Again Ruby ended up on the floor, this time she didn't get back up.

The doors opened, James and Craig walked in with a few Security officers behind them. One of them saw the amount of blood around the severed foot, and around Nathan, and fainted as a result.

Jessie still had her eyes narrowed, in fact one was closed completely. "Did I get her, I didn't just hit something else did I?"

James walked over to stand beside her, "you got her, you got her real good."

Craig knelt down next to Ruby, he made her roll onto her back. Now she had a nasty big bruise and cut across her head. "Trust Jessie to bruise and draw blood."

Doctor Jones quickly arrived on the scene, "state the nature of the medical..." He of course noticed what everyone else had. "I'm going to need some help with this one."

"Don't look at me," Jessie muttered, looking toward the door. "I'm still a bit faint at the sight of blood-ey. Or maybe it's the severed limbs."

"I'll do it, but as long as James has to pick up and/or carry the severed foot," Craig said.

"Sure, I can hit you with it," James said. Jessie glanced at him in her usual 'dont make me hurt you' way. "Sorry," he nervously said, putting an arm around her.

Sickbay:

Doctor Jones, Nikki and Naomi were busy treating Nathan on the main biobed. A few unknowns were standing around near the doorway. James, Jessie and Craig stood next to the station.

"How did you know?" Craig asked.

"I didn't, well not really. It was just a hunch. That girl creeped me out, and when you guys mentioned the description, her ex room-mate, you know, I got worried," Jessie replied.

"I still don't get why the girlfriend would do that," Craig said.

"She felt that all he ever did was lie to her, and liked his sisters more. Something about pain never lies," Jessie said.

"The other victims were girl obsessed. I'd say it explains a lot but it's not like she just punched them, or kicked them in the groin," James muttered.

Doctor Jones headed over to them, "he's going to be fine. I do recommend he stays overnight, and get a few days off."

"What about a few months," James said. Jessie elbowed him in the arm.

"He wants to talk to you Jessie," Doctor Jones said.

"Oh, that sounds ominous," Jessie said.

"Not really, it'll be the 'thanks for saving my life' crap," Craig muttered. "I'd better go anyway, someone's got to watch the psycho while the doc treats her." He headed to the door, Doctor Jones sighed and followed.

"Oh crap, I left unknowns in charge," James stuttered.

Jessie shook her head, "it can't be that bad."

"Oh it can be, there seems to be a rule where if it's just unknowns in charge, any main cast member can walk in and take charge," James said. "I'll see you later ok." He kissed her briefly on the forehead before running out, looking all panicky.

Jessie sighed before heading over to Nathan's side. He groggily looked up at her. "Hey Nath, how are you feeling or should I not ask?"

"Well the doc gave me something for the pain, it has replaced that paralyze so that's a good start," Nathan mumbled.

"Oh so that's why you couldn't talk right," Jessie said. "The doc said you wanted to talk to me?"

"Yeah. What you did for me, it was..." Nathan said.

Jessie smiled, "it's ok, you're welcome, you'd of done the same for me."

"You're right I would have, but that's not what I was going to say," Nathan muttered. "Dont ever do anything like that again."

Jessie looked at him bewilderedly, "and why not, you just said you'd have done it."

"Yeah but it's different for me. You're my little sister, I'm supposed to protect you, not the other way round," Nathan said.

"Ok is that cos I'm a girl or is it the age that's the factor?" Jessie questioned.

"You shouldn't have seen me like that," Nathan muttered angrily. He turned his head away from her. "I should have been able to."

"Oh is that what this is. You're worried about your manliness," Jessie muttered, shaking her head. "We're living in the twenty fourth century Nathan, women are not all weak damsels and men aren't all knights in shining armour. I barely know you but I still went to your aid and this is the thanks I get. I didn't want a proper thank you, don't get me wrong, but I get enough of this attitude from James whenever I help him."

"You just don't get it do you?" Nathan groaned.

"No, I really don't," Jessie said, she turned and walked away.

The Bridge:

Tom stepped out of the turbolift, "ah it's good to be home aga..." His face turned slightly pale before he got a chance to finish speaking. His eyes were focused on the familiar figure standing in the centre of the bridge. She then turned around.

"Oh hi Tommy, do you want to play Captain and First Officer," Annika giggled.

Tom whimpered slightly, he backed off then ran back the way he came. James walked in via the same lift entrance, Tom decided to just hide behind him instead.

"We really have to revise the old 'anyone can take over the unknowns' rule," James sighed.

Tom could only squeak in fear, "mmm hmm."

THE END