

B4FV Season Three Special Mind Games

August 1989, England:

A small partly new maroon car flashed its indicator lights before turning into a busy hospital car park. Standing nearby was a young woman wearing a nurse uniform, waiting patiently for the door to open. When it did a familiar woman, only in her early twenties, climbed out of the car. The two walked closer to hug.

"Leanne, great to see you again."

The woman smiled as they pulled apart, "Kath, you should visit more often." She eyed the red car, "hmm nice rental."

"You know it's difficult for me to visit England," Kathryn said. "And how hard it is to get a rental that doesn't break down just a mile down the road."

Leanne smiled sympathetically, she took her bag away from her. "Get a taxi next time, and I'll hold you back if you want."

"If it was about what I wanted, we wouldn't be having this conversation," Kathryn sighed.

"Ok what you need then," Leanne corrected herself. "So what brings you here, not that I'm complaining."

Kathryn sighed uneasily, "I'm worried, I've been getting a few bad feelings, you know."

"Let me guess, motherly instinct?" Leanne raised an eyebrow. "What happened to keeping a distance?"

"That's where my sneakiness comes in handy, I won't make contact, just watch," Kathryn replied.

"I doubt that'll happen. You'll be too tempted to see him properly," Leanne muttered.

"I know but I can't ignore my instincts. The feeling's been bugging me for a year or so. This has been the first chance to leave San Francisco, I can't waste it," Kathryn said.

"Kathryn I don't like the sound of this. Are you sure your instincts, bad feelings aren't just instincts to just see him again?" Leanne questioned.

"Of course not. I'm really worried about him," Kathryn snapped. "If you want, you can come with me."

"Look Kath, my last memory of the little guy was a happy, spirited, strong and witty young man. I find it hard to believe that a four year old boy like that isn't ok. He's probably starting school in a month or so," Leanne said.

"What would you do Lea if he was yours?" Kathryn asked, folding her arms as a sign of protest.

Leanne sighed, knowing she had been defeated. "Ok ok, I'll come. You'll watch him for a short while, and then we'll go. Drop me home you know." Kathryn narrowed her eyes at her. "What, petrol's expensive. I can't see it getting more expensive than it is now. I'm better off with the bus."

"Uh huh," Kathryn muttered. "As long as I can check him later if we don't see anything the first time."

"Doesn't that beat the point of my plan?" Leanne said.

"Yes, yes it does," Kathryn smiled.

The car drove into a quiet housing estate, it parked on the curb right in front of a quaint modern for its time, little bungalow. Kathryn stepped out from the car while Leanne waited anxiously in the boiling hot car.

A neglected weedy garden greeted her first as she walked down the path that lead to the front door. Instead of going toward it, she went to the window next to it. However something amongst the weeds caught her eyes. Using her foot to move the weeds to the side it looked to her like the charred remains of a small bonfire. Then she spotted a charred piece of paper, it looked like a child's drawing was on it before the fire.

After a quick glance through the window into the seemingly empty room, Kathryn walked around to the side of the house and into the back yard. It was mostly empty with the exception of a badly rusted metal swing frame, the missing seat and ropes lay on the ground. Also a deflated ball lay next to a damaged brick wall.

"What a great place for two kids," Kathryn muttered. Yelling coming from inside the house made her quickly turn on her heel. She moved to stand against the wall of the house, slowly peeping through one of the windows. Inside she could see Peter Taylor, red in the face, obviously yelling towards something in the room with him.

Kathryn sighed, "there it is again." She went back the way she came.

Leanne watched her go to the door from the car window. She quickly knocked on it, mouthing, "no, don't you dare."

Kathryn chose to ignore her and went inside. As soon as she walked into the living room Peter's loud yelling startled her. Susy marched in with her hands full with stacked plates, and two glasses standing on top. "What now?" She noticed Kathryn. "What on... what are you doing here? You can't just walk in."

"I got a little concerned with Peter's shouting," Kathryn said.

"And you could hear him from your stupid farm in America, San Francisco... wherever?" Susy questioned.

"No. Is James ok, I've been getting some bad feelings, like a sixth sense. You should know, you're a mum," Kathryn replied.

Susy looked very uncomfortable as she put down the plates on the table. "Well." She looked toward one of the doors nervously.

Kathryn's face tightened, "that yelling is for him, what did he do?"

Susy sighed, "I've lost track, being himself no doubt."

"He's still yelling at him for being a child you mean? You said you wouldn't let Peter do that," Kathryn muttered. Her face looked very angry as she heard a small child crying. "Oh that's it." She marched toward one of the doors. Susy lunged forward to try and stop her, but she got there quicker than she thought. Kathryn threw open the door.

Peter, who was kneeling down at the foot of the bed, turned to look at her, lowering his fist. "What the hell are you doing here?" He straightened up.

Kathryn marched forward with a look that could kill on her face. "What the hell are you doing is the better question!" She looked down to the ground where Peter knelt before, turning her head slightly she saw a small hand holding the corner of the bed, a small blonde boy's head peeped around it briefly then hid back behind it. "James?"

"This is none of your business anymore," Peter hissed.

Kathryn flashed her death glare at him, then looked back holding out her hand. "James, it's ok, you can come out."

The boy's face peeped back out, trembling with his eyes wide with fear.

"That's a good boy, do you remember me?" Kathryn softly asked. Young James nodded slightly then shook his head instead. Kathryn smiled a little. "It's ok sweetheart. James you're ok."

He looked up slightly, he pointed his finger upwards. Kathryn frowned, turning her head back. Peter swung his arm in her face, knocking her to the ground.

Susy appeared at the doorway, "Peter!" He turned back to her.

"Ugh, what do you want?"

"This has gone on long enough. Will you calm down, maybe get a coffee to..." Kathryn looked up, Susy groaned. "Not you! For him to sober up."

"Coffee? I'm not some crazy coffee obsessed..." Peter snapped.

"Obsessed what?" Kathryn grumbled.

Susy moved around to the head of the bed, knelt down with her arms outstretched. "Come on, it's all right. I'll get you out of here," she whispered. James appeared around the other side of the bed to before, he ran into her arms. She straightened back up.

Peter noticed her, "Susy I wouldn't."

Kathryn stepped closer to him, "why don't we calm down. He's only a child, he's scared."

"Scared? Only women should be scared," Peter snapped at her. Susy stepped backwards slowly so she could keep her eye on him, then edged along the wall toward the door. "He is not a Taylor, you must have corrupted him!"

"Corrupted isn't the word. All 'I've' done is made him human instead of a monster," Kathryn said.

Susy opened the door quietly. Peter swung around and punched her in the face. She stumbled back, and hit her head against the door handle. Her hands accidentally loosened their grip on James, he fell to the ground with her. Peter turned back to Kathryn.

"Don't make me throw you out of here."

"How can you do that to your own wife and son?" Kathryn snapped.

"What, oh don't go all soft on me," Peter grumbled.

James meanwhile stood over Susy, then knelt down next to her. "Mum, you ok?" He shook her lightly, "mum?"

Peter and Kathryn turned to look down at them. James shook her again, she didn't respond. Kathryn pushed passed Peter, she knelt down on the other side of Susy. "Ohno," she mumbled while checking her pulse. When she tilted her head back to prepare for CPR she felt blood on her hand.

With a look of thunder on her face she looked up at Peter, "you son of a bitch, call an ambulance!" Peter stared blankly. "Ugh, come on James." She quickly picked up James and tried to leave in a hurry. Peter lunged for her but just missed her.

They quickly left the house, slamming all the doors behind them. "Leanne! Call 91... sorry 999!"

Leanne, who now stood next to the car fanning herself, stared blankly. "What why?"

Kathryn handed a squirming, upset James to her. "Just do it." She brushed her hand through his hair, "it's all right, this is my cousin. You've met her before ok."

Peter charged out of the house. Kathryn sighed before going back toward him.

"Kathryn don't," Leanne said. She kept a hold of James with one arm, while pulling one of those large mobile phones out of her bag with the other hand.

Kathryn stood opposite Peter. "I trusted you with him, what was I thinking? Out of my way, Susy needs help."

"Women don't order me around," Peter muttered.

"Just how drunk are you? She's dying, don't you care about her?" Kathryn snapped.

Peter growled, "give me my so called son back now!"

"No my son's staying with me this time," Kathryn grumbled.

Peter noticed Leanne speaking on the phone. He pushed Kathryn out of the way like she was nothing. "Lea, get him in the car, go!" she yelled from the ground.

"Hurry please, we need an ambulance too," Leanne stuttered. She hung up the phone, Peter got to her when she reached out to open the car door. "Back off, you're not getting him." He grabbed a tight hold of James, she kept a hold too. He kicked her in the leg to make her let him go. James struggled in his grip.

"Now you little whiny s***, how many other girls are you going to be responsible for killing?" James stopped struggling, he looked up at him with an annoyed look on his face. Peter smiled, "now we're getting somewhere." To his surprise James kicked him, what surprised him more was that it hurt. He dropped him onto the floor.

Kathryn climbed up to her feet, she turned back to the house.

"I suggest you leave before the police arrive Kathy, or..." Peter snapped. The car door suddenly swung open, knocking him hard to the ground. The shock and power of it knocked him unconscious. Kathryn stared in shock, unsure of what had just happened. Her eyes focused on the car door, James pushed it closed with only his finger. She ran toward him to pick him up.

"How did you do that?"

Leanne got up just as the sound of sirens could be heard in the distance.

"Did he just do that, that was the cutest thing ever," Leanne said as she got to her feet.

"Cute? I suppose so," Kathryn said. "Go check on Susy."

Leanne nodded, then ran toward the house. Police cars and an ambulance arrived on the scene.

May 1995, San Francisco:

Kathryn stood outside a large primary school next to the gates. Children were running or walking out of the yard to parents or older children. James, now nine years old ran to her holding school books. Kathryn's face lit up.

"Hello sweetheart, how was your day?"

"Ok, can we go?" James replied.

"Of course, what's the hurry," Kathryn said, brushing his thick blonde hair with her fingers.

A teacher marched out of the main entrance. "James Taylor-Janeway!"

Kathryn groaned, "what have you done this time?"

"It wasn't me," James replied, looking up at her with an innocent look on his face.

The teacher rushed up to them, "Miss Janeway. Your son's supposed to be on detention."

"You said stay behind after school, I did," James said.

"For longer than half a minute!" the teacher snapped.

"You never said how long," James smiled cheekily.

Kathryn sighed, "what am I going to do with you? What did he do?"

"The usual," the teacher replied.

"How long do you want him, I have to go to work soon," Kathryn asked.

"An hour, I'm sorry," the teacher replied.

Kathryn sighed as she looked down at her mischievous son. "Looks like your babysitter will have to pick you up."

"I don't need a babysitter," he pouted, folding his arms in a huff. "I'm not staying for a bloody hour."

"Don't snap at me or say bloody," the teacher scolded.

"Go with her James, I'll tell him to pick you up at half four," Kathryn said. "Can you be good for that long?"

"No," James replied. "There's no one to punch so yeah, kinda."

Kathryn knelt down so she could look up at him instead of the other way round, and held his hands. "Please, don't run off this time. I know why you got into trouble today."

"I only did it as Alex was being an ass," James muttered, pouting his lips.

"No, like last time you saw it as an opportunity to escape your babysitter. I'm not repeating our missing child drama," Kathryn said softly. "Please stay with the teacher until Chakotay gets here."

"I don't like him," James mumbled.

"Sweetie, it's just four hours, you can play outside," Kathryn said. Her stare became more forceful, "just in the garden though, or your room. You've got homework, you will only have to see him when he picks you up and gets your dinner."

"I'm not eating anything he makes," James muttered. "I'll stay as long as he stays the hell away from me. I'll walk home on my own."

"No you won't," Kathryn said.

"If he talks to me," James mumbled. He walked back to the school.

Kathryn closed her eyes as she stood up. The teacher shook her head. "He doesn't like any other adult supervision but you?"

"It's not that. Chakotay is uh, a close friend of mine. James is intimidated by him."

"James is a bright, creative and most of the time friendly young man. I'm worried that his aggressive side will cause problems throughout his life. It's such a shame," the teacher said.

"Excuse me," Kathryn said, she headed into the car park.

"Chakotay's a strange name," the teacher said quietly.

One Hour Later:

The teacher stood watch as James sat at a desk, drawing on big pieces of paper. The books he had were standing nearby. There was a knock at the door before it opened. A younger tattoo-less Chakotay walked in. "Hi, I'm here to pick up James. Is he..."

The teacher smiled at him, "yes he's still here. He's been good as gold, finished his homework in only ten minutes."

"Good. James let's go," Chakotay said.

James glanced back briefly with his own death glare planted on his face. He turned back to his paper as the teacher walked over to him.

"I can keep those here if you want, they're very good."

James stared blankly at the papers, he picked them up. Then he ripped and crumpled them all up. The teacher sighed in disappointment, "see you tomorrow. Try not to punch anyone."

"I'll try," he mumbled while standing up.

"Come on, if you're hungry now we can go straight to a McDonalds or whatever you want," Chakotay said.

James reluctantly walked over to him, "why?"

"You never eat anything I cook," Chakotay replied.

"God knows where those hands have been," James muttered. "I'd rather starve than hang out with you."

"James your mother wants us to get along, so do I," Chakotay said.

"I want you to trip over your own fat feet and get impaled on a fence, but stay alive and stuck for hours," James grumbled.

"How nice," Chakotay muttered through gritted teeth. "Why don't we continue this outside." He walked outside, James followed him looking like he was going to stab him to death.

Several Hours Later

A small house in a quiet village:

James sat on a sofa with his feet up, the TV opposite was blaring. He had a big bag of crisps on his lap. A smile appeared on his face when the door opened a centimetre, the chain kept it mostly shut.

Chakotay's voice yelled through the gap, "damn it James, open the door!"

James picked up a remote beside him to increase the TV volume.

Half an hour later:

A small blue car pulled into the house' driveway, Kathryn sat in the drivers seat. She caught sight of Chakotay, he had ended up sitting on the doorstep with a bag of McDonalds beside him. She hurried out of the car as soon as the engine cut off.

"What the hell is this?"

Chakotay stood up, "I offered to take him out, he refused. Later I went out to get us some dinner, I returned to find the chain on the door."

The look on Kathryn's face could have scared away a group of armed Klingons as she marched to the door. "James! Open the door this instant!"

"Kathryn, screaming at him will only put him off," Chakotay uneasily said. The door opened on its own when she turned to glare at him. They both heard running footsteps inside.

Kathryn didn't waste any time in marching into her home. "Get back here, I'm not finished with you!"

By the living room doorway James turned around to look at her. Chakotay closed the door while Kathryn walked over to him.

"I know you don't like him but that was going too far," she said.

"Totally worth it," James commented, turning away again. Kathryn grabbed his arm.

"Oh I'm not done. We're going to have a serious talk about your behaviour lately," Kathryn grumbled.

"I told him to kick the door down," James said. Kathryn scowled. "He told me to lock the door after him."

"Yes cos I had the keys, there's no key for the chain," Chakotay said.

"You know better, don't make excuses," Kathryn muttered.

"Why does this ass have keys to this house?" James grumbled, glaring toward Chakotay. He marched toward him, Kathryn grabbed a hold of the sides of his arms to stop him.

"I gave him copies when he's babysitting," she replied. "You and me will have a long talk upstairs." She turned him around, kept a hold of his arm as she headed up the stairs.

The next day:

The same car pulled into the driveway. The right door swung open while the car was still moving. James jumped out of it and slammed the door shut. The car stopped, then the door he slammed fell to the ground. Kathryn soon got out herself, and followed her son into the house. The two stopped in the kitchen.

"I want to know, I'm very worried," Kathryn said.

James filled the kettle with water and switched it on. Kathryn watched him, frowning. "What are you doing?"

"Making a coffee, what do you think?" James replied. "Nothing's wrong, leave me alone."

"Mrs Jones told me about your friends, why are they picking on you?" Kathryn questioned.

"Mum they're not picking on me," James said.

"Then why did..." Kathryn said.

James groaned as he prepared a coffee for himself. When he finished Kathryn tried to snatch it off him, he kept a tight grip of it. "Make your own!"

"Don't snap at me, you're too young for coffee," Kathryn grumbled.

"Well you have too much of it," James muttered. "Why do you always berate me?"

Kathryn shook her head, "I don't. Why do you always do your best to worry and irritate me?"

"Maybe cos you always treat me like a kid!" James snapped.

"You are nine, that's considered a child. You're my son and I care about you. You act like you don't appreciate it," Kathryn grumbled.

The two both played tug of war with the coffee. It spilt all over the floor, they froze on the spot. They both began smirking and soon started laughing.

"Oh if only we could see ourselves, we'd look pretty stupid," Kathryn laughed.

"Speak for yourself," James said with a small grin.

"All I want is to find out what's bothering you, it's not just me imagining it," Kathryn sighed.

"It's just..." James muttered uncomfortably. "I don't know why. I didn't do anything."

Kathryn frowned, she gently put an arm around his shoulders, "Let's start from the beginning."

"Rachel, she started school last week," James muttered.

"Do you like her?" Kathryn questioned.

"Amie, Linsey and I hung out with her, show her around the school and stuff," James replied. "She was ok."

"I mean like her, like her," Kathryn said.

James' face dropped, then looked away. "Did the teacher tell you that?"

"No of course not," Kathryn replied. "Is it true?"

"No," James snapped, taking her by surprise. He sighed to calm himself, "sorry."

"It's all right, go on," Kathryn said.

"She's uh, she told people. She turned them against me," James muttered.

"The rumours, what did that minx make up about you?" Kathryn asked.

James looked up at her, pouting his lips and widening his eyes. "That I hit on her, putting it mildly."

"She said what?" Kathryn growled. "Oh I'm so going to sort this out."

"Mum you don't know, you just believe me cos you're my mum," James mumbled.

"Don't be silly, you're not like that. I know you," Kathryn said.

"So does Amie and Linsey," James said.

"I'll tell you what. Why don't we get a big pizza delivered here and we can rent a video or something. The next morning I'll pull out little Rachel's hair and shove it down her throat, what do you say?" Kathryn said, giving him a kiss on the cheek. He laughed and grinned as she gave him a cuddle. "Nobody spreads rumours like that about my favourite person in the whole world. I'll sort her out."

"You don't have to mum," he said.

"Yes I do," Kathryn said. "Tonight it's just you and me."

James frowned and looked around as he heard a different woman's voice faintly calling his name. "What's that?"

"What's what?" Kathryn said.

He heard the woman's voice again, each word was louder than the one before it. "Can you hear me? James, come back to me." His eye lids started to feel heavy, they soon closed. Then he felt a bright light shine directly into them, he felt dizzy and weak, then felt like he was lying down all of a sudden despite not feeling like he had fell.

He pulled a face as he squinted his eyes open again. The light dimmed down but it was still so bright it hurt them. Two blurred figures stood to his left, one was a lot bigger than the other. Then he felt two soft hands take a hold of his right hand.

A familiar male voice spoke, "his body's been through a lot. I really think he should stay here for a few days to recover."

"I doubt he's going to stick around for that long," the voice from before said.

"No he won't want to, but in his condition he won't be able to for half the time," the male voice said.

The light dimmed down to a tolerable level, James could see the blurry figures a lot clearer now. The smaller one was Jessie, the larger one was the Doctor. Both of them were looking at each other. "I don't understand, what's wrong?" she asked. "Well apart from burns, cuts and bruises."

"Well," the Doctor sighed. "It looks to me like he was beaten badly, then treated by somebody who didn't know what he was doing, but not fully. He did a poor job repairing some internal injuries. Some injuries are two weeks old at the most, some are twelve days old, seven, four... you get the idea. A week ago it looks like he got another poor treatment. To sum it all up, I'm surprised he was able to fight those demons and get through the rift in the condition he's in."

"What's going on?" James mumbled weakly.

Jessie and the Doctor looked down at him, her face lit up a little. "You're awake? I was really worried."

"You collapsed during the meeting," the Doctor answered his question. "Why didn't you come to Sickbay when you first came back?"

"Each time, it was busy," James replied, he tried to sit up. The Doctor rushed over to Jessie's other side to push him gently back down.

"That's not good enough. You've suffered a lot of internal damage as well as external. You're staying here for three to four days," the Doctor said.

"But," James said.

"You don't have a choice, you're too weak to walk right now," the Doctor said. "I'm surprised you're still alive actually."

"The internal was healed," James mumbled.

"Only by somebody who didn't know what he was doing, there was some that was recent but untreated as well," the Doctor said. He walked out of James' sight. "You're staying here for rest and observation."

"Observation?" James said, pulling a face.

"When we got you to Sickbay we almost lost you," Kes' voice said while taking the Doctor's former place. "You should know better than to avoid treatment for so long."

"I didn't know it was that bad," James muttered.

Kes shook her head, "you should still visit, don't give us that. Rest ok, you really need it." She disappeared from his sight again.

James looked toward Jessie, "Jess?"

"No I'm not going to spring you," she said, then pulled a face at the sound of Danny's giggles. "It's not dirty."

Danny appeared by her side, "bed springs, obviously. You're getting rusty." She looked down at James, "how you feeling?"

"A little groggy actually, dizzy," James replied. "How long was I..."

"A few hours," Jessie uneasily replied. She placed a hand against his cheek, "the Doctor said the drugs he gave you would keep you out for a while. We weren't expecting you to wake up this soon. I'm kinda glad though."

"Kinda?" James raised an eyebrow weakly.

"Good for me, not for you. You probably feel crap cos the drugs are still doing their thing," Jessie said.

The Doctor walked back into view, "I'm afraid his consciousness will only be short lived. There was a low chance of him waking up during treatment, and well when it does happen it's not for very long."

Danny took a hold of his arm to pull him away, "then let's give those two some privacy. Jess probably wants to tell him off or something."

"Do you?" James asked, just then noticing his eye lids again getting heavy.

"It's not as effective when you're still ill. When you're better," Jessie smiled. "What's the last thing you remember anyway, you seemed out of it during the entire meeting."

"Not sure, I'm still a bit out of it. You know when you're still half asleep, and the dream still feels real," James muttered

"Hmm yeah," Jessie said. "What was the dream?"

"I can't remember mostly," James replied, letting his eyes close again. "I just remember my dad threatening me, mum hurt and... no, it's all gone."

"Can't you have a nice dream while you're resting here? I want one less thing to worry about," Jessie said while moving her hand to stroke his hair.

"I'll try next time," James said. He started to feel dizzier, and weak again. The last thing he felt before losing consciousness was Jessie pressing her lips against his forehead.

When he awoke he was back as a nine year old, lying in his bed. His eyes opened wide and bolted up right, breathing heavily. "Damn not again," his hand went across his face.

Moments later he was walking down the stairs that lead into the hall way. The living room door was open by half a centimetre, he could hear mumbling, slight groans and what sounded like kissing. He pushed the door open, his eyes widened in horror. "Oh my god." With that he ran back up the stairs as fast as he could, slamming his bedroom door.

When he stepped away from it, it fell off the hinges and slammed onto the ground. He picked it up to lean it against the wall. Instead he pushed his wardrobe to block the door.

"James!" Kathryn's voice yelled from the other side. "What, how did you..."

"Go away!" he yelled back.

"Impressive for such a small boy," Chakotay's voice commented.

Kathryn sighed, "I'm sorry you saw that, but my personal life is not something to be mad at."

"You said tonight was me and you, not you, Chuckles and the sofa!" James shouted back at her.

"Honey I thought you were asleep," Kathryn groaned. "It was just a kiss ok."

"God, don't you ever stop lying!" James snapped. He muttered quietly to himself, "all you are is a lying whore."

Kathryn gasped, Chakotay looked uneasy. "You don't even know what that means!"

"Stop thinking I'm just a kid, I'm not stupid," James muttered. "I'll tell you what it means. It's someone who has a nine year old kid cos of a one nighter, and does it on the sofa with a fat chimp and human hybrid thing while that kid's just upstairs."

"That's it, enough of the insults," Chakotay grumbled, not noticing Kathryn's horrified expression. "I haven't done anything to you but try to be your friend!"

"Only cos you sleep with my mother you son of a bitch!" James screamed back at him.

"We weren't!" Chakotay yelled back. Kathryn put a hand on his shoulder.

"Move the wardrobe, he's not next to it," she whispered.

Chakotay carefully pushed the wardrobe forward. James now stood by his bed, near the window, noticed this and ran back to it. He began pushing right back. Chakotay struggled to move it as James turned around to lean his back against it.

"God damn it, do you keep feeding this kid spinach?" Chakotay grunted. "I'll have to break the back of it." Kathryn nodded. He pushed through the wood on the back, and climbed inside of it. Before he got through to the doors, James pushed the side of it. It toppled right over, Chakotay rolled out of the doors. Kathryn looked on, unsure whether to look angry, shocked or amused.

"Oh you are in so much trouble," she grumbled when she decided to be angry.

"Me? You're allowed to say or do anything no matter how it makes me feel, but I can't do anything. That doesn't seem fair," James muttered.

"How do you feel?" Kathryn asked.

"Why do you care? You order a pizza and movie, think it's some miracle cure and then disgrace yourself by doing the dirty with wood brain there," James grumbled. "Then you start yelling at me when I have a right to be mad, you know I hate him."

"I don't understand why, you'll always be my favourite little guy," Kathryn said.

"Little guy!" James exclaimed. "Perfect choice of words, it makes it possible for you to love him more than me, doesn't it? I knew you cared about him more, I was just an inconvenience. I'm sorry I'm in your way."

"I didn't mean it like that," Kathryn said.

"No please, get back to sleeping with him. I'm sorry I walked in on it," James grumbled.

"Where did you learn that? Was it those girls?" Kathryn asked.

"Rachel before she spread the rumours," James muttered uncomfortably like he was hiding something.

"Ok when are we going to get to the strength subject?" Chakotay asked, while pulling himself up to his feet.

"Now. You're fat, not muscley. You're just a weak huge bit of crap that's stinking up this house," James muttered in response. "Where were we up to?"

"Oh you think you're smart do you? No wonder your mother was miserable when I first met her," Chakotay said.

"That's not true," Kathryn said.

"Of course she was miserable, I was too when I first saw you," James said.

"I've done nothing but try to get you to like me. You have no reason to treat me like this," Chakotay said.

"I have plenty," James muttered.

"No you have one. You're scared I'll take her from you," Chakotay said.

"No you already have. You've got what you wanted, congratulations," James said. He marched out the door. Chakotay followed and put his arm out to stop him.

"Don't walk away, we're going to sort this out."

"You can't tell me what to do, you're not my father!" James snapped, pushing his arm away. He grabbed his arm instead to stop him. James stared coldly into his eyes. "Get your hands off me or I'll rip them off."

"Would you two stop it!" Kathryn snapped.

"You've done nothing but cause me and your mother grief, you're going to stay and explain why," Chakotay said. He knelt down slightly to pick him up. "Now we're going to talk downstairs." He walked toward the stairs.

"Chakotay put him down, he doesn't like that," Kathryn stuttered.

James' angry face soon turned to a one of fear. Chakotay stopped by the stairs.

"Come on, it's all right. I'll get you out of here," Susy whispered. James appeared around the other side of the bed to before, he ran into her arms. She straightened back up.

Peter noticed her, "Susy I wouldn't."

Susy opened the door quietly. Peter swung around and punched her in the face. She stumbled back, and hit her head against the door handle. Her hands accidentally loosened their grip on James, he fell to the ground with her.

James ran into the bedroom where he found Leanne doing CPR on Susy. Paramedics tried to get passed him so they could get to her. Leanne backed away as they began to try and help her. James walked closer to Susy's still body. Her eyes were still open, her arms laid out from when she was carrying him to safety. He knelt down next to her.

Leanne gathered him up in her arms, "don't."

"No," he cried, reaching out for her as Leanne carried him out of the bedroom.

"No," James cried, sounding just as helpless as he did when he was four. He swung his right fist as hard as he could at Chakotay's face, he dropped him as he stumbled backward to the ground. Kathryn rushed forward, she went straight for James. He just grunted before running down the stairs.

Kathryn crawled over to Chakotay's side. His face was covered with blood coming from what was left of his nose. "Oh my, I'm sorry. James hates being picked up ever since Susy died. I didn't know he could hit this hard." She helped him sit up, "don't tilt your head back." She rushed to the other bedroom.

Chakotay looked ahead of him, everything seemed crooked and appeared to be moving side to side. He could clearly see James staring up at him from the bottom of the stairs.

Kathryn rushed back to his side. At this point Chakotay looked very pale, and looked ready to pass out. Kathryn had to place hands across his face to stop his head from falling back.

"Kathryn," he mumbled. Kathryn turned to see that James had gone.

"Kathryn," Chakotay said as he walked into the Ready Room. She looked up at him expectantly. "You wanted me to tell you when James woke up."

"Right. How is he?" Kathryn asked.

"He wasn't awake long, he's unconscious again," Chakotay replied. "The Doctor's not expecting anymore problems during treatment. I think the only problem is keeping him in Sickbay when he's able to walk again."

"How long's the treatment going to take?" Kathryn questioned.

"Another hour," Chakotay replied. "He'll be awake after it, but will still feel the effects of the drugs for at least half a day."

"So I'm guessing that's when we've got to worry about keeping him in Sickbay," Kathryn sighed, shaking her head. "He's so stubborn."

"You can't complain, you'd be doing the exact same thing if you were in his position," Chakotay smiled.

"True but I wouldn't be in it in the first place," Kathryn muttered harshly, sitting back in her chair.

"I don't think that's true. If you had to decide between your health and your job you'd choose the latter, it's where he gets it from," Chakotay said.

"No," Kathryn muttered. "I mean about the rift in the first place."

"I'm sure you would have done that yourself. You were going to the second time round," Chakotay said. "You're not comparing yourself to him, you're just angry with him as he is too like you in that aspect. He'll be ok in a day or two."

"Good. How's repairs going?" Kathryn questioned.

"Slowly, most of the crew are still a bit shaken up, distracted," Chakotay replied.

"We could all do with some uneventful shoreleave," Kathryn said. "When we get rid of those aliens, we should find somewhere to go."

Chakotay smiled, "that sounds like a plan."

Kathryn rested her arm across her belly, "ugh, I need another drink."

Chakotay looked at her with concern, "morning sickness?"

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "no, all day sickness."

"I'll get some water," Chakotay said, he headed for the replicator. "When did it start, you've been all right so far."

Kathryn sat down at the dining table looking very pale, Chakotay, who had a metal cast over his nose, put a glass of water down in front of her.

She looked at him, "we need to talk."

"Huh, we were talking. I asked you how long you've been up with morning sickness, after you asked for a drink," Chakotay muttered.

"No I mean to James," Kathryn said. "He needs to know."

Chakotay sighed, "I'd better go into hiding for a few months then, or at least keep my back to him at all times."

"He'll have to get used to it Chakotay, but yes I do think you should leave before I tell him," Kathryn said. "I can't today, it's his birthday."

"Surely having a new brother or sister would be good news," Chakotay said.

"Not with you as the father, I'm sorry," Kathryn said. "And it's not the best way to say happy tenth birthday."

"You know he has a habit of walking in on things, isn't it better to tell him than for him to find out?" Chakotay questioned.

"Find out about what?" James muttered as he walked into the kitchen. He sat at the dining table in front of his already made breakfast. His face lit up, "oh are you dying? That's a great present thanks."

Chakotay stared blankly at him, "no I'm not dying."

"Worst birthday already and I've only been awake five minutes," James muttered, pouting.

"So honey, do you feel any older?" Kathryn asked with a smile.

"Yeah, can I drive the car?" James replied, smiling innocently.

"Not for another seven years at least," Kathryn muttered.

James looked around his plate, then got up to head for the fridge. "Need juice. Why does it taste different?"

"What the juice?" Kathryn said.

James turned around holding a carton of orange juice, he didn't realise that it was leaking through the cap and that he was squeezing it too hard. "No, breakfast."

"Oh, um, I'm trying a new method," Kathryn nervously replied.

"Yeah," Chakotay said. "Um careful with the orange juice."

James glanced at the juice with a frown, "god these cartons are flimsy." He put it down on the bench, then reached for the cupboard.

When his back was turned Kathryn mouthed, "thanks for cooking." Chakotay nodded, smiling sneakily. They both jumped when they heard a glass smash.

"James, will you be more careful," Kathryn said as she turned her head to glance at him. Her face turned pale, "what happened." Forgetting the pain in her stomach and nausea, she ran over to James' side.

Glass was all over the floor near him, so was drops of blood. He held his right palm tightly, "I dunno, I picked it up and it broke."

Kathryn put her arm around him, "oh god, sweetie. Chakotay ring the doctor, no 911."

"Does this mean I don't have to go to school tomorrow?" James asked as he looked up at her.

Kathryn sighed, "no James."

"Damn," he pouted.

Later at the hospital, James sat on a hospital bed while the nurse wrapped a bandage around deep cuts in his hand. Chakotay stood nearby with his arms folded.

"You should tell your son to check a glass before picking it up, it probably was cracked already," the nurse said.

"He's not my dad," James grumbled.

The nurse looked embarrassed, "I'm sorry, step dad."

"No, just a friend of the family," Chakotay uneasily said.

"Why did mum go?" James asked toward the nurse.

Chakotay answered for her, "she isn't feeling well today. I told her not to come, but your mother's stubborn."

"There you go, I want you to come back though so I can see how it's doing," the nurse said. "I'll go check for an empty appointment slot, excuse me." She left the room.

Kathryn walked in after a minute of uncomfortable silence, "Chakotay, word please." Chakotay nodded, he walked passed her to leave. Kathryn went over to James. "How is it sweetie?"

"They gave me tablets," he pouted.

Kathryn smiled as she messed up his hair with her hand, he pouted again. "Don't worry, that's to make the pain go away. After I've talked with Chakotay we can go and celebrate your tenth."

"Mum you don't have to be nice all the time," James muttered.

Kathryn frowned, "what do you mean by that?"

"You're still mad at me," James said.

"No I'm not, I was mad at you both and myself for letting it happen," Kathryn said.

"The police don't believe your story where he tripped into the bedroom door mum," James said.

Kathryn sighed, "I know, but they'll find it less believable that you hit him that hard. Plus we have the door off it's hinges."

"Without any blood on it," James added on.

"Yes but I moved it in the right place," Kathryn said. "Don't worry, you're safe and Chakotay's just embarrassed that it happened at all, and he knows he shouldn't have picked you up."

"Ok, can we do something together, not with him?" James asked.

"That's quite difficult as he's paying for the trip," Kathryn replied.

"Then I'm not going," James muttered, folding his arms in a huff. He cringed while moving his injured hand back where it was.

Kathryn sighed, "I'll be right back." She turned around to leave again. James jumped down from the bed to stand by the door. "I've spoken to the doctor."

"And, I thought it was just morning sickness," Chakotay's voice said.

"It is, but she said my stress is a little too high. I need to relax a bit more, can you believe that?" Kathryn's voice said.

"Yes I can," Chakotay's voice said. "Oh don't look at me that way, with what's going on with James it's no surprise that you're stressed."

"Don't say that, it's you as well," Kathryn's voice said. "It's only going to get worse when he finds out about the baby."

James backed away from the door, his eyes wide in shock. He went to the window, and climbed out of it. Not long later everyone stepped back into the room.

"Where is he?" Kathryn stuttered.

Chakotay rushed to the window, "hmm I wonder."

"But why though?" Kathryn said in a nervous voice. "Split up, we have to find him."

James walked down the corridors of the hospital looking sorry for himself. "Some birthday." He saw Kathryn talking to a few nurses around the corner, he hid while she walked away towards the canteen. A few men who crept him out followed her inside, then he heard her gasp when the door closed behind them. "Mum!" He ran after them.

Inside the canteen the men forced Kathryn to the ground, one put a knife in front of her neck. "Your son is on his way here, you didn't teach him a thing did you?" one sneered.

"No," Kathryn stuttered. "James get out of here!" she yelled as James appeared at the door.

The men sneered at him. "We usually don't go for the younger one as well, but this time we'll make the exception. First though." One man pulled out a large dagger.

"No, it would be more fun to kill her first," one moaned.

"Get the hell off my mother," James grumbled.

"Hmm no," one man laughed.

The one with the dagger walked closer, "aaw, they're so cute when they're helpless and untrained." James did nothing except pretend to look scared, when the man reached him and knelt down James gave him the same punch he gave Chakotay. Well he did the same, but it knocked the man quite far backwards and to the floor. The other men looked pretty freaked as his face was barely recognisable now.

James smiled, "who's next?"

"Not so helpless," one stuttered.

The one with the knife at Kathryn's throat groaned, "try anything else boy and we kill her, simple as that. Get him over here." The others went over to grab him.

"It's ok James, fight back. This time you're allowed," Kathryn muttered.

"But mum," James moaned, "they'll kill you." The men kept a hold of him as they put him next to Kathryn.

"Don't worry about me, you can still get out," Kathryn stuttered.

"Ugh I'm getting sick of this mother and son mush," the vampire with the knife groaned. "Who should we kill first?"

Two people burst in, a girl in her thirties held a crossbow in her hands. "I'd say you." She fired, the one with the knife got an arrow in his back, he turned to dust. James quickly grabbed his knife, the other men widened their eyes, and were smart enough to back away from him.

The middle aged man with the girl smiled smugly, "you failed, send our regards to your Masters."

"No we haven't," one said, pulling a gun out to point it at James. He wasn't where he was before, he looked around confused. "Hey, where did..." He interrupted himself by crying out in pain, he looked down to find a knife in his leg. Then he noticed James in front of him, he punched him in the face. Meanwhile the girl ran forward to finish off the other men.

Kathryn stared bewilderedly, "what, uh just happened?"

The girl held out her hand for her, she took it and stood up. "Yeah um, sorry we're late. We were going to explain before this happened but..."

"We were held up in England, there's a lot of um... activity there," the man said.

"What were those things?" Kathryn asked. "Why did they try to kill us?"

"That's what we're here to discuss," the girl replied. She walked over to stand next to James, she held out her hand. "Hi, I'm S'Tara."

"James," he said.

"You're very good you know, we were expecting a helpless boy considering you have no training," S'Tara said.

"Um James has never really been helpless," Kathryn said. James frowned at her. "Well, more or less. So what's going on?"

"We were looking for him. The good thing about this attack is you won't think we're as crazy," the man replied. "Your son is the next Chosen Slayer."

"A what?" James muttered.

"Um, what he said," Kathryn said.

"Another like me," S'Tara said. "In laments terms, we fight evil. There are Natural Slayers, but we're stronger than them. There's only two like us every generation."

"Your sister will be too," the man said.

Kathryn's eyes shifted nervously, "what are you talking about?"

James looked up at her with a raised eyebrow, "oh yeah, thanks for not telling me mum. I heard you."

"Oh," Kathryn mumbled. "So it's a girl huh, how do you know?"

"Brother and sister are the Chosen's everytime," S'Tara frowned. "Wait, she hasn't been born yet. That's odd."

"It was predicted that this generation would be different," the man said. "We should find somewhere else to talk, there is much to discuss."

"Um J'Lian, these people are um pre-warp," S'Tara whispered to him.

"I know, but we haven't got a choice. I really hope you two have open minds. Come," the man said, gesturing to the door.

"Depends what it's about," Kathryn muttered, putting a protective arm around James. They and S'Tara followed.

"Basically other worlds, aliens," J'Lian replied. S'Tara shushed him as they left the canteen. "Again we need somewhere private."

"Aliens, that's what they were?" Kathryn whispered.

"Well they probably used to be before they were turned," S'Tara whispered back.

"This isn't going to end well," Kathryn commented.

James opened his eyes, straight ahead of him lay an unknown crewmember on another biobed. The Doctor was busy treating him.

"And he awakes, finally," Jessie sighed in relief. James turned around onto his other side so he could look up at her. "How are you feeling?"

"Better, but..." he replied.

The Doctor rushed to Jessie's side, "there shouldn't be a but. What's the matter?"

"Doc, stop acting like me," Jessie muttered. He glanced at her, confused. "You know panicky over his health."

"Oh," the Doctor muttered.

"How long was I out?" James asked.

"Three hours," Jessie replied. "The stuff's out of your system, but the Doctor expected you to still feel weak and a little dizzy if you tried to sit up or something."

"Yes, is that what the but was?" the Doctor questioned.

"Why so nervous Doc?" Jessie muttered.

James frowned at them both, "I dunno, my head feels heavy and my hand hurts." He raised his right hand, he saw the same cut he had from the glass. It was bleeding heavily. "Uh Doc, you forgot something."

The Doctor frowned as well, he looked at his hand. "There's nothing wrong with your hand."

James glanced at him bewilderedly, "there's a huge cut on it, I don't know how I did it though."

Jessie placed a hand on his arm, "James there's nothing there."

"But there is, I can feel it and see it," James said. He looked back at his hand, the injury was gone and the pain was fading away. "I don't understand."

Chakotay walked into Sickbay, minus his tattoo and wearing twentieth century clothes. "James, it's time to get up."

"What?" James muttered.

"What what?" Jessie questioned, looking concerned.

Meanwhile the Doctor had picked up his tricorder, and was making his way back to James. "Chakotay, he said it was time to get up. That's why I said what." He looked back to where Chakotay was, he was gone. "What the?"

"What's wrong?" Jessie asked.

The Doctor sighed as he scanned him. "I really don't know. This is odd."

"What's odd?" James questioned. "I haven't finally snapped, have I? Or hit my head?"

"No. My first guess was the chip, but it's deactivated still. You're not hallucinating either," the Doctor replied. "There is something there I can't explain though."

"Is it because of the treatment? You did seem panicky like you expected something to happen," Jessie said.

"No, it's not related to the drugs. That's all I was concerned about," the Doctor said. "I can't even begin to explain how but, his brain's sending false signals, and there's a second memory pattern."

"Second? But I don't have other memories that don't belong there," James muttered, looking confused.

"Well you probably wouldn't know the difference," the Doctor said.

James sighed, "I guess not."

"If you don't mind, I need to do a more detailed scan. Jessie can you back away a little," the Doctor said. Jessie stepped back, the large scanner on the biobed went over James.

The Sickbay doors opened again, the vampires from before walked in, sneering at him. "Doc it's doing it again," James muttered.

"I know," the Doctor said as he worked at the station. "It's not real, keep saying that."

The vampires surrounded Kes, she appeared to be able to see them though. They grabbed a hold of her, one pulled a knife out.

The scanner finished, the Doctor turned away for a second. James tried to get up, Jessie held him down. "No no, what are you doing, it's not real."

"But Kes," James stuttered.

Jessie looked over at Kes, to her she was working at the station on her own. "She's fine, you're seeing things."

James settled down, he looked over to her. She lay on the floor with a slit neck, the vampires headed toward where Jessie stood. He closed his eyes, "not real, not real."

The station started doing the warning beeps, "ohno." Jessie looked at the Doctor with wide eyes.

"What is it?" her voice sounded like it was fading away to James. He could hear the Doctor speaking, but it was so quiet he couldn't hear what he was saying. He tried to open his eyes, but they wouldn't. All he could hear was a buzzing sound getting louder and louder.

James now was lying underneath the bed covers of a double bed, he now looked seventeen years old. The alarm clock was buzzing loudly, a hand emerged from the covers. The alarm clock was soon on the ground a little broken.

The door opened, Kathryn pushed the door the rest of the way and made her way over to the bed. "James come on get up, you don't want to be late on your first day."

James appeared from the covers, "no whatever."

"Your sister's nearly ready so you better hurry. I made some coffee, providing that Lena hasn't drank it already," Kathryn said as she headed for the door.

James groaned as he pulled himself out of the bed, "that's no different from any other day."

A little while later:

"Fine whatever, we'll ask him," Kathryn muttered.

"Oh yes, ask the boy who'll probably get expelled on the first day," Chakotay commented.

James cleared his throat, the pair glanced at him. "The arm's fine, and this is college, I won't get expelled from it, promise."

"This'll be the one and only college, we're not moving our lives for you a third time," Chakotay grumbled. He pushed passed James as he left the room.

Kathryn sighed, "don't worry honey, he's just being him."

"More than usual, where's that coffee?" James muttered. Kathryn pushed a coffee cup towards him.

The little girl peeped her head through the door, "is it safe to come in now?"

"Of course it is," Kathryn replied.

"It is until I finish this cup," James said.

"Ohno, should cut him off mum," the girl commented as she grabbed a hold of a glass of juice.

"I think I should cut you off instead Lena," Kathryn said.

James finished off his cup, he dumped a bag on top of the table. "So is this really my only chance?"

"I don't know, I haven't really thought about it. This isn't a school, it's a college so it's up to you if something happens," Kathryn replied.

Chakotay walked back into the room, "James, that new watcher of yours is on the phone."

James groaned, "oh god, so glad I had a coffee." He walked out of the room.

A minute later he walked back in, "he's coming tomorrow night, that's just great. Tell me why I need a new one?"

"This one will train you to be better," Kathryn replied. She whispered, "and the other one kinda died, didn't he?"

Lena started to dig into some cereal. "Better at what?" she asked with a mouthful of cereal.

"School work," Kathryn blurted out. Chakotay and James looked at her with the same eyebrow raised. "Don't look at me like that."

James looked at his watch, "we should be going, hurry up and eat that."

Lena pulled a face at him with another mouthful of cereal. She quickly swallowed, "maybe you should hurry up and sort that hair out."

James looked at Kathryn, "what's wrong with my hair?"

Kathryn tried to keep a straight face, "nothing, she's just toying with you. Now remember I'll take you two today only. James you memorise the route cos you'll be taking your sister home after school."

"I know, you did the same last time," James said.

"And the time before that, and the time before that, and the time before that," Lena said in a sing song voice.

James looked down at her, he messed up her hair with his left hand, "now who's hair needs sorting out?"

"Hey," she moaned with a pout on her face.

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "I'll be off to work then. Lena be good, James no more female friends, starting fires in a classroom and beating up people on campus." He walked out of the room.

Kathryn headed for the kitchen doorway, "come on then."

Lena jumped down from the stool, "where's my bag?"

"Oh I fed it to the neighbours dog," James replied.

Lena kicked him lightly in the leg, "you're scared of that dog, don't be dumb."

"No I'm not," James snapped. He looked Kathryn's way, "it's their cat I don't like."

"I know what you mean," Kathryn said.

Later:

A blue Citroen car pulled into a space in between two other parked cars, nearby was a large college building with lots of students standing around outside.

Kathryn glanced over at James, who was keeping an eye on the view outside. "Listen I know Chakotay was a bit harsh but he did have a point before."

James glanced at her, "you mean the no female friends, no setting fire to classrooms and no fights on 'campus' part?"

"Definitely right about the other two, the first one's up to you. What I meant was he was right about the whole we can't move again for you," Kathryn replied.

"Yeah but I got expelled because of my job, there's nothing I can do," James said.

"I know but maybe this watcher will actually help you," Kathryn said.

"He's nineteen, they're not even supposed to train at that age," James said.

Kathryn's eyes widened, "nineteen, really? Well bring him home sometime to make it look like you've made a male friend for once."

James rolled his eyes, "why do you two keep bothering me about that?"

"Well your step father isn't exactly a good male role model is he? You need another male influence, you've only been friends with girls," Kathryn replied.

"This Daniel will be that crappy influence, I can't make friends with guys, I've tried. All the ones I've met seem to talk about sports which I'm rubbish at," James said.

"What was the longest time you talked to one?" Kathryn asked.

"About two minutes," James replied meekly.

Kathryn shook her head, "you'll find that quite a lot don't like sports either. Besides you're not rubbish at sports."

"Yes I am, the first time I played football the ball got stuck in the wall. Basketball I hit some guy in the face and he was in hospital for several days. And what about the bowling incident?" James said.

Kathryn tried not to laugh, "well look on the bright side, in England that Bowling Alley banning thing isn't a problem anymore."

"Ugh whatever," James muttered as he opened the car door, and stepped out of the car itself.

Kathryn sighed, "honey, just remember you'll be fine if you just leave your work out of college."

James nodded his head. He made his way towards the college buildings. Kathryn watched him until he was out of sight, then pulled away.

Later:

James and a posh looking girl were standing in a narrow corridor, the girl kept on glancing at him.

"So what are you here for?" she finally asked.

"I'm new here," James replied.

The girl nodded her head, "oh, well I'm here cos the teacher thinks everything is illogical. Since when is taking care of my nails illogical?"

"Your teacher sounds like a Vulcan," James muttered to himself.

"I'd call him an ass, if you get him just skive or something," the girl said with a frown.

James glanced around uneasily, "uh huh."

The girl eyed him up and down, "hmm you're kinda cute."

James quickly took a few large steps to the left, "um that's nice."

The girl just shrugged, she decided to start staring at her nails instead.

One of the doors opened, a middle aged man appeared at the doorway. "James Taylor-Janeway?"

The girl put her hand up, "yep that's me, I have a boys first name. Dumb ass."

The teacher narrowed his eyes, "Trinity you're here again?"

The girl smiled sweetly, "yes Mr Roberts, it's me again."

"That'll make my day," Mr Roberts muttered. He disappeared back into his office, James followed him quickly.

"He loves me," Trinity commented.

Later:

An entire class were sitting on stools listening to the teacher, who was in fact Tuvok, going on and on. A group of girls were talking quietly amongst themselves, the girls were in fact Danny, Jessie and Trinity.

"Yeah the new kid is so cute but so gay," Trinity whispered.

Danny glanced behind her to look at James who was just scribbling on the notepad he had. She turned back around, "what makes you think he's gay?"

"Duh I asked him out and he panicked, ok I only said he was cute," Trinity replied.

"Trin, you scare every guy you say that to. You have this psychotic glare on your face whenever you do," Danny said.

"I just thought everyone was gay," Trinity said.

"Who are you talking about exactly?" Jessie asked as she looked up from her notepad.

"The new lad," Danny replied.

Jessie raised her eyebrow, "I don't pay much attention, for all I know the teacher is the new guy."

"Oh please the new kid is like, wow. Mr Tuvok is like, ugh," Trinity whispered.

"I'll take your word for it," Jessie muttered.

Danny leaned in closer to her friend, "Jess he's sitting right behind me, you've got a better view for goodness sake."

Jessie glanced a little to the side of Danny. James had finished fiddling with the pen he had, and was now fiddling with one of the screwdrivers that they had been given. It broke in his hand, he quickly put the pieces next to his neighbour and tried to look like nothing had happened. He went back to fiddling with the pen.

"He's pretty clumsy," Jessie commented.

"Is that all you got from him? My god girl we need to do some more work on you," Trinity commented.

"I don't want you to, I'm fine with the not liking guys thing," Jessie said.

"Honey if you're not careful the rumours will start flying again," Trinity said.

"Ok fine I'll pretend to look at a new guy in the class, that'll cure that problem," Jessie muttered sarcastically.

The lad sitting next to James put his hand up, "Mr Tuvok sir?"

Tuvok raised his eyebrow, "yes Sean?"

"Somebody broke a screw driver," Sean responded. He glanced at James.

"Don't look at me, it's on your side near your book," James said.

"Sean it is logical to assume that you put your book on it and didn't notice you broke it until now," Tuvok said.

Sean looked around helplessly, "but I didn't move the book, the driver was nearby him."

"Hey I have witnesses, the table in front of me has two people who are facing my way. They'll have seen it," James said.

Tuvok walked over to Danny and Jessie's table. "Did any of you see the incident?"

A shy girl shook her head. Tuvok glanced over at Jessie. "Nope, didn't see anything," she said quietly.

"Sean, you should move to another table, it will be cleaned up after the lesson," Tuvok said. He walked back to the front of the class. He looked at his watch, "that is all." Everyone quickly started to pack up.

"Now remember the assignment is due in this Friday," Tuvok said. He packed up his things and followed several of the quicker students out.

Danny, Trinity and Jessie stood up more or less at the same time. Danny turned around to face James' direction. "I take it you broke the screw driver," she said.

James put his bag over his shoulder as he looked at her, "was it that obvious?"

Danny briefly glanced back at Jessie, "my friend mentioned something about you being clumsy, I figured that's what you broke or whatever."

"Well, Sean and the teacher fell for it," James said.

Trinity turned to Jessie, "just look at her, hitting on the new guy, so shallow."

"Trin you hit on him, and Danny's just talking to him," Jessie muttered.

"Shh, I won't tell if you won't," Trinity whispered.

"Look do you know where the Application of Number class is?" James asked.

Danny glanced back at Jessie again, she shook her head. "That's handy, my friend is going there next. She can show you."

"You are dead Danny," Jessie muttered.

"Hey I'll swap you anytime," Trinity said quietly.

"Thanks but I don't think she likes me or something," James said uneasily.

"Oh she's just shy, right Jess?" Danny said.

Jessie sighed, "whatever."

"See, she'll take you. Better get going," Danny said. She attempted to push James in Jessie's direction, but she failed.

"It's ok I can walk on my own," James said.

Danny nodded her head nervously, "right."

Jessie headed for the door, "just follow me." James followed her out of the classroom.

Trinity stood next to Danny, "what are you doing?"

"Helping the newbie," Danny replied.

"No, what are you doing? After spending five minutes with her, he's going to wish that maths was his only problem," Trinity said.

"Maybe, but think of it this way. After spending five minutes with him, she might tolerate guys more," Danny replied.

Trinity nodded her head, "good idea, but you do know it's Jessie. I mean for all we know he's a complete jerk, that won't help."

Danny's face dropped, "yeah he'd have to be 100% friendly, have a good personality, and not try and get off with her."

"In other words he'd probably have to have a sex change for her to like him," Trinity said.

Danny groaned, "crap, what do we do about her?"

James and Jessie were walking down a messy corridor that obviously belonged to the Technology department. James cleared his throat, "so what's the maths teacher like, annoying, boring, sleepy?"

"Ok," Jessie muttered in response.

"Um ok? Is he any of those qualities I just said?" James asked.

Jessie groaned, she stopped dead in her tracks. James nearly crashed into her as a result. She turned around and tried to ignore the fact that he was now right in front of her because of the quick stop. "Look I don't want to be rude, but can we not talk?"

"Um why not, oh wait I've been talking too much again haven't I? Sorry I do that a lot," James said nervously.

"Well you can't help that, you're male after all," Jessie muttered to herself. James raised an eyebrow. "Just no talking, I don't talk to guys."

"I have the feeling I'm going to get a slap for this, but you're about sixteen and your mum or dad bans you from talking to guys still?" James questioned.

"No and yes, I just don't like talking to them," Jessie replied. She turned around to continue down the corridor.

"Oh well we have something in common, I don't like talking to them either," James commented.

Jessie raised both eyebrows, "ok, you're one may I remind you."

"I know that, but I don't talk to myself," James said.

"Yeah but guys can talk to guys, you know cos they're all the same right," Jessie said.

James pulled a confused expression, "um no, they're not. All the guys I've tried to talk to seem to talk about football, how hot some girl that walked passed them looked, and insult each other to death."

Jessie nodded her head, "so I've heard."

"Yeah, I hate football, I usually hung around with girls that are straight so I couldn't comment on any girls that I liked, and I have a hell of a temper and if someone insulted me I'd be expelled or something in the next hour. Oh and if I don't take the insults seriously which I usually don't, I insult them back a little too well. It shuts them up I guess," James muttered.

Jessie sighed looking rather annoyed, "so I'll insult you good and you'll shut up."

James quickly went ahead of her and stopped in front of her, she was forced to stop too. "Sorry I just wanted to tell you that I'm used to talking to girls, and not used to guys. I was hoping you'd talk to me then."

Jessie folded her arms, "oh I get it, you want to pretend to be nice so I'll lower my guard, meanwhile you're thinking how long will it take until I can get off with this girl."

James stared blankly at her, "noo, I'm just new who wants somebody to talk to in maths and maybe other classes, that's all."

"Well there's about twenty odd other people in that class that you can talk to," Jessie muttered.

"Look one of my friends was a little like you and..." James said.

"And you broke her, good work," Jessie said.

"No like I said before she was one of my friends. I don't know the reason why you don't talk to guys, but her problem was just down to bad experience so she didn't trust many guys. She thought all of them had just one thing on their mind, but after several years of me not trying not to hit on her, ask her out etc, she was a little more trusting of guys," James said.

Jessie smiled, "ah I see, you and Danny have talked before class haven't you? You, her and Trinity have decided to come together to get me to like men."

James looked confused again, "what? I was late into college, how could I have met them before that class?"

"I don't know, which one recruited you?" Jessie asked.

"Neither, I swear," James replied.

Jessie walked around him, "well you can tell them, nice try. The maths class is in the opposite building to this one, upstairs down a narrow corridor."

A group of guys walked up to James, one of them patted him on the back. "Hey well done."

"Well done, what do you mean?" he asked.

"You got an entire conversation out of that lesbian, score," the guy replied. He and the others laughed as they continued down the corridors.

James sighed, "yeah, great."

The Bridge:

Everyone were in their usual places. Kathryn was busy telling Chakotay a story. "And then I punched that man in the face, stood over and told him 'you can't do that, coffee is not a thing to be taken granted, it's a living breathing thing that loves to be drank'. And then he said 'you are crazy woman, coffee is not a living thing.' Then I said 'if I have to defend the entire coffee race on my own, so be it'."

Chakotay's head fell onto the side console, that woke him up. "Woah, what was that?"

"Then I said 'if I have to...'" Kathryn replied.

Chakotay groaned, "no no, I don't want to hear anymore coffee is a living creature stories."

In: "Sickbay to Janeway."

"Go ahead," Kathryn responded.

In: "Captain there's something wrong with James."

Kathryn glanced at Chakotay, "what do you mean?"

In: "We're losing him."

Kathryn dropped her cup of coffee on the floor, and for once she didn't care. "What?"

Sickbay:

Kathryn and Jessie stood nearby James' biobed, the Doctor stood at the station with Kes. Everyone looked sullen.

"I thought you said the treatment would help, not make things worse," Kathryn said angrily.

"In all fairness the treatment isn't responsible," the Doctor said.

"What is then?" Kathryn asked.

"We don't know exactly. A second memory pattern has appeared, it's almost like another personality has taken over," the Doctor replied.

"It's his, both are," Kes said. "When he first woke up we didn't detect anything, there was just his. While he was unconscious, same again."

"When I discovered the two patterns I realised that there was a different one when he was asleep," the Doctor said. "At first they'd just swap depending on his conscious state. The unconscious one decided it wasn't enough, so it started to mesh with his proper memory. Somehow he was seeing, feeling things that occurred in this second one."

"You said we were losing him," Jessie said.

"The second memory was unstable in his conscious state, that's why he fell er, into the coma," the Doctor said.

"Coma, you didn't tell me that," Kathryn grumbled.

"I was going to. If we don't bring him back to reality and perish these fake memories, he'll stay like this," the Doctor said.

"Surely you have an idea how to stop it," Jessie stuttered.

"I have a theory. He fell into the coma when the fake memories brought things from it into his reality, we should be able to do the same," the Doctor said. "We can't risk doing anything too hasty."

"If we give him something small, that doesn't belong there it might not be as big a shock to his system," Kes said. "It wouldn't be permanent, the unconscious would try to bring him back. This would only be a temporary measure to keep his original self still with us, until we think of something else."

"So what are you going to give him?" Jessie asked.

"Something simple, a headache," the Doctor replied.

Kathryn raised an eyebrow, "a headache? That can easily be explained away by the fake memory."

"It's the only safe option we can do, it will seem very abnormal to him if it's constantly there. If I'm right it'll provide us with some time," the Doctor said.

Kes cleared her throat, "if I'm right, not you. It was my idea."

"Yes sure it was," the Doctor smiled.

James was now walking down a busy street not far from the primary and secondary school. Several kids ran passed him. He kicked a can, which crashed into a fence and broke it slightly.

"Score indeed, they're lucky it's my first week," he muttered to himself. Several of the kids' parents pushed passed him while passing him a few odd looks. Ignoring them he turned into the school gates.

Just outside a classroom a younger and completely human B'Elanna was telling off an eleven year old Craig. "You're not supposed to look up girls skirts, Craig!"

"But I didn't, I swear," Craig protested.

Lena stepped out of one of the classrooms, she pretended to be surprised to see James, "wow James, you're not in trouble yet?"

"Very funny, not," James muttered as he took a hold of her hand. "Come on, we're out of here."

"What's the hurry?" Lena asked.

"Why would I?" Craig moaned.

B'Elanna was getting angrier by the second, "I saw you look up her skirt from under the desk!"

Lena looked up at James, "I don't wear skirts though."

"I know that, let's just go," he quickly lead her back the way he came in.

The sun had just set, all the streets lights were dimly lit up the wooded path and road Jessie walked along. She walked off the path through the trees, and ended up in a spacious park. A few people snuck out from behind the trees and followed her. She turned around, her eyes widened a little and she backed away. The people's faces changed into their vampire ones, then lunged forward to grab her. She struggled by elbowing one, and stepping on another's foot.

One man punched her in the face, the last one holding her pulled her roughly to the ground. She fell face first, the one who pulled her down tried bite her in the back of the neck. An arrow flew out of nowhere and dusted him. The others looked around to see who did it, then a figure jumped down from the trees. They all charged forward to fight him.

Jessie pushed herself up using her hands, then placed a hand across the bruise on her face. She moved around while still on her knees just in time to see the last vampire turn to dust. The dust cleared to reveal James, he quickly hid a knife behind his back.

"Jessie?"

Jessie stared up at him, not believing her eyes. He held his hand out for her, she reluctantly took a hold of it and he helped her up. "What were those things?"

"You don't want to know, are you all right?" James asked.

Jessie groaned as she crouched down to pick her bag back up, she cringed while she placed a hand back on her cheek. "No, really not."

"We should get you to a doctor," James said.

"I'm fine I just, you know look awful," Jessie muttered. "Where did you come from?"

"I live nearby," James replied. "I should get you home, I recommend an ice pack for the bruise."

"Don't think I'm not grateful cos I really am but that's not a good idea," Jessie said.

"Ok partly home, when we get to a busier place I'll leave you alone," James said. "I wouldn't feel right if I left you alone after that."

"That's really sweet of you," Jessie mumbled. "You don't mind at all, do you? I haven't been that nice."

"I don't mind, it's expected," James said. They began walking through the park.

College, next day:

Jessie, Danny and Trinity stood in the middle of a wide corridor talking amongst themselves, two other groups of students were doing the same thing.

"I'm not stupid you know," Jessie said.

"You obviously are, I mean he seems to like you and he tried to talk to you, which is pretty brave of him might I add," Danny said. Trinity tried to keep a straight face. She and Danny avoided Jessie's new icy stare. "We had nothing to do with it Jess."

Trinity shrugged, "exactly, he probably just wanted to break the obvious silence." She noticed students were heading to their class rooms. "Damn too late."

"Have fun with your skiving period Jess, meet you in the canteen later," Danny said. She and Trinity headed off.

Jessie rolled her eyes as she turned around to go the opposite way down the corridor, against the swarm of teenagers. In the midst of the swarm, a group of older lads purposely appeared in her path. Since she did not have much time to avoid them, she crashed into them, knocking her to the ground. Her bag emptied across the floor.

She tried to ignore the sound of a lot of students laughing or sniggering, as she started pick up everything from her bag. James walked up to her once the crowd had cleared a little, he knelt down in front of her. "Want a hand?"

"Uh, thanks yeah," Jessie muttered in response.

"Let me guess, group of five guys, two with really badly bleached blonde hair," James said as he picked up two notebooks.

Jessie sighed, "yeah, they always do stuff like this."

"Do you want me to kick their ass for you?" James asked.

"You've done enough already. Look about yesterday," Jessie looked uncomfortable as she stood up. "I usually don't you know, talk to guys at all. So I'm sorry I was rude."

"It's ok. Should I be complimented that you actually spoke to me, or insulted?" James carefully asked.

"Well I only snapped at you cos you were annoying me," Jessie replied quietly.

"This is your first apology right?" James muttered.

"You didn't let me finish. It wasn't your fault, nobody warned you about me. Lots of guys annoy me and I don't even bother speaking to them. I probably spoke to you cos you were trying to be nice, plus I wouldn't have apologised to you if I found you actually annoying like the others," Jessie said.

A few students pushed passed James, he looked back at Jessie looking quite annoyed, "why do people keep doing that?"

"Maybe they like you," Jessie smiled.

James stared blankly at her, "you, you're just as bad as my sister, have you two met?"

"If your sister is the same age as us then yes, if not then no," Jessie replied.

"Well she's only six," James said.

"You're saying I'm just like your six year old sister, nice," Jessie muttered. She turned around, and headed the way everyone else was going.

"Huh, that can't be a good thing," James muttered to himself, he slowly followed her, cringing at the nasty headache that came out of nowhere. "This isn't the way to class." They both entered the canteen, as usual everyone in it turned their heads to look at them. James made his way to the coffee machine.

"I don't go this period," Jessie said. James picked up a plastic cup of coffee from the machine, gestured his head to it. "No I have no money."

"Why not?" James asked while putting another pound into the machine.

"I don't see the point in doing coursework about those stupid bubble things and business crap," Jessie huffed in response. "Sorry."

"What for? At least you have a reason that doesn't have the word 'bothered' in it," James said. "Which do you like?"

"Hot chocolate, why? And my reason does have bothered in it, I can't be like you," Jessie smirked a little. James pressed one of the buttons, a plastic cup dropped down and filled with hot chocolate. "Why did you..."

"Why not?" James replied with a shrug. "So what do you do for the next hour and a half, or whatever it is?"

"Nothing, wander or sit around, then go to lunch," Jessie replied.

"I thought you had no money," James said.

"I don't," Jessie said, pulling her bag to her front.

James sighed, "what's the town centre like?"

"Nothing you're used to," Jessie giggled.

"What's so funny, and huh?" James said.

"You sounded so American there," Jessie smirked at him. She sat down at the nearby table, James walked over to lean on a chair next to hers. "Where are you from, and don't say England."

"I was born here actually, I lived in San Francisco a lot of my life," James replied.

"Oh really," Jessie said.

"I'm only half American ok, nothing wrong with that," James said, sipping at his coffee.

"Hmm that sounds like a story," Jessie said with interest.

James straightened back up, "it's a very soap like one, no one ever believes it. All I'll say is my mum's American, dad's English but he's out of the picture."

"Fair enough, if you're still interested in going to Durham we'd better leave now," Jessie said as she climbed to her feet. They walked out together.

About twenty minutes later:

For once it was sunny and a little warm, with only a few clouds in the sky. James and Jessie walked down a path alongside the river, the trees nearby sheltered them from the sun. Not far ahead stood the stone bridge that went across the river, leading people going across it into the main part of the town.

"It's complicated," Jessie sighed.

"Is it? You're just going to tell me some guy screwed you over for no good reason. Not that there's any good reason for it in the first place," James said.

"You got it wrong, I've never been with anyone," Jessie said.

"That's hard to believe," James said.

"Not really, guys only pretended they liked me, the rest never even bothered. I've learned that I'm not girlfriend material, which is ok. I've never met a guy who's been boyfriend material anyway," Jessie said.

"I think you're wrong, those guys probably did like you," James said as they started to go up the steps on the bridge.

"If they liked me why not buy me chocolates, or compliment me without perky or cruel sneers," Jessie muttered.

"They do it to impress their friends, I saw it all the time. It's funny though, these are the same guys who grow up, wondering why they can never get a decent girl," James replied.

"Impress their friends huh, why don't they just date them?" Jessie said.

James grinned at her, "that would solve everything. Did you want them to bring you chocolates or flowers?"

Jessie shuddered, "eugh no, I'm allergic to some flowers. Though getting the chocolates sounds good, as long as I didn't have to date the guy to get them."

"What if he was decent?" James asked.

"No offense but that's laughable," Jessie smirked. "I seem to attract the jerks."

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

"Oh thanks," Jessie muttered.

"No I mean it's easier than attracting the ones who appear nice," James said.

"They're usually the biggest jerks in disguise," Jessie finished his sentence. "I know, why do you think I'm keeping my eye on you mister. You're too nice to be really be nice."

James laughed, "yeah right, I'm not nice. You can ask my step dad, he'll tell you the same thing."

Jessie pushed up her shoulders, "I'll give you one thing. There's no one to impress with your act." They began walking across the busy bridge. "Who are you trying to impress?"

"I'd say you, but I wouldn't use the word impress," James replied.

"What word would you use then?" Jessie asked.

"Not sure, just trying to get you to like me I suppose," James said..

"Why me though, am I a challenge?" Jessie questioned.

"No, well yeah if I wanted to date you," James replied. She nodded in agreement, smiling. "Maybe I like you, in a friend way."

"Really?" Jessie said, her face lighting up a little. "I like you too, in a friend way." She put her arm around his arm to his surprise.

"Why?" James questioned.

Jessie laughed to herself, "oh don't do the 'I'm a big loser' routine. Surely there's got to be some part of you, you like. Just don't give me a male answer."

"Male answer?" James said, shriveling up his nose. "Oh no, I don't like that. Obviously the sound of my voice as I can't shut up."

"Maybe you should put your sense of humour on that tiny list," Jessie said, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah one of these days I'll have to remember to go pick it up from the shop," James said. He led her into a coffee shop. "You want a drink?"

"Eew no, I don't like coffee. You said it was your mum that was the coffee-holic," Jessie replied.

"She is. I'm more after those slushy things, and I'm not rich enough to get two. We can share one," James replied.

Jessie smiled sweetly, "sounds good. Summer fruit, raspberry or chocolate."

"Yeah let's mix them all together," James smiled back.

Later they sat at a table with a large see through cup sitting in between them, inside it was a thick chocolate slushy with two straws.

"I did thank you for saving me, right?" Jessie questioned, twirling her straw in between her fingers.

"I don't know, probably. It doesn't matter," James replied.

"It does to me, you saved me," Jessie said.

"You're welcome," James said.

"So do you always go round saving damsels in distress?" Jessie questioned.

"No, I just like walks," James nervously stuttered. Jessie raised an eyebrow. "Stuff usually happens while I'm out, and I'll help if I can. I don't look for trouble."

"If you ever find Trinity or Danny in trouble, just leave them to it. They probably aren't," Jessie said. "If you know what I mean."

"Yeah, you're nothing like your friends. Why do you..." James said.

"Hang with them, they're fun sometimes," Jessie said. She leaned forward to take a drink, James did the same at the exact same time. They both noticed each other, smiled awkwardly while backing away a little.

Several Hours Later:

Jessie stood around the bus stop on the college side of the road, hugging herself while shivering underneath the shelter to get away from the pouring rain. James walked out of the college grounds and looked both ways to cross the road, then he noticed her. He walked down to join her, "hey."

"Hi, welcome to English weather," Jessie trembled. "It's hard to believe it was warmish and sunny two hours ago. The news said it would be all day."

James looked toward the bridge on their right, a bus slowly drove toward them. He quickly fished around his pockets to get money out. She put a hand on his arm, "don't, it's fine." The bus stopped beside them. "It's a waste, I don't live far away." She shook her head at the driver, he drove the bus off.

"What are you doing at the bus stop then?" James asked her.

"It has a shelter," Jessie replied.

James took the jacket he was wearing off, then put it around her shoulders. She put her hands up to stop him. "No it's ok, I've been too warm all day. The rain's a relief," he said.

"Really?" Jessie raised an eyebrow.

"I'm not doing the 'give the girl a coat' routine honest," James meekly said. Jessie smiled, she slipped her hand down his arm to take a hold of his hand. "Why do you er, keep doing that?"

"Sorry, I just feel safer this way," Jessie shyly replied. "Do you want me to let go?"

James looked down at their hands, "no but." He moved to stand in front of her, and fiddled with the jacket. "You should put it on properly."

"Oh," she said, slipping her spare hand through one sleeve. She let go of his hand for a second to put the other one on. He smiled as she took a hold of his hand again. "I thought you left early every day to take your sister home."

"I wanted to see if there was any point in coming back, I got back about four," James said.

"You should tell your mother that college sometimes finishes at quarter passed four," Jessie said.

"Maybe, but that would mean actually going to the last lesson," James said as he began walking back the way he came.

Jessie stayed by his side, "hmm god forbid. Look Trinity and Danny have this night out planned in Durham, it'd be great if you can come."

"I don't think I'd like to spend the night trying to keep Trinity from touching me," James said.

"That's part of the reason I asked you. Danny and Trinity talk to guys a lot, leave me alone. I doubt you'll see much of Trinity," Jessie mumbled.

"All right, sounds good. Where should we meet?" James questioned.

"My place is fine, my mum's out tonight," Jessie replied.

"I don't know where..." James said.

"Well I'll show you. By the time we get there she'll be gone," Jessie said. "And before you ask, yes it's all right with me for you to know where I live."

"Jess you've only known me for like five minutes," James muttered.

"Yeah but it's weird, it seems like longer," Jessie said.

James smiled, "yeah I know what you mean."

Later:

Danny and Trinity emerged from the dank, tiny busy station all dressed up for clubbing. They met up with James and Jessie standing just outside. Jessie stared at her friends with distaste, "hmm I didn't know we were going whoring."

Danny laughed as Trinity casually put her arm around James. "You're just jealous Jess."

"Of what?" Jessie scowled at the two girls.

Trinity moved her arm so she could link it with his. "Easy, cos we both have a good wardrobe."

"Uh all I heard was the word easy," James said, moving his arm out of her grip. She sighed in disappointment. "So where are we going exactly?"

"A pub, not a strip club," Jessie smirked.

"Yeah I'm not sure I'd feel comfortable in one of those," James mumbled. "Especially with a group of girls."

"I wouldn't put it passed them," Jessie commented, passing her two female friends a dirty look.

Later they stood or sat at a busy bar inside a crowded pub. Trinity had moved her attention to a different unfortunate guy, this one looked almost six foot tall and unlike other guys seemed to at least tolerate her company. The other three were far enough away from her.

Danny looked around, her face lit up as she immediately spotted a guy familiar to her. "Johnny?" She left James and Jessie alone to run up to him.

Jessie groaned, James looked at her with amusement. "That's a bitch."

She glanced at him, clearly annoyed. "What?" she huffed before storming off. James frowned then followed her to the quieter area where the toilets and back door was.

"What's wrong, did I..."

"You called me or Danny a bitch," Jessie replied, pulling a face. "I think."

"I said that's a bitch as you seemed disappointment to be left with me," James said.

Jessie sighed, "oh good, I mean for you. I only groaned as Danny and Trinity are easily impressed by any guys they see."

"Well not everyone can be as, uh, can't think of a word for it," James said.

Jessie smiled, "I dunno, all I can think of is picky."

"There's nothing wrong with that," James said.

"What, the word I chose or me being picky?" Jessie asked, smiling sweetly.

"Second, there's got to be a better word than that," James shrugged. "Does it count as being picky if you haven't actually picked anyone?"

"I wouldn't worry about that," Jessie said as she stepped a lot closer to him. She put a hand on his arm, he reached out to take a hold of her other hand.

Meanwhile a petite woman in her forties pushed through the crowd. Her face grew angry as she laid her eyes on them, just as they leaned in for a kiss. She marched toward them yelling at the top of her voice. "Get the hell off my daughter!"

James and Jessie quickly separated. "Mum," she squeaked, nervously glancing between him and the woman. "It was just..."

"Oh I know what it just was," the woman snarled. "You stay away from my little girl." She pulled Jessie away from him by the arm.

"Mum wait, he's a good guy really," she stuttered.

"Yeah right, I thought you'd know better Jessie," the woman muttered.

All Jessie could do now was stare after him as she was dragged to the exit.

James nervously bit his lip, then he turned around to walk to the back exit. Outside a group of friends were standing around chatting, all holding drinks. Nearby a couple were in a close embrace, the guy had his head buried in the girl's neck. James walked down the alley, trying to ignore everyone. Then he heard the girl gasp for help. He turned around to pull the man off of her. She ran off down the alley.

The man turned to him muttering, "what's your problem bud..." He then seemed to recognise him, "Slayer."

"Whatever. You have no idea what great timing you have," James muttered back. The group nearby turned around to watch the two fight.

James kicked him into the wall, then pulled a knife from his jacket and lunged forward to dust him. The knife went in but nothing happened. The man gasped, stumbled back as he held onto the knife. He slid down the wall, then his entire body went limp.

James widened his eyes, turning a little pale in the cheeks. Some of the group watching everything rushed to the man's side. One checked his pulse, while another quietly talked on his mobile phone. "I don't, don't understand," he stuttered. "Is he?"

The guy checking the victim's pulse looked up at him, shaking a little. "Yes."

James backed away, "no no." Everyone heard police sirens in the distance. He turned around, jumped up to grab the second floor window ledge, and used that to swing up to the roof. Then he ran as fast as he could.

Meanwhile on Voyager:

Kathryn and Jessie stood impatiently in the Doctor's Office. Tuvok entered Sickbay, the Doctor immediately pounced on him.

"This better work," Jessie grumbled, glancing briefly at Kathryn. "Do you check on every crewmember this thoroughly?"

Kathryn laughed, then quickly turned back to worried and annoyed. "You mustn't have met many members of Voyager."

Jessie rolled her eyes, "oh I have, forget I said anything."

"Done," Kathryn said.

"I wonder when Tuvok's getting here," Jessie muttered, narrowing her eyes slightly at the Captain.

Kathryn turned around to look toward the door, "huh, doc what are you doing?" Jessie also turned to see Tuvok push the Doctor off of him, they both quickly got onto their feet.

"What? The narration said I pounced on him," the Doctor blushed. "It's not my fault that the writer didn't say 'not literally'."

"Or has a bad sense of humour," Kathryn commented.

Tuvok brushed himself down, "so illogical." He noticed everyone staring at him. "Now as I was saying before the Doctor jumped me."

Danny appeared at the doorway laughing rudely, "that's a good one, what did I miss?" Jessie rolled her eyes.

"Jumped on me," Tuvok corrected himself. Danny continued laughing. "Never mind."

The Doctor groaned, "are you sick or something?"

"Of course she is," Jessie muttered.

"I meant Mr Tuvok," the Doctor said.

"No, the reason why I came here was to offer a suggestion," Tuvok said.

"Yes we know," Kathryn groaned.

The Doctor glanced between everyone, "I didn't."

"We must bring Mr Taylor back to reality, even just a little bit to keep his mind intact," Tuvok said.

"We do know that already, and we've tried," the Doctor grunted. "It hasn't given us enough time to figure this out."

"Whatever's doing this to him is intelligent," Kes added on. "It managed to fight against the headache we gave him, so it seemed normal."

"Intelligent suggests a lifeform," Tuvok said.

"That wouldn't surprise me," Kes sighed.

Kathryn frowned, "can we figure out who this is later? What's your idea Tuvok?"

"Let me guess," the Doctor groaned.

"I suggest a Vulcan mindmeld. I may be able to appear in his dream state," Tuvok replied.

"It's bad enough when Vulcans do mind melds on each other, let alone a human coma patient," the Doctor muttered.

Jessie glanced at him then Tuvok, "does it put him in any bigger risk."

"Worst case scenario is that it won't work," Tuvok said.

"Excuse me, I'm the Doctor. There's no telling what will happen if something goes wrong. Mind Melds are so unpredictable," the Doctor said.

"He's already in a coma, there's only one way it could get worse and I doubt that'll happen," Kathryn said.

"But if something does happen the fake memory may find it difficult to explain away what's really happening," Kes said.

Jessie pulled a face at her, "don't even suggest it. He's almost died enough."

"If it is an intelligence, it's most likely trying to kill him anyway," the Doctor muttered. "I am one hundred percent against this plan."

"But if the patient is unable to make the decision, who does instead?" Kathryn said, raising an eyebrow.

"Family, I'm the closest he's got," Jessie muttered in response.

"Oh god," the Doctor groaned quietly.

"Tuvok, do it," Jessie ordered.

Tuvok looked at Kathryn anyway, she nodded her head. "Very well."

Not long later:

Tuvok stood beside James' biobed with his hand in the meld position on his face. Jessie, Kes and the Doctor stood anxiously nearby. Kathryn remained in the office, watching through the glass.

"My mind to your mind, your thoughts to my thoughts," Tuvok chanted, closing his eyes. James' twitched slightly, the station nearby beeped to get the Doctor's attention.

"What was that?" Jessie questioned.

"I'm not sure, whatever it was it was only for half a second," the Doctor replied.

Tuvok's eyes did the same, then they opened. They tried to adjust to the lack of light while he looked around at his surroundings. He appeared to be in a quiet part of what seemed to him was a primitive looking town. A streetlight coming from a few metres away, and the faint moonlight was the only source of light.

"Interesting." Tuvok looked up at the closer building as he heard some clattering around above him, as usual his eyebrow raised.

A dark figure jumped down in front of him, even managing to startle him. He looked around frantically, "where did you come from?"

"Mr Taylor," Tuvok said. "Do you know who I am?"

The lack of light wasn't on either man's side. Tuvok's overall appearance was too dark for him to figure out. "No, how do you know my name?" James' eyes widened, "oh crap." He quickly turned to run off.

"Wait," Tuvok calmly as usual said. He started to follow him. "You're only going to make this harder for yourself."

James didn't look back. "Yeah what's they all say," he muttered, climbing onto one of those large company bins to help get over a wall.

Tuvok stopped, glanced behind him as police cars with flashy lights drove up to where he appeared. He quickly did the same as James to follow him. They both ended up in what appeared to be a dead end.

"They must make these to stop people escaping the police," James muttered to himself in annoyance.

"Police?" Tuvok said.

James swung around to face him. "Look I didn't mean to do it. I was just, he was trying to kill a girl." His face lit up a little, "oh find her, she'll tell you."

"I'm not with these police," Tuvok said, stepping slowly closer. "All this, it isn't real. You know me from another life, this one's slowly killing you."

James stared blankly at him, "ookay, I think you had a bit too much to drink pal." He turned away again. "And so did I, yeah."

Tuvok quickly stepped forward to grab his arm, he missed only a little as he turned back around. The next and last thing Tuvok saw was his fist coming towards him.

Sickbay:

"This is odd," the Doctor said, staring at his beeping station.

Jessie and Kes jumped a little as James' arm suddenly moved and his fist went into Tuvok's face. "What the?" Jessie stuttered.

"Well the meld's over," the Doctor smiled. "I can't believe it."

"What is it?" Kathryn said, rushing out of the office.

"That certainly did something. His vital's have improved, Tuvok's appearance must have triggered something," the Doctor said. His face fell, "we need something bigger, he'll go back to his previous levels in ten minutes. If we get something bigger, it might be enough to get him out of the coma."

Jessie turned to look down at James again, the punching arm lay where it must have dropped after it did it's job. "Coma patients don't just punch people."

"Don't complain, it's a step in the right direction," Kes said as she went over to Tuvok's side. "Maybe Tuvok will tell us the full story when he wakes up."

Meanwhile:

In the middle of a small deceiving nice looking housing estate, the young watcher Daniel Ronnie Lavine stepped out of his cheap second hand van on the driveway. He headed for the upstairs flat he owned, glancing at the car next to his in distaste. It had two broken windows and spray paint written on it.

"For god's sake, would it be wrong to set my new Slayer onto anyone who tries that with mine." He then noticed the state of his door. The lock part of it had been smashed in, the door itself was open a little. "It really wouldn't be." He pushed the door open, then headed up the stairs. Right away he spotted James standing in the hallway. "You, why kick my door down?"

"I didn't," James replied, still looking slightly shaken up. "Look I'm in trouble."

"You think you have problems, those guys who live opposite me keep breaking my lock and threatening to throw bricks at my window," Daniel grumbled.

James rolled his eyes, "if I have a spare five minutes ok."

"Great, now tell me about it," Daniel said as he headed into his kitchen.

James followed him, "I killed someone I thought was a vampire. He said 'Slayer' in the usual way though, but I staked him and nothing happened. He died like a normal guy."

"Hmm I've heard of this," Daniel muttered. "Maybe you just missed, vampires love to screw with Slayers lives by playing dead."

"No, I've been doing this for years, how could I miss?" James said.

"I don't know, it usually happens when one is distracted with something else or like you said is new. Sometimes they follow some dumb TV show about someone called Bluffy who stakes through the stomach and still kills them," Daniel rambled on. "I mean what is up with this planet, I thought it was Earth that the problem originated from anyway. Some even have this crap about invitations and only wooden stakes."

"You have some issues don't you?" James muttered.

"Hey I grew up on this planet like you, listening to this crap from my father," Daniel said, pulling a face. "Eew, I'm turning into him. Next I'll be wearing geeky glasses, styling my hair like an old man and acting all ponsy."

"Yeah um, unlike your issues, mine actually are big enough to ruin my life," James said.

"Are there any better affordable flats closer to you than stupid Stanley?" Daniel asked. "Speaking of which, how did you get here?"

"On something called a bus, now can we get back to the important stuff?" James groaned. "Police are after me and I don't know what to do. There were witnesses, and the victim of the supposed vamp ran off."

"All we can do is prove it's a vampire, you can't get charged for murder if he was already dead," Daniel said.

"So either I'm screwed cos I'm going to jail for murder, or I'm screwed cos I'll be in the mental institution," James muttered.

"It's easily proved," Daniel said. "Fine, leave the country. I can easily sort that, change your name. It's so easy to get around security and checks on this planet."

"Really? They've increased security since last September you know," James said.

"Yeah sure," Daniel groaned. "Watchers have connections you know."

"Well can't you use them to get me off the hook?" James questioned.

"If we were on warp planet yes, probably. Most cultures who are, are usually more enlightened," Daniel replied. "I would be able to explain it was a vampire as they'd be able to understand Games, and have made first contact with other races. Here all I can do is protect you, this entire planet is a big mess, I don't see it improving anytime soon."

James frowned, "fine, but I can't ask my family to move again for me. I'll have to go alone."

"Yes well that's the kind of sacrifices a Slayer usually has to make," Daniel said.

"I know," James uncomfortably said. "I have one thing to do first." He turned back to leave.

"The only things you really need to pack is stuff you can replace," Daniel said. "Besides you can't say goodbyes, the police will go to and stay at your house."

"I'm not going home," James muttered, he disappeared from Daniel's sight.

Jessie walked to her front door to open it, she found James standing there in front of her. "James, you shouldn't be here."

"I know," he said, his eyes filled with regret. "I'm in big trouble, and I'm..." Jessie stepped closer, she placed her hands on his arms. "I'm scared Jess."

She looked behind her briefly, then led him to the side of the house. "What happened?"

"There's something you need to know and understand me first. I'm not exactly a normal guy," James mumbled.

"I know that, or we wouldn't be talking now," Jessie said.

"No, not that. I'm stronger, I protect people, well supposed to," James continued to mumble. "But I made a mistake, now the police are after me. My watcher, the guy who was supposed to train me, can get me out of the country but..."

"Out of the country?" Jessie muttered in disbelief.

James shook his head, "I don't wanna go. No matter what I do about this, I'll not be able to see you again and that hurts me more than I thought. I came here so you wouldn't think I was the kind of jerk who kisses and runs."

"Your mistake couldn't have been that bad," Jessie said.

"Those men who attacked you, that's the people I usually fight. They're vampires, crazy I know but somehow I narrowly missed the heart on one guy, he played out he was human. You think I'm crazy don't you?" James said.

"I'm not sure. You're freaked, scared, no denying that. I saw one of those guys disappear like in the movies, or that show. What can you do that isn't so drastic?" Jessie questioned.

"Nothing, the police will think I'm nuts. Unless I kill the guy in front of them, after shoving crosses and the holy water part in their faces to be sure," James replied.

Jessie raised her shoulders, "could work."

"No, it couldn't. The best way is to leave, your mother doesn't want us near each other anyway," James said.

"Wait behind the hedge or something, give me ten minutes," Jessie said. She rushed back into the house before he could say a thing. He did as he was told.

Half an hour passed, one of the upstairs windows opened. He heard Jessie's voice whisper his name, so he looked up. She pushed a big bag out of the window, it slid down the lower level's roof and dropped. James caught it but almost dropped it in shock over the weight. Jessie climbed out of the window, slid down the tiles underneath. He moved to stand directly in front of her.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm coming with you," she casually replied, stopping on the edge of the roof.

"No you're not," James muttered.

"And why not?" Jessie grumbled.

"You'd dump your life here for a guy you've known for a few days?" James said with a raised eyebrow.

"No, there's not much to throw away and well even if we did fix this problem of yours, mum was going to get you kicked out of college," Jessie muttered. "Now, little help as I can't climb back up."

With a sigh he held out his arms as she got ready to drop down to the ground, he caught her. They held onto each other. "You don't even know if I'm telling the truth or not."

"No I don't, don't care. Wherever you're going, I'm going too." She moved forward to kiss him again. This time they lasted longer than a few seconds, and weren't interrupted. "You're worth it," she smiled.

"You're amazing, you know that?" he said, blushing slightly.

Jessie did the same, "now I do."

Daniel stood waiting at the back of a hospital looking anxious. James and Jessie walked up behind him, he turned around slightly only to jump back where he was. "Don't do that! Who's this?"

"A friend," James replied.

"Uh this isn't a day trip, we've got your innocence to prove," Daniel grumbled.

"It won't work, they'll not believe he's a vampire. All I'll be doing is getting a few more witnesses to me killing him," James said.

"Not with that attitude, now why is she here?" Daniel asked.

"Well if we fail, she's coming too," James replied.

Daniel stared blankly at them both, Jessie smiled nervously. "You're kidding right. Your last watcher told you about the no girlfriend rule?"

"Give me the lecture when I'm not listening. Where's the morgue?" James said.

Daniel groaned, then lead the way into the hospital muttering angrily to himself. Jessie pulled a face as she walked alongside James.

Not long later they were standing around in the creepy dark morgue. Daniel played around with a mobile phone in his hand while James stood nearby the crypt drawers, and Jessie stood in the centre of the room.

"So how do you plan on proving he's a vamp, video camera?" she questioned.

"Not really, you can play tricks with those and they'll think we made a mini movie," Daniel replied.

"If the guy's awake and stuff it might work," Jessie said.

James opened one of the crypt drawers, peeped inside. "Uh there's a box in this one, oh."

"What?" Daniel groaned.

James quickly closed, turning back around with a disgusted look on his face. "Body parts."

"Eew," Jessie pulled an identical face.

Daniel put the phone by his ear, "yes hello? I have information about a murder case."

James stared at him, "that's your bloody plan, tell them on the phone?"

Daniel shushed him, "yes, the victim found behind a club in Durham tonight. Yeah he's not dead."

James rolled his eyes, "there really should be an age limit for watchers." He shook his head as he began to leave

"Morgue yes, I was going passed and I heard something. Yes thank you," Daniel said to the phone. He went forward to grab his arm. "Wait I know what I'm doing."

"No you don't, they'll not believe you," James said.

In the corner of her eye Jessie noticed one of the drawers open on its own, the vampire stuck his head only a little. "Damn claustrophobia." He noticed he wasn't alone in the room, "crap."

Police then burst in, Daniel managed to look impressed for once while everyone else looked very worried. "That was quick," he muttered, putting his hands up. "I made the call."

"You didn't mention him," one officer said, looking toward James.

"Yes uh, this is complicated," Daniel said. Everyone noticed Jessie gesture her head at the vampire, he quickly snuck back inside.

"This is impossible," an officer said.

Daniel raised his shoulders meekly, "I told you, didn't I?"

James edged to the side to pull the drawer open. The vampire pretended to be properly dead again. "For god's sake, everyone saw you already." The police moved forward to grab him, he instinctively knocked one of them away with his arm. When they managed to hold him back the vampire jumped out to attack the other officers.

"Back up," one reported into the radio. "Hospital Morgue."

James tried to kick the vampire while being held back with the police. When I say held back, they held his arms but he still forced them forward so his kick would reach it's target. "Let me go, I have to..." he grumbled.

It was too late, the vampire had knocked the remaining officers unconscious onto the ground, he was now busy dipping to figure out who to bite first, then remembered Jessie and Daniel so he faced them. Daniel pulled out a dagger, then stood next to Jessie to protect her.

"Ugh, sorry guys." James threw the men holding him over his shoulders. At that moment backup arrived. Amongst the backup was Tom and even Damien. The vampire quickly pretended to look scared, putting his hands up. James stared at him in disbelief, "I don't believe you, how many times are you going to frame me here!"

"Please don't kill me again," he stuttered.

James rolled his eyes, "yeah that's realistic." He threw a knife at the guy, he turned to dust. The rest of the police froze, Daniel cringed slightly.

"What the?" Tom stuttered.

One of the guys who the vampire knocked to the ground stumbled to his feet. "About time you arrived," he harshly said to backup. The other remaining officers pulled themselves up, not believing what they had just seen.

Damien and another of the backup remained at the door as the rest edged nervously toward James. The one who spoke moved to stand next to Damien. Tom spoke up, "James Taylor-Janeway, you're under arrest for the murder of... what's the guy's name again?" Another officer groaned.

"Why's that cop seem annoyingly familiar to me?" James muttered, looking at Daniel and Jessie for an answer. They shrugged.

"Um no he's not," Damien smiled smugly. He and the other two each pulled out a gun. Damien's was trained at James, another toward Jessie and Daniel, the other to the rest of the police.

"What are you doing?" Tom demanded.

"This is none of your concern," Damien replied.

"Did I ask you to speak," the one with the radio hissed. He began to fire at the other police officers. James was about to move forward but Damien stepped forward too, aiming his gun at his head. Everyone else tried to duck as the second guy started to shoot too at the police, but the room was void of stuff to hide behind. Only James, Jessie and Daniel were left seconds later. One guy pointed his gun toward Jessie and Daniel.

"What about the civilians?" he asked. Damien glanced briefly at him, James then quickly moved to stand in front of Jessie.

"Damn it, I have to stop doing that," Damien muttered to himself, re-aiming his gun.

"Go, run, I'll block," James whispered to the two behind him. He moved to keep the gun path to Jessie and Daniel blocked as the rushed to the door.

"No one will believe them," Damien commented.

"Yes, too bad you can't give our thanks to your watcher for telling us," the lead guy sneered.

"What are you talking about?" James muttered. He backed toward the door, one shot a warning shot at him. "Look, if you wanted to kill me you would have already. See you hopefully never." He turned to run after Daniel and Jessie.

James, Jessie and Ronnie stood around outside James' house, waiting behind Ronnie's van. Police cars were parked badly outside, most of the officers there headed back to their cars. Two were arguing with Kathryn at the front door.

"I don't care what those people say, my James doesn't kill people. He helps people. The witnesses even said the victim was a guy with a girl, he pulled him off her and she ran off. She was probably in danger."

"And then what, decided he was the law and stabbed him?" officer one said.

"No, that part doesn't sound right. Why don't you do some actual policing instead of accusing an innocent boy," Kathryn snapped.

"Come on mum, just let them go," James muttered.

Daniel sighed, "this is a serious case, even if she did let them they'd leave a few to watch the house."

"Back to your place then, I suppose," James said. He and Daniel snuck back into the van.

Jessie remained where she was, then noticed Damien's group getting out of a new car on the scene. "James, trouble." The two guys backtracked to look.

"Oh god, mum and Lena, they must be..." James stuttered. Daniel put an arm out to stop him.

"Let me go, police aren't after me."

"But those three will recognise you," Jessie pointed out.

"I'm counting on it," Daniel said. He moved out of the hiding place, then headed for the house. James and Jessie stayed where they were, out of sight of everyone else.

Damien and company surrounded the officers talking to Kathryn. "Don't talk to me like that, you've got the wrong boy," she scolded. "Now you're not searching my house again."

"Actually we are," Damien said.

"Go and intimidate a deserving family," Kathryn groaned. She slammed the door in their faces.

Daniel stopped behind the group, "looking for something?" The officers all turned to look at him, Damien and the others narrowed their eyes. Damien stepped forward.

"Is he here?"

"Why would any accused murderer come home, it's always the first place police check," Daniel said.

"Are you a relative or friend?" one of the officers asked.

The leader of trigger happy group raised his hand, gesturing him to shut up. "Stay out of this. You'll tell us where he is or..."

"You owe us some answers first. Why do you want him, and why did you kill those other policemen?" Daniel said.

The other officers frowned in confusion. "What?"

"Oh yeah, you'll find some extra bodies in the morgue," Daniel said. "These lot have a solo gig going on."

The leader groaned, turning to point his gun at the lead officers head. The other two did the same with the others. "We're taking this case Georgie."

"My name's Andrew, and you've got to be kidding," officer one muttered.

"Try us," Damien laughed.

Other police officers emerged from their cars again, Daniel shrugged his shoulders. "This place is a bit more public guys."

"Tell us where the Slayer is or these idiots die," the leader snarled.

"The what?" one of the officers said.

Meanwhile James and Jessie looked a bit worried as they looked on. "I hope your spy has a plan," she said.

"Watcher," James corrected. "And so do I."

"Whatever his name is, he's still creepy," Jessie said.

"Uh oh," James muttered as he noticed some officers glancing toward the van.

"If he's anywhere, he's probably in there," Damien said.

"Shush," the leader snapped. "You're giving him to them."

Daniel rolled his eyes, "why would I bring him here." Some officers decided to head for the van.

"Crap, what do we do?" Jessie asked.

James edged to the side to open the van door, "we get in the van."

"Oh god," Jessie groaned, she climbed in first. They sat in it, ducking so no one could see them through the windows.

"Ah!" the leader snapped. "If anyone goes near that van, I'll kill these guys."

"Do you want me to get you a muffin too?" Daniel mockingly asked.

"Maybe a raspberry one," Damien replied. The other two groaned.

"Idiot. If all of you other cops don't leave, I'll blow their heads off and that includes everyone in this house too," the leader said.

"What about the kid?" Damien whispered. The other two looked very annoyed with him now.

"Do you think we're kidding?" the second one demanded. "We'll prove it to you that we're serious." He shot the guy he was holding hostage, he aimed his gun toward Daniel. "Get out of here!"

"Fall back," one officer ordered. The rest of them rushed into their cars again. Soon the cars had drove away out of sight.

Jessie peeped through her window, "they're gone. I can't believe it."

"They'll probably come back with a surprise attack or something," James muttered. "This is why they should arm police here."

"Um no, those three are good examples of why they shouldn't be," Jessie said.

"That was too easy, let's get the kid and get out of here," the leader whispered to his teammates. He casually shot the officer he was pointing the gun at, Damien did the same.

"What about the watcher?" the second guy asked.

"No, he'll be useful," the leader replied. "Boys, get that door open."

"I don't think that's a good idea," Damien said, glancing directly at Daniel. His two teammates groaned.

"You know, we're getting really sick of you blundering fool..." the leader snarled. Damien quickly turned around and shot his friends. After they fell to the ground he turned to face Daniel again.

"What was that supposed to be?" Daniel asked.

Damien smirked as he put away his gun. "There will be more coming for your two Slayers, you really don't want these guys to get their hands on them."

Daniel stared at him suspiciously, "why are you telling me this, and why did you do that?"

"Wow you watchers are idiots, aren't you? I thought that was just a myth," Damien rolled his eyes. "They'll probably want to capture you as well. We should hide your two kids, I know where one is but where's the one already Chosen?"

"You have given me no real reason to trust you. You've killed people and..." Daniel said.

"He's in the van. I'm not an idiot," Damien muttered.

"Of course not," Daniel scoffed.

"Oh yeah," Damien said. He took the gun back out and aimed it at the van. "I saw it move, but if you're telling the truth and no-one's in it, then it's ok for me to shoot out the windows."

"No," Daniel blurted out. "It costs a fortune to replace those."

"Uh huh," Damien smiled. He knocked on the front door. "If I'm not allowed to shoot, I'll take a look then."

Daniel rolled his eyes, "fine."

The front door opened, this time Chakotay was there. "My wife wants you to stop hassling us."

"Oooh, big scary man wants us to leave his little wife alone," Damien teased. "That's cute, where's your daughter?"

"Oh my daughter now is it? Haven't you got anything better to do?" Chakotay grumbled.

Daniel looked toward the van, gesturing his eyes and eyebrows. James reluctantly left the van, and headed over. Jessie more so.

"You can't be serious about this," he muttered.

"I think I know who these people are," Daniel whispered to him.

Chakotay glared toward James, "what are you doing here? This is the last place you should be."

"Don't I know it," James muttered, using his own glare on Daniel. "You're either going to get me arrested or killed."

"This is why you should listen to me. More of those guys will come for you and your little sister, do you really want them dissecting you for the rest of your tiny lives," Damien muttered.

"So I was right," Daniel said.

"What are you talking about?" Chakotay demanded.

"Shut up," James groaned, rolling his eyes. "More police are going to come here you know, we can't just stand around and talk." He snatched Damien's gun off him, "we'd better get inside for now."

"Excellent idea," Damien said, fidgeting slightly. "Can I have that back?" James pointed it at him. "Really, you can keep it."

"Thanks," he said. Everyone quickly shuffled into the house.

Voyager:

Kes hovered a regenerator in front of Tuvok's swollen eye. Jessie and the Doctor remained at James' bedside.

"The headache thingy isn't working, whatever Tuvok did, did," Jessie said.

"The headache isn't strong enough to reach him most of the time. It'll be when he's at his weakest in that life. As for Tuvok he may not know him there, and/or really bad timing," the Doctor said.

Kes sighed in annoyance as Tuvok attempted to raise the wrong eyebrow. "Something startled him, he was on edge and it was night."

"Sounds like a five year old describing a story's scene," Jessie muttered.

"That's an exaggeration, I'd say more like a FV writer describing a scene," the Doctor smiled, looking oddly proud of his obvious joke.

"Indeed," Tuvok commented.

"Can you please refrain from saying anything else while I treat this, you got more than a swollen eye," Kes said.

"We need a new plan," Kathryn said, emerging from the office. "I hope somebody has one."

"Tuvok probably couldn't make an impact as whatever's doing this can easily exclude him from this new life," Kes muttered.

Jessie looked deep in thought. "Is there a way for Tuvok to meld him again, but bring someone else along for the ride?"

"Sounds risky even if he could," Kes commented as she finished her treatment.

Tuvok stood straight up from the biobed. "There is a technique called the bridging of minds..."

"Here we go," the Doctor groaned.

"That will allow another person to enter into his unconscious," Tuvok said.

"Great," Jessie said, moving to sit on the neighbouring biobed. "Hook me up then."

Danny popped into Sickbay to laugh again, "hook me up."

Everyone, even Tuvok turned to look at her and more or less screamed, "shut up Danny!"

"God, James goes into another coma and everyone gets twisty," she muttered.

The Doctor shook his head, "I don't recommend this anymore than I did a regular mind meld. Have you ever done this bridging of heads before?"

"Minds, and no," Tuvok replied.

The Doctor was about to continue protesting but Jessie butted in, "come on, let's do this thing. He needs our help."

"Very well, you will need to kneel down close to his head," Tuvok said. She did as she was told. Tuvok did the meld on her and James with obviously different hands.

Kathryn, James, Jessie, Daniel and Damien stood around the living room of the house. Daniel kept checking through the curtains for any new arrivals.

"That's horrible. What do these people hope to accomplish with experiments?" Kathryn questioned.

Damien shrugged, "I don't know, it seems like a waste to me. You can't copy Slayers, they know that. It seems futile to me."

James looked around, fidgeting slightly. "Does anyone else feel that?"

Damien suddenly grew nervous, "yes, yes I did."

James looked at him with narrowed eyes, "you don't even know what it was, did you?"

"Then why did you ask?" Damien smiled smugly.

Daniel walked over to stand beside James. "What is it?" he whispered.

"I'm not sure, it feels like something's coming," James whispered back.

"That's probably more police. We haven't got time to waste, we need to get out of here," Damien said.

"I need to get more weapons before I go anywhere," James quietly said to Daniel. He nodded, then left the room.

Damien groaned, "oh come on, how long are you going to keep that gun trained on me?"

"Until you give me a reason to stop," James replied.

"Uh I told you everything, what more do you want?" Damien rolled his eyes.

The house started to shake a little like there was a mini earthquake. Kathryn's coffee spilt onto her lap. Damien looked very nervous at this point.

"Ok that's not a good sign, now stop pointing," he stuttered.

Jessie looked freaked out, "what's going on, we're in England we shouldn't get earthquakes."

James shuddered slightly, "oh god." He turned to his mother, "mum, have you got anything to tie up that guy with?"

"No why would I?" Kathryn said. "I'm not kinky or anything so why would I?" She took the gun out of his hands, quickly aiming it at Damien. "There, happy."

James looked disgusted, "no, how come whenever you say stuff in that tone, I get worried." He headed the way Daniel went, "I'd better check on Lena."

Kathryn blushed a little, then for some reason only just noticed Jessie's presence. "Who are you?"

"A friend," she replied.

Damien smiled a little, "a female friend, that's juicy."

Kathryn stepped closer, still holding that gun. "Keep talking like that and I'll be bleaching your blood from my carpet."

Daniel appeared at the doorway holding some weapons in his arms, he dropped them all to the ground. "Where's James? Great. Girls, weapons." He noticed Kathryn already had one, "younger girl, weapons."

Jessie reluctantly started to make her way across to him, just then a bright light engulfed the entire house. Everyone blocked their eyes, Damien quickly moved forward to grab the gun from Kathryn. When the light died down Jessie and Daniel noticed a sky blue portal had opened up in front of the back wall. Kathryn noticed that her and Damien's roles had reversed, she cleared her throat to get attention from the other two.

"Thank god your freak son cares more about the ickle sis, huh," Damien smiled deviously. With his other hand he fished a device out of his pocket that looked like it was from Voyager's time.

"I knew you weren't to be trusted. Did you create the portal?" Daniel grumbled.

"Now that would be telling," Damien said. He pressed a button on the device, then brought it to his face. "Good timing boys, it's all clear."

Daniel quickly handed Jessie what looked like a phaser rifle, just not as advanced. He picked up a sword, and collected a few knives.

"That's not going to be enough," Damien smiled.

"Ok, what's going on? What's the portal for?" Jessie whispered to Daniel. "And how do you work this thing."

"It's already set up, just aim and the red button," Daniel replied.

Meanwhile upstairs in Lena's bedroom another portal exactly the same had opened up. Chakotay and James both stood in between it and Lena.

"Hey I'm her father, I should protect her," Chakotay grumbled.

"Don't remind me," James groaned, looking disgusted. "This is my job you know."

"Your job is arguing with dad, I knew it," Lena commented cutely.

"Anything could come out of that thing, I should protect her while you fight or something. You know I'm right," Chakotay muttered.

"Maybe I should just throw you at the portal to see what happens," James said.

Just then a dozen different kinds of demons stepped out of the anomaly, one by one. Lena and Chakotay looked pretty freaked out when they saw them. "Bogeymen, daddy get them," Lena said, hiding behind her dad's leg.

"Aaaw how cute, let's make the boss proud," the lead demon said.

Damien meanwhile backed into the downstairs demons which had done the same thing. "Now remember, no killing family." He pointed at Daniel, "maybe him though, and her." Jessie accidentally slipped on the fire button, one demon got knocked to the ground. "Definitely her."

"Oops," she said.

On both floors the demons charged forward to attack.

Upstairs Chakotay picked up his daughter while James went forward to fight the demons.

"Cool," Lena said, watching her big brother. "Can I do that?"

"Hell no," Chakotay replied, carrying her out of the bedroom.

Downstairs Kathryn and Daniel pushed the sofa in the way of the demons, while Jessie seemed to fire randomly at the demons. A few of the demons jumped over the sofa, Daniel quickly took the weapon off of Jessie and started firing at them. "Arm yourself then get out of here!" he yelled.

Kathryn and Jessie knelt down briefly to pick up a few weapons, Kathryn ran out of the room but Jessie stayed behind. She threw one of the knives at some of the demons closing in on Daniel. He skillfully fought two with the sword he had. One lifted the sofa, throwing it into the wall.

Kathryn bumped into Chakotay and Lena at the bottom of the stairs. "You don't want to bring her down here."

"What, I can't take her back up," Chakotay stuttered, gesturing his head up the stairs. One of the doors nearby them opened suddenly, a demon lunged forward to grab Chakotay. He quickly let go of Lena before he was pulled backwards through the door.

"Daddy!" she cried as Kathryn picked her up. She quickly covered her eyes with one hand, then threw one of the knives she had toward the demon. It only stunned him for a second, this gave Chakotay the chance to fight back. He was then pushed backwards onto the floor, a couple of demons marched out of the door. One didn't look happy with a knife in his side.

"For god's sake girl, get out of here!" Daniel yelled as he was forced into the wall by three demons.

Jessie looked behind her then in front, whatever way she went she would have to deal with demons. "Crap, crap." She went forward to go to help Daniel, more surrounded him so she couldn't see what was happening. Moments later she heard a thud coming from there, the demons moved off. She gasped, "oh god." Daniel had been clawed and stabbed, he lay bleeding on the ground where he stood before.

Two demons headed over to her, the ones who attacked Daniel remained behind them. One tried to grab her, she kicked it as hard as she could in the leg. It backed off a little, then she swung the sword she picked up carelessly in front of her but it put off demons from coming closer. As she backed to the door Damien rolled his eyes, pointing the gun again.

"Useless minions, she's only a little girl." He fired just as Jessie closed her eyes, and whispered something. The bullet slowed right down as it got within a metre of her. It stopped completely, then dropped to the ground. She then turned to go into the hallway, slamming the door behind her.

Kathryn and Chakotay both were trying desperately to fight the demons, Lena stood nearby the door with Jessie. They looked at each other, both exchanged nervous, "hi." The fight between Kathryn, Chakotay and the demons wasn't going well. The door Jessie came through smashed to pieces as a fist went through it. Jessie quickly clutched onto Lena. She started whispering again, Lena looked up at her confused.

A knife flew down from upstairs, killing the one who was attacking Kathryn. James then jumped down to join everyone. "Upstairs is clear, portal's closed," he quietly said to them. He blocked the demon's way to Jessie and Lena, they rushed upstairs first, then Kathryn followed them. James ignored the demons holding Chakotay against the wall, punching and choking him.

"James," he muttered. "Little... help."

"What?" James said, shrugging casually. The other demons attacked him. "Sorry, a bit busy." Chakotay managed to roll his eyes.

Upstairs Jessie handed Lena over to her mother. "What would you call the centre of the house?"

"Um, what?" Kathryn muttered.

"Just tell me," Jessie said. Kathryn frowned, pointing toward the wardrobe nearby her. Jessie rushed over to sit down there, cross legged. "Just keep quiet for five minutes."

"Charming," Kathryn muttered.

Jessie closed her eyes, then began to chant quietly. The other two girls thought she was just plain nuts until a light shone on her out of nowhere.

Meanwhile James looked annoyed as he had an opening to help Chakotay. "Ugh, can't you just do it yourself." He marched over to help, by this time Chakotay had turned blue.

Lena looked up at her mother, "what's she doing?"

"I don't know," Kathryn uneasily said.

Jessie opened her eyes which had turned red, "banish." Suddenly an orange shockwave came from her, it went straight through the outer walls and to the edge of the garden.

Downstairs the shockwave appeared nearby the stairs, it grew like it did upstairs. Each demon it hit disappeared in an orange shimmer.

Kathryn looked outside to find an orange bubble surrounding the house. Police had arrived again on the scene.

James and Chakotay looked at each other, confused. "What the hell was that?" James muttered.

Chakotay pointed at his bruised neck, shrugging his shoulders. All he could do was croak a little.

Damien burst through the door looking peeved, "you!" He pointed angrily at James, "where did you get that witch from. I swear I'll tear her apart too!"

"Witch?" James said.

Upstairs Kathryn and Lena stared blankly at Jessie after turning away from the window. "That was cool," Lena commented.

Jessie stood back up, then walked over to them, "thanks, it was nothing."

"How... how?" Kathryn stuttered.

Damien meanwhile was stuttering just like her. "Where, where... how did you... where is she!"

"I don't know any witch," James muttered. He stepped forward but Damien pointed a phaser at him this time.

"Watcher briefed you on alien technology didn't he, this'll vaporise you," he snarled. "Where is that girl you were with?"

"You think Jessie's a witch?" James said, trying not to laugh.

Chakotay tried to speak, "who?"

"Oh, I've spent too long with this plan to have it messed by a little witch like her," Damien groaned. He pressed a button on the device he had, he disappeared in a transporter beam.

"Where is the girl I brought here?" James asked Chakotay. He shrugged, pointing up the stairs. "Finally, you're useful for something," he said, rushed up the stairs.

Damien rematerialised next to Jessie, he grabbed her by the throat before she knew what had just happened. "You have no idea how much you've ruined me, I should have shot you before you had a chance to."

Kathryn looked on helplessly, she had no weapons and she couldn't leave Lena alone. "Hey, she didn't do anything, it was me."

Damien laughed, "yeah right." Jessie kneed him, but he kept a hold of her anyway. "Ok that's it." James entered to the room just in time to see Damien stab her with his spare hand, then pushed her through the window that was just nearby. "Well, that's that."

Kathryn couldn't believe her eyes, Lena pouted angrily, Kathryn kept a tight hold of her just in case.

Damien turned around, not realising James had been right behind him. He grabbed him by the throat, "mum get Lena out of here." Damien's eyes widened as he noticed James' was red. "Now!"

Kathryn picked up her daughter, then rushed out of the room. As she headed down the stairs she heard Damien screaming hysterically, then silence. Lena looked up at her mother, she looked horrified at what she just heard. "Chakotay."

"What the hell?" he croaked.

"Ok you can't, I'll call," Kathryn said, leaving Lena with him. She went into the living room to pick up the phone that lay on the floor. While she talked on the phone James walked down the stairs, he went straight passed his sister and step dad and went into the kitchen. He opened the back door that lead into the garden.

The orange bubble seemed to have faded away. Police had gathered around the middle of the garden. A few noticed James, then went over to arrest him. He pushed them out of the way, as well as other police that didn't notice him. He stopped in front of Jessie, she lay on the grass with shattered glass surrounding her, some of it stained with her blood. The wound in her chest hadn't bled that much at all. Her eyes were open, but they were lifeless.

Two police officers went to stop him again, he grabbed one and threw him into the nearby police car, and pushed the other one away. Then he knelt down next to Jessie, he gently stroked the side of her face as he leaned over her.

The remaining officers at this point didn't know what to do. James slowly stood back up after kissing Jessie's cold forehead. He pushed his way through the officers in his way, any of the ones who tried to stop him he was more forceful with. He grabbed one that stood by Daniel's van, and threw him into another police car.

Nobody dared to stop him as he went into van, and drove it away.

Voyager:

The Doctor and Kes looked panicky as she worked at the station, and he at the biobed panel. "Lifesigns are fading, we're losing him."

"Is Jessie and Tuvok..." Kathryn stuttered.

Kes looked to the side of her station, "they're in. I don't know if they have any time left."

The Doctor shook his head, "he's only got ten minutes, unless Jessie can perform a miracle I don't see them getting to him in time."

"I don't understand, what's killing him?" Kathryn questioned.

The Doctor sighed, he looked down at the panel. "He is." He looked toward Jessie and Tuvok. Her eyes began twitching, they then opened. She looked around to find herself in the back of Daniel's old van. It screeched to a halt, throwing her to the floor.

"Ow, stupid thing, who's driving this hunk of junk," she grumbled. Moments later the doors to it swung open, she looked around to find a sword in her face. It quickly moved away again. She glanced up to see who it's owner was. "James, oh god."

He stared at her with his dark black eyes, not sure what he was seeing. "Jessie, how is this... you're..."

"Ok um. I don't know how to start here but um, you're hallucinating," Jessie muttered.

"Really?" James said. He turned around and walked off. "That explains that."

Jessie pulled a face, "ok that's not what I meant." She quickly climbed out of the van, looking around to figure out where he walked off too. She noticed the van had been parked crookedly across two

lanes, right next to traffic lights. A few cars were beeping at it as it was blocking their way. Jessie looked at them helplessly, then noticed James walking down a nearby alleyway. "Wait! I didn't mean that you, you were hallucinating! I mean this is!"

James picked up his pace, he crossed a few more roads and went to walk on the path alongside a road going across a high, green bridge which went across a river. He stopped to lean across the side of it. Jessie ran to catch up with him. When she was only a few metres away she saw him climb onto the ledge, her eyes widened in panic. "No!" she screamed, running to him as fast as she could.

The beeps on the heart monitor on the biobed started to become less frequent, Kathryn's face turned pale. "Kes, prepare for resuscitation, quickly!" the Doctor ordered. Kes rushed to his side after picking up a hypospray and a small device from the tray.

Meanwhile Jessie got to James, she didn't want to dare pull him or he'd lose his balance. She glanced briefly at the drop below them, which was about twenty feet and he had chosen the spot above the road below, the riverside was only a few metres away from it. "Please don't do it James, whatever it is, it isn't worth it."

"They didn't warn me about hallucinations," James muttered to himself.

"No, I'm not one. I'm the only thing that's real here," Jessie stuttered.

"Then what does it matter then," James said, closing his eyes.

"No I mean, you're real. So am I, if you do this..." Jessie said, she reached out to touch his arm. "See, I'm real. Please come down."

James looked down at her, "no, you're dead. I saw it, he stabbed you and I didn't stop it! It's my fault you were there."

"Oh, I died," Jessie said quietly. "As you can see I'm not dead, nobody stabbed me look." She reached out to hold his hand, "the Jessie who died, it wasn't the real one. This is all your imagination."

"What are you, what... you talking about?" James said, shaking his head. "Oh god, I'm talking to it now."

"Hey, have you been suffering a headache or did you see a tallish man, big ears, calm looking, telling you that this wasn't real?" Jessie questioned.

James glanced down at her, widening his dark eyes. "What, how?" He looked around, shaking violently. "For several days, it only happens sometimes."

"That's us, the Doctor's trying to bring you back into reality. The man you met is a Vulcan on our ship, he connected us so I can talk to you. I'm there, by your side," Jessie said.

"Vulcan. They're emotionless, telepathic..." James muttered to himself, looking back down at her. "He said. No how can that be, I don't remember any ship. We can't possibly..."

"Something's in your head, it created this false life to try and trick you," Jessie said.

James shook his head, looking like he was ready to break down in tears. "That's not possible, you're not. You're not her, I saw her die. I only knew her a few days, but I felt like I knew her... for years."

"Why do you think that is?" Jessie softly said. "Look at me, when you met me days ago, did I seem familiar at all?"

"Yes but I dunno why," James mumbled. He stared at her, "your hair, it's different. I've never seen it like that."

"You look different yourself, you look several years younger than the James I know," Jessie said. "Look if you jump, as your mind's stuck completely in this other life, it will kill you there too. I don't want to lose you, you're very special to me. We're going to be parents, you and I."

"What, we didn't..." James stuttered.

"Obviously not here you didn't," Jessie said. "In reality we've been together for two years nearly, we've known each other since we were four. You're my best friend. Please, just come down."

"I don't remember," James mumbled.

"You will, I'll help you. Just step down, carefully," Jessie said. James stared at her as he stepped down, she sighed in relief. "I'm not sure what else to do to get you back. Oh what the hell." She guided his hand to her stomach, then kissed him. He closed his eyes only for a second, when he reopened them they were blue again. Everything around him seemed blurry, it was clearing up pretty quickly. He heard a continuous beeping sound come from nearby.

"Heart rate returning to normal," the Doctor smiled. "The memory pattern's still there, but it'll fade."

Tuvok moved to stand out of the way. Jessie used the biobed to stand back up, she stood by James' side and held his hand. "It worked, right?"

"Whatever you did it worked," the Doctor replied.

"Where am I?" James asked, looking up at Jessie. Her relieved glance faded away quickly.

"What's wrong?" she stuttered.

"Don't panic, it'll take a while for it to all come back," the Doctor replied. "He should rest here for at least another two days. Make sure he does."

Jessie sighed, "I will." She smiled down at James, "it's ok, you're in Sickbay on Voyager. You're going to be ok, I'll stay right here with you all right?"

The Doctor walked over to Kathryn, "his memory should return in an hour or so, probably longer. It's best if we just let him be."

"Let me know when he's back on his feet," Kathryn said. She nodded at Tuvok, "good work."

"Captain, it was Miss Rex who..." Tuvok said.

"I know, but he's familiar with her, I don't want to startle him just so I can thank her now," Kathryn said. Tuvok nodded as he left, Kathryn followed. James caught sight of her just as she went through the door.

"Mum," he whispered.

"No sorry James, she's not here," Jessie said, taking a hold of his other hand. "It's ok, you'll get it all back, promise."

Kes stared after them, then looked towards the door, frowning in confusion. She looked down at her station, and began to work on it. A list of the crew's medical files appeared on it, she selected Kathryn's.

******THE END******