

B4FV Episode 3.22

Alternate Scorpion

It was a normal day on the Voyager bridge, well as normal as it ever got onboard ship. Tom stood pestering Harry at opps, unaware that he was wearing a headphone in one ear while he worked. Kathryn nursed a coffee cup in her lap looking not so pregnant when you'd think she would be. Tuvok had his eyebrow raised while working, silently judging everyone. Chakotay seemed to be silently preying to his animal guide that Kathryn was only on her fifth cup, not fifteenth. Danny was in a daze at the Science Station, most probably thinking up a dirty joke.

"Sooo, what do you say Harry?" Tom questioned, smiling broadly.

"No," Harry replied.

Tom's smile turned into a grin, "hell yeah, I knew it." Harry didn't respond, he kept on working. Tom patted the station he leaned against, "he's just gave up his Holodeck time, yes he did."

Tuvok's eyebrow raised even higher, so did his judging level.

"Captain, the light's flashing again!" Lee suddenly blurted out, startling a few of the bridge staff.

Kathryn groaned, luckily she wasn't one of them or she would have had coffee all down her uniform. She stared at the unfortunate teenager that had replaced Jessie at the Engineering station. "I told you we should have found a better replacement for her."

"I thought it didn't matter," Chakotay shrugged his shoulders. He leaned back in his chair, one hand reaching to his console. "All she ever seemed to do was play games most of the time."

Kathryn narrowed her eyes while staring at the screen, "is that Hearts?"

Chakotay blinked a few times then shifted his eyes in her direction. "Yes, what's your point?"

"Oh god, it's still blinking," Lee stuttered.

Kathryn closed her eyes, it didn't work as well as she thought it would. Chakotay smiled, showing off his dimples. "How long is Jessie's maternity leave anyway?"

"I may be wrong but I think it's six months," Kathryn replied.

"That's a long holiday," Chakotay sighed, getting back to his game.

"Believe me, after one month she'll want to be back here," Kathryn muttered.

In: "Engineering to the Bridge."

Kathryn sighed, "what is it B'Elanna?"

In: "We have a situation Captain, a big one, you should see this."

Kathryn and Chakotay glanced at each other, both curious and a little worried.

Engineering:

Kathryn and Chakotay walked through the main doors, both of them immediately noticed the tension in everyone who was there. They picked up speed to join B'Elanna by one of the side stations.

"Captain one of our probes stopped transmitting," she said. "However I was able to playback the last few seconds of the transmission." She leaned over the station, entering in commands to the monitor. "Take a look at this." Chakotay and Kathryn hovered around her.

On the screen a Borg Cube flies directly toward the screen until it's taking up the entire shot. They see a brief transporter beam, then the creepy lifeless interior of the Borg ship. Static covers the screen only for a second, the next the command crew see is a Borg Drone looking directly at them, about to use it's mechanical tool arm on the probe. Static appears again, but this time it doesn't wear off.

Kathryn slowly turned her head toward Chakotay, his shoulders slumped as he watched her with concern planted on his face. He spoke in a raspy tone, "this is it Captain, Borg Space."

Ian stopped behind them, folding his arms and shaking his head in disgust. "I know, can you believe it? We saw an abandoned damaged Borg Ship, ex drones and such. Everyone seems surprised by this for some reason like it never happened. Unity wasn't that bad."

Kathryn, Chakotay and B'Elanna slowly turned their heads to look at him, all with annoyed expressions on their faces.

"Yes I know, it was never covered by an episode," Ian commented. He shrugged his shoulders casually, "well look on the bright side, at least the Borg have had decorators on their ships, and a makeover themselves. Though I don't care for the sweaty, green lights look."

Kathryn raised her eyebrow while glanced toward Chakotay, "this is the last episode with him in for a while, right?" Chakotay nodded in response.

Ian looked on nervously, "I was just trying to lighten the mood."

"Chakotay, change the status of that Senior Staff meeting later this morning," Kathryn ordered.

"Yes ma'am," Chakotay nodded.

"Ok just so I know, am I still in that?" Ian questioned.

Kathryn shuddered, "I need ten cups of coffee." She marched off.

"I'll tell you what, Ian. If you can come up with something you're senior of that's actually true, then you can come to the meeting," Chakotay replied, he quickly followed the Captain.

Ian looked at B'Elanna, she rolled her eyes and walked away. "Hmm something I'm senior of," he muttered to himself.

Jessie/James' Quarters:

The bedroom was still dark, except for the dim red light above the window which stupidly only lights up parts of the bed. Jessie lay under the covers on her left side, again she was pregnant but now heavily in her eighth or ninth month. Her head rested on James' left arm like it was a pillow. He lay behind her so to speak, with his right arm wrapped around her waist. That hand rested on the baby bump, while her right hand held it.

James opened his eyes, cringing slightly at that annoying red light. Jessie woke up a little while later, she turned her head slightly to look up at him. "How long this time?"

"Only a few seconds," James replied. He kissed her on the cheek a few times, then worked his way down to her neck then shoulder.

"Hmm are you on paternity leave yourself yet or do I have to kidnap you?" she sighed.

"When you're on punishment duty you don't get paternity leave. No you don't anyway, I'll gladly skive some more," James replied. He backtracked with his kisses. She rolled onto her back, wrapped her left

arm around his shoulders, then placed her hand across his cheek. "You know better than that, don't stop there." He smiled and leaned in to kiss her.

They pulled away but only a little. "So when can you sneak away?" she asked.

"After the Conference, and then that meeting with Tuvok. I'm free after that," he replied.

Jessie pouted her lips, "that sounds like a long wait."

"Yeah I know. If I don't turn up they'll notice," James said.

"Is this the one you're going to tell everyone in?" Jessie questioned.

James sighed, "I dunno, why don't we both do it."

"If I did at least we wouldn't have to say anything," Jessie said.

"Not really. Come to the meeting early with me and..." James muttered.

"Ooh no no no," Jessie muttered, sitting up slowly.

"What?" James innocently moaned. He sat up as well. "You'll be half underneath or behind the table."

"I can't. I won't be able to face them," Jessie said. "Maybe when they know I could."

"What am I supposed to do exactly? Blurt it out half way through?" James questioned.

"No. I suggest making a speech about how great I think you are, to fill in for me. Then tell them quickly, and move onto a speech about us," Jessie replied.

"It would work if I didn't have to talk about me, what about you?" James said.

"What would you say and I'll think about it," Jessie sighed.

"Nah, I'll be here all day," James muttered.

"Explain to me how that's a bad thing," Jessie said, frowning in confusion.

"Hmm, drawing a blank," James said. He edged closer to the side of the bed, Jessie grabbed his arm quickly. "Jess I have to get up, or I'll be late."

"No don't, missing one meeting isn't the end of the universe," she said.

"Sorry Jess but we've put this off for too long," James said. He climbed the rest of the way out of bed. She watched him change into his uniform.

"So how do you think they'll react?"

"There's been rumours for a while, so I doubt they'll be surprised," James replied.

"What else has there been? I hope the ones who thought I was fat, ugly and desperate have converted. Some might think I had a boob job."

James shook his head, "who would be thinking that you're ugly, that's just crazy. The first one well, the last time people other than me and Kes saw you was three months ago. Oh and boob job?"

"Don't tell me you of all people haven't noticed," Jessie raised an eyebrow suspiciously.

"No of course not," James said, his eyes shifting nervously.

"I wonder why they did that," Jessie commented as she turned onto her side again.

"I have no clue what you mean," James muttered. He walked over to kiss her on the head. "I better go, can't be late."

"Hurry back," she sighed.

The Conference Room:

Only Kathryn, Chakotay and James occupied the meeting area. They all stood nearby the window, Chakotay's attention was focused on the padd in his hands.

"Yeah today, is that a problem?" James questioned.

Kathryn sighed uncomfortably, "it really is. This is an important meeting, it's up to you if you feel like it's worth mentioning afterwards."

"Just give me some cue and try not to cringe," James said.

"It won't be that bad," Kathryn muttered.

The rest of the Senior Staff arrived in the room, they all sat down around the table.

"Now as you know we've reached Borg Space. Their space is vast, it would take years to go around it and there's no doubt that it increases every day. It's also filled with thousands of vessels, all Borg. Going around isn't an option, but there maybe a way through it," Kathryn said. She turned her head to Chakotay, he got out of his chair then walked over to the side panel.

Everyone turned their chairs around to look at him. He brought up a small star chart of the area, what looked like a passageway went straight through it. "Borg activity is heavy all around their space, except for this corridor going through it. We've nicknamed it the Northwest Passage."

"Surely there's got to be a reason why they're not using it," Danny commented warily.

Chakotay sighed, "the passage is filled with gravitational waters, quantum singularities, and other subspace potholes. It could be a rough ride but..."

"It's better to ride the rapids than face the hive," Tom finished off his sentence.

"Does this passage go through all of Borg space or just a part of it?" James questioned.

"It goes through enough of it to ensure mostly safe passage," Kathryn replied with a smile. "I believe it's do-able."

Ian looked uncomfortable, "we just have to get there first."

"It shouldn't be a problem, the Borg won't go out of their way to assimilate a lone vessel. If we posed a threat however it's a different story," Chakotay said as he sat back down.

"Harry how is it coming on the sensors?" Kathryn asked.

"I've got them remodulated to detect transwarp frequencies. If any Borg are nearby, we'll know about it in advance," Harry replied.

"I've already gotten somewhere with the dead Borg drone Mr Paris and Lieutenant Torres found on their away mission four months ago. I know more about how assimilation works, and I may be able to find a defence," the Doctor said.

Chakotay nodded, "get on it, it's a top priority. Neelix, how's our food supplies?"

"I have an excellent plan for preserving the current stock," Neelix replied.

"What, making your food even more disgusting or have pictures of you naked next to the kitchen," James said.

Neelix pouted, "my food is not disgusting and what?"

"That would put anyone off, even Sid will think twice," Tom sniggered.

"Make sure you let me review your plan sometime," Chakotay said, trying to keep a straight face. "B'Elanna what about the engines and fuel?"

"My Engineering staff are working around the clock to keep the engines working 100%, our fuel should last a while. We shouldn't have to stop for a long time," B'Elanna replied.

"Tuvok, get your teams trained up for possible Borg attacks. We need all phasers to be set to a rotating modulation," Chakotay ordered.

Tuvok nodded, "yes sir."

"Does that include me too?" James asked.

Chakotay glanced at Kathryn, "I don't know, I don't think so. Drones have been rumoured to be strong but you might be ok."

"We could always set the doc onto them then, can't assimilate him," Tom commented with a smirk. The Doctor raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah let's hand them twenty ninth century technology," James said.

Tom looked confused, "um no, we won't do that. We can get crewmembers to lure them to the holodeck or something, we won't need the doc, just program lots of holo weapons, big muscley armed guys and safeties off."

"What kind of dumb idea is that?" Ian muttered, shaking his head.

Kathryn shook her head, "people, can we be serious for a moment here." Everyone glanced back toward her. "There's one more thing, the Borg has one of our probes so they know we're here."

"Great, just great," Danny stuttered.

"We'll do what we can to avoid a confrontation, but if we do I have every confidence in our ability to succeed," Kathryn said, looking all around the table. "I have faith in each and every one of you."

"Naked indeed," Neelix muttered.

"Well almost every one," Kathryn sighed.

"Even Tom?" Chakotay questioned.

"Yes as long as he's doing his job," Kathryn groaned.

Tom smiled, "it's nice to hear at least once in a while."

Kathryn shook her head, "before I dismiss you, does anyone have anything to add or announcements?" Most of the staff looked at her in confusion, this was certainly suspicious and new to them. James shifted in his seat uncomfortably.

Tom raised a hand into the air, "yeah I need a pee." B'Elanna slapped his arm.

Neelix copied off him, "I'd like to tell everyone I'm serving tuna casserole."

Everyone pulled a face, except from Danny who looked intrigued. "Sounds nice."

"Let's hope the Borg don't assimilate Neelix, can you imagine the carnage?" Harry commented.

"Um I'm having my hair dyed pink," Ian said.

Kathryn shook her head, "a serious announcement!"

"But I am making tuna casserole, with minted rice," Neelix moaned.

"God that's as bad as processed fish steaks served with a sickly white sauce and chicken rice," Tom said.

Neelix pouted his lips, "but Faye gave me the recipe."

"I bet she was laughing at the time," Harry muttered.

Kathryn glanced at James, "last chance people."

"Ok ok," James said as he stood up. "I have one."

Tom sniggered, "don't say you're gay, we're all expecting that one."

James narrowed his eyes in his direction, "mine's not a joke."

"We'll see," Tom said.

"Ok um," James said. "You're probably wondering why Jessie hasn't been around for a while and uh. She's, rather we..." He cleared his throat, "we're having a baby." Mostly everybody stared at him in shock. Tom started sniggering, then burst out into loud laughter. Everyone decided to ignore him.

"Oh wow, really?" Danny almost squealed. She jumped up to hug him tightly, "that's great, congrats!"

"You're serious?" Harry stuttered. "Great news but why has she been hiding, how far along is she?"

James waited until Danny had pulled away before answering. "She's two weeks... to go."

Danny stared at him with wide eyes, everyone who didn't know excluding Tom did the same.

"What! Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Danny questioned, clearly insulted and upset by this news.

"It's a long story," James uncomfortably replied, pulling a nervous face.

"Oh my god," Tom laughed. "You're serious?"

"Yeah what's so funny?" James muttered.

Tom tried to stop laughing but he couldn't. "I really don't know," he continued laughing.

James rolled his eyes, "now you guys know why we didn't tell sooner."

"Hmm yeah," B'Elanna said, glaring at her laughing boyfriend. "Congratulations."

"Sooo are you together are what, I heard a lot of rumours but they're usually wrong. Hence the surprise," Harry questioned. "Did you get together before or after the baby if you are?"

"Um long before," James replied.

Kathryn sighed, "yes well we'd better get to work now. So dismissed." Everyone but Tom cleared out.

"Took your sweet time," Ian whispered to James.

Danny overheard this with those sensitive to gossip ears of hers, she gasped in shock. "Ian, you knew about this?"

"Uh," Ian quickly tapped his commbadge. "Yes I'm on my way." He dashed into the turbolift.

Danny moved her stare to James. Before she got a chance to bombard him with a hundred questions, Tuvok stepped in between them. "Mr Taylor, we'll have to have our meeting elsewhere as Mr Paris appears to be having some kind of fit in the Conference Room."

"Great, my office," James quickly said, he headed for the other turbolift. Tuvok raised an eyebrow and followed him.

Danny growled to herself.

Meanwhile, Deck Twelve:

Foster, Sid and Thompson were busy showing a new guy to the team, the ropes. Well Thompson and Foster were trying to, Sid just stood there looking disappointed.

"This is where we usually stand or sit around to play Poker, Go Fish and other card games," Thompson was saying, pointing at one of the rooms. "We do that in the Cargo Bays usually, it depends which is closest at the time."

"Yeah yeah, when are we getting to the ropes?" Damien asked.

Sid's eyes lit up, "I was thinking the same thing."

Foster and Thompson looked at each other with the same worried expressions on their faces. "Can't we just once get a team-mate that isn't homicidal?"

"Obviously not," Foster said.

"Showing you the ropes is a term, it means showing you around the new job," Thompson said.

Damien groaned, "ugh devil, that's boring."

"Devil?" Foster said.

Damien shrugged, "something new I'm trying instead of god. Meh I have something better."

"What ever happened to your stalker?" Sid asked with interest.

"He was stolen," Damien replied.

"Why would anyone want him?" Foster asked.

"Exactly, I have no idea. The only reason he stuck around until now was that we were in the prequels," Damien replied. "I know, lame huh?"

"Oh my god, if we're not in the prequels or the main series, where are we?" Thompson whimpered, looking around nervously.

"Oh me," Damien grumbled, walking off.

Foster raised an eyebrow as he followed, "is that your replacement word for god?"

"Yeah, you like it?" Damien replied.

"It could use work," Foster said.

Thompson and Sid ran to catch up with the others, then slowed down as they caught up. "Now around here there's the off limits Jeffries Tube. It leads to Thirteen," Thompson said.

"Is it passworded?" Damien asked with an evil grin on his face.

"I dunno, we haven't tried," Foster replied nervously.

Sid sighed, "yes it is."

"Crap, that was going to be my hideout lair," Damien muttered. The others stared blankly at him. "What? Of course I'm lying, I would never tell you where my lair is."

"Um yeah," Thompson muttered.

Foster frowned as he stared at the Jeffries Tube door they were standing nearby. He saw it move open only a tiny bit. "Guys, that door's open."

"Ooh!" Sid exclaimed happily, he was about to run to it but Damien shoved him roughly on to the floor so he could instead. "Oh wow, thank you!"

"Whatever," he grunted. He tried to pull the doors the rest of the way open, failing miserably as the gap wasn't big enough to get even his little finger in. "Damn it."

Foster pulled out a tricorder, "there seems to be a malfunction in the Security system."

"No kidding, but nothing can get through there," Thompson said. His face turned pale, "but a vamp could probably open that up."

"Why, are they monstrously thin?" Damien grumbled.

"They could put something in there to pull it open," Thompson said.

"There's more to the system than a sealed door you know," Foster muttered. "There's forcefields around the entire deck, and just in case of a power failure the direct doors to it have been permanently sealed and reinforced."

"Soo..." Damien said in a bored voice.

"Sooo," Foster mocked him. "The forcefields are working properly, it's just this door that's broken."

"Oh come on guys, the vampires left when James humiliated that lead guy. They all beamed off," Sid said. "I had a look myself, it was such a disappointing day."

"True but we've had those rift things, so you never know," Thompson said.

"Oh don't tease me like that," Sid pouted.

Damien glanced between the three with an amused expression on his face. "Why would all of them beam off just cos the leader was owned? They probably set off a ship to make it look like it, and just beamed back to Thirteen. As for pain lover, he probably just caught them on their nap time."

"No I went several times," Sid commented.

"That's some bad luck. Think about it, they have a nice little snack box here. Why leave?" Damien questioned. "If they did leave, there's no stopping them from coming back. You didn't detect them before, so why should now be any different?"

"Oh yeah, they've got hundreds of worlds to choose from, well obviously more than that. Thousands of ships, they're probably eating them. Now can we go?" Thompson grunted. He walked away.

"Hang on," Foster said, stopping him. "I'm detecting something behind the door, I think it's a body."

"Bye!" Thompson stuttered, running out of sight.

"Body?" Sid questioned.

"Well there's no life signs, but I can detect what's left. It's either a vamp or plain dead corpse," Foster replied. "None of us have clearance, we'll have to tell Tuvok."

"Oh please," Damien groaned. He knelt down to have a peep through the hole. "Hello, blood for sale. Huh, whatever I'm seeing is very still."

"Yep I'm telling Tuvok," Foster said. He tapped his commbadge.

Engineering:

Most of the Engineering staff rushed from station to station, all looking very anxious. B'Elanna worked at the station in front of the warp core, while Tom stood next to her. His face was red from all the laughing, he still had a smirk on his face. Harry worked at one of the main stations nearby the core with Ian.

"I wonder who won the baby pool," Tom mumbled.

B'Elanna rolled her eyes, slouching her tense shoulders. "What?"

"You know the baby pool. There were bets on which two people would have a baby first, Sam doesn't count as her hubby isn't a crewmember and she was pregnant before we got lost. Recently somebody started a poll to see who was pregnant as somebody saw her, but didn't know who she was," Tom replied. "I wonder who won."

"I'm guessing you didn't bet on James and Jessie then," Harry commented.

"Hell no, I always thought it would be Jessie and m..." Tom said, B'Elanna glared at him, making him nervous. "Mervin."

Ian narrowed his eyes suspiciously, "there's nobody called Mervin."

"No but there's somebody called Tom Paris who won't be getting anything from his girlfriend later," B'Elanna muttered.

Tom pouted, "but we haven't slept together anyway, what am I missing out on?" Everyone that heard cringed, shaking their heads. B'Elanna gave him a well deserved slap. "Ow, it was long before I noticed you."

"How sweet," B'Elanna muttered sarcastically.

"I don't see what the big deal is. There's barely any couples on board, and let's face it those two are the most obvious couples there are," Harry said.

"What about Janeway and Chakotay?" Tom sniggered.

Ian shuddered, so did Harry. "Are they even together?" Harry asked.

"Oh yes, ask James, he witnessed something horrible," Ian replied. "Though I did witness the neck rub."

"Neck rub? Oh please, how many times have I used that one," Tom said. B'Elanna glared at him again. "Wait, what did James see?"

"Let's just say that he was catatonic for a while," Ian smirked.

Everyone else stared at him with wide eyes. "You'd think he'd be put off sex all together after seeing that, how is there a baby?" Tom questioned. He gasped, "maybe it isn't his."

Ian groaned, "no he just walked in on them sleeping, in bed together, trust me if he saw that, he'd probably would have killed himself. I know I would."

"Even with the possibility of sleeping with Jessie in the future, yeah right," Tom commented. B'Elanna swung her elbow at his face, this knocked him unconscious. Everyone sighed in relief.

"He'll calm down," she sighed.

"You have to face it B'Elanna, he's still obsessed with Jess," Harry said. "And Kes, he wants them to say yes."

B'Elanna stared at him with cold eyes, while Ian smirked to himself. "Don't quit your day job Harry."

"He's right though B'Elanna. I was apart of the Jessie obsession too, and it took a while to get over her," Ian said.

B'Elanna raised an eyebrow, "no offense to Jessie, but what's so special about her?"

Harry shrugged, "it's probably the 'hard to get appeal', you know the chase being challenging. Some guys like that apparently."

"No she's just hot," Ian said. He looked around nervously, "but Danny's hotter."

"She's not here Ian," Harry said. "I bet Jess' not so hot right now."

"Is that pregnant-girl-ism?" Ian questioned. "Or do you not like 'fat' women?"

"Forget it. I was just trying to help, but you had to go and make yourself look worse by saying the reason was cos she was hot," Harry muttered.

"Oh right," Ian blushed. "Sorry B'Elanna, you're nice too."

B'Elanna rolled her eyes, "nice? It's ok anyway Harry, you're probably right."

Tom pulled himself up, holding his head. "Ow I landed right on my nose." Everyone groaned. "By the way, Harry and Ian are both right." He stood next to B'Elanna, "but unlike Ian, I got the hard to get crap out of my system. Not the hotness though, cos have you seen her?"

"Not going to work," B'Elanna muttered.

"Damn," Tom clicked his fingers.

"So if it's the hard to get thing, how come James is so obsessed with Jessie? And how come Ian settled for easy Danny?" B'Elanna asked.

"She's not easy," Ian grumbled. "She's just rude."

"It's obvious, Ian is a quitter and James isn't a chaser, he likes women who appeal to the ego he hides," Tom said. "Though Danny is tougher to get than you think."

B'Elanna raised an eyebrow, "oh you and James have something in common, Tom. Too bad you didn't get what you wanted."

Tom pulled a slight face, "not exactly what I mean, but close. Being with a gorgeous, smart and strong woman really raises a guy's ego. It makes him 'da man'." He put his arm around B'Elanna, she looked at it in disgust.

"I'm not suggesting that you are 'da man', but shouldn't there only be one?" Ian questioned.

"Obviously I won," Tom smiled.

B'Elanna sighed, "who are we kidding with this Borg preparation. They'll take one look at us and run away, the only thing we'll contribute to the collective is craziness."

"I hope so, I like my hair," Ian commented.

Harry nodded his head in agreement. "How could you have won Tom? You should know the only way you can get 'da man' throne is if you don't let the girl make you her bitch."

"I know, that's why I won. Come on, Jessie'd tell him to jump off a cliff, you know he would," Tom said.

"Tom, get me a muffin," B'Elanna said.

Tom smiled sweetly at her, "yes dear." He ran off.

"Wow, he's Da Man," Harry smirked.

"There's no such thing these days," B'Elanna sighed.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie was sitting on the sofa with a bowl of cereal sitting on the bump, she looked a little pleased with herself as she balanced it. The door chimed. She held the bowl while looking up with fear in her eyes. After putting the bowl down on the table, she got to her feet. "Who is it?"

"It's me!" Danny called through the door.

"Oh, oh," Jessie stuttered. She ran into her bedroom. The door remained open as she stuck her head through it. "Come in." Her head quickly went back out of sight, the door closed.

Danny stepped inside, she had a quick look around the empty room. "Oh come on Jess, I know now. You can come out."

"No, you'll stare and insult," Jessie's voice said through the door.

"I won't insult, I promise," Danny said.

"All right," Jessie's voice sighed. The door opened again, she slowly stepped out fearing the worst. Danny's eyes went extremely wide.

"Oh my! You're huge. I thought James was lying about the nine-ish months, and is it twins?"

"What, no!" Jessie pouted angrily. "There's just one and it's two weeks to go for your information."

"But that's not right," Danny muttered as she walked over, her eyes narrowing. "You can't be nearly nine months."

"Oh I am, you can ask Kes, not the doc as he won't know for sure," Jessie said. "Tom will have told everyone now I suppose."

Danny gasped, pointing her finger at her. "You lied to me!"

"I did?" Jessie frowned. "When did I say I wasn't pregnant?"

"No no, you said you and James didn't get, you know, physical until H'Taria. That was six months ago," Danny replied.

"Oh, yes then I guess I did lie," Jessie mumbled.

"So how long then?" Danny asked.

"Ten, just over ten months, but to be fair we're not animals, and I haven't been in the mood for a month or two now," Jessie replied meekly.

"Why lie to me?" Danny asked.

"Um cos you always make dirty jokes, and always want details," Jessie replied. "I only told you about H'Taria because we were getting more serious, and it would seem less believable to you."

"You're right, you and him were getting closer," Danny said. She sighed, "so then months ago, let's see that was New Earth."

"Yeah that's why Ian, Lisa and the others know," Jessie said. "Plus Kes too. Janeway told Tuvok, someone told Neelix."

"Ok so how serious is this then? Is it too soon to be thinking about a wedding?" Danny asked, smiling in her usual nosey way.

Jessie rolled her eyes, smirking slightly. She sat back down on the sofa. "You know James, he'd never ask anyway."

"What if he did ask?" Danny questioned.

"I don't know, I'd be surprised but..." Jessie mumbled.

"No no, how would you answer?" Danny asked.

"Truthfully?" Jessie said. She smiled, "I'd say yes, I wouldn't have to think about it."

Danny grinned as she down next to her friend, "really? Whatever happened to 'I won't marry someone unless I know I love them? Sounds to me like someone's in loove."

"Well somebody is," Jessie said.

Danny's face turned serious for once. "Oh? When did this happen?"

"A long time ago Dan, I've only just recently realised," Jessie replied. "I've spent a lot of time alone here, it gives you time to think."

"Wow," Danny muttered. "Let's hope he does, I've got to see you in a wedding dress, only then my life will be complete."

"Dream on Danny," Jessie muttered.

Sickbay:

"This is absolutely, it's absolutely a really bad word I don't think exists," the Doctor ranted on to himself. Kes stood nearby looking nervous. They were both working on a dead Borg drone. "Hiding somebody's pregnancy for over eight months is unthinkable."

"She requested confidentiality, and I could handle it," Kes said.

"How did you do it?" the Doctor stuttered.

"With great difficulty," Kes replied. "Luckily there was no complications."

The Doctor shook his head, "just get her here sometime today. I want to see if she's all right for myself."

Kes shook her head, "do you not trust me? She's in good health."

"I do but I still want to see her," the Doctor grumbled. "We've had enough deaths the last two weeks as it is." He walked into his office leaving Kes bewildered.

"Charming," she muttered.

In: "Transporter Room Two to Sickbay, prepare for incoming patient."

The Doctor sighed, he headed toward one of the empty biobeds. "Very well."

A body dematerialised on the one closest to them. He was very pale, parts of his clothes were stained by blood, and his neck had a red bite mark on it. "Well I don't need to scan to know that this man's been dead too long."

Kes sighed, "great, another vampire victim. How do we know if he's been sired or not?"

The Doctor looked around the medical tray, he took out a hypospray. He injected the body with it. He burst into flames before their eyes, seconds later all that was left was a singed biobed and the forcefield around it that put out the fire.

"That's how," the Doctor replied.

Kes frowned, glancing briefly at the tiny label on the hypospray, "holy water? You actually listened to my suggestion."

"You never suggested it, it was my idea," the Doctor said. He walked back over to the dead Borg. Kes closed her eyes, shaking her head in annoyance.

The Security Office:

For once Tuvok was there instead of James. He was busy talking to Foster and the rest of his team.

"Yes sir we've uncovered an error in the protection system, but it still couldn't have allowed a crewman to have passed through it," Foster said.

"This is the fourth body this week, fifth this month. All of them have been found in the sealed off area, all sired by a vampire. We have three people missing," Tuvok said.

"It's not possible sir. I scanned, none of the doors, walls have been smashed through. The forcefields are working too. The only way a vampire could have gotten through is..." Foster said.

Damien interrupted him, just by muttering to himself, "one maybe trapped in between Decks Twelve and Thirteen." Everyone stared at him, he didn't notice.

"We scanned Deck Twelve, I would have detected the body mass like I did with the recent victim. There wouldn't be much room for him or her too," Foster said.

Damien looked up at everyone, "what, I'm sorry I'm busy not caring."

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "let me see your tricorder readings, Crewman." Foster handed him the tricorder.

"Great first the Borg, now vampires," Thompson muttered.

"Actually it was vamps first," Foster corrected him.

"True. At least the Borg won't be able to assimilate us if we're vampires or just plain dead," Thompson said. "Right?"

"Interesting," Tuvok said to the tricorder. "The error with the Jeffries Tube hatch may be the source of the problem."

"How do you mean sir?" Foster questioned.

Damien smirked to himself, "oh me, you guys are so stupid." Everyone looked at him again. "The door being open like that will disrupt the power flowing to the rest of the Security systems. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that the anti-vampire systems will be independent power, just in case. Of course a genius did."

"Oh god," Thompson groaned.

"Yes?" Damien responded.

"Stop that, you're not god," Thompson said.

"Hang on, how would the door being open disrupt the power. It's not like it's a wire connection or something," Foster questioned.

"The door being constantly fully open or closed means it isn't doing anything, no power, but a tiny, incy bit of power is being generated to try and close it," Damien shook his head in disgust. "Honestly, how does the ship run without me?"

"A tiny incy bit of power wouldn't effect the forcefields that much, and you're forgetting the reinforced doors, and the no damage," Thompson said.

Tuvok stepped forward to stand amongst the team. "It's disrupted the forcefield energy, we can't detect as it is so small. A vampire would be able to pass through it at rare times. As for the damage, there's the possibility that there has been damage, and the interference Deck Thirteen gives off is disrupting our scans. A vampire would escape, grab somebody, then go back in without being detected."

"How though? We know for sure there's no openings to Deck Twelve," Foster said.

"That I do not know," Tuvok said. "I'd better inform the Captain of this matter."

"Yeah let's send her down there," Damien said.

Tuvok's eyebrow went higher, "continue your patrols." He stepped out.

The Ready Room:

Kathryn finished a cup of coffee with a smile on her face. The door chimed, "yes?"

James walked through the door. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes I did, please sit down," Kathryn said, reaching out to refill the cup she had just finished.

James sat down opposite her, eyeing the cup with a worried look on his face. "Ok, what's up?"

"Well a few things actually. First things first, now that the baby news is now everywhere, will Jessie be leaving her quarters?" Kathryn asked. She put down the flask, the cup again cradled against her chest.

"She said she would, I just was going to see her before you called," James replied.

"Good, I don't think it's good for her to stay there mostly alone," Kathryn sighed. "Secondly, you know I helped take care of you when you were young. If you need any advice, or anything, don't hesitate to ask."

"Uh ok," James muttered.

"Actually when it's a little less chaotic around here, we can have a talk sometime," Kathryn said, sipping at her coffee.

"This has got to be the most forced conversation ever," James said, getting a little uncomfortable.

Kathryn ignored this, "I understand that you have hung up the knives and crossbows. I noticed some weapons were recycled, the holodeck isn't used as much anymore."

"Ok you're keeping tabs on me, what's your point?" James questioned.

Kathryn folded her arms across the desk, "what is said here doesn't leave this room. Do you understand? That includes Jessie."

"But that's a..." James said.

Kathryn interrupted him quickly, "there have been a few deaths on Deck Twelve lately. Each one were sired, and we have crewmembers missing. Tuvok, the Doctor and I were keeping this quiet, I suppose Kes is in on it too. We didn't want anyone to panic. Tuvok managed to get a secure system online, but vampires are still managing to get through, limited access to Deck Twelve, but it's not enough."

"You've never tried to hide something like this before," James said.

"Yes well, news travels fast on this ship. You giving up your Slaying made a lot of the crew nervous," Kathryn said.

James rolled his eyes, "they really should make up their minds. Besides I haven't fully. Tuvok told me about the system he was designing just in case the vamps returned, so really I wasn't needed in that way. I'll help in an emergency where I'm needed, it was just so I wouldn't jump into every bad situation like I used to. I've hurt Jess enough with that habit, and I have a child coming in two weeks."

"I know, I'd consider this an emergency," Kathryn sighed.

"I never said it wasn't," James said. "Everyone always gets it wrong that's all. I never really gave up Slaying, I just quit Security and well, you saw how long that lasted. It was two months ago anyway, Voyager's gossipers are getting slow."

Kathryn smiled nervously, "well you did say you would probably beat somebody who taunted you."

"Yeah but I told you about this, and you still put me back in Security," James grumbled.

"A punishment's meant to be bad, remember?" Kathryn sighed. "Anyway I only mentioned the nervous natives and such now because of the obvious vampiric activity we're getting. There was no need to bother you with it before now. Believe me I don't want you thoughtlessly getting yourself into danger like the master incident, the rift and the demon attack either. I do admire that you're thinking more maturely."

"But you want me to sort this out?" James said.

"Yes but I'm asking, not ordering. A few vampires will probably be child's play to you," Kathryn said.

"Depends, if Frenit's one I don't fancy jumping in without a plan. But I don't like the idea of leaving him be much longer either," James muttered.

"If you do go remember you have the choice, please be careful. I don't want any injuries or worse on my conscience," Kathryn said.

"I'll be careful, don't worry," James said.

Kathryn smiled but still looked very worried, "I didn't like asking this one bit."

"It's ok really. Once they're gone I shouldn't have to worry about it again, at least for a while," James said.

"Let's hope not," Kathryn said.

Sickbay:

The Doctor lifted the severed arm of the dead Borg drone who was now in pieces. Two needles stuck out just above the fingers. "You see these? Everything about the Borg begins with these little guys."

Kes watched him as he looked a little too much like he was enjoying himself, giving this report. "Little?"

"Yes," the Doctor smiled. "They inject the host with nano technology that goes directly into the blood stream." He showed her by pointing at the monitor on the station. "Each nanoprobe attaches onto a blood cell, and changes it."

Kes looked a little uneasy as the Doctor went into more detail. She eyed what was left of the drone on the biobed with distaste.

"There's no way you can really stop this process once it's begun, but we can work on an antibody to slow it down," the Doctor muttered, turning to the station. He began working at it while Kes stood, staring at the biobed. Her eyes widened.

The Doctor noticed her as she hadn't responded to anything he said for a while. He rushed to her side, touching her arm. "Kes? Are you all right?"

She finally snapped out of her daze, now shaking a little she turned her head a little to the Doctor. "I saw the Borg, there were bodies. Dozens of them dead."

The Bridge:

Kathryn sat down in her chair while Tuvok stood nearby, he was busy giving a report to her and Chakotay. Tom, Harry and Danny remained in their usual places, listening in on it. James stood at the console behind the chairs.

"For the past two hours she has had visions of dead Borg, and foresaw the destruction of Voyager," Tuvok finished.

"A premonition?" Chakotay questioned.

"Perhaps," Tuvok nodded. "Kes' mental abili..."

Danny groaned, "yes we know Tuvok."

"We're not far from the North West Passage, I see no reason to alter our plans," Kathryn said.

"Says you," Danny commented.

"Tuvok keep an eye on her and..." Kathryn said.

Harry interrupted her this time, "Captain there's a Borg ship heading towards us, they just dropped out of transwarp." Everyone grew even more tense than before.

Tom's station complained to him, "the subspace turbulence is making it impossible for us to remain at warp, we're stuck."

"Red Alert," Chakotay commanded. The lights dimmed, the red lights began flashing and the siren began going on and off.

"Somehow I doubt that'll help with the nerves," Tom commented.

"I'm detecting two now," Harry stuttered, turning a lot paler than usual. "No three, four, no five. Oh crap."

"What?" James snapped, tightening his grip on the banister around the console. Kathryn slapped one of the hands as she heard the metal creaking under the strain.

"Should we step up to Brown Alert?" Danny squeaked.

Harry cringed, "fifteen Borg vessels. They're closing fast."

"It was nice knowing some of you, but horrible knowing the rest," Danny said. She fiddled with some of her hair strands, "I'll miss you hair."

"Shields to full, standby all weapons," Kathryn ordered.

"Stand by all air fresheners," Danny commented. Everyone stared blankly at her. "Remember, it's Brown Alert."

"They're in visual range," Tuvok said, even he managed to look tense.

Chakotay tried to swallow the lump in his throat before speaking. He failed to do so and his voice sounded a little croaky, "on screen."

The viewscreen changed to show the Borg armada flying straight toward them. One unknown crewmember collapsed, clutching his chest. James looked back at him with a raised eyebrow, "oh yes, have a heart attack, that'll save your life."

"We're still going to need air fresheners," Danny said. "Should I bother calling Sickbay as we're all going to be drones or dead in the next second?"

"For god's sake yes," James replied. He and another crewman looked freaked out as the dead unknown had died with his eyes seemingly staring at one of them.

Meanwhile:

Jessie lay on the sofa, totally oblivious to what was going on. She closed her eyes, then the ship began shaking a little. "What the?" Jessie sat up to look out the window, she jumped a mile as a Borg ship blocked the window for a few seconds as it went passed. The shaking increased as the ship was tossed side to side by the force of the cubes flying so close by them. As she didn't really have anything to hold on to, or any warning, she fell to the ground.

The Bridge:

Everyone here were having the same problem, several people were tossed to the floor. The rest clung onto their stations, chairs or the banister.

The shaking died down as the last cube slowed down in front of them. The viewscreen had changed view to show it, it fired a green beam at them. The light went through the bridge like a moving forcefield, nothing happened as it passed through everybody but it did give a lot of them a cold shudder. The ship finished what it was doing then took off.

"Ok," Danny muttered. "That was weird. Oh yeah, dead guy." She pressed in a few commands, the collapsed crewmember was beamed away.

"Uh huh," Harry said, collapsing into his seat. Nobody noticed him suddenly disappear from sight as his chair had rolled away from its usual spot during the shaking.

"They seemed to be in a bit of a hurry. Maybe they smelt Neelix's cooking," James said.

"Finally a use for it," Tom added on.

"They scanned us before they left," Tuvok said.

"All right they scanned Neelix's cooking," James muttered. He turned to go into the nearest turbolift.

"Whatever they're up to, we must be irrelevant in comparison. Tom continue on," Kathryn ordered.

"Yes ma'am," Tom said.

"Keep tabs on them Harry," Kathryn ordered. She turned just in time as Harry had stood back up, looking a bit dazed. "I'll be in my Ready Room." She headed back to the Ready Room.

"Yes Captain," Harry mumbled, holding his head.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie still lay on the floor, struggling to pull herself back onto the sofa. Every attempt she made ended in her falling back onto her back. The doors opened just as she made one last attempt. "Ugh damn it!" James rushed over to her side, he lifted her to her feet, she immediately sat back down on the sofa.

"What happened?"

"The ship was bloody shaking, and I think I saw a Borg Cube fly by," Jessie replied, looking annoyed at herself. "How come they didn't attack us?"

"I don't know. They were obviously going to somewhere more important than us," James replied.

"Great, they can ignore us all they want. I don't fancy being a Borg, and have you heard what they do to babies?" Jessie muttered.

"Yeah, I didn't skive those lessons," James said. "I wouldn't worry, they had loads of Starfleet ships to pick on at Wolf 359, they assimilated Picard, so we're probably old news to them."

Jessie sighed, "yeah I guess. So how long can you stay?"

"Not long, I have to take care of a Security matter," James replied.

Jessie's face dropped, "oh, will you be back afterwards?"

"I'll try, I promise," James replied. He gave her a kiss on the forehead before heading for the nearest bedroom.

Deck Thirteen:

James made his way down a dark corridor. Only the dim constantly on red alert light lit the way. He turned the corner, immediately tripping over a motionless body lying on the ground. He quickly regained his footing, and continued on. A dark figure turned the corner, only moments after him.

"I didn't hear a knock," a familiar voice sneered.

James sighed as he turned around. "Ok, let's just get this over with."

Frenit smiled deviously as he pulled two long sharp knives out from behind his back. "If you insist."

He lunged forward, skillfully and quickly swinging the knives around like they were mini swords. James could only dodge, he couldn't get a move in. He threw himself to the ground, and managed to get a kick in. It hit Frenit in the leg, making him stumble and drop one of the knives. He quickly regained his footing as James got back up. He attempted to punch him, but Frenit blocked it by grabbing the hand. Like he was nothing he pushed him to the ground.

A few vampires gathered around behind Frenit to watch. He laughed as he stepped closer to James, he pulled himself back up using the wall. Frenit lunged forward to grab him, he swung him around to throw him into the opposite wall. James smashed straight through it. This amused all the other vampires who were acting like Frenit's fanboys and girls.

"Ugh," Frenit grunted, looking disgusted as he noticed them.

James surprised him by coming through the new hole in the wall earlier than he expected. It didn't matter as all of his attempts to hit him, either were blocked or didn't hurt him at all. Frenit let him do this for a while, just sneering at him.

"Come on James, is that the best that you've got," Frenit laughed. "Maybe you need some Chosen blood in you." He finally had enough, and began to fight back. One punch knocked James back a little, Frenit swung the knife directly at his face. He stumbled even further backwards, one hand covered his eye.

"Oh yeah, soo cool," one vampire girl giggled. The others did the same.

Frenit laughed as he saw blood coming through the gaps in between his fingers, and around the edges of the hand covering his eye. He shakily lowered it, he could see Frenit and the other vampires laughing mockingly only through the right eye.

"Aaaw, if you had a mummy she could kiss that boo boo better for you," Frenit sniggered.

James stepped backwards for a while, then turned around quickly to run. All he could hear was the vampires laughing even louder than before as he went to the empty turbolift hatch. After several tries he managed to key in a long code on the panel, the forcefield directly above the door disappeared.

The computer spoke, "twenty seconds remaining."

He climbed onto the ladder on the left side of the door. He then climbed up to the next deck, the forcefield reappeared right after him. The door was already open like he'd left it like that, he pulled himself through the door onto the ground. He lay there for a while as the room seemed to spin around him, when it slowed down he tried to pull himself back up to his feet. He only managed a few steps before passing out.

The Ready Room:

Kathryn and Chakotay sat at her desk discussing the situation, but for some reason they looked amused.

"I did not," she laughed behind her hand.

"Yes you did. It was uncanny, it reminds me of Harry's impression of you," Chakotay sniggered.

Kathryn's face turned serious, "Harry did what? I'll kill him."

Chakotay still smirked at her, "he even put on a wig."

"I see," Kathryn said, smiling again. She leaned back in her chair, "I just remembered the time Jessie did that stupid impression of me."

"Yeah, and she and James implied we were a couple. Somehow they knew what would happen," Chakotay said. "What happened to those two?"

Kathryn frowned, "how do you mean?"

"Suddenly they're the serious characters," Chakotay replied. "James quit Security to avoid being the main focus of episodes, so to speak, and Jessie got pregnant, and all loved up."

"Serious? Just yesterday I found my regular message cups had been replaced with ones with different messages on," Kathryn said. "I know what you're implying, and you're wrong. James hasn't matured one bit, as I know he did it. He's been playing pranks on me since I put him back on Security."

Chakotay laughed, "well nothing's happened since the mutiny program going wrong. He's probably been stuck in there doing nothing."

Kathryn shook her head, reaching out for her cup of coffee. It said 'drink coffee, repeat as needed' on the side of it. "As for Jessie, well she'll be back to normal once she has the baby. She's been slowly losing it for months. She's not loved up, she's just hormonal. Before she locked herself up the crew were gossiping and everything. I bet being stuck in her quarters all day is lonely and very dull."

"Let's hope she does have that baby," Chakotay sighed.

Kathryn nodded, "Ian was right, we should have seen this coming. We knew the Borg originated in the Delta Quadrant, yet it never occurred to us that we'd encounter them." She climbed to her feet, then slowly made her way over to the window, watching the stars go by. Chakotay got up to follow her.

"I guess we've been distracted with more supernatural incidents," he mumbled. The pair stood directly opposite each other, very close together as well.

"I don't know what to do Chakotay. Do we go back and find somewhere to settle, or risk everyone's lives by continuing through Borg space?" Kathryn sighed. "It hasn't truly hit me once during our entire Delta Quadrant outing, how alone I really am."

"You're not alone Kathryn. When the moment comes we'll face it together," Chakotay softly said. "I'll always be by your side."

Kathryn smiled, not even coffee could make her feel as good as she did now. Well not the amount she had already that day. She stared up into his brown eyes.

Sickbay:

The Doctor picked up a regenerator from the medical tray, "you're lucky it didn't go in too deep. Creating a new human eye so it matches the other takes time and care."

Jessie turned to glare at him, "this isn't funny. Will he be able to see ok?"

Her grip on James' hand tightened as she turned back, he was lying on the biobed next to her. His left eye remained closed, with a long deep scar right across it starting from the eyebrow. It ended right at the top of the eyelid, continued half a few millimeters underneath the eye, and ended nearby the top of his nose. The scar itself was still bleeding, the skin around it was flushed red and starting to swell up a little.

"For a while it will be a little blurry," the Doctor replied. He stopped next to Jessie. "Jessie, if you're squeamish I'd turn away now."

"Fine," Jessie groaned, she just turned her head away.

The Doctor leaned over the biobed to begin treating the eye itself. "How did this happen anyway?"

"Well somebody decided to get into old habits," Jessie grumbled in response.

"It was just a one off, Janeway said there were people getting killed by vampires," James mumbled.

"Ok I'm guessing a fight then," the Doctor sighed. He stood up straight again. "There, that should do it. We'll have to give you something to let that eye get better quicker. Maybe an eye patch for the good one," he said with a smirk on his face.

Jessie turned back around to glare at him, "I told you, do not joke."

"Ok ok but seriously that eye is not going to get better fast, right now it's lazy compared to the good one. They need evened out," the Doctor said. He picked up a hypospray, "this should do the trick."

"Woah, what is that?" Jessie asked.

The Doctor raised an eyebrow, "Jessie calm down, his injury is easily healed. It's not like it was life threatening or anything, relax."

Jessie pouted her lips, she walked away with her arms folded. James sat back up, "what is that stuff anyway?"

"It should help even things out. I know it may seem odd to make the good eye worse, but it'll help the other one heal quicker and naturally," the Doctor replied. He injected the hypospray into his neck, then picked up the regenerator again. "Now let's get the scar treated."

Jessie turned around, "you don't think I'm being too, you know?"

"No of course not," the Doctor quickly replied.

"Of course you do, or you wouldn't have told me off earlier," Jessie muttered. "My concern was totally justified."

"I suppose it is in a way though. You're about to have a baby, of course you're going to be a little extra protective of the dad," the Doctor said. He glanced at her briefly, "you don't want anything to take him away right?"

"No it's not that, can't I just be naturally concerned?" Jessie snapped. "He just nearly got his eye cut out. James back me up here."

"I'm kinda on both sides here. Yeah I'd freak if that happened to you, but you're being a bit hard on the doc. Can't believe I said that," James said.

"Thank you," the Doctor smiled. He sighed, "the scar's mostly healed. This regenerator mustn't be working properly. I'll get a new one."

"No it's ok, it can be a souvenir or something," James said.

Jessie shrugged her shoulders, "why not, you have plenty more scars where that one came from."

"Just three, and only one's noticeable, to you anyway," James said. He climbed off the biobed, "are you ok?"

"Yeah, just fine," Jessie replied in a high voice. She cleared her throat, "I mean it's not like you made a promise not to do the Slayer gig again, at least until you had gotten better and stuff. Oh wait."

"Um, I'll be in my office," the Doctor nervously muttered. He quickly dashed into his office.

"I know I did, but I did say that if there was an emergency only I could take care of, I'd have to do it," James said.

"Yeah right, you couldn't have just done it. The doc's impervious to vampires biting him and stuff, nobody wants to eat Janeway," Jessie grumbled.

"I hate to say it but Frenit's smart enough to disable the mobile emitter, and he'd just kill Janeway anyway," James said as he stepped closer to her. "Look I'm sorry, it was just something I had to do."

Jessie pouted again, "so will you have to go down again?"

"No, I'm obviously not ready yet. All I can do is have a go at fixing the security system Tuvok put up," James replied. "Besides I don't like to see you this worried, especially now."

"Good, you should have done that in the first place. There's enough going on as it is," Jessie said.

"I take it someone told you," James said.

Jessie sighed, "yeah, Borg space, it's nice to be kept in the loop."

"Well you didn't want to go to the meeting. It should be ok though, there's a passage of some sort that's Borg free, and they seem to be ignoring us," James said.

The Doctor stepped out of his office, "are you finished fighting yet? It looks calm so..."

"There wasn't really a fight," Jessie replied.

James smirked as he glanced over to the Doctor, "what's up?"

"Well I've been wanting to do my own check up with Jessie ever since I found out," the Doctor replied.

"But Kes has been great, you don't need to as she checked me just yesterday," Jessie said, fidgeting slightly.

The Doctor smiled, "it would put my mind at ease if I did at least one checkup on you before labour day. That is when exactly?"

"Two weeks, Tuesday," Jessie meekly replied.

"Oh? Well then," the Doctor said.

Jessie quickly butted in, "actually, I'm feeling a bit tired. I'd rather get some sleep, I'll need it."

The Doctor frowned in disappointment, "ok, get James to make you an appointment some time this week."

"Oh I'll get right on that," Jessie muttered unenthusiastically. She walked out with James not far behind her.

"Tuesday? Oh god, let the Generations jokes begin," the Doctor sighed.

The Bridge:

Kathryn and Chakotay stepped out of the Ready Room, both of them looked a bit of a mess. Their uniforms looked a bit muffled, and their hair out of place. Nobody who would have commented noticed. At the same time James and Jessie walked out of the turbolift.

"What is it?" Kathryn questioned.

"All of the cubes have stopped dead, Captain," Harry replied.

"And?" Tom said, raising an eyebrow.

"And? That's it," Harry muttered. Everyone looked at him confused. He groaned in frustration, "ugh I'll show you. Viewscreen on."

Kathryn, Chakotay, James and Jessie stopped in the centre of the bridge, Jessie stole Chakotay's seat. Kathryn and Chakotay stood side by side, while James stood nearby Jessie. The viewscreen changed to show the Borg Armada in pieces.

"What happened?" Kathryn gasped.

"Maybe they crashed into each other during a race," Tom said.

"No there are signs of weapon fire," Tuvok said. "One is Borg, the other is an unknown origin."

Tom looked a little sick to the stomach, "who could do this?"

"There's a race more powerful than the Borg, I didn't think that could be possible," Kathryn said.

"Oh but they did it. Fifteen cubes, looks like we've found ourselves an ally," Harry said.

Kathryn raised her hand, about to comment but Chakotay seemed to sense it and responded for her. "Let's not jump to conclusions. Scan the area for other ships."

"Well I for one am kinda relieved. Just cos they beat them, doesn't really mean they're bad guys," Jessie said.

"I agree but only cos I want that to be true," Tom said, glancing back at her briefly. Once he turned back to the viewscreen his eyes widened. "Holy crap."

"What now?" Chakotay groaned.

Tom turned his chair around, "ok I wasn't just seeing things, woah."

Jessie looked away, blushing madly, "ok that's it, I'm going home." She attempted to get back onto her feet.

"Don't let him put you off Jess, he's just an asshole remember," James said.

Tom pouted, "hey, I just wasn't expecting to see her looking that big." He turned back around.

Kathryn raised an eyebrow, luckily Tuvok had finished his scan and prevented the conversation from continuing. "There are no other ships in the area, however there is an object attached to a part of the Borg debris."

"Tom take us closer," Kathryn ordered.

"Yes ma'am," Tom said, thankful for the interruption.

"Put the object on screen," Chakotay ordered as James walked over to stand on Kathryn's other side.

The viewscreen changed to show a rather large piece of a Borg ship. Attached to it was what looked like a large yellow insect with two tendrils drilled into the cube's hull.

"What is it? Is it a ship?" Kathryn asked.

"It's part biological, but that's all I can really tell you. The sensors don't have a clue," Harry said.

"Try hailing it," Kathryn ordered. James stepped forward.

"No response," Harry sighed. "Whatever it is, it's impervious to our technology."

Tom was about to add something to what he said, but was pushed out of his chair rather roughly. He fell onto the ground in a heap. Almost everybody tried to hold back a snigger or a laugh as James sat down in his chair.

"It could be a weapon, it looks more like one to me," Jessie said.

"I want to know what kind of weapon could destroy the Borg," Kathryn said, stepping back a little. She turned around to face Tuvok, "can we beam over there?"

"There is a breathable atmosphere on one of the cube's debris, but there are a lot of Borg lifesigns," Tuvok said.

Harry pulled a face, "but when the Borg were first introduced back in TNG, drones didn't recognise as lifesigns."

Kathryn glanced over at Chakotay, "that thing is attached to the cube with the atmosphere, right?"

"Correct," Tuvok said.

"It gets even better," Harry commented.

Kathryn drummed her fingers on the railings, "Commander assemble an awayteam. We'll keep an open channel and always keep a lock on you, we'll transport you up if there's any sign of trouble."

Chakotay nodded, "aye Captain. Harry, James you're with me." He headed for the turbolift. Harry shakily headed for the same one. James reluctantly vacated Tom's seat, 'accidentally' stepped on Tom as he walked away from it.

"Woah hang on. James is not going on that thing," Jessie protested from her seat.

The awayteam stopped, Chakotay frowned, "why not? It's not like I asked you."

Jessie glared at him, "in case you haven't noticed I'm about ready to burst here, and you're sending the baby's dad over to a Borg ship."

"No doubt the Borg will be too preoccupied with their damaged ship anyway. I wouldn't worry," Chakotay said. He and Harry stepped into the turbolift, James went passed it and stopped behind Jessie. He leaned on the railings.

"I promise to be careful ok," he said.

Jessie folded her arms, "you'd better, I've already had one too many scares for one week."

"Yeah about that, sorry again," James said, raising his shoulders nervously.

"That's ok, I'm more mad at the one who gave you that order," Jessie said, glaring in Kathryn's direction. "Twice."

James stood up straight with his eyes a little wider than usual, "ok I'd better go before." He rushed into the turbolift.

"Before what?" Kathryn questioned, glancing at Jessie. She frowned at her. "I wouldn't have sent him over there if I thought it would be too dangerous."

"I know that. If he comes back with so much a scratch on him, you'll regret it," Jessie said, smiling sweetly.

Tom quickly climbed back onto his chair just to get a little further away from her. Kathryn sighed, rolling her eyes, "is this about the Deck Thirteen visit?"

"Just a tiny incy little bit," Jessie grumbled. "You're lucky I'm not feeling up to getting up again for a while."

On board the Borg Ship:

Sparks flew everywhere across the seemingly endless corridors. Debris lay everywhere, most of the alcoves themselves had fallen apart. The drones were scattered across in their alcoves or on the ground, looking more lifeless than usual. A few drones were still functional, they looked busy repairing some of the damage.

Three figures dematerialised amongst all the carnage, all armed with phaser rifles. Harry and James looked just about ready to fire them, but Chakotay raised his hand and warned them. "Don't, they won't attack us unless they consider us a threat."

"We're armed with phaser rifles, most of their drones are dead, I think we're a threat," Harry commented.

James turned to look at Harry with his right eyebrow raised, obviously not daring to raise the scarred left one. "Oh yeah, I bet the real reason is that the Borg are too scared to do it."

Chakotay shook his head as he scanned around with the tricorder he brought. "This way." He led the rest of the team down the corridor, Harry followed first then James.

Harry glanced at the dead drones that were still in their alcoves, even ones lying on the ground like he was expecting them to come alive any second. James sidestepped behind them so he could keep an eye on what was happening behind them.

"This is nothing like the holodeck simulations," Harry nervously muttered.

James frowned as something caught his eye, he moved away from the group to enter a room. He remained at the entrance. The rest of the team backtracked slightly to see why he had stopped. His eyebrow raised again as he tilted his head to the side slightly. "Couldn't they have collected something else?"

Harry and Chakotay re-joined him, then followed his glance into the room. Directly in front of them stood a pile of dismembered drone body parts, blood still ran from the parts that seemed to be recently hacked off.

Harry tried to swallow the rather large lump in his throat with no success, Chakotay tried to hide his own disgust with a frown. James turned his head away, but his eyes were still fixed on the pile.

"I'd say that's what Kes described," Chakotay said.

"Didn't Kes say we were all going to die?" Harry questioned in a raspy voice.

"It's kinda like the room we walked in on a Leda victim ship, except it's been cleaned up," James muttered.

Chakotay cleared his throat, "oookay, let's keep going."

He led them further down the corridor, until they reached a circular room like the one before. Except this one had alcoves with drones in, dead but in one piece, and a mechanical pillar in the centre of the room. It had a computer terminal on it. Dead ahead a functional drone stood in front of an opening in the wall. It kept attempting to puncture the biological matter across the opening with its assimilation needles, but kept getting a shock that made it pull away.

"What's he doing?" James questioned.

"Maybe that's how they assimilate," Harry responded.

"It's not having any luck, whatever it's doing," Chakotay muttered, slowly approaching the opening. "This opening leads directly to the ship, which it definitely is as I'm detecting a source of antimatter. I can't detect any lifesigns."

"Maybe he or she's out for a little stroll," Harry commented.

"Is that a nice way of saying that it's hacking and slashing?" James asked.

Harry shuddered, turning paler than usual, "thanks I just got it out of my head."

"No you didn't," James smirked slightly. "I'd hate to see the construction of these biological ships, just where do they get the material?" This made Harry even more nervous.

"Stop it, you're scaring him," Chakotay snapped mockingly. He tapped his commbadge. "Chakotay to Voyager."

In: "Yes Commander."

"We've found an opening to the alien ship. Permission to go inside," Chakotay said.

In: "Fine, but be careful."

Chakotay pointed at the terminal in the centre with his tricorder. "I'd tell Harry to do it, but we shouldn't leave him alone. You download the Borg database, I want to know what happened here. Harry, you're with me." He headed into the opening, Harry pulled a face as he followed.

"I'm not scared, it's just always me that gets it."

"Not in this season," James muttered as he walked over to work on the terminal.

Harry and Chakotay began to scan the interior of the alien ship. Harry noticed an unhealthy looking large hole in a 'wall'. "Commander, this looks like the Borg tried to blast through it with an energy weapon." He stepped closer, scanning away. "It appears to be regenerating, makes sense I guess." He peeped his head in through the wall bravely, he was now in full science mode. "Ugh," Harry quickly backed back out, his nerves once again getting the better of him.

"What is it?" Chakotay questioned. He went over to have a look himself, inside a Borg drone sat propped against a wall. Strange gooey bio-matter covered a lot of his skin, whatever it was, was still growing.

Meanwhile James' attention was shifted by an eerie alien's screech echoing down the corridors. He raised his rifle again, looking around to find the source. The deck plates creaked, the sound of it echoed into the room, followed by another screech and what sounded like loud footsteps. He quickly turned to finish what he was doing, then used his tricorder to scan for the sources of the sounds.

"Damn," he muttered. "Chakotay!"

Chakotay and Harry ran to re-join him. "What is it?" Chakotay questioned.

"The owner of the ship is coming back. I can't get precise readings, but I know it's within eleven metres of us," James replied.

In: "Voyager to awayteam."

The Bridge:

"Standby for transport, we're getting you out of there," Kathryn anxiously said. Her head turned to B'Elanna who manned ops. "Energise."

"Damn it, there's some kind of electro magnetic interference that's coming towards the team," she grunted.

"For god's sake, get away from it," Jessie muttered.

Borg Ship:

Chakotay took over scanning, "it's within seven metres. Let's get out of here." He lead the way out of the room, then down the corridors. Harry, followed by James, rushed after him. Noticing the only alive Borg drones were also on the move, Chakotay began to follow them closely.

Harry nervously kept glancing around, his nerves beyond breaking point, even in between Chakotay, James and the drones in front.

"Crap, it's close," James muttered.

"Five metres," Chakotay added on, glancing back at him.

The wall next to them exploded only a metre ahead of them. The shockwave of it knocked Chakotay backwards into James, pushing him further back, Harry was knocked too but he didn't go as far. Two long, brownish legs stepped out from the hole, what they were attached to was a large bug like creature that towered over them. It's long thin arm swung at the Borg drones trying to get away, they were knocked to the ground. Each of them began withering in the agony of it.

"Oh boy," Harry stuttered.

The creatures large head turned to look at the human visitors. It took another swing at whoever was closest, and that was poor Harry. He fell to the ground screaming as an unbearable pain shot through his entire body. Chakotay and James dared to go forward to his aid.

As the alien prepared to take another swipe, James stood there ready to counter it but looked very uneasy about it. Chakotay knelt down next to Harry, who continued screaming. James used the rifle to block the aliens next swipe, then they all dematerialised in a transporter beam.

The Bridge:

Kathryn moved away from the opps station looking impressed. "A skeletal lock, we'll have to add that to the transporter manual."

"We don't have one," Danny said.

"Have one what?" Kathryn questioned, obviously already forgotten what she said.

"Captain, the ship is powering up. It seems to be activating some sort of weapon," Tom muttered uneasily.

On the viewscreen the ship lip up a little, it detached from the Borg ship. Kes stared at it, she closed her eyes and cringed. Her legs gave up on her, but Kathryn was quick to catch her and guide her to her chair.

"Mr Paris, for the love of god, get us out of here!" Kathryn snapped at him.

"Ok, keep your pants on, please," Tom muttered to himself, keying in the commands.

Tuvok worked at his station, "they're firing." He looked relieved for half a second, "they miss..."

The ship rocked violently, everyone fell to the ground except for the two in the command chairs, they clung on for a dear life. Consoles exploded, sending smoke and sparks everywhere. Tom dragged himself back to his station. Everyone felt the ship jump to warp.

"The alien ship isn't pursuing," Tom breathed a sigh of relief.

Kathryn pulled herself up, then turned to Kes who sat on the edge of her seat. "Kes?"

"It tried to communicate with me," Kes said, lifting herself up. She looked at Kathryn, "Captain they're a telepathic species. I've been aware of them since the premonitions." Her eyes went back towards the viewscreen, "we shouldn't worry about the Borg now."

"What did it say?" Kathryn asked.

"It said," Kes said, closing her eyes briefly before looking back at her. "The weak will perish."

Engineering:

B'Elanna, Chakotay and Tuvok stood by one of the stations, looking at one of the monitors that showed Borg information on it.

"The Borg refer to these aliens as Species 8472," B'Elanna said.

"They have encountered them on more than a dozen occasions in the past few months. Each time the Borg were unsuccessful," Tuvok said.

"The collective has very little information about the species," B'Elanna added on.

Chakotay frowned, "do they have any idea about where they come from?"

B'Elanna glanced back at Tuvok, looking a little unsure of herself. "I'm afraid so." She keyed in a few commands, the screen changed. Chakotay's face stiffened.

"Call the Captain," he mumbled.

The Bridge:

Kathryn stared coldly at the viewscreen, on it there was a bright opening in space, but a lot of Species 8472 ships were flying out of it. A group of them were already flying around or hovering nearby. "The Northwest Passage."

Chakotay stepped forward to stand right behind her, "it's clear of Borg activity for a very good reason."

"No kidding," Tom muttered.

"I'm detecting one hundred and thirty three bio ships, and more are approaching," Tuvok said.

Kathryn walked towards him, "from where?"

"They appear to be coming from a quantum singularity," Tuvok replied.

"On screen," Chakotay ordered.

The viewscreen changed, this time to show inside the passage. A bioship flew out of a small singularity, it was followed by another and another every second.

"Kes, are you getting anything?" Kathryn questioned, heading over to stand behind Kes but a little to her right. She stared at the viewscreen.

"Yes I can hear them," she replied, shuddering like she was cold. "They come from somewhere... different, they live there alone."

Chakotay stood on Kes' other side, "some kind of parallel universe?"

Kes sighed, almost sounding angry, "I don't know." She glanced over her left shoulder briefly, then to her right at Kathryn. "I feel malevolence, a cold hatred. The weak will perish," she mumbled, glancing back at Chakotay. "It's an invasion," shaking she looked back at Kathryn, "they're intent on destroying everything."

"Tom, backtrack at maximum warp. Once we're five lightyears away, hold position," Kathryn ordered.

"Thank god," Tom sighed as he typed in the commands.

Kathryn turned to Chakotay, "Commander." She then turned on her heel, made her way to the Ready Room. Chakotay was right behind her.

They both stood back in front of the window, turning to face each other. "Here's our moment, what do you think?"

"Flying in there would be suicide, that isn't an option anymore," Chakotay responded.

"Great, now the choice is backtracking and giving up on ever getting home," Kathryn muttered angrily. "Or face the Borg in their space."

"That's not all we have. We would be turning around but not giving up, there could be another way," Chakotay said.

Kathryn turned to lean on the railing, "I'm not going on that bridge and telling the crew we're quitting. I can't do that, Chakotay, not yet. There's got to be a solution."

Chakotay stood beside her, "you haven't slept in days. Try getting some rest to clear your head while we're still safe."

Kathryn sighed, she glanced at him briefly. "Good night."

Chakotay nodded his head, he turned to leave. Kathryn instinctively went to the replicator to get a coffee, she shook it off then turned to the window again, hoping to find inspiration somewhere.

Sickbay:

"May I ask what happened here?" the Doctor quizzed, looking a little amused. He held Damien's right arm as he sat on the biobed, not looking amused.

He huffed, "I just asked if somebody had a nice fall. They obviously didn't get it, they mustn't know the other term for Autumn."

"It was probably cos it was such an old joke," the Doctor sighed. "There all done."

"Good," Damien muttered, he stepped down from the biobed. He walked over to look toward Harry's biobed, he looked a bit like the Borg drone they found on the alien ship. "Wow Harry, you look so much better, have you done something with your gooey skin?"

"Do you mind?" the Doctor grunted, gently pushing him away. "He's still conscious."

Damien smiled at the hologram, "I'm impressed doc, I didn't know you had it in you."

"I can't sedate him, the alien's DNA prevents any form of attack," the Doctor groaned.

"Well that's no fun," Damien muttered, looking back at the station. "What's the point of having an alien species that can't get sick. Though if they get injured, they won't get any pain killers."

"They're immune responses are extremely high, and so is their regeneration," the Doctor muttered. "It's not completely immune in theory." He turned to work at the station, attempting to block Damien's view of it. Damien groaned, taking the hint. He moved away muttering to himself.

Kathryn walked over to them, looking like she'd just climbed out of bed. "Explain."

The Doctor frowned at her appearance briefly. "I've already found a possible treatment Captain. The nanoprobe technology can be reprogrammed to get around the alien's immune system."

"Ooh Borg Harry," Damien commented.

Kathryn death glared him but he didn't notice, then turned back to the Doctor. "You're going to assimilate him?"

"Not exactly. The nanoprobe can attach itself onto the alien blood cell, for a short time and then the immune system will destroy it and the cell. It should eradicate the infection," the Doctor smiled proudly.

"Why didn't you call me?" Kathryn demanded.

The Doctor's smile faded away, "it will take a lot of nanoprobes to cure him, and I don't think I have the time to replicate enough. We simply don't know how long Harry's got left."

"You'd better get started," Kathryn said in a hushed voice.

The Doctor nodded, he headed into his office.

"So he won't be Borg Harry? Damn," Damien pouted.

"Haven't you got somewhere to be?" Kathryn muttered.

"Now now Janeway, if you want me to take command of your ship all you have to do is ask," Damien smiled.

Kathryn rolled her eyes in disgust, "you wouldn't be able to handle it. We have the Borg on one side, 8472 on the other."

"What a lame name, I'd call them the Giantinsectoids," Damien muttered to himself.

Kathryn continued on, ignoring him. "The obstacle is the massive Borg space, these two feuding powerful races. One swipe did so much damage to Harry, one shot almost destroyed us. All the Borg need to is carve up pieces of the ship like a Sunday dinner roast, and stick needles into us."

"Perhaps the Eataliveazoids," Damien muttered.

"I may as well be talking to myself," Kathryn said.

"I'm sorry, were you hinting that I should give you advice or just feeling sorry for yourself?" Damien asked. "Cos I like both."

Kathryn looked like she was forming an idea, her face had lit up a little. She turned to Damien quickly, startling him. "Usually I'd say go to hell, but today, what would you do?"

Damien laughed, "me? I'd put the cloak on, obviously, though one of my first members was assimilated so they'll counter that."

"Never mind," Kathryn groaned.

Damien jumped up to sit on the biobed, smiling eagerly, "no dice Janeway, why ask me of all people?"

"You don't follow rules like we do, you do whatever you think is necessary, somebody who takes advantage of anyone, anything," Kathryn muttered. She pulled a face, "true you seem to fail at everything, but that's the bad guys for you."

"There's your answer, they're the villains so it's only a matter of time," Damien smirked.

"Damien," Kathryn said in a warning voice. "What would you do? I'm not saying I'd do it, but..."

Damien smiled deviously. "If this ship were mine, I'd make the Borg grovel and beg, make them my bitch, my slaves. Then destroy 8472 obviously."

"Oh my god," Kathryn groaned, covering her face.

"You think I'm joking?" Damien muttered, raising an eyebrow. "You have something the Borg would assimilate you for, it should solve both your problems."

Kathryn's face lit up again, "of course, it's so simple."

Damien coughed, hinting for something. "I'll expect you to have moved out of your Ready Room within the hour."

"Dream on Damien. For somebody who has just basically told me to make the Borg my bitch, I'm surprised you never thought of negotiating what you wanted before telling me," Kathryn muttered.

Damien stared blankly for a few minutes, by this time Kathryn had already left. "Ah crap, foiled again." He glanced at Harry, "heh it could be worse."

The next morning Conference Room:

The rest of the original cast, along with Craig, Jessie and James were around the table. Only Jessie was sitting, everyone else stood around the table, leaning on the back of the chairs.

"You've got to be kidding. We can't just ally ourselves with the Borg," Tom stuttered.

"Why not?" Craig questioned.

Tom rolled his eyes, "cos we're not cool enough to hang out with the big boy gang. Grow up Craig."

"We wouldn't be allying ourselves with them, we'd just be exchanging things," Kathryn said, beginning to pace. "We give them the weapon to destroy their enemies, and they leave us alone as we pass through their space."

"That's crazy," Jessie muttered. "Maybe I should kill myself before the Borg come aboard, and I lose my hair."

"We could mutiny," James suggested.

"Oh god, not again. We should really ban that holodeck program," Kathryn groaned.

"What, I missed an actual mutiny?" Jessie pouted.

"Well I missed something important, when the hell did we learn to destroy 8472 ships?" B'Elanna questioned.

Kathryn pointed at the Doctor as she moved over to stand beside him. He looked very uncomfortable. "The Doctor found a treatment for Harry that'll destroy the alien DNA from his system."

"It's still in the experimental stage, I've barely got enough to treat Mr Kim yet," the Doctor said.

"Nevertheless, if we teach the Borg how to do this, they'd be able to make it into a weapon," Kathryn said.

"I suppose, they won't know any of this. They get all their information from assimilating people, ships, planets. We saw that they couldn't assimilate the alien ship," James muttered.

"Great, and now we're going to announce to them that we have a weapon. We may as well just send out a message saying 'please assimilate us'," Tom sighed.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "Mr Paris is correct. The Borg would not hesitate to assimilate Voyager, they would not even listen to negotiations."

"Ah but if we tell them in the same message that if they try anything, the database with this information in and the doc will be deleted," Kathryn said.

The Doctor didn't look happy about this, "charming."

"Don't worry, it shouldn't come to that," Kathryn sighed.

Jessie raised a hand, "uh, didn't he explain this to a few people on the ship? It might be enough for the Borg."

"We could play dumb ok. We'll say 'buh our holo doc thing has a weapon, he will be deleted if you try to Borgify us, and we want to go through your space in one piece'," Tom smirked, obviously only amusing himself.

"What we're asking for is tiny in comparison, they'll accept it. We won't give them anything until we're clear of their space. All of this is final, we're doing this," Kathryn said. She looked at B'Elanna, "transfer all the nanoprobe information into the Doctor's program. Tom, locate the nearest Borg ship and set a course."

Tom nervously nodded his head, "yes ma'am."

"Dismissed," Kathryn ordered.

Everybody but her, Chakotay, James and Jessie left the Conference Room. James had to help Jessie back to her feet.

"I don't get it. Why don't we just ask for a transwarp lift with a cube, that way the Borg can leave us on our merry way and go trigger happy with 8472," Jessie muttered.

Kathryn turned a little pale, "huh, Voyager wouldn't handle the stress of transwarp, dismissed."

"Don't rush me," Jessie snapped. She and James headed out too. "Dumb ass." They both left.

"You didn't say a word," Kathryn said to Chakotay.

He sighed, "so we're negotiating with the Borg to get through their space, while taking 8472 out at the same time? What will happen after that?"

"What do you mean?" Kathryn muttered.

"I'm not saying the Borg will agree happily to your terms, or even Jessie's quicker plan. However have you thought about the implications of what you're about to do?" Chakotay questioned. "The Borg will annihilate these new aliens, and will go right back to what they do best. Just so we can get home a little quicker."

"8472 have threatened to destroy whatever is weaker than them. Who's to say which is better?" Kathryn said.

Chakotay shook his head, "obviously not me I guess, it's always you. Your orders will effect the people in this quadrant in a huge way. How many people are you going to sacrifice to the Borg in order for us to go happily on our way."

"Chakotay, you," Kathryn said.

Chakotay continued speaking, "I know nothing will change your mind. Just remember what I said when you hand over that technology to the Borg." He marched out of the Conference. Kathryn sighed as she looked around the empty room.

The Bridge:

Everyone present sat or stood, waiting in an eery silence. On the viewscreen a Borg ship approached them, in the distance was a planet that had two other cubes in orbit.

"They're not ignoring us now," Jessie said.

"They're hailing us," Tuvok muttered from Tactical.

Kathryn pushed herself onto her feet, "open a channel."

The disembodied multiple voices of the Borg echoed around the Bridge. "We are the Borg, you will be assimilated. Resistance is futile." The ship shook as the cube locked a green tractor beam on them.

"See, I told you the I in futile was pronounced in upper case," James commented from ops.

"Somehow I'm not caring," Tom added on, obviously lying a little.

"Borg Vessel, this is Captain Janeway of the Starship Voyager. We have tactical information about Species 8472, we want to negotiate," Kathryn said.

"Irrelevant," the Borg responded. "You will be assimilated."

"If you do not agree to negotiate we will have this information destroyed," Kathryn coldly said. "You have five seconds."

Strangely they couldn't hear the multiple Borg's thinking about it, but they heard the decision. "State your demands."

"We want safe passage through your space. Once we're clear, we'll send you the information," Kathryn said.

"They're going to tell us to F off, aren't they?" Jessie muttered. "I still vote for the transwarp lift."

Kathryn suddenly disappeared in a green transporter beam, everyone looked at where she once was, staring blankly.

"Oh well, the Borg are going to get a lot of coffee recipes," Tom muttered.

"Shut up Tom, get her back," Chakotay ordered.

The Borg Ship:

Kathryn appeared on a walkway that seemed to go across the entire interior of the vessel. The drop looked a few hundred metres.

"Your terms are unacceptable. Our space is vast, we do not have time. Species 8472 must be stopped, they are a threat to you as well as us."

"I'm aware of that, but you're still not getting it until we're safe," Kathryn said, leaning on the railing. She could almost hear the entire collective sigh in annoyance.

"State your proposal."

"We could work together on this weapon while we go thro..." Kathryn responded, but she was interrupted by the cube shaking roughly.

Voyager:

Chakotay ran around the railings to get to Tactical, "where did that ship come from?"

"A quantum singularity opened up several kilometres away, there are more ships approaching," Tuvok replied.

"The Borg's shields are weakening, we may be able to get Janeway back," James said. "Do we want to?"

"This isn't the time for jokes," Chakotay hissed.

"At the very least we may be able to break free from the tractor beam," James said.

"On it," Tom muttered as he worked at his station.

Most of the bridge crew watched as nine 8472 ships flew in formation, then combined their fire towards the planet. Even from a distance they could see the surface cracking up, lava shooting out of the cracks like geysers. The entire planet crumbled before everyone's eyes. The shockwave from it hurtled towards them.

"Holy crap," Tom stuttered.

The Borg ship towing Voyager zoomed out of harm's way, the two behind it weren't so lucky. They were quickly consumed by the debris.

The Bridge:

Chakotay marched across the bridge looking extremely stressed. Everyone else were in the same places as before, worrying about Chakotay's behaviour.

"I've got a lock on her," James said.

Chakotay swung around to face him, "well energise."

"I am," James muttered, briefly giving him his non literal evil eye. "They're adapting their shields."

"Crap, where are those hacking skills I originally hired you for?" Chakotay grunted.

"I'm working on it," James said. His station beeped at him, "we're being hailed."

"On screen," Chakotay commanded, turning halfway toward the screen.

Kathryn appeared on it, harshly pouting her lips, her eyes glazed over with no feeling at all in them. "Commander cut the transporters."

"What?" Chakotay said in disbelief.

"Do it," Kathryn hissed.

Chakotay waved his hand behind him to gesture the order.

James rolled his eyes, "I'm not deaf."

"I've reached an agreement with the collective. We're going to help them design the weapon in exchange for safe passage through their space."

"I still think my escort via transwarp is quicker and better for everyone," Jessie commented. "Well except 8472."

Chakotay shook his head, "how do you suppose we do this?"

"I'm going to work here on the cube. I want to take advantage of the superior technology," Kathryn replied.

Jessie frowned, "great plan, do they even have food replicators?"

Kathryn twitched slightly, "it's part of the deal. Commander send one or two capable Security personnel to join me. We're going to make this work. Janeway out." The viewscreen changed back to show the Borg ship towing them, then back again. "One should bring some coffee, now!" It turned back again.

Chakotay raised an eyebrow, "did she just put capable and Security together?" He turned to Tuvok, "Tuvok you'll be able to keep calm over there so you go. Take James with you."

"Crap," James muttered. Jessie just growled.

Chakotay ignored them both, "Borg drones are strong so we should send our strongest."

"Hey hey, emergencies only," Jessie squeaked.

"What is an emergency to you Jessie?" Chakotay asked.

"But surely I'm more useful here," James mumbled.

"You could be more useful over there minus the muscle, ok hack whatever. No time to complain."

"Really cos it seems like there's lots of time," James muttered, he turned to go into the turbolift, Tuvok left his station to follow.

"James!" Jessie suddenly yelled out, freezing everyone on the spot. James eventually moved across the bridge, and leaned over the banister. "Don't get Borgified, I like your hair, and you're pale enough. And I like you not being mindless and stuff."

"Jessie," Chakotay warned.

Jessie gave him a quick glare then looked back up at James. "Those needles freak me out, and Borg aren't famous for their parenting skills. Our baby's not getting locked in a drawer, sicko's. Oh and..."

"Jess," James said, reaching to hold her hand. "If they try their arm will probably get broken, I'll come back individual and with my hair, ok?"

Jessie smiled a little, "good, don't die either."

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "now Mr Taylor."

James pulled a face, "actually about that, I was thinking about using the Stuart part." He followed him into the turbolift.

"Heeeey, you didn't say that you wouldn't die!" Jessie moaned. "Get back here!" she growled after they'd gone. "Damn it."

"Note to self, don't get B'Elanna pregnant," Tom said to himself, looking a little freaked out. Jessie overhead and was glaring full force, he seemed to sense it. "Another note to self, run like the wind. One more, hire somebody to neuter James so she doesn't get pregnant again."

"Tom!" Chakotay snapped.

"Note to self, stop making notes to self outloud and tell Chakotay to calm down," Tom muttered.

The Borg Ship:

Two drones stood next to each other in front of a damaged drone lying on the floor, having seizures while sparking a lot. They looked at each other when it went limp. "Ohno, she got to another one."

"Before long she'll find a way to kill us all. Damn those other drones for having that Unimatrix Zero dump," drone two muttered.

The two noticed a large group of drones heading their way. They both looked scared which is unusual for a mindless drone. "We could easily just rat them out to save our asses."

The Borg voice echoed around the entire room as the drones were completely surrounded and outnumbered. "You are Borg, you are not individuals. We will restore order to your chaos you fools."

"You really should stop acting like that when we have guests, ma'am," drone one said.

"Exactly we need perfection, we need to show them that," the voice boomed. "For your disobedience you will work on the project."

"Oh god, the project," the two drones whimpered. Two of the drones surrounded them brought boxes out of nowhere, and shoved them into their hands.

"Reconnect them and get back to work all of you. Two from Voyager will arrive soon."

The drones all cleared off, the two with the boxes turned into normal drones and walked off too.

The Bridge:

Chakotay marched out of the turbolift near tactical, passing Jessie sitting down on the chair there looking a little too uncomfortable. "Status?" he ordered, glancing briefly at B'Elanna at ops. He stopped in the centre of the bridge.

"Borg shields are regenerating, they're now blocking the transporters," she replied.

"But we've got people over there," Jessie said.

B'Elanna sighed, "I know."

"Try matching their shield frequencies," Chakotay ordered.

"I don't think so, the Borg have just matched each frequency I've tried," B'Elanna muttered.

Chakotay swung around to glare at her, "I don't want to hear it B'Elanna. Just make sure we can get our people out of there if we have to." Everyone else on the bridge grew just as uncomfortable as Jessie, even B'Elanna looked a tad nervous.

"Aye sir," she said.

The bridge shook lightly as Chakotay walked over to stand beside Tom. "They've released the tractor," he said, sounding surprised.

"Match their course and speed," Chakotay quickly commanded.

"I never thought I'd hear myself say this, but it looks like the Borg are cooperating," Tom muttered, glancing briefly back at everyone.

Chakotay looked down at him sternly, "looks like."

"Ok that's not good," Jessie mumbled, she grabbed a tight hold of the station.

B'Elanna turned her head to the left to watch her fidget in her chair, "are you ok?"

"No," she replied, closing her eyes and cringing. Her hand tightened its grip on the station. At this time everyone had turned their heads toward her.

"Must have been that little ship movement," Tom commented.

Jessie sighed as she loosened her grip on the station, "no, at least I don't think so." She used the station to help her stand back up, slowly she stepped out from behind it. Tom jumped a little at the sight of her.

B'Elanna shook her head, "are you not used to seeing pregnant women Tom?"

Tom shuddered, "no, well yes, just not Jessie. That baby bump is huge and..."

"Then you're in luck," Jessie muttered.

Tom frowned, "I am?" A minute or so later it dawned on him, "oh."

"Great timing Jess," Chakotay sighed.

Tom turned his chair back around, "oh come on, now's not the time to be pushing babies out into the world. Why, why now?"

Jessie narrowed her eyes, "oh I don't know, maybe it wants to get on the escape pods before we get Borg-ed or killed!"

An unknown crewmember nearby her nodded in agreement, "that's what I have in mind, smart baby."

Jessie pulled a face at him, "oh my god! I don't decide it you freaks."

Chakotay groaned, "stop making such a hissy fit about it Jessie, go to Sickbay."

"Oh good idea, I'd better go before I get swarmed by all the concern in the room," Jessie muttered sarcastically. She headed into the turbolift.

Tom turned his chair back around a little, "we'll have to tell everyone on board not to get hurt for a few hours. Nobody will want to share a Sickbay with Jessie in labour, unless they're Sid."

B'Elanna shook her head, "no wonder she hid her pregnancy from us until last minute, you're a pig and Chakotay's just an ass."

"I was one of the first to know eight months ago," Chakotay muttered.

"No doubt it wasn't intentional," B'Elanna said.

"It wasn't," Chakotay said.

Tom turned back to his station, "so what do you guys think? Boy or girl, more like James or Jessie? Twins or..."

"She's only having one," Chakotay said.

Tom's eyes widened, "really? It looked like at least twins, she's damned huge." He quickly shook it off, "questions still apply, except for last one. To replace it, which do you think, long or short labour?"

"Oh come on Tom, nobody's going to want to take part in this," B'Elanna groaned.

All the unknowns in the room rushed over to helm. "I'm guessing long," one said, jumping up and down to be noticed.

"Now now," Tom said, turning toward them. "There's plenty of time to get everyone's, one at a time."

Chakotay glanced at B'Elanna, "can I make sure he never has any kids or just kill him now?"

She raised an eyebrow, "neither."

"You can't be serious," Chakotay mumbled.

Tom grinned, "I'm going to put mine down first. Let's see, girl but more like James, and a long labour."

"Um aren't those two very similar anyway?" one unknown asked.

"Ok when I say more like James I mean sarcastic, probably freakishly strong too and..." Tom replied.

"Tom this is stupid. How are you going to tell if he or she has a sarcastic sense of humour, or is strong when they've just been born?" B'Elanna asked.

Tom pouted, "good point. Ok take your bets on gender, labour length and anything else you can think of. That thing is obviously going to be fat or something judging by the size of Jess right now, so no bets on weight."

"Tom that's probably a healthy size for a nine month pregnant girl," B'Elanna said, shaking her head. "Now pack it in."

Tom chose to ignore her, "my bets is a girl born with hair, chubby face like Jess."

"Oh I wish I had a tape recorder right now," Chakotay muttered to himself.

"I bet she'll probably be strong, and you can tell by getting her to grab a finger or something," Tom said. He turned a little pale, "ok a female Slayer that will have James and Jessie's aggressive nature, I'd better invest in those cups football players wear."

"Maybe you'd be better off if the baby is a boy then, any girl they have will kick you, strong or not," B'Elanna smiled. "Oh who am I kidding, a boy will probably just hit you a lot like James already does."

Tom groaned, "ok now I'm worried. We can't do anything about this one, but we have to stop those two from ever sharing a room on their own again. I knew James hated me, but getting Jessie pregnant is just cruel."

"Can I kill him now?" Chakotay grumbled. He turned to Tom, "I really doubt they were thinking about you while conceiving that baby, so shut up. Now I really do hope that baby hates you like they do. It'll be funny to see it's tiny fist punch you and knock you unconscious when it's only a few hours old."

B'Elanna started to smirk while Tom glanced around at everyone with a pout on his face. "We don't know that the baby will be strong like James is," he muttered.

"I don't think he or she will need to be," Chakotay said.

Sickbay:

Jessie dragged herself through the doors, cradling the baby bump protectively. The Doctor spotted her and rushed to her side, "what's wrong?"

"Gee I wonder," Jessie muttered. She looked disgusted with herself. "Is the water thing supposed to happen, it's gross."

"Oh labour, you're early," the Doctor said. "Bad timing."

"Well I'm sorry!" Jessie snapped at him. She slowly headed for one of the spare biobeds. She tried to lift herself onto it but she couldn't. "Ugh, do you have to have these bloody things so high up!"

"Jessie calm down," the Doctor sighed. He went over to her side, and helped her up. "We're just swamped with Harry's treatment." He quickly scanned her, "you've only had one, good. You just rest, and I'll get right back to you." He went over to the station to continue working.

Meanwhile in the lab Kes stood working on the wall station. She stopped a while to pull parts of her new catsuit like outfit from her skin. "When I find out who gave me this as a Xmas present, ugh." She

went back to work. Her head turned a little to look behind her, as she saw nothing out of the ordinary she turned back. Just then she got a glimpse of an 8472 face in the station.

"Holy cra..." she jumped out of her skin and jumped around. With every step she took forward Kes grew more and more uneasy. Her eyes shifted to the left of her as she heard a light screech nearby.

The Doctor was just about to go back to Jessie when he heard Kes screaming in the lab, he ran to her aid. He found her kneeling on the ground, protecting her head with her arms. "Kes, what is it?" The Doctor put his arm around her shoulders and shook her a little. "Kes? What's wrong?"

She shakily looked up at him, "they're here, they're watching us."

Meanwhile

Tuvok and James turned a corner and entered a corridor, with its walls filled with regeneration units, most of which were empty. Tuvok only appeared to be armed with a small phaser on his belt, and the tricorder in his hands, while James again had a rifle by his side. Two drones stood nearby as if to greet them, they immediately began to escort them down the corridor.

"Strange, why is this cube quieter than the last?" James muttered, eyeing the empty units on the walls. "Something's different."

"I highly doubt that this cube is any different to the damaged one, they will be all the same," Tuvok said.

The drones passed by a large junction type room. A large group of drones stood in formation in front of what looked like a counter in a shop. Behind all this stood the two drone's from before who seemed to be working with a coffee machine while the other worked a till. Like this was completely normal, the drones continued straight ahead into another corridor. Tuvok and James followed them, without really noticing what was happening they went down the corridor too.

Moments later, James stepped backwards out of the corridor just to stare blankly at the line of drones. Tuvok walked up to him, facing the opposite way with his eyebrow raised higher than normal.

"Why do I have a bad feeling about this? Ok a badder feeling," James said.

"You mean worse," Tuvok corrected blandly.

"It sounds better after what I said," James muttered.

The drones returned to continue escorting them. The Borg voice boomed around the room, "proceed to Grid 92 of Subjunction 12."

They reluctantly followed.

"Where is Janeway then?" James questioned.

"They should be leading us to her," Tuvok responded.

"Or to the assimilation chamber," James muttered.

They finally reached their destination; a circular chamber of empty regeneration units, and two closed doorways.

The multiple voices of the Borg spoke again, "Lieutenant Commander Tuvok, Ensign James Taylor-Stuart, you will assist with the weapon against Species 8472 here in this lab."

"Huh, straight to the point I suppose," James commented. "How do they know who we are?"

"Perhaps the Captain knew who Commander Chakotay would choose to come here," Tuvok replied. "Where is Captain Janeway?"

"It was necessary for this alliance to choose a human representative, however our choices were limited."

"There's that badder feeling again," James said, cringing slightly.

"Worse feeling," Tuvok corrected, sounding a tiny bit impatient for once.

One of the doors opened vertically. A cloud of smoke burst out from underneath it. James and Tuvok glanced toward it. As the smoke cleared James' eyes widened in panic. "Oh my god." He raised the rifle and fired it at a huge chesty female drone that stood in the unit that was behind the door. She collapsed to the ground, sparks coming from her.

"Oops," he meekly said while Tuvok raised an eyebrow. "In my defence you shouldn't have assimilated the playboy mansion. What exactly was that, seriously?"

The Borg voices seemed to sigh in relief all at once, "a liability. She was the only human in range, would you use her as your representative?"

"Maybe if I ran a brothel," James muttered in disgust.

"So where is our Captain?" Tuvok questioned.

"Wait, human representative," James mumbled nervously.

"Indeed," Tuvok agreed. "We want to see her."

"As you removed our liability," the voices said. Meanwhile the two drones dragged the chesty one away by her feet. Another doorway opened like the other one did, another female drone stepped out of an alcove through the second cloud of smoke.

"I speak for the Borg," a familiar raspy voice said, void of any emotion.

James and Tuvok stared in her direction, both with their eyes widened. "Oh, they've done a Locutus on us."

"Indeed," Tuvok agreed.

James turned to him, "would you stop doing that."

"What?" Tuvok frowned in confusion.

The Kathryn looking drone stepped closer to the pair. Unlike the other drones they'd seen, she only had a few of the implants and was not as pale skinned.

"Captain?" Tuvok said.

"We should get started," Kathryn coldly said, pushing passed them.

"Yeah, we should get a coffee first though," James said, turning around. Tuvok raised an eyebrow while Kathryn turned back around, staring blankly. "Ok, we've lost her."

Tuvok nodded, "indee..." James turned his head to glare at him. "Yes I agree."

"So how long has there been a coffee shop in this place?" James asked.

"We should work on more relevant matters," Kathryn responded.

"Ok, can I call you Janeway or Janecutos?" James questioned.

Kathryn cocked her head to her left side, "my designation is Four of Six."

James meekly looked Tuvok's way, "Locuway is better."

"Ensign," Tuvok warned. "Why did you do this? This was not our agreement."

"Captain Janeway requested a single minded representative," Kathryn said.

"It didn't have to be a human," James said. "Does that mean when we get through your space you'll give her back?"

Kathryn turned on her heel, then marched off towards the stations nearby.

"That's a no," James said.

"I'll start working with her. You leave to contact Voyager. We have a serious problem, she knows the command codes," Tuvok said.

"But the Borg will be eavesdropping on whatever I say, wherever I go," James said.

Tuvok sighed, "just do it. Make sure you're subtle, perhaps the Borg won't..."

James' eyes looked around nervously, "too late, but fine." He walked back the way they came.

Chakotay rushed into Sickbay. The Doctor stood by Kes, she sat on the biobed still looking very shaken up.

"We have disturbing news," the Doctor said.

"At this point I'm getting used to it," Chakotay sighed.

"Her telepathic visions are increasing," the Doctor said, scanning her again. "Both in frequency and intensity."

"It feels different this time, almost like they're right here in the room," Kes calmly said, despite the way she felt. Her head raised, eyes glazed over. "I'm trying to block them out but I can't."

"There's another one," the Doctor anxiously muttered while his tricorder beeped madly at him. "Every time she has a vision, specific regions of her cerebral cortex go into hyperstimulation. Memory engrams, perceptual centers. I can't be sure, but I think there's more going on here than just a simple 'hello'."

Chakotay stared into space, he shook his head in disgust moments later. "When do aliens ever just say hello, good god." He turned away, continuing to shake his head. "They always want to kill us, or they want something, or both."

"Uh Commander," the Doctor warily said, staring at him.

"Simple hello, yeah sure," Chakotay rambled.

The Doctor sighed, glancing between him and Kes. "Voyage of the damned, why didn't I believe myself."

Kathryn walked down a corridor. As she was staring straight ahead of her she failed to notice the figures in a queue for the coffee shop. Two drones were now putting up a sign that read 'StarBorgs Coffee' on it, above the counter.

The third in the queue looked a little impatient, he reached out to pull a wire from the drone in front's neck. She raised a hand to stop him, the male drone attempted to avoid, she moved her hand again. This went on for a few minutes.

"Medium Latté," the first drone ordered.

The counter drone stared blankly, "we know."

"Latté," the first drone repeated.

"We only serve black coffee," the counter drone said. He handed a plastic cup to him. The drone walked away, sipping on the cup. Kathryn had then turned around, staring blankly at them all.

As the second in line was too busy defending herself against the third in line, they didn't notice the line had moved down. It didn't matter too much as moments later they were pushed aside by the fourth person in the queue. "Large Latté," he ordered.

"We only serve black coffee," the counter drone repeated, putting down another plastic cup of coffee.

James slammed his hands on the counter, the drone still managed to jump in shock. "Put some milk in it you bitch." He quickly brought a few tiny cartons of milk out from underneath the counter. "Where did you get those from?" James asked with a worried look on his face.

"We are Borg," all of the drones but the feuding ones said in unison.

James pulled a face as he walked away with the coffee and handful of milk cartons. Kathryn stared after him then followed.

"It would not be prudent to intimidate..." she began to say, James immediately butted in.

"Yeah whatever." He sipped at the coffee, immediately pulling a face at it. "Ugh, they didn't assimilate you that well did they."

"A part of the agreement was that we wouldn't share all of her knowledge," Kathryn said.

"So she did agree to this?" James muttered. Kathryn answered by staring at him. "And you're abiding by it."

"It's in our best interest to comply with the deal," she said.

"What do you know thanks to her then?" James asked while going to take another sip of coffee.

She continued to stare at him, he grew a little uncomfortable and picked up speed to avoid it. She kept on walking toward where Tuvok worked, her head cocked to the side. "Your vessel is hailing." After reaching a wall station she pressed a button then moved out of sight of the screen. Chakotay appeared on it with Sickbay in the background, James and Tuvok stood in front of it.

"How's it going?"

"We are working on the weapon, however," Tuvok said uneasily.

"Now what?" Chakotay frowned.

"The Borg aren't what we expected," Tuvok said.

"So they aren't what like Picard told people," Chakotay said, not sounding at all interested. "Where's the Captain?"

"I'll go check on her," James said, he rushed out of sight.

"I see you're in Sickbay, is Mr Kim recovering?" Tuvok questioned.

"It's Kes," Chakotay sighed. "The Captain will want to know that she thinks 8472 are watching us."

"I will tell her," Tuvok said.

Chakotay sighed, "let me know if anything happens." The screen switched off.

"It can't get anymore unusual," Tuvok commented. He sighed as two drones walked passed behind him carrying the chesty drone from before. He turned around to go down the corridor, passing by a room. He failed to notice five drones sitting around the table playing cards.

"Got any two's?" drone one asked.

Drone two glared at him suspiciously, "you're still connected aren't you, and you connected me, that's cheating."

"I take that as a yes," drone one said. He held out his only hand, gesturing for the cards.

Drone two looked at his hand which was three two's, a six and a five, "I'll tell you what, I have a nice six I can give you."

The usual Borg voice boomed over the comm startling the life out of them, and the cards out of their hands. "Get back to work bitch slaves!"

Drone one and two quickly dove for the three two's on the floor, they tried playing tug of war with one. It of course ripped in half.

Suddenly all of them turned back to mindless drones, then went back to work.

Sickbay:

The Doctor stood next to Kes at the station. Chakotay waited nearby.

"I've got the first injection ready," the Doctor said.

"I'm guessing Jessie distracted you," Chakotay said, beckoning his head at the biobed Jessie was lying on.

"Luckily for us she hasn't had another contraction. She'll be here a while," the Doctor said.

"Oh come on doc, can't I have something to eat. I need the loo too!" Jessie moaned, fiddling with the sheet she had. "Can't I?"

Chakotay frowned, "can't she even go? It's not like she's going to have the baby after one contraction."

The Doctor rolled his eyes, "Kes."

Kes groaned, she went over to Jessie.

"She'll probably be here for a few days," he said.

"What!" Jessie screeched. Kes helped her sit up.

"It's not a good idea to eat, just in case, you can't expect her to have no food until then though," Kes sighed.

The Doctor glanced briefly at her as he prepared a hypospray, "Kes I never said, just follow what you learned. No matter what the length of the labour is, it still applies." He walked over to Harry, he injected him with it. His face immediately started to clear up, and was able to open his eyes a little. "Ah, welcome back Ensign. Let's get another injection ready."

The Borg Ship:

James worked at a station on the wall next to another drone. He looked at him, "hey." James frowned at him. "What some gum?" he asked, holding a half empty chewing gum packet.

James stared blankly, "uh no thanks."

The drone nodded, looking around suspiciously. "They're going to get you later, they want you."

"Me or the ship?" James muttered.

A woman's voice startled them both, "what are you boys talking about?" The pair turned and looked to the right of them. The drone James shot earlier stood there in all her, um glory.

"You were killed," the drone stuttered.

"We are Borg sweetie," the female drone cooed. She pushed him on his way, smiling down a little at James who she towered over with her nine inch heels, ok three but it's still a bit much. He just looked at her in disgust, he was unfortunate enough to be more or less face level with a certain fake part of her body.

"Isn't it inefficient to wear heels like that?"

"I am Borg," the woman said. "And you're a cute little Slayer boy aren't you?"

James violently shuddered, turning just as pale as the Borg. "You don't have anywhere I can throw up, do you?"

Kathryn appeared, she stood in between them. "Get back to work."

The woman giggled, "you're so funny." She skipped off, somehow despite the heels.

"What the hell was that?" James asked.

"We do not know. Seven of Nine should have been disassembled," Kathryn replied in disgust. She tilted her head to the side, then back again. "You should supply us with a torpedo and the nanoprobes."

"Hang on, we're not really anywhere near the end of your space," James said.

Kathryn stared blankly, "by the time we reach your destination the war will be over. We would in all probability have lost this vessel and yours as well."

"You should know better than me that Janeway's plan didn't end with us joining the pale and bald group," James said.

Tuvok appeared on the scene, eyebrow raised. "How illogical, it's so illogical I cant even explain it."

"What now?" James groaned.

"You wouldn't believe me it's so illogical," Tuvok said.

Meanwhile:

Inside the maturation chamber room there was dance music blaring over the Borg like speakers, faintly

in the background you could hear the baby drones crying about it. About ten drones were dancing like drunken crazies, they were all drunk on coffee though, some were even dancing with a cup in hand. One of them got hot coffee all over them, she slapped the culprit.

"Heeey, this is my favourite body suit!"

"Well that's my favourite coffee so you'd better take that off, nice and slow," the male drone drunkenly said, in a really bad seductive voice. "Or I could just lick it off with it still on you."

"Not in front of the kids," another drone commented. He continued dancing, while downing a cup of coffee.

Another song came on, this time a remixed song to make it sound like a club dance track. "Oh I love this one," one male drone grinned, he began to take some of the wires out of him for some reason. "Ooh gotta heat it up."

Seven ran in to join them, yelling at the top of her voice. "Heeey, who said you could have a party while the children are sleeping!?" All the drones but the one removing his wires stared blankly at her. "I sure didn't, but I still should have got invited. Turn this one up, I love it."

The party continued after the volume got turned up.

"Jumping on ma tutu!" Seven sang badly, slapping her bum. "Or is it toot? Oh whatever. Something kinda ooooooh!" She tapped the wire pulling drone on the shoulder, "you make my heart go boom boom. Mmm."

"God damn it, she and that flirty guy is going to disturb the children," one female drone commented.

"Nah, the music's so loud they can't hear," a male drone said.

The female drone pointed, "the older ones can see them though!" The male drone followed her finger to the bigger chambers, where several Borg children stared in horror at the party.

"Oh."

Meanwhile again:

"Huh," James said. "Right."

The wire pulling drone ran passed them without his body suit thing on, his non vital wires were hanging loose as they were attached to it. "Ooooh ooooh!" he screamed. "I've got to three clock, I've gotta rock the cube baby!" He ran around the corner.

"That's not the lyrics," James muttered.

Kathryn raised an eyebrow, "we appear to be having connection difficulties."

"It's 'gotta rock' something, but it's nothing like that," James continued to mutter.

"Why do I think that'll it'll get worse if I say what I'm thinking?" Tuvok questioned.

"Cos it's probably the infamous 'it cant' line," James replied. "The Borg want the nano's by the way."

"We must construct a prototype now," Kathryn said.

"Janeway would disagree and you know it," James said.

"He's right, you would assimilate us," Tuvok said.

"Do you wish to avoid a direct confrontation with us?" Kathryn asked.

A drone walked behind her, pretending to smoke a cigar. He pulled a face at her, while imitating the Psycho stab scene without an actual knife. Then he walked off. "If we sent over five hundred drones to your vessel, would you offer sufficient resistance?"

James and Tuvok looked at each other briefly, even Tuvok was struggling to hold a straight face.

Voyager's Bridge:

Harry strolled onto the bridge all back to normal with a chirpy grin on his face. "Hi guys. Look who's all better."

B'Elanna and Tom looked at him with a smile. Harry moved back towards opps, "the doc's caught me up." B'Elanna moved out of his way, smirking at him.

"While he was doing that did he forget to remove the tendril from your nose?" she asked. He quickly touched his face to check and found nothing. B'Elanna smiled as she replaced an unknown at tactical.

"So, how's Jessie doing?" Tom asked.

Opps began beeping, "Commander there's a quantum singularity forming. Ten thousands kilometres ahead."

"I'd say red alert but," Chakotay sighed.

"We should get a black alert," Tom said.

"A ship's approaching," Harry stuttered.

The Borg Ship:

Seven paced around a few disoriented drones, judging each of them with her cold blue eyes. "One of you will be picked to be a part of something special. If we take all three it will be suspicious. Now which of you?" Her eyes focused on the tallest one. "You're the cutest, get rid of the other two."

The other two drones were dragged away.

"I wish we could have took them all," Seven cooed over the chosen one. "You're free now, do what you want. They'll never notice."

"Running around like drunk frat boys would stir up attention," he said in a dull voice.

Seven stared blankly, "whatever." A lot more drones appeared on the scene as she clapped her hands. "Boys and girls, are we all present?"

She got a few 'yes' and yep's.

"The Borg's demise will, er, create a new generation of Borg. And I will be your new Queen."

"Your highness," all of the drones but the new guy bowed in front of her.

Alarms began going off, all of them started to panic. "8472 are here, we're all going to die!" one drone screamed, he ran into the wall, he got half way through it and got stuck. "Aaaw damn it."

Meanwhile in the next room Kathryn, James and Tuvok heard the alarms as well. James was more interested in the Borg shaped dent in the wall though.

"We are under attack," Kathryn said. A screen activated in front of them to show a lone 8472 flying toward them and Voyager. It fired a shot at the small ship. The Borg and Voyager both fired back, the alien ship showed no sign of damage at all. "We cannot let Voyager be destroyed."

Voyager:

"Harry can you get the awayteam out of there?" Chakotay asked.

Tom pulled a face as the ship shook madly, consoles exploded and as usual one hapless unknown got the brunt of one. "I don't think either ship is safe at the moment here Chak."

Danny's eyes widened as she looked up from her station, "ok the Borg ship's on the move, it's... woah."

Chakotay swung around, "what?"

"It's moving into 8472's weapons range," Danny replied.

B'Elanna glanced at Harry, "8472 are firing again, the Borg's shields are already down."

"I can't, transporters were damaged," Harry muttered.

The Borg Ship:

"What are they doing?" James asked.

Tuvok held on to a nearby alcove that had a drone occupying it. "It seems like we're going into the line of fire."

"Oh, good," James muttered.

A panicky drone appeared out of nowhere and grabbed him by the shoulders, "good? We're all going to die! I'm going to die, I'm too pretty to die! Well I used to be when I had hair!" She ran away screaming hysterically.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "I agree with you, your death and mine is a small price to pay."

Kathryn turned around with her eyes closed, she reopened them again. On the screen 8472 fired directly at them, the screen changed to static then the ship rocked. At first it didn't seem too bad, it was eerily quiet and calm. Everyone then felt the ship vibrate, and heard rumbling getting louder.

"8472's ship is approaching," Kathryn said.

"We're not dead, how come we're not dead?" one drone asked, sighing in relief.

James frowned as he turned around and spotted a screen with the words 'auto destruct in ten seconds' written on it. "Oh, was that necessary?"

"We needed to time it," Kathryn bluntly muttered.

The rumbling sound became unbearable, the shaking became more volatile. Consoles and alcoves began to explode, the one Tuvok held onto was one of them. He was flown across the room, he hit the ground hard. James was about to go to him, but he took one last look at the countdown.

"Three, two..."

Voyager:

Everyone stared at the viewscreen in horror as the Borg ship exploded, taking the 8472 ship which was about to land on it's hull with it.

"Did you get them?" Chakotay stuttered.

"No sir," Harry replied, looking pale.

"Oh god, James," Danny said.

"Kathryn," Chakotay sighed.

B'Elanna shrugged casually, "Tuvok."

"Catsuited babes," Tom and Harry both said in unison. They frowned in unison as well as everyone looked at one of them.

"Ok why did I say that?" Tom squeaked, fearing what B'Elanna might do to him.

In: "Stuart to Bridge."

"Huh, he sounds familiar," Tom frowned in confusion, but happy for the distraction.

Chakotay tapped his commbadge, "James, where are you?"

In: "Cargo Bay Two, Tuvok and Janeway are here too. Borg as well."

Everyone widened their eyes. "Borg are on the ship?" Harry squeaked.

"How many are there?" Chakotay asked. He got no answer. "B'Elanna you have the bridge. Security to Cargo Bay Two." He rushed to the turbolift.

Cargo Bay 2:

The doors opened up revealing to Chakotay and a Security team a completely transformed bay. All of them slowly stepped into the dark, green eery lack of light, each holding a rifle. Borg drones walked about, doing their business like they were at home. All of the consoles were Borg like, extra technology and alcoves covered the wall.

"They're very efficient," Thompson squeaked.

"Spread out, they'll ignore you," Chakotay said. He gestured Foster to go with him. Thompson and two others wandered off. Foster and Chakotay went in the opposite direction. They walked around a spherical centre piece.

"Commander," Foster nervously said, looking straight ahead. Chakotay averted his glance to match his. A few metres ahead of them lay Tuvok and James, both unconscious. Tuvok still lay on his back, he was badly bruised on the skin that they could see anyway, and now had a large cut across his face. James lay on his front nearby but didn't look injured for once.

Chakotay knelt down to check each pulse, he looked around then stood back up. "Get them to Sickbay."

"Yeah," Foster nodded, looking relieved.

Chakotay kept on walking ahead. A drone seemed to step out of nowhere in front of him.

"Since when do you point weapons at your allies? I thought you were at peace," Kathryn questioned coldly.

Chakotay froze on the spot, his eyes widened. "Kathryn?"

"No," she candidly replied, stepping closer to meet his stare. "We are Borg and you should lower your weapon." All Chakotay did was stare like he was catatonic.

The rest of Security rushed passed looking panicky. Moments later Seven did the same, except she looked cheery. She stopped, double backed to join Kathryn. "There's cute boys on this ship." Kathryn stared blankly at her. "They'll make excellent drones."

Sickbay:

James stood next to Jessie's biobed while Kes scanned him. The Doctor was busy treating Tuvok, while Chakotay stood in the middle of the room.

"The Borg aren't what we expected. They're crazy," James said. "They had this coffee shop, but I guess that's normal when you assimilate a Janeway."

"Hmm," Chakotay frowned, narrowing his eyes at him. "Wrong one."

James looked at him, "what?"

"I said go on," Chakotay muttered.

"Ookay, they have parties, chew gum, wear huge heels. One was like..." James said gesturing the size of Seven's, um assets.

Jessie's eyes widened, "please tell me that was their stomach."

"Nope I wish," James muttered. "You weren't eye level with them, I got a crank in my neck while trying to look away."

"Heels girl," Chakotay muttered. "I met her, more or less."

"It's not all the Borg though, only a few seem to be acting crazy. Oh did I mention the streaker, how he did that with all that technology attached to the bodysuit I'll never know," James said.

Jessie shuddered, "eww."

"Sorry," James meekly said.

Chakotay sighed impatiently, "so what about the Captain. Why didn't anybody stop it?"

"It was done before we got there. They needed an individual representative, a human. Their only human was that big girl," James replied. "She agreed to it according to Locuway."

Jessie giggled slightly, "Lock-u-away."

"Yes please," Chakotay muttered.

James looked at him again, "what?"

"Less please. Is she a threat?" Chakotay questioned.

Kes frowned, "I'm thinking yes. Don't you and the Captain have the command codes?"

"Yes. I was going to change them," Chakotay said. He noticed James twisting his face and smirking slightly. "What?"

"I er accidentally hacked into the Borg's transmission systems and accidentally changed the command codes," he replied. Chakotay looked at him disapprovingly. "I accidentally covered my tracks."

"It would have been nice if you told me," Chakotay said.

"I just did, if I did it any sooner it would have undone everything I did," James said.

"I guess so," Chakotay groaned.

"Commander," the Doctor said, walking over to the group. "I'm afraid I'll need to keep Tuvok in here for further treatment. He will be fine, just not anytime soon."

"Great, we need our tactical officer," Chakotay sighed.

"I'm sure you have more than one, unless he works 24/7," James said.

"Somebody hurt him," Chakotay said, looking up at the ceiling. "Killing would only upset Janeway, just hurt him."

The Doctor stared blankly at him, "wouldn't it be easier to contact Deck Four if you used a commbadge, or spoke up."

"Somebody what me?" James questioned, raising an eyebrow.

Chakotay shifted his eyes to the left, "um, burt no, burnt no, dirt no, firt flirt no. Hurt oh, wait no. Alert, no, oh screw it. Alert you."

"About what?" James asked, looking suspicious.

Kes sighed, "this is fun and all, but the episode's going to take the second place in the biggest episode list at this rate. Can't you keep to the original paper scene?"

"It's still sixth," Chakotay muttered.

Tom walked in looking at his watch, "not for long. Though this is American time, ho boy, birthday will be a day late at this rate." He walked back out.

"I thought the birthday was fourth of December?" James muttered.

Chakotay clenched his fists, "this is a series finale, just do it. You won't miss him."

"How much longer until he creates a voodoo doll of me?" James whispered to Kes and Jessie. Kes smirked but Jessie didn't seem amused by Chakotay's attitude.

Kes sighed, "back to the original, not thee original, I mean FV original. James is ok, the blast in the ship probably knocked him out, that's all. Obviously he can't go, but like Chakotay said, you won't miss him."

"If that's the original..." Jessie said.

Kes looked down at the ground with a fake ashamed look on her face, "I know, I added that last line."

"This is how scenes get longer," the Doctor stated the obvious, he walked over to treat Tuvok.

Chakotay rolled his eyes as he stepped closer, "let me get this straight. Tuvok is badly injured but James is ok."

"I know, if he gets hurt one more time he's getting a slap," Jessie commented.

James raised an eyebrow, "that counts as getting hurt too Jess."

"I didn't mean it as a good thing," Chakotay muttered. Jessie narrowed her eyes and growled, she gave him a little kick. "Hey I only commented cos he's a Slayer, he's supposed to get hurt." Jessie kicked him again. Her face grimaced while clutching the bump, Chakotay quickly moved away again to avoid another kick. "Ok James you know the drill." He left Sickbay.

James rolled his eyes, Jessie watched him intently. He shrugged his shoulders, "no I don't." He remained where he was.

Cargo Bay Two:

Chakotay made his way through Borg Central, Kathryn stepped out of nowhere again. Behind her a few drones were rebuilding StarBorg's Coffee. "Circumstances have changed."

"No kidding," Chakotay said.

"You were against this, why am I dealing with you now?" Kathryn questioned.

"You should know that I follow the Captain's orders whether I agree or not," Chakotay replied. "You can stay on this ship until we've left your space, then you get what you want, you give her back and we'll drop you off at the cube that's nearby."

"Insufficient," Kathryn muttered. "The war will be long over by then. It's just not our survival, Species 8472 attacked you first."

"A huge Borg ship is just a big target, we should be harder to..." Chakotay said.

Kathryn narrowed her eye, the other one had been replaced by the eye piece. "You lack the sufficient technology and defences to ensure success, we should rendezvous with another vessel."

"No offense but the Borg don't have good defences against 8472 either, we're in the same boat," Chakotay said. "You are on our ship now, I make the rules."

"Remember, this is our ship now," Kathryn said coldly. "We could take over this ship easily, but we haven't. You should respect the alliance as we have."

"Fine, but if you cause any trouble you'll get transported to Deck Thirteen. You know how fun that deck is," Chakotay muttered. "Where is the nearest cube?"

"Fifty lightyears away," Kathryn said, she turned to a console and showed him a starchart. "Change your course and head to it immediately."

"We're going the opposite way," Chakotay said. "Wouldn't it be efficient to just call your cube here, they have transwarp don't they?"

"There is no alternative," Kathryn said.

"Yes there is, that was it," Chakotay grumbled. "Is this a test?"

"It is an ultimatum. Turn the ship around or face the consequences," Kathryn replied.

Chakotay peeked at the coffee shop, and Seven of Nine trying out the replicator. She pulled out a pink catsuit, her eyes got all sparkly just looking at it. "Oooh scary."

"We only have three disconnected, there's still enough to take over your ship if need be. I won't need it though, we have the command codes," Kathryn said.

"I'll think about it," Chakotay smirked, he turned to leave.

"I'll have to grow my hair back," Seven giggled. To everyone's horror she was starting to unplug the wires to the bodysuit.

"Don't even think about undressing, if one drone sees it everyone sees it!" the Borg voice yelled.

Seven giggled, covering her still covered chest. "Oh silly me."

Most of the main cast were in a meeting, most of which looked nervous sitting at the table. James was the only one standing, he stayed by the door looking impatient.

"If anyone's got a better idea other than abandoning them," Chakotay said. "Feel free."

"Not a good plan, we'll just piss them off. Crazy or not, they're still scary and can kick our butts," Tom said.

"Then again we might not," James muttered. He folded his arms, "we can do it in a way that'll fool them. They'll just think it was an accident."

"How?" Harry asked.

"Let's just say it'll kill two birds with one stone, well cripple one and kill the other," James replied.

"Are you either of those parties?" Chakotay asked, uninterested.

"No," James said.

"Damn, then we're sticking to my plan. Here's how it's going to go," Chakotay said.

James rolled his eyes, "for god's sake, I'll do it myself." He walked out.

Chakotay finished explaining his plan, then looked up to where he was. "James you lead Janeway to the Ready Room. I'm counting on you to be your violent self to knock her out. Kill the other drones after."

"He's gone," Tom said.

Chakotay covered his face with his hand. Everyone could see the smoke coming from him, each of them moved their chair a metre away.

The drones were going about their duty while two Security guys wandered around, each clutching their rifles tightly.

The doors opened for a gang of guys and girls, most had vampire faces. The doors shut behind them.

"Ookay, this doesn't look like a blood bank," one said.

A few turned to leave but the doors refused to open for them. The rest went further inside to look at the drones with interest. One of them grabbed a drone regenerating. "Here guys, must be these guys!"

A vampire poked a drone who was working. "These guys don't even see us. This is a blood bank all right."

"They're a little pale, they look more dead than we are," another said.

The guy at the alcove sunk his teeth into that drone. He pulled a face, then spat the blood back out of his mouth which was turning grey. "Hmm ah my tang feels weird. Ow." He squeaked and his face grimaced, the others watched on. "Ma tang, ma tang. Hep!" His tongue was stuck out, a nanoprobe burst through. Everyone who saw cringed, then the entire lot of the drones came to life and quickly surrounded them.

"Uhoh Frenit was right," a girl said. "They're Borg, we were tricked."

"Oh come on, we can't hurt them, they can't hurt us," one vampire said. A drone grabbed him and stuck the needles into his neck. Like expected just that part of his neck went grey, a nanoprobe burst through. "Ow, that wasn't very nice."

The rest of the vampires still panicked, they all fought back. A futile fight began.

"Species 216," Kathryn said as she stepped out from the lack of light. "Vampiria, many weaknesses." A vampire ran up to her, she pulled a bit of the metal off the nearby alcove and staked him with it. She sighed as he dusted, "animals." She pressed a button on the panel, "bridge we need your vampire killer here."

In: "Surely your drones can handle it."

One vampire easily killed one drone by grabbing it's neck, another one got it's wires pulled out of their heads.

"Drones have no advantage, just send him here, it's not like he'll have anything better to do," she said.

Sickbay:

Jessie rested, half asleep on the biobed. James sat next to her on a chair, holding her hand in both of his in front of his face. The Doctor walked over to them both.

"She's six cm's, the next contraction should be in fifteen minutes," he said.

"But if it's taking this long, she's exhausted already, can she do this?" James asked.

The Doctor sighed, "there's nothing else we can do. She's doing the right thing, getting some sleep in between. She won't be able to later."

In: "Chakotay to Tay... Stuart. You're supposed to be in the Cargo Bay. They've got a vampire problem."

"Yeah I know," James said.

In: "That was your plan, brilliant."

"They're sealed in, they can kill each other all they want," James muttered.

In: "What about Janeway? How did you?"

"I figured she'd defend herself easily," James said.

In: "Ugh so you opened the doors for all the vamps just so you didn't have to slay them yourself. Chakotay out."

"I didn't, I just cleared the path to the cargo bay," James muttered. The Doctor stared at him looking bemused. "I know, my bad."

The Bridge:

Chakotay paced backwards and forwards with a very angry look on his face. "Slayer be damned, I'm going to kill him. All I need is a phaser and him not looking."

"So much for our plan," B'Elanna smirked.

Tom smirked with her, "so much for his limbs."

"Plan B," Chakotay commented.

"Which is?" Danny questioned.

"Well if James won't co-operate and if he's let vampires loose in the bay we'll have to," Chakotay sighed. "We'll have to ask them to leave, then chuck em. The vampires can be dumped with them, all we need to do is a mass lock on them all."

"What about Janeway?" B'Elanna questioned.

"We can still lure her out before then," Chakotay replied.

Harry shook his head, "the doors are sealed. Huh, those two Security were beamed out five minutes ago. He wasn't completely careless."

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "you're on his side now? You're not sleeping with him as well are you?"

Tom pulled a face, "eww, I don't want that image. Does that mean Janeway..."

Chakotay shuddered, "god no."

Danny smiled, "but that means me too." Everyone turned to look at her, she blushed a little. "What, you've never seem him naked so..."

"I suppose B'Elanna's thinking 'thank god' but she's already seen worse," Harry smirked.

Tom nodded, then he got it and pouted angrily. "Hey, I'm a hunk."

B'Elanna sniggered under her hand, "oh god Tom, don't." She tried not to laugh any further.

"Funny, this isn't curing my need to kill a certain Slayer," Chakotay grumbled. "Or should I say layer at this rate."

"Lame, everyone's made that joke with Buffy," Tom said. Danny giggled. "But it'll amuse the easily amused though."

"Are we talking about the entire episode or..." Chakotay questioned.

Meanwhile:

Seven stood with two drones. In the background a few vampires and drones were still at it. "There's only three of us left, we've got to start from scratch."

"What about the plan two?" drone one asked.

"There is no plan two," Seven sighed. "We're stuck on this puny ship, only two of you survived and there's only eight more drones left after those vampires." Another drone dropped. "Seven, ooh lucky. Oh and we have one hundred and fifty crew." A sneaky smile appeared on her face.

"Ok this episode is tying second place now, not amused," Kathryn muttered as she walked over, giving them all a dirty look.

"You're never amused," Seven groaned. "Lighten up, it's a finale it's allowed to be big."

"I don't want to be around when the Season Five one happens," Kathryn rolled her eyes. "Ugh why am I talking to you, you're not allowed breaks that's for sure. Get back to working on the project."

"Ugh fine," Seven muttered. The three continued on the coffee shop.

"Not that one!" Kathryn snapped.

"Oh, then what?" Seven asked.

Kathryn walked away. The Borg voices echoed around the room. "Species 8472 has entered Matrix 010 grid 19. Eight planets destroyed. Three hundred and twelve vessels disabled. Four million six hundred twenty-one Borg eliminated." The voice ceased as all the drones seemed to be skiving, even the ones who were fighting vampires a while ago.

A drone and a vampire stood opposite each other, both had one arm behind their backs. "One, two," both of them said together, then they showed their arms. The vampire had a flat hand, the other showed a mechanical Borg arm. "Uh what's that?"

"Scissors," the drone said smugly.

"Crap," the vampire grunted. He looked at him suspiciously, "hey it was a rock before you cheating tard!" The two continued fighting.

"God damn it. We're not individuals!" the Borg voice yelled. "Minions back to work, dust those blood eaters! NOW!"

All the drones quick went back to the way they were, the vampire punched the drone who cheated him but immediately regretted it. He cradled his broken hand, "aaah, I hit the metal eye."

Kathryn sighed, "there's only three left, they're no threat."

"Anyway we must seize control of the Alpha Quadrant vessel and take it into the alien realm."

"Understood," Kathryn said. She headed toward a Jeffries tube, two drones opened the door for her. She coughed, "ahem." They quickly put down a velvety red carpet down for her. "Good boys." With that she went to climb in. Seven shoved her out of the way.

"Let a minion do it."

Kathryn's eye widened, only briefly as she was blinded by the bright pink catsuit she now had on. "How did you change into it so quickly?"

"Borg are efficient," Seven replied. She climbed into the Jeffries tube, she had to breath in to allow her chest to get through.

Kathryn cringed and looked away, "ugh that thing's skin tight."

"So was her Borg suit," a drone commented.

The Bridge:

"Uhoh," Harry muttered.

Everyone turned to him. "Uhoh?"

"Somebody's tapped into our deflector controls, it's the Borg," Harry stuttered.

"Lock them out then," Chakotay ordered.

Harry shook his head, "I'm locked out, the deflector's activated."

"A quantum singularity is forming," B'Elanna reported. "From the deflector pulse."

"Chakotay to the Cargo Bay. Stop what you're doing, or we'll open the airlock doors," Chakotay said. Everyone stared at him bewilderedly.

"Did James go down there or something?" Tom asked.

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "shut up Tom. They'll get us all killed if we don't do something."

"Can't we get our hacker?" Tom asked.

Harry pouted, "if I can't do it."

Chakotay ignored him, "we haven't got time, plus he's against the Borg. Are there any other options?" Everyone looked around at each other, hoping somebody did have one. Chakotay sighed, he didn't want to do it but everyone was at risk. "B'Elanna."

"Aye sir," B'Elanna muttered.

Meanwhile:

The drones and the remaining three vampires were in the middle of standing in line for another coffee, well except Kathryn and Seven of course. They all turned their heads as they heard doors opening up. "Uhoh," all but Kathryn said before they all went flying toward the large open door.

Kathryn quickly grabbed onto an alcove, and hung on for a dear life.

Meanwhile in the Jeffries tube Seven was being pulled out. She screamed hysterically. She only got as far as the hatch door, her chest was too big to fit through.

All Kathryn could see was her kicking pink legs sticking out of the Jeffries tube. Despite her situation she rolled her eyes and shook her head.

The Bridge:

"It's too late, we're being pulled in," Harry said. The ship shook a while, moments later all was calm again.

"Report," Chakotay ordered.

"Uh, there's no space outside," Harry muttered. "It's like a biological fluid. Weird."

"So killing Janeway didn't hel..." Tom commented. Chakotay passed him a cold look.

In: "Commander Chakotay."

"Kathryn?" he said.

In: "We have entered the realm of Species 8472, report to the Cargo Bay immediately."

"That's good," Chakotay sighed in relief. "Somebody get James to join me there, with Tuvok out of action, ugh I don't want to say it." He headed for the turbolift.

"I doubt he's going to jump to your command, Jess is in labour," Tom said.

"So I'm his superior, he's not the boss. Quite frankly I'm sick of his attitude," Chakotay grumbled. The doors closed on him.

Tom groaned, "no, I wanted to hear the rest."

"Why, everyone's saying the same stuff?" B'Elanna muttered.

"Jessie should kick Everyone's butts," Danny commented.

"I'm not the only one hoping that James and Jessie tame it down to set a good example on their new kid," Tom said. Everyone laughed at him. "What, I can dream."

The Cargo Bay:

Chakotay and James entered through the main door. "Just so you know I'm only here as you messed up, and whatnot."

Chakotay glared at him, "I did, did I?"

"Tuvok and I were doing fine until..." James said.

"Until he got knocked unconscious, don't think it was you," Chakotay narrowed his eyes.

"I still did better than you. We got rid of the vampires too, what more do you want?" James muttered.

"Gee let me think," Chakotay rolled his eyes. "I can't think of anything as I'm so spoilt... for choice."

"Hey I didn't try to get my girlfriend sucked out into space just cos I didn't like her plan," James said.

Chakotay sneakily reached out for a Borg tool, going very red in the cheeks.

"Try it and it'll hit your head and not mine," James said.

Chakotay growled, "you know if you weren't a Slayer I could just poke you and you'd fall unconscious. Remember that you little pain in my backside."

"Oh right, you're just fatter than me, oh and an inch or two taller. Don't make me laugh," James muttered. He walked away, snatching the tool out of Chakotay's hands. He didn't realise.

Seven appeared in front of James looking flatter than before, this freaked him out enough to make him back into Chakotay. He didn't look very pleased about it. "Why hello, you two boys really dig me don't you."

"Dig a grave for you maybe," James shuddered. He pointed at Chakotay, "he loves you though, he loves taller girls in pink and heels." Smoke rose from Chakotay again, he looked ready to explode any second.

"Oh but I like you better," Seven cooed.

"You do?" James pulled a face, clutching the tool so tightly it was starting to bend. He whimpered slightly as she moved closer. "Why?"

"You're closer," Seven giggled. She was about to grab him with her assimilating hand. James quickly hit her over the head with the tool. He shuddered, pulling a face as he stepped over her.

"Eugh, eww, she didn't touch me but I still need a shower to get her off."

Kathryn walked over to join him, "is she dead?"

"I dunno," James shrugged.

Chakotay walked over to join him, "I'd be surprised if she wasn't. He likes killing."

"I don't think anybody would mind if I had killed her," James commented. "Killing her would be my ticket back into heaven."

"I need to commit a sin," Chakotay muttered to himself.

Kathryn raised an eyebrow, "I don't think Janeway would be pleased about you two arguing. Now we've entered Species 8472's space, they've already sent ships to confront us. We need the weapons before they arrive in three hours."

"No we don't, send us back," Chakotay said. "You've been here before, how else could you know how to get here in the first place."

"We must prepare this vessel for battle," Kathryn said.

"He's right, you knew how to get here. You weren't the victims were you?" James said. Kathryn and Chakotay looked at him.

"You started the war. What's the matter, the galaxy not big enough for you? You had to conquer new territory? This race fought back, good for them," Chakotay snarled.

"Did you practise that?" James raised an eyebrow. More smoke rose from the irritated Commander.

"Species 8472 was more resistant than we realised," Kathryn said.

"Yeah yeah, you picked a fight, they got mad, you left the door open. We get it," James said.

"You have to simplify everything," Chakotay commented.

"Last time I help you," James said.

Chakotay growled again, raising both of his hands and strangled thin air. Two very pale bony hands slid across his shoulders.

"Oooh somebody's tense," Seven purred into his shoulder. He shuddered then jumped forward.

"That's what I get for not hitting her that hard," James muttered.

"My link is weakened by our location, we cannot signal for help, we are alone," Kathryn said. "We should complete those weapons."

"I've got a better idea," Chakotay said. "Open that rift back up and send us back."

"If I do that you will no longer cooperate," Kathryn hissed.

In: "Sickbay to Chakotay. Commander Tuvok is feeling a little better now, he wants to see you. Oh and Jessie's woke up cursing."

Chakotay and James looked at each other, they groaned as they had to leave together.

Sickbay:

James and Chakotay entered through the main door, the Doctor immediately greeted them cheerfully. "Mr Tuvok is back on his feet all thanks to me of course." Tuvok stood at his side the same time as James moved to go back to Jessie's side.

"Commander," Tuvok nodded.

"That's good news. When will you be ready to return to work?" Chakotay asked.

"I am now," Tuvok replied. He walked passed him to leave.

"So, are you still Janeway's bitch?" James questioned. Jessie slapped him on the arm.

"No swearing in front of the baby!" she hissed.

"No, I never was, unlike you and Jessie," Chakotay said.

Jessie growled, "did you call me a bitch?"

"No but you said it," Chakotay said.

"At least I admit that Jess is in charge of me," James muttered.

"Oh, I get it," Jessie sighed. "Damn right."

"I'm er, just wondering who's going to kill us, 8472 or the Nutcase Collective?" James questioned.

"There's only two left. One's a nutball who seems to be in charge of herself, and Janeway. We can deal with them."

"How are you going to convince these two to send us back?" James asked.

"If I don't co-operate, they're hardly a threat."

"Are you stupid?" James muttered.

Chakotay frowned at him, "look just cos you can make holes in the walls, bend metal, what have you, doesn't mean you're superior to me. You don't know better and you don't talk to me like that."

"You always complain that Janeway never listens to your opinions, yet you're not listening to me," James said.

"You're only an ensign," Chakotay said.

"An ensign yeah, but at least I'm not so stubborn that I'd risk everyone's lives," James said.

Chakotay coughed, "mess hall incident."

James coughed mockingly, "not the same thing."

"Oh come on, we may as well just leave the Borg and 8472 to it. I don't want this on my conscience," Chakotay said.

Jessie rolled her eyes. "We all know who the winner will be, the strongest. You haven't seen 8472, I'd rather deal with the Borg than seven foot tall demon like things," James said.

"Oh yeah, if the Borg are so kitteny to you, why don't I beam your freak ass to a Borg Armada. Go nuts," Chakotay said.

"I never said they were kitteny," James pulled a face. "God Chuckles, you only care about being right over Janeway. You have to resort to talking crap to get your own way. Look at it this way, cos you know I'm right. 8472's home reality full of their ships, two Borg drones one of which is a nut job," James said.

"Exactly," Chakotay smiled smugly. "I'd rather take my chances with those two, make them get us out of here."

James groaned, "I'm just saying we help the Borg defeat the strong foe so we don't get killed, then the Borg will still owe us one."

"The 8472 were never interested in us," Chakotay said.

"They could kill us in what two hits, that makes us weaker. 'The weak will perish'," James said.

Chakotay sighed, "oh come on, you call me stubborn."

Jessie cringed, she grabbed James' arm tightly. "Oh my god will you shut the hell up Chuckles! Will you hurry up and grow a pair before we all get blown to pieces!"

James took a hold of one of her hands as she relaxed a little. "Take deep breaths Jess, he's not worth it."

Chakotay sighed, he shook his head. "They're never going to follow through with their agreement now. We help them, they have no reason to escort us."

"We don't help them we die," James said. "We'll have Janeway. Enterprise got Picard back, we can get her back. The Borg won't be so attackhappy if they know we've got her and her knowledge of them in command."

"What about the other one?" Jessie asked.

"She can go out the airlock later," Chakotay muttered. "Getting Janeway back is possible, but..."

"No buts about it. There's more important things than you being right," James said.

Chakotay sighed. Somebody else sighed nearby, everyone turned to see who it was.

"Oh come on, keep arguing," Damien muttered with a mouthful of popcorn. Chakotay smiled at him, this made him nervous. "What?"

The Bridge:

A Security team escorted Kathryn out of the turbolift.

"The ships are almost on us," Chakotay said. "Are they ready?"

Kathryn nodded, "yes your ex stalker was helpful, but irritating."

Damien stumbled out of the turbolift with a bruise on his head. "That was uncalled for."

"I could have assimilated you instead," Kathryn said. "I'm sure you have something the Borg would find useful."

"I like the bruise," Damien nodded. "I was thinking of taking a picture of it so I remember it."

"Bring the new Borg systems online," Chakotay commanded.

Tom grinned, "putting a picture of what we look like now on screen." He did just that, the ship looked the same except for some green lights lighting up Borg coloured hull pieces.

"How do we do that anyway, do we always have a camera to film whatever view we need?" Danny questioned. Everyone ignored her on purpose to avoid the question.

"Torpedo launch tubes active. Hull armor engaged. Shield enhancements stable," Harry reported.

"Bimolecular weapons are ready. Thirteen standard photon torpedoes and one Class Ten armed with a high-yield warhead," Tuvok added.

"Two minutes," Tom said.

Chakotay sighed, "let's hope we're doing the right thing."

Sickbay:

Kes stood next to Jessie, she stared at her anxiously. "Nine, nearly there."

"Wasn't it eight like an hour ago?" Jessie moaned.

"No Jess, only ten minutes," James said, dabbing her forehead with a cloth.

"Only ten minutes, of course it would be that quick for you," Jessie muttered, fidgeting under the blanket.

"It'll be over soon," James said while putting an arm around her shoulders.

"That's what she said hours ago," Jessie cried into his shoulder.

Kes smiled nervously, "I was just trying to make you feel better."

"Is that what you're doing?" Jessie asked.

"Yes and no. Yes I am and no cos it's true," James replied. He picked a strand of wet hair out of her face, "how long do you think Kes, really?"

Kes frowned, "I'm not sure, less than ten minutes."

"Thank god," Jessie groaned.

The Doctor rushed out of his office, "we should get to the Cargo Bay."

"What?" Jessie squeaked. "Now but I'm about to have a baby here!"

"Sorry but we can't delay or the baby will probably be born on a Borg ship," the Doctor said.

"Yeah, you wouldn't want that," James meekly said. "The Borg have wild parties in the nursery."

Jessie stared at him with wide eyes, "what? Oh god."

"James you're not helping," Kes said.

"Sorry," James mumbled.

"Come on James, chop chop," the Doctor said.

"Are you sure we should go now, can't we just wait for a signal," James stuttered.

The Doctor stared blankly, "no, the only signal we'll get is when we'll have to do it, we wouldn't have time to leave here and set it up." He rushed out.

"Damn damn," James grumbled.

"It's ok, as long as you succeed it's ok," Jessie said. "Be quick too."

"Ok it should be easy, I'll just think about coffee," James said.

Jessie nodded, "yeah that'll work."

James kissed her on the side of the forehead, "I'll be back as soon as I can." He followed the Doctor. Lee passed him on the way in.

"Assistant nurse reporting in," he cheerfully said.

"What, why is he here? Please say for other patients," Jessie stuttered. She cringed and grabbed the sides of the biobed, "he's not coming near me!" Kes rushed back to her side.

"I'm the ambassador, I'm needed on the bridge."

Jessie widened her eyes, "what, you're just going to leave me?"

"Sorry," Kes said. She headed toward the door.

"You can't leave me alone!" Jessie squealed. Lee walked over to pat her on the arm in a comforting way. "Don't touch me!!" she screamed in his ear.

The Bridge:

"All hands, this is Commander Chakotay," Chakotay said. "Ready your stations, seal all emergency bulkheads, and prepare to engage the enemy. Stand by for my order."

"Four ships, they're in weapons range," Tom stuttered.

"Battlestations," Chakotay said.

"Ok we already are," B'Elanna said.

Chakotay groaned, "whatever I don't care."

"Perhaps I should take over," Damien commented. Chakotay glared back at him. "Ok me." He turned around to work at a station on the back wall.

"Visual range," Harry ordered. He turned the viewscreen on to show four ships on their tail.

Kes closed her eyes. "I can hear them, they want to talk through me. They say we've contaminated their realm."

"Boo hoo," Damien muttered.

"Tell them it's the Borg's fault," Chakotay whispered. Kathryn stared down at him coldly.

"They say our galaxy is impure. Its proximity is a threat to their genetic integrity," Kes muttered.

"Tell them we have a weapon to destroy them and if they don't back down we'll be forced to destroy them," Chakotay said.

"Your galaxy will be purged," Kes stared at him with wide eyes.

"Pfft, all villains say that," Damien scoffed. "They never mean it, trust me they'll do the job 'we are victims' act soon enough."

"Yeah like anybody would believe that one," Chakotay commented.

The 8472 ships fired at once, Voyager took a heavy beating as they were hit all in different places. Smoke filled the room, but for once no innocent crewmember died on the bridge.

"They're coming around for another attack," Tom stuttered.

"Weapons are fully charged," Tuvok reported.

"Fire," Chakotay commanded.

Each ship got tracked by the torpedoes that were fired from the ship, each hit their target but nothing happened. Almost everyone grew a lump in their throat.

"They're charging weapons again!" Harry yelled in a panicky voice.

On the viewscreen one of the ships flew directly towards them, charging to fire, it suddenly froze, cracked and went to pieces in front of them.

"All four vessels have been destroyed," Tuvok said.

Chakotay sighed in relief, "great. I think it's time we leave."

Kathryn rolled her eyes, she turned to go to another spare back station.

"Great another singularity, we're being pulled in," Tom reported. The ship shook to confirm this, then it stopped. The viewscreen showed normal space.

"Uhoh," Harry stuttered. Everyone looked at him again. "This can't be good. There's ten, no make that..."

"Aaaaggh, not again," Chakotay groaned into his hands.

"Ok an armada, too many to count, is behind us sorry above us," Harry stuttered. "It's cos I'm nervous."

"And it's passed his bed time," Damien commented.

"They're not communicating now," Kes warned Chakotay. "Can I?" He nodded. She quickly left the bridge.

"Arm the high yield," Chakotay ordered.

"It's already loaded," Tuvok said. "Firing."

Everyone turned to watch the viewscreen as a torpedo went towards the Armada of attacking ships. It exploded, sending out a green shockwave, destroying all the ships.

"Oh yes!" one crewmember yelled out. "Pwned, newbs!"

"What the hell does pwned mean?" Chakotay asked, frowning. Nobody knew.

Meanwhile in Sickbay:

Jessie screamed, so did Lee as she grabbed a hold of his right arm. His screams got louder than hers just when he heard a slight crack from his arm.

"Oh god, it hurts, nothing can be as bad as this!" Lee moaned.

Jessie stopped and glared at him. "Well I'm sorry, do you want the biobed?" she growled.

Lee nodded, he sat down on the neighbouring biobed, after picking up a regenerator. Jessie looked on helplessly, cringing in pain as he treated his arm with it.

"Oh come on, I was joking. It's every thirty seconds here," she whimpered.

"In a minute," Lee stuttered, he looked around for a tricorder.

"A minute, or is it thirty seconds, make up your damn tiny mind!" Jessie screamed.

Lee shakily held a tricorder in his hands, scanning Jessie. "We're at ten, is it ten?"

"What?" she snapped. "You don't know!"

Lee's trembling got worse, "no, don't you?"

"For fu... it's ten! I can't," Jessie moaned.

Kes ran into Sickbay, breathing heavily. "I'm here, I'm here."

"I think she's ready," Lee mumbled.

"No, no I'm not. James isn't back yet," Jessie stuttered.

"The battle's over, it shouldn't be much longer," Kes said. "Lee, are we ready?"

"Um," Lee tilted his head a little, cowering a little as he caught Jessie's glare directed at him. "Apart from being trouser less, what else is there?" She pouted, checking the blanket covering half of her from her hips.

Kes groaned while she moved to join them by Lee's side. "What about blankets for the baby, the biobed for him or her?"

Lee nervously looked around, "where is, oh." He brought over a small biobed on wheels toward the foot of Jessie's, bumping into Kes as she moved there. It was pushed to the side, Lee picked up the blankets within the cot.

"Not now," Kes said, taking the tricorder off him. She lay the tricorder open in front of her on the biobed itself. "All right, next contraction is in thirty seconds Jess. Get ready to start pushing."

The Bridge:

"Thirteen alien vessels have been destroyed," Tuvok said. "The others are in retreat."

"Good work everyone," Chakotay sighed in relief. He stood up to look at Kathryn, she was making her way over to him.

"All remaining vessels are returning to their realm. The Borg have prevailed," she said.

"You're welcome," Chakotay grunted. "Now our side of the deal."

Kathryn stood directly in front of them. "We don't think so. This alliance is terminated. Your ship and its crew will be adapted to service us."

"Oh that's a surprise, I can hardly contain the heart attack," Chakotay muttered.

"Don't," Damien said, looking too interested.

Kathryn pushed Chakotay in the chest, it was enough to send him backwards onto the ground. Then she headed to the helm. Tom panicked, he quickly raised a phaser he had in his pocket and fired. A shield went around her as she closed on him, he was thrown half way across the room. The needles on her hand went straight inside the helm itself.

"She's trying to access our co-ordinates," Harry said.

"How did we not see this coming," Chakotay sarcastically said. "Damien."

"Whatever," he grunted.

"Chakotay to the Doctor, you're on."

The Cargo Bay:

"You know I'm sure a lot of people could just think about coffee, so..." James muttered as he stood in an alcove. The Doctor put a device on his neck.

"Janeway only seems to have connected with three people, the other two were needed on the bridge," the Doctor said. "Plus you can irritate her as a backup if the coffee doesn't work."

"Yey," James sarcastically said.

"B'Elanna?" the Doctor questioned, looking back at B'Elanna.

She was a bit distracted by what Seven was doing, "what is that she's connected to? Oh!" She got back to what she was doing, "it's ok I'm ready."

"I'm not," James said, closing his eyes and cringing.

"It hasn't started yet," the Doctor said.

"I know."

On the bridge, Kathryn looked up like she was distracted. Everyone else watched on the edge of their lack of seats.

"Hmm the Borg are off to some planet I don't like," Damien said quietly to Tuvok next to him. He raised an eyebrow disapprovingly. "What?"

"Commander told you to make it look like we were somewhere else, quiet," Tuvok said.

"Oh you're no fun," Damien rolled his eyes, he didn't go to fix it.

Kathryn started talking to herself, "coffee is irrelevant." She whimpered a little, "mmm stop it, ooh big cup, jug, that's just... irrelevant. We don't need coffee, we are Borg."

"Come on just annoy her, if that doesn't work then," Chakotay said as he climbed onto his chair, clutching his chest.

Back in the Cargo Bay James still had his eyes closed, but at least he wasn't talking to himself. He peeped one eye open, "should I tell you guys what she did one day when the water tanks were offline, and she needed a bath?"

"Oh god no, don't tell them that!" Kathryn suddenly screamed out, startling everyone.

"How would you even know about what she did?" B'Elanna cringed.

"Meh she told me. Replicated a few litres of coffee flavoured soup, and soaked in it for several hours," James said. "Why does she tell me these things." He went silent, his face cringed in confusion. A while later he only muttered the 'word', "huh."

"We're losing the link," the Doctor said.

B'Elanna nodded as she worked away, "initiating power surge." She threw down a lever, "now!"

The device on James' neck started to spark, this made him cringe anymore and tightly grip the alcove.

On the bridge the same was happening to Kathryn. Her eyes widened, she sounded like it was choking her. She screamed as it sparked out of control, she fell on top of the helm.

In the cargo bay the device did the same to James, he fell to the ground next to the Doctor. He quickly rushed to scan him.

"Did it work?" B'Elanna asked.

"I believe so," the Doctor replied.

Tom limped over to Kathryn's body to scan her, "she's disconnected. I'll get her to Sickbay."

"No, get her back to the cargo bay, we can secure her better there," Chakotay ordered.

"Aye aye," Tom said.

"Before you do anything set a course for the alpha quadrant, warp nine," Chakotay commended.

"Yes sir," Tom responded, sighing in relief.

Sickbay:

"Come on Jessie, push," Kes said.

"Push push!" Lee added on.

"Oh for the love of..." Jessie grumbled, her face a lot redder than usual. "Of course I'm going to push, I can't or won't pull will I!" Lee cowered before quickly backing off.

"Jess, breathe don't yell," Kes softly said.

Jessie screamed, grabbing Lee's arm tightly again. His squealing could be heard ship-wide.

"Everyone knows that that you push and breathe, don't tell me what to do, I'm not stupid!"

"I'm just telling you when," Kes mumbled.

"It seems to be every second," Jessie breathed. "I'll tell you what, I'll push if you stop telling me to."

Kes sighed, for once sounding a little annoyed.

In: "Transporter room to Sickbay, prepare for incoming transport."

"Ohno, I'm first, I've been here for ages!" Jessie yelled out.

"It's probably James and the doc," Kes said.

Nearby two figures, one standing and the other lying on the ground, rematerialised.

"Doctor," Kes called out to them. The Doctor rushed to her side.

"No no, I don't want him looking there," Jessie stuttered as Kes went to her side instead. She looked around helplessly, "where's James?"

"Unconscious. We should worry about you," the Doctor replied.

"Ok ok," Jessie calmly said. The Doctor, Kes and Lee prematurely sighed in relief, they jumped out of their skin a second later. "What are you waiting for hologram, wake him up for god's sake!" she screamed at them.

"Are you going to kiss your baby with that mouth?" the Doctor asked.

"I didn't swear wise guy," Jessie grumbled. She kicked one of her legs at him to try to get him to leave, it didn't work. "Come on, stop looking!"

"You've had to push several times in the time it took you to yell at me, couldn't you of just done so?" the Doctor muttered.

"Nooo, you're supposed to tell me to do it, tosser. I am not doing anymore until James is up," Jessie snapped.

The Doctor protested, "but..."

Jessie breathed in deeply then screamed as loud as she could, "James!" This woke him up of course and possibly other injured and unconscious crewmembers all around the ship.

James held his head as he sat up. Another scream from Jessie got his full attention, he scrambled to his feet to join her by her side. "How's she doing?"

"Almost there," the Doctor replied. He smiled, "there's the head."

"What, is that all!" Jessie cried. James put an arm around her, and held her hand. Her other hand was still attached to Lee's arm who had turned white at this point. Jessie looked at James helplessly. "You do it, you're stronger."

"Sorry Jess, I can't. You can do this, you're stronger than you think," James said, kissing her on the cheek. "Hold my other hand, Lee's turned very white." Jessie moved her left hand from Lee's arm, just then he collapsed like she was the only thing holding him up. Without noticing that she took a hold of James' other hand. It was good timing as she screamed again, tightening her grip on both hands.

The Doctor continued to shout the simple instruction repeatedly, "push, push!"

"Shut up, shut up!" Jessie yelled back at him.

"One more should do it," the Doctor nervously said.

Jessie pulled a face, moaning, "no more, I can't."

Lee stumbled to his feet, "this gotta hurt more than that."

Jessie deathglared him, "do you want to swap? I bet you couldn't handle it, get out of here!" Lee quickly scampered off.

The Doctor smiled as he saw an opportunity, "Jessie push!"

Jessie moved her glare to him while she still did as she was told. "Is that all you can say!? God damn it, it's like a broken record hologram."

The Doctor smiled in victory, "that's it, you can relax now."

"Thank god," she sighed, falling onto her back. She and James both relaxed for a moment at the sound of a baby crying. "Thank god, it's felt like I've been pregnant for years."

Kes and the Doctor smiled at one another. She lifted a small bundle wrapped in a blanket. "Congratulations," he said while scanning away. "You have a healthy baby boy."

Jessie grinned at James, he looked a little uneasy for a second before smiling back at her. He leaned down to kiss the side of her head.

Kes smiled downward, "oh he's gorgeous."

"Kes, you don't mind prepping the Captain," the Doctor said, casually taking the bundle away from her. Her face dropped.

"Yes Doctor," she muttered, walking away.

"Lucky you're a hologram," James said.

"Yes, why?" the Doctor frowned.

"Cos you'd be going to hell otherwise for that," James muttered.

The Doctor looked confused, "um, he's perfectly healthy. Our baby is..."

"Don't do the our baby thing," Jessie said.

"Huh?" the Doctor mumbled. He leaned over to hand the baby to her, then straightened back up.

She stared down at the little boy lying in her arms. One of his tiny fists rested against his tiny crinkled face. She moved one arm slightly so she could stroke his face with her fingers, then the hair on the top of his head.

"Oh, he is gorgeous isn't he?" she squeaked, looking up at James. He sat down on the edge of the biobed. "He's his father's son."

Kes walked back over to drag the Doctor away with her. "Doc, give them some privacy."

"But, we need to do the full physical and everything for our new crewmember," he protested.

"Come on Jess, he looks more like you, look at his hair," James said, looking a bit uneasy at Jessie's comment.

As she was too focused on her new baby son, Jessie didn't notice this. "Do you want to hold him?"

"I don't think that's a good idea," James meekly replied.

"Oh come on, you'll be ok," Jessie said, carefully handing their baby to him. She then tried to sit back up.

James looked down at the baby to catch him open his mouth slightly, a part of his fist went into it. His closed eyes moved. James frowned, and pouted a little. Jessie watched him, concern planted on her face.

"Are you all right?"

James blinked at the same time as the baby did, they still remained closed though. "I don't know."

Jessie stroked his arm, "it's all right. I heard it's harder for the dad, it'll sink in."

"Hope you're right, I don't want to be my dad," James mumbled, glancing at her.

"You won't be," Jessie said. "You're not him."

James looked back at his new son. He was now awake and looking up at him with big brown and green eyes. His tiny hand reached out to grab his dad's thumb. James' face softened, "wow."

Jessie smiled at them both, "aaw see."

"Yeah," James slightly smiled. He stroked the boy's face with one of his fingers, he smiled.

"I was thinking maybe that his surname could be just Taylor-Stuart," she said.

"What about Rex-Stuart or Stuart-Annet," James said.

"No," Jessie pulled a face. "Taylor and or Stuart's fine."

"But he's yours too," James muttered, glancing back at her.

"Yeah but he's not a dog or a posh bitch, he shouldn't have my name," Jessie said.

"Um but he's not going to be a Taylor boy either, and I'm not going to be a Taylor dad. I was going to use the Stuart part of my surname," James said.

Jessie pouted her lips, "ok just Stuart then."

"We're never going to agree on this yet, huh," James sighed.

"Yeah you'll think about it and agree later," Jessie smiled, fidgeting slightly. "Ugh I wish I had another pillow."

The Doctor walked back over, "we need to give him the full new crewmember psychical, and a full scan just in case."

"Oh, can't you do that later?" Jessie asked as James handed their baby back to her.

"It'll be a better idea to get this done before Janeway's treatment, and before little James Junior gets settled and needs feeding," the Doctor replied.

Jessie pouted while looking up at James briefly, she looked back at the baby. His nose crinkled, he squeaked as he stretched one arm. Jessie's pout got bigger, "you're mean."

"Sorry," the Doctor said. "Once I'm done you can have him all to yourselves. You'll just need to bring him in every now and then for checkups."

Jessie reluctantly handed the baby to him, he started to walk away with him. "Wait, Janeway? He's not bringing her here, is he?"

The Doctor widened his eyes, quickly he dashed out of sight, passing Kes on the way. She stopped at the station nearby to work at it.

"I hate this place," Jessie muttered. She lay back down, pulling the blanket up to her shoulders but it was too short to cover her feet.

James put an arm around her, she rested her head in his shoulder. He kissed her forehead while stroking her hair. "Do you want me to get you a better blanket, pillow."

Jessie's face lit up, "oh, can you get me a change of clothes, some make up to cover the tears. And a brush, maybe lipcell. You think I'm nuts don't you?"

"Yeah but," James smirked, he rested his head against the top of hers, sneakily giving her another kiss. "You know that I love every single crazy quirk you have."

Jessie looked up at him, eyes widening. "Huh?"

"You know, quirks," James mumbled. He then realised what he had said, then grew a little nervous. "Um, crap, I didn't."

"Relax, it's not like you said something bad," Jessie sighed. "You know you are so cute."

"No I don't," James commented. "Jess um, you do know that I love you right?" He gave her another kiss. She looked up at him.

"No," she softly said.

"Oh," James said, blushing slightly. "Oh well I do."

"Really?" Jessie said. "I love you as well."

James' eyes widened, "what huh?"

Jessie moved a little so she was eye level with him, she stroked his cheek then gave him a proper kiss. Kes smiled as she watched, she looked back down at the station.

"I'll er, get you your pillow, clothes," he stuttered nervously. "Do you want something to eat, drink?"

"You don't have to go right now."

"You'll need, I won't be long," James said as he quickly stood up. He rushed away.

All Jessie could do was smirk at him. "You're going to be a great dad you know, nothing like yours."

James stopped at the door, he turned to face her. "We'll see," he turned to leave again.

The Bridge:

Tom stepped out of the turbolift, "guys guess what." Only Harry looked at him. "Rumour has it Jessie's had the baby." Everyone else turned to him. "I'm going to go and snoop around."

"I hope you enjoy your punch," Harry said.

Danny moved from her station, she edged to the turbolift so nobody would notice her. Tom turned around to catch her. "Danny," he said in a sing song voice.

"Crap," she grunted.

"Ok people, last chance to place bets. Danny's going to find out everything," Tom said. Everyone but Danny, Tuvok and Chakotay gathered around him in a flash. Danny smiled nervously.

"Um Tom, why would I share with you?"

"Well James and Jessie didn't tell you they were even having a baby, if that were me I'd get my own back," Tom smiled cheekily.

"Ugh that's why your only friend is No Backbone Harry," Danny groaned. She went into the turbolift.

Tom shrugged, "everyone your final chance to make bets. Let's see if anyone bet today for the birth."

Sickbay:

Jessie still lay on the biobed, half asleep. Kes stood next to her, holding a tricorder.

"You freaked him out, huh," she said.

"I think I did," Jessie laughed a little. "In my defence he said it first, twice actually."

Kes smirked, "doc says he wants to keep the baby overnight just for observation, and you can stay with him."

"What about James?" Jessie asked.

"Uh I doubt it, you're allowed to stay as you need to rest from the birth," Kes replied. Jessie pouted at her. "I'll ask him." She headed away, then disappeared into the office.

Seconds later the main Sickbay doors opened. James walked through them with two pillows underneath each arm, a blanket over one shoulder, a large bag over the other one, and lots of gift bags in his hands. Jessie bit her lip to stop herself from laughing.

"Where's the sink?" she asked.

"It'll be at the bottom of the bag," he replied. He dumped the bags next to the biobed. James put the blanket over her, she sat up a little to allow him to put pillows at the head of the bed. "I hope I haven't

forgotten anything." He lifted the main bag up onto the side of the bed, then took out several things from the bag, saying its name everytime. "Ok nightwear, make up bag, brush."

"What about a sandwich?" Jessie questioned.

"Oh," James cringed slightly. "I forgot, I'll get it." Jessie grabbed his hand.

"No I'm fine, I want you to stay," she said.

"I was thinking about his name," James said, bringing out a padd from the bag.

"Oh you brought the names list," Jessie said. She took it off him. "The surname's still a problem."

"I thought about that too, I have an idea how to solve it," James said.

"Oh really? I liked the name Michael, and Duncan. I'd need to see him to decide, what do you think?" Jessie said. "What's your idea then?"

"Well we go with Stuart," James replied.

"Ah ha I win," Jessie grinned.

"But it depends on how you answer something," James mumbled.

"So we've come to bribery then, huh?" Jessie smirked.

"No, bribery's later. It's just if you answer no we'll have to continue arguing about the surname. You have to promise you won't say yes just so you win," James said.

"I promise, but you're starting to worry me," Jessie said. He took a hold of her left hand.

"Jess I, um I'm in love with you, I have been for a while and I wanna be with you for the rest of my life."

Jessie smiled shyly, blushing a little. "Aaaw you're sweet, but you can't flatter me into changing my mind."

James kept a hold of her hand as he knelt down, onto one knee. "Marry me," he squeaked. "Please?"

"Huh," Jessie's mouth dropped open in shock.

James cringed, "oh, idiot. I'm such a, ugh."

"Yes," she said as he was about to stand back up. He froze on the spot with wide eyes.

"What, did... I thought you weren't going to say yes just cos," he said.

"I'm not," Jessie smiled. "I'll marry you."

"Really?" James' voice went back to the squeak. She nodded, grinning at him.

"Come here," she giggled. He stood back up, she wrapped her arms around her shoulders, pulling him to her. "You're so cute when you're nervous." They kissed.

"So really?" he asked quietly. She nodded her head. He took out a ring box out of his back pocket, he opened it to reveal the huge diamond ring. "Really?"

"Stop it silly," her eyes widened as she saw the ring. "Please tell me it's cheap."

"It's not, but it's long paid for so," James meekly said. As he placed the ring on her finger she spotted the gift bags on the floor.

"What's all these then?"

"Oh uh, stuff for the baby and you," James replied.

"What are you like huh?" Jessie shook her head, resting on the biobed again.

Kes reappeared carrying the baby, she carefully placed him in the little biobed next to them. "Ok, what's with all the gift bags?"

"They're from James," Jessie replied.

"Ah that explains it," Kes sighed.

The doors opened for Tuvok, "Ensign?"

James glanced back at him just briefly, "Paternity leave starts now, sorry."

"As of now that leave is cancelled," Tuvok said.

"What?" James and Jessie both exclaimed, they looked toward him.

"I'm afraid with the two Borg's onboard we're going to need you to, as the Commander puts it, keep an eye on them. As long as we're in Borg space you should be on duty," Tuvok said.

"It doesn't have to be me, Janeway is disconnected and the last I saw of the other one, she was attached to one of those machines that blows up balloons," James muttered.

Jessie pulled a face, "huh?"

James looked back at her, "she was huge, catch my drift."

"Eew," Jessie pulled a face. "Wait, huge as in b word like that girl, not weight?"

The Doctor scoffed, "of course not, she's the skinniest girl I've ever seen."

Jessie pouted, pulling the cover further up. "Come on Tuvok, you should get your other lackeys to do your dirty work. He's got a son now so he's not going to jump through your hoops."

"It's for everyone's safety that he complies. He knows that," Tuvok said.

James closed his eyes and sighed, "I guess so."

"What? I just said you wouldn't jump," Jessie said.

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

"What about our son, he haven't given him a name yet," Jessie said angrily.

"Can I?" James questioned. Tuvok shook his head. "Not even five minutes to help decide his name?"

"No, you can decide now or later, the Captain may wake up any second," Tuvok said disapprovingly.

"Fine," James grumbled. He marched away, intentionally in Tuvok's direction. He stepped aside by the door, James still gave him a push as he left. When he got his bearings back he followed.

"I don't believe this," Jessie groaned. "Janeway said we could have time off no matter what."

The baby began crying loudly and kicking his legs under the blanket. Kes picked him up gently. "Yeah I thought so, he needs a feeding."

"Ookay, can you go to the replicator for me, and get some milk," Jessie smiled nervously. Kes stared at her blankly.

"Oh dear."

Outside Tuvok and James headed down the corridor, James stayed ahead with a look of thunder on his face.

"You are the biggest weapon we have against the Borg, after the vampires got blown into space anyhow. We can't take any chances even with the alliance on our backs. They did try to betray us after all," Tuvok said.

James swung around to face him, he had to stop abruptly before he crashed into him. "Listen Tuprat, I'll come with you to guard Janeway and see if she's a threat. If she isn't I'm going back to Jess and my son. You can then only call me for emergencies which I'm supposed to handle only."

"Ensign," Tuvok warned with his eyebrow raised.

"What, what are you going to do? You can't lock me up if you need me, can you?" James muttered. "If you do need me to guard her, I'll do so but, I'll be very cranky if someone bothers me after that. Understood?"

Tom turned the corner looking cheerful, he stopped nearby. "Hey James, how's Jess or your Junior?"

James shook his head, "why don't you tell him Tuvok." He stormed off.

"Um, what's his problem?" Tom shrugged.

"He's angry that I asked him to resume duty," Tuvok replied.

"After he had a baby, Tuvok that's just mean," Tom scolded mockingly.

Tuvok's eyebrow raised even higher, "it was not meant to be mean."

The Conference Room:

Everyone remaining were sitting around the table. The Doctor was one of them, despite having patients.

"It'll take some work but I'm confident I can remove all of the implants. However our other drone is another story, it looks she's been a drone a while," the Doctor said.

Chakotay groaned, "she's a nutcase, do we really want her on the ship?" Everyone else shook their heads.

The Doctor raised an eyebrow, "she was assimilated as a child, it's bound to have been." Everyone pretended to fall asleep and snore. "Never mind."

Chakotay 'woke back up' again, "do what you have to Doctor, that girl needs counselling. Also we need to uninstall the Borg hardware."

"Actually one or two of the systems work better with it," B'Elanna said. "Though that coffee shop in the Cargo Bay has to go, it replaced the hydro ponics part of the bay."

Harry smirked, "let me guess, they're growing coffee beans."

"And the Borg definitely didn't get any real co-ordinates off us," Chakotay questioned.

"Definitely not, however we do not know for sure if this Seven of Nine is really disconnected constantly. We need to know for sure," Tuvok said.

"I'll get on it when I check on the Captain," the Doctor said.

Chakotay sighed, "I know the last few days have been a bit much, but I'm confident that'll we get through Borg space and whatnot after getting through all that." Everyone did the sleep thing again. Chakotay groaned, "you know I have been very close to snapping for a while, don't even push me."

"Well let's just hope we're out of the woods now. This is a finale, excluding the movie after all," Tom commented.

"Ah but we don't know which ending was voted for," Harry said.

Meanwhile:

James stood outside the Cargo Bay looking very uneasy. With a deep breath he stepped inside. In one of the close by alcoves, Kathryn stood there regenerating. He stood there, watching her intently. "You had plenty of times to tell me, why didn't you?" He sighed briefly as he looked down at the ground, then back up at her again. He sat down on the step near her, facing away and buried his head in his hands. Kathryn's eyes shifted while they were still closed.

******THE END******