

Episode 1.24 World Domination

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking."

Only a handful of people looked up, showing they were paying attention.

"We'll be taking a minor detour to avoid some bad weather ahead, which will add another twenty minutes to our journey..."

A red headed girl instinctively leaned over to look through the tiny window beside her, catching the plane tilt, showing her only the clear black skies. She sighed tiredly, having already felt a little restless three hours ago. What was another twenty minutes on a fourteen hour flight? Torture, she thought after the kid in front of her stamped on her foot once more.

"We apologise for the inconvenience and I hope you'll enjoy the remainder of your flight."

"Right," the girl mumbled.

The plane began to level once again, that was when she saw it. A shadow over the ocean in the distance. It was moving fast. Turbulence rocked the plane. Passengers laughed, some gasped, just like every other time. The girl tried to convince herself it was nothing more than their own shadow, or a cloud and it only looked like it was moving due to their own speed and tried to peel her eyes away.

But she couldn't. Her fears wouldn't let her even budge, her eyes remained fixed on the shadow, it had grown. The cabin's atmosphere turned in that instant. Voices were far more panicked, the turbulence increased.

Before she could get her bearings she heard the nearby gasps, "woah look at that."

"Another plane?"

"Oh my god!"

The girl could see it now. A blurry shape made of grey, hurtling away from them from seemingly above, down towards the clouds with its own trailing behind them. A lump formed in the girl's throat, nearly choking her as the plane buzzed from the sighting. Most of them had seen it. Only she knew something they didn't. It wasn't a plane.

"It can't be," she whispered to herself.

The intercom once more echoed around the cabin. The words were muffled to her until she forced herself to listen. *"... to remain in your seats with your seatbelts fastened, and remain calm. We'll be landing in one hour and ten minutes time at our destination."* The girl could hear the man trying to hide the shock with his customer service voice, it wasn't stable and even from her seat at the back, she could tell it wasn't convincing anybody. Passengers were stirred up, anxious, curious and even excited at what they had seen. His words only confirmed what they were thinking. Now they knew it wasn't normal.

The girl clutched her bag to rummage through it. Before she could find what she was looking for, a flight attendant told her to put it under the seat in front of her. Reluctantly she listened. All she could do was wait and try not to stand out.

Captain's Log Supplemental: We're responding to a distress call a couple of lightyears off our course. Scans tell us nothing unusual about this binary system with two inhabited worlds. We should know when we get closer.

Kathryn paced, only stopping to sip the coffee sitting on her armrest.

"Still nothing unusual," Harry reported.

Tom shook his head gingerly, "I have a feeling we're in for a bucketful of crazy here."

"And? When are we not?" Jessie genuinely wondered.

"True," Tom nodded.

A few minutes of nothing flew by. Naturally Tom had to break the silence, "entering system."

"Slow us to quarter impulse," Chakotay ordered. "Where was the distress call coming from?"

"From the sixth planet in the system. M-Class..." Harry reported, trailing off while he was checking the sensors. "Weird. No signs of advanced civilisation on either habited worlds. Settlements on the one with the distress call are of the industrial era."

"What? Then who...?" Kathryn snapped.

"Hold on," Harry stammered over the top of his recently bleeping console. "We're getting a new message. Audio only."

Kathryn swivelled around to stare at him. "So where is it actually coming from?"

Harry started to sweat. No matter where he looked, he couldn't find an answer. "It's coming from the planet, but it's not. I mean, it's not coming from anywhere on the surface. Just the planet's general direction."

Chakotay got out of his chair to stand beside Kathryn, giving her a firm stare. She shared a similar one, then nodded like she agreed with him. "Keep us at Yellow Alert. Open a channel."

The commline buzzed for a moment, until it turned into malicious sniggering. "Surprise," a woman hissed.

"What?" Kathryn froze, then fumed, "was that...?"

"Captain, I'm detecting traces of subspace fluctuations and intermittent temporal waves in the atmosphere, it's the same co-ordinates the hail originated from. A vessel is emerging," Tuvok reported. He was changing the viewscreen to show the planet which appeared normal when his readings changed. "There are five more behind it," he added on as a silver vessel emerged from seemingly out of nowhere, directly ahead of them.

Kathryn groaned impatiently, "figured. Shields better be up." Tuvok quickly deviated to do something when the ship on the screen fired a few phaser blasts towards them, shaking the ship. "Oh, someone's getting a slap."

Other, smaller ships also appeared from the same place out of nowhere and flew in different directions out of their line of sight.

"They're taking up a circular holding pattern around us. All of them have their weapons armed and trained on us," Harry said.

"Shield emitters were jammed by the interference. They're holding at thirty percent," Tuvok said.

Kathryn scowled over her shoulder, "yes, jammed. I believe you, others wouldn't." As she expected, she got double the eyebrow treatment.

"Shields aren't the only ones. I'm not getting any response from the warp core. We're limited to impulse," Tom reported.

"Return fire to the lead vessel, wide beam phasers..." Kathryn ordered.

"No, hail them," Chakotay quickly said, fearing the glare he'd get for it. And he got it.

"Why bother? They'll only gloat and hurt my eyes," Kathryn grunted. She focused her intense stare at the viewscreen, particularly to the familiar vessel ahead of them. It was almost like someone had placed a mirror in front of their own ship. The only differences in the ship ahead of them were patches of Borg technology imbedded in its hull.

"Seventh Voyager," Jessie said with disgust.

Everyone instinctively clung onto the nearest thing as the ship shook again, this time the vessel ahead wasn't the cause of them.

"Fifteen percent," Tuvok reported.

"They're hailing *us* Captain," Harry said.

Kathryn hesitated, glancing toward the right side of the Bridge. Who saw her assumed she was looking toward the Ready Room, thinking of having a coffee injection before answering them. "Fine. I'll get some sunglasses first."

Chakotay resisted laughing for the time being. "It's not that bad."

"Yes it is, just open a channel," Kathryn groaned.

When the viewscreen changed, the mirror image effect was a lot less effective with the vastly different hairstyles, clothes and expressions that greeted them. The completely different Janeway in command would have done it alone, but the assault on the eyes threw the entire bridge off.

"Oh hey sis, how do you like your present?" Phoebe sneered.

Kathryn's fists clenched on approach, Tom winced as she was in arms reach of him. "Don't call me that, you little brat."

"Ooph touched a nerve," Phoebe teased with a devilish smirk on her face.

"Is this the only way you can hurt us? Sneak attack and recruiting nobodies?" Kathryn asked, doubling the strength of her glare.

Tuvok flinched, "actually Captain..."

"I wouldn't call them nobodies," Phoebe smirked. "This is the rebellion. The true will take your place."

"I'm sorry," Kathryn said in an over the top sad voice, mocking the younger Janeway. "I don't speak cheesy villain-bragonese. Come back when you're not stupid."

"Oh, you're not meant to understand. Not yet," Phoebe cackled. "I just wanted to see your faces as I shoot you out of the sky. Fire!" Nothing happened for a few seconds. Phoebe turned to Tactical with a ferocious look on her face. She got a blank look in return. "I said, fire."

"Fire what? Phasers, torpedoes. If so, how many?" Seventh Tuvok questioned with the same touch of seriousness as his counterpart, but there was a twinkle in his eye. Phoebe must've spotted it and was

fuming more than ever. "You can't complain about using the goddamn torpedoes, then call me a wuss for phasing someone."

Chakotay tried not to laugh, "apple doesn't fall far, does it?"

Kathryn made a mental note to slap him for that later. She lowered her voice to a whisper to speak to Tom, "you can get us out of here while they're not doing anything, right?" Tom's smile was her answer. He got straight to work as she backed away slowly.

Phoebe's hands flew to her hips, amusing most of the Fifth bridge crew further. "This is the goodie two shoe Voyager. You know the plan, you know it doesn't matter! Do I have to make all the plans?"

"Opps is whispering something to me," Seventh Harry piped up.

Phoebe rolled her eyes, "put a sock in it Looney Tunes."

"You never make the plans. Our Boss does," Seventh Tom said smugly. Seventh Chakotay slapped the back of his head, making him whimper. "But he does? Since when do you stick up for her?"

Seventh Chakotay looked puzzled, "what are you talking about, I was swatting a fly."

"Keep talking," Tom more or less mimed as he piloted Voyager downwards to go underneath Seventh Voyager. He already set their escape course away from the system before he made the dive, one mere finger on the engage button and they'd be away while they were still bickering. Only once they were clear of the ship and making the turn Voyager instead was tugged sideways towards the planet, shaking it all the while. "What, we're caught in something."

"What?" Kathryn snapped.

"What?" Phoebe and Seventh Chakotay directed to their Tom, who was still checking for a fly that didn't exist. By the time they noticed the commotion on the other Bridge, the screen switched back to space view with no sign of their enemy anywhere.

"They flew into the portal, we tried to warn you," Seventh Harry gloated.

Phoebe growled and clenched her fists. "I thought I told you to lock the door as we left."

"We did!" Harry protested, caressing his station.

"If you thought I meant a literal door, I'm going to use you as a mop next time Tuvok *cleans out* the kitchen," Phoebe muttered.

"Opps says that's not funny and she's very offended," Harry huffed. "Yes, I told the portal to close."

"Then why... oh whatever, pursue them!" Chakotay snapped. He rolled his eyes, "Tom. You're the fly I was swatting."

Tom stopped mid checking his hair. He only seemed to hesitate as he kept going after a few seconds, then decided to turn the ship around and go back the way they came. They barely turned around when the tip of the saucer bumped into something, the impact pushed them backwards harshly, almost taking out their ally ships. "Oopsie," both he and Harry said simultaneously.

Phoebe chose Harry to glare at though, who had meekly threw his arms around the station as much as he could. "See, closed it. It's not instant you know," he sniffled.

"And you ask why Boss wants to capture the Fifth crew so desperately," Phoebe said toward Chakotay with narrowed eyes.

He looked confused, "I thought it was because they were st..."

Phoebe slapped him before he could finish. Before she stomped off he returned the favour. This went on for a few minutes until Phoebe got bored and kneed him in between the legs. "Surrounded by people who would struggle to recite the alphabet," she sighed.

"That's not true," Tom huffed.

The turbolift doors opened, allowing the Seven alter ego named Six to hurry out, wearing a bathrobe and a towel on her head. Most of the crew averted their eyes with a disgusted groan. "Sorry, didn't hear the Red Alert, was in the tub. What did I miss?"

Phoebe was the only one who dared to look at her. "Tub? You're dead. You'll only make the smell worse, you cretin."

"The word's Tolg, you insensitive..." Six cried before scurrying back into the turbolift, sobbing loudly.

"On second thoughts, yes it is," Tom said.

Voyager emerged sideways not far away from a different world. As soon as Tom regained control again he carefully straightened her up and flew into a proper orbit.

"Status?" Chakotay directed at anyone, or everyone.

"It appears we inadvertently flew into the distortion the Seventh ship and its allies emerged from," Tuvok replied.

Kathryn rolled her eyes and marched to stand beside Tom again, he swallowed a massive lump in his throat. "Any moron could've figured that out. Take us back through. Make sure the shields are up this time."

"Um..." Harry tried to intervene, his face had turned whiter than Neelix's mince and dumplings.

"I'm trying, nothing like that is happening again," Tom started to sweat.

Tuvok backed him up, "the readings I was getting from the anomaly are no longer registering."

"Uh guys," Harry tried again.

Jessie groaned, "so we're stuck in evil wannabe dimension?"

"To hell we are. Check the sensor logs, we have to recreate it, or we can just wait for the imbeciles to follow us here," Kathryn said.

Harry had enough of being ignored. He changed the viewscreen to show the planet, hoping that would get their attention. It took a while, Tom noticed it first and his eyes bugged out.

"Holy moly..." he stammered.

The look he got from Kathryn froze his blood, he shakily pointed at the screen. This time everyone looked, it left the bridge in silence.

"Earth," Harry squeaked, ready to faint any second. "We're ho..."

Kathryn snapped out of the daze first. "Don't get your knickers in a twist. This'll be their Earth, not ours."

"Curious," Tuvok said, getting their attention instead. "I am not detecting any starships in the vicinity, nothing that would indicate a post-warp civilisation."

"Crap," Kathryn sighed. "What year or rather era is it?"

"I am picking up multiple satellites in orbit, including a small habited station. Radio waves, which would..." Tuvok began to reply.

Tom panicked and quickly worked at his station, Kathryn kept a close eye on what he was doing. "Twenty first century. Late twentieth at best."

"Ugh, not again," Jessie sighed.

Tuvok nodded, "confirmed. The date I'm receiving from the worldwide network system they have is 2017."

"What are the chances anyone has spotted us?" Chakotay asked.

The nervous laughter that rang from Tom sounded a little obnoxious unintentionally, "the ISS, telescopes, planes flying everywhere, everyone carrying PADD like devices that record every moment of their lives and put it out there for all to see. Hmm, probably the same odds as Janeway going to the replicator first thing in the morning."

"You didn't just use me for one of your metaphors, did you?" Kathryn asked dangerously.

Tom's eyes widened. He made sure to answer carefully, "no ma... Captain."

"Good, the Pacific's a large place," Kathryn said with narrowed eyes. Tom responded with a timid gulp of air.

"Uh Tuvok, you might want to recheck your scans," Harry said. Tuvok glanced at him curiously. "I'm picking up faint subspace signatures. Someone's down there that shouldn't be."

Jessie frowned and looked over her shoulder, "so? I thought we've established this isn't our Earth. Does it matter?"

"Have we? If this is their Earth, why so long ago? Shouldn't the portal have brought us to the Delta Quadrant, in the twenty fourth century? Why here, why now?" Chakotay questioned warily.

Kathryn marched her way back to her seat, only Chakotay thought she was gunning for him so he side stepped out of the way. "I think until we find out otherwise or leave, whichever comes first, we treat this as a time travel incident."

"In that case we should probably find somewhere to hide the ship here while we investigate these subspace readings," Harry said.

Tom's face twisted into a grimace. "I'm telling you, that's not possible. Even if we hide our warp signature like the last time, or slip into the moon's shadow, someone will see us. Many will and we'll be plastered all over the internet in seconds. It's extremely likely we already have been. I dunno if I got us out of orbit quick enough."

"You got a better idea?" Chakotay asked.

"No, that doesn't mean I'm wrong though," Tom said with offense.

Harry looked a little eager to his dismay, he had no idea why. "What about Gravett Island? It's not been discovered yet, right? We can hide in the moon's shadow until evening, and land with cover of darkness."

A mixture of eagerness to try landing on a small island and fear of being spotted, polluting the timeline, made Tom pull a few funny faces as he tackled his ambivalence. "If we're doing this, I'd better get started."

Kathryn chewed the inside of her cheek, shaking her head, while she retook her seat. "Is there really no other way?" No one answered her, she took that as a no. "Fine. Still fog our signatures, keep our systems minimal, turn our lights out, anything that'll hide us on the way down. I'd like to look on the bright side that we haven't been seen yet." She got multiple acknowledgements from her bridge crew.

After a couple of diversions to avoid a storm and a plane, Voyager landed with a wobble or two on a deserted island. At least Tom hoped so since it seemed a little too easy considering it was pitch black outside and the ship didn't have any of its usual lights that would help. Still he wiped the torrents of sweat from his neck and forehead. The sigh of relief he made told everyone it was done.

"Keep power levels minimal. If you must have lights on, make sure the room doesn't have a window or cover it up. Just because we're in the middle of the ocean, doesn't mean we're safe. One light on and anyone flying over will see it in this abyss," Kathryn ordered.

Sweat still dribbled into one of Tom's eyes, leaving him squinting. "That's for sure. So, what now?"

"I think we'd better monitor the radio and internet waves for any mentions of us, or the subspace originators," Harry suggested.

"Ho boy, internet? That's a job for the whole crew," Tom whimpered.

Kathryn glanced at him once more, "thanks for volunteering, chump."

Tom though was visibly pleased to her disappointment, he was practically giddy at the thought. "I'll setup a constant search engine algorithm for the usual words and terms. Oh then I'll trawl some of the more active forums. Harry, wanna join my team?"

"Yes he does," Chakotay groaned. "Where's the subspace signatures? We need to find them and quickly."

"USA. It's always America," Jessie sighed.

Harry cleared his throat as he did another scan. He looked a little annoyed with himself, "I can't pinpoint them. Something's blurring our sensors down here."

"Just like something jammed our shields earlier?" Kathryn asked dangerously.

"Exactly Captain. It seems to be similar phenomenon," Tuvok replied.

"Of course it is," Kathryn sighed impatiently while staring at the ceiling. "Okay. If we go by the percentages, Jessie's right, the United States is a highly likely option. However we do need to figure out what Seventh Voyager would have wanted in this time, regardless of what dimension it is. That might narrow down the search."

Tom winced through his teeth, "early twenty first century was, how do I put this? Pretty messed up."

"How so?" Chakotay asked.

"Well if I were the mischeivous, power hungry sort, I'd revel in this period. They could be encouraging riots, violent protests, mob attacks. Influencing politics," Tom meekly answered.

"The last time we ran into these idiots, they sent their kids over and attacked us with a weakened ship," Jessie said.

Tom's face fell, "oh yeah. Still, could be a problem. They say hateful idiots ruled the world back then."

"Great, they'd fit in nicely then," Harry commented.

"Question is, who did they leave behind, or did they at all? These signatures could be anyone. And where?" Chakotay said directly toward Tom.

He laughed nervously in response, "sorry. I told you, twentieth century's my gig. Nicer."

"Nicer?" Kathryn's voice raised, making him cower. "Two world wars for a start, you prick."

"I wasn't finished. Grander, fun, charming. Sure twenty first had the Warp flight and better TV, but it just left me feeling cold," Tom said.

"Admit it. You got as far as 2001 or 2, opened your mouth and got kicked out of the class," Jessie said.

Tom faked a laugh in her direction, "yes that's it. Still know more than you do."

Tuvok thought to interrupt before they got off topic, "may I suggest we focus our search in areas with historic purpose. If I understand the Seventh Voyager situation correctly, history in their dimension should be a direct copy of our own until the moment they were split from us a few years ago."

"He's got a point. Their past is our past, we really ought to be careful," Chakotay said with some concern.

"So you're saying this is our Earth after all? Ugh, I hate time travel," Kathryn grunted, holding her head in anticipation of the definitely coming headache.

"Jessie is right though unfortunately. If you're looking to cause trouble, USA in this year is more than a good place to start," Tom said.

Jessie looked more than disappointed, "great. Why can't we go somewhere nicer like Spain or the Bahamas for once?"

"Seconded," Craig eagerly chirped from the turbolift door.

The grin on his face made Jessie shudder, "on second thoughts."

Kathryn though was still on Tom's earlier comment, "how do you know that?" Tom looked at her curiously. "What makes this year so memorable for you if twenty first century isn't your *expertise*? It's seventeen years after twentieth."

"Really?" Tom was surprised she asked that. He glanced around the bridge and felt a little worried that no one seemed to have a knowing expression on their face. "Was I the only one awake during basic history lessons? Okay then, trust me, I'd start there and make sure you're discreetly armed."

"Get a few teams ready," Kathryn said to Chakotay without breaking eye contact with Tom. "I don't want us all stuck in one place though. I want at least one team following the other possible hotspots, they can respond if Tom finds anything on the internet that could be about the subspace readings."

Chakotay nodded and walked away. On his command a lot of the bridge crew dispersed from their stations and either into turbolifts or other stations. Kathryn remained where she was staring thoughtful into space.

"What would idiots do... no what would my sister do? Still an idiot but as not much as the others," she mumbled aloud.

"They wanted some of our crew, didn't they?" Chakotay said, eyes briefly pointing toward Harry.

"Damn, wait!" Kathryn grunted. Everyone froze on the spot as she span around, looking for someone in particular. First one she spotted was Jessie beside Tactical, ready to leave. "Jessie," then she looked at Craig, "leg humper."

"Hey!" he whined.

Kathryn ignored him, "collect James, I assume he's with the rest of the team you're skiving from."

"It's my day off," Craig pouted. Jessie smirked at him.

"Still!" Kathryn snapped. "I have a job for you three."

Tom gasped, "it better not be my sweet internet gig."

"Yeah right you sad bastard," Kathryn scoffed derisively. "No, Chakotay's right. Seventh have had only one goal; kidnap some of our crew and leave us with their braindead alter egos. Whatever they're doing here has to be connected to that."

Chakotay winced, "I don't like where this is going."

Kathryn didn't hear him, she was once more looking thoughtful about something. "Harry and B'Elanna, they were kidnapped recently. Them too."

"But..." Tom protested.

"You're the Alpha Team. It's very important and..." Kathryn continued as if he never said anything.

"We're bait, no need to sugarcoat it," Jessie said with a raising eyebrow.

That remark threw Kathryn off, she struggled to remember where she was up to. Chakotay walked up to her with a curious look in his eyes, "so where do we send them? USA or are they the anywhere something's going on team?"

"Oh Chakotay. Do you really need to ask that, it's so simple," Kathryn said in a sweet voice, her face had even softened.

"Okay," Chakotay said. He waited, she waited, she didn't expect him to call her bluff, "well? As you always say, we're all idiots."

Kathryn coughed awkwardly. "Your discretion Commander. I'll be in my..." she hurried off to the Ready Room.

"Low power means replicators will do bare essentials only," Chakotay smirked as he reminded her.

Her course changed for the other turbolift which was free, since the crewmembers she stopped earlier were still waiting beside Tactical. "My awayteam, what are you talking about?" Before he could argue she was gone.

"Which of our hotspots have the best coffee?" Jessie asked.

Tom smiled sneakily in her direction.

"Oy, don't make me put you on a leash!" Kathryn snapped toward Seven. The drone, dressed normally for once and with her hair down covering her facial implants, stood only a mere two metres away, studying a newspaper stand. When she didn't jump to her attention, Kathryn clicked her spare fingers harshly.

Seven remained fixed on the spot, "I assumed we were trying not to stand out."

Kathryn growled while taking a sip from the Styrofoam cup in her hands. It only angered her further. "Are you giving me attitude?"

"Captain," the Doctor tried to calm her down.

"Then don't brainwash another easily manipulated idiot boy, you probably have your pick of them here. Knowing our luck it'd be your great great grandfather," Kathryn said, taking yet another sip. This one annoyed her enough to toss it into a nearby bin. "What is this, Starbucks Piss Water?"

The Doctor tried not to laugh at her, "you asked her to come. Why do that if you're going to complain about it?"

"She might be useful. I'm not petty," Kathryn said, already a lot calmer now that the cup was gone.

Seven actually laughed for a moment, surprising them both. "No of course not. Perhaps you'll have noticed the usefulness of these news magazines, since I didn't."

"She *is* giving me attitude," Kathryn said to the Doctor with narrowed eyes.

The Doctor smirked back at her, "you asked for it."

Kathryn deathglared him into the Recycle Bin. "The last time she roamed free she got into bed with our kidnappers, literally, and sent her idiot boyfriend to kill my daughter. I'll ask for it when she makes up for it."

Seven was speechless. Kathryn made a point to snatch the paper she had picked up from her so she could look at it. When she did the front page made her recoil in horror.

"Eeew, what the hell is a clown doing on the front page and why is it that colour!" she shrieked, prompting a few sniggers nearby from the people also in the shop they were inside. Kathryn either didn't notice or didn't care, she decided to read the text underneath. It didn't ease her shock but it did bring the anger back, "is this why my professor told me to skip early twenty first century history? Bunch of morons."

The Doctor sneaked a look too. "This could be something the Seventh are behind. We should chase it up."

"Pfft, this is too dumb even for them," Kathryn waved the newspaper in his face, forcing him to back off a step. "No, it looked like this happened last year. We need recent events." She reluctantly started to flip through the paper.

"Perhaps a plane full of people being held and questioned over a *UFO sighting* in Los Angeles," the Doctor said.

Seven frowned, "I do not see that one."

The Doctor pointed at huge screen on the nearby building showing a newscaster and some headlines scrawling underneath him.

"Oh. I'll kill that little paras..." Kathryn grumbled while fishing what looked like a smaller PADD from her pocket. She was about to talk into it until she remembered, then put it by her ear. "Tom, that plane you mentioned. How close did you fricking get?" she hissed quietly so others wouldn't hear.

Only Kathryn heard Tom's little whimper before he answered, Seven and the Doctor knew from experience so didn't need to hear to know he did it. *"It's only being reported that way on Fox News. Everywhere else are talking about the massive storm off the west coast of North America that forced it, and us, to divert."*

Kathryn's face turned a little red. Her teammates knew to back away and pretend they weren't with her. "One is bad enough. Somebody saw us and you're gonna..."

"I wouldn't worry, it isn't a reliable news outlet. Only the already paranoid are taking it seriously," Tom's voice stuttered.

"Still, we need to get to Los Angeles and investigate the extent of the damage we've caused already," Kathryn said icily.

"Okay. Give me a miscall when you're ready and I'll beam you as close as possible to the airport," Tom's voice said.

Kathryn pulled the device away to stare at it with a grimace, "a miss what?" Then she noticed he had hung up on her. With a straight almost calm face she looked at her teammates and said, "do you think it'll break the temporal prime directive if I looked up one of his ancestors and punched him *somewhere*?"

The Doctor laughed nervously, "maybe, but it might fix our current problem." Seven raised her eyebrow at that response.

Voyager:

Tom sighed deeply in relief as he slouched back into the chair he had dragged into Astrometrics. The large screen had been setup to show multiple TV stations on the right and windows showing internet websites taking up the rest. The console at Tom's fingertips had a few of its own, but with a Searching prompt running over the top of it.

"Nothing to worry about," he told himself. The search finished; No Results. Tom's face drained. He frantically leaned forward to tell it to go again, with a few more keywords. "Must've been a minor event. It'll be in our history, has to be. Nothing to wor..."

"Are you talking to yourself?" Chakotay asked from behind him.

Tom jumped a few feet in the air. He shook it off and span the chair around. "That plane did not see us. They were diverted because of the storm, not me. I haven't done anything."

Chakotay struggled not to laugh at him. "Is that why you can't find any references to the event?" he asked, pointing at his once again No Results screen.

"Can I... help you Commander?" Tom tried to sound calm, but it came out as twitchy and rude.

"Don't mind me. I just wanted to double check our position," Chakotay said, face returning to normal, if a little concerned. He walked around the now confused helmsman to take up the unused right side of the station.

"What are you talking about?" Tom groaned. While he was talking a new large window appeared on the screen, blocking and overlapping most of the ones already there. "Twenty first century, Earth, Gravett Island." The window changed to showed a few hills with specs of colour dotted all across them. "Sure the dimension stuff is still up in the..." The image zoomed in and the coloured specs turned into buildings and roads, making Tom speechless.

Chakotay sighed, only a little annoyed, "so you haven't done anything?"

Tom started to stammer, "huh, what? These are pictures of some town, village. What's that got to do with me?"

"This is the view we have of outside, with a little light exposure since it's still early morning out there," Chakotay replied. Tom started to laugh but uncomfortably. "Are you sure this is Gravett Island?"

"Of course I'm sure. Somebody's mucked up this image, no one knew this island existed in this time," Tom answered.

"I guess we'll see soon enough," Chakotay said on walking away.

Tom's eyes widened, he leapt out of his seat to follow him. "Wait a minute. You're not going out there, are you?"

"Why not? You said it yourself, it's not supposed to be habited but it clearly is. Our task is to find anything that doesn't belong here, right?" Chakotay said.

"Well yeah, but shouldn't we, no you tell Janeway?" Tom asked.

Chakotay smiled, "yes you should." Before Tom could object Chakotay tapped his commbadge, "Chakotay to Tuvok. Please report to the Transporter Room."

"Acknowledged Commander."

"But..." Tom whimpered as the first officer walked straight out during Tuvok's response. He squeaked once he was on his own. He shook his head stubbornly, "I'm not telling her. This isn't my fault."

There was a slight chill in the air as the sun meekly began to raise above the horizon. The transporters had deposited the small team at the tail end of the beach. They didn't have to look far for signs of civilisation as they were within stepping distance of a concreted path beside a narrow road. Both of which were cracked with weeds bursting through them. Chakotay glanced further ahead at what looked like a house on the other side of the road, clearly meant to be a mix of two colours in its brickwork but now was faded enough they blended together. Foliage was growing from the ground up and into the broken windows. Whenever the wind blew the building rattled its bones.

"This place, it's giving me the creeps," Morgan shuddered whilst holding her own arms.

"You didn't have to come, I never asked," Chakotay reminded her while Tuvok glanced down at his tricorder.

Morgan looked up toward the nearby hills, grimacing at the similar state of the buildings there. Near the top of the hill what looked like an antenna caught her eye, only it was massive even from where they were standing. Even so it blended well into the remainder of the hill due to its camouflaged colour, only its sharpened metallic tip catching the rising sunlight gave it away.

Tuvok had noticed it too but not by sight, his tricorder readings had pointed him in that direction. "I'm picking up what appears to be a jamming signal. It could be what is interfering with our sensors."

"Could be?" Morgan scoffed.

"It is faint, I did not pick it up on Voyager," Tuvok said, gesturing his head toward their ship standing on an embankment half a mile away. Then he pointed the tricorder at the structure close by, "even here, the tricorder is not detecting any signs of civilisation. No lifesigns, even our own is being clouded."

Chakotay's breath caught in his throat for a moment. "What the hell is going on here?"

Morgan once more looked up towards the antenna. "Well we know one thing. That thing's there to keep this island a secret. Is this why nobody found it for ages?"

Her question made Chakotay pause and think his answer over. He shook his head eventually. "No. When the island was discovered it was untouched. There was no evidence of a prior civilisation, especially not one advanced enough to make that. I think even by twenty first century standards, it's pretty advanced."

"If you wish to proceed Commander, I suggest with caution," Tuvok said.

"Agreed. Anyone who is willing to hide like this won't be too welcoming," Chakotay said.

Morgan frowned and looked back at them. "But look at this place. No one's been here for ages. Do you think the Seventh lot are here, hiding?"

"No. But I do think we may have found the source of our subspace signatures," Chakotay replied.

"Phew," Harry sighed once the transport ended, leaving the team in an empty alley. He looked like he had been in torrential rain, only it was sweat not water. "Last time we listen to Jessie."

Jessie wasn't bothered at all, she looked happy with her fresh tan and wind swept hair. "What? Spain was a reasonable candidate. First world country, political..."

"And hot," Craig wheezed, not looking much better than Harry. He was already down to his tank top with red tan lines around the edges.

B'Elanna smiled. "You boys need to toughen up, or stand out like a sore thumb like James," she said while pointing toward James.

Everyone followed her point to their fifth party member wearing a jacket, tshirt, cap and jean combo. He shrugged at them.

"Actually, he sorta fit in as a local. At least until he outed himself as a tourist when he spoke," Jessie smirked.

"It's the accent. Throws the translator through a loop," Harry sniggered.

James seemed to agree, he was nodding and smiling a bit. "Or it could've been the moron who asked for directions in his own attempt at Spanish."

B'Elanna paced to the end of the alleyway to sneak a peek at their new location. She was surprised to see more glorious sunlight shining on a busy market within a bustling city. She also got a whiff of food cooking. "Where did they beam us this time?"

"Dunno but I swear I asked for a change of clothes," Craig said, fidgeting due to feeling sticky.

James walked over to B'Elanna's side to look as well. A few glances around and he answered, "looks a lot like Newcastle."

Jessie hurried over to them, squeezing between them so she'd get straight to the market. They noticed her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Oh, maybe we should split up."

"Wait," B'Elanna put her arm out in front of her and asked, "where?"

Harry was strangely eager as well, B'Elanna frowned at him for it. "Oh I know. Is that the English city famous for the botched terrorist attack?"

"What?" Craig was confused.

James shrugged, "shouldn't have attacked on match day."

B'Elanna stared at him next, wondering if he was being serious or sarcastic. For once she couldn't tell. "So is that why Tom sent us here? I figured if we were going to England it'd be somewhere like London. Is England even..."

"Yeah the UK's high up there on Tom's list of hotspots, but nothing really huge happened here in this city..." James said, quickly glancing down at the PADD the team were given. On it were a list of places, which if pressed would branch out into a list of incidents. The one he had extended only had two entries, the one Harry mentioned wasn't there.

"Other than that," Craig reminded him.

James glanced back over his shoulder toward him, "yeah, but I meant that'd get Seventh Voyager goons' attention. Besides, we're way early for that one."

"It's Tom. He probably thought it would be funny to beam us here since he thinks we're locals," Jessie said. "But seriously, split up. I don't fancy Harry and Craig here whining behind me."

B'Elanna gestured the hand that wasn't blocking Jessie's path toward the PADD. James understood and handed it over. She poured over it for a few minutes. "Today seems uneventful, but there is an election tomorrow, further events after. It doesn't really matter right now where we are for that. He probably chose here since it was safer to look around. Splitting up to gather info and search for anything unusual is probably a good idea. At least we won't need to translate any text we run into."

"We'd still have Harry embarrassing us though," James said.

"Not my problem, less embarrassing with me," Jessie said while trying to pull him by the arm toward the market, and gesturing a nod in B'Elanna's direction.

"We're not going clothes shopping. We only have a tiny bit of cash," she said. A thought occurred to her, making her smile sneakily. "Actually. If we're splitting up, putting two *locals* in one team isn't a good idea."

Jessie pulled an unsure face, "we don't know the city that well. I've only been once and hello, this is three hundred plus years ago."

"More than us," Craig said.

James sighed, "looks like it'll be Harry or Craig carrying your bags today."

"Hey! We don't have that much money," Jessie stuttered, then muttered, "I wouldn't do that."

B'Elanna shook her head, "Harry and I will lead a team each. James and Jessie split up, if that's physically possible. Craig as a second Security officer, go with Jessie's team."

"What did I do?" Jessie complained.

"Relax, I'll take you and Craig. He's the lesser of two complainers," B'Elanna smiled.

"What was the physically possible comment for?" James asked bitterly.

B'Elanna flinched, she didn't realise she had said that until he asked. "Sorry, too much time with Tom I think. Check in at an easy to find location after an hour. Anywhere like that?"

"Hmm, dunno," Jessie hesitated, glancing briefly at James who didn't look so sure either. "I remember a tall pillar thing that was pretty old, looked a lot like a centre area. Maybe that."

"Ok one hour," B'Elanna said, leading the way out of the alleyway. Jessie followed, Craig too after he tried to fix his drying from sweat hair.

James looked back at Harry, who was trying to look commanding but looked more nervous than anything. The still sweating brow didn't help.

"We should start in the pubs, we should overhear some gossip, plus there'll be TVs," James suggested.

"Yeah I was just about to say the same..." Harry hurried off, his nerves long since forgotten, leaving James in his dust.

"Great. I'll be carrying him in twenty minutes," he said with a sigh.

Voyager:

After a couple dozen more No Results, Tom rapidly scrolled through a long list on window, all while

keeping his eye and occasionally glancing toward the TV screens. All of them were showing the news, all but one with Breaking News banners underneath their hosts and/or video footage of interviews and bad weather. Everytime he looked at them directly, he'd do it longer.

"Have you tried weather reports?" Neelix asked him helpfully.

"Twice. The storm isn't in our records," Tom replied, once more catching himself staring at the news for too long. He returned to his work in front of him. "Neither is our so called UFO Voyager sighting, so I'm not worried about that."

"You look worried," Neelix smirked.

Tom chuckled nervously, "Seventh were here for a reason. They've left something behind. Even the slightest thing would create a hiccup in history, I'm sure. I'll find it. It's just, the only discrepancy I've seen so far is this storm we nearly hit during landing."

Neelix glanced upwards, paying particular attention to the one with the headline saying, *UFO cover up operation likely underway*. It also showed crowds of people shouting at a building in the middle of a car park, a good number of them holding signs.

"It doesn't help that its taking up a good chunk of the airtime, so I'm having to compare our database with mostly forum posts," Tom said, smiling with a glint in his eye.

"You're enjoying this, way too much," Neelix said.

Tom's smile turned into a grin, "maybe a little. Right now I'm checking out our Alpha Team's location. So much is about this election. It's crazy how heated this stuff gets. I'm glad we didn't arrive earlier, cos phew-ee!" he laughed a little too loudly.

"Why?" Neelix asked, more than a little curious.

A couple of the internet screens were enlarged so Neelix knew to focus on them. Neelix looked more than a little flummoxed reading it, if a little scared. Tom nodded, smirking slightly. "Thankfully the British of the past aren't as overdramatic as our friends James and Jessie, so I doubt we'll see a repeat of this."

B'Elanna's half of the team followed a stream of people, keeping an eye out for an opening so they could break free from it. Only they ended up in a central area where crowds had gathered around a large monument. A group there were holding banners and shouting slogans. A lot of the people in the area continued into other streets with barely a passing glance, some though stopped to get a good look. No matter where the team tried to go, they were blocked by streams of people going in all manner of directions or stopping to watch.

"This is the meeting place, maybe we should..." Jessie raised her voice so her teammates could hear over the chants and the voices of the crowd.

"All right good. Now where from here?" B'Elanna asked herself.

Jessie looked across at a nearby building with a wide entrance. "I dunno maybe. Is that a shopping centre?"

B'Elanna groaned while Craig's attention was caught by the people chanting. "You really do have a two track mind. Clothes and James," B'Elanna scolded.

Jessie tore her eyes away from the building to glare at her. "No. I thought that we could overhear conversations better indoors than out here. Maybe find a cafe or something to sit in and eavesdrop, read a few newspapers." B'Elanna's expression didn't change, making Jessie's eyebrow twitch furiously. "You know I don't appreciate you stereotyping me into some bimbo who only cares about looking

pretty for the boys, just because of a silly comment I made when we arrived. You're the one who keeps bringing up James, did you lose a bet with Tom or something?"

"Fine, I'm sorry," B'Elanna said in monotone, it didn't calm Jessie down at all. "We'll go inside then. Maybe there will be a patch or something, and Craig here can have a break."

"I dunno why I have to put up with... are you listening to this?" Jessie complained toward Craig. Her annoyance turned into curiosity once she noticed what he was so engrossed in.

Three people climbed up onto the steps in front of the statue like they were taking a stage, while a lot of the people shouting and holding banners quietened down and gathered around. Each of the trio held a megaphone, one of which raised it to talk into.

"For too long we have lived in a society built only for the rich!" they said loudly and with an annoyed flourish. "They squander, they take and give nothing back to the majority who elect them."

B'Elanna began to walk towards where Jessie had suggested, but noticed her two teammates weren't following. She turned back and stared at her two companions irritably, "what now?"

"Shh!" Jessie snapped back at her.

"They build a manifesto of fear. Their opposition, too weak to take it from them," the speech giver continued, prompting claps and a few positive shout outs from the crowd.

B'Elanna frowned as they spoke. One sentence and she was scoffing, "really? We're looking for people who think evil means dying their hair so it glows in the dark, with Holodeck timeloops as their biggest hit."

"I guess," Craig said, looking apologetic. He was about to turn away and go with her when Jessie held his arm to stop him.

The speech giver meanwhile continued, "the UK will prosper not with them, but with you. How long will you vote safe? How long will your vote not matter?" More people clapped this time, the crowd was also starting to get bigger. "The Southerners look down on you, they laugh while their crooked government brings ruin to our country. But we are just like you. Our leader knows austerity, he lived like you, looked down on. No more. Together, we will fix this once great country."

B'Elanna was about to comment but the cheers and clapping that followed were far too loud. She waited until they subsided before doing so, "ok, why has this got your attention? There's an election soon, of course there's stuff like this going on."

Her teammates didn't get the chance to answer. One of the other megaphone users stepped out to shout toward the crowds, "let me present to this great city, our leader and future Prime Minister..." They were doing it with such enthusiasm and too closely to the megaphone, static took over when she announced his name, all B'Elanna definitely made out was, "ee Boss!"

She laughed in disbelief, "no way. I didn't hear..."

Jessie shrugged, "I dunno, sounded like thee or dee something," her voice sounded unsure.

B'Elanna was feeling more than a little worried after that. It didn't help when a fourth figure clad in a long black coat took the fake stage, his face obscured by the hood he had up and the distance. "No way," she trembled.

Her teammates glanced at her. "What?" Craig asked in concern.

"Afternoon Newcastle," a deep voice boomed across the centre, it sounded fake and distorted through the megaphone. B'Elanna flinched as soon as she heard it. "We are the Decide Upon Dreams party, and you're welcome."

"Come on. What is this, he's obviously an evil wannabe fruit loop. He can't be a candidate for election, surely no one will..." Jessie laughed, but soon got overlapped by loud applause, louder than before. It shocked her into silence.

Thankfully she wasn't the only one. When she and Craig looked around there was still a great number of people with similar expressions, and a lot of them were walking off with shaking heads and or laughter.

"Thank you," the Boss said, sounding disgusted but most of all very familiar to B'Elanna with his modulated deep voice. "I came to you today as an ignored faucet of the country to ask, even plead with you for your own country's future. Your lives are not for them to play with. If they propose taxes on the sick, I demand more research, more money from the useless dregs of society; politicians..." Cue more applause. "Overrated popstars and their ilk raking in the millions. Footballers." Less applause this time, unfortunately the crowds that remained were hooked.

"I am not a politician, I am not interested in your money. It's yours. I am a scientist, a thinker. Choose me tomorrow and I will use my brilliant brain to keep you safe," Boss continued. "My funds will come from the needless rich, while you live tax free in my utopia."

Cheers were echoing all across the city, even in the busy bar James and Harry were checking out. Harry was doing so with a pint glass already half full, slouched in a chair trying to eavesdrop on a nearby table.

"People can't be this stupid right?" James thought aloud and glanced back at Harry waiting at their table.

The barman serving him smiled a little warily. "All you have to do is look at America, mate. There's your answer."

James frowned, not really sure what he meant but gave him an agreeable shrug anyway. "Yeah true."

"Doesn't matter anyway. We can vote for the tooth fairy for all that it matters. This is just a waste of time and money so they can crush what's left of the opposition," another patron chimed in.

The Boss meanwhile continued his speech, getting more and more passionate and expressive with his hands.

Harry dropped off his now empty glass at the bar, his eyes fixed on the TV screen. "Him again? Good job."

"What?" James said.

"What do you mean what?" Harry stared at him as if he insulted his mother. "That's the guy who was sleeping on the job instead of guarding B'Elanna and me on that ship. I guess thanks to him I escaped that holohell."

James' frown melted away with the realisation, still he looked uncertain. "He's covered head to toe, the voice is fake, are you sure it's him?"

"Exactly, that voice. You never forget a voice like that. It's him," Harry said through gritted teeth, narrowing his eyes at the screen. "We should call the girls."

"And Craig," James reminded him.

Harry blushed in embarrassment for moment, "oh yeah, forgot about him." He laughed it off, "let's get going. Do you know this place?"

"I'm not sure, but with those crowds and the noise, shouldn't be hard to find," James replied.

The speech seemingly ended to a mixed chorus of cheers and booing. Boss took it all in anyway, gazing at them all. None of them knew he did so with contempt in his eyes, and he was equally oblivious to Harry doing the same back at him.

Kathryn stared at the angry crowd before them with her mouth locked half open, her eyes brimming with quiet for now judgement. Seven half smiled at her frozen expression, then toward the Doctor on the Captain's other side. He seemed fixated on a particular group who were shouting the loudest, their faces bright red from it all.

"What..." Kathryn said finally after five minutes of gawking. "The hell?"

"It would appear to be a protest," Seven stated.

Kathryn very slowly turned her head to point a scowl at the ex-drone. "What, against common sense?"

"Excuse me," the Doctor said, tapping on one of the shouting people's shoulder. They didn't take that kindly, they swung around looking ready to attack. "You really should sit down, have a drink of water. I'm worried you may asphyxiate if you cont..." The man retaliated by spraying something in his face, which the hologram only reacted to by blinking in disbelief. The group of men looked on in shock. "That was very rude."

Kathryn's eyes glazed over, even twitched as she tried to contain her temper. The only way she could think of to do that was to stomp over and pull the Doctor by the arm.

"Who's this, your mummy got to fight your battles for you?" the man sneered at her.

Seven's eyes widened. She quickly hurried off, through the crowds and toward their destination. The Doctor watched her, wishing he could do the same but the Captain had a tight hold of his arm.

"Your... mummy?" Kathryn ground her teeth. Seconds later the man was nursing a bloody nose, one nostril stuffed with the spray he used earlier. She stomped off towards the crowds, dragging the Doctor with her. "I've never, ever seen such stupidity in my life and I've talked to Tom."

"Was that really necessary?" the Doctor stuttered.

Kathryn grunted in response, he took that as a yes. She seemed to miss the man she charged by protesting with a sign not only with terrible grammar, but also the word colour spelt in the American way, or she thankfully chose to ignore it. However the relief was short lived when another man in her path had raised their arm into the air, straight with a flat palm, all while shouting about protecting aliens. The Doctor worried when that stopped her cold.

"I've got to stop jinxing myself," Kathryn muttered, casually elbowing the guy in his exposed ribs. He doubled over while she stomped past him. "I don't get it, what are they whining about? Have their mothers gone on a changing their nappy strike?" she asked once she caught up with Seven at the front of the crowd.

Her eyebrow flickered up, "it appears they are angry about the government letting aliens into their country."

Kathryn sighed impatiently, "and Paris said there was nothing to worry about. Let's get inside before the stupidity melts my brain." The Doctor and Seven exchanged worried but amused glances as she stomped through the automatic doors. They followed before anyone linked them to the carnage Kathryn left in her wake.

They were all surprised to find a much bigger crowd inside, most of them congregated around a line of counters manned by stressed staff. Kathryn noticed the board hanging from the ceiling, most of the lines of text ended with the words Delayed or Cancelled.

"It seems the storm's causing a bit of a stir," the Doctor commented.

"Never mind that. We need to find the plane that supposedly saw something, and Tom better start preying it wasn't us," Kathryn said.

The awayteam navigated through the crowds, and sometimes avoided them completely by sticking to the walls, until they reached a different open area. It appeared normal compared to the previous one they had been in, until they reached a mass of reporters and television camera crew pestering anyone who was leaving from Arrivals. Security were keeping them from getting too close to the doors. A bunch of fed up looking members of the public hung back, becoming increasingly frustrated.

"Something tells me this is it. How do we...?" the Doctor said.

"Let me handle this," Kathryn said and walked off before he or Seven could object.

The Doctor followed looking worried. Seven did too except she was curious to see how long it would take for the Captain to be arrested.

"Hello, excuse me," Kathryn said and smiled towards one of the security personnel by the door. Seven was more than disappointed by this, the Doctor's jaw dropped. "I've been waiting here for a few hours for my sister, she came in from Sydney but some clerk back there said she was being interviewed. Can you tell me anything, I'm definitely getting a bit worried about her."

"It's alright ma'am, they're interviewing everyone. No one's being singled out," the guard replied in a friendly voice.

The Doctor chimed in behind the Captain, "is it true what they say in the news?"

The guard tried not to laugh, his teammates too. "About the UFO, of course not."

"I heard it was a plane crash," a woman close by said toward the team. "They like to get a testimony from anyone who witnessed it, it's standard."

"Ma'am, that's not true. No planes are missing," another guard said to her.

"Yes there's nothing to worry about," the first guard added.

Kathryn kept her smile planted on. "If it's nothing, why are they being held?"

"We don't have that information," first guard replied to her disappointment. "It's definitely not a UFO though."

Kathryn forced a chuckle to hide her impatience. "Yes, what kind of moron would believe that? Do you know how long we're going to have to wait?"

"It'll be a while. If I were you I'd go home and wait for your sister to call, or find somewhere to sit and have a drink," second guard replied.

"Is the airport going to refund our parking tick..." the woman from earlier started to ask, but she burst into bitter laughter. "Of course not. It'll probably be cheaper to buy a new car at this rate."

Kathryn sighed and turned away to face her teammates, her smile faded away like it never existed. She continued walking so they were out of earshot of anyone, they followed closely. "What do you think?"

"It's possible. If the staff were told at all they'd be expected to lie to anybody who asked," the Doctor replied.

"Agreed. Also they'd let any passenger go they've already talked to, but they're clearly not. They're trying to contain something," Kathryn nodded.

Seven frowned at them both, "if that's true what can we hope to do about it?"

"It could've been a sighting and if it is, nothing realistically. However if they were held back because someone of interest was onboard," Kathryn said, gesturing her eyebrow upward. Her teammates assumed they understood why she was doing it, Seven reacted with a tired sigh and a look of judgement toward the outside wall. "We need to be here when they let them out."

With the rally over, the three people with megaphones escorted The Boss away while security personnel cleared a path for him through the crowds. He smirked to himself at all the people both heckling and cheering for him. They marched through the streets, the people following them dwindled down to an odd few as they mixed in with the rest of the public going about their business.

"That's all. Prepare for the next city," the Boss said.

"Sir, it's getting late. Businesses will be closing, people going home. At best, you'll attract the hen parties," one of the trio warned him.

The Boss stopped, forcing everyone with him to as well. "Tsk, fine. It better be enough. I got lucky with the early election, I can't afford to wait another five years."

"You've covered the most noncommittal seats, this speech was locally televised so that should cover the rest," another said.

She got a dark chuckle from him, "deluded fools. They're in the minority so they'll vote for anything. If they want change, they're going to see some." The trio smiled and laughed with him, killing his buzz for some reason. "What are you still doing here? Return to the lair, I want it ready for tomorrow. Deviate from the list like last time..."

The only male of the trio shook, "it will never happen again. Excuse us." They hurried off toward a car park nearby, unknowingly passing Harry and James lurking in a nearby shop entrance which hid them from the Boss and his security's sight.

James overheard one of them whisper angrily to the other as they did, "I told you not just any corner will do. He likes the Mississippi."

"What?" James mouthed with his face twisting.

The Boss shooed his entourage away with a demeaning hand wave so he could go into the car park alone. They hurried off without argument, back the way they came. The Boss barely stepped into the car park when he stopped to fish around in his cloak styled coat.

Harry shrugged with indifference. "Who cares? We gotta stop this guy."

James laughed briefly, "we do? He'd be lucky to win a ticket at a parking metre."

Harry wasn't listening. He sprinted out of his hiding spot so abruptly James was too surprised to react immediately. It took him a good half a minute to chase after him.

"What are you whittling on about?" the Boss snapped into what looked like a tricorder. "Company? Impossible. Pftt, whatever. Raise the freq..."

He didn't get the chance to finish his order. Harry, still at full sprint, threw himself at the cloaked man's back, knocking the both of them onto the road. Harry tried to hold him down, while his right hand curled into a fist. Something clattered to the floor in the struggle. James arrived at the entrance to the car park in time to see the Boss elbow Harry in the face. The blow made him stumble to one side, allowing the cloaked man to not only break free but also push him into the nearby wall.

"You fool. Do you have any..." a normal but familiar voice came from the Boss figure, he shut up once he realised it. He attempted to pick himself up the rest of the way from the ground, all while glaring at Harry, slumped with his back to him.

James ran over to grab the Boss before he could stand, he grabbed one of his arms and pulled him up to his feet. The Boss struggled until James used his other hand to roughly pull down the hood still over his head. "You..."

"Me, thanks for the pronouns game," Boss spoke over him despite his pained voice.

"Damien," James repeated himself anyway.

He felt a tiny struggle again and heard a grumble done under his breath. "Shoot."

James was about to say something but noticed a moving car coming down from the next floor. He checked on Harry who was still against the wall before hurriedly stepping to one side, bringing the Boss with him. Doing so amused the villain for no reason he could see.

"This country is at critical alert. You won't get out of this city alive," he vocalised his cackles.

James loosened his grip so he could push him to his right, hoping the occupants of the car wouldn't notice anything suspicious. Despite that he heard a massive amount of approaching footsteps, the car slammed on its brakes directly beside them. James turned his head to the left to see why, even though he had a good idea. There blocking the entrance were a mix of police officers, some armed with guns, as well as the Boss' entourage.

"I'm a politician, so to speak. This is terrorism," Damien laughed whilst clutching his throat with one hand, the other trying badly in vain to put his hood back up. "Arrest him. He tried to kill me."

Guns were cocked toward James. He responded by raising his hands slowly.

Harry meanwhile started to stir and groan, not that it could be heard over the loud volume of the police shouting.

Some approached carefully, eager to escort Damien away from James and to safety. Damien walked by him slowly, passing a brief smirk his way under the hood. He was barely in front of James when he kicked him the rest of the way. The cloaked villain fell into the officers who were trying to help him, knocking them all down. James ran the opposite way before any of them could register what just happened. When they did, they tried to give chase.

Harry rolled onto his back, nursing his bleeding nose, having heard the commotion. At first he only saw the car beside him, still stuck there due to people being in the way. He looked up, catching an upside down glimpse of the Boss talking to a bunch of police officers, honing in his fearful victim act. Harry knew better than to try again, he shuffled forward into a sitting position, then crawled into the car park to hide until they had gone.

Only Jessie glanced out the café window when a couple of sirens and flashing lights passed by. When it soon became a near endless stream of them, everyone were trying to get a peek. It wasn't just them. People in the street had either stopped where they were to stare, as well as point their phones, or were running alongside them.

"What the... that's not good," Craig said, the only one in the café other than a couple of staff to not be staring.

B'Elanna mostly had to push through to the front to not only see what was happening, but get to Jessie. She lowered her voice to a whisper, "this definitely isn't on our records. We should investigate."

"This Boss guy, you think?" Jessie whispered back. B'Elanna nodded.

Craig anxiously glanced between the spot he remembered Jessie being, only now blocked by the crowd, and the group's phone left on their table. He picked that up to reread the website on the screen. He wasn't the only one, a lot of the customers were getting their own out of pockets or bags to film the commotion or to scour the Internet for what was going on.

The latter ones raised their voices, some in panic. "Oh my god," one woman stammered.

"Terrorist attack, here?" a man said in shock.

Their uproar got B'Elanna and Jessie's attention, they glanced at one another looking worried and confused. "Match day?" B'Elanna questioned.

Jessie stared with narrowing eyes, "that's not funny." She glanced back over her shoulder, hoping to see Craig but only saw the mass of people. "Craig?" No response and no one was moving, at least not the ones in her way were, some people were rushing back to tables to grab their things. Jessie and then B'Elanna pushed and squeezed their way through to their own table.

"Craig, call them," B'Elanna ordered. Craig stared up at her uneasily, he wordlessly handed her the phone. She assumed so she'd do it herself. However the first thing she saw on the screen was a brief news article with one grainy image underneath the headline.

Jessie grabbed it before she could get to the article part. "Ohno." B'Elanna tried to grab it back but Jessie was too busy running off with it towards the door. She and reluctantly Craig gave chase. Other people leaving and the crowds outside blocking them slowed her down enough for B'Elanna to grab her arm and try to pull her back. Jessie snatched her arm back but didn't move from where she had stopped.

"Calm down!" B'Elanna hissed, then she lowered her voice to a whisper, "the last thing we should be doing is splitting up."

"That's easy for you to say. Do you know what they'll do to him when they find him, if they haven't already?" Jessie stammered angrily.

Craig looked on sheepishly, "arrest him? I'll admit that's bad but..."

Jessie glared him into silence. "Guess again."

"They won't," B'Elanna said, using the opportunity to snatch the phone back. She refreshed the article which made it a paragraph longer, and skimmed it. "It's doubtful. It's not the same. The country's on their highest alert so this is knee jerking. I'd hardly say scuffling with that idiot is an act of terrorism, crazy politician or not. At worst they'll think he was a protestor who got carried away. Slap on the wrist."

Jessie tried to take a deep breath to calm herself, it didn't work though. Her eye fell toward the window which had cleared considerably of police and people since customers had hurried out to either get away from the area or nose around. Only some remained, anxiously retaking their seats and glancing at the window. What she had seen earlier jumped back into her head making her tremble.

"That sort of response for a slap on the wrist? No. James is in trouble. We need to find him first," she said.

B'Elanna sighed, "I agree with that part. We really should be careful about contacting him though. Our calls would be traced. And for all we know Harry has the pho..." she frowned in realisation, "where was Harry in all this?"

The remaining colour in Craig's cheeks faded away, Jessie still looked as anxious as she did before. Craig glanced at her and shook his head. "Nothing I saw mentioned accomplices."

"What was he thinking, and why am I not surprised?" B'Elanna quietly snapped. The phone vibrated in her hand. "I mean seriously, if he pissed someone off then yeah it'd make sense that I react with

nothing. But this?" she grumbled whilst glancing down at it. "Only an airbrained hothead would do something like this and yet here I am, not surprised. Weird." Jessie scowled at her, not that she noticed.

"Well I'm surprised. Considering who the *target* was and how dumb James isn't. I mean he can be a bit abruptly rude but this..." Craig stammered.

"It's my fault. Meet me at..." B'Elanna read aloud in a neutral tone. She sighed impatiently afterwards. "What do you know, an airbrained hothead did do something like this. I just labelled the wrong one."

Craig still looked a little surprised, "Harry? I believe that less."

"Believe me, after what happened on Seventh Voyager, I want to strangle this Boss character myself. He put us through hell and put it on repeat," B'Elanna grumbled.

"Hang on. If Harry was the one who did, something, and was there too, why is James getting the only blame?" Jessie asked.

"I guess we'll find out, come on. We'll call *home* in a quieter spot, if we find one," B'Elanna said, heading for the clearer exit. Her teammates followed.

"Breaking News coming in now," a news host appeared, interrupting a soap opera.

"Aaaw," the Doctor moaned, having getting into it. "We were just going to find out who the father of the twins were."

Kathryn slapped him across the head nonchalantly without even looking at him.

"Terror in England as a lone activist holds the leader of the DUD hostage," the host continued. Beside her a little rectangular window appeared, it then enlarged to take over most of the screen, showing a poor quality video. Dark and shaky, filmed clearly through glass as they could see a reflection of a partial face and the phone the cameraman was using. Eventually the awayteam did recognise a detail they wish they hadn't; James' face as he was raising his hands up.

"Oh for the love of..." Kathryn groaned.

The Doctor wasn't surprised, "hmm *deja vu*." Kathryn growled, he took that as a warning this time and ducked but she didn't slap him like he thought.

"As you can see from the amateur footage, the culprit escaped arrest and is now at large," the host said before she was back on the screen. "This news is still breaking, and we don't have the attacker's identity as of yet, nor his motives. We can confirm the suspect is a Caucasian male, blond, approximately five foot ten."

"Oh, so it's not terrorism, that's a relief," the awayteam overheard from a nearby table.

The speaker's friends didn't seem to agree with him, a couple laughed at him, while another jokingly thumped him in the arm. "No such thing as white terrorists, huh? I hope they shoot the monster."

Kathryn blinked rapidly. Neither the Doctor or Seven knew what it meant, but they prepared themselves for angry anyway. "Who the hell is DUD, and what kind of ninny calls themselves that?" she asked while fishing the phone she used earlier out of her bag. Despite tapping on it a while she didn't press it by her ear. Seven and the Doctor watched her curiously.

"Is Lieutenant Paris not answering?" Seven asked.

Kathryn shook her head, tapping the screen harder. "It says the number doesn't exist."

Seven held her hand out, "allow me to try." She expected a glare and maybe a scolding about being a know it all, but she didn't expect the device to be hurled at her chest. She managed to catch it before it fell to the floor.

The Doctor cringed as that got a few glances from people nearby. "If our awayteam was getting involved, it's possible this DUD is.."

"Them? It is a stupid name, so you're probably right," Kathryn said impatiently. Still she rolled her eyes in contempt, "but James knows better than to confront them in public. Surely his team.. oh, wait Seven contact Torres or Kim. I want to know..."

"Captain," the Doctor warned her while pointing at the screen. Kathryn turned to watch once more but missed what he meant, only catching the end where Damien fell into the officers. The whole footage repeated. The Doctor gestured once more when Damien walked in front of James on his way to the police, his face briefly showed when he looked ahead.

"That little prick. I should've known it'd be him," Kathryn grunted.

Seven was more than puzzled, "I don't understand."

"No you wouldn't. Damien's before your time, more or less," the Doctor whispered to her.

"That is not what I was referring to," Seven said, nodding toward the phone. "Even Torres and Kim's devices aren't connecting." She discreetly brought out a tricorder from under the table after some awkward shuffling about, but kept it out of sight at the edge of the table while she scanned the phone.

Kathryn stared at her in disgust, her eyes wide. "Do I want to know where you were keeping that?"

Seven stared back blankly, all while the Doctor was coughing on purpose as he looked away. "The dress garment did not have pockets." Kathryn's face scrunched even more. "It's a holster on my thigh."

"Of course it is," Kathryn groaned, rolling her eyes, "Well?"

"The device is working efficiently. The signal is transmitting," Seven reported. "Perhaps this Damien character is responsible." Her words caught the attention of a red headed girl who had stopped behind her to watch the screen.

"Hardly," Kathryn scoffed. "You're forgetting that the last thing he did was arm rabbits with guns and try to set them on us. Of course he'd make crazy incompetent copies of us, the little verruca."

"We still don't know that for certain. It could be a coincidence that he's here," the Doctor said, not believing it himself. Kathryn gave him with a disapproving glance. "All right fine, but it still doesn't excuse James causing a scene."

"I'm not," Kathryn hesitated. "No, he wouldn't. There must be a reason that happened, we just don't know it yet. We need to get in touch with Voyager so they can retrieve him."

The girl cautiously approached their table, "uh... excuse me?" All three looked up at her, making her a little bit more apprehensive. "Is Voyager your ship?" she directed at Kathryn.

Her eyes flared up, Seven and the Doctor instinctively pushed their chairs backwards as the smoke began to rise. "I beg your pardon!" Kathryn hissed at the young girl.

"Yes, that's scary," the girl said flippantly which caused Kathryn to tremble. "You're wasting your time here. He's who you need to deal with," she said, pointing at the television.

Seven's eyes flickered up when the video playback paused on James, a few seconds afterwards it changed to show the footage of the speech in the city centre.

"We are not law enforcement," Seven said.

"Of course not," the girl frowned at her. "Damien, that's what you called him right?"

Kathryn pointed her finger at one of the spare seats, unfortunately for the girl it was beside hers. The girl took the hint and sat. "What do you want, and make it snappy."

"I was on my way to him, but you re-opened the portal and diverted my plane. Now I've missed my transfer flight," the girl said.

"We didn't open the..." the Doctor started to protest, both women stared him down into silence.

The girl giggled behind her hand and lowered her voice to a near whisper. "You guys don't do covert often?" Kathryn's eyes narrowed. "Doesn't matter who opened it. You're here, so it looks like I don't need those primitive planes after all."

"You're presuming an awful lot and you still haven't answered my question," Kathryn icily said in a quiet voice.

The girl's face fell, she looked worried. "I escaped, but my friend. He took her, or rather they did."

"Who?" Seven asked.

"They call themselves the Six Coalition, or Sixes for short," the girl answered in a bitter tone. "They had a ship exactly like yours." Kathryn's eyebrow twitched, one hand resting on her leg clenched. "I actually thought it was them returning without the fleet, but then I happened to overhear your conversation about this Damien. And of course this television report. That mirror ship, they're loyal to the Boss, they wouldn't attack him. So I knew..."

"Hold on," Kathryn warned her. "You're quite knowledgeable about these Sixes and Seventh Voyager, who I'm assuming don't know how to count, and Damien. Where exactly did they take you from? Or rather when?"

The girl bit her lip nervously, eyes shifted side to side as she made an uncertain moan. "It's an ickle complicated. It might take some getting into and we don't have much time. We need to use your ship to take us to England. Take down the Boss and their command structure weakens."

"I'm not interested in that. We only want to get back to our time before we cause anymore damage," Kathryn said.

"Yeah," the girl said grimacing. "You won't be able to open the portal without the other Voyager, or him. If you knew how you wouldn't be here, right? And I wouldn't worry about that."

The Doctor shook his head bewilderedly. "Sounds like something we should worry about."

"No I mean," the girl laughed at herself. "Your ship being seen, your crewmember, these won't have happened for you, it won't hurt anything. That was a dimensional tear you came through, you didn't simply come back in time."

"But... I thought that since Seventh Voyager was only a recent dimensional split that we have simply gone back in time," the Doctor said.

The girl trembled, her eyes fell to the table. "That ship is as much from here as you are. The Boss brought that thing through one day and..." her voice cracked, she stopped herself and tried to hold still. "This isn't your dimension, or theirs. Not even close. It's mine."

Tom couldn't focus on any of the multiple screens he had up, they had all blurred into a noisy one while his head throbbed. Neelix hovered behind him, helpfully pointing out specific screens but Tom's attention had already gone for a coffee break.

The current one Neelix was gesturing to was the one currently talking about only Damien and his party, while the others were focused on the footage and interviews with the police. Tom barely made a squeak so Neelix quit pestering him and watched it in silence.

"Now Frank, a lot of people are asking just who are the DUD? It's the eve of the election and yet no one has heard of the party at the heart of the attack," a news reporter was saying while a man in a different location waited for her to finish. "There's even accusations that the DUD set this attack up as a way to get exposure, but we still know little about them or their policies. Would this get them a few sympathy seats in parliament?"

The man nodded for a few seconds, then began to answer. "It is still far too early in the investigation to label what kind of attack this was, or the attacker's motives. We do not even have his identity yet. However the DUD is such a minority party, primarily focused in the northern areas of England and other areas outside of England that'd be considered a weaker vote..."

"Wait, what do you mean by a weaker vote?" the newscaster interrupted.

"Their policies are extreme, nothing like the other parties, leaning neither left or right," the man continued as if she hadn't asked anything. "Their leader, D. Boss was self appointed pretty much overnight and as such even with this attack, their party do not have enough of a voice to make any impact in tomorrow's election. A lot of their critics jokingly refer to them as the Empire or Sith party due to the way he presents himself, and repeatedly say their odds of winning are lower than the Greens getting a majority. Mr Boss himself has responded to these with a scathing humour that has brought him a few fans, but not enough to win him anything."

"Do you think that this attacker was one of his critics?" the newscaster asked.

This time the man responded, "we can't discount it but in my opinion it's doubtful. No one takes this party seriously enough. It's more than likely that Boss has insulted somebody who was already unhinged, as he is only known for his antics on social media and not for his politics."

"That sounds dangerously familiar, Frank. Are we underestimating Boss and the DUD, despite recent history telling us to be wary of people like him?" the newscaster asked.

"In my opinion we are already overestimating him, Charlotte," the man replied.

Neelix grinned, "you were wrong, this politics stuff is absolutely delightful. Not at all under-dramatic like you promised."

Tom mumbled something unintelligible in response as he was tapping away at his console. "Why is no one responding to my calls? I can't even find their lifesigns." he then said clearly.

Neelix's smile faded away. "What? Even our team on this very island?"

"Yeah, it's like they're not even there. Everytime I try to send a call or even a text only message, I get nothing but feedback. Since no one has called about James' adventure with the cloaked dude, I'm going to safely assume they can't call us either," Tom said. "Something here has got to be blocking our signals, but what?"

"Or who?" Neelix said helpfully, worrying Tom further. "Wait, can't we transmit something via these television signals we're watching, maybe..."

Tom shook his head. "Can't. That's not live footage, it's pre-recorded. We're in the dark."

"Oh," Neelix mumbled. "If what's blocking us is here..."

"It is here. If it were in America or England where our teams are, that would've been the breaking news first, not that they'd be able to see it," Tom said.

"I guess. My point is if it's here, our team will surely find it, won't they? This island isn't very large," Neelix said.

"Yup. This island that shouldn't have anyone on it but has an abandoned village or town on its hills. I don't like this at all," Tom sighed.

Chakotay was regretting his decision to follow the road up the hill, an hour ago. He had slowed to a near crawl, the sun beating down on him left him looking drenched and yet his mouth dry. It wasn't just him, he could see Tuvok's pace had slowed as well. His young daughter though was a good distance ahead of them both, her only complaint seemed to be the lack of something to drink.

At least the strange antenna looking tower was getting closer. He figured Morgan would reach it in ten minutes if she kept going. Only she stopped, he assumed to wait for them.

"Did you hear that?" she asked.

Neither of the men had time to answer, dozens of people with hoods over their heads leapt out from behind the hedges and trees on both sides of the road. All of them pointing colourful rifles at them.

"Well, did you?" Morgan asked irritably.

Chakotay knew she was still joking despite her tone, he managed a weak smile. "Barely."

The closest to Morgan stepped up to push the tip of the rifle into her shoulder. "Move, with the oth..." She responded to that with a punch to the face. A lot of the weapons pointed at Chakotay or Tuvok moved to her.

"Morgan, come on," Chakotay said through gritted teeth, his hand gesturing for her to join him and Tuvok. Morgan looked around, glaring at them all. She rolled her eyes before walking over slowly to her dad and the Security Chief. "Listen, we're not here to hurt you or to intrude. We came here thinking this place was uninhabited. We'll leave if that's what you..."

"What gave you that impression?" one of their attackers asked. One figure approached them while lowering their hood and revealing her face. She wasn't familiar to the team or an alien, anything that would explain why they all hid their faces. It confused them as much as their words.

"If pointing weapons at people is your way of saying hello you should see my goodbye," Morgan said.

Tuvok's eyebrow raised while Chakotay silently preyed to the spirits. "Morgan please, let me." Morgan shrugged casually. "Why don't we start again. I'm Chakotay, this is Tuvok and Morgan. We're from..."

"Voyager. We know," the woman said coldly before smirking at him. "Thanks for making this easy. You'll make a wonderful present for the Boss."

Morgan frowned. "Who's the Boss? Does he she have a name, or is it actually literally The Boss. Should I start calling them The?" She glanced at her teammates, "is this linked to the other Voyager malarkey? I'm confused."

"Perhaps we should have explained the reason for our predicament and mission before we let her join us," Tuvok said quietly to Chakotay.

Chakotay uncomfortably laughed discreetly, "sometimes I don't even know what's going on."

"Allow me. The Boss wants Voyager, we're giving it to him," the woman sneered.

"But doesn't he already have one? Greedy little bitch isn't he?" Morgan grumbled.

Chakotay sighed, his patience wearing thin. "You only have us, not the ship. If you're thinking of using us as hostages you're wasting your time. The people Seventh wanted are not there anyway. Now..." His words made the woman and a few others tense, he knew why so kept going. "Either take us to this Boss or let us go. We're of no use to you."

"You mistake us for your stupid copies, then make demands. Do you understand the position you're in?" the woman snapped, gesturing her weapon toward them once more.

"You're taking orders from this Boss guy, lurking around on some abandoned hidden island we only found because of those stupid copies leaving a door open for us, like you own the place. What do you expect us to jump to, cos the conclusions stone is the only one I can see," Morgan asked.

The woman smirked. "Foolish child." Morgan rolled her eyes then sniggered to her impatience. "We are the Six Coalition, the Resistance. And you, you're the morons who trespassed on our island. The penalty; ship impounding."

"Oh my god," Morgan pretended to sound shocked, the woman seemed to fall for it and sneered further. "Is that how many seconds it took to name yourselves?"

Chakotay closed his eyes and cringed, silently wondering why the rude Janeway gene was the most dominant.

The queue had reached the door, people were beginning to get more than a little annoyed at the holdup. It wasn't like they could give up and go somewhere else, they had already refueled their cars. Passengers who only wanted snacks did just that, all but one didn't come back. The reason for it not budging wasn't bothered in the slightest about them, he slammed his hand down on the counter.

"What are you talking about woman? I only put a tenner in," the tall but scrawny looking man shouted down at the clerk, thankfully behind glass.

"That's not what it says. Are you sure it's tank two?" she responded with calmly.

The customer shrivelled up his nose and snarled, "I only have ten pounds on me. Why would I fill the tank? Stupid bitch, get me a manager."

"I'm... he's not here," the woman said politely despite the insult. "Sorry sir but there are no tanks out there with ten pound to pay."

The next in line sporting a cap and sunglasses groaned impatiently. "Excuse me but..."

The problem customer didn't even look over his shoulder, he raised his hand up rudely above it. "Shut it, mind your own business!"

"I imagine it's everyone's business that some moron who flunked the first year of Primary school because it was too hard, can't count and takes his fragile little ego frustrations out on the cashier," was the annoyed response. It did for a brief moment lighten the queue's mood. "I'll give you a hint, thirty is higher than ten."

"Listen buddy, piss off," the customer grunted. He seemingly was listened to, they dumped their food on nearby shelves and left the store.

"There's nothing I can do. If you try to leave with the fuel you haven't paid for..." the clerk said.

The customer saw red, but still brandished a credit card. "I'm never coming back, you've lost my..."

The clerk scanned it while he was talking, smiled and said before he finished, "have a nice day sir."

"Smart bitch," the customer grumbled as he stomped off. He returned to his black Range Rover, all while flipping a finger at the two waiting behind him to move. His eyes were fixed on the refuelling tank as he climbed in, double checking that he was right. Confusion hit him, he wasn't, the clerk was. He huffed about it as he put on his seatbelt, only when he went to turn on the ignition he noticed something amiss beside him.

"Doesn't know how to lock his car either," the capped figure from earlier said from his passenger seat. He chuckled as he took off the cap, then leaned forward to dump it on the dashboard. "I wouldn't be surprised if you pushed this here."

The man, still red with a mixture of anger and recently embarrassment spluttered in shock. "What, get out of my car!" He heard the click of the doors locking. The trespasser sat back once more.

"See, that wasn't so hard."

The man clenched his left fist, ready to swing. His wrist was grabbed while his elbow was still pulling back. That was when he got a good look at this passenger's face. It looked familiar but he couldn't place how.

"If you'd prefer, I'll drive," James said.

The man struggled to pull his arm back, it only hurt him. Jaw clenched, heart pounding, he mouthed a no.

The car finally pulled away with no one any of the wiser, and to the people behind him's relief.

Seven looked on in amusement as Kathryn's time travel face had evolved into a scrunched up eye rolling scowl mesh, too funny to be wary of like her other stares. The girl they had met was baffled by it, unsure whether or not to continue. She looked to Seven and the Doctor for a hint.

"So in your dimension Gravett Island was discovered centuries before we did, by a group of explorers looking for a new home," the Doctor said.

The girl smiled meekly. "Yes, in a nutshell that's the key difference between my dimension and yours."

"And you claim to be one of the descendants of this group," Seven added.

"No I don't claim," the girl scowled. "I am. What you call Gravett was my people's home until *they* chased us out a few years ago."

"The Sixes," the Doctor said to make sure.

The girl sighed bitterly. "Damien and his ilk. He lead them against us, chased us out. We had to find a new home while they setup shop in ours. It seems like that wasn't enough for Damien; he's upped his goals a tad."

"England?" Kathryn smirked. "He hasn't got a hope in hell."

"Doesn't he? He managed to convince the Sixes to side with him. They're not stupid like the Seventh crew. And you're forgetting, this isn't your time. If they defeated us, with our own weapons and technology, Humans of now will not stand a chance," the girl explained.

Seven's eyebrow raised, "your people possessed greater technology?"

"I don't want to sound braggy, but yeah. That's why we had to hide. Humans would have took everything we had if they found us," the girl said, cringing slightly. "No offense."

Kathryn though wasn't offended, "from what I've seen, that's the bright side."

"Hold on. Damien possesses not only your technology but also ours, in a sense with the other Voyager," the Doctor said.

"And Borg," Seven reminded him.

"That's a stretch. The Borg probably assimilated them, kicked them out and they're too dumb to remove it," Kathryn said.

The Doctor mouthed a yeah before continuing, "if he has all of that at his disposal, why bother with Humans of this century, or this dimension at all for that matter?"

"I... I'm not sure," the girl reluctantly answered. "I didn't even know his name or what he looked like until today. All I do know is he isn't from our dimension and doesn't usually stick around here this much. We traced him to your dimension and attempted to recreate the portal, hoping that since he only had Voyager at the time, we could defeat him without the Six backup."

Seven seemed impressed with her, "the Ligers are warp capable?"

Kathryn stared blankly at her. "Wait, that's your people's name? Liger, as in tigers and lion crossbreeds?"

The girl frowned, clearly offended. "As in Michaela Liger, the woman who lead the expedition to get us away from humanity's love of war, famine and that really annoying habit of making fun of people." Kathryn actually looked sorry for once, Seven was taken aback by it. "And yes we are. However it's no surprise that Voyager was more than a match for us."

"It is?" Kathryn was shocked, so was the Doctor and Seven.

"Yeah, the crew used to be far more competent, their ship upgraded with Tolg weaponry and shields. We had to retreat," the girl said with a touch of regret. "It's almost like a different ship now. Really odd."

Kathryn groaned into both of her hands loud enough for nearby tables to hear her. She rubbed her temples but her headache got worse not better. "Okay, let me get this straight so my brain doesn't shrink to Tom size. Damien has an army and a copy of our ship which he used to chase a far more advanced group of people than us from AU Earth. Despite that ability he's taking part in this alternate dimension twenty first century UK election. We have no idea how he got the army, or the ability to dimension jump, or the other Voyager, why he attacked us with Seventh, and what his plans are full stop.

"We've lost contact with Voyager which is sitting in Sixes territory, and for all we know could be taken over now as we speak. James is on the terrorist watch list after not punching out Damien and we're stuck here in this airport because some idiots on her plane thought we were a flying saucer or something."

There was an awkward silence after she was done. After a few minutes the Doctor fake cheerfully broke it, "that's it pretty much."

"Great. I'm so glad we're on the same page," Kathryn said dangerously.

The girl laughed a little uncomfortably. "What do you mean you're stuck here? I know you guys have transporters or you wouldn't be here."

"Our communications keep bouncing back, so the possibility of Sixes being in charge of it now is pretty high," Kathryn grumbled.

"I doubt it. If they took it, they'd have brought you back themselves," the girl said thoughtfully, she hinted for the phone Seven was holding. She tapped the screen a few times, frowning deeper every few sequences she tried.

"A thought occurs, we haven't actually introduced ourselves," the Doctor said.

The girl's eyes briefly floated up to look at him then down again. "I'm Lilly."

"Lilly what?" Kathryn questioned.

Lilly bit her lip, sighing as if she were tired of answering that. "Johnstone. And it's okay, you don't have to. I know who you are. The Doctor, Six of Twelve. I'm not sure about grouchy pants though."

Kathryn narrowed her eyes while Seven blinked in confusion. "It's Seven of Nine," the latter corrected her.

"Huh?" Lilly looked up and matched her expression. "Now that you mention it, you don't look as gross as her." She shrugged and got back to work.

Kathryn snorted into giggles, earning a glare from the ex drone.

"I thought so. The creeps turned up the Shadow's frequency," Lilly smiled. The awayteam stared at her again, confused. "Oh right. The Shadow is, think of it as a cloaking device. It didn't just hide the island visually, it made sure any outside primitive sources trying to scan or anything would bounce off us. It obviously wasn't capable of blocking your stuff on the normal settings."

"Obviously," Kathryn groaned. Her irritation didn't last, a smirk formed in its stead. "If we can't get through to that island, he won't be able to either. Correct?"

Lilly looked on a little unnerved, "that's right. I doubt they would've done that without his say so though."

"One thing you should know about this little pissant before we pay him a visit," Kathryn said. "He's not as smart and evil as he thinks he is. Keep this in mind and you take away any power he has."

Two of Damien's servants ducked as something small and white flew toward them. The one who didn't duck ended up with a conk on the head and chocolate yoghurt drooping down her face. The duckers passed her a look of sympathy.

"How hard is it to get the right one? I'm not asking you to spell it," Damien complained to them all.

"Sir they haven't made that flavour in years," the other non-yoghurt faced female minion said.

Damien scowled, all while reaching over to stroke the rabbit sitting on the armrest. "You imbecile. They made it an extra special item. It will cost more but so be it."

"Are you sure it wasn't limited edition?" the only male minion asked sheepishly.

"Hmph, no wonder you let that meddling freak near me. Can't even follow a shopping list," Damien grumbled.

The minions shared glances with one another, all while the yoghurted one tried to wipe her face with a hankie.

"Isn't that what your security team's for, sir?" the male minion asked.

As if on cue a few members of his entourage walked into the large and vastly overdecorated with rabbit themed objects office. "Mr Boss sir," the lead one said.

"What is it? I don't see a blond idiot in handcuffs. I have the perfect torture for him," Damien cackled, his stroking of the rabbit emphasised for no reason his lackeys understood.

"Our forces are still spread a little thin searching for the Liger girl," the leader reminded him.

Damien rolled his eyes with a grunt. "Then what good are you?" He flourished his rabbit stroking hand toward him as a hint to leave. The rabbit hopped off the armrest to make its escape. "Why do you disturb me?"

"The media are here for your statement," the leader replied.

"Hmm," Damien smiled darkly. "This could prove advantageous. Very well, give me five minutes. I'd best put on my face."

"Does that mean we have to go shopping again?" one of the female minions whined.

Damien stared at her blankly until she hurried off, not without picking the yoghurt pot off the floor by her teammates feet. "As for the rest of you, I have a very important mission for you. My whole campaign depends on it. Come here."

The two left shuffled closer, he beckoned them to lean over so they assumed he could whisper it to them. Instead he handed them a piece of paper. When they read it they felt a little let down but weren't surprised. "Should we get the sweet or the toffee kind, sir?" the male one asked.

"Surprise me," Damien cackled evilly in response.

For the tenth time today his minions were regretting filling out that job application form.

The awayteam made a few wrong turns before they found Harry leaning against the wall of a bus station, with a Pepsi can pressed against one side of his face. Everytime he span it slightly they got a glimpse of the bruise across his nose and cheek.

"Look, I know you got this I'm edgy and shoot first thing going on, but I didn't expect you to do something as stupid as this," B'Elanna scolded him.

Harry couldn't look her in the eye, he didn't dare. Still he clenched his jaw and tried not to look so intimidated. "He was alone. He made us relive the fake crash, the guilt along with it, and die again and again for his amusement. I couldn't..." The shutters of a nearby shop were brought down, the noise startled him into jumping a few feet into the air. He breathed in to calm himself. "I'm sorry I did it, but you must understand. What would you have done?"

"I do understand," B'Elanna said in a tone that told him otherwise. "But you knew the police would jump at the slightest thing. You knew who he was and what he was doing. And yet, oh I'll attack him in a public place. You're right I would've been tempted, but even I would've thought twice, at least until there was no chance of getting caught or when we knew more about what he was up to. Now look, we've made an already paranoid country even more paranoid which'll make it harder to investigate, we've lost a member of our team..."

"James didn't have to jump in too. He obviously agreed we needed to stop him and..." Harry snapped defensively, but he was cut off by a harsh slap to the uninjured side of his face. It was so brutal and loud it got the attention of most of the bus station.

Craig laughed nervously and backed off from the scene, then pretended to look at the coffee shop's prices.

"You have some bloody nerve blaming him for all this," Jessie snarled. Her eyes were sharp, pointing directly in Harry's direction while his spare hand shakily checked his newly red cheek. Since he still had the can by his other cheek, he looked pretty pathetic to the people watching. "He was only doing his job, saving your ass after you did something so god damn stupid. He gets guns pointed at him, his face plastered all over the news, labelled as a scumbag terrorist and..."

"Jessie breathe," B'Elanna whispered to her.

It was useless, she may as well have told Kathryn to put the coffee down. "And you stand there, huffing and puffing like you're some badass when you're really some little boy with a phaser fetish, crying over his first booboo. Grow up and take some responsibility, and while you're at it, get the hell over it," Jessie said, venom coating every single letter.

"Oh, they have caramel lattes. That's neat," Craig said as nonchalantly as he could.

Harry stared at him accusingly anyway. "Phaser fetish. What have you been telling her?"

"But I'm more of a hot chocolate person," Craig said, side stepping towards the coffee shop. B'Elanna cleared her throat as a hint to stop. He did so, smiling awkwardly. "You got to admit, Mr Shooty stories are funny."

"He's right," B'Elanna said, managing to keep a straight face despite the stories she was reliving in her head.

Jessie stared at them all irritably. "If you're quite finished, we need to come up with a plan."

"Jessie, I get that you're a little..." Craig said as diplomatically as possible. He struggled to think of a suitable word, so instead decided to skip over it completely. "But there's nothing we can realistically do about James until we get through to Voyager." Harry frowned at him, but it hurt too much so he had to stop. "I think we should focus on stopping this Boss. I'm sure James will be thinking the same, and we'll bump into him at some point."

"Agreed," B'Elanna said.

"We lost touch with Voyager?" Harry whimpered. "Is that my fault too?" He didn't think it was possible, but Jessie managed to pull off a much meaner deathglare than Kathryn. He backed away out of hand's reach. Doing so he remembered something, "oh, he was saying something about raising a frequency when I attacked him. That's why I..."

Jessie scoffed in disgust, "that's why you nothing."

"Anyway," B'Elanna said as a warning to both of them. "It's late, we've drawn enough attention. I suggest we find a place to stay. We can discuss our next move there."

"I'm all for it," Harry mumbled, once more checking the slapped side of his face.

Jessie stared at him as he did it, eyes narrowing. "You're lucky we're in a public place. He better be alright." Harry swallowed hard and squeaked in response.

The radio had been playing three songs without interruption, all of them annoying but better than the tense silence inside the car. Once the third song was in its final seconds the host began to speak, "you're listening to Moon Radio. Now for the news at eight pm."

The man looked over at the driver's seat bitterly, angrily, fearfully. Still he spoke up, "why did you...?"

James though was more interested in the radio and so shushed him back into silence.

"The unknown terrorist who targeted the candidate D. Boss of the DUD party after his campaign address in Newcastle is still at large. His identity is at this moment in time not verified, and the police have advised the public to report any sightings but to not confront him."

The man noticed James smile at the news, unnerving him further. It reminded him why he had recognised his face. "You're..."

James sighed and turned the volume up via the buttons on the steering wheel.

Another voice spoke from the speakers, "so he's an unlisted immigrant, yet he doesn't match the usual stereotype. Could this be a case of a city clearly on edge from recent events, overreacting to random thuggishness."

"We know nothing about the attacker at this time," a different third man spoke. "We cannot comment until we have more information."

"Mr Boss has made his own statement, clearly still rattled by this callous attack," the first voice said.

The next voice they both heard was Damien's modulated Boss persona, which made James shake his head for more reasons than one. "Do not be fooled. This man is extremely dangerous." The man in the passenger seat nodded rapidly. "And he is not alone. They work in the shadows, targeting anyone who threatens their close minded values. I suggest..."

James turned the radio off, rolling his eyes at the same time. The car's owner seized the chance to speak, "you're him, aren't you? What do you want with me?"

"I don't, don't worry," James replied.

The man flinched, bitter once more. "If you only wanted my car, then why didn't you chuck me out when we swapped seats, or anytime?"

"If I let you go, what would you do?" James asked.

"Well..." the man hesitated, quickly trying to think up a convincing lie.

James shrugged lightly, all while faking a small smile, "exactly."

"Why me? I just updated my car insurance," the man complained.

"You see, I have this little issue that I didn't want to put anyone out. So, I figured I'd wait for a dickhead. Turns out I didn't have to wait for long," James replied, smirking slightly so his victim didn't know if he was serious.

Still the man was a little offended with that answer. "Were you the arsehole who put more petrol in my tank?" James' struggle not to laugh answered him, making him more than a little furious. "I didn't get pissed until after you did that, and rightly so. What made you think I deserved..."

"Hey, move that bubble car grandma, I'll park right behind you till you do. It's only two pence over craphead. Wah my car's recently insured," James said mockingly. He waited till they had to stop at lights to glance at him. The man wasn't impressed at all. "Let me guess, it has a girl's name."

"No," the man muttered, clearly lying.

"Yeah thought so," James sniggered. He sighed, letting his face fall back to serious. The lights changed so they had to move again. "Look, I'll tell you what. You help me secure other legal transport, and you get your Christene or Sally back."

"Alice," the man blurted out, immediately regretting that since he got a smirk for it. "No, no. I'm not helping no terrorist. You can forget it."

"Fine," James shrugged. "I'll keep it, but I have to drop you off somewhere. Picking somebody annoying wasn't a good idea after all."

The man panicked again, "no, you do that and I'll sort you out. We won't need the police."

The car turned off the regular road already in the middle of nowhere into a narrow country one, barely wide enough to fit a normal sized car so it was a tight squeeze for the monster they were in. James

pretended it was a mistake, inhaling through gritted teeth and pulling a face. "It's been a while, must've made a wrong turn somewhere." He slammed the breaks while the man was still fretting over his car getting scratched by hedges. He was too shellshocked by the sudden stop to notice or care when James reached over to open his door. "It'll do. Thanks for the ride."

"Here? You're leaving me here?" the man stuttered. "There's nothing here!"

"You catch on fast," James smiled at him.

The man glared at him as fiercely as possible, "at least give me my mobile phone back."

"Civilisation is still within walking distance, I'm not that cruel," James said. Of course the man didn't move, not that he expected him to. Still James clicked the other man's seat belt so it'd come off.

"So um, where are we going?" the man tried to ask politely.

One of the Sixes grunted as the previous blow he landed to Chakotay's face left his hand aching. He stomped off to the door, lowered the forcefield there to go through it, leaving him to stew in the chair he had tied him to. Outside he ran straight into one of his teammates who didn't look much better.

"I had to get the Vulcan, didn't I?" he complained.

Chakotay's abuser suddenly felt a little better. "So you didn't get anything either?"

His teammate shrugged, "why bother? I just sat in there and read for a bit."

"Ayla's going to have our heads if we don't get anything that'll help us into that ship," the interrogator groaned.

"It's alright. Shep got the little girl, smack her once and she'll be squealing," the teammate sniggered. "Come on."

The two headed for a completely different room, full of confidence. As soon as they opened the door their faces changed instantly to horrified. Instead of their third prisoner, one of their own was gagged and tied to a chair, his face bruised and a little swollen. He made a lot of noise on seeing them, his eyes widening.

"What the... how did she get out?" one asked as they ran over to untie him.

Two was equally puzzled. "That's impossible. She should be here," he said as Morgan slipped out from behind the door and tiptoed behind him. The tied up one squealed a warning. She smirked and pressed a finger by her lips. "What?"

A few minutes later Morgan walked out of the room completely, casually pressing the button next to the door to raise the forcefield. "Chumps," she scoffed while going for the first door she spotted.

The summer sun had barely rose above the horizon and the DUD lair was already buzzed with activity. A massive bucket of popcorn on his lap, Damien slouched in his chair with his eyes glued to the television. When a clip of himself came on he quickly turned up the volume and smiled. "Such presence, how can you not vote for me?" His minions standing out of his view struggled not to laugh.

The clip ended far too quickly for his liking, replaced by somebody he didn't recognise making a speech. "Ugh boring, who is this bint?" He laughed at the next thing she said, "as if. The only strong and stable one is I. Soon you'll be serving under me, while the rest of the world trembles under my might just like those weakling Ligers." He threw more popcorn into his mouth a little too

enthusiastically, a tiny crumb flew into his eye. His reaction to that brought all of his security officers running in with guns.

"I think he meant strongly unstable," one minion whispered.

Damien wasn't the only one with his eyes transfixed on a screen. Craig munched on a slice of toast while watching the news, which had been muted and had subtitles for anyone watching it. He was so engrossed that when he finished eating he picked up a napkin instead of his second slice, not noticing he had until he put it into his mouth.

B'Elanna sat opposite him so saw the whole thing, she laughed as he pulled a face and tried to pretend he didn't do it.

They had chosen the closest table they could to the TV on the wall, which was quieter since it was the furthest from the buffet tables. Only one other table was occupied by a family with teens, every one of them glued to their phones.

Harry returned to their table with his plate, grumbling about something they couldn't hear. He sat down with an over the top sigh. "You'd think they'd never seen a broken nose before. So much for Newcastle being the rough party town."

B'Elanna shook her head, smirking all the while. She waited for him to pour some coffee into his cup. "Do you believe everything that Tom tells you?"

"What?" Harry scoffed, picking up his knife and fork.

"Is this a bad time to tell you that Captain Proton isn't a true story?" B'Elanna teased playfully.

Harry mockingly laughed as he spread something on his food. "It wasn't Tom. I picked that up on my own. You only have to look at Jess..."

"Jessie isn't from here. She told us that," B'Elanna said, clicking her tongue a couple of times. "And besides, you deserved it."

"Where is Jessie?" Craig asked before Harry could make a retort. He pouted about it.

"She said she had to go get something, ease her worries," B'Elanna replied.

Harry frowned, "I doubt she's off clothes shopping. We spent most of our money on this hotel." He started to eat his breakfast. His face soured further while he chewed, then reluctantly swallowed it. "Which wasn't much to begin with, clearly," he coughed.

Craig finally stopped looking at the TV to glance at his plate. His eyes widened in shock, "did you put chocolate spread on your omelette?"

"No, I put chocolate on my pancakes," Harry said as if Craig had said something dumb. Then he thought to check and sure enough if he was right. There was brown sludge spread across the clearly bacon and cheese omelette. "I think I should've had another cup before I went up," he gagged, reaching for his coffee.

Jessie approached the table with an uneasy look on her face while the others were laughing. A few folded newspapers were dumped on the table in front of the only spare seat, which she took reluctantly. B'Elanna eyed them curiously.

"Dare I ask?" she said, reaching for the one on the top.

Jessie yawned far longer than she expected. Her tired eyes then flickered to the TV. "Big surprise as to what's front page news today," she said.

Harry stared down at his plate as if to avoid her, he even looked away as well. Craig meanwhile did the opposite and turned to her. "And yet the news have barely made a peep. It's all the election now."

Jessie smiled weakly, he assumed out of relief. "Yeah, but it's still a big talking point on the Internet." Her face twisted into a cringe, "they weren't kidding about that cesspool. It's like a competition to see who is the most gross and right at the same time."

"You really should..." B'Elanna said, gesturing to the buffet. "It's got to last us, we've got very little cash left."

"I dunno, after that twit site I lost my appetite," Jessie said. She still got up somewhat reluctantly.

Once she was gone Harry looked up and frowned, "twit site?"

Craig sniggered, "close enough. Our friend *Boss* man is on it." He pushed the phone lying on the table to his teammates.

Harry picked it up first. "D. Boss. Strange A symbol, thegreatestevilofall. In a country where all your choices are akin to what flavour tea to get, I am coffee." He pulled a face. "What? Is he trying to provoke Janeway or something? That makes no sense."

"Character limit issues, probably," Craig said.

"What does it mean and what does D stand for, it's bothering me for some reason," Harry questioned. Something else about the page on the screen caught his annoyed attention. He stared at Craig accusingly. "Wait, you signed up to this?"

Craig looked at him as if he were stupid. "Well yeah. It's easier to keep track of him this way."

"You used your real name," Harry snapped. Craig's expression didn't falter. "What if some great influential person also called Craig Anderson is destined to spread his teachings using this site, contributing to world peace but now can't because some schmuck from the future is using the username he'd have picked?"

"I..." Craig started to squeak as his expression faded, "I put a fifteen on the end."

Harry flushed a bright red, aggravating his still sore cheeks. "Still!"

B'Elanna laughed at the pair. Jessie meanwhile returned to her chair with a bowl of cereal and a glass of juice, struggling not to yawn until her hands were free. That didn't work, it only lasted longer.

"You weren't up all night reading rubbish on this twit, were you?" B'Elanna asked.

"Yeah yeah, I know, I'm one track minded. You don't need to remind me," Jessie replied with a smidgen of irritation.

Craig smiled in her direction, eager to get the subject off him. "I take it no one's found him yet."

"No," Jessie said while shaking her head. "But I did find some stuff about this Boss guy. I thought it'd help so..."

"Please tell us you've found out where he lives," Harry said, still avoiding eye contact with her.

"Hush Mr Shooty," B'Elanna whispered. Harry huffily put his food to one side and got up to replace it. "I really owe this Boss a slap for Edgy Emo Harry alone."

The tiniest of smirks formed on Jessie's face, "yeah don't we all. Anyway Boss has a few crazies who follow him, real brainwashed cultists." Craig nodded having noticed that as well. "He's meanwhile made two statements, the one for the public and another on his video channel. The latter's a bit less, how do I put this?"

"Diplomatic?" Craig suggested.

Jessie made a few uncertain groans while pulling a few choice faces, "the public statement has him fueling fear about a terrorist group that he thinks James is in. Diplomatic isn't the one I'd use. The second statement is for his cult, telling them to hunt him down and video it. Luckily only a dozen saw it before it was blocked."

"Oh good, I suppose a website wouldn't want threats of violence on their servers," B'Elanna said.

"No, he used a clip from a TV theme song for his opening animation," Jessie said in deadpan.

B'Elanna's brow furrowed while her eyes darted around, rendered speechless, only managing an, "uh..."

"Yeah," Jessie laughed awkwardly. "It gets weirder. The evidence of him definitely being a wannabe super villain are all out there but no one cares. At most they treat him like a joke, like the black knight guy. Until yesterday he was a nobody, he hasn't been in any debates, leader polls, nothing. It's like he literally appeared in a poof of smoke and no one's batted an eye."

Craig quickly looked down at his own phone and tapped on it eagerly. "Black knight guy? This I gotta see."

"Normally I'd say we should be treating him like a joke too but, he managed to get this far despite... everything. We need to find him," B'Elanna said.

Harry returned with another plate, which he purposefully put down as loudly as he could. "Or he finds us."

Craig glanced up once more, "what?"

"Don't you remember? Janeway put us all in one team for a reason," Harry said.

"You mean as bait. We tried that, now we're minus one party member," Craig reminded him.

B'Elanna crossed her arms across the table, smiling between the two of them. "We need to get his, and only his attention. Why waste time looking for him and his hideout when he'd be more than willing to *invite* us."

Jessie hurriedly swallowed her last scoop of cereal so she could speak before anyone else, "how? Post a we are here post on his twitter?"

Craig looked like he was considering it until B'Elanna elbowed him in the arm. "No, something far more subtle than that. He can't know we're trying to get his attention after all."

Lilly woke up from her barely a nap in the uncomfortable airport seats to the smell of coffee. Through her foggy eyes she saw Kathryn approach with a cardboard tray holding four large cups. It didn't occur to her that one of the people she was with wouldn't want or needed it, she was just relieved to have something that'd keep her awake until boarding. Only Kathryn sat down and drank them all like they were glasses of water. Lilly's jaw dropped.

Seven of course wasn't surprised. "This is Janeway, cutting back." Lilly's jaw dropped even further.

"Well I'm sorry, after buying those tickets I didn't have that much money left," Kathryn sniped.

The Doctor shook his head, "I hope you remembered to add in flight meals. Without any money this what, ten hour trip is going to be uncomfortable."

"What?" Kathryn looked shocked. "How slow are these stupid things?"

Lilly recovered for the time being. She lowered her voice to a whisper to say, "it's okay, I've got enough to share." Seven nodded gratefully.

"What time's the flight again?" Kathryn asked. She fished some tickets out of her bag to check for herself, making a mental note of the 02:40 take off time. "With the time difference, we're not going to make it there in time. Great."

"What happened to oh Damien's not a threat, just laugh at his incompetence?" the Doctor asked.

Kathryn was too tired to scowl. "It's not him I'm worried about."

"Are you talking about your crewmember?" Lilly asked. She noticed Seven's demeanour flicker at the mention. Kathryn meanwhile was staring at her empty cups with concern, Lilly assumed because they were empty and she wasn't the only one. "I didn't peg you as a Captain who cared about their crew so much, you seemed a bit..."

"She is a bit," Seven commented, not put off by Kathryn's growl. "It depends on the crewmember in my experience."

"She's right. If it were her I would be giving them her file and asking to be on the firing squad," Kathryn said.

The Doctor tried to laugh it off. "The Captain has a tough facade. She does care." Kathryn laughed before trying to sip the drops left in the cups.

"If you say so. Maybe she's worried he's gonna screw up and get caught. Is that likely?" Lilly asked.

"James is... um, well, he's not really the sneaky type. Unless you're talking about him, then poof, he's there," the Doctor commented.

Lilly giggled at the image. Seven though was a little irritated by it, "he's a brute. It's no wonder he's the one in this situation."

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "oh, are you still whining about that? If I punch you will you change the channel for once?"

"Very well. Your daughter is equally as bad, if not worse," Seven said a little too smugly.

Kathryn sat up to turn around and gesture the tickets at the people sitting behind her, "does anyone want this bimbo's ticket? Free ticket to England." They looked at her with annoyed stares since she had woken them up. "Oh, sorry," she said genuinely.

"I wonder..." Lilly sighed. The Doctor and Seven looked at her curiously. "Sorry, I was thinking about my friend. Will I find her with Damien, or did they take her back to the island?"

"We'll find her," Kathryn said, turning back to face them. Lilly looked on in surprise. "If he's using her to get to you, she won't be far away."

The massive car pulled into an empty car park for what looked to James like a pub, sitting in the middle of nowhere on top of some hills. He left the engine running until he noticed the sign confirming that, then he pulled the vehicle further forward to park it at the side of the building. Making sure first that no one was around, he stepped out and quietly shut the door behind him. The heavy thing still made some noise, even though he left it partly ajar, worrying him into checking his surroundings again.

James walked around to the back of the car to open the boot. He checked again to make sure no one was watching him before he reached in to grab what was there.

Unfortunately for him it was a second too early. A young brunette girl unlocked the front door of the building to step outside, carrying a few empty glass bottles and an unopened energy drink can. When she went to dump the bottles by the door she noticed him and the tail end of the car. She shrugged it off at first to start her break with the can in her hand. It wouldn't be the first time the regulars came before opening, hoping she'd let them in five minutes before. Not that she ever would.

However in the corner of her eye she noticed him take something large out of the boot. A theory popped up into her head which made her smile, but she figured it was just wishful thinking. Still she sneaked a look, expecting it to be something benign like his coat or something. A smirk spread across her face when her imagined scenario turned out to be accurate. The previous owner of the car had been left, slumped against the side wall while James went to close the boot.

The girl couldn't help herself, she was grinning from ear to ear having caught something like this in the act. "You know..." she said. James glanced at her quickly, clearly startled as he hadn't heard anything. "I have a shovel in the back."

James looked at her a little blankly, only his eyes still showed the shock. "What?"

"You forget to bring one?" the girl asked, trying to peep around him. "Is this your first time?"

"Um," James wasn't sure what was happening, he assumed she was attempting to stall him. He crept backwards, one slow step at a time. "My friend er, started early. Stressful day."

The girl's eyes narrowed for a moment, then quickly her whole face brightened, "oh you're that guy, from the news." James struggled to think of an answer on the spot, luckily she wasn't done. "He's not dead," she said accusingly.

James' shock was fading into a one of confusion, his eyes shifted to one side while he tried to figure her out. "No. I never said he was, and that's a bad thing?"

"No," the girl sounded disappointed, which didn't help. "Let me guess, that's his car. You smacked him around for it but then thought, uhoh I can't leave him or they'd be onto me."

James groaned, mentally berating himself for getting caught so easily, "so much for the too drunk to believe idea."

The girl laughed and waved him off, "that would never work, how daft are you?" She walked off into the building before James could even stop her. He darted for the car, and had barely time to put the keys in the ignition when she came back out with a pint glass full of liquid. She tossed it over the slumped over guy, leaving him drenched in what James could smell even from the car as lager. "There!"

"Um," was all James could respond with, frozen on the spot.

The girl put the glass down beside the still unconscious guy and walked over to the car. James was still a little shocked so didn't react right away to her opening the passenger door to climb inside until she grabbed the seatbelt. Then he looked at her and put his hand out as a hint to stop. "What are you doing? What's happening right now?"

"Duh!" she scoffed, slapping his hand with a disgusted look on her face. "You're an enemy of that know it all Boss prat, right? I owe that asshole a sawing or two."

James' hand twitched slightly, hesitating for a few seconds as her comment threw him even further off. It eventually lowered to the handbrake and hovered there instead. "Who are you?"

"Do I have to?" the girl complained, twisting her face, all while clicking the seatbelt closed.

"What? Yes," James stammered as he pressed the button on the belt to release it again. Then he gestured to her car door.

"Fine!" she huffed. "I'm Emma. Your turn since I saved your butt."

James was about to object but saw the guy starting to rouse. With a heavy sigh he decided to drive away even with his unintended replacement passenger. "Aren't you a little young to be at the pub?" he improvised.

"Gotta do something to pay the bills," Emma shrugged, then scowled at him. "Hey, I bailed you out. I don't get a name?"

"All you're getting is dropped off at the nearest town. I'm already on the receiving end of a witchhunt as it is, kidnapping a kid..." James mumbled, getting more worried by the second.

"I'm not..." Emma protested.

Though James wasn't done, his trail of thought got derailed as soon as he said kid, "bills? You're what, fifteen. Why do you need to worry about that?"

Emma looked despondent, "that happens when you're dumped, all alone, with no way home because they haven't invented space travel yet. It sucks."

"You're from the future," James said, keeping the final word *too* in the back of his mind.

"You could say that," Emma smiled awkwardly.

James had second thoughts on his destination. He noticed a junction to the right and turned off there instead of going straight on towards civilisation. Emma looked at him, puzzled. "He brought you here, on purpose or accidentally like I was?"

"Definitely purpose. It wasn't me he was after though, I just got caught up in it," Emma replied bitterly. "You'll be here for a reason too. There's no accidentally about it."

"If he wanted to be assaulted, we could've stayed in our time and made a day out of it," James said.

Emma sniggered, picturing what he said. "You're going after him, right?"

James thought about it briefly, sighing, "I don't know." Emma looked disappointed with that answer. "He's not going to win any election, and there's got to be more to it than that. I can't help feeling I'm missing something. Besides, people are looking for me, throwing them off has been my first priority."

"Alice," Emma said, puzzling him further. He sharply looked at her and back. "The registration plate's private, probably the car's name. Saddo." James cringed, muttering *of course* to himself. "One phone call to the police and they'll be on your tail again."

James slowed the car and pulled to the curb so he could stop. Emma didn't look too happy about it.

"Uh, maybe we can ditch it somewhere else, not in the middle of nowhere?" she stuttered.

James didn't answer her, he got straight out of the car, leaving the engine running and the door open. He disappeared around the back of the car. Emma thought about climbing into his seat to take over the driving but he passed by while she was still taking off the seatbelt, tossing a bit of metal onto the empty chair on his way to the front of the car. Something metallic groaned, the front of the car wobbled briefly, then he returned to the door again with a second exact same sized piece. Before he sat back down he picked the first one up to hand both pieces to her. That was when she realised what they were; long and metallic thin strips with AL1C3 written on them.

Emma started to stammer a bit, a little shocked that he did that. "No licence plates at all?"

"For the moment," James said nonchalantly. The door shut and they were soon away again, but not for long. A few yards down the road they turned into an industrial estate car park.

Craig's eyes lit up when he spotted exactly what he was looking for. So he ran over to them.

"... It is clear that this city has not changed their day to day routine. Turnout for the polls seem to be about average for..." a woman with a microphone said toward a camera crew. At least until Craig stuck his head in front of her and waved at the camera. The woman stepped aside, the cameraman followed to get him out of the shot. "For the city. The police meanwhile are content the attacker is working alone and has definitely left the area."

"Oh hey, I know him. He and the Boss are actually..." Craig said, once more forcing himself into the shot. He was immediately dragged off by the reporter's staff.

"Push off kid, have some respect," one of them grunted.

Craig didn't dare struggle against the two men who were bigger than him. Still he protested verbally, "wait, I have information. I figured you'd want first dibs." They let go once he was far enough out of their way. He pouted in their direction, "can I at least get an *asselfi* with the reporter?" The question lead to the poor boy being pushed butt first into a puddle.

In the shopping centre quite a distance away from him, a slender figure dressed in all black with a bag over their shoulder casually strolled out of a huge clothes shop. They immediately brought out their phone, turned around and pointed it at the store, which alarms were blaring by that point. "So there it is," they said in the Boss' modulated voice. "Now you know my dress to success secrets. Grab all that is black, and flattering. Now my loyal idiot followers, this is the important part. Make sure you're not wearing your flipflops and socks..."

"Hey, there he is!" a security guard shouted toward them. A few more hurried after them.

"Perfect timing," the cloaked figure grinned, then made sure to get a good shot of them. "Say cheese boys, you're on Boss Camera." They were put off for a second by the blatant strangeness, allowing the figure to run off.

They chased them down the busy corridors, dodging the crowds that didn't or couldn't get out of the way. The figure slipped into a smaller corridor, leading to a dead end with a fire exit. Only one guard spotted them and pursued, only to get a clobber to the ribs then hurled over the figure's shoulder onto the hard floors.

"Sorry," B'Elanna's voice said to the dazed man on the floor. The bags were dropped beside him. She turned around to return to the main corridor while slipping off the cloak to show her normal clothing. It dropped to the floor as she ran off.

With no one in pursuit, B'Elanna walked into a coffee shop to sit down and fiddle with the phone. The screen showed a different website and a login prompt, to which she typed in thegreatdb in one box and a password in the other. Upload video was her next task, she chose the most recent. She left it on the table for it to finish beside the little device Harry had recovered from his tussle with the Boss.

Not far away Jessie had plonked herself down on a bench, looking bored to tears as she watched a building with the sign Polling Station stuck to its door. She was about to give up when she spotted a young man head for it wearing a cloak like jacket. The people outside stopped him, he begrudgingly lowered the hood and was allowed inside.

Five minutes passed before he stepped out and walked off, all while unzipping his cloak. Jessie spotted the DUD tshirt he was wearing underneath. She quickly followed him into a variety of shops until he finally turned into a quiet street. Then she grabbed his hood and roughly yanked him into an alley. "Hey," she said sweetly. The man wasn't sure what to make of this, he stared gormlessly. "You voted for Boss?"

"Duh, the others are all the same. Get out of my way lady," he replied smugly.

Jessie narrowed her eyes dangerously. Minutes later he was lying in a foetal position on the ground and she was walking off with the sandwich he bought from one of the twenty shops he visited. "B'Elanna did warn me. Use the buffet," she scolded herself quietly. Then something clicked in her head, reminding her of their get the Boss' attention plan. "Oh shoot," she complained, turning back around to return to the polling station.

Harry meanwhile sat in the hotel reception, racking his brains for a different idea that would have a chance at working without angering Jessie again. A good hour of nothing and he sat back into the sofa with a heavy sigh. A light vibration brought his attention to the phone in his pocket. He brought it out expecting a phone call or text from the others or even Voyager. Only instead it was a notification on the webpage Craig left open. A little tapping brought up what he was being notified about, he couldn't help but scoff in disbelief.

"He followed the Boss, with his real name. Idiot," Harry whispered to himself. He thought to close it but couldn't figure out how to do that. Then he read the first few words of the message left by the Boss. What it said compelled him to finish it.

*A pansy attacks a great man from behind in daylight, then hides in the dark behind his bodyguard.
#irony #expose*

"What?" Harry accidentally said aloud in surprise. He shook off the obvious stares he got for that. "Wait, if he knew there were two there, why...?" He scrolled further down the page until he read a reply to someone else that riled his blood.

Why bother? My Kimbles does a far better job & he spends most of his time writing console love poems. The replies to that were mostly one word or lols, the most common one was rekd. The Boss replied himself with; u should see the vid of him crying at killing every1, I've seen digital books with more spine than Harry Kimbles.

"I'll show you spine," Harry muttered as he pressed the empty text box. A digital keyboard appeared on the screen.

The PADD sitting on Damien's armrest bleeped, waking him up from a nap. Before he checked it he made sure he wasn't on the TV. Since he wasn't he picked it up. A normal LCARS system greeted him first, with a window in the centre that showed the website Harry was looking at, an icon there was flashing. One finger flick slid the LCARS menu away, bringing the window to full screen. "Huh? Who's Andy Craigson?" he asked, not noticing the username craiganderson15 beside it.

"Probably a new follower, sir," one of his guards replied.

Damien shrugged, pressing the command to open the message. His eyes turned stone cold as he read it; *I have Fuzzlenuzzle. If you don't want anything to happen to it, you'd better quit your campaign and call off the manhunt.*

"Sir?" the worried minion beside him said, noticing his clenching jaw, then the screen. "Who is Fuzzlenuzzle?"

He soon found the PADD slammed into his stomach making him double over and grunt. "Track his IP. Bring him to me."

James didn't look impressed one little bit and yet Emma was smirking, confident and a little giddy. His eyes slowly fell to one side to look at his voluntary teammate, doing so didn't make him feel any better. "This is it? I was expecting something a little more... hideout-y."

Emma snorted a bit in derision. "You talk way too much."

"Well, at least we're on the same page for once," James said, looking back ahead at the massive dilapidated looking warehouse ahead of them.

It looked like it hadn't been visited by humans in decades, and yet they both heard some shuffling about inside it. "Ok fine, you wait here. I'll..." he said, glancing back at Emma, only she was no longer there beside him. She was charging ahead to the barricaded doors. He rushed forward to get in front of her and turned to face her, dodging side to side whenever she tried to get by him. "No," he repeated every single time.

Emma seemed to give up but he already knew better and kept his guard up. "What's the big deal? You're not one of those sexist pigs who think girls need protecting and crap?" she hissed.

"No, I'm more the annoying type who thinks fifteen year olds shouldn't be going into dangerous places first, or at all," James replied.

"Sixteen, and..." Emma huffed before trying again, once more blocked. Her tactics changed thanks to his response, her eyes widened, lips pouting, trying her best to look innocently cute. "I'll be good, I'm always good. Please let me go with you."

For a second it seemed to work, James felt a bit sorry for her which he instantly grew annoyed with himself over. "Oh my god. I argue you can't go in cos duh, kid, and you prove my point. Does that ever work?"

"You'd be surprised," Emma smirked with a twinkle in her eye. "Lamien hurt me too you know. Come on, I'll even let you go in first."

James laughed as he turned around, "how nice," he continued toward the building.

"Yup nice, and angelic. That's me," Emma said, her face falling into a wary frown. She followed carefully.

"Fine, stay behind me," James whispered since he was directly in front of the door. Emma silently acknowledged with a nod.

Both on their guard, they entered the building and were immediately confused as to what they saw. Nothing. The large open area was for the most part barren, with the exception of a few boxes and some junk bundled in the corner.

"Huh, what the... I swear, this is where that creep and his toys hung out," Emma complained, using James' confusion to get by and ahead of him.

Slight movement where the only objects were caught both of their attention. Emma ran over abruptly, leaving James to give chase. Halfway down they both noticed the movement was a startled homeless man gathering his only things, frozen on the spot at the sight of them running his way. James stopped, mumbling an apology but Emma continued toward the boxes far to his right.

"One sec, hopefully he left it," she said, sounding apologetic despite that.

James sighed, deciding to give the man a wide berth so to not freak him out further, on his way back to Emma's side. "Left what? A map with a star labelled *you are here* with an arrow pointing to his new place, a photo of it, the last ten minutes of my life back?"

Emma scowled over her shoulder at him. "God, keep your annoying knickers on. It's not my fault, he must've moved lairs." She turned to try another box. Her eyes lit up as soon as she opened it, "yes, thought so! Bossy wouldn't bother dragging my stuff with him."

"Oh," James sighed in realisation. It didn't last, he was confused again. "Kidnappers let you pack some clothes first?"

Emma carried out a huge bag from inside the box, then dropped it to the ground. The heaviness of it created an almighty bang that echoed around the warehouse a few times. The poor homeless man was startled once more. Emma dropped to her knees to open the bag eagerly.

"Or big rocks, can't leave home without them, right?" James said to clear the awkward air. Emma wasn't really listening, she was too busy trying to yank a long, what looked like plastic contraption out of the bag. Once done her eyes widened quite a bit. James' did too for completely different reasons, he hoped anyway. "Um okay. I really should screen my hitchhikers from now on."

Emma narrowed one of her eyes while raising the eyebrow of the other. "You're a bit of a weirdo, aren't you?"

James laughed in disbelief, then gestured towards the thing she was carrying. "Me? I'm not the one packing a whatever that is."

"I call it the finger trimmer," Emma giggled, pointing the bottom of the odd device in his face. Only then he spotted the little blade hidden underneath a circular guard. His instincts told him to back off and disarm her, he quickly did both making her whine innocently.

"Are you sure it wasn't you who Damien wanted, not this friend of yours?" James asked suspiciously.

Emma stared at him similarly. "I'm not the one he's gotten the whole police force searching for, up your own ass... man."

"Yeah, but only because Harry wanted to play be the emo he..." James said, trailing off as his mind wandered elsewhere. "Wait, didn't you say he liked tinkering with contraptions, toys you called them."

"Uh huh. He acted like some sort of mad scientist with his bwahahahaha-ing, which was only funny when he slopped yoghurt onto them," Emma replied with a slight snigger. "So?"

"So, I don't see any power outlets, marks on the floor or anything that makes this place look like an ex lab," James answered.

Emma's narrowed eyed stare turned into an eyebrow raising, are you an idiot type one. "Why would it? He did all that crap on his ship. This is just a parking and rubbish dumping lot."

To her surprise James reacted to that with a knowing smile, not embarrassment or annoyance. "Then he'll need another place this size in or near his new hideout. Preferably somewhere in the middle of nowhere like this, so he can take the ship out for a spin without getting on the news."

"Well yeah," Emma said. "I haven't a clue where to look for somewhere like that, and you're from the future so... how does knowing that help us?"

James seemed puzzled, she assumed because of her point, but he didn't hesitate with his answer, "all I need is a computer hooked up to the 'net."

A couple of Engineering personnel had joined Tom in Astrometrics, all of them tinkering with the computers at the right side wall. Tom sighed, feeling useless as he had tried everything and now had nothing else to do. Neelix stood behind him occasionally trying to offer him what he called a Talaxian supper. Tom wasn't eager to die yet, so had chosen to pretend he hadn't heard or seen him as a defense mechanism.

The large screen only showed a recorded video clip version of the buildings draped over the island's hills that Chakotay brought to his attention. Only the lighting was better and it enhanced various details he didn't pick up before. The faint image of the antenna shaped tower, its tip turning invisible before his eyes over and over every few minutes. He couldn't tear his eyes off it.

"What are you? It's got to be behind this. Our people could be in there though so I can't..." he mumbled as a tray gradually crept its way into his line of sight. To avoid it he pushed his chair to one side. "It can't be this Boss guy, if we can't push a signal through, he can't either. So what...?"

"Nope," one engineer said loudly enough to startle the helmsman. "There's nothing wrong on our end. It's almost as if the entire island has a signal proof dome around it."

Tom's eyes glazed over as a thought occurred to him. "Let's test that theory shall we." He hurried out of his seat, bumping into Neelix in the process and to his relief made the tray topple onto the floor, and spin towards the door.

"Tom," he heard a voice scolding him quietly. It wasn't Neelix as he was too busy pouting angrily while picking up the hardened slop on the floor. It was also a female voice, so definitely couldn't be him anyway. Tom stopped, confused and a little unnerved by it.

"Yes?" he warily said.

"Look for the highest hill. We're there. You'll see something refle..."

Tom frowned suspiciously, "who is this?"

He heard an angered sigh. *"Oh my god, it's Morgan you divvy."*

"Oh," Tom blushed. Then he had a realisation, "oh you figured out what was blocking our communications?"

"Not really. But bashing this one's head on the console did the trick."

"Really?" Tom looked worried. "You mean you convinced him?"

"Nyeh. Sure, whatever you want."

Tom laughed a little nervously. "Okeydoke, so we're back on the air then." He ran back to his station, giddy and refreshed. His foot skid for barely a second on the food on the floor though. He tapped one part of the station, "Paris to transporter room. Can you get a lock on Chakotay's team yet?"

"No, we're still having trouble isolating their lifesigns."

Morgan's voice quickly followed theirs, *"you would, this thing was clogging our scans all along. All I did was turn the strength of it back down to normal. Dad and Tuvok are looking for a power generator to shut it down."*

"They left you on your own?" Neelix was more than a little horrified.

Morgan heard him clearly, rolling her eyes in response. "Yeah," she said slowly, looking down at the leader struggling underneath her hand, pinned to a computer station. "I think I'll get by, somehow. I'd be more worried about what you tell mum, cos she didn't have to go anywhere and I know how much she hates time travel."

Tom inhaled sharply through his clenched teeth, enough to give him a sensitivity twinge. "Oh I'm always more worried about your mother. Don't worry about that. Keep in touch." He hurriedly tapped away at the main computer to bring up fresh new windows on the big screen. "Yep we're definitely back online."

His eyes drifted up as if he were afraid of what would be there. On first glance there was nothing new that was earth shattering. Still he gulped a lot of air before he tapped his commbadge. "Voyager to Janeway." He waited a minute but got no response. "Voyager to Doctor. Seven of Nine?"

Neelix joined him back at the station to help him out. He noticed a small aerial view of Earth on the right side, two commbadge symbols flashed in completely different spots; one in England and the other in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. "Um, maybe you should take a look at this."

Tom panicked, hesitating a moment before looking to see what he was talking about. When he spotted it he was more than relieved.

"Great. We won't be able to get in touch with them for a while," Tom pretended to be upset. He instantly perked up to try again. "Voyager to Torres."

Kathryn squeezed her eyes into the narrowest eye glare she had ever performed. Her target, the back of someone else's chair mere inches from her face. To make matters worse her own chair shook, something on the other side of it managed to poke her hard in the back.

Lilly sat beside her, worrying that yet another plane would be diverted and/or delayed, this time due to air rage. That was the best case scenario as she heard a growl come from the frazzled Captain.

"Perhaps someone should swap seats with her before..." Lilly suggested.

Seven half smiled, "I disagree. There is very little stimulus on this vessel."

"Huh?" Lilly was naturally confused.

The Doctor chuckled from the next aisle, his attention on a screen directly in front of him, earphones over his head. "Oh how absurd, a baby in a suit. Look at him, he's already sitting up right and talking. Oh my goodness. We are definitely living in a stupid time." A few of the passengers were staring at him at this point.

Lilly turned her head away and pretend she didn't know him. "I beg to differ."

The England team had reconvened in the hotel reception, joining Harry tapping away at the phone.

Jessie groaned as she collapsed on a nearby sofa, even putting her legs up on it but left her feet dangling over the edge. "Sheesh, intimidating already paranoid idiots is exhausting."

"I told you to stuff your face at breakfast," B'Elanna smiled. "You're not supposed to smack them around, you know."

"Oh yes I did," Jessie sighed sadly, resting her eyes for a moment.

Craig looked on in sympathy, then glanced toward B'Elanna. "Try telling that to the camera crews. They're a tad on edge."

Jessie sat back up only to elbow the seat cushions to soften them up, "so what did you end up doing?"

"Oh just some tampering here and there, small stuff only he'd notice," B'Elanna replied.

"Hmm, and here I thought that was you who clobbered the Square security guards," Jessie seemed disappointed. She lay back down.

B'Elanna cleared her throat absentmindedly. "I wanted to do something which would get minimal exposure that he'd still notice, quickly, that would tell him where we still were. I thought it would take a while to do it, but the moron thought using his name with numbers instead of a few letters and a dash on the end was a secure password."

"That is stupid, really," Craig stuttered while reaching into his inside pocket. The women stared with bemusement at him. He started to look nervous but not because of that. "Where's my..." he said, then eyed what Harry was holding. He reached over to snatch it off him.

Harry jumped out of his skin, then darted around to find out what happened. He looked around at his team with a confused frown on his face. "Did you guys just get back? Say something next time."

B'Elanna laughed quietly. "We did, ten minutes ago. Way to fit in Harry," she said the last line genuinely, pointing at others in the reception who were engrossed in their phones.

"Thanks?" Harry wasn't sure though.

Craig stared slackjawed at the screen, then glared at the former Ensign. "Have you been slagging people off with my account?"

"No!" Harry snapped in response. "I've been taunting that Boss idiot. Learn to read."

"That's what you've been doing all day? Wish I thought of it," Jessie said in a blank tone.

"Enough. We need to pool our heads together and come up with a plan that will work. Maybe..." B'Elanna said, interrupted by her phone ringing. She eagerly answered it. "Tom?" The rest of the team watched on hopefully. She nodded and smiled, prompting sighs of relief. "I'll put you on speaker, so be careful, speak in code or something."

Jessie scoffed, "yeah, Tom speaking carefully. I'll go try on my dresses, shall I?"

B'Elanna winced a little as she placed the phone on the table, seemingly agreeing with her. The rest of the team huddled around the table.

"I'm not sure how you expect me to censor this. Chakotay spotted something odd in our um, quiet picnic spot. Turns out we didn't get there first." The team all frowned. "They weren't too happy, I think they got into some kind of tussle. And from what I gather, they turned up their music so we couldn't hear Chakotay shouting for help. Morgan seemingly returned the favour and turned it down."

Jessie smirked at the others, "actually, he's not too bad."

B'Elanna chuckled, "nope. So how come you haven't tried to call us until now?"

They heard an irritated sigh. *"You're doing this on purpose, aren't you? Alright um."* Some silence followed while he thought about how to answer. *"These thugs had camped next to the cell tower, they've probably vandalised it. We've had no cell service for hours. And before you ask, no we didn't know there was a cell service tower in our secluded picnic area where we only go to because it's usually got nothing there."*

"You're saying that someone's built a tower there?" Craig asked.

"Not only that, but a big honking town. Last time we go there," Tom's voice replied.

"That shouldn't be possible," B'Elanna said. "A few people being there, that I understand. A whole town though. How long has that been there?"

"I dunno, a while is all I can guess. At least it's not very popular, the place is deader than the Mess Hall after Neelix makes his broths."

"Hey!"

Jessie sniggered, "ah hem, losing it."

"No I'm... whatever, fine. You know about this Boss stuff at least, right?"

"We have no way of finding out where he is, not without trying to bait him," B'Elanna whispered whilst leaning over to barely an inch away from the phone.

"And fishy ain't biting," Harry muttered. He tried to ignore the blank stares he got for that comment. "Can't you narrow it down?"

"If I did, I would've beam um... dropped you off there in the first place."

Jessie mouthed a duh before replying, "we know his online accounts, we even have access to one. Can't we trace him through that?"

B'Elanna nodded, "you might be onto something. Tom, I'll text you the information." Craig got the hint and handed her his own phone so she could work on it.

"Right. Any word from James?"

Jessie's face fell, "I was hoping you would've."

"Nope. It's a little worrying he's managed to keep a low profile. Maybe Boss has him," Tom's voice said as someone walked by the group. The stares made Jessie cough on purpose. *"Hired him. Or has him... running errands."*

"Slipping off a cliff here," Craig quietly mocked him.

A few more people walked by. The team weren't that concerned about it until they doubled back and one of them grabbed B'Elanna's phone straight out of her hand. "So, you must be Andy Craigson. Come with us and no fuss will be made," they said.

B'Elanna scowled, jumping to her feet to take the phone back. They slipped it into their jacket before she could. "What are you talking about? You don't go stealing things from people in the middle of a hotel, and what kind of name is..." Her eyes fell onto Craig, his widened in horror. Harry meanwhile looked far too sheepish for his own good. "I swear to god," she growled.

Jessie used the commotion to slide her leg over to the table and nudge the second phone toward her. It ended up on the floor beside her.

"The last thing you people need is another televised assault. You won't get away so easily here," the phone stealer said to B'Elanna.

"Another, what? We're not doing anything, you're the aggravators. I'm telling you, they'll let any idiot into the police these days," she snarled.

The group smiled smarmily. "Oh, we're not police. Think of us as private security." The group looked more than a little worried. "Come. Mr Boss is extremely eager to meet you and discuss terms."

"Terms?" Jessie asked, carefully sitting up in a way that helped her slip the phone into her pocket.

"For the safe release of his *comrade*, naturally. Do not play any more games," the man said in a threatening tone.

B'Elanna glanced toward Craig, he shrugged nervously. "We don't have any of your people. You on the otherhand..."

Harry stood up abruptly. "Okay fine. Don't think for a second that we'll cave at the littlest of things." The others stared at him, confused and a little annoyed. "Something this important we expect a high cost."

"Of course. Our Boss is nothing but fair," the man said, still with the malicious smile on his face. He gestured to the door. The team reluctantly got up to walk towards it, two of the private security made sure to lead the way, the remainder followed closely behind them.

"Who on earth are they talking about?" B'Elanna whispered.

Harry bit his lip in an attempt to look nervous, fighting the need to smile. "Perhaps I would have been equally as ignorant if the competent Boss hadn't been sleeptalking on the keeping us in holo-timeloop stasis job." One of the private security elbowed him discreetly in the side.

"And here I thought you spent all day trolling on *twit*," Craig commented.

Jessie sniggered to herself, "who are we to underestimate Mr Shooty's beau?" Harry scowled in her direction.

"Hey!" Emma complained, once more reaching out to press a button on the radio. Music started blasting around the car.

James sighed irritably as he used his thumb resting on the wheel to press the button, switching it back off. "No."

"Oh ok, no, I'm convinced," Emma grumbled. She switched it back on. "Too bad, I like this one."

"I should think so, it's your music player," James said, turning it off again.

Emma rolled her eyes, "oh lighten up grandpa. One more and you can listen to whatever whiny droll crap you want. K?" Her hand barely reached the radio when James reached out to pull the cable that was inserted into the radio. What it was attached to then was hurtled over his shoulder, almost hitting the rear window. To his annoyance she laughed at him for it. "Oooh, cranky pants needs that stick removed from his ass. Bit sensitive, huh?"

"No, we're trying not to stand out. Don't you remember?" James groaned in response.

"It's not that loud. Grow a set," Emma huffed back.

James snickered a bit at the insult, "little tip. If you want to hurt my feelings, maybe lay off the cliché insults." Emma stared at him blankly, yet there was a dangerous glint in her eye. "Do you want to get the height jokes out of the way now, or save it for two hours later?"

"You really think you're funny, don't you? News flash, you're not," Emma muttered.

"I'm just annoying. Yeah, you mentioned that during the first hour," James said.

"Well maybe it's not enough to tell you once. That's how irritating you are," Emma said, reaching for the radio. James frowned, he figured she forgot and was doing it out of habit but she didn't seem to mind that an annoying song started playing from it. "This is better. Drown out the crazy for the next few hundred miles."

James shook his head, this time he only turned the radio down a touch so it wasn't so deafening. "I could've, should've left you behind back at the pub, the warehouse, the petrol station, anywhere really."

Emma glanced at him with forced indifference. "So?"

"So," James said with a tired sigh. "So I didn't. You've already lied to me once, so maybe I should let you off at the next services station if you're going to be nothing but a headache."

Emma scowled, "you wouldn't dare. I helped anyway, and when the hell did I lie?"

"Well fine, lie is a strong word. Avoided the truth more like," James replied, annoying her further. "Are you from the future, *something like that*. I don't know a place like that, so a future guy wouldn't have a clue."

"Ookay, those weren't lies wise guy," Emma said.

"You're not from the future, are you?" James asked bluntly, and with a straight face so she knew he was serious.

It worked a treat, her face fell. "Does it really matter?"

"Yes it matters. I took a huge chance bringing you along as it is. If it turns out you're some sci-fi fangirl from this time, my head will roll," James answered.

Emma didn't respond. She stared glumly out of the window to her left. The music did nothing to help the awkward silence, the warbling was making it far more tense. Emma shut it off since it was annoying her.

"You're right. I'm not," she finally said quietly after ten or so minutes.

James lightly nodded, he knew that anyway. "So how did you end up mixing in with Damien? Is that why you know about ships and..."

"He... he destroyed my home. Well, took it is more accurate," Emma replied, her voice so low James barely made it out. "I was bait to lure my friend to him. She's who he really wants."

He instantly felt bad for pushing the subject after hearing that. "You got away, and you didn't need the finger trimmer," he said lightly to try and cheer her up.

"Damien's a poser, a sad little boy," Emma said bitterly. She turned away from the window to stare ahead. "But he's got idiots who follow him, willingly, even though they know that. And ships, a lot of ships, all stolen mostly from us. I dunno why he's so interested in this country when he has starships, I'm sure it has nothing of use to him. It makes no sense."

"I dunno, but we can ask him that ourselves," James said, smiling a little darkly toward her, "can't we?"

Emma more than matched it, "so does that mean you'll let me have my toy back?"

"No," James replied with a shudder.

Emma rolled her eyes, "we'll see. Pansy."

James once more sniggered at her, "crazy kid."

"Annoying prat," Emma countered.

"I thought we were doing insults," James said in a confused voice.

"Old man," Emma corrected herself.

"Again with the old, aren't you technically older than me by what, a few hundred years?" James laughed.

Emma sighed, "could've fooled me, you drive like an old codger."

James' eyes fell to the speedometre, they were doing over 90 miles an hour. "Oh, I'm sure that last sign I saw said seventy. Must've missed one. Should I be going faster?"

"We're not trying to stand out, remember," Emma said mockingly.

"So, that doesn't answer my question," James uneasily said.

Emma snickered in response.

Tom had trimmed his fingernails to the bed and yet he still nibbled away, nervously staring at one particular window on the screen; the one barely showing the tower he knew Chakotay, Morgan and Tuvok were inside. They had been silent for far too many hours, he didn't dare contact them first in case they were sneaking around.

"You know, I've got much more nutritious snacks that you can have," Neelix said in a helpful voice.

Tom stopped for the moment and stared at his hands. "I doubt it."

Neelix shrugged and got back to browsing the windows. One of them got his attention, "hmm exit polls. What are those?"

"Not sure," Tom admitted without looking. "Which one..." Neelix pointed so he knew where to focus on. "Strange, I thought they'd have the results tomorrow. Let me turn the sound on." He pressed a few commands in which made the window a little bigger.

A man on that one was forced to share the screen with a bar graph that appeared beside him. "This is definitely not the results anyone were expecting, and if accurate will be a massive blow to our prime minister. The opposition was far more capable than she expected."

"I doubt Mr Boss is who they're talking about," Neelix said.

Tom shook his head, "no, if I understand correctly the one with the biggest bar is the current government, the second is someone el..."

"Then why would they be worried?" Neelix asked.

"Politics were never my thing so... hang on," Tom said, quickly looking down to type something into a search engine.

The man continued, "this election is shaping up to be a disaster for them as they'll be losing many seats to the opposition. If these polls are correct, we're looking at a minority, not a majority like expected. For anyone who isn't sure what that means, they will have to form a coalition with another party that has the right amount of seats to stay in power..."

Tom nodded like he understood, Neelix looked over his shoulder curiously. "I'm so confused," Tom said, dashing Neelix's hopes of an explanation. Still the helmsman brightened up, "no biggie, the Boss isn't making a dent so it doesn't matter."

"That doesn't leave them with many options, does it Greg?" a woman asked from offscreen.

The man on the screen nodded, "that's right, Michelle. The smaller parties have repeatedly insisted they wouldn't work with her. No one's going to be lining up to help her out. We're expecting a massive shakeup tomorrow morning."

Damien watched the same news report, a dark smile spread across his face. "No one huh? I wouldn't say that," he chuckled. Popcorn crumbs scattered everywhere when he leapt to his feet and swung around to point at his minions. "Prepare the brainwashing device." Two nodded and hurried out of the room. "It's time we add a little touch of compliance into this sad little country, mmhmm."

"Why didn't he do this to make people vote for him?" one of his guards whispered to another.

They shrugged, "he probably did, that's why we have nine seats."

Damien narrowed his eyes, they thought he overheard. "Where's Patches the Second?" He looked around the office frantically.

"Uh I don't know. We'll search for him immediately," one of the minions squeaked fearfully.

A woman's screams rang out from outside the room, putting everyone but Damien on edge. He smiled knowingly. "Ah our guests have arrived," he sneered toward the guards at the door. "Send them in."

"Okay," they said with uncertainty. They turned to leave.

Damien waited with crossed arms, then changed his mind and decided to put his hands on his hips. He looked disgusted and returned to crossing his arms, this time with a sneer on his face.

His guards returned with B'Elanna's awayteam, flanked by the private security men. They hinted at the group to stop as soon as they were in the door, but Jessie shuffled further forward with her eyes extremely wide, her head darting around fearfully and her arms holding herself.

Harry scoffed as soon as he laid eyes on Damien. "Wait, Damien? You're the Boss? You've got to be kidding."

Jessie still managed to look annoyed despite shaking in fear, "what, we're surprised by this?" One of the guards pushed by from the corridor holding a rabbit in his arms. He had to slip by Jessie, making her yelp and side step a few metres until a guard stopped her.

"She's right, only Damien would have bunnies running around," Craig said.

Damien chuckled as the guard handed the rabbit to him. He made sure to stare at Jessie while he stroked it, at least until she shuddered and looked away, then he eyed the others. "Welcome to my lair. May I get you some torture."

B'Elanna shook her head in disbelief, "actually yes, I am surprised at this. Apart from his choice of wardrobe, this plan is too competent to be his."

That wiped the smirk from Damien's face, his eyebrow twitched excessively. "I'll admit," he said, beginning to pace. "This plan is too subtle for my tastes."

"I said competent," B'Elanna said sternly.

Damien ground his teeth, visibly flinching from her remark. "Ideally, I'd take this country in one grand sweep. However, *the downfall of the United Kingdom by alien spaceships* would garner far too much attention."

"You meant to say rabbits right?" Harry seriously asked.

Damien stepped closer, staring and smirking at him directly. "Oh I love a bit of ignorance in the evening. Delicious. Like chocolate. That reminds me." The remaining minion ran off to a fridge on the other side of the room.

"What's the point? Not only is this three hundred plus years in the past, but only idiots who are afraid of their own shadow would vote for a gigantic ego with no backbone," Jessie snapped. "Really, it's insulting that you think my country or any country would pick somebody so clearly up his own ass he can tickle his tiny brain. No wonder you always gloat about it when you can see it everyday."

B'Elanna cleared her throat awkwardly. She noticed a few of Damien's people were smirking or laughing behind their hands. Jessie was more than confused by it. "What? she asked innocently.

Damien laughed to hide his annoyance with her, the minion meanwhile handed him a yoghurt pot. "Brush up on your history, Bessie. This world right now is inhabited by fools. Fear, stupidity, all ripe for

the stirring," he said while literally stirring the pot. "You'll see the results of that personally soon enough."

"That still doesn't change the fact that even if you do win, whatever influence you make now will create a different future. A one where you wouldn't have any incentive to travel back, or even a one where you might not exist..." Harry said.

Jessie smiled, "ah, silver linings."

"Don't talk to me like I'm some time travel simpleton," Damien hissed, eyes narrowing. "I'm well aware of all of that twaddle. It's you that are naive and misunderstanding, but that's okay, I don't expect everyone to be as brilliant as I." He stretched one arm overdramatically, all while snuggling the rabbit still. "No, I am no mere time traveller. I am Damien, master of dimensional travel. Nothing I do here will change a thing, at least not until I bring in my newly *convinced* chumps into your pathetic lives and seize what is rightfully mine."

None of the awayteam looked particularly impressed.

Unknown to Damien, Tom and Neelix had heard the whole muffled thing from the phone in Jessie's pocket. They were too engrossed to notice the video screen showing the island hillside distorted until the strange antenna shaped tower reappeared.

"Wait, we've already established that Seventh Voyager's dimension and ours are the same in this time period. And we're the idiots?" Harry's voice said.

Tom nodded, that turned into a massive yawn. "Yeah you tell him, Har," he said unenthusiastically.

"I thought we were supposed to be engrossed," Neelix was confused.

"I am," Tom yawned once more as he pointed to the screen on his console. Neelix only then heard music playing from it. He started bobbing his head to the beat, a smile spread across his face. "I know right," Tom grinned in return.

"You narrow minded fools. There are gazillions of dimensions, infinite possibilities. This one served my purpos..."

"Chakotay to Paris," overlapped the other voice.

Tom's eyes flew wide open in a panic. Yawns were a thing of the past. "Paris here," he said after slapping the console until he got the right panel.

"What took you so long?" Chakotay's annoyed voice grumbled. *"Never mind. We've powered down this tower temporarily, now would be a good time."*

Tom sat up in a hurry, "say no more. Transporter Room. Get a lock on Chakotay's team. After you've done that, keep a lock on the other teams' signals, just in case."

"What did I tell you? Keep that pissing furball away from me!" Jessie's voice screeched.

"Uh what the fu..." Chakotay's voice said before it was cut off by the transporter beam.

Tom stared at Neelix curiously, "what did I miss?"

Neelix looked pained, Tom got a headache from just looking at him. "Something about a secret society, spaceships, washing heads and a nuzzle that's fuzzy."

"I don't even know where to begin with that," Tom said hesitantly.

"I didn't even know who or what it was. I just wanted to get my own back after this," Harry's voice said.

"Ah yes, and while we're on the subject, how is overdramatic blond bimbo? It's too bad he ran, I'd have liked him to witness this moment before I scrubbed his free will out," Damien's voice sneered.

Tom's face brightened up to Neelix's confusion, "oh I do know. He said brainwashing, not head washing didn't he?" Neelix shrugged. "That's what this election's about."

"I'm not sure I follow," Neelix stammered.

"How else would he get a bunch of us to man his Voyager copy? He was never gonna win, he didn't have to. He can still get his foot in the door by making that coalition," Tom said.

B'Elanna's face twisted as she went over what had been said so far. "If you can control people, or make them lose their free will so they'll obey you, why couldn't you do this to the whole country's population, or the world's? Why an election? In this time and dimension. It makes no sense."

"I'm flattered if you think I'm that omnipotent. I'll admit the technology hasn't been perfected enough yet to pierce through more, resistant and interfering minds. I can't go zap everyone unfortunately. Some can be *convinced* by a press of a button, but others need wearing down first," Damien chuckled deviously.

Jessie's face softened and her brow raised, "huh, explains why Seventh Voyager are such idiots."

"Yes, they were merely the guinea pigs for my new invention. You on the other hand will be their willing replacements, leading the flagship of the all powerful Rabbien Coalition into domination of worlds. Bwahahahaha," Damien's obnoxious laughter filled the room.

He didn't notice though that nobody was really intimidated, or reacting in anyway. Harry though did look a little thoughtful, a question sprung to mind that he had to ask even if Damien was still laughing. "Why Seventh?"

Damien was thrown completely off, he glared at him for ruining his moment, "what?"

"They called us Fifth when we met them. I know they're dumb and all but they do know what a six is. Their Seven of Nine was called that," Harry thought aloud. "So why Seventh Voyager? Surely Sixth would be..."

Damien looked a little distraught. It was funny to everyone, even his own people. "That... that is an unpleasant tale I never hope to share with anyone. It'll only open a can of worms that is best left in the past. It is rare I make mistakes, and that was one of one."

Three Years Earlier

"Would you like some tea, Mr Damien sir?" Kathryn said in a tooth achingly sweet voice and manner.

Damien shuddered so much he nearly had an out of body experience.

Jessie stared at him blankly, "yeah that's horrifying."

"No good, she had to go. Fortunately her sister was more than willing to..." Damien snickered briefly, "take her place."

"Oh cut it out," B'Elanna snapped. "You're not an evil super villain with an IQ of five hundred. You're an edgy little boy in a man's body, thinking he's cool but he's really a moron quoting cliché lines, cuddling his bunnies with yoghurt all over his face."

Damien checked his mouth, just in case. It was clear, still her comment stung. "Then why is it that you're here, huh? Oh that's right," he pretended to have a realisation. "You can't go back to your dimension. Only I know how."

"To be fair, we haven't tried yet. We're only here because we thought Seventh left a mess behind in the past," Harry said.

Jessie smiled, "well we weren't wrong."

Harry chuckled while Damien's face hardened. "So we're only here to clean it up and be on our way," Harry finished.

"I'd like to see you try, Mr Overcompensating Shooty," Damien snarled.

"Hey I..." Harry stuttered for a while, then glared at Craig. He averted his eyes away. "How does he know about that?"

"I know everything," Damien chuckled. "It'd be wise not to underestimate me further."

"Funny. I figured we were overestimating this Boss character with this," Jessie said, bringing the phone out of her pocket.

Damien laughed at her for it, "ohno, what are you going to do? Plug it in and hope this is the time it sets on fire?"

"What?" Jessie frowned. "No, just going to open this app thing."

Her thumb pressed the screen. An ear piercing screech emanated from it, forcing everyone to cover their ears. It was excruciating for everyone even with that, but Damien's people were brought to their knees from the pain. B'Elanna noticed this and tried to turn her painful head toward Jessie.

"That's enough. Off, off!" she ended up screaming.

Jessie pressed it again, ending the noise.

"Ugh, that wasn't very smart, was it?" Damien grumbled, still pressing one hand against an ear. "Maybe you should leave your plan making to someone brighter than her, perhaps that furball who makes snot stew."

Jessie clenched her fists so much they were white. B'Elanna carefully put an arm out in front of her. "Then perhaps you should get your minions to lock us up before we do."

"You're right. There's plenty of time before the results tomorrow," Damien snickered. He turned to his still recovering on the floor guards and security. "Take them to the cells."

His people groggily got back to their feet, dazed and some were a little shocked and annoyed. Damien's face drained as he glanced around at them all. "What are you waiting for?" he snapped desperately.

"I'm sorry sir," one minion said. "Let me get you another yoghurt." She hurried off to the fridge.

Damien relaxed for a moment, a one short lived as his people were either glaring at him or walking out with annoyed grumbles. "What, I am your leader. Bow to my whims you worthless..." a yoghurt pot slapped into the side of his face. The contents slithered down to his shoulder and chest.

His trembling angry face got a few laughs from his remaining ex servants before they filed out, not even thinking he was worth anymore than a withering glare. Soon all that was left were the awayteam.

"How?" he growled.

"Maybe you shouldn't put all your specs in this cloudy server," B'Elanna said. "And maybe change your password."

Damien backed away and yet his hands balled into fists. "None of this matters! I have more than enough votes to help keep that witch in power. Then she will relinquish full control of this country to me. You will never get close enough to pull this off again. Not when you're rotting in jail for terrorism."

"You keep throwing that word around, but I don't think you know what it means," Craig said.

"My word against yours Andy Craigson. So long, good riddance," Damien said with a confident smile. The team were following his backwards steps now, he was almost at the wall.

"Uh look around, you're not getting out of this room," Harry warned.

Damien laughed, "I'm touched. I thought you didn't think I was threatening enough. Oh well, on that note." He bumped into the wall, which turned into a turnstile. He was gone in seconds.

"Oh for god's sake," Jessie complained.

B'Elanna shook her head, sighing tiredly. "Spread out, find him. I'm sure even Harry can take him on one on one."

Harry nodded, then gasped angrily, "hey! Surely Craig is the least threatening of us."

Jessie rolled her eyes and ran out. Craig muttered something irritably as he instead walked to the door.

"Harry," B'Elanna said sympathetically. "Damien did win that fight, you know. I was being polite."

"Fine, let me redeem myself," Harry huffed. He ran out after the others.

James walked through the now open double doors, still swinging and squeaking from the abrupt opening, with Emma right behind him. She wasn't there for long, what with her attempting to push past him every now and then. He sighed irritably after five tries.

"Will you cut that out?" he whispered.

"You're going too slow," Emma whispered back as she tried again.

This attempt made him stop and glance over his shoulder. "This is a big place. I'll go upstairs, you check out the ship yard."

"But you said his ship was still in your dimension," Emma said suspiciously.

"That was days ago," James said, averting his wider eyes. Emma wasn't convinced, she narrowed hers and tried to push past again. This time James stepped to one side so she had plenty of room to get by. "I'm serious, they could've easily come back. I dunno, I haven't heard from anyone."

"Fine," Emma said but her tone was snippy.

James wandered away towards some spiral stairs anyway, occasionally glancing back to check on her. He was relieved that she turned off into a different corridor. Still he kept that up until he got to the next floor.

Approaching footsteps and lots of them made James hurry through the closest door, which turned out to be for a cupboard, then closed it leaving a tiny gap so he could still see into the corridor. Moments later the people Damien had working for him rushed by.

"Come on, couldn't be as bad as what he made me do," one said.

"Really, something more demeaning than cleaning poop out of Patches and Fuzzlenuzzle's hutch?" another groaned. The pair's conversation faded out of earshot when they reached the stairs.

James wasn't surprised to hear that, still he grimaced. After a couple of minutes of silence he slipped out from the cupboard to continue on his way. The next corner he turned, the view ahead of him stopped him in his tracks.

"You! You couldn't resist playing the hero again, could you?" Damien snapped, pointing a phaser at him.

"Hardly. It's better than playing the cartoon villain though," James scoffed.

Damien tapped the settings, the phaser sounded like it powered up. "I'll make this very easy for you. Join my ship willingly, or die here like a pathetic chump."

Meanwhile Jessie stepped out of what looked to her like a conference room, which to her disgust had posters of Damien and rabbits all over the walls. It took her a few minutes to stop shuddering. Once she was done she continued on, ignoring the next door she came to.

Typically it opened though and someone ran out. To her disappointment and annoyance it was only Harry. He looked at her similarly. "You're a sight for traumatised eyes," he said.

"Posters," Jessie guessed. Harry nodded, holding back a whimper.

Shouting and thuds echoed down the corridor, startling them both. It was close, but not close enough to hear what was being shouted. They ran towards where it was coming from. The shouts turned into screams, pained and angry from two different voices.

"Don't tell me," Harry stuttered. "There are worse rooms than that?" he said as lightly as possible but his voice trembled.

Jessie wasn't sure if he was serious so she didn't reply, she kept going. So did he. What they saw when they turned the corner made their jaws drop.

Damien lay slumped, face down on the floor in a pool of his own blood, his back stained red. Behind him they found out where one of the screams was coming from; Emma struggled to get out of James' arms as he pulled her backwards away from the body. She dropped a knife onto the floor in the struggle.

"What are you doing? He deserves it, he destroyed everything," her screams turned into angered cries.

"Stop it, you got him okay," James tried to say calmly. It wasn't working, she stomped on his foot as hard as she could and tried to elbow him. He let her go only to stand in her way when she tried to rush forward and get the knife back. "Calm down!"

Jessie was the first to budge from her frozen shocked position. She stepped forward and crouched down to pick up a discarded phaser lying quite a few feet from the body and them. When she straightened back to a standing position she noticed it was one of theirs, but on a customised stun setting she hadn't seen before. James meanwhile picked up the blood stained knife.

"Pfft, this is the thanks I get for saving you, again?" Emma grumbled. "Get stuffed then."

James breathed deeply to try and calm himself down. "You didn't need to, I was fine, he was..."

"James? What the hell?" Jessie said, getting both of their attention. James swung around on the spot to see her and Harry. "What happened, who is this?"

"This," James began to answer but hesitated. "Is Emma, she claims to be from some hidden island, more advanced than humans now. Damien, he..."

"You're a member of the secret society Damien was talking about?" Harry questioned.

Emma looked at him, thankfully a lot calmer than a few minutes ago. "Was. He took it. Apparently it's wrong to stab a guy who laughs as he tries to enslave and kill an entire race."

"I was just..." James said quickly and defensively. "You went a little overboard. Once was enough." Emma narrowed her eyes at him.

"Good god Jessie, did he shove a rabbit in your face or something?" Craig stuttered from behind Jessie and Harry. B'Elanna was with him, struggling to find words.

Jessie's mouth dropped wide open, "I didn't do this."

"What's going on. Who did Jessie hit this time?" Tom's voice rang out from her pocket.

"You when I get back," Jessie said through gritted teeth. She took the phone out, "the rubbish has been taken out. You can beam us back now."

"Yeah about that, I tracked you to a shielded building. You're going to have to..."

B'Elanna groaned, "stop trying to drag this out."

"I wouldn't do that, I'm not suicidal," Tom's voice whimpered.

"I wasn't talking about you," B'Elanna said, her eyes drifting to Damien. Seeing him that way made her feel guilty for saying that. She shook it off, "we'll just have to go back outside. There's nothing left here. Prepare the ship for take off."

Everyone were on their guard when they heard more footsteps approaching. They looked around in time to see Kathryn and her team appear from around the corner, all of them but the Doctor looking like they were sleepwalking.

"Hello everyone," the Doctor said brightly. Then he spotted the body which soured his mood, he hurried over to tend to him.

Emma pulled a disgusted face in his direction, "what's this asshole doing?"

"I'm a doctor, I heal anyone regardless of their crimes. Stand back," the Doctor replied.

Lilly slowly walked up to them, glancing toward Emma. "Is this?"

"Yup, good riddance," Emma replied bitterly.

"Nice," Lilly laughed briefly, prompting a few blank stares from some. It made her uncomfortable, "I mean, no I can't lie, I mean nice. This guy was a monster."

"He was a deluded tryhard, unfortunately with access to decent technology," B'Elanna muttered.

The Doctor sighed despondently, "without my equipment I can't do anything for him. He's lost too much blood."

Kathryn jumped for no reason anyone can see, "oh Damien's dead? Shame, I owed him a slap."

"Um, it's been a long day," Lilly laughed awkwardly. "Leave him, you revive him and he'll stab you in the back." Emma smiled knowingly.

"Didn't you say he would have the means to open the portal back to our dimension?" Seven said in Lilly's direction.

Kathryn groaned and rolled her eyes, "oh for the love of god." She walked over to kneel beside Damien on the opposite side the Doctor was. "Get his legs," she barked to no one in particular. "He's coming back with us. We'll search him on Voyager."

"You just want to revive and slap him," James said.

"And you don't?" Kathryn smirked. "Come on, help me carry him."

"Don't look at me. He already made me woozy," Jessie said.

Some arguing later the awayteams headed back out the building, lugging Damien with them. As soon as they stepped outside they felt energy crackle around them.

"Great, Tom energise," B'Elanna said.

There was a light clatter. A few members of the team looked down to see a PADD like device beside Damien's feet, a little cracked from its journey from his pocket to the ground.

Kathryn breathed in deeply through her nose to contain her temper. Whoever wasn't holding Damien inched away. James quickly grabbed it before they all transported away.

Voyager flew into the sky, intentionally toward brewing storm clouds. Its shields fluctuated constantly.

"Status?" Kathryn said as she entered the Bridge.

"We're almost on top of the portal's supposed co-ordinates," Tom meekly replied.

Kathryn wasn't surprised when she only saw the grey clouds on the viewscreen. "Is the deflector ready yet?" She got a nod from Harry. "Re-open the portal. Tuvok, you better make sure the shields are up. Ready weapons. I have a feeling those morons are still waiting for us. Or trying to figure out how to open it themselves."

"Yes Captain," Tuvok responded.

A beam from Voyager's deflector sliced through the clouds so deeply they could see the blue on the other side. Once the beam let up the ship flew straight through the gap it opened, only instead of blue skies they emerged into the black of space. Not only that, but their mirror image lay in wait straight ahead of them with their allies.

"We're being hailed," Harry said.

"They're changing their course to surround us," Tuvok followed him.

Kathryn smirked, "turn us about, invert the deflector frequency and standby. But first, open a channel." Harry understood, smiled and nodded.

Phoebe and her crew quickly appeared on the viewscreen, she with her hands on her hips sporting a deathglare. It wasn't anywhere near as powerful as Kathryn's, but it still gave shivers to a few members of the Bridge.

"Did you miss us, Kathy?" Phoebe asked.

Kathryn walked over to the viewscreen to close the gap between them. Tom was more than thankful he wasn't in between them anymore. "Your Boss is dead. He's lying in our morgue."

Phoebe's face drained, she looked more than shook. "You're lying." A few of the Bridge tried not to laugh at their evil selves looking giddy. Seventh Tuvok even high fived some random crewmember a little too hard, they ended up on the floor.

"Your plan has failed. I'll give you five minutes to go back home, or you'll be next," Kathryn warned.

"You still don't know?" Phoebe said maliciously, still with a tear in her eye. "That is the home of the cowards, the Liger pacifists, selfishly hogging their technology from Humans. They're more advanced than us you know, even in that time. Today, you might be able to get your crew home. You just need to find them. Think about it."

Kathryn sighed, "I know. I know that your friends are traitors who you convinced to chase innocent people from their homes, leaving them to wander aimlessly. So maybe you should be the one to think about it, while I return the favour. And you know me Phoebe, I'm not the bluffing kind. Try me."

Phoebe's eyes narrowed, she swung around to shout at her Tactical. "For god's sake Tuvok, put that booze away... what's wrong with you, and target them!"

Seventh Tuvok was in the middle of chugging a bottle with a party hat on his head. He wasn't the only one either. A couple people were already passed out on the floor.

Kathryn looked at them with silent judgement before turning her back on them. "Do it."

Harry smirked as he pressed the two panels he needed.

"Captain, the console tells me they're attacking the portal," Seventh Harry whimpered.

"Closing it is more accurate," Harry said directly to him.

"What!?" Phoebe roared.

Kathryn signalled her Harry to turn the viewscreen off. "Get us out of here, warp nine."

Seventh Voyager and its fleet increased speed, heading toward the planet. Meanwhile Voyager got out of their way and immediately jumped to warp. As before the closest ship bumped into an invisible wall. Inside it Phoebe seethed, "you'll pay for this, dear sister."

Captains Log Supplemental: I have no idea how I'm going to sum up all this craziness, so I won't. I'm off to bed. But first, I've got some unfinished business to attend to.

"So um, you beamed them up because?" Kathryn asked icily.

Tom tugged on his collar, "I didn't know about them. I just thought, it'd be easier... no commbadges, had to do it on mass. Transporter room's fault!" he stammered until he turned to goo.

Beside him stood Lilly and Emma, both of which found this very amusing. Emma giggled the most, "he's cute when he sweats."

"Huh?" Tom was more thrown by that than Kathryn's scolding.

It threw her off too, she forgot where she was up to. "Oh forget it. Get out of my sight."

Tom was more than happy to listen to that order. He jumped into warp to get away from her.

Kathryn groaned as she squeezed the bridge of her nose, "ugh, well... the portal home's closed so erm." She tried to smile politely but her head throbbed way too much. "Welcome to Voyager."

Lilly laughed awkwardly, "yeah thanks. I'm sure we'll find some of our people somewhere along the line."

"What? I thought that fleet of yours went into Seventh's dimension," Kathryn muttered, a dangerous glint appeared in her eye.

"Right. What's the food like here, I'm starved," Emma asked, briefly glancing at Lilly.

Lilly was more than grateful for the change of subject, "me too. Let's check out the food hall place."

The two hurried out before Kathryn had a chance to even think about warning them. Kathryn tapped her commbadge, "Janeway to Sickbay. You wanted to get your new crewmember's medicals? Standby, ten minutes tops."

"Um, acknowledged," the Doctor's voice responded uneasily.

THE END