

Episode 3.02

New Earth

The Ready Room:

Kathryn was sitting on the sofa, next to her was her sister Phoebe. They both had a cup of coffee each.

"How convenient is it?" Phoebe asked.

"Yeah, I guess Seventh Voyager didn't want to waste time capturing another Phoebe, when they could capture the one in our dimension," Kathryn replied.

Chakotay, who was sitting on the other side of the sofa, groaned. "Are you going to talk all day? We have a meeting to go to, you know."

"Is he always like this?" Phoebe asked.

"Yeah, he is. Don't worry, I'm divorcing him," Kathryn replied.

"Good, it's probably bad enough putting up with him on duty, never mind at home or whatever," Phoebe said.

"You know I am in the same room," Chakotay muttered.

"Don't you think we've noticed," Phoebe said.

Chakotay groaned. He stood up, then he wasted no time leaving.

Kathryn glanced at the viewport, she could see the beautiful planet known as New Earth. She turned back to Phoebe. "We've arrived."

"Is this the place you told me about with that drunk monkey and the four young uns?" Phoebe asked.

"Yes it is. One of the girl's was only sixteen and already cheating on one of the boys," Kathryn replied.

"You're joking, that's awful," Phoebe said.

"Tell me about it. The other girl was annoying... but in respect I should be nice now," Kathryn sighed.

"Oh, why?" Phoebe asked.

"She's dead, she died last week," Kathryn replied.

"Oh dear, that's not very nice... so er, what was the other two like?" Phoebe asked.

"One was the younger girl's boyfriend, then ex. They were constantly arguing, so that was a nightmare on its own. The other one... I never met such a cheeky boy in my life," Kathryn replied.

"I wonder what it would've been like with just the two of you," Phoebe mused aloud.

"I don't know, Phoebes. A little less awkward perhaps. One of the group I knew from when he was a kid," Kathryn mumbled. Phoebe stared with eyebrows raised. Kathryn immediately laughed it off, "you know, a friend of mine's kid."

"Oh god, tough breaks. If you'd told mum about that leave from the Academy to hang out with those guys, she would've killed you. Does the kid know it was you?" Phoebe asked.

"Yeah, I had to tell him," Kathryn replied.

"That's typical isn't it. Anyway, tell me about this daughter of yours," Phoebe said.

"Oh, Lena.. yes. She's just as bad as him I'm afraid. To make matters worse she's friends with him," Kathryn said.

In: "Chakotay to Janeway. Would you stop gassing, the meeting's about to start on the Enterprise."

"Oh I forgot about that," Kathryn said.

In: "I told you before I left."

"Yes, I'm sure you did. Let's go Phoebes," Kathryn said as she tapped her commbadge.

The Enterprise, Sickbay:

Doctor Jones was scanning the new crewmember Nichola. Her skin had more colour since she was no longer an undead Tolg drone. She still looked as serious as a drone though, Doctor Jones' attempts to make her laugh were not working.

"Then she went on a mad killing spree, just because she wasn't as popular as she was in the original series," Doctor Jones said.

"You say that like it is funny," Nichola said.

"Try telling that to the writer. Anyway, did I tell you about Tom and James?" Doctor Jones asked.

"You mentioned them, but I don't see the humour in it," Nichola replied.

"They are always fighting, Tom used to nearly always start the fights but James is one of those Slayers, so he didn't stand a chance," Doctor Jones said.

"Interesting, you have Slayers on this ship?" Nichola asked.

"Er, yes. Did I tell you about that one time when Tom nearly got murdered by him?" Doctor Jones replied.

"Are you still trying to make me laugh, because it isn't working," Nichola said.

"I take that as a no then. The two had been arguing over this one girl for other a year, supposedly Slayers like him can be very dangerous if you anger them enough. Quite recently the dangerous Slayer thing happened again.." Doctor Jones said.

"Doctor, aren't you supposed to be in a meeting?" Nichola asked.

"Oh yes, I forgot about that. You should come too as our latest castmember," Doctor Jones replied. He turned around, then he headed out.

Nichola laughed quietly, "now that's a funny joke."

Captains Log Supplemental: Now we've just entered orbit around New Earth. We're going to have to stay here for as long as Voyager's repair crew need. Unfortunately New Earth is already bringing back memories of our last visit and I am already dreading what memories will become of this more recent visit.

Enterprise's Conference:

"Wow Kathy, you can be very dramatic with your logs," Phoebe said.

"Yeah I know, I have a talent for it," Kathryn said.

Chakotay sighed, "you brought your sister?"

"Shut up Drunk Monkey Man," Phoebe said.

"Drunk Monkey Man?" Chakotay said very slowly, losing the will to live.

Kathryn picked her cup of coffee up. She watched her senior staff and others arrive. She took a sip of the coffee, then she placed it onto the table. She cleared her throat quietly. "Is everyone here?"

Chakotay glanced back at her. "Harry, James. That's all who is missing."

Tom tried his best not to smile. "Tsk Harry, such a drama queen."

Kathryn sat down in her chair. "Indeed. Maybe it's best if Harry and James weren't here anyway."

Everyone glanced at the door as Harry walked in. He took a seat next to Tom. "Sorry I'm late," he grumbled.

"As you know, a lot has happened in the past few weeks. A lot has changed, whether it's for better or worse we have to acknowledge that we've got to work hard to sort out these changes. We used to have a regular crew for Voyager, but now we have new crewmembers and a new ship," Kathryn said.

"However even with new crew, it's still nowhere near enough to man both ships. We're organising a new senior staff for the Enterprise. Of course the new staff won't be able to take over until Voyager is back on track," Chakotay said.

"Who's going to Captain this ship?" Tom asked.

"I don't know yet. But that Captain will still take orders from me. After all that Captain won't be an official Starfleet Captain," Kathryn replied.

"I'll do it," Lena said. Everyone's eyes widened as they turned to stare at her. "What? I've had command experience."

"I don't think it's a job for an eighteen year old girl..." Chakotay said.

"I can handle it, I've Captained more advanced ships than this one," Lena said.

"She's got a point, Chakotay," Kathryn said mid yawn. Cue another coffee.

"You're not seriously thinking of leaving your eighteen year old daughter in charge of the former flagship of Starfleet, just to spite me?" Chakotay asked.

"Hey, I'm better at Captaining than you are!" Lena snapped.

"Not true, right everyone?" Chakotay asked. He looked around the room. Everyone was either looking nervous, pretending to cough, or shaking their heads.

"Duncan would be a better Captain than you," Tom said.

"So it's settled," Kathryn said. By the third big sip of her coffee no one was really surprised.

"Big mistake," Chakotay groaned into his hand.

"Now we just have to organise who goes to which ship," Kathryn said.

"Er, can I make a suggestion?" Lena asked.

"Here we go," Chakotay muttered.

Lena ignored him, "we shouldn't really choose who goes where yet. Maybe we could send a poll to the crew asking them where they'd rather stay on Voyager or transfer. From there, pick jobs."

"I suppose that's a good idea," Kathryn said.

"I don't give a toss anymore," Harry muttered. Most of the room rolled their eyes.

"Now Harry, there's no need to be like that," Tom said.

"I know you're all going to laugh at me, but I don't care. I liked Emma, and Tuvok's gone just like that. Nobody cares. Then Jessie pops it and it's like, ohno the tragedy!" Harry rambled.

"Of course we cared about them. Tuvok was my close friend for many years," Kathryn snapped. She sighed and sipped to calm herself. "I know it's rough. In a way everyone in this room has experienced some loss. We have to deal with it and move on."

"Zip it Janeway, you're boring everyone," a familiar voice said. Everyone looked towards the door, they saw James come in. He took the only available seat, next to Harry.

Kathryn sighed and stood up. "James, why are you late?"

James just rolled his eyes. "I dunno."

"He was probably too busy bubbling like a little baby," Harry muttered. Lena looked at him as if he made a smell.

"For your information Kim, I haven't cried once since it happened," James said.

"Yeah, likely story. I guess instead you're settled with biting everyone's head off everytime they speak," Harry said.

Lena looked at her dad who had a similar look on his face. "Is he taking the piss?"

"Harry! Cut it out. Both of you are in grief, and you may say some things you'll regret later," Kathryn said.

"B'Elanna, Tom, you'll both distribute the poll to the crew. It shouldn't take long," Chakotay said.

"Yes sir," Tom and B'Elanna replied.

"If that is all, you are all dismissed," Kathryn said.

Voyager's Ready Room:

Kathryn was sitting at her desk drinking only her second cup of coffee of the day. The door chimed.

"Come in," Kathryn said quietly.

The door opened, Kathryn groaned when she saw Peter Taylor walk straight over to her desk.

"What can I do for you?" Kathryn asked, trying to sound polite.

"Am I correct in assuming that I'm having a little family trouble and that no one in the family has bothered to tell me?" Peter replied.

"How did you guess?" Kathryn said with disinterest.

Peter sat down in the nearest chair. "Since I'm here, why don't you tell me."

Kathryn sighed, she took one last sip of coffee before putting the cup back on the desk. "Jessie was killed on the last planet. According to Lena what happened afterwards concerning your son was a close call."

"How do you mean?" Peter asked.

"He is a Natural Slayer, Mr Taylor. Grief, anger and then the desire for vengeance can easily overpower them. He was lucky he didn't kill, if he did, he wouldn't have been able to stop," Kathryn said.

Peter smiled despite the topic of conversation. "I just wanted to know what happened, Janeway, I didn't need an explanation about the 'not being able to stop killing' thing. I also know my son is a Natural Slayer, he even has the potential of a Chosen Slayer. I do know more about Slayers than you do."

"I figured that you didn't know," Kathryn muttered.

"I know alright. That's the reason why I... in your words, *beat him* in the first place. To train him. Of course I wasn't born with the ability like all other males in my family. So we all had to train hard to.." Peter said.

"Yes I know. Every male in the family has to train ridiculously hard to become a Slayer. I've heard already," Kathryn said. She then looked uneasy, she turned her head away.

"How have you heard?" Peter asked suspiciously.

Kathryn was a little too quick to answer, "James told me of course."

Peter raised his eyebrow. "I only mentioned it to him recently."

"He must've figured that part out himself. Now if you'll excuse me, I have work to do," Kathryn said. She turned to her computer, then she switched it on.

Peter eyed her suspiciously. "You say your name is Kathryn right?"

Kathryn dared not to look up from her computer. "That is right."

"Do people call you Kathy?" Peter asked.

"Not really, now please I have work to do," Kathryn replied.

"You always were the little liar, weren't you, Kathryn Janeway. Or should I call you Kathy Williams," Peter said.

Kathryn looked up at him in shock. "What are you talking about?"

"I knew there was something familiar about you, I just couldn't put my finger on it," Peter said.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Kathryn said nervously.

Peter stood up and he leaned on the the desk. "Stop toying with me Kathy, you know what I'm talking about. Am I the only one who's been left out of this, or have you lied to everyone?"

Kathryn slammed her hand on the computer to turn it off. She stood up. "Look Peter, I will not have you ruining my life again. You will not say anything.." Kathryn said.

"Does James know your little secret?" Peter asked.

"Not all of it, and I intend to keep it that way until he's recovered from his loss," Kathryn replied.

"Not all of it? What did you tell him?" Peter asked.

Kathryn went around the desk and she stood directly in front of Peter. "I told him that his mother asked me to help look after him when he was a newborn up until about two," Kathryn replied. Peter tried his best not to laugh. "I was desperate. I was mad at him for something that I shouldn't have been mad for. I didn't have any idea what his reaction would be if he knew the truth," Kathryn said.

"That's a nice story, girl. Now tell me, when are you planning to tell him? On your dying bed? In the afterlife? In another reincarnation?" Peter asked.

"Looking for the right time is difficult. He's not exactly the easiest person to talk to," Kathryn replied.

"I tell you what, I'll take the difficult task off your hands," Peter said.

"No! Not now, he's just lost someone... his best friend and fiancée. He won't be able to handle it, he may go after someone's blood again... most likely mine," Kathryn said.

"It's about time he did, it'll prove to me that's he not a total screw up," Peter said.

"I am the Captain of this ship, and I order you to stay out of this. I'll tell him when the time is right," Kathryn said.

Peter smiled, he did a fake salute, "ok boss, your wish is my command." He walked out of the room.

Kathryn sighed and she sat down on the edge of her desk. "I was wondering where James got that awful sense of humour from."

The Mess Hall, Enterprise:

James was sitting on his own at the far end of the room. Lena slowly came up behind him.

"Oh great, come to lecture me or have you come to just pester me?" James asked.

Lena pulled out a chair, then she sat down beside James. "Both, maybe. I haven't decided."

"So you've come to pester then?" James muttered.

"Depends. I don't usually pester on purpose," Lena said.

"Do you want me to apologise for calling you useless last week?" James asked.

"Yeah I do, but in your own time. Probably right now you wouldn't mean it," Lena replied. She heard footsteps coming up to the table. She then looked up to see Peter. He sat himself down opposite James.

"Janeway told me a little story about you," Peter said.

"A story, I like stories," Lena said.

Peter rolled his eyes. "She says that she used to help look after you when you were a baby."

"She did?" Lena said questioningly.

"Why are you telling me this, I already know. She told me on this planet about seven years ago," James said.

"Wow, look how far we've come in that time," Lena said jokingly.

Peter tried to ignore Lena's comments. "I am telling you because that's not the whole story."

"Ok, what is the whole story?" James asked.

"I met Janeway months before you were even born. We met in a pub, it's funny cos we were both drunk at the time," Peter said.

"That's funny, two people meet in a pub who happen to be drunk. What are the odds?" James said plainly.

Lena pulled a face, "if they serve coffee too, high."

"Do you mind butting in young lady!" Peter said angrily.

Lena folded her arms on the table, she pouted. "It wasn't me! Fine, continue."

"Anyway, I started talking to her, she thought I was coming onto her.." Peter said.

"Wait a second, how old were the two of you?" James asked.

Lena started to fiddle with a strand of her hair to distract herself from her nausea. "Is it relevant?"

Peter chuckled, "that's what you ask? Fine. It was twenty nine years ago."

Lena started chewing on her hair, then she started watching James as he looked on at Peter blankly. She rolled her eyes, "duh, mum was eighteen, he was twenty five."

"Yeah that's not..." James then stared at Lena in disgust, "oh god."

"What?" Lena asked.

James shook his head frantically for a moment before answering. "Ages ago she told me this really weird story, like an *I know how you feel* comparison story. But it ended up being about her wild teen years, one night stands and a miscarriage."

Lena's eyes widened a lot. "First I heard of it."

"Yeah, I just assumed she lost the plot and assumed it was made up. It wouldn't be the first time," James said.

"A miscarriage, she is a good liar," Peter chuckled.

Lena glanced at Peter with a disgusted look on her face. "You're a sick pervert. You got two girls pregnant in a matter of months or so. Mum was my age, ew gross!"

"Listen to me. My wife was only pregnant twice; once with Debbie and the second time was when James was about three. Janeway never had a miscarriage," Peter said.

James and Lena glanced at each other with shocked expressions on their faces.

"You, you don't mean," James stuttered.

"Yes son, Janeway's your real mother, not Susy. We just didn't want you to know till you were old enough. Obviously Susy never wanted you to find out at all and so here we are," Peter said.

James and Lena glanced back at each other. Lena pulled a disgusted face. "Eew, no way! I.. I kissed my half brother."

"Oh, so you're Janeway's younger daughter.... wait a minute, you kissed him!" Peter stuttered.

"It was an accident, geeze, I was a bit possessed. You should know about accidents," Lena said.

"What are you trying to say?" James asked.

Peter spoke at the same time, "a *bit* possessed?"

"I didn't mean you were an accident, I knew what I meant," Lena replied.

"I guess it explains everything," James stuttered.

"It does?" Lena was confused.

"Think about it, she wasn't happy when we became friends. She was incredibly pissed when she found out about that kiss. Yet when she found about you and Craig, she didn't care as much," James said.

"Oh yeah," Lena said slowly.

"It also explains why she totally blew her top when she caught me and Jessie... on New Earth," James said.

"She blew her top, how do you mean?" Peter asked.

"I'd like to see that," Lena giggled.

"You don't, it's something not many people know about. Besides, I'd rather not talk about her," James said.

"Can't you make the exception, I want to know," Lena asked.

James stared at her blankly, "you really don't. Is that really what you want to talk about!?"

Lena's eyes darted from him to Peter a few times. "Yes, cos what he said; dumb. So dumb and lies."

Peter was about to respond. James cut him off, "not really, like I said it explains... stuff." Lena's face turned very pale. "It's not like I want this to be true, you know."

"I just remembered," Lena stammered. "This is that planet, you two were together. She caught you. Yeah you're right, I don't need to know."

James covered his face with his hand. "Yeah sure, you happy now?"

"Not really, I thought it was more interesting," Lena honestly replied.

Peter shook his head. "Your own mother caught you doing that? No wonder she blew her top."

"No, it was the morning after," James replied.

"That's better then," Peter chuckled.

In: "Doctor Jones to Stuart. I've had as much as I can stand with your son. Please take him off my hands before he does burn this place down."

"Think you can handle him?" Lena asked.

"Yeah, I've handled worse," James replied.

In: "Good, please pick him up immediately.... no, Duncan, keep off those hyposprays!"

"I think we should be keeping him away from anything sharp and flammable," Lena said.

"I take it Duncan's upset," Peter said sarcastically.

"Don't joke about it or I'll make you his first target," James grumbled. He stood up, then headed straight towards the door.

"He will you know," Lena said warily.

"No he won't, I doubt he'll want me to do the same to Duncan as I did to him," Peter said.

Lena winced, "that's... not what either meant."

Half an hour later

James' Quarters:

The room was dark and quiet. James was sitting on the sofa, Duncan was asleep in his arms. The door chimed, James didn't answer, but the door opened anyway.

Kathryn stepped inside, after looking around the room she folded her arms and looked at James and Duncan. "Cute," she said quietly.

"What the hell do you want?" James asked.

"Who do you think you are talking to me that?" Kathryn said angrily.

"I don't think I am, I know I am your bloody son," James said.

Kathryn looked shocked, she turned her head away. "He told you I take it."

"Oh yeah, you are a nice storyteller. I can't believe I fell for it all," James said.

Duncan slowly started to wake up. He looked up at James. "What's going on?"

"Nothing, you don't mind going to see Aunt Lena," James replied.

"Yeah, ok," Duncan said. He stood up, he headed out of the room.

"He knows too, how did you explain it?" Kathryn asked.

"Why? You want to know how it should have been done at his age?" James replied.

"No, that's not why I asked," Kathryn said.

James stood up, "so when were you planning to tell me?"

"It wasn't planned, it was just difficult to find the right time, that's all," Kathryn replied.

"So, why did you stop by?" James asked.

"I came by to see how you were doing, but now I think it'd be better if I came back later," Kathryn replied.

"Oh no, stay, I might forget what I want to say," James said, he headed over to the nearby bookcase. "They pack these quarters with any old s*** don't they," he muttered as he pulled out a book.

"I know you mustn't be happy with me, but you've got to understand I was under a lot of pressure. If I went back home with a two year old son both of us wouldn't have had a family to stay with. I did what was best for you," Kathryn said.

James turned around. "Best for me? You wouldn't be saying that if you knew what my life was like. You didn't care about what happened to me."

"That is not true at all," Kathryn said.

"I bet you didn't think for a second about me when you were living out your little perfect life," James said, he threw the book to the ground. "While you were going up ranks, I was getting beaten by my own father." He dropped another book onto the ground. "Losing members of my family, getting bullied, getting treated like the love rat I am by my 'mother'." He pushed the whole shelf of books onto the floor. "Attempting suicide after suicide, and you stand there claiming what you did was the best for me."

"My life wasn't as perfect as you may think," Kathryn said.

"Oh yeah, I nearly spoilt your perfect life didn't I. You figured that the only way to get back to your perfect life was to abandon me at the first opportunity," James said as he went up closer to Kathryn.

"It wasn't like that. I wanted to take you back home, but I couldn't. How could I tell my family that I accidentally slept with a man I'd never met before when drunk, and had a son. My fiancée years later, I never told him either," Kathryn said.

"Now wouldn't it have been a shame if he did find out," James said.

"He died, he died in an accident that killed my father as well. My life was far from perfect James. My father knew my secret, no one else did. I made up lies to my sister. You see, you're not the only one who's lost somebody you loved. I know exactly what you're going through.." Kathryn said.

"You're talking crap, you have no idea what I'm going through. I lost my sister when I was three, my father at five. I saw my so called mother lying dead in a public area, I felt like I do now, I wanted to kill who was responsible. I killed two Cardassians that day, they probably didn't even do anything wrong, and I've regretted that for a long time. Jessie was the only one I had left, and guess what... she's gone..." James said. He pushed the chair nearest to him, it overturned as it fell onto the ground.

"You haven't lost everything.. you have Duncan, Lena, your friends..." Kathryn said, as she backed towards the door.

"I know, Duncan's the only reason why I'm alive now," James said.

"I know you've lost a lot of people you've cared about, but that's no reason to think like that. There are a lot of people on this ship that care about you.." Kathryn said.

"Including you?" James asked.

"Yes of course," Kathryn replied.

"I don't believe that for one second," James said.

"If I didn't care about you, you wouldn't be alive now," Kathryn said.

"Really?" James said in a sarcastic voice.

"Yes really. Susy was so angry when I had you, she wanted you dead. If I hadn't of cared I would of went home straight after you were born, and left you with her," Kathryn said.

"Didn't stop you leaving me when I was, what two?" James said.

"Two years is a long time, she grew fond of you during that time. I thought it was safe to leave you," Kathryn said.

"Well obviously it wasn't. I lived in fear for over a year while you were probably laughing it up at that damn Academy," James said. Kathryn backed further to the door, he followed her.

"You know, I think I should come back later when you've calmed down," Kathryn said. She backed into the door, she moved her hand to press the button at the side of the door. James' hand got their first.

"You're not going anywhere," James said. He smiled slightly, "here we are, a mighty starship Captain, so scared of her son that she's willing to run away from him."

"I'm not scared of you, James. I'm worried about you," Kathryn said. She quickly tapped her commbadge. "Janeway to Security," she just managed to say before James got a hold of her commbadge, crushing it. He grabbed a hold of Kathryn by the arms. "Security will be on it's way, James, you don't want to get into trouble."

"Trouble, it's what I'm best at," James said. His eyes turned red again, then he threw her into the glass table. It smashed upon impact.

The Enterprise Bridge:

In: "Security Team One to Chakotay."

Chakotay tapped his commbadge. "Yes, what is it?"

In: "We were just contacted by Janeway, then the signal was cut off. We don't know where she is. What should we do?"

"Stand by," Chakotay said. He turned to opps.

"According to the sensors she's in James' quarters," Harry said.

Tom's eyes widened and he looked to his left to glance at Harry. "Oh god." He tapped his commbadge, "Paris to Lena."

In: "Yeah?"

"I think James has gone to the dark side again," Tom said. Everyone looked confused as they glanced at Tom. "What should we do?"

In: "What's he done?"

"Don't know. Janeway called Security, but the signal cut off. She's in James' quarters," Tom replied.

In: "S***, I may know why he's gone all evil Slayer. I was wondering why Duncan was sent to me. Don't send any Security, they won't be able to handle it. I'll go."

"Lena, I don't want you..." Chakotay said. The signal was cut off before he got to finish.

The Mess Hall:

Lena knelt down in front of Duncan. "Now you stay here, ok."

"But I want to see daddy all evil," Duncan said.

"Believe me, you don't," Lena said as she stood up. She looked around the room, Peter had gone. "Oh s***, he's the last person who should be helping out."

James' Quarters:

James was wandering around the room, while Kathryn was trying to get up. "Gee, look at the mess of this place. This is where you say something like 'clean up your room, James', and I say something like 'no, I want to go out and play'."

"James, you need help. If you do anymore you'll not be able to go back to your normal self," Kathryn muttered.

James knelt down next to Kathryn. "You just don't get it do you. I'm not that James anymore. He used to whine and cry at nearly everything. He was so gullible to believe your little fairy tales."

"You don't want this, I can tell," Kathryn said. She managed to sit up.

James stood back up. "Oh shut up," he said. He kicked her in the stomach, she fell back onto the ground.

"Leave her alone," a familiar voice said.

James turned to the door, he saw Peter coming towards him. "Uhoh, daddy's home. Tell me are you here to ground me or here to screw my mother again."

"I'm here to help you. What you're doing is childish, not to mention that you're not acting like a man," Peter said.

James rolled his eyes. "Oh please, make up your mind, old man. First crying and asking for help was being unmanly, now you're saying doing the opposite is unmanly..."

"There's a difference between being a man and being a murderer," Peter said.

"I haven't killed anyone... at least not yet," James said. He grabbed a hold of the nearest chair, he threw it towards Kathryn.

"Stop this, hurting her isn't going to make things better," Peter said.

"So says the man who thought beating up his three year old kid was the right thing to do," James said.

"You've got to stop for your own sake. If you don't you will eventually destroy yourself," Peter said.

"Blah, blah, give it a rest. I've got better things to do than listen to your lectures," James said as he headed over to Peter. He quickly pushed him into the wall, he held Peter there by putting his hand around his neck.

"James, stop!" Lena yelled as she came into the room.

James smiled as he turned his head to look at her. "Hey sis, how ya doing?"

"Not to well, what did you do to my mother?" Lena replied.

"You mean our mother," James said.

"Don't correct me, you know I hate being corrected," Lena said.

"And I so hate being interrupted," James said. He threw Peter towards Lena, they both fell onto the floor. James went back over to the bookcase.

Lena was the first to try and get up. "James look, I know you're in pain but this isn't going to make things any easier for you. What happened with our mother was an accident, and I bet she already regrets it. There's no point in making it worse for her."

"An accident? As in a 'oops' accident? I don't think so. This is an 'oops' accident," James said. He pushed the bookcase over, and it landed on top of Kathryn. "Oops."

Lena pulled herself to her feet. "Please stop this, I really don't want to have to hurt you."

"Is that a threat? I can take threats," James said. He turned his back on her and went over to another bookshelf.

"What are you doing?" Lena asked.

James turned away from the replicator, "what, I'm not doing anything.."

Peter stood up, and he stood next to Lena. He went closer to James again. "Tell me, do you feel better now that you've hurt her?"

"Just a little, maybe I'd feel much better after getting rid of you," James replied.

"You don't have the guts," Peter said.

"Peter, shut up," Lena said.

"No, if you had fully changed you would've killed us both by now. What are you waiting for?" Peter asked as he went as close as he could to James.

"Peter, don't be a fool," Lena said.

"Is this your master plan? If it is why didn't you just say 'please kill me', it's not as long," James said. Peter slowly collapsed onto the floor.

"What the, how did you do that?" Lena asked.

"Look again, Lena," James replied.

Lena glanced down at Peter, he had a knife in his chest. He was still alive though.

James knelt down beside Peter. "After all those beatings and everything, I bet you never thought it would come to this."

"You've made a big mistake, now you'll never be able to go back," Peter said slowly.

"Ohno, what should I do," James said sarcastically.

"You will always be that whiny little baby, there's no turning back from that. You're just a spoilt child who never gets his own way," Peter said.

"You don't know when to stop, do you. Aren't you forgetting, I'm the one with the knife," James said.

"Do you think that having a knife changes anything?" Peter asked slowly.

"Oh for god's sake, just shut up!" James yelled, he stabbed Peter again. Lena ran forward, she pushed James onto the ground. She tried to pull the knife out of his hand, as she did so it slashed her arm so she was forced to let go. James pushed her off him. Neither of them heard the door open and shut again.

"Leave her alone or I'll shoot," a familiar voice said boldly.

James and Lena looked towards the door. James groaned, "oh great, it's Mr Brock Wannabe."

Craig was standing nearby them, pointing a phaser at James. "I'm warning you, I'll shoot if you don't get away from her."

"Don't let me stop you, go ahead," James said.

"If you insist," Craig said and he fired the phaser. The beam hit James but nothing happened. "Holy s***," Craig stuttered.

"Nice try Brocko," James said, his eyes turned black. "I think there's something wrong with your phaser."

"Craig, stun doesn't work on Slayers turned evil, try a higher level," Lena said quickly.

Craig fiddled with the phaser quickly and he fired again. This time James collapsed. Lena sighed in relief. "Thank god. Lena to Sickbay, we have a bit of a medical emergency here."

Enterprise Sickbay:

Doctor Jones was treating Kathryn when Chakotay and Phoebe came in. They both went over to Lena, who was sitting on the biobed still with the knife wound. Craig was standing beside her.

"Lena, what the hell happened?" Chakotay asked.

"Just as I warned everyone, James went all Evil Slayer. This time I doubt he's going to stop," Lena replied.

"I'm confused, what's going on?" Phoebe asked.

"Dad, did you know about mum's secret about James?" Lena asked.

"Yeah, I do," Chakotay muttered in response.

"You tell Phoebe then, I shouldn't have to," Lena grumbled, averting her eye.

"Don't tell me, Kathryn told James and he lost it," Chakotay said awkwardly.

"No, Peter told me and James. James wasn't that angry actually, it must've happened when she tried to talk to him," Lena said.

"I thought she had already told James about this," Phoebe said.

"Not the whole thing, obviously you don't know the whole thing either," Lena said.

"I'll tell you later, I've got to talk to the Doctor," Chakotay said. He went over to Doctor Jones.

"What the hell is a Slayer?" Phoebe asked.

Lena groaned. "Long story, let's just say the Natural and Chosen ones are stronger than normal humanoids."

"Next question..." Phoebe said.

"I know the question, Slayers only turn evil when their emotions can't really be controlled. They lose control and they feel the need to get revenge on everyone. Luckily this only happens to Chosen and Natural Slayers like me and James," Lena said.

"Remind me not to get on your bad side," Phoebe said.

"Noted," Lena muttered.

"How is she Doctor?" Chakotay asked.

"She's in a coma. Her wounds are treatable though," Doctor Jones replied.

"What about everyone else who was involved?" Chakotay asked.

"Lena just suffered a minor knife wound, Craig was unhurt... Mr Taylor is dead," Doctor Jones replied.

"He is, how did he die?" Chakotay asked nervously.

"He was stabbed to death," Doctor Jones replied.

"S***, that means.." Chakotay said.

"Yeah, there's a low chance of James recovering now," Lena said as she stood next to Chakotay.

In: "Bridge to Chakotay."

Chakotay tapped his commbadge. "Yes, Tom."

In: "A ship from the surface is hailing us."

"From the surface? I thought this planet was uninhabited," Chakotay said.

In: "It is, sir. There is just a few ships down there."

"Tom, what kind of ships are they?" Lena asked.

In: "Unknown, why?"

"I just thought there might've been some continuity from a previous time episode that's all," Lena replied.

In: "Erm, I'll just pretend to understand that."

"I'm on my way to the Bridge, Tom. Lena, you stay here," Chakotay said.

"No, this'll be my ship soon. I think I'll go to the Bridge," Lena said.

"Ohno," Chakotay muttered.

"Oh yes, I think after all that I need.." Lena said.

"To rest, have a sit down and a drink to calm down," Chakotay said.

Lena folded her arms and pouted. "Stuff you, I'm going to the Bridge. I'm not staying in Sickbay, there's a dead body here."

"Erm, me too," Craig said.

Chakotay rolled his eyes and he headed out. Lena and Craig glanced at each other then they followed.

The Bridge, a few minutes later:

On the viewscreen was an alien with blue skin and green eyes. Apart from his colour he looked human.

"My name is Jirlin, welcome again to New Earth," the alien said.

"Again, how did you know we were here before?" Chakotay asked.

"The other ship was here before. This planet is within our territory and we keep track of all our visitors," Jirlin replied.

"Then why didn't you introduce yourselves before?" Chakotay asked.

"Ah you see, that was because our healing planet was in use at that time, and appearing would've disrupted it," Jirlin replied.

"Hands up anyone who understood that," Tom said.

"Healing planet?" Craig said questioningly.

"Yes. The planet has a mysterious force that detects when there is problems. It detected a few problems with six of your crewmembers who were on the planet, and the Lirhiu bugs infected you all so you'd stay here," Jirlin said.

"I don't get it, how does that heal?" Chakotay asked.

"It would be better to explain in private. Besides I can already sense that you have problems onboard that we can heal," Jirlin replied.

"What are you, some sort of healing people?" Craig asked.

"That's correct, young man. May we come aboard your ship?" Jirlin replied.

"We'll beam you to our transporter room," Chakotay said. He turned to Craig and Lena. "Since you're not any use here, go and meet him there."

"I would be in use if you weren't too busy hogging my job," Lena muttered.

"Just do it," Chakotay said.

Lena rolled her eyes and she headed for the turbolift. Craig followed her.

Conference Room:

Chakotay, Lena, and Jirlin were already sitting at the far end of the table. Ian and Lisa walked in.

"Wow, this is a big meeting," Lisa muttered.

"Sit down," Chakotay said.

Lisa and Ian sat down near Chakotay and Lena. "What's this about?" Ian asked.

"I've asked you here because you were all on New Earth, obviously three of us couldn't be here," Chakotay replied.

"Don't remind me," Ian muttered.

"Like I said before the planet sensed there were troubles among your six crewmembers. There was a relationship that had to be explored between the older two. There was a problem with two ex boyfriend and girlfriends that had to be mended," Jirlin said.

Lisa and Ian glanced at each other. "Cheat," Ian muttered.

"Get over it," Lisa muttered. Chakotay rolled his eyes.

"There was a relationship that wasn't going anywhere," Jirlin said.

"I know who you're talking about there," Lena muttered.

"Lastly there was the problem between mother and son," Jirlin said.

"Mother and son, what the hell are you talking about?" Lisa asked.

"You don't want to know," Lena replied.

"Oh my god, I'm not Janeway's son am I?" Ian asked jokingly.

"No, but it probably would've been better off if you were," Chakotay replied.

"It would, eww," Ian muttered.

"Two of the problems were sorted out, but the other two weren't," Jirlin said.

"Do you sort out psychological problems out or something?" Lena asked.

"Yes, that's correct. The planet does its fair share, obviously some problems can't be fixed by prolonged isolation," Jirlin replied.

"And the reason why you decided to make contact with us?" Lena said questioningly.

"Like I said, there are problems we can fix," Jirlin said.

"What kind of problems can you fix?" Lena asked.

"Nearly every kind you can think of, obviously there are some difficult cases we cannot fix but we try at everyone," Jirlin replied.

"Dad, maybe they can help with James," Lena said quietly to Chakotay.

"Maybe," Chakotay muttered.

"Our species have the ability to sense problems. Obviously a lot of people want to solve their own problems out, and quite a lot of times we leave people to solve their own problems out anyway because some problems are learning experiences," Jirlin said.

"Yes, we know what you mean," Chakotay said.

"Right now, just looking around this room, I can sense problems," Jirlin said. He glanced at Lisa, "you're having problems with finding a boyfriend, am I right."

"No, of course not," Lisa muttered and she started blushing.

Jirlin glanced at Ian. "You're having problems controlling your son."

"Lucky guess," Ian said.

Jirlin glanced at Chakotay. "You're facing a divorce."

"Don't I know," Chakotay said.

Jirlin glanced at Lena last. "You've got a problem that is a good challenge, young lady. Your brother has turned evil."

"Brother, when did that happen?" Lisa asked.

"Not fully evil, at least I hope not. Can you help us with this?" Lena asked.

"I'd be glad too. I can sense that this problem is a little too difficult for any old person to sort out. I'll send over one of my best psychiatrists," Jirlin replied.

"Thanks, but he or she's got to realise that curing a Slayer who's killed under these circumstances isn't easy whatsoever," Lena said.

"Yes, I can sense that. We've had to deal with a Slayer before, we couldn't cure her but that was centuries ago. I'm confident that'll we'll be able to do it this time," Jirlin said.

"Thank you, Jirlin," Chakotay said.

"Think you can find me a boyfriend," Lisa whispered to Jirlin.

"I'll see what I can do," Jirlin said.

Transporter Room 1:

Another one of the aliens rematerialised on the transporter pad. She had short blonde hair that turned brown on the tips. She was very tall and she had a posh feel to her.

"Greetings, my name is Denara," the woman said.

"Erm, I'm Lena," Lena said.

"You must know that before we proceed I'll need to know all the details," Denara said as she stepped down off the transporter pad.

"Yeah I know. I'll tell you them on the way to the Brig," Lena said.

"The Brig?" Denara said questioningly.

"We had to keep him in there, behind a high forcefield," Lena said.

"Ah yes, we're dealing with a Slayer aren't we. Let's go then," Denara said. They both left the room.

The Brig:

Thompson, Foster and Threepwood were all by the console. All three were trying to keep their eyes away from James. He was just staring at them.

"Wanna play a game?" Threepwood asked finally.

"I like games," James replied.

The three Security guys turned to him looking nervous. "Er, just the three of us," Foster said.

"Shame, I had a good game in mind," James said.

"What kind of game Threepwood?" Thompson asked.

"Don't even think of suggesting Monkey Island, we've played that game a thousand times," Foster said.

"There are lots and lots of versions now," Threepwood said.

"I know but after playing about twenty of them I've grown tired of the damn game," Foster said.

"There are twenty seven, we've only played five of them," Threepwood muttered.

"I don't care, I'd rather play Pokémon games than see that lead character again," Foster said.

"What's wrong with Pokémon games?" Thompson asked.

Lena and Denara walked into the room. "Remember," Lena whispered.

"I understand, I am a psychiatrist you know," Denara said.

"Ohno, not another psychiatrist," James muttered.

"Another one, geeze you're very unstable for a guy your age," Thompson said. He quickly hid behind Threepwood when James started glaring at him. Threepwood smacked him on the arm.

"Don't be a wuss, you call yourself a Security Guard," Threepwood said.

Denara walked up to the forcefield, as Lena, Thompson, Foster and Threepwood just watched from behind.

"My name is Denara, what's your name?" Denara asked softly.

"I already told her," Lena muttered. The three Security guards sniggered.

James just shook his head. "Sorry, somebody has already used that approach before."

"I see, it's a good thing I knew your name anyway. Lena has told me a lot about what happened. I know you're in pain, but there are better ways to express it..." Denara said.

"Heard it. You people should really get some more original material," James said.

"Who, the writer or the psychiatrists?" Threepwood sniggered.

Denara turned to Lena. "Is he always like this?"

"Actually yeah," Lena replied.

"I'll need to know more about him before I continue," Denara said.

"Good luck with getting something off him," Lena muttered.

"I do not intend to. I'd like to meet this son of his," Denara said.

"I hope he sets fire to her hair," Foster sniggered.

"Er, are you sure that's a good idea?" Lena asked.

"It is, believe me it'll work," Denara replied.

"If you say so," Lena said. She headed out of the room with Denara behind her.

Voyager, The Ready Room:

Chakotay and Phoebe were sitting on the sofa. Phoebe had a cup of coffee in her hand. "Remind me to give her an ear full when she gets out of that coma," Phoebe said.

"I don't think you should, she's probably heard enough," Chakotay said.

"I guess. So when am I going to meet this twenty eight year old nephew of mine?" Phoebe asked.

"If he recovers you can see him. Until then I suggest you avoid it," Chakotay said.

The door chimed. "Come in," Chakotay called. Lena strode in angrily.

"That girl has got to go," Lena said.

"What girl?" Phoebe asked.

"That dumb psychiatrist! She has no idea what she's doing. I dealt with a natural Slayer turning evil when I was on that Borg Sphere. We tried lots of different things that failed. We were forced to kill him. I told that psychiatrist not to do any of the things we did, and what does she go and do?" Lena asked angrily.

"Do one of the things you told her not to," Chakotay replied.

"Yeah. The last thing we tried on that guy was tell him what other people thought of him and the person who he'd lost. He killed two of our crew, and we had to kill him. That insane psychiatrist, I'm sure, is trying that technique on James," Lena said.

"Has she told you what she's doing?" Phoebe asked.

"Oh no, but I know what she's doing. She was talking to Duncan about what his parents are like. I delayed her second visit to James for a while. Can't we send her back?" Lena replied.

"If we send her back we'll have no way of curing your brother, you know that," Chakotay said.

"Oh I know that. I know a way we haven't tried yet. Let me try it on my own," Lena said.

"I know James is behind the highest force field we have, but it still could be dangerous," Chakotay said.

"Dangerous? The only reason I got hurt before was because he cheated with a knife. I can take him on if he tries to attack me," Lena said.

"What makes you think you can? I thought you're both Chosen Slayers," Chakotay said.

"I've trained more or less my whole life, he's probably trained an odd few times with me and on his own. We may have equal strength, but I have more experience. Besides, if my plan works I may not have to fight him for long," Lena said.

"I do not approve of this," Chakotay muttered.

"Oh dad, stop trying to protect me. I can do this, I'm eighteen, I can look after myself," Lena said.

Chakotay sighed. "Fine, but if he does anything to you, I'm going to make sure he is stopped by whatever means possible. That does include killing him."

"You won't have to, I promise," Lena said. She then turned around and walked out of the room.

"Now, now Monkey boy. She's a Janeway woman, she can handle it," Phoebe said.

"Kathryn couldn't," Chakotay muttered.

"It probably took her by surprise, I guess," Phoebe said.

"It took everyone by surprise, I know it sounds stupid but I really hope we don't have to kill him. All he is is someone in grief, he really doesn't deserve this," Chakotay said.

"For once, Monkey man, I agree with you," Phoebe said.

"Ok, no more monkey comments please," Chakotay said.

The Brig:

Denara walked in, and she went straight over to the Security Guards who were playing an exciting game of.... Cluedo.

"I say it was Miss Scarlett with the knife in the Kitchen," Foster said. He picked up the three cards and he angrily put them back.

"Wrong again, Foster?" Thompson sniggered.

"Can you lads leave me alone with the prisoner?" Denara asked.

"I don't think that's a good idea, besides we're in the middle of a game," Thompson replied.

"He's behind a forcefield, can he get out?" Denara asked.

"No, but we're playing Cluedo," Thompson replied.

"Let her Tommy, it's a crappy game anyway," Foster said.

"Just because you keep losing," Threepwood said.

"If you want we can play a real life Cluedo. Let's see, I guess it was me, in the Brig with a chain-saw," James said.

"On second thoughts we could have a break outside the door," Thompson muttered.

"Yeah, good idea," Threepwood said. He, Thompson and Foster rushed out.

Denara went up closer to the forcefield. "Hello again," she said sweetly.

"Bye again," James said.

"Stop being rude, you know why I'm here and I'm not going till I achieve something," Denara said.

"Great, that means I'm stuck with you for a while," James muttered.

"If you say so. I went to speak with your son earlier, he misses you," Denara said.

"That's nice but it's not my fault somebody locked me in here," James said and he stood up. He went over to the forcefield.

"Of course it is, you let yourself lose control. What would Jessie think of you?" Denara said.

"Maybe you can ask her yourself," James said, he put his right hand on the forcefield.

"You can't get through it, at least listen to what I'm saying," Denara said.

James kept pushing his hand on the forcefield, his hand went straight through it.

"Nice try!" Thompson's voice barked as came back into the room. Foster and Threepwood were right behind him. They all had phasers pointed at James. Denara backed away from the forcefield.

"Oh, it's the whole gang," James muttered.

"Step away from the forcefield," Thompson said.

"If you say so," James said and he walked straight through the forcefield.

"Holy crap," Foster muttered.

"Took the words right out of my mouth," Threepwood said.

"I've had as much as I can stand putting up with you whiny little shits everytime I go on a Security shift," James said as he got closer to the three Security guys. "I was thinking of transferring you all, to the morgue."

"We'll see, guys get him," Foster muttered, trying not to sound nervous.

Threepwood and Thompson glanced at each other nervously. They stepped in front of Foster, trying not to look scared.

"You first," Thompson said.

"No, you first," Threepwood said.

"No! I'm more important, I've got a wife and a baby coming," Thompson said.

"But I'm less annoying than you are!" Threepwood said.

"I tell you what, why don't you both go first," James said. He grabbed a hold of Thompson, and literally threw him into Threepwood. They both landed against the wall.

Foster fiddled with his phaser. "It's on kill, I really don't want to press the button."

James shrugged, he grabbed Denara and pulled her in front of him. "Shoot me and you shoot her."

"Coward, are you really that far gone?" Foster stuttered.

"I'm a coward am I? Who's the guy that told two other guys to do all the dirty work for him. I guess you and your brother were the cowardly pair," James replied.

"Let go of her," Foster said.

"Give me a good reason to," James said.

"It'll not get either of us anywhere," Foster said.

"I guess you're right," James said.

Foster sighed in relief. James pushed Denara towards Foster. They both fell to the ground. He got to the door and he glanced back down at Foster.

"That's not what I meant," Foster grumbled.

James left the room. Foster tapped his commbadge. "Foster to Bridge, James escaped."

In: "Oh crap, how did he get out?"

"He somehow walked through the forcefield," Foster replied and he pulled himself to his feet.

In: "It's ok, Lena's got a plan. Just stay on alert."

"Er, aye sir," Foster muttered.

Outside the Enterprise's Mess Hall:

James was going down the corridor. He stopped near the Mess Hall doors, Lena was standing in front of them. He turned around and headed back the way he came. She turned around and went inside.

James went into the Mess Hall through the other door. He stopped dead in his tracks as he saw Lena was a few metres in front of him. She moved her hand as he headed towards the door again. It didn't open. He turned back to Lena.

"What's wrong, James? Afraid to fight me?" Lena asked.

"No, just don't want to hurt you," James replied.

"That's strange, it didn't stop you before," Lena said.

"I'm warning you Lena, stay out of this," James said.

"No, it's not really fair hurting people who aren't strong enough to fight you," Lena said.

"You don't understand, I'm not here to pick a fight with anyone... I'm looking for the b**ch," James said.

"What, Unu? James, you should know that hurting Unu will hurt Jessie too," Lena said.

"Jessie's dead," James said.

"I know, that's why you're hurting after all. I think the problem here is that you've never once cried because of it," Lena said.

"I've done enough crying in my life, it's a sign of weakness. I'm sick of people seeing me as some sort of weakling," James said.

"I never thought you were weak when I first met you. Remember that day? Craig called you a baby. You were not afraid to show your feelings then," Lena said.

"That was the old James. I was only like that for a short amount of time, it was never me," James said.

"Remember when you were accused of murdering Lee? You weren't afraid to cry in front of Jessie and me because of it. A lot of guys wouldn't do that, what made you unique was that you were never afraid to show your true feelings," Lena said.

"I know what you're doing, it won't work. Now get out of my way," James said.

"No, I won't. You're my best friend James, I won't let you destroy yourself. As your sister I have a duty to help you," Lena said.

A few people looked confused. "When did that happen," someone said.

"Just because you've suddenly found out doesn't mean that you all of a sudden care about me, so you can drop the charade," James said.

"It isn't a sudden thing," Lena said. Craig and a few other Security officers came in, so did Kathryn, Phoebe and Chakotay.

"Remember when I was going out with Craig? I ended up spending more time with you than with him. Dad told me that it may be that I care more about you than him. I didn't believe him, and you know why? I thought you were just my friend," Lena said.

"Where are you going with this Lena, you're wasting my time," James muttered.

"When I found out about, you know. It made sense at last, I finally believed what dad said. I do love you, James," Lena said.

Craig cursed himself, "s***." He turned away from the scene but he couldn't help listening.

"No you don't," James muttered.

"I do. I guess I loved cry baby James, I loved annoying James, I loved odd sense of humour James, I even love evil Slayer James," Lena said.

"No, you don't," James said more forcefully.

"I care about what happens to you, don't destroy yourself. Jessie wouldn't want that," Lena said.

"Stop it!" James snapped.

"No, you're just afraid of the truth. Jessie really cared about you, if she was here instead of me, she'd say the same thing. There's lots of people in this crew that care about you, think of Duncan. Do you really want him to grow up without his father," Lena said.

"Stop!" James snapped.

"Whether you like it or not, we care about you. You still have your family, don't do this to yourself. Don't do this to us, don't do this to me," Lena said.

"Shut up!" James yelled. He went over to Lena, he started hitting her not that hard at all. He broke down crying, Lena put her arms around him.

Kathryn, Chakotay and Phoebe slowly made their way over to the two.

"Lena, how did you do that?" Kathryn asked softly.

"He was still in there somewhere, I just had to find him. How long have you been awake?" Lena replied.

"Not long, Chakotay told me you had a plan in action," Kathryn said.

Lena smiled, "yeah." She glanced at James. He now had his arms around her too. Lena stroked his hair, and she kissed his forehead. She then caught sight of Craig. He was slowly backing towards the door.

"I didn't know you were so sentimental," Chakotay muttered.

"It was a lovely speech, it nearly had me in tears," Phoebe said.

"Can you look after him, I need to see someone," Lena said.

"I don't want anyone to see me like this," Lena heard James say.

"There's nothing wrong with it, people know what you've been through," Lena said.

"Showing people that you're not afraid to show your feelings shows that you have strength," Kathryn said.

James stepped back away from Lena. She stroked his arm lightly. "I'll be back, I have someone to take care of." Lena then headed towards where Craig was, he had already gone. She then ran out of the room.

It didn't take long to catch up with Craig. "Craig, stop!" she yelled. Craig stopped but he didn't turn to face her.

"Here to rub my nose in it. I bet you've liked him since day one," Craig muttered.

"You've got it all wrong," Lena said.

"Really. Admitting that you loved him in front of everyone was a dead give away," Craig said.

"Look at me, now," Lena said angrily.

Craig groaned and he turned around to face Lena.

"Hasn't anybody told you?" Lena asked.

"Told me what? You were actually seeing him during that time we were going out," Craig replied.

"No. Craig, he's my brother, that's why I love him," Lena said.

Craig stared blankly at her for a few seconds. He then burst out laughing. "What? That's some excuse!"

"It's not an excuse. Ask mum, dad, Phoebe... we found out just today. Well mum's obviously known for a while. He's more accurately my half brother," Lena said.

"You're serious? But, how?" Craig asked.

"Long story," Lena said.

"But you knew you liked him for months, so you say," Craig said.

"I didn't believe it," Lena said.

"One question. Did you ever want him when you were going out with me?" Craig asked.

Lena started laughing. "Of course not. He was just friend material in my view, plus I didn't want to hurt anyone. I doubt James would of either. With you, you're not friend material, no offense."

"None taken. Do you think... think it could still work out, with us?" Craig asked.

Lena sighed. "Not now, Craig. You'll be complaining non stop that I'm spending too much time with James."

"You will be?" Craig asked.

"Well of course, he needs me. If you want me to go out with you again so badly, just give me some time," Lena replied.

"You, you mean that?" Craig asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, silly. At least you won't be paranoid about James again," Lena replied.

"Thanks Lena, you're the best," Craig said.

Lena smiled, "I know I am."

Craig grinned at her. He then turned around and continued down the corridor. Lena turned around and went back the way she came.

THE END