

Episode 4.22

Tough Love

May 2363

Tanfield Comprehensive:

Jessie, James, Danny and Angela were all sitting on some large steps in the middle of the school grounds. Danny was busy checking out some of the guys that kept passing, while James was just staring into space.

"I don't see the point Dan," Jessie muttered.

"The SATs after party is in several months, I'm not going with a guy I've just randomly asked to go with me," Danny said.

"The girl has a point. Better to find the guy now," Angela said.

Danny grinned, "thanks Angy, have you got anyone in mind?"

Jessie rolled her eyes, "hmm let me guess."

"You're forgetting, I had my after party last year," Angela replied after passing Jessie a cold glance.

"No I'm not, asking Jessie that question is a waste of time. I was just curious," Danny said.

"I dunno, there's no one decent in my year group. Don't make too big a deal over it, those parties are overrated," Angela said.

James came back to life, so to speak, "didn't you go to two of those parties though?"

Angela looked uncomfortable, "yeah I did."

"I wouldn't miss this party for any reason, what's so bad about them anyway?" Danny questioned.

Angela shrugged, "they're not, just overrated. I only went to two because a guy in an older group asked me to go to his." The electric school bell rang around the grounds.

"End of break already?" Jessie groaned, she got up. The others did the same.

"Crap, I needed to talk to you," James muttered in Angela's direction.

"You still can, there's time," Angela said.

"Well it's either now or dinner time," James said.

Jessie glanced over at Danny then back at him, "Henderson won't be happy if you're later than him."

"I won't be," James said.

"Ok I'll meet you outside," Jessie muttered, she walked away. Danny followed her looking confused.

Angela watched them walk away, "we'd better find a better place to talk. The teachers will catch us here."

"Ok, where is a good place then?" James asked.

Angela headed towards the modern building, "I know, just follow me."

Meanwhile Jessie and Danny walked inside the oldest building. "What was that all about anyway?" Danny asked.

"Nothing, I just told him about Angela snapping at me, he didn't believe me," Jessie replied.

Danny groaned, "Angela's ok Jess, you should just give her a chance. She probably snapped at you because you mutter things about her."

"Well muttering behind her back is better than telling it to her face," Jessie muttered.

Danny shook her head, "I don't get why you don't like her."

"I dunno, I just have a bad feeling about her," Jessie said.

Danny smiled, "you're just jealous that James has found another friend." Jessie glared in her direction, she giggled as she walked ahead of her.

Present Day Shield Row:

Duncan and Sasha were kneeling on the bed next to the crib, looking over their new sister.

"She doesn't do much," Sasha muttered.

"Well it's more than what you do," Duncan said.

Sasha glanced at him, pouting, "I do, do stuff." She looked back at the crib, Sarah-Amy started nibbling on her blanket. "I don't do that."

Duncan put his hand in, he tried to take the blanket away, she started crying loudly. "Oh great, she's just as stupid as you are."

"No you're the stupider one, you made the baby cry," Sasha said.

Duncan rolled his eyes, "right I'm the stupider one. The teachers say I'm smarter than the average three year old, so there."

Sasha giggled, "Duncan's a teachers pet."

Duncan glared at her, "no I'm not!"

James stepped into the room, he headed straight over to the crib. "Why are you two always arguing?" He leaned over the crib to pick up Sarah-Amy.

"She called me a teachers pet, and she made the baby cry," Duncan blurted out.

"You did that," Sasha said.

"No you did, your squeaky voice started her off," Duncan said.

"I don't have a squeaky voice," Sasha pouted.

"Stop it you two, it doesn't matter who made her cry," James muttered.

"But daddy, he started it and he was the one who made her cry," Sasha stuttered.

James groaned, "it doesn't matter, I told you."

"Oh, it was still him," Sasha said quietly. Duncan pulled a face at her.

"I'll be going downstairs in a mo to get you two dinner, why don't you go now," James said.

Duncan's eyes lit up, "ooh I want pie and chips." He jumped off the bed and ran out.

Sasha looked down at the ground pouting again. James used his available arm to pick her up. He put her back down on the ground once they reached the landing, he went into the opposite room.

Jessie glanced over from a large crib, "what happened?" She tried to reach for something in the crib, she cringed before giving up. "Ugh, I can't wait until Sasha can sleep in a normal bed instead of this."

James smiled, walking over, "if she's like me you'll be waiting a few years."

"Great," Jessie groaned. "Can you get that toy for me?"

James leaned into the crib to pick up a toy bear, "I thought I was doing the kids packing."

Jessie took the bear off him, "yeah well I'm a better packer than you are."

"But the last time you did it you let them bring most of their stuff," James said.

"That's why I told them to watch Sarah-Amy," Jessie said.

"Well it's dinner time, that'll distract them for a while," James said.

Jessie picked up a small pile of clothes that was lying on the chest of drawers. "I still don't think this is a good idea you know."

"Why not? If we're on the Enterprise there's less chance of a vampire attack," James said. "Well now anyway, they only let certain people onboard."

Jessie headed over to the nearby bed, which had a suitcase on it. "What about the anti-vamp shield I managed to put up a month ago? It wasn't easy you know."

"I know Jess but there's risk of a goon attack too, they could easily attack Duncan at school," James replied.

"I guess so, but Starfleet only allowed you to swap your Game Cube site job for Security for two weeks. What are we going to do when we have to come back?" Jessie questioned.

"I don't know, but during those two weeks we'll have time to think of something. Besides you managed to do the shield spell despite still feeling weak, in two weeks you may be able to do more," James replied.

"I can't do big spells while I'm at my best, James, haven't you forgotten my little problem?" Jessie muttered.

"No I haven't, but you said the shield wasn't at it's best as you didn't have much power then. I meant that you could make it more powerful when we get back, that's not enough to make you evil," James said.

"Why bother, the shield already keeps out anything dead. You tested it on that vamp didn't you, it's fine," Jessie said.

"Maybe so but we can't take any chances. Frenit and his friends somehow managed to get out of Manchester, despite there being a shield," James said.

Jessie shrugged, "maybe they came from another part of the country."

"I doubt Starfleet would just put a shield around one place and leave out other places," James said.

"Then I don't know how they did it," Jessie sighed. She put the bear into the case and shut it. "Well that's Sasha's done, now I need to do Duncan's." She headed back over to the crib.

"Let me do it, here," James said as he handed Sarah-Amy to her.

"Ok but it isn't a quick job and..." Jessie muttered.

"The Enterprise is sending a shuttle tomorrow, there's plenty of time," James said.

"Oh good," Jessie sighed.

"I'll pack Duncan's stuff after dinner," James said, heading back to the door.

"Well it didn't take long for you to give up, did it?" Jessie said, with a raised eyebrow. She followed him.

Voyager, the Ready Room:

"Well I'm looking forward to it. Why shouldn't I be?" Kathryn said from the replicator. She turned to it, "coffee black."

Chakotay sighed as he sat down on the sofa, "somebody's already been spreading rumours about the newest member of your family."

Kathryn turned to him holding a coffee cup, "what kind of rumours?"

"I'm not sure, but in my eyes it's always bad," Chakotay replied.

Kathryn sat down next to him, he put his arm around her. "It couldn't really be worse than what's actually happened. Nobody knew it was twins before so nobody can say that they both died, that's worse."

"True but the rumour could be that they're twins," Chakotay said.

Kathryn groaned, "when will our crew learn not to spread unofficial news?"

Chakotay smiled, he kissed her on the side of her head. "I don't know, but I think we should send them a warning just in case."

"It's too late in England, they'll be leaving first thing in our morning anyway," Kathryn sighed.

"Let's just hope the rumours don't spread to them at all, people may find out the true story before it comes anywhere near them," Chakotay said.

"I hope you're right," Kathryn said, resting her head on his shoulder.

Chakotay smiled, "so what can you tell me about this new baby then?"

"Well she's tiny, a little smaller than James was when he was born which is scary because he was tiny. She's also very cute, and I already know that she's just like her siblings," Kathryn replied.

"In what way?" Chakotay asked.

"You remember what Duncan was like when he was only a few weeks old?" Kathryn questioned.

Chakotay sighed, "yes, he cried a lot, was very curious about everything going on around him, and he liked to grab fingers or whatever was around."

"He was already acting like a baby of a few months, Sasha was the same," Kathryn said.

"The newbie is the same too?" Chakotay questioned. "Tell me, was James like that?"

"No, apart from swearing a lot he was a very normal baby," Kathryn replied.

"Then you know where his children's got that trait from then," Chakotay said.

Kathryn nodded, "Jessie."

"She was put in an orphanage at a very young age, she probably had to grow up faster than some kids," Chakotay said.

"Yeah, I really can't wait until I see the whole family again. It's nice now that James and I get along, I get to see them more often," Kathryn said.

"Does Duncan like you now, or is he still a little off?" Chakotay questioned.

"No I still need to get him to like me. I'll have to babysit him sometime," Kathryn replied.

"Well like you said, it'll be easier to do that since you and James are getting along, for now," Chakotay said.

Kathryn moved her head away from him so she could glare at his face, "what's that supposed to mean?"

"You know what he's like," Chakotay replied, looking nervous.

Kathryn narrowed her eyes, "you mean I know what I'm like, don't you?"

"Um, Kathryn, you two are both alike in some ways," Chakotay replied.

Kathryn sighed, "I know, it's only a matter of time before we fall out again. We did work things out two months ago, there's nothing to argue about now though."

"I hope you're right," Chakotay said.

Meanwhile, Shield Row:

Sarah opened up the front door, she stepped outside and walked closer to where James was standing.

"I thought you stopped your little patrols," she said.

"I hardly call standing outside the house patrolling," James said, glancing at her.

Sarah shrugged, "I could have just caught you about to leave."

"No, I was just checking if we were safe, just in case," James said.

"Great, who'll do that once you're gone?" Sarah smiled.

"They won't go after you, besides the shield is up," James replied. He moved his hand closer to the fence, it seemed to go through a shield.

"Just a thought but what if your Tolg friend wanted to visit, Nikki isn't it?" Sarah questioned.

"Normally I would be worried if she wanted to, but if it was really urgent we'd meet elsewhere," James replied.

"You don't like her or something? I preferred the good old days when you just knew a few people. It was much easier to keep up then," Sarah said.

James shook his head, "ok, good night Sarah." He walked towards the house.

Sarah tried to look innocent, "what?"

The next day

Enterprise, the Mess Hall:

Naomi walked over to Triah and Craig's table holding a tray, with two drinks on them. She put the two glasses onto the table then walked away.

"It's an absolute nightmare. I do love the little guy but taking care of him really isn't a one person job," Triah said.

"I get the hint, but isn't he a little young to be babysitted?" Craig questioned.

"Not really, he sometimes takes a milk bottle," Triah replied.

Craig shrugged, "I could look after him for a day or so."

Triah sighed, "it's not as easy as it looks. He's messy for one thing, and he cries all the time."

"All right I have an idea. Why don't I move in, on the sofa of course, and I can help look after him," Craig said.

Triah pulled a face, "I don't know if I like the idea of you living on my sofa."

"Why not?" Craig asked.

"No offense but I counted the days until I was old enough to move out of our house," Triah replied.

"Fine but I still say you should find out who the father is. You could lumber Scott with him," Craig said.

"No, no. I just need time to think. I barely have time for anything because of Scott," Triah said.

"You know what, you'd probably feel better if you talked to someone who's been through this," Craig said.

Triah sighed, "I guess so, I don't like Tom so I could talk to B'Elanna."

Craig shrugged, "even Janeway would be a good idea. She had to take care of James and Kiara."

"Ok but she dumped both onto somebody else at the first opportunity, well tried to with Kiara," Triah muttered.

"Just do it Triah, the more the better. I also hear that James and Jessie are coming back to the ship today, you could talk to them," Craig said.

Triah nodded, "right so that's three people." Craig rolled his eyes. "All right I'll talk to Tom and Janeway too."

Craig smiled, "you could always go to Newcastle and see Danny."

"No thanks, she probably doesn't even know I have a baby so let's just leave it at that," Triah muttered.

Craig looked uncomfortable, "she probably does cos Ian does."

Triah rolled her eyes, "great, I'm surprised that I didn't get a congratulations message from her."

Craig smirked, "it probably got lost somewhere."

Later, Deck Seven:

Tom stepped out of the turbolift whistling a silly tune, he headed down the corridor. Triah turned the corner nearby with Scott in a pram. She picked up speed to walk beside him.

"Hey Triah, what's up?" Tom said cheerfully.

"Well, you looked after three newborn boys didn't you?" Triah questioned.

"Yeah I did, you need some advice or something?" Tom replied.

"Not exactly, I just wondered if it was difficult, even with two parents," Triah replied.

Tom smiled, "I see, don't you have Craig to help you?"

"He's offered, I just don't feel comfortable about letting him look after Scott yet," Triah replied.

"I don't blame you," Tom said. "Listen it's always hard. You could have about five parents or guardians around and it would still be a hard job to look after one. I tell ya, I'm not envying James and Jessie right now."

Triah frowned, "um, why? Jess has a month to go right?"

"She's supposed to yeah, but there's been lots of rumours," Tom replied. Triah just rolled her eyes. "No no, they're realistic. Some people say there was a problem and she had to have them two months early."

"Them? Oh boy, I thought I had it bad," Triah muttered.

"Yep, that's why I don't envy them, it's supposed to be two girls," Tom said.

"Well it's better than two boys," Triah said.

Tom frowned, "hey, oh who am I kidding, boys are harder to handle when they're babies."

"Just when they're babies, ookay Tom, whatever you say," Triah said sarcastically.

"Give me a break, Bryan's technically a kid not a teenager. Besides I've only looked after boys, I don't know if girls are any easier really," Tom said.

"Well if James and Jessie's kids are any indication, girls are easier to handle," Triah said.

Tom smirked, "yeah true, but Duncan's worse than some boys his age. Believe me."

Triah sighed, "ok what's the other rumours?"

"Ohno there's just one, that's why it's more realistic than usual," Tom replied.

"Oh dear, four kids," Triah sighed. She shuddered, "I need a lie down now." She turned around and headed back the way she came. Tom smiled, shaking his head, he continued on.

The Main Shuttlebay:

Tom walked into the bay, he headed towards the closest shuttle. Duncan and Sasha were nearby the open door, with two bags. "Hey you two."

Duncan glanced at him, "ugh, this is our welcoming commi... comm... thing?"

Sasha giggled, "and you said you were smart."

Tom shook his head, "Duncan don't be rude."

"Why not?" Duncan asked. He turned to Sasha, "and I'd like to hear you say that word."

"I don't know what you were trying to say," Sasha said.

James came out of the shuttle carrying a bag and a large suitcase. He put them down nearby the other bags. "Do you think she remembered to pack her other dead body?"

"No I don't think she did," Tom replied. He eyed the suitcase, "hmm, women ey?"

Sasha pouted, "hey."

Tom glanced down at her, "you're not a woman yet, you're only a girl."

"Still, it's mean," Sasha muttered.

Tom tried not to laugh, "I'm sorry." He glanced back up. "Do you need any help getting this stuff to your quarters?"

James looked down to eye the larger suitcase, "are transporters working?"

"Is it that heavy?" Tom questioned, raising his eyebrow.

"Well yeah but my problem is that it's too big, I'm not carrying it around the ship," James replied.

Tom nodded, "I'll get them transported."

"There's still one more case," James said, he headed back into the shuttle.

"Still, it's mean," Duncan imitated Sasha, pulling faces as he did. "You're a big wuss Sasha."

"You are more than me," Sasha said.

"Ha, yeah right," Duncan sniggered.

"Well why did you wait for dad to leave before skitting me?" Sasha asked smugly, she stuck a tongue out at him.

"The girl's got a point," Tom said, smirking a little.

Duncan glanced at him, "screw you Tom."

Tom rolled his eyes, "you don't even know what screw you means."

"I can find out, I just know it's insulting," Duncan muttered.

James stepped back out of the shuttle holding a normal sized case, he put it down. Tom sighed, "Duncan wants to know what screw you means."

"Um, it's a tamer version of f*** you," James said, looking nervous. He stared at Tom, "did you say that to him?"

"No, he said it to me, and I said you don't even know what it means," Tom muttered.

Duncan looked confused, "what does f*** mean anyway?"

"It doesn't really have a meaning, really. Tom why don't you help me get this transported," James quickly replied.

"Sure thing," Tom said nervously. "Just keep them all together, I'll do the rest." He walked over to a station not very far away. All the bags and cases transported away seconds later.

"Where is our quarters anyway?" Duncan asked.

Tom walked back over to the group, "same as before."

"So why were we chucked out of there when we got back to Earth?" James questioned.

Tom shook his head, "those poor ensigns, they didn't see that falling bulkhead coming."

"Falling bulkhead? Was that in the quarters or elsewhere?" James asked.

"Elsewhere, but it's still rather sad don't you think?" Tom replied.

Duncan sniggered, "it's kinda funny actually."

"Not for them it wasn't," Tom muttered. "Where's Jess anyway?"

"Oh something came up once we got into orbit, she won't be long," James replied.

Duncan pulled a face, "I forgot how much babies smell." He stared at Sasha, she rolled her eyes.

"Babies huh, the rumours were true then?" Tom said.

"Depends, what were they this time?" James asked.

"That Jess had to give birth two months early, and that it was twins," Tom replied.

Jessie chose that moment to come out of the shuttle, holding Sarah-Amy. "Um James, we forgot to take the pram... oh hi Tom."

Tom looked uncomfortable, "um, there's one, well rumours are hardly ever true."

"Actually they were spot on for once," James muttered. He turned to Jessie, "we'll have to replicate one."

"Well knowing Triah she probably abandoned a pram cos of dust, we could borrow one," Jessie said. She glanced at Tom, "so what rumours are around this time?"

"They weren't really rumours apparently," Tom said looking uncomfortable. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean anything."

"It's ok, you didn't know," James said. "Right, let's go. I have to report in to get duty times and stuff in an hour."

Jessie frowned, "report in to who?"

"The Captain of the ship obviously," James muttered in response, he headed out of the room.

Jessie sighed, "this is why we should have chose the Leda."

The Pegasus

"Mwahahahahahaha, take that," Damien laughed maniacally.

Riker walked up to him, "sir, what are you doing?"

"What does it look like I'm doing maggot," Damien snapped. He quickly turned back to his Game Boy Advance, not the crap one though, the SP one.

Riker shrugged his shoulders, he walked back over to the first officers chair. On it was a large BLT buttie, he picked it up. "Mmm, my precious." A few seconds later the buttie was mostly gone, all that was left was the mayonnaise around Riker's face and the crumbs nearby.

Damien rolled his eyes, "it was only a matter of time." He growled at the Game Boy, a few seconds later it was in a few pieces next to the wall.

The smart alacky ensign sighed, heading over to it, "sir you have to be careful, you'll never beat the game back if you break it." He knelt down and picked up an old Game Boy cartridge, which had the label Kirby's Dream Land on it. "Um, you didn't win at Kirby's Dream Land?"

Damien glanced around at him, "it's impossible, how can it expect you to restart the level everytime you get killed?"

"Sir, one of the consoles is beeping," Riker said.

Damien stared at him, "no I think that's your communicator."

Riker giggled, he tapped his commbadge. "Oh pizza hut, it's time for another delivery already? Good good, now I want a meat feast this time."

The smart alacky ensign walked over to Damien, "sir, I..."

"What is it smart alac... oh screw it, I'm calling you Bob," Damien grumbled.

"As you wish sir but our future visitor is hailing us," smart alacky ensign said.

Damien smiled evilly, "excellent, put him on screen."

"Er sir... his species doesn't like to be seen by outsiders remember," Bob said.

"Oh, on speakers then," Damien said.

In: "Pegasus, now's a good a time as any to begin. We should be heading to Earth now."

"Interesting, why is it a good time?" Damien asked.

In: "There hasn't been this many crewmembers on the fleet in a while. As promised I will allow you to use our spying technology to watch my progress."

"Excellent," Damien sneered.

"Took the words right out of my mouth," Riker drooled as he stared towards the turbolift. A guy holding a large pizza box was standing there.

"Um, another routine delivery for Mr Riker?" the guy said.

Riker rushed over, "yes yes, gimme."

The Enterprise, Deck Eight:

Inside the original Sickbay were a few kids including Duncan and Sasha, and also one crewmember keeping an eye on them. Inside the office another crewmember was sitting behind the desk, James and Jessie were sitting on the opposite side.

"Yes well, this Sickbay wasn't being used anymore so we figured we'd move. Both the nurseries on this ship and Voyager were not big enough," the crewmember said.

"Wasn't a family living here?" Jessie asked.

The crewmember shrugged, "no not for a while. The family moved out a few months ago, it was converted back to a Sickbay afterwards."

"It's not really about space though, there's only two of you," James said.

The crewmember frowned, "Jenna is handling the group on her own at the moment, she is perfectly capable and so am I. I teach the older children, while she looks after the ones too young to be schooled."

"Yeah well Duncan is a little um... difficult sometimes," Jessie said carefully.

"We take care of a little lad called Johnathan, I doubt anyone's as 'difficult' as him," the crewmember said.

The sound of a kid crying from next door caught their attention. "So um... we're going to go," James muttered as he got off the chair.

Jessie got up too, "yeah, right now." They both quickly left the office.

The crewmember sighed into her hand. The other crewmember, Jenna, walked into the office. "Diane, the new lad hit..."

"Yeah I got that," the crewmember groaned.

Meanwhile, the Ready Room:

Angela glanced at a PADD as she picked up a cup, "so what job are you looking for?"

Lena shrugged, she sat down on the chair opposite. "I dunno, Security maybe?"

Angela lowered the PADD, "that's actually a good idea. Today the Enterprise is getting a new Chief of Security who will train a bunch of new recruits, you may as well train with them."

"But, I'm a Slayer... I don't need to be trained," Lena muttered.

"There's more to Security than hitting people. You need to be trained how to use rifles and other weapons, handle hostage situations, also follow all the rules," Angela said.

"I get the picture," Lena said.

"No offense intended Lena, everyone needs to be trained," Angela said. She looked at the PADD while she sipped at her coffee. "Though you could train with one group for half a day, and join a team for the other half."

"I could?" Lena questioned.

"It's not up to me, it's up to the Chief," Angela replied.

"Oh, who is it anyway?" Lena asked.

"Well we're kinda low on people right now, the last Chief couldn't handle it and Lieutenant Anderson couldn't manage the whole fleet..." Angela said.

Lena stared at her, "why do I get the feeling I already know him?"

"Probably cos you do," Angela nodded her head. "It's your brother, he was a Chief of Security on this ship before."

Lena groaned, "great, I'm so used to giving him orders not him giving orders to me."

"Well at least he'll probably let you join a team for the rest of the day," Angela said. She handed her a different PADD.

"I guess. What would I have to do if he didn't?" Lena asked.

"Do what the others who need full training do, join the second training team in the afternoon," Angela replied.

"A whole day with James? Oh god, I need to think up a bribe or maybe blackmail him," Lena groaned.

Angela tried not to laugh, "I have a few things you know."

"I thought you only knew him for a few weeks," Lena said.

Angela nodded, "I did but Danny talked too much."

Lena pulled a face, "actually I'll think of something myself." She stood up, "knowing her she probably made up something dirty."

"Actually a few of them are, yes," Angela said.

Lena shook her head, "no it only works if they're true." She walked out of the room.

Angela sighed, "good, suit yourself."

Meanwhile Lena headed for the turbolift, James came out of it and almost bumped into her. "Lena? What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Zare and Emma wanted to do some slaying, so Daniel and I swapped places with them," Lena replied. She frowned, "what are you doing here anyway?"

"It's a little safer up here, and since when does Daniel do any slaying?" James questioned, raising his eyebrow.

"I didn't say he did. See you in training ey," Lena replied. She stepped into the turbolift.

"Training?" James looked confused. He headed for the Ready Room. He stood in front of the door for a while before finally pressing the door chime.

Back in the Ready Room:

"Come in," Angela called while staring at the PADD. James walked into the room, looking rather uncomfortable. Angela looked up, "oh, you're late."

James shrugged, "does it matter?"

Angela sighed, "ok, at ease."

"That's not going to happen," James muttered.

"All right we'd better get down to business," Angela said. She picked up another PADD, "here's your duty roster and other information."

James took the PADD off her, he looked at it, "um... since when do I need the rest of Security's duty information?"

"Since you became the Chief of Security, gee I thought you did this before," Angela muttered.

James stared blankly at her, "right, I managed to swap two weeks of punishment work for a job like this. Is this another sick joke that I don't get?"

"No," Angela rolled her eyes. "Our last chief packed in and Anderson can't handle the Enterprise as well as the Leda and Voyager. You're all that's left."

"Tough, I'm not reporting to you every day for two weeks," James grumbled.

"For crying out loud," Angela muttered. She stood up, "It was seventeen years ago, you should have gotten over it a long time ago."

"So you say, but it was easy for you," James said.

"It wasn't easy, I went through hell and back, and then back to hell again. Everyone I met seemed to know, they all judged me for it. Do you know how hard it is to live with yourself after doing something like that, and also get a lot of grief from everyone you know? I'm telling you, you got it easy," Angela snapped.

"Oh so what, you deserved everything you got," James muttered.

"No I didn't!" Angela snapped again. "I was a screwed up young girl back then, and that was all because of those two guys that took me to that after party."

James rolled his eyes, "oh spare me."

"You have no right to judge me still. I did what I did because I was screwed up because of what happened to me, you did the same," Angela muttered.

James' eyes widened, "what?"

Angela smirked, "yeah I know. It took you longer but you did the same as me, and here you are thinking you're a lot better than I am when we're just the same. Well actually I am better, because I admit it."

"I don't know what you're talking about," James muttered.

"I was at that trial James, you can't lie about it," Angela said. "How far did you get with her then?"

"That was different," James said.

"Is that what you tell yourself every time you think about it, or when someone reminds you?" Angela questioned. "I still can't believe that you continued dating her and ended up marrying her with that on your conscience."

"You just don't get it," James said.

Angela shook her head, "no, I don't want to either."

"Oh, now you're the one doing the judging. What you did to me was sick and..." James said.

Angela interrupted him, "and what you did to her wasn't? My god, she was even pregnant at the time."

"I didn't say that," James snapped. "I'll never forgive myself for what I did to her, but somehow you managed to forgive yourself."

"Right, what I did wasn't half as bad," Angela muttered.

"It was just as bad, I wasn't even fourteen when you did that to me," James said.

Angela shrugged, "well I got it when I was only fourteen. Are you happy now?"

"You see, I'm not doing this every day. You can stuff your chief job," James muttered.

"You haven't got a choice in the matter. Taking that job will be the only job that'll allow you to still look after your newborn and your sick forgiving wife," Angela said. "Now who's more important, them or you?"

James groaned while rolling his eyes, "fine, I'll do it."

"Wow, you are capable of caring about people that aren't you. It's a start," Angela smiled.

Later, the Security Office:

Jessie sat down on the sofa, cradling Sarah-Amy in her right arm while she fiddled with a bottle with her left. "You didn't have to take this job you know."

"I did, I'm not leaving you with the baby during these two weeks," James said from the desk, which had a lot of PADDs sitting on it.

"Yeah but I can't be around when you're training the new recruits, can I?" Jessie pointed out.

"I know, we'll have to think of a different system," James said.

"I have one," Jessie said. "I know you don't want to leave me alone with her, but we can alternate days. Like today I could look after her, the next day you do... she'll be ok in the pram while you train the newbies."

"Brilliant," James sarcastically said. He picked up one of the PADDs, "here's one of the newbies. Name, Jack Thomas. Age, eighteen/twenty two. Previous jobs, glass collector but got promoted to bouncer, but I wouldn't ask my ex-boss about that as he has amnesia. Skills, I once opened a door using only my elbow, oh and I'd be good at breaking into things as I broke a lot of bottles."

Jessie tried not to laugh, "oh you mock him now, he could go far you know."

"Right, I got fired from a bar job because I broke too many things, and they said my job didn't include being a bouncer whenever I felt like it," James muttered.

"Oh, I didn't know you worked at a bar," Jessie said.

James shrugged, "Ian thought I had to get out more, he didn't know I probably got out more than he did anyway."

"I don't get what the problem is. It doesn't say that he's an axe murderer or something like that," Jessie said.

"I picked up a good one," James said. He picked up a different PADD. "This one just got released from a nut house recently."

"What was wrong with him?" Jessie asked.

"Well I don't know, he just put that he was framed," James replied.

"Don't worry about it, it's the best system we've got. Besides you'll protect her right?" Jessie said.

"I can only do so much at once you know," James said.

Jessie shook her head, "there is such a thing called a forcefield, it's quite useful."

The doors opened, Angela strolled in. James rolled his eyes, "one would be quite useful about now."

"No it wouldn't," Angela said calmly. "Look I just came here to apologise."

"It's a bit late for that isn't it?" Jessie commented.

"No, I can't actually apologise for that... it's just a slap on the face to the person you're apologising to," Angela said.

"Speaking of a slap in the face, why the hell did you let these guys onboard the ship, let alone put them in a training course?" James questioned.

"We're low on people, Security is the best job for them," Angela replied.

"That's comforting," Jessie muttered.

Angela sighed, "yeah well, this whole situation isn't very." She turned to James, "I am sorry for losing my temper though. While you're working here for two weeks we're going to have to get along."

"Not really, I was planning on sending the daily reports via the computer," James said.

"Well that's a good back up idea. I've spent a lot of years in Starfleet and I know how to act professional around people who don't like me, etc... I had to learn obviously," Angela said.

"All right, but I'm warning you... I may have spent ten years on a Starfleet ship but I didn't learn anything like that. You can ask my mum, Chakotay, Tom, Craig, you get the idea," James said.

"Well at least you warned me," Angela smiled. "I forgot to put the report time on the PADD, I prefer evenings unlike some Captains. I'll see you tonight at six." She turned around and walked out of the room.

"That was creepy," James muttered.

Jessie sighed, "really? She was always like that around you and Danny back at school."

"Yeah, that's why it's creepy," James said.

"I'd be on my guard if I were you," Jessie said.

"It's ok, I always am around her now," James said.

Later, the Mess Hall:

Triah sat down at one of the small tables, she pulled Scott's pram closer to her. Neelix walked over to table, "the usual?"

"Yeah please," Triah replied. He smiled, and walked away humming a tune.

Duncan and Sasha rushed into the room, James and Jessie were right behind them, Jessie had a pram in front of her. "I'll get it, you sit down," James said.

"Ok but I'm telling you, that kid deserved it," Duncan said.

"Yeah yeah," Sasha muttered.

Duncan rolled his eyes as he sat down on the table next to Triah's. Sasha climbed onto the chair nearby him. Neelix walked over to the table, "why hello you two, I haven't seen you..."

Sasha glanced at him, she screamed. "What's that!?"

Jessie sat down next to her, "it's ok sweetie, it's just Neelix and he seems sober."

"Oh Neelix, ok..." Sasha said, still with wide eyes.

Duncan sniggered, "and you said that I was the wuss."

Neelix sighed, "I should have expected that, I'm sorry. Now would any of you like today's special?"

"No, we're getting replicated food, you know, decent food," Duncan replied.

"I see you're just as charming as ever," Neelix muttered as he walked away.

Jessie rolled her eyes, "like he's any better."

Triah turned around in her chair, "Jessie, can I talk to you?"

Jessie glanced over at her, "um yeah, what's up?"

"Well um..." Triah muttered, glancing back at Scott. "I had a kid, like you..."

Jessie glanced over at the pram, "so I see..."

"I was wondering if, you know, had any pearls of wisdom," Triah said.

"You're asking me? Am I the last person you asked or something?" Jessie questioned.

"No, I still have to talk to Janeway, Chakotay, and James," Triah replied. She looked around the room, "maybe people I don't know if I still feel a bit overwhelmed."

"Well I'm so glad I'm before Janeway on that list," Jessie muttered. "You don't want to talk to her. She had other people looking after Kiara most of the time, and well you know James' story."

"No offense but Tom and B'Elanna looked after Duncan for a while," Triah said.

Duncan shuddered, "ugh, no one remind me ever again."

"Yeah well, nothing like that happened with Sasha," Jessie said.

Sasha giggled, "see, they like me better."

Duncan glared at her, "I don't get why."

"Will you two stop fighting," Jessie groaned. She turned back to Triah. "I don't know what to tell you really. Get as much help as you can, don't abandon him or her at the age or two, don't let them age quicker."

"Hey," Duncan pouted.

Jessie glanced back at him, "that wasn't an insult or anything like that."

"Oh ok," Duncan muttered.

Jessie turned back to Triah, "oh and don't go too nuts when they make a mess, cos they do that a lot."

"I noticed," Triah sighed.

"Sorry, I'm no good at giving advice," Jessie said. She looked over at Triah's pram again, "so, boy or girl?"

"Oh boy," Triah replied. "What about you?"

"Girl," Jessie replied as James came over with two trays. "Oh you know what, I have another bit of advice."

"Oh good," Triah said.

Jessie took a hold of one of James' hands, "get yourself one of these."

"Why would she want to do that?" he asked.

"It's not really clear is it?" Triah said.

"It's obvious, get any really nice guy to help you out. I wouldn't try it on your own," Jessie replied. She shrugged, "even Craig would do."

"Well if you're mentioning my brother then why does it have to be a guy?" Triah questioned.

"All right fine, don't listen to me," Jessie muttered.

"Ok Jess, I told you not to finish off that coffee," James said.

Jessie looked up at him trying to look innocent, "well what if Janeway came, she probably would have killed you for leaving it."

Duncan sniggered, "cool, Evil Janeway."

"Thanks for the advice Jess, um... some of it may be useful," Triah muttered as she turned back around.

"I'm partly serious you know Triah, you can't do this on your own. I didn't mean to offend you or anything," Jessie said.

Triah glanced back briefly, "I know."

The Pegasus:

Damien sat down in the captains chair holding a small bucket of popcorn. "Yes I see, will all the crewmembers be affected?"

A tall alien stood in the middle of the room wearing a dark cloak groaned, "not all no, not all of them have interesting enough memories."

"Why is that important?" Riker asked.

"Why do you have such a dumb crew Damien?" the alien muttered.

"I can only enslave dumb ones at the moment," Damien replied.

Bob glanced back at him, "but I'm not dumb."

"Just because you're smart alacky doesn't mean that you're not dumb," Damien snapped.

Bob looked confused, "huh?"

"See," Damien smiled evilly.

"At the moment I have found seven senior crewmembers to, what's the phrase you humans use? Oh yes, mess with. Also there are several less important crewmembers that I can mess with too," the alien said.

"Only seven, out of twenty four available main characters!?" Damien snapped.

"One of seven isn't a main character," the alien said. "Besides four main cast members are on Earth."

"This is absurd, I hired you to cause some damage, six main characters won't do that," Damien grumbled.

"You underestimate me, Damien," the alien said.

Damien stood up, "and you underestimate my ship."

"Oh yeah baby," Riker drooled, he pushed an apple pie in his face.

"I mean you underestimate me," Damien muttered. He shook his head, "I need more recruits."

The alien sighed, "you're not going to get vengeance without me. Tell me, in ten years have you done any serious damage to this crew?"

"Well actually Season Three was a good season," Damien replied. Riker burped loudly. "Though I did get him in that season, ugh."

"You're welcome sir," Riker grinned.

"How good a season was it?" the alien asked.

"Well I took over the Enterprise for a brief time, got an annoying witch killed temporarily, turned an annoying Slayer evil, killed one of their kids temporarily, um... brainwashed Softmicron, forced Enterprise and Voyager into their realm, teamed up with a Tolg guy, and a dead warlock guy..." Damien replied.

The alien groaned, "yet they're still alive, well, and you're still seeking vengeance."

Damien pouted, "it's true, I did do all that."

"Sure whatever... your problem is you're trying too hard. Let me handle this side of things, you can destroy the mess I leave them in. Understood?" the alien said.

Damien smiled evilly, "oh I understand the word destroy, mwahahahaha."

"Why must you always do that?" the alien groaned.

Really early next morning

James/Jessie's Quarters:

The door to the main living area opened, James stepped through it and headed straight towards one of the other doors. The main door chimed, he just groaned, "yeah come in."

Angela stepped inside, "so I didn't wake anybody then."

"Technically no, you didn't," James said as he turned to face the window.

Angela frowned, "technically?"

"What do you want? You said you wanted reports at six pm, not six am," James questioned.

"Well I need to talk to you, it's urgent," Angela replied, she walked closer to him. "Can I sit down?"

"Sure," James replied with a shrug.

Angela sat down on the sofa nearby, "I've been thinking, you know about what happened."

"Great, me too," James muttered.

"I thought about how people treated me afterwards. I came to realise that they probably didn't treat me like that because of what I did, but because I tried to hide it. The reason why I felt so bad for so long was probably because I hid the whole thing from everyone else," Angela said.

"That's great, good for you," James sarcastically muttered.

Angela rolled her eyes, "do you think any of that's familiar?"

James glanced at her briefly, "no."

"Fine, but it will be soon enough," Angela said.

"Are you getting to the point anytime soon?" James asked.

"Just now actually," Angela replied. She looked up at him, "I think it'll be better for both of us if we just tell everyone, you know the whole story."

James slowly turned to stare blankly at her, "what?"

"You heard me. I can't keep lying to people," Angela said.

"You don't have to, just avoid mentioning it," James said.

"Well I can't even do that anymore. I still feel like I'm betraying Michael by doing just that," Angela said.

"Um, who's Michael?" James asked.

"Duh, my fiance," Angela replied. "Look surely you can't stand the thought of keeping the whole story away from Jessie."

"Actually, quite the opposite. I'm not really lying to her and it would just make things worse, for both of us, if the full story came out," James said.

Angela rolled her eyes, "I could live with that."

"Well funnily enough, it's not just about you," James muttered.

"No but my side's worse, and I'm willing to let people find out about us," Angela said.

"About us? Ok, that's different," James said.

Angela shrugged, "well it's a little more accurate than saying 'the full story', now isn't it?"

"No, not really," James replied. He took a step closer to her, "wait, are you going to tell people what actually happened, or some lie?"

Angela stood up with wide eyes, "no of course not, what I'm suggesting is to stop us both from lying anymore."

"Well get rid of this 'about us' crap, it sounds completely wrong," James said.

"If you insist," Angela sighed.

"So what are you going to tell your fiance then?" James asked.

"The truth. He knows already what I tried to do, he just needs an extension to that story," Angela replied.

"Really? You're just going to, out of the blue, tell him something like that?" James questioned.

"Yes of course, maybe you got married too fast Jamesy," Angela replied.

"Hardly," James said. "So you think he's just going to take this news lightly?"

"No of course not," Angela replied. "Not many people would be happy to hear about it, but he needs to know about the men before him."

"Well considering that I was forced into it, I don't think it's a good idea for him to hear about it," James said.

"Oh please, you weren't forced into it," Angela rolled her eyes.

"Um, I think I was," James muttered.

"Well I don't," Angela said. She stepped closer to him. "Listen, men can't get raped anyway, so get that little innocent streak out of your system."

"I knew it, you're going to tell him a different story. Let me guess, it was me who attacked you. You've tried that once before," James said.

"It's not a different story at all," Angela said.

"Ok, I didn't want you to tell the full story at all, but you are so not going to tell this new crap story of yours," James said.

"Oh for god's sake," Angela groaned. She headed back towards the main door. "I'm going to tell Michael the truth, I owe him that. Then I may tell other people."

"If you do, I'll kill you," James muttered.

Angela smiled, "right, you only just managed to hit me back then."

"I have no problem hurting you," James said.

"Ok but you won't kill me, you don't have the nerve," Angela said.

James rolled his eyes, "remember who you're talking to."

"Oh yeah, Mr Murderous Slayer... fine," Angela muttered, she walked out of the room.

July 2379

The Enterprise, Mess Hall:

A full on mad party was going on, a lot of people were really drunk as usual.

Triah pushed a few guys out of the way, "get out of the way, I heard a bottle smash!" She passed Harry who was looking very drunk.

"Hey everyone, let's go and visit that star we passed!" he yelled.

"Nah, too hot..." Emma muttered at a nearby table, not looking too good.

James, Foster, Evil C and Craig walked into the room, they were obviously the only sober people there. "Um, what's going on here?" Craig asked.

"What does it look like?" James muttered.

"Oooh free booze," Foster giggled, he ran towards the alcohol table.

"Ok, is this the third anniversary party or something?" Evil C questioned.

"Third anniversary of what?" James also questioned.

Tom passed by with B'Elanna on his arm, "Jessie's evil rampage of course."

B'Elanna groaned, "yeah yeah, who cares, let's go." She pulled him out of the room with her.

"Hmm, best not repeat that to Jessie," James muttered, he headed out of the room.

"We're not staying then, damn," Evil C groaned, he followed too while snatching a bottle off a nearby guy.

"You can stay, I don't care," James said.

Craig grinned, "I don't either..."

"We're on the Enterprise, it's my decision anyway," James said.

Craig pouted, "I get your point."

"Great, we're staying," Evil C said, he grabbed another bottle of a different person.

Neelix ran passed them, he dropped his jacket on the floor nearby them. "On second thought," Craig muttered. He rushed out of the room, a lot of people did the same.

"Ok ok, why don't we fly there!" Harry yelled. A lot of people cheered, they all headed out via a different door.

Lee meanwhile screamed, he ran towards the nearest door. He tripped over Triah, who was busy wiping a stain on the carpet. "Oh god Triah, you've got to help me."

"Ok as long as you don't spill anything," Triah shrugged.

"Neelix keeps chasing me around the room," Lee stuttered.

Triah pulled a disgusted face, "eww."

"I know," Lee stuttered. His eyes widened, "oh crap!" He ran away with Neelix, wearing only trousers by the way, right behind him. He dropped a piece of clothing next to Triah.

"Oh for god's sake," she groaned.

Some guy nearby knelt down to pick it up, "do you want a hand?"

Triah looked up at him, "oh thanks..."

Present Day

Triah's Quarters:

Triah sat up in her bed looking freaked out, "no... oh god no."

Meanwhile in Tom/B'Elanna's Quarters:

Tom's eyes opened up, they quickly turned very wide, "oh my god." He quickly pulled himself out of bed, "that's why my dad hated me."

B'Elanna groaned, she sat up, "what's wrong Tom?"

Tom glanced back at her, blushing slightly, "um... nothing, really it's nothing. It's a bad dream."

"Oh ok then," B'Elanna sighed, she lay back down.

Kathryn/Chakotay's Quarters:

Kathryn gasped as she sat up in her bed, "oh god."

Chakotay opened his eyes, "what is it?"

Kathryn trembled as she put a hand over her mouth, "I... left half a cup of coffee in our hotel room." She glanced over at Chakotay.

"Ugh... go back to sleep Kathryn," Chakotay groaned.

"But... but, the coffee..." Kathryn stuttered.

Chakotay groaned as he turned himself over, away from her, "go back to sleep."

"I'm going to have to go back there, I can't leave it," Kathryn stuttered.

"Somebody would have thrown it away by now, now go to sleep," Chakotay muttered.

Kathryn's eyes widened, "how could someone do something like that!?"

Chakotay groaned, turning back over, "Kathryn..."

"All right," Kathryn said, she lay back down. "That poor coffee..."

Voyager's Sickbay:

Triah rushed in through the main door holding Scott, still wearing her nightie. "Computer activate EMH."

Doctor Jones appeared, "please state the nature... oh hello Triah."

"Hi, um can you do a DNA test?" Triah asked.

Doctor Jones frowned, "of Scott? I thought you didn't want that."

"I really need to know now... long story," Triah stuttered.

"Well when I examined him after birth I got a DNA scan already, all I need to do is compare his DNA with other crewmembers," Doctor Jones said.

"Good good, do that," Triah stuttered.

"You didn't want this a month or so ago, why now?" Doctor Jones asked.

Triah sat down on the nearby biobed, "I had a weird dream a few minutes ago... you know about the party where I got pregnant, supposedly."

"I see, well I don't think this is a good idea then," Doctor Jones said.

"Why not?" Triah asked.

"You probably just want it now because you're panicky after the dream, later it'll be gone from your memory," Doctor Jones replied.

"True but I barely ever remember dreams after a few minutes, maybe I just remembered what happened. Surely that can happen right?" Triah questioned.

Doctor Jones sighed, "there's a higher chance that what you saw wasn't real though."

"Prove me wrong then, who's the dad?" Triah asked.

Doctor Jones headed over to the station nearby, he started working on it. "If you regret this later, don't say I didn't warn you or anything."

"Sure ok whatever," Triah muttered.

"The computer is going through the crew manifest for that time period," Doctor Jones sighed. "Now in the meantime, who were you with in your dream?"

"Luckily I woke up before anything like that happened," Triah replied. She sighed, "Harry rushed out of the room to fly the Enterprise somewhere, it's not him. Lee was getting chased by Neelix..."

Doctor Jones smiled, "hmm if Lee was gay before, he isn't now."

"Yeah well, I doubt he would have been able to escape long enough..." Triah said. "Other guys at the party mostly left to go with Harry, my brother was there... so was Evil C, Chakotay. I don't know."

"You were panicky because they were all there or..." Doctor Jones questioned.

"Daniel came up to me, well rather Ronnie, he asked to help me clean something up. I woke up then," Triah replied.

Doctor Jones tried not to laugh, "you do realise that it could have happened earlier that night, or much later, or on another day."

"I guess," Triah sighed.

The station beeped. "Right it's done, are you sure you want to know?" Doctor Jones asked.

Triah nodded her head, "yeah, let's get it over with."

Doctor Jones glanced at the station, his eyes widened, "um ok then... the father is..."

Lena's Quarters:

Lena sat down on her sofa holding a PADD and a cup of coffee. The door chimed, "yeah?"

Daniel walked in, "we have to talk."

Lena looked up from her PADD, "um, ok then, about what?"

Daniel shuddered slightly, clenching his fists, "I need to know something."

Lena put down the PADD and cup as she climbed onto her feet, she made her way over to him. "Are you ok, you don't look so good."

"No I'm not, now tell me..." Daniel muttered. "Why the hell did you let me get so boring?"

Lena stared blankly at him, "um what?"

Daniel took a hold of her arm to shake her slightly, "why... why didn't you tell me my past life was so boring!"

Lena pulled her arm away, "oh that. Who told you?"

"Nobody did. I must have hit my head or something cos it seemed like a memory," Daniel replied. "God I was reading books, making speeches, once I even got reading glasses just for the, you know, look."

Lena tried not to laugh, "oh yeah, I remember."

"What the hell was wrong with me?" Daniel asked.

"I don't know, you were always a watcher type," Lena replied.

"Yeah a watcher type, why did he insist on calling himself Ronnie anyway?" Daniel muttered.

Lena shrugged, "he said the name Daniel was the name of a thug, and too in your face."

Daniel's eyes widened, "oh my god!" He stormed back out of the room.

Lena tried not to laugh, "oops." She quickly followed him out.

Later that morning, James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie was lying on the sofa trying to catch up on sleep, while Sarah-Amy's pram stood nearby. The door chimed. "Oh god..." she groaned. "Can you come back later?"

"Um, no I can't," a familiar voice called from outside.

Jessie opened her eyes, "fine... come in."

Angela walked into the room, "sorry, this is just really important."

"Get it over with, I only got about two hours sleep last night," Jessie muttered.

Angela glanced at the pram briefly, "oh right. You see I've got something to tell you..."

Sarah-Amy interrupted her by crying loudly. Jessie tried to sit up but she quickly lay back down, she placed a hand on her stomach. "You've got to be kidding me," she grumbled.

"What's wrong?" Angela asked.

"Recovering from my pregnancy is taking longer than I thought," Jessie muttered in response.

"I'll bring her to you," Angela said, she walked over to the pram.

Jessie tried to sit up once again, "that's really not necessary."

Angela picked up Sarah-Amy, she handed her to Jessie. "No thanks are needed."

"Thanks but she needs feeding and I can't get up, so you'll have to come back later," Jessie said.

Angela looked confused, "um why? Oh right." She turned to leave.

"If it's so important come back after the meeting or dinner or something," Jessie said.

Angela glanced back at her, "I'm not going to the meeting, I'll try after dinner time." She walked back out of the room.

Later

The Leda, Conference Room:

Most of the main cast and Andrea were sitting around the large table.

"Now are we clear on the mission?" Kathryn questioned. Everyone nodded, not looking too sure about it though. "Excellent, now let's move onto less official business. Anyone got anything to report?"

"Um actually I do," Triah said nervously.

Kathryn smiled, "ok Triah, what is it?"

"Well at first I thought I should keep it to myself but considering the circumstances, I feel the need to humiliate him in front of as much people as possible," Triah replied. Everyone looked rather confused. "I found out who the father of my baby is as I remembered some of the night it happened."

"Oh..." a few people said. Nearly everyone leaned on the table to get a little closer.

Triah sighed, "I saw myself do a Seska, it's Chakotay's."

Everyone stared at Chakotay, his eyes widened in horror. "What!?" he exclaimed.

Triah giggled, "only kidding." Everyone sighed in relief. "But I was close with the Seska thing, the father is actually James."

Everyone turned to James instead, he did the same as Chakotay while Jessie looked rather annoyed. "Ok Triah, I'm going to kill you," she grumbled.

"Relax, I was kidding," Triah said, giggling again.

Tom sighed in relief, "thank god, cos frankly James has too many kids." He noticed Jessie glaring at him, "oh and I fear for my life, and everyone else's."

"Triah, stop messing around with us and tell us," Chakotay grumbled.

"All right sorry, I just thought I wouldn't be able to do this again. I needed to cheer myself up after all," Triah said. She sighed, "ok the real father is, ok it's Daniel."

"She's kidding again," Daniel said uncomfortably. Everyone glanced over at him. "Right?"

Triah bit her lip nervously, "nope."

Daniel hit his hand off the desk, "damn it that Ronnie guy was supposed to be boring, not a murderer who knocked up a girl."

Lena groaned into her hand, "nicely put."

Tom shrugged, "well James is slightly boring yet he managed it." His eyes widened in panic straight afterwards, James started glaring at him. "Crap, please tell me I said that in my head."

"Oh you did," James said.

Tom sighed in relief, "thank god... wait, damn!" He jumped to his feet and ran out of the room.

James rolled his eyes, "I'll get him later."

Jessie frowned, "what did he think?"

"He said somehow I managed it, well something like that," James replied.

Daniel folded his arms, "oh come on, no one was as boring as Ronnie. Do you voluntarily wear glasses just for the look, or read books, make speeches and crap?" A lot of the group sniggered quietly.

"No but I'm related to the Janeway's, I've probably done a speech at some point," James replied.

Kathryn tried to look innocent, "me, speech, haha not me."

Lena groaned, "I think the gag was aimed at me, right?"

"Both of you actually," James replied.

"Ok is there any other business?" Chakotay butted in.

"Actually yes there is. You know the group I was told to train," James said.

Chakotay sighed, "yes, what have they done now?"

"Nothing yet really, it's just what makes you people think I can train them for security? I'm not a miracle worker," James replied.

"Well it's either security or train them to use a console of any kind. What would you do?" Kathryn said.

"Oh right, but instead you allow them to use weapons..." James said.

Chakotay's eyes widened, "oh no no, don't give them weapons, you didn't give them weapons did you?"

James rolled his eyes, "I'm not that stupid."

Chakotay sighed in relief, "good, make sure they're trained to use them on the holodeck. Someone will have to take over training after your two weeks are up though."

"Really, you want me to train them to use them? Fine it's your lives, I'll be gone once they get the real kind," James said.

Most of the group looked nervous. "Oh that's not good, I could do with a jug of coffee," Kathryn said, she climbed out of her chair. "Dismissed."

Not long later, Voyager's Sickbay:

"Just tell me doc, is this some kind of sick joke she's pulling?" Daniel asked.

Doctor Jones sighed, "no... obviously Mr Ronnie was more interesting than he seemed."

Lena tried not to laugh, "tell me about it."

Daniel stared at her, "this isn't funny. Yesterday I was fine, today I find out my previous life was as dull as Janeway when she's not on coffee, except worse, and I also find out that I have a kid."

"Well look on the bright side," Lena said.

"I would if there was one," Daniel muttered.

"There is," Lena nodded. "You and I have something in common, we both have kids."

Doctor Jones tried not to laugh, "yes that's true."

"I don't think we can get your teen daughter and my month old kid to play together, you know while we go out somewhere," Daniel grumbled, he sat down on the biobed.

"No, but when she comes back she could babysit for us," Lena said.

Daniel groaned, "oh god, my life's over..."

"Yeah that was my reaction when I found out about Kiara," Lena muttered.

Doctor Jones shook his head, "then it's a good idea to keep an eye on him then."

"Yeah," Lena sighed. She sat down next to Daniel. "Hey, it's going to be fine, I got through it."

"Oh yeah, did you have Kiara with someone you didn't really like?" Daniel asked.

Lena nodded, "yeah actually, he tried to rape me."

"Oh... ok yours is worse, sorry," Daniel muttered.

"You're damn right. I'll help you through this, but I'm not doing any changing diapers or anything like that," Lena said.

Daniel stared at her, "what makes you think Triah's going to let me babysit?"

"It was um, a just in case comment," Lena replied.

Meanwhile, the Pegasus:

Damien was laughing maniacally as he watched two crewmembers fight each other on the viewscreen. Riker snatched his popcorn when he wasn't looking, he used his other hand to pick up a bottle next to his chair.

"Oh this is much more fun than I realised," Damien laughed.

Bob frowned, "actually this isn't a comedy episode so it's not supposed to be fun."

Damien rolled his eyes, "comedy in this series, what are you on?"

He and Bob heard a disgusting noise coming from Riker, they all glanced at him. Riker smiled sheepishly, "it wasn't what you think." He squeezed the brown sauce bottle, a large dollop landed on top of Damien's popcorn.

"You stole my popcorn!?" Damien exclaimed.

Riker grinned, "sorry sir, I was hungry."

"You're always hungry," Damien groaned. Riker politely moved the bucket closer. "No I don't want any now."

"Bless you sir, you're so nice," Riker smiled, he stuck his face into the bucket.

Damien looked disgusted, "where's a stupid Fifth Voyager style accident when you need them?"

"I don't know sir, maybe the writers are too mature for that now," Bob said. What he didn't realise was there was a guy with a Scream mask on, and a black cloak just behind him. He brutally stabbed him in the back several times. Then suddenly a bulkhead fell from the ceiling and crushed the two of them.

"Wrong person you idiot," Damien groaned.

"Um... ok," the alien said in a confused tone of voice.

Damien sighed, "never mind, what's next?"

The Enterprise, the Mess Hall:

The room was unusually quiet, only a few people were sitting at tables. A few tables had been overturned, and somebody was fixing one of the replicators.

"Ok this is weird," Jessie muttered.

Duncan nodded, "yeah, maybe there was a fight." He watched Sasha climb onto the chair next to him.

"There's been a lot of fights today apparently, that's why your dad's late," Jessie said.

"Cool," Duncan grinned.

Sasha groaned, "how is it cool?"

"Oh no no, don't start," Jessie groaned. "Duncan, can you keep an eye on your sisters quietly, while I replicate dinner?"

"Yeah ok," Duncan muttered.

Jessie headed towards the replicator, Neelix walked over to her. "Um Jessie, there's something..."

"Yeah yeah, I'm sorry that Sasha screamed at you. You've got to remember that she was a lot younger when she last saw you, well sober," Jessie said.

"Ok, but why do you keep saying the word sober? I'm hardly ever drunk," Neelix questioned.

Jessie shuddered, "forget it."

Neelix looked confused, "um ok." He walked away.

Jessie turned back around, she bumped into a large guy next to the replicator. He dropped the tray he had onto the floor. "Oh oops, I'm sorry," she said.

"No it's fine, I wasn't looking where I was going," the guy said, he knelt down next to the tray.

Neelix rushed over, "I'll clean that up, Triah's supposedly on her way."

"And what's so bad about that?" Jessie asked.

"Isn't it obvious Jessie?" Neelix muttered. She just shook her head. "Oh you weren't here the last time this happened. She didn't just clean the carpet, she insisted that I take off the whole thing and clean it outside. I had to get Security." He rushed back over to the kitchen, and picked up a mop nearby it.

"I hope her kid isn't the messy type," Jessie muttered.

The guy shook his head, he glanced at her, "wait, your name is Jessie?"

"Um yeah, have we met or something?" Jessie replied looking confused.

"No, I don't think so. Are you the Jessie that's married to the security chief?" the guy asked.

"Um, yeah actually. Why, are you part of the security team or something?" Jessie replied.

"No I'm not," the guy said, narrowing his eyes a little.

Jessie looked even more confused, "well if we don't know each other, why are you looking at me like that?"

"Angela told me a few things about you," the guy replied.

Jessie groaned, "oh... I should have saw that one coming. That bitch never liked me so what she told you..."

The guy pushed her roughly into the wall nearby the replicator, "you have no right to call her that."

Neelix nearby groaned, "no no, not another fight."

"I'm sorry but that's what she is," Jessie muttered. "Who are you anyway, her boyfriend?"

"Her fiance," the guy grumbled.

"Oh, that explains everything," Jessie said. She tried to move away from the wall but he just pushed her back against it.

"Hey!" Duncan yelled from the table, he rushed over to the scene. "You get away from my mum right now."

Michael looked down at him, "uh... no."

"Duncan, just sit back down... I'll handle it," Jessie said.

"No, get away from her!" Duncan yelled.

Michael tried not to laugh, "or what?"

"Or I'll hurt you," Duncan said.

Michael laughed, "you can't even hurt my feelings, little brat."

Jessie groaned, "Duncan, sit back down now."

"Yeah mummy's boy, sit back down before you get hurt," Michael sneered.

"If you hurt him you'll regret it," Jessie said.

"In case either of you haven't noticed, you're both too small to hurt me," Michael muttered.

"Oh yeah?" Duncan said, he kicked him hard in the leg.

"Ow, you little brat!" Michael snapped, he slapped him just hard enough to make him stumble to the ground. Jessie tried to push passed him but he easily pushed her back against the wall. "No you stay here and listen to me. You say anything to Angela again, you'll be paying a visit to Sickbay. Oh and tell your husband to stay away from her."

"Well the second one's easy but it's a little too hard to not insult Angela," Jessie said.

Michael growled, he closed the gap between him and her, "you don't have any idea what happened between them years ago, do you?"

"Of course I do but..." Jessie said.

"Just make sure he doesn't come near Angela again," Michael muttered. Somebody grabbed a hold of his arm and threw him into the side of the nearby table.

"Would you mind telling me what you thought you were doing?" James said.

Michael stared at him, not believing his eyes, "that's him? For god's sake, I shouldn't even be worried..."

"Worried about what?" James muttered, he glanced over at Jessie.

"He's Angela's fiance," Jessie said. She headed over to where Duncan was.

James tried not to laugh as he glanced back over at Michael, "she must have been one hell of an outcast to end up with this fat lug."

"What is it with this family, you are all so stupid..." Michael grumbled. "I mean first your stupid kid thinks he can beat me up, then your short arse wife, now you who is also one stupid looking short one too."

Duncan got back onto his feet with Jessie's help. "Hey, I did hurt you," he said.

James glanced over at them, then immediately turned back to Michael looking annoyed again. "You hit my son?"

"Yeah I did, he kicked me in the leg," Michael replied, shaking his head.

James shrugged, "oh ok then." He punched him as hard as he could, he fell back into the table, this time breaking it and he didn't get back up.

Neelix groaned, "great, it was only a matter of time before a table was broken."

"Sorry Neelix, but he really needed that," James said as he walked over to Duncan and Jessie. "I'll get him to Sickbay."

"No I'll do it, you can keep an eye on the girls," Jessie said.

"All right," James said. He turned back around, "ok if anyone wants to beam this fat guy to a Sickbay, beam him to the Leda one."

"But only Nikki is there," Neelix said.

"I know," James said. He headed over to the table where Sasha and Sarah-Amy were at.

A while later, Angela's Ready Room:

The door chimed, Angela looked up at it, "yes."

Michael walked in, "you asked to see me."

"Yeah. I don't have a good reason for it either," Angela grumbled, looking at the PADD in her hands. "I know I don't like Jessie, but she's my crewmember. I don't like fights Mike."

"You're on her side!?" Michael snapped. "You always said how much of a cow she was, and how much she talked about you behind your back."

"I know but you shouldn't have just attacked her..." Angela snapped back.

Michael folded his arms, "you also failed to mention that this 'ex' of yours is a Slayer."

"So? What has that got to do with anything?" Angela questioned.

"For one thing a Slayer wouldn't just stand, sit or lie there while someone tries to rape him," Michael muttered.

"Now do you believe me?" Angela shrugged.

Michael's face turned a shade paler, "unfortunately."

"I know it's not good information, but I couldn't keep it a secret any longer," Angela said.

"Thanks for being honest," Michael muttered.

Angela sighed, "but?"

"But you have seen him more times in the last two days than you've seen me," Michael said.

Angela shook her head, "if you're thinking that I'm seeing him on the side, then you've got the wrong idea."

"How do I know though? You've kept this from me for so long," Michael said.

"Oh come on, back then we were both single and messed up teens. Now I'm engaged to you, and I love you more than anything. He's married with three kids. It would be sick and stupid if I was," Angela grumbled.

Michael nodded his head, "yeah you're right, it would be." He turned to leave.

"Michael," Angela said as she stood up. "James and I are ancient history. Even back then he was just a little crush."

"It was enough to do that with him," Michael muttered.

"I told you, messed up teens," Angela said.

"Sorry Angy," Michael muttered, he walked out.

Outside the nursery:

Sasha walked out with Johnathan not far behind her. Jessie sighed, "where's your brother?"

"He hit that dumb kid again just before," Sasha replied.

Johnathan giggled, "yeah it was funny."

Tom raised his eyebrow, "I'm sure it was, let's go now." He lead Johnathan by the hand down the corridor.

"I really can't be bothered to talk to a teacher..." Jessie muttered.

Duncan then walked out, pouting, "he started it. Oh hi mum."

"Ok let's go before the teacher tries to talk to me," Jessie said, she took Sasha's hand and headed down the corridor, Duncan followed her. "Why did you hit him?"

"He started it, he was really annoying," Duncan replied.

Jessie sighed, "not all kids are as smart as you, you know."

Sasha giggled, "or as bad tempered."

"There's nothing wrong with that, right mum," Duncan said.

"Sometimes no," Jessie replied.

Angela turned the nearby corner, she rushed to catch up with them, "Jessie, can I talk to you?"

"Actually it's good most of the time," Jessie rolled her eyes as she stopped. "I hope you've just come to apologise for your fat fiance."

"Yes and no actually," Angela muttered.

"Save it, he hit Duncan and I'm not accepting anything from you. If he kept to mouthing off at me then I would," Jessie grumbled.

"Nobody mentioned anything about Duncan, he wouldn't..." Angela stuttered.

"He did," Duncan said. "I kicked him for threatening her. I'm surprised I didn't get my foot stuck in the fat."

Angela glanced down at him, "good god, you and James are dangerous together."

Jessie narrowed her eyes, "what does that mean?"

Angela looked back up her, "Duncan's a good example of my point, work it out."

"You know, I've had enough of your face and voice so go away before..." Jessie said.

Angela stepped closer to her, "before what? You'll hurt me, mouth off at me, set body guard number two onto me?"

"Probably the first one, so don't tempt me," Jessie grumbled. She turned around, "come on, let's go before anything happens."

Duncan pulled a face, "aaw."

"I don't know what you said to him but I'm sure that it made him attack you. He wouldn't just, he's not like you or your violent husband," Angela blurted out.

Jessie rolled her eyes, "what are you talking about?"

"Michael duh, what did you say?" Angela snapped.

"Nothing, we were both friendly until he started mouthing off at me for no reason," Jessie replied.

"No reason? Typical Jessie response," Angela muttered under her breath.

"Duncan, why don't you take Sasha home for me," Jessie said.

"But I want to see you smack her, and I want to too," Duncan muttered.

"No, you've had enough for today," Jessie said.

"Ok," Duncan pouted, he continued down the corridor with Sasha right behind him.

Jessie turned back to face Angela, "he started it, I didn't do anything to your precious fiance."

"Ex fiance," Angela muttered. "No thanks to you."

"Wow that's original, you're blaming it on me," Jessie muttered sarcastically.

"Well you obviously said something," Angela snapped.

"Is everything that happens that involves you not your fault? I mean are you the innocent victim everytime? Maybe it's you who needs to grow up," Jessie said.

"Like you're any better," Angela commented. "You did something to upset him, I'm sure."

"I really didn't... he said I talked about you behind your back. A lot of people are guilty of that, most don't deserve to be treated like that," Jessie said.

"That couldn't have been it," Angela shook her head.

"Oh you know what 'Angy', I'm sorry if you and your fiance split up. Mr and Mrs Stuck Up Spoilt Brats did have a nice ring to it," Jessie muttered.

"Thanks that's sweet but," Angela sarcastically said. She pushed her into the wall. "I'd rather you didn't say that at the wedding."

"That's if you have one," Jessie said.

Angela laughed in a sarcastic manner, "oh I will, if you managed to have one then no one really has a problem."

Jessie groaned, "is that the best you can do?"

"What do you mean, I was just speaking the truth," Angela said, pushing her into the wall again.

"You know I'm getting sick of people pushing me into the wall," Jessie grumbled.

"What, I thought you'd be used to it or something. I mean James must have done it to you at some point," Angela said.

"Well it was twi... hey," Jessie muttered to herself. She stared angrily at her, "you mean... ugh you're sick!"

Angela raised her eyebrow, "well what was he pushing you into a wall for?"

"First time none of your business, second time we were ill so..." Jessie muttered in response.

"Okay right, and he always called me sick, maybe he was covering for something," Angela muttered.

"You mean he really wanted to call you something worse than that?" Jessie questioned. Angela narrowed her eyes, she slapped her face. "Oh I was so hoping you'd do that," she muttered, she placed her hand across the side of her face.

"Why, you want a reason to send lover boy after me?" Angela questioned, folding her arms.

"Like I need him to hurt you," Jessie grumbled. She lowered her hand, and kicked her hard in the leg.

Angela glanced at her, looking shocked, "ow, you Slayer whore."

"Oooh that hurt," Jessie sarcastically said. She raised her hand but Angela grabbed it and pushed her back into the wall. She used her other hand to hit her in the lower stomach.

Angela smiled as she backed off, "I bet that did though."

Jessie leaned on the wall as she knelt down on the ground, holding her stomach. "Oh you'll regret that when I get back up..." she muttered.

"I'm sorry, I totally forgot about that nasty infection you had," Angela sarcastically said.

"Ok forget Mrs Stuck Up Spoilt Brat, why don't we try Mrs Sickenly Bitchy, or something like that," Jessie muttered. She pulled a face, "actually the first one was better, how about something with the word betrayal in it."

Angela groaned, "I didn't betray anyone."

"What about James then, he was your friend!" Jessie snapped.

"You got it all wrong, Jess... we were just two good friends who grew physically closer. He did the same with you," Angela said.

"Uh no, I didn't try to rape him," Jessie muttered.

"That's what he told you Jess. I guess the only way to get you into bed was to lie to you about what happened," Angela said.

Jessie looked up at her, looking disgusted, "what are you blabbering on about?"

"You didn't really think that a thirteen year old with Slayer strength would let himself get raped, do you?" Angela questioned.

"He had this stupid thing about not hurting women," Jessie said.

"Sure whatever. Truth is, I backed out... but he didn't want me too, typical male teen ey?" Angela said.

Jessie tried not to laugh, "ok, that's a good one." She stopped laughing and cringed a little. "Ow don't make me laugh again."

Angela narrowed her eyes, "it's true you know. Even at thirteen he should have been able to push me away easily, but you saw for yourself that he didn't."

"Ok fine. Explain why it looked to me like you were trying to rape him when I came in, why he was more scared than I was about sleeping together?" Jessie questioned.

"Sure. One, you had tried to get in earlier, failed and left, he didn't want you to know so he pretended to fight me off before you got back. Two, even when he was with me he was in love with you. He was probably worried about it because when he slept with you, it would show that he had experience," Angela replied.

Jessie stared blankly at her, "ok that's bull."

Angela smiled sweetly, "sure, believe what you want. I remember the incident like it was yesterday, you weren't even there." She walked away.

"Yeah but I know James, you obviously don't," Jessie said.

Angela turned around, "obviously you weren't paying attention, I do know him, if you get my meaning." She continued down the corridor.

Jessie rolled her eyes, "ugh, fat guy's whore." She pulled a face, "did I just say that?" She pulled herself slowly to her feet.

Meanwhile:

Lena woke up with Doctor Jones in front of her face, she sat up quickly. "Doc, what are you doing here?"

"This is Sickbay Lena, you fell unconscious," Doctor Jones replied.

Daniel, who was standing beside Lena, glanced over at Doctor Jones. "What's wrong with her?"

"Well surprise, surprise, it was something to do with extra telepathy," Doctor Jones replied. "Did you see or hear anything?"

Lena slid her legs off the biobed but remained seated, "it was more of a dream than anything else."

"Well one telepathic crewman messed with memories before. What do you remember last?" Daniel asked.

"Talking to you in here," Lena replied.

"Hmm, it's not that then," Doctor Jones said. "Lie back down, I'll do a detailed scan."

"Fine," Lena said, she lay back down on the biobed. A small scanner closed around her head.

Doctor Jones frowned as he worked on it, "that's interesting."

"What?" Lena questioned.

Doctor Jones glanced at Daniel, "it is a memory problem."

"But she does remember what happened, did she forget something earlier?" Daniel asked.

"No, in fact opposite. Q erased a lot and replaced everything, for some reason some of her erased ones have been, well brought back," Doctor Jones replied.

"I didn't think that was possible," Daniel said.

Doctor Jones sighed, "I don't think it's just her. Triah remembered the night she got pregnant, and you remembered something you should never have."

"So someone's bringing back memories, why?" Lena asked as she sat up.

"I don't know," Doctor Jones replied.

Jessie walked into the room slowly, still clutching her stomach. "Doc, you won't happen to have any spare pain killers, would you?"

"What happened?" Doctor Jones asked.

"Somebody hit me," Jessie replied.

Doctor Jones sighed, he carried a tricorder and a hypospray over to her. "Lie down, just in case."

"Good idea," Jessie muttered. She lay down on the nearest biobed. Doctor Jones scanned her with the tricorder. He pushed the hypospray into her neck.

"You really should be more careful," he sighed.

"Try telling that to our psycho captain and her boyfriend, and I'm not talking about my coffee obsessed mother in law," Jessie muttered. She sat up, "I must have a 'bully me' sign on my back or something."

"There has been a lot of fighting recently," Daniel said.

"I noticed, everyone's going crazy," Jessie said.

"At least three people have had old forgotten memories resurface. Have you remembered anything suddenly?" Doctor Jones questioned.

"No, not really," Jessie replied. She glanced over at Daniel and Lena. "I take it you two did."

"Yeah, I remember that Q coming onto me and hanging out with that son of yours that died," Lena replied.

Jessie looked uncomfortable, "um nice, Daniel?"

"No I didn't, now we'll not talk about it ever again," Daniel blurted out.

Lena smirked, "oh he did."

"I'll find out later," Jessie said, standing back up. "I've got something to sort out."

"Please no fighting, and take it easy," Doctor Jones said.

"I know," Jessie groaned, she headed out.

Holodeck Two:

The room was filled with about twenty people with security uniforms on, most of them looked a little stupid, some even a little crazy looking. James was in front of them, and the pram with Sarah-Amy in was far behind him, out of the way.

"Ok you can all go," he said. All the wannabe Security people shuffled out of the room. "You mostly useless bits of crap."

Jessie pushed passed some of them, "hey, I need to talk to you."

"Don't worry, nobody went near her," James said as he knelt down in front of the pram.

"Good but that's not why I'm here," Jessie said as she walked over.

James stood back up, "ok then, what is it?"

"Well I had an encounter with Angela," Jessie replied.

"Oh, what happened?" James questioned.

Jessie looked uncomfortable again, "she claims that you, how can I put it... took over when she tried to attack you and backed out."

James looked confused, "didn't she already try to pull that one off back at school?"

"No not exactly. This time she says that you two, were together so to speak, funny huh?" Jessie muttered.

James rolled his eyes, "I knew it, I could tell she was going to tell a fake story, instead of the full one she said she was going to tell."

"Full story?" Jessie questioned.

James glanced away, "you know, the full story is the one with all the details."

Jessie frowned, "um actually, what she said did make me think. I know you wouldn't want to sleep with her ever, let alone at thirteen, but I never got why you lied about being with Seska, when you weren't."

"I explained ten years or so ago, Jess," James muttered.

Jessie sighed, "James, is there a detail in the full version that I need to know?"

"No, there's no point, none of it is important," James replied. "That explanation is the truth, the Angela thing didn't influence it."

"Ok good," Jessie said, putting a hand over her stomach.

"Are you ok?" James asked.

Jessie shrugged, "it's ok, doc gave me some painkillers."

"You shouldn't need them as much now, what happened?" James questioned.

"Well if you must know, Angela hit me there after a fight," Jessie replied.

James stared at her with wide eyes, "she hit you?"

"Yeah but it's ok, when I'm better I'll get her back," Jessie said.

"In the meantime..." James grumbled, he headed towards the main doors. Jessie took a hold of his arm to stop him.

"No don't, she's not worth it and it makes me look weak," she stuttered.

"It doesn't, and no she isn't but she's gone too far this time. It's one thing twisting the truth but hitting you and Duncan..." James grumbled.

"That was Michael," Jessie pointed out.

"Not the point," James said.

Jessie frowned, "twisting the truth? To me that was changing the whole thing completely."

James turned slightly pale, "no, it's twisting..."

"Oh... god," Jessie stuttered, staring at him with wide eyes.

Meanwhile, Angela's Ready Room:

Tom strolled in, "why didn't you answer..." He watched as Angela stuffed some things into a bag. "What are you doing?"

"Leaving," she muttered.

"But why?" Tom asked.

"Because I... don't want to stay for the remaining two weeks," Angela replied.

Tom folded his arms, "not getting along with Jessie I hear."

Angela groaned, "to say the least. I've just been feeling a little off lately."

"Really?" Tom said with no surprise in his voice.

"Yes really," Angela raised her eyebrow.

"If I were you I'd stay for the meeting, then decide if you'd still rather go," Tom said.

Angela glanced up at him, "why?"

"Trust me," Tom smiled, he walked back out.

Holodeck Two:

James and Jessie were now sitting on the ground, against the wall. Sarah-Amy's pram was next to them.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Jessie asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" James replied, looking over at her. "I thought you'd avoid me, treat me differently."

Jessie sighed, "you thought I'd be disgusted with you?"

"Aren't you now?" James questioned.

"No, of course not," Jessie replied. "I'm just not happy that you kept it from me all this time."

"I know that now, but when this happened I didn't think about it. Telling you a few years later would have been pointless," James said.

"Was telling me now pointless?" Jessie questioned.

"You knew what I meant," James replied.

"I guess I did," Jessie said. "I wish I knew sooner though."

"If you did, you wouldn't be with me now," James muttered.

Jessie shook her head, "no, that's just stupid."

"Is it?" James said. "You only wanted that practise relationship because you thought I was..."

"Not exactly. If Tom was, do you really think I would have dated him?" Jessie asked.

"No but," James replied.

"See. The main reason I wanted to be with you was because I liked you, putting it mildly. Yeah if I knew I wouldn't have asked you then," Jessie said. She reached over to take a hold of his hand. "But I would have eventually."

In: "Paris to all senior officers, please report to the Leda's Conference Room for a meeting."

"So, what's the plan for getting back at Angela?" Jessie asked.

"Well..." James started to reply.

Jessie interrupted him, "never mind, mine's better unless you plan to brutally murder her."

"No I don't," James said.

Jessie smiled innocently, "I do."

The Leda, Conference Room:

Most of the main cast and some of the regulars were sitting around the table.

"Who's missing?" Chakotay asked.

Tom quickly looked around the table, "Harry, in fact his bridge crew aren't here, oh James and Jessie too."

"Hmm maybe they're not coming," Angela muttered.

Harry walked into the room, "sorry we're late, gas leak drill." Everyone stared at him. "You know, the original Leda bridge crew died from a gas leak." Lilly and Naomi followed him in.

"Yeah and they didn't notice until it killed them right?" Chakotay said.

"No, the captain just said it was enough to make them suffer so they did notice," Harry said.

Chakotay nodded his head, "yeah you're right, but they still died though."

Harry pulled a face, "they obviously didn't have a gas leak drill."

Lena shrugged, "well fine, you'll just have to die horribly instead by getting food poisoned or decapitated."

Harry turned rather pale, he glanced over at Lilly, "maybe we should forget that drill." She rolled her eyes.

James and Jessie arrived, with Sarah-Amy with them as usual. "Sorry we're late, Security trainee crap," James muttered.

Tom raised an eyebrow, "yeah they're a bitch."

Jessie glanced over at Angela, "speaking of those."

Kathryn sighed, "fight and swap insults later, this is an emergency meeting."

Chakotay glanced over at Doctor Jones, "doc, you're on."

"Thank you Commander," Doctor Jones smiled. He stood up, and stood beside the wall console. "You all maybe wondering why there's been more fights than usual."

"Yes cos Voyager and the Enterprise never gets any violence," B'Elanna commented.

Doctor Jones ignored her, he pressed a few buttons on the console. "I scanned Lena after she collapsed in Sickbay, and I found extra telepathic activity."

"Wow, that's never happened before either," B'Elanna sarcastically muttered.

"Whoever is doing this is allowing, in James terms, the brain to connect to blocked or repressed memories. She remembered a part of her life when she was in her own, own timeline, reality, whatever," Doctor Jones said.

"Ah memory trouble. James own up and we can go," Tom said.

"Tom, ever heard of character development?" James muttered.

Tom looked confused, "yes, that's usually stuff that happens to characters to change them or stuff."

"Right, get some," James said.

Tom pouted, "I don't need any."

Doctor Jones coughed into his hand, "excuse me."

"Oh doc, has someone been messing with your program again?" Chakotay asked.

Doctor Jones sighed, "I don't know why I bother sometimes. Anyway, the person who did this is no rookie. I doubt any crewmember on this ship did this."

"So you're suggesting that it's an alien who's doing this?" Harry questioned.

"Exactly, we're catching on quicker than usual," Doctor Jones said. "Several crewman have told me that they remembered something suddenly, and it's usually been a memory of something fight worthy."

"So an alien is bringing back memories to cause fights, that's new and original," Triah said.

"I guess so, but so far there's only been ten cases reported. Considering how many fights there has been, there's probably more. Anyone here?" Doctor Jones asked.

"Um actually," Tom replied nervously, everyone turned to stare at him. "No."

B'Elanna rolled her eyes, "yes you did, don't know what it was but you did." He blushed.

Angela looked uncomfortable, "uh I did."

Kathryn tried her best not to cry, "so did I."

"Hmm, anyone else?" Doctor Jones questioned.

"Nope, but you already asked me," Jessie replied.

James sighed, "actually I did too."

Tom shrugged, "ok now we know for sure that the alien wants everyone to fight or get murdered."

Bryan shook his head, "no no, cos it would have done something to Jessie by now." Jessie narrowed her eyes as she looked over at him. "I so wish I was somewhere else right now."

"Right, let me guess. All of you had a dream of the event you suddenly remember?" Doctor Jones questioned quickly before violence started.

"Nightmare more like," Kathryn replied. Everyone else agreed.

"I'd like to do a scan of everyone who got a memory resurfaced," Doctor Jones said. "So, what did everyone remember anyway, it'll help narrow it down."

Tom blushed again, "something I did as a kid, nothing fight worthy."

May 2350

Earth, America:

A young boy with bright blonde hair, wearing blue jean overalls, was sitting on the lawn holding two Barbie dolls. He picked up a large pink brush to brush one of the Barbie's long hair.

"Oh you're so pretty, Ken is so going to love your outfit," he said in a squeaky voice, then put down the brush. "Thanks Shelly, but I don't know what to do with my hair," he said in a different voice.

"Tom!" a man's voice bellowed from the house nearby.

"Oh crap," the boy stuttered.

Present Day:

James, Lena and Faye all tried not to laugh while Tom was shuddering at the memory. "Not at all interesting."

"No not interesting, but it's funny," Lena giggled.

Tom turned very pale, "oh crap!" He ran out of the room.

Later, Voyager's Sickbay:

Angela and Kathryn were now sitting on separate biobeds while Doctor Jones stood near Kathryn, holding a tricorder. "It's only a small one, couldn't have been that bad," he said.

Kathryn growled, "how dare you." She slapped the tricorder away and stormed out.

Doctor Jones shook his head as he knelt down to pick it back up, he headed over to Angela.

"Does this alien affect behaviour too?" she asked.

"Depends on how traumatic or frustrating the memory is, I guess," Doctor Jones replied. He scanned her. "Hmm odd."

"What?" Angela stuttered.

"I found the same reading in James before, but as it was him and he's abnormal I didn't look into it," Doctor Jones said. He headed over to the station nearby.

"Fine but what is it?" Angela snapped.

"Relax, it looks to me like a fake memory. There's two memory patterns in one place, the one that's being stimulated is the fake one," Doctor Jones replied.

Angela sighed, "really?"

"Yes, this is fascinating. This alien has very advanced telepathic control," Doctor Jones said, looking a little too interested. "This would be an interesting study."

Angela cleared her throat, "doc, don't."

His face turned serious again, "sorry. I can get the real memory back easily, that means I have to call James back."

"Ok thank god," Angela sighed.

Doctor Jones headed over to her holding a hypospray, "I wonder why it placed two fake memories in two crewmembers, and in James of all people. Surely he must have plenty of real memories to get him to start a fight."

Angela laughed nervously, "yes well, that's a mystery, cure please."

"Right of course," Doctor Jones smiled. He pushed the hypospray into her neck. "Just out of curiosity, what was the fake memory anyway?"

"Oh er, nothing I want to mention. No point really," Angela replied as she slid off the biobed. "Thanks doc." She walked out of the room.

0400, the next day

James/Jessie's Quarters:

James sat up in the bed, he looked over at the crib nearby, then at Jessie lying on his other side.

A little while later, Sickbay:

Doctor Jones closed his tricorder, "it seems like a normal memory to me, unlike the last one."

James groaned, "I knew something would mess it up."

Doctor Jones frowned, "mess what up, I don't know what you mean."

"Doesn't matter, forget it," James said as he got off the biobed.

"Wait, if this memory is making you angry at someone then you should ignore it, and go back to bed. You know the alien is only doing it to cause arguments," Doctor Jones said.

"I know, but I'm hoping it won't turn into one," James said, he left the room.

Doctor Jones sighed, "well it won't if you don't do anything."

Janeway/Chakotay's Quarters:

Kathryn sat down behind her desk holding a cup of coffee. The door chimed. "Who is it?"

"Um... me," James' voice faintly came from behind the door.

Kathryn sighed, "for god's sake, it's four am." She got back out of her seat and headed towards the door. It opened when she got to it. "You know after you turn ten, you stop disturbing the parents late at night."

"I know, but I've got eight years to make up for right?" James said as he stepped inside.

"I take it this is important," Kathryn said, heading back for the desk. "Let me guess, you remembered something?"

"Actually I did," James replied. "You remember when I first got sick, that's excluding colds."

Kathryn sipped at her coffee, "hmm, oh yes I do. That was a few days before I left."

"A few days?" James muttered. "You told me that you had to train me to see Susy as my mum, and not you."

"Your point?" Kathryn questioned.

"I remember not wanting Susy near me, only you. But you left days later," James replied. "Was that true or not?"

Kathryn rubbed her forehead, "I tried to yes, but nothing would work."

"So you resorted to screaming at me while I was ill," James muttered.

Kathryn leaned on her desk, "I hardly call it screaming. Besides gentle tactics weren't working for you. Haven't you heard of something called tough love?"

James folded his arms, "kinda, but I'm not sure if my dad went a little overboard with it or not so..."

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "yes he did."

"Fine, it's probably the only kind of love I can get from parents," James said.

Kathryn shook her head, "no, that's not true."

"It feels like that sometimes," James said. "I've had five parents... well kinda six now thanks to your recent wedding. Some would call me lucky, as having two is a miracle for some these days. But sometimes I feel like I'd rather be an orphan than get this kind of crap from all of them."

"You shouldn't at all. I yelled at you once and you lose it, that doesn't seem very fair either," Kathryn muttered.

"It is because I thought you were different than all the others. You never beat me, tried to change who I was, be all anti-guys and ignore me, oh and didn't try to kill me recently," James said.

Kathryn sighed, "I just yelled at you once..."

"No, you lied to me. You said that you got me to think Susy was my mum before leaving," James said. "This isn't the first time either, you lied to me an awful lot for the first eight years on Voyager."

"I explained why already. Why must we go back to the old arguments?" Kathryn groaned.

"Yeah I remember you explaining why, that's not really the point. Are you even listening?" James snapped.

Kathryn shrugged, "yes, you think that all I do is lie to you."

"Also that time wasn't the only time you yelled, you've screamed at me tonnes of times," James said.

"So what? You'll probably yell at Duncan just as much," Kathryn muttered.

"No, I don't care about the times I deserved it, it's the times I did nothing wrong that's getting me," James said.

Kathryn sighed, "give me an example."

"Ok, New Earth," James said.

"Oh but you did do something wrong there," Kathryn said. "Didn't you say that you felt like you had used Jessie cos you knew, or thought you were going to die?"

James shook his head, "no, you were angry before I said anything like that. Besides you tried to convince me otherwise later."

"Yeah well that's my job," Kathryn muttered.

"That's another thing, you acted over motherly all the time yet never bothered telling me. You had no business mouthing off at me for that incident," James grumbled.

"When your children get to their teens, twenties, you'll be overprotective too, especially with your daughters," Kathryn said.

"Would you stop doing that!" James snapped.

Kathryn looked confused, "doing what?"

"Comparing yourself to me... you know saying that I'd do the same in your position. I wouldn't, I'm nothing like you!" James snapped.

"Oh right. If Sasha at twenty one just slept with a guy for the first time and you caught her the next morning, you wouldn't be angry at her?" Kathryn muttered.

"Of course I would be. I'd have more of a right than you did to be mad because she knows who I am," James said. Kathryn groaned, rolling her eyes. "No that's not the point anymore, you're just trying to make yourself look better by saying that I'd do the same. The thing is, I wouldn't abandon my children."

She groaned again, "yep, here it is..."

James ignored her, "even if I did, I wouldn't lie to them like you did."

"Ok time out. The last time we fought you complained that I kept bringing up the old argument. Now you're doing it," Kathryn said.

"We're not arguing about that really, I was just pointing something out," James muttered.

"For god's sake, it's easy for you to say that you'd never leave your children, or if Jessie died or left you wouldn't move on to someone else. That's because you're never going to have to deal with what I did," Kathryn said. "You married and had children with one woman, who was your first everything mostly, you will never have to do what I did, let's face it."

"All right but..." James said.

"No buts, it's true. Don't judge me until you've been through it!" Kathryn snapped.

"In a way I have. Jessie did die, and no part of me wanted to forget her or go and get another girl," James said.

"Right, she was gone for two months, that wouldn't have been enough time," Kathryn said.

"All right, what about Duncan? After what happened with the baby before him, Jess and I were too afraid to take him remember?" James said.

"That is totally different," Kathryn butted in.

"Yeah but the principle is the same," James said.

"It was totally different with you, you were..." Kathryn said.

"I was what, too difficult or something? Was my dad right, did I cry and complain too much for you?" James grumbled.

"No you weren't. You know I didn't leave because of you," Kathryn said.

"Then why is it different? The only difference I can see is that Jess and I did the right thing, and you didn't," James said.

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "yes you and Jessie were forced into doing the right thing, as Tom found out."

"Oh come on, you know that it was a problem with telling Tom that stopped us in the end," James muttered.

"Oh you know what, I'm tired of this," Kathryn groaned. "We were doing great until... The thing is we're always going to end up fighting again because you obviously can't seem to let go."

"That's not why I came," James said.

"No but it was doomed to come back to the original argument. Things were much better when you didn't even know," Kathryn said.

"What, you mean when you were playing favourites with Lena, and snapping at me all the time? Or maybe further back to when you were whining about me and Jessie being together?" James muttered.

"Yes of course. You'd insult me every now and then but that was it. Much better times," Kathryn grumbled.

"Not for me they weren't," James muttered, stepping closer to her. "If you weren't there when I lost the twin, I don't know what I would have done."

"Then why come to me moaning about our past then?" Kathryn asked.

"Because I thought it may have been a fake memory as I didn't believe it. Or maybe you'd give me a good reason for it," James replied.

Kathryn shook her head, "no, I know you well. You just came here looking for a fight. Congratulations, you got one." She headed for her bedroom door. "Good night," she said before disappearing into the bedroom.

The Pegasus:

"Hmm, I didn't even know they were getting along anyway," Damien muttered, looking bored.

Riker was meanwhile crying his eyes out, "it's so sad, why can't they just get along!"

"Nah, him trying to kill her was more fun. Maybe I should get them to fight to the death or something," Damien said.

"You don't like them?" the alien said.

"No of course not," Damien grumbled.

"Well what I did has potential. I doubt they'll fight to the death but it may get somewhere interesting," the alien said. "There's plenty more memories I can bring back."

"No, you've done enough. The stage is set, now I just have to get some cast, get them to look through the script and start the play," Damien sneered.

"That's the worse 'the stage is set' comment I've ever heard," the alien muttered, shaking his head.

Damien glared at him, "it means I have to get more recruits, brief them on the new plan and do it... you imbecile."

"I knew what it meant," the alien muttered.

"Do we have a new plan?" Riker sniffed. He pulled out a hanky.

"I always have a new plan, when will you learn?" Damien rolled his eyes.

Riker blew his nose loudly. "You didn't seem to have one ten minutes ago."

"Well our friend was right when he said I was trying too hard. I say we go back in time, not literally, and get back to the classics," Damien said.

"You mean make rabbit robots, give real rabbits guns, brainwash another evil crew and..." Riker questioned.

Damien rolled his eyes, "no no no, even further back than that. Bob, get out the cloning machine." Dramatic music filled the room.

"Uh sir, he was brutally murdered and crushed," Riker pointed out, causing the music to abruptly stop.

"Oh right," Damien groaned, he headed for the turbolift. "I guess I'll have to do it."

"Wasn't the cloning machine idea Season Two or Three material anyway, that's not going further back," Riker pointed out. "And he calls me stupid."

"Oh forget it, you'll see," Damien groaned. He stepped into the turbolift. "Idiot."

******THE END******