

Episode 4.28

Inside of Two Evils

A familiar but battered spaceship dropped out of warp, it joined a few others nearby a nebula.

On its bridge, everyone was in disarray.

The captain steadied herself using the banister as she climbed to her feet. "Status?"

"Well everything's fine, except that we nearly got killed, the ship's a wreck and billions of people were just blown up," the opps girl grumbled.

"No need to take it out on me," the captain said.

The first officer pulled himself onto his chair while the captain stood nearby, brushing dust off her uniform. The first officer screamed bloody murder, "aaaah, look at this!"

Everyone panicked and rushed over. "What, what is it?" the helm guy stuttered.

"I'll tell you," the first officer said, looking pale and shaking. "Look at my hair, it took me ages to get it like this!" He threw a mirror onto the floor while everyone stared at him with murderous looks on their faces. "What?"

The captain slapped him across the head, "imbecile."

"I doubt he's the only one," the tactical girl commented.

A girl stormed onto the bridge with her hair in all over the place. "Ok would somebody mind telling me what's going on? One second I'm slapping that annoying guy who thinks it's funny to take out gel packs, the next I'm lying on my head, crushed in between the warp core and a fat guy. I mean my hair can only take so much."

"See," the tactical girl said with a shrug.

The helm guy smiled cheekily at the girl who came in, "you look just as fine as ever."

She stared at him disgust, "oh please, in your dreams."

The captain looked really miffed, "would you people get your act together. Earth is gone and you're all hitting on people and wondering if your hair's ok."

"What, Earth's gone?" the girl who came in stuttered.

"Yes, does anybody check their computers every morning?" the captain grumbled.

"Don't yell at us, there's nothing we could have done about it," the opps girl said with a pout.

A guy walked out of the turbolift, he stood beside the other person who came in. "I've done it." Everyone stared blankly.

"Done what?" the first officer asked.

"What I've been working on for the last few months," the guy muttered in response.

The captain rolled her eyes, "seriously guys, just a little peep at your computers in a morning. It's a good read with a coffee."

"Who cares about that right now? We haven't had a game in ages," the tactical girl said.

"She has a point," the first officer said. "But I don't know what you did though."

"Do you ever know what's going on, Will?" the captain muttered. "I wish you had come up with something that would have stopped this from happening."

The new guy sighed, "it's not my area of expertise."

"Hello, we can go back in time. That's what we do," the first officer, Will said.

"And do what?" the captain asked with a raised eyebrow. "Face it, we couldn't stop it from spreading, it was inevitable."

"No wait, when did it start spreading?" the opps officer asked.

The captain shrugged, "I don't know, anybody?"

The helm guy's eyes lit up, "oh oh, I know."

"Anyone else?" the captain muttered.

"No I do know it," the helm guy said. "If you don't believe me, you could always back me up with the history records."

"Fine, when?" the captain sighed.

"Sometime in the twenty fourth century," the helm guy said. He pulled a face, "don't know exact date but it was around the time of that Games Sphere on Earth."

The tactical officer's eyes lit up, "oh I know this, oh can we go Jacqueline, please please."

The captain frowned, "I dunno now, what's there that's making her so excited?"

"No reason, I'm just excited about saving the world as all," the tactical girl said innocently. "It's 2380."

The captain, Jacqueline stared at her, "oh my god Vicky."

"What?" the tactical girl said.

"Correct me if I'm wrong but in 2380 the second Chosen Slayer of that generation was born," Jacqueline said.

"Yes, so?" Vicky said.

"Yeah, so what?" Will said. "She's long dead and buried."

The girl standing near the turbolift shuddered, "eew, must you say stuff like that."

"Do you know who her parents were?" Jacqueline asked.

"No, why would I?" Vicky muttered.

"One of them's that guy you're so obsessed with so you've got no chance," Jacqueline said.

Vicky looked shocked, "oh, why didn't anybody tell me that before!?"

"Well numerous reasons. One, we didn't want you blurting anything out to him. Two, you'd try to stop it from happening and corrupt the timeline," Jacqueline replied. She turned to the helm guy. "Tony, set a course for 2380, destination, um the USS Voyager. First double check the exact date we'd need."

Will glanced between them, looking confused. "Wait I'm confused, why are we going again?" Everyone groaned.

Earth:

Several people were scattered around a large dark forest, sitting in the middle of it was a river. The group split up, two of them headed walked alongside the river.

"Maybe we should walk in a place that doesn't stand out," Phoebe muttered.

Yasmin turned to her, "no way, we're supposed to kill and we're going to kill."

"How are we going to do that with no weapons? We're in a forest, there's nothing to kill them with," Phoebe said.

Yasmin shrugged, "I dunno, push them in the river?"

"All of them?" Phoebe muttered.

"There was only a few of them," Yasmin pouted.

"I doubt they'd only put about eight Softmicron against most of Earth's population," Phoebe muttered.

"Then what are we going to do instead? Hit them with branches?" Yasmin said.

Meanwhile:

Craig looked around a large tree, he stepped out and started walking casually through some bushes. The wind swept through the trees. He ignored movement and rustling nearby.

Something leapt out of the bushes, at the same time Craig threw himself to the ground out of the way. Daniel jumped out from behind the same tree, holding a large tree branch. He swung it at the guy who jumped out. Craig got up, looked around for something.

"Here," Daniel groaned. He threw the branch towards him, he caught it. He attacked the guy with it, while Daniel just used his fists. The guy eventually fell to the ground. "Hit him in the head."

Craig pulled a face as he knelt down, he smacked the guy lots of times. "Gee, I sure hope this is a Softmicron." He stood back up.

Daniel tilted his head to the side as he watched the guy. "Hang on." The guy turned into the default Softmicron form. "Yeah it was."

Craig raised an eyebrow, "next time you're the bait."

"No, you are bait material; scawny, helpless," Daniel muttered as he walked away. Craig stared after him, he followed muttering something nasty under his breath.

Meanwhile again:

Jessie and Duncan were surrounded by a group of five. "Ok, when I tell you to, run and hide," she whispered.

"But mum, can you take five of them?" he said.

"Not a problem. They're in human form," Jessie said nervously.

A scream in the distance startled everyone. It got closer and closer until it sounded like it was only two metres away, then it stopped. One shook it off and charged forward. A figure leapt through the bushes and knocked him to the ground. Everyone turned to see what happened.

Jessie's eyes widened in shock, "Yasmin?"

Yasmin jumped to her feet while the guy she knocked over looked rather dazed. "You're welcome," she said with a grin. She raised a large tree branch, "these are much better than I thought."

Phoebe slowly walked out of the bushes, "god Yasmin, next time you warn me before you decide to run off." She then noticed the group of four. "And get us into bigger trouble than before."

"You didn't have to follow," Yasmin said.

"Ok, let's end this fast," a Softmicron snarled.

Jessie moved slowly to stand directly in front of Duncan, "now."

"But," he muttered.

"Duncan, do as your told for once," Jessie muttered.

Duncan backed off, "ok." He turned and ran into the bushes.

The Softmicron group then decided to attack.

First Officers Log, Supplemental: We have rendezvous with the Leda and Enterprise and are in the process of receiving the Slayers who will be going in the Game Sphere. The Leda and the Enterprise will go back to some of the Game Cube sites to help out while we go to Earth.

The Transporter Room:

James and Emma were standing around nearby the pad.

"Sooo," Emma said, trying to look innocent.

"Yes, you can replicate a chain-saw if you want," James groaned.

Emma grinned and clapped her hands, "oh goodie." She headed for the door.

"Just remember, some games don't let you take weapons in. Actually most don't so prepare to be disappointed," James said, stopping her dead in her tracks.

"Aaaw man, I hope it's one of those where you can choose your weapon," Emma moaned. She walked out.

James turned to the Transporter Chief, "which transporter room's getting the Enterprise's?"

"This one," the chief replied.

"We are in a hurry you know, right?" James said.

"I know, transporting now," the chief replied nervously.

Zare and Ylara rematerialised on the pad. Zare stepped down while Ylara stayed put, looking uneasy. "I'm never going to get used to that."

"You're going to have to, they are safer than shuttles," James said. "Come on, we'd better get stocked up before going." He walked out.

Zare followed him looking confused, Ylara sighed before doing the same. "Shouldn't we wait around. It won't take long for us to reach Earth."

"Stock up with what exactly?" Ylara asked.

"Yeah, with what?" Zare muttered.

"Weapons, just in case," James replied.

"I've never played in a sphere game that's allowed me to bring my own weapons," Zare said.

"I said just in case, we've got time," James said.

"Right whatever, I'd better do some replicating," Zare muttered, she walked down a different corridor.

Ylara picked up speed to walk alongside James. "Replicating?"

"I haven't got the time or expertise to explain it," James muttered.

"You don't know either," Ylara said.

"No I do, replicators make things appear out of nowhere. That's the basics," James said.

Ylara smiled, "huh, that I have to try out sometime."

They both walked into the weapons storage place. James started glancing around the room, "I left some spares around here, just in case."

Ylara picked up one of the rifles, "um hello, right in front of you."

"No, they're not mine," James said. "I hid mine somewhere so no dimwit would pick them up." He eventually glanced at one of few containers, "that's probably it."

"Very good hiding place," Ylara commented, frowning at the rifle. "What does this do anyway?"

James ignored her as he took the lid off the container, which had the writing on the side of it. He pulled a few weapons like knives out of it, smiling smugly. "Good old Voyager, stupid tricks fool stupid people."

Ylara glanced over, "what, did you curse it or something?" One of her fingers accidentally slipped on one of the buttons on the rifle, leaving a blazing hole in the ceiling. She stared at the rifle with wide eyes, "woah!"

James headed over to her, "why don't I take that?" She handed it over.

"Ok, you future people have some dumb weapons," Ylara grumbled. "What ever happened to knives and swords, they're real weapons."

"Nothing, humans now prefer the 'safe' weapons," James said as he put the rifle down next to him. He picked up one of the knives and the only sword there. He handed them to her, "I assume that you know how to use them."

Ylara's eyes lit up as she took a hold of the sword, "oh yeah, I thought I'd never see one of these again." Gently she put the knife away, and started swaying the sword back and forth.

"Ok I'll take the rifle," James muttered as he picked the rifle back up. He picked up one of the knives, then put it away. Finally he picked up the axe. "And these. Can you close the container for me?"

Ylara shrugged, "whatever." She put the lid back onto the container, she eyed the writing on it. "Steal sunken, um something at, help me out."

"It says 'Neelix's drunken moments on video'. It's something to scare everyone who sees it, so they won't open it," James said, he headed back out of the room. "I take it somebody didn't finish teaching you how to read."

"Well I did kill my watcher before my lessons ended," Ylara muttered as she followed him. "Oh, who's Neelix, and video?"

"Neelix, a really ugly guy who goes naked when drunk. Video is a moving picture, basically," James replied.

Ylara stopped in her tracks with her eyes wide, "and your weapons were all still there? God that guy must be ugly." She rushed after him.

The Bridge:

Andrea paced back and forth, "how long until we reach Earth?"

"Ten minutes," Kevin replied.

"Are you ready then?" Chakotay asked from his chair, not looking really interested.

"Ready? Let's just say they're going to regret taking my sister away," Kevin muttered.

Jodie smiled, "now that's more like it."

Kevin glanced back at her, "huh, what do you mean?"

"Nothing, it's just that's how a Chosen should talk and act. It's more, attractive," Jodie replied.

"Really?" Kevin said with his eyes lit up. "So how..."

"Don't ruin it," Jodie grumbled.

"Oh ok, I'll remember that," Kevin mumbled.

Andrea stared blankly at him then at Jodie. "Ok guys, can we carry on with the journey with a little less disturbing talk, hmm?"

"Yes please," Foster added on.

Jodie smiled innocently, "sorry."

Chakotay shook his head, "god what is it with the daughters in the Harris and Annet family? You may as well be called Jodie Chosen-Slayer-Groupie. I mean there's Jessie who married James, her twin who wanted to, and you."

"Hey, I liked the idea of a Chosen boyfriend before either of them, so there," Jodie muttered, pouting slightly.

"Hey, how come James got two?" Kevin asked, also pouting.

Jodie smirked, "actually he did have three remember. Why is because he's more gorgeous than you, can act like a Slayer and a normal person at the same time, doesn't hit on every girl he sees."

"Hmm, somewhere in Indiana, Janeway is spinning in her grave," Foster muttered quietly.

"Right, I'm the best looking out of all the male Slayers," Kevin said smugly.

"Now all the male Slayers but James are doing it," Foster muttered.

Chakotay glanced at him, "doing what?"

"Spinning in their graves. Wait, James won't be the only male Slayer that's still alive, apart from Kevin," Foster mumbled. Everyone ignored him.

"Don't be stupid, Slayers are more likely to be girls as they're better at fighting," Jodie said sweetly.

"Yeah actually that's probably true, Kevin's the evidence," Andrea said.

Kevin glanced back at her, "what was that?"

Meanwhile:

The Enterprise and the Leda dropped out of warp, and orbited a planet.

The Enterprise bridge:

Tom walked over to stand beside Triah, "hail them."

She nodded, "frequencies open."

Tom glanced back at Angela, "you're on."

She shook her head, "this is Captain Turnbull of the Enterprise. Can we be of assistance?"

In: "Thank you Enterprise, but we already have one starship in orbit transporting medical supplies."

"All right, that's weird," Angela said. "Well if you don't mind, we've got another planet to help out."

In: "Acknowledged. Renias out."

"I would have thought Starfleet would have told us there was a ship already here," Faye said.

Triah shrugged, "doesn't matter, it just saves us some time."

Bryan glanced back at the others briefly. "The ship is coming from the other side of the planet."

"Ok let them know we're leaving Triah, and Bryan set a course for the other game site," Tom ordered.

Bryan turned his chair around, "but they're not Starfleet dad."

Tom frowned, "what, who are they?"

"It's the Lillyia Z4," Bryan replied.

The Leda Bridge:

"It's the Lillyia," Noah replied. "Not sure which one."

Lilly's eyes lit up, "really, where have they been for so long?"

Harry shrugged, "you're their captain, you tell us."

"I would, but I was in a not listening mood when Scot told me," Lilly said.

"Hail them," Harry ordered, raising an eyebrow at Lilly.

"The Enterprise is doing it too, should I do the three way comm thing?" Noah asked.

"Yes please," Lilly replied.

The Lillyia Z4 Bridge:

"Wait, that thing always blinds me when you switch it on," Carly muttered, pushing her chair away. Scot watched her move it over to the Tactical station.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yep," Carly replied.

"Put them on screen," Scot ordered.

"I don't see why you have to order me about, it should be the other way around," James 2 muttered.

"Please shut up about that, James the Eighth," Scot muttered, rolling his eyes.

"You promised you'd never, ever call me that!" James 2 snapped.

"Yeah sure," Scot said with a smirk.

The viewscreen activated, it split into two screens. The Enterprise bridge were on the left one, while the Leda was on the right one.

James 2 calmed down slightly, "hey sis, long time no see."

"Yeah James it has been a while," Lilly said. "Hey Carly." Carly giggled and waved. Lilly turned to Scot, "hi."

Scot sighed, "hey everyone. I wish we could have gotten back sooner."

"And I wish we'd of met back up at a better time," James 2 added on.

"The feeling's mutual," Tom said.

"What are you guys doing here in particular, anyway?" Harry asked.

"Well we got word on what was happening as we were re-entering Federation Space. Obviously the Softmicron are a little too pissed about what the Equinox did to their kids," Scot replied.

"There's obviously nothing we can do right about now, but we thought we should come and help the victims," James 2 said.

"We appreciate it really, but apart from giving out medical supplies there really isn't anything we can do," Harry muttered. "It's really frustrating. Once again the Slayers are doing their thing and here we are, doing nothing."

"Don't mind him," Lilly sighed. "It's been a crazy couple of months."

"Where we've just mainly sat around and done nothing while crap happens. I hate feeling this useless," Harry said.

"I hear you buddy, but we should be grateful that nothing more is going on," Tom said.

Meanwhile:

A portal opened nearby a star, a few dozen ships emerged from it. They all fired a beam at the star. It started to collapse slowly just as one last ship emerged. It fired a different weapon at it.

Earth:

James, Emma, Kevin, Zare and Ylara rematerialised in a quiet part of the game's waiting room. A shield went around them as the group of Softmicron's made their way over.

"What the, what is this?" Ylara asked as she put her hand out towards the shield.

"I wouldn't do that," James muttered.

She touched the shield, a little shock made her back off, "what the?"

"He did warn you," Zare said.

Emma didn't look too happy, "where's my chain-saw gone!?"

"Once again, how many people have I warned?" James commented.

The Softmicron finally got to them. "It's about time. Welcome," the leader said.

"Ok, since when do sphere's use the waiting rooms?" Zare asked.

"It's something new we're trying," Softmicron 2 replied.

Emma looked around, "then there must be a place to choose my weapon then." Her face dropped, "unless the new part is that the game is something dull."

The leader laughed. "Oh there are no weapons, and it's far from dull."

Softmicron 2 smiled slyly, "as we speak members of your race, more or less, are being slaughtered in a death match."

"What? You've put everyone on Earth in a death match?" Kevin questioned. "None of the people on Earth even saw your kids get killed, let alone did anything."

"Quiet freak!" Softmicron 3 snapped. The leader pushed him gently behind him.

"You'll have to excuse him, members of your race did kill his child," he said.

Ylara glanced back and forth, "these guys look human, what are..."

Zare groaned, "James, didn't you tell her anything!?"

"They're shapeshifters Ylara, I mentioned that," James replied, shaking his head.

"See, typical humans, they don't even care," Softmicron 3 grumbled.

Zare cleared her throat, "actually I'm not human."

"And we do get it all right," James said. "You're pissed, I would be too but..."

"Can I kill them now?" Softmicron 3 asked.

"You think you can reason your way out of this?" the leader muttered.

"No but you're not giving me a choice here," James replied as he touched the shield. "Are we not allowed in?"

"Of course," the leader said.

"What? We should kill them here and now," Softmicron 3 said.

"They will surely die in the match," Softmicron 2 said.

"Well if we're allowed in, can we stop wasting time?" Zare asked. "I think you've wasted enough of our time."

"Zare, I think that's what they want remember. They wanted us away from the sphere, so they must be scared that we'll win it," Kevin whispered to her.

The leader smiled, "I highly doubt that. We'll go through the rules and then you can join your race." He glanced back at the female Softmicron.

"As you know, no weapons are allowed, and that includes us. Two, we will stay in human form throughout the whole thing. Three, no infants or old people. As you know a Death Match only ends when one side is completely eliminated," she said.

"How on earth are normal humans suppose to kill without weapons, without getting killed first?" Kevin whispered to the others.

"Depends where the death match is I guess, there will be something," Zare replied.

James glanced around the waiting room, "so only adults are in this death match?"

"Yes, old people and children would be too weak and helpless. It wouldn't be worth it," Softmicron 4 replied.

Softmicron 2 smiled smugly, "but you did forget the last rule. All Slayers must take part."

"Well of course we're going to take part, yeesh," Emma commented.

James was getting paler by the second, "why did you say that?"

"Oh no reason, let's just say it's poetic justice, hmm?" Softmicron 2 said.

Softmicron 3 smiled, "oh so we are killing some kids today, excellent. That'll teach them." He walked around the leader so he could get closer to the shield. "Now you'll understand what it's like."

"Ok, if one of your guys in there even lays a finger on them," James muttered.

"Him, not them. I let the newborn off," Softmicron 2 said. "I'm not completely heartless."

The leader turned to him, "you didn't let the other potential in?"

"No, I figured she'd be young enough to work for us," Softmicron 2 stuttered.

"Very well," the leader sighed. "Kill him." Some of the others grabbed Softmicron 2, and dragged him away.

"Ok, are we finished here or what?" James asked.

Emma rubbed her hands, "oh boy I hope so."

"Very well. Inject them," the leader ordered.

Voyager, the bridge:

"They've all been beamed inside sir, it's no problem," Andrea said.

Chakotay stepped out of the turbolift, he took one look at Paris on the viewscreen and snorted in disgust. "Oh he wasn't on Earth when the sphere came, that's a shame."

"Commander, I'm going to ignore that just this once," Paris snarled.

Andrea looked uncomfortable, "um Chakotay, why must you snap at everyone?"

"That wasn't snapping, that was me being disappointed," Chakotay muttered. "Getting trapped and killed in a game would be poetic justice."

Andrea stared at him, "what is your problem?" She turned back to the viewscreen. "You did contact us to do more than check up on the Slayers right?"

"I did. Now that they've gone into the game, we want Voyager to go to Deep Space Nine," Paris said.

"No, not again. I won't go back to that hell hole!" Foster screamed and ran into the turbolift.

Everyone managed to ignore him. "Um, now isn't the time for general missions," Jodie said.

"The Enterprise, Leda and the Lillyia are dealing with the games sites. Other ships are on other assignments. We need someone to pick up ambassador," Paris said.

"Hang on," Chakotay butted in. "First you ignore a warning about a game cube destroying a city, which did happen. Now when there's an obvious attack on humans and the Federation start up, you want us to pick up some ambassador? Shouldn't you learn to fly if you have a job like that?"

"Commander, you're out of line. Voyager is not seventy thousand lightyears away anymore, you take orders from us," Paris snapped.

"To hell we do. We're going to do something to help, not go to the middle of nowhere while this is going on," Chakotay said.

"You don't have a choice," Andrea muttered.

"Jodie, do you want to go to DS9?" Chakotay asked as he turned to Jodie.

"Hell no," Jodie replied.

"Ok then, get him off the screen," Chakotay said.

"Aye sir," Jodie said.

"Anyone else who'd like to be Starfleet's lapdog like the old Enterprise used to be, speak now. You may as well go join Paris," Chakotay said, glancing around the room.

Andrea did the same, "I don't believe this, there's nothing we can do right now. Three ships are enough."

"Yes but something else is going to happen, I can feel it. It's better to be around than, not," Chakotay said.

"You can't disobey our orders, remember I'm in charge of Voyager and I say we go to DS9," Andrea said. Everyone just stared at her looking uneasy.

"I think it would be a good idea to leave, don't you think?" Chakotay said smugly.

Andrea stared coldly at him, "you won't get away with this."

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "what are they going to do? Hang me, or cut off my head? I wouldn't really be bothered if they did."

Andrea shook her head as she stormed off towards the turbolift.

"Let's go before Paris does nothing to us," Chakotay said as he replaced the helm guy.

Later:

Voyager dropped out of warp, and entered orbit with the rest of the fleet.

The Enterprise, Conference Room:

The main cast, plus Angela, Tani, Lee, Scot and James 2 had gathered around the table.

"So the Softmicron really have it in for us," Tom sighed. "Just because some morons decided to kill some of their kids."

"Can you blame them? Wouldn't we do the same in their position?" Chakotay said. Everyone turned to him looking pale. "What?"

"Well I know I wouldn't wipe out their homeworld to get revenge," Tom muttered.

Harry shrugged, "I can name a few parents who would go that far if they could."

"Not me, I'm not a killer," Triah said, cradling Scott in her arms. "But I would beat up anyone who'd touch you, yes I would," she cooed as she tickled his face.

"I wasn't talking about you anyway," Harry said with a smirk.

"Am I missing something here?" Scot questioned, glancing at Chakotay.

Lilly leaned over to whisper near his ear, "Lena died recently. Also um, Harry was probably talking about James or Jessie."

"Holy crap," Scot muttered.

"So what can we do? We've got the Slayers in the sphere, it's too late to help the other sites," B'Elanna questioned.

"Wesley mentioned something about the end of something, he seemed pretty wiggled about this whole thing. Do you think he knows something else?" Faye asked.

"Who knows," Chakotay groaned. "Tom, Harry, you should ask him."

"Yes sir," Tom said as he climbed to his feet. He headed out, Harry followed him not looking too sure.

"I guess all we can do is get back to Earth," Bryan said. "Something may happen there and we'll be around to stop it and or help."

"Unless Wesley has anything useful to tell us we'll be flying blind," Angela said.

In: "Bridge to Turnbull."

Angela tapped her commbadge, "yes?"

In: "We're detecting a temporal anomaly off the port bow."

"Great," Angela groaned.

The Bridge:

Everyone managed to find a spot to stand or sit.

"On screen," Angela ordered.

The viewscreen changed to show a colourful anomaly, a ship came out of it.

"Here it is, we're going to die," Bryan stuttered.

"That's optimistic of you," Faye commented.

A few people calmed down. Chakotay sighed, "hail them."

Angela glanced back at him, "hang on, we don't know who they are and it was a temporal anomaly."

"Actually we do know them," Chakotay said.

Triah nodded, with her spare hand she keyed in the appropriate commands. The crew from the beginning of the episode appeared on the viewscreen.

"Long time no see Commander," Jacqueline said.

"Yes indeed. It's been nearly four years," Chakotay said. "What about you?"

"Well about two for us," Jacqueline replied.

"Ok for those people who are me, who are these people?" Angela asked.

"Oh sorry, my bad," Jacqueline said. "I'm Captain Jacqueline Levinson of the timeship Erona."

"Levinson? I thought it was She..." Triah said.

"Shush," Jacqueline whispered. "I changed it ok, my old one was lame."

"Yes, it was so dated, you know like 1997 dated, right?" Chakotay commented. Nobody answered him. "Well it was around the same time that Lilly's surname was Liger, so I don't blame you."

"Don't talk like you're in a show, Chakotay, or we'll have to go back a few minutes before and stop you," Will said.

Jacqueline glanced back at him, "why would we do that?"

Will pouted, "to stop people who have never read any Kidz Trek or know anything about it for that matter, from being confused. It would have been a worthy cause."

"Right," Angela said, turning her back to the viewscreen.

"Soo, what did Chakotay, or rather what is he going to do this time?" B'Elanna asked.

"Hey," Chakotay snapped.

"Oh who are you kidding angst boy," B'Elanna grumbled.

"But it was an alien conspiracy the last time, remember," Chakotay said.

"Whatever," B'Elanna groaned.

"No no, he hasn't done anything," Jacqueline said. She narrowed her eyes at him, "yet. We're here for a bigger reason. When I say bigger I mean end of the human race bigger."

"Then why are you here? You guys not human?" Faye questioned.

"Ok it hasn't fully happened yet, but it probably will," Jacqueline said.

"What time are you from exactly?" Jodie asked.

"Wait, what did you mean by yet?" B'Elanna asked.

"Firstly, 2780. Secondly, can't say cos it'll change the timeline in a way we don't want to," Jacqueline replied.

"But you've just come back to save the human race, surely stopping Chakotay from doing more angst is minor in comparison," Faye said.

B'Elanna looked like she was in deep thought. "That's near the end of this millennium. When will this 'end of human race' event happen?"

"Well it'll probably take another hundred years or so," the opps girl said.

"To do what?" Will asked. Everyone on their bridge groaned. Jacqueline turned around to smack him.

B'Elanna nodded her head, "hmp, Wesley wasn't kidding. He did say something about it being the last millennium."

"Ookay I'm confused," Naomi muttered.

"It's really very simple," Will said. "We're here to stop the chain of events that lead to the destruction of Earth in our time." He glanced at a surprised Jacqueline. "Did I get that right?"

She groaned, "more or less."

"Wesley said it's starting now, I take it he was right," Chakotay said.

Jacqueline sighed, "if we've got the time right, it's probably starting in an hour. A Game Sphere will probably hit Earth soon so..."

"Uh, that's already happened. It's been that way for an hour," Angela stuttered as she turned around.

Jacqueline stared blankly, she smacked Tony across the head. "I said go back to the time so we can stop it, man you are stupid!"

"What's the problem?" Tony muttered with a pout. "We can just go back further."

"No we can't, we'll have two versions of the Erona then," Jacqueline said.

"We still have a shot though. If we get rid of them, the process won't be 'completed' as such and it should collapse on its own," Vicky said. Jacqueline stared at her. "What I do know some stuff."

"You know all this means absolute bull s*** to us," Chakotay said, folding his arms.

Jacqueline sighed, "do we have time?"

"We've got time yeah, I'd say the full process will be completed in two days," Vicky replied.

Jacqueline turned back to the Enterprise bridge. "Ok Chakotay, your place or mine?"

Voyager, Astrometrics:

John was in the middle of explaining something while the remaining senior staff, Lillyia and Erona crew were gathered around.

"We don't know when it happened but according to our history, Voyager and the Enterprise encountered this new alliance in the Delta Quadrant," John said. He turned around to work on the station behind him. The big screen changed to show a big picture of Earth, the Games Sphere appeared around it. "You know the bit in between obviously. The Softmicron saw Humans as primitive mammals like many other races until the USS Equinox started capturing their young."

"We figured that part out already," B'Elanna said.

"We did? I thought the Softmicron just attacked cos we had this generations and next of the Chosens, or whatever," Nikki said.

Chakotay shook his head, "what does the Softmicron do now that causes the destruction of Earth four hundred years later?"

John pouted as he glanced back, "I'm getting to that." He turned back to the station. "They started to attack Earth with more Game Cubes than usual, hoping to kill off the amount of children they had lost, no doubt. Then of course they finally lead the Slayers off to doomed Game Cubes and place a deadly new kind of Games Sphere around Earth. It wasn't enough so why not call on their old allies. Jacqueline over to you."

Jacqueline sighed as she leaned on the station, with her arms folded. "The Game Cubes weren't just trying to lure the Slayers away from the sphere, they wanted to lure as many Starfleet ships away from what their allies 8472 are up to. This is what leads to the destruction of Earth."

"So do they win the sphere?" Faye asked.

"Barely. We lost about a quarter of the population," John replied.

"That's why the Softmicron have 8472 working on something else," Jacqueline said. "Vicky, show them."

"Aye aye," Vicky sighed as she joined John. The picture of Earth disappeared and was replaced by a small system, the screen zoomed in nearby the star. They could now see the many alien ships hovering nearby, and one of them firing a beam.

"What are they doing?" Tom asked.

"That's what destroys Earth in four hundred years, and the rest of the solar system," Jacqueline said. "They are changing our space into their own."

"But that's impossible, right?" Harry muttered.

"By the eve of the twenty fifth century over two hundred square kilometres of Federation space was fluidic," Jacqueline said. "It's not much I know, but what they're creating now is probably the size of a peanut. It expands every now and then, so by our time, it had changed the solar system."

"We can still stop them, you said that," Tom said.

"Yes but the thing they're doing now will only take a few days. It can't expand on its own yet, but after a few days it will," Vicky said.

"There are a few dozen ships there. In order to stop that many ships it would take quite a while to just get Voyager stocked up with the bio weapons. Voyager would be a sitting duck during an attack as it would take a while to destroy them all, one by one," Tani said.

"What about the one that affected an entire swarm of them?" Tom asked.

"That would take days to make, we don't have time," B'Elanna replied.

"Ok B'Elanna, Tani, you guys should team up and get started on the normal torpedos. Get Doctor Jones to help you," Chakotay ordered.

"Yes sir," B'Elanna sighed. She and Tani headed out of the room. Chakotay followed them out.

"How long until the sphere ends?" Lilly asked.

"Not for another few hours," Tony replied.

Tom frowned, "hang on. If you won that game, how come it killed a quarter of the population?"

Tony looked uncomfortable, "I was hoping you wouldn't ask that."

The Ready Room:

Chakotay walked into the room, headed straight for the desk. He turned the computer on the desk around, he pressed a few buttons on it. "Computer, encrypted transmission."

"Channel open," the computer responded.

In: "Tell me you're ready now."

"Something has come up, it'll have to wait," Chakotay said.

In: "Look I don't have the time to wait around for you. I'll do it myself."

"You need me, you do nothing but mess up after all. If you want to do this so badly then come and help us, we could do with an extra hand," Chakotay said.

In: "Me, help you?"

"It wouldn't be the first time," Chakotay muttered.

In: "What on earth is going on that is more important than our mission?"

"It's not more important, it's just unavoidable," Chakotay replied. "Just remember, keep your mouth shut if you decide to turn up. Chakotay out." He pressed a button on the computer with a sigh.

Later:

Jodie, Foster, Danny and Ian were the only people on Voyager's bridge. A few unknowns stepped out of the turbolift looking like they were wearing protective gear.

"Are you sure? Its been a while," Danny was saying.

Ian sat down at the helm, "it hasn't been that long, I do remember how to fly."

Jodie frowned at her station as it beeped madly at her. "Um, we've got more visitors and I doubt they're here to give us a hand."

"Oh god, have Species 8472 noticed us? Or is it Softmicron?" Foster panicked.

"No it's not that bad," Jodie muttered.

The Enterprise Bridge:

"Commander, a ship has just uncloaked nearby," Triah said, glancing back.

Angela and Tom glanced at one another. "Cloaked, who would that be?" Angela questioned.

"Could be Klingon, Romulan or..." Tom replied. He turned pale, "ohno, please no."

"Yeah I second that, Romulans really ruined the Next Generation," Bryan said.

"And the Klingons didn't?" Faye muttered.

"Hey," Bryan grumbled.

"So who is it?" Angela asked.

Triah smiled nervously, "uh, it's the Pegasus."

Tom groaned, "damn it."

"This is all we need. Open a channel, we may as well tell them to get lost politely as they haven't opened fire," Angela ordered.

Triah turned back, "actually they're hailing us."

"Let's get them first, I have a good way of telling them," Angela said.

Triah smiled, "I got them, on screen."

"No need to be smug, Jodie and Noah are newer to opps, the Erona crew aren't up to much and I don't think anyone we know does the Lillyia's," Tom said with a smirk.

Damien and his annoying celeb crew appeared on the viewscreen. He squinted his eyes, "which ship's this?"

"Leda sir," Myleene said.

"Actually it's the Enterprise," Tom muttered.

Damien groaned, "trust her to guess wrong. You people really should cut down on the ships, it looks like you have your own fleet here."

"They're allies, so don't start anything," Tom said.

Angela cleared her throat, "wasn't I going to talk to them."

Tom held up his hands into the air, "sorry, go ahead."

"Jeez how rude, we're only here to help with your little problem. Whatever it is," Damien said.

"Um what? How do you know we have a problem?" Angela asked.

"Well um, there's one ship I don't recognise around, and the Lillyia and god knows they're only around if something's going on," Damien replied. "Only an idiot would think it's nothing."

"But wasn't it because..." Justin started to say. Johnny Junior smacked him.

"We were told to keep quiet," he grumbled. He looked at his hand, "ew, what do you put in your hair?"

"Well um, thanks for the offer but I think we'll be ok," Angela said with a raised eyebrow.

Tom looked suspicious, "you're obviously not telling us everything. What's going on?"

"Do you want our help or not? I know I have got an idiot crew, but this is a good ship," Damien grumbled.

"Speak for yourself," Johnny Junior grumbled.

"Oooh," Justin giggled.

Damien turned red, he muttered under his breath, "but I was hoping that they'd stupidly die or something."

"If you don't like them, why did you even clone them?" Tom asked.

"Because I was desperate for new, uh er um, I wanted to have an annoying crew again cos that 'annoy the enemy' strategy used to work," Damien replied nervously.

Faye tried to keep a straight face, "maybe we should let them help. Damien's helped a lot in the past."

"Yes but the last time he helped in a matter involving Softmicron, he tried to make them his army," Tom said.

Damien groaned, "oh please, what would I want with a group of little eggs that turn into big, scary and unbeatable. Hmm. No I er, I have better things to do."

Bryan turned around to whisper to his dad, "should I mention they can turn into more than that?" Tom shook his head.

"If you have better things to do, why would you want to help us?" Angela asked.

"Because um, I can't do it yet. Besides you losers would just crumble without help from me," Damien replied.

"And why's that?" Bryan asked.

Tom rolled his eyes, "all right fine, you can help. Right Angela? But we really should let the other ships know."

"Great, what do we have to do?" Damien asked.

"Oh keep dozens of Species 8472 distracted while Voyager and Erona kicks their ass," Tom replied. "You'll probably provide a very helpful distraction no doubt. Triah cut us off."

"Species 8472, that son of..." Damien grumbled, looking panicked. He was cut off as the viewscreen changed to show the rest of the fleet.

"Why does it have to be Voyager anyway?" Faye asked. "Can't the most powerful ship get the weapons?"

"We only have time to equip one ship with them, and Voyager is better at offense than defence. The Lillyia is more advanced so defence wise they'll be fine, Leda is the newest so its defence should be ok, Enterprise is always kick ass." Tom replied. He leaned his hand on the wall, "this beauty's hull is tough as anything, I tell you there's no point in it having shields and..." The wall broke away, making him fall over. Where the wall used to be there was a crewmember with a tool kit, having lunch.

"Tough huh, now I'm worried," Faye said.

Tom jumped back onto his feet, "crewman what are you doing?"

The crewmember looked nervous, "I was doing some structural reinforcement work, I did put up a 'dont lean on the wall' sign."

"Make sure you're finished before battle," Angela said with a smirk.

"There is no sign, I would have seen a sign!" Tom snapped, half way through he spotted the sign on the ground where the broken metal was. "Oh, that wasn't there before."

"I don't think Damien's the only one with a dumb crew, hmm?" Angela commented. Tom pulled a face at her.

"Yeah but at least we have something they don't," Faye said.

Bryan glanced back at her, "bearable looks?"

Triah sniggered, "more or less."

"No no, we have dumb good guy luck," Faye said.

"I think several people would agree in the last year or so, that recently that's not true," Tom grumbled as he sat down. "You know like all the people who've died."

Faye pouted, "it was a joke. Dumb crew, dumb luck. You didn't get it."

"We never get your so called jokes Faye," Tom said.

"Jeez, somebody's cranky now," Bryan giggled.

Angela shook her head, "how long until we're all ready?"

"Leda, Erona and Lillyia are ready, we've obviously got some structural work going on but that won't take long," Triah replied. She failed to hear the sound of celotape being pulled from its roll. "Voyager will be another hour or so with the Erona's help."

"Damn it," the crewman grumbled. Everyone but Triah glanced over at him, he had managed to get tangled celotape in his hair. "Ow, next time I use glue."

"Please tell me that's not for the hull," Angela muttered.

The crewmember pulled a face, "no way, this is just for my new sign." He placed a piece of paper to the wall that hadn't collapsed. Tom headed over and squinted at the sign.

"Don't lean on the wall jack ass," he said. "Hey!"

The crewmember shrugged, "well only an idiot would."

Earth:

Duncan pushed through a few bushes and emerged in the clearing on the edge of a steep hill. He looked around confused, "I didn't come this way."

Four menacing looking men joined him, they spread out to block any escape. "Well well, look at this."

"Yeah, I was just leaving," Duncan stuttered. He slowly walked a little to the side. Each one of them leapt forward, two of them grabbed him.

"Slowly or fast?" one asked.

"Neither thanks," Duncan replied, struggling.

"Slowly, drop him," the apparent leader said. The two pushed him to the ground.

"Ow," Duncan muttered. "You shouldn't have done that."

"Why's that?" the leader asked.

"My parents will be pissed," Duncan said as he tried to get up.

"Right, and they're going to know how?" one said.

"Ok then you mind if I say one thing," Duncan said. He took a deep breath before screaming, "mum!" Two of them grabbed him again.

Somebody tapped one of them on the shoulder, he glanced around only to get a hard punch in the face. He fell to the ground, the other one turned around too but he got an arm in his face instead. He fell too, and crashed landed onto his friend.

"Can't say he didn't warn you," James said. The other two Softmicron surrounded him while Duncan crawled into the bushes nearby. He turned around to watch.

The two remaining Softmicron lunged forward and grabbed a hold of James by the arms. The two knocked to the ground scrambled to their feet. One raised a heavy tree branch. James kicked the two of them away, and threw the other two over his shoulders.

One of the Softmicron jumped right back onto his feet, he lunged forward to punch him. He dodged a second hit by ducking, as he did that he picked up the discarded branch. He quickly pushed it into the Softmicron's forehead. Two of them got up, one of them suffered the same fate quite easily, the other one ducked to avoid it. He got pushed backwards, but lost his balance and fell down the hill.

The last remaining Softmicron took one glance at James, before running into the woods.

"Wow, they never run," he muttered. He turned around and headed over to Duncan.

"Woah, that was cool," Duncan said.

James held his hand out, "are you ok?"

Duncan climbed out and took a hold of it, "yeah. No, they pushed me hard. My arm hurts."

"Well, it sure hurt them more," James said, glancing back at the dead Softmicron. "Where's your mother?"

"She uh, told me to run so I don't know," Duncan muttered in response.

"Great," James sighed. He lead him back into the woods. "She should be ok. Was she with anyone?"

"Yeah, Yasmin and Phoebe," Duncan replied.

"Good," James said. He stopped to kneel down beside him, he put his other arm around him. "Come on, I'll carry you, it'll be safer."

"But, Slayers need to fight games," Duncan said.

"You're not doing any of that yet, and I'll still have an arm to spare. Remember Manchester, you just do what you did then if we get in a fight," James said. He stood up after putting another arm around him. "Guiding you by the hand isn't safe, someone could take you away."

Meanwhile:

Daniel was busy having a fist fight with a Softmicron. Two others were leaning over Craig lying on the ground, both were pounding him with their fists. "Daniel, little help!"

Daniel was pushed into the nearby tree, the Softmicron pressed its arm into his neck.

Craig pushed one of his away but the other one just continued without it. The pushed away one was about to join the one with Daniel, when a dark figure leapt out of the bushes and pushed him to the ground.

Daniel kneed his guy, and punched him to the ground. He quickly stepped on his neck, "ok I'm coming." He turned to the direction Craig was in. The dark figure, which was Zare, walked away from a dead Softmicron.

"You ok?" she asked.

Daniel's eyes were wide, "no."

Craig had just gotten back to his feet, while the Softmicron who had been pummeling him was getting onto his feet. Craig ducked a punch, and managed to throw one himself. He quickly pushed the branch he had into its chest. It turned to its default form. He glanced towards Daniel and Zare, who both looked shocked.

"What?" he muttered. "Wait Zare, where did you come from?"

"Uh, from over there," Zare replied, pointing.

"Since when are you able to kill something on your own?" Daniel asked.

"I had no choice did I?" Craig replied shrugging.

Daniel turned to Zare, "do you have any idea what the score is?"

Zare sighed as she made her way over to a large tree. "Usually these matches, the computer updates the score every kill but with so many it would be pretty annoying." She pulled a few thick branches off. "At least when they're in human form, they're easier to beat." She turned to the guys. "No offense intended."

"So I noticed," Craig said.

"And for now they're not breaking any rules. They must be pretty serious about this," Zare said.

"They cheat a lot?" Daniel questioned.

"Usually, if the game doesn't go their way," Zare replied.

"What can we expect?" Craig asked.

"Only minor breakage. It shouldn't be a problem," Zare replied. "Maybe we should stick together. We'll be able to kill them easy, and a Slayer and watcher they'd be able to sense, they'll rather take us out first if they do."

Craig smirked, "so Daniel, who's bait now?"

"Well that means you're just one hundred percent useless instead of about twenty," Daniel muttered rolling his eyes.

Zare groaned, "would you guys cut it out. We've got a game to win." She walked away.

Craig and Daniel glanced at each other one more time before following her.

Meanwhile again:

"I don't get this. One second we're in a weird room and next we're in a..." Ylara grumbled.

"Forest," Kevin replied. "You know it's kinda like a big oasis, except colder and messier."

Ylara groaned, "oh please, everyone knows that there are no such things as oasis'. They're always mirages."

Emma looked confused, "but I knew some people who went in one."

"Probably all seeing the same thing," Ylara muttered as she walked ahead of them. "That's all this is, a mirage," Kevin and Emma heard her say to herself.

"I don't see why we have to all stick together, while James and Zare go off on their own. Wouldn't it be better if we all split up?" Kevin said.

Emma shrugged, "maybe they thought we'd fight better as a group. Ylara's new to this, I don't have weapons and you're..." She glanced at him, "you're just a perv, they will look human so."

Kevin stopped, Emma continued on for a little bit before stopping too. She turned around, Ylara did too looking confused.

"Ok that's it," Kevin muttered.

"That's what?" Emma questioned.

"Look, does anyone here actually remember that I'm a Chosen?" Kevin asked.

Ylara rolled her eyes, "yes and I specifically remember saying that..."

"Yes I remember that, Emma?" Kevin grumbled.

"Well I wouldn't if nobody told me," Emma replied meekly.

Kevin sighed, "well that's just great. I should be off on my own, not stuck in a team."

"Charming," Emma muttered.

Ylara raised an eyebrow, "you know I'm a Chosen too, do you see me complaining?"

"No but this is your first game. I've been in loads," Kevin replied, shaking his head. "Zare went off on her own and she's just a Natural, no offense Emma. James is off too and let's face it, I was fighting long before either of them or you were born."

"Um, no you weren't," Ylara said.

Emma shook her head, "sorry, wrong again."

"Ok so this is ageism then," Ylara said. She frowned, "that's a word right?"

"No, but my point is still valid. The ones who went off are the youngest," Kevin said.

"Technically no they're not, they're the oldest," Emma pointed out. "Plus Zare is a good Natural, and I don't want to get started on James."

Kevin put one hand on his hip, "oh come on, I've got to be better than him."

Emma and Ylara glanced at each other briefly. Emma had a smirk on her face when they glanced back, "absolutely, let's go." She and Ylara walked off.

"Right ok, then starting now I'm going to kick ass. I'm going to show this generation how it's done, and um, older generations too," Kevin said. He started walking also, he went right passed the girls who had stopped.

"Just going to watch for five minutes?" Emma questioned.

"Why not," Ylara replied. She and Emma followed him not so fast.

Kevin stopped again, "ah ha!"

"Ah ha? What?" Emma muttered.

Kevin turned around. "I have a plan, I bet the current generation didn't think of one."

"Which one, the kids or the adults?" Ylara asked.

Kevin stared blankly at her, "what kind of question is that? You can tell you're from the times of no schools for girls."

Ylara narrowed her eyes, "do you remember what I did to you when you were possessed, and the guy in you pissed me off?"

"Well you hit me, another time you grabbed my, oh," Kevin replied turning pale. "Sorry. Ok my plan, it's brilliant and it'll make use of the whole 'Softmicron can sense Slayers' thing."

"What is it?" Emma asked impatiently.

Jessie, Phoebe and Yasmin were now alone, wandering through a less dense part of the forest.

"I learned that at school, some guy tried to snatch my coffee off me," Phoebe was saying.

Jessie groaned, "my god, do either of you ever just fight for something other than coffee?" She glanced at Yasmin, "or for fun?"

"Survival obviously," Phoebe replied.

"Nope," Yasmin shook her head.

Jessie also shook her head, "fine, but when I find Duncan you'll both be in charge of guarding him. Just pretend he's a coffee jar, um actually maybe not a good idea."

Phoebe looked insulted, "hey, he's family. I don't need to think he's a coffee jar."

"Great, Yas?" Jessie questioned, raising an eyebrow.

Yasmin pouted, "if I'm on guard duty, that means I don't fight."

"No I will, that'll teach them for bringing Duncan into this," Jessie muttered.

"But Phoebe should just guard," Yasmin said.

Jessie stopped, the others did the same. "What's wrong?" Phoebe asked.

Jessie looked around, "do you hear that?" A faint rumbling sound slowly got louder and louder. She glanced to the left, "something's coming."

Phoebe and Yasmin frowned as they followed her glance. All of their eyes widened as they stared at a few dozen Softmicron heading towards them, most of which holding longish knives.

"Um, isn't that cheating?" Phoebe stuttered.

"We must be winning then," Jessie said.

Yasmin's eyes lit up, "let's go, I want one." Jessie grabbed a hold of her arm, she and Phoebe ran off in the opposite direction, dragging her with them.

The Enterprise Bridge:

"We're nearing the co-ordinates," Bryan nervously said.

"Red alert," Angela ordered. The usual lights went off, the red lights started flashing instead.

Triah sighed, "ok this is not good."

Tom walked over to stand beside her, "what this whole thing or..."

"They must have expected us cos two new 8472 portals have appeared," Triah replied.

Voyager Bridge:

Chakotay stared at the viewscreen in disbelief. "How many ships are there now?"

Jodie sighed, "I'd say about thirty."

"Where's the 'enhancement'?" Chakotay asked.

"I'll put it on screen," Jodie replied. Everyone turned to the viewscreen as it showed one of the 8472 ships firing a beam. It was surrounded by a dozen and a half ships.

"We're never going to get through there if they spot us," Ian said.

"Never mind. We'll head straight for there," Chakotay said.

"We will? No doubt they'll protect that thing very well," Foster muttered.

"And they won't attack us if we hang around a few hundred kilometres away? Get a grip Foster," Chakotay muttered.

Foster pouted, "they'll pound on us more if we go closer."

"This is what we came to do. Power weapons you pansy and make sure shields are one hundred percent," Chakotay ordered.

"Aye sir," Foster muttered while everyone else looked uneasy.

The Enterprise:

"Ok, I've got the clear from the Leda. We go in first still and we're both ready," Bryan said.

Angela sat down in her chair, "ok, let's do it. Take us in."

"Uh, isn't Voyager supposed to wait with the others?" Triah stuttered.

"Yes why?" Angela asked.

Tom sighed, "Chakotay."

"They're going in now," Triah said.

"Viewscreen now," Angela ordered. Everyone watched Voyager over take and attack the 8472's. "Great, he's going to ruin it. Fire torpedoes, we may as well still distract."

"Aye aye," Faye said.

The Leda and Enterprise flew around the swarm of 8472 ships, trying to avoid weapons fire. Voyager kept randomly firing the nanoprobe weapons as it headed in a straight line towards the beam ship.

The Enterprise was hit by two ships fire, it got knocked violently to its left side. The Pegasus then dropped out of warp nearby, it started firing on the ships before cloaking.

The Pegasus:

"I knew those losers would be doing badly," Damien said, shaking his head.

"Boss, whenever we fire it'll give away where we are," Johnny said from tactical.

"Well that's why we continue moving, you idiot," Damien grumbled. "Just follow Voyager, try and distract as many of those ships as possible."

"Aye aye," Wesley Crusher said cheerfully.

"Uh yes sir," Johnny muttered.

"Just make sure you don't hit the fleet!" Damien snapped.

Johnny cringed, "yes sir."

"What do I do again?" Myleene asked.

"Just state the obvious, or comment on the shields when Johnny can't be bothered. Basically steal lines," Damien replied.

Myleene grinned, "wow, I love opps."

"And I love chops," Riker drooled, staring at the plate of Sunday's dinner on his lap. He used his knife and fork to dig into a big chop.

Damien stared blankly at him, "if that even moves an inch off your lap, you're dead."

On their viewscreen, the Lillyia dropped out of warp and started firing at enemy ships. The Erona soon joined the battle nearby the Leda.

Voyager:

A couple of consoles exploded, smoke was everywhere.

"Commander, we can't take anymore. The Erona would have been a better choice," Foster said.

"No, as long as we have the hull in one piece we'll keep going," Chakotay said.

A 8472 ship flew directly in front of Voyager, it prepared to fire.

"Crap, evasive maneuvers!" Chakotay yelled.

Ian's eyes widened, "oh god." He quickly punched in the commands, everyone was tossed to the side as the ship turned violently. The 8472 ship fired at the same time as another one, sending them flying.

The Pegasus:

Damien was standing up, scolding Riker who was crying over his lunch on the floor. "Why must you be a pig all the time! Can't you stop eating for five minutes, you imbecile!"

"Woah that's so cool," Justin said, staring at the viewscreen. Wesley was doing the same.

"Um," Johnny muttered, "boss?"

"Can't you people improvise? Fire more weapons, move around. Do I have to think of everything around here!?" Damien screamed at him. He turned back to Riker, "and you, what on earth are you doing?"

Riker looked up from the floor, "nothing." He picked up his chop from the ground, he tugged into it like a dog.

"Honestly, you'll die eating," Damien muttered.

"Speaking of," Johnny stuttered.

Damien rolled his eyes, "what is Justin eating?"

"No," Johnny stuttered, pointing at the viewscreen.

Damien turned to look at the viewscreen, his eyes widened in panic. Voyager was hurtling towards them. Justin and Wesley were still stupidly staring. "Move the ship damn it!"

"But we're cloaked," Justin said.

Damien was now red with rage, "that doesn't mean that we can't get hit, move the..."

The Enterprise:

Everyone on the bridge watched Voyager smash right into what looked like nothing, but the nothing turned into the Pegasus looking slightly bashed. The crash slowed Voyager down, it drifted along nearby the Pegasus.

"Quick get there, put a tractor beam on them," Angela ordered.

"Yes ma'am," Bryan said.

The Erona quickly flew over to Voyager's position, they locked a tractor beam onto it.

In: "Erona to Enterprise, I suggest we retreat, more openings are forming."

Tom turned to Angela, "we really should."

She nodded, "good idea. Bryan get us out of here on my mark. Triah, inform the Leda and Lillyia."

"Uh Commander, we should make it snappy. Voyager hit the Pegasus near its engine core, it's going to breach any minute now," Faye stuttered.

"We're the good guys so in theory we should evacuate them," Bryan said, smiling sneakily.

"Right, but all of those people were meant to be dead years ago," Tom said just as sneakily.

Angela groaned, "oh for god's sake, even if we wanted to we don't have time. Get us out of here!"

Tom stared at her, "fine but you ruined a perfectly good joke."

"Yeah, we didn't even get to the punchline," Bryan groaned as he worked at his station.

The remaining Fleet along with Voyager under a tractor beam turned about face and jumped into warp. The Pegasus exploded, knocking a few 8472 ships away.

The Leda:

"Status?" Harry questioned, standing up.

"It could have gone a lot worse. We could all be dead," Naomi said.

"Voyager was badly damaged, the rest were just minorly," Nikki replied from opps.

"What about the Pegasus?" Lee muttered.

"Well he already knew what happened to that," Nikki said.

Harry groaned, "ok enough."

"How are we going to stop them? We had the Erona and Lillyia with us, yet we couldn't do anything," Naomi asked.

"We've still got time," Harry replied.

Nikki shrugged, "yeah great, time for what? For us to get our asses kicked one more time?"

"Well we thought Voyager being equipped with the nano weapon would be enough," Harry replied.

"Being from the future, doesn't the Erona have them and used them in battle?" Nikki questioned.

"We were outnumbered. The Pegasus, Enterprise and us being there didn't help because we couldn't do any damage. We should have enough time to get these weapons," Harry replied.

"Right, does anyone have any spare nanoprobes so we don't have to replicate them all?" Naomi muttered.

"Hmm," Harry sighed. "No we don't, I think our priority has just been switched, we need to end that game."

"We do, why?" Naomi asked. Everyone ignored her. "Why, oh come on."

Earth:

Duncan pushed through a few bushes, he hid behind a tree and turned to watch the fight nearby. The fight was however, James versus too many Softmicron.

He pushed one out of the way, and hit another. This cleared the way for him, he knocked another away before running. All of them followed him, totally oblivious to Duncan's hiding place. He glanced around looking worried, "um, dad? He forgot about me."

"Lucky me," somebody growled from behind him. A Softmicron quickly grabbed a hold of him, it put his spare hand around his mouth. It then followed the others.

Meanwhile James was still being chased by the horde. He stopped dead and looked around for something. At the last second he jumped up and grabbed a hold of a branch, some of the Softmicron continued running and ran off the steep edge of the hill. They all fell down into the river, which was twenty feet later.

"That's better," James said as he got back to the ground. The remaining Softmicron didn't look too happy, they all lunged for him.

While they fought, the one with Duncan came into the clearing. It just watched the fight for a minute. "That's enough," it sneered.

Everyone stopped, including James, and glanced at him. His eyes widened, "Duncan?" Two members of the group hit him hard at the same time, knocking him to the ground. The entire group knelt down beside him to stop him getting back up.

Duncan tried to say something but he still had a hand over his mouth. The Softmicron smiled slyly, "forget death matches, we've got a score to settle, right boys?"

"Ahem," some of the girls grumbled.

The Softmicron paced back and forth, "this whole game beats the whole point with its 'no kids' rule. Humans need to be taught a lesson." It walked over to the edge of the hill. "They need to feel the pain of losing a child, and I think the mini Slayer will be great as the first one."

James struggled against the group, but combined they were strong enough to keep him there. "No, you better get off of him."

"Or what? Your boy's going to die no matter what happens," the lead Softmicron said. He shook his head, "you shouldn't have left him behind anyway, game sphere is much more important than your own kids I guess. Oh, make sure his left side's clear, he has to see this."

One Softmicron moved a bit, "this should be good."

"That's better. It's no fun if he doesn't get to watch his son die. When he does, he'll know what it's like. True, it doesn't end there. There's two left right," the Softmicron said. He sighed, "oh well. Hope he can swim, it lasts longer that way," it sneered.

The group laughed or just smiled as James continued struggling in their grips. The Softmicron sighed before letting go of Duncan. "No!" he screamed. He managed to push the ones holding onto his arms away.

He then easily managed to get the others off of him, he stood up, rushed over to the hill side. The Softmicron got prepared for a fight, but he just pushed him to the ground. He swallowed hard as he glanced down at the river, he then took in a deep breath before jumping down into it.

The Softmicron pulled himself to his feet, it looked over the edge, "oh well, killed two birds with one stone there. Let's finish this thing now." The entire group walked away, most were sniggering.

As soon as they left the clearing, James re-surfaced. He looked around with panic in his eyes, face a little pale. "Duncan!" he yelled at the top of his voice. He took in a deep breath as he went back under the water.

A little while later he resurfaced somewhere else, this time with Duncan, who was unconscious in one arm. He managed to get to one side of the river.

He lay him on the grass, and gently placed one hand on the side of his face. He started coughing as he opened his eyes. "Dad," he said weakly before coughing again.

"It's ok, I'm here," James said.

Duncan sat up, "what happened?"

"It doesn't matter, as long as you're ok," James sighed.

Duncan rubbed one of his arms, shaking, "its cold."

James took off his jacket, he tried to get most of the water out of it. He wrapped it around Duncan and pulled him closer, "sorry, this is the best I can do." He put his arms around him as he stood up. They headed back into the woods.

Meanwhile, the Erona Bridge:

Jacqueline paced back and forth, "this better work John."

"Hey, you didn't even give me a chance to test it," John muttered at one of the stations nearby Vicky's.

Tony glanced back briefly, "we're there."

"On screen," Will ordered.

The Game Sphere appeared on the viewscreen. "All right John, do it," Jacqueline commanded.

John headed over to Vicky's station, he worked at it. "Firing."

The Erona's deflector glowed a light blue colour, a beam the same colour emerged from it and hit the sphere. The whole thing started sparking like the other games.

"Well?" Jacqueline questioned.

John smiled, "it's crashing."

"I just hope you don't take the whole planet with it," Jacqueline muttered.

"Right," John rolled his eyes. "The spheres are different to the cubes, trust me."

"How long will it take for it to go then?" Will asked.

"Anytime between ten and forty minutes," John replied nervously.

Earth:

Kevin ran through some bushes into the clearing nearby the hill side. Following him were a group of Softmicron. He leapt to the side just as he was at the edge, a few of Softmicron fell but a few maintained their balance. "Ok, now!" he yelled.

Ylara and Emma leapt out of different bushes nearby, all they needed to do was push the leftovers and they fell too.

Emma pouted, "no fun, they didn't even put up a fight."

Ylara stared after the guys falling into the river, she smiled evilly, "there's nothing better than watching deserving people drown." She walked off, Emma and Kevin stared after her.

"Do you want to do the running this time?" Kevin asked.

Emma shrugged, "no I'm good. I like to push them in."

A bright light briefly lit up the forest. They both looked up to see what looked like lightning strikes all over the sky.

"What's going on?" Kevin asked.

"I dunno, you've been in more games than me," Emma muttered.

Meanwhile:

Jessie, Phoebe and Yasmin stopped in their tracks to look up at the new storm.

"What's that?" Yasmin asked.

Jessie frowned at her, "you lived on New Earth all your life and you don't know what a plasma storm is?"

"Duh, yeah I do, I mean what's that?" Yasmin asked. She quickly pointed at the sky. Another lightning strike lit up the sky, which looked more like a metal ceiling.

"That looks like..." Jessie muttered. "The waiting room ceiling, right?"

"This is too weird, maybe it's another cheat they're pulling," Phoebe replied.

Yasmin's eyes lit up as she turned around, "those guys with the knives are back." Jessie and Phoebe slowly turned around, they could see a few of the Softmicron walking slowly in their direction.

"Enough of this. We're in a death match, we're not going to get out until we fight back," Phoebe said.

Yasmin grinned, "about damn time." She started going towards the guys, Phoebe grabbed her arm.

"But we need a plan," she said.

"Couldn't agree more," a familiar voice said from behind them.

The girls turned around. Jessie sighed in relief, "oh thank god." She walked over to James, who was still holding a shivering Duncan. "What the, why are you wet? What happened?"

"The Softmicron thought it would be funny to make one of my worst fears come true," James replied. "That's all."

"Which one?" Yasmin asked.

James narrowed his eyes at her, "try and guess."

"Um," Yasmin muttered. "A big monster ate you?"

Jessie turned around not looking too happy, "ok screw the plan, let's kill things."

"Jess, Phoebe was right, we need a plan," James carefully said.

Jessie glanced back at him, "I don't think so. First those creeps try and bring him and Sarah-Amy into this, then try and drown him. They're so going to die for this." She turned around fully, "that is what they did right?"

"Yeah, dropped him. I went after him. Next they'll have a giant cat army with big bugs and stuff," James muttered.

Jessie sighed as she took off the jacket she had on, "here, put this on him."

"Right, plan, thinking," Phoebe said to herself.

Yasmin glanced at her, "why don't we chase them with frying pans, they're eggs so."

James put Duncan back onto the ground, he took off the jacket he had around him and replaced it with Jessie's. He glanced up at her, "what about you?"

"I'll probably warm up when I'm kicking Softmicron butt," Jessie replied.

"Brilliant, do you see a kitchen or anything around here!?" Phoebe snapped.

Yasmin tried to look innocent, "well it could be used in the future."

"I have a plan," James butted in.

"As long as it's realistic, I'll hear it out," Phoebe grumbled, shaking her head. Yasmin pulled a face at her.

"I actually like the idea of cooking them while they're alive," Jessie said.

Duncan's eyes lit up, "cool."

"I somehow doubt they'll stick around for us to do that. Maybe another time," James said.

"What's your plan then?" Phoebe asked.

"Simple. They have knives now, which is what we need. I say we take them off them," James replied.

"Um, how?" Phoebe muttered.

"Don't worry about that part. Surround Duncan, just in case ok," James said. He headed towards the group with knives, who were walking elsewhere.

"Get me two if you can," Jessie said.

Yasmin grinned, "me too."

"Oh brother," Phoebe groaned.

The leader of the Softmicron group glanced behind the others, "a Slayer's approaching, I can sense it. Stay together."

James went behind a tree and watched them, they walked straight down the path nearby. He grabbed the one at the back, and pulled it over. "Hi, can I borrow this?" He knocked it out, he knelt down to take its knife. "Ok, one out of seven."

Meanwhile:

Kevin and Emma got to the riverside, they found Ylara smacking a Softmicron that was lying in the water.

"Will you just die, die!" she screeched as she pushed his head under the water. He turned into his default form. She continued to punch it.

Kevin rushed over, he took a hold of her arm, "it's dead Ylara. Calm down."

She pulled her arm out his grip, "well you can never know for sure." She stood up, "what?"

Kevin shook his head, "nothing, it's just."

Ylara rolled her eyes, "you're looking at me like, what!?"

"Nothing, it's just... you were acting like it was personal," Kevin replied.

"Right, this is the first time I've seen these guys before," Ylara said. She headed back for the trees, "I just think that anything that makes vampires should be drowned slowly. Is that really wrong?"

"No," Emma replied.

"Well it wasn't intentional you know," Kevin said. The two girls stared blankly at him. "Ok ok, they're the enemy I get it. But you said vampires existed a few millennia ago."

"You know, you're the lamest Slayer I've ever met," Ylara muttered.

"Do you know the literal meaning for lame?" Kevin asked.

"No, and I don't care," Ylara said. She turned back around and headed off again.

"She's in a mood," Emma said.

Kevin shrugged, "we'd better keep an eye on her. Ex evil remember." He followed Ylara back into the woods.

"Yeah that's always fun," Emma smiled, she rushed after them.

The Erona:

Tom and the rest of the Enterprise bridge were on the viewscreen.

"How's it going?" Jacqueline asked.

"It'll take a while to do this, but I do think it'll be ready before their little space changing thing is," Tom replied.

"Harry seems to think if we get the Borg crewmembers, we will save time by taking their nanoprobes. I somehow doubt getting ex-drones will help that much," Angela said.

"Depends how many there is. In our first visit to the real Voyager, they said they had, um five Borg crewmembers. That might be enough," Ashley said.

"Well one of those died, and her 'reincarnation' might not appreciate us poking a hypospray into her," Bryan commented.

"Who gives a damn?" Tani muttered from the back of the Enterprise bridge. "While you're at it, you can put some poison in her."

"Tani, that's enough," Tom snapped. She glared at him, he cringed and turned back to the viewscreen.

"We do have more Borg people since your first visit. Harry got assimilated briefly, Emma might have some of Lena's still in her after her little experiment." Triah said. "I think that's it, right?"

"Wow, that's quite a nice Borg army you have," Will commented.

"Yeah it is, two are Chosen Slayers, Emma's a Natural," Tom said.

"That explains how they got away from the Borg so easily," John said.

"It does?" Tom said, glancing back at Tani, she shrugged. "Lena, Tani and others ship was disconnected by accident. James and Jessie's, same but it crashed. Seven's, the Borg obviously got sick of her."

John nodded, "the Chosens were on both ships that were disconnected?"

"Uh yeah," Tom replied.

"Thought so, I told Starfleet my theory and they didn't listen. Finally, some proof," John mumbled.

Jacqueline rolled her eyes, "don't say what it is, or it'll be 'discovered' in the twenty fourth century instead."

Angela shook it off, "what's your status?"

"The game weapon is working. It should crash in a few minutes," Jacqueline replied.

Tom sighed, "I don't suppose anybody's got a dramatic finale line, right now? No?"

"Tom, we're nowhere near finished," Triah muttered.

Tom's eyes widened, "that's not the cliffhanger, well that's good I guess. But seriously, I need a good dramatic line to impress my fans."

"Ok, what about 'I'm gay'," Faye said.

Tom stared at her, "I'm not gay, turn the viewscreen off!"

"See, you don't like it," Triah commented. The viewscreen changed back to Earth view.

"Actually that would be a pretty nifty cliffhanger," Will said.

Jacqueline groaned, "this is not a soap opera, oh and..." She smacked Will across the back of the head. "Save that line for yourself."

Earth:

"That storm's getting worse," Phoebe mumbled nervously.

James came back over to the group. "Ok Jess, two for you, one small one for Yasmin, two for me, one for Phoebe," he said, sorting through knives he was carrying in his discarded jacket. "And another little one for Duncan."

"Ooh, cool I get one?" Duncan said, eyes lighting up.

"Just for defence," James replied.

Yasmin pouted, "hey, I asked for two."

"Well I was in the middle of stalking the last one, but then the group noticed what I was doing," James said.

"What were you doing, mugging them?" Phoebe smirked.

"Yeah, whoever was at the back," James replied.

"Nice, and after six people they noticed? Wow, talk about slow," Phoebe said.

The ground started shaking lightly. "Ok, now an earthquake?" Jessie muttered.

"The Softmicron in that group, I think they were talking about this," James said.

"Is it a cheat?" Phoebe asked.

"They were just as clueless I think," James replied.

The remaining members of the Softmicron group emerged from the trees. "There it is," one hissed with a black eye.

"Ok, I was in the middle of actually beating him when they noticed," James said.

"Damn it Slayer, that was a pretty stupid trick to play on us all," the leader said.

"Well you said no weapons, you were cheating," James said.

"Cheating's more fun," the leader said.

"Oh don't get me wrong, I agree. It's only fair if the other side cheats too," James said.

The ground shook again, this time more violently. The lightning strikes became more constant. The usual computer voice that announces the games said in a broken voice, "game has encountered a fatal error."

"What? How is that possible?" the leader growled.

One last lightning strike blinded everyone, instinctively they all covered their eyes.

Jessie and Duncan uncovered theirs and found themselves back at Starfleet Command. With them were Daniel, Craig, Wesley, Sasha and Sarah-Amy.

"What just happened?" Craig stuttered.

Sasha ran over to Jessie and Duncan, "hi mum." She eyed Duncan funny, "you take a bath? What was it, a torture session."

"Shut up," he muttered.

"Sasha, that wasn't very nice," Jessie muttered.

Sasha pouted and tried to look cute as she looked up at her, "I'm sorry mummy."

Wesley picked up the baby carrier, he handed it over to Jessie. "I believe this is yours."

"Uh yes, thanks," Jessie said.

In: "Stuart to Rex-Stuart."

Jessie tapped her commbadge, "hey that works. Yes I'm here. Where are you?"

Meanwhile in the middle of New York:

James looked around at the other Slayers, they looked just as confused as him. "I have no idea."

Ylara tilted her head to the side, "looks like some weird statue things."

"They're called buildings, god," Kevin muttered. Ylara glared at him, she punched him in the face. "Hey, don't do that!"

"We're in America, that's all I know," James said.

The Slayers all dematerialised, they rematerialised on the Erona bridge. A few seconds later, Craig, Jessie, Duncan, Sasha, and Sarah-Amy appeared.

Vicky ran over to the group, Ashley groaned and followed her. She of course went over to James. "Hi, I've missed you. So, what have you been up to?"

"And now I'm in hell," James muttered.

Jessie narrowed her eyes, she quickly went over to him. "You don't know when to quit do you, bugger off."

Vicky eyed the kids, "obviously neither do you, god." She glanced back at James. "So, it's been longer for you, did you miss me?"

Ashley dragged her away, "come on you, the Captain did warn you."

Jacqueline shook her head as she made her way over. "Sorry about that. The fleet are waiting a few lightyears away now, we'd better go and meet them. We have a bizarre new plan."

"Why don't I like the sound of that?" Zare said.

"Probably cos you shouldn't," Jacqueline replied. "Anybody who wants to stay behind on Earth is allowed to go now, not later."

"I wonder if Phoebe wants to play babysitter," Jessie said.

James shrugged, "well if she doesn't, there's always your dad."

"I like granddad better, he doesn't stink of coffee," Sasha said.

Jessie sighed, "fine, I won't be a second." She walked away from the rest of the group.

"So, what's the plan?" James asked.

Meanwhile, the fleet:

Lieutenant Paris's Log Supplemental: We're about half an hour away from battle and tension is rising. Our simple yet complicated plan, how's that for confusing, has been kept a secret from the crew. Only the commanders know about the plan in full. There's the feeling of dread as it's not like us to keep this sort of thing from everyone. We just haven't got time for questions, and the 8472's can use telepathy, so we're trying to keep the people who know it low. There's absolutely no way this can go wrong, I've just jinxed it haven't I? Oh well, end log.

Voyager, Chakotay's quarters:

A dark figure walked over to the desk, he picked up a PADD.

Chakotay walked in, he stared at the figure. "Computer lights." The lights came on. "Do you mind touching my stuff."

"No actually I don't," Damien replied. He turned around to face him holding the PADD in his hands. "Cute picture."

Chakotay marched over and snatched the PADD off him. "If you dare mock me, I'll make sure that's your last body ever."

"And how exactly would you do that?" Damien asked.

"I'd find a way, and then kill you," Chakotay muttered.

Damien smirked, he walked away. "Don't you know anything, only I know how to reverse this and I'm not going to tell everybody I know."

"That's why I don't get your side of this," Chakotay said.

Damien turned back to him, narrowing his eyes, "that's not your concern. Remember our deal, I help you with your thing and you help me with mine."

"Let me guess, you're sick of the choices. Surely jumping from one lame body to the next would be worse than death," Chakotay said.

"You have no idea, you cannot begin to understand my more advanced mind," Damien sneered.

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "if you say so. I do remember our deal and I'm sticking by it. We'll leave soon."

"Don't you have another pointless battle with the 8472 guys?" Damien asked. Chakotay stared coldly at him. "I didn't think you were the type to betray your crew."

"I'm not going to betray them," Chakotay said.

"Unless you've changed your plan, then you will," Damien said. "For once I have an incy bit of respect for you. All of these fools think they can stop this, but you..."

"Enough. Get ready, I'll handle the rest," Chakotay snapped.

Damien smiled deviously, "hmm, yes sir."

The Bridge:

James, Jessie, Kevin and Jodie were hanging around at stations. Kevin and Jodie were at their usual, Jessie and James at Tactical.

"Where is he, we're meant to be leaving soon?" Jodie asked.

"He said he had something to take care of," Kevin replied.

Jessie shrugged, "probably just being all angsty."

"That's angsty? He sure can't do it right," James commented.

Kevin sighed, "let's see." He tapped his commbadge, "Clarke to Chakotay." He didn't get a response. "Um, Chakotay? Wakey wakey."

"Computer, locate Commander Chakotay," Jessie said.

The computer responded, "Commander Chakotay is no longer aboard the ship."

Everyone looked confused. "Where did he go?" James asked.

"That information is classified," the computer replied.

Jessie frowned, "what the, that's odd." She glanced at James. "Up for some hacking?"

"Always," James replied. He turned around and started working at the back part of the station.

"God, I thought you were going to say something else," Jodie muttered.

"For the sake of the ratings, please shut up," Jessie grumbled.

"Hmm," James said quietly. Everyone glanced at him.

"What?" Kevin questioned impatiently. "We get enough of that from the doc."

James turned back around, "Chakotay somehow managed to get a shuttle away from the ship without us knowing. That was about half an hour ago."

"Most of us were working on the weapons but I would have thought somebody would have noticed," Jessie said.

James shrugged, "he's done it before."

Jessie glanced at him, "yeah you were with him, how did he do it?"

"He didn't, I did. He had this idea how to do it, but as I wasn't listening I just did my thing," James replied.

Kevin groaned, "maybe you should have listened."

"I'm sorry ok, I had just woken up from a coma," James muttered.

"Ok we have a problem. There's four of us and nobody in charge," Kevin said. He put his hand up, "I call captain."

"You don't call it," Jodie grumbled. "I think I should do it anyway."

"Oh please, you have never commanded a ship before. We're going into a major battle here," Jessie said.

"So? All there is to it is 'fire weapons' or something," Jodie said.

A crewmember at the back meekly raised her hand, "excuse me but..."

"What?" Jodie asked. "Ooh, you think I should be captain?"

The crewmember looked nervous, "well by tradition the crewmember with the highest rank takes command. Whoever has the highest rank should get it."

"Damn it, can't I just make up a rank?" Kevin grumbled. Jodie looked disappointed.

Jessie bit her lip nervously, "I'm only a crewman."

She, Jodie and Kevin stared at nothing in particular before turning their heads slowly in James' direction. "What?" he muttered.

"James you're Lieutenant, you're the highest rank," Jessie said.

James' eyes widened, "oh no no, command was in the female side of the family, not the guys. It was mum and Lena's thing."

"What about your granddad, good old Admiral Janeway?" Jessie said.

"Damn it," James muttered. "No, I can't do it... maybe she should," he said, pointing at the crewmember who spoke up.

"Either way, we're so screwed," Kevin commented.

"Think of it as a monarchy," Jodie said with a shrug. "Mum dies, you get her spaceship."

Jessie cringed, "oh god, Jodie."

"Oh, sorry," Jodie muttered.

"I don't know, this isn't a good idea," James said.

Jodie shrugged, "like I said, all it is, is 'fire torpedo' or 'evasive maneuvers'. I'm telling you, being a captain sounds easy."

"You can do this, it's in your blood," Jessie said. "I know you can."

"Right, are you saying child beating is in my blood too?" James questioned, eyebrow raised.

Jessie smiled as she reached out to stroke his arm. "No, you've been in charge of security teams a lot of times."

"That's different," James said.

"How?" Jodie asked.

Kevin groaned, "well for one, you can't smack your bridge crew around. It will be quite hard."

"I don't smack everyone I command," James muttered.

"But I thought Janeway was the whore captain that sleeps with at least one crewmember," Kevin said, eyeing Jessie.

"But I'll make an exception," James said.

"Oh come on, you used to say that stuff to her all the time," Kevin said.

James rolled his eyes as he walked over to the station behind the command chairs.

"Look, here's the bottom line. Kevin's good at flying ships, I'm better at tactical, Jodie's a blonde klutz but she can work opps fine," Jessie said.

"Oh thanks sis," Jodie muttered.

"I'm not saying this just because I'm married to him, but James is the only one with actual command experience," Jessie said. "Plus he hasn't got anything to do anyway. Oh and you can't forget that his mother and granddad were commanders."

"It's going by highest rank Jess, stop kissing ass," Kevin commented. Jessie glared at him. "No really I'm ok with it. We could have worse. We're going into battle, we need a fighter in charge which is why I wanted to do it."

James shook his head, "that's great, thanks."

"Well if you don't want to do it, we could always get Tom here," Jessie said, smiling sneakily.

"All right," James sighed as he made his way to the centre of the bridge, opps way. "Ok here's what's going to happen..."

The Enterprise:

"The fleet will be attacking from two angles, Voyager, Leda and Erona in one group, Lillyia and us in the other. The main target is the ship working on the transformation," Tom said as he paced the centre of the bridge. "It'll be guarded heavily and it'll be pretty tough to get a weapon in, let alone get near it..."

The Leda:

"The whole fleet is equipped with the nanoprobe weapons. In order to clear the way, we need to destroy as many ships as we can. It's not a hard plan, just shoot and kill," Harry said, circling the bridge. "Opps on all ships will keep an eye out for any opening. Just one of these weapons will end this war once and for all."

"At least until the next season," Craig commented from tactical.

"Did I ask for a critic?" Harry muttered.

The Lillyia:

"Species 8472 can easily get re-enforcements so don't get too cocky. Who knows what they've got in store for us," Lilly said. "We're all a good team, and I don't just mean the Lillyia crew, I mean Voyager, Enterprise... all of us. We've been through everything, and we may have lost a few people along the way, but we've showed the universe just what we're made of. We're going to win, cos we always do." She glanced at Scot, he smiled at her. "8472 don't stand a chance."

"Here here," James 2 commented.

Voyager:

"It's been almost ten years since this ship was launched. The crew then had no idea what would happen, who they'd meet. When we all got lost in the Delta, everybody felt the strain, it felt like a lost cause trying to get home. I have to say though, it was. We were better off there. Yes we had idiots like the Kazon, Borg, vampires, Vidiians, Damien..." James said.

"Who's the biggest of them all," Jessie said, smirking.

"Ooh I know this one," Jodie blurted out.

"But we all had each other. The past few months in particular have been hard and brutal, and I can safely speak for everyone that getting home was one of the biggest mistakes we ever made. But there's no use fussing, we're stronger for it and we're not going to take any more of it. I'm tired of waiting and getting stabbed in the back," James said.

"I'm sick of getting stabbed full stop and literally," Jessie muttered.

"I say we should be the attacker, we should stab them in the back and make them suffer like we have. We're going to show them how it's done, and we're going to make them cry," James said. "Any questions?"

The Enterprise:

Angela smiled, "very good Tom, I couldn't have said it better myself."

"Just saying what I feel," Tom smiled proudly. "Let's kill the b***ards." Everyone agreed.

The Leda:

"Let's do it," Harry said. "Let's do it for everyone who's been killed or lost because of this. Captain Janeway, Lena, Sandi and every single woman, man and child killed or taken because of the games."

Voyager:

"Ok, let's do it. Red Alert," James ordered.

The room dimmed, the red alert sirens and lights did their thing.

"You know, I'm sure your mother is up in heaven right now with a cup of coffee, saying that's my boy," Jessie said.

James glanced at her, "I don't know where to start. In heaven she'd have a pool of coffee."

"Ouch, that's hot," Kevin commented.

"Well you know what I mean by the other part. She'll probably be proud," Jessie said.

"No, both she and Lena will be nitpicking about my so called 'command skills'," James muttered.

"We'll see," Jessie said with a smirk. "Besides, you know what she's like. She got proud of Kiara when her band used to sing. We are all forgetting a certain someone who saved Earth from becoming a desert planet, she'd definitely be proud of that, despite what happened to Lena."

"Jeez Jessie, you can only kiss the boss' ass for so long," Kevin smirked.

"I'll kick your ass in a minute," Jessie grumbled. "I'm only encouraging him."

"Is that what you call it these days?" Kevin asked.

"What did I say about the ratings?" Jessie grumbled.

"Ok I'm getting disturbed. Let's kill things, shall we?" James said.

A little while later:

Voyager, Leda and Erona dropped out of warp and began attacking, meanwhile not far away the Enterprise and Lillyia appeared and started firing too.

On the Enterprise bridge, Angela glanced at Tom, he nodded his head. He sat down in his chair and started working on the panel on it.

Voyager:

"Enterprise is hailing us," Jodie said.

"Great, now's not the time for a chat," James muttered. "Put them on screen."

The Enterprise bridge appeared on the screen. Angela and Tom looked rather confused.

"Um, where's Chakotay?" Tom asked as he stood up.

"He nicked off," James replied.

Tom walked over to stand beside Angela, they both stared at each other nervously. "Damn that guy, he's going to get us all killed," Tom muttered.

"Ok it's not that bad," James said.

Angela sighed, "James, he was supposed to be in command. He was the only one on Voyager who knew the full plan."

"What full plan?" Kevin asked, looking nervous.

Tom shook his head, "check your console, I'll send you the instructions. Enterprise out." The viewscreen changed to the battle.

"Well this is a good start," James muttered as he headed over to Chakotay's old chair. He looked at the station beside it. "Kevin just fly as madly as you can, we have to avoid getting hit again."

"Check, this ship's battered enough," Kevin said.

James read the message on the station's screen, getting more worried by the second. He pressed a button on it before heading back to the centre of the room. "Ok, Jess prepare the high yield warhead."

"Already? Jacqueline was right, this is a bizarre plan," Jessie said.

"You have no idea," James muttered. "Kevin, get us a little closer to the beam ship."

Kevin glanced back at him, "what?"

"Just do it. Jodie, open a channel," James replied.

"A channel to what?" Jodie asked.

"Direct it towards the 8472 ships," James replied.

"But they don't talk, they're telepathic. Surely this wasn't the original plan as Chak's isn't," Jodie said.

"Why does everyone have to question what I say? Just do it," James grumbled.

"I didn't question that much. I just said already," Jessie said.

Jodie sighed, "fine. Channel open."

"This is the starship Voyager. You have twenty seconds to stand down and retreat from our space, or we'll be forced to destroy you," James said.

"Duh, no response," Jodie said after ten seconds. James didn't respond, he just stared at the viewscreen. "Um, both ways."

Jessie moved slightly away from her station, "James?" She didn't get a response either. "Close the commlink."

"Ok," Jodie muttered. She pressed a few buttons.

"Why haven't they fired on us?" Kevin asked.

"It's been twenty seconds, let's do it," Jessie said, she moved back over to her station.

James turned around, "no, don't."

"Why?" Jessie questioned. "There, one word again."

"Just trust me," James replied. He headed over to Jodie's side of the bridge, "disarm it. Jodie, when she's done prepare to transport. Kevin, keep going."

"Did they talk to you or something?" Jessie asked. James glanced at her briefly before turning back to the front of the bridge. "It's done."

"Energising," Jodie said uneasily.

"Kevin, all stop," James ordered.

"Right, we're screwed," Kevin muttered.

"I don't think so," Jessie said.

James headed over to Jessie's station. "Ok, just bare with me. Jess, disarm a normal torpedo and fire it towards them."

"Ok, was this Tom's plan or something?" Jodie asked, shaking her head. "And where am I beaming this?"

"Nowhere yet. How long will it take to do that?" James asked.

"Um a few seconds," Jessie replied.

"Ok, beam it to the Enterprise at the same time Jessie fires. You should know where," James said.

"Why haven't they fired at us?" Kevin asked. "They're more interested in the others."

"Cos we've got the high yield, and they think we're going to use it to destroy the beam ship. If we're this close and fire, we'll get hit too. Since we're battered, that would be a bad thing," James replied.

"No we won't, and what about the dud?" Kevin questioned.

"You'll see," James replied.

"Firing," Jessie said.

Jodie uneasily pressed another button, "energising."

One 8472 ship flew in front of the torpedo while the others headed towards the Enterprise which was heading their way.

"They know," Jodie said in a panicky voice. "Please tell me this is the plan."

"Those ones won't until it's too late," James said.

The Enterprise:

"It's armed," Triah said.

Angela smiled deviously, "fire the high yield."

The entire swarm of 8472 prepared to fire at once, the Enterprise fired its high yield torpedo. The torpedo exploded. The Enterprise quickly swerved out of the way, but a few of the ships managed to fire before being destroyed. Two out of three hit the Enterprise.

Voyager:

"The beam ship's clear now," Jodie smiled.

"Jess, fire," James ordered.

"Gladly," Jessie said. She pressed one of the buttons. The bridge crew watched the torpedo hit the ship firing the beam, a few seconds later it was destroyed.

The Enterprise:

The bridge was a complete mess, fires were everywhere and a few consoles exploded.

Tom pulled himself to his feet, "is everyone all right?"

Triah pulled herself off the console, "yeah I think so." She looked over at Bryan who was doing the same, looking dazed.

"No, I hate it when this happens," Faye moaned, rubbing her head.

Tom spotted Angela lying on the ground, he knelt down beside her. "Angela?" he said as he shook her. He checked her pulse, "she's dead. Damage report."

"We took two direct hits. There's still loads of ships left, luckily the Erona and co are handling them," Triah replied. "We really should retreat."

Bryan groggily looked up at the viewscreen, "oh god." He quickly fiddled with his station. Everyone else looked up and saw an 8472 flying right towards them. Again, the ship swerved rather violently.

"Faye, destroy it, now!" Tom yelled.

"I know, I know," Faye stuttered as she worked at her station. The two ships fired, both weapons collided with each other. The 8472 ship was destroyed, the Enterprise got hit by the blast and was knocked away.

"That wasn't so bad," Bryan sighed in relief.

In: "Henderson to bridge, that last hit damaged one of the warp drives. We're leaking plasma."

"Wouldn't be the first time," Tom muttered. "Get us out of here on impulse." Bryan nodded.

The Leda:

"Status?" Harry ordered.

"The deed's done, they fell for it. Unfortunately the Enterprise was badly damaged in the attack," Nikki replied from opps.

"We'll have to destroy as many of these guys as possible. How many weapons do we have left?" Harry asked.

"Just three," Craig replied.

"Make every shot count. Once we're finished, get us out of here," Harry ordered.

Voyager:

"They would have gotten less questions if the plan was explained," Kevin was saying.

"Not enough time, plus I think they were worried 8472 would read someone else's mind," James said.

Jessie sniggered, "I would keep away from Kevin's, that's enough to scare 8472 off."

"How would you know?" Kevin grumbled.

"Well," Jessie said, shrugging.

"I can't control it sometimes and I usually tell the wife everything," James finished off.

Kevin's eyes widened, "what, when were you listening in?"

"Usually?" Jessie grumbled.

"Always," James quickly said.

The Enterprise:

The ship shook violently. Tom looked around the bridge, "report?"

"Impulse was too much to ask," Bryan stuttered.

"What?" Tom questioned.

In: "Engineering to bridge, we've got a warp core breach in progress. We can't eject it."

"When can you ever?" Tom groaned. He tapped his commbadge. "Paris to all hands, abandon ship. Repeat abandon ship. Transporters only, transport to the Erona or the Lillyia, it'll be safer there. Repeat, transporters only."

"Great, all my stuff's here," Faye groaned.

Tom stared at her blankly, "prioritise! Let's get out of here."

The Lillyia:

"What?" Lilly said.

"Enterprise is going to blow in one minute," Scot said.

"How? That shouldn't have happened, a plasma leak shouldn't have..." Lilly stuttered. "Get everyone off it."

"Doing so," Scot muttered.

"When there's five seconds left to go, get us out of here Carly," Lilly ordered.

Carly nodded nervously, "ok, you should give me ten."

"Five's all you got," Lilly grumbled.

Voyager:

"Well?" James questioned as he looked over at Jodie.

"Forty to go," Jodie replied. "Ten seconds left."

"Kevin, go on my mark," James said.

"Ok," Kevin nervously said. "What did you tell her?"

"Kevin, later," James snapped.

"Jeez sorry," Kevin groaned.

"Just go," James ordered, shaking his head.

"Right, warp five," Kevin said.

Voyager, Leda, Lillyia and the Erona jumped to warp, leaving the Enterprise behind.

Two days later

Voyager:

Everyone had gathered in the Mess Hall. Tom, Harry, Lilly and Jacqueline were standing at the front, facing everyone else.

"We are all gathered here to say farewell to the brave crewmembers who were lost saving the quadrant," Tom said. He glanced at Harry.

He raised a PADD and started to read out the names.

"I can't believe it," Jessie muttered, she glanced at James who was just staring at the front. She put one arm around him. "What's going to happen to Kirsty and Kyle?"

James glanced at her, "I don't know, probably one of their grandmothers will take them."

Nearby Daniel was standing on his own, holding Scott. He started to cry, Daniel groaned as he tried to comfort him. "Shh it's ok, she was too much of a cleaning freak anyway." Somebody nearby elbowed him hard. "I'm just trying to help."

"Angela Turnbull," Harry read from the PADD.

"Oh finally, somebody I didn't like," Jessie said. "Why do I feel guilty for feeling relieved?"

James put his arm around her, "I dunno, I do too."

"Also Kevin would like to say a few words for his sister, Sandi," Tom said.

Kevin stood up, he headed over to stand nearby them. "She's not dead, she's alive so take her name off the list," he snapped. He kicked Harry in the leg and went back to sit down.

Harry sat down quickly pouting, "not my fault, I just read it."

Tom tried not to look amused, "ok, forget I said Sandi Clarke then."

"What about Chakotay? He's missing," Yasmin said.

Lilly shrugged, "maybe."

Tom shook his head, "no he'll be back. He probably just burst out crying and didn't want anyone to see."

"Still, I wonder where he is," Harry said.

Meanwhile:

A shuttle dropped out of warp. Inside it Damien and Chakotay were arguing.

"It is much easier that way," Damien grumbled.

"How? It's a crew you hated, they didn't respect you as you treat them like slaves, and they annoyed you more for it," Chakotay said.

"No, really?" Damien said, sounding surprised. He shook his head, "nah, I'm a great leader."

Chakotay rolled his eyes. "You're useless."

Damien narrowed his eyes, "and you're, you're an idiot."

"Wow brilliant comeback," Chakotay muttered, glancing at his station. "We're here. No turning back."

Damien looked up at the front window, he smiled evilly, "no, are you scared?"

Chakotay just sighed as he looked up too.

The shuttle flew slowly towards a large round object, which had a circular hole in it. A pyramid shaped ship emerged from the hole and flew towards the shuttle.

******TO BE CONTINUED******