

Episode 5.04 Responsibility

Voyager's Deck Nine:

A few unknown crewmembers walked out of the turbolift, they headed down the corridor. Going the opposite way were Naomi and Nikki. Everybody stopped as a light rumbling sound echoed all around them. It grew louder very quickly.

"Something's coming," Nikki stuttered.

Something then smashed through one of the walls, then collapsed on the ground in Naomi and Nikki's path. They backed off a metre in shock. Dust blocked most of their view, it started to settle quite quickly. Everyone else gathered around to see what had crashed through the wall.

The dust settled on what looked like a man lying on the ground, everyone's eyes had widened at that point. They heard footsteps come from the hole in the wall, but didn't dare to look.

The man groaned, he tried to lift himself up but couldn't. He let his body collapse again, all he could do was look up at everybody. His face badly bruised, pale, with strange technology on it and an Indian tattoo. Then everyone decided to slowly glance at the hole, which was now clear of dust.

"Sorry, the fat b***ard didn't hit anyone on the way here did he?" James casually asked.

Everyone but Nikki at this point were staring with wide eyes in shock, unsure of what to do. Nikki just was unsure how to close her mouth as she stared.

"Um somebody should call Security," one crewmember stuttered.

"That is Security," Naomi commented.

James meanwhile stood over Chakotay, "ok why don't you say that again for the nice people to hear."

Chakotay coughed while rolling onto his back. He still managed to chuckle despite his condition, "what was so wrong with what I did? Jessie needs some decent touch at least once in her life, if you know what I mean."

James knelt down to grab him by the front of his shirt, pulling him up slightly from the ground. "She never did anything to you! If you're so angry at me, why didn't you just attack me?"

"You're not my type James," Chakotay smirked.

"Not in the same way. I don't get it, she had nothing to do with what happened to my mother," James muttered.

"You know what I've noticed, you're avoiding the whole touch issue," Chakotay said.

"Lucky for you, you didn't get anywhere with her," James growled.

Chakotay chuckled again, "well she must be good at something right? Tell me, did I miss out on her only talent besides killing?"

James shook his head in disgust, "you're unbelievable. What did my mother see in you?" Chakotay just laughed in response. James punched him in the face, light enough to keep him conscious but hard enough for his nose to start bleeding heavily. "What did you want with Jessie, last chance."

"Well you somehow turned an already pathetic small woman into something even more useless, kudos," Chakotay replied. "I was just trying to help her, she needed to know."

James got to his feet, bringing Chakotay with him. He pushed him into the wall, literally. "Know what?"

"I just told you. All she's good at is causing pain and misery while evil, and well whoring herself around," Chakotay replied.

James was about to hit him again when he noticed his audience. He glared in their direction, "do you mind, get lost all of you!" Everyone but Naomi and Nikki quickly scarpared, those two pretended to leave and just watched from around the corner. "Whoring herself around?"

"Oh come on, you married her, that says it all. I mean only whores like you; Tani, that girl from the future, Nikki..." Chakotay said.

"Hey," Nikki moaned. Naomi patted her on the shoulder.

"Jessie's far from that, you don't know a damn thing about her," James grumbled. He punched him in the stomach this time, Chakotay nearly stumbled back onto the ground again but James pulled him back up.

"Don't I? If what I said wasn't true, why does she still believe it?" Chakotay questioned. "And how come you've only just started beating me now, only just told you has she? Shame, I saw the two of you ending in death not in a divorce. You know the drill, she dies because of her usual stupidity and uselessness and you hopefully kill yourself in a painful way. Though if you did divorce I could see you stupidly killing yourself there too."

"Speaking of painful, do you ever shut up?" James muttered. He just tossed him to the side like he was something light like a tricorder. "You know the 'old' me would probably kill you, just like..." he said, clicking his fingers, "that." He took off the jacket he had on, and dropped it on the ground.

Nikki's eyes lit up as she could now see most of his arms, Naomi rolled her eyes. "Ugh Nikki, you're so predictable." She glanced at the scene briefly, "hmm, better than Kevin I'll admit."

"A much younger me would have probably tortured you and accidentally killed you in the process," James said. He kicked Chakotay in the stomach pretty hard. He was soon clutching it with his face facing the ground, struggling to get his breath back. James knelt down next to him, "you loved my mum, I get the whole evil thing as I've been there. The only difference is, it doesn't suit you, watching you like this is just cringeworthy."

"Are you going to..." Chakotay coughed, covering his mouth with his hand. He noticed blood on the palm, "kill me anytime soon?"

"No, you see," James muttered in response. He put one foot on his chest and put all of his weight on it. "I'm not saying I've gotten soft, quite the opposite. I wouldn't hesitate killing someone who tried to rape my wife and made her spend over a year thinking she was useless."

"Then, why don't you?" Chakotay said slowly in between breaths.

"It's simple," James said. He moved his foot away and knelt down beside him, "you're not even worth the time I just wasted on you. I'd say you weren't worth the energy, but I barely broke a sweat." He stood back up, "besides it's not what my mother would want." He walked away.

"Um should we get him to Sickbay?" Naomi asked.

"No, Chakotay didn't even get a chance to hurt him," Nikki replied, watching James step into the turbolift. "You have no idea how much I hate Jessie for getting him first."

Naomi rolled her eyes, "I meant get Chakotay to Sickbay, honestly how dumb can a person get?"

"I saw you looking at James," Nikki said, glancing back at her. "Get your own obsession."

"Nah, he's not my hype," Naomi said, walking off.

Nikki pulled a face, "ok I'm stupid? It's type you idiot." She quickly followed. Halfway down the corridor they both realised they forgot about Chakotay. "Crap!"

The Bridge:

Tom paced the centre of the bridge, he was in the middle of speaking. "Unfortunately the Crazy Horse was destroyed by the aliens. I don't know why they didn't fight back, the theory is Death Corridor made them all crazy. I'm still waiting for a decent report from the awayteam. Also we've found that Chakotay is our trespasser, well more or less, he's an Ex-Tolg. We await further orders, and hope that one of them includes ejecting Damien into the nearest sun. Voyager out."

Jodie typed in a few commands, "ok transmission to Starfleet sent."

Tom turned to his temporary Tactical Officer, "ok then, what the hell is going on now?"

"Well at first it seemed like all was lost, but then I used earthquake, despite being low health and destroyed him," Damien replied. He shrugged, "in the other game can you run a certain way so the girl following you falls into the crevice in Pyrite?"

Tom stared blankly at him, "what are you..."

"She bugs me is all, that bitch talks for me and tells me what to do," Damien muttered, clenching a fist. "I do love that guy's coat though, if I had it I wouldn't have some little pervy girl telling me..."

Tom shuddered a lot, he clenched his own fists. "Damien I don't care about some stupid game you're playing and how badly you're doing!"

Jessie walked in via the turbolift next to Damien, he was really fuming now. "Badly? I owned that guy's level 70 ass, I spent hours restarting and redoing that match you puny man," he snarled back.

Tom groaned, "I was talking about the girl following you, and a crevice."

"I said the other game, what's the matter with you?" Damien rolled his eyes.

"What are you two arguing about, a game?" Jessie questioned.

"Yes, a GameCube game," Tom said.

"Ok, how come the Watchers insisted on still having the Slayers do a test thing if that was happening? You should have told them," Jessie said.

Damien smirked, "if you had actually put two and two together, you would have realised he meant the games console, not the anomaly. You can't restart or redo a real game."

"And no girl would follow him around in the real world either, though the guy you control is damned ugly," Tom said.

Naomi glanced back, "actually he's a hottie, I just turn him to face me and just stare for hours."

"What game is this?" Jessie asked.

"The one the writer got addicted to recently, not for the same reason as her though," Tom muttered, looking at Naomi in disgust. "Pokémon by the way."

Jessie managed to raise both eyebrows, "you think the usual kid hero in those games is a hottie?"

Naomi pouted, "he's not actually a kid."

"He does have a cool coat, I think all the girls in the game just like that," Damien said.

"Tom, you were asking," Jodie groaned.

"Oh right. Damien, I asked what the hell is happening now," Tom said.

Damien clicked his fingers, "oh right. Well now I'm waiting for that stupid afro guy with the dancing sods to turn up, so I can steal stuff off him."

Tom leaned on the banister, then hit his head off of it lightly. Jodie smirked, "he meant on the ship."

"Oh right," Damien said. He looked at another part of the station, nodded a few times and looked back at Tom. "I couldn't care less."

"Jessie," Tom growled.

"How would I know what you're talking about exactly, I only just got here," Jessie said.

"Take over!" Tom snapped at her, raising his head.

"Ok but I'm only used to the Game Boy games," Jessie said, glancing briefly at Damien's station.

"Oh yes, you'd better have two again afro man," he laughed, pressing away at the screen. "I love this game."

"You're actually allowed to steal stuff, neat," Jessie said.

Damien glanced up and nodded, "I know."

At this point Tom was about to have a fit. He collapsed into his chair. "Jodie?"

Jodie sighed, "you could have asked me first."

"I know, I just temporarily forgot who was at Tactical," Tom groaned into his hand. "Report?"

"Something just got blasted through a few walls on Voyager's Deck Nine," Jodie replied. "There's no weird anomaly or intruders, so I don't know what it is."

Tom sighed, "I'll get Craig on it, it's probably a Security matter. Oh, that reminds me, remind the Crazy Horse awayteam to get started on a proper report that has more than three words in it."

"Three, what was the report?" Naomi asked.

"The crew died," Tom muttered. "I mean obviously, the ship exploded."

"Ok will do," Jodie said.

"Oh and Jessie, I doubt you'll listen as you never do but kill Damien for me," Tom said. "I'll be in my Ready Room." He walked off toward his office.

Jessie didn't look happy, "ok that's one dilemma. Listen to Tom and do away Damien, or don't listen to him as always."

Jodie nodded, "yeah that's a toughie. So how did your counselling session go?" Jessie glared at her making her cower slightly. "I mean cow selling session."

Damien laughed, "it's about damn time you got some help Jessie."

Jessie moved her glare to him, "well that solves that."

Sickbay:

Doctor Jones moved away from Chakotay's biobed. He sat up.

"You mustn't have been in the Tolg longer than a week, which is probably how you were 'cured' so easy," Doctor Jones said. "Should I even ask how that happened?"

"It's a long story doc," Chakotay said.

"Any idea why you were in the brig or why James attacked you, which by the way was so hot," Nikki questioned.

Chakotay stared at her in disgust, "yes it was hot how I was beaten and..."

"No not you," Nikki scowled.

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "anyway I attacked Damien. I know there's no justice. As for James."

"Something about Jessie, what did you do to her?" Nikki asked.

"You've forgotten deserting the crew in a war, working with Damien, trespassing aboard," Naomi read from a padd. She looked up from it. "We have a new news thing."

"That's nice, but it's probably just as accurate as Tom's gossip. No doubt it's the evolved form," Chakotay said.

"Well mostly. Gossip isn't allowed, oh but there's a column about you, my you're popular this week," Naomi said.

Doctor Jones rolled his eyes, "Naomi you're here to learn, not read the 'newspaper'."

"I like the title," Naomi giggled, ignoring him. "It's called *Chakotay's dumbass little adventure*, neat."

Chakotay frowned, "who writes these?"

"I heard the news itself is done by 'professionals', the columns are submitted by anyone," Nikki said.

Naomi smirked at him, "this one's Damien."

Chakotay jumped off the biobed, he snatched the padd out of her hands. She stared blankly at him, "is that true, you wanted Janeway as a Tolg?"

"No. Do you really believe that guy!" Chakotay snapped.

"I dunno, you're Tolg now," Naomi replied. "A lot of people have access to these news things."

Nikki's face lit up, "ooh, can I hang with you Chak? I wanna see James beating you up in full this time."

Chakotay groaned, "no you can't, you bimbo. No-one's going to believe it, it's not true and with a title like that. Only an idiot would, you're good proof of that."

"James better keep his cool this time. I'm sick of treating major wounds on you Commander. Sort it out without violence," Doctor Jones sighed.

"I would but this is James, violence is all he understands. Well that and sarcasm. Anyway he can't beat me for this, she wouldn't even be dead if it wasn't for him," Chakotay said. He stepped out.

"The story must be true," Nikki sighed.

Naomi's eyes widened, "god Janeway must be dying without a coffee for this long."

"She probably made it as the new Tolg Queen so she could get some, knowing her," Nikki said.

Doctor Jones shook his head, "I miss Kes."

The following day:

The Security Office:

James sat slouched in the chair behind his desk, with his feet up on it of course. Amy sat on the floor next to him, drawing on big pieces of paper with crayons.

The doors opened, Tom marched through them looking annoyed. "Ok I have a bone to pick with you."

"Where's the bone then?" James muttered without looking up at him.

"Haha funny, not," Tom grumbled. "Look, doesn't anybody in the Slayer group who has Janeway blood in them just say hello to old friends?"

"What old friends do you mean? I sorta said hi to everyone, and you too, don't know if you count yourself as a friend though," James questioned.

"Well Ylara I understand, he attacked and tried to kill her. What did he do to you?" Tom asked.

James rolled his eyes, "who!?"

"Oh, Chakotay you moron," Tom said.

"He deserved it, and don't snap at me like that. You do know the details of his 'accident' don't you?" James said.

"I don't get how anyone deserves to be thrown through a few walls and then beaten in front of a crowd," Tom muttered.

"Oh but he does," James said, shrugging his shoulders.

Tom sighed while leaning on one of the chairs' back, "why?"

"Which reason do you want first? One, two, three or four?" James muttered.

"I'm not in the mood for your weird humour," Tom groaned.

"I wasn't joking," James said.

"No no, I don't wanna hear it. Put it in your report, you're on it," Tom said.

James raised an eyebrow, "you're putting me on report?"

"Well yeah. Why not would be a more appropriate question to ask," Tom smiled.

"Ok just cos you're in charge, doesn't give you an excuse to start kissing your own ass," James said, shaking his head.

"Ok mummy mustn't have explained this to you. If you do something wrong, you go on report at the very least," Tom said. "God, speaking of asses being what? Kissed, what are you drinking?"

"You seem the type of guy who'd rather have followers kissing his ass than feet, but nobody follows you so," James casually replied, he shrugged again. "Somebody has to keep the ego in check."

"Ok this is different. Usually you would have threatened or kicked me or something by now," Tom frowned.

"Not really, I usually insult you and oh, I just did," James said.

"Fine whatever, point being is I haven't managed to properly annoy you. Maybe I'm losing it," Tom said. He narrowed his eyes in his direction, "how the hell would I kiss my own butt anyway?"

"Do I really have to bother answering that seriously?" James asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No but that's always better than in a jokey way," Tom replied. "Then I'd have to pretend to smirk or something."

"Still not annoyed," James said.

Tom groaned, "uh god, you'd better introduce me to your new anger management therapist."

"Ok, I'm annoying you?" James questioned with a smile. "Great, and if you want to talk to her, you'll have to wait until one of them is finished drawing."

"Drawing?" Tom pulled a face. "What the hell, you're getting more and more weird every sec. Oh you mean Amy, right."

"Surely Miral does that for you. You know, calm you down," James said. He frowned, "I doubt Johnathan does, besides it's usually the daughters anyway."

Tom grunted to himself, "yeah right."

"Somebody was in a bad mood before he got here, and it wasn't cos of me was it?" James questioned.

Tom shook his head, "oh, don't go there."

"That depends on where 'there' is," James said.

Amy crawled up to the desk, sat right beside James' feet and tugged on his trouser leg. He looked down as she held up a piece of paper. "I drew picture of you."

"Oh, let's see then," he said as he took it off her. They both failed to notice Tom muttering to himself and clenching one fist, with a look of thunder on his face.

"This is very good. What are these?" James questioned, pointing at a bit of the paper.

Amy cocked her head to the side, "demons and vamps."

"Oh yeah, very good. Can I?" James said.

"Yep, present," Amy replied. She moved back to her pile of paper.

"No need to rub it in either," Tom muttered.

James frowned as he glanced back at him, "I didn't, I only touched the edges." He turned the chair to face the shelves behind him, the picture was placed on the one below a few framed pictures.

"Not the dumb picture," Tom muttered.

"Ok, what am I rubbing in?" James asked in confusion. He turned back to face him.

"You and her, she seems to look up to you," Tom said.

"Oh, well Miral's a little troublemaker though huh?" James said.

"Putting it mildly," Tom sighed. "She's like Duncan was except she'll punch every boy she sees for no reason, and gets away with it. Oh and dislikes her actual dad, did I mention that part?"

"Yeah I've noticed, I mean the get away with it part," James said. "How old is she?"

"Nine months, why?" Tom muttered.

"Just curious," James replied. "Look she doesn't understand that she's hurting you, she's too young to."

"I know that, I'm not completely stupid," Tom said. "It just bugs me cos I think I'm doing something wrong. But whenever I see you it looks to me that I try harder than you do."

"What? You've only seen me with Amy twice," James muttered.

"What about Sasha and Duncan?" Tom said.

"Ok now you're starting to bug me," James mumbled. "I was terrible years ago yeah, but now I take it seriously. They like me cos I spend time with them as well as just the necessary stuff."

"I do spend time with Miral. She just hints that she'd be happier if I left her on her own," Tom said.

"Ok but do you give up then? If you do that's your problem," James said.

"No it's not. I don't want to make her hate me more," Tom said.

"Nope, she'll think you only try to play with her cos you have to. If you stick around she'll know that you want to," James said. "Come on Tom, you've been a parent longer."

Tom raised his eyebrow, "yeah by about eight months or so. I did take care of Duncan too but..."

"Who gave you an equally hard time," James smirked.

"That makes sense though. This one's definitely mine, I know it, with Duncan it's probably genetic to give Tom a hard time. With Miral it's..." Tom mumbled. "You're probably right. It just gets to me. I love her to bits. She's like a mini B'Elanna; smart, beautiful, mischievous. you know."

James' smirk faded, he nodded sympathetically, "yeah I get it, it must be tough."

"I suppose B'Elanna hated me at first too, give her another year or so and she'll love me," Tom said. "I was wondering though, your idea is a good one but what she also needs is a good example. Amy isn't that much older than her."

"Ohno, you can't force two kids to be friends like that," James muttered. "She's already not very comfortable with other kids or being at the nursery."

Tom shook his head, "ok we both have problems. Miral and Amy are both opposites." He smirked slightly, "I can't believe it's you I'm saying it to but you're being too soft with her. Getting the two together will help them both. Miral will get to see that being good is well, good. Amy will learn that she can have a friend who isn't her dad." Amy glanced up at them both, pouting her lips.

"It could go horribly wrong though as well. Amy might decide that dad bashing is fun, and/or become violent. She's cute enough to get away with it, I've seen Miral at work, the two could easily become this criminal duo that nobody believes does anything," James muttered.

"She'll only get violent if... wait, who am I kidding here. She's a Stuart, I'm more surprised she isn't now," Tom said.

"Ok suddenly I'm not wanting to help you," James said.

"Just try it. We can at the very least introduce the two, unless you've told her how bad I am," Tom said.

"No, not really," James said. "Fine, you introduce them but you can't be so sure it'll work. My idea should though."

"I'll still do that," Tom sighed. "Now back to Chakotay."

James groaned into his hand, "he deserved a lot worse, believe me. Keep him locked in Leda's brig and maybe it won't happen again."

"You still have to do the report, I'm looking forward to reading it," Tom said.

"Yeah I'll bet," James said. "I don't really have that much time. I've got new trainees, this job and kids."

"Oh come on, there's nothing going on yet. Do the report before something does, cos it will," Tom said.

"Bored much?" James questioned.

"God yes. I'm still waiting for the report on the Crazy Horse," Tom sighed.

"Fine I'll see what I can do. And what report?" James said.

"Let's just say yours won't be upsetting or huge when I get it, yours will ease me into the violent, deathly mood," Tom muttered.

James' eyes lit up, "Chakotay actually died from the injuries, good."

Tom raised one eyebrow after narrowing his eyes, "no, but he could have if he went through two more walls, along with everyone nearby."

James glanced away sheepishly, "I made sure it wasn't hard enough to get him through the outer hull. I'm not that careless."

Tom nodded, "you scare me sometimes." James raised an eyebrow at him. "Ok most of the time." He headed back toward the door, he turned to do a little wave toward Amy. "Bye bye Amy." She just stared blankly at him. "Ok she's cute but..."

James quickly cut in, "she's shy, don't."

"Right sorry," Tom muttered. He dashed out. Jessie passed him on the way in.

"What's up with him?"

"Some old, more or less," James replied. "How did your session go?"

"Not bad this time, last time was awkward. I do think though that I'm not the only one who needed to be there though," Jessie said.

"I know, I should have, there was a slight incident," James said.

Jessie nodded, "yeah I heard, that's what I mean. You need the therapist more than me right now."

"You've only seen her twice, surely," James muttered, looking nervous.

"What, surely I'm still 'crazy, having nightmares about death' Jessie? Yeah sure, ever since her little awkward advice and speeches I've been better," Jessie said.

"Are you trying to get out of the sessions?" James asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I told you, she's awkward. I keep thinking about what she said and feel stupid, damn therapists. All of it was obvious advice," Jessie replied. She leaned on the chair, "so who did you beat up then?"

"Um well, he deserved it so I wouldn't worry about me. I've seen enough therapists for three lifetimes, and yes I know they have a habit of making you feel stupid and embarrassed," James replied.

"Ookay but now you've just made me worried, why avoid the who question?" Jessie asked. "I will probably only take my comment back if it's Damien or demonic."

"No it wasn't, that would be too easy and predictable," James mumbled. "Hey how about a drink?" He stood up to go to the replicator nearby.

"Yeah why not, the usual," Jessie said. "I still wanna know though, you can't avoid me."

"Does it matter. I tend to beat up any guy really," James said. He glanced at the replicator, "one white coffee and Cherry Coke."

"Yeah but there's nearly always a reason. You're being so avoidy I can't help but be curious," Jessie said.

James sighed while heading over to her, he handed her a class of Coke. While walking away he drank a little out of the cup in his hands. "Trust me, it would be better for both of us if I didn't say."

"You'll have to do better than that," Jessie groaned. "Come on, if the person is dangerous then I should know considering my track record. Family members ditto, enemies from school. People who I wouldn't even give a damn about I wouldn't care really."

"Why are you always right?" James sighed.

Jessie smiled at him, "cos when you get overprotective you lose any sense of reason. Plus you can't argue with a pretty face, right?"

"Not usually, but I've always managed to," James said.

"Hmm, that's true," Jessie mumbled. "Soo, who?"

James sat down on the edge of the desk, "we should."

"Yeah ok," Jessie muttered. She moved around to sit down in his chair.

"It was um, Chakotay," James quietly said.

Jessie's face turned a little pale, "oh, ok. Where did, how?"

"I don't know. All we know is that he's got an ex Borg or Tolg thing going on," James replied.

"Yet you still managed to throw him through five walls," Jessie muttered.

"Oh, I didn't know that you knew that much," James mumbled.

"Everyone knows," Jessie shrugged. "Obviously 'everyone' wanted to protect me, like you."

"I know that you should know about him anyway, but he probably will be in the brig the whole time anyway," James said.

"Um why? You didn't tell people what he did to me, did you?" Jessie stuttered.

"No not exactly," James mumbled awkwardly. "Just that he did something, no one knows what."

Jessie sighed, "meh it doesn't matter. People may be more careful if they did."

"It's up to you, how much do you want them to know?" James questioned.

Jessie shrugged her shoulders while sitting back in the chair, "I dunno. That he's a creep who insisted I was just evil, who probably wanted me to turn."

"Why would he?" James said.

"Maybe kill lots of people. No it doesn't make much sense, does it?" Jessie muttered. "I get the feeling that we don't want to know the reason."

The Bridge:

Jodie's station beeped, making her go a bit paler than usual. "I think we should go to red alert."

Tom's face lit up, "finally some excitement."

Kevin frowned, "didn't we have a battle yesterday?"

Tom ignored him, "Red Alert."

"Aye aye Captain Stupido," Damien said while doing a fake salute. A few seconds later a new really annoying siren started to go on continuously, while the red lights flashed.

Tom glanced back at him, "what the?"

"You like it, no?" Damien smirked.

"God, who's idea was it to have the ex villain at Tactical?" Tom asked angrily. Everyone stared at him. "That was yesterday, it was a long day, why is he still here?"

"Jessie would rather spend time making more friggin' Slayer or Witch babies with that blonde freak," Damien replied in disgust. "I'm surprised they haven't made an army." He gasped, "that was their plan all along, I wish I thought of that."

Jodie stared at him in more disgust than everyone else decided to stare at him with. "Eew, Jessie wouldn't go near you."

Damien stared blankly at her for a few seconds, "ok that was a temporary yogurt phase that lasted two seconds, I'm so over that witch. I meant cloning a Slayer and witch army."

"Um you couldn't, remember?" Tom groaned.

Damien had to think about that for a few minutes, "oh. But I could still have the army of witches."

"Um Jodie, what was the red alert about?" Kevin asked, looking worried before turning back to the helm.

Damien laughed to himself, "yeah right Sevin, if I want to clone a loser Slayer army I'll give you a call."

"Sevin?" Kevin said.

"Speaking of call," Jodie stuttered. "The ship that was heading for us, oh that was the red alert thing by the way, is hailing us."

Tom stared at her, "who is it then? Softmicron, Iinan, Tolg, Borg, 8472?"

"It's much much worse," Jodie stuttered.

Damien looked up from his game, "but I'm already here, how slow are your sensors?"

Jodie ignored him, "the watchers have returned, and there's seven other lifesigns on their shuttle."

"You're right, that's much worse," Tom said, trying to sound brave but failing. He stood up, "let's just pretend we're not home."

"What if they knock?" Damien sarcastically asked.

Tom's eyes widened as he looked toward him, "oh my god they can breathe in space!?" He calmed down a little, "oh they have space suits." Again he panicked, "that go through our shields?"

"Tell me something. Did it occur to anyone here that the only reason Starfleet sent you guys out here, was to get you killed. Why else would they have this pansy in charge, it would be like having Harry in charge," Damien said, shaking his head.

"He's in charge of the Leda," Kevin said, looking worried again.

Damien smiled, "I'm always right, it's such a wasted talent of mine."

"They're hailing again," Jodie said.

Tom sighed, passing Damien a quick glare, "just let them in the shuttle bay. Make sure though we lock the bridge doors."

"God why?" Kevin groaned.

"We can't let those seven other people suffer, we're not evil," Tom said. Damien cleared his throat. "Ok most of us aren't."

The Security Office:

"No I don't care, the only excuse that would work for being two days late for work, without notifying me is that you dropped dead or were in a coma," James muttered.

The girl sitting opposite him looked sorry for herself, "it's true."

"How could a spider in your bedroom make you fifty hours late?" James groaned into his hand.

"It was right above the doorway, it could have jumped on me as I left," the girl stuttered.

"You have got to be kidding," James muttered. "Ok you're going to have to make up for those hours or you don't get paid for those two days."

"Oh I'll gladly work tonight to do that, the thing has moved above my bed," the girl said.

"Wow I thought I was a softie," James said.

"You don't like them either, horrible little, excuse me, big things," the girl said.

"No, well yes. I meant in general," James mumbled.

"You don't look soft to me," the girl said.

Amy tugged on James' trouser leg, he looked down. She watched him with her big brown eyes. "Hiya," she squeaked.

"Hi gorgeous, are you bored?" he said. She nodded. He leaned over to gather her up in his arms, and sat her on his lap.

"Ok now you do," the girl smiled as she stood up.

"Ok? Thanks, I think," James muttered.

The girl walked out, passing Wesley and Li'Chin. Following them were seven young aliens. Three were dark skinned with skin ridges on the sides of their necks and arms. The other four could have easily passed for light skinned humans if it weren't for their yellow cat like eyes.

"Ohno," James groaned.

Amy meanwhile stopped reaching for the computer, trying to look innocent, "wasn't me."

"Hello again Mr Stuart," Wesley cheerfully said.

"I thought you got lost or got attacked by the reptile aliens," James muttered. He picked up the computer with one hand, put Amy back down next to the desk and placed the computer in front of her. After pressing a few commands in he stood up straight. "See the look of disappointment on my face."

"Oh we did get attacked by them. Turns out Li'Chin insulted them years ago and would have gladly traded him for the Crazy Horse," Wesley said, glaring at Li'Chin. He smiled nervously.

"Did you bring Stewart and Janet back in one piece?" James asked.

"Yes, they handled the mission well," Li'Chin replied.

James glanced at the new aliens, "please tell me you failed in your Slayer hunt and brought new engineers or something."

"Ohno. I'm just giving our new crewmembers a tour," Wesley replied. He turned back to face the ones with yellow eyes, "this is Shar, Binene, Jach and L'era. They're Sarazian."

Li'Chin looked towards the ones with ridges on their skin. "And they are Leesa, Sonla and Onlan. They're Orgons. Everyone, this is this ship's Chief of Security and second in command."

"Ah, just Security Chief will do," James said.

"Now there's something we need to discuss," Wesley said, sitting down opposite him. "As I hoped some are interested in Security, however Jach and Sonla are wanting different postings."

"Ok fine, talk to Tom. I'll just add the other five to the duty roster," James said.

"I thought first officers deal with crewmembers shifts and jobs," Wesley said.

James groaned, "oh god. For the first time ever you're right. What are they interested in?"

"Jach is interested in Astrometrics and Sonla is already a qualified pilot. They still want to be Slayer trained," Wesley replied.

"Oh, he's a trainee too, neat," the nervous looking male Sarazian named Jach said, pacing slightly. He was only a few inches from Amy and was about to move his foot really close to her without realising.

"Hey, look where you're going!" James snapped at him.

Startled, Jach backed off a little, "what why?"

"You nearly stood on my daughter," James muttered, shaking his head.

Jach glanced down to see Amy looking up at him with a pout and watery wide eyes. "Oh I'm sorry there cutie."

"You know I put her beside my desk so nobody would do that," James said. "Nobody needs to walk there but me."

"I said sorry," Jach pouted.

"Now as I was saying, it's still your duty to make them fighting fit," Wesley said. "I will teach them about the games and other creatures, while Li'Chin will do his thing, whatever that is." Li'Chin frowned at him.

"Hopefully you'll be able to teach all seven of them as easily as you taught yourself. I expect by the end of this that these lot will be able to take on vampires, demons," Li'Chin said.

"Look Wes, trainees won't be able to fight most of those. This'll be a waste of my time," James said.

"Come on, you were a beginner like us once. I bet a lot of people thought you couldn't fight, hence why you trained yourself," one of the female Orgons, Leesa said. "Am I right?"

James just raised an eyebrow. Li'Chin cut in, "I apologise, I didn't introduce him properly. Everyone this is James Taylor-Stuart, he'll be your teacher." Binene and L'era stared at him in shock.

"You mean the Chosen?" one of the female Sarazians, Shar said unenthusiastically. The others finally caught on. "I realise that whoever decides this should always pick the least likely looking ones to fool the enemy, but that's going too far."

"Yeah he can't be, this is a trick. You know for a lesson," the only male Orgon, Onlan said.

James tried not to look insulted, "great, if you don't believe it about me then just wait until you meet Kevin."

"Maybe a demonstration would be adequate," Li'Chin said. He frowned, "no punching or kicking."

"This is just because I didn't do that stupid test thing before you left, isn't it?" James muttered.

"I'd say read their thoughts but for all these lot know humans are already telepathic," Wesley said.

James rolled his eyes, he turned back to find Jach about to step backwards where Amy was. She burst out crying. "You're doing it again!" James yelled. Jach jumped in shock, he ran to hide behind Binene.

"Ok if you're a Chosen, why do you have a child?" Leesa asked.

"Because I wanted to," James replied.

"Actually both Chosens in this generation have at least one child," Li'Chin said. "James however, as Binene and L'era already know, has always been some what a wild child. You both studied Natural and Chosens for a hobby, didn't you?" The two Sarazian trainees, one female and the other male, L'era and Binene nodded.

"Wild child?" James said, raising an eyebrow. "Is that a new name for having a life or being different, or is it the term for what you watchers wanted me to be?"

Wesley sighed, "not us personally."

"No it's for breaking all the rules; turning evil, children. Lena's wasn't her fault after all," Li'Chin replied.

"Evil?" Jach stuttered. "Oh boy."

"I'm not now, but I will be if you step on my little girl ok," James muttered.

"I won't," Jach stuttered, shaking. Binene rolled his eyes.

"See, waste of my time," James said.

"Give them a chance, they may surprise you," Wesley said.

Jessie walked in but stopped at the doorway, frowning. "Ok bad timing."

Onlan glanced at her smiling, he stepped over to her. "Hey gorgeous. What are you doing tonight?"

"Ok, who's turn is it?" Jessie asked.

"Yours," James replied.

Jessie grinned, "good." She kneed Onlan in between the legs, he collapsed onto his knees clutching his area. "Probably hanging out with my husband, what about you?" James walked over to her, and wrapped an arm around her waist. She put a hand on his shoulder, the other on his chest. "What did you think?"

"Very good, you haven't lost your touch," James replied. The two kissed while everyone were watching.

"So he's married too, that's just an accident waiting to happen," Shar said.

"Has happened already, several times," Wesley sighed.

"I take it these are our new trainees," Jessie said. James nodded his head.

Onlan struggled to stand up straight. "Onlan, nice to meet you," he squeaked.

"Um does groin kicking mean hello in his culture?" Jessie muttered, staring at him.

"Probably," James said with a shrug.

"So what's your name?" Onlan squeaked.

"Imbecile," Shar muttered.

"You know, you could have just said you were married and not kicked him," Jach nervously said. The last female Orgon nodded in agreement.

Jessie stared at him blankly. "Yes I should have, thank you, you changed my life," she sarcastically said.

James smirked at her, "is this a social or work related visit?"

"Luckily work, I don't like some of these guys already," Jessie replied. She handed him a padd. "You know I'm so glad I re-took the Tactical station post, I didn't know it was also the Security station."

"That's a joke right?" James questioned, looking at her with wide eyes.

"Don't look so shocked. All it does really is bi-pass your station when there's intruders or something, oh and can check people's locations. That kind of crap," Jessie replied. "It's probably been programmed as Security when Tuvok couldn't be bothered to work here as well, in other words all the time."

"Probably, so why do you like it?" James asked.

"Isn't it obvious? It's kinda like we're team-mates," Jessie replied. "I'd better go, Damien keeps trying to nab my station." She walked out after waving at Amy, she waved at her back.

"Damien, at Tactical and Security?" James said. "Maybe I should work on the bridge after all."

"Now we need these lot all signed up to Security and quarters, post haste," Wesley said. James raised one eyebrow, he sat back down. "Training begins tomorrow."

"Whatever," he muttered.

"Post waste?" Amy said, looking up at her dad.

"No post haste sweetie, what does that actually mean anyway?" James said, looking confused.

"I dunno, bad words so forget it," Amy said, nodding her head.

"Oh yes, forget all the words you don't understand, that works," Wesley said sarcastically.

James narrowed his eyes, "are you mocking my daughter?"

Wesley widened his own, "oh god no, I was just agreeing with her."

"Well now, we may as well just leave them all here to get sorted," Li'Chin said.

"What, but..." James stuttered.

"Bye now," Li'Chin said. He and Wesley rushed out. All the trainees then glanced at James expectantly.

"Um ok then, let's get you some quarters first," he said, moving the computer around to face him. A few of the trainees stepped closer.

"Why are they called quarters daddy, is it cos they're smaller than houses?" Amy asked.

"Actually I don't know, probably," James replied.

L'era smiled as she stood next to Shar, who had a look of thunder on her face. "She's a sweetie," L'era cooed.

Shar raised her head. "Yeah precious," she muttered sarcastically. "It must really hurt that she'll probably die before she gets to your age."

James stared at her in disbelief, the rest of the trainees either cringed or did the same.

"Shar, why must you always be so blunt," L'era hissed. "He could have another daughter, you might have got mixed up."

"I didn't did I?" Shar smiled smugly.

James just passed her a cold glance instead of answering. He pushed a few padds forward on the desk. "There are rooms for two's and three's, sort it out between you."

"Good going," Binene muttered.

"Oh come on, I bet he's already thought about it. How's the son anyway?" Shar asked.

"I said sort it out. If you insist on annoying me I'll assume you want to spend the trip in the toilets," James muttered.

Shar glared before turning away. L'era laughed nervously as she picked up one of the padds, "how about we take the three, we should stick together ey?" Binene rolled his eyes in disgust.

Onlan limped forward, "does any of the ladies want to share with me?"

"Oh great, another Kevin," James groaned to himself. "The two ones are not one bedrooms with double beds."

"But they're one bedrooms, right?" Onlan questioned. "Oh yeah I'm in." The rest of the girls stared in disgust. "No? Oh."

Jach raised his hand meekly, "um you said stick together, shouldn't that be four?"

Binene scoffed, "you're not part of the group."

"Fine," Jach sighed. Quietly he said, "share with the women then."

Binene stepped closer to him, staring in a threatening way, "what are you saying about me?" Jach trembled and shook his head. "Good boy."

"Ok there will be no bullying in this group, anyone who does it will get a smack or two," James said, shaking his own head.

Shar frowned, "isn't that bullying too?"

"No it's deserved punishment," James replied while standing up. "Ok if you've finished deciding, I suppose I have to show you where these quarters are." He knelt down to pick up Amy.

"Well we could wander the ship in an aimless fashion," Jach nervously said.

"You're not a bully, you don't have to be scared of me," James said.

Jach nodded, still trembling of course. "Yes but..."

"He was the one who nearly stepped on the kid," Onlan smirked.

"As long as he doesn't do it again, that's ok. I've already yelled at him," James shrugged. He headed for the door, most of the trainees began to follow.

"Shar, just keep your cool for the few months or whatever it will be," L'era whispered. "No you can't do that."

"Not with Mr 'bullying is wrong unless I do it' around," Shar muttered. The two followed the rest out.

The Mess Hall:

As it was too early for day shift crewmembers to be up, and night shift ones to be off duty, the room was quiet. Zare stood in the replicator queue waiting for a sobbing girl to finish her order.

"Oh come on, he was probably just cheating on you anyway," Zare muttered. This made the girl cry louder and of course replicate more food.

Kevin strolled in with his usual confident look on his face. He stopped next to Zare, "how you doing?"

Zare glared at him, "I may just be a Natural but I can still pound you to the ground, and leave you crying for your mum."

"Ok I was just asking in general," Kevin smirked. "Chill out."

The girl finally walked away with arms full of chocolate bars. Kevin stepped forward to nab the replicator, Zare quickly joined him and pushed him. "What the hell are you doing? I was here first!"

"Well you shouldn't be so slow," Kevin smirked. Zare narrowed her eyes. It wasn't long before they had both come to blows.

"Ok um, Security we have a fight between two Slayers. My money's on Zare winning though," a guy nearby said.

Later

Deck Ten:

After a short walk down the corridor, James stopped outside one door. He held padds in his left hand, his right was just clenched. With his left he pressed the door chime with a spare finger.

Shar appeared at the doorway, she pulled a face at him. "What?"

"There's two things. Where's your room-mates?" James questioned.

"L'era's in her room, Binene went out to eat. He's a pig who eats meals seven times a day," Shar muttered.

"Ok firstly, you'll all need one of these each," James said. He opened his clenched hand, three commbadges lay in the palm. "I trust you know how to use them."

"Yeah I saw plenty of people doing it," Shar muttered as she took them away. "What's the second?"

"Well can I come in? We need to discuss something," James said.

"Sure whatever," Shar muttered. She backed into the room again, at the same time L'era stepped out of the bedroom. Shar shrugged and rushed into the bathroom.

"She does know what discuss means, right?" James said with a raised eyebrow. "What is her problem anyway, did I say something to upset her?"

L'era looked uncomfortable, "no, she just has a problem with, well. To be honest I'm not entirely sure. She says what's on her mind, and if she's giving you this much grief there's something you must have done. But I don't recall, she seemed to start it."

"What with her little comment about my daughter," James mumbled.

"Yeah I apologise on her behalf, that was a little too blunt," L'era said. "I'll ask her."

"You don't have to, I can't boss you around that much," James said.

"No no, I'm just as curious as you," L'era said. "She could just be annoyed that a Slayer is training her, or will be."

"Why would that annoy her?" James questioned.

"Um well," L'era mumbled awkwardly. Shar interrupted her just by walking back into the room.

"You're still here, yey," she muttered sarcastically.

"I wanted to speak to you all remember, you didn't have commbadges until now," James said.

"I'll tell Binene when he gets back," L'era quietly said.

Shar sighed, "what is it then? I've got better things to do than wait for you to grow a pair."

"The watchers want to see you all tomorrow morning instead of afternoon. The duty times I gave you, just swap them for tomorrow," James muttered. "It should be permanently swapped to spare me from my personal little headache with legs every single morning."

Shar narrowed her eyes, "listen, you wouldn't even dare think that if you weren't given freak like, unneeded strength at birth so don't bother."

"Oh god, you can't be seriously telling me you're jealous," James said.

Shar laughed, "jealous? If you want to think that, that's fine. I just don't follow orders from somebody who got lucky but abuses the gift he has."

"I don't ab..." James muttered.

"Sure and I never speak my mind," Shar said. "When Li'Chin told me that it was you that'd be training us, I researched. Everytime I found something out, I grew a tiny bit more, what's the word? Oh, sickened."

L'era shook her head, "Shar don't."

"The natural Slayers have always pissed me off with their superiority complexes. Not to mention their moaning about having no life, too much responsibility. Meanwhile people like us, who are willing to risk our lives and do their jobs get treated like we're useless," Shar said.

"Stop it," L'era groaned.

"No, it's ok. I want to hear the rest," James said, folding his arms.

"Good, cos my point is you managed to sicken me more than all the others I read about. You're a murderer who spent your whole life intimidating and hurting others. Don't forget the breaking of all the rules," Shar muttered. "You're the worst and I don't get the reasons for why you were chosen to exist let alone anything else. You know it would be funny to see what you'd be like with that attitude but without the power to back it up. You wouldn't last five seconds."

"You seem to manage don't you," James muttered. "You're not exactly a ray of sunshine either."

"But at least I haven't killed anyone, or making kids every year or so," Shar said.

"Ok Shar, maybe you should see somebody about this Slayer obsession," L'era said.

"Oh I know an annoying holographic therapist," James added on.

"Ugh I knew you'd stick up for him," Shar grumbled. "Thanks for the info, my talk with the watchers couldn't come any sooner. Now leave."

"All right, I've known for a decade that I'm not the most behaved Slayer, or person for that matter," James said.

Shar snorted in disgust, "understatement."

"But the reason Wesley and Chin chose me was that I can teach you to fight, without hitting on you, or hell not turning up at all in Ylara's case," James said. "I think Zare wasn't chosen was because she had a few year hiatus because of other watchers and therefore, less experience."

"Hitting on us?" L'era muttered. "Ok you're not the same Slayer that's uh, obsessed with the opposite sex then?"

"No I'm not," James said. "If you're worried that I'm going to kill you or just hit, then I understand why you're angry."

"Yeah right, I wouldn't even let you," Shar grunted.

"Whatever. The point is I'm not going to do that, or anything else you pointed out so we have no problem," James said. "But if you insist I can easily get Kevin to be your teacher."

"What the womaniser, he's probably better than you anyway," Shar said.

"If you say so, but all he'll teach you is to duck and to say yes to 'will you go out with me'. The guys will get taught 'how you doing'," James muttered. "I'll see you tomorrow." He stepped out.

L'era smiled, "well you've met your match Shar."

"What do you mean by that?" Shar snapped.

"Every insult seemed to get reflected, he didn't care," L'era replied.

"Oh he did a little," Shar said.

"But he annoyed you, that was fun," L'era smirked.

"Say what you want. I won't be taught by him or take orders from him, that's that," Shar grumbled.

"That's going to be difficult with the watchers being so confident in him and all," L'era said.

"Well watchers are known to be fools. They can either change teachers or I'll just not do as I'm told," Shar said.

"You know who else is on board, only a Slayer can really. There's Kevin, the ex evil Chosen Ylara," L'era said.

"Zare was the best candidate," Shar muttered. "Stop it. If you want to blindly love him like the watchers, go ahead. But I'm talking to them tomorrow to sort it out. No in fact." She headed toward the main door, "I'm going to sort it now." L'era rolled her eyes.

The Mess Hall:

The room was only filled with two people, excluding Noah. Ylara was one of them resting on the sofa-chairs. Noah headed toward her holding a tray with a glass on it.

"Here's your drink." He then noticed her eyes were closed, her head rested on the arm that lay on the back of the chair. "Ylara? Hello," he said in a sing song voice. Her eyes twitched as he leaned forward to nudge her on the arm. She gasped, her eyes shot open. As she bolted upright Noah jumped backwards in shock.

"What the, what?" she stuttered, looking pretty freaked out.

"Bad dream?" Noah questioned.

"Dream?" Ylara muttered, she stood up. "I was asleep?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to wake you," Noah said, backing away. "What happened?"

"I saw..." Ylara stuttered. She quickly left the room.

"Hmm okay," Noah sighed.

The next morning:

The alarm sounded making Jessie stir under the covers. She turned over to reach for the panel on the cabinet. The alarm ceased. She lowered the cover a little and sat up, glancing at James beside her. He was still fast asleep, lying on his front with the other side of the cover covering most of him.

"Come on sleeping beauty," Jessie yawned, she gave him a gentle push. "Wake up." All she got was a groan or two. "Fine I'll just let one of your daughters wake you up instead." She climbed out of the bed.

James rolled over onto his back, "ok you're messing with me right?"

Jessie glanced back at him once she got to the wardrobe and opened it. Without looking she pulled out a pair of black trousers. "No, why would I?"

James groaned while sitting up, placing a hand across his face. "It feels like I've only just gone to bed, you know."

Jessie walked over to stand next to him, sticking out her bottom lip. "Aaaw, are you not feeling 100%?" She placed a hand across his forehead. "You don't feel sick, so that's ok."

"I'm just tired Jess, I'll be all right," James sighed, standing up slowly.

A little while later in the living area, Duncan sat on the sofa quietly for once, eating his breakfast. However it was Amy and Sasha who were making the noise instead, they seemed to be arguing over the TV remote. Amy pulled it out of Sasha's hands and stuck her tongue out at her.

"Hey, daddy!" Sasha cried. Amy switched the new TV on with the remote.

"I didn't do anything!" she cried louder.

"Ugh shut up the both of you," Duncan groaned.

James headed over to them looking like he had a headache. "What are you two arguing about?"

"I wanna watch something," Amy replied.

"I don't," Sasha pouted.

"You don't have to watch the TV if it's on you know," James said.

"Told you," Amy said smugly.

"Why do you always take her side?" Sasha moaned.

"I don't sweetie. I wouldn't do that," James sighed into his hand. Jessie walked up beside him.

"Are you two giving your daddy a hard time?" she asked.

"No mummy," Amy replied sweetly.

"Am I always bad, is that why?" Sasha asked.

"Yes," Duncan replied.

"Shut up," Sasha muttered.

"Sasha I don't always side with your sister, I love you all an equal amount ok," James said. "Now can we please be a little quiet for just five minutes?" He walked over to sit down on one of the chairs.

Jessie smiled at him then at the kids, "it's not even eight hundred hours and you've already tired him out."

"You made daddy mad at me," Amy pouted.

"You did that to me," Sasha said, folding her arms in a huff.

"I'm not mad, I just don't want you two fighting ok," James groaned into his hand.

"I know, you two are setting a bad example," Duncan smirked. His sisters stared blankly at him. "You're ruining my goodness."

Jessie shook her head, "you've got five minutes to finish your breakfast, then we have to get you ready for school and nursery." She sat down on the arm of the chair James was sitting in. "Are you sure you're feeling ok?"

He shrugged his shoulders, "I'm really not feeling myself this morning."

Jessie pouted while slipping an arm around his shoulders, "maybe you should go to Sickbay, just in case."

"Nah I probably didn't sleep well. It couldn't have been that dream, I've had much worse," James sighed.

"Would you answer me properly if I asked what happened?" Jessie asked, moving to sit on his lap.

"I got up after hearing something, then I was attacked by a group. I couldn't see who it was. It all ended with somebody jabbing a needle into me. That's when you woke me up," James replied.

"Hmm, maybe you should take the day off," Jessie said. She snuggled her face into the side of his, "maybe I'll skive with you."

"I can't, I have to train the newbies this afternoon. The sooner I train them, the sooner I'll get rid of them," James said.

"Oh come on James, you're a Security Chief and First Officer, abuse your power. You could do with a day off," Jessie said. "It's not like Tom'll do anything to stop you."

"He'll try just not really get that far," James said. "I'll be ok, really."

"Yeah you probably just need a little something to help you start the day," Jessie smiled, stroking the arm that went around her waist.

Duncan groaned in disgust as the couple started kissing not far in front of him. "Oh god I thought they stopped doing that." Sasha glanced up briefly, shrugged and got back to her breakfast. Amy just stared looking confused.

"Why are mummy and daddy eating each other?" she asked.

Duncan smirked at her, "they're not eating each other."

James and Jessie stopped what they were doing, then glanced at their children blushing a little. "Oops I forgot, Amy probably hasn't seen us do that," Jessie muttered.

"Well since she was a tiny baby, and she won't remember," James said awkwardly.

"Lucky her, I remember what you were like when I was a baby eugh," Duncan muttered in disgust.

Jessie raised an eyebrow, "I seem to recall you just giggling at us when you were four months."

"I probably laughed at anything," Duncan said with a pout.

"Daddy what were you doing?" Amy asked with a pout.

"Um, I think it's time to get you all ready, don't you Jess?" James stuttered, glancing at Jessie.

"Get used to it Amy, they used to do it all the time," Duncan whispered to Amy.

"Why?" Amy asked.

Jessie quickly stood up, "ok let's just change the subject."

"Yes let's," James said. He got up too, "Sasha, you're first today." He picked up Sasha and headed for the bathroom.

"Aaaw but daddy, can't we have strawberry flavoured toothpaste instead. Mint is yucky," she moaned.

"Duncan, let's get you changed," Jessie quickly said. She rushed into one of the bedrooms.

"But I can change myself," Duncan groaned.

Amy glanced at him with a pout on her face, "did I do something wrong?"

"No you stopped them kissing, that's a good thing," Duncan replied.

"That's not kissing," Amy said.

"Nah it's mum and dad kissing, nobody does that kind with anyone else thankfully," Duncan muttered.

"Duncan! Come on, chop chop!" Jessie yelled from the bedroom.

"Damn," Duncan muttered, jumping down from the sofa. He headed for his room, "I can change my bloody self mum. Stop avoiding Amy."

Jessie stepped out after he went in, "I wouldn't do that." She looked nervously at Amy briefly, "except I spent months doing that."

"Why do you do that with daddy now?" Amy asked.

Jessie sighed as she walked over to her, "I'm sorry honey. Let's get you changed ey?" She picked her up then headed for the bedroom next to Duncan's.

"Duncan said it's a mummy and daddy thing," Amy said.

"Yes it is, more or less," Jessie awkwardly said. She put two outfits down next to her. "Which one today?" Amy pointed at the blue and white one. "Good choice."

"More or less?" Amy said. "How come you never done that before around me?"

Jessie sighed, "cos your dad and I were going through a little phase where we wouldn't."

"Is that a good or bad thing?" Amy asked with a pout.

"If I answer this question will you let me change the subject?" Jessie asked. Amy nodded her head. "I wasn't very well for months remember, so it's a good thing we're doing that again. Only couples kiss like that, it's a way of showing their love for each other, ok?"

"Is daddy mad at me now?" Amy asked.

"No of course not, he just gets embarrassed when he does that without realising it in front of his daughters," Jessie replied.

"But not Duncan, is that cos he's always naughty and stuff?" Amy questioned.

Jessie smirked at her, "no honey, it's probably cos you and Sasha are girls, and so am I. It's hard to explain, ok cutie?"

Amy giggled at her, "ok mummy. Still think it's cos Duncan's bad."

"I don't know what that has to do with anything, but never mind," Jessie said, shaking her head. She picked up the outfit, "now let's get you ready or we'll be late. Now you'll be at the nursery today, I don't want you to do your little escape again." Amy pouted at her again.

The Ready Room:

Tom headed toward the desk holding a cup, passing Zare and Kevin on the way.

"Something just doesn't add up here."

"I can help with that. One plus one is two, two plus two is four," Zare said.

Tom sat down in his chair, "thanks for the sarcasm. Look when I heard two Slayers were fighting, I figured it would be James and Ylara arguing, not actual fighting and you two."

"Hitting a woman is so wrong," Kevin said. Zare stared blankly at him, "what? Oh you're no woman."

"You'd know something on that subject, wouldn't you?" Zare muttered.

"Yes I know a lot of women," Kevin said. "You're not one."

"No, my insult was that you are one!" Zare snapped.

"Guys, please don't," Tom muttered uneasily. He cleared his throat and tried to sound menacing, "I mean, don't do that!"

"Ooh someone's grown some," Zare said. She glanced at Kevin, "sorry, you still have a way to go." Kevin growled, then pushed her roughly. Her eyes turned fiery, she pushed him to the ground, he took her with him. They resorted to wrestling on the ground and hitting each other.

Tom watched looking a little helpless, "um guys, calm down. Don't make me call Ylara and/or James to break you up."

Kevin overpowered Zare and jumped to his feet, "ha, bring 'em on." Zare rolled her eyes, she kicked upward, her foot made hard contact in between his legs. He fell onto his knees.

"I'll bring 'em off if you want, the pain will be brief," Zare said.

"Ugh Zare, just go please," Tom groaned. She glared at him, then picked up the chair nearby and threw it at him. Kevin tried to laugh but it was too painful for him.

"I think I will," she muttered, stepping out.

Meanwhile:

Ylara walked down the corridor with a palm against the side of her forehead. Crewmembers walked passed, staring at her. She turned the corner and bumped into two youngish crewmembers. She stared at them with wide eyes. A bright white light flash blinded her for a few seconds.

When she regained her sight she found herself in the Mess Hall. The red alert lights were flashing. All she could hear was hysterical screaming and yelling all around her. There were bodies lying around her, all were stiff and badly wounded. Amongst them were the two crewmembers she saw before.

A large demon appeared behind her, she turned around just as it swung a sword toward her neck. The light blinded again just as it was only a few centimetres from her. She found herself back in the corridor facing the two crewmembers.

"Are you ok?" one asked.

Ylara rushed passed them, shaking with fear with the screaming and yelling still echoing in her ears. Once she turned the corner and went half way passed the big window the screaming got louder and more constant. She put hands over her ears to block it out but it didn't work.

A few people stopped to surround her, all talking louder but she could hear their thoughts as well. The noise was now unbearable for her, her face cringed as a sharp pain shot around her head. A crewmember placed a hand on her arm. Just as he did she screamed hysterically, then collapsed to the floor.

Ylara awoke with a bright light in her eyes. Doctor Jones looked over her. "Hello there." Her eyes widened, she tried to sit up quickly.

"What happened?"

"I believe you had an anxiety attack, the telepathic activity going on in your brain didn't help with that," Doctor Jones replied. "Something must have triggered it, what scared you?"

"Scared? Um, I don't know. I had a dream but it wasn't scary," Ylara said. "I was walking down the corridor and..."

"It's ok, there's nothing wrong with being afraid of a nightmare. What I don't get is why your telepathic senses seem dormant for a long time, then appear in full force," Doctor Jones said.

"How would I know? I woke up hours ago, it wasn't that. The dream just continued while I was awake," Ylara mumbled. "I heard screaming."

"Hmm if you stay a while I'll do further scans," Doctor Jones said.

"I really don't want to," Ylara muttered. She rushed out.

"You're welcome," Doctor Jones sighed.

The Security Office:

Damien stood, staring out of the window while James stood opposite reading and frowning at a padd.

"Ok so let me get this straight, you tried to sell rations," he muttered.

"Yeah it's harder to start the business than you think," Damien replied.

"Uh, should I bother asking how you managed?" James asked.

"I had a few to start with," Damien shrugged.

"Ok how did you get any business when you were charging two rations for one?" James muttered.

"We're on Voyager, need I say more?" Damien replied. "Idiots deserve to be taught the hard way. It's the only way they'll learn. In fact I'm providing a teaching service, so why am I here?"

"Because you were cheating rations out of idi... people," James groaned.

"Ah ha, you admit they're idiots," Damien laughed.

"It doesn't mean you could do it," James said.

Damien groaned, "you know, you were more fun when you were cheating rations yourself."

"I didn't cheat rations out of people, not really," James muttered, obviously lying.

"Uh huh, admit it, you took rations out of someone else's account and stuck it into yours at least once," Damien smirked.

"All right, just a warning this time," James said.

"Good, but you know you should keep doing that. No doubt in ten years time there will be an extra three or four kids to feed," Damien said.

"I doubt that," James shook his head. "You get paid extra for any child you have anyway, so I don't have to."

"Ah I see what you're doing there," Damien said. He stared back at the window, "hmm I need to steal a child."

"I thought you got child-napping out of your system," James said.

"Nah, it's evil isn't it. Children are just annoying," Damien said.

James groaned, then walked back to his desk. "Sure they are if you kidnap Johnathan or maybe Miral who punches anyone male."

"Actually I like the sound of her, though I did like your eldest," Damien said. "He had a spunk I admired, he reminded me of me, except he's strong and..."

"Oh god, don't ever say that again," James quickly said while pulling a disgusted face.

"What, I thought that would be a compliment," Damien said. He groaned, "so much for niceties."

Li'Chin walked in looking extra cheerful, "ah Mr Stuart. Are you busy, we should discuss the trainees."

"Actually yes I am busy, I'm telling somebody off," James muttered, glancing briefly at Damien.

"This is more important. I need to test them tomorrow night. Your session today," Li'Chin said.

"Test them, I haven't even trained them yet," James said.

"Maybe it's a test of how annoying they are, you know so it's easier to avoid the assholes and cows," Damien said.

"Um no, it's a test of their current skills," Li'Chin muttered.

"So what am I supposed to do this afternoon?" James frowned.

"Get them familiar with Security and the ship, just don't teach anything that'll effect the test," Li'Chin replied.

James rolled his eyes, "next time you unload of bunch of wannabe's on me, organise yourself better."

"Noted. There's something else," Li'Chin glanced briefly at Damien, "hey, you look familiar. Anyway."

"Oh right, stupid of me. I should have introduced you two," James said with a sneaky smile on his face, glancing toward Damien. He just frowned at him and folded his arms. "This is Li'Chin, some nerdy watcher guy."

"Hey," Li'Chin moaned.

"Yeah and er, this is Damien," James said.

Li'Chin widened his eyes, "thee Damien? Oh my."

Damien smiled, "ah this I miss. People recognising me and being afraid."

"If you miss that just cover Barbie Girl in the Mess Hall, or hand Neelix a few beers," James muttered.

Damien shuddered, "god no, that's more your style. The first one, not the second, no one's that stupid."

"I was young and crazy ok, probably drunk," James said a little too quickly. Damien smirked at him.

"I'll have to look up those music videos," Damien said quietly to himself.

"Um I wasn't afraid, I just did a research paper on you," Li'Chin said.

"Oh I like admiring too," Damien said. James rolled his eyes.

"Why do you have him on your crew?" Li'Chin asked.

"Beats me," James replied with a shrug.

"Yeah somebody should," Damien smirked, he headed out passing the trainees on the way in.

"He's just as self absorbed as I imagined," Li'Chin said.

"That wasn't self absorbed for him," James said.

"Ok so I'll just leave you to it. See you tomorrow night at the test," Li'Chin cheerfully said. He stepped out.

"But, great," James sighed.

Tom then strolled in looking pleased with himself. He dumped a piece of paper on James' desk. He stared blankly at it.

"Aren't we a little old and male to be passing around notes to each other?" he asked.

Tom narrowed his eyes, "I won't let you spoil my mood. It's not a note, Miral drew a picture of me."

"Oh ok," James said as he picked it up and unfolded it to look. He tried not to laugh. "Why are you happy about this?"

"What's wrong with it? She drew a picture of me eating jam or tomato sauce, I think," Tom grumbled.

"You've just given wishful thinking a new meaning," James said, he placed the piece of paper on the desk just as Jach walked up to the desk. He eyed the paper with wide eyes.

"Good god, this kid really hates this guy. Who is it, a teacher?"

James hid a smirk with his hand while Tom stared at the trainee with a cold stare. "That guy is me, I'm her father!"

"Oh, well maybe it isn't blood, maybe it's..." Jach nervously said.

"Tomato sauce or jam?" James sniggered. Tom glared at him.

"This isn't funny, this is a serious problem," he snapped.

"I know, sorry. It's just funny too," James laughed.

"What did you do this kid? Beat, ground them or just not buy stuff she wanted?" Jach asked.

"I haven't done anything to her, I don't get it," Tom moaned.

"Did you try what I suggested?" James asked.

"Oh yes, so it's your fault," Tom grunted.

"It's not an instant cure Tom. Use your head and not your self harming thoughts," James said.

"Self harming?" Tom muttered in confusion. James raised his fist, Tom quickly ducked.

"I wasn't going to hit you, you idiot," James said.

"Oh, I see," Tom said. He snatched the paper back. "Last time I checked your Amy kept crawling away from my Miral, didn't you..."

"If she doesn't want to hang out with Miral, she can't be forced," James said.

"I know that but she doesn't give anyone a chance," Tom said. "Never mind, my daughter's way too good to be friends with yours." He stormed out.

James shook his head, "at least mine doesn't want her dad to die horribly."

Jach smirked, "I dunno, I kinda like Miral."

Shar sighed as she began to pace. "So what's our lesson about today? How to kill innocent doctors or nurses, knock up a witch, or get knocked up by a warlock for the girls?"

James rolled his eyes, "I thought our first lessons would have something to do with you, a heavy object and your head."

"Wow that wasn't very witty, somebody didn't sleep well," Shar smirked.

"What are you all doing here? Lessons don't start until after lunch?" James questioned.

"Wesley told us to come here to get shown the works or whatever," Onlan replied. "Didn't he...?"

"No he didn't tell me. Both of them neglected to tell me anything else but tomorrow's test," James replied.

"This is going to be fun then, he hasn't had time to prepare," Shar said. "Maybe showing the works..."

"That's enough out of you for one lifetime," James rolled his eyes. Everyone heard shouting coming from outside the room. "Excuse me." He got up and rushed outside.

Directly outside the door two large men were screaming abuse at each other, with a mini crowd nearby blocking the corridor. The bigger guy pushed the smaller one.

"You keep your hands off my girl, Greg!" he snarled.

"No, she was mine first!" the other guy snapped. He swung his fist, the other man ducked. "I was a fool to have you as a best friend Derek!"

"Oh for god's sake," James groaned. He headed over to the two men who were a few inches taller than he was. "Hey, knock it off."

"Stay out of this, it's not about you!" the taller guy, Derek hissed. The two continued trying to hit each other.

"Break it up now," James ordered. He tried to pull them apart but they barely moved. He looked confused. "Ok stop it, or I'll make you stop!"

Derek pushed Greg into the wall, then turned to look down at James. "What you going to do about it shorty?"

"Throw you into the brig myself," James muttered. He grabbed his arm to drag him down the unblocked part of the corridor.

Meanwhile Jessie walked around the other corner and bumped into the crowd. James got as far as half a metre when Derek chuckled to himself, he pulled his arm away and swung his other fist at his face. The blow knocked James to the ground, almost everybody in the crowd soon backed off a metre. By this time three Security men arrived with phasers, after seeing James on the ground they looked a bit freaked.

He sat up with one hand against the bruise around and next to his eye. "Put them in the brig."

"Yes sir," one Security stuttered in shock. "Will phasers work on this thing if we put it on kill?"

"Thing!" Derek grumbled.

"Stun's fine, he's human," James replied.

Jessie managed to push her way through the crowd, she knelt down next to him. "Somehow I don't think so James."

"Come with us," the second Security guy said. The two men reluctantly walked away with the Security members. Once they were out of sight the crowd started to talk amongst themselves, while staring at James.

Jessie helped him to his feet, "whatever that is, it's going to kill those Security guys easily." She placed a hand gently on his new wound. She then glared at the audience. "What's your problem, get out of here!"

Everyone quickly left, Tom just then pushed his way over to James and Jessie. "Oh god, is a demon or something around?" he asked.

"No it was just a guy," James muttered, glancing up at him. "Just a bit taller than you."

Jessie took a hold of his arm, "I dunno, we've been fooled before. Let's get you to Sickbay." She guided him down the corridor.

"It's not just him, this is something else," James said.

Jessie sighed, "what do you mean?"

James stopped and glanced at her, "Jess I don't think I'm a Chosen anymore." Jessie stared at him in shock.

Sickbay:

Doctor Jones left his office just as James and Jessie walked in. He sighed before going toward the equipment tray.

"State the nature of the demonic emergency." He turned toward them, "what was it? Demon, vampire, somebody vowing revenge?"

"You mean Chakotay? Nah he couldn't do this," Jessie said.

James tried to raise his eyebrow but winced at the pain. "He easily could now."

"Don't be silly. The guy was probably a demon or something in disguise," Jessie muttered.

Doctor Jones walked over with a regenerator in hand. "I doubt it. The scanner would have picked it up during boarding checks." He began to treat his black eye.

"Then why did you ask?" James asked. "It's not just the guy, it's other stuff. I can't hear anyone, I've been sluggish all day. Plus I can only move stuff if I touch it."

"Interesting," Doctor Jones said once he finished. "What happened?"

"That's the thing, I don't know. All I do know is how to add three definite things together," James replied.

"You don't really think you've just suddenly woke up as a 'normal' human?, do you?" Jessie asked with a frown.

"I can't be just sick though Jess," James muttered.

"So you don't know how this happened then?" Doctor Jones questioned, looking a little too intrigued.

"No," James replied.

"Didn't you say you had a dream about getting ambushed in the dark? You felt a needle or something?" Jessie asked.

"It did feel a little too real to be a dream, but I assumed that's all it was. You or the kids didn't hear anything, and if it were real the attacker went to the trouble of putting me back to bed afterwards," James said.

Jessie smirked slightly, "well the thoughtful attackers are always the best kind."

Doctor Jones shook his head, "maybe it was mystical. I've tried my best to study Slayer-ness over the years. No drug I know of can weaken a Chosen without knocking him or her unconscious in the process, that can also disable other abilities as well. In theory a few different types of drugs together would do the job, but the victim would die almost instantly."

"Don't be broadcasting the Chosen death recipe to anyone or it's deletion time, ok?" Jessie muttered.

"Jessie it's an anyone death recipe. We're talking of a huge dose of a muscle relaxant, the amount needed to effectively make just a Natural 'powerless' is lethal on it's own without the others," Doctor Jones said.

James frowned, "muscle relaxant, getting deja vu here." Jessie and Doctor Jones stared at him. "I remember when those guys kidnapped me twice to do killer experiments. I felt pretty 'normal' then."

"They were from the future so they'd know how to do it better than us now," Doctor Jones said. "Anyway you're still alive so they didn't drug you, that's my point. If it were a spell, it could have just happened while he was sleeping. The dream would have been a warning premonition before it happened."

"Probably. A few of them are not very accurate but they get the point across," James said.

"Ooh I'll get into research mode. I've been waiting for a chance to get a good look through the books I got off dad, that he stole from mum," Jessie said enthusiastically. James stared at her with both eyebrows raised. "Sorry."

"No I am for not getting a spell cast on me sooner," he muttered.

"Stole from your mum?" Doctor Jones also muttered.

Jessie shrugged, "supposedly he thought they were old library books that needed returning. He got a bit weirded out by them so kept them at his family house."

"Yes it was a big day for her," James said, half rolling his eyes. "If it were a witch or warlock that did this, Jessie'll find the spell itself in one of the books."

"And if I find the cause, the cure will be easy," Jessie said.

"Wait a minute," James muttered, turning to her. "You didn't do this to me just so you can test the books, did you?"

"Nah it wouldn't be a real test then would it, silly," Jessie replied with a smirk. "But I could have just done it to see you all cute, weak and kitten like again, like in the Corridor."

James looked confused, "wait, I was cute, weak but at the same time a vicious b***ard?"

"Ok then, cute, weak and puppy like," Jessie said, with a shrug. She placed a hand on his shoulder, "don't worry, I'll find it in no time if I get a few people in the know to help."

"Great, tell more people that I can be beaten up," James mumbled.

"Can I make a suggestion? We have two watchers onboard, if there's a spell to get rid of Slayer strength then they'll know about it," Doctor Jones said.

Jessie pulled a face, "fine I'll tell them, but they're not touching my books."

"No god forbid," James sarcastically said. "She wouldn't even let me touch them."

"Ok if he's not allowed to touch them, who are you going to get to help you?" Doctor Jones asked.

"Oh they won't be helping that way, I have a better idea," Jessie replied.

"What do I do during all this?" James asked.

"Probably best to just act normal, except cut down on losing your temper with much bigger guys. Oh and get others to handle really violent Security incidents," Jessie replied. "It'll save you another trip back here."

"Then I'd avoid people you've thrown through walls and beaten up recently," Doctor Jones muttered.

"That's easy. I don't need to go to the brig," James said.

Doctor Jones raised an eyebrow, "brig, you didn't hear?"

James and Jessie stared at him with the same look of horror on their faces. "No."

"I didn't let him out, who did?" he asked.

"He got put back in the Leda brig. Harry did, Craig supposedly gave him an earful about it, as he was technically his prisoner," Doctor Jones said.

"Great. I can still punch Harry, right?" James asked.

Jessie smiled and nodded, "oh please, anyone can beat him up."

"Yes well, I'd be careful. Chakotay seemed very angry with you but that's expected," Doctor Jones said.

"Next time try to throw him through only one or two walls honey," Jessie said.

"Next time? It'll be me instead," James sheepishly said.

"Oh I can look up a protection spell," Jessie said, her eyes lighting up.

"Jessie, I'm freaked out enough as it is," James muttered.

"Sorry," Jessie mumbled. "I'll find the cure first, dont wanna get sidetracked."

"Right. Just remember if you can't, you'll have to learn not to over pack anymore. Plus we'll need some sort of shield to protect the kids all the time. I don't want you at risk constantly," James said.

"Ok calm, you won't always be like this. We'll find a cure," Jessie said. "You'll be beating annoying trainees in no time at all."

"You'd better not," Doctor Jones grumbled. The couple stared at him. "They haven't had their new crewmember examination yet."

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie, Ylara, Zare and Kevin were in the middle of a mini meeting in the living area. Zare didn't seem as interested in what was being said than the others.

"So we're one Slayer short, great. Does anybody expect an attack any minute?" Ylara asked.

"Let's hope so, maybe then we'll get rid of the annoying crewmembers," Zare muttered.

Jessie raised an eyebrow in her direction, "ok well."

"Ok? What's that about?" Zare hissed at her.

"Um," Jessie muttered.

"What's your problem?" Ylara asked.

"Do you want a list, cos you're on it?" Zare muttered in response.

Kevin groaned, "I'd say she has PMS but she's neither human or..."

"Screw you," Zare snapped.

Kevin smirked, "yeah you wish."

"Guys!" Jessie snapped. "I called you here cos I need your help."

"Aaaw does Jamesy need a bodyguard?" Kevin sneered.

"Don't snap at me bitch," Zare grumbled.

"I'll snap at you if I want to," Jessie muttered. "What's wrong with you two, is there some sort of weird Slayer virus going around?"

"Probably. I keep having visions that are all over the place, random, useless really," Ylara said.

"Maybe you're just useless," Kevin sniggered.

Ylara elbowed him in the face without even looking, it still knocked him to the ground. "He really is."

"I hope you're going to clean that up," Jessie said. "Look guys, I need some help here."

"Why do I care about James?" Zare asked. "If it weren't for him and his dead sister, I'd be Chosen."

Jessie stared at her in disgust, "you're his friend remember, and he got Chosen over you for a reason."

Zare scoffed, "not now, not ever."

Jessie rolled her eyes, "Ylara."

"What, I don't know any stuff," Ylara said.

"There's a few suspects onboard, I want you to interrogate them to see if it were them," Jessie said.

"It could have been you," Zare said with a smirk on her face.

Jessie stared blankly at her, "yeah it was me." She handed Ylara a padd. "Don't worry it's not written text, they have pictures of the people you're looking for. Have you interrogated before?"

Zare laughed, "god there's babies in the nursery that are capable of reading names."

Ylara glared at her, "I can, I'm just not 'English' you bint."

"Ouch, that was painful," Zare sarcastically muttered.

Ylara shook her head and glanced back at Jessie, "I haven't but I know how to do it. I don't get why you need help from me, the perv, and the moody bitch."

"Can you imagine Tom doing any of these jobs?" Jessie muttered. "Zare put some pressure on the watchers, they probably know something."

"Yeah I'll get right on that," Zare muttered, walking away. She muttered to herself before leaving, "I never liked that whore."

"Watchers never know anything, why bother?" Ylara said.

"No but they are known for screwing Slayers over," Jessie said. "Remember don't use violence until it's necessary, just threaten."

"Damn it, fine," Ylara groaned. She followed Zare out.

Jessie sighed, she stepped over Kevin so she could get to the spell books on the coffee table.

Later:

Jessie ran down the corridor to catch up with James, she attached herself to his arm. "How you doing?"

"Ok I guess. Nobody's tried to kill me yet, Harry was still easily knocked out," James replied.

Jessie smirked at him, "what did he say?"

"Well nothing until he woke up. It was something like 'ow, my god'," James replied.

"About Chakotay," Jessie said.

"Nothing much but 'sorry' and 'he is scary'," James said.

"Typical, we need someone with an actual back bone in charge of a ship," Jessie muttered. "That ain't going to happen, maybe you'd be..."

James stared at her, "don't finish that, you know I'm terrible."

Jessie smiled while resting her head on his shoulder, "I know you're far from that."

"Nah the only thing I was ever good at and I lost that," James mumbled.

Jessie raised her head, "don't be this hard on yourself please. You're good at making me happy, you're a good, no excellent father, protector."

"And you were always very good at being OTT with the complimenting," James said with a smile.

"Don't worry, I'll help you. I've got the computer scanning away, searching and I got three books left to study," Jessie said. They stopped at the turbolift. "We'll figure this out."

"Yeah but what if we don't?" James asked.

"It doesn't matter. I'll still love you and so will the kids. That's not even the question," Jessie said. "As for Duncan and Amy's safety..."

"You're not going to do all the protecting," James muttered.

Jessie pouted her lips, "we both could. It's not like this spell made you forget all your fighting know how, and I'm still pretty good at it." She turned around to wrap her arms around him, she then snuggled into his side, resting her chin on his shoulder. "Don't worry, this is a spell and I'll find it."

"I dunno, I think a part of you is relieved that I'm like this," James said.

"Don't be silly, just cos you lost your power doesn't mean the demons will stop trying to kill you," Jessie said, her face dropped. "Oh, that's a problem."

"Yeah and when they learn I lost it, they'll attack more than usual. And of course there's the thing that actually did this," James mumbled.

Jessie moved away from him a little with a worried look on her face. "I'd better get straight back into it then."

"Is there something I could do?" James questioned.

The door opened as Jessie turned back to face it. "Oh god," she stuttered. James frowned, he turned to look straight ahead. A large tanned fist then flew into his face, making him stumble back into the wall. Jessie had already lost her hold on his arm. She quickly knelt down but she was pushed away to the ground.

Somebody lunged forward to grab James, he pulled him into the turbolift with him. The door closed just as Jessie scrambled to her feet.

"Oh god no," she stuttered. She tried to open the door, the panel beeped at her and she could hear the lift already moving away. "James!" She turned to run down the corridor.

James groaned as he placed a hand over his face. A large shadow was cast over him.

"It hurts doesn't it? Now you know how it feels," Chakotay snarled. He knelt down to grab him by the throat and pulled him up so he was more or less eye level. "I wonder where you'd end up if I threw you through a wall."

James struggled in his grip, one hand grabbed the arm which held him, the other hit him in the face. Chakotay growled as his head twisted to the side a little. He tightened his grip on his neck. "Don't waste that energy." James kicked and hit him again. Chakotay grew tired of him and tossed him to the other side of the lift.

"Computer halt the turbolift." He turned around and was surprised to see James jump back onto his feet like nothing happened. He swung his arm at his face, Chakotay tried to hit him back but he ducked then kicked him in the chest. Chakotay managed to hit him hard in the face, he fell back into the wall. James kicked him away.

Chakotay again lunged for him, and punched him hard, knocking him to the ground. Chakotay stood over him, then kicked him in the stomach and in the head. "I knew you'd be a weak man without your gift. You're nothing like your mother."

James held his stomach while sitting up against the wall, "she never loved you." Chakotay interrupted him by kicking him back down to the ground.

"You don't know a thing!" he snapped.

"You didn't let me finish," James muttered. "She always loved me more, you were not even close."

"You're wrong," Chakotay grumbled.

"I'm not and you know it," James said, again sitting up. "You just can't handle it. Why else would you..."

"Why would I?" Chakotay laughed. His face immediately turned stone cold. He lowered himself to punch him. James blocked his second punch but the third one went to his right side. This knocked him back onto his back. Chakotay leaned over and held him down by the neck and chest. "You should have died instead of her."

"I didn't kill her," James muttered.

"No, you just let her die," Chakotay growled. He hit him hard in the face. "And you didn't care!" Again he punched him. "All you cared about was your precious little useless wife." He hit him again.

"She's not... I loved her more than you, it's obvious," James mumbled.

Chakotay's eyes turned all fiery, his face stiffened. "You're not too smart are you? Do you have a death wish?"

"You know if you loved her so much you wouldn't do this to me," James said, trying again to sit up but Chakotay's hold on him was too strong. "And you wouldn't be acting like this."

Chakotay began continuously punching him, James only managed to block a few of them. "What's wrong with you!" He hit him one more time. "You killed people when your wife died, twice even, you can't judge me!"

"At least I have an excuse. It was how the watchers wanted me, I was an experiment, what's your excuse?" James grunted.

"My excuse? Well it's called being human," Chakotay snarled. "I'd tell you to look it up but you won't be doing anything else but well..." He placed his hand tightly over James' mouth in a way so it blocked the nose as well. His other hand held him down. "Dying and maybe a bit of squirming." James tried to get away but couldn't. All he could do was try to pull the hand away, Chakotay's grip just grew tighter instead.

"How long did you say you could hold your breath for? Neh it doesn't matter, I can do this for ages," Chakotay muttered. James tried to struggle, his eyes were now wide with panic. "Is this how you felt when your dad used to drown you in the bath as a child?" James' eyes narrowed mostly in confusion. "Yes she told me a lot, huh, unlike you. If she loved you why all the secrets?"

James looked directly at him, Chakotay could see a lot of fear in his eyes. He then glanced up a little, his own eyes filled with confusion. "What the?" He glanced back down at James, "what the hell, what are you doing?" All he could do was groan and mumble under his hand, his face turning a little blue.

Chakotay stared straight ahead of him for a while, he glanced down again. "What the hell are you doing to me!" He hit him with the hand that was just holding him down.

Somebody walked up to stand behind him. Chakotay sensed their presence, he slowly looked behind him. His eyes widened as he glanced up at the woman behind him who was a faint looking Kathryn. She stared at him with disgust in her eyes, shaking her head. Then she faded away.

Chakotay turned back to James, "you're doing this, aren't you!?" He punched him again. "Why? Are you so much of a coward you have to play mind tricks on me." He moved the killer hand away, James tried to get his breath back and sat up a little.

"What are you... talking about?" he said in between breaths. "I'm not..."

"You are, you're getting into my head. You can't trick me," Chakotay growled. He pulled out a large knife, placed it against James' cheek. "You won't be doing that anymore."

"How could I get in your head?" he mumbled. "You know I lost all of my powers." Chakotay slashed his cheek with the knife, then moved it to the side of his neck. He threw another punch, then pushed him onto his left side. With the knife dug into the side of the neck Chakotay leaned closer into him, then put some force into the knife. Blood quickly welled up around the blade.

"Maybe I should leave you for little Duncan or baby Amy to find," he whispered. James struggled again. He yelled out as Chakotay kept moving and putting pressure on the blade.

The door opened only halfway, Jessie was at the doorway trying to get her own breath back. Her eyes quickly widened in horror, "oh my god."

Chakotay glanced back at her, "Jessie, you're supposed to come by later." She could now see James lying on the ground, with a deep cut in his neck which bled heavily around the blade. "You know to find just the head, I dunno I haven't decided."

The fear in Jessie's eyes soon turned into anger. "You son of a," she growled. To Chakotay's surprise she kicked him hard in the head. He fell away to the ground. He laughed at her as he tried to get back up.

"Oh Jessie, you're not seriously thinking..." he said. Jessie lunged forward to punch him, then she kned him very hard in between the legs. She continuously punched him, he blocked a few but it wasn't enough, one hit knocked him to the ground. She knelt over him to continue hitting him.

"How could you, what's the matter with you!" she screeched, still hitting him.

James weakly lifted his head a little, he gave up straight away, "Jessie."

Jessie glanced toward him, she punched Chakotay one more time. She then rushed to James' side. "Oh god, honey are you ok? Stupid question." She tried to cover up the cut with both of her hands. "I'm so sorry, I didn't know which way the lift was going and I..." She tapped her commbadge then placed a hand across the other cut on his face. "Rex-Stuart to Sickbay, medical emergency!"

Sickbay:

Doctor Jones turned away from James' biobed, then walked over to a worried looking Jessie.

"He'll be ok. However because of his condition, he better gets some bed rest instead of doing his usual escape routine, take it easy. Obviously Slayers heal faster, I know no one's done that to him before but it's going to take him a lot longer to recover," Doctor Jones said. "He's been through a lot, he seems a bit traumatised, that's what's going to take the longest to heal."

"How can you tell?" Jessie asked.

"Well he hasn't even tried to escape yet, or talked for that matter. He seems a bit..." Doctor Jones replied.

"Can I see him now?" Jessie questioned. Doctor Jones nodded. She walked toward James' biobed, she turned back to face Doctor Jones rubbing her stomach. "Why do they call it morning sickness when my last pregnancy and this one it's been afternoon sickness?"

Doctor Jones smiled, "that sometimes happens."

"Maybe seeing Chakotay trying to make me relive a nightmare I had, it's probably just that," Jessie mumbled. She walked over to James. "Hey I'm back, how are you feeling?" He slowly turned his head to look at her. His eyes alone made her shoulders slump and look at him back with a sullen expression. "I'm so sorry, I should have got to you sooner."

"No, how could you," James quietly said, trying to ignore his bruised throat. "Don't blame yourself, it was my fault. I shouldn't have taunted him."

"You taunted him?" Jessie muttered.

"I know, shouldn't have," James said. "I thought I could still take him. Borg have strength, I wasn't sure about Tolg."

"Well now you know," Jessie said, stroking his hair.

"You know me, I always have to have violence right?" James mumbled.

"No honey, I mean yeah that wasn't smart but it wasn't because you wanted a fight or anything," Jessie said. She stroked the hair out of his face. "You know, is it just me or has your hair gotten darker?"

James looked up at her with a frown, "what, where did that come from?"

"I don't know, sorry," Jessie said. She glanced at Doctor Jones. "Can I take him home, I have to pick the kids up very soon."

"I suppose so. Just make sure he rests," Doctor Jones replied.

"Oh I'll make sure all right," Jessie said. "I'll have to drop him off first."

"Amy," James said.

Jessie turned back to him, "what about her?"

"I should be there when you pick her up," James said.

"What, are you kidding? If she sees you all weak and kitt... puppy, with a scar on your neck, she's going to be worried," Jessie said.

"I guess, sorry," James mumbled.

"Ok, let's get you home," Jessie sighed, putting an arm around him. She helped him sit up. "Do you think the kids will let me research when I'm looking after them solo?"

James smirked at her as he got off of the biobed. "I really doubt it. Duncan may keep himself busy but if he's got homework you'll have to. Wait why solo?"

Jessie attached her other hand to his arm, "you do know what resting is, don't you?" She guided him to the door.

"Doc said I just have to take it easy, I don't have to stay in bed," James said.

"Well I hope you know what taking it easy means then," Jessie said. Doctor Jones shook his head as they disappeared through the door.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie sat on the sofa, cradling Sasha on one knee and reading a book resting on her other. Sasha played with her doll, Duncan sat next to them both writing on a notebook. Amy sat on the floor building a wall around her with big lego bricks. James sat on the chair next to her, with the computer on his lap.

"I don't know what I'm looking for anymore," he sighed.

Jessie sighed too, staring at the book. Duncan glanced at her, "what are you doing?"

"We're looking for something, nothing important," Jessie said awkwardly.

"Jess it's ok, we've almost exhausted everything. They should know," James said.

"Are you sure?" Jessie muttered.

"Yeah I am," James replied. He put the computer down on the coffee table. "Kids there's something you should know." Amy and Sasha looked up at him. "Something happened this morning, and we're trying to find a cure for it now."

"Are you sick daddy?" Amy pouted.

"No honey, I've just um," James replied. "I'm not a Slayer anymore."

Sasha moved her glance to Jessie, "uhoh."

Duncan frowned, "uhoh? That's weird, how?"

"That's what we're looking for," Jessie said. "It's nothing to worry about. I'm here and dad still knows how to fight."

Amy cocked her head to the side as she looked up at James, "you don't look different."

"Are we in trouble?" Sasha asked.

"We always are," Duncan commented.

"Duncan," Jessie snapped. He pouted at her. James meanwhile looked uncomfortable. She turned back to her book, "I told you. He knows how to kill demons still, he's not a weak human, I've been reading a lot of spell books and I can still kick a lot of thing's butts."

"Yeah but maybe someone did this just to get us," Sasha mumbled.

"Honey no, it's not. Something would have have by now, you know before he even noticed it. Trust me," Jessie said. She glanced over at James, he got up to head over to the kitchen area. "Don't worry about it, ok." She quickly got up to head over to him, she put Sasha down on the sofa first. "Are you ok?"

"I didn't want to scare them, I should have known that would happen," James said.

"I wouldn't worry, I have a really good feeling about this last book," Jessie said.

"Yeah sure. You saw them, Sasha's scared, Amy's already trying to find differences, and Duncan I'm sure liked me better when he figured out what I was," James muttered.

"Oh come on, you don't even believe that so why should I?" Jessie said. "You're just feeling a little too sorry for yourself, you're not making any sense. These are your children, you're not Tom and they're not Miral. Duncan will always see you as his role model and look up to you. Amy is just being her usual curious self. And Sasha's a smart girl, she's right to think that whoever did this will attack."

"But you just said," James said.

"I'm not saying that it will attack, I'm just saying that's what would normally happen," Jessie said. "That's why this is just confusing. Why wait until you've found out, and have time to get used to it, kinda? My point is you're thinking that they'll like you less because of this, you must know that, that's a very idiotic thing to think, cos I do."

"Well you do know that I'm a self-hating idiot, right?" James said with a little smile. He sighed, "whoever did this is an idiot too, or just very confident in themselves that they'll beat me anyway. Or it was an accidental spell."

"Maybe it was Chakotay," Jessie said.

James raised an eyebrow and smirked, "problem solved. We just kill Harry and Chakotay won't get out again."

Jessie smiled, "I'll get a phaser rifle."

"We don't need that. I did mention the small punch that knocked him out right?" James said. "Even in my current state that was considered my weak punch."

"I meant for Chakotay. I'll gladly do it," Jessie said.

"Yeah about the incident in the turbolift, are you ok, I mean," James questioned.

Jessie looked confused, "me? He only pushed me remember."

"In your dreams you said I... Never mind I'm not helping," James replied. "You were just being too overprotective."

"What do you mean by too overprotective? This is no different to the time with that Master guy, I did what I had to," Jessie said uncomfortably.

"Sorry forget it," James said. "I'm just being awkward."

Jessie placed a hand on his left upper arm, "he tried to kill you James. You would have done the same as I did."

"You're right, I'd probably would have killed him. It's just you looked more scared than," James said.

"I was afraid of him yeah. Seeing you like that was enough to snap me out of it," Jessie said. "My dreams had nothing to do with it. I'm just the same as you after all. If, I dunno, a giant cat tried to claw my head off, you'd get over the fear."

James looked at her with wide eyes, "giant cat?"

"I dunno, a tiger, does that count?" Jessie questioned.

"I haven't seen one," James replied.

"I'm just about to start reading the last book, no matter it has to be there. If I exhaust that I'll talk to the watchers," Jessie said. "I promise, I'm helping the best I can."

"I know you are. Is there something else I can do besides re-read what you read?" James asked.

"Nah. I just have to read a book and not fall asleep in the middle of it," Jessie replied. She headed over to the chair James was sitting on before. Before sitting down she picked up the book on the table. "Just do whatever you want, I'm not your boss." She began reading the first page of the book.

"All right. I'll get you a caffeine boost, that's helping," James smirked as he went over to the replicator. "Does anybody want anything?"

Jessie frowned at her book as she skimmed through a few pages, then glanced at the computer on the table. "How about a heavy object."

James looked back at her, "what why?"

Jessie stood back up, "James can you look after the kids, I'm going to talk to the watchers first."

"Sure thing," James said. "You got bored with the book already?"

Jessie headed over to him, "I'll explain, promise." She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. "You have the caffeine boost, you'll need it." She then headed out.

James glanced at the glass of coke, "who wants this then?" Duncan looked up from his book. "I knew you would."

The Bridge:

Tom tapped his foot impatiently with his arms folded. "Shouldn't we of gotten a response from Starfleet by now?"

"Maybe the probe thing we use to relay messages through the corridor is broken," Jodie said.

Tom groaned, he moved to sit down in his chair. "Re-send it and increase speed to the corridor."

"Ok but why do you need new orders? Surely we're supposed to go and research the Enterprise thingy," Naomi questioned.

"They need to know about the Crazy Horse and Chakotay. I know what we're supposed to do regarding the Enterprise, but we don't know what they'd want doing with Chakotay," Tom replied.

"And we're all waiting on the Damien question," Jodie said.

"Ok whoever throws me out of an airlock will get possessed, that's a fact," Damien said with a smirk. Everyone looked disappointed.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Instead of a door chime, there was an old fashioned knock on the door. James looked at it, "ok, is that broken?" He walked towards it slowly. A fist shaped dent appeared in the door.

"Uhoh," Sasha squeaked.

James glanced back at the kids, "Duncan go into my room, get the bag under the bed quickly."

Duncan nodded. A hand pulled open the door, Duncan only had time to climb to his feet when Chakotay stepped in. He pulled out and raised a phaser. "I wouldn't do that if I were you son, it's on wide spread."

Duncan pulled a face at him, "I'm not your son."

"God forbid, who'd want little James Junior as a son other than the thing itself," Chakotay muttered.

"Listen Chuckles, you can keep my children out of this, maybe we can just exchange insults another time," James said.

"I'd rather not. Earlier proved that you won't settle down and shut up if it's just your life. I'm thinking your children, that'll keep you still," Chakotay muttered.

"God, what's your problem?" Duncan rolled his eyes.

"Duncan no, it's fine, I'll deal with this," James said. Duncan pouted, he sat back down with Sasha. "Amy, stay with your brother and sister."

Amy climbed over her wall but decided to stand next to James, "daddy, creepy man."

"Oh, she's a cute little Slayer," Chakotay said, glancing down at her. "How do you think she'll die and when?" he said smiling at her.

James' face tightened, both his fists clenched tightly. "Amy, do as your told." Amy hesitated before going over to Duncan and Sasha. James then stepped closer to Chakotay. "Look at her like that again, and I'll kill you."

Chakotay smirked at him, "and how will you do that? Collapse on me, you can barely stand."

"I feel just fine," James muttered. He kicked the phaser of Chakotay's hands. Chakotay then lunged forward to attack, the two exchanged a few punches. James was pushed into the wall. "Duncan!"

Duncan looked confused for a second, "huh? Oh yeah." He reached over to the computer. Chakotay picked up the phaser and pointed it towards the three kids. A forcefield appeared around them.

"Son of a..." He turned around just as James pushed him to the ground. He just laughed at him as he held him down to punch him. "Got yourself a nice little security system there James." He pushed him off, then got back onto his feet. "Now do you think your wife will get back in time to protect you?"

James got back onto his own feet. He and Chakotay froze slightly at the sound of growling getting closer.

"Ok, did you forget to feed your kids?" Chakotay asked, going toward the door.

James raised an eyebrow, "what?"

A large scabby demon with big claws charged through the door, it swung its arm at Chakotay, knocking him unconscious.

"Crap, this can't be good," James muttered.

Meanwhile:

Wesley worked at a computer panel in his quarters. He picked up a large book and balanced it on his right arm. The door chimed. "Come in," he called without looking away.

Jessie stepped in, folding her arms. "We've got a problem."

"Ah Jessie. What's the problem?" Wesley questioned.

"I think you know already," Jessie replied. She walked closer, "James, what did you do to him this time?"

Wesley glanced at her, "what?"

She scowled at him, "you have this obsession with making him weaker. You've already made him swap bodies with Craig to test him. What's wrong with you watchers? If you're not too busy experimenting on them you're violating them with spells or science. I thought your jobs were to train and watch over Slayers. I'm sure as hell thinking about killing any watchers who dare to try and train my kids when they're 'old enough'."

"I haven't done anything to him," Wesley stuttered.

"Why don't I believe you. I'm not an idiot," Jessie grumbled. "The spell, it's in a rare spell book that has a lot to do with Slayers with the exception of a few spells. You've done it before so it was naive of me to not blame you from the moment this started."

"Just because it was a Slayer themed spell book, doesn't mean it was me," Wesley said.

Jessie narrowed her eyes. "James did his own research and found the book in that database of yours, once I looked at the book itself I knew it had to be it. The only people who got those books were watchers."

Wesley's face turned a little pale, "no, you're not one but you have a copy."

"Only one copy got out of watcher hands centuries ago, and now it's mine," Jessie said. "It was passed down in my family. Funny, I don't believe in coincidence or fate, but I've been proved wrong about one of them." She eyed the books on the desk beside him. "I believe it's one of those brown spine ones at the bottom."

Wesley stared at her, "your family had that book for two centuries?"

"I don't think you understand," Jessie said. "James was nearly murdered, Chakotay tried to cut his head off."

"Oh, is he ok?" Wesley nervously asked.

Jessie stepped closer so she was only a metre away from him. "What do you care? Why did you do this to him?"

"Um well, don't abandon me on an alien ship for saying this but, it was a training exercise," Wesley stuttered.

"What? You can't be serious. You can't use that twice," Jessie muttered.

"It wasn't for James, it was for our new trainees," Wesley said.

Back in James/Jessie's Quarters:

Chakotay got back up with a groan. James quickly pushed the demon into him. While the two recovered from that and fought, James rushed into the nearest bedroom.

"Typical, coward," Chakotay grunted.

Duncan watched the fight with interest, he smiled sneakily. "Yeah I know, only a wimp would attack my parents the way you did."

"Ok what about hiding behind a forcefield you little brat," Chakotay growled, glancing toward him. The demon knocked him to the ground as he wasn't looking.

Duncan smirked at him, "damn that was fun, where's popcorn when you need it."

"Or muffins, strawberry muffins," Sasha said.

Amy pulled a face at her siblings. The demon turned to face them, snarling and baring it's teeth. "Did daddy leave us?"

"Don't be dumb," Duncan said.

James stepped back out of the bedroom with something behind his back. The demon went for him instead. After a few kicks and punches on both sides, James pulled an axe out from behind his back and swung it at it, knocking it away briefly.

While they fought Chakotay pulled himself up to his feet. He looked around the room, his eyes focused on the glass coffee table. James then killed the demon by cutting it's head off with the axe. It rolled next to Chakotay.

"What the?" he muttered quietly. His eyes widened a little when he realised what it was. He slowly picked up the table.

James walked up to the forcefield, he noticed all three of his children were watching him. "You didn't see that, did you?" They all nodded. "Damn."

"That's the least of your worries," Chakotay said. He swung the table at him as he turned around. It smashed over him and he collapsed to the ground.

Amy reached out for him, her hand hit the field. "Daddy," she and Sasha cried at different times. Duncan reached out to pull Amy back, then put his glare on full force at Chakotay.

"Now brat, don't look at me like that. He's not dead," he said, leaning over James' unconscious form. Then he dragged him toward one of the rooms. "Yet anyway."

"Can we lower the shield thingy?" Amy asked.

"No, dad only taught me to put it on," Duncan mumbled. He reached for the computer.

Meanwhile again:

Wesley hid a book in his hands behind his back, backing away slowly. "So you see, that's why."

Jessie stared with no interest in her eyes. "No, you know what I see. Wait actually you don't wanna know what I see."

"Jessie please, there's no reason to be hostile," Wesley said.

"Really, cos I think there's plenty," Jessie grumbled. "Now you better undo it."

"What all of it?" Wesley questioned.

"Of course all of it. Wait, what are you?" Jessie muttered, she glared at him again. "What else did you do?"

Wesley's eyes widened in panic, "nothing to do with James, it was for Kevin and Zare."

"You didn't do the same thing? Oh who cares, just undo it," Jessie said.

Wesley folded his arms in a sign of protest, "no, the training hasn't finished yet."

Jessie shrugged her shoulders, then swung her fist at his face. He ducked in time, instead she kneed him where it hurts. He of course burst out crying and collapsed to the ground. "Ok you're the third guy I've done that to this week. Now, why don't we do some spell undoing."

"Ok," Wesley squeaked.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Inside of the bathroom Chakotay stood by the bath waiting. James lay on his back on the ground with cuts across his face and neck, and a bruise underneath his left eye. His eyes opened, turned his head to look up however his vision was blurred.

"Let's do this right this time, without the annoying little flashes," Chakotay said.

"It gets better," James groaned.

"No more of your little mind tricks," Chakotay muttered, ignoring him. "Why would you use your own dead mother to trick me, it's sickening."

"Are you a bigger idiot than usual? You know that telepathy is part of the package," James muttered. He tried to sit up.

Chakotay frowned at him, "then what, how did you do it?"

"Maybe you're just crazy," James mumbled while sitting against the sink. "Could be a sign of Tolg-ness."

"Tolg of course," Chakotay muttered to himself. "You weren't assimilated by them though, so how did I see you and her, in the flashes. There's no..."

"You saw me and mum," James said. He then noticed the sound of running water. "You're taking a bath, I don't wanna see that. Great torture idea."

Chakotay shrugged casually, "well it's either this or pulling your hair and threaten to break one finger on each hand."

"Oh my god, you're actually going to do the bath thing?" James said in a slight bewildered tone. He then turned a little pale, "wait, where did you get the finger part from?"

"Your father had some good methods, too bad they never worked," Chakotay said.

"There's no way you could know about that. I never told anyone," James said.

"You're right, your mother didn't tell me," Chakotay smiled. He reached over to turn the taps to the bath off. James quickly went to the door but it wouldn't open, then glanced at the newly broken panel next to it. "But she knew about it. In fact, she walked in on daddy threatening to do it."

James turned back to stare toward him, "if she didn't tell you, how do you?" His face still managed to get paler. "You got captured by the Tolg. Oh god, what did you do to her!?"

Chakotay glanced at him looking like his usual self, "what? I had to, to bring her back."

"As a dead drone with no mind of her own?" James said. "That's not a good bringing her back. You probably pulled her out of a good afterlife, and trapped her in an undead collective. How could you do that to her?"

Chakotay growled as he stepped closer to him. "If it means anything, I didn't plan to leave her trapped there or get assimilated myself. We were going to escape."

"But did you ever think of trying to free her while freeing your own worthless hide?" James grumbled.

"I think that's enough sharing. Why don't we get started," Chakotay said.

Meanwhile outside Duncan was still messing around with the computer. A funny picture of Tom with his new spiky hairdo appeared on the screen, along with some writing next to it.

"What's that?" Sasha asked.

Duncan smirked but only briefly, "oh crap, I'll never get that back will I?" He got rid of the photo and text and tried typing something else in. This time he got a video file of Harry sleeping in his bed, sleep talking. It looked like the video source was a hand held video camera being held nearby the bed.

Harry climbed out of his bed, pointing a finger in front of him. "You can't have her, you'll have to kill me if you want to even see her again." He threw a punch but it hit the wardrobe pretty hard, he had his back to the camera but you could tell he was in serious pain because of the squeaking noises he kept making. Suddenly he jumped back into his bed, and hid under his bed covers. "Mummy, save me. Save me mummy."

"I thought dad was kidding about him," Duncan said.

Sasha and Amy pulled identical confused faces as the Harry lump under the covers started moving a lot. "Mmm," he groaned. "You're a saucy one aren't you?"

"Sauce? Is he eating the bed covers by mistake?" Sasha asked.

"It'd be funny if he was eating his hand," Duncan smirked. He shook his head and grunted angrily, "for god's sake, I bet Chaks put these here to distract me." He pressed the save button, then closed the video just when Harry's comments and movements were getting a bit, um worrying. Before it was shut off you could hear somebody going, "ugh, gross Harry."

"Bed covers are saucy?" Amy muttered in confusion.

"No he was sleep talking stupid," Duncan said, rolling his eyes. He continued working on the computer.

Back in the bathroom there was a bit of a struggle nearby the bath. Chakotay seemed to have the upper hand with one of his arms tightly around James' neck. He sneakily got a pen knife from his back pocket. Before his attacker realised he pushed it in the back of the hand that was around his neck. Chakotay loosened his grip, his other hand hit him across the face.

The two men fell back away from each other, James more so, the back of his head hit the bath hard. Chakotay obviously had enough and lunged for his throat.

"I'll admit, you're not bad," he said, moving around to rest on his feet. "At least your mother will be a little proud for once." He pushed him face first into the water. "And I guess your dad'll be happy that I am..." He pulled his head out for a second, "doing what he should have finished off thirty years ago." He pushed his head back into the water.

A ghostly voice whispered Chakotay's name, he looked up and around. "What the?" He felt a small soft hand touch his shoulder. His eyes followed the pale skinned hand, up the owner's arm and to her face. "Kathryn?"

Sure enough it was Kathryn again. "Stop this, this isn't what you are."

"No, I'm nothing, nobody," Chakotay stuttered. "You're not here."

"How do you know? We're both Tolg," Kathryn said, her face tightening. "It wasn't his fault, you're only hurting people who don't deserve it. Jessie, innocent children, Lena, and me. Stop."

Chakotay stared at her, then down at James struggling to get out of his tight hold. He lifted his head out of the water. He tried quickly to get his breath back after coughing up some of the water.

"No, nice try," Chakotay shook his head. "You may not be telepathic, but an ex Borg." Again he pushed his head back into the water.

Wesley's Quarters:

Wesley and Jessie sat on the floor facing each other, the book was in the middle of them. "Now we must join hands and chant the words," Wesley said.

Jessie pulled a face, "ugh god." Wesley raised an eyebrow. "You're lucky I'd do a lot for him, ugh." The two reached out to join hands, Jessie still had a disgusted look on her face.

"I'm lucky, yes I wanted to hold your hands," Wesley muttered. Jessie tightened her grip on his hands, he bit his lip and cringed. "Ok sorry."

"Chant Wes, chant," Jessie said.

Wesley groaned, "remind me to use Li'Chin next time." They both started chanting more or less in sync from the book.

Meanwhile:

"God, you really can hold your breath a while," Chakotay grumbled. He noticed James' struggling was now almost non-existent. "That's it, it's not that bad."

James' eyes suddenly opened up. He lifted himself up like Chakotay wasn't there. He stumbled away into the wall. He stared at him in shock while James turned around to face him. "Ok that's much better." He took a few steps closer.

"You got it back huh? Doesn't matter," Chakotay said.

"It does actually. I realised something, and this way I get to share it with you," James said.

"I don't really give a..." Chakotay grumbled.

"No it's my turn to talk, at least I'll make some sense," James said. "It was you."

"What was?" Chakotay questioned.

"Oh you know already. It wasn't my fault," James muttered. "How was I supposed to know she was in danger, even if I did, no chance I'd stop it in time. You just wanted someone to blame."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Chakotay snapped.

"It's easier to blame someone else than live with yourself isn't it?" James said. "You left her, for whatever reason, I don't know. You expected her to wake up alone, get your note and find her own way to her birthday gathering. You could have waited for her, but you didn't. That must hurt, huh?"

"You have the nerve to blame me?" Chakotay growled.

"I'm not blaming you, you are," James said. "You found her after I did, and that's all that went through your head. 'What if I'? The simpler way was to blame it on me, and try one stupid idea after another to get her back so you would feel better. It didn't work did it?"

"Shut up, you don't know anything!" Chakotay snapped.

"No, I'm getting somewhere good here," James said. "You've got yourself into a much bigger mess. Instead of feeling guilty for failing to protect her, you've now got to live with the fact you've trapped her in the Tolg and because of your selfish attitude, was partially responsible for what happened to Lena."

Chakotay growled, "I'm so going to kill you."

"That's what I was going to say." James closed the gap between them, more or less, just leaving half a metre between them. "That's not all you see. You've abused my wife, tried to kill me twice, insulted and made sick comments to my kids."

"Fine, we'll both try. See who wins now," Chakotay said.

"I would but..." James muttered.

Outside Duncan finally got the forcefield down. "Finally, now where did that phaser go?" He glanced around the quarters.

Chakotay smashed through the bathroom door, and went through the wall separating the quarters from the corridor. James walked through the holes to rejoin him, then knelt down next to him. "You'd like that little escape, and quite frankly I don't want to do you any favours. I'd rather you suffered for a very long time." He hit him to knock him unconscious.

Jessie ran around the corner, she stopped next to them. "James?" She noticed the hole in the wall, "guess it worked."

James stood back up, "you did this?"

"Mostly," Jessie replied. She stood forward to place hands gently on the sides of his face. "Are you all right? Why are you wet?"

"Um we should check on the kids," James mumbled. He tapped his commbadge, "Stuart to Team, uh three."

In: "Yes sir?"

"Report to Deck Three, Chakotay needs putting back in the brig," James ordered.

In: "On our way."

"Will he still be unconscious when they get here?" Jessie asked.

"Well a demon fought him, we did have a fight before, oh and the wall thing," James replied. "Yeah."

"Cool," Jessie said. They both stepped through the wall.

Meanwhile, Shar/Binene/L'era's Quarters:

Li'Chin turned away from a computer to face all the trainees. Shar's face was stiff with anger, her arms folded. "Now as you have just seen, you don't need to have the gift Chosens and Naturals do to make a difference."

"Oh come on, that guy was about to kill him," Shar said. "Yes he did a sneak attack with the glass table, and seemed to use some 'oh your father did this' scare tactic, plus he was Tolg but..."

"If you still don't understand the lesson then," Li'Chin said. "I am trying to teach you that you're not helpless."

"Fine I got that," Shar said. "It doesn't convince me that James is the one to teach us."

"I'd rather have him than Kevin and Zare," L'era said. "I know they had that drug in them that made them more 'extreme' than usual, but..."

"James still managed to kill a Hintaran demon, they're extremely tough," Li'Chin said. "Chakotay took advantage like you said with a sneak attack to weaken him, you'll have to ask James himself about the father threat involving the water as I'm sure it was significant. I'm not saying he's perfect, no one is, but he's still the best for the job."

"Ok so what's Zare and Kevin's lesson about?" Binene asked.

"Oh that's not a lesson for you, it's just for them," Li'Chin replied.

"Sounds juicy," Jach smirked.

"Those two need to be more Slayer like and stop bickering between themselves, hopefully that should help," Li'Chin said. "I slipped something in their drink, it should wear off soon."

"Three out of four Slayers are going to kill you, did you do something to Ylara too?" Binene asked.

"Ohno, I'm not that crazy," Li'Chin replied.

Voyager's Brig:

Craig stood behind the station while Zare and Kevin stood nearby the door. Chakotay still lay unconscious on the bed in the cell.

"If he tries to escape, you can kill him. Any questions?" Craig questioned.

Kevin groaned into his hand, "yeah, who spiked my drink?"

"Ugh, what a big baby," Zare rolled her eyes.

"Guys just guard Chakotay," Craig muttered. He walked out.

The Security Office:

James sat down on the edge of the desk, while Jessie sat in his chair with her feet up on it.

"Please tell me Wesley's in the brig," she said.

"He's with the trainees, giving them a lecture on what happened," James said.

"Um James, again he violated you," Jessie muttered.

"I know but Li'Chin told me that it has helped 'convince' Shar, Binene and a few others. I doubt they'll like me still, and Shar will no doubt still give out attitude," James said.

"So, the difference will be?" Jessie questioned.

James sighed, "they'll just listen to me."

"That's it? That's nowhere near worth it," Jessie said.

"No but I can only punish him this time, next time he's in the brig," James said.

Jessie sighed, putting her feet down on the ground. "Why aren't you angry with him?"

"I am but he helped," James replied.

"Hardly. Chakotay almost killed you, some stupid alien whore listening to you isn't worth that," Jessie said with a pout. James moved closer to her. "I could have lost you. If you won't do it, I'll kill him myself."

"I know now what happened to Chakotay and my mother," James said.

Jessie frowned, "your mother? We know what happened."

"After that Jess," James said, glancing down at the floor. "He stole her body and gave her to the Tolg."

Jessie widened her eyes, "what, are you sure?"

"Very sure. He knows a lot more about me now and it looked like he was seeing her," James replied.

"Hallucinated or is his connection to the Tolg still active?" Jessie questioned.

"I don't know," James replied. "The doc's going to look at him again."

"So what are we going to do about it? I doubt you want to leave her there," Jessie said.

"If we see any Tolg ships we can infiltrate it, and find out where she is. For now there's nothing we can do," James quietly said. Jessie stood up, she gently placed a hand on his right arm. "She's tough, she'll be ok."

"James it's ok, if you're worried you can be worried. It's just me," Jessie said softly.

"If I worry then it won't do me any good. I have enough worry as it is right?" James mumbled.

Jessie smiled, "that's certainly true."

"That's not all I suppose," James said. "It seemed to help you."

"Help me with what?" Jessie asked.

"You faced Chakotay, and quite well too," James replied.

Jessie sighed, "yeah I suppose, but that's only cos he made me angry, and scared."

"Still, it helped right," James said.

"I guess," Jessie said, looking down on the ground.

James lifted his hand to caress her cheek, she smiled but looked a little uneasy still. "What is it?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"There's something you're not telling me," James said.

"Well you seemed to know it already. You mentioned those dreams I was having, remember?" Jessie said.

"That's not all it is though, I can tell," James said, moving his arms to put them around her.

"James I don't want to talk about it," Jessie muttered. "It's hard enough seeing that scar on your neck as a reminder."

"Sorry, I'm a jerk, sorry," James said.

"It's ok," Jessie mumbled. "Will the doc be able to get rid of that scar?"

James placed his hand against the scar on his neck, "he would have already." Jessie's face dropped. "I know, it's one more scar to add to my collection."

"I don't mind the one on your back, the Chosen bruise, but this, I don't want to be reminded of what happened everytime I look at you. That will be a lot of the time," Jessie said.

"Surely there's stuff I could wear that could cover it," James said.

"What 24/7? You can't always cover it," Jessie mumbled. "Can't the doc do something?"

"Probably, I'll ask him," James replied. He looked at her intently, "did what happened with Chakotay happen in one of your dreams?"

"No, I just don't want to relive that attack," Jessie replied.

"Jessie," James said.

"Do you think I'd dream something as sick as you getting your head cut off, do you?" Jessie snapped, her face paler than usual.

"Why not, you seemed terrified and freaked. Seeing something like that," James said.

Jessie walked away with her hand over her mouth. "Can we please lay off the subject."

"You've obviously been with me too long," James said.

"There's no such thing as being too long with you," Jessie muttered. "What did you mean by that?"

"You're getting the kind of dreams I always get," James replied. "You have no idea how many times I woke up with you after seeing you, me or somebody else being murdered. Most of the time that's all it was, just dreams, but still."

"Those ones do seem more real," Jessie said. "Creepy thing is, it happened but I stopped it. I don't get visions, so was it just a convenient dream or a vision?"

"If you dreamt it or not I've got no doubt you would have done the same thing," James replied.

"Yeah but that doesn't answer the question," Jessie said.

"You know better Jess, I can only answer the rhetorical questions you make up. Then I don't have to worry about being wrong as much," James said.

Jessie smiled sweetly, "what if it was?"

"All right. We don't know what witches are capable of. Maybe it was," James said while getting off the desk. He walked towards her. "You were always perceptive."

"So were you," Jessie said, raising an eyebrow.

Tom, Ylara and Wesley walked in, Wesley grew nervous and stopped in the doorway. Ylara pushed him to the ground as he was in her way. He made a big thud as he landed in a crumpled heap on the ground.

"What's this, a delivery torture service?" Jessie said. She took a knife out, Wesley noticed and widened his eyes.

"Uh Jess I hid those, how did you find that?" James asked.

"What we're married, we should share stuff," Jessie replied.

"Yeah but I hid those for a reason, you have a problem with knives," James said.

"I do yeah, but I doubt Wesley can overpower me like that vamp-witch did," Jessie said.

"Um you're never going to believe what else Wesley did," Tom awkwardly said.

"Let me guess, Kevin and Zare," Jessie muttered. "What did he do?"

"Doc scanned them. They were given a drug in their drinks before he and Li'Chin left. It made them a tad more irritable," Tom replied. "They're ok now."

"It was to teach them a lesson," Wesley said as he stood back up. "It's to teach them both that they can't live normal lives without the proper anti-evil training. It's the closest I could to getting them evil without actually doing that."

"I never got anything like that. Though you guys wanted me to be like this," James said.

Tom stared in shock, "what? You weren't affected." He walked over to scan James, "you're telling me you threw Chakotay through several walls, beat him after it, and threw him again on your own um, temper?"

James looked at a smirking Jessie, a bored Ylara next, nervous Wesley, then a bewildered Tom. "We've known each other for ten years and you're surprised? I'm a little hurt." He walked over to his desk, picked up a padd and handed it to him. "Here's that report you wanted, the full thing."

"Ok great, I was going to pick up that Crazy Horse report," Tom muttered.

In: "Bridge to Paris, you better get here."

"What is it?" Tom questioned.

In: "We've returned to Death Corridor's co-ordinates."

The Bridge:

Tom, James and Jessie stepped off the turbolift. Jessie pulled Damien away from Tactical, Tom and James stood in the centre of the bridge.

"Put it on screen," Tom ordered.

Jodie looked uneasy, "it is Tom."

Tom frowned at her, then looked back at the viewscreen which just showed empty space. "Then where is it?"

Jessie's station beeped at her, "there's some left over energy signatures from it, it looks like it collapsed on its own, naturally."

"Just a few weeks earlier," Tom muttered.

James sighed, "what else would we do for the rest of the season?"

"So how are we going to get back once we solve the Enterprise mystery?" Kevin asked.

"How long will it take to get back maximum warp?" James questioned. "And don't say seventy five years."

"Thirty years," Jessie replied with a shrug. "Not that bad, huh?"

Tom sighed, "that's why we didn't get a response from Starfleet, they probably didn't even get our message."

"What should we do now then?" Kevin asked.

Tom looked around the bridge, he started to pace back and forth. "We're alone, in an uncharted part of the Beta Quadrant." Everyone groaned. "We've already made some fri... oh sorry just enemies."

"Actually he did that," Jodie whispered.

Tom continued doing his speech while doing the exact same pacing as Kathryn did right at the beginning. "We'll be looking for wormholes that aren't useless, Game Cubes that don't kill us, alien technology we can help to repair and hint that we can use. Somehow, sometime we'll find a way back. Oh and rescue the Enterprise or we'll have to go all the back here again," Tom trailed off.

He looked around to find the bridge completely empty. "Hello? Guys, I order you to come back. Guys?" He sighed, "I'm alone, on the bridge, and I'm copying Janeway's speech for a second time, god." He collapsed in the Captains chair and crossed his legs. "God I could do with a coffee."

THE END