

B4FV Episode 2.19

Sweet Sensation

The Bridge:

"And then I kicked his furry ass," Harry finished his story.

"For those of us who have just tuned in, who's furry ass?" Danny questioned.

"My neighbours dog, the one that really needed a girlfriend," Harry muttered.

Chakotay stared blankly, "right, why did you tell that story?"

"It's a slow day," Harry replied.

Tuvok raised his eyebrow, "indeed."

"You really need to extend your vocabulary," Jessie commented.

"Hey just wondering, where's Janeway?" Harry asked.

"Good question. The last time I saw her was several hours ago and she had just gone into the Ready Room," Chakotay replied.

"Someone should check on her," Danny said. Everyone looked Chakotay's way.

"Oh son of a..." he groaned. He made his way towards the Ready Room. Once the doors opened he found Kathryn on the floor muttering to herself.

"Tea, I love tea, I want some tea... maybe I'll marry it," she muttered.

"Oh my god, she's delirious," Chakotay stuttered. He quickly tapped his commbadge. "Chakotay to Sickbay, Janeway is very ill."

"Oh Justin Timberlake is so hot, I want him now," Kathryn muttered.

"Hurry, I don't think she's got much time left," Chakotay stuttered.

In: "So I heard."

"Ooh I'm loving it... mmm McDonalds tea," Kathryn murmured, she fell unconscious.

"Damn McDonalds, they could have picked somebody else to promote them but noooo," Chakotay groaned.

Sickbay:

"What's wrong with her?" Chakotay asked.

The Doctor sighed, "the coffee we picked up is making her hallucinate, plus as an added bonus her other symptoms include dizzy spells and nausea."

"Speaking of nausea, she mentioned that she thought Justin was hot, which he's not," Kes said.

"Yes well when she recovers from her delusional state that isn't going to help her nausea problem," the Doctor said.

"Has anyone else who's drank the coffee had this problem?" Chakotay asked.

"Well no, but the Captain exceeds everyone else's total share on her own in one day. She really should cut down to nothing until we can get some other kind," the Doctor replied.

"So what should we do?" Kes asked.

"Maybe sneak her decaf," Chakotay suggested.

"Only if you want to be killed," the Doctor muttered. "Her only chance of recovery is daily hypospray injections, and to lay off that coffee. Everyone else can drink it safely but just in case I think we should get rid of it."

"I'll get somebody on it," Chakotay said.

"How are we going to stop her from drinking coffee? Neelix has managed to put her off replicated coffee with some untrue sick story, and that stuff we got recently is the only supply left," Kes questioned.

The Doctor picked up a white box, "coffee patches are at the ready."

"You've got to be kidding. She's worse off on those, remember last time?" Chakotay grumbled.

March 2371:

Kathryn came out of her Ready Room, she sat down on her chair. "Captain, I must protest, we are going to a Kazon Nistrim ship to help them, it could be a trap," Neelix said.

"Don't bloody protest to me... leave me alone!" Kathryn screamed. Everyone looked her way. They saw a coffee patch on her hand, she kept rubbing it but it wouldn't come off.

Not long afterwards:

Kathryn was busy putting more coffee patches on her arm. Chakotay, Tuvok and James came in.

"Have a seat, now!" Kathryn yelled. She put another coffee patch on her arm as James sat down nervously.

"What's this about anyway?" James asked.

"Don't interrupt me!" Kathryn yelled. The three guys nearly got blown away by her yelling. "As I was saying..."

Present Day:

"Yes I remember," the Doctor said. "We have no choice though, it's either angry Captain or throwing up, delirious and collapsing Captain."

"Fine, do it but for the love of god let's hope another coffee supply is nearby," Chakotay muttered. He headed for the door, he stopped when he got there. "I never thought I'd hear myself say that."

One hour later:

Voyager drifted to the left to dodge the incoming torpedo. It missed by a mere metre, the second one however slammed into the shields. Voyager returned the favour with a phaser barrage. Both attacking ships took heavy damage, forcing one of them to retreat.

"Shields are at twenty two percent. They're weakening around Decks Ten to Fourteen," Tuvok reported. He dared to look up from his console. "Only one ship remains."

"Well I was told to fly upside down, not my idea," Danny quietly muttered. Everyone shook their heads like she was mad. Of course they were right. Just as the ship jolted again, she and her chair were shoved to the left. Naturally she fell right off it once it slammed into the step.

The culprit dropped to her knees so she could start hammering on the controls with ease. "Transfer weapons to the helm. I'll take care of these greedy bast..."

"Captain?" Tuvok interrupted.

"Lieutenant?" Kathryn imitated with a forced raised eyebrow.

The Tactical officer reluctantly complied. Within only a second of doing so, Voyager lurched violently to its left. Everyone clutched onto something attached to the floor or wall to stop themselves falling to the other side of the bridge with Danny.

Anybody who could see the viewscreen in their predicament watched as phaser fire streamed endlessly at the lone Kazon warship. It tried to escape but it had no chance. Fires erupted, overtaking the ship within seconds. The phaser fire continued to fire at the debris.

"They're destroyed," Tuvok reported, still lurching to the side. "Captain stop, they are gone."

Kathryn's finger kept pushing at one particular panel. Nobody dared to say anything else, the braver ones just sighed.

The situation in Engineering was frantic. Some consoles were sparking out of control while a couple were even on fire. Smoke billowed out of the ceiling just at the entrance, one particular crewmember was busy trying to seal it.

B'Elanna joined two stressed crewmembers at the warp core. "I don't get it. The Kazon rarely bother us now, what's the big deal?"

"Rumour has it the Captain's been told some grim news," one crewmember whispered to her.

"Great, that woman gets cranky when there's only a drop left in her coffee cup," B'Elanna sighed.

The other crewmember nodded, "I bet it's the menopause. She's not exactly a spring chicken is she?"

B'Elanna quickly had a look around to check if he was safe from a Janeway Glare or worse. "That's dangerous talk for a crewmember with no name. Keep it hush." He quickly nodded nervously. B'Elanna then noticed a crewmember nearby slap a name label on before going to fix a sparking computer. She shook her head.

"I'm Hogan," the other crewmember said, prompting a smirk from her. "How are we supposed to get home in one piece? Our Captain is either crazy when she's drinking coffee, or crazy angry when she's not."

"Well..." B'Elanna tried to think of an answer. She failed to notice the computer the labelled crewmember was working on had burst into flames. "To be fair it's when she's had too much or none, as long as none of those are happening, we should be okay." The crewmember was on fire at this point, and of course running around like a lunatic. Nearby engineers tried to stop him as his running was fanning the flames.

First Officer's Log Stardate 45013: After picking five fights with Kazon ships I've relieved the Captain of duty. Of course I'm doing this log from Sickbay so I doubt that's even took. As there are thankfully no ships in the area we can repair the damage to the ship, and tend to the memorial service for Crewman Summarke. As he was a good friend of mine I hope that my trip to Sickbay hasn't made me miss it.

"Is that a pun or a differently spelt joke name to hint that he was a red shirt?" the Doctor asked.

Chakotay stared at the hologram as he finished fixing his nose. "No, that was his name."

"Curious," the Doctor said. "I'd better double check with the morgue attendant." He walked away to his office.

"So that's a no about missing the memorial then," Chakotay commented Kes' way.

She smiled, "I don't think the Captain's the right person to conduct a funeral right now."

Chakotay's eyes widened as the image of Kathryn tossing the body into an airlock *randomly* popped into his head. "I'm starting to consider telling her the replicated coffee hasn't really been changed to Neelix's leola tinted coffee recipe."

Kes didn't look so sure. "That wouldn't stop us from having future funerals."

"No, but the way Neelix has been cooking lately, I could live with the next one being his," Chakotay commented as he turned to leave. "If we don't do something we'll run out of room in the morgue."

The Bridge:

"What can we do? Everywhere we went to go find coffee, the Captain would see a Kazon ship and fire on them," Harry pointed out.

"I wonder why that is," Danny said thoughtfully. "Maybe the coffee bat was a trap, designed to hurt the Captain. Then we'd have no choice but to come here and be ambushed."

"This is Nistrim space," Neelix reminded her. "I tried to tell her but..." he pointed at his red and hairless chin.

Danny pouted, "I still could be right."

Chakotay shook his head. "While she's gone I've turned us around. We need to find something, anything to keep her distracted until we find something. Where is she anyway?"

"There's only one crewmember on this ship that would dare to escort her off the Bridge, Commander," Tuvok answered.

Chakotay looked a little impressed, "good job Tuvok. So you took her to the Brig?"

"It would have been illogical for me to do that. I was needed to take command in her absence," Tuvok said.

Tom and Harry chuckled quietly, Chakotay just smirked instead. "I see, so you're scared of her too?"

"Vulcans do not experience fear," Tuvok's eyebrow raised.

"Vulcans usually don't have to deal with Kathryn Janeway on coffee withdrawals," Chakotay said. "You didn't ask Sid, did you? He'd never take her to the brig, he'd just stand there as a punch bag."

"No," Tuvok answered. "For some reason the crewmember I picked calmed her down, it was easy."

Chakotay sighed, he knew who he meant now. "Right, that should keep her occupied for a while. Lets get this coffee hunt started." Everyone nodded.

Meanwhile:

Kathryn had attached herself to her detainee's arm, he looked a tad uncomfortable as a result.

"It's not as if I started it," she was saying. "Those Kazon just need to know their place and it's certainly not where the coffee is."

"I'll kick myself later for asking this, but what happened to the coffee you got from those aliens?" James asked while pulling a face.

He knew he'd regret it as Kathryn started to get angry again, the hand not attached to his arm clenched. "Neelix happened to it. He found it and decided to use it in his stupid leola recipes. That reminds me, can we take a detour? I'd like you to do your beloved Captain a favour."

James tried his best not to laugh. "Surely you can hit Neelix yourself?"

Kathryn gasped, but in such a way that made James think she did it mockingly. "Of course! But if I hit him he'll whine and cry. If you hit him he'll be too unconscious or dead, your choice, to whine and cry."

"Uh..." was all James could say to that, not that he had much time to say anything more.

"Besides, I don't want to hit him myself. I dunno where he's been," Kathryn said in a disgusted voice.

James glanced away from her at the wall to hide that he was offended. "No, who would?"

Kathryn smiled and patted him on the arm, completely oblivious to his mood. "That's my boy."

James tried to stop himself from shuddering, she'd notice it if he did. "You really have to stop saying things like that."

Kathryn stopped, forcing him to as well. "Saying things like what, my sweet baby-waby?" She looked a bit shocked, "oh, you got a little something..." The hand she had spare went to her mouth and to his horror she spat on it.

Luckily before she could move that hand anywhere near him, the named crewmember from Engineering approached them. His eyes were wide because of what he was seeing, but not as much as James' were.

"Captain?" Hogan stuttered.

"Oh thank god," James groaned.

Kathryn's bad mood was back in an instant, she glared at the man who saved him. "What? This better be important!"

Hogan briefly glanced at the very uncomfortable James, then back at her. "More important than molesting your people?"

Kathryn pulled a disgusted face, "ew, get your head out of Neelix's wok before you come to me. Okay?"

"Right, I figured someone should talk to you instead of getting um... licked to death," Hogan said, again glancing at James.

He couldn't stop it this time, he shuddered for a good ten seconds. Kathryn pouted at him. "Aaaw," she cooed, rubbing his arm. Her head turned to glare at Hogan again. "Hurry it up then, my baby's getting cold."

James rolled his eyes, "please stop."

Hogan sighed, "that's kinda what I wanted to say. I don't understand why you're always fighting with the Kazon. All they want is food and water. Why are you making such a stink over replicators and transporters?"

"I beg your pardon!" Kathryn snarled, smoke started to rise from her.

Hogan ignored that for now, "if we just give them what they want, they'll leave us alone. What's one replicator compared to our lives?"

"Oh go and get eaten by a cave monster," Kathryn spat at him. James and Hogan gave her the same confused look. She saw Hogan's first so she scowled in his face. Then she looked at James' and her bad mood disappeared instantly. "Aaaw," she cooed, her hand reached out to pinch his cheek. He recoiled from it just in time.

Hogan rolled his eyes and walked away shaking his head. "That's the most ridiculous death threat I've ever heard. As if that would happen."

"So where were we?" Kathryn asked in a sweet voice.

James laughed very nervously, he pointed at a nearby door. She looked over to it, read the word on the door and gasped.

"Traitor!" she snapped. "And to think I was going to clean your face, hmph!" To his relief she stomped off without him.

The Bridge:

Chakotay groaned into his hand. "Why, you were so close."

"Well it was either me guard her in the brig or you put up with her on the bridge. I know which one I preferred," James answered. Chakotay's hand moved so he could stare back with narrowed eyes. "You weren't the one getting a coffee facial scrub, so I figured..."

"That'd you be selfish as always," Chakotay hissed. "There's only one of you and eight of us, needs of the many..."

"That's nice Chakotay, save that speech for later when I'm asleep or something, okay," James said as he walked back to the turbolift.

Chakotay clenched his jaw. "I'm really starting to see the resemblance," he grumbled to himself.

"Chakotay!" Kathryn's voice screamed from the Ready Room. He cringed as he thought she had still managed to hear him. "I need a shoulder rub... NOW!"

Danny quietly snickered to herself, or she thought it was quiet anyway. Chakotay death glared the back of her head.

"Another one? I thought New Earth was behind you," Jessie said with a smile.

Chakotay walked over to her, smiling a little too smugly. "Careful Jessie, I know more embarrassing New Earth stuff about you."

Jessie seemed a little confused. "I don't remember doing anything as bad as rubbing Janew... oh," her face went bright red. "I'd hardly compare the two."

Chakotay nodded, "you're right, mine's not even close."

Danny swung her chair around, cupping her chin in her right hand even though her elbow had nothing to lean on. Curiosity was all over her face. "Oh really? Know something I don't?" Harry rolled his eyes.

"Ugh, I'll never live that bad hair day down," Jessie muttered seriously. Chakotay frowned as her hand went up to check her hair, Danny meanwhile looked very disappointed. "I blame those plasma storms."

"Yes that's what I was talking about," Chakotay sighed.

Kathryn appeared at the Ready Room door, her hands were on her hips. "I'm sorry. Instead of saying *get in here now*, I must have said *stand around and do sod all*. That's my mistake."

Chakotay cringed, he knew what was coming next. His ear was pulled backwards, the rest of him soon followed.

The Ready Room:

Only ten minutes later Kathryn was busy ranting and pacing. Chakotay just sat there rubbing his stretched ear.

"And then Hoggie said I was fat. Me? At least I think that's what he meant with the licking comment," Kathryn rambled. Her attention drifted elsewhere while Chakotay's face grimaced at what she just said. "As if I'd eat my Jamesy. He's my world. Maybe that's why my boy was mean, I'll let him off and send him a pressie."

"Um," Chakotay barely made a sound, he was getting more and more disturbed by the second.

Kathryn stared at him in confusion, "what were we talking about again?"

"About how great that shoulder massage was," Chakotay lied, hoping that she'd forget that hadn't happened yet.

Kathryn smiled, "yes it was." Her hand went to her shoulder which still felt a little sore. "A bit rougher than usual."

Chakotay's eyes shifted nervously, "yeah well I'm a little tense too." He regretted saying it when Kathryn pouted and started to close in on him. "I'm fine now though. So, er Kazon. Eugh they're bad."

"You're being weird," Kathryn frowned. Chakotay's eyes widened. "I hope Hoggie wasn't suggesting I give stuff to the Kazon for free. The only thing I'd send them is James and maybe a bad haired Jessie."

Chakotay had to rest his wide eyes for a moment, they were starting to hurt. "I'm sure Seska would be thrilled with both. Hogan is a Marquis, he doesn't understand the Prime Directive but he definitely wasn't suggesting giving the Kazon gifts."

"Maybe give them Neelix's leola root stew," Kathryn said. Her head shook, "I'm sorry what? Who's Hogan?"

Chakotay sighed in frustration, "it may not be the best plan, but he does have a point about something. We're not protected by the Federation out here, we're only one ship. In order to survive we may have to bend the rules a little. I mean we have worked with Damien and his crew twice before, the Kazon wouldn't be that big a deal after that."

"We did? When, why?" Kathryn stuttered.

Chakotay shrugged, "I dunno, something about a fruit and a race. I can't remember. My point is maybe we should consider getting an ally out here, at least until we're safely out of Kazon space."

"Pfft the Kazon, I had forgotten they even existed until they tried to take my coffee," Kathryn grumbled. Chakotay worried she was getting angry again. "We're doing fine, we don't need some old Christmas decoration headed morons to help us out."

"What?" Chakotay said.

"If we allied ourselves with one moron group, the other Kazon ass hats would only just bitch. It would probably make things worse," Kathryn said irritably.

Chakotay shook his head, "I doubt it. To the Kazon we're a treasure trove of technology and something to be afraid of. Alone they can still send a few ships and give us a bad day though. If we ally with one of the better sects they may give us a wide berth."

"I don't think I've ever seen any Kazon women," Kathryn said.

Chakotay groaned, "sects. Better S E C T S."

"Oh." Kathryn rolled her eyes, then an idea popped into her head. She smiled maliciously. Chakotay grew even more worried than before. "I imagine once we leave their space, our chosen ally will be hated amongst the rest of the Kazon."

"Oh dear," Chakotay sighed.

Kathryn giggled evilly, "oh Chakotay, I didn't know you were such a fiendish and clever man."

"Um, that's not what..." Chakotay stuttered nervously.

Kathryn stopped laughing, she gave him a stare that made him freeze. "This will teach them for messing with Kathryn Janeway." She started laughing again, he laughed nervously with her but that only angered her further. "You still here?"

"No," Chakotay answered quickly, he ran out. Once he was safer outside, he wiped the sweat off his brow. Jessie turned her chair around to look at him. He stared back with a little fear in his eyes. "I was wrong, I don't see the resemblance," he said quietly. Jessie looked confused and was a bit unnerved by the look in his eyes. "On a completely unrelated note, tell James all is forgiven. He's not even close."

"Huh?" Jessie said.

"Not even close," Chakotay mumbled to himself as he returned to his chair.

The Conference Room:

Most of the senior staff sat around the table, everyone was relieved that Kathryn wasn't one of them. Chakotay still looked as unnerved as he did before.

"An alliance with the Kazon?" Tom stuttered.

Chakotay sighed, "more like an exchange. We give them a helping hand if they're under attack, in exchange they give us a safe passage through their space."

On the wall panel the Doctor frowned, "wait, we're still in Season Two right?"

Chakotay groaned into both of his hands, "I don't care anymore."

Tuvok wasn't quite sure where to start with all of this. He settled on the easiest one for now, "the Kazon are only interested in stealing our technology. If we proposed an alliance, they would most likely demand it."

"I dunno, Seska was definitely keen on making an alliance between us and the Kazon," Tom said.

Jessie pulled a face in his direction, "is that what she was doing? I thought she was just trying to whore herself around."

"Well apart from James, she does have a sleeping with the boss thing going on," Tom sniggered.

Chakotay moved his hands away from his face, "James, you have my permission to kill." Tom's eyes widened in horror.

James just shrugged, "I didn't think I needed it."

B'Elanna smirked between him and Chakotay. "Tom does have a point..." She waited until Chakotay glared at her before continuing, "about the alliance part. She originally gave away the replicator to curry our favour with the Nistrim."

"Again, I thought she was just trying to impress that Maj Colour," Jessie said, rolling her eyes.

"Could have been both," Chakotay muttered. "Fine, so you're suggesting that we ally ourselves with a different sect to annoy her."

"No, I'm suggesting that Seska be our first choice," B'Elanna smiled.

"You're kidding," Chakotay laughed half heartedly.

James' shoulders slumped, he shook his head. "I think I'd rather ally with Damien."

Harry didn't look so sure about that. "It wouldn't really benefit him. Also he's annoying."

"It would be best to consider every option," Chakotay said quickly. "We should though see this as an excellent distraction for the Captain, while we meanwhile search for some coffee supplies."

"Oh so we're not really doing that alliance thing, we're just humouring her? I'm lost," Harry questioned.

"No we are, I just think we'll do the opposite if we let our coffee-less Captain handle it," Chakotay answered. "Hopefully she won't have made an enemy out of the entire quadrant by the time we find some coffee."

"The original second season we were dealing with sentient robots, martial law towns and holodeck malfunctions," Tom muttered.

Chakotay stared at him, in fact everybody did. "What's your point?" B'Elanna asked.

"I don't know yet, ask me at the end," Tom said warily.

Meanwhile:

The entire room was filled with rabbit themed things. Even the walls had rabbits all over them. Damien sat on his rabbit bean bag, thoroughly reading and enjoying a book. That book was probably the only thing that didn't have a rabbit on it.

"Oh I would have sent the little girl in anyway," he cackled. His finger turned the page.

The door opened for a panicked Johnny, he dashed inside. "Sir, emergency."

"Hang on. I'm a few years behind on my villain research. I want to know if any fictional villains are smarter and more evil than me," Damien said without looking up. When he did he smiled darkly, "there's none yet."

"That's nice sir, but there's a problem," Johnny said.

"I'd rate these guys higher if they didn't make the kids do some talent show first. Just chuck em in and start with the killing," Damien muttered. He flicked through the next hundred pages. Johnny tried to read the cover of the book but he was too stupid. "Oh girl is on fir... oh," he looked disappointed.

"Sir an intruder," Johnny tried to interrupt again.

Damien glared at him as he tossed the book aside. "Yes I see that."

Johnny looked behind him nervously. "Where?"

Damien rolled his eyes, "I was talking about you. What's the emergency?"

"Oh my god, I'm the intruder," Johnny panicked again. He ran out of the room screaming, "guys, I'm the intruder. Do something, do something!"

"A killing arena sounds like a great idea. I need a giant holodeck," Damien muttered.

"No Myleene, anything but that!" Johnny screamed. Damien heard Myleene giggle rudely, it made him shudder.

He climbed out of his bean bag, it took him a few tries. The bridge was a few mere steps away. As he expected Johnny was in the middle of being molested by Myleene while the rest of the bridge averted their eyes.

"So what's the matter?"

Justin and Johnny Junior moved to one side, revealing Gareth sitting on the floor behind them. He looked a little flustered.

"What is it, and why is its hair like that?" Damien asked.

Justin shrugged, "he just walked onto the bridge. Shall we dispose of him?"

"Sir I'm Gareth, remember?" Gareth stammered.

Damien frowned, "no."

"Also," Johnny Junior said, pointing to the right. Another man was sitting on the floor, with his hands tied behind his back. "He claimed to be Justin's lover. I thought he was insane so..."

Damien shuddered, "of course he is." He walked over to the tied up one, "what did you think would happen when you boarded my ship, with such a ridiculous cover story to boot?"

"I've been on this ship for months. Remember?" the man stuttered. "I'm Pharrell Williams, remember? Justin... surely you remember, you made me so happy."

"Happy, happy, happy," Justin squeaked. Junior smacked him over the head, then wiped his hand on his trousers.

"Pharrell, never heard of him," Damien muttered.

"How, I'm still current. Nobody knows who Johnny Shentall or Myleene Klass is anymore," Pharrell protested.

"Who?" Johnny asked. Myleene tried to pinch his butt, he quickly evaded that. "Oh, that's me isn't it?" he laughed.

Myleene pouted angrily, "hey, I'm a TV star. I was a loose woman."

"Do you even know what that means?" Junior asked.

"Of course, I'll show you," Myleene replied. For some reason she started loosening her blouse. The entire bridge screamed at her to stop. "Aaw."

"I'll give you Johnny... literally," Damien muttered. "Fine, you're annoying so you're probably a crewmember I forgot about." He looked at Gareth, "still haven't a clue who this prick is."

"I was the pretty boy who didn't win Popstars," he said. All he got was blank stares. "I got a few number ones." Nothing changed. "That Bollywood themed video, no? I used to stammer a lot." Damien only blinked, everyone else forgot to. "Gareth Gates... Pharrell and I were in episodes not long ago, how can you forget!?"

Damien rolled his eyes, "so let me get this straight. It's been ten or so years and Justin is still the most famous and bloody overrated out of the lot of you?"

"I'm on TV," Myleene pouted.

Justin smiled, "see, that's proof that I'm actually awesome and you're all wrong for being mean to me."

"I was on TV too," Johnny complained.

"Like nine years ago *dad*, once," Junior groaned. "Nobody watched it either."

"This is unacceptable. How on earth am I expected to generate fear and respect with this bunch of has beens and Justin Timberlake?" Damien said desperately. The ship shook a few times, each time it was a little rougher. "Hmm, as usual it falls to me to carry this crew." Another shake made him a little irritable, "who dares interrupt my train of thought?"

Junior hurried to the nearest station. "It's the Kazon sir."

"Them again? Seriously how long does it take to leave their space? It's almost like they were supposed to be a series villain," Damien snarled.

Myleene was starting to cry, "I'm also smart. I outwitted a polishmen."

"Politician," Johnny Junior groaned.

Damien glared at him. "Who cares, just blow them out of the sky."

Justin quickly manned a different station. For some reason it made him smile. "See, I'm a man. I'm manning the Opps station." It beeped at him, probably telling him to shut up before his voice made the glass in it crack. "Oh, we're getting hailed. Shall we talk to them?"

"No, we *shall* not!" Damien snapped.

"Okeydokey," Justin grinned as he pressed a button.

To Damien's annoyance their viewscreen activated to show a random Kazon man. Luckily Junior was listening to Damien at least, everyone heard the weapons firing in the mean time. Damien and the Kazon recoiled in disgust at the view they were seeing.

"Oh quit your whining. I have to see that ugly mug every day," Damien complained at him while pointing at Justin. "And hear him too."

The Kazon held back his vomit for now. "You are the people who destroyed Apeple?"

"A pebble? You monster," Myleene hissed at Damien.

Damien was in the middle of another face pulling. He chose to roll his eyes to finish it off. "The first E was a symbol not a word, you don't pronounce it."

"So you admit it. Prepare to die," the Kazon hissed.

"Oh boo hoo. I have something better. I'll create a computer program that allows you to run your own software via it, but each new version will be more terrible than the last. You'll want to downgrade to the last version that worked for you, but you can't. The hardware won't even know it exists. I shall call it NeimadSoft EXP."

"But sir, that name's a little obvious isn't it?" Junior said carefully.

Damien snickered, "then I shall swap the two words around. No one will know the difference. I will be an unstoppable evil force, but to everyone I'd be harmless and a benefit to their lives. For now."

"That's the stupidest idea for an evil name I've ever heard," the Kazon said.

"What would you know *Apeple* sheep," Damien grumbled. "Why isn't he dead yet?"

The Kazon glanced behind him as smoke started to fill the room he was in. He stared at the FDA crew in a blind panic. "I can't die, not before my Indestructible Enveloper Six is fixed." He brought out a PADD like device, but it was curved. "Look at it, my baby!"

"What did you do?" Johnny asked.

"Well I sat on it. It was in my back pocket, duh!" the Kazon answered as if it was perfectly normal and obvious.

Damien snorted into laughter. "Next you'll be telling me that it's a communication device that blocks its own signal, or that it sets your equipment on fire."

"Yeah about that," Junior said warily. "I haven't broken through their shields yet. That smoke isn't cos of us."

The Kazon glanced behind him again. He then noticed something off screen and ran off to it. "Ohno, my free MeThree album is on that one! I must switch on my Most Awesome Computer and synch it up before it's too late."

Damien looked more annoyed than amused now. "Wait. They made people take free god awful music with their devices?" A lot of the bridge started to cower, they knew what this meant. "They dare copy me? I'll give them a taste of their own medicine. Bathe in their own blo..."

"Sir, we killed them six episodes ago," Junior quickly reminded him.

Damien instantly calmed down. "Oh yeah."

The viewscreen fizzled off, not without hearing the Kazon one more time. "Oh this is much more convenient than dragging and dropping. I'd have been done already if I did that. I'm happy that this program assumes I'm an idiot, it's so user friendly."

"Wow, we're making sure we get all of the Apple insults out before it's too late," Damien commented.

"One more hit should get through their shields," Junior said.

Damien smiled darkly, "don't bother. Let them die in their own stupidity. The worst that could happen is they survive long enough to complain to the Monthly Mail."

Myleene gasped. "Oh, I love reading the Monthly Mail. It warns me about evil things and makes me smart when I read it."

"I didn't know they published it with just pictures and no text," Damien muttered. "Get us out of here." He then noticed no one was at the helm, he rolled his eyes and sat down at it.

"Sir, there's more ships coming for us and they're all yelling at us," Johnny said. "Oh god, they constantly swear. Beep, beep, beep to you too!" he yelled at the computer he was at.

"That's just the computer you moron," Damien groaned.

"Still shouldn't be so rude," Johnny pouted.

Junior looked a little embarrassed. "Um, there are ships coming towards us actually." His dad smiled smugly. "The lead ship has sent us a text only message."

"What are they bitching about?" Damien asked.

"Uh," Junior read his station. "For destroying our god, you will be destroyed as quickly as our god destroyed his competition. Sent from my Indestructible People Hu... Oh that's just the signature."

"Well you have to know what device your message sender owns," Damien said seriously.

"You do?" Gareth asked.

Damien smiled, "of course. It makes removing people from your contacts so much simpler." His smile grew darker, "literally of course."

"Uh sir, they're getting closer and I doubt all of them have malfunctioning chargers," Junior warned.

"Fine. I'm setting a course..." Damien groaned. He typed in a new heading. "For Voyager."

Evil music swelled, but Damien wasn't impressed. He covered his ears, as did almost everyone.

"About dat base, about dat base," a nasally voice barely sang over it.

"Dear god. Rihanna has bred," Damien stuttered in fear. To make matters worse, Justin started singing along.

Voyager:

Chakotay's jaw was tightly clenched while the two people on the viewscreen smirked at him.

"This is interesting," Cullah sneered. "When Seska told me that Humans were looking for allies, I thought she was joking."

"Yeah she never was very funny," Jessie commented.

Seska's smirk managed to grow somehow. "Still a bit sore about getting James first, sweetie?"

Tom tried to stop himself from laughing, he had to pinch his arm to achieve it. Chakotay heard the resulting squeak and glared at him.

"Tom, Security!"

"Oh come on!" Tom stomped his foot. "I wasn't even an Ensign this long."

"What?" Harry was confused.

Jessie rolled her eyes. "Yes, congrats on being the first to stab him with a needle. I'm so gutted that you beat me to it."

Danny giggled, "burn."

Tom pouted, "I would have said something wittier like, *I didn't know holograms counted or first what, being the first to make him run away screaming.*"

"Those... those are terrible," Harry commented.

"Wow Harry, if you're such a genius I'd like to hear your comebacks," Tom teased him.

"Enough," both Cullah and Chakotay complained. Cullah scowled at him for it.

"I suggest we meet to discuss this," Chakotay said.

Cullah's eyes narrowed slightly. "This is quite a U turn. Excuse me if I'm skeptical."

"The Captain believes it would be... mutually beneficial to us both," Chakotay said.

Seska was instantly on her guard. "Captain Janeway is a nut case. She's probably already changed her mind or forgotten. That's if this whole thing isn't just a Starfleet charade."

"For someone who has spy, defector and traitor on their resume, it's a little ironic that you're such a paranoid and distrusting little shrew. You're one temper tantrum away from screaming *you made me do it by being big meanies*," Jessie said.

Harry chuckled, "now that's a zinger."

Chakotay resisted a smirk for now, the deadly look on Seska's face and the thought of Kathryn taking a failed alliance out on him helped with that. "On the contrary, Seska. She's preparing for the negotiation as we speak and there isn't a coffee in sight."

Cullah didn't understand, but that got Seska's full attention. "Very well. We'll come to discuss terms. Transport us aboard when we arrive."

"Since when do you get to make the decisions? I'm the Maj," Cullah growled.

"The question is, which of our decisions are more worthwhile and successful?" Seska smiled deviously.

Cullah's eyes darted side to side, his face shrivelled up more than usual. "None of them. Your idea of battle plans is to make yourself pregnant. I bet Voyager trembles at the thought every night. Typical woman's plan."

"Typical Kazon man taking credit for all the other, more violent plans that were made by a woman. Do I make you feel inferior?" Seska taunted him,

Chakotay groaned, he gestured his hand at Harry. "Turn that off." Thankfully the viewscreen changed from the bickering couple to empty space. "Any other replies?" he said hopefully.

Harry shook his head, "no Commander. Not yet."

"How long until the Nistrim arrive?" Chakotay asked.

"Hmm, from their location and if they went at maximum warp. Two hours," Harry replied.

Tom pulled a face, "oh, that's so gonna clash with the memorial party."

"Party?" Chakotay's eyebrow twitched. So did Tuvok's.

"Well duh. Old Summy was a legend around here. He deserves a proper send off," Tom said.

Jessie looked at him. "You don't even know who he is, do you? It's just an excuse for a party."

"Of course I do. He's the guy who came up with the A Shuttle Survived fiesta and Set A Course For Home rave," Tom gloated.

Chakotay groaned into his hand. "Oh, he said he had calmed down these last few years."

"Yeah right. He found the algorithm to change synthehol into the real thing," Tom said.

Harry frowned at him, "wasn't that Sam Marke?"

Tom shrugged casually, "Sam Marke, Summarke. Day-ta, dah-ta."

Jessie shuddered. "ugh, at least the first one sound alike. That does not."

"I'm surprised there's no 47 reference drinking game," Danny commented.

Tom laughed, "oh yeah, we did try that but the Doctor wasn't happy."

"Next you'll be organising a Janeway's off the juice party," Jessie said.

"That's a stupid idea. We all know she's worse without it. Now that *is* a flimsy excuse," Tom muttered.

Danny smiled as if she liked the idea. "Well hold on, let's not rule that out."

"Let's. It makes no sense. Yay Janeway's irritable and keeps getting us almost killed. Let's boogie," Tom scolded her.

"Look Tom. I'm not going to let you turn my good friend's memorial into another pointless *haha they're drunk, so funny* scene. You'll just have to..."

"Oh, I'm supposed to be in Security. Toodles," Tom stuttered, he ran into the turbolift.

"Just when I think that guy couldn't get more punchable he goes and says toodles," Jessie said. Everyone nodded their agreement.

"I may as well pay my respects before the drinks are poured," Chakotay muttered.

The Mess Hall:

A full blown party was in progress. Party food was mostly untouched on top of the tables, however lots of empty bottles were lying around everywhere. A lot of the people in the room were completely hammered. Most of the drunks danced stupidly in the centre of the room, a lot of the others were lying unconscious on the ground.

Tom was busy hitting on a group of girls, "so girls, what do you think of having a guy who can burp pop hits such as Tragedy or I Will Survive?"

"Um, come back when we're drunk," one girl said, she sipped some of her coke.

"That'll be never," another girl muttered.

The first girl turned around to try and block Tom from the group. He didn't get the hint, he put his arms around two of the girls. "Ok, one at a time, or do you want to go on a group date?"

Neelix ran past the group, yes he was streaking again. He dashed by a blank faced Chakotay standing at the doorway.

"I... You know... ugh," he stuttered while trying to find the right words. Instead he gave up and walked straight back out.

The Conference Room:

Kathryn stared at her opponent with a fiery gaze, so ferocious the room temperature had gone up a few degrees.

"I don't have the patience for games," she hissed. When she didn't get a response her fist slammed against the table. "Damn it, you're nothing but a traitor. I don't trust you!"

Tuvok walked into the room, his eyebrow immediately jumped up outside the ship.

"Yes you heard me. A traitor to even your own species, even then you narrowly fit in," Kathryn continued.

Tuvok wasn't alone, two more people followed him inside. Neither of them thought it would be a good idea to interrupt.

"You disgust me! You think we can be friends after this, you're sadly mistaken."

The three newcomers were joined by half of Security Team One, immediately regretting it when they saw what lay ahead of them.

"What? You dare insult my intelligence?" Kathryn spat. Her hand lunged forward to grab at her victim. Doing so made her recoil in pain. Her eyes flashed, everyone knew to step backwards. She slapped the disobedient and scolding hot cup of tea in front of her, toppling it over into a second puddle of brown liquid.

"Um, I did mention the spoilt coffee. The Doctor did say there would be after effects," Tuvok said.

Kathryn huffed towards the first puddle, "you cannot hurt anyone anymore."

"I don't know, she looks the same to me," Seska said.

"Captain," Tuvok said calmly.

Kathryn's head turned quickly to stare him down. "What!?"

"Seska and Cullah have arrived. Perhaps you should try that Vulcan tea I suggested to calm you down," Tuvok said.

"You're one of them aren't you?" Kathryn hissed while pointing at the cup.

Tuvok's eyebrows were missing in action by now. He turned to his two guests. "Perhaps we should get started without her."

"Ohno," Seska smiled as she took a seat. "I wouldn't miss this."

"Oh boy, that's a mistake," Thompson commented. For once Foster agreed with him.

"No, I won't either," Kathryn snarled.

Cullah sighed impatiently. "This is what happens when you give women power. They act like this."

Seska rolled her eyes. "She'll have been like this since birth, Cullah."

Kathryn slowly approached the Kazon without even blinking once. It freaked both Foster and Thompson out so much they nearly ran out.

"Aaaw, are we a sad pathetic man that isn't strong unless he's belittling women. Poor baby," she said coldly.

"Calling people pathetic is not going to win you any friends here, Janeway," Cullah spat back.

"Neither is having a lovers quarrel with a cup of tea," Seska muttered quietly.

"I was questioning it!" Kathryn suddenly screamed in her face. Seska was taken aback, once she was safe she wiped her face down.

"Captain, may I suggest..." Tuvok quickly interrupted before he re-grew new eyebrows just to raise them again.

Cullah sneered, "yes, listen to your superior Janeway."

"Hmm, fine but first..." Kathryn said too sweetly to be sincere. She pointed at his face, "there's something on your face." Seska rolled her eyes as the Kazon looked down at the finger before the entire hand punched him in the nose.

The Bridge:

For some reason Craig was looking after Opps instead of Harry. He seemed to be pulling a face at the controls in front of him.

"Another party?" B'Elanna questioned.

"No, memorial service," Jessie corrected her sarcastically.

James, manning the Tactical station, looked almost as confused as Craig. "I'm surprised you didn't know or were invited. Weren't you his boss?"

"I thought you'd recognise the sarcasm. It's just a bloody party," Jessie said while smiling back at him.

"Yeah I got that. It's just Tom was telling the rest of my team to invite and I quote *the hot girls*," James said.

B'Elanna frowned at him, "yet you said *his boss*. Am I not *hot*?"

"Oh god, abort, abort," Danny stuttered.

"I thought you would be more offended with being objectified by your looks, so I said that first. My mistake," James said.

B'Elanna narrowed her eyes at him. "Keep digging."

"Um..." Craig tried to interrupt.

"Why are you taking it out on me? If you want to go to the party so Tom can drunkenly hit on you, no one's stopping you," James said.

"Wait, why wasn't I invited?" Danny wondered aloud.

Jessie pulled a face, "well he did mention it here. Maybe we were."

"Um, ship approaching," Craig tried again.

"I don't want to go. I'd rather go on a date with a naked Neelix or a coffee-less Janeway," B'Elanna said. She turned towards Craig. "What, a ship? What kind?" Craig's eyes widened, then he looked back down at the station so he could answer her.

Chakotay stepped off the turbolift with the same deadpan look he had on before. "I really think a life of synthanol has created a bunch of lightweights." Everyone looked at him. "Seriously, that party only started ten minutes ago."

B'Elanna meanwhile glanced down at the computer in between the command stations. "Oh great," she groaned. "The FDA ship."

"At this point, I'd prefer an alliance with them," Chakotay muttered. "Hail them."

"Uh..." Craig mumbled while looking at the station again.

"Why is he...?" Chakotay asked.

"Everyone's at the party it looks like," Danny answered.

B'Elanna tapped something into the computer. "No answer. I'll try... oh."

"What?" Chakotay asked while he approached her.

"They're transporting straight aboard," B'Elanna replied.

James groaned, he quickly tapped something into Tactical. "Tuvok's left the allow transport through shields setting on again."

"We really need to get that removed," B'Elanna muttered.

"Where?" Chakotay asked.

"Mess Hall," B'Elanna sighed.

The Mess Hall:

Nobody really noticed or were too drunk to care when the FDA crew rematerialised nearby the dance floor. The Intruder Alert alarm went off, but everyone just thought the resulting lights were disco lights.

"Ah, they are celebrating my arrival. The respect I deserve," Damien sneered.

Neelix chose that moment to run by the entire group. Only Myleene kept staring, everyone else averted their eyes and groaned in disgust.

Damien stared at Justin in further disgust, "please, he's only ugly to us because he's a badly designed, furry and spotty alien..."

"That's facist," Myleene commented.

"Oh dear god," Junior groaned.

"But you... you're hideous on a whole different level. You're offensive to all seven of my senses," Damien continued.

Justin sniffled, "you couldn't go five minutes without being mean."

"No, why would I?" Damien rolled his eyes.

Chakotay hurried back into the room, his view of the FDA were blocked by too many crewmembers.

Tom stumbled over with a drink in his hands, "party on Chuckles."

"Oh good, you're not drunk yet," Chakotay said, confusing Tom. "Have you seen Damien and a bunch of celebrities no one recognises?"

"Are any of them beautiful girls, cos if not no," Tom replied.

Damien's ears were burning. They directed him to the two men talking about him. "Ah Chuck A Day. I am here to laugh at your pathetic attempts to suck up to me with yet another alliance. Admit that you need me and I'll think about it." He stood closer to Chakotay and whispered, "ok don't tell my crew but I'm just here to get some of that deadly coffee you have."

Chakotay smiled, "do you want to trade your supply with ours?"

"Sure deal, Myleene come over and get a drink with me!" Damien yelled.

Myleene wasn't listening, she and Tom were getting on very well. "Hey, wanna make out in the corner?" he asked.

"Ok!" Myleene yelled. She and him wandered off.

"Screw it, where's Justin?" Damien asked as he looked around.

"I thought he'd be your first choice," Chakotay said.

Damien chuckled, "I like to save the best till last, or in this case the worst twat dying horribly till last."

"Look if we're going to do this properly, we called you here about the Kazon," Chakotay said.

"Eew," Damien complained.

"Oh my god, what's that!" Gareth screamed. Nobody listened to him.

Tom and Myleene walked back into view, Tom had lipstick marks all over his face. "Call me!" he yelled after her.

Harry stared at him with a bemused look on his face. Tom walked over to pat him on the shoulder. "That was quick," Harry commented.

"My god there's an ugly bat thing nearby Justin!" Gareth screamed and pointed in Justin's direction.

"No dice Chak. I know you need to get rid of that coffee. I'm giving you fresh coffee in exchange, that is the... ugh..." Damien shuddered. "Favour. In fact that's two."

"Not if you benefit from it. The whole point of looking for allies was so we'd have an easier time going through Kazon space," Chakotay said.

Damien laughed in his face, he even leaned forward to do it with greater effect.

"It's flying down, aaaggghh it has big teeth!" Gareth screamed, he started jumping up and down.

"What's so funny?" Chakotay grumbled.

"Oh I don't know where to start," Damien sniggered.

Gareth started running around the room in a blind panic, "we're all going to die!"

Neelix, still naked, walked over to a group of girls holding a tray of "food". They screamed twice and ran off.

Justin smiled nostalgically. "I remember when women used to do that to me."

A different girl bumped into him, he smiled politely at her. She took one look at his face and threw up on the floor.

"Why is nobody paying attention to me!" Gareth screamed. He rushed over to one of the panels by the door. The music changed abruptly to a stupid mid tempo song. Most of the room stared at the culprit.

"It can happen to anyone of us, anyone you think of. Anyone can fall."

"I... I don't even know what this is," Tom said in a confused voice.

"Anyone can hurt someone they love."

"I bet the lyrics had to be googled, cos no one remembers this piece of crap," Damien laughed.

Soon every empty bottle in the room were thrown at Gareth, making him a tad irritable. "For crying out loud, can't anyone else see that big bat thing flying around the room!?!? Oh and that song is a classic, and it's still played today!"

Everybody then looked up at the ceiling, the bat creature the awayteam captured in Lately was flying around the room.

Justin looked down at himself, "oh I was wondering what poked me before." He collapsed into a coma.

Danny just laughed, "ah ha, you won't get out of that for two weeks."

Chakotay stared at her, "when did you get here?"

"Somewhere between Tom going to make out and Tom coming back from making out. I can't narrow it down any further than that," Danny answered.

Tom didn't react at all until he noticed Harry laughing at him. He got offended just because of that.

"Ha, that thing is better than I thought," Damien laughed at Justin writhing on the floor in unconscious agony. "I'm sure we can follow you for a while to shoot at those bad tanned pricks. It's not like I've got any pursuers worth worrying about, it's boring."

"Great, help yourself," Chakotay said. He headed back for the nearest door. He was followed by the very few sober people left.

"Ok who votes we leave the room and party somewhere else!?" Tom yelled to get everyone's attention. All the conscious people cheered and followed him out of the room. Justin and several other unconscious drunks were left behind.

The Conference Room:

Chakotay rushed through the door. "Captain, excellent news. I..." His eyes widened at the sight in front of him.

Kathryn's right hand seemed to be frozen half way through a face slap as she looked towards him. "Don't... you... knock!?"

Seska used that opportunity to kick her in the knee and run for the exit. Foster and Thompson did a quick rock, paper, scissors. Foster ended up following her.

"Um, dare I ask?" Chakotay asked Tuvok.

"No," Tuvok and Cullah answered.

"Mr Thompson and I will escort you back to the transporter room," Tuvok said. The two men were more than eager to walk out of there. Thompson quickly followed them.

"Hmm, I dunno what..." Chakotay stuttered. Seska ran back in to try and force kiss him. Before she could do that a chair flew at her, knocking her straight to the floor. "Uh, Kathryn... she may be annoying, but she's still pregnant."

"So? I'm doing the poor thing a favour," Kathryn grumbled.

"What did she do to deserve that?" Chakotay was disgusted to ask.

"Well..." Kathryn immediately went into flashback mode.

Kathryn sat in her chair nice and calmly. Everytime she nodded her head, her hair would blow in the wind and angelic voices would start singing.

Seska sat opposite her with devil horns on her head, and eyebrows permanently fixed so she'd look angry and evil.

"I hate you. You're a bad woman, although stunningly beautiful and smart. God I'm jealous of you, you bitch," Seska ranted.

Cullah nodded, he continued gazing lovingly at Kathryn. Tuvok sat there as he usually did, but he seemed to be saying the word "logic" over and over.

"Chakotay, Chakotay, baby, James, Chakotay, baby, James, James," Seska continued ranting, she stopped to drool for a bit. "I can see where James gets his gorgeousness from."

"I know," Kathryn said in a smooth voice.

"Chakotay, Cullah... transporters and replicators. Traitors and Marquis. Betrayal," Seska continued.

"I... I think you're losing the plot," Chakotay said to interrupt it.

"Oh no, I noticed it was going on longer than I planned so I condensed it down," Kathryn said. "You got the general gist."

Chakotay shook his head, "no, it's an expression; you've lost the plot."

"Well the original was about a party and some girl who eats rings. Why would I want to find it?" Kathryn said in a confused voice.

Chakotay stared blankly at her for a few minutes, she smiled sweetly in return.

"You know what. I'll tell you the good news later," he said.

Captains Log Supplemental: Like the cuddly wuddly bear he is, Chakotay has gotten me some new lovely nice and new coffee. Supposedly the creature that makes the lethal coffee is still hanging around in the Mess Hall. I'm thinking of a plan to get rid of it but somehow I get distra... oh coffee.

The Bridge:

"You traded the coffee? How it was lethal?" Kathryn questioned.

"Damien, he has people like Justin and Gareth in his crew. Work the rest out," Chakotay replied.

"So how does the coffee bat fit into this story?" Kathryn asked.

Tuvok raised his eyebrow, "my theory is that it escaped and it was attracted to the loud music."

Danny shook her head gently as she could, "firstly duh, secondly most probably."

"Wait, what loud music?" Kathryn asked.

Everyone stared blankly. Chakotay laughed nervously, "loud footsteps don't you mean Tuvok."

"We're being hailed," Harry said.

"On screen," Kathryn ordered.

"Wait, by who?" Chakotay asked.

Harry sighed, "the FDA ship."

Kathryn frowned, "what do they want?"

"On screen," Chakotay said.

Damien appeared on the viewscreen. "Are you sure you don't have anymore of that coffee? Not only did Justin drink all of the stuff you gave us, but he came back to life a few hours later."

"The coffee doesn't kill, at least that quickly anyway," Kathryn muttered.

"Yeah well he got stung too," Damien said.

Chakotay sighed, "look the creature that makes it is stuck in our Mess Hall, and we can't sedate it as a few crewmembers are still in there."

"Oh it's one of those things, we used to have one," Junior commented.

"Wait, wasn't Justin left behind in the Mess Hall too?" Danny questioned.

"Oh come on, the *man* comes back to life everytime he's killed. Continuity is hardly a problem for him," Damien grumbled.

"True," everyone on the bridge said in unison.

"Can't we beam that thing to your ship?" Harry questioned.

"I doubt it, somebody would have to grab it or put a commbadge on it," Chakotay replied.

Damien smiled deviously, "I have an idea."

Five minutes later:

Damien reappeared on the bridge, "ok that didn't work."

Chakotay groaned, "what happened?"

"Well I wanted to send some of my annoying celebs to catch it, cos let's face their lives aren't important, but the thing just ran away," Damien replied.

"Flew away," Gareth corrected. Damien punched him in the face, he turned back to the viewscreen.

"Damn annoying celebs," Damien grumbled.

"I'll think of something," Kathryn said. She stood up and headed for the Ready Room while shaking her head, "villains, can't do anything right."

Meanwhile:

Cullah stared at Seska, the anger on his face just amused her. After a while he just slammed the table nearby with his hand.

"For god's sake, Seska. Take those things off, you look ridiculous," he complained.

Seska rolled her eyes. She reached up to grab the fake devil horns off her head. "You need to have some fun once in a while."

****THE END****