

B4FV Episode 3.08

Deck Thirteen

Deck Two:

James and Jessie walked out of the Mess Hall, holding hands.

"Oh god. Everyone saw, Tom's going to know and'll make fun of us forever," Jessie stuttered.

James smiled, "just keep walking, don't look back."

"He didn't in fact die and no one told me, right?" Jessie said.

"No, maybe next time," James said. They stepped into the turbolift. "So, what's it like living with Danny again?"

"Don't ask, I just wish I chose somewhere else," Jessie replied. "For now it's better than my room."

"Look Jess, I know it's a little..." James said.

Jessie interrupted him, "no don't, as far as I'm concerned it didn't happen."

"But it..." James muttered.

"I'm sorry but I don't want to talk about it again," Jessie said. "I get enough comments and grief from Danny and Ian, I don't want any from you."

"What have they been saying?" James asked. He keyed in something on the panel, the turbolift went into motion.

"Danny thought I was crazy. Ian he thought, I don't think he thinks very highly of you right now," Jessie replied. "Now he probably thinks even less of me."

"Jess, since when do you care about what other people think?" James questioned.

Jessie shrugged, "I know I shouldn't, but it's our friends. I doubt either of them will be ok with it."

"Maybe they'll get over it, someday," James said.

"I hope so," Jessie said with a sigh. The turbolift stopped, the door opened. They both stepped out. She slipped an arm around his, "you'd think that I'd be the maddest, you know. I thought they'd be..."

"Yeah well, Danny's always been protective of you, so has Ian in his own way," James said. "I expected it, but I didn't expect you to come near me, ever."

Jessie smiled, "then you obviously don't know me as well as you think you do."

"Obviously not, it was the best birthday present I'd ever get," James said. "Well a day early but hey, it's still good."

"But I got you a present, that wasn't it. What should I do with it?" Jessie asked, smiling sweetly at him.

"Jess, I thought you'd know by now, you don't have to get me anything," James replied. They both walked into Danny's quarters.

Jessie walked around to stand in front of him, she developed a pout on her face. "But I want to, you know, your birthday's important to me. You always get me something."

"Yeah but you celebrate your birthdays, I don't celebrate mine," James said.

"Can't I at least celebrate it?" Jessie asked, she placed a hand across his cheek. "It's the day you were born, and that's important to me."

"I'll tell you what," James said with a smile on his face. He put his arms around her, "I'll get you a present, and we can do something."

Jessie shook her head with a smirk on her face, "I don't believe you sometimes. I already got you something."

"You're probably the only one," James said. "At least I'm one of the few people who don't have to worry about surprise parties."

"What makes you so sure of that? Don't give me ideas," Jessie said. She put one arm around his neck, with her other hand she fiddled with the jacket he had on.

"Ok, well at least I know not to expect one this year," James muttered.

"Yes, it's back on now," Jessie said. She smiled, "kidding, don't worry."

"Now I'm worried," James said.

"Don't be, if I planned anything on my own, I'd screw it up," Jessie said. She kissed him on the cheek. "You're still getting your presents. I just hope you like them."

"You say that every year, and I've liked every one you gave me," James said.

Jessie raised her eyebrow, "yeah right. Remember your eleventh?"

"You know me, I tend to block out some of my birthdays," James replied. "Help me out."

"Keep it forgotten, it was very bad. But you pretended to like it anyway," Jessie said.

"Oh you noticed," James said.

"Yeah, you're not very good at lying, most of the time," Jessie said.

"I'll remember that," James said. "I'd better go anyway, it's late and after today..."

"Yeah, you must be really worn out after your little fight. Let me guess, sleep till noon?" Jessie said.

"I wish. No doubt the doc will hunt me down though, he wanted me to stay in Sickbay over night," James said. "If he asks you, you didn't see me."

"Right," Jessie said. "Thank you for walking me here. I guess I'll see you tomorrow." She kissed him again on the cheek.

"Yeah, I'll pick you up if you want," James said.

"That'd be nice, at least then I'll see you in the morning," Jessie said.

"That's the plan, night," James said as he headed for the door.

"Good night," Jessie said with a smile.

James stepped out of the room. He stopped outside the door, he cringed and held his head. "Damn," he groaned as he continued down the corridor.

Meanwhile

The Security Office:

A team with three guys and a girl walked into the room. Tuvok was standing nearby the desk.

"Team Ten reporting in," one of the guy's said.

"Everything's normal, as usual. Seriously sir, what's the deal with this deck?" the girl questioned.

"We are not exactly sure yet," Tuvok replied.

"Oh great," one guy said.

"There's rumours sir, that our attackers today were living there," the girl said.

"Indeed, but we are not sure how or where," Tuvok said. "We need Team One to take over from tomorrow."

"Understood," the third guy said. All of the guys headed out.

"Do you have somebody that's working on this? It doesn't make anyone feel better about what happened," the girl said.

"Team One will start the investigation," Tuvok said.

"Sid will be happy," the girl said. "Good night sir." She walked out.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "yes he will."

The next day

The Bridge:

"What's that noise?" Chakotay asked. He glanced over at the temporary Tactical, which was Jessie's old station. The crewman there just shrugged.

Tom glanced back, "maybe that's the noise Janeway makes when she gets hyper, alone."

Chakotay shook his head. He glanced over at the crewmembers who were fixing the hole in the wall separating the Ready Room and bridge. And of course the Tactical station was getting a little repair job too. "Boys, is that noise coming from you?"

"No sir," one crewmember replied. He quickly had a peep through the hole, "Janeway's crying."

"Yep, she'd only be doing that if she was high. I was right, pay up," Tom said.

"We didn't make a bet," Chakotay muttered.

Tom stared at him blankly, "what? Oh crap, it's been too long a night."

Harry looked concerned, "I wonder why the Captain is upset."

"She probably dropped a cup again," Tom said.

Chakotay shook his head, "we don't know what happened with her and Frenit. I'll go and check on her, you guys keep the speculation to yourselves." He headed towards the Ready Room door, then pressed the door chime. He waited a while before trying again.

"The hole's still man sized sir," one of the repair guys said.

Tom sniggered, "well James size." He turned pale before glancing around, "he's not here right?"

Harry developed a smirk on his face. "No, typical of your luck huh?"

"Uh no it's not, he's usually around when I insult him," Tom replied with a raised eyebrow.

"Exactly. He's not around this time, and the last time we saw him he was so beaten up, he collapsed. You might have stood a chance," Harry said.

Chakotay shook his head, "if she doesn't want me there, I won't just walk in."

"No, I think you're good," the guy said.

Chakotay frowned, "ookay." He headed over to the hole. "Captain, can I come in?"

Kathryn glanced over from her sofa, actually looking normal for once. "Yes, I said you could. You obviously didn't hear me."

"You said she was crying," Chakotay whispered to the repair guy.

He shrugged, "she was the first time I looked, she must have noticed."

Chakotay sighed, "fine." He carefully stepped through the hole. He took a quick glance at the broken table and glass, then glanced at Kathryn. She smiled as she got up. "I just thought I'd check up on you, you know after what happened."

Kathryn walked over, "oh that was nothing, we're Starfleet after all."

"I doubt Starfleet deal with vamps," Chakotay said.

"Lets talk somewhere more private," Kathryn said quietly. She walked through the usually unused door, the one next to the gaping hole. Chakotay started to follow her but he bumped into her as she walked back in. "I forgot my flask." He just rolled his eyes.

The doors closed behind him, "so, what's up?"

Kathryn turned around, "did you see what that lousy vampire did to my Ready Room?"

"I think everyone on the bridge at the time saw it," Chakotay uneasily replied.

"Oh and the guy who peeped in my office is demoted to cleaner," Kathryn grumbled.

Chakotay smiled nervously, "so why were you upset then?"

"I wasn't, I was groaning into my hands," Kathryn muttered, eyes shifting from side to side nervously. "Ok fine, my cups were all broken, and a coffee jar."

"Oh right," Chakotay sighed.

"Call me coffee obsessed or shallow all you want mister. I needed a proper cup for stress reasons after yesterday. I mean you saw what else that stupid vampire did," Kathryn grumbled.

"You mean to James?" Chakotay questioned.

Kathryn shrugged, "well yeah, he's had to stay overnight to recover."

"Actually the Doctor called me this morning, he complained that he walked out more or less straight away," Chakotay said. He smiled, "so he must be ok right?"

"No, he's just stubborn. It was hard enough getting him to go to a local doctor when he was young," Kathryn muttered.

"I wonder where he gets that from," Chakotay said with a smirk.

Danny's Quarters:

"So what do you think? Goldish or this light brown colour?" Danny questioned, as she showed off some eye shadow.

Ian climbed off the sofa and walked over, "gold. Look Dan, it's only work."

"I know, I shouldn't have to make an effort," Danny said. "You never know who'll we meet today."

Ian shook his head, "what, some alien dude with warts? Nice."

Danny pulled a face, "no, eww."

"Well I'd better go, I've got an assignment to finish," Ian said.

"Uh huh," Danny said, she opened the eye shadow container. "Good luck with it."

"Thanks," Ian said. He kissed her on the forehead, and turned to leave.

"See you at lunch then," Danny said. He walked out of the room. Danny sighed as she headed towards the bathroom. The door chime stopped her, instead she headed over to the door. "Come in."

James walked in, he stopped right in front of the door. "Hi um, is Jessie up yet?"

"Oh yeah, she hogged the bathroom for twenty minutes earlier," Danny replied as she headed over to the sofa.

"Just twenty minutes? Is she sick?" James asked.

Danny stared at him with wide eyes, "okay, how long is she usually in there?"

"Well normal morning stuff, half an hour. That and a shower, forty five minutes. Bath instead, two hours," James replied. Danny raised an eyebrow. "Don't say anything dirty, don't you dare. I don't check what she's doing, she mentioned it."

"Uh huh," Danny muttered. "She has been acting differently lately, haven't you noticed?"

"Kind of, um..." James replied as he put a hand over his forehead. "It's since New Earth, she's..."

Danny frowned, "are you all right?"

"Yeah, just a headache. Doc said I should have stayed overnight, but I didn't," James replied. He moved his hand away with a frown, "what was I saying?"

"Um, Jess has been different since New Earth," Danny said.

"Oh yeah, I thought she told you. At least I think it's because of that," James said.

Danny shrugged, "no not exactly. Yeah she's been a bit different since, but it's recently. So what happened?"

"Well practise relationship turned into the proper one. I thought Jess told you," James replied.

"Oh, about time you admitted that it was one. It was such a lame excuse if you ask me," Danny muttered as she walked towards the bathroom.

"What do you mean, excuse?" James asked.

Danny glanced back, "it isn't rocket science. If you guys decided to admit, or sorry upgrade your relationship to *real* then you should know already." She stepped through the door.

James leaned against the wall, he put a hand over his forehead again.

"This is where somebody like the doc would say 'I told you to stay in Sickbay'," Jessie said as she entered the room.

James quickly lowered his hand, "what?"

Jessie shook her head, "let me guess. Doc was actually still treating you when you decided to leave."

"It's only a little headache, no need to go to red alert," James said.

Jessie pouted, "I'm sorry, I don't know how bad you were after the fight. I just..."

James sighed, he headed towards her, "sorry, I didn't mean to sound all snappy."

"Well um," Jessie said as she glanced around. "Did Danny go?"

"No, bathroom," James replied. "Are you ready?"

Jessie shrugged, "as ready as I'll ever be to go to work." They both headed towards the main door.

The Bridge:

Chakotay stepped out of the turbolift. Tom glanced back at him briefly. "So how is our mighty captain?"

"She wasn't crying so don't worry," Chakotay muttered.

"So we've got no shortage of coffee then," Tom sniggered.

"Funny," Chakotay groaned. "She's not just about coffee, you know."

The other turbolift door opened, Kathryn stepped out. "Chakotay, can you get our new cleaner to gather up the granules from the broken jar. Can't let it go to waste."

Chakotay closed his eyes while Tom glanced back at him smirking. "No problem," Chakotay said. He headed over to the Tactical station.

Meanwhile:

James and Jessie were standing inside a turbolift. The doors opened. Jessie pressed a button on the side panel, the doors shut again. "Well this is my stop." She stepped closer to kiss him on the cheek.

"Maybe see you at dinner?" James said.

Jessie smiled, "sure."

"I'll pick you up here then," James said. He leaned in closer to kiss her on the cheek too, she moved a little so he'd get the lips. "So glad you closed the door, I didn't do a distraction."

"Didn't stop you the last time in the Mess," Jessie said with a grin. She pressed the button the panel, the doors opened. "See you later." She walked out into the bridge.

The doors closed again on their own. James cringed as he placed both hands on the side of his face. "Damn," he groaned as he sat down slowly.

In: "Tuvok to all Security personnel, report to Cargo Bay One."

James lifted his head and sighed, "ugh great."

Cargo Bay One:

Tuvok stood nearby the doors while all of the Security guys and girls were standing in front, and facing him.

"It must be that time of the uh... day of the fortnight," Thompson said with a shrug.

"What? What's this all about?" Sid questioned.

"Every fortnight a new team gets sent to patrol Deck Thirteen, for a fortnight," Thompson replied. "It's swap over time, fingers crossed." Foster nodded his head in agreement.

"Oh yeah, let's hope we get our turn today," Sid said.

Tuvok started pacing back and forth, "Team One will take over Deck Thirteen duty from today."

"Oh yeah," Sid giggled.

"Team leaders should collect their schedule PADDs from me, and get right back to work," Tuvok said. A few members of the group headed towards him, he started handing out PADDs.

Sid rubbed his hands together in glee, "this should be a fun two weeks."

"Everyone but Mr Taylor and Collie are dismissed," Tuvok said. Everyone but James and Sid headed out of the bay.

"What's up?" James asked.

"You two are swapping jobs for two weeks," Tuvok replied.

Sid's eyes widened, "but I wanna go to thirteen."

James sighed, "why can't you get someone else to replace him?"

"After yesterdays incident, I believe you are the best person to be down there," Tuvok replied.

James raised an eyebrow just briefly, he cringed a little. "Great," he muttered.

"You had better join Thompson and Foster in weapons locker four. Every team member on that deck must be armed with a level three rifle," Tuvok said.

"All right," James sighed. He walked out of the bay. Sid pouted his lips before following him.

"Mr Collie," Tuvok said. "I need to run through everything with you about the office work."

Sid sighed, "ok, no fair."

The Bridge:

"Sooo," Danny said to her console-mate, as she turned her chair around. "Have you got something to tell me?"

Jessie glanced at her with her eyes narrowed, "really not. I already explained."

"No, are you two all 'get a roomy' with or without being uncomfortable, or is it too awkward to do anything?" Danny asked.

"As usual that's none of your business," Jessie replied.

"Well James doesn't think so. He told me you two had finally admitted to each other that you're really dating. You know, instead of all that crap about practising," Danny said.

"Danny, I've got some advice for you," Jessie said. "Get a life."

Weapons Locker Four:

Thompson took a rifle from the wall, he rested it on one arm and started aiming it around the room. Foster meanwhile was fiddling with the controls on his.

"Change of plans boys," James said as he walked over to them. "I'm with you losers for two weeks."

"Losers. We're not the ones who try to rape our girlfriends," Thompson said. He glanced at Foster with a frown, "ok he is, he doesn't even have one."

James looked uncomfortable as he looked away. "Ok, rifle me."

Foster walked over to Thompson's side, he passed him a glare before taking another rifle off the wall. Thompson gave him a glare back, "fine, take the rapist's side." He stormed off.

Foster held out the second rifle, "it's ok, I made sure he didn't tell anyone. Try to ignore him, he obviously wanted an excuse to insult you."

"It's ok, I was expecting it," James said.

"I'm sure he'll change his style in a day or so," Foster said.

"Ohno, I doubt that," James muttered. He reached out to get the rifle. "He's finally got something worth insulting ab..." he said as he got a hold of it. His eyes widened, he gasped then dropped the rifle on the floor.

"Woah, are you..." Foster stuttered.

James swallowed hard, "I don't know." He knelt down to pick the rifle back up, shaking a little. He stood back up eyeing it.

"We'd better go anyway. I just hope it's quiet like the last time we were there," Foster said as he headed away.

"Yeah," James quietly said.

Later

Deck Thirteen:

James, Thompson and Foster were walking down a corridor. Thompson was walking ahead, the others were walking behind him.

"Looks like there's no vampires so far. Maybe we should leave him here just in case, and we can go and skive," Thompson said, glancing back at Foster.

"Sounds like a plan, sort of," Foster said.

Thompson stopped, "great, why don't we stick around here." He dumped his rifle onto the ground.

Foster lowered his own, "sure thing."

James rolled his eyes, "why don't we look around the whole deck first."

"Do what you like," Thompson muttered. He started smirking, "I hope for your sake Jessie said that."

"Thompson, leave it," Foster said.

James shook his head, "it's ok." He glanced at Thompson, "I'd advice for the rest of the day, you keep your mouth shut."

"You're a psycho, always remember that," Thompson grumbled. "If you want to cover the whole deck, go ahead. We'll be here."

"All right," James muttered. He started to walk passed him, Thompson moved slightly so he was more in his way. He groaned as he pushed him lightly out of the way, and continued on. He stopped when he was about two metres away.

"And you're an ass, we're a great team," Foster said. He turned around and walked back the way they came.

"Jeez what's the matter with you. You know he deserves it," Thompson grumbled. He turned to look in James' direction, "haven't you got somewhere else to be?"

James slowly turned back around as Thompson glanced over at Foster. He failed to notice him come back over to him.

Foster was about to turn the corner, "I need a new team, god." He jumped at the sound of something hitting the wall. He glanced back around, his eyes widened, "oh woah oh, no no."

"See psycho," Thompson muttered. He was now against the wall, James was holding him there. He grabbed him by the throat, then threw him against the opposite wall.

Foster quickly stepped forward to pick up the rifle he dropped. "Ok, no more fights," he said as he raised it. James stared at the rifle, then up at Foster's face. He stepped forward slowly, Foster purposely fired the phaser at the floor nearby. "Don't. Just calm down."

James eyed the rifle again, he kicked it out of his hands and continued towards him. Foster backed off slowly, but James just walked straight passed him. Foster rushed over to Thompson, who was unconscious. He glanced back at James who had just stopped.

"What?" he said quietly. He turned back around slowly, with wide eyes and a look of shock on his face. "What just..."

Foster looked confused, "you just attacked us."

James cringed again, this time he just put one hand on the side of his head. He dropped the rifle he had, and turned back around. He ran off down the corridor.

"Great, thirteen hasn't changed," Foster muttered to himself. He heard Thompson groan as he started to wake up. "Hey, are you ok?" All he got for a reply was a small groan. "Told you to just leave it."

The Bridge:

"Well?" Kathryn said as Chakotay made his way over to her.

He sat down in his chair, "most of the jar is safely in a new one."

Kathryn rested in her chair, "oh good." She stared at him intently.

He frowned, "what? Oh." He brought out a jar and handed it to her.

She brought it to her chest. "Oh thank god. I won't ever let a vampire hurt you again, I swear."

Chakotay stared at her with wide eyes, "thank god coffee can't date."

Jessie walked passed the two, glancing at Kathryn briefly, "god, get a room will you."

"Hey, we weren't," Chakotay grumbled.

Jessie stopped nearby the turbolift near opps, "no, I was talking about Janeway and the coffee."

"I would, but it has a hole in it," Kathryn said. She pulled a face and glanced back at her, "er I mean, you can talk missy."

"Yes Jess, go get a room," Danny giggled from the helm.

"Uh ookay," Jessie muttered. She glanced in the direction of the turbolift, "come on air, let's get a room. We can't let our secret relationship come out now."

Kathryn gasped, "what, an affair? This is going straight in your file and I'm so going to tell everyone." She got up and headed for the Ready Room.

Chakotay tried to keep a straight face as he stood back up, "looks like just looking at coffee makes her go now."

"Mmm hmm," Jessie said. She sighed, "so why is there a hole in the wall anyway? There better be a good reason for me having to share a console with Danny most of the day."

"If the rumours are correct, that was a result of James trying to be heroic," Danny replied. "It was only Janeway anyway, not worth it."

Jessie's eyes widened a little, "please tell me somebody else went through it, not him."

"I would, but that would be lying," Chakotay sheepishly said. "Oh and just because Janeway is nearly always far gone, doesn't mean she was not worth saving. I would have done it myself."

"Yeah, but you're sleeping with her," Danny said. "What's James' excuse?"

Chakotay glared at her, "I'm not, and second of all..."

Jessie rolled her eyes, "so he went flying through a wall, what else happened? I didn't think it was that bad."

"Dunno, I was skiving at the time," Danny muttered.

"Jessie don't worry, the Doctor treated him and well if it helps, he did sort of win," Chakotay said. Jessie put one hand on her hip and changed her stare to a glare. "Um, I didn't see the whole thing. Both of them were pretty battered, they just kept throwing punches and stuff. He was already looking pretty bad when he arrived on the bridge."

"Sort of win?" Jessie muttered.

"Um, what was his name? Oh yes Frenit, he and one other beamed to a hidden ship," Chakotay said.

"Oh right, he had a hell of a fight with Frenit? That's just great. He got seriously beaten up just to save Janeway, and he didn't kill him," Jessie said. "Yes, that was worth it."

Chakotay groaned, "Jessie, you really should calm down. It was worth it, if he hadn't of turned up god knows what would have happened to Janeway. Plus once he had finished with her, he would have went to other people."

Kathryn stepped out of the Ready Room. "You're not really cheating, cos if you are I'm telling James."

Jessie groaned, "oh my god. Tell the whole bridge why don't you."

"You slutty little bitch, how could you," Kathryn grumbled. She stormed back into the Ready Room.

"Ok, I worded that wrong," Jessie said.

Chakotay shook his head, "I'll handle it, just promise me you won't give him a hard time for this." He headed towards the Ready Room.

Danny moved away from the helm as another guy came over, "yeah, there's plenty of people onboard who can do that."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Jessie asked.

Danny walked over to join her, "well you know."

"No I don't," Jessie said.

"Mostly everybody onboard knows that he attacked you. Not many know how though," Danny said.

"Well everybody better keep their mouths shut or they'll lose something. If they haven't got one, hair will be ripped out instead," Jessie muttered.

Danny frowned, "uh Jess, I wouldn't. Remember, they'd only do so for your sake."

"Then it's only fair that I sort it out," Jessie said, smiling in a fake sweet way.

"You're still protective of him after what he did? You're not in the slightest bit mad, or weird around him?" Danny questioned.

"Sorry to disappoint you," Jessie replied.

Danny shook her head, "sorry Jess but this isn't like you."

"What are you talking about?" Jessie asked.

"No offense but you've gotten, how can I put it? A little soft," Danny replied.

"Uh no I haven't," Jessie said.

"You have, ask anyone. For a few months now you've been letting James get away with everything. You've got to admit, he's been upsetting you a lot lately," Danny said.

"Oh god, not this again," Jessie groaned. She beckoned her head towards the Conference Room, then she headed towards it. Danny sighed and she followed. As soon as they walked in Jessie turned around to face her again. "Twice is not a lot, and technically both were not even his fault."

"Give me a break Jessie, it's..." Danny said.

"Ok, shush, it's my turn to talk here," Jessie snapped. "Or should I say moan and stick my nose in my business. I'm really sick of these conversations where you and Ian accuse me of being soft, or just crazy. I'm very aware that he did something wrong, and it's not like we've gotten straight back to the way we are. I'm still living with you for one thing."

"It's still a little fast," Danny muttered.

"My god, where have you been for the last twelve, nearly thirteen years? Huh?" Jessie said. "Every time James and I fought, we'd make up very quickly. How is this any different than any of the other fights?"

"Well that's easy, nothing he did in those was as bad as what he did this week," Danny replied.

"Fine, I'll give you that, but you're forgetting something. I was never mad at him, and not long afterwards I was wanting to see him again. That's probably a good thing considering that he's the type that'll beat himself up over something small, let alone something as big as this," Jessie said.

"I guess that's true, he still would despite... It still doesn't change the fact that..." Danny said.

"Despite? Despite what exactly?" Jessie asked, folding her arms.

"Look Jess, the only reason I'm not 100% with you on this, is that I'm worried about your safety," Danny replied. "You saw what happened with Tom because of that chip thing in his head. I ignored that and his recent *I'm better than everyone* attitude mainly cos I didn't think he would hurt you. And of course what did he do? Now I'm worried he's going to lose his temper some time, and then you'll be wishing you had listened to me."

"Oh my god," Jessie groaned. "One drunken mistake and listen to what his so called best friends are saying. It's really a good thing that I care about him or he wouldn't have many friends left."

"Oh come on Jessie, it's not like that. He has changed recently. Ian's right, finding out that he's a Slayer changed him," Danny said.

Jessie smiled and shook her head, "I can't believe I'm hearing this."

"Don't get me wrong Jess, I do still like the guy, when he's his usual self," Danny said.

"Do you realise how hard it probably was for him, finding out that he's one of few people in the galaxy that has to risk their own asses to fight vamps, and probably other things? Or find out that he'll probably be killed in a fight before he was thirty? Or that he has to keep the amount of people he loves to a minimum because some idiots couldn't be assed to find him and train him?" Jessie grumbled. "And I bet actually being stabbed to death a month or so ago, beaten to a bloody pulp yesterday or being in a coma for two months wasn't fun for him either."

Danny closed her eyes and gently shook her head, "Jess, I..."

Jessie stepped closer to her, "you don't do you? You just think that it's some gift that he's strong, athletic etc... It's not, he sees it as a curse, and I don't blame him. I bet you didn't know that nearly every night he'd have nightmares about dying or not being able to save other people from that. Of course you don't."

"Cos he doesn't tell us," Danny muttered.

"I wonder why," Jessie said coldly. "You have some nerve to call yourself his friend. You're too quick to judge and turn against him. And you say he's changed ever since finding out he's a Slayer, and don't even think about what you're saying. Maybe next time you keep your comments to yourself, or maybe even think before opening your mouth." She walked out of the room.

Danny sighed before turning around to follow her.

"Chakotay, if James comes by tell him I'm not hungry, and that Danny's a bitch. He'll know what it means," Jessie muttered as she stepped into the turbolift.

Chakotay frowned, "how, I don't." He glanced over at Danny. "Do you?" She just sighed again, looking uncomfortable.

Sickbay:

The Doctor was working on his computer in the office, happily singing along to some opera tune. Kes walked in but stayed by the doorway, "Doctor?" He didn't hear her. "Doctor!"

He glanced at her briefly, he pressed a button on the computer. The music stopped. "What is it?"

"It's my lunch break," she said.

"Oh that's fine," the Doctor said.

Kes nodded, "when I get back, can you turn it down a little?"

"The music isn't that loud," the Doctor said.

"Yeah but your singing is," Kes said with a shrug. She turned to leave.

The Doctor frowned, he got back to work. He heard the main door opening again, and the sound of footsteps coming closer. "Please state the nature of the medical emergency," he said.

"I was hoping you'd tell me," James said.

The Doctor looked up at him, "you have a nerve coming back so soon. I told you to stay overnight."

"I probably should have yeah, but I spent two months in here once," James said. "Never again."

The Doctor sighed as he climbed out of his chair. "I see. Now what are the symptoms?"

"Really painful headaches, loss of concentration," James replied. "I touched a rifle and I freaked."

"Freaked?" the Doctor said with a raised eyebrow.

James shrugged, "I dunno, it just gave me the creeps. I don't know why."

The Doctor frowned, "hmm, that's weird. I'll get a tricorder." He walked around him then headed for the medical tray.

"That's not even the worst part," James said. He turned around, "I was with Thompson and Foster on Deck Thirteen patrol, and I spaced out. One second I was walking down the corridor, the next I was going the other way and Thompson was hurt. Foster said I attacked him."

The Doctor made his way back over to him, holding a tricorder. "How come I wasn't called by Foster or Thompson then? Are you sure?"

"I don't know, maybe I just stunned him with the rifle," James replied. "Though I didn't have it afterwards. I must have dropped it."

"You did hit your head quite hard yesterday, that would explain your headaches and possibly your loss of concentration," the Doctor said as he opened the tricorder. "I don't understand the other symptoms though." He raised the tricorder and started scanning. He failed to notice him twitching and glancing away from it. "Hmm." He finally noticed, "please hold still."

"Ok there's the hmm, you found something so..." James muttered.

The Doctor stopped scanning with a frown on his face, he seemed a little calmer as a result. He slowly started to scan again. "I haven't, that's what the hmm is about."

"Well it's not going to suddenly find something," James muttered, still fidgeting. He knocked the tricorder out of his hands. The Doctor knelt down to pick it back up. "Oh, sorry. I don't know why I..."

"It's all right," the Doctor said as he straightened up. "I know you'd probably not like it but can you lie down on the biobed, we'll use the scanner there." He walked over to the medical tray to put down the tricorder. As he did so James reluctantly sat down on the nearest biobed. "Your concussion must have been worse than I thought, I'm sure I treated it though."

James lay down on the biobed as the Doctor made his way back over. He fiddled with the station on the foot of the bed. "Maybe you gave me the wrong drugs," James said.

The Doctor shook his head, "I'd never make that mistake. I'll begin the scan."

"I was kidding, I know bad joke," James muttered. The scanner thing moved over him. He grew uncomfortable again. The Doctor didn't notice as he worked at the little station.

"Hmm, interesting," the Doctor said to himself.

"Ok ok, whatever. Hurry it up," James stuttered as he put a hand on the scanner.

The Doctor frowned, "what's the matter?" He glanced down at the station, it started beeping.

James closed his eyes tightly, another hand grabbed a hold of the scanner. His breathing started to go slow and heavy, "switch it off."

"What? I haven't finished yet," the Doctor said. He glanced back up at him.

"Just get it off!" he snapped back.

"All right, stay calm," the Doctor said. He continued working at the station.

James tightened his grip on the scanner, it broke apart and then it opened up on it's own. He quickly climbed off the biobed. "Ok, no more scans and I won't hurt you."

"You can't," the Doctor said. He walked closer to him, "try to stay calm."

"Just, no more scans ok," James stuttered.

"Ok no more," the Doctor said as he slowly reached out to get a hypospray. James moved forward to knock the whole medical tray over. The Doctor quickly got a hold of his arm to stop him getting away, but a little push ended that. "James stop it, I'm only trying to help you."

"Bull, you just think I'm a thing, a science experiment," James snapped as he backed away from him. He started shaking a little, he cringed and moved his left hand up to his forehead. "What are you doing to me?"

The Doctor walked over to him slowly, "I'm trying to help you, remember."

"No, you just want to stick needles and stuff into me, you're just..." James stuttered. He noticed the Doctor coming closer, so he quickly went into the office. "Stay the hell away from me!"

"I don't want to hurt you ok. You came in here cos you were sick," the Doctor said calmly.

"I wasn't until you came along," James muttered. He closed his eyes tightly, this time both hands went up to his head. "Son of a bitch, what did you do!" he yelled as he picked up the computer on the desk. He threw it at the glass divider, it smashed on impact.

"Computer, level ten forcefield around my office," the Doctor said.

"Acknowledged," the computer responded.

The Doctor closed his eyes, "fill the air inside the forcefields with sedatives." He tapped his commbadge, "Sickbay to Janeway, you'd better get down here."

In: "On my way."

He watched as James very slowly got weaker, and calmer. After about ten minutes or so he collapsed. The Doctor walked over to the main station in the middle of the room, "good god, that was enough to take down a few elephants." He shook his head as he walked over to the biobed, then eyed the station. "I don't understand, what's wrong?" he said to himself.

Sickbay:

Kathryn stood by the broken glass beside the desk, she looked over at Kes who was working on the wall panel nearby. The Doctor headed over to them as Kathryn glanced down at the mess uneasily.

"Well, what's wrong with him?" she asked.

The Doctor walked passed her to stand beside Kes. "The Doctor screwed up," she replied.

He groaned, "I did not screw up."

"What do you mean Kes?" Kathryn asked.

The Doctor sighed, "the treatment I did yesterday to treat the concussion, somehow it reactivated the chip Seska put in his head."

"But that thing turned him evil last time, did he?" Kathryn said.

"No, it was nothing like that," the Doctor replied.

"No one is controlling the chip surely, so why is there a problem?" Kathryn said.

"That's what we thought," Kes said.

"I don't understand, what did he..." Kathryn muttered.

"He had one hell of a panic attack, so to speak. The chip, it's making him see things through hallucinations, hearing things that are not there," the Doctor said. He glanced down at the broken glass, then back at one of the biobeds. "All this, he thought I was trying to hurt him."

"Doc," Kes sighed.

"All right. I did a scan of his brain and the chip itself. The chip is helping him bring back a repressed memory. Obviously attacking Thompson, reacting to scans and hyposprays, the rifle, the things he said. The repressed memories usually are traumatic ones, and since one of the functions of the chip is to alter his vision and hearing, senses..."

"It may explain his odd behaviour over the last few months," Kathryn mumbled.

"It's possible," the Doctor said.

Kathryn sighed, "so what do we do?"

"Well I can't remove the chip, it's too deeply imbedded in his brain. I'd risk brain damage if I did anything," the Doctor said. "The only thing we can do is deactivate it."

"Yes until the next time he gets into a fight and hits his head. You'll just do the same thing again," Kes said shaking her head. "It'll just happen again. Anyway judging by the things he reacted to; the rifle, scanners, it has to be something recent, so worth investigating."

"Worth investigating? He's dangerous like this, both to the crew and himself," the Doctor said.

"If we uncover the memory, the chip shouldn't affect him the same way. It'll just get reactivated again anyway," Kes said.

"The only way that would happen is if I did the same thing again. As I'd be aware of it I'd just deactivate it straight away," the Doctor said. "Besides it's probably a childhood memory, memory repressing takes years."

"Sounds right. His father was a monster, he went through a lot. If it's something recent then we'd know about it," Kathryn said.

"Exactly. Why bring back a traumatic memory that he'd probably keep to himself," the Doctor muttered.

"You're exaggerating, he wouldn't hurt everyone, one or two maybe. But this could happen again to him or someone else, I mean what happened to him," Kes said.

"I told you, there's no way he could have repressed a traumatic experience in just one and a half years," the Doctor said. "Captain, the chip should be deactivated."

"Captain we'll never know what hurt him if we do," Kes said. "We can do it after finding out."

"I agree with the Doctor," Kathryn sighed.

"Isn't it his decision anyway, he'll agree with me," Kes muttered.

"She's right, keep me informed either way," Kathryn said. She headed back out of the room.

"Why are you acting like this Kes?" the Doctor asked.

"I just think that you're doing this all wrong Doctor," Kes replied.

"This will be for his own good, you didn't even see the way he was acting. I really doubt anybody would want the memory of whatever caused it back," the Doctor said. He headed back towards James' biobed.

Kes followed him until he went through the forcefield. "Look Doctor you said he thought you were trying to hurt him, and he reacted to scanners and other technology. I somehow doubt that the memory is about his abusive father."

"I know, but it's less likely to have been something recent. The Captain said that we'd know about it if it were recent, and she's right," the Doctor said.

"All right, whatever," Kes sighed, folding her arms. "With the forcefield is that really necessary?" she asked as she eyed the restraints around James' wrists and legs.

"Just in case he wakes up during a scan or something," the Doctor replied. He picked up a tricorder, and started scanning him as he tossed his head and lightly struggled against the arm restraints. "He'll probably wake up soon," he glanced back at Kes.

She frowned, "what's he..."

"Kes, I know you're worried about him but it's for the best," the Doctor said softly.

"I guess so," Kes said. She tilted her head to the side, "he's awake."

The Doctor glanced back down at James who was looking around, all confused. "What am I doing here?"

The Doctor sighed, "you got a little violent, remember? You freaked again."

"I don't remember," James said.

"It's all right, I'm fixing it now," the Doctor said.

James looked down at the restraints, "what's this?"

"Sorry I had..." the Doctor said. James started struggling, his eyes widened. "It's ok, I've got everything under control."

"Let me go," James said almost like a growl.

"I can't, not yet," the Doctor said.

James tried to sit up quickly, which startled him. "What are you doing, let me go now!" he screamed. He clenched his fists as he lay back down, "leave me alone, please let me go."

The Doctor opened up the tricorder he had, "I don't understand, there was nothing to react to."

"What about the restraints," Kes muttered.

James pulled one hand out of the restraints easily, he leaned over to get his other hand out. The Doctor quickly picked up a hypospray. By the time he got back to him James had gotten his legs free. He leapt off the biobed. The Doctor quickly tried to go closer, James pushed him away from him. He stumbled through the forcefield, making him drop the spray and tricorder.

"Try to stay calm, we're here to help you," he said calmly.

"Then why tie me up, why do you..." James snapped. He cringed in pain, then put his hands against his head. "No, just stop it... stop!" He leaned against the wall, and more or less dropped onto his knees.

"Told you," Kes sighed. The Doctor glanced at her with an annoyed expression on his face. He glanced back towards James, who had his hands placed firmly on the ground, head hanging low. He moved slightly so he was sitting instead of kneeling, and put one hand across his face, muttering quietly to himself.

The Doctor knelt down in front of him so he could hear what he was saying, "what?"

"I'm sorry," James said quietly into his hand. "I'm not, I don't mean. I try..."

"What, what are you sorry about?" the Doctor gently asked, placing a hand on his arm.

James lifted his head, "what?" He looked around, "did it happen again?"

"Yes, I take it you don't remember," the Doctor replied.

"Sorry," James said.

"No it's all right, you're sick. It's my fault, I accidentally reactivated the chip during your treatment," the Doctor said.

"Can you deactivate it?" James asked.

"Yes, very..." the Doctor replied.

Kes butted in, "before you decide to do that, you should know one thing. The chip's trying to bring back a repressed memory."

"Kes, there's no point in telling him that," the Doctor said.

"Repressed memory? You're saying this is why I keep..." James said.

"Yes and if we deactivate the chip we won't find out what happened, and it could happen again," Kes said.

The Doctor sighed, "not really, if I did do it again I'd notice and fix it."

"I don't get it, why would I just repress one memory. There's plenty more I could have done," James said.

"It's up to you though, do you want the chip deactivated now or after you get the memory back?" Kes asked.

"Why would I want it back? I have a lot of repressible memories, why on earth would I want one that I worked to get rid of?" James asked.

Kes sighed, "if you do then the chip shouldn't prey on it next time it's reactivated. Also if it happened recently, it'll probably happen again."

"I told you there's a very low chance that it did," the Doctor groaned.

James sighed as he placed his head in one hand again, "no, just shut it off."

"But James, from the way you were acting it must have been a traumatic one," Kes stuttered.

"Yes, now I'm convinced," James sarcastically said.

"I know, but you don't want this happening to someone else, or to you again," Kes said.

"Doc's right, it can't be a recent memory. I don't want to cause anymore bother," James said.

"But..." Kes said.

"No," James groaned into his hand. "Switch it off."

"I'll have to sedate you to do that, we don't want you reacting again," the Doctor said. He glanced over at Kes, she sighed and nodded her head.

Danny's Quarters:

Danny slowly stepped into the living area, glancing around. "Jess, where are you?" She headed towards the nearest door then stepped inside. Her face turned a shade paler, eyes widened slightly as she looked around an empty bedroom.

"Computer, locate Jessie Rex," she said.

The computer responded, "Jessie Rex is in Danny Scott's quarters."

"Uh no she's not," Danny muttered. She then spotted a commbadge lying on the bed. "Never mind."

Meanwhile

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie stepped out of one of the bedrooms, then headed over to the sofa. She collapsed onto it as the main doors opened. James walked in, he stopped dead as he spotted Jessie.

"Jess, what are you doing here?" he asked.

Jessie quickly sat up, "what, it's my quarters too still you know."

"I know, it's just you're usually at work at this time," James said.

Jessie folded her arms, "well so are you."

"That's true, more or less," James said.

"You were late meeting me before," Jessie said.

"Oh," James said. "Sorry there was a..." He was interrupted by the door chime. "Yeah?"

The doors opened again, Kes stepped inside. "Ok, how are you doing?"

"Um, I saw you just about five minutes ago," James muttered.

Kes smiled nervously, "yeah I know that. I just want to talk to you about our little problem."

Jessie looked confused, "uh, what problem?"

"It's ok, there really isn't a problem anymore," James replied.

Kes made her way over to him, "you don't know that. You said that you have a lot of memories you'd rather forget, and I figured what's so special about the one you forgot?"

"Kes, it's too late now. The chip's off so there's no point in trying to convince me," James said.

"Ok, when will I get told what's going on?" Jessie asked.

"The memory's still there, there are ways to get it back. It won't be as easy with the chip deactivated, but not impossible," Kes said.

"Why would I want it back? Like I said, I have plenty of traumatic and sucky memories already," James muttered.

"Ookay," Jessie said with a raised eyebrow. "So far I've got chip and memory, not seeing any connection."

"A traumatic repressed memory was being played on by the chip in his head," Kes quickly said. "Which I'm sorry, seems too convenient to me."

"Right, I'm not any clearer," Jessie said.

"Well nothing she said there made sense to me so don't worry about it," James said.

Jessie folded her arms as she made her way over. "So, can you explain it or should I wait till later?"

"The Doctor accidentally reactivated the chip that turned me evil. Instead it's trying to bring back a memory I repressed," James replied. He turned to Kes, "and convenient, how does that word fit?"

"Oh you can do that, can you repress some ones I pick out for you?" Jessie asked. James turned back to her with a very confused look on his face. "Well there's the Christmas play with me in the dress thing, just a few days ago with my mood swings and um... I'll get back to you."

"How are those traumatic?" James asked.

"They were for me," Jessie replied. "First one was anyway, other one was embarrassing."

"Anyway, seriously," Kes butted in.

Jessie glanced between the two. "Seriously?" They both nodded their heads. "Oh, so you're just suddenly remembering, stuff?"

"Oh that's not the problem," James replied.

"Yeah, he doesn't remember what he does. He freaks out over scans and stuff, threw and broke things, hit Thompson and yelled at the doc," Kes said.

"Sounds like fun, mostly," Jessie said.

"It's really not," James said.

"I know it's not. I just think that the chip is using this repressed memory for a reason," Kes said.

Jessie frowned, "how?"

"Well James said that he has lots of bad memories, so why is the chip just preying on the forgotten one? And why is it mainly technology that makes him uh, freak out?" Kes replied.

"It doesn't matter, the chip is off," James groaned as he walked away from the girls. He turned back around, "I've already got a bad reputation lately as it is, so the last thing I need is you reactivating it or something."

"I'm hoping we won't need to. If we find out what the memory was about, the chip won't prey on it, or it shouldn't," Kes said. "Besides I do think this is recent."

"Recent, why do you think that?" Jessie asked.

James groaned, "just because I reacted to tricorders and scanners, oh and the rifle. From the age of three I was being scanned by tricorders on a regular basis."

"Trust me on this. That chip was in you for months before Seska started using it, how come this never happened once before it was switched off?" Kes questioned.

"But I couldn't have just forgotten a memory like that in just a few months," James said.

Kes smiled and folded her arms in victory. "Exactly, isn't that strange?"

"Ok, there's no need to be so smug about it," Jessie muttered.

"So what do you suggest we do about it now?" James asked.

Later:

Jessie stood nearby one of the doors, fidgeting slightly. "So what do I do?"

James walked over to stand in front of her. "Go for a walk, just be anywhere but here."

"But why?" Jessie asked.

"If I freak out again, I don't want you around," James replied.

"I thought that was a chip thing," Jessie said.

"I said if didn't I. Please, I'll let you know when it's all over," James said.

Jessie sighed, "all right." She glanced in Kes' direction, "I want him back in one piece mind."

Kes smiled as she sat down nearby the sofa, "don't worry, he will be."

"You heard me right," Jessie said, glancing back at James.

"I'll try," he said.

"Will you try and repress the memory of the Christ..." Jessie whispered to him.

"I'll try, but it'll be hard for me too," James replied. "I thought you looked really cute in that dress," he whispered.

Jessie's eyes narrowed, "repress it." James smiled and he leaned in to kiss her on the cheek. She immediately softened up, "ok, I gotta go. Good luck." She stepped out of the room.

"My god, you got away with saying she was cute in a dress," Kes said.

"What, it's not like I said she should wear dresses more often," James said as he walked over. He knelt down opposite her, "that would be suicide."

"Well, are you ready?" Kes sighed.

"No, I'm never ready," James replied.

Kes held out both of her hands, "ok, we need to hold hands during this."

"Oh, I just thought you wanted a hi-five or money," James said.

Kes smiled and shook her head, "there will be no sarcasm during this, ok."

Sickbay:

Kathryn shook her head in disbelief, she turned her back on the Doctor. "So what exactly are you trying to tell me?"

"I'm not entirely sure Captain," the Doctor replied.

"Are you saying that chip was active the entire time he had it?" Kathryn questioned.

"Yes but I looked over the scans that I made before deactivating it the first time," the Doctor replied. He turned the computer around just as Kathryn walked over to stand beside him. "There was activity two weeks before the incident with Mr Paris."

"So when Seska used it there was the exact same readings or just similar?" Kathryn asked.

"Unfortunately I don't know, it just was active," the Doctor replied.

"Two weeks, that wasn't long after we returned from New Earth," Kathryn muttered. "I didn't notice anything, how long was it active?"

"I'd say about two hours," the Doctor said.

"I take it you were thinking what I'm thinking now," Kathryn said.

The Doctor nodded his head, "no doubt."

"If it was active the whole time, how come this didn't happen before," Kathryn said quietly to herself. She shook her head, "this was recent, like Kes said."

"Well it's a possibility, we can't be sure. Seska might have been keeping tabs on the chip, and stopped it from exposing itself earlier," the Doctor said.

"No, she wanted him evil and out of control. Why wait?" Kathryn said.

"The questions remaining, what happened and how come he doesn't remember it?" the Doctor questioned.

Kes stepped inside, she headed straight towards the office. "What's going on?"

"I found something interesting in his scans," the Doctor replied. "The chip was active, in use two weeks before the evil incident."

"Oh, that's strange," Kes said.

"He seemed normal though, that's what is confusing me," Kathryn said.

"I have to admit it, I should have listened to you Kes," the Doctor said.

Kes smiled nervously, "yeah, but it's a little late now."

"Not really, we can still investigate. We should check where James was during the time the chip was active, that's a start right," Kathryn said.

"I'm really sure the memory he repressed will tell us what we need to know," Kes said.

"Most likely. We should try something to get it back, without reactivating the chip," Kathryn said.

"That might be difficult, but not impossible," the Doctor said.

Kes looked uncomfortable, "it probably is actually."

"What, difficult or not impossible?" the Doctor questioned.

"Actually impossible," Kes replied.

"We can at least try," the Doctor said. "I figured you'd be the first to agree with me."

"Ok, I do it's just um..." Kes stuttered. "I already tried."

The Doctor and Kathryn stared at her in shock. "And?" Kathryn said quickly.

"And he didn't remember anything," Kes replied.

The Doctor shook his head, "so you just decided to go behind my back?"

"It's all right, I got permission from him before doing it," Kes muttered. "I guess the only way to get the memory back is to activate the chip again."

"Ohno, no way," Kathryn said.

"She's right, however we can still find out where he was at the time, and ask people who saw him," the Doctor said.

"Good, I'll get somebody on it. Can I have the times and date on a PADD?" Kathryn asked.

"Yes Captain," the Doctor replied. He turned back to the wall panel and picked up a PADD.

Kathryn guided Kes out of the office. "Listen Kes, I know you care but you shouldn't do stuff like that without permission from me or the Doctor."

"I'm sorry Captain," Kes said.

"Good, as long as we understand each other," Kathryn said.

"But I know I'm right about this. Something happened to him and the memory was repressed, I know we have to find out to stop it from happening again," Kes said.

"I know but it would be risky to reactivate the chip," Kathryn said.

"I agree," the Doctor said as he handed over the PADD to her. "If we activate it, he'll just freak out again."

"He won't. So far he's only reacted to technology," Kes replied.

"If I allowed this I'd need to be around or have him monitored," the Doctor said.

"Not possible, he'll be fine if there's nothing to remind him," Kes said.

The Doctor sighed, "then I won't allow it, it's too risky."

"Just wait and see what the investigation uncovers," Kathryn quietly said. She headed towards the door.

"Doctor I can do this. Can't you trust me this once?" Kes said.

The Doctor sighed, "I do trust you, it's not about that."

"Then let me do this. Afterwards the chip can stay deactivated," Kes said.

"No, I'm worried about your safety Kes. He thought I was someone else, so friend or not he will probably attack you," the Doctor said.

"He won't. He seemed settled in his quarters, the procedure didn't change him. The memory he gets back shouldn't affect him the same way," Kes said. "Let me do this, I promise I won't let you down."

"Very well, but you do realise that James has to say yes too or you can't," the Doctor sighed.

"I know, he was willing before so he should," Kes said.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

"Hell no," James grumbled as he sat down on the sofa.

"What, why?" Kes stuttered.

"Why do you think? I seem to cause more harm than good around here," James replied.

"That's not true," Kes said.

"Ok one of these days I'm going to stop saying stuff, just to stop people lying to make me feel better," James muttered.

"I'm not, look aren't you curious?" Kes questioned.

"Not enough, and it doesn't matter if everyone onboard was really curious, it's not worth the damage I'll cause," James said.

Kes shook her head as she headed over to sit down beside him. "You won't do any. The only reason this chip is preying on that memory is because it's confusing, and scary as it's forgotten, repressed. If it preyed on the worst memory it probably would have used a one you do remember."

"Look the doc will make sure it doesn't reactivate for long. There's really no point in this," James said.

"Don't you see though, it has to be recent so something is going on that we need to find out," Kes said. "Besides you won't do any damage. The only reason you were um, losing it was because the Doctor was using scanners and hypos."

"What about when I'm getting the memory back?" James questioned.

"You shouldn't, the whole process can't work if you're not calm and relaxed anyway. I really doubt the chip will do anything as all it's been doing is..." Kes replied.

James shook his head, "ok, how long have you practised all of these?"

"I haven't, but I did manage to convince the Doctor," Kes replied, smiling weakly.

"All I want to know is, are you doing all of this because you're my friend, you've been wanting a patient to yourself for ages, or you're really behind this and want me to kill people?" James said with a smirk on his face.

Kes looked away briefly, "oh you caught me."

"Which one, second or third?" James questioned.

Kes smiled, she quickly shook it off. "Ok that's enough, we need to get serious here."

"That's mainly all we've been doing," James muttered.

"I know what I'm doing, I may seem obsessive about it.." Kes said.

"No really? Never noticed," James said with a raised eyebrow.

Kes sighed, "and right now I don't remember why."

James got another smirk on his face, "sorry, go on."

"But that's only because I know it's the right thing to do. Everyone's always telling me to follow my gut, and that's what I'm doing," Kes said.

"All right then," James sighed. Kes frowned in his direction. "I'll do it, I trust you."

Kes smiled, "that's all I wanted, well that and get to the bottom of this."

"You know if this is a memory about Neelix streaking, or accidentally seeing video footage of someone like Janeway in the shower then I'll never trust you again," James said.

"Right noted," Kes said with a giggle.

Later:

James and Kes were sitting on the ground, facing each other and holding each others hands. James had his eyes closed.

"Ok let's focus on the phaser rifle first," Kes said. "Picture it in your head." She took in a deep breath and closed her own eyes, "how does it make you feel?"

"I don't know. Um..." James said, his face frowned. "I feel like it's going to hurt me."

"Keep picturing it in your head. Do you see anything else?" Kes asked.

"Somebody's holding it," James replied. "I see somebody's hands on it."

"Where?" Kes questioned.

James opened his eyes and saw the rifle in his hands, another pair of hands grabbed onto it tightly. He looked up slowly, but the rifle was pulled out his hands. He blinked, Kes was in front of him again.

"One was near the controls, another was..." he replied. He closed his eyes again, he opened them again. The rifle was being held by someone in front of him in a Starfleet uniform, it was being pointed in his direction. He looked up and saw the users face, there was a brief flash of light.

James opened his eyes wide, "oh my god."

"What?" Kes questioned.

"He fired it at me," James replied.

"Who?" Kes asked.

"Tom," James replied.

Kes' eyes also went wide, "you're kidding?"

James shook his head, "no." He closed his eyes.

Two and a half months ago

Deck Thirteen:

Security Team One were going down a corridor holding rifles. Tom and James went down one corridor, Foster and Thompson went down the other corridor.

"I had to get away from that smell, I'd rather take my chances with you," Tom was saying.

"Thanks," James muttered.

Tom walked ahead of him, "I mean when was the last time Foster had a bath?"

"I wouldn't know," James replied.

Tom sighed, "it's nice to be able to breathe properly." He stopped dead. James stopped too.

"Uh Tom, what's the matter?" he asked.

Tom turned around, raising the rifle in his arms so it was pointing right at him. He quickly pressed the fire button, again there was a brief flash of light.

Present day:

Kes stared at him, her mouth was hanging open a little. "Tom shot you? Why would he?"

"Trick question," James said sarcastically.

"I said no sarcasm," Kes muttered. "Ok you hit him a lot, but that doesn't give him an excuse to shoot you." She shook her head, "ok what do you remember after that? Close your eyes again."

James did as he was told. He shook his head slowly. "I don't know. I just remember being on that deck almost all day."

Kes sighed, "all right, maybe the other things you reacted to will help. Picture the medical tricorder in your head. What's the first thing that comes to you?"

Flashback:

The Doctor frowned. He walked around him then headed for the medical tray. James turned around. The Doctor made his way back over to him, holding a tricorder.

He opened the tricorder, raised it and started scanning. James looked at it with fear in his eyes.

Present day:

"I'm afraid of it, I don't know why," he said.

"Are you sure, keep thinking about it," Kes said.

Flashback:

James started twitching and he glanced away from it. The Doctor stopped scanning with a frown on his face, he seemed a little calmer as a result. He slowly started to scan again. He grew angry then knocked the tricorder out of his hands.

Present day:

"I'm not sure. It's the same as the rifle," James muttered.

Kes sighed, "what did the Doctor do next?"

"The surgical bed, the large scanner. He wanted to use that," James replied.

"How did you respond to that?" Kes asked.

Flashback:

The Doctor walked over to the medical tray to put down the tricorder. As he did so James reluctantly sat down on the nearest biobed, he lay down. The scanner thing started to move over him.

It disappeared, instead metal bars went around his wrists and upper arms. Then one moved around his forehead and locked in place.

Present day:

James gasped and opened his eyes, Kes watched him, growing more concerned. "That's not right."

"What, what happened?" she asked.

"The scanner changed into different restraints, I don't remember that.." James replied.

"We might be unlocking the repressed memory," Kes said. "Go back to the scanner, keep thinking about it. How did it make you feel."

James closed his eyes again, "trapped, like it was being used to hold me down."

Flashback:

The Doctor walked around to stand beside him. He still had the restraints around him, he struggled to get free but couldn't. An unfamiliar man walked up to stand beside the Doctor. His forehead and nose was crinkled up, almost like a vampire's.

Present:

James opened his eyes again, "a vampire."

"What, there was a vampire there?" Kes asked.

"I didn't remember that before, that can't be right," James replied.

"No it'll be your mind trying to piece together the memory," Kes said. "We're getting somewhere, go back to the phaser memory. I'll join you this time."

"Join me?" James said.

"I'll connect telepathically, I'll be able to see what you see. It could help bring back the memory properly," Kes said. She closed her own eyes, James did the same.

Two and a half months ago

"Uh Tom.. what's the matter?" James asked.

Tom turned around, raising the rifle in his arms so it was pointing right at him. He quickly pressed the fire button, there was a brief flash of light.

The light started to die down, his eyes tried to open but it was still too strong. He heard men talking in muffled voices. He tried to move his arms, and sit up but the metal restraints held him down. He tried to pull his arms free but he felt a lot weaker than usual and a little dizzy.

"It's awake," a man's voice said.

A dark figure moved up closer, his vision started to clear up then. He heard a different male voice, "good, I was getting sick of waiting. Lets get this one over with."

James' vision finally cleared up. On his right side stood two men, the oldest one was the man he saw earlier. He was in his thirties, with dark eyes and hair. The second man was a lot younger, light hair and soft green eyes. He also had the vampire look like the other man, but appeared less menacing than him.

Unable to move his head from the restraint, he was only able to look straight up at the ceiling, and a little a bit ahead of him. His eyes could only allow him to see only a little bit of what was going on beside him.

"Hand me the needle," the older man commanded. The younger man uneasily handed an advanced needle that was ten centimetres long to him.

"What, what are you doing to..." James slowly said.

The younger man glanced at his companion, he glared at him. "Don't answer, it would be like telling a rifle why you're taking it apart."

He lowered the needle beside James' head, his thumb rested on a small button on the side of it. The needle extended sharply, it went straight through into the side of his forehead. His face grimaced as a sharp excruciating pain went all around his head. He clenched fists as tight as he could, but still didn't have enough energy to pull them out of the restraints.

"Status," the older man barked.

The younger man glanced at a computer nearby, "the chip is two millimetres imbedded, you'll have to..."

"No problem," the older man muttered.

"You got it," the younger man sighed.

"Great," the older man said. He pressed the button on the needle, it went back to normal and he pulled it away. "Now, what should we use this time," he smiled as he joined his partner at the computer.

James tried to open his eyes again but the pain was still there, he could only manage to open them a little. "Let me go," he said weakly.

The older man laughed while his partner again looked uneasy. "I'll never grow tired of this you know. Make sure it's a pretty nasty vision this time."

"You don't have to be so..." the younger man muttered.

The older man quickly butted in, "and why not? It's just a thing, insentient and cares for no one. It's just trying to get our sympathy so it can escape and probably attack us."

"If he cares for no one how have we been able to do these experiments?" the younger man said.

"Just get on with it," the older man growled. The younger man sighed, he pressed in a few commands on the computer.

Present Day:

Kes was now frowning, "it's getting a little blurry."

James didn't answer her, he let go of her hands and put his own in front of his face. Kes looked on in concern, she leaned forward to touch his arm. It seemed to snap him out of it, he widened his eyes and stared at her.

"What happened?" she asked.

"I saw it all. I remember all of it," James muttered. "The visions, they made me see things and..." He climbed onto his feet, "with the chip activated it was so easy for them."

Kes looked up at him, "what was? James what were they trying to do?"

James looked away from her, "exactly what Seska was trying to do, except they had different reasons." He slowly glanced back at her, "they'd make me see something happening to Jessie or... They didn't just do this once, they'd get what they want and do it all over again. I would forget it each time." He shakily sat down on the nearest chair.

Kes stood up slowly, "I'd better tell the Captain."

The Ready Room:

Kathryn stared at Kes with angry trembling eyes. "What?" she almost growled.

"I didn't believe it either when he told me. But when I was telepathically linked with him I saw it all," Kes said.

Kathryn closed her eyes as she tried to calm herself down, "why would anyone experiment on him like a lab rodent?"

"That's not it Captain," Kes uncomfortably said.

"What now, it better not be worse than this," Kathryn grumbled.

"It is, I only told you the basic part of it," Kes said. "It wasn't just once, they did this several times." Kathryn re-opened her eyes and stared at her. "I believe these vampires were trying to find weapons and techniques to kill Evil Slayers."

"But he isn't evil," Kathryn said.

"No, they used the chip to make him evil," Kes quietly said. "Each experiment was a success."

"This can't be," Kathryn stuttered. "You're saying they killed him several times?"

Kes nodded her head, "and brought him back to try out other weapons. That isn't it either."

"Please tell me it has a bloody ending for these people," Kathryn muttered.

"No, but it isn't as bad as the last part," Kes said.

"Ok," Kathryn sighed. She stood up and walked around the desk. "What is it?"

"Somebody on board this ship turned him into them, while he was on patrol on deck thirteen last April," Kes said.

Kathryn turned around so she had her back to her, "who?"

Meanwhile:

One of the main doors opened. James stormed through them, looking around the room as he stood at the doorway. His eyes were wide, he was shaking just lightly and his fists kept on clenching every few seconds. He quickly found his target, Tom and Harry's table at the other side of the room. He marched towards it.

The pair both looked at him as he got within a metre away from the table. "Hey James, what's up? You look like you've witnessed a murder," Tom questioned.

"Just a few," James muttered. He stopped in front of him, he quickly grabbed him by the arms and pulled him up to his feet.

"Ok, I'm not one of them right," Tom stuttered.

Harry stood up on his own. Everyone else in the room stopped what they were doing and turned to watch.

"Why did you do that to me?" James demanded.

Tom looked bewildered, "what are you talking about?"

James grabbed him by the throat. Harry stepped forwards, "no not again." He tapped his commbadge, "Kim to Security." James tightened his grip and lifted Tom up off his feet. He struggled against his grip but couldn't move.

"Just tell me, do you hate me that much to do that to me!?" James yelled at him.

Tom was already starting to turn blue. He just managed to say, "do what? I did..."

"He's holding Tom in the air, by the throat," Harry stuttered into his commbadge.

"But you shot me back on Deck Thirteen patrol, you turned me into them," James stuttered, his shaking got a little more noticeable, especially for Tom.

"Who?" Tom just managed to croak. His face now was purple.

"You know who, stop lying!" James screamed at him, now shaking him roughly.

"Not... swear," Tom croaked.

"James stop, put him down," Jessie's voice called out from the nearby doorway. James glanced at her briefly, then at Tom. She moved closer to him.

"He... no, I was tortured and..." James stuttered.

Jessie placed a hand on one his shaking arms. "Put him down, you're not going to get anything from him if you kill him."

James slowly lowered Tom back to the ground. "I didn't want to," he said as he let go. Tom collapsed to the ground. Harry and another crewmember rushed to help him. "I'm sorry, I just..." He turned to Jessie, "I don't know what I'm doing."

"It's ok, it'll be the chip," Jessie softly said. She took a hold of one of his hands, "why don't we go home."

Tuvok, Thompson, Foster and a really eager looking Sid were heading towards them. "I'm afraid Mr Taylor isn't going anywhere except the brig, again," Tuvok said.

"So what," Thompson muttered. "He only gets straight back out again. Who's he sleeping with?"

James luckily hadn't heard the comment. He had sat down in a nearby chair, with his head in his hands. Jessie however was staring at Thompson in disgust.

"I'm sorry Tuvok, he's sick, he can't help it. Just ask the Doctor and Kes," she said.

"Sick? Jessie you've got to be kidding right?" Harry said in a bewildered tone of voice. "He's not plain sick, he's mentally sick in a psycho killer way."

"First thing I've agreed with all day," Thompson commented. "He needs locking up in one of those loony bins."

Everyone else seemed to agree with him, well except Sid who was looking disappointed. "So I missed it? Damn."

Jessie glanced at everyone with her mouth open in shock. "I don't believe you. He is sick, can't you tell?" She sat down next to James, his shaking was getting worse.

"So he's always sick then," Thompson sniggered.

Jessie flashed him a killer glare that made him cower behind Tuvok. He just raised an eyebrow, "Miss Rex, he is dangerous and needs to be contained."

In: "Janeway to Tuvok."

He tapped his commbadge, "yes Captain?"

In: "Kes has informed me that she activated the chip in Ensign Taylor, and she accidentally left him alone to talk to me. Can you find him and..."

"He's here Captain, he's already attacked Mr Paris," Tuvok said.

In: "Oh good. I mean whatever."

Almost everyone widened their eyes, a few smirked a little while Tuvok raised his second eyebrow. "What was the rest of the order Captain?"

In: "You need to get him to Sickbay, once the Doctor's finished you should take him back to his quarters."

"I recommend a few guards outside his door at all times," Tuvok said.

"Hang on, can't we just deactivate that chip?" Harry questioned.

In: "Not until we solved the mystery. Yes Tuvok that's a good idea, Janeway out."

"Mystery, what mystery?" Thompson muttered.

"If it's the mystery involving the recent Tom attack, can I have it? Easiest case in the history of the galaxy," Foster questioned.

"Then you're probably in for a shock," Jessie muttered. She turned back to James, she gently stroked the side of his face. This caused a few more eyebrows to raise. "I know you said you wanted me away during the investigation, but I want to stick around to help. No arguments ok." James raised his head out of his hands to look at her.

"I don't recommend it. He's attacked you before," Tuvok said.

"Someone needs to keep an eye on him while he's home," Jessie said. She looked up at him, "it won't happen again."

"Then I suggest you be armed at all times," Tuvok said.

Jessie groaned, rolling her eyes, "oh my god, I don't need a weapon."

"Yes you do," James quietly said.

Jessie stared back at him, "no I don't, you won't."

Tuvok stepped forward, "we should discuss this in Sickbay."

Sickbay:

Kathryn, Tuvok and Jessie stood around while Kes and the Doctor scanned and treated James and Tom, respectively. Thompson, Foster and Sid were standing by the door, looking like they were playing Rock, Paper, Scissors.

"I really hope this is the last time I have to treat this injury," the Doctor muttered.

Tom could only manage to croak again, "sorry doc."

"I wasn't talking to you," the Doctor shook his head.

"I thought the theory was that the chip wouldn't affect him if you uncovered the memory," Kathryn said.

Kes sighed, "it shouldn't now, James just had somebody to take the rage or whatever out on."

Jessie rolled her eyes while folding her arms, "I'd like to know who wouldn't have done the same in that situation."

"But why did he go all the way to the Mess, for Tom? Surely there were people on the way he could have picked," the Doctor said.

"Yeah," Tom croaked in agreement.

Kes turned to him, lowering her tricorder, "because the first memory he uncovered was you shooting him."

"No way," Tom shook his head. The Doctor pressed a hypospray into his neck.

"That should help with your voice," he said.

Tom tried to clear his throat but it hurt to do it. "I didn't shoot him," he still croaked. He tried again to clear his throat, "who'd be mad enough to do that?"

"Obviously you, he remembers it," Jessie muttered.

"Human memory isn't always accurate Crewman," Tuvok pointed out.

Kes glanced in his direction, "that maybe true but this one was. That chip was trying to block out two hours worth of memory, all I did was open the door. It is accurate."

Tom widened his eyes and slammed his hand on the biobed, "I'd remember shooting him. I didn't."

Kathryn turned to Tuvok. "Lieutenant can you examine all phaser rifles used on Deck Thirteen, over the last few months."

"You ordered me to escort Mr Taylor to his quarters," Tuvok said.

"Team One can do that," Kathryn said, looking at the crewmembers next to the door.

"What's the point, Sid obviously wants to do it," Foster moaned.

Thompson groaned, "so, I want you to do it. Come on, one more game." The three put a fist behind their backs.

Kathryn sighed, "or another team perhaps."

"It would be best not to assign a team that hold a grudge against him," Tuvok said.

"Good luck with that," James said quietly.

"I'll take him, geez. Kes said there shouldn't be another incident," Jessie said.

"That's true," Kes said.

Kathryn shrugged, "still we'd better be safe than sorry."

Jessie started glaring again, "I'll walk him home, you can put guards outside later if you want."

"Fine, but if something happens," Kathryn sighed.

"Nothing will," Jessie said.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "Captain I highly recommend that she gets a Security officer to accompany her."

"And be armed?" Jessie said, raising an eyebrow exactly like he did.

"Jessie armed, oh boy," Thompson commented. "The only thing she needs is that glare."

Jessie groaned and moved her obviously tired glare over to him. "I can do much more than that you know."

"I don't think she'll need it Lieutenant. No offense but she's more capable than most of Security," Kathryn said.

"Hey, that's not very... oh who are we kidding," Foster moan quickly turned into a mutter.

"Yeah," Thompson nodded. "Who are you kidding."

In: "Chakotay to Janeway. We've found something that'll help the case, you'd better take a look at this."

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "always bossing me around." She tapped her commbadge, "yes Captain!" She marched out muttering to herself.

The Bridge:

"You're in big trouble when she gets here," Harry pointed out.

Chakotay nodded, "I really am. I wish this was good news."

Kathryn marched out of the nearby turbolift, she stopped next to Chakotay. "Well what is it?"

"Sorry I didn't mean to sound bossy or..." he stuttered.

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "look I'm not going to kill you until after I hear the news, so get on with it."

Chakotay nervously stepped away from her, "um, Harry finished the analysis you asked for."

"And?" Kathryn snapped.

"James was on Deck Thirteen at ten hundred and forty two hours, that was the time you specified," Harry said. Kathryn quickly grew an impatient look on her face. "At uh that time there was a slight fluctuation in the shields."

"According to the sensors he was in the same spot for two hours," Chakotay said. "After that the fluctuation ceased."

"Why didn't anybody report the shield malfunction?" Kathryn asked.

"It was only a minor glitch," Harry replied.

"So, where was Tom during all this?" Kathryn muttered.

Harry sighed, "he was with him for about five minutes, then went on his own around the deck, came back to James and they both headed for a meet up with the other team members."

"That's the weird part. The sensors say he was in the exact same spot for that long, and Tom wasn't," Chakotay said.

"Obviously James wasn't really there like the sensors say, it would have been a commbadge," Kathryn said.

Harry nodded, "exactly. Question is if he did get taken, how come Tom didn't report it."

Kathryn glared at him, "because he did it."

Chakotay shook his head, "you can't be sure of that. James hates him, he might not have actually saw who did it and his mind put Tom in to fill the blank."

"He was the only one with him," Kathryn said.

"For five minutes out of two hours," Chakotay said.

"Ok fine whatever, you explain why Tom wandered around for one hour, fifty five minutes on his own and didn't report James supposedly standing around all that time," Kathryn said. Chakotay and Harry glanced at each other nervously.

"They probably had a fight and split for a bit, Tom wouldn't have known what he was doing," Harry said.

Chakotay tried not to laugh, "if those two had a fight, the sensors would say that Tom's signal was standing still for two hours while James' wandered."

"I meant a verbal one only," Harry said.

"Yes but we know the memory loss was two hours, the shield fluctuation was two hours and Tom was around for five of those, right at the beginning," Kathryn said.

"Actually about three and a half," Harry muttered.

"Still, that's enough," Kathryn said. "I'm guessing that he did the shooting, removed the commbadge, contacted the vampires and waited until they transported him. He was told to wander around so if he was seen by the other team members, he could claim what Harry suggested and didn't know where James was. Then he came back just in time for him to return, with no memory of the shooting."

"No, Tom wouldn't do that. Why would he be working for vampires?" Harry said.

"That's what I'd like to know. Obviously Tom holds a grudge for all the fights they've had," Kathryn said.

"Yes I know the two have a history of fights and arguments, but that's a bit extreme isn't it?" Chakotay said.

Kathryn shrugged, "yes but it does explain why James chose Tom to attack when the chip made him evil. The chip was activated so he remembered what he did to him."

"No, that's a bit extreme," Harry muttered. "Tom wouldn't even just shoot him, let alone hand him into vampires for experiments."

"I agree," Chakotay quietly said. "It's not in his nature. Also James admitted that Tom's nosiness and badgering during their conversation was what turned him. Well obviously the chip helped with it but..."

"If you think of a better explanation for all the convenient timings and weird behaviour, let me know. Until then, Tom is the main and only suspect," Kathryn muttered. She walked towards her Ready Room.

Chakotay glanced at Harry, "I take it he never mentioned his activities on Deck Thirteen to you."

"No, nothing really happened down there. Just the usual," Harry said.

"Well I think we should talk to him, see if he remembers walking around on his own for two hours," Chakotay said.

Later, Weapons Storage:

A few Security guys were busy scanning the phaser rifles. Tuvok was holding one like he was waiting. Kathryn walked in, "report."

"I have found evidence of the shooting Mr Taylor claims," Tuvok said. "These rifles in locker one are chosen for Deck Thirteen patrol, not one of them has been fired according to all team's reports at the end of each day. However this one has."

"Can you tell when it was fired?" Kathryn asked.

"Not precisely but I do know it was used at a maximum time of five months ago, minimum two," Tuvok replied.

Kathryn sighed, "who's used it?"

"I'll need to analysis all finger prints on it, but a lot of crewmembers could have since the time of shooting," Tuvok said.

Sickbay:

The Doctor moved to the main station, Kes and Chakotay were standing there already. "It should tell us whether you're telling the truth or not."

"I shouldn't need it," Tom said, shaking his head as he sat down on the biobed. "I can't believe him, he tries to kill me at least twice and then accuses me of this. You know he's probably trying to justify trying twice."

The Doctor sighed, "are you quite finished, this'll work better if you answer yes or no questions."

"What are we in the middle ages?" Tom muttered.

"No, he just wants you to stop complaining and just answer questions," Chakotay smiled. The Doctor nodded at him, "ok first question. On April 15th this year, what were you doing on duty?"

"Patrolling with team one on Deck Thirteen," Tom replied.

"Who was on your team?" Chakotay asked.

"Foster, Thompson and of course the accuser," Tom replied.

"Were you together the whole time?" Chakotay asked.

"I'm not sure. A few days we'd split into two groups, different each time," Tom replied.

"Were you ever with James after a split up?" Chakotay asked.

Tom nodded, "yeah I remember, just once. That was probably the day Foster came to duty looking and smelling like he came from the dump."

Kes and the Doctor tried not to laugh, Chakotay managed to keep a straight face. "On that day did you have a fight with him, a disagreement no matter how small?"

"Mainly just throwing insults at each other every now and then," Tom shrugged. "Just the usual."

"James never hit you," Chakotay questioned.

Tom raised an eyebrow, "that's a million dollar question. I don't think so, but you never know with... no actually. He seemed in a ok mood at first, later he was more upbeat and stuff. I remember Thompson making a comment when we met back up, you know like 'my god you are actually alive, so much for a day worth of rations'."

"All right, how long were you walking together?" Chakotay asked.

"I dunno. It was around tennish when we split up, and we met up with the others for lunch, so about two and a half hours," Tom replied.

"Did you ever split up and went off on your own?" Chakotay asked.

"No way, you never should do that on Deck Thirteen. I was safer with him in a good mood so why would I?" Tom replied.

"You never raised the rifle at him?" Chakotay questioned.

Tom groaned, "no. I'd only do that if he was attacking me. He never did, he was his version of friendly towards me."

"And you never spoke to any vampires around that time?" Chakotay questioned.

"I only tried to fight a few on New Earth before you guys stayed there, and I talked to those annoying kid ones. And then there was that incident just the other day," Tom replied.

"The vampire children was not long after the event in question," Chakotay said. "I think that's everything."

The Doctor sighed, "well interesting."

Kes and Chakotay glanced at him. "What?" Kes questioned.

"He answered all the questions truthfully," the Doctor replied.

Tom sighed in relief, "I told you."

"Ok so did you see anybody else down there during those two hours?" Chakotay asked.

"No, there was just the team," Tom replied. "Can I go back to work now?"

"I don't think the Captain will allow that just yet," Chakotay said.

"I didn't do anything though," Tom said.

Tuvok and Kathryn entered the room, they stopped at the station. Tuvok started to use it while the Doctor stared at him, with an annoyed expression on his face.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Running my scans of the rifle through the personnel database," Tuvok replied.

Tom pulled himself off the biobed, "Captain can I go, doc and Chakotay say I'm innocent."

"We're still investigating Mr Paris," Kathryn snapped.

"But the lie detector test proves it, the case is closed whereas I'm concerned," Tom muttered.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "I disagree." He straightened up. "Your fingerprints are on the only rifle that's been fired from that locker."

Tom stared at him blankly, "I doubt I'm the only one, it doesn't mean anything."

"You only were on Deck Thirteen duty once during your punishment, and the incident occurred while your team patrolled that deck. Nobody else on your team touched this rifle apart from Taylor," Tuvok said.

"Then he must have shot himself," Tom stuttered in a bewildered voice.

"I doubt that, you're still the number one suspect," Kathryn said.

"How, the lie detector proved that he didn't shoot James, he didn't even have an argument with him," Chakotay said.

Kathryn stared blankly, then raised an eyebrow, "that sounds suspiciously untrue, who's side is the lie detector on?"

Chakotay rolled his eyes and shook his head. He stood next to Kathryn, "I think you're taking this a little too personally."

"Make him take it again, sometimes those things get it wrong," Kathryn said. "I find it hard to believe that James spent all day with Tom and they didn't even argue once."

"Yeah I guess that is weird, but they did insult each other supposedly. Doesn't that count for anything?" Chakotay said.

"No, just take that damn test again," Kathryn snapped.

Tom stepped closer to the station, "look Captain I didn't do it. How come I'm getting treated like a terrorist or a murderer when I'm innocent, while James has tried to kill me twice, murdered people and still gets treated as normal?"

"All we're doing is questioning you, you big baby," Kathryn rambled.

Chakotay took a hold of her arm, "Kathryn take it easy."

"Ok ok fine, but he's in his own quarters for attempted murder," Tom said meekly. "I thought everyone's innocent until proven guilty. He's been proven each time surely."

"Each time was the result of a chip messing with his brain, yeah let's lock him up for life," Kes commented.

The Doctor sighed, "is it just me or is this getting a little too heated?" Everyone glanced at him. "This is getting out of hand. Yes I know turning a fellow crewmember over to the enemy for experimental purposes is a terrible crime, but some of you are ignoring a very accurate lie detector test for some partial evidence."

"He's right. James' memory could have been tainted, the vampires could have shot him. Surely they have no fingerprints right?" Chakotay said. Kathryn frowned at him. "Their prints wouldn't be on record if they did, stop looking at me like that."

Tom still looked bewildered, "but he and I were alone the whole morning. Nobody else could have done it."

"Maybe we should check your memory too, just in case," the Doctor said. He picked up a tricorder, he started to scan him.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "as far as I can see there are no extra fingerprints on the rifle, just registered crewmembers. If it were an undead vampire we have to explore other possibilities."

"Such as?" Kathryn questioned.

"They may have tampered with the chip more than we think. They could have made him 'remember' seeing Tom fire when it was somebody else," Tuvok replied.

"And then tampered with the fingerprints, I don't think so," Kathryn said. She snapped her fingers, "I got it. Commander, get Harry and someone else to check the sensors again. These people must have had a ship, I doubt they did it here without somebody noticing."

"Yeah that's totally impossible, it's not as easy as a few dozen vampires setting up a place to live down there," Tom muttered. Kathryn slapped him across the back of the head.

"Quiet you," she snapped.

"He has a point, how can you be so sure?" the Doctor asked.

"Because we had a shield glitch throughout the whole two hours," Kathryn replied. "I'm guessing they didn't want to arouse suspicion with a problem that lasted no longer than a transporter beam. They're very smart, but I'm smarter."

Chakotay groaned, "ok, did someone make a note of Tom's questions?" Kes nodded. "Fine you ask them, I'm getting out of here before I cut my ears off and bash my head in." He walked out.

Kathryn stared after him with a frown on her face, "what?"

"I'll be going too," Tom casually said. He tried to walk passed Kathryn and Tuvok but Kathryn grabbed him, by the ear.

"You do that and I'm locking you up for not co-operating," she hissed.

Tom tried to wiggle free, "ow this is police brutality, I demand a lawyer."

"If you try to leave I'll assume you have something to hide," Kathryn said. She let go of him, and smiled sweetly. This creeped him out to the max. "Do you have something to hide, Thomas?"

"No ma'am," he replied nervously. He sat back down on the biobed.

Kathryn nodded her head, "good. Now I'll do the questioning, doc start up the detector." The Doctor nodded.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Chakotay was standing at the doorway looking uneasy. James stood a few metres in front of him, while Jessie was sitting on the table nearby.

"Ok I don't get it," James said.

Chakotay shrugged his shoulders, "neither do I. The Captain is taking this very seriously but she's ignoring all evidence in Tom's favour."

Jessie pulled a face, "there shouldn't be any, he's guilty."

"And she's not the only one," Chakotay groaned.

James glanced at Jessie, "Jess, hear him out first."

"But you accused him, why are you sticking up for him?" Jessie asked.

"I'm not," James said.

"No, all of us but you and Janeway are keeping an open mind. This case began with erratic behaviour, then turned into uncovered traumatic memories that were forcefully repressed. We don't even know for sure that something happened to him at all," Chakotay said.

"Something did though, you're ignoring evidence yourself," Jessie muttered.

"Ok do you want to hear the rest or not?" Chakotay asked. Jessie just shrugged her shoulders. "Harry and B'Elanna are checking old outward sensors to look for a ship. The Captain is doing another lie detector test. The Doctor wants to check Tom's memory for tampering. Kes will be looking at older scans of you to look for evidence of these experiments. They were probably healed enough to fool a basic scan but she knows what to look for."

"What do you think though? Is this real or.." James questioned.

"It looks like you were taken yes. We found that a commbadge was left behind on Thirteen for the two hours, and of course the chip shows a lot of signs of tampering. I just don't think Tom had anything to do with it," Chakotay replied.

"I take it you think he lost his memory too," Jessie questioned. "And that the vampires came for James themselves."

"That's the most likely option. Tom's prints are on the rifle as he carried it, it was fired with no report to back up why, that's the biggest mystery at the moment," Chakotay replied. "Also James' prints were on it, but I'm sure there's been plenty of visits to Thirteen for him."

"That was probably the rifle I picked up earlier which made me um, freak. I can't explain it," James muttered.

"You mean the one you took with you today?" Chakotay questioned. "That would make sense. Anyway I'd better get back to the bridge. The Captain will probably be back now with more of her theories." He turned to leave.

"Good luck then," Jessie said.

"Hmm yeah, I'll need it," Chakotay sighed. He walked out.

James sighed as he sat down on the sofa. Jessie walked half way around the table, folding her arms. "What?"

"I guess a part of me wanted this whole thing to be just my imagination," James replied. "What a really stupid thing to say."

"I don't think it is," Jessie said. "I was hoping it was too. I'll tell you what, I'll go and give Tom a smack for you now." She turned to leave.

"No," James quickly said, stopping her in her tracks. "I might have just imagined it was him, there's not enough proof it was. Besides, it's not worth it."

Jessie turned back with her eyes wide. "Not worth it? James somebody on this ship turned you over to vampires of all people, and they experimented on you. I expected you to be a lot more pissed than this."

"There's no need to be," James muttered.

Jessie walked over to sit down next to him, "ok if you're not angry, then what are you?"

James lightly shrugged, "I don't know, nothing. They treated me like an object, a thing, like I was a weapon they needed to diffuse or destroy. If I feel nothing then it must be true."

"You probably don't know what to make of it all," Jessie said. "You're the only one, except those asses that did this to you, that thinks like that."

"No," James shook his head and glanced at her. "Everyone does, just you.. you're the only one who treats me like a real person. I guess Janeway counts too oddly enough. Everyone else, they've got it right."

"Look these guys did things to you, you were obviously terrified through it all. Why else did you act the way you did when the doc tried to scan you. Would a weapon or a tricorder be scared?" Jessie questioned.

"No, you don't understand Jess," James muttered.

"I really do. You have a good right to feel this way, but it doesn't mean that it's how it is," Jessie said. She reached out for his hand, "I know better than anyone that you're more than just some weapon against supernatural stuff. You're a person, and a great one at that."

"Sorry, I just don't feel it," James said.

"Then you must think of me pretty badly," Jessie said.

James looked confused, "what, no I don't."

"Well I used to. Ten years ago I thought there was something wrong with me. All the other girls were getting crushes, and I was getting nothing. Then one night I fell for my best friend," Jessie said. "If you're not a person then obviously there is something wrong with me."

"No there's not," James said.

"Come on James, there is. There's only been you, whereas you got a crush on lots of girls in the early years of Comprehensive. It seems like you're more normal than me," Jessie said.

"That was just you know, typical teenage hormones or whatever they're called. All of those girls had annoying, slutty and or rude personalities and each crush lasted about five minutes or something," James muttered. "As far as I'm concerned you were the only real crush, the only one that mattered. They all had looks, mostly average but that was it. You were always the prettiest, but you had everything else."

Jessie smiled and moved closer, "I still don't see a tool or an object in front of me. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were a romantic."

"A hopeless one maybe," James said. "I was just saying."

"I know," Jessie said, reaching out her hand to stroke the side of his face. He closed his eyes, and smiled a little. "See, would a thing react like that?" She placed another hand against his chest. Then she kissed him lightly on the lips. "And I doubt a weapon has a heart that beats faster when kissed, or goes a little red in the cheeks."

"I'm not blushing," James muttered, looking worried. "Right?"

"Just a little, I said that you know," Jessie said with a little grin.

"Well I may not be a thing, but I'm still a weapon in a lot of ways," James said.

"You still have a mind of your own though. Now that the memory is unrepressed that chip shouldn't harm you, well at least in the way it did before," Jessie said.

"That's comforting," James said.

Jessie smiled meekly, "sorry, but I know what is." She moved her hand from his chest to his shoulder, pulling him a little closer. Her other hand went around to his back. He put his own arms around her. He frowned as he rested his chin on her shoulders.

"Jess?" he said.

A relaxed little, "mmm," was all he got.

"Why is your bags hiding underneath a blanket, beside the sofa?" James asked.

"Oh yeah, didn't I mention it?" Jessie said, pulling away from him. "Yeah uh, I moved out of Danny's again."

"Should I even bother asking why?" James questioned.

Jessie meekly raised both of her shoulders, "sorry, I didn't really have a chance to mention this before."

"No it's all right, I'm glad you're moving back in," James said. "If you want you can stay in my room and..."

"Oh you read my mind," Jessie smiled.

James raised an eyebrow, "ok you were a little too willing. You mustn't have figured out that I was going to say that I will stay in yours or sleep on the sofa."

Jessie's smile quickly faded away, "no you don't have to do that."

"You do remember the reason why you moved out, don't you?" James questioned.

"Yeah, I was freaked out but I'm not now. I'm still a bit awry about going in there, but it'll pass. If you don't want to share a bed with me I understand, I'll have the sofa," Jessie said.

"To hell you are. Sleeping on this sofa is worse than a biobed, and believe me those are horribly uncomfortable," James grumbled. "I'm not having the mother of my child sleeping on this thing."

"Well then I guess we have a problem," Jessie said, smiling smugly. "It's either I sleep on the sofa, or I'm with you."

"No, I said I'd stay on the sofa or in your room," James said.

"We can't both share the sofa. And you know as well as I do that if I can't go in my room, you won't be able to just yet either," Jessie said.

James sighed, "no you're right. I'll just wait until you're asleep, then go to the sofa."

Jessie narrowed her eyes, "you'd better not. You've been through an awful lot, you need to rest in a comfortable bed, not this thing."

"I guess we're never going to settle this are we," James sighed.

Jessie smiled and shook her head, "no. We're going to have to share a bed again sooner rather than later, I'd rather it was sooner. Don't you?"

"Yeah I do," James replied.

"Well, we both may as well call it a night," Jessie sighed, standing up. She held out a hand, "are you coming?" James took a hold of it then stood up too. They both headed into one of the rooms.

The next morning

The Bridge:

Kathryn sat in her chair, muttering angrily to a cup of coffee she cradled in her hands. Harry's voice soon got her attention, "Captain?"

She looked up, "it better be important."

"It is, very," Harry muttered.

"Well?" Kathryn said.

"We've found something in the outward scans," B'Elanna said. "There's signs of a cloak off our starboard bow."

"Good, so there was a ship. I knew it," Kathryn said.

B'Elanna rolled her eyes, "I said there's signs of a cloak."

Kathryn climbed out of her chair, "you mean now?"

"Yes," B'Elanna groaned.

"Oh well that's a different matter. Tactical raise shields," Kathryn ordered.

The ensign there looked confused, "they're already raised."

Kathryn pretended to ignore him, she marched over to Opps. "Are you saying that you've been monitoring current outward scans all this time."

"No, we found the same exact readings from the old scans," B'Elanna muttered.

"It appears Captain that whoever kidnapped James is back," Harry said, trying to sound dramatic.

"Eugh," Kathryn groaned, slamming her hand on the console. "Stop confusing me! Is there a cloaked ship outside right now, or was it out there when James was taken?"

"Both, did I not mention that?" B'Elanna replied. The look on Kathryn's face was answer, she just shook her head. "Ookay sorry."

"Ok that's it, ready all torpedo's," Kathryn muttered as she turned to face the viewscreen. "Open a channel."

Meanwhile:

Jessie opened her eyes wide, she had a brief glance at her surroundings before climbing out of bed. Slowly she made her way to the door, it opened for her, she stepped into the living area. At the other side of the room stood a Security member.

"What the? What do you think you're doing in here?" she snapped, marching into the centre of the room.

Another crewmember walked up behind her while the first one smiled smugly. "So this is the witch, she's cute but I don't think she's really worth it. Do you?"

Jessie narrowed her eyes, "don't call me a witch. Wait, who were you talking to?" The crewmember behind her quickly grabbed her, one hand went over her mouth, the other arm went around her waist.

"Is this really necessary?" he asked.

"Of course, I have one more weapon to test. Can't let it go to waste," crewmember one replied.

Jessie struggled against the second crewmember's hold on her. She tried to yell out but it was all muffled, it was still pretty loud though.

In the next room James sat up, he looked to his side then quickly got out of the bed. He didn't waste anymore time getting to the door. As it opened he only saw Jessie and the man holding her.

"Ow, she bloody bit me," he grumbled. He had instinctively moved his hand away from Jessie's mouth.

"You freaks, you were the guys who did all that stuff to James!" she yelled at the other guy.

"So? What are you going to do about it?" the first crewmember sneered.

Jessie elbowed the other guy in the ribs, this made him back off. She quickly turned around and threw a punch at him. He fell to the ground unconscious.

"Oh I see. If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself," the first crewmember muttered.

"Just try it," Jessie grumbled.

James stood by her side looking a little bewildered, "what's going on?"

"These are the guys who did the experiments on you," Jessie replied.

"No they're not, they look nothing like them," James muttered.

Jessie looked confused, "but that one said..." She stumbled back a little, her eyes closed. James put an arm around her to steady her. When she opened her eyes she smiled evilly, she looked directly at him. "Thanks honey." She pushed him away from her.

"Jessie? What are you..." James stuttered.

Jessie knelt down next to the unconscious crewmember, "I'm disappointed that you haven't figured it out yet." She reached for the guy's pocket, she pulled out a phaser. As she stood back up, it was pointed in his direction.

The other crewmember walked over looking a little dazed, "why did you swap, it's really..."

"It wasn't Tom that shot me was it, it was one of you two," James muttered.

"Yeah that reminds me, we really need to clean up the mess you made today. It won't do at all," Jessie said, smiling sweetly.

The first crewmember stared at him in disgust, "you're enjoying that a little too much."

"I'll ignore that. This does give me an idea though," Jessie said. She tilted her head to the left side, "time to go sweetie." She fired the phaser but James quickly ducked.

The Bridge:

"Captain, there's phaser discharges," Harry said.

"What, where?" Kathryn questioned.

In: "Sickbay to Bridge."

"Ugh, no time now Doctor!" Kathryn snapped.

In: "But I have more evidence on Tom's behalf, his memory was tampered with too."

"Boo hoo, he probably did it to himself," Kathryn grumbled. "Harry!"

"Captain you have to calm down," Chakotay gently said.

"The shields are fluctuating," Harry said nervously. He looked up from his station, "like they did months ago."

Kathryn's glare intensified as she turned to face the viewscreen. "That's it, keep hailing them.. Tactical get ready to fire."

Chakotay quickly jumped to his feet and rushed over to her side, "Kathryn be careful, you don't know what their defences are."

Steam started to come out of her ears, "fine, keep badgering them with hails though."

"Yes ma'am," Harry stuttered.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie and the two crewmembers were lying on the ground, all unconscious. Jessie opened her eyes with a groan, "what the?" She quickly sat up, "oh god." The two crewmembers started to wake up too.

"Why are we in here?" one of them groaned.

Jessie quickly got onto her feet, "crap, where is he?" She spotted a commbadge lying on the ground next to the door. "No, they couldn't have."

"Uh Jessie, what's going on?" crewmember two asked.

"Those vampires, they can possess people. I knocked one of you unconscious and then," Jessie muttered to herself. Her face turned a little pale, "ohno." She picked up the commbadge and then ran out of the door.

"She hit me? That explains this bruise," crewmember two said. He tried to stand up but his achy ribs wouldn't let him, "oh and that. The vamp part explains the bite on my hand."

Crewmember one rolled his eyes, "imbecile, she said possession."

Jessie rushed back into the room, "don't touch anything!" She again left the room. Moments later she stepped back in, "I neatly organise all my clothes so if you rummage through, I'll know about it." She stepped back out. The two crewmembers glanced at each other.

The Bridge:

"Um ma'am, the commbadge signal is moving. It's in the turbolift," Harry said. "Maybe they took someone else this time."

Kathryn tried not to look relieved, "check all commbadges, see if any of them are suspiciously still."

"That'll take forever to do," Harry muttered.

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "you know, I'm really close to demoting you to crewman."

Jessie rushed out of the turbolift next to Harry, "guys, we have a problem."

"Tell us something we don't know," Chakotay sighed. "We've already passed the 300kb mark."

"Those vampires possessed the Security outside our door, they took him again," Jessie said.

"So how is James' commbadge moving around?" Chakotay questioned.

Jessie opened her hand to reveal the commbadge sitting on her palm, "that's why."

"Harry can you detect any human lifesigns on that ship?" Kathryn asked.

Harry shook his head, "I can't get through their shields. Whoever they are, they seem to have a more advanced ship than ours."

Kathryn growled, "Chakotay, sort out his pip."

"I'll keep trying," Harry blurted out.

The alien ship:

The two vampires were discussing something beside one of the stations. James was again lying on a restraining bed surrounded by stations and medical equipment. He had his fists clenched and was trying to break free, the two guys walked over to him.

"I doubt you can get free, he injected you with a muscle relaxer drug," the younger guy said.

"Why are you doing this?" James asked.

"I think it's obvious," the older man said.

"No it isn't, I thought you'd rather kill me," James said.

"Actually I would, but it is more fun to put you through a lot of pain," the older man sneered.

"But why? I haven't done anything to you. Unless being alive counts as a reason," James questioned.

"It is for you," the older man grumbled. He picked up the needle, "you have no idea how you affect everything around you. At least other freaks like you understand that they're different, you on the other hand try to be normal, not caring how it affects everything." He pressed the button on the needle, then brought it closer to James' head.

"Ok I don't get how me being different affects vampires, I thought..." James muttered while eyeing the needle fearfully.

The older man's eyes turned fiery, he slammed the needle down onto the nearby table. "We are not vampires!"

"Boss, calm down, everyone makes that mistake," the younger man calmly said. He turned to James, "yes we look like them but we're not, it did make it easier for them to breed on our homeworld though."

"So that's why you're mad at me, I didn't help you," James said.

"Oh you helped loads," the older man sarcastically snapped. "We were doing fine until Voyager came along." He grabbed the needle again, "it's futile explaining this to you, we're wiping your memory after this." He pushed the needle into the side of James' head roughly, all he could do was cringe and tighten his fists. "And everything else as well."

The younger man sighed, "you're there."

"Good," the older man grumbled. He pulled the needle back out.

"Voyager has never seen your race before, what are you talking about?" James questioned weakly.

The older man groaned as one of the stations beeped, "I'll be right back, those idiots won't stop hailing."

"You shouldn't answer them, it'll change everything," the younger man whispered.

"Well why don't you talk to them, maybe you'll have better restraints for the fools than I do," the older man muttered.

The younger man nodded, "I'll try." He stepped out of the room.

"Now then, what should I make you see this time," the older man said with a devilish smile on his face.

"You can't trick me this time, I'll know it's not real," James said.

"We'll see about that," the older man said.

Voyager:

Kathryn was close to breaking point; her shoulders were slumped, the expression on her face could have scared away a shark, and the room was filling up with smoke coming from her ears. "Return my crewmember, immediately!"

The man on the screen looked very nervous, "I'm sorry, but it is imperative that we finish what we started with him."

"You're going to have to give us a better explanation than that!" Kathryn growled.

"I don't care what he says. I want him sent back right now or there's going to be hell to pay," Jessie grumbled.

"He will be sent back soon, I just hope that my partner will keep his temper or who knows what'll happen," the man said.

"I don't believe this, I know vampires and Slayers are natural born enemies but what has James done to deserve this?" Jessie muttered.

"I can't say. At this moment he hasn't done anything, but he will," the man said. "And we only look like vampires by the way."

Kathryn groaned, "ohno, not time stuff. I've got a big enough headache as it is."

"So you're saying you two are punishing him for something he's going to do?" Chakotay questioned.

"Yes but it isn't as simple as that," the man replied. "I can't explain further, talking to you now is already a violation of the rules.."

"But isn't coming back in time to kidnap someone and perform experiments a violation?" Chakotay questioned.

"We have no choice, I'm sorry," the man said. The screen turned back to normal view.

The alien ship:

"What are you saying?" James said quietly.

The older man shook his head, "I'm saying that your future offspring is a psychotic murderer." He picked up a strange looking device that looked like a hypospray. "I have a good mind to kill you right now, prevent it from happening but that would cause a paradox."

"It wouldn't though, besides I don't believe you," James muttered.

"Why not? A lot of kids turn out like their parents," the older man grumbled. He pressed the device into his arm, a searing pain went through his entire arm and started making its way up to his neck. "Of course I'll never know with my children, cos your son slaughtered them all!" he screamed at him as he threw away the device. James turned his head away from him.

The younger man ran back in, "Marty, you have to stay calm."

"Calm, why should I? He destroyed everything I had, the best I can do is stop it from happening to anyone else," the older man grumbled.

James' eyes grew a little wider, he turned his head back around, trying to ignore the pain that was spreading around him. "That's what this is. You'd turn me evil, and then kill me..."

"We needed to test out as many weapons as possible to work against an Evil Slayer. I tried to convince him that we should look for a cure but he wouldn't listen," the younger man said.

"So you're going to just kill him, in a way he's innocent, how can you..." James said with a little anger in his voice.

"Innocent!" Marty yelled. "He's already killed lots of families, he specialises in killing mothers most of all just because he saw his own murdered. But then he gets the taste for blood. If he's innocent, I don't know what you would call everyone else."

The younger man pulled out a scanner, he hovered it over James. "What have you put in him? Is that Jernaime? Why did you do that?"

"The pain should reduce his will a little, as he knows what we're going to do he'll be expecting it, it won't work then. Don't just think I'm doing it for vengeance," Marty replied.

"Marty, we don't have to do it this way. We'll be no better than him," the younger man said.

"Just prepare for the procedure. I'll go and calm down," Marty said mockingly. He marched out of the room, fists clenched.

"Is he telling the truth?" James stuttered.

The younger man nodded, "I'm afraid so. His mother died, then you. The anger developed as he grew up. After he arrived your ship came into orbit looking for him. It doesn't matter, Marty will make you forget this and your memories of the last experiments."

"If you do that the same'll happen again. Can't you do something? I can't let my own son turn into that," James said.

"I'm sorry," the man shook his head. "If we did that it would cause a paradox. If you prevented him turning evil, then we wouldn't have come back in time for you."

"You can still help me though, you have to make sure I just forget this visit. My crew know about it and the chip will make me see everything again like before," James said.

"Either way they'll continue, we can't let that happen," the man said. He glanced at the doorway Marty walked through, then glanced back. "I'll help you, but we have to move quickly."

Voyager:

Chakotay watched as Jessie paced the centre of the bridge, in front of a seething Kathryn. Everyone else on the bridge were fearing the worst.

"Can't we do anything?" Jessie asked as she stopped. "They could be doing anything to him on that ship and we all know how it ends."

Kathryn growled to herself, "they'll kill him."

"But bring him back," Harry pointed out.

Jessie stared at him in disgust, "that isn't the point is it?"

"If they're not vampires, why would they do this?" Chakotay said while in mid thought.

"If they are from the future they probably have an Evil Slayer problem. It's obvious," Harry replied.

Tuvok nodded, "that is a logical assumption."

Jessie looked even more angry than before, "wait a minute, what if their Evil Slayer is James. They could be practising killing him in particular."

"I doubt it. They wouldn't have answered our hails as they'd know we'd recognise them. My guess is that it's the next generation at least," Chakotay said.

"Captain, the ship fluctuation has ceased," Harry said.

Kathryn glanced at him, "check the sensors, surely they must have caught a life sign just appearing on the ship."

Harry worked at his station, he nodded his head, "confirmed, he's in Sickbay."

"How considerate of them," Jessie muttered sarcastically. She marched towards the turbolift, Kathryn rushed to join her.

Sickbay:

"Well?" Kathryn questioned as she and Jessie waited by the station.

The Doctor stopped in front of them, "he's fine, apart from the chip still being active." He glanced at Jessie, "he wants to talk to you, and..." He glanced at Kathryn, "you as well, but he wants Jessie alone first."

Kathryn sighed, "fine."

Jessie quickly went over to James' side, "how are you feeling?"

James sat up, "I'm ok considering."

"So, you know what happened then? I thought they'd erase your memory," Jessie questioned.

"They did. The last thing I remember was going to bed," James replied. He put his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a piece of paper. "The doc found this." Jessie frowned as she took it off him. "It's from me to me."

"Oh, some of that I don't understand," Jessie said. "Why would you tell yourself to, and I quote, 'protect Jessie with your life' then?"

"I don't know, but that is my writing," James replied.

"Hmm, so that means we can't keep investigating this as well?" Jessie questioned. "I guess we'll never know for sure, we only have guesses."

James raised his eyebrow a little, "what do you know, share."

Jessie smiled uneasily, "nothing, it's just that letter and the official theory going together doesn't make me feel better."

"Why?" James asked.

"They were obviously trying to find a weapon to kill Evil Slayers, and you wrote in the letter that you should protect me," Jessie replied.

"Oh I see what you mean. I guess we'll see, you never know, I could have been just trying to fill up space on the paper," James said.

"Or you're just trying to make me think that way as a tease," Jessie said, narrowing her eyes.

"We'll hopefully never find out," James said.

Jessie smiled, "yeah, I hope you're right."

Later

James/Jessie's Quarters:

The two were again lying in bed together. Jessie rested her head on his shoulder, lying on her side with an arm around him. James had an arm around her as well, he turned around to face her. "Just a thought, but the Evil Slayer could be Zare and I have to protect you from her."

Jessie smirked at him, "maybe, how long did it take you to think that one up?"

"Just five minutes," James replied.

Jessie sighed, "well I guess that works, I still don't like it though."

"Me neither," James said. "Some birthday, huh? So glad I don't celebrate them."

"Aaaw, well it's nearly over now. I do still have to give you my present though," Jessie said. "I wanted to get you something else but I couldn't think of anything good."

"I'm sure it'll be just fine," James said.

"I wish I was as sure as you," Jessie sighed.

"Just remember that having you back is like a few hundred presents at once. You don't have to worry about it ok," James said.

"I know what you mean," Jessie smiled. "I still don't think you believe it though, and I've tried to help a lot. That's why I suggested doing this, I don't know what else to do if you're not believing."

"You could move in with me," James said.

Jessie looked confused, "we already live together."

"I know, but I mean live here, here together. I could move into your room, or you move in here," James said.

Jessie sat up little, she rested her arm on the pillow. "You really mean that?"

"Yeah, it's not too fast is it?" James asked meekly.

Jessie tried not to laugh, "no, I'd love to, but only if it was this room."

James developed a smirk on his face, "yeah I thought as much."

Jessie grinned as she lay back down, wrapping her arms around him. "How will we fit both of our stuff in here?"

"We'll think of something," James replied. He glanced behind him, "doesn't matter, most of my stuff seems to stay on the floor anyway." They both laughed before moving for a kiss.

****** THE END ******