

B4FV Episode 3.19

Alter Ego

Captains Log Supplemental: We've responded to yet another distress call from an alien ship. Scans show nothing wrong with the ship, it's in a better state than ours that's for sure. They're obviously just a bunch of whiners. We have to solve our own problems, why can't anyone else for god's sake.

Bridge:

"Captain we're in communications range," Harry nervously said.

Kathryn growled in response from her chair. Chakotay stared at her from a safe distance. "Hail them."

"No response," Harry said.

"Ugh, they were capable of sending the distress call, so why can't they answer hails?" Kathryn grumbled.

"Maybe whatever was happening to them got worse," Tom said.

"As usual Tom wins the award for the biggest state the obvious comment," Kathryn snapped.

Tom pouted his lips, "but you asked, what was I supposed to say?"

"You obviously forgot that I don't care about these whiny bitches, we've already got aliens aboard," Kathryn replied.

"We'll be dropping them off in less than an hour," Chakotay butted in.

"Still though, continue on course for the planet. I'll be in my Ready Room," Kathryn grumbled. She marched to her Ready Room, kicking a bit of ceiling debris out of her way. She hadn't noticed the crewmember about to pick it up though, it hit him in the face.

"What's up with Captain Bitch?" Danny asked.

"I heard that you little tarty hussy!" Kathryn's voice snapped. Danny raised an eyebrow.

Chakotay sighed, "like everyone else she's still on edge from what happened. Harry, any lifesigns?"

"Only two sir," Harry replied.

"Is it safe to send an awayteam?" Chakotay asked.

"Ha, is it ever? The ship has no damage which means psycho murderer, curse and/or disease," Jessie muttered.

"Maybe we should make some bets," Tom grinned. "We may as well make some rations out of it."

"What if only one person bets that it's a disease, doesn't have any rations and it turns out to be a killer who kills Tom?" Danny questioned. "Oh yeah and everyone bets that it's a killer."

"Who cares, I'm just interested in the kill Tom part," Chakotay said.

Tom shook his head, "you're all heart, besides I'm not stupid enough to go aboard."

"What if I ordered you," Chakotay smiled sneakily.

"You couldn't after saying that, besides you're not intimidating enough," Tom responded.

"Oh really," Chakotay said. He walked half way to the Ready Room. "Captain, Tom drank all the coffee you hid in the Conference Room."

The bridge crew, and probably the next few decks felt the ground shake. "What!?" Kathryn's voice screeched loudly, shaking the ground even more violently.

Chakotay shrugged, "it's up to you Tom. Join the team and probably die horribly, or stay here and die horribly."

"Damn you Chakotay," Tom grumbled. "I'm not scared, she won't believe you. She'll fail to smell coffee on me cos I didn't do it." He turned around slightly then screamed hysterically. Before anyone knew what just happened, he was already in the turbolift. Kathryn now stood right next to where Tom previously sat, growling with her face red.

"I dunno, surprise me," he stuttered.

The computer responded, "please re-specify destination."

"Anywhere I told you, she'll hear me if I tell you," Tom squeaked as Kathryn edged closer. He instead decided to key something in the panel, then the door closed.

Kathryn glanced toward Chakotay, "get Security on him, now!"

"Yes ma'am," he smirked. Kathryn went back into her office. He tapped his commbadge. "Chakotay to Taylor, catch Tom and make him go on an away mission. You should go too."

In: "Oh come on, I know you're all mad at me but it doesn't mean I should go on every bloody mission."

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "we're not sure what to expect, we need a Security team there." He turned to Tuvok, tapping his commbadge again. "Join him so he knows he's not the boss."

"Doesn't Paris out rank him too?" Tuvok said.

"Exactly, that remark was for him too," Chakotay said.

"Very well Commander," Tuvok nodded his head.

"Oh and bring one or two of our young 'cadets' for work experience, maybe Faye or Craig," Chakotay said. Tuvok left via the other turbolift next to Harry.

"Faye, isn't she still recovering from that spirit possessing her?" Harry asked.

"What about me, I still haven't recovered from that incident or recent ones either," Jessie said.

"Um I didn't ask you," Chakotay muttered.

"She only said it as you asked James," Danny said.

"Well he'll just have to refrain from getting in the way of knives, guns and endangering the team. Luckily you're not going so that'll help," Chakotay muttered.

Jessie narrowed her eyes and scowled at him. "That's not fair, he saved the ship lots of times."

"Yes and he nearly killed about thirty people in the Mess Hall just to save you, and what about the alien who was taken over?" Harry said.

"Nobody died in the Mess Hall after the explosion from what I'm told. You just expect him to save your worthless, ungrateful butts everytime there's a problem," Jessie grumbled. Chakotay opened his mouth to speak but she continued. "You're Starfleet or Marquis so surely everyone has training to avoid situations like that, but nooo you just let it all happen. Of course you waited for him to bail you out, so sorry it didn't happen."

"That's quite enough Jessie," Chakotay snapped.

"Don't deny it, you kept asking him every five minutes if he solved it. No you're just angry at him cos it's easier to do that and blame yourselves for sitting back and letting it happen," Jessie said.

"James is supposed to do this stuff though," Harry pointed out.

"Um how is demons attempting to take over your ship any different to, for example aliens like, I dunno the Borg or Kazon. There isn't any. He did try to figure out the message on his own, he stayed up all night doing that. You did nothing yet for all you knew it could have been some measly guy with a gun, which you can handle. Maybe not Tom but," Jessie said.

"Jessie," Chakotay said in a warning tone.

Jessie shook her head, "from the way I see it he had the choice between saving them by letting them kill me, and risking turning evil. Or saving me and giving the others the chance to fight back. He returned later as well."

"Go Jess," Danny quietly said.

"You're lucky he actually thought about it and hesitated at all," Jessie muttered. "Let's not forget the fact that the bomber in Engineering would have destroyed us all if he didn't warn B'Elanna. That shield they were doing wouldn't have went up in time. Anyway I'd say it should be me who's mad, not you as he worked himself almost to death to help us. If it weren't for him, let's face it we would have been dead several times over. In my opinion it wouldn't have been a great loss for some of you."

"That's enough," Chakotay snapped. "You're relieved of duty, I'm not going to..."

"Thanks, I'd love another few weeks off," Jessie said, she headed toward the turbolift.

Kathryn appeared at her door, "Jessie, a word first."

"Um ok, as long as you aren't going to join the Bitch At James club," Jessie said, following Kathryn back into the Ready Room.

"Don't worry about him Jessie, I call the shots around here," Kathryn said.

Jessie pulled a face, looking down at her belly. "Actually being relieved sounds good. People are already gossiping."

"Yes I heard," Kathryn said. "I'll tell you what, you can stay off two weeks but be paid for it, double in fact. When you return you can continue those work trials. Well it's a better idea to continue while you're off."

"Really? Why, I thought you didn't like me cos of James, what's the catch?" Jessie suspiciously asked.

Kathryn sighed, "cos I'm sick of that tattoo wearing git always thinking he's the boss, and I'm sick of the way everyone's talking about James. You and I seem to be the only ones with any sense, and no sticks up our butts."

"What about Kes, Danny, possibly Ian?" Jessie said.

"All right they can have a slight raise too," Kathryn muttered.

"Not that I'm complaining, but shouldn't you have a more official Starfleet like reason for doing this?" Jessie said.

"Even though James did return you are still allowed to finish your paid bereavement leave," Kathryn said.

"For four weeks, wow," Jessie muttered. "Isn't it family members only?"

"Um yes, he's related to that baby, obviously the baby is yours," Kathryn said. "As for the other thing, I'll think of a reason for their pay rise."

"Thanks I guess. As for the work trials I wouldn't mind choosing which ones I do. Some of them I don't fancy doing as there's people who will see me, a lot," Jessie said.

"Hmm, there's openings in the more 'lonely' jobs - Deck Fifteen for example is quiet, you should think about the Counselling training," Kathryn said.

Jessie frowned uneasily, "not when the guy I talked to committed suicide, demon or no demon possessing him."

"Of course the demon killed him, Kes told me you, him and Christine had the same blood type. The demons probably wanted to get you to annoy James, and well with no donors alive it would have been difficult to revive you during the crisis," Kathryn muttered.

"Yeah I don't know how I'm going to tell James that, he'll freak," Jessie said. "Just as long as my baby doesn't get the same type, though I'd be able to donate to him. If he's anything like James he'd insist on the other way round."

Kathryn frowned as she sat on the edge of her desk. "It's unlikely it will, he?"

"Oh it's just a feeling. I heard you..." Jessie said.

Kathryn turned very nervous, "yes I was, long ago but it didn't really end well. No I didn't have any feelings, not really. I only had hope, it's a long story why."

"No I mean recently," Jessie said.

"Does everybody know now?" Kathryn groaned. "As I know about you it's only fair. Yes, but this time I do have a feeling. I promise to keep her away from your boy."

Jessie narrowed her eyes, "you'd better."

Kathryn smiled awkwardly in way that made her look like she was going to tell all. "Something tells me we won't have to worry about what you're worried about."

"Uh why?" Jessie said with a raised eyebrow.

"It's hard to explain, later maybe," Kathryn said. "You have my permission to go to any of the work trials you want, but I want you to have picked a job before you return. Now, maternity leave."

"I'm only five months along," Jessie said.

"I know, I just need to know in advance when you're taking it. James too, he's entitled to it as well," Kathryn said.

"It probably will be before so no one can see me. James may want to start later, so he can watch the baby solo when I have to go back to work," Jessie said. "Can I get back to you later?"

"Sure, no problem. Just do me a favour, don't let everyone get to you. James did a good job, despite a few 'little' mistakes, everyone else just has to remember that he was suffering from internal injuries since he returned," Kathryn replied.

Jessie sighed, turning toward the door, "not to mention the fact that the demons did something to him to cause them. He's been easily distracted lately, he's obviously hiding something from me. Excuse me."

"Of course," Kathryn said.

The Transporter Room:

Tuvok, Faye and Craig stood around waiting for the rest of the team. The younger members looked a little nervous while Tuvok was his usual calm self.

"What can we expect sir?" Craig asked.

"Unknown. There's no danger to the ship, the sensors tell us there's only two lifesigns aboard," Tuvok replied.

"My money's on a contagious disease," Craig whispered to Faye.

"Oh great," she mumbled.

The door opened to reveal James dragging Tom with him by the arm. "Ok we're ready."

"Ow god, ok, I'll go," Tom moaned.

Tuvok glanced at the transporter office. "Transport us to be as close to both of the lifesigns as possible. Set phasers to stun." Everyone but Tom and James got on the transporter pad.

"I don't have a phaser," Tom nervously said. James rolled his eyes while handing his own phaser to him.

The alien ship:

The awayteam rematerialised in a wide badly lit corridor. In it an alien was sitting against the wall with his knees up in front of his chest. His hands were pressed against his own face, eyes and mouth wide open like he died screaming in pure terror. His skin had shriveled and dried up like he'd been dead for a while.

Tom knelt down next to him, "did anyone bring a..." Craig handed him a medical tricorder without looking toward the body, pulling a freaked out face himself. Tom opened it up to scan the body.

"He looks like he's been dead for weeks," James said.

Tom frowned, "he only looks it. This happened only an hour ago."

"How did he die?" Tuvok asked.

"A heart attack," Tom replied. "He looks scared as hell, this feels familiar."

Faye backed away slightly, "it really does."

"Are you sure he's only been dead for an hour? This looks like the work of that child ghost," James said.

"It does but it can't be," Tom muttered. "For one thing his skin."

"Obviously, she's moved on so it can't be her. Maybe it's the same species," James said.

"You can't mean there's two like her," Faye stuttered.

Tom shook his head as he stood back up. "The readings are different. I can't explain it."

"Let's keep moving," Tuvok ordered. He led the team further down the corridor. Other similar bodies were found lying on the ground, or sitting against the wall.

"I hope this is a disease after all," Faye mumbled.

"There's no signs of a one," Tom responded.

James opened his own tricorder, "one lifesign is approaching. The other is back the way we came."

"Approaching from where?" Tuvok asked.

"Straight ahead," James quietly replied, nodding at Craig. He took out a phaser, they both went ahead of the team. Craig was about to turn the corner, James stopped and put an arm out in front of him. "No he could be violent. I'll go."

"Ensign," Tuvok warned. "I'm the Security Chief."

"So you've said before," James said with a raised eyebrow. He slowly turned the corner. Not far ahead of him a young man was kneeling, checking one of the dead. He stood up, eyeing James looking a little crazed and scared.

"Who are you?"

"We're from a starship called Voyager, we're here to help," James said.

The man looked behind him briefly. "There's something. You must leave, but take me with you!" He yelled frantically. Just as he started to run toward him a phaser blast knocked him to the ground.

James turned around as the rest of the team turned the corner. Craig shakily lowered his own phaser. "What the hell?"

"He was going to attack you," Craig said.

"He looked more scared than angry, I don't..." James muttered.

"Ensign considering the circumstances, action needed to be taken," Tuvok said.

"Uh no, I could have handled him, he had no weapon," James said. His face tightened, "I see, I know what you really meant. Fine Commander, what should we do now?"

Tuvok tapped his commbadge, "Tuvok to Voyager, get ready to lock onto the first extra commbadge signal." Tom knelt down to put a spare commbadge on the man. "Energise." The man disappeared in a transporter beam. "Where is the other survivor?"

Tom looked at his own tricorder, "back the way we came." He led the team back around the corner. James sighed as he hung around about two metres behind them.

They walked passed their transporter point, and turned the corner nearby where there was just a dead end, and a door on their right. A young teenaged girl lay on the floor looking badly beaten. She was crying hysterically into her arm, covering her head with the other. Tom rushed to her side, "hey, are you all right?"

The girl quickly scrambled to sit up, and move away from him. "No, keep away."

"It's ok, we're here to help you," Tom said. He put a commbadge on her arm.

"Voyager, energise on the second signal," Tuvok ordered.

Faye glanced at him with a frown on her face, she stepped backward. "One of them."

Everyone but James turned around to look at her, he of course didn't have to. "I just know it, one of them did it," she stuttered.

"Hmm, it doesn't take a genius to figure out who my rations are on," Tom commented.

The Ready Room:

Chakotay stared toward Kathryn's desk with his mouth hanging open and eyes widened. He finally shook it off for about a minute. "Captain with all due respect, I didn't tell Jessie to go on shoreleave, I relieved her of duty."

"On what grounds?" Kathryn questioned.

"Insubordination," Chakotay replied. "You heard her, she can't talk about me or the crew like that."

"Frankly I've had it up to the ceiling with this entire thing," Kathryn muttered. She stood up and made her way to collect a flask of coffee from the replicator.

"Kathryn I understand perfectly," Chakotay sighed.

Kathryn chuckled to herself while pouring herself a cup of coffee. She turned around shaking her head in disbelief. "Do you really? Not only is my son being bullied by immature half wits, but a member of my crew, who's done a lot of great things for this ship, is being harassed, humiliated for making a decision that a lot of us would hate to make. A loved one or a majority, a loved one over a majority," she muttered.

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "that's not it."

Kathryn walked over to him with her death glare on full. "Then maybe one of you halfwits should just spell it out before I order James to stop holding back and kill the entire lot of you."

Chakotay tried not to cower, failing miserably. All he could do was stand his ground. "I understand why he did that, true the majority you mentioned are very angry about it, but I'm not as I'd of done the same thing. I'm more or less in his place, aren't I?"

"I think James would have turned if he had chosen the majority Chakotay, what would you have done? Relieved them of duty?" Kathryn said. "Don't these people realise that if he'd chosen them, the bomb planted in Jessie would've killed them instead? This way he gave them a chance to fight back, which they did well might I add. Why should they be angry?"

"The crew are not angry with James for that, Kathryn," Chakotay said. "Just the select few who were in the Mess Hall." Kathryn rolled her eyes and walked back to her desk. "This is a Starfleet ship, and whether the Marquis crew like it or not they have to follow the rules. Anyone who answers back would get punished, somebody punching another, brief brig sentence. What does James get for..."

"You think the crew are angry about the way I discipline James?" Kathryn questioned, looking amused. "Then they should take it out on me, not him. You're just covering for the crew Chakotay. It's the petty thing I thought it was."

"That's only a small part of it. They're angry because they think he was responsible for the explosions, we lost a lot of people that day," Chakotay said. "What about the girl with the twins, that's getting them the most."

Kathryn's face again turned serious and harsh. "Didn't he try to help her?"

"He gave her the means to kill herself and her babies," Chakotay replied.

"Bull," Kathryn muttered. She leaned against the desk, holding the cup at her chest. "Another crewmember killed himself, one of the aliens went on a shooting spree, a couple of other aliens planted

bombs on themselves. Those demons were probably responsible for it all. Why would a mother kill her own children like that, why would the crewmember kill himself without warning."

"Kathryn you can't deny that the girl wouldn't have been able to kill herself if he left her alone," Chakotay said.

"True, but there was no way to know this would happen. He came to me with a lot of determination in helping this girl and children, yes he broke the rules about it but he cared damn it," Kathryn grumbled. She placed the cup on her desk and walked closer to him. "Why should he be punished for having a heart, it wasn't his fault. Oh and don't give me crap about him 'luring' the demons here either, he didn't."

"I wasn't going to say that. He was there for two weeks, he mentioned working with a demon to escape, how come it didn't warn him of this?" Chakotay questioned.

Kathryn shrugged, "I don't know, stop changing the subject."

"Kathryn, being nice and normal around him isn't working. He needs to be taught that he can't just take charge of every situation and expect to win everytime. That's why I was being hard on him," Chakotay said.

"He wasn't even around. You were talking behind his back, around Jessie who's just as protective of him as I am," Kathryn muttered.

"I wasn't talking about that incident," Chakotay said. "I admit being in the wrong there, but Jessie went too far."

"Oh there has been another incident?" Kathryn questioned.

"I'm saying everything wrong," Chakotay muttered.

"No no, you're finally saying everything right," Kathryn said. "You accuse him of taking charge of every situation, right?"

"Yes, but he does," Chakotay replied.

"Who decided that he should solve the twenty four hour message mystery?" Kathryn asked. Chakotay was about to answer but she interrupted him, "who picked him to solve the FVDA murder? Who told him to be the bait when we went back in time? Who coerced him into taking on the vampire Masters, twice? Why did he help against the Kazon takeover?"

"Other people who aren't him, and he was one of the few crewmembers left," Chakotay muttered. "There's plenty of times he didn't, but there's plenty of times where he did."

"You said it was every situation," Kathryn said.

"What's your point?" Chakotay asked.

"You people are just angry for no good reason. We'd be dead if it wasn't for him. I heard everything Jessie said on the bridge, and she's damn right. You, Tuvok, even me waited for him to solve what we thought would be an easy task for him, but it was impossible, and a lot of people were lost. It's easy for everyone to blame him, and use the Mess Hall incident to help in their argument," Kathryn replied.

"Which is?" Chakotay muttered enthusiastically.

"You tell me because I'm not sure," Kathryn said. "Doesn't matter, there's no reason I can think of that justifies crewmembers shouting slurs at him as he passes by, mutters insults loud enough for him to hear, and make up cruel rumours. Explain why all of Security keep going on strike whenever he gives them an order, even ones passed down from Tuvok, claiming to Tuvok that he never told them to do it, and actually told them to 'jump in the airlock' for example."

"They just blame him for what happened and..." Chakotay stuttered.

"I don't like bullying Chakotay, there's no reason for it. If you don't sort this out, I'll throw anyone that even just looks at him funny in the brig. I don't care if there's only one. That includes you too," Kathryn said. "Do you understand?"

"Yes ma'am," Chakotay sighed. "What about Jessie?"

"She did go too far yes, she'll have her two weeks. I'm just giving her personal charity, you know a donation to the baby," Kathryn said with a smile.

"That's not what you're doing, if you were it would be your rations," Chakotay said.

Kathryn moved closer so their noses were only a centimetre about from the other's. "Then I'll do that, so be it. She's pregnant for god's sake Chakotay, she needs to feed herself you half wit. I can easily override the two weeks by saying her outburst was fueled by pregnancy hormones, you can't prove it either way, my word against yours. I'd rather not embarrass you by challenging your authority when I wasn't there."

"Fine. Give her your 'personal charity'," Chakotay mumbled.

Kathryn smiled in a fake sweet way, "that's a good boy. Dismissed, you have two days to sort this out."

Chakotay turned around and walked out.

In: "Tuvok to Janeway."

Kathryn tapped her commbadge, "yes Commander?"

In: "We've returned with two survivors Captain. One has been confined to the brig, the other is in Sickbay."

"Very good. What happened over there?" Kathryn questioned.

In: "We are not sure yet Captain. It appears to be a relapse of the video file incident."

In: "Paris here Captain. The video file incident there was no signs of what killed them, besides the heart attack of course. This time there's reasons for the heart attacks, but you're not going to like it."

"I'll meet you in Sickbay, we can discuss it there," Kathryn said, tapping her commbadge. She walked out of the Ready Room. Moments later she ran back in, grabbed the coffee she left on the desk and ran out with it.

Sickbay:

The Doctor stood around the main biobed treating the alien girl, while the awayteam stood around nearby.

"Ensign you should get everything you can from the suspect," Tuvok said.

James folded his arms, "I don't think that..."

"Nobody cares what you think," a patient lying on a biobed nearby muttered.

James closed his eyes in an obvious attempt to keep calm. "Fine." He stepped outside as quickly as he could.

Faye frowned as she glanced after him, she looked at Tuvok uncomfortably, "Commander. Can I be dismissed too?" Tuvok nodded at her. She didn't waste any time in leaving as well.

The patient nearby grunted in pain as Kes patted him on the arm, she smiled sweetly. "Oh I'm sorry, I forgot that was the arm I haven't treated yet." She picked up a regenerator to treat the arm.

The Doctor made his way over to Tuvok, Tom and Craig. "Her injuries are easily treated but they were brutal. It looks like somebody or some people beat her until she went unconscious."

"Who can blame her for being a bit freaked then," Tom commented.

"Indeed," Tuvok said.

Tom groaned, "stop saying that, it's really irritating." Tuvok responded by raising an eyebrow.

Craig fidgeted slightly, "is it wrong to find her cute?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders, "why cos she's probably a tad older than you. No, she is cute."

"Lieutenants you are dismissed," Tuvok said.

"Good going Craig," Tom muttered. He and Craig shuffled out.

"Thank you Commander," the Doctor sighed.

"Mr Anderson is a seventeen year old human male, his behaviour recently is most expected," Tuvok said.

The Doctor smiled, "and Mr Paris only acts like a seventeen year old human male."

Deck Nine:

The turbolift doors opened, James and Faye stepped out of them. Faye was talking very shyly to him, "I can't hear her, and I can usually hear everyone."

"Remind me never to think around you," James said.

Faye smiled slightly, "that's harder than you might think."

"Could you hear the guy we captured? They're the same species so in theory you shouldn't be able to," James questioned.

"I could, that's the thing. It was just her," Faye mumbled.

Two crewmembers stopped in front of them. "Excuse me, I uh," the female one said.

Faye and James both stopped as well. "Go, there's a guard already," James said.

"Right," Faye mumbled, she continued on.

"What is it?" James asked the crewmember who spoke.

The girl looked at him with worry in her eyes. The guy beside her walked around him and decided to wait about two metres further down the corridor. "It's been a bit scary around here, I'm worried something'll happen to me."

"Oh, I really doubt the demons will attack again. It's best not to think about it," James said.

The girl sighed, "yes well, I expected that." She raised her shoulders meekly. "Maybe if I slept with you, then maybe I'd be safe if I'm ever taken hostage. If I'm lucky the people who'll die in my place will be people who've gotten on my nerves, or the entire ship maybe." She laughed, so did the other crewmember as she walked over to him. The two continued on her way, leaving James again to hold himself back from punching the wall.

The Brig:

The alien man from the ship sat on the bed inside the cell, Sid and Foster stood guard, well more or less. The two were more focused on bickering. Faye stood in front of the brig looking like she was getting a headache.

"Uh, I don't mean to sound rude but will you quit staring at me?" the man grumbled.

Faye placed a hand across her forehead, "huh? Oh, right sorry."

James stepped in, this made Foster freeze on the spot. Sid smiled in victory.

"Well anything?" James muttered.

"I've gotten the impression that the guy's a bit, uh, angry about the lock up and Craig shooting him. Then he got freaked out by me looking at him," Faye said. "Now I have a headache from those two arguing in their head and with their mouths."

"I'll take it if you want," Sid said.

"Fine you can try," Faye sighed.

"Just hang in there until I've finished questioning him, please," James said.

"Ok I'll try," Faye mumbled while massaging the centre of her forehead.

"What happened on your ship?" James asked.

The man smirked at him, he climbed to his feet. "Why should I tell a person who shoots people in need?"

"That wasn't me. That was the young trigger happy kid who was on his first Security themed awaymission," James muttered in response.

"I have a question of my own then," the man said. "How many survived?"

"Only two, you and a girl," James replied.

The man's face turned a few shades paler, "a girl? Which girl?"

Faye frowned, she glanced at James briefly. "A young girl. Dark hair, she looked like she had been beaten," James replied.

"You left her behind didn't you?" the man muttered angrily. "Tell me you left her behind!"

"No she was beamed to our Sickbay," James said.

"You've just made the biggest mistake of your lives, believe me, because you'll never make another one," the man said. He laughed, "so much for rescue, ey?"

"You think it was her?" Faye questioned.

The man laughed, "I don't just think it. I saw it with my own eyes."

James sighed, "what do we call you?"

"Yanan, you?" the man muttered. "And don't say Voyager or whatever you called your ship."

"James, that's Faye," James replied.

Yanan smiled, "you don't believe me, do you? You have two survivors of a crew massacre, one of them looks like a sweet innocent girl who's been beaten. I don't blame you."

"Ok why was she beaten?" James asked.

"Beats me, I wasn't around," Yanan replied. "A lot of strange things were happening, some people do act stupidly out of fear."

"What the hell does that mean?" James questioned.

Faye looked at him, then gestured her head toward Foster and Sid. They both walked away. "I really don't get this. He's really sure that it was the girl but he doesn't seem to care about the crew. He's angry and well, you know what anger does to you," she whispered.

"So you're saying it could be either of them?" James asked.

Yanan began pacing again, muttering angrily to himself. "Really going to die this time."

Faye frowned slightly, "when you asked why she was beaten, all I got was a typical bully response. You know attacking something different, afraid of."

"Act stupidly out of fear, he said that," James muttered.

"It probably was him," Faye whispered.

"I really doubt it. Those deaths were strange, something about this doesn't scream murder. I don't think it was either of them," James said.

"I never thought of that one. Damn headache," Faye muttered.

"I'll report this to Tuvok. Thanks for the help," James said before stepping out.

Faye sighed, "welcome." She slowly followed suit.

Sickbay:

"I'm sorry Captain, Tuvok asked Mr Paris to leave with Anderson," the Doctor said while treating the alien girl.

"Well then can you give me the report?" Kathryn asked, looking back at Tuvok.

"Everybody that we scanned on the ship died of high stress levels," Tuvok replied.

"Stress?" Kathryn raised an eyebrow.

"Stress, and fear," Tuvok responded.

The Doctor sighed, he walked over to the pair. "Mr Paris is completely wrong. They all died the same way the video file victims did," the Doctor said.

"But it can't be the same thing. James reported that what was causing it would never do it again," Kathryn said.

"Perhaps he was mistaken, or there is another case of this nature. If he was right about the species' spirits not passing on if they're buried, not cremated then it's logical to assume that there is more than one incident," Tuvok said.

"I doubt it. If it was common then the people on the planet wouldn't have found the deaths a mystery," Kathryn said. "It was a lot of things combined, other spirits that are not cremated probably take different actions."

"Then Mr Taylor was wrong," Tuvok said.

"Or maybe something that the crew feared greatly found its way onboard, and scared them to death," Kes said. "Remember there are other ways, this doesn't necessarily mean that it's the same thing. We ourselves had an incident where the crew had solid hallucinations of their fears. If that had kept up, and was intensified we might have ended up like them."

Kathryn sighed mostly out of relief, "she has an excellent point. Now the question is what scared them so much that it killed them? The bigger question is, will it affect us?"

"Out of experience I'd say yes," the Doctor commented.

"Then we'd better find out what exactly happened there. Doctor when will this young lady be able to talk to us?" Kathryn questioned.

"Physically she's fine now, but I'd give her a while longer to recover. She's obviously been through a lot," the Doctor replied.

"Is there any signs that the girl had been affected?" Tuvok questioned.

"She's obviously going to be traumatised by the attack she suffered. Other than that there's nothing," the Doctor replied.

"Let me know when she's ready to talk," Kathryn said.

The Doctor nodded his head, "yes Captain."

"Commander, can I ask you to take charge of this case instead of giving James the idea that it's his," Kathryn said.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "I didn't."

"I was told that you told him to talk to the other survivor," Kathryn said. "Take over from him, I don't want this to be another incident the crew blame him for."

"Very well Captain," Tuvok said.

Deck Fifteen:

A male Lieutenant wearing the gold uniform ducked his head as he entered one of the work rooms. Jessie followed him looking uneasy as the man was a foot taller than her, but unlike Tom he was largely built as well. Inside the work area the girl and guy that talked to James earlier were sitting at a station, discussing something.

"Maria, Jackson, you finally have a third member to your team," the tall Lieutenant said, gesturing his hand to Jessie who stood by his side. "This is Jessie."

"Hi," Jessie said.

Jackson stood up to greet her, "hi, I was hoping it would be another woman."

"Sorry to disappoint you but I can only be eye candy if I'm not looking, otherwise," Jessie muttered, she gestured her left hand at her clenched right fist.

"Okay, we'll see," Jackson smiled.

"No we won't," Jessie said.

"Yeah Jackson, you don't want a beating do you?" Maria said.

"I'll leave you to it then," the tall Lieutenant said, turning to leave.

"No I don't, but I believe that time's a great uh, tool for, you know," Jackson muttered, cringing each time he struggled to think of a word.

"Leave it Jack, she belongs to you know who," Maria muttered while turning to her station.

Jessie cleared her throat, "uh I don't belong to anybody. Who's you know who?"

Jackson backed away, raising his palms in front of him. "Oh woah, you go out with that strong guy."

"No, we're just friends. God," Jessie groaned. She went over to the unmanned station.

Maria shook her head, "so why did he choose you over thirty people? Oh and shoot that alien."

Jessie turned around pulling a face. "That alien was on a shooting spree, true he could have knocked him out but everyone was on edge cos of him. As for the Mess Hall you weren't there, so don't assume anything."

"It's funny you're defending him, people might think better of him if he was actually dating, in love with the girl he almost killed thirty people over. You could at least pretend you were dating, or admit you are," Maria said.

"Does she ever shut up?" Jessie muttered.

Jackson shrugged, "no." Maria elbowed him.

"Do you know where the nearest bathroom is?" Jessie asked.

"Yeah, but it's on Deck Eleven," Jackson replied.

Jessie groaned, "ugh, typical." She headed back out.

Sickbay:

Chakotay entered, he passed Kes on the way to the Doctor. He watched Tuvok talk with the girl who seemed a little calmer.

"Well, how is she?" Chakotay questioned.

"She's better, but shy," the Doctor smiled. "So far she hasn't said what happened."

"It's very important that we know," Tuvok said.

The girl looked down at her hands, she shyly shook her head. "I'm not sure."

"What do you mean?" Tuvok questioned.

"I didn't do it," the girl replied.

Chakotay stepped forward, "no one's accusing you of anything. We just want to know what happened. Did the person who attacked you have anything to do with what happened?" The girl shook her head. "Ok, maybe we should let her get some more rest."

"Agreed, she's been through enough grief," the Doctor said.

"Very well, if you think of anything that would be useful, contact me," Tuvok said. The girl nodded.

"Maybe somebody should give her a tour of the ship," Kes said as Tuvok passed her to leave.

Chakotay frowned, "you mean a tour of the rubble."

"It's not that bad," Kes said. "She might tell us more if she feels more at ease."

"All right, are you volunteering?" Chakotay questioned.

"I'm afraid we've still got patients to treat. Would you believe we haven't gotten through half of the injured," the Doctor replied.

"So who should show her around?" Chakotay asked.

"Somebody just like her, maybe," Kes replied. "She might find it easier to talk with someone who understands her."

"I know just the person," Chakotay smiled.

The Mess Hall:

Faye and the girl walked through the only main doors. Straight ahead repair crewmembers were still working on the explosion damage. "This is uh, the Mess Hall. We eat here mainly."

"Hmm, what happened?" the girl asked.

"Uh, nothing that'll happen again," Faye uneasily replied. She lead her to the replicator. "I still don't know your name."

"Sada," the girl said.

"Ok um Sada, this makes food. Since you're a guest, you should be able," Faye muttered. "What do you like?" Sada shrugged. "Um, computer two small slices of thin crust tuna pizza, with small portion of fries. Two plates." Two plates of food appeared in the replicator.

"Oh, we had something, like that," Sada shyly said.

Faye handed one of the plates to her, they both walked over to one of the few tables still upright.

Neelix saw an opportunity to play morale officer and ambassador at the same time, so he rushed over to the girls. "Hello."

Sada gasped as she saw him, Faye tried not to giggle. "Oh, it's ok, he's Talaxian."

"Oh, hi Talaxian," Sada said.

"No that's his species," Faye said.

"My name's Neelix," Neelix cheerfully said as he sat down. "I get that response a lot."

"Oh I forgot drinks," Faye muttered, she stood up and went back to the replicator.

"I hear you had a rough time on your ship. Don't worry, Voyager's a safe haven," Neelix said. Right on cue a hanging damaged wall beam fell down a little and knocked a guy unconscious. Neelix didn't notice.

"I see that," Sada said.

"Oh, the damage yes, that contradicts what I said. It's safe now," Neelix said. "Now, did you have any friends aboard your ship?"

Sada shook her head, "no, they didn't like me."

"That's a shame, you seem nice enough," Neelix said. "It's probably cos some people don't understand shy people."

"No, they blamed me," Sada muttered.

"For what?" Neelix asked.

Sada looked up at him, "everything."

"That must have been difficult," Neelix said, placing a hand on her arm. She jumped, then moved it away. "Oh I'm sorry, I do that to comfort people."

Faye meanwhile finally decided what drink to order, and ordered it. She felt something brush passed her, whatever it was it gave her goosebumps and a cold shudder. When she turned around she looked around to see what caused it, nothing seemed out of the ordinary. With that she picked up her drinks to rejoin Neelix and Sada.

"I see you two are getting along all right," he said.

"She, showed me around," Sada mumbled.

"Ah well, I'll leave you two girls to it. Excuse me," Neelix said. He stood up, turned around and then noticed the beam that had fell and the unconscious crewmember. "Oh, damn it." He walked off.

"Sorry, everyone gets creeped out by him," Faye said.

"Yeah, he only looked, it's ok," Sada said.

Deck Eleven:

Jessie stood in one of the public bathrooms in front of the mirror. She kept fiddling with her hair as it just didn't look right to her. Then she lifted her top only slightly to examine her stomach, inspecting it to see if she was getting stretch marks yet.

The door opened, an unknown girl walked in. Jessie failed to notice her as she was too busy. She quickly turned to leave.

"Good, that's good," Jessie muttered to herself, then she turned to leave herself.

The Bridge:

Kathryn stood with her hands on her hips, not looking very happy in the slightest. "I thought we were continuing on to drop those aliens off to their conference. They're already late."

"Yeah well, even with this distraction they'd still get there before their ship would have," Chakotay muttered, cringing slightly.

"Ugh, do you ever listen to me at all?" Kathryn grumbled, dropping herself in her chair.

"Of course," Chakotay said.

"Let me guess, you blame my hormones if you don't think I made a good command decision," Kathryn muttered. "So you do the opposite."

"That's not true," Chakotay said.

"Oh, are you going to lie to our child as well?" Kathryn muttered.

Chakotay sighed, "no of course not."

In: "Security to Tuvok."

"Yes Ensign," Tuvok responded.

In: "Our prisoner escaped."

"How?" Tuvok questioned.

In: "Neelix, he pushed him away when he was serving lunch."

"Ever thought of firing at the guy, or putting up the shield after Neelix is in? Imbeciles," Kathryn grumbled.

"Tuvok to all Security, the prisoner has escaped. Take him back to the brig immediately," Tuvok ordered. He stepped into the turbolift.

Meanwhile:

Faye and Sada walked down a quiet corridor, straight ahead of them was the turbolift. "It's nice here, without the... uh damage anyway."

"Yeah it's not so bad," Faye said. "Did those people really bully you cos you were shy?"

"I don't know, they blamed me for, things," Sada replied, trying to avoid the question. "Do people treat you differently?"

"One guy does. He usually makes jokes, teases me," Faye replied. "Other than that, some people are nice enough. Tuvok doesn't usually understand shyness."

Yanan ran around the corner, almost running into the back of them. His face turned pale when he realised one of the girls he nearly bumped into was Sada. "You," he trembled.

Sada stared at him in fear, she moved to hide behind Faye.

"Keep her away from me," Yanan stuttered, backing away. James and two other Security arrived behind him.

"I didn't do anything," Sada said.

Yanan turned around and walked into James. He took a hold of his arm, "come on, you're going back. I know Neelix's food is bad, but you didn't have to push him over."

"You don't understand," Yanan stuttered, struggling in his strong grip. "You have to get rid of her, she'll kill us all! Let me go, I need to get away. Let me go! She's a killer!"

Sada pressed her hands against her face, shaking her head violently. Faye looked at her with her own eyes widened, she tried to lead Sada toward the turbolift. Her hands felt cold as she touched her skin.

James dragged Yanan in the other direction, the other two guys just watched. "Tell Tuvok we got him." They stared blankly at him. "Ok don't tell Tuvok."

One tapped his commbadge, "Clark to Tuvok. We caught him, no thanks to freak boy aggravating him."

James shook his head, not believing what he was hearing. He pulled Yanan into a turbolift.

"Good one, he couldn't hit you or anything," the other guy sniggered.

Faye and Sada went into the turbolift, Faye felt very uneasy as she stood beside the trembling girl. Something about her frightened her, it wasn't the fact that she couldn't hear a word she thought. It was earlier feelings she had that she couldn't explain. She was hiding something, something dark and dangerous.

The alien ship:

An awayteam hung around the bridge, a few stood working on the stations.

"Damn," Tom muttered, slamming his hand on the console. "There's nothing here. They didn't pick up anybody, no contact with anyone for about two weeks. They just were a science vessel on their way home from studying a binary star system."

"Nothing peculiar about it?" Harry mumbled, while reading what was on his panel.

"If there is we won't know about it unless we go. Doesn't it usually happen then?" Tom questioned.

"What?" Harry muttered.

"You know, where we get effected as well. Curiosity always nearly kills the Voyager cats," Tom said.

"True," Harry said. "Strange."

"Oh have you found something?" Tom asked as he stood by his side.

"There's something strange about these final logs," Harry replied. "They make reference to a dead crewmember, and an it. Every one of them says stuff like 'it all started when it joined the crew'."

"It? Nice, some people call people an it if they don't understand them," Tom said.

"What you mean something small like their sense of humour, or a strange ability they shouldn't have?" Harry questioned with a raised eyebrow.

"Second, people called James an it for example," Tom replied. "Check the other logs."

"I have, that's what I mean. Every one of them mentions this it in that way. Only a few crewmembers have no logs at all, strangely our survivors are two of those," Harry said.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Tom asked, looking a little queasy as he held his stomach.

"I'm looking to see what they're referring to, then we figure out who they're talking about and if it had anything to do with what happened," Harry replied.

"Obviously not," Tom said. "I was thinking of getting a sandwich, and some chips."

Harry rolled his eyes, "the ship's got twenty corpses lying around, and you're thinking about sandwiches. You don't even look well."

"Oh that was cos I remembered one of the guys after I thought it," Tom said.

"Fine," Harry groaned. "I'll check the crew manifest, that might tell us who they're referring to. They said when it joined the crew, so maybe the latest crewmember is who they're talking about."

"Good, but that won't tell us if the person's a killer or not," Tom muttered.

"I did mention a dead crewmember didn't I? The Captain said she died strangely, and looked like something he'd never seen before," Harry said.

"Hmm that's familiar," Tom said.

"Exactly," Harry said. He frowned, "great, the most recent crewmember was our guy in the brig. Three others joined before him, one was the girl. Funnily enough the girl who died first was in that group."

"So what exactly? The logs said 'when it joined the crew', doesn't mean it was most recent," Tom said.

Harry sighed, "great, we're back to square one."

The Mess Hall:

A couple of hungry crewmembers waited, some impatiently in front of the kitchen. Two crewmembers were busy working on the replicator.

"Damn I'm starving, how come he's always around when we have food already?" one man moaned, rubbing his empty stomach.

Kes appeared amongst the group, "what's going on?"

"We're waiting for Neelix, the replicator's broken," a crewmember replied.

"I'll get him," Kes said. She walked around into the kitchen area, "Neelix?" She tripped over him as he lay face down on the floor. "Ohno, Neelix. Sickbay, medical emergency."

Sickbay:

The Doctor shook his head, he walked away from Neelix's biobed. "I don't understand this. I scanned him after his incident in the brig, and he was fine."

Kes shook her head, "this doesn't make any sense. What caused him to collapse?"

"It looks like a mild case of what happened with the aliens," the Doctor sighed. "Something frightened him enough to make..."

Two crewmembers stumbled in, carrying somebody between them. "Doctor!"

Kes and the Doctor rushed over as they placed him on the biobed. "What happened?" Kes asked.

"We found him in the Jeffries Tube on Deck Seven," the girl replied. She and the Doctor carefully rolled the newest victim onto his back. Kes gasped and backed away. His face was contorted with the same terrified expression that the alien victims had.

"Cortical stimulator," the Doctor ordered.

Kes quickly passed him the item. He put it on the man's forehead.

"What happened to him?" the girl asked shakily.

"Same with Neelix, high stress and anxiety levels," the Doctor replied. "They're higher than Neelix though, Kes!"

Kes quickly injected the victim with a hypospray. Life appeared in his eyes again, he screamed hysterically. Then he realised where he was, calming down enough to stop screaming. He trembled violently, his eyes shifted nervously.

"It's all right, you're safe now," the Doctor said. "Try to breathe normally, relax, your heart rate is too high." The man tried to do as he said.

"I don't think it's a good idea to ask what happened just yet," Kes said nervously. "Will Neelix react the same way when he wakes up?"

"He reacted different. It appears that he fainted before the damage was done, that saved him from this trauma. He still will be frightened when he wakes up, Jacobs seemed to freeze in fear in laments terms," the Doctor replied. He patted the man on the arm. "It's ok, just breathe slowly, steadily."

Meanwhile, Deck Nine:

Jessie stepped out of the turbolift, she passed by a group of gossipy crewmembers while on her way to the Security Office.

"Really wow? So that's two babies on their way, Janeway and the girl," one guy said.

"Didn't you figure out who she was?" a girl questioned.

The girl from the bathroom shook her head, "I haven't seen her before."

Jessie frowned as she turned the corner, she stopped to listen in.

"She had dark hair, she was short. I dunno, can't say anymore than that."

Jessie's eyes widened, she peeped her head around the corner, then back again. "It can't be, I've never seen her before."

"Oh, black hair, rumour has it that girl who dates the guy in Security is pregnant. She certainly has gained some weight," a guy said.

Jessie growled, "still look better than you do."

"Woah really. They don't date you know, just friends. How disgusting is that," the girl smirked.

"I know. If you're slutty enough to sleep with your best friend, and in this day and age get pregnant with him, you can't be all there can you?" a girl said.

"Tell me about it," a guy said.

Jessie pouted as she turned to go into the Security Office. She found James salvaging the pieces of his desk. He knelt down to pick up something. "Hey." He turned around, his face lit up.

"Hey Jess."

"Just thought you'd like to know that I turned down another job," Jessie said. "If I stayed on Deck Fifteen any longer you would have received a murder report."

James smiled sympathetically, "yeah I know the feeling. A lot of people are getting on my nerves lately, I've been good about it though."

Jessie walked over to him, "I know, I'm so proud of you, you know. I would have punched someone by now in your position."

"Thanks, not sure I deserve it though," James sighed. He looked down at the broken frame in his hands. "I left this in the drawer, I hadn't picked a picture for it yet."

"Just remember if I'm in it it has to be a good one. There's a lot of pictures of me with a bad hair day or look half asleep," Jessie said. "Tell me from now on to keep my mouth shut when posing."

"Don't be silly, you're very photo friendly," James said. "What's wrong, you look a bit..."

Jessie sighed, "just people gossiping about me being pregnant. A girl seems to be claiming that she saw me, she doesn't know me but described me enough for them to mix rumours. Apparently I'm a slut for it."

"Don't let them get to you Jess, you know it's not true," James said. He pulled a face, "not the pregnant part, the slut part."

Jessie laughed a little, shaking her head. "I gathered."

"I think in a few months all of this will be over," James said. "We just have to put up with it until then. Or we could just tell everyone, it won't be as gossip worthy if they know it's true."

"James I don't want to be known as the slut who had a baby with her friend," Jessie muttered. "I know we're together but if we tell them that, or not they'll still think it."

"When the baby's born they're going to notice," James said.

"I know that," Jessie groaned. "I don't know what to do. I'm just going to get bigger, more people are going to think it, then people will start looking at me funny. It's already seeable."

"Maybe people will be nicer when a baby's around. Think about it, no one likes to talk nasty around a child," James said.

Jessie sighed, "yeah, but what do we do for the next four months? I can't take maternity leave for another three or so, I can't find a job I can actually do that'll hide me away. I'm at my wits end about this."

"Jessie, take the Counselling job," James said. She shook her head. "You'd be great at that, I promise you."

"Not after what happened," Jessie muttered.

"I still do this job despite that," James said.

"You haven't got a choice, this is a punishment," Jessie said. "What am I going to tell Janeway in two weeks, the only thing I'm good at is wasting space."

"You know that's far from the truth," James muttered. He put an arm around her, pulling her closer to him. "Don't say that I'm biased and stuff, cos I have to think these things to be in the position to be biased in the first place. I think you're amazing, you can do a lot of jobs aboard ship, you're just put off by morons who don't know what they're talking about. Who are you going to listen to, me or them?"

"You," Jessie replied.

"You know, that part sounded like me being bossy didn't it?" James smirked at her.

Jessie smiled, resting her head on his shoulder. "Now that you mention it."

"The job you take for the next few months can be temporary, remember? Let them gossip, and if you do decide to murder someone I'll hide the report," James said.

"I'll keep looking," Jessie said.

"Good, now I have to go and talk to our prisoner. Will I see you again before the shift ends?" James questioned.

"More than likely," Jessie replied.

"Great, I'll be here again shortly until then. See you later," James said. He headed for the door.

Captains Log Supplemental: Finally we've arrived at that planet where the aliens hope to negotiate their treaty. I've warned them that they'd better succeed or I'll make them pay, they laughed like I was joking. Imbeciles. Anyway the alien ship we rescued two people from has been towed with us as, surprise surprise, similar things started happening here and we couldn't just stop investigating. One of these days we will succeed where the Enterprise D failed, you know actually leave a cursed ship alone for bloody once, or at least not act surprised if the same happens during investigations.

Chakotay and Tuvok emerged from the turbolift, they were surprised to find Kathryn directly in front of the door, waiting for them. "Well, are they gone?"

"Yes they left an hour ago," Chakotay replied.

"Good, let's get out of here," Kathryn muttered. "Tom."

Danny pulled a face while looking back at her, "er Tom's on that ship, I'm at the helm."

"Oh whatever," Kathryn groaned.

In: "Sickbay to Captain Janeway."

Kathryn tapped her commbadge, "what now?"

In: "Neelix has woken up, both he and the other victim have some unsettling news."

"I'm on my way," Kathryn said, pushing passed Tuvok and Chakotay so she could get into the turbolift.

The Brig:

James entered to find Faye standing, talking to Yanan. They both turned to look at him.

"Huh, what are you doing here?"

Faye looked back at Yanan, "it's just as I thought, one of these two killed the crew. I know who now."

"You're saying it was the girl?" James questioned. "If that's so why did Yanan escape?"

Yanan fidgeted slightly, looking a little embarrassed. "When your chef decided to visit me I saw her, standing behind him. She smiled at me in such a way, I'll never forget that smile."

"Nobody reported seeing her then, she was with Faye," James frowned.

"She left her mark on him, like she did with me. Only people marked can see her, her other half," Yanan muttered.

James turned to Faye, "is that what you sensed then, her other half?"

She nodded, "Sada herself split into two, her good and evil side. She has unusual telepathic powers. This is probably why I couldn't hear her, she unintentionally blocked me."

"Her good self, is she aware of this evil persona?" James questioned.

"More than likely. She keeps saying she didn't do anything when nobody even hints that they think it was her. She's probably too scared of it to even try to do anything about it," Faye replied.

"Where is she now?" James asked.

"I dropped her off in her quarters," Faye replied.

"Ok, you tell the Captain or Chakotay, I'll go and do something," James said, turning back around to leave.

"Do what?" Faye shrugged.

"If you intimidate her you'll end up like our crew," Yanan said. "The crew must have snapped because they were all marked like me, and beat her. No doubt that was her revenge."

Sickbay:

"So what are you saying?" Kathryn questioned, frowning at the headache she now had.

"Our replicator is for medical use, not for coffee," the Doctor replied. "Now will you please?"

"I know, I know, If this girl is projecting herself around the ship, attacking the crew like this, what can we do?" Kathryn questioned. "It's not like we can lock her in the brig."

Kes sighed, "the alien crew probably tried to deal with it with violence, and it killed them."

"What did I do to annoy her?" the man who was brought in earlier asked.

"Me too?" Neelix added on.

"I don't know. If you offered her your food you would have actually been dead," Kathryn muttered.

Neelix pouted, "if you don't like my cooking, fire me and get someone else."

Kathryn growled, "I did, you took it as a joke and made the replacement cry!"

"I didn't do anything to make him cry, oh I may have been chopping onions," Neelix said sheepishly.

Kes sighed, "we're going off track."

"Yes we are, computer locate Sada," Kathryn said.

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

"Where did she go?" Kathryn asked.

The Bridge:

"We're clear of the planet," Danny said.

Chakotay sat down in his chair, "set a course for the Alpha Quadrant, warp six."

James ran out of the turbolift next to Harry, "Chakotay, the Finians and Sykians are in danger."

"What, why?" Chakotay said.

"Trust me on this, we need to go back," James said. "The killer, she transported to the planet at the same time as them."

"She, I thought it was the guy," Danny muttered, glancing back at Chakotay. "Should I engage or not?"

"Are you certain she did?" Chakotay questioned.

"Oh I'm sure," James replied.

"Danny, change course back to the planet," Chakotay ordered. "You better be right James."

Faye ran out of the other turbolift breathing heavily, she stopped to lean on Tuvok's station. "We... need... to... go back... to... planet."

James looked at her, "uh Faye."

"What?" Faye muttered angrily. She turned to look at him back, "oh crap, I didn't have to run, did I?"

"No you guys could have just contacted the bridge," Danny pointed out, smirking slightly.

"Aaaw man, so not worth it," Faye moaned, sliding her back down the station.

"Tuvok send a team to the transport point, find her," Chakotay said.

"You can't do anything to her, her other half won't take kindly to it," Faye mumbled.

Chakotay looked confused, "ok, what did I miss? Just go Tuvok."

"Aye Commander," Tuvok nodded, he stepped into the turbolift. "Taylor, you're with me."

"Ugh damn," James groaned, following him.

The planet:

James, Tuvok, Tom, Harry and a few security people rematerialised in a large meeting room. They were shocked to find over twenty Finian and Sykians lying on the floor, or collapsed at the tables they sat, all with the same traumatised looks on their faces.

"Span out, she must be here somewhere," Tuvok commanded. The team all split up to search the room, and corridor outside.

"I don't get it. They're all..." Tom stuttered. "If she works this fast, how come we didn't get this."

James walked toward the corner, looking up at the ceiling. "Maybe this'll answer our questions." Everyone turned to look where he was looking, there in the top corner was a security camera.

Later in the Conference Room:

The Senior Staff sat around the table while James and Tom stood by the wall panel. A picture of the hall was on it, about twenty people were on it that seemed normal but frozen.

"I've got to warn you, if you're easily freaked out by horror films and such, look away now," James said.

"I'd give it a 15 rating," Tom added on. James rolled his eyes, then turned to press a button on the panel. The people on it started moving.

"The alien ship is preparing to beam down the ambassadors," one rough male voice said.

"When this is over we should offer them a payment for their time," a gentler male voice said.

A female voice spoke up as a woman walked into view, "Voyager, we're ready."

The remaining Finian and Sykian's rematerialised. In the parallel corner to the camera Sada appeared. Nobody seemed to notice her. For a couple of minutes the Sykians and Finians talked aggressively, after five minutes they were yelling obscene insults at each other.

Sada meanwhile pressed her hands against her face, lowering her head.

Malek, the lead Sykian began screaming loudly, his face was filled with fear. Then it became distorted like an unseen force was stretching the skin on his face, his screams only got louder and louder.

People around him backed away, unsure what to do about it. The room got even more chaotic, this only made his screams and Sada's reactions stronger. His skin started drying up, the pupils in his eyes changed to a ghostly grey colour. Eventually after a total of ten minutes of screaming, his limp body fell to the ground.

One man noticed Sada in the corner, he pointed at her, "it's her, it's got to be her! She must be another of those demons!" The entire room suddenly turned on her, a few people began to suffer the same fate as Malek as they moved forward to get their hands on her.

She screamed hysterically before running away from them, of course they attempted to chase her. Most of them stopped as they began suffering as well. Only five were seen running after her in one piece.

James stopped the video by pressing a button. A lot of the staff looked uneasy.

"What was she?" Kathryn questioned.

"I didn't find anything abnormal about her," the Doctor replied.

"It looks like confrontational behaviour provoked her 'other half', the good one acted like she didn't mean to do any of these things," Chakotay said.

"Confrontational? I never did anything like that," Neelix said. "I touched her."

"That was obviously enough," Kathryn sighed.

"Yanan mentioned a mark, not a physical one but," Chakotay said. "Were her latest victims marked, or can she just attack anyone?"

"I don't know, all we do know is that anybody who was could see her evil side," James replied. "Yanan didn't know how she did it, so there's no way to know."

"I hope she doesn't decide to pay me another visit," Neelix stuttered.

"Unlikely," Tuvok said. "We searched the complex after discovering and watching the footage. Three of the people who ran after her were found quickly in the same condition, then we found her. The two remaining must have killed her before she did it to them."

"It's amazing how quickly they turned on her," Chakotay commented. "I wonder how she got the way she was."

"We'll never know now," Tom commented.

******THE END******