

In the Shadows

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by [Planxty](#)

Summary

A young Vulcan and Romulan meet on Deep Space Nine and begin a forbidden romance

Notes

These are the same girls Jake and Nog were admiring in “men and females.”

I have a lot more in store for these girls!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The evening before there had been an altercation on the Promenade. A Romulan woman, seemingly drunk, had insulted and spoke threateningly toward a Vulcan man, laid her hands on him, and to defend himself the Vulcan incapacitated her with a nerve pinch.

Verelan felt partly responsible. What ignited her mother’s misplaced rage was the time Verelan had spent with the Vulcan’s daughter. She had incorrectly perceived that the man and his child were trying to assert an unwelcome influence, but in reality Verelan had initiated every interaction.

After the excitement had died down and the station’s residents went back to their normal lives, Verelan sought out T’Lyra in the replimat. The Vulcan sat alone, sipping a cup of tea and reading a PADD with notes on organic chemistry.

Verelan took a deep breath to brace herself. “T’Lyra.” The Vulcan looked up from her reading but said nothing. “I would like to talk about what my mother did this morning.”

“The incident seemed straightforward, but if there is more you wish to say, I am willing to listen.”

Verelan sat down across from T’Lyra and took another deep breath. “I don’t mean to apologize on her behalf, that’s not for me to do, and I don’t think she should be forgiven. My mother...I shouldn’t say this, it’s been a closely guarded secret...she drinks. She drinks too much and speaks her mind, and until today she did a very good job of hiding it. Unfortunately, what’s really on her mind is...” Verelan fell silent, struggling to think of what to say that would both be accurate and not a scathing insult.

“Uninhibited xenophobia.” T’Lyras offered.

“I was trying to be more subtle, but you’re not wrong. What she called your father...I’m not sure the translator can convey how impolite of a word it is. This was the first time I’ve seen her react violently.” The pair fell silent, and T’Lyra picked her PADD back up and began to read again. “You do know I’m not like that, right?”

T’Lyra set her PADD back down on the table. “I have no doubts. Her views and actions do not reflect your own.” She reached across the table to extend her hand toward Verelan, with two fingers outstretched. Verelan’s hand met hers, and the tips of their fingers touched. “However, given these events, it would be wise to exercise discretion.”

End Notes

The girls have their own story!

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