

Anything for You

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Anything for You

by [Planxty](#)

Summary

T'Lyra, a Vulcan, and Verelan, a Romulan shared a brief romance during their time on Deep Space Nine. However, the time has come for them to part ways and consider their next move.

Notes

A follow up to "In the Shadows"
<https://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1341>

And a sneak peek at future events in the in progress "Fairest of the Stars"
<https://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1362>

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

There were fewer than five days until Verelan had to leave Deep Space Nine and return to Ch'Rhian, and she could not guess how many opportunities she would have to spend time with T'Lyra. It wasn't simply a matter of finding free time and making a plan. With Verelan's mother's explosive reactions, and T'Lyra's parents' general disapproval, they had to be discreet and careful.

Verelan spotted T'Lyra from across the promenade and rushed over, weaving in and out of the crowd. "T'Lyra!" Verelan called, and the Vulcan froze and stared as Verelan approached, but she softened when Verelan was near and held up her first two fingers. Verelan reached out to touch her fingertips and closed her eyes as she took in a deep breath and enjoyed the closeness they shared.

"I find your enthusiasm admirable." T'Lyra answered, staying still so their fingertips could touch a moment longer. "However, we agreed to be more secretive."

"I know...I got excited. I have an idea." A nervous smile appeared on Verelan's face, and she paused and looked away. Her heart fluttered, what she had in mind sounded ridiculous. "What if...What if I found a way to stay behind? On the station?"

T'Lyra pulled her fingers away. "That would not be logical. I am scheduled to depart with my family in thirteen days, four hours, and nineteen minutes."

"Yes, but if I go home I won't be able to freely cross the neutral zone whenever I please. What if we never see each other again?"

"Which means that if you stay here you will not be able to return home. You will be a defector with no family and few friends. I cannot condone such an illogical course of action."

Verelan blinked and took a deep breath. Her eyes itched and her voice trembled. "I don't think I could stand to be away from you."

"You won't be." T'Lyra held up her two fingers again, and Verelan reached out to touch them. "We are bonded. Touching, yet not touching. Apart, yet never apart."

Verelan nodded. "I can feel the link between us, but I have a hard time trusting that it will still hold strong over such long distances and for years at a time."

“Your skepticism is reasonable and logical, but for thousands of years Vulcans have found that such bonds are not affected by time or distance.” T’Lyra held up one hand in a Vulcan salute. “Live long and prosper, Verelan.”

“Live long and prosper.”

The pair shared no further words, and T’Lyra turned to go. Verelan watched her walk away and felt the growing fear that this might be the last time she saw T’Lyra. Her bondmate. Her T’hy’la. Her e’lev.

End Notes

Don't worry! They will get back together!

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