

like the color when the spring is born

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1524) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1524>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Strange New Worlds
Relationship:	Amanda Grayson & T'Pring
Character:	Amanda Grayson, T'Pring
Additional Tags:	Weekly Challenge: Smell the Roses
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Discord Weekly Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2024-04-15 Words: 400 Chapters: 1/1

like the color when the spring is born

by [Lysippe](#)

Summary

“Stop by for tea,” Amanda tells T’Pring when their paths cross next. It isn’t a request. “I meant it when I said you should visit more.”

Notes

Set post-Charades

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

“Stop by for tea,” Amanda tells T’Pring when their paths cross next. It isn’t a request. “I meant it when I said you should visit more.”

T’Pring can see that Amanda is holding something back, most likely suppressing some human instinct that has served her particularly poorly in her life on Vulcan. An embrace, or an encouraging smile, perhaps. Illogical, for someone no longer formally tied to T’Pring, at least for the time being.

“You are correct. I was remiss in my duties as your son’s future wife. However, my work keeps me busy, and given current events, you no longer have any obligation to me.” It’s appropriately deferential, even considering their nebulous positions in one another’s lives.

“Your work is important,” Amanda agrees, keeping her voice neutral, the words pleasantly complimentary. “But sometimes, it’s good to stop and smell the roses. And I think we may have some things to talk about, regardless of the status of your engagement to my son.”

The words sound like neither a threat nor a condemnation, as they would coming from her own mother, but T’Pring struggles to pinpoint exactly what they do sound like. She still does not communicate easily with humans, even a human like Amanda. “I do not understand what roses have to do with my failure to maintain a satisfactory relationship with you,” she says instead. Perhaps that clarification will answer her question.

Amanda does smile this time, very slightly, the corners of her lips twitching upwards as the edges of her eyes crinkle. If T’Pring were to guess, she would call the expression fondness. “No, I suppose you wouldn’t. It’s an old Earth saying. It means...” she pauses, probably searching for the correct way to interpret a human sentiment for Vulcan sensibilities. “that it can be beneficial, sometimes, to relax and appreciate the things around you.”

The choice of words surprises T’Pring. It has never occurred to her that spending time with Amanda might be relaxing. That Amanda might want it to be. Spending time with her own mother certainly never is. But Amanda is not her own mother. Amanda has always been kind, illogically so, in that particularly human way that some part of T’Pring cannot help but appreciate. Perhaps she has been ungenerous in her association.

“Thank you,” she says. “For the explanation, and for the invitation. I believe you are correct. Would tomorrow be acceptable?”

End Notes

Title from "Little Green" by Joni Mitchell

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!