

Almost Normal

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by [Planxty](#)

Summary

Family isn't always a mom, a dad, and kids. Sometimes family is two moms, a kid, and a dozen refugees and political outcasts.

Family. Not long ago Verelan thought it had only one clear definition: one's own House Clan, a name and reputation linked mostly by lineage. Where she found the most warmth and generosity was in the band of refugees on Virinat who came together under one roof, crowded close to one another in her father's husband's modest home.

Her only blood relations were her father and her son, but her new family was composed of people from all walks of life. There was her Vulcan bondmate, a retired politician who was older than Verelan's grandmother would have been if she was still alive, a young Reman woman, a husband and wife from the laborer caste who had five children, and a pair of orphaned twin brothers. Sixteen altogether, half of them children, but in time the chaos of so many people living together found its own rhythm and balance and felt normal.

Verelan sat in the garden and watched the children play at some game they invented themselves. She felt the presence of her bondmate near her, and in anticipation she held up her index and middle fingers. A moment later, T'Lyra was by her side, pressing her two fingertips against Verelan's. Verelan closed her eyes and took a deep breath as the physical closeness to her bondmate gave her a sense of tranquility.

"How many players are needed for a baseball team?" Verelan teased. "You could teach them in case we ever return to Deep Space Nine."

"A minimum of nine. Our team would be short one player," T'Lyra explained.

A smile appeared on Verelan's face as she watched the children. "What a shame."

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