

New Places

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by [Planxty](#)

Summary

Verelan has trouble adjusting to her new home

Notes

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

2391

This was for the best. T'Lyra seemed content on Virnat, living with an ever growing found family and teaching chemistry and physics to refugee children. She belonged among the stars, and after years of extended leave she was welcomed back to an assignment on a ship with space for her Romulan wife and their teenage son.

Verelan, however, had a difficult adjustment. Everything about this ship was foreign and uncomfortable: the temperature, the lighting, the air pressure. Finding her way around felt like navigating a maze where the walls kept moving. She felt a nasty dizzy spell coming on, but was utterly lost. With nowhere to go, she leaned against the wall and sat right on the floor of the corridor with her eyes closed and her cane laid across her lap.

“Are you alright?” a youthful male voice called.

Verelan opened her eyes to see a tall, slim human who looked like he was still a child. He wore a Starfleet uniform accented with gold. “A little dizzy, and very lost, but, yes, I’m fine.”

The young man knelt in front of her with worry on his face. “I can take you to sickbay...”

“No, that won’t be necessary. This is normal for me, I just need to lie down for a while, if only I could remember where exactly my quarters are.” A pause when the concerned look on the young man’s face deepened. “That’s normal too, I...have trouble forming memories.”

“Let me look that up for you, then...” He took the PADD that was tucked under his arm and began to input some information. “Your full name?”

“DTek S’Lrr Verelan e-Khaethaetreh t’Luin.” Verelan had not changed her name after ending her brief marriage to Odime t’Luin, even after adding T’Lyra’s name to her own. It was a chapter of her life that wasn’t worth erasing, and there was a bit of satisfaction in knowing that Odime and her rotten family could do nothing about the fact that they now shared a family name with a defector, her bastard son, and her Vulcan partner.

“Okay...” He skimmed through the information on his PADD. “I found you...you’re not even on the right deck. By the way, what do I...call you?”

“Verelan.”

“Oh! You’re T’Lyra’s wife!”

Verelan raised an eyebrow. “She talks about me?”

“Well, not much. Do you need help standing up? And I’ve got a little time if you need help walking back to your quarters.”

“Yes, please, I would appreciate that.”

The young man stood up, and offered a hand to help Verelan up to her feet. “By the way, if what I said about your name was rude, I’m sorry. I only recently enlisted. Before that I never left my small hometown, and it was almost all humans there. I have a lot to learn.”

“I understand. I had never left my home planet until I was sixteen, and the only offworlders I had seen were the occasional Reman. My son isn’t much better off, even though he lived his whole life with several Vulcans in his home.”

“Sounds like a pretty tough adjustment.”

“Maybe, but he’s like me. More curious about outsiders than he has any right to be.”

End Notes

yep, just slipping in a little headcanon that in interspecies marriage they can blend their respective naming conventions to epic effect.

this would mean that after Kirk and Spock got married (yes they did!) Kirk's government name is S'chn T'gai James Tiberius Kirk

...sarek had Thoughts about this

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