Grace

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by Planxty

Summary

Maya finally meets her partner's child

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A Bellingham dive bar was an unusual place to meet with a Vulcan, but when T'Leth expressed interest in arranging a meeting her mother's other spouse, she gave Maya the privilege of choosing the location, and Maya picked somewhere she knew she would be comfortable: a dimly lit bar with a hoppy beer in her hand.

Maya arrived early to get a first beer in her system to cut her nerves. She had already finished one and started a second and her hair was still damp from the rain when the door opened and T'Leth stepped inside. At least, Maya assumed it was T'Leth. It was rare to see a Vulcan at The Finch, even on the occasions that she dragged Saavik along. T'Leth was a stranger. The last time Maya saw her was when she was born, and Tural had not been pleased to have Saavik's other partner present. When she stepped closer, Maya was certain that this was T'Leth. She looked so much like her mother.

T'Leth sat beside her, and Maya felt a nervous jolt surge down her spine and couldn't help but look away.

"Maya." She began. "It is a pleasure to finally meet you."

Maya forced herself to look at T'Leth again and felt her heart jump. Twenty years of this girl's life she had missed. "I only wish it could have been sooner."

"As a rule my father has never cared for humans and harbors additional distaste for you. I used to agree with him, but I now realize he may have judged you unfairly."

Direct and unapologetic, how every Vulcan. "Glad to hear you had a change of heart." Maya had another sip of beer.

"I am aware that he may have hurt you by preventing us from having a relationship. I wish to make amends by initiating one now."

"I take it you have a logical reason for this too?"

"I am willing and able to correct my father's missteps It would be illogical not to do so."

Maya felt her eyes itch and blinked to hold back tears. Saavik spent years working and living with humans and had learned to take in stride when she witnessed a sudden outburst of emotion. If T'Leth held any of her father's prejudices she would not be as understanding. "Thank you, T'Leth. I appreciate it. You didn't need to do all this for me."

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