## t'hy'la

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by pilcrowtudinous

## Summary

T'Lyn introduces Beckett to Maj'el.

#### Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Beckett Mariner is rarely lost for words. This occasion is momentous for being one of those times.

'Wow,' she says, finally.

T'Lyn cocks her head. 'Explain.'

Beckett purses her lips. 'Well. Um. Was this one of those pets and owners starting to look like one other things? But like, not pets, obviously,' she adds in a mighty hurry. 'Unless, like, you're into that, I guess.'

'I do not understand,' Maj'el says.

'I believe Beckett is referring to a concept posited by Human psychologists regarding individuals resembling their domesticated animal companions. And then some form of sexual roleplay.'

Maj'el looks faintly horrified. 'Lieutenant Mariner, why would you suggest such a thing?'

'Um, because I'm a big weirdo who says dumb shit? Hasn't she told you?'

Maj'el nods slowly. 'I see now that her stories were... not exaggerations.'

Beckett could take that as a burn, but decides to own it. She puffs out her chest. 'Beckett Mariner always lives up to expectations.'

'I still do not understand, however. You are commenting on the fact that we look alike. Why is this surprising?'

Beckett looks at her suspiciously. 'Are you saying that Humans are so dumb that we think all Vulcans look alike?'

'No,' Maj'el says, quickly.

'Yes,' T'Lyn says at the same time.

'No,' Maj'el says again, more forcefully. If Beckett didn't know better, she'd think that Maj'el briefly made a face at T'Lyn. 'I merely am wondering what element of Human humour I am unaware of. Why would we "start to look like each other"?'

Beckett's not sure where she's going with this. 'Well. Like. I've read about the owners and pets thing but also, like, partners starting to resemble each other over time.'

Maj'el blinks blankly at her. T'Lyn looks like she's about to say something but thinks better of it. Almost like she's intrigued to see what comes next.

'But you obviously moved onto a better hair stylist after the breakup. Your look is way cooler than hers. No offense, babe,' she says, turning

her attention to T'Lyn. Very, very dangerously, Beckett sees the look in her eye that she has come to realise means she's very entertained by something.

Maj'el's mouth falls open in her most un-Vulcan moment so far. 'Breakup ?!'

'Beckett, perhaps there has been some... confusion.'

Beckett looks at T'Lyn. 'What the hell do you mean? You're still betrothed to each other?'

'What do you think the word "t'hy'la" means?'

Beckett furrows her brow. 'Like. Soulmate. Beloved. All that sort of thing. Spock and Kirk. Big love.'

'There are many different kinds of "big love".'

'Well, I guess, but-'

T'Lyn holds her hand up to Becket and then to Maj'el, who looks like she wants to speak too. 'I realise now that I erred when I referred to Maj'el as the t'hy'la of my adolescence in discussion with you. You took that to mean she was my, how would you put it? High school sweetheart?'

Beckett nods slowly. 'Well, yeah.'

'This is making me feel ill,' Maj'el announces. 'T'Lyn is my sister .'

About ten thousand different things fall into place. Beckett is, once again, temporarily lost for words.

'Wow,' she says.

### **End Notes**

Weekly Challenge 34 (as part of the amnesty period): New Faces

There's a certain not-so-Vulcanness to Maj'el that I love, and while on one hand it does kind of make me want to headcanon her as half-Romulan, I love the idea of her having a connection to T'Lyn even more. So, here we go.

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