

T'Varilyn: The Space Between

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T'Varilyn: The Space Between

by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

Two women, one with a lifetime of experiences, the other just starting out on her own, find even more common ground.

Vulcan
The Vehnar Enclave
2265

T'Varilyn once again finds herself in one of the private courtyards of the Enclave. She nods to the young apprentice, before moving over to where the old woman rests.

Her own eyes look up at her from the pool. In spite of being somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and eighty standard years old, T'Pol's eyes are clear; her body is still strong.

Her face shows very few lines, but her hair is almost completely gray, though not yet white.

There is a slight noise behind her. The apprentice waits patiently. T'Varilyn reaches up and unclasps her robe, pulling it from her body. The apprentice takes it, then turns and exits.

T'Varilyn slips into the pool. She sits across from her foremother, but slides across to sit close to her on the stone ledge. The heat starts to seep into her bones and muscles, particularly the bones that are mending from being broken.

T'Pol's eyes snap open as she feels the involuntary wince.

"Your ribs are broken," she says in her dry voice.

"It is nothing, Foremother," she says.

"The faculty meetings must be a great deal more physical at University College in Dublin," T'Pol observes, the dryness slipping into her tone even more. "Either that or you've been playing that particularly violent human sport that you had taken up. What is it called? Rugby?"

T'Varilyn takes a deep breath. "I'm on sabbatical from the University," she replies.

A smile quirks T'Pol's lips. "I know. Did you think that I wouldn't find out? T'Pau is one of my oldest acquaintances."

T'Varilyn closes her eyes. "So you know that I am now of the V'Shar," she says. The word is difficult to even say, as she was sworn to secrecy about her new job in a certain division of the Vulcan Security Ministry.

"I do," T'Pol replies. "I still have my clearances. T'Pau told me that you were nearly killed while helping the crew of the current *Enterprise*." She does allow her eyes to close. T'Varilyn can feel the memories surge, even without their shoulders being in contact.

She changes the subject. "I seem to find you in this hot pool a great deal when I come to visit you, Foremother," she says.

T'Pol's eyes open. For a moment, T'Varilyn thinks she is going to call her on the subject change, but she refrains. "I feel calmer in here," she admits. "I can let my emotions flow more when I am in the waters. They are easier to control."

"From the trellium addiction?" T'Varilyn asks quietly.

T'Pol doesn't answer.

"I, too, feel the same in this pool. Or when I'm in the enclave. I feel less like a v'tosh ka'tur."

T'Pol shakes her head. "Neither of us, or any of the ones who are Adepts here, are anywhere near 'Vulcans without logic.' We are all still seeking that balance, but the teachings of Surak are uppermost in our daily lives."

They match each other's breathing. They remain quiet, until T'Pol surprises her. "I feel like I am in that space between existence and what lies beyond when I am in this pool."

T'Varilyn's eyes snap open. "Foremother—"

This time T'Pol smiles more broadly. She reaches out and places her fingers against T'Varilyn's lips. "Hush. I know. I've still got another thirty to seventy years in me. I'm not ready to let go. But I am able to relish this time, where I feel this liminality."

After a moment, T'Varilyn nods, relaxing. T'Pol moves her fingers off of T'Varilyn's lips, forming them into the traditional posture.

"Come, child of my child. Let us practice my melding. I want to know everything about this new *Enterprise*."

As their minds link, T'Varilyn smiles to herself. As she sends thoughts of her time with Kirk and Spock, she sees other faces.

Faces from T'Pol's past, from those who have gone ahead, with one left behind like T'Pol.

Archer. Malcolm. Hoshi. Travis. Phlox.

She feels the emotions flow at the last name in the litany.

Trip.

T'Varilyn realizes that she might occupy that space between for T'Pol, at least in this meld.

Not life and death, but between *Enterprises*.

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