

Picking up the Pieces

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Summary

Senator Mheven i-Mirek t'Khaethaetreh experienced a fall from grace when it was discovered that her husband was involved in the Reunification movement. A dear friend helps her regroup.

Notes

So...I had the realization that Verelan and her mom (Mheven) are like Saffy and Eddy from Absolutely Fabulous. So, naturally, Mheven needs a friend who is tall, elegant, mean, and also a complete idiot.

...absolutely Romulus

"Mheven!" A clear, familiar voice called, giving Mheven a sudden jolt into wakefulness. The voice belonged to a friend of hers: Korrela. "Mheven, I just heard the news, I came as fast as I could."

Mheven had fallen asleep in the sitting room with empty bottles and glasses littered around her. Her back ached, and her head spun with a combination of hangover and lingering drunkenness. "I'd rather you waited until morning."

"Dearest Mheven..." Korrela sat beside Mheven, perched on her seat. The two friends were a wild contrast to one another. Korrela was well dressed and graceful, and Mheven was beginning to melt into a sad lump. "Don't be upset, but it's nearly noon." Korrela picked up one of the half-empty bottles and poured two glasses.

"Damn." Mheven's voice was slurred. She tried to straighten herself up as she took the glass, but her head was heavy.

"Today, I think you've earned it, to do whatever you need. Hvirr wounded you deeply," Korrela answered as she took her first sip.

"Don't even say his name. I have no husband.:"

"To be honest, I never liked him in the first place."

As they spoke Verelan, Mheven's teenage daughter, stood in the doorway. "I thought I heard your voice. Jolan Tru." She wore a sour expression on her face, and had tired eyes.

"Come join us," Korrela called. "Have a drink with us."

"Korrela!" Mheven snapped, far more alert than she had been. "She's only fifteen!"

"I was younger than her when I started helping myself to my parents' stash, and she's not too young to complain with us about her traitor father." Korrela took another sip.

Verelan crossed her arms. "I'm not interested in either, thanks."

"Then leave us to it." Mheven took a sip of her drink. "I know you were close to him, but this will pass."

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