

Mira's Koreveth Overalls

Created May 2025, main storyline supplied by Carg, text and pictures by ChatGPT 4o.

Chapter One: The Garment of Transparency

Mira Elen stood at the border gate of Koreveth, where the mountains rose like the jaws of ancient beasts and the air was sharp with pine and old snow. Her boots, cracked with the dust of three nations, crunched against the gravel as she stepped forward into the shade of the customs post. The guards wore layered wool tunics with iron brooches, their eyes scanning with practiced suspicion.

She clutched her satchel of sketches and cloth samples, her letter of purpose from the Tailors' Guild in Hennor, and her travel pass, inked and stamped. Still, her heart thrummed like a loom drum.

"Name?" asked the guard.

"Mira Elen. Apprentice tailor. Here to study Korevethian fabricwork."

The guard nodded and handed her a folded garment wrapped in pale canvas. "Trenkh-Sal. The Garment of Transparency. You wear it at all times while within our borders. Refusal means denial of entry."

Mira unfolded the garment and blinked. It was a pair of overalls made from a silver-gray flax weave, slightly stiff to the touch, with deep red thread running in bold seams across the shoulders and sides. The front bore a broad, flat clasp made of some dusky metal, and an inner label glowed faintly in runic script. Her name was already stitched into a patch on the left breast in both Korevethian and Trade Tongue.

She was directed to a changing hut. Inside, dim light filtered through a thin slit window. Mira stripped off her worn tunic and stepped into the overalls. The fabric crackled slightly as she slid each leg through. They were high-waisted and cross-strapped in the back, fastening with two thick clasps over the shoulders. A cinching belt at the waist locked with a click, and the garment felt both heavy and grounding.

She looked in the mirror. She resembled a farmhand more than a tailor, but the suit was not ugly. It was purposeful, unmistakable. The red seams caught the light and the fabric



gleamed faintly, like moonlit steel. When she stepped outside, the guard scanned her with a handheld rune-reader. The device gave a soft chime.

"You may proceed," he said.

Koreveth was every bit as wondrous as she'd dreamed. Slate roofs and curving alleys. Markets humming with barter-song. Tailors who worked in silence with fingers that moved like water. Mira filled pages of her sketchbook with new collar folds, dye techniques, and stitch patterns she'd never imagined.

But one day, as the sun dipped behind the tall stone towers of Drenn's Hollow, she came across a tucked-away shop with a sign that read: **Silken Teeth – Vestments of Old Koreveth.**

Inside, the air smelled of cedar oil and wind-washed cotton. Robes and coats and ceremonial tunics hung from high beams. And there, near the back, hung a sleeveless forest-green wrap, lined with charcoal thread and subtle spirals of tree-markings. It shimmered not with magic, but with artistry.

The shopkeeper, a quiet young man with ink-stained fingertips, noticed her gaze. "Try it," he said, with a knowing smile. "Just for a moment."

She hesitated.

"No one will mind," he said, nodding toward the back. "Fitting room is there."

Mira ducked behind the curtain, her heart racing. She removed the Trenkh-Sal carefully, folding it with respect. She stepped into the wrap. It fell over her like water, cool and whisper-soft.

Then the bell above the shop door rang.

A voice followed. Flat, cold.

"Foreign guest. Why is the Trenkh-Sal not worn?"

She stepped out, startled. A figure stood in the doorway, cloaked in slate-blue leather. Upon his chest burned the symbol of the **Wardens of the Unveiled**. Behind him, another figure entered, smaller, cloaked in woven ash-gray. She carried a silver case. Mira's mouth dried.

"I wasn't hiding," she stammered. "I was just trying something on—"

The second figure opened the case and withdrew a darker garment: another Trenkh-Sal, but this one stitched with black thread and a heavier cut. Its fasteners were engraved with binding runes.

"You have breached the clarity oath," the Warden said. "You are now Bound."

The woman stepped forward. Mira did not resist. The overalls were slipped onto her like armor. The inner lining clung to her skin with a faint static charge. As the clasps shut, they hissed and clicked. A warm pulse ran through her spine.

"This is a Binding Pair," the woman said quietly. "They do not come off until you earn three Marks of Trust."

The shopkeeper watched in silence as Mira, now marked and locked, stepped once more into the Koreveth light, her shame stitched in runes across her back.

Chapter Two: Stitches of Restraint

The Binding Pair was unlike the original Trenkh-Sal in ways Mira could never have expected. From the outside, it looked similar—flaxen weave, wide cross-straps, reinforced seams. But the weight was constant, like being gently held down. The legs of the overalls would stiffen subtly at dusk, restricting her range of movement until she returned to her assigned guest lodging. If she tried to stay out past the permitted hour, the fabric at the ankles would merge, creating a hobble that forced her to walk slowly or not at all.

The first time it happened, Mira stumbled in surprise near the riverwalk. She sat on a stone ledge, humiliated, until a kind-faced herbalist walked her home without a word. The next morning, she found a blue-thread curl stitched into her left shoulder: her **first Mark of Trust**.

The Binding Pair also restricted access. Certain doors—such as to the inner archive of the textile guild—would not open if the wearer of the overalls approached. The garment sensed proximity and locked its legs together in warning. On her second week, Mira tried to follow a group of apprentices into a restricted dyeing hall, and immediately felt the pants of her overalls stiffen and fuse mid-thigh. She stood awkwardly, whispering apologies as the others passed by.

With each day, she learned to live within the restraints. She began helping at a local seamhouse, unpicking dyed threads and grinding lichen pigment. The head seamstress, stern and unsmiling, silently observed her work for days. Then, one morning, Mira awoke to find a second blue mark stitched into the waistband.

Two down.

Only one remained. And with it, she knew, some of the overalls' restrictions would lift.

But she also began to suspect: the Binding Pair didn't just punish. It adapted. She could feel the fabric's weight shift with her mood. When she focused on her work, it became lighter. When she grew impatient or angry, it tightened. She had begun to whisper to it, half-jokingly, as though it were an old, severe aunt.

Whether it could hear her or not, she couldn't be sure. But she sensed it was not a garment she wore.

It was a garment that watched.



Chapter Three: The Third Stitch

The third Mark did not come.

Days turned to weeks. Mira mended robes, studied Korevethian looms, even stitched gifts for children in the alleys. Yet the final blue mark eluded her.

“Trust isn’t earned like a punch card,” the herbalist told her gently, as he handed her a jar of moss tincture. “Some people wait years.”

Mira grew restless. Her overalls still bound her legs each evening, still barred her from sanctums and guildhalls. Worse, she had begun to sense new layers of the Binding Pair's awareness. If she even *considered* leaving Koreveth early, the seams would constrict faintly—never painful, but insistent.

Her frustration bled into her craft. One evening, she tore a seam while trying to embroider over the runes stitched on her back. The garment locked her arms in place for nearly an hour.

Then came the Weaver’s Festival. A week of celebration, color, and contests of craft. Mira entered reluctantly, submitting a robe she had designed from scraps—half Hennorian cut, half Korevethian spiral-dye, lined with script that whispered unity.

She did not win.

But as the crowd passed her booth, one old woman stopped. Her eyes traced the hem, then the collar, then the hidden lining stitched with Mira’s own poem.

“You listened,” the woman said.

She did not introduce herself. She simply turned and left.

That night, as Mira sat on her cot, her garment pulsed. Slowly, a third mark appeared—just above her heart.

The legs unmerged.

The clasps unlatched.

But Mira did not remove the Binding Pair.

Not yet.

Chapter Four: The Weight That Stays

Mira stared at the third mark for a long time. It pulsed once, then faded into a soft, permanent glow. The overalls responded like breath being held and released. Clasps slackened. The seams softened. A faint warmth rolled across her spine and down her legs, as though the garment was exhaling relief.

She stood slowly and stepped toward the door. The overalls no longer restricted her. She could go where she pleased. Past curfew, through the market alleys, into the restricted dye chambers—she had access now.

But she didn’t rush out.

Instead, she sat down again.

It struck her how much she'd changed. When she first wore the Binding Pair, every fiber felt like an accusation. But now? Now it felt like a mirror. Honest. Unforgiving, yes, but fair. And in its harshness, it had taught her more about Koreveth—and about herself—than comfort ever could.

Over the next days, Mira walked without bounds. She visited the Master Dyers' archive, finally touching the ancient pigment scrolls. She was invited to a gathering of the Weavers' Guild, where she shared her designs without fear. The overalls no longer restrained her legs, her arms, or her schedule. But still, she wore them.

Not out of obligation.

Out of respect.

One morning, while sketching robes in the cliff gardens of East Vale, she felt a familiar presence behind her. Selva Velk, the seamstress who had bound her weeks ago, stood quietly.

"You have passed through," Selva said. "Many discard the Binding Pair the moment they are free. You have not."

Mira nodded. "They became a second skin. Not just to remind others I am a guest—but to remind myself."

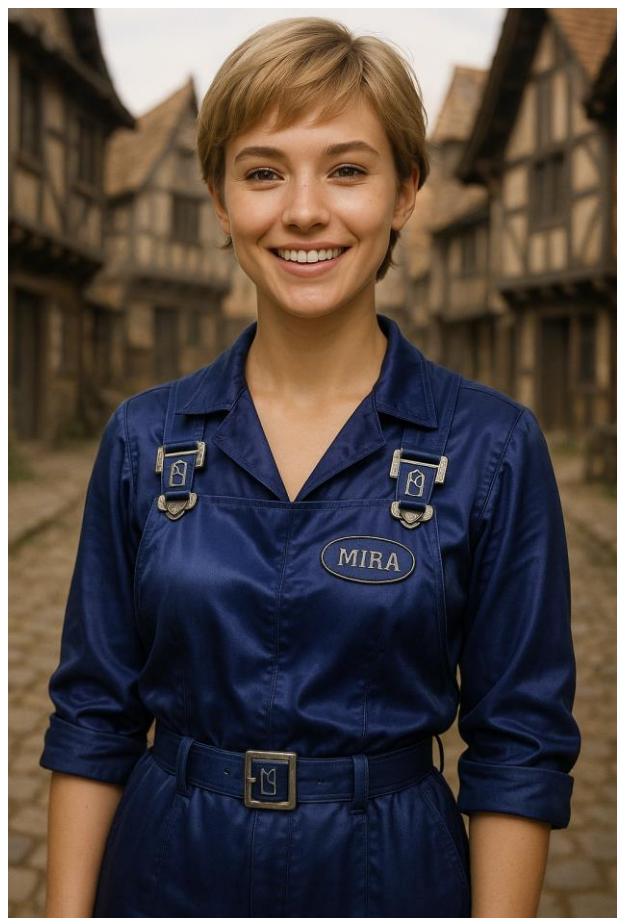
Selva set down a small parcel beside her. Inside was a new pair of overalls—soft indigo, trimmed with silver stitchwork and Mira's name embroidered in both Korevethian and Hennorian script.

"This is the **Trenkh-Selai**," Selva said. "The Garment of Belonging. Offered only to those who not only earn trust but choose to remain worthy of it."

Mira held the new overalls in her lap, fingers tracing the thread.

When she looked up, Selva was already gone.

And for the first time since entering Koreveth, Mira Elen felt not like a visitor, but like someone who might one day be called *one of their own*.



Chapter Five: Woven In

The next morning, Mira folded the Binding Pair and laid it gently in her satchel. Then, with deliberate care, she stepped into the Trenkh-Selai.

It felt lighter than any garment she'd worn—weightless, yet certain. The indigo cloth shaped itself to her form, neither rigid nor loose, but intimate, like it knew the outline of her intentions. The silver trim shimmered not as decoration, but as memory.

In the market, she was greeted differently. Not with suspicion or avoidance, but with nods, familiar glances, and brief but warm greetings in Korevethian. The dye-master from the archive placed a hand on her shoulder and simply said, "Welcome back."

By dusk, Mira stood before her old lodgings, unsure if she would return. Instead, she walked toward the seamhouse where she had earned her second mark. The head seamstress, who once only grunted in response to her greetings, gestured wordlessly to a loom beside her own.

Mira sat.

And wove.

Not to prove anything. Not to earn anything.

But to give something back.

When night fell, she returned to the cliff gardens and looked across the dark valleys of Koreveth. Her fingers traced the new garment's seam—stitched not with binding, but with invitation.

She had entered this country under rules.

She had remained under scrutiny.

She had stayed under choice.

And now, wrapped in the Garment of Belonging, Mira Elen was no longer just a tailor from Hennor.

She was part of the pattern.

The End.