

## Chapter 17

Yaz woke up early, her body still tuned to the rhythm of her work schedule. The room was bathed in the soft morning light filtering through the curtains. Beside her, Theta was still fast asleep, her exhaustion from the previous day's travel and the growing discomfort of her pregnancy evident in the way she had curled into the pillows. Yaz smiled, brushing a soft kiss to Theta's forehead before quietly slipping out of bed.

The cool morning air greeted her as she stepped outside for a run along Brighton's beach. The town was still quiet, save for the occasional cry of seagulls circling above the glistening sea. The first rays of sunlight danced across the water, casting a golden shimmer that stretched along the horizon. Yaz found herself relaxing, the weight of work fading away with each step. The sound of her shoes hitting the pavement mixed with the gentle rush of the waves, creating a peaceful rhythm that settled her mind.

As she reached the end of her run, breathing in the salty sea air, she spotted the small restaurant she and Theta had noticed the night before. A cozy spot tucked between colorful buildings that lined the beachfront. The place had charm, with wooden tables and chairs set outside, waiting for the day's customers. Yaz decided to pop in, wanting to secure a reservation for dinner later.

"Morning," Yaz greeted with a bright smile as she walked inside.

The waiter, a young man with a casual demeanor, was busy setting up, carrying chairs out and wiping down the tables that still held a sheen of morning dew.

"Morning," he replied, barely looking up from his task.

Yaz didn't mind. She liked the easygoing vibe of the place. "I was wondering if I could book a table for two?"

"Sure," the waiter said, now wiping the next table. "What time?"

"Six o'clock."

He nodded, finishing up with the table before pulling out a small notepad from his apron. "Six for two," he repeated, jotting down the reservation with a quick flourish.

"Thanks! I was also wondering, could I get a cup of coffee? Or is it too early for that?" she asked, a hopeful smile on her lips.

The waiter finally looked up, grinning. "Course you can, love. What would you like?"

"Cappuccino, please. You're a star," Yaz said happily as she found a seat at the bar,

enjoying the fresh air that drifted in through the open door.

The place had a warm, inviting feel, with rustic wooden beams, simple décor, and a chalkboard on the wall listing daily specials. The faint smell of fresh bread wafted from the kitchen, making her stomach rumble slightly.

"Holiday, I presume?" the waiter asked as he worked behind the counter.

"Yeah," Yaz replied, stretching out her legs and relaxing into the conversation.

"You're from Yorkshire, then?"

Yaz smiled. "Sheffield."

"Nice place. How long are you staying?"

"A week," she said, leaning back against the bar as the waiter busied himself with her coffee order.

"Ah, good choice. Plenty of time to enjoy the sights and take it slow," the waiter commented, setting the frothing milk for her cappuccino.

"Exactly what we need," Yaz said, her voice carrying a hint of contentment. The weight of her usual responsibilities felt distant, and the slower pace of Brighton was just what she and Theta had been craving.

"Here you go, love," he said, sliding the steaming cup of cappuccino across the bar with a smile.

Yaz wrapped her hands around the warm mug, inhaling the rich aroma of the coffee. "Thanks. You know, this is the perfect start to the morning," she said with a grin, lifting the cup to her lips.

The waiter chuckled. "Glad to hear it. Enjoy your time here. Brighton's a special place."

"I love it" Yaz nodded, glancing out at the beach beyond the restaurant's windows, where the morning was slowly coming to life. The sun hung a little higher now, casting a golden glow over the calm sea. She took another sip of her coffee, the warmth spreading through her, making her feel refreshed and ready for the day ahead.

As she sat there, the restaurant filling with a quiet energy, Yaz thought about the week ahead, the slow mornings, the long walks with Theta, and the quiet anticipation of their little one's arrival. Brighton felt like the perfect escape, and she couldn't wait to savor every moment of it.

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After her run along the beach, the fresh air had worked up her appetite, and she decided to

make a quick stop at the local bakery they had spotted the night before. The bakery had a charming, quaint look, with a small chalkboard outside listing the day's fresh pastries and the rich scent of baking wafting through the open door.

As Yaz entered, the warmth from the ovens greeted her, and she smiled at the sight of freshly baked pastries lined up behind the counter. The place was cozy, with its wooden shelves stocked full of bread, croissants, and Danish treats. A few early risers sat sipping coffee at the small tables, quietly starting their day.

"Morning," the man behind the counter greeted her with a smile.

"Morning," Yaz replied, her eyes scanning the selection. "I'll take three of apricot Danish, please. Oh, and three lemon blueberry for me."

"Good choices," the baker said with a friendly smile as he carefully placed the pastries in a small brown bag.

"Yeah, my wife loves apricot. She'll be thrilled," Yaz chuckled, thinking of how excited Theta would be to wake up to fresh Danish.

With the bag of pastries in hand, Yaz headed back to the apartment. By the time she returned, she was already hungry and couldn't resist pulling out the lemon blueberry Danish for herself, taking a bite as she walked. The sweet, tart flavor made her smile, and before she knew it, she had finished it by the time she reached the door.

She slipped back into the apartment, the smell of fresh pastries filling the air around her as she quietly closed the door behind her. The morning run had energized her, and the sea breeze still lingered on her skin.

Once inside, Yaz moved quietly, slipping out of her running gear and hopping into the shower to wash off the morning sweat and salt from the sea air. Afterward, she wrapped herself in a towel and began preparing a simple breakfast, setting the pastries on the small table by the balcony. The clinking of plates and cups didn't seem to bother Theta in the slightest. When she peeked into the bedroom, she found her wife still fast asleep, lying on her side with a pillow stuffed between her legs to ease the pressure on her aching back. Theta's hair was messy, covering half her face, and she had burrowed herself so deeply into the pillow that only a soft snore escaped from her lips.

Yaz chuckled softly and walked over to the bed, gently brushing her fingers up Theta's arm. "Hey, snuggle bug," she whispered, her voice tender as she leaned in close.

"Mmmm," Theta groaned shifting slightly but not fully waking up.

Yaz smiled, finding her half-asleep wife utterly adorable. "Guess what I got?" she teased, trying to coax her awake.

Theta's face shifted into a sleepy smile, her eyes still closed as she let out a long yawn. "What?" she muttered, the word barely escaping her lips.

Yaz grinned. "There's some Danish with your name on it," she leaned down to press a kiss to Theta's temple.

Theta's lips curved into a wider smile, her eyes slowly fluttering open. "Mmm... you're speaking my language," she murmured, her voice still thick with sleep as she reached out and pulled Yaz into a cuddle. "You also smell yummy," she added, pressing a soft kiss to Yaz's lips, savoring the warmth of her freshly showered skin.

Yaz laughed, her heart swelling with affection. "That's because I just had a shower after my run," she said, wrapping her arms around Theta as they lay there for a moment, tangled together in the soft warmth of the bed.

Theta shifted slightly, resting her head against Yaz's shoulder "How was your run?"

"Honestly, it was perfect," she said, her fingers gently stroking Theta's hair. "The beach was so quiet, just me and the seagulls, and the sun was just starting to rise. It felt like the whole place was mine for a little while."

"Mmmm" Theta hummed wrapping her arm around her "That sounds perfect"

"I booked us a table at that cute little restaurant we saw last night. Six o'clock..."

Theta lifted her head slightly, her eyes still half-lidded with sleep but full of warmth as she looked at Yaz "You're spoiling me."

"It's why I have you," Yaz said, brushing a strand of hair away from Theta's face. "Now come on, sleepyhead get that cute pregnant but out of bed and have breakfast."

Theta groaned dramatically, her body sinking further into the bed as if the mere thought of getting up was too much effort. "Can't I just stay here and be lazy?"

Yaz laughed and gave her a playful nudge. "Nope, you're making me sleepy."

Theta let out a dramatic groan, burying her face back into the pillow for a moment before finally sitting up. "Okay, okay, I'm getting up. But only because there's Danish involved."

Yaz chuckled, helping her up "Come on, lazybones"

She helped her sit up, and they shared another quick kiss before Theta slowly got to her feet, stretching and yawning as she made her way toward the kitchen. Yaz followed behind her, feeling the soft warmth of the morning wrapping around them, the sound of the waves faintly in the background as the day began.

Theta sank into the chair by the table, her eyes lighting up as she saw the pastries and a hot cup of coffee waiting for her. "They look so yummy," she said with a grin, reaching for the apricot Danish.

Yaz smiled, settling into the seat across from her with her own pastry. "I know," she said

playfully, winking at Theta. "And just wait until you try it...I scoffed one on a way here."

"Can't blame you....Mmmph...mmm... these are fffantasshhhtic!" Theta was mumbled devouring her Danish and Yaz rolled her eyes laughing.

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After breakfast, they decided it was time to stock up on groceries for the next few days. The kitchen had the basics their host had left for them, but they needed more than just a few essentials.

"We should get some proper food. We can't live off scrambled eggs forever," Yaz had teased as she helped Theta get ready to head out. "Especially not with your appetite."

"Oi," Theta mock-glared, patting her bump. "I'm eating for two, remember?"

"I know you keep reminding me" she laughed

"I keep craving different stuff all the time. Last night I woke up and waisted through Nutela"

"I noticed...I was scraping the bottom when I woke up" she chuckled helping Theta to put her shoes on

"Sorry" Theta scrunched her nose

"That's alright..." she leaned over kissing her stomach

They strolled hand in hand down the quiet Brighton streets, enjoying the warm sun that spilled over the picturesque houses. The local grocery store wasn't far, and they decided to make it a proper walk, soaking in the laid-back coastal atmosphere.

As soon as they got into the store, though, Theta's eyes lit up like a kid in a candy shop.

"Oh, look!" Theta exclaimed, grabbing a packet of crisps from the shelf. "We need these."

"Do we?" Yaz asked, eyebrow raised with an amused smile.

"Yes," Theta said, "Matter of fact and these," she added, tossing a bag of sweets into the trolley. "And definitely this," she declared, reaching for a pack of chocolate biscuits.

Yaz chuckled, shaking her head. "Are you planning to buy the entire snack aisle?"

"Maybe..." Theta grinned sheepishly. "I never know when I'll need a snack emergency."

Yaz smirked, nudging her playfully. "At this rate, we'll need a second trolley just for snacks."

Theta shrugged, completely unapologetic. "Hey, I'm growing a whole human here. I need fuel."

“Fuel, huh?” Yaz teased, watching as Theta continued adding more snacks to the trolley. “I think you’re fueling an entire football team with this haul.”

Theta gasped dramatically. She waved a box of doughnuts in Yaz’s face, grinning. “And these, look amazing.”

Yaz rolled her eyes affectionately. “One more fridge maybe?”

Just as Yaz was about to reach for a pack of pasta, Theta’s phone buzzed. She glanced down, her face softening as she saw her mum’s name flashing on the screen.

“It’s Mum,” Theta said, answering the call with a smile. “Hey, Mum!”

“Hello darling...Having a nice time?”

Yaz couldn’t resist. While Theta greeted her mum, Yaz leaned in mischievously and said loud enough for Ashley to hear, “Hi Ashley....We think we missed one baby on the ultrasound! It might be triplets at this point with all the snacks she's buying!”

Theta shot her a playful glare, trying to stifle a laugh as she shook her head at Yaz’s antics. “Don’t listen to her, Mum. She's being a pain as usual.”

From the other end of the line, Ashley’s voice crackled with laughter.

Yaz grinned and grabbed the phone from Theta’s hand, turning on her playful charm. “Ashley! I swear, she’s emptied the entire shelf of chocolates. I think we’re gonna need a bigger fridge.”

Ashley laughed again. “Well, I hate to tell you, but don't stand between the pregnant woman and her cravings”

“Cravings?” Yaz said, still in mock horror. “I think she’s shopping for a football team at this point. Honestly, I’m surprised we haven’t cleared out the whole store!”

Theta shook her head, reaching for her phone and swatting at Yaz with a laugh. “Give me that back!” she giggled.

Yaz handed it back with a smirk, watching as Theta continued the conversation with her mum.

“Don’t listen to her, Mum. She’s being dramatic. I just wanted a few snacks,” Theta explained, trying to sound innocent while Ashley chuckled on the other end.

“You just enjoy yourself, love.” she laughed

Theta smiled, a soft warmth in her eyes. “Thanks, Mum. Can I call you later when we finish shopping?”

"Sure no problem"

"Love you."

"Love you too darling"

After hanging up, Theta turned to Yaz with a mock scowl. "You're the worst."

Yaz grinned, wrapping an arm around her waist. "You love me, though."

"Yeah, yeah," Theta said, rolling her eyes but unable to hide her smile as they continued down the aisle, the trolley now half-filled with snacks and, eventually, some actual food.

The rest of the shopping trip went much the same, filled with playful banter as Yaz teased Theta about her snack obsession, while Theta pointedly added even more to the trolley, just to prove her point.

As they walked back to their apartment, arms full of bags, Yaz nudged Theta gently. "You know I'm just messing with you, right?"

Theta smiled, leaning her head against Yaz's shoulder as they walked. "I know...But next time, you're pushing the trolley."

Yaz laughed. "Deal."

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As they got ready to head to the beach, Theta rummaged through her suitcase, pulling out the maternity swimsuit she had packed. It was a red one-piece that hugged her bump perfectly, with golden chains wrapping around the shoulder straps crossing on her back that dipped quite low giving her more shape.

"What do you think? She asked as she emerged out of the bathroom in full gear with sunglasses on her nose and a matching beach bag "Does it scream 'beach babe' or 'beached whale'?" she teased looking at herself in the mirror, though there was a touch of nervousness in her voice.

Yaz, who had been getting dressed herself, turned around and her eyes widened immediately at the sight of Theta.

"Oh my god," Yaz said, her voice brimming with affection. She walked over, wrapping her arms around her from behind and resting her hands gently on her belly. "You look absolutely gorgeous, babe." She pressed a kiss to the back of Theta's neck, her fingers tracing light circles over her bump. "And if you must know, definitely beach babe."

Theta laughed, shaking her head. "Really? I think you're biased."

"Nope...You look gorgeous," Yaz replied, grinning reaching for her hand and spinning her around "Sexy mama" she let out a low whistle

Theta turned to face her, placing her hands on her hips with a smirk. "You're ridiculous."

"And you're cute," Yaz shot back, walking closer and resting her hands on Theta's waist. She leaned in, planting a soft kiss on her lips, her touch lingering as she cupped Theta's belly with both hands. "Seriously, I can't get over how stunning you look."

Theta's cheeks flushed slightly, but she rolled her eyes, trying to play it off. "You're just buttering me up cause you don't want me to freak out on the beach."

Yaz chuckled, shaking her head. "Don't be silly...I just think you're incredibly hot, pregnant or not."

Theta smiled, feeling a warmth in her chest. She leaned into Yaz, resting her head on her shoulder for a moment. "Charmer...You always know what to say."

Yaz kissed the top of her head before pulling back. "Come on, let's get going before I keep us here all day."

They packed up their beach bag and headed out of the apartment, walking through the lively streets of Brighton. The weather was perfect, sunny but with a light breeze to keep the heat manageable. As they reached the beach, the familiar crunch of pebbles beneath their feet greeted them.

The beach wasn't overly crowded, but there were enough families and groups of friends scattered about to make the atmosphere vibrant. Kids were splashing in the water, couples lounging on towels, and groups gathered around beachside cafés.

Yaz found a nice spot near the water, and they set up their towels and umbrella. As Theta lowered herself down, Yaz couldn't help but glance at her again, a soft smile on her face.

"What now?" Theta asked, catching her looking.

Yaz shrugged, lying down next to her. "Just think you're pretty, that's all."

Theta gave her a playful nudge. "You're crazy...You see me every day....What's so special now?"

"I don't know...Guess I'll miss you being pregnant...You just look so cute."

"You're sweet" she smiled leaning over giving her a quick kiss "I don't think I'll miss it though...It will be nice to put my shoes on by myself again" she laughed

As the sound of waves lapping against the shore filled the air, they both leaned back, letting the peace of the moment settle over them. Brighton's beach stretched out before them, and

Yaz glanced over, seeing a few people swimming already. She looked over at Theta, who had her hands resting on her belly, looking out at the sea.

"You ready for a swim?" Yaz asked, tilting her head toward the water.

Theta smiled, glancing at the ocean. "Yeah, but you're gonna have to help me get up first."

Yaz laughed, jumping up quickly and offering her hands. "You got it, beach babe."

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Yaz and Theta were drying themselves off after a swim, the warmth of the sun still lingered on their skin.

"Fancy a drink?" Yaz asked casually as she rubbed the towel over her arms.

"Definitely... And can you get me something to eat?"

"Sure, what do you want?"

"I dunno... Anything... See what's offered and just pick something," she waved her hand, as though the specifics were an afterthought.

"Alright, babe." Yaz tossed her towel on the ground, pulling on a loose pair of cotton trousers and bending down to rummage through her beach bag for her purse. But as the moments passed, a knot of unease started to tighten in her chest.

The more she looked, the harder her heart beat in her chest. Her fingers sifted through towels, sunscreen, and sunglasses, but no wallet.

"What's wrong?" Theta asked, her voice cutting through Yaz's rising panic.

"I can't find my purse." her worry evident as she tipped the entire contents of her bag onto the towel.

"What?"

"My wallet, babe, it's not here... Check your bag?" Yaz was frantic now, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Shit... Are you kidding me?" Theta's relaxed demeanor vanished as she grabbed her own beach bag, panic flashing in her eyes as she began rifling through it.

"My phone's not here either," Yaz blurted out, eyes wide with fear.

"What the hell?" Theta was practically dumping her bag's contents onto the towel now. "Mine is here," she said, relieved. "And my phone." She flipped open her wallet, checking everything. "Everything's here. Are you sure you didn't leave it at home?"

"Yes, I'm sure! I definitely took it with me. Jesus, babe, all my cards are in there."

"What? Why would you take all your cards to the beach?" Theta's voice held a trace of exasperation.

"I don't fucking know... I just did," she huffed, standing up and scanning the beach, her eyes darting from person to person.

"You think someone took it?" Theta asked, watching the crowd milling around them.

"Yeah... I mean, look at this place!" she gestured towards the bustling beach.

"Maybe you left it?"

"I did not fucking leave it, Theta!" Yaz snapped.

"Alright..." Theta rolled her eyes, "Don't rip my head off, I'm just saying."

"Sorry," Yaz mumbled, her anger deflating. "Didn't mean to snap..."

"It's alright...Look...Let's just go home. We need to check there first, and if it's not, you'll need to start cancelling your cards."

"I had my driving license in there too," she muttered, kicking at the pebbles in frustration.

"Yaaaaz... What the hell. Did you bring your passport too? Come on!" Theta groaned, offering her hand for Yaz to pull her up.

"I don't need this shit right now!" she grumbled, shaking the towel aggressively.

"Look," Theta soothed, taking her hand, "let's go home and see. It might be there."

Yaz rolled her eyes, but said nothing as they packed up their things and started walking back. The carefree mood of the afternoon was gone, replaced with an anxious silence.

Theta kept offering suggestions, trying to fill the heavy quiet between them. "Maybe you dropped it on the way? We did stop for ice cream."

"Which you paid for," Yaz pointed out.

"Oh, yeah," she admitted sheepishly.

"Forget it...It's gone," Yaz exhaled, the defeat in her voice palpable. "And my fucking phone." she said on the edge of tears

Theta squeezed her hand, gently stroking her thumb over Yaz's. "Hey, it might be at home," she said softly.

"Yeah, right," she muttered, her voice thick with frustration.

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As soon as Theta opened the apartment door, Yaz rushed inside, her eyes scanning every surface in the kitchen and living room, hoping to spot what was missing. Meanwhile, Theta headed straight for the bedroom. She checked the side tables, the chest of drawers, and even lifted the curtains off the floor, searching everywhere for a sign of Yaz's lost items.

She huffed, feeling deflated. Just as she was about to give up, something caught her eye, something lying on the floor near the bed. The bed throw hung low, almost touching the floor, concealing whatever was beneath so Theta lifted it.

"Baby... I found it!" she called out, a grin spreading across her face.

"What?" Yaz's voice echoed from the kitchen, filled with urgency.

Theta laughed, rolling her eyes as she bent down to pick it up. Before she could, Yaz came rushing into the bedroom.

"It's here?" Yaz asked breathlessly.

"Yes, smarty pants," Theta teased. "It must've fallen out of your bag."

Yaz reached down and grabbed her wallet from the floor, and just as she picked it up, she spotted her phone underneath the bed. "Thank God..." she exhaled in relief, clutching both items tightly.

"I did not leave it," Theta said in a mock-serious tone, mimicking Yaz's earlier panic. "I'm a police officer... I would know it's stupid to take all my documents with me," she added with a smirk.

"Alright!" Yaz laughed, rolling her eyes. "Point taken. But I did put them in my bag," she insisted smug.

"Course you did, babe," Theta chuckled, rolling her eyes again. "Come on," she said, grabbing Yaz's hand and pulling her toward the door. "You owe me a snack. Me and your unborn child are starving."

"I'll get you whatever you want," Yaz replied, laughing as she wrapped her arms around Theta's waist, planting a kiss on her neck. She was finally starting to calm down after all the stress.

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Yaz and Theta walked into the cozy restaurant, where the soft glow of warm lights set a relaxing atmosphere. The clinking of glasses and light chatter made the space feel alive but

intimate. A waiter, sharp in his black-and-white uniform, immediately recognized Yaz as they approached.

"Good evening, Miss Yaz!" His smile was genuine, and Yaz couldn't help but feel a bit flattered by the recognition.

"Just Yaz," she corrected with a grin. "Good to see you again! This is my wife, Theta," she added, introducing her with a proud smile. "And this is the best waiter in town," she said with a playful nudge.

Theta extended her hand, amused by Yaz's introduction. "Nice to meet you."

"The pleasure's mine, ladies. Your table's ready," the waiter gestured them towards a cozy corner. "What can I get you to start?"

"Orange juice for me," Yaz said, settling into her seat.

Theta sighed. "I could really go for a glass of wine right now... but orange juice it is," she said with a defeated pout, clearly missing the occasional indulgence.

The waiter leaned in with a hint of excitement. "Actually, we have Eisberg Alcohol-Free Cabernet Sauvignon if you're interested."

Theta's face lit up. "Really? I'll have that, please!" she said, delighted.

The waiter nodded and disappeared to fetch their drinks.

As he left, Theta shook her head in disbelief, turning to Yaz. "Are you telling me I've gone through this entire pregnancy craving wine and they had non-alcoholic all along? And how the hell you didn't know?"

Yaz burst into laughter. "How would I know? I don't drink wine!"

Theta huffed, crossing her arms dramatically. "Honest, I'm gonna sulk now. Almost nine months of torture!"

Yaz leaned in laughing softly "You're so dramatic, I swear."

"Neah" she rolled her eyes

Theta's playful sulking only made Yaz laugh harder.

After perusing the menu, they both ordered pasta, Yaz opting for a classic spaghetti carbonara, and Theta choosing a rich tagliatelle with wild mushrooms. The waiter took their order and disappeared, leaving them in the comfortable quiet of each other's company.

As they settled in, the events of the day started to catch up with them. Yaz leaned back, taking a breath. "I still can't believe I thought I lost my wallet and phone," she admitted,

shaking her head.

Theta smirked, swirling her water around in the glass. "You've got a talent for keeping things interesting.... At least we didn't end up in emergency with your head cracked open this time"

Yaz laughed softly but then grew serious. "I'm sorry for snapping at you earlier. I was just... panicking, I guess."

Theta waved her off, her expression playful. "Oh, don't worry about it. We still haven't had a real argument yet, so maybe this was the warm-up."

Yaz chuckled, raising an eyebrow. "About time, don't you think?"

Theta grimaced and leaned forward with a groan. "Oh, God, no. I've had enough arguments in past relationships to last a lifetime. I'm in no rush to start one with you."

Yaz laughed, reaching across the table to take Theta's hand. "I think it'd take a lot more than that to get us really fighting."

Theta smiled, squeezing Yaz's hand gently. The warmth between them settled back into place as she nodded. "Yeah... I agree. Although," she added with a sly grin, "we did have that tiff when I thought you were cheating on me."

Yaz chuckled, shaking her head. "That wasn't a tiff, babe. That was you losing your absolute shit on me."

"Mmm," Theta mumbled in agreement, a teasing smirk playing on her lips. She squeezed Yaz's hand again. "But, you've got to admit, the making up afterward was pretty great."

Yaz grinned, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "Okay, I'll give you that," she said, laughing softly. "As long as you never lose it on me again"

Theta winked. "No promises. But I'll try to keep it to a minimum."

"Fucker" Yaz laughed

Their food arrived soon after, steaming bowls of pasta that filled the air with the comforting aroma of garlic and herbs. As they dug into their meals, the day's stress melted away, replaced by soft conversation and laughter over everything they'd gone through.

Theta eagerly dug into her meal, the rich flavors of the wild mushroom tagliatelle making her eyes close with satisfaction. Yaz smiled across the table, happy to see her enjoying herself.

When they both finished their pasta, Yaz glanced at the dessert menu and grinned. "How about some cake to top it off?" she offered, her tone playful.

Theta looked at her with a matching grin, not needing much convincing. "Absolutely. You

know I can't resist cake."

"I knew it" she glanced at her laughing

Soon after, two slices of cake arrived at their table. Yaz picked up her fork but quickly realized she had bitten off more than she could chew. She struggled through a few bites before leaning back in her chair, leaving half of her cake untouched. Theta, meanwhile, was happily polishing off hers, savoring each bite.

The waiter passed by, noticing Yaz's still half-full plate. "Is everything okay,?" he asked with a polite smile.

Yaz laughed, nodding. "Yeah, I'm just too full. My eyes were bigger than my stomach, clearly."

Before she could say more, Theta jumped in, grabbing the plate with a mischievous grin. "Don't worry, it won't go to waste!" she said, winking at the waiter.

He chuckled, playing along. "There's plenty more where that came from if you're still hungry."

Yaz groaned, laughing, "You shouldn't have said that. My wife will eat us out of house and home!"

Theta waved a hand dismissively. "As if! I'm just helping out...I hate wasting food" she said with mock seriousness.

"Yeah right...She she's really passionate about the environment" Yaz laughed as Theta took a bite of a cake with a grin.

"Well, I'll just leave you to it. " he leaned over to Theta with a grin "There's killer chocolate mousse as well...if you're interested?"

Theta's eyes grew wide as she was chewing

"Oh my god" Yaz laughed

The easy banter with the waiter left them both laughing, and as he walked away, the two sat back, thoroughly satisfied, their playful mood carrying them through the rest of the evening.

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