

Chapter 41

Saturday evenings have held special significance for the two women since they met. These evenings were a time when they could truly relax and enjoy each other's company. It was the only time Yaz felt Clara was completely hers, free from work or daily obligations. For Clara, these nights were a perfect escape, like comfort food after a long day. It was the only time when her mind felt silent and light, like a summer breeze.

Yaz moved between the stove and the bar. The scent of fresh herbs and sizzling vegetables filled the air, mingling with the sweet aroma of turmeric. A vintage radio from the TARDIS, placed on a shelf above the sink, played an upbeat tune.

As the music drifted through the kitchen, she couldn't help but sway to the rhythm. Her bare feet tapped lightly on the tiled floor, and her hips swayed with the tune. With a wooden spoon in one hand and a kitchen towel in the other, she twirled around singing, failing to notice Clara leaned on the kitchen doorway with her hands in the pockets of her pajama bottoms and a smirk across her face. Yaz turned and froze at the sight, covering her face with her hands in embarrassment.

"OMG...How long have you been here?"

"Long enough" she laughed reaching for her hand and swung her across the kitchen floor

Knowing her to be quite old-fashioned and out of touch with the latest trends, Yaz found herself laughing uncontrollably when Clara grabbed her wrist, brought a wooden spoon to her lips, and started singing while wiggling her hips to the rhythm. Though she sang mostly out of tune, it was hilariously entertaining to watch and Yaz joined her remembering the time when they just met and sang together in the car on their way to Oxford. The song got interrupted by the radio host leaving them breathless and laughing.

"That was tragically out of tune" Yaz pissed herself laughing.

Clara lazily reached for her hand pulling her in "Are you saying I'm a bad singer?"

Yaz laughed draping her arms over her shoulders "You're a terrible singer babe..."

"Oi!"

"But a cute one"

"I am not cute"

"Oh yes you are...Fucking adorable" she laughed pressing her lips at hers and realising with a pop

"Potty mouth"

"You love it...just admit it...I have to finish dinner"

"Alright...party pooper" she released her disappointed brushing her hand over her hip as she moved away

"You can take the plates out. It's done, just need to finish the salad"

"Ok" Clara turned on a heel reaching over her shoulder, pinching feta cheese from the bowl.

"Oi!..." Yaz slapped her fingers, and she just laughed kissing her on the cheek and hopped to the fridge

"I need peanut butter"

"For curry?" She frowned confused

"Whaaa?...Nooo.. just running low"

"Oh...I was gonna say."

"Who eats peanut butter with curry Yaz?" She said dipping cheese into it.

"OMG that's gross"

"Nuts go very well with the cheese...in fact it's a delicacy"

"Nuts babe...not this gue...and definitely not that cheese either"

"Well, you eat pears....Eeeaaaw" she shook grossed up.

Yaz shook her head laughing and took a salad from the counter.

"You'd be surprised at some food that is considered delicacy Yaz" she picked up plates following her into the living room ".... If you think this is gross, you should see Casu martzu"

"What's that?"

"It's a traditional Sardinian sheep milk cheese that contains live insect larvae...basically it's a maggot cheese...it's considered...."

Yaz turned and clasped a hand over her mouth "You're making me feel sick"

"Sorry" she mumbled into her hand

"Curry....kitchen" she moved her hand

"I was just pointing out..."

"Nnnnn!!!.... I don't wanna know...Get curry"

"Alright" she shrugged and picked up a pot from the stove "Just so you know that that gue was first made by ancient South American Incas who were the first to grind peanuts into butter until Dr. John Harvey Kellogg...the cereal guy, invented his version of it in 1895"

Yaz just laughed while setting the table. Although she would occasionally come out with something weird like maggot cheese, she found her on-going rambling incredibly adorable and her extensive knowledge fascinating. One thing was certain, they could never run out of subjects to talk about.

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Autumn was well on its way. The flowers in the garden have long since bloomed and the trees have begun to put on their yellow and red robes. The sound of thunder pulled Clara out of her deep sleep, and a cold wind brushed her back, blowing the curtains from the window. She raised her head from the pillow and turned her sleepy face over her shoulder.

"What was that?" Yaz murmured into her shoulder

"It's chucking it down. I have to close the window"

"Mmmm" she moaned lazily brushing her hand over Clara's chest as she stood up "I hate thunder" she rubbed her face against the pillow.

"I know...it will pass" Clara closed the window and went back to bed wrapping herself around Yaz like a koala. "I'll protect you" she giggled

"Aaaaa...cold feeties"

"Sorry..." Clara giggled nuzzling her cheek "I'm hungry"

"You're whaa?" She laughed

"I'm hungry now"

"You gotta be joking" she couldn't stop laughing

"I really fancy a sandwich"

"It's four in the morning"

"But I reeeally fancy a sandwich...or a peanut butter on a hot toast with a glass of cold milk" she grinned

"You want me to go down with you?"

"Yeeees" she rubbed her nose across her cheek and pressed a small kiss to it

"Oh, alright then..."

"Brilliant!" She jumped out of the bed and Yaz just rolled her eyes laughing

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"I don't know how you can eat in the middle of the night," she sighed sitting at the bar resting her head on her hand watching Clara cook an omelet

"My body burns a lot of energy Yaz"

"No shit" she laughed "Wouldn't wanna get stuck with you in some bomb shelter with limited rations"

"Probably not...I might eat you," she turned over her shoulder and winked "You sure you don't want some?"

"I'm sure" she yawned laying her head on the bar.

Clara sat across from her and cheerfully spread some butter on the hot toast. The smell was a bit overpowering though and it got Yaz interested.

"I do fancy bite of that"

"Oh reeeally? Would you now? Honest Yaz I don't know how you can eat in the middle of the night" she smugged passing her a slice

"Yeah well, when you eat right in front of me like that, what you expect?" she laughed taking a bite

"Mmmm...told ya" she munched and waived a fork with omelet in front of her face. "Sure, you don't want some?"

"Oh go on" she laughed

"I knew it...luckily for you I made a double portion"

"And what if I said no?"

"Guess I'd just have to eat it all myself" she shrugged munching away

"What's that?" Yaz turned her head listening to something

"What's what Yaz?" Clara wasn't really paying attention, more occupied with a content of her plate

"That...did you hear that? It's coming from there"

Clara stopped chewing and left a fork down. Her face suddenly turned serious as she stood up from her chair and reached into pajama pocket for the sonic.

"There...did you hear that" Yaz pointed "I think it's coming from the garage"

"Shhhhh....Stay here" Clara whispered and went for the door

Yaz got up and grabbed the kitchen knife following her, but Clara grabbed her wrist stopping her

"I said stay"

"Noooo I..."

"No discussion Yaz...stay put"

She rolled her eyes but reluctantly agreed. She was still close to Clara who carefully opened the back kitchen door and headed for the garage. She walked barefoot through the water that trickled next to the house. The rain was pouring down as if someone had turned on the tap.

She scanned around with sonic and frowned "What the..."

She was getting used to the lack of any reading these days, but it was getting more and more frustrating. She shook the sonic and tried again with the same result, then gave up completely and slowly opened the garage door. It was pitch black, but she stepped into the pool of water. Her pajamas were wet and stuck to her body, and her wet hair was sticking to her face. She turned on the light and gasped.

"Nooo....Oh, you gotta be kidding me...." her eyes opened wide "This is bad...this is really bad...." She stepped through the water looking around only to see the entire garage completely flooded and realized the noise they heard was coming from a metal bucket floating around hitting the garage door.

Yaz waited nervously in the kitchen. Her eyes darted to the garage that was outside her periphery and all she could see was the reflection of light in the conservatory windows. Suddenly she saw a completely wet Clara running towards the kitchen.

"What happened? You alright?" She asked as she ran inside dripping wet

"That depends Yaz...If you're referring to me physically, yes...Mentally on the other hand I think I'm coming down with a mini brake down"

"Whaaaa?"

"Well...the good news is, we don't have any intruders..."

"And the bad one?"

"Garage is flooded..."

"What!!"

"It looks like we're hosting summer Olympics in there"

"How??"

"The whole street Yaz...it's totally flooded.... All the drains outside are completely blocked by what I assume is a bunch of leaves. If I don't sort it out it'll be conservatory next, then the front room."

"Fuck...We should call someone..."

"No time for that" she grabbed the car keys and threw them to her over the counter "Quickly Yaz get your car out I'll sort out the drain"

"And how are you gonna do that?"

"Not sure yet"

"So, you don't have a plan?"

"Will do by the time you move the car...Go on...no doodling" she hoped, threw the kitchen and back out.

"Put some fucking shoes on!!" She yelled after her "Fuck sake you're gonna cut yourself to bits" she rolled her eyes as Clara disappeared into the garden.

Yaz quickly put on a pair of wellies and ran towards the garage. She was wet within seconds of stepping outside. The water poured down the steep street, which now looked more like a river, and she couldn't even see the drains, only the water flowing towards the house.

"Fuck"

She tried to open the garage door but couldn't, then pulled harder and was stunned when the metal door buckled, and the door flew open.

"What the fuck?" She frowned in confusion but dismissed it when she saw that her car was in water almost up to the door.

After reparking the car, she returned to find the TARDIS in the middle of the garage with the door wide open to the street and half wondered what if someone saw it.

"Clara?" She yelled from the door and saw her hopping around the control room dragging a massive hose

"What the fuck are you doing?...You do realize the water is coming inside the ship?"

"Of course, it is Yaz...it's flooded outside...Just called 999"

"Right..." she frowned and stepped inside

"C'mere...I need your help"

"Alright...all ears"

"When I tell you, press this button...then turn this 45 degrees clockwise, then pull this lever down... but gently Yaz...Got it?" She rambled so quickly Yaz hoped she got it right

"I think so" she frowned confused "I still don't understand what you're doing?"

"We're gonna pump out the water butterfly" she tapped her shoulder grinning "Here... have a biscuit" she pressed the pedal and passed it to her and Yaz took it wordlessly. She had trouble keeping up with her when she switched to her hyper mode but learned to just go with it without asking too many questions.

Clara turned on a heel and zoomed out before Yaz had time to take a breath. She hopped to the drain and threw the metal cover on the side, then shoved the hose down the hole. "Alright Yaz... ready!" She yelled

Yaz quickly did as instructed, and the massive hose stretched across the control room started filling with water. She then walked outside and saw Clara standing in the water soaked to the bone. Pajama top glued to her skinny frame, embarrassingly transparent and bottoms shoved inside the boots.

"You managed to unclog it?" She said looking down the hole

"See...told ya" she grinned proudly as the water finally started to retract.

"You're gonna catch a cold...Don't you have wellies?"

"I do somewhere...I think I invented them"

"You whaa?"

At that moment a fire engine came down the road and stopped in front of their house. Yaz watched as two men inside pulled down the window staring baffled at the police phone box in the garage with its door wide open to the control room.

"Hiya!" Clara waived "Well you took a while...We got this...But I think our neighbors down the road might need some help. I was just about to go there."

"Is that a police box....?" One of man pointed

"Oh, that just my garden shed...It's sentimental value" Clara scrunched her nose "Can't have it flooded can I..."

"Right..." he replied confused "Cheers" he shook his head and they drove off.

Yaz burst out laughing "How do you get away with shit like this?"

"I mostly play dumb...You'd be surprised what I get away with, specially in this body"

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It was nearly dawn when the rain subsided, and the road was finally clear again. After clearing out the garage they went back to the kitchen completely exhausted. Clara plonked herself on the chair. She was wide awake by this point and didn't see much point in going back to bed.

"I'm really worried you're gonna get sick" Yaz said drying Clara's hair with a towel "We should have a shower"

"In a minute" she reached for her hand pulling her in her lap "You did a great job lovely...gold star for Yaz"

"I just pressed few buttons" she giggled wrapping her arms around her shoulders

"And moved the TARDIS back into the garden"

"That was fun" she kissed her cheek and leaned her head on hers

"Yaz...."

"Mmmmm?"

"What happened to the garage door?"

She paused for a moment then buried her face into her hair "Dunno...just bent I suppose"

"Right...funny that...It seemed like a very sturdy door"

"That's what I thought." She nuzzled her cheek kissing her again

"Right..." she tapped her knee "Let's have a hot shower and I really fancy a sandwich"

"Again?" She laughed

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After a busy night, they ended up going back to bed and sleeping in it until almost noon the next day. Clara rolled lazily and spooned behind Yaz. She rubbed her face on her back, hiding from the sun.

Yaz hummed against her "What's the time?"

"Arrrh...cuddle time" she nuzzled the back of her neck and slipped her hand down her pajamas palming her tummy.

"I like that time" she yawned and turned in her arms

"Oi...I just got comfy"

"Alright...keep your knickers on" she giggled snuggling up to her

"Do I have to?" She chuckled draping her leg over her

"It's optional...How come you're not zooming around like a squirrel on speed?"

"Dunno..." she yawned rubbing her eyes "Suppose even I have my limits" she smiled softly and reached out tucking Yaz's curls behind her ears and pressed a kiss to her lips "You know what just popped into my mind"

"Noo...there's a lot of stuff that pops into that mind" she giggled ruffling her hair

"Pancakes"

"OMG" she laughed "Are you hormonal or something?"

"Nope...another month to go"

"I hate you...that's so unfair"

"No, you don't...you adore me...in fact you can't breath without me." She giggled peppering her lips with kisses

"Oh yeah? How did you figure that one out"

Clara lifted herself up on her elbows hovering above her and kissed her so deeply Yaz felt herself falling into the mattress like jelly. Her hand automatically flying to her hair tangling fingers through the messy blonde locks. Clara pulled away with a cheeky grin.

"See told ya"

"You're a smooth operator behind all that cuteness" She giggled, brushing the hair from her face, then wrapped her legs around her, drawing her into a tender, passionate kiss.

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"Blimey" Clara's eyes opened wide as she stepped infront of the house

"OMG" Yaz gasped looking around

Only now did they realize the extent of the destruction from last night. The gravel in front of the house has practically disappeared, it was swept away by the current. Someone's flowerpots ended up all over the driveway, and the road was still dirty with mud. Broken branches scattered on the road and around the house, and fallen leaves blocked the guttering on the garage.

Clara picked up a flowerpot from the floor pouring the water out of it "Well, I think it's gonna be a busy day"

"No shit..."

They've spent most of the afternoon clearing up the mess. Yaz cleared up the broken branches around the house and the garden then gave her best in raking the leftover of gravel in the driveway trying to make it look half decent whiles Clara emptied the garage and jet washed the floor.

"Hey...butterfly!" Clara peaked from the garage "Fancy a break?"

"Definitely...Look...I made it pretty again.... sort of" she frowned pointing at the gravel not sure if she was convincing Clara or herself

"Gold star butterfly..."

"I dunno...Looks a bit pathetic, doesn't it?"

"Don't worry about it." She walked over wiping her hands in a cloth "I'll make a call tomorrow order some new one to be delivered." She draped her arm over her shoulder and kissed her temple

"I thought I make some sandwiches."

"Yees!!!" She jumped excited as if she won a lottery

"Are you done?"

"Will be by the time you make sandwiches" she grinned

"Babe...What are we gonna do about the garage door?"

"Well...that's another call I have to make on Monday. It will have to be replicated since that little Hulk last night tried to open it" she smirked passing by her.

"It's an old door"

"Sure, it is" she smiled walking back into the garage

Yaz pouted and went inside. The changes that were happening to her scared her and she was more inclined to ignore them than to face them. As for Clara, she knew she was just giving her space to deal with it and talk about it in her own time. From the very beginning of their relationship, Clara had always stayed on the sidelines, letting her set her own pace in important matters, never pushing or forcing her to do anything.

But this time, even Yaz wondered if ignoring what was happening to her was the smartest idea. She wondered if she was just taking her time to digest it all or if she was simply burying her head in the sand too scared to face it.

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The evening came and Yaz was finishing a cake. They were expecting Graham in about an hour, and she was looking forward to seeing him again.

Meanwhile Clara was in the study trying to crack down on the book she brought back from the mysterious library. She spent three hours doing different calculations and used every single decoding technique she knew with no avail. She scrunched another piece of paper, throwing it on the floor to join the rest of the pile and huffed throwing a pencil across the desk.

"I'm so sick of this..." She reclined into the chair and palmed her eyes feeling physically and mentally exhausted from everything. Inability to resolve this ongoing issue was taking a serious toll on her.

"Hey" Yaz peaked from the door and Clara opened her eyes

"Heeey lovely..." she smiled softly

"What's all this?" Yaz frowned stepping over the papers

"C'mere" Clara reached for her hand and pulled her into her lap "I need a cuddle"

"What's going on? You've been here for hours." She asked softly and pressed a gentle kiss to her cheek

Clara hummed rubbing her face into her shoulder "Remember that note from the old bidy?"

"Mmmmm....You're trying to crack it, aren't you?"

"Mmmmm....I never felt so stupid in my life...And that should tell you something considering my age"

"I thought you said those were coordinates?"

"I thought you said you don't wanna know"

"I never said that...I just said I don't wanna think about it on our honeymoon...Also" she hooked her finger underneath her chin raising her gaze "I thought you gave that to me...So how come it's on your desk now?"

"Aaaa clever"

Yaz raised her eyebrow "Cheeky fucker..."

"Potty mouth" she put her finger over her lips and Yaz kissed it

"Go on...Spill the beans"

She exhaled deeply and placed one more kiss on her shoulder "I know where they are...."

"WHAT!" She flinched and her eyes widened

"Well, sort of...kinda...it's complicated..." she scrunched her nose

"What you mean you sort of know where they are?"

"Well Dan I..."

"Dan?"

"Yeah...he helped me out you see..."

"Dan helped you out? And where the hell was I?"

"Never mind that Yaz...It's really complicated"

"How complicated?"

"Very complicated...on a scale from 1 to 10, probably 10..."

"What?"

"Perhaps 9...or at best 5"

She grabbed her chin between her fingers "What did you find out?"

"That they can be inside of any object, which makes things really difficult, not to mention nearly impossible to locate."

"You lost me. Clara how the fuck can they be inside the object? You're not making any sense...I think you need a rest..."

"Nooo...listen...I told you it's complicated."

"Alright...try me"

"You know how the TARDIS is bigger on the inside...Now imagine if there was a whole galaxy with all the planets and all the stars inside the TARDIS...but it can be bigger or smaller than the TARDIS from the outside..."

"So, what you're saying is that they shrunk a whole galaxy and shoved it into a box?" She raised her brow

"No Yaz, not shrunk.... Created it...engineered it...It's brilliant I must admit...Perfect...scary...terrifying actually...But brilliant"

"Insane if you ask me....So let me make this clear....You're trying to tell me we're looking for a whole galaxy inside of something that we have absolutely no idea what it looks like?"

"Yes...I did say it was complicated"

"Complicated?Babe that's mental...."

Clara laughed slumping her head on her shoulder

"So how did they even do that? How the hell do you create the whole galaxy?"

"Not quite sure about that Yaz...Well the principle is pretty much the same as the TARDIS but the scale of it is absolutely mind blowing. If I wasn't angry and frustrated, I would actually be impressed..."

"So is this like a whole race of people who can just create bloody planets"

"Not sure about that either Yaz...Not even sure how big it is.... But It wouldn't be unheard off, you know, like Ux"

"Uggs?" She frowned

"Ux... with an x"

"What's Ux?"

"Not what...Who...Sorry...Of course you don't remember...Silly me ...You actually met them"

"Have I?"

"Yes... Ux, Yaz are dual species who have a power of telepathic dimensional engineering...They can create pretty much anything including but not limited to planets."

"Bloody hell"

"So, it is entirely possible that there's another species out there who has the same or similar abilities to Ux"

"Basically, we're screwed?"

"Yeah, that's not the word I would really use to describe our situation Yaz..."

"I would...So how did you even come up with that? And when? And why are you not telling me these things?"

"I just did tell you...Anyways...Let's just say I got the information from someone"

"And you just take their word for it?"

"No... Which is precisely why I'm doing this. I need a lot more information"

"Can I help? Is there anything that my fried brain can contribute to all this madness?"

"You are helping...You're helping a lot Yaz" she squeezed her tight

"Really? And how exactly am I doing that apart from doing your washing?"

"Well, someone needs to do it"

"Cheeky fucker" she laughed palming her face

"For now, I just need this" she hummed into her shoulder and ran her fingertips down her spine
"You...here next to me" she looked up at her softly and pressed a gentle kiss to her lips "That's all I need..."

"I think you need a lot more babe...I thought we're gonna do this together. I just needed a break from everything, but I told you I want us to do this together." She palmed her cheek gently gazing at her softly "I'm so sorry I know I'm not myself recently."

"I don't expect you to be darling. I think you're doing quite well, all things considered. But at this point there's nothing you can do. You can't help me with this and I don't see the point of stressing you any further."

"You should've told me"

"I was was going to." she laced their fingers together and leaned her head against hers

"Are you sure babe? I can do research...I can..."

"I'm sure...What I need is for you to heal Yaz. To find your way of how to navigate all of this and everything that is happening inside you. Leave the rest to me....at least for now. And I promise that if I do need any help, I will tell you"

"Promise?" she offered her pinky and Clara hooked hers onto it

"I promise..." she smiled softly and brought their lips together in a gentle kiss

"So ...What did you make? It smells so yummy It's making me hungry"

"Chocolate fudge brownies with ice-cream"

"Uuuu...Speaking my language butterfly...Can I have some?"

"Not yet... We are waiting for Graham"

"Just one little bit?"

"Nooooo"

"Tiny....one corner?"

"Nooo" she laughed

"You can repark the TARDIS tomorrow" she grinned cheeky

"Oh, alright then...But just a corner."

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Clara heard a doorbell and ran down the stairs.

"He's here Yaz!!!" she shouted, jumping from the third step and grabbed the door handle

"Hello Doc" Graham smiled

She hugged him from the door "Arrrh...So nice to see you" she squeezed him so tight he could barely breathe

"How ya doin' Doc?"

"Not bad...Not bad at all...You caught some sun"

"I burned like chip. My nose is still peeling"

"Hiya!" Yaz smiled coming from the kitchen

"Yaaaz...Hello love..." she threw herself at him and he lifted her off the ground kissing her cheek

"Missed ya" she giggled

"Missed you too...How ya holdin' up, darlin'?"

"Not bad...Getting there"

"She giving you grief?"

"Oi!" Clara jumped

"Sometimes" she giggled

They sat down in the living room and Clara brought some drinks. They talked about everything that happened since the wedding, their honeymoon and Grahams travels then ended up remembering the old days and fun times they've spent together.

"See Yaz we had a deal..." Graham said "Each time she'd get us in trouble she had to take us for a holiday"

"I bet you went for a lot of holidays?" Yaz laughed

"What's that supposed to mean?" Clara shoots her a look

"It means you really know how to pick 'em, don't ya? Alien invasions, killer robots, time loops, it's like a never-ending theme park from hell."

"Oh, come on, Graham! You know you loved it. Admit it, you'd be bored stiff without me" she laughed "What's a life without little bit of excitement"

"Excitement? Nearly getting vaporized by a Dalek is your idea of excitement? I'd rather have a cuppa and a quiet evening in, thank you very much"

"Oi, I had a shield up...Not my fault that microwave didn't do it's job properly"

"Though, gotta admit, you do have your moments Doc "

"Moments? I have more than moments I have you know. Remember that time when we stopped that swamp monster with just a teaspoon and some string?"

"More like you waving the teaspoon around while the rest of us did the heavy lifting. But sure, let's go with that."

Clara laughed, then her eyes caught Yaz. She sat on a sofa, hugging her knees tightly to her chest. Her eyes filled with sadness and confusion. She seemed isolated and distant, unable to engage in the conversation.

"Maybe we should order food. It'll take time to arrive" she said

"Good idea Doc... I'm getting a bit peckish"

When she went into the kitchen to make a call Graham turned to Yaz "So, how ya holdin' on? Must be tough with everythin' goin' on."

"I have my ups and downs but it's alright I suppose."

"Don't you worry, you will get there. Yaz I know never gives up. You're a strong young woman."

"I hope so. It's a strange feeling. Like when you talk about the past, I know I was there but in my mind I wasn't. It's just very confusing"

"Hey...she can't remember half of her life and she still acts like she knows everything"

Yaz burst out laughing

"I heard that Graham" Clara shouts from the kitchen "Right...Food should be here in half an hour" she rubbed her palms together and sat back on a sofa "Oh she's doing really well. I'm very proud of her"

"We all are.... Oh, I said I have something for you. I'm not sure it will help or it's just a bunch of gibberish, but you might wanna have a look at it. He took a small black diary out of his pocket and passed it on to Clara

"What's that?" She opened it randomly flicking through the pages

"Ya know those disappearances you're on about? Met a bloke, proper tin foil hat type. Been on this for years, reckons he's connected some dots."

"Never underestimate a a bloke with a tin foil hat Graham"

"He's been tryin' to find ya... Got a bit of a weird obsession with ya. Anyway... here's a copy of all his notes." He points to the diary.

"What all of it?"

"Everythin'... Names, dates, locations from all over the world. He went on about Earth's polarity or something, but I couldn't keep up. Oh, and he left his contact details at the back. Anyway, it's all in here Doc, so hope it helps."

"Thanks Graham....I'm sure it will. Any information even if partial is helpful at this point."

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Later on, Graham followed Clara into the TARDIS. Yaz stayed behind putting dishes away and tidying up giving them time to themselves.

Graham stood wordlessly, his eyes fixed on the intricate half finished machine in the corner or the control room that the Doctor had built. The device hummed with an otherworldly energy, its threads of light weaving patterns that defied conventional understanding. His face reflected a complexity of emotions, deep-seated fear of the unknown intertwined with a profound admiration for the Doctor's genius. His hand, slightly trembled, hovering just above the glass, hesitant yet curious, the awe and apprehension battling within him.

"Blimey Doc... You build this?"

"Yep... needs a lot more work." She walked around it. "Bit tricky gettin' the parts when you can't use the TARDIS, though. But I'm managing... reckon I know every DIY store in Sheffield inside out now."

"So, what you're sayin' is they used these to make kids on your home planet?"

"Used to, Graham, not anymore."

"Is this what they used on Yaz?"

She pressed her lips together and nodded silently.

"How's buildin' this thing gonna help you figure out what was done to her?"

"Because this machine's modified... If I can get it to work, I can hook it up to the TARDIS, figure out how it operates, what it's designed for, and maybe, hopefully reverse what was done to Yaz."

"That's a lot of hope Doc"

"It's all I can do for now." She put her hands in the pockets of her trousers and leaned on one of the pillars.

"What will you do Doc...once you find them?"

She looked down with a subtle smile. "What would you have me do Graham?"

"Don't ask me Doc....You once almost threw me out of the TARDIS over the same question."

She nodded chuckling, still looking down to the floor.

"I'd give them a taste of their own medicine is what I'd do...Now I know you have your principles and all that...And I respect that Doc, I do. But sometimes there's choices to be made...ya know...Like blowing up a Cyber fleet. You gotta do what you gotta do sometimes...Can't have some psychopaths going around doing this to people. That's all I'm saying Doc...it just ain't right." He shook his head

She pushed herself off the wall and tapped his shoulder "I appreciate you being honest with me Graham"

"Always have been Doc"

"C'mere..." she pulled him into a tight hug and closed her eyes

"It's alright..." he tapped his palm on her back "You're gonna figure it out when the time comes"

"I hope so"

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Although they were both exhausted by the time Graham left, and tomorrow was a working day, they were pleased to finally get an opportunity to spend some time together. Clara closed the

door and walked over to the conservatory, finding Yaz standing by the window watching TARDIS under garden lights.

"Hey" she turned over her shoulder with a smile and reached out her hand

"Hey yourself" Clara smiled and pulled her in closing her arms around her waist "Having a chat?"

"Yeah" she ran her hands over her braces closing her eyes as the other woman pressed her lips to her forehead "Not sure if she can hear me though"

"She can...Did you have a nice evening?"

"Very nice. He always makes me laugh." She humms tucking her head in a crook of her neck

"You're tired, we should go to bed"

In the perfect silence of the evening some mellow music could be heard coming from their living room.

"Or we could dance" Yaz looked up with a smile. Her big brown eyes glistening under soft candlelight.

Clara reached for her hand, her fingertips tracing a straight line over Yaz's palm, sending a shiver up her arm. Their eyes locked, and for a moment, time seemed to stand still.

With a soft smile, Clara's other hand wrapped around Yaz's waist, pulling her closer. As the mellow music floated in from the living room, Clara led her into a gentle dance, their bodies and hearts in sync, Yaz's hand gently stroking the nape of Clara's neck, both holding their gaze.

The conservatory, bathed in moonlight and the faint scent of jasmine candles, became their private world, where nothing existed but them and the music. They danced, lost in each other's arms, their hearts beating as one.

With a last note of the music still lingering in the air Clara leaned in, her lashes fluttering with half open eyes as her lips brushing Yaz's gently. She placed a peck on her lips that made Yaz giggle, then another one catching her bottom lip between hers

"Take me to bed" Yaz whispered, and Clara pulled her into a deep tender kiss.

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