

"What do you want to drink?"

Atet and Nicodemus stood a decent distance away from the cabana-like drink stand; a sizable group of people were waiting for their drinks and it made Nico squirm to think about having to be among so many bodies. Atet had so kindly offered to go get them drinks while the Mimic waited where they currently were.

"I don't care," Nicodemus shrugged his shoulders, "you can surprise me."

Atet nodded and pressed a kiss to Nico's forehead before making his way to the drink stand; Nico had to fight down the blush that was creeping up his cheeks. Soon enough, Atet was on his way back after about five minutes.

"That was quick considering," Nico commented as he nodded at the cluster of people that refused to disperse.

"They're working pretty fast to get everything out," Atet replied, "and doing a good job too."

"What did you get?" Nico idly asked while taking his own drink from Atet.

"A mango island blend smoothie," Atet took a sip from the straw, "pretty good too."

"Sounds sweet," the Mimic said, his nose scrunching up at the thought.

Nico looked at his own drink for a moment to study it; it was a bright green, like a vibrant leaf rather than something overly bright. He took a cautious sip, tasting the mixture of matcha and pear.

"Hmm, it's good," Nico decided, taking another sip.

"Glad to hear," Atet smiled, looping one of his arms around his partner's waist.