Breakfast Out

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany takes her boys out for breakfast at McDonalds and, as they play in the playground, attempts to flirt with one of the local single dads…. Logan is not happy about this and does all he can to break up their conversation.

~~~~

It was a nice, cool morning.

The nip of the early air tickled Tiffany's snout pleasantly as she took a deep, deep breath… and she realised, as she let it out again, that under her blanket was warmer than usual.

Slowly, the triton blinked open her eyes to peek at the mass under her arm.

The pillow she'd fallen asleep hugging had been discarded to the opposite side of her bed and her young son, Trent, had taken its place. He'd snuggled as close as he could to her, pinning her against the wall—

No, she realised as the mass behind her moved. *Poor Logan was the one pinned to the wall.*

Though, he didn't seem to mind… which was unusual. Usually he was *very* adverse to being touched like this.

Actually, it wasn't like him to sleep outside of his own bed. It was too dry. And too cold.

Trent wasn't a surprise. He did this often— But *Logan?*

Something wasn't right.

Tiffany carefully rolled over and confirmed her suspicions as Logan let out a heavy sigh and looked at her with tired eyes.

'*Hey, hon,*' she whispered, wrapping an arm around her son as he snuggled into her. '*What's wrong?*'

Logan didn't answer. Instead, he gave another sigh and pressed tighter into his mother.

'*Aw, Logan…*' Tiffany echoed his sigh and ran a hand comfortingly over the back of the boy's head. '*You doing okay?*'

He shrugged, but said nothing. Instead, it was a voice from Tiffany's other side that spoke.

'He's worried about you,' said Trent. 'We both are.'

'Mm…' Tiffany gave a nervous hum. 'I'm fine. You don't have to worry about me.'

'Yeah, you *say* that,' Trent whined as his brother squeezed Tiffany tight. 'But then we hear you telling Grandma that you and your friends fought *sirens?*'

'We didn't— Well. *I* didn't fight the sirens,' Tiffany clarified. 'And the girls kinda just…. Magic Circle'd them into a fish-tank situation so they'd calm down. We didn't get hurt.'

'There was still sirens, though,' Trent huffed. 'And we heard you say there was a dead person, too. Did the sirens kill that person?'

'No,' Tiffany answered, simply. 'They were upset because he was their
~~~~

friend…. Anyway— You boys shouldn't be listening in on my private phone calls!'

'*We wouldn't listen in so much if you talked quieter,*' Trent mumbled.

'*Excuse* me?' Tiffany didn't mean to laugh at her son's quip, but it came out and she had to bite her lip. She knew as soon as Trent heard the humour in her voice he'd think he could get away with it. 'None of *that,* young man! You misbehaving is your own doing!'

'Is it, thought?' Trent asked, clearly emboldened by the giggle that Tiffany had let slip. 'Or is it the doing of the person who's meant to teach us how to behave?'

'Ooh! Don't be cheeky,' Tiffany told him; another laugh breaking out of her. Then she turned back to Logan as he nuzzled into her chest. 'Aw, hon…. It's alright…. Things are just hard right now. For everyone….'

'Yeah!' Trent agreed, sliding up so he could rest lay over Tiffany's side and bat at his brother. 'You've seen the news! The city's going to *shit!* And— And— People have been turning into those animals, and the rubies got stolen, and everyone's been'

'*But—*' Tiffany raised a hand to quiet Trent down as Logan gave a concerned whine. 'It's going to get better. There are lots of people working to make sure things don't get worse.'

'*Like you?*' Logan asked, quietly. '*And your new friends?*'

'Uh… I mean… yeah,' Tiffany gave a weak, nervous chuckle. 'We've been trying to figure things out. We want to stop people from getting hurt if we can.'

'*But… you're not a hero,*' Logan gave a grunt. '*You're just our mum….*'

'I mean, that *kinda* makes her a hero,' Trent argued, much to Tiffany's amusement. 'Like how she… *girl timed* Constance. That was to protect us— Which is a hero thing to do.'

'That doesn't *count!*' Logan whined, raising his voice. He finally sat up, now, so he could face his brother and frown deeply. 'We're her kids! It's her *job* to protect us!'

'Yeah, and it's a fireman's job to put out fires!' Trent shot back. 'And they're still heroes even though it's their job!'

'That's not the same thing—'

'Alright! That's enough, both of you,' Tiffany interrupted, wrapping her arms around both her boys and giving them an affectionate ruffle. 'I don't want you boys fighting, alright?'

'But Mum—'

'If we drop the topic and go get dressed I'll get us McDonald's for breakfast,' Tiffany offered. She knew it was a terrible thing to do but, having just woken up, she was too tired to think of any *real* kind of conflict resolution.

They didn't need to be told twice; they clambered over her and out of her bed, practically tripping over each other in their hurry to get to their rooms.

At least Logan seemed to have forgotten he was upset, Tiffany thought as she pulled off her nightdress and exchanged it for…. *Hm….*

She hadn't worn her leather jacket in a while. And it seemed like a nice day for it….

Yeah.

She could wear her leather jacket and that leopard print dress Ruby was always bugging her to wear out. And maybe some *actual* shoes instead of

sandals?

Ah! Her boots!

Perfect—

'You look like Grandma!' Logan blurted from her doorway, and Tiffany turned to see him and Trent both stumbling back in.

'Yeah!' Trent agreed. 'Only less cool!'

God dammit, Tiffany thought, trying to resist the urge to roll her eyes. *Her mothers made it way too hard to be cool…. Oh well.*

'Are you even *allowed* to dress like that if you're not going out with Aunt Ruby?' Trent asked. 'I mean— You always wear mum clothes when you go out with us. And these are *not* mum clothes!'

'I'm allowed to wear whatever I want,' Tiffany told him, smothering her giggles. 'As long as I'm actually wearing clothes, I can't get in trouble…. Logan, hon? You okay?'

She'd noticed her son staring at her, his head cocked curiously as he examined her from head to toe.

'Hon?'

'Could *I* dress like Grandma?' he asked, his voice squeaking curiously. 'Even just to go to McDonald's?'

'You can dress like anyone you want, hon,' Tiffany chuckled.

Logan's eyes widened, at that, and he gripped her sleeve tight and tugged on her arm. 'Like *anyone?*'

'Yeah?' Tiffany gave a chuckle. 'I know I usually buy your clothes for you, hon, but if you want to dress differently you're allowed to!'

Logan didn't reply. He just looked *stunned.*

Trent, on the other hand, shouted with excitement; 'I WANT TO DRESS LIKE BEN TEN'S DAD!'

'His name is *Max!*' Logan gasped, clearly offended by Trent's mistake. 'And he's not Ben's *dad* he's his *grandfather* you *idiot!*'

'Hey! No name calling!' Tiffany stepped between her two sons. 'None of that! Come on, we agreed to no fighting.'

'No, we agreed to "drop the topic," and to get dressed,' Trent corrected. 'We never agreed not to fight about something *else!*'

'Yeah,' Logan agreed.

'Cheeky!' Tiffany ruffled both her boys. 'Get in the car, you two! Before I change my mind about breakfast!'

~~~~

Breakfast was going well. Her boys had eaten their food and then gone to play, and Tiffany was able to enjoy her coffee in the (relative) peace of the table closest to the playground….

She'd quietly been eyeing people as they passed the store.

Groups.

Everyone was travelling in groups.

Many of them openly carrying weapons.

Even the few other parents who had come into the McDonald's play area to
~~~~

eat had come in groups….

Perhaps it wasn't the smartest to have come out without a friend.

But it was a little too late for that, now.

She was here on her own, texting back and forth with her friends— Both her new friends, and her old.

Ding!

Tiffany looked down as she received a tag from Andi.

Andi: @ *tiffany* Idk I just feel like you really shouldn't have gone out on your own

Andi: Ruby's been telling us about all the things you've been going through and just

Andi: Combined with all the crap we've seen it just makes me worried 😟

Cleo: Hard agree

Steph: I'm out with my brother rn

Steph: You want us to meet you there?

Tiffany: If you want, don't have to though

Tiffany: We drove so we'll get home on our own fine

Steph: Ok as long as you're safe! LMK if you chance your mind

Tiffany: But also @ *andi* yeah Ruby told me about everything you guys have been seeing

Tiffany: All the people you've seen turn

Steph: Yeah its so scary 😢

Tiffany: I'm sorry I had no idea you were all going through that

Cleo: Gods what is the world COMING to? 😩

Tiffany: I don't know

Andi: No WE'RE sorry!! We were trying not to freak you out but we honestly should have said something

Tiffany: But if I get almost-mauled ONE MORE TIME….

Steph: RIGHT??

Cleo: TELL ME ABOUT IT!!

Steph: I'm not BUILT FOR THIS

Cleo: I sweaaaaaaaar to GOD 😠 😠 😠

Andi: I mean I'm literally built for it, being a gnoll

Steph: I'm built for karaoke and shaking my ass 😩 Not electrocuting some guy who suddenly grew fangs

Andi: Don't like it though…

Steph: Like I don't have the BATTERY CAPACITY!!

Tiffany: I don't like it either

Cleo: GRR I just want things to be normal

Cleo: You know my family is talking about moving out of Los Diablos?

Tiffany: NOOOO

Andi: WHAT

Steph: 😣 😖 😫

Andi: Would you go with them??

Tiffany: Girl noooooo

Cleo: I mean?? We're kobolds we're kinda meant to stay together you know??

Cleo: BUT ALSO
Steph: Oh Cleo….
Cleo: I don't want to move
Andi: 😳
Cleo: I want to stay here 😣 But I'm just not sure how realistic that is ATM??
Cleo: If the rest of my family goes I'll be on my own, you know?
Andi: Maybe just convince them to go on a holiday until this is all sorted…?
Tiffany: Yeah but when will that be?
Steph: Ough……
Andi: Look
Andi: If they end up leaving and you don't want to go you can stay with me and my family

Something bumped into Tiffany's side, and she was distracted from her conversation as Trent made a grab for the half a McMuffin she hadn't gotten around to eating yet.

'Hey!' Tiffany scolded, batting her son's hand away from her food. 'Excuse me, young man! That's mine!'

'You're not eating it, though!'

'That doesn't mean you can just take it!' Tiffany scoffed. 'If you're still hungry you can order yourself another one at the counter!'

'Yeah but I don't feel hungry enough for a *whole* muffin!' Trent argued, batting at the edge of the muffin's wrapper. 'Just for *half* of one!'

'Trent— Ah…. *Fine,*' Tiffany gave a playful sigh and slid her muffin to her son. 'Take it, then, you difficult little bastard!'

Trent took the muffin happily, lifting himself into the seat beside his mother so he could lean on her and eat…. And as he did, Logan seemed to hone in on their affection and hurriedly made his way over so he could pester Tiffany from her other side.

Tiffany couldn't help but laugh as Logan began playing with her jacket's pocket button, and she gave him a loving nudge.

'What are you thinking about, hon?'

'Mm…' Logan shifted, sticking his hand fully into his mother's pocket and jingling her keys mindlessly.

'Hon?'

'I want to learn how to fight,' Logan said, simply.

'*Fight?*' Tiffany echoed, a dreadful feeling stabbing through her. 'You want to learn how to *fight?*'

'Yeah,' Logan gave a nod. 'Proper fighting. Like karate or boxing or swords. Cos I see everyone else around is always ready in case something happens, and I want to be ready too!'

'Hon, I…. It's not your responsibility, it's the adults job to—'

'I know,' Logan interrupted. 'But I want to be able to fight because what if something happens when there's no adults around and I don't know how to defend myself?'

'Well… I mean…' Tiffany was beside herself. 'I… you shouldn't be alone without any adults.'

'I know, but it still happens,' Logan shrugged. 'Just like the rest of the bad

stuff in the news. I want to learn how to fight.'

She hated that Logan had a point.

It made her so *anxious*.

'I mean… if you want I could sign you up for a self-defence class?' Tiffany let out a long breath. 'Something like martial arts?'

'Yeah, like that!' Logan lit up. 'Something like martial arts!'

'Okay…' Tiffany clicked her tongue. 'I'll uh… I'll look around and see what I can find, hm? And— Trent, hon? What about you? Do you want to take a self-defence class with Logan?'

'No!' Trent shook his head hurriedly. 'No! I'm already *so* strong! What if I get *too* strong? Like— I can already pick you up without meaning to! What if I get so strong that I try and hug you and I hug you too hard and break you in half and you *die?!*'

'Hon I'm not *that* weak—'

'Yeah, you kinda are,' Logan pointed out. 'You can't even open jars on your own.'

'Yeah, you have trouble even *with* the jar opener!' Trent agreed. 'I don't want to hurt you!'

'Trent! Hon!' Tiffany couldn't help but chuckle. 'Hon. Listen. I've gotten hugs from people *much* bigger than you. I'll be alright.'

'You have?'

'Yeah. Hugs from people as big as Aunt Andi!' Tiffany reassured. 'And I'm always fine.'

'Mm… I dunno,' Trent mumbled. 'I still don't want to learn how to fight.'

'Well that's okay, you don't have to,' Tiffany reassured. 'What *do* you want to do?'

Trent cast a glance back at the playground, and Tiffany laughed loudly.

'Go on, then,' she told him, nudging him off her arm and towards the playground. 'If you want to play, go play…. You too, Logan. Go have some fun before we have to go home.'

Logan nodded wordlessly and hurried off to join his brother going backwards up the slide.

Tiffany watched with a smile, shaking her head and sipping her drink as she did.

'They seem like good boys,' the comment came from the table behind her, and Tiffany turned in her seat to face a tiefling man. He sat with a group, though they seemed distracted talking amongst themselves. 'I've, uh…' he offered Tiffany his hand. 'I've seen you around, lately. The park, mostly. Not— Not being weird. I just…. It's hard not to notice those two boys of yours…. You're new to the area, right?'

'Um, yeah, we moved recently,' Tiffany took his hand. 'I'm Tiffany. Tiffany Goldman.'

'Koji Inaba,' the tiefling introduced. 'I hope you don't think I'm rude but, uh. I've seen you and the boys a lot but not their uh… their father? Is he around?'

'He's a friend,' Tiffany told him. 'But I don't want him being too involved with the boys.'

'Oh? Did he do something or…?'

‘Eh…’ Tiffany shrugged. ‘He’s a passable guy. It’s just complicated. For both of us.’

She really didn’t want to have to explain the whole situation with Creedence and Constance with a stranger….

‘Ah, sorry to ask,’ Koji gave a cough to clear his throat. ‘I understand. It’s the same with me and my ex….’

I very much doubt it, Tiffany bit back the quip.

It was *very* clear to her what Koji was trying to do.

The way he was stammering and sheepishly looking around (and the way his friends kept eyeing them) it was clear he was interested in her. Though, unlike most of the men she met in bars, he seemed to be struggling to express it.

‘So, which one’s yours?’ Tiffany asked, turning away from him to face the playground.

‘The half-elf girl in the blue dress,’ Koji answered. ‘Her name’s Paige.’

‘She’s a cutie,’ Tiffany said, turning back to Koji. ‘She’s, what… five?’

‘Y-Yeah,’ Koji blushed as Tiffany let her hand brush against his. ‘She’s, uh—‘

‘MUM!’ Logan screeched from the playground; gaining the attention not only of his own mother but of every adult in the restaurant. ‘Stop *flirting!* It’s *gross* and I can see you doing it from up here! Stop it! *Stop* it! Get *away* from that man!’

Tiffany had to bite her lip to stop herself from giggling as she withdrew her hand from Koji’s.

‘Oh, I’m being told off,’ she said playfully, giving Koji a little wink as she leant on the back of her chair.

Koji gave a laugh as he looked up at Logan (who looked back at him with a *very* angry frown), then he looked to his snickering friends before resting his head on a hand and addressing Tiffany again. ‘And yet, somehow, it just makes you want more of them. Doesn’t it?’

‘*Tell* me about it!’ Tiffany snorted. ‘I’d *love* another! But, also? Talking sensibly? I really *shouldn’t* take that on.’

‘Not on your own,’ Koji said, his free hand slowly moving towards Tiffany’s own as it dangled off her chair.

Ah, here we go, Tiffany thought to herself as his fingers gently brushed hers. *Let’s see his moves….*

Koji gave a nervous laugh as Tiffany receptively ran her fingers through his. Then, he cleared his throat. ‘Well, uh… you know. I-If we’re *both* wanting more kids, we could…’ he interlocked his fingers with hers. ‘*Combine* the three we have….’

‘Really? Cos I’ve always liked the idea of making new ones— *WHOA!*‘

Logan’s shoe sailed between Tiffany and Koji, and both leapt backwards with surprised cries.

‘*Logan!*’ Tiffany exclaimed, her voice breaking as she turned to see her son glaring at her.

‘Stop it!’ he demanded. ‘You’re being *gross!* I can *see* that you’re being gross! So stop it! Stop it *right* now!’

‘Logan, I can be as gross as I want!’ Tiffany retorted. ‘Now, come get your shoe. I don’t want you playing in bare feet!’

Logan blew a loud raspberry.

'*Hon,*' Tiffany said in a warning tone. 'Come and get your shoe.... *Now*.'

Logan huffed loudly and stormed his way off the playground; Trent hurriedly following him. He marched all the way over to his mother and Koji, and pointed threateningly at the tiefling man.

'*Stop it!*' he said, firmly. 'Leave Mum *alone!*'

'Mum? Is this guy bothering you?' Trent asked. 'Cos if he's bothering you I can beat him up!'

'Trent— No!' Tiffany pulled both her sons close. 'He's not bothering me! He's being a real sweetheart, actually.'

'Yeah, well,' Logan gave a loud huff. 'We don't need *another* demon trying to be our dad, so he can FUCK OFF—'

Tiffany threw her hand over Logan's mouth, muffling his shout.

'I am... *so* sorry,' she apologised. Then, she looked disapprovingly between her sons. 'I can't take you boys anywhere, can I? You know, maybe I should get his number and invite him over to the apartment, just to spite you!'

'*Mmm!*' Logan gave a disapproving mumble, which Koji and his friends seemed to find amusing. '*Mmm! Mhmmm!*'

'I don't get it?' Trent frowned. Then, he shrugged. 'Well. If he's not bothering you then I'm going to go play again!'

'Alright, you have fun,' Tiffany dismissed, letting both her boys go. 'Now, Logan—'

'*Argh!*' Logan cut his mother off with an angry huff, and sat where he was on the floor. 'I know! I know! I'll behave....'

'Thank you,' Tiffany chuckled, petting Logan gently on the head as he pouted. 'Hey. If you let me talk in peace, I'll take you clothes shopping when we're done here. How's that sound?'

'*Hmp,*' Logan crossed his arms and shrugged.

'Heh,' Koji gave a chuckle and grinned at Tiffany. 'So.... He said *another* demon?'

'Yeah, our dad's a demon,' Logan grumbled. 'One of those avarcian guys.... He's a *weenie* though.'

'*Oh,*' a look of understanding passed over Koji at the word "avarcian." '*That's* what you meant by complicated.'

'Mm,' Tiffany gave a curt nod.

'At least I know I'm your type?' Koji joked. He reached out to take Tiffany's hand again, but Logan slapped his hand away. 'Would you be interested in a date sometime? I'd love to get to know you better.'

'No she *wouldn't* be!' Logan huffed, grumbling as Tiffany ruffled his headfin.

'Thanks, but I don't think it would work,' Tiffany answered. 'You seem nice, but I'm not really interested in getting into a relationship.'

'Oh?' Koji raised his brow.

'Mm,' Tiffany placed her hands on Logan's head, ignoring his eye-roll as she lowered her voice. 'I'm fine with casual stuff, but I don't really *do* committed relationships.'

'Really? Why not?'

'Well...' Tiffany's hands moved to her son's shoulders, now, and she looked

down at him with a loving smile (which was met with a frustrated sigh). 'I really don't like the idea of sharing my boys…. And on top of that, just *dating* in general. I… I don't get it.'

'You don't… *get* it?'

'I don't get it,' Tiffany confirmed. 'I mean. What can you do with a partner that you can't do with your best friend?'

'I mean,' Koji gave her a sheepish grin. 'I'm sure I could think of *something*.'

'Bet you *couldn't,*' Logan grumbled.

'Logan,' Tiffany chuckled. 'Come on, hon. Be nice.'

'But I bet he *couldn't* think of a *single thing* to do with you that you wouldn't do with Aunt Ruby!'

Koji bit his lip, trying not to laugh as Logan got back to his feet and put his hands on his hips.

'Heck, I bet there's not *one* thing you could do with him that you haven't *already* done with Aunt Ruby!' Logan huffed. Then, he saw the look on Koji's face and his frown grew angrier. 'What? Why are you laughing? What do you think you can do to Mum that Aunt Ruby hasn't already done to her?!'

'Hon. Hon,' Tiffany pulled Logan close, leaning in to whisper in his ear. '*Do you remember how babies are made?*'

'You *wouldn't!*' Logan gasped; a look of absolute disgust and horror appearing on his face.

'I *would,*' Tiffany retorted, simply.

'No!'

'Yes.'

'No!' Logan repeated, firmer. 'No! Nuh-uh! No! None of *that!* We are going *home!*'

'Are we, now?' Tiffany snickered as Logan stomped his foot.

'Yeah! We are! *TRENT!*' Logan shouted into the playground. 'TRENT! WE'RE GOING HOME!'

'Give me five more minutes!' Trent called back.

'*No!*' Logan cried, marching into the playground to retrieve his brother. '*Now!*'

Tiffany couldn't stop laughing. '*Oh, Logan…*' she mumbled through her giggles. '*Oh, hon….*'

'Here, quickly,' Koji handed Tiffany his phone, which she saw was open on a New Contacts page. 'While he's busy!'

—END—

If you enjoyed reading, please consider supporting me and my work at
cjadewyton.com

~~~~

This publication is provided for free and may be redistributed as long as credit to the author is provided and no money is made from its distribution.

Permission to change this document to other ebook formats is given for
~~~~

the sole purpose of ereader compatibility.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, livings or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

No generative artificial intelligence was used in the writing of this work. Any use of this publication to train generative artificial intelligence technologies is expressly prohibited.