Hubris

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany Goldman, finally confident that she will not relapse, decides to go to a bar with her friends to spend some quality time with them. But now the night is coming to an end, and it is just her and Ruby left. As they talk they notice a very handsome minotaur sizing Tiffany up; and after some prodding from Ruby, Tiffany decides that she fancies him enough to take him home.

Contains explicit sexual content.

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It had been the best result Tiffany could have hoped for, given the circumstance.

Creedence was the father of her boys; not Constance.

The sigh of relief that had escaped her upon finding that out was almost as big as the one she'd given after Constance's death.

Her boys had plenty of questions, of course. And she'd decided to be as honest as she could with them about it all. Even if she knew it meant that the boys would be telling every single person in their school, both classmate and teacher alike, that they were half-demons.

But that was their right, she supposed. If she knew then they should know too. And they'd been so good about getting the blood test; it wouldn't have been fair not to tell them *why*…. Though she wasn't looking forward to the calls she was going to receive from their classmates' parents when the boys inevitably gave their friends a run-down on sex ed and explained how it was possible for her to have not known who their father was.

She was honestly surprised she hadn't received a call already, with the boys staying the night over at a friend's house. She'd expected to have *at least* received a text telling her they had said something inappropriate.

But she hadn't; so she continued to sip at her lemonade and nod along to her a-little-more-than-tipsy friends as they giggled and gossiped.

They'd been worried about meeting up at a bar with her. Nervous about her having a relapse.

It was a valid fear. But Tiffany was feeling confident in herself; her addiction had never really been *that* bad. And in the near-ten years she'd quit drinking she'd never once relapsed.

Maybe she'd had some close calls, but she'd always caught herself. And considering she wasn't going to be alone she was confident there was zero risk in it all.

She had no intention or interest in drinking tonight. None at all.

And if she could handle tonight maybe she'd be able to come out and see her friends more!

Though, hopefully next time the conversations wouldn't keep looping around to Creedence….
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‘Yeah, yeah! He’s this little gangly galah of a guy,’ Ruby cackled. ‘Saw him eating food he didn’t like once, and he looked like that picture of the otter eating watermelon. Not even joking!’

Tiffany’s other friends all let out their own humoured snorts; burying their faces in their drinks as they did.

Well. All except Steph; but that was because she was a warforged and thus… couldn’t drink even if she *wanted* to.

‘He’s a little quirky,’ Tiffany confirmed. ‘But he seems like a sweetheart so far.’

‘Wealthy, too,’ Ruby grinned, lifting her drink up as if toasting the idea. ‘And with him being such a weenie it shouldn’t be hard to get a good amount of child support out of him!’

‘I’m *not* doing that!’ Tiffany scoffed, flicking her headfin back and sticking her nose in the air. ‘Creedence is still my friend, I’m not going to take advantage of him like that!’

‘Advantage?’ Cleo gave a chuckle. ‘Girl, he’s their *father!*’

‘Yeah!’ Andi agreed. ‘Least he could do is pay you back for the hospital bills and diapers. Does he really think he can just show up and and get involved now the hard part’s over?’

‘No, he *doesn’t* think he can do that!’ Tiffany defended, losing her patience. ‘He specifically told me he didn’t want that to be how it went! You really don’t think we didn’t already have this conversation? He’s not just trying to “show up and get involved”! I made my own choice to keep the boys; he didn’t get a say in them. He doesn’t even *want* kids! He never did! And *I* don’t want to share the boys, either, so it works out for both of us. The most that I’ll be getting from him is health records! And maybe some answers about —I don’t know— demon puberty? But that will come when it comes!’

‘Tiff,’ Ruby chuckled. ‘Relax, girl.’

‘No!’ Tiffany grumbled. ‘No. I won’t relax! You know, I’m starting to get *really sick* of people acting like I should be using my boys as some sort of bargaining chip in a get rich quick scheme! They’re my *sons!*’

Tiffany gave a huff and crossed her arms as her friends all gave sheepish coughs and shifted uncomfortably in their seats.

Then, Steph’s metallic claw lay gently on Tiffany’s shoulder. ‘Sorry.’

‘Hmph,’ Tiffany grunted, shaking her head and letting her shoulders slack. ‘Ugh. I know you girls are just meaning it in fun, but it’s getting *really* grating to hear it over and over. Creedence is my *friend,* and the boys are *my* responsibility, not his. I’m tired of people acting like the boys are a burden. They’re *not*. They’re my *life!*’

Steph pet Tiffany comfortingly, before a beeping sounded and she groaned.

‘Ah, shit. I’m on two hours of battery. I have to go home and charge,’ she said, rising to her feet. ‘Sorry, Tiff…. Anyone need a lift back to their place?’

‘Nah, I’m good,’ Ruby said, taking another sip of her drink. ‘Thanks, though.’

‘I could use one,’ Cleo said, raising her hand. ‘I got work early tomorrow.’

‘Same, I honestly shouldn’t have come out but—‘ Andi smiled warmly and gave Tiffany a gentle shoulder-punch. ‘I really wanted to see you.’

Tiffany couldn’t help but grin back at her friend. ‘Heh. Yeah…. I appreciate you girls making the time to see me.’

‘It was good!’ Cleo chirped, slipping out of her chair and making her way over to give Tiffany a tight goodbye hug. ‘We need to do this more. I’ll try and get my schedule tomorrow so we can make plans?’

‘Sounds good,’ Tiffany chuckled. ‘I’ll pop mine in the chat, too.’

‘I will check when I have my clients booked!’ Steph said, her screen flickering briefly as another beep sounded and a power-saving icon appeared in the corner of her face. ‘You need a lift home?’

‘Ah, no, I’ll stay with Ruby,’ Tiffany decided. ‘Save her some money on an Uber.’

‘Hah. If you’re sure,’ Steph’s face flashed into a heart emote. ‘Love you, girl. See you next time!’

‘Next time!’ Ruby agreed loudly before throwing back her head and finishing her drink. She turned back to Tiffany as their friends headed out, and wrapped an arm around her. ‘And *this time,* Tiff, we are going to get you laid.’

Tiffany didn’t mean to laugh so loudly, and had to cover her mouth to smother it. ‘I don’t need to get laid,’ she said.

‘Yeah you do, you’ve been *stressed!*’ Ruby argued. ‘You need *some sort* of relief! And no, a quickie with an emo elf in a *bathroom* doesn’t count!’

‘He’s punk, actually—‘

‘Girl it doesn’t matter what he is, it was over a week ago!’ Ruby scoffed. ‘You can’t tell me you’re *still* satisfied from it! Not when you were literally oogling at an orc just yesterday!’

‘No I wasn’t!’ Tiffany gave a playfully-offended gasp. ‘*He* was oogling *me!*’

‘You was oogling *each other!*’ Ruby said, pointing a clawed finger at her friend. ‘Which is why I didn’t understand why you didn’t get with him!’

‘I dunno,’ Tiffany shrugged. ‘He was cute but I wasn’t feeling it, that’s all….’

‘Hmp,’ Ruby clicked her tongue and looked around. ‘Not feeling it, huh? I find *that* hard to believe!’

‘I *wasn’t,*’ Tiffany chuckled. ‘Really, Rubes, is it that hard to believe that I just wasn’t in the mood—‘

‘That guy’s looking at you,’ Ruby interrupted, pointing to her left.

Tiffany glanced to where Ruby was pointing and was met with a smile from a scruffy-looking minotaur man who sat at a table alone.

‘Hm, so he is,’ Tiffany acknowledged with a laugh before turning back to her friend. She saw the look on Ruby’s face and jabbed a finger at her. ‘Oh no! Don’t you even *think* about it!’

‘He’s your type though, isn’t he?’ Ruby grinned, giving the man a wave. She only turned back to Tiffany when Tiffany grabbed her hand and pushed it down. ‘He *is* though! Big, scraggly, muscular, piercings…’ she glanced back and raised her brow. ‘Bet he could eat your peach like a madman!’

Tiffany aimed a slap at Ruby’s snout, but the tabaxi pulled away just in time to avoid it.

‘Hah!’ she cackled, grabbing Tiffany’s wrist and leaping out of her chair. ‘Bad move, girl, now I’m in control!’

‘*Ruby!*’ Tiffany laughed as she was dragged from her seat and hustled through the bar. She tried to bite back her embarrassed giggles as Ruby practically danced her over to the minotaur man. ‘Ruby, no! Ruby! Ruby, sit! *Bad Ruby!*’

‘You’ll thank me later!’ Ruby teased.

The man chuckled as the girls stumbled over to him, and turned in his chair to look them over properly. ‘Evening, ladies.’

‘Hey, yeah, hello!’ Ruby greeted, yanking Tiffany forward and pulling her arm up awkwardly as if displaying her. ‘Scale of one to ten, how hot’s my bestie?’

‘Ruby—‘

‘Solid eleven,’ the minotaur said confidently.

‘Awesome, can she sit in your lap?’

‘*Ruby!*’

‘I mean, if she wants to—‘

Ruby shoved Tiffany into the man’s lap, and both of them gave surprised grunts as they collided.

‘Okay, so— Here’s the sitch!’ Ruby took the seat opposite the minotaur. ‘This is Tiff. Single mother. Two boys. She’s stressed and horny. You’re hot. What do you think?’

The minotaur opened his mouth as if to respond, but then hesitated; casting a confused look to Tiffany.

‘Sorry about her, she’s been drinking,’ Tiffany apologised, rising to her feet and crossing her arms at Ruby. ‘Girl, you need some manners!’

‘Cunt, I’m *helping* you!’

‘Bitch, I can get laid on my own!’

‘Really? Okay,’ Ruby grinned, and motioned to the minotaur. ‘Go on, then.’

Tiffany rolled her eyes and glanced sideways at the chuckling man.

Ruby was right…. He *was* her type…. And he had a cute laugh, to boot….

Damnit, Ruby!

Tiffany made a show of clearing her throat before asking playfully; ‘May I join you?’

The man tapped his lap; and Tiffany sat in it.

‘You two seem fun,’ the man said with a laugh. ‘I’m Jabur.’

‘Tiffany,’ Tiffany introduced, motioning to herself and Ruby in turn. ‘And Ruby.’

‘We’re besties,’ Ruby purred, resting her chin in a hand. ‘Hmm…. *You* don’t happen to have a hot bestie with you right now, do you?’

‘Nah,’ Jabur shook his head. ‘Mine’s married.’

‘Aw, rats!’ Ruby clicked her fingers in mock-disappointment. ‘Oh well. I’ll live vicariously through you two, then.’

Jabur gave another laugh, and Tiffany felt his body trembling underneath her as he did.

She adjusted herself so she didn’t fall; pushing back against Jabur and snuggling tight into him as he wrapped an arm around her to stop her from slipping.

‘Drinks on me?’ Jabur asked, motioning to the bartender with a flick of his free hand. ‘What do you want? Martini? Mojito? You seem like a cocktail kind of girl.’

‘Oh— I *was,* but I don’t drink anymore,’ Tiffany felt herself blushing.

‘Mocktail, then?’

‘Hah! Yeah, right; like she’d want tail without cock!’ Ruby teased— And

Tiffany broke from Jabur's embrace to lean over the table and smack her. 'Ow! Oi, cunt!'

A snicker escaped Jabur as he pulled Tiffany back. 'Mocktail?' he repeated.

'Yeah, mocktail's fine,' Tiffany replied.

He motioned to the bartender again —sign language, Tiffany realised— before glancing at Ruby. 'And you?'

'Aw I'll have a spirits, right?' Ruby grinned, settling down and pulling out her phone. 'Something cheap. Don't really care what.'

'Well you're easy!'

'Naw, that's Tiff.'

'*Shush,* you!' Tiffany snorted a laugh, rolling her eyes and grinning as Jabur and Ruby began chatting.

The trio continued to talk for ten minutes… twenty minutes… thirty….

It was fun, though, and Tiffany couldn't help but giggle as Jabur finished his newest drink and slipped his hand down to her thigh for the third time that night.

Tiffany felt a hard lump forming underneath her as shifted in Jabur's lap, deliberately and obviously feeling her way over him as she did.

He was *huge*.

And obviously enjoying the feeling of her grinding against him as much as she was enjoying his fingers slipping under the elastic of her skirt.

Tiffany leant back against his chest, biting her lip as Ruby rattled on about some spell or another— But Tiffany was too distracted by the hard mass pressing against her to pay attention to her friend.

Likewise, Ruby didn't seem to notice or care that Tiffany and Jabur had begun to fondle each other as she downed yet another drink and continued rambling on.

'Heh…' Jabur's hand trailed over Tiffany as he grinned down at her. 'Perhaps we should take this conversation home with us?'

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Ruby was in the apartment the moment Tiffany unlocked the door; stumbling to the couch and flopping face-down into the cushions.

Tiffany and Jabur elected to ignore her as they shut the door behind them and Tiffany led the minotaur to her room.

He gave a playful chuckle as he walked past one of the family photos and pointed to it. 'Those your boys? They look like sweet kids.'

'Yeah,' Tiffany confirmed with a grin. 'They're little angels.'

Tiffany realised immediately after saying it that *neither* of those things were true.

Her boys were *big*. Almost as tall as she was. And they were literally *half-demon*.

But that didn't matter. They were still her babies… and they always would be.

Jabur's hand squeezed Tiffany's shoulder, his thumb massaging the back of her neck as she kicked the door closed behind them and guided him to her bed.

He sat with her, his hand still rubbing her neck and shoulder, before he paused and pointed to the small shrine Tiffany had set up with a grin.

'Havatii?'
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‘Yeah,’ Tiffany gave a sheepish chuckle. ‘She’s my patron.’

‘Ah, that makes sense,’ Jabur said, clearly humoured. His hand slipped from Tiffany’s back, then, a finger gingerly trailing between her shoulders and to the hem of her shirt; which he then lifted up and over her head as she broke into a fit of giggles.

He kissed her back before tugging off his own shirt, and Tiffany turned to watch him undress.

Shirt, singlet, pants….

Ooh…!

Tiffany couldn’t help but lick her lips in anticipation as he removed his underwear; his half-hard member flicking out and up as he pulled his clothes down.

And he noticed her watching, winking at her before retrieving his phone from his pants pocket. He flicked through it and started it playing a low, seductive melody, then placed it onto the bedside table.

Then he turned back to Tiffany, beckoning her close. ‘Come here, beautiful,’ he said.

Tiffany slid closer to Jabur, until she was only an arm’s length away.

He chuckled and reached out for her. ‘A little bit closer than that— *Oh!*’

Jabur took in a breathless gasp as Tiffany, unable to control herself any longer, bent down and took Jabur’s member into her mouth. She immediately choked on it as she dipped down a little further than she’d meant to.

‘You alright?’ Jabur laughed, placing a hand on the back of Tiffany’s head as she pulled back up. ‘Loving the enthusiasm, but don’t hurt yourself!’

‘I’m fine,’ Tiffany reassured, bending back down to try again. She went slower this time; trying not to take more than she could handle.

But, after so long without practice, she wasn’t actually sure how much she *could* handle anymore— She choked again, briefly, but tried not to let it slow her pace as Jabur’s hand stroked her softly.

She was all too aware of the noises they were making; wet, spattering suction sounds distracted Tiffany from herself, even past the music Jabur had put on, and she began to feel self-conscious.

She pulled away to breathe, giving a cough to clear her throat, and wiped her mouth clean with the back of her hand.

‘Sorry it— It’s been a while,’ Tiffany gave a sheepish chuckle. ‘I’m a little, uh. Out of practice?’

Jabur responded with a sound that was half a humoured laugh, and half a pleasured sigh. ‘You’re doing fine,’ he reassured, his hand moving from the back of her head to her chin as he lifted her gaze and grinned at her. ‘Do you want me to take over?’

‘Please,’ Tiffany blushed.

‘Alright…. Lay back, love.’

Tiffany did as instructed, laying down so that Jabur could take charge.

He tugged off her skirt and lifted her legs up around his shoulders, and Tiffany let out a giggle-filled squeal as she was almost hefted completely off the bed by the large man.

She bit her laughter back as she remembered her neighbours— She’d already

made *so much* noise since moving in, what with all the drama with Constance and her boys, and she really didn't want to be *that* neighbour….

Jabur's warm breath puffed against Tiffany's crotch and she was immediately distracted from her thoughts as his lips slowly pressed between her labia.

'*Oh, fuck,*' Tiffany whispered as Jabur's tongue began to massage her. '*That's good….*'

'*Mm? Mhm,*' Jabur mumbled into her. Then, he adjusted his grip, taking all of Tiffany's crotch into his snout so he could slip his tongue inside her.

Tiffany gave a quiet moan and let her head drop back as he worked her up; his tongue and teeth and lips all gently stimulating her senses.

Slowly, the stimulation overtook her. Bit by bit the pleasure of Jabur's movements coursed through her entire body; spinning through her stomach and legs and arms, until his tongue was all she could feel.

Then he pressed tightly against her, plunging even deeper, and Tiffany felt a hot huff of air from his nostrils roll down her stomach— It was followed by a sudden intense wave of pleasure that gripped her tight and squeezed all the right places.

Jabur paused as she stiffened, and he let her orgasm subside before pulling away.

'Sorry,' he chuckled as he lowered Tiffany back into the bed. 'Didn't realise you were so sensitive to that. I would have slowed down….'

'No, I, um—' Tiffany cleared her throat, trying to catch her breath as the intense feeling in her body faded away as quickly as it had come. 'As I said it's uh…. I'm out of practice.'

Jabur seemed to find this funny as he pet her calf. 'You had enough? Or do you want to keep going?'

'I could keep going,' Tiffany grinned, pulling her knees up so she could spread her legs.

Jabur wasted no time in slipping between them, and he leaned over Tiffany in a way that made her insides tingle with anticipation.

He ground against her, smearing her lubricant over his dick as he thrust gently over her smooth, scaled skin.

'Oh my gods, you're *so* hard,' Tiffany observed aloud.

'Well, you're beautiful,' was Jabur's reply. Then he pressed into her and Tiffany took in a hiss of air as she felt a brief-but-sharp sting.

She knew as soon as he was inside her that she was going to feel this in the morning.

But… that was in the *morning*. And right now, tomorrow morning didn't matter.

'You okay?' Jabur asked, shifting his weight to take some of the pressure off Tiffany's hips. 'Need me to take it back out?'

'Mm— No,' Tiffany panted, wrapping her legs around Jabur to keep him in place. 'I'm fine. I'll tell you if it's too much.'

'Alright….'

He started slowly. His thrusts were gentle and meaningful as he worked his way deeper and deeper into her body.

The feeling was blissful; like waves rolling against a beach's sands. And

Tiffany found that as she grew accustomed to his girth it became a relaxing motion— But, then, she didn't want to *relax*, did she? So she flicked her headfin out of her face and pressed a kiss into Jabur's chest.

'You don't need to be so gentle,' she breathed into him. 'Be as rough as you want. I can take it.'

Jabur looked as doubtful as he did humoured; though Tiffany still found herself biting her lip as he thrust again, this time hard and deep.

He pulled back and paused for a moment; watching Tiffany's reaction closely as if gauging if she really *could* take him…. Then he gave a contented smirk and thrust again.

Tiffany tried to hold back her pleasured cry as he plunged deep into her again. And again, and again, and again. Each time pulling back slow and gentle before slamming into her with force.

The timing behind his thrusts grew shorter and shorter as he found his rhythm. And it got harder and harder for Tiffany to bite back her moans as the hot, sharp pleasure shooting through her grew more and more intense.

She wanted to scream, but she couldn't.

Their neighbours— Her… the neighbours….

Oh, *fuck* the neighbours!

Tiffany stopped holding back and let out a loud, desperate moan as Jabur pounded into her. The sound of her cry excited him and his pacing increased— Causing Tiffany's moan to grow even more loud and desperate.

'Yes! Yes!' Tiffany whined into Jabur's chest; she couldn't control herself as she clung to the minotaur. 'More— Oh! Oh! More! More! Please! Oh, gods! Oh! Don't stop!'

He was slamming into her now; each of his thrusts accompanied by the loud thump of the bed-frame against the wall and Tiffany's enraptured exclamations.

Then Jabur gave a grunt and pushed forward in one last powerful motion as he climaxed. His face buried into Tiffany's neck as he gripped her tight and she felt his breath hot and heavy against her gills.

She felt herself filled with an intense pressure that sent her over the edge and made her entire body tremble in her own orgasm.

And then it was over; Jabur let out a long exhausted breath and carefully pulled out and dropped onto his side, leaving a warm wet trail over Tiffany's leg.

'You okay?' he asked.

'*Mmm…*' Tiffany let out a moan as her entire body relaxed, and she let herself melt into the soft bedsheets as Jabur chuckled and wrapped an arm around her.

'You still alive, at least?'

'Yeah,' Tiffany managed with a giggle. 'I'm still alive.'

'Do you want a third, or are we done?'

'I'm done,' Tiffany breathed, and lightly tapped a hand onto Jabur's arm. 'Tapping out. I'm tapping out….'

'Right, then,' Jabur gave another breathless chuckle and rolled out of bed. 'I'll leave you to get some sleep.'

'*Mhm,*' Tiffany moaned as she watched Jabur retrieve his clothes and phone.

He made his way to her bedroom door, opening it a crack before pausing. 'This was fun. Call me if you want to do it again, alright?'

'*Will do,*' Tiffany breathed. The bliss of her orgasm was starting to fade, now, and she was beginning to get the feeling back in her legs….

Jabur shut the door behind him and Tiffany listened as his hoofsteps made their way through her apartment towards the main room.

Oh gods, she was already beginning to feel that she'd pushed herself *way* too far as she rolled over; all of the muscles in her body complaining with a burning ache as she did.

Still, she didn't regret a thing.

Ruby's voice called something that Tiffany couldn't quite make out past Jabur's laughter, and then the front door shut and Ruby's own stumbling footsteps started towards Tiffany's room.

She walked into something that sounded like the wall. And then tripped on something that sounded like the rug. And then stumbled into Tiffany's door with a loud *bang* before opening it and making her way in.

'Fucking fish and chips, girl! It sounded like he was fucking *murdering* you, the way you were screaming!' Ruby exclaimed, staggering over to the bed. 'You right?'

'Yeah. Just suffering the consequences of my actions,' Tiffany laughed. 'I feel like I fell down a flight of stairs.'

'HAH! Victim of your own hubris!' Ruby cackled, swaying in place a moment before climbing onto Tiffany's bed and sitting cross-legged next to her. 'Did you have fun, at least?'

'*Yeah!*' Tiffany gave an breathless exclamation. 'Gods, you were right. I *needed* that!'

'You're welcome,' Ruby cackled before yanking up Tiffany's blankets from the foot of the bed. She threw one over Tiffany and pulled another over herself before flopping over.

'Ruby—'

'Couch is too far away. I'll never make it in this condition,' Ruby argued, stretching out so that Tiffany was forced to move over in the bed. 'So it's gonna be a bestie sleepover.'

'Pfft!' Tiffany scoffed loudly. 'You made it here just fine!'

'Yeah, but that was to laugh at you,' Ruby chuckled. 'That gave me the strength I needed. Now I've got nothing to keep me going for the trip back.'

'Aw, fuck off!' Tiffany gave a laugh and kicked out at her friend. 'Kill yourself!'

'Kill me yourself, coward!' Ruby retorted, kicking Tiffany back. 'Heh. Ah, whatever. I'm gonna sleep this off and hope I don't have too bad a hangover tomorrow. G'night Tiff.'

'Yeah, fair. I think I need to sleep, too,' Tiffany agreed, shifting until she was comfortable. 'Night, Rubes.'

Tiffany closed her eyes and the two girls lay quietly for a few minutes; until the sound of discontented sniffing sounded and Tiffany peaked open an eye as Ruby turned to look at her.

'Smells like *dude* in here,' Ruby said, scrunching up her snout.

'Yeah, *no shit!*' Tiffany exclaimed, lifting her blanket to show off her cum-covered leg.

'Aw, ew! Girl, you ain't even gonna clean that up?'

Tiffany let out a heavy sigh and waved her hand, letting her warlock magic escape her fingertips as she cleaned herself; the mess over her legs and crotch vanishing into nothing.

'GIRL?!' Ruby screeched, shooting up and letting out a loud cackle. 'DID YOU JUST USE PRESTIDIGITATION TO CLEAN UP JIZZ?!'

'Yeah?'

'Tiff!' Ruby laughed. 'No, girl, no! Did you used to do that before you had the boys or—'

'What? No!' Tiffany exclaimed. 'I only learnt the spell *after* I had the boys! To clean up their accidents during potty training.'

'*Good!*' Ruby scoffed. 'Cos I was *gonna say!* If that's what you were doing before it'd be *no wonder* that you got pregnant, cos Prestidigitation is *not* a valid form of birth control—'

'Girl, I *know!*' Tiffany sat up and batted at her friend's face. 'I'm not an *idiot!*'

'Could have fooled me!' Ruby replied, batting Tiffany back before laying back down. '*Soooo*…. Where do you think it all goes when you use that spell?'

'Huh? Oh. Uh… I dunno,' Tiffany responded, flopping onto her back again. 'I just… always assumed it dissipated into energy in the air or something?'

'Maybe. Or maybe it gets stored in limbo for when someone wants to soil another object?' Ruby suggested. 'Maybe the next person who uses the spell to dirty something is gonna get what you just magic'd away.'

'Oh, *eugh!*'

—END—

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