I Did Yesterday

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany is woken up by her boys returning home from a friends house late in the morning, her phone having died before her alarm went off, and has to try and stop Logan from chasing off the poor man she'd shared her bed with.

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Poke.

Poke. Poke.

Tiffany roused to the feeling of a clawed finger poking her in the back.

She took a deep breath, letting out a discontented groan, and gave a slow, half-hearted wave of an arm before letting it drop back down to where it had been before.

'*See? She's waking up,*' Trent's voice whispered. '*You were wrong. She's not dead.*'

'*I didn't say* she *was dead!*' Logan whispered back. '*I said her* phone *was—*'

'Mum!' Trent's voice spoke, rising over the top of Logan's annoyed huff. 'Mum! You gotta get up.'

'Mm!' Tiffany gave a groan, rolling slightly.

And then she felt someone beside her roll over, and her eyes snapped open.

Shit.

'You're home early!' Tiffany blurted, attempting to roll out of bed but catching her foot on a blanket and hitting the floor with a heavy *thump!* 'I— I thought I was picking you up at ten?'

'It's eleven,' Logan huffed; his eyes not leaving the bed as the *someone* who had stirred before stirred again.

'*Eleven?!*'

'Yeah,' Trent agreed, crouching down to help his mother up. 'Paisley's mum had to go to work so she walked us home on the way. She said she didn't think you'd want us walking home alone!'

'She was right,' Tiffany confirmed, retrieving her discarded clothes from her bedside and hurriedly slipping into them. 'Oh, gods, I did not mean to sleep in— I'm so sorry, boys. I had an alarm, but….'

'We tried to call, but it just went to the answering machine,' Trent explained. 'That's why Logan said that he thought you were dead.'

'*PHONE!*' Logan shouted. 'I said her *phone* must have been dead, you arsehole!'

At Logan's shout, the orcish man in Tiffany's bed sat up with a confused mutter and wiped his eyes. 'What—'

'WHO ARE YOU?!' Logan, somehow, managed to raise his voice even louder. 'MUM! WHO IS THIS?!'

'Uh…' Tiffany felt herself blushing as the man's eyes widened and he glanced between her and her son. 'He's… um…. Uh…' she cast a look to the man. 'What's… your name again?'
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‘YOU DON’T EVEN KNOW HIS *NAME?!*’ Logan’s voice broke, the last word coming out as a loud squeak as he threw down his hands and stomped a foot.

‘*I did yesterday,*’ Tiffany mumbled under her breath before stepping between her sons and her bed. ‘Come on. That’s enough yelling, hon.’

‘Get out!’ Logan lent around his mother to point at the orc accusatorially, and Tiffany had to hold him by the arm to stop him pushing past her.

‘Logan!’ Tiffany snapped. ‘Behave yourself!’

‘But—‘

‘*No,*’ Tiffany said, firmly. ‘Behave. Or I’ll put you in the bin.’

Slowly, Logan closed his mouth and stepped back behind his mother; though his frown didn’t leave his face as he stood protectively against her.

‘*Don’t worry,*’ Trent’s voice whispered loudly to Logan. ‘*She wouldn’t really put you in the bin, no matter how naughty you were.*’

‘I *know* that,’ Logan huffed. ‘I’m not *stupid!*’

‘I’m… sorry,’ Tiffany managed as she met the orc’s eye. ‘They’re uh….’

‘*Mhm,*’ the man gave a knowing hum. ‘I’m gonna… wait for the kids to, uh… leave the room before I get up….’

‘Why?!’ Logan asked in a huff. ‘Just get up and get out!’

‘Logan, hon, he’s naked,’ Tiffany answered simply. ‘Do you want to see a naked stranger?’

The disgusted strangled noise Logan made as he retreated backwards out of the room was a very clear answer.

Trent looked back and forth between his brother and the man for a moment, looking like he hadn’t quite made the connection, before giving a casual sniff and shrugging at his mother. ‘He was acting like this at Paisley’s house, too.’

‘Ah…’ Tiffany let out a sigh.

‘Mm,’ Trent responded. Then, he bent down and scooped up the remaining clothes from the floor; offering them to the man in his mother’s bed. ‘Do you want breakfast?’ he asked. ‘I can make something.’

‘Oh— Uh, no,’ the orc politely shook his head as he took his clothes back. ‘Thank you. But I better be going….’

‘Cool,’ said Trent, before turning back to his mother. ‘Paisley’s mum says hi, by the way. She wants you to call her sometime. You know. When you’re not dead.’

‘Oh, uh… yes,’ Tiffany felt herself blush. ‘Thank you, hon.’

With that. Trent gave his mother a nod and followed his brother out of the room.

The door *clicked* shut behind him and, for a moment, both adults were quiet. Then, the orcish man slipped out of bed and began to dress, and Tiffany let out a heavy sigh.

‘I am… *really* sorry about that,’ Tiffany managed, feeling herself wince.

‘It happens,’ the man gave a chuckle that sounded as embarrassed as Tiffany felt as he pulled on his belt. Once he was dressed he gave her a slight smile and shrugged. ‘It’s Aidan, by the way.’

‘Ah, that was it,’ Tiffany felt her blush deepen as she averted her gaze to the floor. ‘Um…. I’ll, uh, walk you to the door.’

‘Right.’

Awkwardly, Tiffany led Aidan out of her room and through the lounge. She ignored as Logan turned around to glare at them over the back of the couch and quickly said her goodbyes.

She shut the door. Then, slowly, she turned to her son.

'We've talked about this, Logan.'

A loud huff was all the reply she got; though the show that Logan had turned on was paused as he settled down; looking like he was ready to be lectured.

'*Logan,*' Tiffany sighed as she made her way over and joined him on the couch.

'I *know,*' Logan replied, crossing his arms and turning away from his mother with a guilty look on his face. 'I just— I don't like you meeting up with strangers! You always tell *us* that strangers aren't safe….'

'Would you rather I meet with the same people?' Tiffany asked. 'Would that make you feel better about it?'

Logan was quiet for a long, long moment. But then he sighed and shook his head. 'No. I dunno,' he mumbled. 'That feels worse, actually. I don't want you to get a boyfriend— I don't want *another* dad! I'm still not used to the first one!'

Tiffany didn't mean to laugh, and quickly had to smother it as Logan gave her a frustrated frown. 'I'm sorry— Sorry,' she said, composing herself enough to scrunch up her nose in an exaggerated way. 'Look. You don't have to worry about *that*. I have absolutely *no* interest in getting a boyfriend.'

'Or a girlfriend?' Trent's voice chimed in from the direction of the kitchen, and Tiffany turned to see her son hurrying over to her with a bowl of reheated rice.

'Or a girlfriend,' she confirmed as he sat beside her.

'Hah!' he laughed. 'I was *right!*'

'I… beg your pardon?'

'I was talking about it with Grandma and Grandma,' Trent said, stuffing a large forkful of food into his mouth. 'When we had our birthday party. They were trying to figure out if you liked Ruby or Creedence more, and I told them that I didn't think you liked either of them. And also that I didn't think that you had liked *anyone ever!* They thought it was silly and that you *must* have liked *someone,* but I think they were the ones being dumb. Cos if you'd liked someone, you'd have said something to me and Logan! Cos you're not very good at keeping secrets from us.'

Tiffany gave a frustrated huff as her son mentioned her mothers, but pet him on the head as he explained how he had defended her.

'You're right,' she said. 'I *would* tell you if I liked someone like that.'

'Yeah. Exactly!' Trent chirped. 'You need our approval to date.'

Logan snorted, and Tiffany felt him flop against her and hug her arm. '*I wish you needed our approval to meet guys you're* not *dating*….'

Tiffany let out a long, disappointed breath. 'Hon…. Hon, what can I do to make you more comfortable with it?' she asked. 'Because this isn't something I want to stop doing again— I did it all the time before you were born. And I *really* missed it.'

'I wish you didn't miss it,' Logan admitted, fiddling with his nails. 'I wish that you were just mine and Trent's and that was it. No more sharing.'

'Not even with my friends?' Tiffany asked.

Logan gave a hesitant shrug and pulled a face. 'I mean… that's different. I know they're always gonna give you back.'

A short, breathy chuckle found its way out of Tiffany. '*Hon*…. I promise I'll always come back.'

Logan didn't look like he believed her, as he averted his gaze and touched his toes together. 'I don't like that Grandma keeps saying you need to get a boyfriend.'

'Well Grandma can mind her own business,' Tiffany said, simply.

'Yeah! And besides, you don't *have* to like anyone,' Trent said, sticking his nose in the air. 'No matter what Grandma says!'

'*Mm,*' Logan mumbled. 'Liking people is stupid.'

Tiffany felt herself chuckle as she poked her son. 'Well, I'm glad *someone* finally agrees with me!'

Logan's lips twitched, betraying the smile he was trying to hold back.

'There we are,' Tiffany poked at her son again, making his smile grow. 'There it is! That's what I like to see…. You know, sometimes I really miss that smile of yours.'

'Mh,' Logan gave a short grunt of acknowledgement, before snuggling tight into his mother's side.

Then, after a moment of quiet, she felt Trent snuggle into her other side and gave a chuckle as she wrapped her arms over each of her boys.

'Did I tell you two about the door me and the girls found?'

'The *door?*' Logan asked, glancing up at her. 'What door?'

'In the desert,' Tiffany clarified. 'When we went out into the desert, there was a door.'

'Attached to…?' Trent motioned for her to continue.

'Nothing,' she answered, simply. 'It was just a door standing in the middle of the desert.'

'The *fuck?*' Logan frowned.

'Yeah. And when we opened it, it went into a kid's bedroom.'

'What, like in Monsters Inc?' Trent asked.

'Yeah!' Tiffany laughed. 'Just like Monsters Inc. Then we closed it. And when we opened it again there was…' she felt herself trail off as she remembered it.

That beautiful, salty brine….

'*What* was there?' Logan asked, sharply.

'The ocean,' Tiffany answered. 'It was the second-most wonderful thing I've ever seen.'

'Really?' Trent cocked his head. 'What's the *first* most wonderful thing you've ever seen?'

'The two of you!' Tiffany chuckled, tickling each of her sons in turn.

'Don't *tickle* me!' Logan laughed, batting his mother's hand away. '*Stop!*'

Tiffany obliged; instead wrapping her arms back around him and giving him a firm, over-exaggerated kiss on the top of his head that made him shriek in delight.

'*Stop!*' Logan giggled, shoving his mother away and rolling off the couch onto the floor.

'Alright, alright,' she chuckled back, brushing her headfin from her eyes and

casting a quick glance to Trent. ‘What do you boys want to do?’

‘I want to go to the zoo,’ Trent said.

Logan gasped. ‘Yes! Please— The zoo’s *so* cool!’

‘I meant in the house, hon.’

‘Yeah, but think of it this way,’ Trent put his hand on Tiffany’s shoulder. ‘It’ll make up for you forgetting to pick us up from Paisley’s. If you take us to the zoo, we can’t be mad at you for that!’

Tiffany scoffed, giving her son a mock-offended look. ‘Am I being *blackmailed?*’

‘Yes,’ Logan said, quickly, as he leapt up at his mother’s side and gave her a quick shake. ‘Take us. Please? *Please!*’

‘Well if it’s blackmail I don’t really have a choice, do I?’ Tiffany gave a wide, playful shrug. ‘Zoo it is.’

—END—

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