Ruby the Wingman

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany's best friend, Ruby, takes her out to try and cheer her up after a hard month— And upon seeing that Tiffany is already feeling better, demands that she give her all the gossip. So Tiffany tells her everything. As they talk, Tiffany catches the eye of an orcish man— And when she doesn't go to get his number, Ruby decides to go and get it for her.

Contains depictions of alcohol and some discussions of sex.

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Tiffany had been out almost all day —she'd spent a long time at the zoo with Joey and the boys, and then gone to Pepeet's pizzeria followed with the walk with Creedence— but still, somehow, Ruby had managed to convince her to come out again.

Tiffany was still riding the high of knowing Constance was dead (and that even if he *did* come back, as demons often could, it wouldn't be for at least twenty or thirty years) and so when Ruby had shown up and told Tiffany to take the boys to spend the night with her mothers and dress in (quote!) "the sluttiest thing you own!" Tiffany hadn't been able to resist.

Ruby had, apparently, a whole thing planned to try and cheer Tiffany up after knowing she'd had a hard week— But upon seeing Tiffany was *already* cheered up, she'd forced the woman to give her the gossip during the drive to the bar.

Ruby had then insisted that the *next time* Tiffany was going to commit homicide, she *had* to invite her along!

Tiffany had made no promises before they'd arrived at the bar and Tiffany had pushed the conversation topic onto the vials of blood Creedence had given her to do DNA tests with.

Ruby had echoed her own thoughts that it was worth doing; and then the tabaxi had ordered the one of the most potent shots the bar offered and downed it before Tiffany's lemonade had been poured.

'So,' Ruby sniffed. 'Creedence… you said he showed you his hoard? That sounds real personal for a greed demon…. Assuming it's like. Dragon rules or whatever! What's he got? Anything cool?'

'He collects butterflies,' Tiffany explained, fingering at the leftovers of her burger as she recalled the day. 'In a little greenhouse that makes you feel like you're stepping into a magical forest.'

'Aw, cute!'

'God, yeah. It was— Even through the stink it was *enchanting!*' Tiffany let out a heavy sigh and slumped over the bar. 'Aw, Rubes. How do you tell the might-be father of your children that you want to bone him, *without* letting him in to be your kids' dad?'

'I dunno,' Ruby gave a shrug. 'You could always invite him to a threesome. That way he won't think he's anything special.'
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Tiffany blew a raspberry, and sipped at her lemonade again. ‘A threesome with *who,* exactly?’

‘Well, I’m free on Thursday if you need!’

Tiffany snorted a laugh into her cup, splashing her drink down her shirt as she did. ‘Ruby!’

Ruby winked at her friend, before downing the last of her drink. ‘Nah, though. Nah…. Well. Maybe.’

‘*Maybe?*’ Tiffany raised her brow. ‘Maybe *what?*’

‘Threesomes. I haven’t had one in a while— Maybe I should find a couple of guys and take ‘em home tonight! Or we could find one we both like and push the limits of our best-friendliness even further than we usually do.’

‘You’re joking again, right?’ Tiffany rolled her eyes.

‘Yeah, nah. Yeah,’ Ruby chuckled, twirling her empty cup around. ‘Nah….’

‘Ruby, if you *actually* want to fuck me, you can just say!’ Tiffany scoffed. ‘I’m not going to bite your head off for it!’

‘Nah! Nah,’ Ruby chuckled, her face lighting up in an impish way. ‘I’m mostly just fucking with you.’

‘Hah, alright,’ Tiffany gave her own laugh, and slowly looked around the bar.

She spotted an orc man at one of the tables, sitting alone and drinking as he looked around in much the same way she was.

He was muscular, with piercings and tattoos, and Tiffany couldn’t help but stare as he—

Tiffany looked away as he met her eye, and Ruby cackled at her.

‘Girl, go talk to him!’ Ruby gave Tiffany’s shoulder a shove.

‘No— I— Wouldn’t know what to say….’

‘Girl, you don’t *need* to say anything! Just *look* at that look he’s giving you! He’s totally down for it! Just walk over and sit in his lap!’

‘No! I can’t do that!’ Tiffany exclaimed, covering her mouth to try and stop herself giggling. ‘I’m not drunk enough to do that!’

‘Cunt, you quit drinking!’ Ruby teased, poking a claw at Tiffany before sniffing and standing up. ‘Fine, then. *I’ll* go get his number for you.’

‘*Ruby—*‘ Tiffany whisper-yelled after her friend. ‘*No! Ruby! No!*’

Ruby slammed her hands loudly onto the man’s table as he calmly held onto his drink to stop it falling over.

‘Can I help you?’ he asked, playfully.

‘Yeah! So, like, my friend thinks your *real* cute,’ Ruby said, far too loudly as she pointed to Tiffany, who looked away and covered her face in embarrassment when the man looked back to her with a grin. ‘But she hasn’t picked up a guy in so long she’s forgotten how to flirt. She’s only managed to get herself shagged like *once* in the last *nine years*, and even then—‘

Tiffany felt her cheeks burning as she focused very hard on staring at her almost-empty cup.

‘*Yeah!* I know, right? With a body like hers?! Unbelievable she’s having trouble with it!’ Ruby continued. ‘And it ain’t even cos she’s bad in bed or nothing! She just ain’t had the time t’go out and meet people since she had her boys, y’know? Yeah, twins. Yeah! Exactly, yeah! Has her hands full with ‘em most days— Nah, girl’s night tonight. Got her parents looking after ‘em so she can

come out for some fun!'

Tiffany wished Ruby would stop. Or at the *very least* lower her fucking voice!

'So what do you think?' Ruby asked, pointing directly at Tiffany. 'You interested in having a go on her or nah? You don't have to worry about being too big for her either, even though you're an orc and all, cos she's squeezed out two big-ass kids so you know she—'

Tiffany picked up what was left of her burger and threw it as hard as she could into the side of Ruby's head.

'*Oi!* I'm *helping* you, cunt!'

The man gave a chuckle at that; covering his mouth to smother it as he reached into his pocket with a free hand and pulled out a pen.

He scribbled onto a napkin, saying something aside to Ruby as he handed it to her, before glancing back to Tiffany with a wink.

Tiffany felt herself blushing as Ruby strut back over and planted herself back into her seat.

'Got you his number,' she said, holding out the napkin.

'Ruby you…' Tiffany glanced up, glaring at her friend. 'That was *so* embarrassing, Ruby! Could you have *been* any *louder?!* Lower your fucking voice!'

'Aw, what,' Ruby gave an impish grin, and waved the napkin in Tiffany's face. 'So you're saying that you *don't* want his number then?'

Slowly, after a long moment of hesitation, Tiffany reached up and took the napkin.

'Haha yeah, girl, that's what I fuckin' thought!'

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