Sit Your Tail Down RIGHT NOW!

By C. Jade Wyton

After leaving her sons in the care of her mothers, Tiffany did not expect to find the boys running around in the middle of an IKEA with their friend, Paisley. She is, needless to say, furious about the situation. But regardless of how mad she is, and how much her boys continue to try to misbehave, she tries to look at the situation reasonably.

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Tiffany was angrier than she could ever remember being before.

Beyond furious.

She couldn't believe her mothers would have been so *stupid!*

Letting the boys just *walk out* with a pair of total *strangers?!*

Never mind if they thought the strangers were also children— It wasn't like kidnappers didn't *often* lure children away with their own children, was it?!

She was just glad it had been Scarecrow's daughter, Paisley, and not someone like Constance come back from the dead….

She wasn't happy about Browyn being there, though…. She really fucking *hated* that stupid fucking leprechaun. She was glad she'd managed to land a blow on the woman— Even if it was bad luck to harm a fae, she was beyond caring….

Tiffany felt Trent's foot kick into the back of her chair, and heard Logan give a hushed gasp of warning not to make her *madder,* and she felt her scowl fall with a sigh.

'Boys?' she asked, making sure to speak gently; though they still flinched. 'What did we learn today?'

'Um…' Trent's fins flicked down. 'That sometimes… violence *is* the answer?'

'Try again,' Tiffany said simply.

'Don't go out with strangers?' Logan tried. 'Even if they say they know you?'

'That's the one,' Tiffany confirmed.

A glance in the rear view mirror showed both boys looking guiltily to their feet, and Tiffany heaved a squeaky sigh out her gills.

'Have you boys eaten, yet?'

'No,' they answered in unison.

'Alright, well,' Tiffany hit her indicator, changing lanes so she could turn into the upcoming shopping complex. 'Let's get something, hm? What do you want? Tacos? Chicken? Burgers?'

The boys looked up in shock, their eyes wide as they entered the parking lot.

'You're getting us takeaway?' Logan asked.

'Even though you're mad at us?'

'Listen, boys. I'm not mad at *you,*' Tiffany clarified. 'You're only eight—'

'Almost nine,' Trent interrupted.

'Yes. Almost nine,' Tiffany corrected. 'But you boys are just kids— I'm not mad at you for this. I'm mad at your *grandmothers* for just letting you leave like that when they were supposed to be watching you! I just— I can't— *UGH!*' Tiffany
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gave a furious grunt as she pulled on her hand-break. ‘I can’t *believe* them! They *know* the state the city is in! I’d have thought that they’d have at least a *little* bit more sense!’

‘Were you serious about not letting them watch us anymore?’ Logan asked.

‘I think so, yeah,’ Tiffany sighed, climbing out of the car and motioning for her boys to follow her. ‘Unless there’s an emergency. Because, quite frankly, *you* were more sensible than they were!’

‘Really?’ Trent blinked.

‘Mhm…. Thank you boys for at least having the sense to get Hathor along with you,’ Tiffany gave a huff, leading her boys towards the centre’s entrance. ‘I’m relieved you thought to contact someone you recognised…. Though, I’m mad at him too for not calling me when you showed up!’

‘Well… he thought you knew where we were,’ Trent explained.

‘Yeah, he thought you knew.’

‘Hm…’ Tiffany just sighed, and ushered her boys inside the centre. ‘Alright. Well…. Fair. I’ll not be too angry at him then….’

The boys nodded as Tiffany led them up the escalators and to the food court; getting them their food and settling them down firmly at a table at the edge of the court.

‘Okay. You boys settled and eating?’ she asked, leaning on the spare chair instead of sitting down to join them. ‘You’re down?’

‘Uh… yeah?’ Trent mumbled into his burger. ‘We’re sitting.’

‘Alright. Okay. Well,’ she took a deep breath. ‘I *hate* doing this. But you see that shop, right there?’

The boys nodded as she pointed to a dingy little phone shop only a few meters away.

‘I have to go get something from there quickly,’ she told them. ‘You boys stay here— Do *not* move! I *will* be able to see you.’

‘What?’ Logan frowned. ‘But what if—‘

‘No what-ifs!’ Tiffany interrupted. ‘If I find that your butts have left these chairs for *any reason* besides an *actual fire* burning down the centre, I will put *tracking collars* around your necks like people do for their dogs. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, Mum.’

‘Yeah….’

‘Alright. Do *not* move,’ Tiffany repeated. ‘And if anyone tries to talk to you, you tell them to fuck off.’

Trent’s eyes widened. ‘*Fuck off* fuck off? Or just *go away* fuck off?’

‘Whatever language you want,’ Tiffany said. ‘But you are *not* to move.’

‘Okay!’

‘Okay,’ Tiffany sighed, taking one step back without taking her eyes off the boys. And other. And another. ‘Okay….’

She turned around.

Then immediately turned back to see Trent was already halfway through standing up.

‘*SIT* YOUR TAIL DOWN *RIGHT NOW!*’ she yelled; not caring that people turned to look at them. ‘Or I will *leave you here* to fend for yourself like a stray

cat! You will not do this to me *twice* in one day!'

Trent sat down, pulling his food close and hurriedly eating it so he had an excuse to avoid looking at his mother.

'*That's what I thought*...' Tiffany mumbled before turning back around and making for the phone store. She took a moment to check on her sons once she got there (they were giving her sheepish looks; Logan's tail now wrapped around his chair tightly as if to stop himself accidentally standing up) and then addressed the man behind the counter. 'Hey. These two phones. They compatible with Maps tracking?'

'Uh...' the man's eyes flicked from Tiffany to her boys and back. 'Yeah?'

'Prepaid?'

'Oh, uh— Limited data, unlimited texts and calls?'

'Perfect. Get them out,' Tiffany ordered, pulling her purse out of her bag as she did. 'And give me that case and that case— No, the black one. Alright. Here's my ID and my card, sign me up for whatever it is... thanks.'

The man took the two plastic cards from Tiffany, and she sniffed and turned back to watch her boys as he began entering her information into his system.

The process went surprisingly quickly (she suspected due to her earlier shouting) and the man had set up the phones just as Tiffany's boys finished eating.

She took the phones, thanked him, and then headed back to her boys as they were compacting their rubbish together to put in the bin.

'Alright, then. If you two are going to act like idiots and go running around without my permission, I want you to at least be able to call me if something goes wrong,' Tiffany said, placing the phones down in front of her sons. 'Location tracking is to stay *on* at all times, and I want you to take these things with you any time you leave the house from now on. Understood?'

The boys stared at the phones with surprise.

'Wh...' Trent started, though he trailed off.

'Mum, are you okay?' Logan's brow furrowed. 'We misbehave and you give us *phones?* Are you like... having a breakdown or something?'

'No. It's just that you've proven to me that you *will* go looking for trouble, no matter what I say,' Tiffany said, firmly. 'And I just want to make sure you don't get yourselves *killed* by running off and not having a way to call for help. But you listen— *Listen to me!* This is *not* permission to go out and run around the city. Okay? Do you understand? It's not safe to be out alone right now. I don't want to lose you.'

Trent shifted uncomfortably. 'Mum—'

'No,' Tiffany interrupted. 'Do you have *any* idea how scared I was today when I saw you just... just *there.* Right in front of me, when I thought you were at home?'

'We.... Sorry,' Logan mumbled.

Tiffany let out a long, heavy sigh, and kissed both of her sons on the cheek before sitting herself down and flopping over the table. 'Alright. And now— What else was it you asked about? Magic classes?'

'Yeah,' Logan nodded. 'I want to learn magic.'

'*Okay*,' she said, softly. 'Trent? Do you want to go to magic classes, too?'

Trent nodded. ‘Please?’

‘Mhm…. Okay,’ Tiffany took a deep breath. ‘I’ll find something. But do *not* make me regret it! If I hear you are using magic for *anything* even *remotely* naughty I will buy anti-magic shackles, slap them on the pair of you, and then move us all to Texas to become potato farmers.’

—END—

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