Teensy Bit Bored

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany lays on the couch, bored and contemplating how much she has changed since having her sons.

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"Havatii said that you used to be one of her best dancers."

Used to be.

Those words just didn't sit right with Tiffany.

Used to be.

She *used* to be one of Havatii's best dancers.

She never thought hearing about a compliment from her god would sting so badly. But the way that cloaked person (creature? Patron?) had said it had been on her mind all night while she laid in bed, and then all day while she was at work. And it was still in her head now, as she put the last of the now-clean dishes away and threw her gloves in the kitchen bin.

When everyone else had been dancing, she'd stuffed her hands in her pockets and backed against the wall….

Well. It wasn't an *unreasonable* thing to do, given the circumstances. But she couldn't help thinking about how if she had been in the same situation ten years ago, she wouldn't haven't thought twice and just rushed to join in. She wouldn't have questioned who they were, or why they were there— She would have been tripping over herself to jump in with them to have a good time.

She'd grown cautious…. Which maybe wasn't a bad thing while she had her boys, but yesterday had been another shake that made her miss the old days.

The *impulsive* days.

Especially when she'd been talking to that musician…. Johanna's friend, Lonnie. He'd been flirting with her, and she had really felt it.

Tiffany sighed and made her way to the lounge, where she flopped onto the couch limply.

It had been far, *far* too long since she'd flirted with people— Well. Flirted with people *unironically*. Because slapping Ruby on the arse and calling her "the most bootylicious bitch of the century" didn't count.

Rolling over, Tiffany fumbled for the remote and put on a show (she could watch something more mature, tonight, as her boys had begged to stay with their grandmothers' and Tiffany had found herself home alone).

She had been impulsive yesterday.

And even though some of it had been scary, she'd had a good time with her new friends (friends? She could consider then friends by now, right?) and was glad she'd gone out.

She had shocked herself when she accepted Johanna's invite— And it had also been a shock to meet the cloaked figure and find out Havatii was in debt to them.

But, well… Havatii was her patron. What else was she supposed to do, but follow the orders of her god? She owed everything she had now to Havatii— Her
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boys, most importantly. So if Havatii told her to help this cloaked person with whatever they wanted, then she would push through her doubts and do it.

Just like she had pushed through her doubts about applying for a new apartment (which she had found out today that her application had been accepted). And like she had pushed through her urges to relapse and start drinking again.

It would be okay in the end. Everything always was.

Tiffany gave a sniff and a cough, clearing her gills before pulling out her phone and texting her friends' group chat —the one with Ruby, Cleo, Andi, and Steph— asking if they wanted to go out tonight…. Karaoke, maybe? Might be fun to be impulsive? Just like the old days?

But… no. Nobody was free until next week.

And though Tiffany was happy to meet up with them all then, that didn't stop her feeling lonely *now*.

Tiffany gave another sigh, and tapped her hands on her stomach with an audible *pap pap pap,* before picking up her phone again and texting Maria; the only one of her newer friends who's phone number she'd remembered to get.

"*Hey Maria, it's Tiffany. You free tonight? My boys are with their grandmothers and I have nothing to do and am maybe just a teensy bit bored? Lol. If you're not free, could you pass my offer on to Joey, Hathor, Creedence, Scarecrow, etc? Also, if you could give them my number I'd appreciate it. It might be good if we all had a way to keep in contact, what with the whole cloak-face thing that's going on. Thanks!* ☐"

—END—

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