Tiffany's Monday

By C. Jade Wyton

An average Monday in the life of Tiffany Goldman. She spends the day looking after her boys, to working hard at her job, and chatting with her friends online.

Contains mentions of misogyny and some minor sexual content.

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Brrrrr!
Brrrrr!
Brrrrr!

'*Mm…*' Tiffany took a deep breath, feeling herself pulled from her deep sleep by her phone's alarm. Clumsily, she fumbled for her bedside table to silence the buzzing.

She caught a glimpse of her home screen as she did and groaned loudly.

It was Monday.

Work for her; school for her boys.

No excuses. She had to get up.

Pushing herself out of bed, Tiffany stumbled to her wardrobe to get changed.

Her clean, pressed uniform was in its place on the hanger, as it was every Monday.

It was an ugly seaweed green that wasn't quite the right shade to match her bright orange scales; but it wasn't the worst uniform she had ever worn.

Plus, the pay was good.

Being a triton that resembled a goldfish, Tiffany had found herself able to leverage a decent wage from a hotel that's main attraction was its gigantic koi pond.

She wasn't sure how she felt about being hired for her race like that— But they had been desperate enough that she thought it was worth taking advantage of…. And not just for herself. But for her boys.

It was a *much* better paying job than her last one. And combining that new income with her online thrifting and furniture recycling, she was now making enough to start looking for a bigger apartment.

She'd already saved enough to afford a month of rent on both this apartment and a new one; which may not have been the most financially savvy decision, but having a month to move all of their things would definitely be better on Logan.

Which, to her, made it a no-brainer.

'Trent! Logan!' Tiffany called through her son's bedroom door; knocking and waiting a few moments before entering.

Both her sons were still asleep, submerged in the water of their bathtub-like beds.

'Hon,' Tiffany said softly, knowing her son couldn't really hear her through the water as she reached into Logan's bed and gently nudged him awake.
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He surfaced, taking a deep breath as he cleared his gills, and then rubbed the water from his eyes.

'Good morning, hon,' Tiffany pecked a kiss on Logan's forehead, then turned to wake his brother. 'Trent, honey. It's time to get up.'

Much like his brother, Trent surfaced with a deep breath. Though, unlike his brother, he shook the water from his face; splashing it everywhere as he did.

'Trent!' Tiffany scolded, wiping the droplets from her uniform. 'Trent, don't— Ugh. Well. At least you're up. Do you want to help me make breakfast?'

'Oh! Yeah!' Trent exclaimed, leaping out of his bed and sloshing water across the floor. He then threw his hands up, looking over his mother to Logan. 'Towel me!'

His demand was followed by a large, heavy towel slamming into his face, almost knocking him backwards back into his bed.

Tiffany couldn't help but giggle at her boys as they began to playfully argue and help each other get ready for school.

'I'll meet you in the kitchen, shall I?'

'Yeah! Yeah!' Trent exclaimed, wrestling one of his shirts off of Logan. 'Don't start without me!'

'No promises about that,' Tiffany called as she made her way out the bedroom. 'I don't want you being late again!'

Something was shouted after her, though she didn't hear it as it cut off in a squeal and a splash.

It made her chuckle aloud.

She was *very* glad her sons got along.

She'd heard from Steph and Ruby and Cleo about how they were always at their siblings' throats— Only Andi had offered any sort of alternative to the girls' experiences, and even then, she was the oldest girl in a gnoll family, so there was a certain level of respect she was deserved….

Tiffany wouldn't have known what any of it was like if her friends hadn't told her, as she was an only child.

'Logan WANTS EGGS!' Trent shouted as he ran past his mother, faster than a flash of lightning, and into the kitchen. 'I'M GETTING OUT THE PANS!'

'Trent, don't shout!' Tiffany called after him. 'We have neighbours!'

'Sorry!'

Tiffany tutted and shook her head as she followed her son into the kitchen.

She decided to hang around the door, giving Trent space as he pulled out the cooking pan and toaster…. If he wanted to make breakfast she wasn't going to stop him— Though she'd keep an eye on him so he didn't hurt himself, of course… he was only eight, and she wasn't stupid.

Tiffany heard the *click* of the boys' bedroom door and glanced back to watch as Logan carried the two sopping wet towels to the laundry hamper before returning to his room to get dressed…. Or, just to retrieve his clothes.

'Logan, hon?' Tiffany asked, standing up straighter and taking the clothes from her son as he approached and held them up. 'You alright?'

Logan didn't answer. Instead he simply lifted his arms and turned around; clearly asking for his mother's help getting dressed.

'Not talkative today?' Tiffany asked, slipping her son's shirt over him as he

shook his head. ‘That’s alright. Mondays are like that, aren’t they?’

Logan nodded, at that. Then pointed to his room.

‘You’re going to get your things ready?’ Tiffany guessed, smiling when he nodded again. ‘Alright. I have to stay with Trent while he cooks. But if you need me, you can come and get me, okay?’

Another nod, and Logan vanished back into his room, leaving Tiffany to watch over Trent as he—

‘Trent! Don’t you turn that stove on yourself! You know the rules!’

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By the time they were in the car driving to school, Logan was feeling chattier.

Trent had, being his clever little self, brought up the eggs that he’d cooked and started Logan on farm-talk.

Which had gone on for the entire time they ate breakfast. And the drive to school. And the ten minutes they had spare before they had to get out to go to class.

Logan was rather knowledgeable, Tiffany thought! Perhaps it was a strange thing to know about, but it was nice to see him passionate.

The boys were Tiffany’s entire world, and she loved seeing them thrive.

She would do anything for them.

Anything.

They were all that mattered to her.

Tiffany let out a long breath as she pulled into the hotel parking lot and found her usual reserved space. It was near the entrance, which was nice. Though her new boss had been a little bit weird when initially hiring her, he was very understanding about her having children and made sure to accommodate her needs. She was grateful for that. And especially grateful that he let her start work a reasonable time after school drop-off, and leave before school pick-up.

He had also said that Tiffany was welcome to bring the boys to the hotel if she ever needed (though she didn't really want to).

A sniff, and the beep of her car locking, and Tiffany made her way to the elevator.

One of her co-workers (a well-dressed human man called Matthew) was already there, and he held the door for her.

‘Morning, love,’ he greeted warmly. ‘How’re the boys?’

‘Thanks, Matt,’ Tiffany returned. ‘The boys are well; Trent made breakfast again today.’

‘Naw, lucky woman, ain’t ya?’ Matthew teased, giving Tiffany a friendly nudge. ‘He sounds like such a good kid!’

‘They both are,’ Tiffany confirmed, feeling herself beaming with pride. ‘They’re always so thoughtful. I couldn’t imagine life without them.’

That was a lie; she could *easily* imagine her life without them… but it didn’t even begin to compare to her life now. Not one tiny bit.

She was so, incredibly grateful that she’d been blessed with her boys. Not a day went by where she didnt pray to patron Havatii to thank her for the life-changing gift she’d been given.
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Ding!

The elevator opened into the main foyer of the hotel and Tiffany stepped out, waving to Matt as she did.

'See you around, love,' said Matt.

'Chat later, hon!' without thinking —running on instinct and the haze of it being a monday— Tiffany blew the man a kiss; the same sort she would blow to her friends after a night out.

He returned to her a confused-but-humoured look before the doors closed on him and he vanished.

Oops.

Tiffany blushed a little as she realised what she had just done; but didn't dwell too hard on it as she hurried over to the counter to take her shift. Matt hadn't looked bothered by it. And if he was, he was the sort to tell her.

As long as she didn't start blowing kisses to the *customers* she would be fine.

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The day passed by with a surprising amount of speed, and before Tiffany even knew it, it was her lunch break.

She sat in the back room with some of her co-workers, eating the lunch Trent had made her (the lunch *Trent* had made *her!* Hah!) and gossiping with them about the happenings of their lives.

Well… she *had,* at least. Until she had mentioned her boys and the women she worked with had brought up their father…. Which had led to their *lack* of father.

'Oh, but they need a strong male figure in their life!' they'd insisted. 'A good role model to help them grow up right.'

Tiffany had argued that the boys were growing up just fine. And then she had excused herself when the others didn't seem to believe her, and had pushed that they had friends they could get her dates with. Friends that "wouldn't mind" being with a single mother.

As if being a single mother was a *bad* thing.

It was annoying. Tiffany didn't like having to justify her motherhood.

She hated that people treated it like some sort of tragedy, and not the single-most amazing blessing she had ever been given….

But she hadn't dwelled on it too long as she'd finished her lunch and gotten back to work.

It wasn't worth staying mad about. Especially after a couple of the girls came over during work to apologise.

So she'd forgiven them, and let herself have a good day despite the hiccup.

And she was glad to hear, when she'd finally gotten off work and gone to pick up the boys, that Trent and Logan had had a good day, as well.

So they'd gone out for ice cream together before heading to the supermarket for groceries… where they'd run into Andi; who now had Trent sitting up on her shoulders as she and Tiffany took the opportunity to spend time together and talk.

'And im just a little bit… unsure,' Andi admitted, only half-reading the contents of the cereal she was holding before dropping it into her trolley. 'He
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seems like a nice guy, but you know how bad my luck with dating's been.'

'Yeah, your boyfriends are *always* terrible,' Trent agreed, petting Andi's mane playfully. 'Have you considered a girlfriend instead?'

'Of course I have!' Andi barked a laugh. 'And my girlfriends are almost always *worse!*'

'Trent!' Tiffany tried to smother her laugh as her son grinned down at her. 'Don't suggest that sort of thing!'

'What?' Trent teased back. 'You always tell me, if the first way didn't work, try something else! I was just making sure she'd covered all of her bases.'

Tiffany just tut and shook her head before addressing Andi again. 'If you're not sure, slow the pace of the relationship. Don't go any faster than you're comfortable with.'

'Yeah, but what if he gets… I dunno? Impatient?' asked Andi.

'Then that's a red flag and you should leave him,' answered Tiffany.

'Yeah! Mum says that the slowest sets the pace, and we gotta be patient for them,' Trent declared.

'And— And if someone isn't patient with you, they're not worth being friends with,' Logan added.

'Aw, you boys are pretty set, huh? Mum's taught you well.'

'Uhuh!' Trent nodded. 'Mum says we have to stand up for ourselves. and for others! So if your boyfriend is mean to you, send him my way and I'll beat him up for you!'

'Trent!' Tiffany exclaimed. 'No you will not!'

'Yeah, I'm perfectly capable of beating people up myself,' Andi joked, scooping Trent off her head and dropping him down next to Logan. 'Anyway, I have everything I need so I should probably head off. You boys behave for your mother, alright?'

'Yeah! Always'

'I'll try….'

'It was *so* good to see you, Tiff,' Andi chuckled, leaning as far down as she could so she could peck a kiss on either side of Tiffany's cheeks. 'Catch up again sometime soon?'

'Definitely!'

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The boys were excited to get home; there was a new series of one piece out (every season of this show seemed to get weirder, and weirder…) so they had asked if they could have extra screen-time to watch it….

Tiffany didn't mind. And even if it meant she had to sit and watch it with them (as it was, perhaps, a *little* bit out of their age-range what with the cussing and the blood, but the overall message of the show was good) she still enjoyed it. She liked the little Chopper critter, and she thought the overall message of the series was a good one.

Though, she *hated* that Sanji guy.

She'd made a point to explain his behaviour to her boys, and was now very proud of them for booing loudly whenever Sanji was on screen.
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So she'd watched four episodes with them (double the amount of episodes they were usually allowed to watch in one sitting) while fixing up an old antique chair she had salvaged from craigslist.

She already had someone interested in buying this one, so she wanted to get it done as soon as possible….

But, there was only so much she could do while waiting for the varnish to dry. So instead, she'd pulled out her laptop and started apartment-hunting.

Whenever she found one she liked, she would send it to her friends to scrutinise… and scrutinise, they did.

They pointed out things she hadn't thought of; like the local traffic. And crime statistics in the neighbourhood. And the black mould she'd missed growing in the corner of one of the photos….

Finally, however, she had found one that appeared to be properly suitable; a ground floor apartment with a (admittedly very small) backyard to it.

The backyard would be *perfect* for Logan. And the kitchen was beautiful; Trent would *adore* it.

And on top of that, they would be able to have a bedroom each! Even if the rooms were, individually, a little bit smaller than their current one (and the room Tiffany would get would be *half* the size of the room that she had now) but it looked like it would be a net gain in space overall for the boys…. Plus, if it was on the ground floor she could talk to the landlord about getting a private washer and drier. That would make life a *billion* times easier on her….

So, after getting the all-clear from her friends, she sent in her application. And then it was just about waiting for a response….

'Mum? I'm going to go make dinner, now,' Trent's hand *papped* Tiffany on the shoulder, getting her attention. 'Can you turn on the stove for me?'

'Hm? Oh, hon, of course!' Tiffany rose to her feet, depositing her laptop on the coffee table before following her son out of the room and into the kitchen. She watched him pull out all the things he needed for… ah! Fried rice.

Tiffany couldn't help but smile as her son laid everything out and began to wash and chop the vegetables.

'You know, Mum, it's a shame Sanji is such a bad guy,' Trent said, catching Tiffany by surprise. 'Cos he's such a good cook.'

'Yeah, it is a shame,' Tiffany agreed. 'Especially with how he treats gay and trans people.'

'He's not as bad in the manga as he is in the anime,' Trent went on. 'But he's still… not great.'

'Yeah. And its good you can see that,' Tiffany said. 'A lot of people can't. And that's why characters like him exist.'

'Yeah, like Brock in Pokemon,' Trent said. 'He's not as bad as Sanji, but he still shouldn't act like he does!'

'Exactly right,' Tiffany praised. 'I'm very proud of you for recognising that.'

Trent smiled wide, then, as he finished chopping everything and plopped the wok on the stove. 'Light?'

'I got it,' said Tiffany, stepping next to her son and lighting the stove for him— Then she backed off, leaning against the door-frame to watch from a distance as he began to cook.

Then, she felt Logan tap on her hip, and turned to look down at him.

'What's up, hon?'

'Mum, are we moving?' he asked.

Tiffany felt herself taken aback. 'We…. did you look at my laptop?'

'Just as I was walking past,' Logan explained, fiddling nervously with the hem of his shirt. 'You had apartments up…. Are we moving? Are we being evicted? Is it because we're too loud?'

'No— Honey, no, we're not being evicted!' Tiffany comforted, crouching down to take her son's hands in her own. 'I was just thinking this place is a little bit small, and wanted to see if there was anywhere bigger we could go.'

'Oh…' Logan visibly relaxed. 'So… we're not in any trouble?'

'Far from it,' Tiffany reassured. She pecked a kiss on Logan's cheek, and then ruffled his head-fin. 'We're doing better than ever!'

'Really?'

'Yeah!'

Logan broke into a grin, then, and gave his mother a tight hug before returning to the couch to read his book.

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Tiffany couldn't sleep.

It had been a long day. And now, as she lay alone in bed, she found herself tossing and turning. An endless restlessness had gripped her, keeping her awake even through her exhaustion and giving her a frustrating energy that she wasn't able to get rid of.

Tiffany was, for a lack of better words, *extremely fucking horny*.

And there was nothing she could do about it. Not with her boys in the next room. She knew better— As soon as she started trying to find any sort of relief, her boys would wake up and come busting in.

It was like they had some sort of sixth-sense that activated any time she wanted time to herself for any reason; alerting them that they needed to go and disturb her as loudly as possible….

Though, they were *eight* now. Almost nine… and they'd been working on their manners….

They shouldn't just waltz in on her….

But, gods, she couldn't bear if they *did!*

But, also….

She needed to do *something*….

Slowly —very, *very* slowly— Tiffany ran her fingers across the scales of her belly… working her way down, and down… and….

She heard her boys' bedroom door shut, and quickly withdrew her hand.

It was Logan's steps. Though he passed by her door, making his way to the kitchen instead.

Tiffany sighed as he returned to his room, the crunch of some sort of biscuit accompanying him, and rolled over. She fumbled for her phone, and checked to see if her friends were online.

They were, though the chat wasn't active… so she posted her frustrations;
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Tiffany: It's one of THOSE nights, girls.....

Tiffany: Sometimes I wish I could have guys over. 😩 Miss the good old days where I could just go out and get laid.

Ruby: Hey if you need help I'll can always like

Ruby: fuck you or something

Andi: RUBY

Tiffany: Thanks but no thanks idk where your grotty ass has been

Ruby: Oi I'm offering you help!! Don't make fun of me 😾😾

Cleo: Girl I thought you were gonna offer to babysit or something

Cleo: Not THAT

Ruby: Oh yeah sure I babysit and only give her a 50/50 of getting laid, instead of fucking her myself and making it 100%

Steph: Ruby jfc

Ruby: Maybe YOU can babysit while Tiff and I get together for a night of girlbossing 💁

Tiffany: I'm flattered Rubes 😂 but no thank you

Cleo: ""girlbossing""

Andi: Ruby... is there something you'd like to say to Tiffany?

Ruby: Well offers there if you need

Andi: Because if you like her you can just SAY that

Ruby: YEAH I'd like to say I'm a good friend who will do what needs to be done

Cleo: *holds out mic to Ruby* Do you want to date Tiffany?

Ruby: Nah I'm not into Tiff she's not my type

Steph: You just offered to have SEX with her

Ruby: Yea but in a platonic way!!!

Tiffany: □□□

Steph: Ah yes, the truest and most platonic friendship activity: sex

Ruby: How can I say I'm a ride or die for my friends if I won't even ride my friends

Tiffany: Well I have to admit I feel better

Cleo: WHEEZING

Andi: RUBY

Steph: □

Ruby: It's RIDE or die not BABYSIT or die

Cleo: I CAN'T FUCKING BREATHE RUBY

Tiffany: I bet you're just saying that because I rejected you 😉

Ruby: Oi nah

Cleo: 💀

Ruby: Well maybe

Tiffany: LMAO

Andi: EXCUSE ME???

Steph: wEFNKEFNW

Ruby: I'm kidding 😹

Andi: ARE you?

Ruby: Am I?

Steph: RUBY NO
Tiffany: Ruuuuuubyyyyyy noooooo lmaoooooooooo
Steph: 🐈 💦 💦 🔫
Ruby: 🐱
Cleo: GIRL I'M GONNA PEE
Andi: I can't tell if you're being serious or if you're just being Australian again 😩
Ruby: Good, and you'll never know.
Cleo: 🙈 GIRL STOP
Steph: Dyyyyying
Ruby: Anyway! Tiff if you don't need my services, I'm gonna head to bed.
Tiffany: 😂
Andi: Hah! Night girls
Cleo: Ah, causing drama and then RUNNING!
Tiffany: Honesty I should head off too
Cleo: That's just like you, Ruby
Steph: lmao night you guys
Tiffany: You fixed me, at least.
Ruby: @ cleo 👆
Tiffany: I can happily say I'm laughing too much to be horny
Ruby: GOOD!
Tiffany: Night, girls.
Ruby: Night night beautiful 🐱
Tiffany: LMAO
Cleo: WHEEZE
Steph: Stoooooooop
Andi: fnwewbefk

Tiffany was grinning from ear-to-eat as she put her phone back in its place on her bedside table.

Her friends were so goofy, sometimes. And they *always* knew how to make her feel better!

She snuggled down into her blankets, settling down, and finally felt herself drifting off.

—END—

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