Two Tens

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany has just discovered two of the potential fathers of her children— And it's the worst case scenario! One of the men, Constance, is a terrifying man who will not hesitate to get what he wants. In a fit of panic Tiffany flees to the comfort of her home. She is soon followed by her best friend, Ruby, who helps ground and reassure her.

Contains mentions of violence, abuse, and sex.

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'Tiffany!'

A loud knocking sounded from across the apartment, but Tiffany couldn't bring herself to get up and let Ruby in. She had barely made it back home to collapse in bed.

It was supposed to be a fun night out with her friend!

'Tiff!'

But it had taken a turn for the worst— *Fuck* being impulsive and fun!

'Girl!'

Why had she thought it would be a good idea to go out?!

'Girl, I know you're in there! Let me in! Tiff! Three seconds, Tiff!'

She should have just stayed home. She never should have let Ruby take her out!

'One!'

It was supposed to be fun.

'Two!'

Now everything was falling apart!

'Three!'

BANG!

The sound of Ruby's Knock spell echoed through the building, and Tiffany clutched her pillow tighter to her face as she heard several of her neighbours start shouting furiously.

Ruby didn't reply to them; simply slamming the door behind her and calling out for her friend again.

'Tiff!' Ruby's voice walked across the apartment until the tabaxi was standing at Tiffany's bedroom door. 'Hon? You alright…?'

Tiffany was too busy trying to breathe to talk; she just sputtered out a miserable noise before slamming her fist into the bed.

'Ooh, okay. Okay,' Ruby made her way to the bed and, after placing something on the bedside table, sat next to Tiffany. 'Deep breath. Deep breaths, girl.'

Tiffany felt Ruby's hand run over her back and found her breathing evening out.

'Creedence told me what you talked about…. Well, I think he did. He seemed like a panicky bloke, hm? He always like that?'
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Tiffany sniffed, shifting so she could look up at her friend, and nodded. 'Yeah.'

'Yeah…' Ruby let out a heavy sigh before she kicked off her shoes and lay over Tiffany. 'You're alright. Let's lay it all out simple, so you can process, okay?'

'*Okay,*' Tiffany sobbed.

'You slept with them both. Yeah?'

'Yeah. I-I think so. I— I don't know— I don't completely *remember!* But they knew me. And they— I think they're— Rube, I have that feeling. I know it's one of them— It has to be—'

'Sh! Sh, *shh,*' Ruby cut Tiffany off with a tight, comforting squeeze before speaking softly again. 'Breathe. *Breathe,* Tiff.'

Tiff took a breath. Slow and deep and shaky. And she let it out in a wavering sigh.

'Alright…. Tiff. You gotta consider the bigger picture, okay? You've slept with a bunch of other guys, right?'

Tiffany tried to stop her lip from quivering. 'Y-Yeah.'

'Right. And look! Y'always thought the boys were half-lizardfolk! Right? *Right?*'

'Yeah….'

'Yeah! And these guys aren't lizardfolk. Sure, they're lizardy— But only a little. Who says you *didn't* have a good go on a lizardfolk, too?' Ruby paused as Tiffany took a laboured breath, before resting her head on Tiffany's shoulder and speaking softly, '*Right?* So you're thinking one of these blokes might be the dad— But it could be *neither* of 'em. It could be some other guy entirely, right? You don't know.'

Slowly, Tiffany nodded. But she felt her gut clench as she did. 'I just. I have this *feeling,* Rubes. I really think it's one of them.'

'Okay, so… what if it is?' Ruby asked. 'You were trying to figure out who their dad was anyway, right? If it *is* one of them, you can just bully Creezy into giving you their medical history, right?'

'I mean… I guess,' Tiffany sniffed. 'I mean… if it's Creedence that's… fine. I guess? I can deal with Creedence. He seems nice. He's… quirky.'

'Yeah, and you like quirky!'

'I like quirky,' Tiffany echoed. Then, she tensed. 'But Constance…. I….'

'Well, you don't know Constance,' Ruby tried to comfort; though she didn't sound too sure of herself. 'Maybe he's nice? Maybe he'd be a good dad.'

Tiffany shook her head, and buried her face into her pillow again. 'He's a criminal. He— He almost *killed* Creedence.'

'Oh. *Oof…*' Ruby sucked a breath of air through her teeth, and Tiffany felt her sit up. 'Well… I dunno what to say, Tiff. I don't…. I mean. I guess we'll cross that bridge when —and if— we get to it, right? Remember; it mightn't be him…' Ruby grasp Tiffany's shoulders, and pulled her up to sit as well. 'Now c'mon. Pizza's getting cold, and you haven't eaten all night.'

Tiffany nodded, and let Ruby pass her a slice of pizza from the half-empty box on her bedside table— 'Did you already eat half of the pizza?' Tiffany realised aloud.

'What? Ah! Yeah, nah. I gave half of it to Crezza,' Ruby explained. 'Y'know. He looked real pitiful. Felt bad for him. He's just…. He seemed so *pathetic,* y'know?'

‘He seems to have that effect on people,’ Tiffany felt herself give a small chuckle.

‘He’s still a solid ten, though!’ Ruby teased, nudging Tiffany to elicit another weak laugh. ‘And so was that Consty guy. Tiff, you got *two* tens, girl! I’m jealous.’

‘*Apparently at the same time,*’ Tiffany mumbled into her slice of pizza.

‘Oh, Tiff. F’real? It was at the *same time?*’

Tiffany nodded. ‘Seeing them again I… think I’m starting to remember stuff. And *yeah*. Same time.’

‘Aw, fuck me sideways, you stupid slut!’ Ruby cackled, slapping Tiffany on the back. ‘You know that increases the chance of heteropaternal superfecundation, right?’

‘What?’

‘Heteropaternal superfecundation,’ Ruby repeated, slower this time.

‘Those words mean *nothing* to me, *wizard!*’ Tiffany shoved Ruby playfully. ‘Are you hexing me again? Cos if you are I’ll throw your purse off the balcony!’

‘Nah! Nah. Girl, it’s a *thing* with fraternal twins!’ Ruby fumbled with her food, barely managing to avoid dropping it on Tiffany’s bed. ‘Like girl. Y’know how identical twins are one egg, one sperm? And fraternal are two eggs, two sperm?’

‘Y… Yes?’ Tiffany said, cautiously.

‘Those two sperms don’t have to come from the same bloke,’ Ruby pointed out.

Tiffany suddenly felt very, *very* queasy.

‘I mean it’s only about a two percent chance or whatever but it’s still a thing, y’know?’ Ruby continued. ‘So by my math, if you’re *completely sure* that was the night you got pregnant; you got a fifty percent chance of it being Creezy, fifty percent of it being Conza, and fifty percent of it being both.’

‘That’s not how math works you fucking—‘ Tiffany cut herself off with a loud groan. ‘Fuck…. I hope not.’

‘I mean, yeah. I really hope it *is* Crezza’s kid,’ Ruby shrugged. ‘Though, you could defs get more child support out of Consty.’

‘I don’t care about that,’ discarding her half-eaten slice back into the box, Tiffany flopped back down into bed and stared up at the roof. ‘Rubes…? Will you stay with me tonight?’

‘Yeah, I’ll stay over.’

‘Thanks.’

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