You're Drunk Ruby

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany comes home from a night out with her best friend, Ruby. Ruby is too drunk to leave alone, so Tiffany brings her back to her apartment, where Ruby decides to cause all sorts of flirtatious trouble.

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'Fuuuuuuck, I feel *siiiiiick!*'

'Yeah, that's what happens when you drink your fucking weight in mimosas, isn't it?' Tiffany heaved a sigh as her friend stumbled into her neighbour's door. 'Rubes. Next one, girl.'

'Aw, craps, all these doors look alike!' Ruby complained, barely making it over to Tiffany. 'How am I supposed to know which door is yours?'

'Try reading the number on the front of it,' Tiffany rolled her eyes as the tabaxi almost tripped on her, and began fumbling through her bag in search of her keys. 'You know, every time we go out you always seem to remind me why I stay sober.'

'Yay, I'm *helping!*' Ruby teased, bending down to lean on her friend's head. 'You know, there's an easier way to open the door, if you can't find your keys—'

'Do *not* use Knock—'

'Knock knock—'

'Ruby it is fucking *nine* at night do *not* use knock!'

'Knock knock!' Ruby cackled, rapping her hand against Tiffany's door with the *loudest* burst of sound as she cast her spell.

'*RUBY!*' Tiffany shouted. 'I have fucking *neighbours*—'

'Shhh!' Ruby covered Tiffany's mouth with a hand. 'It's rude to yell! Think of your neighbours.'

'I fucking hate you, sometimes,' Tiffany grumbled, shoving open her door and dragging Ruby inside. She gave a quick wave to the boys and their wide-eyed babysitter before spinning Ruby around to the lounge.

'Hey Aunt Ruby.'

'Hi Aunt Ruby.'

'Heeeeeey kiddos!' Ruby exclaimed as she was ushered towards the couch. 'Ayyyy! Tabaxi *represent!*'

'No! You leave her alone!' Tiffany scolded. 'She's a nice girl and she doesn't need you being weird at her!'

'I'm not weird!'

'You're a damn *freak,* Rubes!' Tiffany shoved her friend onto the couch and retrieved one of the throw blankets from the floor. 'Lie down!'

'Suck my dick, Tiff!'

'Later,' Tiffany said, simply; throwing the blanket over her friend's head. 'Now shut up and go to sleep.'

Ruby let out a long wail that sounded like a mocking fog-horn from under the blanket— So Tiffany smacked her and she cut off with a sharp cry and cackle.
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Another sigh escaped Tiffany as she made her way to the table, searching through her bag for her purse as she did. 'Josie, hon, if you ever needed a reason to not pick up drinking I want you to think back to this moment and tell yourself you are *not* going to turn yourself into that thing on my couch.'

Josie gave a nervous chuckle, brushing a tuft of fur back from her eyes and gathering up her things. 'I uh…. I will, Miss Goldman.'

'Good, good…' Tiffany mumbled, flicking through the notes in her purse and pulling out what she owed the girl. 'Here you are, hon. The boys didn't give you any trouble this time, did they?'

'Oh, no,' Josie waved a hand before accepting the money. 'I mean. Mostly no. Logan called me a few rude names at the start but… he did apologise for it after. Didn't you?'

Logan gave a wide shrug and rolled his eyes before he began tugging at his jeans…. He was clearly still not *completely* used to the texture of the denim. 'She helped me finish the essay you wanted me to write,' he mumbled.

'Mhm, he worked *very* hard on that!' Josie confirmed. 'I think he did a good job.'

'That's good to hear. Thank you—' Tiffany was cut off by the sound of Ruby throwing up on the floor. '*Ruby!* You okay?'

'Eugh. Well…. I feel less sick,' Ruby said, spitting.

'Good, cos I'm not cleaning that! You can do it yourself—'

'I got it!' Trent exclaimed, and before Tiffany could stop him he had run over to help Ruby clean up. 'Prestidigitation!'

'Ayyyy! Prestidigitation!' Ruby echoed, clapping her hands playfully.

'*Fuck's sake…*' Tiffany sighed a chuckle, shaking her head as she turned back to Josie. 'Thank you for tonight. I really appreciate it. You head on home now and get some sleep.'

'Thank you, Miss Goldman, I will!' Josie chirped, heading to (and out) the front door.

'*Finally!*' Logan muttered, flopping limply over the table. 'I thought she was *never* going to leave!'

'Aw, hon, be nice,' Tiffany said, making her way over to her son so she could ruffle his headfin.

'I *was,*' Logan whined. '*Mostly*…. I tried to be nice.'

'Thank you,' Tiffany pecked a kiss on Logan's cheek. 'I appreciate the effort.'

'How was your outing?' Logan asked, picking at the edge of the abandoned board game they'd been playing. 'Did you almost die again?'

'Not this time, no,' Tiffany answered, then paused. 'Well— Uh. Actually. Someone *did* run a red light and almost hit us. But that's just normal Los Diablos, isn't it?'

'Mm,' Logan gave a heavy sigh.

'Hon? What's wrong?' Tiffany took the seat next to her son and flopped over with him.

'I dunno,' he answered. 'I don't like it when you go out without us. I don't like not knowing where you are.'

'Aw, hon…' Tiffany put a hand on Logan's back. 'I'm fine. I promise.'

'Mm…. I think I'm gonna go to bed,' Logan pushed himself up, slipping out of

his chair. ‘Josie made us dinner, by the way.’

‘That was nice of her…’ Tiffany said, slowly. ‘Do you need help getting ready for bed?’

Logan shook his head.

‘Oh, okay, well… night, hon. Love you,’ Tiffany managed as her son disappeared into his room. She heaved a sigh, then, and looked over to Trent. ‘Trent, honey? It’s a school night.’

‘Got it!’ Trent chirped, leaping to his feet and nodded. ‘I’ll go get ready for bed!’

‘Thanks, hon,’ Tiffany stopped her son as he hurried past so she could peck a kiss on his cheek. ‘Sleep well, alright?’

‘Will do!’ Trent gave a grin and started walking backwards towards the hall. ‘I’m gonna shower before bed though, okay?’

‘Alright, hon,’ Tiffany let herself grin back. ‘I love you.’

‘Love you too!’

Tiffany sighed as Trent vanished into the bathroom, and cast a glance at Ruby as she cleaned up the last of the sick on the floor with magic.

‘Night, Rubes,’ she mumbled, heading for her own room. ‘See you in the morning!’

‘Aite!’ Ruby replied, not looking up from what she was doing.

Tiffany made her way back to her room, pausing at Logan’s door for a moment to listen and make sure he was alright, and quickly stripped out of her jacket and jeans so she could throw on a nightdress.

Logan worried her.

That boy *really* worried her.

He was too smart for his own good; always picking up on everything that was going on….

A sigh escaped Tiffany as she flopped into bed.

Now he was saying he didn’t like not knowing where she was?

Gods, she wished she could somehow convince him it wasn’t his responsibility to look after her…. But no matter what she said, it never seemed to work….

BANG!

Tiffany let out a sigh as someone walked into her bedroom door. ‘*Hey,* Ruby.’

‘Girl, I can *smell* that you’re being a worry-wart all the way from the couch!’ Ruby exclaimed, stumbling into the room and leaving the door ajar behind her. ‘So I came to make sure you didn’t over-think anything!’

‘And how do you intend to do that— RUBY!’ Tiffany cut off as Ruby leapt into her bed and licked her neck and gills; leaving a long, wet trail all the way from her shoulder to her ear. ‘*EUGH!* Girl! That’s fucking nasty!’

‘Distracting, though!’ Ruby cackled, making to lick Tiffany again.

‘NO!’ Tiffany exclaimed, thrusting a hand against Ruby’s forehead to push her away. ‘You stop that!’

Ruby cackled as she swiped Tiffany’s hand aside and climbed on top of her, pinning the triton down as she licked her snout.

‘*EEEEUUUUGH!*’ Tiffany cried, flailing her legs as she felt Ruby’s spit roll down her cheek. ‘Ruby! Ruby I’m going to fucking *kill* you!’

‘You love it,’ Ruby commented before running her tongue between Tiffany’s

eyes.

Tiffany squealed, wiggling out from under Ruby's grasp and accidentally flinging herself into the wall.

'Oo-oh! Fuck!' Ruby cackled. 'You alright, girl?'

'Ow, my nose!' Tiffany groaned, rubbing her snout. 'Ugh…. Why is it every time you stay over you *always* end up in bed with me?!'

'Warm,' Ruby answered, scooping an arm around Tiffany and tugging her down onto the bed to embrace her. 'Snuggly buggly warm.'

'You're a fucking weirdo, you know that?' Tiffany snorted a laugh, wiggling in Ruby's grip. 'Girl, let me go! I'm not a fucking plush toy!'

'Nah, you're a body pillow,' Ruby responded, wrapping a leg around Tiffany to hold her in place. 'C'mere!'

'Get off, Ruby!' Tiffany giggled.

'Naw.'

'*Ruby!*'

'Say it without laughing and *maybe,*' Ruby cackled.

'I could if your fur wasn't *tickling* me!' Tiffany laughed. 'Ruby! Let me go—Ruby! Pfft! Girl, come on! I have work in the morning!'

Finally, Ruby let Tiffany go and the triton was able to roll over onto her back; though neither of the women stopped giggling.

'You're fucking *drunk,* Ruby!' Tiffany managed through her giggles. 'Dear gods, can you behave for *five minutes?*'

Ruby responded by tickling Tiffany's side, and Tiffany gave an involuntary squeal.

'Ruby!'

'What? What?' Ruby mocked, tickling Tiffany again. 'I ain't doing nothing!'

'Ruby, enough!' Tiffany managed. 'I'm *serious!* I have to work in the morning!'

'Alright, alright,' Ruby finally withdrew her hand. 'I'll let you sleep.'

'*Thank* you!' Tiffany giggled, trying desperately to catch her breath. 'Girl… *behave* yourself, would you?'

'Nah,' Ruby waved a dismissive hand and rolled onto her back. 'Not my style.'

Tiffany just snorted and settled down comfortably. 'You're ridiculous….'

'Am I?' Ruby gave a grin and nudged her friend. 'Or maybe you're too serious.'

'I'm not,' Tiffany nudged Ruby back. 'I'm just the right amount of serious!'

'Whatever you say, cosseter,' Ruby teased.

'Oi.'

'Pfft!'

'*Oi!*' Tiffany repeated, firmer.

'Aw, no,' Ruby rolled over, then, and gave her friend a poke. 'Naw. You're a good mum. I'm just teasing cos you're worrying about nothing.'

'I'm not—' Tiffany let out a heavy sigh. 'I'm not worrying over *nothing!* Logan's been *so* stressed lately! That's not nothing!'

'He's only been stressed cos *you've* been stressed,' Ruby comforted. 'It's all him copying from you. He might as well be a changeling, with how much he mimics you.'

'Ruby… I'm serious.'

‘So am I,’ Ruby gave a sniff, and hiccuped. ‘Look. Look… if you keep up that you’re going good, he’ll relax again. No worries, right?’

‘Lots of worries,’ Tiffany sighed. ‘A hundred and one worries.’

‘Ah, one for every dalmation,’ Ruby gave a knowing nod (though, what she thought she knew Tiffany had no idea) before shifting closer and putting an arm around Tiffany. ‘Look. You’re doing fine. You gotta stop doubting yourself. Especially if you’re wanting another kid, y’know?’

‘Hm? Oh, yeah,’ Tiffany had almost forgotten she’d told Ruby about that. ‘Yeah…. I mean. I dunno. I’d like another, but it’s hard.’

‘No shit,’ Ruby snickered. ‘But hey. You’ve done well. Your boys are turning out alright. Even if they can be little shits sometimes; they want to do good things. You can see it in ‘em.’

‘Mm,’ Tiffany shrugged. ‘It’s not just *raising* them that’s hard…. Like…. If I wanted another kid? How would I even start? I don’t want another Constance in my life.’

‘Oof. Yeah, point,’ Ruby snorted, wiping her nose on Tiffany’s pillow. ‘I dunno.’

‘Ew, Ruby—‘

‘Maybe *I* could get you pregnant or something.’

‘Wh…’ Tiffany paused, scrunching up her face at her friend. ‘Girl. You’re fucking drunk!’

‘What?’ Ruby snorted, offended. ‘Cos I’m offering to help you out?’

‘Cos you don’t have a *dick,* Rubes!’ Tiffany scoffed. ‘You *can’t* get me pregnant!’

‘Hah! That’s what *you* think!’ Ruby exclaimed, rolling so she could sit on Tiffany and pin her down again. ‘I’ve had a dick before! I had one last Tuesday!’

Tiffany gave a laugh. ‘Ruby, what the *fuck* are you talking about?’

‘Ever heard of Viktor Vallakovich?’ Ruby asked, sniffing loudly as Tiffany shook her head. ‘Oooh! Girl, he’s the mpreg *champion!*‘

‘I’m sorry the *what* champion—‘

‘He pioneered the studies in polymorphism for reproductive reasons!’ Ruby continued. ‘I have some of his books at home and shit if you wanna have a read!’

‘Wait— Wait, so…’ Tiffany rubbed her temple as Ruby grinned down at her. ‘You’re saying… you can polymorph yourself to have a dick?’

‘Not just “can,” girl. I do it *often,*’ Ruby snickered. ‘For that sweet-sweet gender euphoria.’

‘Huh…’ Tiffany hadn’t known that was a *thing* that people could do….

‘Aw, and did you know sex-changing polymorph was used to help recover an endangered displacer beast subspecies?’ Ruby asked. ‘Fucking brilliant use for it, innit?’

Tiffany gave another snort. ‘Ruby… you’re drunk.’

‘Nuh-uh!’

‘You’re *suuuper* drunk.’

‘No I’m not!’

‘Ruby, you’re offering to get me *pregnant!*’

‘Yeah, as a friend!’

‘Because you’re drunk!’

‘Naw, girl, could a drunk person do *this?*’ Ruby asked, before bending forward and pecking a kiss on the tip of Tiffany’s snout.

‘Absolutely, yes, a drunk person *could* do that!’ Tiffany giggled.

‘C’mon, girl! If you want another kid all you gotta do is *ask!*’ Ruby cackled, mock-thrusting against Tiffany. ‘Oh, yeah, woo! Polymorph time! Let’s go!’

Tiffany tried to bite back her laughter as her friend threw her hands in the air and cheered, but she couldn’t. ‘You’re drunk, Ruby!’ she laughed. ‘Girl, you’re so damn drunk!’

‘Naw!’

‘Yes!’ Tiffany laughed, wiggling under her friend. ‘Ruby, for fuck’s sake! I have work in the morning! C’mon! Be *normal!*’

‘Nah! You love me when I’m being a freak!’ Ruby teased, much to Tiffany’s humour. ‘And you’re a nasty little freak too! That’s why you’re my bestie!’

‘You’re fucking *drunk!*’ Tiffany repeated, unable to control her laughter as she batted at her friend. ‘Ruby! Go to sleep, you idiot! I have to be up at *six!*’

‘Woo!’ Ruby cheered again, tightening the grip her legs had around Tiffany’s hips. ‘Best friend here, ready to give you *anything* you need, girl! You just say the word!’

‘I’m about to say the *safe* word!’ Tiffany joked, grabbing one of Ruby’s thighs and flipping her sideways. ‘*Off!*’

Ruby tumbled off the bed with a loud cry and heavy *thump!*

‘Hah!’ Tiffany laughed, hurrying over to the edge of the bed and laughing down at her friend. ‘Fucking *skill issue—*’

She cut off as she spied a figure by the door, and felt her heart stop as she looked up to meet eyes with a very confused-looking Logan.

‘Oh my god, hon—‘

She didn’t have time to respond before Ruby leapt back onto the bed again and attempted to lick her face. The two women squawked inaudibly at each other for a moment as they wrestled —sounding more like a flock of birds than people— before Tiffany pointed to her son.

‘Ruby! Ruby, no! *Logan’s at the door!*’

Ruby paused at the mention of Tiffany’s son, and slowly removed her tongue from Tiffany’s cheek.

‘Uh…’ she hiccuped. ‘Hey there… champ….’

Logan just stood there, his mouth agape and his brow furrowed as he stared at his mother and her friend.

‘Logan, hon,’ Tiffany took in a sharp breath. ‘Aunt Ruby is, uh….’

Tiffany trailed off as her son’s surprised look turned into a pouting, annoyed one.

He wordlessly marched over to the bed; shoving Ruby aside so he could plant himself between her and his mother.

Tiffany could see the *severity* of the frown he was aiming at Ruby, and she had to bite her lip to stop herself from laughing as he wrapped an arm around her protectively and snorted in the direction of the tabaxi.

‘Aw, little nugget,’ Ruby chuckled; petting Logan affectionately on the head. ‘You don’t gotta be jealous. We were just playing around. You know; best friend stuff.’

‘I *know* what sex is,’ Logan hissed at the woman.

‘Ah…. Uh, no— *No*. We weren’t doing that!’ Ruby gave a laugh. ‘Not for *reals,* anyway. I was just making fun of your mum cos she wants another kid!’

Logan gasped and stiffened, and Tiffany mouthed some *very* foul words at Ruby before her son turned to stare at her with wide eyes.

‘No— No, I didn’t say that!’ Tiffany lied. ‘I was just— I mean— I-I-I mean if I *did* have another baby I wouldn’t do it without *talking* to you boys about it first and— *Oof!*‘

Logan thrust his face into his mother, winding her as he hugged her tightly.

‘*Ooookay,*’ Tiffany managed, wrapping her own arms around her son. ‘Okay…. Look…. Hon, what I mean is… uh. Sometimes I love being your mother so much it makes me wish I could be a mother even more than I already am. Does that make sense?’

Logan replied with a heavy sigh, and tightened his grip around Tiffany as he nodded into her chest.

‘Okay…’ Tiffany let out a long breath and winced; gently placing a hand on her son’s head. ‘Okay…. You’re not upset at me for it, are you?’

‘*No,*’ he mumbled.

‘*Oh, thank gods…*’ Tiffany breathed, pecking a kiss onto her son and settling down with him. ‘Alright. You doing okay? Why’d you come in?’

‘I dunno,’ Logan sighed, looking up at his mother. ‘I just want to be with you…. Can I sleep here tonight?’

‘Oh, hon… that’s okay,’ Tiffany comforted. ‘You can come sleep in my room *any* time you want, okay? You don’t have to ask.’

‘Thanks….’

‘*Naw,*’ Ruby cooed, wrapping her arms over the pair. ‘Come here, buddy—‘

Logan shoved her away, his frown returning as he turned to glare at her. ‘You keep *away* from Mum!’

Both Tiffany and Ruby gave humoured snorts at the same time, and Tiffany quickly pulled her son close.

‘Hon, hon, it’s okay,’ Tiffany comforted. ‘Aunt Ruby’s just drunk and silly. That’s all that was before.’

‘It *better* have been!’ Logan grumbled, settling back down into his mother.

‘I promise,’ Tiffany chuckled. Then, she heard the door creaking open and looked up. ‘Trent, honey?’

‘Can I sleep with you tonight?’

‘Aw, hon, of course!’ Tiffany held out an arm for him. ‘Come here.’

Trent wandered his way over to the bed before stopping and looking it over. ‘I don’t know if I’ll fit….’

‘Yeah you will!’ Logan exclaimed, rolling over so he could brace his legs against Ruby and shove her to the floor. ‘There!’

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