

Shifting Times

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Shifting Times

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Summary

Trixie realizes that popularity means nothing if you aren't happy, she wants to find someone that understands her.

Alone

Trixie was bored and alone. As a kid all she wanted was to be popular and it was the only thing that mattered, but now she was kind of over it at sixteen. Not to mention that in high school absolutely no one cared about how popular you were. Sure, she got invited to most parties but no one actually cared about her. It felt like her life was passing her by at this point.

As for her dating life, it seems like her reputation when she was younger basically killed her market value. Playing hard to get ceases to work when everyone knows they won't get you, so they just give up. The other girls had also caught up to her early blooming status, some even filled out more. She only grew a few more inches from when she was ten, being asian american she didn't exactly expect to model or play basketball but it was still a little funny. Slowly watching as the kids she dwarfed over overtook her in height.

She was tired of this hollow victory. She wanted to find a new friend, possibly more, that understood her like Timantha did, she really missed her and hoped nothing bad happened to her. Trixie tried to wrack her brain, who cared about her the most? The boy that use to always wear pink, and had buck teeth before he got them fixed, His name starts with t. I need to talk to him, he's still in some of my classes I think. I'll tell him to meet me after school.

She had been waiting at the big tree near the school for a few minutes. She was a little early but didn't want him to think she was a no show. He was right on time.

"So against my better judgment I showed up. What's up Trixie?"

Trixie decided to look at the figure in front of her. He was a bit taller than her but certainly not a giant, and a bit lanky. Basically average besides his eyes. His style was decent. Jeans that were a little baggie but not too much, stylish sneakers, and a pink styled and fitted T shirt.

"I decided to give you a chance. Let's go on a date sometime, I know you're crazy about me." She said in a sultry voice. She hadn't been doing it as much, but she still knew how to drive the guys crazy.

"I'm good" Timmy said nonchalantly

"That's great, where did you wa-Wait, what did you just say?" She wasn't sure she heard him right.

"I said I'm good."

"How could you say no to ME? I'm giving you the chance you always wanted!"

"Alright, that sounds like more of a why question so I'll tell you why" He looked her right in the eyes "Either this is a joke and you want to trick me in some way, or you finally noticed me after eight years. I think I deserve better than that. You know?"

"This-No this doesn't make sense. What about all the presents and compliments you give me? You don't want me?" She sad, a frown beginning to form on her face

"....I haven't given you a present in a year. I gave up a while ago." Timmy said

Trixie thought back, he was right. "*This makes it look even worse than he already thinks it is. I've thought about him so little that not receiving anything from a year didn't even cross my mind*". She had to take the reigns back in this conversation.

"Are you sure there's nothing I can do to convince you I'm being real right now?" She flicked back to her sultry voice and rubbed his chest while smiling. "Nothing?" She perked up a little when she saw him smirk

"Alright, if you can remember my name I'll go out with you." He said. He was pretty sure he knew how this was about to go, but it would be a pleasant surprise if she did remember.

Trixie looked down at the ground and furrowed her brow in thought. "I got it!" She looked up and smiled "It's Tommy, Tommy Turnip."

Timmy just looked at her in disbelief, then took her hand by the wrist and placed it at her side "Yea I was right. eight years down the drain. You have no idea what I've done for you." As he began to walk away he shot back "My name is Timmy." He missed the bus but he didn't care. It was just a twenty minute walk with his thoughts.

Trixie leaned against the tree, feeling defeated. Not even he wanted her. A tear dropped down her cheek. She remembered all the expensive gifts he gave her, the poetry, the music, and she had him dumped in the trash almost every time. Or when she stopped bringing the bodyguard along a few years ago, just telling him he's not worthy and walking away without even looking at him. How did he put up with this pain hundreds of times?

"Timmy? Why do I remember that?" she said

She thought back. The only thing she could remember even close to that was Timantha. She thought about their faces.

She was an idiot. It was obvious. Timmy had cross dressed for her. How could she miss those buck teeth?

She'd been dumping on the only person to understand her for six years. "*How can I make up for this?*" She burst into tears full on, while just sitting at the base of the tree. Luckily no one else was around to witness her humiliation.

Worth a Shot

Timmy was on his way home, thinking about the day. That was actually mildly interesting. He never expected Trixie to realize he existed, even in a gift giving capacity. That wasn't enough though. Not anymore. He wanted to be happy, and dating a girl that only thinks about herself probably isn't the way to do it.

His life was the middle class equivalent of a dumpster fire. His parents did all the necessary things like sign him up for school, have groceries sent to the house, etc. His dad's constant pencil pushing finally paid off, he landed a cushy executive position at his company after his years of dedication. Timmy was mildly happy for him at first. Until it was obvious what was happening.

At fourteen they decided he was too old for a babysitter and asked Vicky if she wanted to be let go, that's right, they asked her. Vicky was set until her thirties, maybe life if she invested the money that his parents threw at her correctly. She really only stayed the past few years to mess with him. Although it seemed like she grew bored of it, and him. He assumed it was because she saw he was dead inside so further torture wouldn't net her any fun.

After that their trips got longer, longer, and longer. Guess his father wasn't joking when he said looking at him only reminded him of the hopes and dreams he gave up when he was born. His depressing line of thought was broken as soon as he walked through his door.

"Hey Timmy, how was school?" Wanda said.

"Yea sport, you don't look so good." Cosmo said while briefly turning away from poof.

They decided to become his parental figures after his parents all but abandoned him, or something adjacent. Two immortal beings that are thousands of years old can't exactly understand teenage life that well. At some points he felt it was more for fairy world's benefit that they were still around since Timmy was of great help in their eternal magical struggles. Once they erased his memories they couldn't exactly call him back in again.

"Trixie tried asking me out after school." Timmy said, his voice showing his indifference.

"That's great Timmy!" Cosmo said

Wanda caught what he said and was confused "What do you mean by tried sport?"

"I rejected her." Timmy said as he plopped down on the couch and turned on the tv.

"WHAT!?" Cosmo and Wanda said in unison. Wanda continued "Why? It's everything you've wanted for eight years!"

"Best case scenario a girl that rejected me in numerous violent, disrespectful, or embarrassing ways noticed me after eight years. That's a great way to start a relationship."

Wanda thought a bit, he was right. There was playing hard to get but she seemed to loathe Timmy. "what made you change your mind though? Other people told you this before and it never stopped you."

"Trixie was really just a symbol for me. Beyond that time I became Timantha I don't know much about her. Except that she heavily dislikes my presence." Timmy said, then kicked his shoes off and laid down on the couch.

Wanda had noticed Timmy becoming....colder. For the most part he even stopped making wishes since he learned that most major ones had consequences that would need to be repaired or would cause everything to be reset to normal. It just seems like all of the hope had drained out of him over the years. It was a godparent's job to make their charges life happier, that seemed like a farther cry every day. He couldn't wish his parents loved him, he couldn't be obnoxiously selfish and wish his friends beyond Tootie and Chester were back in Dimmsdale, and just wishing himself to be happy is as hollow a victory as him being cool when he wished to feel nothing.

"Timmy that's what dates are for, to get to know them. You don't know that things will be bad. Just give her a chance. I wouldn't have met my little cuddlebug if I didn't give him a chance." Wanda batted her eyelashes as she daydreamed

"Who's this cuddlebug guy? I don't like him being around my wife." Cosmo said genuinely angry. Wanda smacked him in the back of the head while explaining things to him.

Moments like this did bring Timmy little moments of happiness. Cosmo was always good for a laugh.

"Alright, if it goes horribly I'm not going to wish for the memory to be taken away. You'll have to deal with me moping around." Timmy joked

Internally, Wanda thought *"It's not like it would be any different from now."*

Trixie

As Trixie drove home she kept thinking about Timmy. The only adequate word she could use to describe her past actions and words to him was bitchy. She had to stop the car a few times since she was crying. The one person who she ever got to be her real self around and she just had him shoved into trashcans, or lockers, or punted around, daily. What the hell is wrong with her?

She tried to rush up to her room but unfortunately her mom was waiting for her. She liked spending time with her mom but just...not now.

Trixie's mom, Eliza, saw her daughter was distraught. Most people thought Eliza was Trixie's big sister in her mid twenties. Not her mother in her late thirties. It was quite flattering really.

"Aww come here." She pulled Trixie into a hug, It looks like she could burst into tears at any second "What's wrong my little dove?"

Trixie broke down again. Her mom lead her to the couch in their living room and began stroking her hair. She had never seen her daughter like this. She usually kept it together pretty well or bottled things up. Guess that came back to bite her.

"come on Trixie it can't be that bad." Eliza said this knowing it would likely prompt her teenage daughter into a tirade about how the world was ending over something trivial.

"This boy rejected me. ME! He said he deserved better than someone who treated him the way I did all these years, and that he wasted eight years on me." Trixie went back to crying on her mom's shoulder

"Trixie..."

"I made my old bodyguard and the popular boys I knew dump him in a trashcan or knock him around for eight years. I didn't even think about how bad what I was doing was until today. All those years I told him he wasn't worthy of me, it was me who wasn't worthy of him." Trixie said, pretty much all cried out at this point

"Things will work out"

"You can't know that mom!" Trixie said, huffing and rolling her eyes

"Sweetie, did your father ever tell you how we met?" Eliza said, already knowing the answer

"Well," Trixie thought back. Over her entire life they had just been her parents, the happy couple. She never put much thought into it "no."

"Do you really think your raging sense of entitlement came out of nowhere?"

"Mother how could you say that?" She felt rage at the insult until her brain caught up to the implications of what her mom was saying "What do you mean?"

Eliza smiled as her daughter finally caught up "I was the most popular girl in school, for obvious reasons." She said, dramatically waving both of her hands from head to toe to point out her curves. Mainly to irritate her daughter.

Trixie groaned "Your point?"

"I'm getting there." She decided to be serious "I was terrible to your father. I strung him along for years to keep getting gifts, attention when I wanted it, the works."

Trixie thought that certainly reminded her of herself, she listened as her mother continued on.

"Looking back now I'm surprised he put up with me for that long, but young boys are persistent. I didn't notice at first but the pool of boys pining to be with me willing to do anything at my beck and call for nothing in return got smaller every day. When I did notice it was too late. I was just the hot girl that didn't put out."

"Mother!" Trixie couldn't believe her mom would talk like that

"You're a big girl, you can handle it." Eliza then continued on as if nothing happened
"Anyway, I decided to ask your father out on my terms. He was the one that stood out. The most persistent one, one of the few that didn't seem to be after me for just my body."

"If you're telling me this I'm guessing he didn't say yes the first time, like Timmy."

"My smart little dove." She smiled and rubbed the top of Trixie's head "He said something about me being beautiful on the outside but ugly on the inside and him being an idiot for ever thinking otherwise."

Trixie recoiled a little, her day really could have been worse "How did you get him to change his mind after that?"

Eliza's smile grew wider "More accurately I think you mean what can you do to make Timmy change his mind, and I can't tell you."

"Why!?" Trixie said while scowling

"What I did doesn't matter. What you have to do is get him to see you're not just ugly on the inside since frankly, it sounds like you've been a bitch. You have your work cut out for you." She said

"Thank you mother, your kind words are always appreciated." Trixie said sarcastically, even though she knew her mother was right.

"Anytime." Eliza smiled then walked away, she needed to leave her daughter to her thoughts.

General

Against his better judgment, again, Timmy decided to wish he was at Trixie's house. He decided to wear a backpack stuffed with a pillow just to soften his inevitable horrible landing by a bodyguard. He also made sure to wear some older clothes just in case she got some guard dogs to chase him out or something. Really he didn't expect anything good from this encounter since he had only had one good encounter with Trixie that he could recall, and he had to simultaneously become a girl and catch her doing something in hiding for that to happen. He huffed out a small and quiet laugh before ringing the doorbell of the tang mansion. A maid answered.

"May I help you sir?" She said. She thought the boy stopping by was odd since the young miss Tang didn't have many guests these days aside from parties and this boy didn't seem of the popular sort. She said nothing of it though.

"Could you let Trixie know that Timmy is here to talk to her? And that he's willing to leave quickly without the assistance of any security." He was hoping that last part guaranteed him a safe exit.

"Uh, yes, just wait one moment sir." She said, his mix of indifference and casualness throwing her off

She had heard the two Tang women talking and decided to check the living room first. Luckily Trixie was still there.

"Miss Tang there is a boy named Timmy here to see you." She wanted to quote him verbatim just in case it had some hidden meaning "He also wanted to let you know he was willing to leave without the assistance of security. Should I have him leave?"

Trixie hopped up swiftly waving her hands "NO, no, thank you. Tell him I'll be there shortly"

"Of course miss Tang."

Trixie quickly went to redo her makeup. She went for a more standard natural look now. Purple eyeliner really wasn't doing her any favors. She checked to make sure her outfit looked good. Spaghetti strap top, leggings, and purple uggs, check. She winked at herself in the mirror then quickly went to the door. She was a little disappointed but not surprised that he seemed indifferent to her presence. She wanted at least a little excitement from him.

"Wow, I was expecting you to just leave me out here until I realized you didn't care and left."

Trixie wanted to comment about how she wasn't a mean girl from a movie and that his comment hurt but she decided against it. She had been the ultimate mean girl for literally half of his life.

She slipped into a sweet voice. "Well I do care, Timmy. Why did you stop by?"

Timmy was beyond surprised she actually remembered his name for an extended period of time. That's strange. "I, uh, decided to give the whole dating you thing a shot."

"Oh really?" She said, brushing her hair behind her ear.

"Honestly I still think it's a trick or that you're going to slam the door in my face right now for daring to reject the great Trixie Tang, but someone told me I should at least try to get to know you."

"mmmm, well they were right." She stepped a little closer and rubbed his arm lightly to flirt "Be here tomorrow at seven." Trixie realized he might be too poor for a car, she didn't really know how most other sixteen year olds lived around here. She did know they only had a modicum of her family's wealth though. "I don't care if you don't have a car. I can drive."

Timmy was a little floored. He saw the wheels turn in her head before that last sentence. She was actually showing consideration for the circumstances of someone other than herself. Maybe he really was being unfair in judging her so quickly. He had been burned by a few different girls since becoming a teenager though so he decided to tread lightly.

"I'll pick you up. Don't worry about it. See you tomorrow I guess." Timmy began walking away scratching the back of his head. That truly was a strange experience.

Trixie closed the door and did a little dance. She was giddy with excitement. During her excitement she thought *"He's about to see how beautiful Trixie Tang can be."*

Lucky boy

Trixie was so elated the entire day that she practically skipped through the hallways. In class she would shoot Timmy a few suggestive gazes, she found it absolutely adorable how he had no idea how to react. Once she saw him staring out the corner of her eye so she slowly traced her pen around her lips. When she was sure no one was looking she looked directly at him and gave it a slow sensual lick. Since he was leaning back he fell out of his chair. All those years chasing and now that he has access to all of this he doesn't know what to do with it. Poor guy. If things went well tonight she would show him what he could do with it. She decided to put her books in her locker before lunch, if she was lucky she would be able to corner him and tease him more. Oddly it felt even better being the huntress for one guy than it did to be idolized. She wished she figured it out sooner, this was pure entertainment.

As she was shutting her locker her blonde friend veronica appeared before her. She had filled out a bit more than Trixie and her dumb slutty girl act had guys falling all over her. Trixie wasn't really jealous though. No shame in her game.

"What's your deal?" Veronica said in her high pitched valley girl accent

"Deal? I don't have a deal. I'm five by five."

Veronica pointed at her. "See, that. That's the deal. You've been moping around for weeks, then you just perk up today like nothing was after wrong. And you've been staring at Turner all day....Wait.

"Maybe the dumb girl thing isn't an act." She thought. "You're almost there Veronica. I can wait." Sarcasm laced her tone.

"That Turner boy asked you out again and you said yes didn't you. Why would you agree to go out with that loser?" Veronica didn't really dislike him. He ignored her when she had a crush on him but it was whatever. She was parroting what she thought were Trixie's thoughts on him, when she had them anyway. Anyone that wasn't popular usually seemed invisible to her.

"Actually, I asked him out."

"You WHAT?" A few kids turned and a few suddenly had things to do near Trixie and Veronica. Gossipers were always fun.

"You heard me. I asked him out. Timmy was the first one to start getting me presents and the last one to stop giving me presents. He obviously likes me a lot. Plus all I have to do is look at him and he becomes a nervous wreck. That's never going to stop being fun."

"Didn't you toss his gifts since he was a loser?"

Trixie's smile faded for a few seconds "Don't call him a loser again. He is not a loser and you have no idea what he's done for me. Call him a loser again and we can cancel the eensy

weensy friendship we have right now."

"Ok ok geez. Didn't know you cared so much. Glad you're not all doom and gloom anymore though."

Trixie smiled again as if she didn't just threaten Veronica. "It's not problem. I can see how you got confused. Now let's get lunch. Maybe I can tease Timmy from across the cafeteria."

Veronica watched Trixie beaming with glee and wondered if she was on some kind of strange prank show.

Timmy's day

Timmy half expected her to reject him in front of the entire school or have him jumped. When he was a few minutes into his first class he realized that was a resounding nope. Somehow she managed to make herself look hotter than usual. For the past year or so he realized objectively she was hot, now it was completely different though. The girl shooting him bedroom eyes across the room would more than likely be his, and it was a little terrifying. All those years chasing her and he had no idea what to do once he actually had her. Idiot.

He knew he couldn't keep up with her in terms of teasing so he tried to remain calm. That was a complete failure. At first he thought maybe she was just looking at him since she liked him, when he saw what she was currently doing to a pen he lost it and fell out of his chair. The class laughed of course but he could tell hers was different. It wasn't at his fall, it was at how foolish she could cause him to act just by being suggestive.

After class while he was walking to his locker he had no idea how he was going to function on a date with her. Honestly it was a little terrifying. He felt like prey with zero chance of escape. He really was wondering what could cause such a huge shift in her attitude in just twenty four hours. Before he could make any connections he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Hey Turner."

It was Tad. He transitioned from elementary school cool to high school cool seamlessly. Timmy almost wondered if he had fairy godparents because of the massive growth spurt he hit during the summer. Now he was the quarterback of the football team. He seemed to calm down his entitlement some for some reason but he never actually talked to Timmy so he was wondering why now.

"The rumors true? You got Trixie Tang to ask you out?"

"Yea, I thought she was joking at first but she was deadly serious."

"I heard. She almost had a catfight with Veronica in the hallway just because she called you a loser. How did you pull that bitch bro?"

Timmy removed Tad's hand from his shoulder and looked him in the eye. "I would appreciate if you didn't call her that. I don't know how I pulled her, She's a different person than I

thought she was."

Tad chuckled and put his hands up as if he was being arrested. "I won't talk about your turf like that big man." He gave Timmy a slap on the back that was a little too hard, but was impressed he even decided to check him at his size "Have fun on your date Turner."

Timmy saw him walk towards a group of players and they began tossing a football amongst each other while strutting away.

"Douchebag." Timmy really did wonder how she was ever friends with someone like that. As if the mere thought of Trixie summoned her he saw her heading to lunch with Veronica. He DID need to speak with her but he got the feeling it would be just as embarrassing as the rest of the day. She waved at him in a way that was a bit too elegant for a high school girl then he forced down his fear and called her over.

"Yes Timmy?"

"I just wanted to say.." He completely lost his train of thought when she got a bit too close and began rubbing on his chest. He saw Veronica standing behind Trixie laughing but didn't really register it. His brain was short circuiting.

"What did you want to say Timmy? I couldn't understand you." She intentionally backed him into his locker and pushed their lower regions together.

This is how he died. Trixie tang giving him a heart attack. Fantastic. "I wanted to say wear something casual tonight. We're going to a couple of places that aren't fancy but I think you'll love them."

Trixie wrapped her arms around his neck. "And what places would those be?"

Timmy tried to form an articulate sentence but the only thing that came out was "Surprise."

"Alright, if it's not something expensive you probably know I'll like it. You do know me the best." Trixie leaned into his ear and whispered "See you at seven." She then placed a barely there kiss on his earlobe. Timmy almost didn't believe he felt that.

"L-later Trixie." At those words she finally let up on him and told Veronica they were heading to lunch now.

"You just sexually assaulted Timmy in front of half the school. You proud of yourself?" Veronica said.

Trixie playfully slapped her arm. "Very. Now he knows what it's like to be desired."

Timmy arrived at the Tang mansion at seven. It was simple enough to wish for a car, a license, and that he knew how to drive. He had his godparents stay at home though. He was working under the presumption that magical immortal beings probably didn't have great advice involving teenage dates. For clothes he dressed in his usual outfit. He made a point of

making sure the multiple pink T shirts he wore each had a different design. He had other colors but for some reason pink was his favorite.

He knocked on the door and waited. When it opened he was confused for a split second before he realized the person standing before him wasn't Trixie. She was slightly taller and looked slightly older but they were definitely family. Before she could say anything he spoke up.

"Wow I didn't know Trixie had a big sister, I've never seen you before. You must have been away at college for a while."

Eliza instantly liked this boy, he wasn't being nice. Those were his genuine thoughts. "Come in, lets wait for Trixie in the living room. She'll be down in a few minutes."

When they sat down on the couch she continued on "You must be Timmy. Trixie has been talking about you for the last day."

Timmy blushed a bit "Yea I think I left an impression after all these years finally."

"She's a very lucky girl."

"No, I'm the lucky one. You and your sister look beautiful and almost like twins. Your mom must have amazing genetics."

Eliza held in a fit of laughter. "I suppose she does. Thanks Timmy. You're very sweet. I still say she's luckier. You were the only boy that held in there even though she treated you the worst. It's almost inspiring that you had that amount of determination."

Timmy had a nervous grin while rubbing the back of his head. "You and Trixie talked about that?"

"Yes. She said something about having you thrown into a trashcan dozens of times or over ten feet. You must be quite durable. I don't even see bruises from your ordeals"

"Yeah, it's a very special skill that I have." Timmy rolled his eyes and said sarcastically.

Eliza let it slide since he thought he was talking to a peer.

"Ready to go Timmy?"

Timmy turned and practically ogled her. She wore a white front button up sundress that stopped at mid thigh and beige gladiator style sandals that stopped being tied a bit below the knee. Trixie allowed it since it was having the desired effect on him. She wasn't very tall but she had a lot of leg to show.

Eliza decided to help him out since his brain seemed to have shut down at the sight of her daughter. "Mom said you could stay out past curfew tonight and to have fun." She then began walking back towards her room.

"Why was she talking in the third person?" Trixie said

"What do you mean third person. That's your sister. I almost couldn't tell she wasn't you at first."

Trixie realized what happened immediately. Her mom hadn't corrected him when he made the mistake.

Across the house Eliza heard a very loud "MOM!" and had to lean against the wall to prevent herself from falling while she laughed.

The date

Timmy thanked whatever higher entity that existed for the fact that Trixie did not decide to tease him in the car. Although she did pester him a bit about their destination. Thankfully she was more concerned about that than how he got an expensive black muscle car in seemingly no time at all.

Trixie looked back and forth from the place to him when they pulled in front of the destination. "I was right." She wrapped her arms around his neck in a genuine hug for all she was worth. Her best friend she only had for a day had been in front of her all this time.

Timmy was glad he figured out why she had changed her mind. They were parked in front of the mall that contained the comic book store. Once he put some thought into it he figured the second she heard his real name she probably associated him with Timantha. When you thought about it it was fairly obvious they were the same person.

After the hug broke they entered the mall and went straight to the comic book store.

"I probably didn't think this through very well. You know about the timantha thing but do you even still read comics?"

"I'm searching for skull squisher number seventy eight right now so you tell me."

"How do you keep getting more attractive by the second?"

"You're realizing I'm not absolutely repulsive on the inside so you actually see me as a valuable target for your affections." Trixie stopped her search for a second when she noticed he had paused. "What?"

"You just became more attractive again because of your intelligence. I'm processing all of this new information." Timmy saw the issue she was looking for and smirked.

Trixie tracked his eye line to the final issue of skull squisher seventy eight sitting on a shelf. "You wouldn't."

"I would."

They practically tripped over each other racing for the comic, they grabbed it at the same time. This was just like how they met when he was Timantha. They were giggling like children even though the store owner was growling at them for their buffoonery. They looked into each other's eyes as they held the comic and surprisingly the store owner and the comic

itself no longer seemed important. Timmy took the initiative this time and wrapped his arms around the small of her back. She dropped the comic and leaned in with him for their first kiss. It seemed like the close proximity to her for an extended period of time was all he needed. He seemed hungry for her. He was a surprisingly good kisser but she decided he wasn't being handsy enough and pulled one of his hands lower onto her butt. She giggled when she felt him tense up slightly but he quickly got over it and received the message. He grabbed the other cheek himself, judging by the amount he could feel he assumed she was wearing a thong. She pulled away to breathe but he teasingly gave her a few more pecks before letting her go.

The store owner grunted loudly into his hand. Timmy finally broke from his trance and apologized. Trixie simply found it amusing.

"You kids better buy at least two nice damn comics."

For once Timmy was glad his parents preferred throwing money at him to actually loving him.

"Sorry Timmy." Trixie said rubbing her arm as they left the store.

"Eh, not a problem. Plus you got a limited edition skull squisher comic out of it. Bet no guy has ever gotten you that on a date."

"No guy has ever felt me up on a first date either. This day is full of surprises."

"Oh uh, thanks. Your ass is very nice." He said nervously not knowing how she'd take the compliment.

"Oh I know Timmy. Not much going on up here," She waved her hand over her chest. "but down here is something special. You're a lucky boy."

"Yes, I am. Can this lucky boy take you to one more place after we grab some food?"

Trixie pretended it was a very tough decision. "I don't know. I guess so. Luck really is on your side today."

"We're pinned down!"

"Just shut up and shoot Timmy. Otherwise we won't get out of this with our lives."

Timmy had taken them to play laser tag. Trixie being full of surprises actually loved playing laser tag but she was a little competitive. It was still cute so he didn't mind. A girl who takes games as seriously as him was a bonus.

They were on their last lives so things were tense. The other team had four people on their last lives. The prize today was free access for a month. Trixie REALLY wanted to win that. Timmy wanted to win if she wanted to win. Seeing her this excited filled him with joy.

"You stay here, I'll draw their fire."

"Timmy, Noooooo!"

Timmy didn't leave time for her to argue. He sprinted to the next piece of cover. He saw a person aiming at him so he did a jump dive roll combination. Luckily he made it and Trixie had eliminated two people. She shot him a thumbs up and a beautiful smile. His heart fluttered but he didn't have much time to think.

Trixie raised her finger into the air and made a circular motion then pointed his way, then herself and her way. She wanted to rotate around and surprise them. "*Smart*". They immediately put their plan into action, crouching while making silent footsteps. Their enemies seemed to be none the wiser and from what they could see still aiming at their old position. Timmy heard Trixie shout. "NOW!"

The person on his side turned to look at her which resulted in a quick elimination. Trixie fired before her guy could react. She pumped her laser gun in the air and shot it like she was Rambo holding a machine gun. Since they were the last two alive they both received the prize. Trixie said she wanted them to come back at least once a week to make good use of it.

"I know you were mainly trying that hard for me." Trixie said

"Yea, wanted you to have a perfect date. Sue me. It's been a good night."

"It really has. I think you deserve a prize though. Take us somewhere a little more private." She said as she shut the car door.

Timmy felt like he was prey about to be devoured again but did as he was told. It went from a good night to an amazing night.

Trixie came in around midnight, surprisingly her mother was up waiting for her.

"How was your date?"

"It was perfect." Trixie said with dreamy eyes.

"I told you things would work out honey."

"Yeah, thanks for the advice mom." Trixie gave her mom a hug then turned to head towards her room.

Eliza stopped her. The unkempt hair, the dazed eyes, the smile of pure bliss. "I'm guessing someone isn't the girl who no longer puts out."

"MOM!" Trixie turned beet red but did not deny her claim. She began walking away as quickly as possible.

"That's my girl, how do you think I changed your fathers mind?"

Trixie turned and looked at her mother with a look of disgust.

"Tell me if Timmy's car needs a new suspension system, or if you need your tonsils removed."

"I AM NOT HEARING THIS!"

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