

## One more chance

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25750258) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25750258>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Fairly OddParents</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Tootie/Timmy Turner</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Timmy Turner</a> , <a href="#">Tootie (Fairly OddParents)</a> , <a href="#">Vicky (Fairly OddParents)</a> , <a href="#">Trixie Tang</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Humor</a> , <a href="#">Romance</a> , <a href="#">Self-Esteem Issues</a> , <a href="#">Nerdy girl</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-06 Updated: 2020-09-15 Words: 13,227 Chapters: 3/?

# **One more chance**

by [Crow Jones \(CrowJones\)](#)

## Summary

Timmy Realizes a little too late that maybe Tootie isn't so bad after all. He hopes one day he can make things right.

# Chapter 1

"Give her a kiss sport. You might never see her again. Look at her!"

Timmy's gaze peered over at Tootie, she was quite the sobbing mess. She was actually pulling on his heart strings a little, which was odd considering that he usually found her annoying on a good day, and creepy on a bad one.

"It's Tootie! Why should I kiss her!? My life is already going terribly enough Wanda!" Timmy said.

His response prompted Wanda to raise her wand. She couldn't do too much without a wish being made but Tootie's one wish was essentially magically blaring in her mind. She just wanted Timmy to see a modicum of how she felt at this moment. She knew it worked when he looked at her funnily then furrowed his brow. She let him hear and feel what she was feeling for just a few seconds.

*'My love is leaving? I never even got to show him how much I cared. He doesn't even want to go! I heard his stupid dad got a stupid new job. I will miss him so much but this isn't about me, he must feel terrible. Uuuugh. Just one kiss. One kiss and I can bear it until I see him again. I wish just once he could see that I would treat him better than Trixie. He probably hasn't noticed I'm here but Trixie didn't even come to see him off. She probably didn't even know he would be leaving. Bitch.'*

Timmy's eyebrows raised. That was some strong language for a ten year old, he was more surprised by her thoughts though. She wasn't interrupting him since she knew he was already in the dumps because of the move. Even forgetting never seeing Trixie again, he might never see his friends again. As far back as he could remember he was friends with Chester and AJ, now, nothing. They already said their goodbyes. Chester cried a little but all three of them tried their best to hide their sadness, to be tough. He did a throaty chuckle at the thought of that. He made a realization while he was thinking about all of this, Tootie thought of him like he thought of Trixie. Maybe even moreso. Would it really end his life just to give her one sign of affection? It would be one more than Trixie ever gave him. Did he really want Tootie to feel how he felt? He decided to go across the street and talk to her. It's not like he was helping much with loading up the boxes.

".....Hey Toots."

Tootie wiped her tears away and put on a fake smile before turning around. "Oh, hey Timmy. I'm sorry if me standing here is bothering you. I just wanted to see you off. We are in the same grade and everything so it's sad to see you go."

Timmy felt bad. She really thought he would only talk to her on his final day in town to tell her to buzz off. The fake smile and red eyes also made his heart ache. "I wanted to say I was going to miss you."

Tootie's eyes widened. "You're going to.....huh?"

"Timmy miss Tootie when he gone, does that phrasing help at all?"

Tootie giggled and wiped a small tear away. "I understand. I just never expected you to say it, or talk to me. Am I dreaming or something?"

Timmy smirked. She was so sweet. He wasn't sure if it was because of the crap week he was having because of the move but he wished he found her this adorable earlier. It didn't matter anymore though. "Tootie, can you come here for a second?"

"You want me to get closer to you instead of further away?!"

"Tootie if you keep questioning everything I say or do I'm going to have to leave before our conversation is over."

Tootie shyly looked at the ground and blushed, but slowly stepped towards him. She stopped a few feet away, she had a pretty accurate reading of what his comfort zone was for her.

"Closer."

At least she thought she did. She stood about five feet away. "Is this fine?"

Timmy just walked up to her and put her fingers into his palm. "Tootie, I want you to know I'm sorry for treating you the way I did all these years. I know how you feel. More than you could ever know."

Tootie was too busy trying to control her heated face to make a sarcastic comment about how aware she was about his infatuation with Trixie. He was actually holding her hand, finally! She didn't want to misread though. He could just want to be close to someone while he's feeling down. She was happy to oblige. "Timmy, are you feeling alright? Did you need a hug or something."

Timmy put two fingers under her chin to raise her head. "Or something." He leaned in and placed a kiss on her lips. It was just a chaste peck but she was frozen in place. He smiled knowing he made her day. It wasn't as awful as he thought, actually it wasn't awful at all. He wished he thought of this months or years ago. Oh well, it was too late for laments. He placed a hand on top of her head and rubbed it and gave a final weak smile. "Goodbye Tootie."

*Six years later*

Tootie sighed at her desk. Once again she was thinking about that one event with that one boy when she was ten. This couldn't be normal. She hadn't crushed on any other boys really. It's not like it mattered if she did, she was just the frumpy little nerd. She thought being short was supposed to make her cuter but it just seemed to make her the target of jokes. She was only four foot ten, so there were a lot of jokes to be made. [147 cm for you commies using the metric system (I'm joking. Metric makes more logical sense)]

"Why are you huffing? Thinking about your little boyfriend again?"

Tootie looked up and saw Trixie standing before her. She was abnormally tall for a girl at five foot seven (170 cm) but the guys loved her legs that she showed off at every opportunity

Whenever she deigned it worth her time to speak with a *commoner* it was usually just an insult.

"Just thinking about how pathetic it is that a preppy bitch has to waste her time insulting someone to feel something beyond the loathing she has for herself." A few of the kids around were clearly close to laughing, but stifled them as they did not want to be the next objects of Trixie's wrath.

"Like, you're not just going to take that from miss 4 feet of ugly are you Trixie?" Veronica said

"No, no I am not."

Trixie raised her hand to slap the nerdy little midget in front of her but stopped when she heard grunting from the front of the classroom. The teacher had entered.

"Miss Tang is there a problem?"

Trixie switched to her disgustingly sweet voice. "No Mr. Lee, there is no problem. Just having a conversation."

"Well, class is about to begin, please take your seat miss Tang." Mr. Lee sighed then sat at his desk, organizing a few papers.

Trixie shot a hostile glance towards Tootie and mouthed "This isn't over."

Mr. Lee spoke to the class. "Some of you may have heard rumors this morning, but we have gained a new student today. He strongly prefers to go by T. In a few moments he will be entering the class. I would strongly advise against causing any issues while he is introducing himself."

The class grumbled incoherently at the threat until the new student walked in. Tootie immediately noticed her heart rate increasing. She found this odd since the only boy to ever cause that to happen to her was Timmy, although this guy was handsome. She had to admit. He seemed to only be a little above average height and well toned but not freakishly muscular. He also had brown hair and blue eyes like Timmy. She didn't pay very much attention to what he was saying since she would likely never speak to him. The teacher asked him a few generic questions as he didn't seem extremely talkative. Interests, comics and games, sometimes sports. No family in town, just moved in last week. The usual stuff.

When he was finished the teacher said he was allowed to pick his own seat. Tootie rolled her eyes as she guessed what was likely about to happen. As soon as the words left the teacher's mouth Trixie did a flirty wave in the new guys direction. Tootie assumed she thought he had potential to be popular. What surprised her was that he didn't immediately glance in Trixie's direction, he seemed to be scanning the room. When he looked in Tootie's direction he smiled. She thought she was imagining things but the seats on either side of her were empty. He then chose the desk on her left and dropped his bag.

'Did he just choose me over Trixie as the pretty girl to sit next to!?' There had to be some kind of mistake. Maybe he was some kind of sick sadist and she looked like an easy target to make fun of for the semester. Her thoughts were interrupted by Mr. Lee

"So, as you all know we have a midterm history partner project coming up. T has not been here so I am unaware of the gaps in his knowledge, although the class is AP world history so I would not expect it to be very vast. Whoever is willing to partner with him will receive extra....consideration on the assignment. Of a letter grade."

T immediately shot his hand up. "Sorry for interrupting your pitch sir, but I already have a partner. The girl next to me volunteered immediately."

The teacher smiled brightly. "Why miss Valentine that is very considerate of you. Although given that you usually make it within the nineties for each assignment it is doubtful the extra credit will help you much. Are you sure that you wish to partner with him?"

Tootie was beyond confused at what just happened. He voluntarily chose her to pressure into being a partner out of the entire class and she had no idea why. She almost wanted to say no but when she looked at T he was whispering *please*. She sighed and resigned herself to her fate. She couldn't say no to that smile and level of excitement.

"Yes Mr. Lee. I'm sure."

"Excellent miss Valentine! You really are a model student. Now that that is settled we can begin speaking about Roman architecture." He turned off the lights, then turned on the projector and began to go through a slide show. "Some of the tricks they used to stay cool were actually rather interesting. The ultra rich even had ancient forms of air conditioning."

Tootie was aware of this subject so she opened her book to delve into the world of fantasy. Sadly it was not to be. The new boy next to her timidly poked her arm.

"Thanks for partnering with me. You're awesome." T whispered.

Tootie squinted her eyes. "It's not like I had much choice. Why did you choose me anyway? Because I look like a nerd that can get you an easy A?" She found it strange when he turned a bit shy.

"Actually it's because you're the cutest girl in class and I wanted to make sure you were my partner. Sorry if you have a boyfriend or something and that's inappropriate."

Tootie was stunned. He was either honest to a fault or a shameless liar. Her accelerating heart rate wanted to believe the former, but logic dictated it was the latter. She had changed to more normal looking glasses and turned her twin pigtails into a double dutch braid leading to one ponytail but she didn't think she was one of the prettiest girls in class. She was also sure she couldn't compete with someone like Trixie in any capacity. She liked to remain fairly close to bare faced with very little makeup. She also didn't tend to keep up with the latest designer styles like the other girls either. She dropped the catholic schoolgirl getup around thirteen when it became apparent what some boys thought of them, but on her best day she was just "cutesy." in style. The other girls seemed to be smokeshows every day.

Tootie finally thought of a response, but it came out horribly. "S-stop joking and pay attention. I don't want you to get behind just because you wanted to mess with the nerdy girl in class."

"Whatever you say *Valentine*."

Tootie looked forward and was glad the class was rather dark, since she would have been beet red. The way he emphasized her name made it rather apparent what he was really trying to say. After the teacher finished the lesson the students began packing their stuff. It looked as if T was going to say something to her but Trixie stepped in with her crew of Tad, Chad, and Veronica in tow.

"We're having a party at Chad's tonight. Do you want to join us new boy?"

T smiled politely although it slightly wavered when he saw Tootie getting ready to leave. "Sorry, I already promised Valentine she could come over so we could start on our project today. We were actually just talking about it now. Right?"

Tootie hated that he put her in a rock and a hard place again. Was he serious? ".....right."

Trixie brushed her hair behind her ear. "Well when you're done with the dorkizoid if you have time you can stop by."

T smiled. "I'll keep that in mind. Don't look out for me though. I'd also really appreciate if you didn't insult Valentine she's been beyond kind to me."

Trixie was gritting her teeth and staring daggers at Tootie, Tootie actually seemed to shrink slightly. Trixie turned her sweet voice on though, she knew how the game was played. "I still hope I'll see you tonight T, there's a while until the project is due so one little party can't hurt." She walked up and ran her hand lightly down his arm. "I'd be very.....*appreciative* if you came." After her light flirting Trixie and her crew left the room.

Tootie was beyond confused. She pulled on his shirt to get his attention while he was packing. "Why did you do that?"

"Do what?"

"Turn down the most popular girl in school and defend me."

"Oh, that. One, I don't like anyone being picked on. Especially new friends." He turned on his dazzling smile. "Two, we're studying at my place later so I might not have time for a party. I was sure I said that part out loud." T took no time to answer. The responses were nearly automatic, it appeared as if they were honest.

Tootie once again gained a red hue, she didn't even bother trying to hide it anymore. "I never agreed to that! Why do you even want to start on it today? It's due in like two and a half weeks and can be done in a couple of days. Tops."

T put his fingers on his chin pretending to be in deep thought, then said out loud. "What reason could a guy have for wanting to spend more time with a girl he already said was

attractive to him."

*'This HAS to be a joke.'* She never even got second glances from boys, then a hot new guy immediately plops down next to her and is aggressively hitting on her. Maybe Trixie paid him off and he would bring down the hammer of embarrassment soon.

"Uh, helloooo? *Valentine*, are you alright? You kind of spaced out."

"I-I'm fine. What did you say?"

"I said could I have your number so I could know when and where to pick you up later."

She was hesitant. She wanted to reject him but something in his stupid face wouldn't let her. She couldn't say no to his eyes and smile. "...fine. Will you at least use my first name though. It's Tootie."

"So my valentine's name is Tootie. Good to know."

She tried to stomp her foot to show he was irritating her but he didn't seem to care at all. He just gave her another gigantic smile and waved goodbye as he left the class.

The rest of the day was about the same. They had two other classes together and he reacted in a similar manner. He would walk in the class seemingly bored out of his mind then he would light up as soon as he saw her. It almost creeped her out. She didn't consider herself special in any capacity. Intelligence maybe, looks. Nooooo. Yet every opportunity he received throughout the day he made sure to compliment her outright, or imply she was beautiful in some sly fashion. This had never happened to her before so it was stressful to say the least. She needed advice, and she knew just who to get it from.

---

When she got home she breathed in and out deeply a few times, then made her way up the stairs as she gripped the railing. Her sister didn't hate her or anything but she wasn't exactly know to be the calmest, and she didn't know how she would react to something like this. She might just call her stupid and kick her out. When she finally gathered the courage she lightly knocked on her sister's door.

"Yes?"

"Big sis can I come in? I need to ask you for advice."

"Ugh, fine. Make it quick though. I'm studying for midterms."

Tootie slowly opened the door and slid inside. Then sat on the edge of her sisters bed. She had no idea how to broach this subject.

"Is the advice on how to master the art of silence?" Vicky said sarcastically, still scanning through her textbook and taking notes.

"Sorry....It's about a boy."



Vicky immediately closed her textbook and turned her desk chair around. "You're asking about a boy!?"

Tootie deadpanned. "Is it really that surprising?"

"Just a little. Sometimes when I catch you making sad faces I know you're thinking about the little twerp."

"Timmy."

"Whatever. Point made."

Tootie rolled her eyes. "A new guy came into class today, at first glance I thought he was cute."

Vicky smirked and shook her head. "Oh man, my little sister is a maneater"

"When he came into the class he looked around for a few seconds then immediately stared right at me. I thought he was looking at another girl or something but then he sat right next to me."

"What's wrong with that? My sister is cute."

"A few minutes later the teacher started talking about a partner project, and he volunteered me to be his. It seemed like he didn't even consider anyone else in his mind."

Vicky's gaze narrowed. "That is a little weird, especially for a teenage guy. Did you do anything special today?"

"NO! My hair was a mess, I'm in an oversized shirt, and my skirt wasn't exactly some sexy mini skirt. If I TRIED being cute I could somewhat understand but why would he be attracted to me when I look like a hot mess!?"

"Are you sure? You have no idea?"

"The only think I could think of was that Trixie might be setting me up for some prank or something. He did reject a party that Trixie made a point of inviting him to...on the off chance that I wasn't busy and wanted to study with him."

"So you find it weird that he rejected a hot girl that wanted to get into his pants for a frumpy nerd basically, right?"

Tootie didn't take it as an insult, she had essentially described herself and Trixie that way, several times. "Yes! As soon as I hopped off the bus he said to text him my address so he could pick me up at five."

On some level Vicky thought he could just be a boy with strange tastes and lasered in on Tootie as his type, but her sister wasn't going to let this go. "Maybe I should have a conversation with this boy when he picks you up."

---

T knocked on the door and waited. After a few seconds he saw that beautiful face, or at least half of it since she had most of her body and face hiding behind the door. *'Hope I'm not pushing her too hard.'* "You ready to go? I don't mind if you wanted to dress comfy. You look cute anyway."

"N-no, I still need to get ready, sorry. Just have a seat on the couch and I'll be down in a few minutes." Tootie quickly skittered up the stairs and T flopped onto the couch and slung an arm over the back. After a minute or two he saw a tall yet oddly more slender figure coming down the steps.

Vicky put on here fake sweet voice, for now. "Hello, who are you?"

he stood and outstretched his hand. "I'm T. Nice to meet you. I'm a classmate of Tootie's. We're working together on a project."

Vicky waved it off and sat in the recliner. " I'm Vicky. No need to be so formal, I'm barely older than you."

"I know, but I try not to presume. I'm guessing you're like eighteen or something."

Vicky almost broke out in a smile. He was quite the charmer. She could see how he roped her sister into this even if she was annoyed. "We both know I'm in my twenties. Thanks for the compliment though."

"No problem, the beauty obviously runs in the family."

"Are you sure you and Toots are just partners on a project? It sounds like you want more." She said with a giggle.

"For now we are, I don't know how she feels about me. I know for sure I like her though."

Vicky pretended to contemplate something then said "That's strange, she said you all just met today."

"Yea, call it love at first sight or whatever."

"Still, the way you said like implies you know her more than just a passing crush."

T shrugged. "I'm a teenage boy, I can't just like a girl in my class?"

"You can, but it's very weird of you to choose my sister. She's cute if she dresses up but most of the time she looks disheveled. Are you into that or something?"

"I'm into her." He said. Clearly a little too quickly since Vicky's face was now devoid of all joy.

Vicky stood up and made a point of sitting down rather close to him on the couch, afterwards she leaned over and whispered to him just in case her sister was listening. "I don't know if Trixie put you up to this or if you're doing it on your own, but my sister is not a fucking toy to be played with. If my sister comes home crying from some prank I'm going to have her tell

me where your house is so I can break my foot off in your ass. To answer the question you're asking yourself '*Is that even physically possible?*' Yes, yes it is. It won't be pleasant for you in the slightest though. That preppy bitch will be right after you. Are we clear?" When T leaned back she expected to see fear, nervousness, something. All she saw was determination.

"I would never hurt Tootie."

Vicky wanted to be annoyed but something about those eyes and that facial expression felt familiar. Her mind was screaming at her. "*That face means this is happening regardless of what you want Vicky*" In that moment a lot of things began to click for her. He was wearing a red shirt, and he didn't have the buck teeth but he was the spitting image of what she figured Timmy would look like if he was older. That could have also been part of why Tootie was incapable of saying no to him. The thing was he looked too close to Timmy to NOT be him, especially with that face and hair. The eyes simply sealed it for her. She saw his face twist from determined to something fear adjacent, but she understood it wasn't due to her threat. No, it was about what she could be thinking of by analyzing him this much and this closely.

"Hey are you the twe-" Vicky stopped when he emphatically put his forefinger over her lips. She had her answer. It was Timmy after all.

"Vicky, just listen to what I have to say before you talk to your sister. That's all I ask."

"I'm listening, twerp."

# Shattered dreams

## Chapter Summary

Tootie discovers more about who T really is

Tootie was currently nervously riding in T's black mustang. She sat in her room like her sister said but she could still hear their conversation up to a certain point, until about halfway through where at best all she heard was T's low deep voice whispering indecipherably. When her sister came up the steps she was strangely smiling, and told her she had absolutely nothing to worry about and that T was on the up and up. She said if anything popped off to let her know but her face made it apparent that she just *knew* nothing would happen.

This annoyed her to no end. How could he have possibly charmed her sister enough in such a short amount of time to trust him completely? How could she just leave him for what could potentially be a wolf in sheep's clothing in less than a five minute conversation. Tootie sighed and her heart sank, maybe her sister cared about her less than she thought.

"Tootie, are you alright?" T said while placing his hand on hers which was resting on the center armrest.

Tootie quickly looked around and realized they had come to a stop in a place that was all too familiar. Timmy's house. "Why are we here?"

"Because I live here?"

Right. Right. Tootie realized that was a stupid question. The house had been on sale for years, a new family moving in would likely snatch it up given the neighborhood. "Sorry, I just knew the person that lived there previously and it brings back memories."

"Good or bad memories?"

"Mostly bad, I had a crush on him for years and he seemed indifferent to my presence on a good day."

T raised an eyebrow. "You said *mostly* bad, what are some of the good things?"

"Well, he would usually try to protect me from this bully named Francis, even though he was twice his size. The end result was usually him getting beaten in my place but he kept doing it. He was really brave. Uh, his last day in town was kind of weird but it's one of the best memories I have."

"I'm all ears, *Valentine*." He said with a smirk.

"It was really weird. He spent all those years chasing another girl and pushing me away. Then on his last day he said he was going to miss me and gave me my first kiss. The way he was holding my hand made it seem like he didn't want to let me go."

"I know I don't"

Tootie realized that during the entire conversation he had kept his hand on hers and she had completely failed to register it. She snatched it away out of nervousness and place it on one of her cheeks. She was burning up. "S-so are we going to go inside to study now?"

"Sure, stay there though."

"....okay."

T walked over and opened her door for her. She rolled her eyes while grabbing her bag but he the continued blush gave it away. She liked it. When they walked inside it was his turn to play host. "So before we get started did you want anything to drink?"

"I wouldn't mind."

"Hm, you don't look like much of a coffee girl. How about some green tea?"

"That's perfect, thank you." Tootie said, her eyes glued to the floor. When she heard him step towards the kitchen she took the opportunity to look around. She should have guessed by the fact that he had a mustang at sixteen but the interior of the house was very nice. She didn't know all the exact terms but it looked fairly modern. The walls were painted gray with white accents, nothing in the house looked antique, fairly recent actually. Even the chandelier was a modern circular style led version instead of the classic glass variety.

"Is all of the stuff in here new?"

She continued to look around and it was more of the same. The water was going to take a few minutes to boil so she felt bold enough to venture upstairs. If she remembered correctly from the few times she was in his house then upstairs use to hold his room, his parents room, and a home office for his father. She opened door number one and it was empty, alright. They did just move here. Door number two was obviously T's room, although it was odd since it appeared to be the master bedroom. She could tell it was his because although it was extremely clean the comic book and anime posters just screamed I'm a boy. She closed his door and thought about if she should open the last one, it obviously had to be his parents room. Nothing else would make sense. She didn't see another car in the driveway and T would have told her if someone else was here, right?

"Enjoying your self serve tour?"

Tootie nearly jumped out of her skin and turned around while clinging to the wall. "I was....just trying to find the bathroom."

T shook his head. "You don't have to lie. If your crush lived here and you've been in here a couple of times then you probably have a vague idea of where the bathroom is. I'm going to

take a wild guess at what you were really doing."

Tootie gulped. Sure she found it strange that he bothered to hit on her, and she still wasn't completely on board with trusting him, but he had given her no reason to doubt him. Now he would become pissed off at her. He could even get with Trixie out of spite and make her school experience even more turbulent. She hated herself right now.

"You were snooping around to get some idea of what your future boyfriend was like."

Processing....processing....after about ten seconds Tootie finally realized he wasn't angry. He didn't care at all. He turned it into yet another opportunity to flirt with her. What was his issue? She was just in some a loose t shirt and some jogging pants. With her gigantic glasses on she could not see how paired with the invasion of privacy this moment could be remotely sexy.

"Well, do you want to see what's behind door number three?"

"Would you believe me if I said no?"

T smirked while slowly opening the door. He seemed to want to see her reaction. Once she looked inside what she found surprised her, or rather, what she didn't find. The room was completely barren just like the other one.

"That doesn't make sense."

"A room in a house being empty right after a move doesn't make sense?"

"Where do your parents sleep?"

"My parents are not with me." T said, his mood growing slightly somber. Although he quickly hid it. "We should go back downstairs. You don't want the tea to get cold do you?"

Tootie followed as he made his way back downstairs to the couch. She felt terrible now. She shouldn't have snooped. After taking a sip of her tea she stuffed down her shyness and looked him in the eye. "I'm sorry for snooping, I didn't know your parents were dead. I just wanted to get to know you better. I should have known when I saw no family pictures throughout your home."

T chuckled. "They're not dead."

"Then why did you say they aren't with you? Did you all add on an extra bedroom to the house or something? You still haven't told me where they sleep. Did they just go out and you wanted to make a joke?"

"Nah, I'm dead serious. It's just me here. The house is basically mine. It only belongs to my parents in name only."

"Your parents BOUGHT YOU A HOUSE!?"

"Yea, they're kind of the *hands off* type." As long as I ask for anything within reason they get it for me."

Tootie's expression plainly displayed how dumbfounded she was. "You're really going to sit here and tell me *a house* is within reason?"

"It is for my dad. He licked so many dress shoes I'm surprised his tongue isn't black. I asked for a house in this town and luckily this was open."

"He just let you move out on your own?"

"Like I said, hands off. They spend most of their time away on various vacation destinations. He's a senior executive or something so for the most part unless something big pops off he can work from anywhere."

"If you're completely serious though you could have been anywhere. It's weird of you to pick some random suburb like this one even if the neighborhood is nice."

T smiled. "You really want to know why I picked this one?"

"Of course."

"I heard this town had the most beautiful girl in the country. As soon as I walked into class today I knew I was right."

Tootie rolled her eyes but was blushing once again. Of course he wouldn't give her a straight answer. Just more flirty bullshit. She couldn't be mad though, he had known her for less than a day. Even if he really was crushing on her he couldn't trust her with every ounce of information about his life. He had already been more forthright about his life than anyone else she tried to get to know. She hoped anyway.

"T, did you really bring me here to work on the project? Trixie was right....we have a few weeks and his group projects aren't exactly hard."

"I wanted to see you, you seem like a perfectionist so this was the easiest option to see you outside of school. If all you want to do is work on the project that's fine. I'm happy to occasionally steal glances at you."

Tootie looked into his eyes to gauge if there was even a hint of dishonesty. There was none. "Why are you so interested in me? The literal prettiest girl in school asked you out on your first day."

"Maybe it's your petite form." T grabbed a lock of her hair and gently ran it through his fingers until it fell back to her shoulder. "Maybe it's your beautiful raven colored hair. Maybe it's your gigantic glasses that make you look adorable." T gently raised her glasses. "Maybe it is the fact that your eyes match your hair in color and I find it a beautiful and unique trait." T made sure to lean a little closer and speak slower. "Maybe it's your lips that are practically calling to me to place mine onto them."

Tootie's body stiffened, except it was not in fear. Anticipation perhaps? Her lips slightly parted and heart rate increased. It seemed reflexive. Her eyes were almost closed but right before she closed them he pulled away. The goofy smirk evident on his face.

"I guess any of those could be reasons as to why I'm so interested in you."

Once again he managed to make her blush with seemingly no effort. He knew exactly how to press all of her buttons in an eerily efficient fashion. She doubted she would be able to concentrate on the project if she stayed here, and she was rather confused about how she felt about him. She didn't dislike him per se, there was simply a draw to him that she could not fully put into words. She was sure she was aware of what the feeling was, but T made perfectly sure that she never made it very deep in thought.

"I'm sorry, I don't think I'm feeling well. Could you take me home?"

---

*"Whatever you want my valentine."*

That had been his only response to her request yesterday. He didn't even so much as have an angry huff. If he liked her as much as he keeps saying shouldn't he have been a little more adamant on her staying? *"Wait, why do I CARE if he likes me!?"* She had only known him for a day but every time she thought of him her heart did flips. It was just like with...well it wasn't quite Timmy but it was close. She had no idea if she could trust him though. It was all so sudden.

And yet again she let him rope her into letting him drive her to school. He said it was the next best thing to having her stay longer since his Queen shouldn't ride in a rusty school bus when he can pick her up. She saw no reason to say no and Vicky was all smiles as she waved her off. Surprisingly she hadn't been teasing her about her new "boyfriend." That seemed very unvicklyike

He was rather silent on the ride to school, although he seemed to enjoy occasionally looking at her and smiling when it was safe. She just accepted it when he opened the car door for her at school. It was almost as if he didn't care who saw them together. The main them being Trixie.

"....Thanks for the ride T. You know you don't have to be this nice to me right?"

T raised an eyebrow. "Every single thing I do for you makes me happy. It's especially nice seeing your face and knowing you don't take it for granted." He outstretched his hand to take her fingertips within his palm and help her out of the car.

"I-I can carry my own books so you don't have to ask. I'm not a wounded bird."

"Nah, the only winged creature you are is an angel."

"pfft, what a line." She said trying to brush it off, although it was obvious to both of them that it worked.



As they entered the school T said. "You remember where my locker is right?"

"I'm not sure. You only let me know like five times in the car."

"...anyway if I wait for you will you come by so we can eat breakfast together? I made you a breakfast sandwich in case you didn't want to eat the cafeteria stuff."

Stupid sweet T, stupid impossible to say no to face. "Fine. I'll be by in a few minutes." Tootie noticed he raised his arms for a split second then immediately put one arm down and the other behind his head. If she wasn't paying attention she would have missed it. She rolled her eyes and wrapped her little arms around him. "Hugs aren't that special, you can just go for it."

T wrapped his arms around her while rocking and swaying just a little back and forth. "I didn't want to make you uncomfortable. Good to know though."

After about twenty seconds she gave his back a few pats and he let her go "I'll see you in a few." She heard T do a short breathy laugh then wave her off. It seemed odd but the feeling she had while they were hugging was the same as when Timmy held her hand and gave her her first kiss. *'Maybe you do have feelings for him.'* She actually smirked a little. She never thought she would feel this way again. Vicky also trusts him completely so he probably isn't full of shit. She can sniff that out like a bloodhound. Tootie shut her locker while grabbing the books for her first two classes. She had a new resolve.

Timmy was leaning against his locker waiting for Tootie. A few of the girls pointed and giggled but he ignored it. He didn't spend all those years perfecting his style for them. He did it for one person and one person alone. Speaking of which, the person storming towards him right now was not that one person. Timmy sighed. He hated the high school drama shit.

"Sup."

"Sup? Sup!? That's all you have to say? You stand ME up last night then you treat little miss four feet of ugly like a fucking princess this morning holding all the doors for her, and even acting like she can't stand when getting out of a car. Don't you know who I am?" Trixie said

Timmy could no longer keep his face deadpan, he began laughing. This caused a few students to stare but most kept it moving. "Give me a minute this is too good."

"HOW IS THIS FUNNY!?"

"I told you I couldn't make that party last night. Why would I still show up after letting you know with almost certainty that I wouldn't be there?"

"Because *I* asked you to be there. I'm the richest, most popular, and most beautiful girl at this school."

"One, most beautiful is a matter of perspective, For me that's Tootie." He ignored her mouth hanging open and continued before she could form a coherent thought. "And two, preppy girls like you are a dime a dozen."

"No girl is as pretty as me. *Especialy* four feet of ugly."

"I think you're confusing pretty with vapid."

"Huh?"

Timmy shook his head. "Anyway, you know we've met before right?"

"We have? I would remember you if we met before. I remember all the popular kids."

"Yea, all ten of them. You want me to take you out instead of Tootie right?"

"DUH! Glad you're finally catching on."

"I'll make you a deal. If you can remember my name and say it right now I will completely stop talking to Tootie and be your boyfriend until you want to drop me." Timmy heard a book drop around the corner but ignored it. He knew the end result already as he knew who Trixie was.

"Your name is T, of course I'd remember that." Trixie smugly flicked her hair behind her shoulder.

"No, what is my real name?"

"You never told the class that....This isn't fair."

"I never told the class," Timmy smiled. "but I told you. Hundreds of times actually. Maybe thousands. Come on, you can do it. You just have to remember one time and I'm all yours to do as you please with."

Trixie mumbled and stared at the ground.

Timmy lowered his head and put a hand to his ear to tease her. "I'm sorry, what was that?"

" I said I don't know ok!? Who are you?"

Timmy began walking to the corner where he heard the book fall. "You'll know in a few days."

When Timmy peeked his head around the corner as he suspected he saw Tootie. He picked up the textbook she dropped. "Are you ready to go *Valentine*?"

Tootie was completely floored. He flat out rejected Trixie Tang in front of the entire school. That was social suicide. There was no way he was working for her, even if she clung to him every second of the day his rep would never fully recover from what he just did.

"I'm sorry, you seem a bit distracted so I'm going to guide you. Let me know if you're uncomfortable." T took her hand and began leading her to the cafeteria.

She looked at him holding her hand and it finally sunk in. He really did like her as much as he's been saying. Her mind swirled with dozens of questions, but a few came to the forefront. "*Why does he like me?*" "*How does he know Trixie?*" "*Who are you T? Really?*"

---

She didn't even bother putting up a front when he invited her over again later. The questions she was asking herself earlier were still fresh within her mind. She called Vicky to let her know where she would be but she hadn't even gotten the entire sentence out before she said no problem. Once again he brought out the green tea and sat rather close to her on the couch.

"So, we working on the project today?" T said with a shit eating grin.

"I think you know I heard most of that conversation."

"Uh huh."

"Then you know I have questions."

"Uh huh."

Tootie gripped her glass a little more tightly. "How do you know Trixie? And why were you so willing to go out with her if she just knew your name?"

T shook his head and smiled. "I knew Trixie wouldn't remember my name. She only thinks about herself and how things can immediately benefit her."

"But how could you possibly know that? You also said you told her your name at least hundreds of times but you just move here."

"I use to be one of her many admirers."

"They why did you turn her away like that?" She already knew the answer he was going to give whe he looked at her as if she was an idiot.

"Because if I got with Trixie I wouldn't have any chance at all with one of the most beautiful girls in school?"

"Veronica? Everyone knows she secretly hates Trixie." She giggled when T playfully shoved her.

"I'm not going to dignify that with a response."

After a few seconds of awkward silence Tootie stood up with her tea and began walking around the living room. Just watching, just observing. She had some thoughts earlier that would make everything make sense but it would be a rather ridiculous assertion to make based on a couple of coincidences. She clicked a nail on her glass to make sure she had his attention then looked at him.

"Why did you say your parents didn't live with you again?"

"I....don't see how that's relevant."

"It's relevant to me."

"I don't like talking about my family very much." T got a feeling that he knew where the conversation was headed, even if he wasn't sure he wanted it to head there yet. All he could hope is that she would understand.

"I'll kiss you."

"What?"

Tootie sat down closer to T than she was previously seated. Then leaned in and spoke in a low, sultry voice. "I said I'll kiss you. That's what you want right?"

"Yes." T said, now he was the one blushing.

"well, if you want to kiss me today all you have to do is be honest with a few questions. Sounds fair to me."

T submitted. "They prefer to travel, it's easier for me to stay in one place and go to school and I'm old enough to not need a babysitter. This seemed like the best solution that made all of us happy."

"So you're saying being around their son doesn't make your parents happy?"

"Nah, it never did. Even when I was a kid they just hired a babysitter that was a glorified nanny almost every day."

Tootie leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "Very good. Keep going and you'll get what you want soon."

"What else did you want to know?" Timmy blushed once again. Wasn't she a shy nervous wreck around him just this morning? Why was she suddenly so...sensual. Had she already figured him out and was just messing with him now?

"Did you move around a lot before you landed here?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever not want to move from somewhere?"

"Just once, the first time I moved."

"You open to sharing?"

Surprisingly she actually gave him the option on if he wanted to answer. They both knew she could have forced him, she knew exactly what she was doing judging by the little smirk she had. He decided just to give her a taste. "There was this girl I was crushing on that I had to leave behind. You've probably heard the story a million times before. Anyway, obviously my parents didn't listen to them when I said I needed to stay. I practically groveled on my hands and knees."

Tootie noticed he performed a huff of laughter, it would have easily been dismissed by her as nothing if she hadn't spent some much time with him in the last two days. "Did something else happen?"

"Nothing of importance." T shook his head while looking at the ground.

Tootie placed her cup down, and quickly followed it with her glasses. She placed an ever so light hand on his cheek and she stroked his sideburn with her thumb. "Don't you want that kiss? I won't laugh at you."

"I'm not afraid of you laughing at me. You're too much of a little cinnamon roll for that. I'm afraid of depressing you. You can force me to tell you, but I can't promise you'll like what you hear. Do you still want the answer?"

"If you lived through it I think I can bother at least listening."

"When I was begging my dad to say he said one thing that stuck with me. We were never really the same after that. He tries throwing money at me because he's guilty I think but...it's obviously not the same. You know the old saying. Trust takes a while to build but can be shattered instantly."

Tootie scooped just a little closer. There was barely any room left between them now. "T, what did he say?"

With a deep breath T began talking. "You're going to need full context to get it." He grabbed her hand and placed it on the couch, but never released it. "When I was eight I was looking through things in the attic with my dad. I found a locked box and gave it to him. He opened it and for a split second he had a smile on his face. I asked him what was in the box and he said *written plans I had. Just hopes and dreams for the future.* I was eight and clumsy so I dropped the box, which for some reason was made of glass."

"And he hated you for that? Beat you?" Tootie said with a frown.

"Nah. I apologized as quickly as humanly possible and he just said it didn't matter since his dreams were shattered years ago." He chuckled to himself again about how shitty the next thing his father had said was. "When I asked when his dreams were shattered he asked when I was born."

Timmy saw a tear roll down her face but she hadn't told him to stop, it would be rather pointless to stop now anyway. He rubbed her hand to let her know things were okay. "When I was ten while I was begging my parents to stay I think he spoke out of anger, or maybe he was just telling the truth and regretted it later. His exact words are still fresh in my mind all these years later. *You already shattered my dreams, you're not shattering my opportunity to move up the ladder at work. Get in the damn car.*"

Tootie figured she was near ugly crying by now but she didn't care. She leaned in and gave him a passionate kiss. She didn't know if one kiss could do it but she was trying to show him that he was loved. Him being around her wouldn't shatter her dreams. If he kept acting like he

had the last two days he might be her dream. She broke the kiss then looked down at his lips one last time before placing one quick peck and backing away and wiping away a few tears.

"Was it everything you hoped for?"

"It was beyond anything I could have imagined."

"Good."

"Do you have any more questions?"

Tootie had a few in her head, but she felt as if she didn't have the confidence to ask them yet. Every day she learned more about him but it just lead to more questions. There were a couple of major ones nagging her but she couldn't be sure if she would like the answers she would receive. Her theory that would glue all of this together also weighed heavily on her mind, even if it made little sense.

"Not yet."

# The Last Wish

Tootie laid in bed in her dark room on sunday night "staring" at her ceiling. She simply could not sleep. Shortly after they kissed she asked T to take her home as she was confused beyond belief, but he would be picking her up tomorrow for school. She told him she had no more questions, but that was a lie. Many were zipping through her mind, number one being her hypothesis on who T was. In her head the hypothesis made sense but she knew if she asked him she might seem insane, or clinging to some guy from her younger years. T was the only guy besides Timmy to give her butterflies and she was not going to trash that just to put a guess out there. It frustrated her since it just made too much sense though. Kind of.

Timmy was acting funny before he left after giving her her first kiss. Maybe he finally figured out that he liked her. That makes sense. T said he was one of the guys that was infatuated with Trixie, AND he told her his name at least a few hundred times. Timmy did that so it made sense. T also said his dad considered him a burden essentially, Timmy's parents were barely ever home when he was young and paid her sister so much money she was able to get a fairly nice car. That also made sense. What was making her brain fry were the parts that didn't make sense.

If T *was* Timmy why on earth would he be in love with a girl he just figured out he liked for six years? Why would he be so enamored with her that he would come back to a middle of nowhere town for a chance at her? He had to know potentially she could have a boyfriend, or just flat out not like him anymore for a myriad of reasons. This was real life, not some romance story. That was a *huge* stretch.

It also didn't make sense that he would so casually brush off Trixie Tang. Sure, she knew how much of a gigantic bitch Trixie was but Timmy seemed to completely ignore it. She wasn't acting like a bitch towards T when he first came here so his defenses instantly being up and assuming the type of person she was right off the bat was odd.

Tootie banged her head on her pillow a couple of times, as she felt as if she was going insane. Timmy finding some way to come back since he just couldn't resist her was something she had been dreaming about for years, however she never thought it would really happen. And now she can't even be sure that it has without coming across as crazy.

"Wait!"

It seems like it doesn't matter what she says or does, he just glosses over and keeps seeing her as his five feet of heaven. Still, she didn't want to hurt him since he has been nothing but kind to her. If a bit annoying at times. She had to come up with some way of deciphering if this was the Timmy she knew or a new flame. The embers of an idea began to form in the back of her mind.

---

Tootie made sure to answer the door right before he knocked. She formed a plan last night and afterwards slept like a baby.

"Ready to go?"

She smiled as T absolutely failed to respond. He was too busy staring at her. It was exactly the reaction she had hoped for. She judged by a few of his offhand comments, his compliments towards her, and the fact that he never even gave Trixie a second glance that he preferred her style strongly. Cutesy yet comfy. She decided to wear an oversized sweater, black leggings, and ugs. She finally gained the confidence to wear a gold necklace she bought as a kid which simply had two Ts with a heart between them. Her look was natural but she put on just enough makeup to achieve the look most boys would think of as no makeup. She also took the time to take care of her hair this morning and wore it down instead of just another lazy bun.

This morning she was worried he would just have no reaction and she woke up over an hour early for nothing, but his reaction was priceless. "Earth to T. Are you ok?" She made sure to be *extra* cute by grabbing the wrist of her sweater arm and waving it with her hand. He followed her hand as if she was trying to hypnotize him but FINALLY snapped out of it a few seconds later.

"I-I'm really sorry. You look beautiful today Tootie."

She pouted. "So I don't look beautiful every day. I'm hurt."

"NO! You look beautiful every day but today you look extra beautiful!" T felt as if he stuck his foot in his mouth and wanted to kick himself. He was such an idiot.

She giggled. "I'm joking. Come on, you don't want to make your Valentine late do you?"

"My bad."

T went through the usual routine of being the perfect gentleman, holding her door for her, asking if she wanted to stop anywhere, etc. Tootie could tell he was off his game though. He couldn't even really make small talk since every time he looked in her direction he got tongue tied and trailed off. It confirmed what she already knew in that he liked her an exorbitant amount. Now she just needed a why for it to make sense.

Once they arrived at the school he seemed to loosen up a bit. She wasn't sure if he was putting on a face as to not lose his cool mysterious factor that he had attained, or if he simply didn't want to embarrass her, but she didn't care either way. She made sure to take his hand and soon as he closed her door and he turned bright red. It felt almost like she had to drag him to his locker due to the trance he was in.

Tootie lazily wrapped her arms around him as soon as they made it and looked up at him with a smile. "Can you do something for me?"

"A-anything for my Valentine."

"Can you take me shopping after school?"



His nervousness was finally eliminated as he smirked. "Wow, I didn't think you were a gold digger Tootie."

She frowned and swatted his back which just caused him to laugh. "Shutup. We both know you wouldn't let me pay for anything anyway. Especially since you're like the reborn richie rich or something."

"You know me too well."

"So is that a yes?"

"I can't say no to you, especially after you get all dressed up for me."

Tootie cocked her head. "Whatever do you mean sir? This is just a standard casual outfit."

"Sure." He deadpanned.

Tootie stood on her toes a bit and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Come here."

He obeyed and finally got to kiss his adorable...whatever they were, again. All the fantasies he had about her over the years hadn't done it justice. Her lips were plumper than he could have imagined, her scent more heavenly, her warmth more comforting. She felt perfect in his arms, so much so that without thinking he pinned her to the lockers emphatically and kept kissing her. If he had any outside awareness he would have realized they were getting a few stares, but he only had eyes for her. As she could not move away about thirty seconds later he felt her begin to tap on the back of his neck. It was with great sorrow that he let her go.

Tootie saw his disappointed face for a split second and held in a laugh. He acted as if she was his drug or something that he absolutely needed. "Play your cards right and you'll get to do a little more later. Understood?" He responded in a grumble, before he could correct himself she slid one of his hands from her lower back to her butt while maintaining eye contact. She had no idea why but her confidence with him went through the roof on Friday. "Understood?"

He nervously put his hand on her lower back again. "Yes Tootie."

"Good." She said while softly patting his chest twice and beginning to walk towards her locker. "I'll meet you in the cafeteria."

Timmy stared at her as she left. He finally understood what the old saying meant about hating to see her leave, but loving to see her walk away. He sighed and grabbed a couple of books and notes he needed for the next few periods and stuffed them in his backpack. He smirked like an idiot the entire way to the cafeteria. All his hard work had paid off. His dream was a reality. Looking back he wondered why he never paid attention to Tootie. She was slightly annoying back then but she was like nine, if he thought hard enough he could probably remember how much of a little shit he was around nine or ten.

"Whatever, all that matters is now." He said while shrugging off his menial thoughts and taking his seat. He was thankful Dimmsdale wasn't filled to the brim with students so the cafeteria actually had some breathing room. Finding a table alone was rather easy. He didn't

care if Tootie sat on his side so he could drape his arm over her or on the opposite end so he could look into her eyes. Win-win for him either way. As he was picturing the possibilities he began to inwardly groan, *someone* was coming over yet again to talk to him. He wondered what fresh hell she had for him today.

"Yes Trixie." He said, his voice obviously holding no interest whatsoever.

"I wanted to talk about what you said to me on Friday."

"Let me guess. I insulted the great Trixie Tang and now you're going to have your bodyguards assault me."

Trixie laughed uncomfortably. "I haven't used my bodyguards like that in years."

"Uh huh."

"Look, I know I haven't been the nicest girl in the world over the years."

He rolled his eyes. "You obviously have a right to say no. What made me realize how terrible you were was the fact that you took the presents, threw them into a pile next to you for your bodyguards to scoop up, then had them toss me and any other guy across whatever place we were in. You may have been born rich but that was one of the most classless things I've seen in my entire life."

"When I think back to all the boys that were attracted to me over the years my rejections could have been more tactful."

T almost performed a growl but pretty much managed to keep his face from showing his rage. She could tell he was losing patience for her by the second and decided to say her piece. "It's just that no one ever talked to me like you did. I wanted to apologize for whatever I..." She was interrupted by the midget walking in and dropping her laptop bookbag on the table while looking her right in the eye. She made a point of quickly motioning for T to scoot his chair back, then plopped down into his lap. Never breaking her gaze.

"Oh, my bad. You can continue."

Trixie was...beyond surprised. That was a ridiculously courageous move even by her standards. T's jaw dropped as well. It was as if she *knew* he was wrapped around her little finger, and she wanted everyone to see it now. "I-I was..."

Tootie grabbed his arms and forced him to wrap them around her waist. The action caused Trixie to stutter even harder. She would love to see T's face but this was between her and Trixie. "Did you actually want to apologize or were you just making things up to try to get him in your pocket?"

"I really wanted..."

"T is *mine*," She made a point of continuing to speak softly instead of screaming as to not make a scene. "find some other guy to play around with. There have to be at least a dozen sniffing around you for a date right now. You are the prettiest girl in school after all."

Trixie didn't actually know how to register this so she just turned and began to walk away. After a few steps she returned and said just loudly enough for them to hear but no one else. "I'm sorry. I really do mean it. To both of you." Then returned to her popular table.

Tootie was surprised Trixie could muster any sort of emotion besides joy at the pain of others and her status, then she realized T hadn't said anything for a while. "Sorry I got in between you guys. I know you can handle yourself but I needed to stand up for myself and I feel...complete around you. My confidence pretty much skyrockets."

"....."

"T?" Tootie turned her body so she was still on his lap but turned sideways, and wrapped her arms around his neck to stabilize herself. For once she was very happy to be small since it seemed while he was happy to have her there he practically forgot she was sitting on him. She realized he was staring at her like she was a goddess or something. She then became distinctly aware that his arms had tightened significantly since she lazily draped them across herself. "I know you're obsessed with me and all but you've never had that face before. What's up?"

"It just set in that all of this is really happening. You're really mine."

His face was so innocent that Tootie had to take a few seconds to admire it. "Am I really that special to you?"

"There's no other girl like you."

---

"So which shop did you want to hit first in the mall? Don't worry about price tags, unless you're trying to buy a whole store or something. We could do Chanel, Calvin Klein, the GAP, whatever you want. Just name it."

Tootie felt him grip her hand slightly tighter and saw his smile become enormous. "Did I do something?"

"Nah, just happy I get to see the most beautiful girl in the state try on clothes and look fantastic."

"Alright. I already looked online to make sure the things I wanted were here though so we don't really need to window shop or anything." Tootie saw his face become plain again before she felt him dragging her along. "Uh, T. The store I want to go to is that way."

"We're going to the store you want to go to last."

"Don't you think that's kind of mean? It was my idea to come here..."

He stopped pulling and looking her in the eye. He almost seemed angry. "No. You get to be a princess today. "

"But..."

"No buts. Already called Vicky to make sure I wouldn't be holding you up from anything."

She tried the one thing that always seemed to work on him. "I thought you wanted to make me happy?"

"I do, but you need to see yourself how I see you."

Tootie grumbled to herself about her traitorous sister, then she realized it would probably at least be an hour before she got her answer when she heard his tone. It figured that the one time he wouldn't want to keep her in a constant haze of joy was when it came to her low self esteem. She had to admit it was kind of sweet. Even if it was mildly annoying at this very moment. After almost dragging her down an escalator he finally turned around and held her hands while looking right into her soul with a smile. She felt like her heart was going to burst out of her chest.

"What do you want?"

"I need time to think about it. I don't want to waste your time or money."

He kissed her forehead. "No time spent with you is wasted. What does my Valentine desire?"

"Well, I've been feeling like I need a new purse for a while but it doesn't have to be anything major. It's just going to be hold a few feminine things and my wallet." She thought T zoned out because he seemed to be looking past her, then his face lit up like he had the most brilliant idea of all time and once again he was tugging on her little hand as hard as he could without hurting her. When they stopped again she could only squawk at him. "Are you serious!?"

"Perfectly serious. Do you not like Louis Vuitton? We can get a Gucci or Calvin Klein one if you want." After a few seconds he realized that wasn't the reason when she stood there with her jaw nearly on the ground being unresponsive. "You don't have to pay for anything so don't worry about it." He felt bad that he seemed to have caused Tootie to regress again. She simply nodded and followed him slowly inside. She looked like a timid mouse. He decided to intertwine their fingers to try to calm her down a little but he wasn't sure if he made it worse or not.

She felt as if she shouldn't even be allowed in the store. This was above her paygrade. Even the people working here looked more important than her. The attendant behind the counter could practically be a model. Her long red hair seamlessly flowed down her back which drew your attention to her ridiculous body in her skin tight black dress. She didn't know how T wasn't gawking at her, her legs went on for days. Surprisingly once they got to the counter she spoke, albeit softly.

"I know you all tend to have at least a few reasonably priced things before you get into the high quad digits. Could you just....show me that."

Timmy stopped the attendant as soon as they turned to head to the back. "I'm sorry she's never been to a store like this. I don't know a ton about women's bags for obvious reasons but don't worry about what she said. Can you just grab two or three bags you think would look

good on her? She said she only wants to carry a few things so a smaller one is fine." He made sure to do a slight wink on the side Tootie couldn't see.

The attendant could tell this young man had some money so they became very attentive. "Right away sir." She said with a smile. This commission was going to be quite nice."

Tootie bumped him slightly with her waist while looking at the ground. "What are you doing?"

"Getting you a bag?"

"Don't these bags usually average a few thousand dollars? My most expensive bag was like two hundred and I thought it was really nice. I don't want you to waste your money...."

Timmy simply raised a hand and performed a head pat then moved his hand side to side on her head. She was adorable. "No money spent on you is wasted Tootie. You're worth a lot to me."

Despite his words her heart was still beating quickly. She almost felt weak so she placed her head on his arm to steady herself.

"Here you are sir." The attendant placed two bags down then began rambling about each one. She said something about one being a pochette and the other being a mini dauphine with their monogram pattern.

"Any particular reason you grabbed these bags?"

"Your partner is rather..." She made a point of looking Tootie up and down, it was likely subconscious though. "petite. The pochette is cross body in style and black so it is unlikely to eclipse her beauty. You want the bag to compliment her, not be the center of attention. Correct?"

"Right."

"Our symbol is still strewn across the band so people can see what she has. The clasp on the bag is also our symbol in gold."

"Perfect! Tootie do you like it?"

Tootie was still rendered speechless. She didn't know the price on these but they just looked expensive, and T expected her to just wear it every day. He'd only been in town a couple of days and he was already throwing things this expensive at her.

T looked at her face and thought something was missing, then he had another brilliant idea. "Hey could you grab a black wallet too?"

Tootie's mind basically broke after that and she didn't pay much attention to the rest of the transaction. When she heard a four with three numbers behind it she almost fainted. Her trance was only broken when T put the bag on her after walking her out the store. She fell into him then looked up with fear in her eyes.

"W-what if I drop it in water? What if it's stolen? This is too much."

T looked at her as if she asked the stupidest question of all time. "I'll just buy you another one. It's not a huge deal."

"I-I get to pick the next store we go to."

T picked her up by her waist and planted a quick peck on her lips. "Whatever you want. I'm just glad I got to show you how much you mean to me. I don't want to break you."

"J-just follow me." She said as he placed her back down. She then took his hand and began walking in the lead this time. He turned her right back into a stuttering nervous mess. She still hoped her plan worked out even if her confidence was completely shot. She found it weird that somehow him being completely devoted to her made her more antsy than if he just acted normal.

Timmy saw where they were going to simply didn't understand. "A comic book store? You read comics?"

"What? A girl can't read comics? Is there some kind of law or something?"

"No....no it's fine. I just didn't think *you* would read comics."

"Why would you assume I don't read comics?"

He turned his head away from her and murmured. "No reason."

"That's a pretty big assumption to make. You've only known me a couple of days. Right?"

".....right."

Tootie found it incredibly hard to hold in her smile. She was almost sure now. At least she wouldn't look as crazy if she spit it out and she was wrong. "You can stand outside. I'm only grabbing one thing so I'll use my own money. It doesn't cost much."

"Alright."

She loved how he didn't even connect that she asked to go shopping but only wanted one thing. He was too focused on her and flustered. Once she was in he simply stood near the door like a log so he wasn't paying attention to what she was buying. It only cost her ten bucks, but the look on his face was priceless.

Tootie held the bag in her hands behind her back as they walked out the store. "I got you a present T."

"Really!? You didn't have to."

"So you can drop thousands on me but I can't spend ten on you? That doesn't seem fair. I can't be allowed to try to make my boyfriend happy?" She said with a pout.

"That....makes sense. Sorry. Just didn't think you'd want to waste any money on me."

"No money spent on you is wasted my sweet T."

They both laughed as she used his own words against him, then she handed him the bag. It only contained one medium sized boy. He looked at her and smiled before reaching in and taking it out, then she saw his calm and cool composure completely disappear. She had gotten him a Crimson Chin Funko Pop. Tootie watched as he opened and closed his mouth a few times and knew she had left him speechless.

"You don't like it Timmy?" she said

He shook his head and smiled. Of course she was too smart to hide it for very long. "How long have you known?"

"I started getting a hunch on the first day we kissed. I think the better question is why didn't you just tell me?"

He took her hand and sat them both down on a nearby bench. "I didn't think I was good enough for you."

Tootie burst out laughing thinking it was a joke. Then after a few seconds she opened her eyes and saw he wasn't laughing with her. "You can't be serious."

"Deadly."

"Why!? I've loved you since like....I literally can't remember not feeling it."

He squeezed her hand tighter. "Tootie, to be frank, I treated you like shit. I figured it wasn't outside of the realm of possibility that you realized it over the years then just stopped caring about me. It was just a childhood crush. I figured if you knew who I was you would avoid me like the plague."

"Why did you come back if you thought I disliked you?"

"I just...I couldn't see the rest of my life without you in it. For years I felt as if something was missing from my life. Only later did I realize what was missing was you. For years my parents kept saying they were too busy, or that it didn't make sense to move back here. When I did manage to come back I decided even if I had to live by some stupid one letter name I'd do my best to stay with you and make you happy. It's really the only thing that matters to me."

Tootie kissed his cheek before pulling back and brushing his hair aside. "You should have just lead with that you idiot. I did stalk you. You coming back to hit on me doesn't seem that weird in comparison."

Timmy pulled her close once more and kissed her, no longer with any more reservations or guilt. He went through a lot to reach this moment but it was here, and it was perfect. If he was just a bit more magically inclined he would notice the two small floating beings above him, but they were invisible to the human eye.

"I'm so glad Jorgen let us grant him one last wish. His heart was screaming it."



Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!