

What's My Age Again?

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Submitted: December 17, 2006

Updated: December 17, 2006

*My first go at fanfiction. Please comment! I need feedback!
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*Pairing: (two oc's) Max x Abby.
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Adam gets a new age defying ray, but it accidentally shoots Abby! What will happen? Read and find out!

1. Adam's Got a Gun

"AT LAST! MY NEW AGE-O-RAY HAS ARRIVED!"

Adam tore apart the box like flies on watermelon. I'm telling you, the guy may be 16, but he's got the mind of a 9 year old. "Ooh! Ooh! I wanna turn five!" yelled Ethan, Adam's twelve year old friend, leaping in front of his older sister, and my best friend, Abby. "Alright, alright, just let me put it together...Max, can you help me?" said Adam with a look of pure confusion on his face. "Pshh. You sent in, what, ten, fifteen Kool-Aid points for this thing? Betcha it's not gonna work," I said. Adam dumped the parts onto the floor, and it looked like a video game console puked on my carpet.

About one hour and thirty-seven bad-words-you-shouldn't-hear later, Adam powered up the gun, pointing it at Ethan. "Beware, Ethan, this thing only has effects for twenty four hours, and it can't be reversed."

"Aww, only twenty four hours? That sucks," Ethan cursed and stepped out of the way of the charging gun. "Ethan, wait--AHHHHHHHHH!" Screamed Abby, turning pale and shrinking down.

"I DIDN'T DO IT!" shouted Adam.

"What in the holy name of crud just happened? I'm FIVE!" Abby shouted. "AWWWWWW! YOU'RE SO CUTE!" yelled Ethan, squeezing his (now) little sister in his arms. Abby grunted and freed herself from his grasp. "Firetruck, and I had to go grocery shopping today. SOMEBODY"-glaring at Ethan-"left our freezer open, and me and Ethan don't have any frozen stuff." "I could take you. Nothing's on my to do list," I suggested.

"C'mon, Max, I can do it tomorrow."

"Nonsense! It's the last day of tax-free shopping!"

"*sigh* Okay, you got me. Back to school sales rule." Abby smiled, and pulled out a shopping list from her pocket. I didn't know how long this would last, but buddy, I braced myself.

After two hours wandering around the Quicker-Picker, the shopping came to an end. Abby pulled out her credit card. "No," I said. "What?" "No. This dude'll suspect something if he sees a kindergartener pull out a credit card. I'll pay for it." "But--" "Shh."

After loading the \$300 worth of groceries into the back of the car, I had to think of an excuse for paying for all of those groceries. "What was that for?" Abby wondered out loud. "Think of it as a thank you." "For what?" "I dunno. Use your imagination," I said, a little more harshly than I wanted it to be.

We were silent on the drive to her apartment, aside from a few (adorable) yawns from Abby.

"Author's" Note: Like I said, my first go at fanfiction. Feedback is well appreciated. I know it sucks. Don't rub it in.

2. Night

"*YAWN* I'm pooped. I'm gonna go to bed now," mumbled Abby, walking into my living room (Her and Ethan are staying at my house for the night). "Already? Need someone to tuck you in?" I said sarcastically. "Umm..as long as you're the one doing it..." Abby said. I blushed, desperate to not let her see it. I led her into the guest room and helped her onto the bed, seeing as it was too tall for little five year old legs to get up on.

"Uh, Max? I just realised that when I was five, I was afraid of the dark..." whispered Abby, as fragile as wet paper. "Don't worry, Adam collects night lights. I'll just get one from him," I said, exiting the guest room. I grabbed Adam's Supr Mario night light and plugged it in, filling a few square inches of the room with light. Abby managed to climb on the bed by herself this time, and I tucked her in. Without thinking, I ACCIDENTALLY kissed her on the forehead. We stared at each other, blushing like crazy.

"Uhhh, sorry about that, I wasn't thinking! I-" "Max, it's okay. I forgive you. Just next time you do that, make sure I'm 22 again, 'kay?" Was she flirting with me? "Um, okay... 'gnight, don't let the bed bugs bite!" I said, with pink creeping along my cheeks.

Why WAS I blushing? I mean, It's not like I have a crush on her or anything like that. Okay, why was I even THINKING about that?

About 30 minutes later, Abby stumbled into the living room, her eyes full of tears. "What's wrong? Did you have a bad dream?" Abby crawled up beside me and hugged me as if I were a big teddy bear. "I..I..was eating marshmallows...and this giant marshmallow snuck up behind me and ate ME! And I saw your skeleton in his stomach and I took it that you were eaten too!" She sobbed. "Abby, a giant marshmallow's not gonna come to life and eat you. Trust me." "I know marshmallows don't eat me, I was just scared about the part with you getting eaten by it!" sobbed Abby, taking short quick breaths to talk, squeezing me even harder. "Abby, I'm only 22, i'm not going any--wait, did you say I was eaten by the marshmallow too? Anyway, I'm not gonna be eaten by some big ball of fluff, and neither are you." I hugged her back as she cried for five more minutes and finally fell asleep. I thought I was going to die from the cuteness until I fell asleep too.

3. Morning

Morning came, and I was surprised to see Abby returned to her normal age, as I saw her still sleeping on my lap.

I just realised I slept in my jeans again. Ugh. I am so lazy.

Abby yawned twice and finally got up. "Morning, sleepyhead," I said, grinning. "Mmh...Why does my head hurt? The heck happened last night, Max?"

YES. She didn't remember "The Kiss."

"Uh, nothing happened last night. You just did normal five year old stuff. Heh." Jeez, did I ever stink at hiding things. Abby sat up, smirking. "My forehead feels funny. Did you kiss it or something?" she said, winking at me.

Uh oh.

Dang, she's a good actor.