

## A Dandy Fairy Tail

### Chapter 1

This one time, a long, long ago, there was this princess. Her name was Deborah. Princess Deborah lived at the top of a very tall tower...so tall, that when she reached out the window, she could gather the clouds and make smoothies with them. Most of the time for fun, she'd take her prized slinky and get it started, seeing if it could make it all the way to the bottom of the steps. For some reason, it ALWAYS stopped on the very last step. Princess Deborah could never get the slinky all the way down. Thankfully, she had an elevator back to the top for whenever she wanted to try again. Soon enough, she got fed up with the slinky problem, and sent out a proclamation to the lands: "Any knight that could get the slinky to go all the way to the bottom, would become her husband."

Knights from the furthest lands that you could see, would consistently come and try to get the slinky to the bottom. Every knight tried, and every knight failed. Some of them couldn't get anywhere, with the slinky stopping after the first step. Others were luckier and made it to halfway. One tried using the elevator but he was promptly disqualified for cheating. Once, there was one that just about made it all the way, but the slinky once again stopped on the final step.

Slowly, she grew tired of these mere boys always trying, and made a call for a real man. To her luck, a real man replied: Sir Michael! Sir Michael was a gallant gent, riding in on his blue steed. Once he arrived, he went straight up to the princess, took the slinky in hand, kissed it once, and started it on its path. Not once did he take his eyes off the princess. The princess just looked at him in befuddlement, wondering why he didn't follow along with the slinky to make sure that it made it all the way. All of the other knights did that. A few minutes passed and the knight told the princess to go to the bottom and see what was down there. She decided to listen, and cruised on down with the elevator. As soon as the doors opened at the bottom, she saw the slinky...all the way down! The slinky had made it to the bottom. The princess was so ecstatic that she jumped back into the elevator and floored it up to the top. "SIR MICHAEL! IT MADE IT!" she screamed. Sir Michael just stood there looking at her again, showing no signs of doubt that it would. At that, the princess grabs him, and gives her soon-to-be husband a huge kiss. After a few seconds of that, she jumps back into the elevator to go talk to her father and start planning the wedding.

Sir Michael, so confident in his win, just starts walking down the stairs towards the bottom. As time went by that day, he's still making his way to the bottom, while the princess, the elevator riding princess

that she is, keeps using the elevator. She soon got back up to the top with her father, only to not find Sir Michael anywhere. "Where did he go???" \*whimpers\*" she cried. "Let's just go back down to the bottom dear...maybe he is waiting there" said the King. By the time the princess and king reached the bottom, Sir Michael was reaching the bottom as well. Sir Michael and Princess Deborah met eye to eye just as the elevator doors opened. At that point, they embrace again, and live happily ever after.

## Chapter 2

When we last left off, the princess and knight were set for marriage. Now the king was kind of weary about the whole "marry someone you just met who can work a slinky like no other" idea, but he wanted Princess Deborah to be happy and if this would make her happy, then by golly this would happen. He would do anything for his daughter

"Daddy, buy me a vibrator!"

"Ok dear"

Now that she had Sir Michael, she was going to be able to throw that vibrator away, which was a great relief on the King's wallet, since batteries were rare in his kingdom. The King had to special order from the Americas and they ripped him a new one with each batch ordered: \$500 for a crate, and that's before shipping and handling. Believe me; the princess used them batteries up fast.

The whole kingdom was abuzz, preparing for the spectacular wedding that was to fall on them. Banners of every color imaginable were strung around the villages and it was a prosperous time with everyone in great spirits. Shortly though, a dark cloud would settle over the kingdom and a visitor from the past would make his presence known again. Soon, it was the day of the wedding and the princess was pacing back and forth with nervousness. All of a sudden, she heard a loud clamor; Sir Normath had made his return! Who is Sir Normath you ask? He was a childhood friend of Princess Deborah!

Sir Normath was demanding to see the king.

"What is this travesty that I hear of?!" demanded Sir Normath.

"Why it's the wedding of my daughter," said the King.

"What the fuck!?! She can't get married! She is already married!" shouted Sir Normath.

Shock and awe spread through the church crowd at the sound of this and everyone started whispering among themselves.

"Surely you are mistaken Sir Normath, for I do not know what you are talking about," stated the King.

Princess Deborah has since joined the crowd to see what is going on.

"Normy! What in the world are you doing here?? You showing up on my wedding day of all days" yelled Princess Deborah.

"I'm preventing something that shouldn't even be going on Debbie," said Sir Normath.

"What are you talking about?" asked Princess Deborah

"We've been married for 15 years you tramp," said Sir Normath, "and I'm here to claim my wife once and for all."

As soon as he said that, he picked her up over his shoulder and carried her away

"My dear daughter, someone please save her!" shouted the King.

Sir Michael, having very bad timing that day, had managed to fall asleep and slept through all of the events. The king started looking for him, and found him in his dressing room.

"Damn it Sir Dumbass! Your bride-to-be is kidnapped, and you're in here sleeping" exclaimed the King

"Huh?" asked Sir Michael, promptly hiding his playboy and taking his hand out of his pants. "My bride?!?!?! Kidnapped?!?!?"

"Yes!" said the King impatiently.

At that, Sir Michael ordered his blue steed to be prepared, as he geared up for the heroic rescue.

"Give me my sword damn it, for I shall slay the person who stole my bride!" shouted Sir Michael

He grabs his sword and runs to his blue steed. Since he's a ghetto white boy, and white boys can't jump, he fails a few times for getting on his horse

"Oh yes...stirrups!" stated Sir Michael

After a few more attempts WITH the stirrups, he finally manages to mount the horse and rides off to the worst place in the world....Disney World

"This doesn't look like the place that would hold a fellow evil knight," said Sir Michael, "this place is geared towards little kids who have big imaginations yet are still naive"

So he rides through Disney World to do a slight case of sight seeing

"Oh my! There's the owner...HI MICHAEL JACKSON!" shouted Sir Michael

"What? That's ignorance! That's ignorant." said Michael Jackson

"Uh...whatever you say dude...I just needed directions to Sir Normath's castle" said Sir Michael

With that said, Sir Michael completes his tour and leaves, all the while muttering "fucking pedophile" Meanwhile, at Sir Normath's dark castle...over in France, Sir Normath was trying to have his way with his so-called wife. If there was one thing that Sir Michael hated more than Sir Normath trying to make Princess Deborah squirm on a riding crop, it would be the French. So this was double revenge for Sir Michael. Slowly, Sir Michael made his way up to the doors of the castle, where he came upon two doors. Each door was guarded by a shield that had two heads coming out on the top and bottom

"Hey! I have seen this before....in that movie Labyrinth!" exclaimed Sir Michael. "Damn that's a good movie....I want to stick Jennifer Connolly on my wang and spin her around on it a few thousand times. Anyways...back to my mission! Ok...which one of you dumbass doors will lead me to the goblin....err....dark castle?"

Each door pointed to the other, and that greatly aggravated Sir

Michael, so he drew his sword and threatened to chop if they didn't start talking. The right door, being the pussy he is, finally confessed and said that it was the left door that would lead directly to the castle. So the left door's shield moved to the side, and allowed Sir Michael to pass through. Before he closed the door, Sir Michael left one last comment: "Nice piss puddle under you Mr. Right Door shield." That caused that shield to turn bright red and to run off crying. Now it was an upstairs battle for Sir Michael to climb, and this castle put Princess Deborah's tower to shame.

Going back to the Princess and her current predicament, she was now: tied, gagged, and sprung up against the wall with no clothes on.

"Now Princess Deborah.....tell me where this 'one ring to rule them all' resides and I'll let you down" said Sir Normath.

Princess Deborah could do nothing at all.....because she was tied and gagged, so she just looked down....all the way down to her private area. Sir Normath saw what was happening, and looked as well

"OMG! YOU DIDN'T!" exclaimed Sir Normath.

Yes she did....she turned the one ring to rule them all, into a clit ring! To no avail....could Sir Normath recover the "one ring to rule them all" now. Oh sure he could tug and pull on it, but that would just make Princess Deborah squirm and release fluid. After a few rounds of tugging and a bucket full of "water", Sir Normath finally gave up on recovering the one ring to rule them all.

"Damn trends....these days it's not shocking to pierce anything," muttered Sir Normath.

While all of this is happening, Sir Michael is trudging up the seemingly endless flights of stairs. Thankfully Sir Normath was a fan of food, and provided a Burger King store on every 50th floor.

"Ooh! A bacon double cheeseburger" exclaimed Sir Michael

Once Sir Michael was done ordering his food, he went to find a seat. A few minutes later, Frodo Baggins and Samwise Gamgee sat down at his table.

"Why hello Mr. Sir Michael" said Sam.

Sir Michael, being a bit curious as to why a couple hobbits sat with him, asked them what they are doing.

"Oh we gave up on trying to destroy that silly ring" said Frodo.

"Instead we are off to destroy another evil!" yelled Sam.

"Oh yeah, what's that?" asked Sir Michael.

Frodo and Sam looked at each other for a second, and then turned back to Sir Michael.

"The McDonalds Corporation" they both said at the same time

"Good call!" cheered Sir Michael.

Soon they were all done with their meals and were saying their goodbyes

"Good Luck on your quest Sam and Frodo!" yelled Sir Michael as the two headed down the stairs.

"Yes! Good luck to you too Mr. Sir Michael" yelled Sam before tripping over Frodo, causing him to roll ALL THE WAY down the steps.

'Ooh! That had to hurt," said Sir Michael before continuing on his quest.

With new found energy, Sir Michael raced up the steps, sensing that he was near. Not three floors higher, did he start to hear a faint moaning.

"Sounds like someone is knocking boots on the other side of the door" whispered Sir Michael.

Being the curious one he is, he cracked open the door and peered into the room. What he saw put a gasp on his face.

"Holy shit! It's Bennifer!"

After he realized who they were, he closed the door ever so quietly and continued on his way.

"So the rumors are false!" he thought to himself, "they ARE still together!"

Eventually Sir Michael arrived at a door, and on the door there was a sign: "Sir Normath's chamber....if sounds of sex emitting from room....either come back later, or come in naked"

This caused Sir Michael's blood to boil, and he burst into the room. What he saw when he got in, shocked him so much that he passed out on the spot. Princess Deborah had to revive him, and explain what was going on.

"Now I know what you saw was a real shocker...but let me explain" whispered Princess Deborah. "After the first bucket of 'water' Sir Normath came clean with what he was feeling inside and he asked me to help him with his problem. So that's when I donned my Mistress outfit, and tied him up like a little bitch. After assuring him that everything would be alright, I called forth his butler, and ordered the butler to strip and get behind Sir Normath...thus officially making Sir Normath the bitch to the butler butch"

This was all a lot of information for Sir Michael to soak in, but he assured everyone that things would be alright. With all that went down, it was easy to forget that there was supposed to be a marriage going on back home, so all four of them raced back to the kingdom as fast as they could.

"Father, father!" yelled Princess Deborah.

"My dear...you're alright! Thank god you're alright!" exclaimed the King.

"Yes I'm fine....thanks to Sir Michael, and a bit of a private talk with Sir Normath, giggled Princess Deborah.

"Well....let's get back to this wedding thing shall we?" said the King.

"Um....better make that DOUBLE wedding, your highness" stepped in Sir Michael.

The king looks befuddled at first, but then suddenly understood. Both couples then approached the altar while servants awaken all of the sleeping guests.

"We'll do the quick version of a wedding" said the priest. "Sir Michael do you?"

"Yes" said Sir Michael firmly.

"Princess Deborah do you?" asked the priest

Princess Deborah glanced at Sir Michael and smiled.

"I do" said Princess Deborah.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife," said the priest, "you may now kiss the bride"

As soon as the priest finished his sentence, the two lovers embraced and gave each other a kiss to die for.

"Now onto our 2nd wedding" said the priest, "Do you Butch Butler?"

With a heavy French accent, the butler says "Oui, oui"

"Do you Bitch Normath?" asked the priest.

Sir Normath looks at the butler, and then lets out a couple tears.

"I Do" said Sir Normath.

"I now pronounce you husband and.....husband" said the priest "you may now kiss the....groom"

With that said, they both go at it so hard that they fall to the floor with more than one ass getting groped at the same time.

"I think this isn't our place" stated Sir Michael, as he led his new bride out to the blue steeded coach. They jumped into the carriage and rode off into the sunset, with the carriage having the phrase "destined for a 2nd sequel" written on the back instead of the traditional "Just Married"

## Chapter 3

Once.....5 minutes ago, a knight and a princess got married... followed by a butler and his master...getting married. Needless to say the butler and master had their honeymoon right in the church with a crowd to boot. Meanwhile, the knight and princess were riding off into the sunset towards the Super 8 Hotel circa medieval times. Sir Michael and Princess Deborah were happily married and ready to start their lives together starting off with a lot of boot knocking.

"I love you dear!" exclaimed Sir Michael.

"Shut your mouth and stick it in damn it" yelled Princess Deborah.

"Alright, alright" mumbled Sir Michael.

Sir Michael proceeded to put the bag of popcorn into the microwave and hit the 1-minute+ button a few times.

"There, are you happy dear?" asked Sir Michael.

"Very" cooed Princess Deborah, "now get over here! The previews on this movie are about to start....they ARE the best part you know."

Sir Michael proceeded over to the couch where his wife was.

"What movie is this again, dear?" asked Sir Michael.

"It's Amelie! Damn it don't you ever listen?" asked Princess Deborah.

Sir Michael just has a blank stare on his face, as the microwave goes off.

"OOH! Popcorn!" exclaimed Sir Michael.

So he gets up to go grab the popcorn and a bowl, but is interrupted by knocking door.

"I wonder who that could be." said Sir Michael

Sir Michael walks over to the door and opens it to reveal George W. Bush

"Housekeeping!" says GW.

"Hey! You're not housekeeping...you fucking lie!" yelled Princess Deborah.

"No, really I am....they impeached me as President and this is the only place that hired me!" pleaded GW.

"Oh yeah Mr. former, sucky, President?" asked Sir Michael, "where is your cute little maid outfit? HUH, HUH, HUH!?"

"They had to special order it, all the stocked ones are too small for me" said GW, "Trust me, I'll have it in a week....I hope I have the legs for it."

"Alright, we believe you, now what do you want? It's our honeymoon" said Sir Michael.

"Well, here at medieval Super 8, we believe in quality service, including checking on our guest regularly...I was wondering if you needed a some more towels, a fluffed pillow, a good suck off? Anything at all and I'll help" stated GW.

"Um...I think we are good at the moment" said Princess Deborah.

She had to do the talking because Sir Michael is stuck with shocked face thanks to that last line by GW.

"Alright...just to let you know, I'll check back in with you two later on." said GW. As GW turned towards the door, he gave Sir Michael a quick wink and left to go check on other guests.

"See honey...I told you that you are a hot piece of man meat....even a former president wants you" said Princess Deborah.

Sir Michael finally manages to close the door and hangs a "do not disturb, especially homo former presidents that want my wang" sign. Once that is done he proceeds to the bathroom to puke and then brush his teeth.

"Damn it...thanks to that fucking homo we missed all of the movie previews!" yelled Princess Deborah.

Sir Michael had since returned back to his seat with the popcorn in hand.

"Isn't the French language so beautiful dear?" asked Princess Deborah.

Sir Michael wasn't paying attention because he was trying to find a good way to initiate a kiss.

"Oh no you don't hun, not with that popcorn/puke breath combo...please I may be kinky but that's just repulsive" exclaimed Princess Deborah.

"Alright fine...btw yes it is a beautiful language...when you know how to speak it" stated Sir Michael.

They proceeded to watch the rest of the movie with no interruptions at all, and finally went to bed for the night. The next morning, they got up and got in a quick breakfast.

"So what are our plans for the day?" asked Princess Deborah.

"Well, first up we have the Atkins fan convention, and then we have a tour of the local museum...I heard that Leonardo da Vinci had his work up for the week, so I figured we'd check it out. Then later tonight I scheduled us to go watch an execution!" said Sir Michael.

"That sounds like a wonderful day!" squeaked Princess Deborah, despite not quite seeing the excitement of an execution.

"Before we go to the convention, we need to stop by the marketplace" said Sir Michael.

"Why for dear?" asked Princess Deborah.

"I need to pick up about 15 loaves of bread hun" said Sir Michael, "the plan is for us to go walk around the convention eating the bread and getting weird looks from the people in attendance. Plus

if any of them start to attack us for eating the bread, all that we have to do is throw the bread at them, its like raid...they either die from the carbs or run away like a little bitch."

"Fucking carb haters" mumbles Princess Deborah.

So they proceed to the marketplace and make their purchase. Fifteen minutes later they are strolling through the huge crowd of Atkins fans, and getting more than their fair share of scowls.

"Dear, they are looking like they are about to get violent" said Princess Deborah, "I told you we should have bought wheat bread...white bread has worse carbs."

Sir Michael just shrugs. Pretty soon they get approached by a person with a badge looking name tag on their shirt.

"I'm sorry sir and ma'am, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave...you're causing a lot of uneasiness" stated the person.

"Oh yeah!?!?!?! Well what if we don't want to leave, Pig" shouted Sir Michael.

"OH YEAH!?!?!?! WELL WHAT IF I DON'T ASK SO KINDLY THIS TIME YOU TURKEY!" shouted the person.

During all of the shouting, Princess Deborah looks at the badge looking name tag, and sees "Mrs. Atkins" printed on it. After noticing that, she taps Sir Michael's arm and points to the tag.

"You stupid bitch" shouted Sir Michael, "YOU'RE THE DEVIL'S WIFE!"

Sir Michael proceeds to grab a slice of bread and shove it in Mrs. Atkins' mouth. Once that is done, he turns to Princess Deborah and whispers "run for your life!" They both proceed to run for the nearest exit while Mrs. Atkins' spits out the bread, pukes once or twice, and screams for the convention members to chase after them. However, due to rarely ever eating carbs, everyone was so low on energy that they only made it to the exit before passing out. Even then, that was more than enough time for Sir Michael and Princess Deborah to make it a few blocks away, both full of laughter and glee. The two proceeded to make their way over to the museum that was displaying the work of Leonardo da Vinci. The two took their jolly ole time to look at each piece that provided interest to them, and had a really good time. As they approached the last room, they saw a really odd critter run by and hide behind them.

"Dear...there appears to be this odd little Mystic hiding behind us" observed Sir Michael.

The Mystic then slaps Princess Deborah on the butt a couple times and signaled them to lean closer.

"Hi, my name is Jen, and there is this really freaky ghost looking person with a fucked up nose chasing me. Do you think you could dress me up in clothes and fake like I'm your child?" asked the Mystic.

"Why is he chasing you?" asked Princess Deborah.

"He wants me to be apart of his theme park...Disney Planet or something close to that" panted Jen.

"Oh god! That guy is a freak!" exclaimed Sir Michael, "sure we can hide you"

They proceed to dress up Jen in human clothes and make him appear to be a human child. Michael Jackson then entered the room, but Sir Michael and Princess Deborah had finished up just in time.

"Excuse me sir" said Sir Michael, "but are you looking for a weird little critter thing?"

"What? That's ignorance! That's ignorant." said Michael Jackson. "Yeah...whatever" said Sir Michael, "anyways, he went that way."

"Thanks" said Michael Jackson, "I found him so cute, and I wanted him to be so happy, so I figured I would make him part of the Disney World tour...so he could make other children happy too! And you know that happy children mean a happy Michael Jackson."

Michael Jackson proceeded to leave in the direction that Sir Michael forgot to point out.

"Thank you kindly" said Jen.

"For your generosity, I'm going to grant both of you 1 wish."

Both Sir Michael and Princess Deborah contemplated a wish, and finally came up with some.

"I wish that the Minnesota Timberwolves would make it all the way to the NBA Finals and then have an exciting 7 game series with whomever from the eastern conference" stated Sir Michael.

Jen then waved his hands around and made it so that it will come true when the season was in progress.

"Now Princess Deborah...what is your wish?" asked Jen.

"I wish that the Sacramento Kings would reunite and have such an excellent season that they give the Timberwolves a long grueling Western Conference Finals, so that they are too tired to perform well in the Finals" said Princess Deborah.

Jen proceeded to wave his hands around again and made it so that it would happen when the season was underway.

With both wishes done, Jen proceeded to run off in the opposite direction of Michael Jackson, never to be seen again. Sir Michael and Princess Deborah finished off their tour and went off to have a romantic dinner.

"What time is it dear?" asked Sir Michael.

"7:00pm hun, why?" asked Princess Deborah.

"SHIT! We're going to be late for the execution!" shouted Sir Michael.

So they quickly pay and run off to the execution area in the center of town. Since this was a huge event, the place was packed, and it was hard to see anything. Sir Michael started looking around

for any place where they could sit at an elevated level, and he found a couple seats up in the bleachers.

"Let's go up there dear" said Sir Michael.

"Ok" said Princess Deborah.

They climb up and get comfortable, just in time to see the condemned led in. The sheriff proceeds to start reading off the list of crimes that the person had committed.

"Here Ye, Here Ye, one Hillary Duff is hereby sentenced to hanging for the following crimes: starring in a shitty TV show, starring in a shitty movie based on the shitty TV show, starring in other shitty movies, finding her way to a recording studio to make totally craptastic records, and influencing Lindsey Lohan to try the exact same things." said the sheriff.

Once that was done, Hillary Duff was placed within the noose and hung till the last breath of her was expelled. Once again the sheriff spoke up.

"If you would all like, we have punch and cookies in the back area for your convenience. Also, this announcement, meet back here next week when we condemn Lindsey Lohan for the same crimes that got Hillary Duff! Her execution will be on the following day."

Sir Michael and Princess Deborah stuck around long enough to see the guards remove Hillary Duff's body from the noose, but skipped out on all of the refreshments.

"So hunny....you ready to go back to the hotel and knock boots?" asked Sir Michael.

"Oh baby you know it...we need to do it at least once before we go home tomorrow" cooed Princess Deborah.

Half an hour later, GW is walking towards Sir Michael's and Princess Deborah's room. He gets to the door and places his hand on the doorknob before seeing the "do not disturb" sign, along with hearing the sound of boots knocking. All that comes out of GW is a snicker, before he goes further down the hall to check on other guests. Inside, Sir Michael and Princess Deborah are knocking boots alright! Both are on the bed, with cowboy boots on both of their hands and they are clapping their hands together.

"Oh baby this feels so fucking good! I love you, you sexy beetch!" screamed Princess Deborah.

By this point in the boot knocking, Sir Michael is reduced down to pure gibberish.

"blarglehoobahubbawhatshuh" said Sir Michael.

"My thoughts exactly dear!" screamed Princess Deborah as she gave another moan.

Pretty soon they both fall back huffing and puffing. Sir Michael then rolls over to his beautiful wife and gives her a long loving kiss.

"I love you dear" cooed Sir Michael.

"I love you too" cooed Princess Deborah.

"We better get to sleep, we have a long day of traveling tomorrow" said Princess Deborah.

"Yes we do" said Sir Michael.

At which point they held each other in their arms and slowly fell asleep. Morning came, and they packed up after getting another quick breakfast, and a few more winks from GW. They proceeded down to the lobby, and noticed GW behind the front desk.

"Well I hope you two had a good stay, please come back again" said GW.

Sir Michael and Princess Deborah walked towards the front door, but then Princess Deborah turned back around.

"I forgot to give you this" said Princess Deborah to GW.

She proceeded to punch him right in the face.

"THIS IS FOR HITTING ON MY HUSBAND! YOU STUPID STEER QUEER FROM TEXAS!!!!!!" shouted Princess Deborah.

"Thank you so much" said Sir Michael to his wife.

"You're welcome! You know I'll do anything for you" stated Princess Deborah. With that, they walked out to the parking lot and gave the Valet attendant their number for the stable that the Blue Steed was stored in, and the attendant brought the horse over.

"Please folks, come again another time" the valet attendant said, before receiving his \$20 tip.

"Oh we probably will" said Sir Michael.

Then the two rode off into the horizon, on their way home.