

# A Dandy Fairy Tail

## Chapter 1

This one time, a long, long ago, there was this princess. Her name was Debra. Princess Debra 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. For fun, she'd take her prized slinky and start it at the top of her steps, seeing if the slinky could make it to the bottom. For some reason, it always stopped on the very last step. Princess Debra could never get the slinky to reach the bottom. Thankfully, she had an elevator that would return her to the top, whenever she wanted to try again. Soon, she got so fed up with the slinky problem, that she sent out a proclamation. "Any knight that could get the slinky to reach the bottom, she would marry."

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 had more luck and made it halfway. One even tried using the elevator but was promptly disqualified for cheating. Once, there was one that just about made it, but the slinky once again stopped on the final step.

Slowly, Princess Debra grew tired of mere boys always trying, and called for a real man. To her luck, Sir Michael replied! Sir Michael was a gallant gent, riding in on his blue steed. Once Sir Michael arrived, he went straight up to the princess, took the slinky, 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 the slinky to make sure it went all the way. Every other knight did. 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 the tower 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 dashed back into the elevator and floored it to the top. "SIR MICHAEL! IT MADE IT!" she screamed. Sir Michael just stood there looking at her again, showing no sign of doubt

that it wouldn't have. With that, the princess grabbed him, and gave her soon-to-be husband a huge kiss. After a few seconds, she jumped back into the elevator to get her father and start planning the wedding.

Sir Michael, so confident in his win, just started walking down the stairs towards the bottom. As time passed, he was still making his way to the bottom, while the princess, the elevator riding princess that she was, kept using the elevator. She soon arrived back at the top with her father, only find Sir Michael nowhere. "Where did he go???" she whimpered. "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 Debra met eye to eye as the elevator doors opened. At that point, they embraced again, and lived happily until the next chapter.

## Chapter 2

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

"Daddy, buy me a vibrator!"

"OK dear."

Now that she had Sir Michael, she was going to be able to retire that vibrator, 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 per crate, and that's before shipping and handling. Before Sir Michael arrived, the princess used those batteries 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. Before anyone knew it, the wedding day arrived and the princess was pacing back and forth nervously. All of a sudden, she heard a loud clamor; Sir Normath had made his return! Who is Sir Normath you ask? Sir Normath was a childhood friend of Princess Debra.

Sir Normath demanded to see the king.

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

"Why it is the wedding of my daughter," said the king.

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

Shock and awe spread through the audience at this and everyone started whispering to each other.

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

Princess Debra had since joined the crowd to see what is going on.

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

"I'm preventing an act that shouldn't even be taking place Debbie," said Sir Normath.

"What are you talking about?" asked Princess Debra.

"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, placed her 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 the entire event. The king started looking for him, and found him in his dressing room.

"Damn it Sir dumb-ass! Your bride-to-be has just been kidnapped, and you are 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!" huffed the king impatiently.

Once Sir Michael came to his senses, he ordered his blue steed to be prepared, while he geared up for the heroic rescue.

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

He grabbed his sword and ran to his blue steed. Since he was a ghetto white boy, and white boys can't jump, he failed to mount his horse a few times.

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

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

"This does not look like the place that would hold a fellow evil knight," said Sir Michael, "this place is geared towards little kids with big imaginations but are still naive."

So he kept riding through Disney World, doing slight sight seeing on his way.

"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.

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 Debra squirm on a riding crop, it was the French. So this was double revenge for Sir Michael. Slowly, Sir Michael made his way up to the castle, where he came upon two doors. Each door was guarded by a shield that had heads coming out at 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 Connelly on my wang and spin her around a few thousand times. Anyways...back to my mission! OK...which one of you dumb-ass doors will lead me to the goblin....err....dark castle?"

Each door pointed to the other, and that greatly aggravated Sir Michael. He drew his sword and threatened to start chopping if they didn't start talking. The right door, being the pussy he was, 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. Before he closed the door, Sir Michael left one last comment. "Nice piss puddle under you Mr. Right-Door shield." That caused the shield to turn bright red and run away crying. Now it was an upstairs battle for Sir Michael to climb, and this castle put Princess Debra's tower to shame.

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

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

Princess Debra could do nothing at all, since she was tied and gagged, so she just looked

down, all the way down to her private area. Sir Normath saw this, and looked as well.

"Oh my god! 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 Debra squirm and release fluid. After a few rounds of tugging and a bucket full of "water", Sir Normath finally gave up on the idea of recovering the ring.

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

While all of this was happening, Sir Michael was 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 two hobbits sat with him, asked them what they were doing.

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

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

"Oh yeah, what is that?" asked Sir Michael.

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

"The McDonald's 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 castle tower.

“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 a curious one, Sir Michael cracked open the door and peered in. 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 entered, shocked him so much that he passed out. Princess Debra 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 Debra. "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 a lot of information for Sir Michael to absorb, but he assured everyone that things would be alright. With everything that happened, it was easy to forget that a wedding was supposed to occur back home. The four of them raced back to the kingdom as fast as they could.

"Father, father!" yelled Princess Debra.

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

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

"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 awakened all of the sleeping guests.

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

"I do" said Sir Michael firmly.

"Princess Debra do you?" asked the priest.

Princess Debra glanced at Sir Michael and smiled.

"I do" said Princess Debra.

"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 second wedding" said the priest, "Butch Butler do you?"

With a heavy French accent, the butler said "Oui, oui."

"Bitch Normath do you?" 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 is not 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 second sequel" written on the back instead of the traditional "Just Married."

## Chapter 3

Once...five 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 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 Debra were happily married and ready to start their lives together.

"I love you dear!" exclaimed Sir Michael.

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

"Alright, alright" mumbled Sir Michael.

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

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

"Very," cooed Princess Debra, "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 to sit with his wife.

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

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

Sir Michael had just a blank stare on his face, as the microwave beeps.

"Ooh! Popcorn!" exclaimed Sir Michael.

He jumped up to grab the popcorn and a bowl, but is interrupted by a knock on the door.

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

Sir Michael walked over to the door and opened it to reveal George W. Bush.

"Housekeeping!" chimed G.W. .

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

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

"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 G.W. , "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 G.W. .

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

She had to do the talking because Sir Michael was stuck with shocked face thanks to that last line by G.W.

"Alright...just to let you know, I'll check back in with you two later on." said G.W. As G.W. 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 Debra.

Sir Michael finally managed to close the door and hang a "do not disturb, especially homo former presidents that want my wang" sign. Once the sign was in place, he proceeded to the bathroom to puke and brush his teeth.

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

Sir Michael finally returned to his seat with the popcorn in hand.

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

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

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

"Alright fine...by the way, 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, and finally went to bed. The next morning, they got up and ate a quick breakfast.

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

"Well, first up we have the Atkins Diet 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 Debra, despite not understanding the excitement of an execution.

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

"What for dear?" asked Princess Debra.

"I need to pick up about fifteen loaves of bread honey," said Sir Michael, "the plan is for us to walk around the convention eating the bread, causing weird looks from the people in attendance. Plus, if any of them try to attack us for eating the bread, all that we have to do is throw the bread at them, it is like Raid...they either die from the carbs or run away like a little bitch."

"Fucking carb haters" mumbled Princess Debra.

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

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

Sir Michael just shrugged. Pretty soon they were approached by a person with a badge-like name tag on their shirt.

"I'm sorry you two, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave, you are 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 the shouting, Princess Debra looked at the badge and saw "Mrs. Atkins" printed on it. After noticing that, she tapped Sir Michael's arm and pointed to the badge.

"You stupid bitch," shouted Sir Michael, "You're the devil's wife!"

Sir Michael proceeded to grab a slice of bread and shove it into Mrs. Atkins' mouth. He then turned to Princess Debra and whispered "run for your life!" Both proceeded to run for the nearest exit while Mrs. Atkins' spat out the bread, puked once or twice, and screamed 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. That was more than enough time for Sir Michael and Princess Debra to make it a few blocks away, both full of laughter and glee. The two proceeded to make their way over to the Leonardo da Vinci exhibit. They took their jolly old time to look at each piece that provided interest, and enjoyed their visit. As they approached the last room, they saw an odd critter run in and hide behind their legs.

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

The Mystic then slapped Princess Debra 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 Debra.

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

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

They proceed to dress Jen in human clothing and make him appear to be their child. Michael Jackson just then entered the room, but Sir Michael and Princess Debra finished 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 wanted to make him part of the Disney World tour...so he could make other children happy too! And you know that happy children equal 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 one wish."

Both Sir Michael and Princess Debra 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 seven game series with whomever from the eastern conference" stated Sir Michael.

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

"Now Princess Debra...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 Debra.

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

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 Debra finished off their tour and went on their way.

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

"7:00pm hon, why?" asked Princess Debra.

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

They quickly paid for the tour and ran towards 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 a seat at an elevated level and eventually found two in the high bleachers.

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

"OK" said Princess Debra.

They climbed up and got comfortable, just in time to see the condemned led in. The sheriff proceeded to read the list of crimes that the prisoner 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 crap-tastic records, and influencing Lindsey Lohan to try the exact same things." said the sheriff.

After the crimes were read, Hillary Duff was placed within the noose and hung till her last breath was expelled. Once again the sheriff spoke.

"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!."

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

"So honey....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 Debra.

Half an hour later, G.W. was walking towards the two lovebirds' room. As he approached the door, he placed his hand on the doorknob before seeing the "do not disturb" sign, along with hearing the sound of boots knocking. G.W. simply mustered a snicker, before he continuing down the hall to check on other guests. Inside, Sir Michael and Princess Debra were knocking boots alright! Both were sitting on the bed, with cowboy boots on both of their hands and they were clapping them together.

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

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

"blarglehoobahubbawhatshuh" muttered Sir Michael.

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

Pretty soon they both fell back huffing and puffing. Sir Michael rolled over to his beautiful wife and gave her a long loving kiss.

"I love you dear" cooed Sir Michael.

"I love you too" cooed back Princess Debra.

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

"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 G.W. They proceeded down to the lobby, and noticed G.W. standing behind the front desk.

"Well I hope you two had a great stay, please come back again." said G.W.

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

"I forgot to give you this." said Princess Debra to G.W.

She proceeded to punch him right in the face.

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

"Awe, thank you so much" said Sir Michael to his wife.

"You're welcome! You know I'll do anything for you." stated Princess Debra. With that, they walked to the parking lot and gave the valet attendant their number for the stable that held their blue steed, and the attendant brought the steed over.

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

"Oh we probably will." said Sir Michael.

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



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