

# Cinderella 2

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Submitted: May 14, 2008

Updated: May 14, 2008

*A random and comic sequel to the popular fairytale "Cinderella".*

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Cinderella 2:  
Honey Moon Aftermath

"Honey I'm home!" a glass slipper flew past Prince Charming's plastic face as he opened the door.

"Cindy! I'm surprised at you!"

"Go away!" she chucked another slipper him, this time it shattered on his chest."

"Why did you do that?" he screamed in pain.

"Why?" she screeched reaching for another projectile. "You know why! I wanted a honey moon, a nice one, at the beach."

"Yeah," the prince rubbed his sore chest. "I gave you one; Remember those nine weeks?"

"Yeah," Cinderella threw a little talking mouse at his head. "Too bad you weren't there to enjoy them with me!"

"I had urgent business..." the mouse flew into his open mouth. He choked for a minute, saved himself by giving himself chest thrusts with a wooden chair, and proceeded to argue with his wife.

"You threw a mouse at me!"

"You ruined our honey moon!"

"You broke your darned little slippers!"

"You made me, you selfish beast!"

"Excuse me," the king entered the room ending the argument. "Am I in the middle of something?"

"Yeah dad," the Prince joked. "You're in the middle of our room."

"I meant..." the king cleared his royal throat and nodded at the broken slippers and the panting mouse, all lying in a heap on the floor.

"I'm leaving your son!" Cinderella smiled kindly at the old king. "I'm sorry, but I just can't take his unruly behavior!"

"Neither can I!" the King said pulling up a chair. "But you never see me throwing things at him..."

"Dad, remember the javelin incident of 98..." interjected the Prince.

"...I mean." The king cleared his throat noisily. "I don't anymore."

"I see," Cinderella stamped her foot like a good little princess. "I feel sorry for you Mr. Charming, but I'm a woman and I just can't handle his intolerable excuses anymore. Doesn't the queen understand?"

"I'm sure she would..." the king looked off longingly out the window. "She left me shortly after I accidentally shot her Fairy Godmother with a twelve gauge... It wasn't my fault, I mean I never keep the Big Mutha loaded!"

"Oh," the king's advisor who was standing in the corner made a break for the door. "I have to get some... something."

"You loaded my shotgun didn't you?" the king chased him out of the room with a hefty sword waving in his clenched fist.

"Well," Cinderella turned to leave. "Goodbye!"

"Don't move out Cindy!" The prince dodged a flying dagger. "We can talk this over!"

"No!" she picked up a lance used for killing large dragons. "Come here!"

"Um..." the prince evaluated his options. "No thanks, I'll just stay over here."

Cinderella charged him with the lance almost running him through, but the talking mice were able to trip

her, sending her flying out the open castle window.

"Thank you! Thank you my little friends!" Prince charming smiled a fake smile of total stupidity. "Why did you do it?"

"Well," said the lead mouse. "After what she did to Gustav (the guy she chucked at you), we just felt we had to get her back."

"Oh," said the prince. "So you really didn't care if she impaled me with a giant lance?"

"No," replied the mice bluntly.

"Help!" Cinderella was dangling from a vine outside the window. "Prince Charming! Save me!" She was not much smarter than he was. "Rescue me, Sweet Prince!"

"I'm coming sweet princess!" Prince charming dove out the window to his death. "AHHHHHH!"

"Save me!" cried Cinderella. "Somebody!"

"Hello!" cried a gardener from below. "I found a dead prince and a dangling princess."

"I see," said a peasant. "Who should we save, the princess or the prince?"

"Well," the gardener scratched his chin. "The prince is already dead, and the princess is..."

"Hot?" the peasant grinned widely.

"Stupid," corrected the gardener. "I have to agree though, she is very hot."

"Why don't we walk away and pretend like we didn't see anything?"

"Jolly good! Let's have tea!"

The two walked off to have tea and muffins, leaving the air headed widow dangling from a vine outside the royal bedroom. It rained that night. No one could hear her screams over the lightning and thunder until the next morning.

"Hey look," a local palace guard cried at 6:47 AM. "A soggy maiden is dangling from that little vine outside the royal bedroom!"

"No!" replied his pal Fabio. "That's a mirage, man! Lay off the booze!"

Days passed. The mice came to taunt her in her time of suffering, they soon got bored and went around stealing cheese from royal dukes and counts from nearby kingdoms.

"I say," Cinderella's fairy godmother appeared sometime during day four. "Why don't you just climb the vine?"

"I hate you." Cinderella climbed the vine faster than the average stuttering half-whit could say "bipity-bopity-boo". Later she died of pneumonia, and the King finally forgave his chief advisor and ruled very happily.