

**AN ABSOLUT MESS**  
**(An Absolutely Messed Up Fairytale)**

**By Arianna Skye**

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(Based on the Absolut Hunk photo)

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(or is it Skyy?)

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*In a land far, far away (Thank goodness!)*

“You will marry Prince Leonardo Von Absolut, and that is final.” Belden Feldspar slammed his fist on the heavy oak of his desk.

Jaylenne Feldspar stood firm in her resolve, her features etched in a stoic glare. “Prince Leonardo Von Absolut is an absolute jackass. He is a pompous poopie-head who only cares about himself.” She huffed. “I heard he has twenty people on his staff just for putting shoes on his oafish feet.”

“Milady,” her maid interrupted. “His Royal Highness is not an oaf. He is rather sexy.”

Blasted Kianne. She was much too outspoken for a maid. “I don’t doubt his sexiness, Kianne. I doubt his other attributes.”

Kianne giggled and blushed. “I’ve heard good things about his other attributes.”

“Kianne, I was referring—” Jaylenne’s eyes widened. “Really?” She shook her head and admonished herself. What was she doing? Her father was right there, listening. “Uhh, Kianne, can you excuse yourself for a few minutes while my father and I discuss the wedding I am not going to have?”

Kianne nodded and bowed meekly. "As you wish, milady." She turned and quietly left the room the room, shutting the door behind her.

"Why does the prince want to marry me?" Jaylenne asked. The pale jade gossamer of her skirts swished as she paced her father's bearskin rug.

"Does it matter?" her father replied. "He is Prince of Farsidia. That is reason enough."

Jaylenne rolled her eyes. "Well as far as I recall, a woman still has a choice of her mate. Send Prince Leonardo Von Absolut my answer, which will be a big fat NO. And make sure to capitalize the N and O." She crossed her arms across her chest and gave her father an angry glare.

"Jaylenne Feldspar, you and I both know you have not had your ceremony yet. Until then you are not a woman, but a girl."

Blasted rites of this backwards country. She was twenty summers, well past the normal ceremonial age. She stomped her foot and stuck out her lip in a pout. The longer he held off her ceremony, the longer he could keep her under his wing—as a girl.

"I don't need no stinking ceremony. I am a woman, whether you like it or not." She turned and stormed out the room, slamming the door behind her. With chin held high, she stalked toward the stairs and to her personal chambers.

Kianne sat at the window sill, mending the hem of Jaylenne's riding habit. "You really don't want to marry the prince?" she asked with wide eyes.

Jaylenne hated the superficiality of this kingdom. It made her want to retch. "No."

She stalked over to her desk and picked up the package that had just arrived. It was from that pompous prig of a prince. She was tempted to have the courier send it back, but curiosity got the best of her. She ripped open the paper.

What the Hades was this? She gazed upon the portrait of Prince Leonardo Von Absolut—complete with autograph—with eyes wide with shock. It confirmed all her previous convictions. The man was handsome, but conceited. His portrait said it all. He was lounging upon an expansive bed, pristine white blankets billowing about his muscular body. His tousled sun-kissed tresses pooled about a handsome well chiseled face, and the blue seas of his eyes sparkled with mischief. A smile that said, "come hither" swept from cheek to cheek. Not a piece of clothing covered his magnificent body.

Thank goodness, the Absolut family challis rested in a strategic position, leaving what hid behind it to her imagination. Not that she wanted to imagine it at all. Who was she fooling? Of course, she wanted to imagine it. From the size of that gaudy gold jewel gilt cup, his hidden package was rather massive.

Blasted men, she thought angrily. "See what I mean?" she said, tossing the portrait to the ground, right in front of Kianne. "Arrogant as Hades."

Kianne laughed. "Yes, but very nice to look at, no?" She finished the hem and reached over to retrieve the portrait. "Hmm, why is it this painting resembles another one I have seen before?"

Jaylenne glared. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Did we not take a vacation this spring? To Cancunia?" Kianne grinned. "Your first fling away from your parents?"

And the reason she had not had her Ceremony yet. Blasted paparazzi!

"'Twas dry brushed," Jaylenne said with a sigh, remembering the painting that circulated across the kingdoms. She was holding a tankard of ale in each hand, and another tankard was positioned in a similar strategic location as the prince's portrait. As if she would really drink something that tasted like horse-piss.

Blast those heathens at "Damsels Gone Wanton."

She should really get a barrister and sue their arses for slander. Her mind was made up. She would NOT marry Prince Leonardo Von Absolut. Nothing anyone could say or do would change her mind.

"I will marry Jaylenne Spaulding." Prince Leonardo Von Absolut said with a grin. "She holds a tankard well." He traced along the painting with the tip of his finger.

"Your Highness, the royal robe?" Huey Duckie, his trusty what-ever-it-was-he-was, asked.

Leonardo shook his head, delighting in the feel of his luxurious gold flecked shoulder length tresses flipping about his face.

"Harold, does this Jemima Sparkles welcome my proposal?" He perused the beautiful image in the mirror, flexing his biceps and quads. Damn, I'm one hot prince, he thought. He wouldn't hesitate to do himself if he were a woman. He twitched his pectoral muscles up and down.

"Her surname is Feldspar, Your Highness, and I'm Huey."

"Feildspore? Sounds like an infectious disease." Leonardo wrinkled his beautiful patrician nose. "With a name like that, she'll be begging to be my wife." He looked down at his above-average-size dinghy. He was certain that certain portion of his anatomy would sweeten the deal. He turned and plopped upon the royal settee, allowing Sir Ding-A-Ling to flop to his side. "Hubert, fetch me my challis and call for the palace portrait painter. I shall send Lady Jaybird Freespirit another gift."

"I will summon my brother immediately."

“Doofus is your brother?” Leonardo asked, plopping a succulent grape into his perfectly molded lips.

“Dewey, Your Highness.”

“Doogie? Like the physician child?” Leonardo scratched his head in confused thought. He cursed the day his mother, the Queen, dropped him on his head. It was only two weeks ago.

“No, Dewey, D-E-W-E-Y, like the Dewey decimal system, a catalog system used by Earth people to catalog library books.”

Leonardo shrugged. “I don’t like to read, unless it has pictures, if you know what I mean.”

“That’s too bad, Your Highness.” Huey smiled. “I’ve been told Lady Jaylenne is an avid reader.”

“Perhaps I shall try and read.” He waltzed over to his bookshelf and pulled out the first book he could find. And the author’s name was almost similar, well the first name at least. “So is this *War and Peace* any good?”

Hughy – or was it Huey? – coughed. “It’s a little above your reading level. He pulled another book from the shelf – The Adventures of Dick and Jane. Did this guy really think he was that dumb? If he did, then his plan had succeeded.

“I read Dork and June already,” Leonardo said as he traced his perfectly manicured finger across the row of books. “Oh, this looks interesting,” he said, shaking the book in Huey’s duck-like face.

Huey grabbed the book and gazed at the cover. A scantily clad woman with bosoms popping out of her corset was grabbing the white billowing shirt of a man, exposing a broad muscled chest. He perused the inside. "This is a romance novel, Your Highness."

Leonardo grinned. "If what's inside is as nice as that picture, I'm sure I'll love it." He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

"There are no pictures inside, Your Highness."

Leonardo sighed. "Oh pooh," he said. "I still want to read it." He ripped the book from Huey's webbed hands.

A loud rumble rolled through Leonardo's stomach. "The Royal Stomach hath spoken. Have Luigi bring me my dinner."

"Louie," Huey replied.

"Whatever, have my dinner brought up."

Huey rolled his eyes and exited. Why did Huey always do that to him?

Of course he knew why Huey rolled his eyes. These brothers were all about a conspiracy to drive him insane and declare him unfit to be king. They never thought that he would turn his eye to Jaylenne. Ah... he wasn't as dumb as all these Duckies thought he was.

Jaylenne— he knew she was no innocent, no matter how much she fussed over the paparazzi and their devious tactics. He had been there—seen her—banged her—in Cancunia. Not as prince Leonardo but as Squire

Ferdinand No Num. He had tasted her sweet nectar more than once, had delighted in every inch of her voluptuous body, and had felt her glorious release as he spilled his seed in her quivering sheath. He could still feel her shuddering beneath him as he pumped in and out of her like a piston. He knew not what a piston was, but it sounded appropriate.

It was shortly after, that he commissioned her portrait, wanting something to remember her by. Unfortunately, it had accidentally been released to the bards of the realm.

If only he could get her in the dark again and his tongues on her sweet tantalizing body, she would marry him without hesitation. She, in fact, would be begging Prince Leonardo Von Absolut, not Squire Ferdinand No Num, as she arched her back off the satin sheets. He had already spoken to her father about their little indiscretion, and he more than agreed to offer Jaylenne in marriage. Perhaps daddy, would agree to a wee underhanded trickery, himself?

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Jaylenne sighed, staring at Prince Leonardo Von Absolut's portrait. His eyes, they seemed familiar. She lied back in the delicate porcelain tub and let the aroma of vanilla and lavender soak within her aura. Now that she had time to relax, she reflected more on his photo.

Where had she seen Prince Leonardo Von Absolut before?

“If only Squire Ferdinand No Num were here,” Jaylenne said aloud. He would know what to do. No one had ever made her feel that way before. He was well versed in the art of Tantric Massage and another book he had stolen from the Earth people called, “Kama Sutra” She thanked the gourds she had been born with two sets of joints. It drove Squire Ferdinand No Num nuts when she put both her legs behind her head.

She must find him. He was the only man for her. Only he could make her quiver, especially when he hummed “I’m Too Sexy” against her flowery folds.

Her mind was settled. She must escape. Where would she go? Would he still be in Cancunia? No, that would be insane, traipsing across the galaxy in search of pleasure. Then again, Ferdie did do that thing with her toes, and, of course, there was the other at the back of her knees, and oh, who could forget the way he....hmm. She giggled. How could she forget the silly little dance he did around the sombrero when he drank Josenia Cuervonia out of that gaudy challis he always seemed to tote around.

The challis! How could she have not recognized it before? Was she really that inebriated not to notice before? And why hadn’t Kianne, who attended her during her excursion to Cancunia, not said anything?

It was all starting to make sense now. “Kianne!”

Kianne appeared in the doorway. “Yes milady?”

“Inform my father that I will not be marrying the prince.” She smiled, watching Kianne shake her head. “I am in love with Squire Ferdinand No Num.”

Kianne gasped. “Milady, have you gone mad?”

“I am saner than the sanest psychopaths.” Jaylenne flung her water drenched locks from her face. “Prepare my bags. I leave for Cancunia – tonight.”

“But Prince Leonardo,” Kianne replied in too meek of a voice, “has already arrived. He demands an audience at once.”

“Well give him an audience then, with the prompter box included. I’m sure the Prince’s sense of humor is as good as his taste in art.” This whole situation was as about as humorous as getting a tooth pulled. She would be darned if she would let Prince Leonardo Von Absolut make a fool of her again. “I am going to Cancunia. I only want Squire Ferdinand No Num. He is the only one who can make my body do the Macarena.”

Leonardo was not one to eavesdrop, but it was hard to ignore Jaylenne’s sweet seductive voice carrying from the room. She loves me! Leonardo jumped with glee. Well not really him, but when she found out he was Squire Ferdinand, she would be screaming his name—Prince Leonardo Von Absolut— in five different tongues, all the while he used all five of his tongues on her. With a grin,

Leonardo poked out his tongues—all five of them. She would not be able to refuse.

He must hurry—before she zapped herself to Cancunia. With a purposeful stride, he burst into the room. Jaylenne sat in the tub in naked splendor, just as he remembered in Cancunia. Rivulets of water splashed down the swell of a perfectly rounded breast. Her long golden hair, although damp, draped across the other breast, just as perfectly rounded. He loved breasts that were perfectly rounded. Most other women of the realm had cha-cha's the size of cantaloupes that hung to their knees—breasts so heavy that these damsels (if he could really refer to the women of this realm as damsels) put the hunchback of Notre Dame to shame.

“Leave my chamber at once!” Jaylenne demanded, trying to cover her boobs with her hands. The water and bubbles splashed in tantalizing splendor about her.

“No,” Leonardo said, with a wide grin. He ripped off his tunic and breeches and wiggled his package in front of her. “I know you’ve missed this... and this...” He stuck out all five tongues and swirled them about suggestively. He dove in the tub, not waiting for her to refuse.

Jaylenne squealed as she splashed around the tub, attempting to push him out. She pounded on Leonardo's chest. “You arrogant fool!” Her beautiful jade jeweled orbs flared as the lingering lavender aroma wafted from

her bodacious body. “You expect me to marry you after you’ve deceived me?”

Leonardo gave her his best puppy-dog-eyes look. He traced his finger down the contour of his cheek. “Aww baby, I wanted you to love me for who I am, not what I am. I wanted you to love the man, not the prince.”

Jaylenne’s eyes narrowed into tiny slits. “You expect me to believe this prattle. This isn’t a romance novel, you know.”

“On the contrary,” Leonardo said. “Look around you, babycakes. Do you not see all those words?”

Jaylenne looked around and turned the pages. “Well that’s one messed up romance, if you ask me.”

Prince Leonardo Von Absolut smiled and took Jaylenne Feldspar into his arms as the water splashed about them. “It may be a messed up romance, but it’s our romance. And I really want our Happily Ever After.”

“Oh Leonardo!” Jaylenne exclaimed. “I love you!”

Leonardo jumped for joy causing the bubbles to fly in the air. “I love you too, baby!” And he didn’t even need to use his five tongues for her to say those magic words!

And they lived happily ever after – in their Absolut  
Mess!

EL FIN (Thank God!)