

Fairy Tail's Fairy Tale's

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28748385) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28748385>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F , F/M , M/M , Multi
Fandoms:	Fairy Tail , Fairy Tales & Related Fandoms
Relationships:	Chelia Blendy/Wendy Marvell , Lexus Dreyar/Freed Justine , Natsu Dragneel/Lucy Heartfilia , Gray Fullbuster/Juvia Lockser , Jellal Fernandes/Erza Scarlet , Evergreen/Elfman Strauss , Levy McGarden/Gajeel Redfox
Characters:	Makarov Dreyar , Elfman Strauss , Gajeel Redfox , Levy McGarden , Pantherlily (Fairy Tail) , Natsu Dragneel , Lucy Heartfilia , Lexus Dreyar , Gray Fullbuster , Juvia Lockser , Lyon Vastia , Wendy Marvell , Bickslow (Fairy Tail) , Charles Carla , Freed Justine , Erza Scarlet , Happy (Fairy Tail) , Jellal Fernandes , Evergreen (Fairy Tail) , Sting Eucliffe , Rogue Cheney , Frosche (Fairy Tail) , Lector (Fairy Tail) , Chelia Blendy
Additional Tags:	Comedy , Romance
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-14 Words: 19,858 Chapters: 9/9

Fairy Tail's Fairy Tale's

by [D_Lite_Writes](#)

Summary

It's everyone's favorite little dragon slayer's birthday! Chelia and Lyon have come from Lamia Scale to celebrate it with her! There's only one problem. . . Fairy Tail forgot Wendy's birthday. They decide to scrounge up a quick play last minute based on the book of Fairy Tale's Carla's bought for her. It goes. . . as well as you can expect from Fairy Tail.

Notes

This is transferred over from my tumblr i-am-the-hero-alfred-jones. I wrote this as a submission for the 2019-2020 Fairy Tail Big Bang. PLEASE DO NOT REPORT MY WORK AS STOLEN I AM STEALING FROM MYSELF. If you need verification, contact me on tumblr and I will confirm.

Chapter 1

WENDY'S BIRTHDAY

Wendy awoke with a smile on her face, and in her heart. After all, how could she not be happy? It was her birthday, and Chelia and Lyon had come all the way from Lamia Scale to spend it with her! Which brought up a troubling fact, her bed seemed a lot more empty than the night before. Where was Chelia? The house only had one guest room, and they had decided to give it to Lyon, since he was a boy. Wendy threw her legs over the edge of the bed and hummed in thought. Carla wasn't in her bed on the opposite side of the room either. Where was everyone?

The crashing and bickering from downstairs quickly answered her question. "I'm an *ice* mage! We deal with cold, not heat! Did you honestly expect me to be good in the kitchen?!" "Oops! Lyon! I accidentally started another fire!" "Quiet! You'll wake the child!" At the smell of smoke, Wendy decided she should probably get down there. She walked into the kitchen to see all three bickering around the oven, Carla was in her human form.

"Uhm... Is everything alright?" Wendy asked politely. The group turned around, looking slightly panicked. "Wendy!" Chelia raced over to hug her friend. Wendy laughed and happily hugged back. "Happy Birthday!" "Thank you!" "We tried to make you breakfast but... um..." Chelia glanced over at the charred, strangely shiny remains of what had been eggs. "... It didn't go well. . ." Wendy just smiled, "It's okay, we can go out to breakfast." she assured. "Oh! I wanna give you your present!" Chelia eagerly pulled Wendy towards the living room.

Carla turned to the ice mage disappointingly once the girls had gone. "Honestly, Lyon! You're an adult! And you can't even cook?" "I can cook just fine!" Lyon snapped. "Tell that to the frozen eggs." Carla countered, gesturing to the frozen pan. "Oh, forgive me!" Lyon replied, sarcastically, "Next time I'll just let the fire keep going and burn your house down." Carla sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose, "I just hope the guild does better than you." Lyon had to laugh at that, "You think those fools remembered Wendy's birthday?" Carla gasped, "How dare you! The members of Fairy Tail utterly adore Wendy! They would never do anything to hurt her!" "Yeah, but they're idiots." Lyon stated. It wasn't an insult, it was a fact. "... Oh dear..." Carla murmured. Lyon had a point. "... They're definitely not the brightest ... What if they *did* forget her birthday?" The exceed exclaimed, worriedly, "Oh! she'll be crushed! I *can't* let this happen. You have to stall her." Carla decided. Lyon was bewildered.

"Me?! What am I supposed to do?!" "Take her out to breakfast and open gifts. She received her gift from me last night and will no doubt want to show it to you. I'll go ahead to the guild and make sure she is not forgotten!" Carla shifted into her cat-like form and flew off without another word, leaving a very panicked Lyon in her wake. "... I am so screwed. ." he breathed.

Carla was breathless by the time she arrived at the guild. She threw open the doors and glanced around worriedly. The wizards and witches of Fairy Tail were lazing around as if it were any ordinary Sunday afternoon.

“No!” Carla shouted out loud. She put her head in her paws as the guild glanced towards her curiously. “What’s wrong, Carla?” Happy asked, worriedly, as he approached. He didn’t like it when Carla was sad. “You all forgot!” Carla wailed, looking back at the guild in misery. “We didn’t forget nothing!” Natsu yelled angrily. He leaned towards his teammate, “Lucy, what’d we forget?” She sighed in reply. “Lyon was right ...” Carla groaned. “Lyon?” Gray asked, “What are you talking to that jerk for?” “This is absolutely unacceptable!” Carla exclaimed, glaring at the guild, “Wendy is a part of your family! I can’t believe all of you would forget such an important day for her!” “What? Tuesday?” Gajeel asked from his place, with his arm around Levy. The woman stared up at the man she had *chosen* to be with in awe, “... It’s *Sunday* Gajeel.” The slayer scoffed and rolled his eyes, “Whatever...” “It’s her birthday!” Carla exclaimed. “Who’s birthday?” Jet asked. “*Wendy’s* birthday you imbeciles!!!!” The guild fell silent at that. “... Oh shit”

“Didn’t *anyone* remember?!” Carla exclaimed desperately. There was the sound of a throat clearing from the back of the room and everyone glanced over. “I thought this might happen and planned accordingly.” Freed explained, smiling, “As you can see, I’ve provided both a gift and a banner.” he gestured to the counter, where two presents and a rolled up banner sat, “The second gift is from Mystogan.” he explained. Carla sighed, “At least *one* of you remembered. The rest of you better come up with something fast, because Wendy will be crushed if she learns you forgot her birthday.” “I could put on a show for her?” Gajeel offered, rubbing the back of his neck. “No one wants *that* for they’re birthday!” Natsu yelled from across the room. “Shut up Ash-for-brains, you wouldn’t know talent if it bit you on the ass!” “I know it’s not *you*!” “... Actually...” Carla mused, “A performance *could* work...” “Really?” Levy asked, surprised. “Really?” Gajeel asked, just as surprised. “Indeed, my present to Wendy was a book of Fairy Tales, and she was quite happy to receive it, Perhaps we could act out these stories in the form of a play, letting Wendy choose the cast and narrate.” “That’s a great idea, Carla!” Levy praised. Carla smiled, “Perfect! Now we have to get the stage and banner set up before she gets here.” The guild members rushed to set everything up for their little sky dragon slayer.

Wendy smiled as she entered the guild. Everyone was bustling about. Lyon chuckled at the view. “Never a dull moment around here.” He lit up as he saw a beautiful figure from afar. “Oh, Wendy? Would you mind if I...” “You can go talk to Juvia.” Wendy answered Lyon’s question before he even finished it. “Thank you!” Lyon dashed off. The girls giggled as they heard Lyon get berated by his childhood friend. “Do you think he’s ever going to give up on her?” Chelia asked, curiously. “Maybe after she marries Gray.” Wendy joked. The girls laughed again. It was around this time Wendy finally spotted her exceed, whom she approached curiously.

“Carla, what’s going on?” Carla gasped and whirled around at the voice. “Wendy! You’re here!” the exceed paused for a long moment while the girls stared at her in confusion. Carla sighed and spoke louder, “Wendy’s here!!!” The guild members whirled around to look at Wendy. They quickly took up the cry of “Happy Birthday!” Which Wendy beamed at.

"Thanks so much everyone! I'm surprised you all remembered." The Fairy Tail guild fell completely silent for the second time in history, as everyone glanced away guiltily, while Wendy looked on in confusion. "Of course they remembered!" Chelia exclaimed, "They love you! So what'd you all get her?!" "Chelia, that's rude." Lyon scolded, lightly. "And you stealing my guild mate isn't?!" "This isn't about you, Gray!" The two returned to their bickering. "Our gift is a performance Wendy." Carla explained. "Really?!" Wendy lit up, but glanced around shyly, "Oh, I hope you didn't go through any trouble for me..." "Oh, hush, child." Carla scolded, "It was no trouble at all."

Carla sat Wendy down at a table in front of the stage. "Did you bring the book I got you?" "Mm-hmm!" Wendy nodded and eagerly brought it out. "We are going to put on the Fairy Tales for you." Carla said, smiling as Wendy grew excited, "You may choose the story and who plays what part." "That sounds like so much fun!" Wendy cheered. "Then let's not dilly dally, let's get straight to it." Carla said. "Oh, there's so many stories- I don't even know where to start!" Wendy admitted, shyly. "Then let's start at the beginning." Carla suggested, "What's the first story?" "Um... Puss In Boots." Wendy said, turning pages to find the first story. "Who will play what part?" Carla asked. "Hmm..." Wendy thought for a long moment, "Well, Puss In Boots is about a clever cat that defeats an ogre and helps his master get a wife-Lily can do it!" "Lily can do what?" Pantherlily asked, looking up from his kiwi breakfast. "You can play Puss from Puss in Boots! Uh... if you want to..." Wendy added, shyly. Lily smiled, "I would love to." Gajeel stood. "Where are you going?" Levy asked. "No one's being my Lily's master but *me*!" he replied, sternly. Wendy giggled, "Okay. And Levy can be the princess! We need an ogre and a king!" "Makarov could be king." Mirajane suggested. The old man sighed, "I'm not as young as I used to be, but I'll give it a try." Mirajane gave her brother a look and he sighed, "I'll be the ogre." "Yay!" Wendy cheered. The group glanced over Wendy's shoulder and quickly re-read the story. "I can easily provide costumes." Erza assured, leading the group backstage while Wendy began the first story.

PUSS IN BOOTS

Wendy began to narrate eagerly. "Once upon a time there was an old miller. When he died, he had three sons." Gajeel walked onto the stage. "To the first, he gave the mill." "Alright!" Gajeel said grinning. "That's not you." Wendy explained. "...Huh?" "That's your brother." Wendy told him. "...Oh..." She continued, "The second son got the donkey." "Not bad!" Gajeel grinned again. "That's also not you." Wendy informed him. "Then what did I get?!" Gajeel complained. "The cat." "The cat?! My brothers get a business and a donkey and I get a damn cat?!" Gajeel asked, angrily. "The cat is Lily." Wendy offered. "Best present ever!" Gajeel hugged his exceed happily.

"But the miller's son had a problem. What was he to do with a cat? But the cat assured him that he would be fine." Wendy continued. Lily wormed his way out of Gajeel's grasp and turned to him, "Listen, all I need is a pair of boots and some hunting gear, and I'll make you rich." he promised. Gajeel looked skeptical, but shrugged, "I don't really believe you, but I'm desperate, so what the hell?"

"The cat got his boots and spent the next few months hunting to take care of his master." Wendy continued, "But every few weeks, the cat would go visit the king." Makarov sat in a fine throne onstage. Lily walked up, holding a bowl of fruit up to him, "A gift from the Lord

of... the Iron Hills.” “Tell your master that I thank him for the gifts.” Makarov replied. Lily bowed and both of them scurried offstage.

“One day, when the cat knew the king was going to be out in the village, he brought his master to a lake.” Wendy said. Gajeel followed Lily back out onto the stage. “I’m doing *what?*” the slayer asked. “Strip and get in the lake.” Lily gestured to a large barrel that was serving as their lake. “*Why?!*” Gajeel exclaimed. “Just trust me. I have a plan.” Lily assured. Gajeel sighed and climbed into the barrel. They had decided to leave the stripping out, since there were children in the room.

“While he was bathing, the king walked by with his daughter.” Wendy continued. “Help! The Lord of the Iron Hills is drowning!!!” Lily exclaimed. Makarov rushed over and pulled Gajeel out of the ‘lake’. “His clothes were stolen by a thief!” Lily explained. “You will have some of my robes then.” Makarov said. Erza used her magic to give Gajeel fine clothes. “I remember you from the gifts your cat has given me. Now walk with me.” Makarov walked offstage, Levy and Gajeel followed.

“The cat ran ahead and told everyone he met to say that the land they were working on belonged to the Lord of the Iron Hills.” Wendy continued, “And went to the nearest castle, which happened to be owned by an ogre.” Elfman walked onstage and Lily walked up to him and bowed, “Dear Sir, I have been told that you can turn into anything.” “I can!” Elfman confirmed, cockily. “Can you turn into a giant monster?” Lily asked. “Of course I can!” Elfman changed into a large creature and Lily yelped and hid behind the nearest object-which happened to be the barrel/lake. Elfman laughed as he changed back into a human.

“Hmm... not bad.” Lily admitted, creeping out from his hiding place, “But can you turn into something small, like a mouse?” “With ease!” Elfman flexed and Wendy turned to the guild, “When the ogre turned into a mouse- the cat ate him!” The duo raced offstage. “It was around this time that the king and miller’s son arrived.” Makarov and Gajeel walked back onstage. “So this is yours too?” “Indeed. My master is the best lord in all the land.” Lily assured, standing by his dragon slayer’s side. “If he’s that great, he has my blessing to marry my daughter.” Makarov assured, letting Levy step forward. Gajeel grinned as he leaned down to kiss her. “And they all lived happily ever after!” Wendy cheered.

The guild clapped as the actors got off the stage. “You two can stop kissing now.” Lily said with a small sigh as he watched the couple make out. “No thanks, I’m good.” Gajeel only grinned as Levy gave him a light shove and looked over towards the book. “What’s next?” she asked curiously. Wendy turned back to the book, “The Foolish Wishes.” she read. “I know that story!” Levy smiled, “That would be *perfect* for Natsu and Lucy.” “Huh?!” Lucy exclaimed. Wendy gasped and turned to the duo energetically, “Oh, please Lucy?! Please Natsu?!” Lucy sighed and smiled fondly “Oh, alright...” she stood and began reading the story. “Sure! If Gajeel can do it, *I* can do it!” Natsu grinned and used Lucy as an arm rest while he read. Once they were done, they headed backstage and Wendy began the second story.

THE FOOLISH WISHES

“There was once a poor woodcutter ...” Wendy began, at this Natsu walked onstage. “He was so sad he wanted to die.” “SCREW YOU, HEAVENS!” Natsu yelled, angrily, “You’ve

never given me anything!” “At this moment Jupiter appeared! Oh... but we didn’t choose a Jupiter...” Wendy realized, sadly. “The heck is a Jupiter?” Natsu asked. “Jupiter is the god of thunder and lightning.” Carla explained, “King of the Roman gods.”

"We have our *own* god of thunder~" Freed smirked over at his ~~love~~ teammate. Laxus slowly turned to look at the rune mage, "NO." "Come on, Laxus. You'd make her day." Evergreen pressed. "Yeah! Don't be an ass!" Bixlow said. "Ass!" "Ass!" "Ass!" his babies repeated, flying around Laxus's head. The blonde sighed and glared ahead, "You three won't leave me alone until I do it, will you?" "No, we will not." "Nuh-uh." "We're just gonna keep annoying you!" "Annoying!" "Annoying!" "Annoying!" "I'm also going to cut off your alcohol privileges until you do it." Mirajane chirped in. That did it. Laxus groaned and approached Wendy. "I'll be your Jupiter- but *only* because I'm being forced into it." he shot a glare at his team as he climbed onto the stage. His voice was emotionless when he spoke.

"I am Jupiter. God of thunder and lightning. Fear me." Natsu snickered at the lackluster performance, "That's all ya got? C'mon, man! Do some special effects or something!" Laxus was more than happy to strike Natsu with lightning. While the Salamander lay on the ground in pain, Wendy continued, "Jupiter promised the woodcutter three wishes!" "Alright, dumbass, listen up." Laxus grabbed Natsu by the scarf and yanked him into a standing position, "The first three wishes you make will come true, got it?" Natsu nodded, he opened his mouth to speak but Laxus quickly covered it, "So don't waste them on dumb shit." Laxus dropped Natsu onto the ground again and hopped off of the stage, grumbling bitterly as he returned to his seat. "With those words, Jupiter returned to the sky!" Wendy narrated, happily, "But the woodcutter raced home to his wife."

Lucy walked in and set up a table and two chairs, before taking a seat at the table. Natsu raced over gleefully, "WE'RE GONNA BE RICH!!!!" he cheered. "What?" Lucy exclaimed, "How?!" "The woodcutter told his wife the story." Wendy narrated. "We have to be careful with our wishes, Natsu. We'll sleep on it and make the wishes tomorrow morning." Lucy suggested, "I'll go make dinner you start the fire." Natsu nodded, "I'm good at that." Natsu enthusiastically set the nearby barrel on fire (the one they had used as a lake in the last story) and put his feet up on the table.

"Man this fire looks tasty." Natsu thought aloud, "I wish I had a sausage too!" Mirajane threw a sausage onstage and Natsu stared down at it, "... Oh no." "Natsu!! You idiot!!" Lucy yelled angrily, "We could've had gold, diamonds, jewels- And you wish for a sausage?!!" "It was an accident!" Natsu defended.

"I can't believe i ever made friends with someone like *you*!" Lucy ranted on. "Hey! I said it was an accident!" Natsu was starting to grow angry. "This is the stupidest thing you've ever done! And you've done a *lot* of stupid things-" "I wish the sausage was stuck on your nose!!!" Natsu yelled angrily. Lucy gasped as she picked up the sausage and held it to her nose. "NATSU!!!!!!!!!"

"Oh no! We only have one wish now!" Natsu realized, ignoring his 'wife's' plight, "What should I use it for?!" "I have a *sausage* stuck on my *nose*!!!!" Lucy scolded. Natsu sighed, "I wish my wife didn't have a sausage on her nose..." he grumbled. The sausage fell to the ground. "And so the woodcutter and his wife learned a valuable lesson!" Wendy announced,

proudly as the duo left the stage. “Man, Lucy, why do you always gotta mess things up?” “*I* messed it up? I think you read the wrong story pal-”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

There is a joke in here concerning jewels, Fairy Tail's currency, I'm aware that the amount I put down is very little, that's part of the joke.

"Wendy?" Juvia asked, shyly as she approached the girl, "Do you think you could make a story for me and Gray?" "Of course, Juvia!" Wendy beamed, "This next story is perfect for you two!" Juvia squealed and grabbed Gray's arm, "Come on, my darling!" "What?" She dragged the poor ice mage backstage. "We need a peasant and a father." Wendy hummed, "Lyon can be the peasant! And...uhm..." "Gajeel and Juvia came from the same guild, Levy suggested, "He can play her father." The two were easily convinced and headed backstage.

THE PEASANT'S WISE DAUGHTER

"Once upon a time," Wendy began, "There was a peasant, he was so poor that the only thing he had was his daughter." Gajeel and Juvia walked onstage. "The king had given them some land and while digging up the ground for farming, they had found a golden tray." The sky slayer continued.

"This is amazing!" Gajeel cheered, holding up the golden tray proudly, "We'll take it to the king as a gift!" "That is not wise," warned Juvia, "If we take him the tray without the cover, he will surely think we are lying. He will think that we have kept it for ourselves." "But the peasant would not listen." Wendy narrated, "He took the tray to the king anyways."

Juvia went backstage and Gray entered and sat on a lavish throne. Gajeel bowed before him, "My king, I have found this on the land you gave me." he held the tray out. Gray took the tray and carefully examined it, "... Is this it?" he asked. "That's all we found." Gajeel explained. "Liar! How would you find a tray and not the lid?! Throw him in the dungeon!" Gray commanded.

"And the peasant was thrown in jail." Wendy continued "While in there he kept crying-" "Oh! If only I'd listened to my daughter!" Gajeel wailed dramatically. "This made the king so curious, that eventually he was brought before the king again." Wendy continued. "What's all this about a daughter?" Gray asked. "She told me I shouldn't bring you the tray without the cover." Gajeel explained. "She was right." Gray confirmed, "Well if she's that smart, she can have the chance to marry me." Juvia was onstage in an instant, "Really?!" "In the *play*, Juvia." Gray said sternly. "...Oh..." Juvia was disappointed, but the play continued on. "I will give you a riddle. If you solve it, we'll get married." Gray said. Juvia gasped excitedly. "In the *play*, Juvia." he reminded.

Wendy turned back to the audience, "He gave her the riddle and it was quickly solved. They were then wed." Gray and Juvia were holding hands onstage and repeating after Gajeel. "Man, this sure is a lot for a fake wedding..." Gray noted. "Sign this." Gajeel held out a piece of paper, which Gray signed without thinking. Juvia squealed and did the same. The two left the stage and the attention of the guild went back to Wendy.

"The two lived together happily for the next few years. One day an argument was brought to the king. Two men had been travelling together, one with an ox and the other with a horse. The horse had given birth to a foal in the night, and the ox-owner wanted to keep it. He claimed one of the ox had given birth to it, and the king sided with him. The poor horse-owner, the rightful owner of the foal, went to the queen for help." Wendy read. Juvia sat on a throne and Lyon knelt at her feet, "Oh, merciful and beautiful queen!" he declared. Gray had to be restrained backstage. Lyon continued, "What am I to do?! Alas, I shall never see my precious foal! The cruel *Gray* has kept her from me!" "Are you sure you're just talking about a horse, Lyon?" Chelia asked skeptically from Wendy's side. Wendy couldn't help but giggle. Juvia smiled, "Fear not, kind peasant. I have a plan."

"The next day her plan was carried out." Wendy said. Lyon stood onstage with a fishing pole and Gray approached him. He stared at Lyon for a long moment, speechless. "... What the *hell* are you doing?" "I'm fishing." Lyon replied, casually. "You're on *land*. You can't fish on land, you idiot!" Gray scolded. "It's as easy to fish on land as it is for an ox to have a foal." Lyon replied coolly. Gray fell silent. "Who put you up to this?" he demanded. "Ha! As if I would ever betray my beloved Juvia!" Lyon declared, hand over his heart. "So it was Juvia." Gray replied. "...Shit."

"The King returned home to find his wife." Wendy narrated. Gray marched onstage and glared at Juvia. "How dare you betray me like this! We're done! Go back to your hut- but I will give you this." Gray offered, "You may take the one thing you love most in this world with you." Juvia took the opportunity to hug Gray. "What are you doing?!" Gray exclaimed. "*You're* the thing I love most in this world, my darling!" Juvia reminded. "Oh..." Gray gave the audience an exasperated look. "The end!" Wendy declared.

The actors began to exit the stage, but Juvia was still hugging Gray gleefully. "I can't believe we're really married!" she squealed. "It's not real, Juvia." Gray gently pushed her off. "No, but the marriage certificate you signed was." Gajeel mentioned, casually. Gray whirled on him, "WHAT?!" "I got ordained last year." Gajeel shrugged. "Why?" Levy asked. "Eh, Lily and I were drunk, and he bet me a hundred jewel I couldn't do it."

"No! We are *not* staying married!" Gray scolded. "But my love-" "NO! Give me the certificate!" Gray demanded. Juvia sadly obeyed. "Natsu, burn this!" Gray tossed him the crumpled paper. Natsu caught it and stared down at it for a moment. Then immediately grinned and threw it back, "No." "NATSU!!!" Gray roared. "Darling, your clothes." "You know what?! I'll deal with you later, come on!" Gray grabbed Juvia roughly and yanked her towards the door. "We're going to City Hall and getting this thing annulled!" "Oh, but darling-" "Don't 'darling' me, I'm mad at you!!!" Gray stormed out of the building, dragging Juvia behind him.

“Uhm... Maybe we should move on to the next story...” Wendy said, worriedly. She looked around desperately trying to bring the fun back into the room, “Erza! Do you wanna be in a story?” Erza smiled, “I would love to. What did you have in mind?” “Well, Rapunzel is next.” Wendy said. “Rapunzel, huh? What’s that about?” Erza asked. Wendy smiled, “It’s about a girl who gets imprisoned in a tower for her whole childhood.” she explained. Erza’s teammates gasped and cringed. That sounded a little too similar to Erza’s childhood. “Wendy, um... maybe Erza shouldn’t-” Erza held up a hand to shush the Celestial mage. “It’s fine, Wendy.” she assured. Wendy beamed, “Natsu and Lucy can be your parents, now we just need a witch and a prince.” “I’ll be the witch.” Mirajane offered. “And I know the perfect prince!” Wendy cheered, before dashing out of the room.

Jellal lay slumped over the desk. Several books were laid out beneath him. He had retreated to the guild’s library in order to do some research, but truthfully- he hadn’t slept in a few days and his fatigue was catching up with him. He was snoring softly from his place at the desk. That is... until a small eager girl ran in calling his name. Wendy cried out as she slipped and crashed into a bookshelf. Jellal sat straight up, as the sound of books tumbling to the ground awoke him from his slumber.

“Ow...” a small voice groaned. “Wendy?” Jellal asked, offering her his hand, “Are you alright?” “Yeah, I’m okay. Thanks.” Wendy assured. She stood and rubbed a sore spot on her head, then remembered her intent. “Oh! Jellal! I need you to come save Erza from a tower!” Jellal stared down at her, “That’s very different from the last thing Erza and I did in a tower.” he noted. Confusion registered on Wendy’s face. “... What?” “What?” Jellal replied, quickly. “The guild is performing Fairy Tales for me...” Wendy explained, “I was hoping you’d be Rapunzel’s prince!” “And, uh, Erza is Rapunzel?” Jellal asked, unable to help the smile that spread to his features. Wendy nodded. Jellal considered the prospect for about 0.3 seconds before making his decision. “My research can wait.”

RAPUNZEL

“Once upon a time a husband and wife lived by a witch. The witch had a beautiful garden, and since the wife was pregnant, she started to crave the vegetables that grew in the witches garden.” Wendy began.

Natsu and Lucy sat at a table onstage. “Natsu! If I don’t get some of those vegetables, I’ll die!” Lucy cried. “She’s joking right?” Natsu asked Wendy. Wendy shook her head. Natsu looked back to Lucy, “But she’s scary!” “I’ll *die*, Natsu.” “But- I- Aw, man...” Natsu groaned and stood from the table.

“That night, he snuck into the garden.” Wendy narrated. Natsu snickered triumphantly as he slunk across the stage. “But he got caught.” Wendy added. “HOW DARE YOU!!!” Mirajane stormed onstage, powers activated so she looked extra scary. Natsu screamed and fell to his knees, “I’m so sorry! Please don’t kill me, I just didn’t want my wife to die!!!” he wailed. “Fine. You may live.” Mira said, “And you can keep the vegetables. But when it’s born, *I* get your baby.” “Sure, whatever!” Natsu ran offstage in fear.

“When the baby was born, the witch locked it in a tower, she had named the baby Rapunzel. Which is the German name for the lettuce her father had stolen. Rapunzel had grown up to be beautiful! With hair as yellow as-...” Wendy stared at scarlet locks, “Red as roses.” she quickly covered. “The only way in or out of the tower was by climbing Rapunzel’s hair. One day, a prince found the tower.” Jellal walked onstage and hid behind a curtain as Mira approached the tower. “Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair to me.” she called. Crimson locks fell down and Mirajane climbed up them. She quickly climbed down and left the stage.

Jellal approached the makeshift tower, which was really just a tall ladder. “Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!” he repeated, and cherry locks greeted him. He climbed up. “At first Rapunzel was afraid of the prince, but they soon fell in love, and she decided to go away with him, but before they could leave, the witch found out about their plan.” Wendy explained.

“Wicked child!” Mira cried, “Here I have hidden you from the world, and you deceive me?!” she grabbed a pair of scissors and cut off Erza’s wig. “You shall go to the desert and never see him again!” Mira pushed Erza offstage. Jellal approached the tower again, “Rapunzel! Rapunzel! Let down your hair!” When the ruby locks greeted him, he climbed up. “Where is Erza- I mean Rapunzel?!” he demanded. “You’ll never see her again!” Mira replied. “No!” Jellal wailed and jumped from the tower in despair.

“The prince lived, but thorns pierced his eyes and he was blind. He wandered for years, until he came upon a desert.” Wendy narrated. Jellal stumbled onstage, a blindfold now covering his eyes. “My prince?!” Erza exclaimed, walking onstage and seeing him. “Rapunzel?!” Jellal replied. Erza rushed over and hugged him. “The couple was so happy they wept and when Rapunzel’s tears fell into the Prince’s eyes, he could see again.” Wendy said, as Erza removed Jellal’s blindfold. “And they lived happily ever after!”

The guild cheered and the actors sat back down. “You make a pretty good prince, Jellal.” “And you make a beautiful princess.” Jellal replied. “Get a room!” “Forgive me, I have an idiot to stab.” Erza said, politely. Natsu gulped. “Maybe we should take a break from romance for a while...” Carla suggested, “Why don’t we do a fable?”

Chapter 3

Wendy lit up, "That sounds like fun!" "What the heck is a fable?" Natsu asked. "It's a short story that teaches a moral." Wendy explained, flipping through pages, "I have the perfect one for you and Gajeel!" Natsu and Gajeel stared at each other skeptically and glanced in the book. "How the heck are we gonna do that?" Natsu asked. "You could change the plates into your elements." Wendy suggested. The duo agreed and grinned as they climbed onto the stage.

THE FOX AND THE CRANE

A table was brought onstage and Natsu sat down at it. "Once upon a time, a fox-" "Wait a minute." Wendy's narration was interrupted when Gajeel stormed onstage. "Why is he the fox?! My name is literally Redfox!" "Only Natsu would be stupid enough to treat someone badly and not expect the same treatment back." Carla replied, coolly. Gajeel shrugged, "Alright." he pulled up a chair and sat at the table with Natsu.

Wendy continued on with the story, "One day a fox invited a crane to his house for dinner." "So what are we eating?" Gajeel asked, leaning back and putting his feet up on the table. "I'll go get it." Natsu practically skipped offstage. "...I don't like where this is going." Gajeel said worriedly, as he sat up properly. Natsu came back onstage grinning. He set down two bowls of fire. "Enjoy!" Natsu sat down and began to eat. Gajeel simply stared at his bowl for a moment. "... Natsu, what the fuck is this?" "Dinner!" Natsu replied, eagerly slurping up his flames. Gajeel glared at him, speechless. Natsu glanced over at Gajeel's bowl, "You gonna eat that?!" he asked hopefully. Gajeel stared at Natsu like he was an idiot, which he was. "... No." he said, simply. Natsu shrugged, "More for me!" he grabbed Gajeel's bowl and ate the flames out of that one too, then set down the empty bowl. "Well I enjoyed this!" Natsu declared, "Let's get together again soon!" With that, Natsu headed offstage. Gajeel glared after him, "Oh, we'll meet again." he vowed, menacingly.

Natsu walked onstage next, this time Gajeel was the one grinning. "Thanks for inviting me to dinner, dude!" Natsu said eagerly. "Oh, it was my pleasure." Gajeel assured a little too earnestly. "So when do we eat?!" Natsu asked. "Right now." Gajeel pulled two bowls of scrap metal from under the table and slid one to Natsu before happily munching on the iron-filled snack. Natsu blinked and glanced to the other, "But Gajeel I don't eat met- Oh, I get it..." the fire slayer's shoulder's sagged. "You gonna eat that?" Gajeel asked, mockingly. Natsu crossed his arms over his chest and sulked, "No..." Gajeel grabbed the second bowl and began to eat that as well. Natsu stood and clambered offstage, grumbling bitterly as he walked back towards his table.

Wendy turned back to the guild, "And the moral of the story is-" "Don't be an asshole!" Gajeel called from the stage. "Gajeel!" Carla scolded. "Well ... he's not wrong..." Wendy admitted. Carla sighed, "Treat others as you wish to be treated." the exceed corrected. Gajeel headed back towards his table, "I liked that story, I got a free snack out of it."

Carla glanced down at the next story and smiled, looking up to her dragon slayer. "Wendy perhaps you would like to be in the next story?" Wendy looked at the story and smiled, "I'd like that! You could be my grandmother! Oh... but who would narrate?" Wendy frowned. "I'll do it!" Chelia volunteered eagerly, "We need a hunter and a wolf..." she noted, humming. "But who would be mean enough to be the wolf?" Wendy asked. "The real question is who should never be left alone with a child." Carla said.

The Thunder Legion all looked towards their most juvenile member, who was currently cooing over his babies. "... What?" Bixlow asked, obliviously. "Bixlow," Freed explained gently, "As idiotic as Natsu is, he has a good heart. And, for a short time, I would trust him alone with a child. I wouldn't trust you alone with a goldfish." "THAT WAS ONE TIME!!!!" Bixlow yelled angrily. "I LOVED THAT FISH!!!" Laxus replied bitterly. "IT'S BEEN FOUR YEARS, WHEN ARE YOU GONNA LET IT GO?!" "WHEN YOU GET ME A NEW FISH!" "I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF IT COULD SURVIVE IN JUICE!" "WELL HE COULDN'T!" "What are you two yelling about?" Makarov asked. "Laxus is still upset about Sparky and Bixlow is going to play the wolf." Freed explained, rubbing Laxus's back soothingly, "I suppose I could play the hunter." Freed offered. Wendy gasped excitedly, "Really Mister Freed?!" "It would be my pleasure. Come on, Bixlow." Freed stood and began walking towards the stage. Bixlow trudged after him, grumbling about goldfish.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Chelia began narrating excitedly, "Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by everyone who looked at her, but most of all by her grandmother. One day, the girl's mother told her to visit her grandmother in the woods. The mother gave strict instructions to stay on the path. She didn't want her daughter tripping and breaking the wine bottle for her grandmother." "Hey!" Wendy came onstage pouting. A red velvet cape with a hood decorated her shoulders, and she had a covered basket on one of her arms. "Years ago her grandmother had given her a red riding hood, and it suited her so well that everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood ... we'll call her Red for short." Chelia decided.

"So Red headed into the woods to visit her poor, sick grandmother, but along the way a wolf found her. Red had never met a wolf and so she wasn't afraid." Chelia continued. Wendy skipped across the stage. Suddenly Bixlow jumped out of nowhere to greet her. Wendy cried out and jumped back as Bixlow (who now had adorable puppy ears and a large fluffy tail attached to his personage) appeared.

"Good day little Red Riding Hood." Bixlow greeted, grinning creepily. "Good day, Mister Wolf." Wendy replied, curtsying cutely. "Where ya goin' so early, Red?" Bixlow languidly leaned against a wall. "To my grandmother's!" Wendy replied cheerily. "Uh huh ... And, uh, what's in the basket?" Bixlow asked, walking to her back and attempting to lift the cover on said basket. Wendy took a large step away from him, "Some cakes and wine for her. Granny is sick and mother says they will give her strength." "Ah..." Bixlow ginned, "And ... where exactly does your grandma live?" "A good quarter of a league further on into the woods, her house stands beneath three large oak trees, you surely must know it." Wendy replied cheerfully. Bixlow grinned and stepped forward, talking to the audience/guild.

“She looks absolutely delicious.” Bixlow cooed. The guild cringed. Somehow that sounded especially wrong coming from Bixlow ... “She’ll be way better to eat than the old hag- but if I work sneakily, I can eat both of them!” Bixlow stepped back to address Wendy again.

“Why don’t you relax, I mean,” he gestured around the two of them, “Look! The flowers are growing, the birds are singing, what’s the rush?” Wendy hummed in thought, “Well ... I guess there is no rush ... and Carla does love flowers!” Wendy dashed offstage, humming while Bixlow left on the other side of the stage. A bed was brought onstage, and Carla, in her human form climbed into it.

“While Red gathered flowers, the wolf ran ahead to her grandmother’s house.” Chelia narrated dramatically. Bixlow darted onstage and knocked on a prop door. “Who is it?” Carla called from the bed. Bixlow brought his voice into a falsetto, “Little Red Riding Hood, I’ve brought you cake and wine from mother.” “The door is open, I’m too weak to get up.” Carla replied. Bixlow threw the door open and jumped onto the bed. Carla screamed and discretely hid under the bed. “The wolf came in and gobbled the poor woman up!” Chelia exclaimed, “Then he dressed in the grandmother’s...” she trailed off as she watched Bixlow take off his shirt onstage. “... Clothes... Uh, we weren’t actually gonna do that part...” Chelia said concerned. “Oh, I don’t mind.” Bixlow assured, pulling on the granny dress. Laxus groaned and put his head in his hands. “I regret so much...” he muttered. “Would you like a drink, Laxus?” Mira offered. “Please.” Laxus replied, miserably.

Wendy skipped back onto the stage, she now had a bundle of flowers in her basket as well. She stopped skipping and stared at the open prop door in fear and concern. “Oh dear... how uneasy I feel... and I love being with Carla so much ... ” she opened the door and tentatively entered, “Good morning.” There was silence. Wendy approached the bed.

“Oh, Carla! What big ears ...you... uh...” she trailed off, realizing that Carla did in fact have large animalistic ears, “What gray ears you have.” she corrected. “The better to hear you with, child.” came Bixlow’s falsetto reply. “But, Carla! What big eyes you have!” Wendy added. “The better to see you with, my dear.” Bixlow assured. “What big hands you have!” Wendy exclaimed. “The better to hug you with!” Bixlow cheered. “And what a big mouth you have!” “She’s got that right...” Evergreen muttered. Laxus snorted. “The better to eat you with!” Bixlow leapt from the bed and tackled Wendy, she screamed before joining Carla under the bed.

Bixlow stretched and yawned, “Nap time!” he declared, and flopped into the bed. He began snoring, loudly. Freed walked onstage in his usual clothes, save that his signature coat had been replaced with a leather hunting jacket. “Odd... Those are some awfully loud snores for an old woman...” the rune mage crept near the door and entered the room. “Ah, here you are, old sinner.” Freed glared down at the sleeping form, “I have long sought after you!” he grasped his sword and pierced the mattress instead of Bixlow’s stomach- tempted as he was to actually stab his teammate.

Wendy and Carla climbed out from under the bed and leapt to their feet. “You’ve saved us!” Wendy exclaimed in joy. “Indeed.” Freed agreed, “But something must be done about this wolf. I know! We’ll fill his stomach with rocks!” Freed brought forward a bunch of rocks,

which he happily tossed onto his teammate's chest, knocking the wind out of him. Bixlow gasped and staggered offstage in pain. "That's for Sparky." Freed declared.

"The rocks were so heavy in his stomach that the wolf died, Red never wandered from the path again, and everyone lived happily ever after- the end!" Chelia finished. Wendy began clapping and the guild joined in. "That was great, Chelia!" Wendy hugged her friend eagerly. "You did great too, Wendy!" Chelia replied. "You look absolutely horrid in a dress, Bixlow." Freed said, struggling to keep a straight face. "You're an asshole." Bixlow replied, rubbing his sore chest.

Chapter 4

Wendy glanced back into the book, "Okay next is-" The doors of the guild were thrown open and an underwear-clad ice mage stormed in. "So how was the annulment?" Erza asked, smirking as she sat by Wendy. She had been looking over the slayer's shoulder and had an idea for the next story. "We're still married!" Juvia declared, hugging onto Gray happily. Normally Gray would allow her to hold onto him for a short time, but this time he roughly shrugged her off. "We can't get it annulled for 24 hours," he informed the guild bitterly, "They have to wait for the paperwork to go through before they can cancel it."

"But Gajeel still has the paperwork..." Wendy said, confused. "What?!" Gray whirled towards the dragon slayer. Sure enough, the marriage certificate was still sitting on the table in front of him. "Yeah, technically you guys aren't legal until I turn this thing in," Gajeel said, handing Gray the paper. "Oh no!" Juvia gasped, she wasn't aware of that fact, "If we hurry back to City Hall we can turn it in-" Gray looked her dead in the eye as he ripped the certificate in half. Juvia gasped and covered her mouth. Gray proceeded to shred the rest of the paper, before throwing it into the fire. "Gray-" "No! I'm not talking to you- I don't even want to look at you right now!" he yelled angrily. Juvia ran out of the guild sobbing. Wendy and Lyon seemed to be the only ones that felt bad for Juvia, as everyone else agreed that tricking someone into thinking they'd married you was crossing some sort of line.

"I'm glad you're back Gray, because I think the next story would be perfect for you and Natsu," Erza mentioned. "Me and who?!" Gray demanded, "Aren't I angry enough right now?!" "But it's for Wendy," Erza pointed out, gesturing to the guild's sweetest member, who was staring at the book curiously. "Do you really think this would be good for Gray and Natsu?" Wendy asked curiously. "I think it would be perfect," Erza assured, "Lucy and I could be their parents. All we need now is a witch." "But who would want to hurt Gray and Natsu?" Wendy asked innocently. Laxus snorted from the bar, "Who wouldn't?" he took a drag from his pint but choked on it at Wendy's next words.

"Perfect! Laxus, you can be the witch!" "No!" Laxus slammed his drink down, "I think this whole thing is stupid and I'm not-" he fell silent as his eyes fell on Wendy. She looked like she was about to cry. "Oh... I understand..." Wendy said hollowly. She looked away, "Y-you don't have to do it if you don't want to..." The guild glared and Laxus felt guilt twist in his stomach. "Hey- I didn't mean it like that-" he said quickly, "You know what? I'll be your witch." "I don't wanna make you-" Wendy began. Laxus interrupted her, "No. I want to be your witch." he assured, "It uh- it sounds like fun." "Really?" Wendy asked hopefully. "Really." Laxus confirmed. "Thank you, Laxus!" she hugged the blonde happily. Laxus stiffened at the touch, but sighed and rested a hand on her head, "You're welcome..." he grumbled, heading backstage. Freed had a hand on his heart as he watched the other go, "Laxus is so good with children," he declared fondly. Bixlow just stared at him in awe, "You must have seen something we didn't."

HANSEL AND GRETEL

Wendy smiled, "Next up is the story of Hansel and Gretel-" "Hold it!" Wendy glanced up at Gray curiously. He was now clad in blue lederhosen. "Why am I the girl?" he demanded. "Because Gretel is the one who outsmarts the witch." Wendy explained. Gray glanced back towards Natsu, who was now trying to lick his own elbow. "Yeah, he's not outsmarting anyone. Alright, let's get started." He grabbed Natsu, who was wearing matching red lederhosen and dragged him backstage.

"In a great wood there lived a poor woodcutter, his wife, and his two children. The boy's name was Hansel and the girl's name was Gretel." Wendy began. Lucy and Erza came onstage and sat in a bed together. Natsu and Gray walked onstage from the other side. A prop door separated the boys from the girls. "I'm hungry." Natsu complained. "It's a famine, Natsu, everyone's hungry." Gray shot back. Lucy turned to Erza, "We gotta get rid of them, Erza." Gray and Natsu looked towards the door in confusion, they pressed their ears up against it to listen better. "I can't take it anymore!" Lucy wailed, "I need a break! Just for like, a day!" Erza hummed, "Well... their bickering is pretty obnoxious..." she admitted, "And we'd have a lot more food with Natsu out of the house. But how would we get rid of them?" "Let's just ... leave them in the woods." Lucy suggested. Erza nodded to herself, "Simple, yet elegant- good plan, Lucy. Tomorrow, we'll leave our children in the woods." The two lay down in bed and pretended to sleep.

Gray threw his hands up in exasperation, "Well, we're doomed." "Hey!" Natsu put a hand on Gray's shoulder, "Don't worry about it, we'll figure something out! We always do!" And the slayer lay on the ground to feign sleep as well. Gray looked towards the audience again. "Yeah, we're doomed." he confirmed, but joined Natsu on the floor anyways. Wendy took up her narration again, "The next day, the parents took Hansel and Gretel into the woods, intent on losing them." "Alright kids, everyone ready to go into the woods?" Lucy asked. Natsu raised his hand eagerly, "Can I bring my rock collection?!" Lucy just stared at him for a moment. "... Sure..." she shook her head as she walked off. "Why the hell do you wanna bring a rock collection?" Gray asked. "I figured if we're gonna live in the woods, I might well release them back into the wild." Natsu shrugged. That rendered Gray speechless for a solid minute. "Natsu, Do you think the rocks ... are alive?" he asked, slowly. "Well, yeah! Aren't they? Igneel said everything in nature is alive." Natsu replied casually. Gray gave a deep sigh, "Let's just get this over with." he stood up and walked offstage. "I'm still taking my rock collection!" Natsu declared stubbornly, as he followed Gray offstage.

The group came onstage again. "Now you kids wait here and we'll come back soon." Erza assured, before her and Lucy left. "But they didn't come back." Wendy said, "And soon it got dark." Gray sighed, "Well... our parents are clearly liars. You got any ideas, Natsu?" "Hey! My rocks are gone!" Natsu exclaimed, angrily looking into his now-empty pocket, he gasped and turned to Gray triumphantly, "I told you they were alive!" "There's a hole in your pocket, dumbass!" Gray argued. Natsu looked down and stuck his fingers through said hole, "... Oh yeah..." he saddened, "I loved those rocks." "Natsu, focus!" Gray yelled angrily, "We've been abandoned!" Natsu looked off miserably, "I at least wanted to say goodbye ..." "Who knows what could happen to us out here?!" Gray continued. Natsu frowned, "Don't worry, Gray." he assured gently, "I'll take care of you!" Gray glared at the audience, "I'm gonna die in the woods with an idiot."

The two sighed and sat on the ground in sorrow. "How many rocks did you have anyway?" Gray asked. Natsu shrugged, "I don't know. Happy gave them to me. He gave me a new one every time you and I fought to cheer me up." Gray was surprised, "That's a lot of rocks." he noted. Natsu nodded, "I miss my rocks... they were so pretty. All round and smooth. Like that one." he pointed to one lying onstage, "And that one." Another rock lay about a foot away from the first that fit the same description, "And that one-" "Natsu!" Gray exclaimed, jumping up, "The hole in your pocket made a trail for us to follow home!" "Hey, yeah!" Natsu stood with him, "Let's go!" Natsu moved to follow Gray offstage, but stopped to pick up the rocks. "Are you seriously bringing the rocks?" Gray complained. Natsu stood, "You're right. They belong free and in the wild." Gray groaned as Natsu followed him offstage. "I'll come back for you." he whispered to the rocks as he left.

Lucy sighed in content with her hands behind her head as she sat on a chair onstage, Erza sat in an adjoining chair, knitting calmly. "How long has it been since you heard silence, Erza?" Lucy asked. "Since before I joined the guild." the redhead admitted. Lucy sighed again, "It's nice-" Suddenly the door was kicked in and Natsu entered, "We're back!!!!" Lucy jumped from her chair, "How the hell did you- I mean- Yay!" Lucy cheered, smiling, "It's late, why don't you boys go up to bed?" "Okay!" the duo walked offstage. Once they were gone Lucy whirled on Erza, "How the hell did they get back here?!" "I don't know!" Erza replied, "We'll have to take them even further tomorrow."

"The next day, the parents took them even further into the woods," Wendy narrated as the group walked across the stage. "Gray, give me your bread." Natsu demanded, Gray obeyed. "Okay kids, we'll be back soon!" Lucy repeated, before once again leaving the stage with Erza. Gray immediately turned to Natsu, "Alright, let's follow the trail back home." "What?" Natsu asked, confused. "That's what you wanted my bread for, right?" Gray asked, "To make a trail back home? "No, I was just really hungry." Natsu said easily. Gray was furious, "You ate my food?!" "You gave it to me!" "Because I thought you were leading us back home! Now what are we supposed to do?!" Natsu shrugged. "I dunno."

"The children wandered the woods for hours, but couldn't find their way home." Wendy continued. Gray and Natsu sat back to back on stage, sighing. "I'm so hungry it hurts." Gray complained. "I think my stomach is trying to eat itself." Natsu replied. Gray sighed again, "Natsu?" he glanced towards his friend teammate, "Did you ever think it would end like this?" Natsu shook his head, "No." he admitted, "I always thought I'd go out in a blazing flame of glory." "Yeah," Gray agreed, "I always thought I'd die sacrificing myself for my friends." "Well it's not like you didn't try." Natsu said, bitterly. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?!" Gray demanded. "I can't name any quest we've been on where you didn't try to sacrifice yourself! Do you want to die?!" Natsu yelled angrily. "A little bit!" Gray admitted, just as angry. "Food!" Natsu gasped and ran off. "Oh, I guess Gray's problems don't matter!" Gray exclaimed indignantly, glaring after Natsu. "... Is that a house made of candy?!" he asked in confusion and awe. A child-sized candy house was pushed onstage. "Where did that come from?" Carla asked. "I do't know but it sure looks yummy!" Wendy cheered.

The duo stared at the candy house in awe. "I call the roof!" Natsu declared, breaking a big chunk off and eating it eagerly. Gray broke off a window and began licking it, "This is the best candy I've ever had!" "Is someone eating my fucking house?!" Laxus's disgruntled and

confused voice came from inside. The two froze in place. “No, it’s the wind!” Natsu replied, panicking. “Natsu, you idiot!” Gray smacked his arm. Laxus exited the house, glaring, but his gaze softened when he saw who it was. The ‘children’, however, attempted to run away. “Hey! Hold on a minute!” Laxus called. “Are you hungry? You seem hungry. I mean, you ate the damn house. I have meat and...” he hesitated, “Beer?” “Laxus they’re playing children!” Mira scolded. “Do I look like I know how to handle children?!” Laxus replied.

“And the wo-uh, man let them in.” Wendy explained, “But it was soon revealed that he was a witch! And he locked poor Hansel in a cage!” “I get to lock Natsu in a cage?!” asked Laxus eagerly, “I’ve wanted to do that for years!” Gajeel slammed a Natsu-sized cage on the stage, “Here ya go! A nice, iron, electricity conducting cage!” Gajeel declared happily. “What?” Natsu squeaked fearfully. Gray grabbed him by his shoulders, “Well, you heard the story, Natsu, you gotta go in the cage!” he shoved Natsu into the cage, slammed the door, shut the lock and stepped back with a large grin. “This’ll be fun.” Laxus grinned and let lightning dance across his fingertips. The guild watched on in amusement as Natsu got electrocuted. Repeatedly.

Natsu lay in pain at the bottom of the cage as Wendy continued, “The witch fattened Hansel up for four weeks before she finally decided to eat him. She asked Gretel to help prepare him.” “Alright, climb inside the oven so I can see if it’s hot enough to cook your brother in.” Laxus said casually, as he gestured to a large prop oven Gajeel had made. “...You’re a really messed up person, ya know that?” Gray asked. “Yeah, yeah, whatever, now get in the oven.” Laxus pointed to the open oven door. “I don’t think I’ll fit.” Gray confessed. “Of course you’ll fit! I fit!” Laxus exclaimed. “Prove it.” Gray challenged. “Fine!” Laxus climbed in and Gray slammed the door on him.

“And so the witch died, Gretel freed her brother, and they went home to their parents, and lived happily ever after!” Wendy finished. “I don’t know, I’m kind of enjoying this.” Gray admitted, “Can we just keep him in there?” “NO!” Natsu yelled. “No.” Makarov confirmed. “Are you sure, old man?” Laxus asked hopefully. “Yes.” Makarov answered sternly, “Free him.” Laxus grumbled but opened the cage. Natsu was pouting as he stomped back to his seat to hug his cat, “You guys are all jerks.”

Chapter 5

BLUEBEARD

“Oh... I don’t know this story.” Wendy admitted. “Let me see.” Carla muttered to herself as she read, “... ugly man... wife... forbidden room- Oh! OH MY GOODNESS!!!” she quickly flipped through to the next story, “You are forbidden from reading this story!” she scolded, sternly. “Uhm... okay...” Wendy said confused. “We’re doing Sleeping Beauty!” Carla announced.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

“Jellal can be the prince, since he has sleeping powers.” Carla declared. Jellal had been sitting at the bar and enjoying the show. He hummed and stood, “Alright.” he agreed easily. “I’ll be the princess.” Erza offered. “Wonderful.” Carla confirmed, “Who else do we need?” “An evil fairy.” Wendy said.

“Well if anyone’s gonna curse Erza, it’s Ever.” Bixlow teased. “Excuse me?!” Evergreen demanded. “She is the most fairy-like.” Freed taunted, throwing the woman’s own words back at her. She glared at the group, “You’ll pay for this.” she vowed, storming over to the stage. “We also need a good fairy.” Wendy said, “Mirajane?” Mira smiled, “Sure! It sounds like fun!” The group headed backstage.

Wendy began narrating, “A long time ago, there was a king and a queen who wanted a child more than anything else in the world- finally they got one. The king and queen. threw a huge party for their daughter- whom they named Briar Rose. They decided to invite the fairies of the kingdom to the party, but the king had a problem. There were 13 fairies in the kingdom, but he only had 12 golden plates. So he decided to only invite 12 of the fairies and leave one at home. The party began and all but one of the fairies had blessed the baby when the forgotten one arrived.

Evergreen walked onstage in a splendid dress, her wings were spread wide behind her and she glared around the room before speaking. “The king’s daughter shall in her fifteenth year prick herself with a spindle and fall down dead!” she announced, then turned and left as suddenly as she had arrived.

“But one fairy hadn’t blessed the princess yet.” Wendy reminded. Mirajane stepped forward, in a similar (though much brighter colored) gown. “I cannot undo the spell.” Mira explained, “But I can adjust it.” She spread her arms just as Evergreen had, “It shall not be death, but a deep sleep of one hundred years into which the princess will fall.” Then Mirajane walked offstage.

Wendy turned back to face the guild, “The King loved his daughter so much, and was so afraid of losing her that he had every spindle in the kingdom burned. And the princess grew into a beautiful young woman.” Erza walked onstage in a rose-like gown and a crown. “On her fifteenth birthday, the king and queen were out, and Briar Rose was wandering the palace. As she did, she found a small room she had never been to before.” Wendy continued.

Erza opened the prop door. On the other side sat Evergreen at a spinning wheel. "Good day, Ma'am." Erza greeted, curtsying, "What are you doing?" "I am spinning." Evergreen replied, smiling maliciously, "Would you like to try?" "Yes, please!" Erza smiled brightly as she was given Evergreen's seat. Erza began spinning and suddenly lay down in a deep sleep. "Uh... I don't think she's pretending..." Evergreen noted worriedly. "I'm sorry- were we not going for realism?" Jellal asked, poking his head out from backstage. "Uh.. ." Wendy looked to the master nervously. Makarov waved the matter off, "It's fine." he assured, casually.

"The sleeping spell covered the whole castle, all the servants, and the king and queen who had just returned." Wendy continued. "As they slept a wall of thorns grew around the castle. And the legend of Briar Rose spread throughout the land. The legend of the beautiful sleeping princess, just beyond the thorns. Princes came from all over trying to get in and see her, but none succeeded. After many years had passed, a prince came again to the land, he had heard the story from an old man, and wanted to see the beautiful Briar Rose."

Jellal walked onstage in a handsome suit, he too, had a crown on his head. "When this prince approached the thorns, they bloomed into roses and parted so he could pass." Wendy narrated. Jellal approached Erza and knelt down, cupping her face. He leaned in to kiss her. "What are you doing?" Wendy asked just before their lips touched. Jellal looked to her, startled, "Don't I have to kiss her to break the spell?" he asked. "No." Wendy said, staring at him, quizzically, "The spell broke because the one hundred years were up. The kiss was just a coincidence." she explained, "You don't have to kiss Erza if you don't want to." Jellal looked at Wendy, then at Erza, then to the guild, then back to Erza. He wanted nothing more than to press her tender lips to his own- but doing so would be admitting to the guild that he loved Erza. Jellal sighed and removed his sleeping spell with a wave of his hand. Erza sat up. "And they all lived happily ever after!" Wendy declared happily as Jellal slunk offstage. "... What just happened?" Erza asked.

Gray sighed as he watched the rain pelt against the window. "It's still raining." Lyon noted, sitting by his old friend, "You seem uneasy." he added. Gray shot him a glare, "What do you care?" Lyon rested a hand on Gray's shoulder, "Gray, as your friend, I need you to know that I don't care about you or your problems." he said bluntly, "What I do care about is Juvia. And she's still sad. I went to her house to try and cheer her up, but she just kicked me out. So it's your turn." "You can't tell me what to do!" Gray snapped. Suddenly Lyon was shirtless, "You're going to go and apologize to Juvia if I have to knock you out and drag you there!!!" he yelled angrily. Gray was startled, "I've never seen you so angry, Lyon..." "You hurt the woman I love." Lyon said simply. Gray was now also in his underwear, "YOU BARELY KNOW HER!!!" "That can't stop true love!" Lyon declared. "Fine! I'll go!" Gray began to leave the guild, Lyon was right behind him. "What do you think you're doing?!" Gray demanded. "I need to make sure you do it right!" Lyon replied. And the two left the guild, bickering all the way.

"This is so not fair." Evergreen muttered bitterly, "Erza's been a main character three times and all I've been is an evil witch!" she complained. Her teammates rolled their eyes. "HEY, WENDY!!!! Can you make Evergreen a main character so she'll shut up?" "Bixlow!" Evergreen scolded, smacking him with her fan. Wendy smiled brightly "Sure!" "I happen to know the perfect story for you, Ever." Freed said, a mischievous sparkle in his eyes as he spoke, "It's called The Fisherman and his Wife." "Elfman can be the fisherman!" Bixlow

once again yelled. “Huh?!” Elfman blushed lightly as his giggling sisters pushed him towards Wendy. Evergreen’s teammates were pushing her in the same direction. “Now we just need a fish.” Wendy said. “Did someone say fish?!” Happy asked eagerly. “Happy, do you wanna play the fish?” Wendy asked. Happy looked disappointed “Oh... so I don’t get to eat any fish?” “You can have a fish after this story, buddy.” Natsu assured. “Then let’s do it!” Happy declared. The trio read the story and headed backstage.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

“Once upon a time there was a poor fisherman who lived in a miserable pigsty by the sea. Everyday he went fishing.” Wendy began. Elfman walked onstage with a fishing pole. He was in filthy peasant clothes. He cast the fishing pole into the audience. He reeled it back and Happy was holding onto the end of the reel. “Please don’t eat me!” Happy begged, “I’m not really a fish! I’m a magical prince!” “He’s a fish?” Carla asked skeptically. Wendy shrugged, “You are what you eat.”

“I’m not gonna eat a fish that can talk.” Elfman assured, “That’s totally unmanly.” He unhooked Happy’s backpack and the exceed ran off happily. “Well, I better go home.” Elfman stood and walked to the other side of the stage, going through the prop door to get there. Evergreen sat on a chair knitting. She glanced up to Elfman as he entered and sighed, “You didn’t catch anything?” she asked disappointedly. “Well, uh... I caught something...” Elfman admitted awkwardly. Evergreen glared, “Explain.” she commanded, crossing her arms over her chest. “I caught a magical flounder who told me to let him go.” Elfman confessed. Evergreen’s glare increased, “Did you ask the fish for anything before you let him go?” she demanded. “Uh... no? Should I have?” What would we even want?” Elfman asked. “We live in a literal pigsty, Elfman!” Evergreen scolded, “Go get the fish again!” Elfman groaned, “Fine. But I don’t like this.” He walked back to the fishing spot.

Elfman looked out into the audience. “Uh... Hey fish! Are you out there? My wife sent me here against my will...” he called. Happy flew over and landed on the stage, “What does she want?” Elfman sighed, “She says I should’ve asked for something before I let you go. She’d like a bigger house.” “Go back home, it’s hers.” Happy flew off again. “When the fisherman went back home, a cottage and a happy wife were there to greet him. They lived pleasantly for a few weeks until...” Wendy narrated. Elfman and Evergreen sat in nice chairs in their usual clothes. “... Elfman, I’ve been thinking.” Evergreen announced suddenly. “Yeah?” he asked curiously. “I bet we could get the fish to give us a castle.” she said. “Isn’t the cottage good enough?!” he asked. “What?! Why would we settle for good enough, when we could have better?! Go back to the fish!” she commanded. Elfman groaned, but stood, “It’s not right...” he muttered, “It’s not manly...”

Elfman stood again at the fishing spot, “Hey, fish? It’s me again! My wife sent me against my will... again.” Happy again alighted himself onto the stage, “What’s she want?” “A castle.” Elfman looked miserable. “It’s hers.” Happy flew away. “When the fisherman went home he found a castle and a happy wife, but the next morning...” Wendy continued.

Evergreen and Elfman sat in nice clothes. “Elfman, I’ve been thinking-” “Oh no...” “Look at all that land! Wouldn’t you like to be the king of it all?” Evergreen asked. “No.” Elfman said,

bluntly. "Fine, then I'll be king. Go to the fish." she replied. Elfman groaned, but again stood and went to the fishing spot, "So unmanly ..." he grumbled as he walked.

"It's me again fish! My wife sent me!... I wanna go home..." Elfman said, growing sadder by the word. Happy appeared again, "What's she want?" "To be King!" Elfman looked like he might cry. "It's hers." Elfman went back home, Evergreen was now in fine robes and a crown. "You're king, are we done with the fish now?" Elfman begged. "I wanna be Emperor." Evergreen decided. "Oh, come on!" Elfman exclaimed angrily. "Go to the fish!" Evergreen commanded. Elfman trudged over, head in his hands.

"I'm so sorry, fish..." he mourned, "My wife sent me- I'd rather be dead than here..." Happy stood onstage, "What's she want?" "She wants to be Emperor!" "It's hers." Elfman went back to Evergreen. She now sat on a golden throne in a golden robe. "You're Emperor. Are you happy now?" Elfman begged. "No." Evergreen said simply, "I want to be guild master." Elfman openly wept as he drew near the other side of the stage. Happy was already waiting for him.

"Let me guess- you're wife sent you here against your will for something?" Happy asked. "She wants to be guild master-" Elfman explained. "It's hers." Happy replied. Elfman trudged back home. "Okay, you're King, Emperor, and guild master- can we stop at that?" Elfman begged, "There's nothing else to be!" "The two went to bed." Wendy narrated, "But the next morning..." "I want to be a god." Evergreen declared. "That's impossible!" Elfman yelled angrily. "Go to the fish!" Evergreen replied, just as angry. Elfman stomped over to Happy. "What's she want?" Happy asked casually. "To be a god!" Elfman exclaimed. "Go back home." Happy said. "You'll find her in the dirty pigsty. "And the wife learned a valuable lesson about greed." Wendy finished, "The end!"

"Why do I always play the entitled characters?!" Evergreen demanded, storming back to her table. "Maybe because you're an entitled person." Bixlow replied. "Excuse me?!" The two started bickering while Lexus ordered another drink.

Chapter 6

Wendy frowned down at the book, "I think I need help..." "What seems to be the trouble, child?" Carla asked. "I don't know who to make the dwarves in this story..." Wendy admitted, "How do I find seven similar people?" "Well there are seven dragon slayers." Carla pointed out. "Oh yeah!" Wendy lit up, "Who would be Snow White then?" "Well, the question there would be who could handle seven dragon slayers- or who handles their dragon slayer best?" "I don't even want the one I *have*!" Lucy exclaimed. "Hey!" Natsu pouted. "Oh I could *not* handle two Gajeels..." Levy shook her head fearfully. "Thanks a lot, Shrimpy." he replied sarcastically. "Child," Carla began, "I love you- but you must admit you're a bit of a handful. Wendy frowned, but couldn't argue. "That just leaves the Thunder Legion..." the little slayer said. Bixlow snickered, "You could give Freed a million Laxus's and he wouldn't complain." Freed gave a lovesick sigh and stared off into the distance dreamily, chin resting in his hand, "... A million Laxus's..."

Wendy beamed, "Alright! Freed can be Snow White, we'll be the dwarves- who'll be the prince?" Freed was at her side in an instant, whispering eagerly into her ear. Wendy shrugged, "Okay. Laxus can double as the prince, and Gajeel can double as the hunter! Oh..." she saddened, "But how are we gonna get Sting and Rogue here?" "I've got it." Jellal assured. "What exactly *are* your powers?" Erza asked. "Don't worry about it." Jellal dismissed, beginning to perform a spell.

"Wait..." Levy realized, "Sabertooth is in another timezone- Isn't it night there right now?" But it was too late. The spell had been cast. Rogue was slowly materializing in front of them. He was sitting in a large cozy armchair, in his lap sat a half-asleep Frosche and Lector. He was wearing a large black t-shirt, gray sweatpants, and a pair of decorated, neon pink slippers, they had large frog eyes and matched Frosche's onesie. "So Andy the happy frog began his journey to find the beautiful frog girl he had seen from across the pond-" The shadow slayer glanced up as he fully appeared in the room. "... Why?" he asked, throwing his hands up in defeat. "I'm so sorry!" Wendy exclaimed, rushing up to him, "I had no idea it was night for you! You can go home! The guild is putting on a play for me- but you don't have to join in!" she assured, guiltily. Rogue shrugged and sat back, casually crossing his arms over his chest, "I'm fine with it." he assured, a smirk playing at his lips, "But Sting's in the *shower* right now."

They heard the loud, off-pitch voice before the naked blonde came into view. "And at last I see the light!~" "Gajeel rushed forward to cover Wendy's eyes. "Sting." Rogue said, casually. "And it's like the fog has lifted!~" "Sting!" Rogue called a bit louder. "And at last I see the light!~" "STING!" "WHAT?!" Sting demanded, finally turning to Rogue, he cried out in shock, "Why are you in my shower?" he demanded, confused. It was clear that Rogue was struggling to hold back his laughter. "We're not in your shower, Sting." he said, calmly, "We're not even in Sabertooth right now." "Huh?" Sting finally looked around. He screamed as he saw the members of Fairy Tail staring at him in shock and appall and scrambled to cover himself with his hands. "What's going on?! Why are we here?! How did we get here?!" "Does anybody have a camera?" Rogue interjected into Sting's panicked questions. "Not funny, man!" "I'm not trying to be funny, I intend to send this into Sorcerer's Weekly."

Rogue said, sincerely. Sting moved his hands to shake a fist at Rogue, "I'm gonna-" "STING!!!" Sting yelled and quickly covered himself again at Rogue's warning. Erza held out a costume to the blonde, "I'll explain everything backstage." she assured. The group walked backstage, Sting covering himself with the costume as he left.

"Hey, what about Cobra?" Natsu asked. "I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THREE DAYS!!!!" Erik yelled angrily from the bar. Natsu glanced over, "What are you doing here, dude?" Erik gestured to Kinana in fury "MY *GIRLFRIEND* WORKS HE- Whatever." he sat back, arms over his chest, giving up, "I hate this guild." he grumbled. "Aw... don't hate the guild!" Kinana rubbed his shoulders soothingly, "I'll make it worth it if you do the play." she offered. "Yeah?" Erik smirked and read her mind. He lit up, "I'm doin' the play!" he announced eagerly.

Wendy cheered, "Now all we need is an evil queen and a magic mirror!" Bixlow grinned, "Oh, Ever~" "NO! I am *not* getting roped into playing *another* evil character! If I'm going down, you're going down with me!" she vowed, glaring at him murderously. Bixlow shrugged, "Alright, I'll be the mirror." The group headed backstage and Carla began the story.

~~LITTLE~~ SNOW WHITE

"Once upon a time, there was a king and a queen who longed for a child. Eventually, they had one, her skin was white as snow, her lips as red as blood, and her hair was as black as Ebony." Carla began. "Uh..." Freed poked his head out from backstage. "Just ignore it, it's part of the story." Carla commanded. Freed just shrugged and left again.

"The King's wife, sadly, had died in the birth of the child, and he remarried about a year later. The new wife was a beautiful woman-" Carla continued, here Evergreen walked onstage in a large Queen's gown with a crown atop her head. "But she was proud and haughty. She could not bear the thought that anyone could surpass her in beauty. She had a magical mirror, and she would speak to it often."

Evergreen approached the tall mirror, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, Who in this land is the fairest of all?" Bixlow appeared on the other side of the mirror, smirking. "Me!" he declared. "Bixlow!" Evergreen snapped, "Stick to the story!" Bixlow rolled his eyes, "Fine." he groaned, "You, oh Queen, are the fairest of all." "That's better." Evergreen hummed and walked over to sit in a nearby throne.

"And the queen was satisfied, for her mirror always spoke true. But Snow White was growing up. And grew more and more beautiful each day." Carla paused. Quiet bickering could be heard backstage. "... Snow White, that's your cue!" Carla called. Still, nothing happened. "FREED!" Evergreen snapped. Finally the rune mage was pushed onstage. He wore a very handsome, very princely suit, and a crooked crown adorned mussed up green locks. He adjusted the crown as he entered the stage. "What took you so long?" Evergreen asked. "Erza's trying to get me into a dress!" Freed complained. "I'd like to see that." "No one asked you, Bixlow!" Freed snapped. "Ahem!" Carla cleared her throat impatiently, "As I was saying..."

“One day, the queen went to speak to her mirror.” Carla narrated. Evergreen approached the mirror, “Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land is the fairest of all?” “Well, I’m not saying you’re ugly.” Bixlow said, appearing in the mirror, “But you’re not prettier than Snow White.” “What?!” Evergreen yelled angrily, “Impossible! I won’t allow it! She can’t be more beautiful than me! I’ll do whatever it takes to get rid of her!” “You’d have to kill him, Ever.” Bixlow said. “HUNTSMAN!!!” Evergreen roared. Bixlow stared in awe, “Oh shit, she’s actually killing him...”

Gajeel walked onstage in leather pants and boots, he wore a plain white shirt, “Yeah?” “Take Snow White into the woods and kill him.” Evergreen commanded, “Then bring me back his heart as proof.” Gajeel stared at her for a moment, but shrugged, “Okay.” he headed offstage. Evergreen and Bixlow left and Gajeel lead Freed onstage. “So... the queen told me to kill you, but I don’t get paid enough for this shit.” Gajeel said, releasing Freed, “You gotta get the hell out of here, man. I’ll, uh- kill a pig or something as proof that you’re dead.” Freed ran offstage while Gajeel left in the opposite direction.

“Snow White wandered the woods for hours before finally coming upon a small cottage.” Carla narrated, “Everything in the cottage was small, but neater and cleaner than you could imag- what happened to the cottage?!” Carla exclaimed. Sting and Rogue had brought on the candy witches house from earlier (a wall had been taken off for easier viewing) and the inside was absolutely destroyed. “Natsu happened.” Laxus said, bluntly. Carla groaned, “Well, Snow White found the cottage...” she muttered. Freed walked into the cottage and stared in awe. “No. I’m not staying here.” he wrote out a rune and the objects quickly flung themselves into their proper places. “That’s better.” he nodded. “Poor Snow White was so tired that she ate a bit from each plate- as she didn’t want to take from just one, and fell asleep.” Freed easily climbed into the last of the seven beds that had been laid out and pretended to sleep.

“It was shortly after Snow White fell asleep, that the owners of the house returned.” Carla continued. The dragon slayers walked onstage bickering. “Whoa, whoa!” Erik put a hand out to stop the group, “The house smells different.” “And it’s clean!” Gajeel exclaimed. “Someone’s been eating my food!” Natsu yelled. “How much?!” Wendy asked worriedly. “Like, a whole bite!” Natsu complained, eating off of the plate greedily. “Are you sure you didn’t eat it right now?” Sting asked. “Maybe you ate it and forgot.” Rogue offered. “No! Someone must’ve eaten it before me!” Natsu glared at the group suspiciously. “Why would we eat *one* bite of your food?” Rogue asked. “Maybe you were *really* hungry.” Natsu said, skeptically watching Rogue. “Guys, there’s a dude in my bed.” Laxus called, casually. “**Huh?!**” the group rushed to Laxus’s side and looked down at Freed’s sleeping form.

“The dwarves couldn’t help but notice how beautiful Snow White was.” Carla narrated. The dragon slayers all watched Laxus expectantly. “What?” the blonde asked. “One of us has to say it.” Erik said bluntly. “Yeah, he’s on *your* team.” Gajeel pointed out. “What?! No!” Laxus objected, “I’m not saying Freed’s-uh- No!” “Come on, dude!” Sting said, “It’s not weird to call your teammate attractive! Watch!” he turned towards the other Sabertooth member, “Rogue, you’re a very attractive man.” Rogue stared ahead at the audience, arms crossed over his chest. He looked dead inside. “That’s nice, Sting.” he replied, emotionless. Sting grinned

and leaned closer, "Don't you think *I'm* attractive too?" he asked. Rogue slowly glared at him, "That's nice, Sting." he repeated. Sting gasped, "You asshole!"

"When Snow White awoke, the dwarves agreed to let her stay with them, she would keep house and in return, they would provide for her." The group pantomimed having a conversation with Freed. "Every day the dwarves would leave to mine treasures from the mountain, and return in the evening." Carla continued, "As she was alone all day, the dwarves made sure to warn her-" "Look, your stepmom's the *queen*." Erik said, "She's gonna find out you're alive eventually." "Don't let anyone in." Gajeel said, sternly. Freed nodded, "I promise not to let anyone in." he agreed. The group left and Evergreen approached her magic mirror on the other side of the stage.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all?" she recited. Bixlow groaned as he came into view, "I already told you, Snow White is the prettiest." "Snow White is dead." "No he's not." Bixlow practically sang. "I ate his heart!" Evergreen shrieked. "No, you ate the heart of a pig, Over the hills where the seven dwarves dwell, Snow White is alive and well." Bixlow corrected, smirking. "...He's living with seven men?" Evergreen asked, "What a tramp." "Hey!" Freed yelled indignantly from the other end of the stage.

Carla began again, "The queen disguised herself as a peddler and went to find Snow White." Evergreen knocked on the door of the cottage dressed as a peddler. Freed answered. "I'm selling some lace, would you like some?" she asked. Freed let her in, "Sure, what are the ribbons and lace for though?" "Your corset of course!" "I don't wear a corset-" "Then it's for your throat." Evergreen wrapped the lace around Freed's throat and he fell to the ground, seemingly dead. "Now I am the most beautiful!" Evergreen declared before running offstage.

The dragon slayers walked onstage and gasped. "Snow White!" Wendy exclaimed. "We gave you *one* fucking rule!" Gajeel yelled exasperated. Laxus was quick to remove the lace from Freed's neck, "What happened?" he asked. "I bought some lace off an old peddler." Freed explained. "That wasn't a peddler, That was the wicked queen." Erik corrected. Gajeel knelt down to be eye level with the sitting Freed, "We have to leave again tomorrow. Listen *very* carefully. Do. Not. Let. Anybody. In." he said, slowly. Freed nodded, "I promise I won't." The slayers left again.

Evergreen, again, approached the mirror, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all?" "Snow White." Bixlow answered easily. "WHAT?!" Evergreen screeched. "Ya failed, bitch!" Bixlow declared gleefully. "That's it!" Evergreen threw her hands up, "I'm turning to witchcraft!" She pulled out a comb out of her pocket, "This poisoned comb will do the trick!" Evergreen put on a different peddlers costume and returned to the cottage door. She knocked on it, "Would you like to buy something?" "No!" Freed replied, sternly, "I shall not allow myself to be fooled a second time!" he declared to himself. "But just look at this lovely comb!" Evergreen held it to the window. "It is quite beautiful..." Freed opened the door and let her in. "Let me comb your lovely hair." Evergreen began combing thick, green locks, and Freed fell to the ground a second time. "You paragon of beauty." Evergreen said, "You are done for good." then she ran offstage.

The dragon slayers returned and gasped again. "Snow White!" Natsu exclaimed. "GODDAMN IT!!!! IT'S ONE FUCKING RULE!!!" Gajeel yelled angrily. "The comb is

poisoned.” Erik announced. “How do you know?” Rogue asked. “Trust me, I know my way around poison.” Erik pulled the comb out and Freed sat up again. “Let me guess, you let someone in again?” Laxus asked. Freed looked away, guiltily., “... Yeah...” “Say it with me, gang.” Gajeel said, **“Don’t let anybody in!”** the group said together. Well, mostly together, Natsu was a beat behind the rest.

Evergreen returned to her mirror. “Mirror, mirror on the wall, who in this land is the fairest of them all?” she asked. Bixlow appeared, “Wow, you’re really on a losing streak here, aren’t ya?” “Don’t tell me I failed again!” Evergreen cried. “You failed again.” Bixlow replied. “I’m going to kill that girl if it kills *me*!” Evergreen screamed, storming offstage. “And so the wicked queen made a poisoned apple. Half was red and half was white. The red part was poisoned, but the white part was safe, and after doing so, she approached the cottage again.” Carla narrated.

Evergreen knocked on the door in yet another peddler’s costume. “No! I won’t buy anything!” Freed said, sternly. “Fine by me, I’m giving these away for free.” Evergreen held up a half red, half white apple. “I won’t take it. What if it’s poisoned?” Freed asked skeptically. “I’ll prove it isn’t poisoned.” Evergreen took a bite out of the white half and swallowed it, “See?” “Hmm... very well.” Freed took a bite out of the red side of the apple and fell to the ground yet again. “At last. The princess is dead.” Evergreen sprinted back to the mirror. “Listen here, you son of a bitch! You tell me who the fairest in the land is or I’ll shatter you!” Evergreen threatened. “Whoa! Chill out, Queenie! You’re the fairest. Happy now?” Bixlow asked, hands up in surrender. “Quite!” Evergreen replied, skipping offstage.

When the dwarves found Snow White this time there was a severe lack of emotion from the group. Well, except for Gajeel. “OH FOR FUCK’S SAKE!!!! You know what?! He’s disowned! I’m tired of this shit, he can go live in the woods!” “He’s dead.” Wendy said, having been examining the body while Gajeel ranted. “...Oh shit...” Laxus discretely snuck backstage.

“Snow White looked so alive in death that the dwarves could not buy her, but instead put her in a great glass coffin.” Carla continued. An ice coffin was pushed onstage by Lyon, who had returned only at Juvia’s request part way through the story. They carefully placed Freed inside the coffin. “Snow White lay a long, long time and did not look dead, but merely asleep. One day, a prince came to stay with the dwarves and fell in love with Snow White’s image. He wished to take her home.” Carla continued.

Laxus walked onstage again, now in princely attire. “How much do you want for her?” he asked. “Dude, you’re trying to buy a dead chick?” Sting asked, “That’s fucked up, man.” “I’ll give you whatever you want.” Laxus offered. The dragon slayers collected in a small five member group on the other end of the stage. “Okay, we are *not* letting him by our friend!” Rogue exclaimed. “That’s awful!” Wendy agreed. “Who does this guy think he is?” Erik demanded. “We’ll turn him down.” Sting agreed. “Where’s Natsu?” Gajeel suddenly realized. The group whirled around. Laxus now had the coffin and Natsu was waving at him as the blonde left. “... Natsu.” Gajeel said angrily, “Did you sell Snow White to the weird prince?” “Of course not!” Natsu glared, then smiled, “I *gave* Snow White to the weird prince!” **“NATSU, YOU IDIOT!!!”**

“Then the prince began to carry Snow White back. And as he did, a servant tripped and she awoke-” Carla began. “WHAT?!” Freed interrupted, sitting up, “What happened to the true love’s kiss?” “That’s not in the original story.” Wendy said, “In the original story, the apple gets knocked out of her throat when the servant trips, her and the prince get married and the queen has to dance in red-hot iron slippers until she dies. Then everyone lives happily ever after.” Wendy explained. “The end!” Carla declared as the guild clapped.

The group headed back to their seats, but Freed was fuming. “I went through all that trouble and I don’t even get a kiss...” he grumbled. “I feel your pain.” Erza agreed. The two glanced at one another, then back to the bar, “**Mira!**” they called together, both needing a drink.

“So... Can we go home now?” Sting asked, “I think I left the shower running...” “Yeah, and Lector and Frosche fell asleep a few scenes in.” Rogue gestured to the chair he had appeared in, where the two exceeds were cuddled up to one another, snoring. “Aww...” Sting cooed. “Of course.” Jellal waved his hand and the Sabertooth members were gone.

Rogue blinked as he glanced around his own bedroom. He looked down at himself, he was glad to know his pajamas were returned to him. “...I wonder if Sting got back okay...” he mused. “AH! CRAP, IT’S COLD!!!” the other screamed from the bathroom. Rogue smirked, “Guess he ran out of hot water.”

Chapter 7

"I'm back!" Gray called, entering the guild. Juvia was hanging onto his arm, a bright smile on her face. "Did I miss anything?" he asked Wendy. "You missed Sting and Rogue." she replied. The ice mage simply blinked, "I don't wanna know." he decided. He sat by her, "Hey, I told Juvia we could do another love story together to cheer her up, you think you can come up with one?" Wendy frowned at the book, "Well. .." she hesitated, "I have one, but it makes you look pretty bad..." she admitted. Gray shrugged, "I already look pretty bad." he pointed out. Wendy smiled, "Okay, then we can do Patient Griselda." Gray and Juvia quickly read over her shoulder and went backstage.

PATIENT GRISELDA

"Once upon a time, there was a prince." Wendy began, as Gray walked onstage in splendid princely attire, "He was brave and sensitive, loved the arts as well as war and victory. But above all things, he valued the small kindnesses that could be used to make someone happy. Only one thing made him sad. He could not trust any woman."

"All women are lying and deceitful." Gray declared, "They're all dizzy with pride. I'll never marry. I'll spend my days hunting instead." "His subjects begged him to marry." Wendy continued, "So that his children could continue his gentle rule, but he always refused." "All women only want one thing." Gray added, "And that is to lay down the law. I'll only marry if you can find me a woman without pride or vanity, who loves me so dearly that she will obey my every whim, no matter how ridiculous the request!"

"One day while he was hunting, he got separated from the group and found the simplest and most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She was spinning by a stream." Wendy continued. Juvia sat on the edge of the stage and Gray shyly approached her, "Miss? Have you seen a hunt go by here?" Juvia shook her head, "No, my Lord. But I will gladly guide you back to the path." Gray knelt by the stage. "Wait a moment, my prince." Juvia dashed off and held out a simple, clay, cup, "You deserve better than to kneel on hands and knees to drink." Gray took the cup and drank from it.

"Everyday the prince went off to see her, separating from his hunting group in order to, and soon they were married- but he made her promise to obey him in all things." Wendy continued, "Soon they had a daughter, whom they both loved deeply. But the prince's old doubts returned to him..." Gray sat on the stage in contemplation, "How do I know that she really is as sweet as she seems? How do I know she's not just lying to trick me? I need to test her. I'll lock her up in a dark room and take back all the gifts I've given to her!"

"But Griselda obeyed him without complaint." Wendy continued. Juvia took off her crown and jewels and handed them to Gray obediently, "I'm sure this is all for my own good." she said, "True happiness comes from suffering." Gray was pacing across part of the stage, "It's not good enough... I need a better test..." Gray got an idea and turned to Juvia, "Your baby will be taken away from you." he commanded. Juvia looked like she might cry, but nodded and walked away.

"The prince was scared to see Griselda again. He was afraid that she would be angry- but she greeted him with the same kindness and love as always. So the prince came up with a lie." Wendy continued. Gray approached Juvia onstage, looking horrified, "Our daughter is dead..." Juvia gasped and watched Gray. She wrapped him in a hug. "My poor husband... What grief we share..." "The prince almost told her the truth there- but he held firm. This was a test after all." Wendy said, "The two lived together happily for 15 years, and whenever the prince grew nervous of their love, he tested Griselda again. She always passed. But soon his daughter fell in love with a young lord and he wanted to test *their* love as well. He declared that he would marry his daughter- as no one knew they were related."

Gray approached Juvia, "I'm going to marry nobility. You must return to your hut and live as a peasant again." Juvia bowed her head, "You are my husband, lord and master, and I will obey you. If I have hurt you in anyway, I apologize. I pray that God will grant you everything you deserve." she said, lovingly. "The prince almost abandoned his plan again- but continued on." Wendy added. Gray nodded, "You are forgiven."

"When the marriage day came, the prince had Griselda prepare his chambers, but before she left, she spoke to the prince once more." Wendy continued. "My Lord, please forgive me for saying so, but your new wife has been raised in riches and ease, she will not be able to endure the same treatment I have. I am a peasant, I am used to suffering, but this girl will die of heartbreak with the first cruel word from your lips." Juvia said, earnestly. "A peasant should not preach to a prince." Gray said coldly. Juvia turned and left without another word.

"At last the wedding day came and the prince stood before his people." Wendy said. Gray stepped forward. "You would think, " he began "That a young woman would be honored to marry a king- yet she weeps. You would think, that Griselda would be angry and sat at the treatment she's been given- yet she doesn't complain at all. You would think that I would be thrilled to marry this woman, yet nothing would make me sadder. For she is my daughter- and shall be married to the man she loves. And my patient Griselda shall return to my side at the palace-" Juvia raced up to embrace Gray, he stumbled a bit, but managed to wrap his arms around her. "And I will work even harder to make her happy, as I did to make her miserable." he vowed, brushing some hair out of her face. Gray pressed a soft kiss to Juvia's forehead and she looked like she might faint. "And so the family was reunited and everyone lived happily ever after!" Wendy declared. "The end!"

"BOOOOO!!! GET OFF THE STAGE!!!" "Shut up, Lyon!" Gray snapped. "... You kissed me..." Juvia brought a hand to her forehead, "I'll never wash this face again..." "*Please* was your face again." Gray begged. "Okay. ." Juvia sighed dreamily. Gray groaned and ran a tired hand down his face, "I already regret this..." "What do you think you're doing?!" Lyon demanded, rushing the stage. "Shut up, Lyon! It wasn't even on purpose!" "It sure looked like it was on purpose!" "Perhaps this would be a good place to pause for lunch?" Carla suggested. "...Good idea.. ." Wendy agreed, watching the fight nervously.

After a quick lunch break, everyone regrouped. "What's next, Wendy?" Carla asked. The girl hummed, and looked through the book, "Another fable- The Frog and the Ox. It's about a frog who *has* to be better than everyone else." Laxus rolled his eyes, "Does he challenge people stronger than him like an idiot?" he asked. "Kind of..." Wendy confirmed. "Oh, then

it's about Natsu." Laxus taunted. "Hey!" Natsu whined. "That's perfect!" Wendy grinned, "Natsu's team can be the frog family, and your team can be the Ox family!" Laxus groaned, "Not another story!" "FINALLY! I'm not someone evil!" Evergreen cheered. "My babies count as part of the team too!" Bixlow said sternly. "You'll get to make Natsu look like a fool~" Freed reminded. "That is always fun." Laxus admitted, "Alright." he stood and the two teams headed backstage.

THE FROG AND THE OX

"One day, Mister Frog decided to take his family on a walk. The same day, Mister Ox decided to take his family on a walk too." Wendy began. The two teams walked by each other onstage and stopped on opposite ends. Erza, Lucy, Gray and Happy were all staring at the Thunder Legion. "Look how strong they are." Erza noted. "I could be as strong as Laxus if I wanted to!" Natsu whined. The team glanced back at him. "No you couldn't." Gray said.

"I could to!" Natsu yelled angrily, he set a hand on fire. "There's no need to get so worked up, Natsu." Erza assured calmly, "We like you just the way you are." "I'm going to be as powerful as Laxus!!" Natsu yelled angrily, he set his other hand on fire too. "Natsu, you were fine before." Lucy said tiredly. "Natsu you're scaring me!" Happy flew into Lucy's arms in fear. Natsu set his feet on fire. "Natsu!" Gray scolded. **"Stop! We love you just the way you are!"** the team yelled together. Natsu gave a loud warrior scream as he set his whole body on fire. "Natsu don't-" Lucy begged. "Then Mister Frog exploded." Wendy said casually. Natsu screamed and ran offstage, his team following him.

Laxus removed his headphones and glanced to his team, "Did you guys hear something?" he asked. "No." Freed shook his head. Laxus shrugged and put his headphones back on. The group left the stage.

"And the moral of the story is to be proud of who you are!" Wendy declared. "Really?" Gajeel asked, "Cuz all I got out of that is that Natsu's an idiot who needs to stop picking fights." "That too." Laxus agreed, returning to his seat. "Fight me, you bastards!" Natsu yelled angrily. "NO!" "Go to hell!" the two replied.

Chapter 8

“Gajeel, do you wanna be in the next story?” Wendy asked. “Sure, what is it?” he asked curiously. “Aschenputtel!” Wendy read, happily. “Bless you.” Gajeel said. Levy laughed, “Aschenputtel is the German name for Cinderella.” she explained, “I think it’s very fitting for you.” “Really?” Gajeel asked surprised. “Uh-huh.” Levy nodded, “You have a history of holding women against their will.” she said, smiling. “When are ya gonna let that go?” Gajeel asked, annoyed. “Never.” Levy replied.

“Hey, we want to be part of the story too!” Jet said determinedly. “Yeah!” Droy agreed, “We wanna act with Levy and Gajeel!” “There’s not really any other characters...” Wendy said, “I guess you could be the evil stepsisters?” “We’re in!” Jet declared. “Yeah! How hard can it be?!” Droy added. Levy opened her mouth to object, but Gajeel quickly covered it, “This’ll be great.” he whispered to her, grinning. The team headed backstage.

~~ASCHENPUTTEL~~ CINDERELLA

“Once upon a time, the wife of a rich man fell sick. And as she was dying, she told her daughter to be good and kind. After the woman had died, the little girl planted a hazel twig at her mother’s grave, and she visited so often and cried so much, that it grew into a large, beautiful tree. And when she sat beneath it, if she made a wish, a bird would grant her it. Her father had remarried to a woman with two daughters of her own. All three were beautiful of face, but vile and black of heart. The step-sisters treated the little girl cruelly. They made her wear rags while they wore fine dresses, made her do all the chores, and instead of a bed, she had to sleep by the fire. Because of this, she was always covered in ash, and so they called her Cinderella.” Wendy began.

Levy walked onstage in rags. Jet and Droy walked behind her in fine suits. “Wait- we have to be mean to Levy?!” Jet exclaimed, “I can’t be mean to Levy!” “I can’t either!” “Guys, you’re called the *evil* stepsisters.” Levy pointed out, “What did you expect?” Gajeel’s loud laughter could be heard from backstage. “That jerk...” Droy glared. “He knew this would happen!” Jet yelled angrily. “Guys, relax. It’s just a play.” Levy assured, “I know you’re not actually being mean to me.” “That doesn’t make it any easier!” Droy wailed, tears streaming down his cheeks. Levy couldn’t help but laugh, “It’s okay, guys. Really. We need to continue with the play.” The boys sniffled and wiped their eyes. “Okay...” “Fine.” They agreed. Chelia leaned towards her friend. “Your guild is weird.” she whispered. “I know.” Wendy nodded.

“The King proclaimed that there would be a three day festival to find his son a wife. All of the eligible maids in the kingdom were to come, and Cinderella was told to help her sisters with the preparations to go to the ball. Cinderella helped, but was sad, because she wanted to go to the ball, but her stepmother would not let her. She said Cinderella didn’t have nice enough clothes and couldn’t dance, Cinderella would embarrass the family. The stepmother and sisters left for the ball, and Cinderella went to her mother’s grave.” Wendy explained.

Levy sat on the ground and looked up at the ceiling, “Shiver and quiver, little tree, silver and gold throw down over me.” Erza used her magic and in an instant Levy was clothed in a

beautiful gold and silver silk dress, and silk slippers. "I'm off to the festival!" Levy dashed offstage.

Gajeel lounged on a large, iron throne at one end of the stage, he was in a fine suit with a crooked iron crown on his head. His hands were behind his head and his feet were draped over the side of the chair. Jet and Droy stood onstage, a little ways off, as did Pantherlily, now in his large form. Levy walked onstage and looked around before walking past Jet and Droy to Gajeel. "Who's that?!" Droy asked, watching Levy eagerly. "I don't know!" Jet answered, "Must be a foreign princess."

Gajeel whistled as Levy approached. "You clean up nice, Shorty." She gave him a playful pout in reply. Gajeel sat up properly and offered her his hand, "Wanna dance?" "You're a jerk." Levy declared, happily taking the hand. Gajeel stood and rested his other hand on her shoulder, "Your jerk." he reminded smirking. Levy shrugged, "It's not my fault I have bad taste in men." Gajeel laughed and they began dancing. "The prince danced only with her." Wendy narrated.

"Mind if I cut in?" Jet asked politely. "BUZZ OFF, SHE'S MINE!!!!" Gajeel yelled angrily, pulling Levy closer to his chest. Jet sulked over to his 'brother', "This sucks." "Let's get out of here." Droy agreed. The two left and Levy stepped away from Gajeel, "I have to go. I'm sorry."

Gajeel blinked, "Oh... Well, can I walk you home?" "No." Levy ran offstage. "... Whaddya mean *no*?!!!" Gajeel yelled after her, offended. He sat in his throne again and crossed his arms over his chest. "What a bitch!" he snapped angrily, "... I hope she comes again tomorrow."

"She did come again the next night." Wendy continued, "And again the prince danced only with her." Levy came on, this time in a beautiful yellow, lace dress, which Gajeel twirled her in. "And again Cinderella ran away as quickly as she had entered." Wendy continued. Levy ran offstage again.

Gajeel sat in his throne, glaring at the floor. He and Pantherlily were alone onstage. "If you're trying to burn a hole in the floor, it isn't working." Lily informed his master teasingly. Gajeel slammed his fist on the arm of the chair and whirled on Lily. He leapt to his feet in fury "TWO DAYS!!!" he yelled angrily, "For two days I've fallen in love with the same woman, tried to find out who she is, and *failed*! I'm marrying her if it's the last thing I do!" he slumped back into the throne.

"But, Gajeel, tomorrow is the last night of the festival, you have to do it then, or you'll never find her." Lily said worriedly. "I know!" Gajeel suddenly sat up and grinned, "I'll trap her!" Pantherlily stared at his master for a moment, "YOU HAVE A *PROBLEM*!!!!!" he suddenly yelled. Gajeel was taken aback, Lily rarely raised his voice. "Levy told me what you did to Mirajane!" he scolded, "I know you crucified Levy when you first met!" he added, "WHY IS YOUR FIRST INSTINCT TO HOLD A WOMAN AGAINST HER WILL?!!" Pantherlily sighed and ran a tired hand down his face, "Whatever. Your poor life decisions are your own problem. I'll spread pitch on the stairs..." he walked offstage. Gajeel stared after his exceed in shock, then turned his glance towards the audience, "... What just happened?"

“The third night, Cinderella returned.” Wendy narrated. Levy walked on in a beautiful white ballgown, a veil sat on her head and Gajeel stared at her in awe. “... Woah...” he breathed. Levy walked up to him, smiling. “Gajeel?” she asked, “Are you okay?” “You look beautiful...” Gajeel said. Levy blushed and beamed, “We’re supposed to dance.” she gently reminded. “Oh, right! We’re in a play!” Gajeel remembered and quickly took her hand. They danced a bit and Wendy continued narrating. “That night, Cinderella left again.” Levy ran offstage, but left a glass slipper behind. Gajeel picked it up, “I’ll marry whoever fits this shoe.” he vowed.

“The prince searched the land and at last came to Cinderella’s house.” Wendy continued. Jet and Droy stood onstage, as did Levy in her rags. “He tried the shoe on the stepsisters, but finally gave it to Cinderella.” Wendy continued. Gajeel carefully eased Levy’s foot into the shoe. “They got married and lived happily ever-” “Hang on!” Droy interrupted the little sky slayer, “We’re not gonna try on the shoe?” “Yeah! That totally ruins the suspense!” Jet agreed. “Well, in the original version, the stepsisters cut off parts of their feet to fit in the shoe...” Wendy explained. Jet and Droy looked horrified. “Well it’s a good thing we skipped that part then.” Levy said, in an attempt to ease the men’s horror. “The end!” Wendy declared.

She turned back to her book happily. “Next is... Tufty Ricky.” “Oh, I love that story!” Freed exclaimed, putting a hand on his heart, “It’s about how love changes you for the better.” “Perfect!” Wendy said, “You and Laxus could do it! You could be the prince- and Laxus could be the princess!” “I’m playing a damn princess?” Laxus asked, glaring. “Well,” Freed said, “You can either play a beautiful, dumb, princess, or the hideous, smart, prince.” Laxus sighed. He knew Freed was the smartest person in the guild. Laxus wouldn’t have made him Captain of the team if he wasn’t. “I’ll be the pretty princess...” Laxus grumbled, heading backstage with Freed. “There’s a sentence I never thought I’d hear Laxus say.” Bixlow mentioned.

TUFTY RICKY

“Once upon a time, a little prince was born so ugly that the queen wasn’t sure he was even human. But a fairy was there when he was born, and promised that he would be as smart as he was ugly, and blessed him with the power to give intelligence to the person he loved most in the world. The prince was named Tufty Ricky for the small tuft of hair on his head.” Wendy began, “In a neighboring kingdom, a queen gave birth to two princesses. The older was beautiful, but the youngest was horribly ugly. The fairy was also present at that birth, and promised that the younger would be so witty, that no one would notice her lack of beauty. But the older would be dumb as can be. The fairy, however, blessed the older that whoever she loved most, would be as beautiful as she.”

“As the daughters grew, the mother praised the younger for her wit, but could not help but reproach the older for her stupidity.” Wendy continued. “I don’t like my part in this story.” Laxus announced as he walked onstage and sat on the ground. “You chose it!” Mirajane reminded from the bar. Laxus flipped her off.

“One day, the elder princess went into the woods to mourn her cruel fate, and that’s where she met Tufty Ricky.” Wendy added. Freed walked onstage and knelt at Laxus’s side, “My

good Sir, I must confess, I can't fathom why one with such beauty as yours could possibly be so unhappy." "That's very kind of you." Laxus said simply. He wouldn't meet the other's eyes. "Beauty," Freed continued, sitting by the slayer, "Is an asset. Why with a beauty like yours, nothing could trouble you so much." Laxus glared at him, "I would rather be as ugly and as smart as you, then as beautiful and stupid as me." he replied, bitterly. "Oh?" Freed asked, smiling fondly, "I happen to think that the greatest mark of intelligence, is believing you don't possess it. It is the very nature of smarts that the more one has- the less they believe they do." Freed declared dramatically, standing up to do so.

Laxus just stared at the other in confusion. Freed quickly returned to the blonde's side, "If that is all that is troubling you, then I can easily put an end to your suffering." "How?" Laxus asked. "I have the power to give whomever I love most in this world intelligence. If you will marry me, you'll become the most intelligent person on this earth." Freed stood and turned his back to the other, "I'll give you one year to-" "Fuck it. Let's do it." Laxus said. Freed blinked, "Uh... Alright. We'll get married in a year." With that, the two left the stage in opposite directions, and Wendy took over again.

"The day after she met Tufty Ricky, the older princess was more intelligent. The kingdom loved her, and she had many suitors, but none were as intelligent as her. But one day she found a man that, while he wasn't as smart as Tufty Ricky- would do just fine, and she was debating whether to marry him. She didn't realize that it had been exactly one year since she had made the promise to Tufty Ricky. The princess was in the woods, thinking about what to do, when she found him again." Wendy narrated.

Laxus walked onstage, staring at the ground thoughtfully as Freed bounded up to him, "Well, my love? Are you ready for the wedding?" the rune mage asked. "I gotta be honest with you- there's another guy I like." Laxus said bluntly, "And I know I promised to marry *you*- but I was dumb back then! And I'm having a hard time making a choice." he confessed. "Well, let's make it easier then." Freed offered, "Apart from my ugliness, is there anything about me you do not like? Are you unhappy about my birth, my intelligence, my character, or my manners?" "No." Laxus answered, "I love all of those things about you- more than I love the other guy." "Then we have reason to rejoice." said Freed, "The same fairy that blessed me, blessed you. You can give the gift of beauty to the one you love most." Laxus shrugged, "If it is my gift to give, then I happily give it to you."

"In that moment, Tufty Ricky appeared the handsomest man in the world." Wendy began again. Laxus opened his arms and Freed eagerly ran to his embrace. "There are some who say that there was no magic at work here and that love alone caused the transformation. The two were married and they all lived happily ever after- the end!" Wendy declared. Freed was positively giddy as he exited the stage.

Chapter 9

Wendy smiled and looked in the book again, “This one is silly, it’d be perfect for Natsu!” she said. “Yeah?! Let me check it out!” Natsu looked over her shoulder, “Oh, I know this one! Igneel told me it when I was little!” he said grinning. “A dragon told you fairy tales?” Gray asked. “Yeah, what about it?” Natsu challenged. Gray shook his head, “Nothing.” “Come on, Lucy! Let’s do the fairy tale!” Natsu dragged her backstage.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA

“Once upon a time, there was a prince who wanted to find a princess- but she had to be a real princess. He met many princesses, but he was never sure if they were real, there was always something not quite right about them. And so he never married. Until one day...” Wendy began.

Natsu sat on a throne in a handsome suit, a crown tangled in his mess of hair. Happy sat beside him on the ground. Natsu whistled, “Sure is a nasty storm, ain’t it Happy?” “Aye, sir!” The two looked to the prop door as there was a knock on it. “Who would wanna be outside in this?” Natsu asked. Happy shrugged, “I don’t know. Let’s go find out!” The two raced over to open the door. A sopping wet Lucy stood on the other side, courtesy of Juvia. “Woah! You look terrible!” Natsu grabbed her wrist and dragged her in.

“I’m a princess from a far off land, and I’ve lost my way.” Lucy explained, “Can I please stay here for the night?” Natsu shrugged, “Sure. You can go dry off in the other room.” “Thank you.” Lucy said as she left. “Do you think she’s a real princess, Natsu?!” Happy asked, eagerly. Natsu was skeptical, “I don’t know...” We’ll have to test her!“How?” Natsu paced for a moment. “I know!” he turned to Happy, “We’ll put twenty mattresses down for a bed and put one tiny pea beneath them! That’ll prove she’s sensitive enough to be a real princess!” “Natsu, you’re a genius!” Happy praised, hugging him.

Natsu lead a nightgown-clad Lucy to the door. “Well, this is where you’ll be staying tonight. Sleep well!” he skipped off. “Thank you.” Lucy tried the knob. It was locked. “Uh, Natsu! You forgot to unlock the door!” she called. There was no answer. “Natsu?! ... Prince?!” Lucy sighed, “I guess I’m sleeping on the floor tonight...” she grumbled, before laying down on the floor.

“The next morning, the prince was eager to see how the princess had slept.” Wendy continued. A bedraggled Lucy stumbled towards a giddy Natsu. “Well, how’d ya sleep?” he asked. “Terrible!” she replied, glaring. “You passed the test!” Natsu cheered, “We can get married! You’ll be queen!” Lucy stared at him, “... What?” “I put a pea under twenty mattresses to test you! You felt it, you passed! I’ll start the wedding preparations!” Natsu dashed off eagerly. Lucy sighed and shrugged, “Why not? This kingdom won’t survive if he runs it alone.” she followed Natsu offstage. “The two were wed and lived happily ever after! The end!” Wendy finished.

“Wendy.” Carla said gently, “It’s getting late.” Wendy looked towards the window to see it was already dark. “Oh...” “I think we have time for one more story.” Carla said, pointing in the book. Wendy looked down and smiled. “Okay! But I want Chelia to be my wife!” Chelia beamed and hugged her friend, “Let’s go! Lyon!” “Gray!” The ice mages stopped bickering over Juvia to glance over, then followed the girls backstage.

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Carla began the story fondly, “I will tell you a story I heard when I was young. Each time I recall the ending it seems to get better. There are some stories, like some people, who seem to get better as they grow older.”

“In a farm, lived a couple who owned almost nothing, except for an old horse. One day, they decided to sell it.” Carla continued. Chelia and Wendy walked in, wearing peasant rags. “Husband-uh-wife.” Chelia giggled, “Take our horse to market. Sell it or trade it. Whatever you do is fine with me.” she held out a horse stuffed animal, which Wendy took and began walking in place with, while Chelia left.

“While the farmer walked,” Carla continued, “She came upon a stranger walking a cow.” “What a beautiful cow!” Wendy exclaimed, “She must give delicious milk! Sir? Would you like to trade your cow for my horse?” “The man agreed, and the exchange was soon made.” Carla said. Wendy tossed the horse into the audience and got a cow stuffed animal in return. Wendy hummed, “Well... I have a cow- but I’m gonna continue to the fair to see what else I can find!” She decided, and kept walking.

“Along the way, the farmer saw a man with a sheep of a rare breed.” Carla added. Wendy gasped, “Look at that splendid sheep! Oh, my wife would love that! We can take it in the house in winter! Hello, friend! Would you like to swap?” she tossed the stuffed cow into the audience and got a sheep.

“Next she came upon a man with a goose.” Carla continued. “What a nice creature!” Wendy praised, “And I remember my wife saying she’d like a goose, would you like to trade, Sir?!” she threw the sheep out and caught the good stuffed animal... with her face. Carla gasped. “I’m okay!” Wendy assured.

“Next she came across the tax collector with a chicken.” Carla said. Wendy giggled, “What a funny looking bird! Chickens are the easiest to keep. Sir! Would you like to make an exchange?” Wendy threw the goose out and caught the toy chicken- this time with her hands.

“The farmer decided to go to an inn for some food.” Carla continued, “On the way, he saw a man with apple’s and traded the chicken for them.” Thankfully, they had decided *not* to throw a bag of apples at the guild’s most accident prone member, and simply handed Wendy the bag. “My wife loves apples! She’ll be so glad!” Wendy sat at the table onstage and Gray and Lyon approached her in fine suits.

“What have you got there, farmer?” Gray asked as he and Lyon sat down at Wendy’s table. “The farmer told them the whole story.” Carla explained. “Wow, you’re wife’s gonna be mad when you get home.” Lyon said. Wendy shook her head, “No she won’t. She’ll be happy with whatever I bring back.” Lyon leaned forward, “Really? I’ll bet all the gold on me, she’ll be

mad.” “I’ll take that bet.” Gray agreed. Wendy shrugged, “All I have to bet is my apples.” “We’ll take it.” the men agreed.

“The men went home with the farmer.” Carla continued. “I’m home!” Wendy smiled and hugged Chelia, “I traded the horse!” “The farmer told the story over again.” Carla continued. “Really?” Chelia gasped, “I could kiss you! I love apples!” The two hugged again. Gray and Lyon laughed. “You’ve won the bet! Our gold is yours!” “That is how I was told the story.” Carla finished, “And now you know it. All’s well that end’s well.”

WENDY’S BIRTHDAY (CONTINUED)

The guild cheered as Wendy hopped down and closed the book. "Thank you guys for making this the best birthday ever!" “Is there anything else you would like?” Carla asked. “... Can I keep one of the stuffed animals?” Wendy asked hopefully. Several bodies came forward to thrust the toys into her arms, along with Jellal and Freed’s unopened presents. “You can keep *all* of the stuffed animals.” The guild waved as Wendy, Carla, Lyon, and Chelia left. “Bye!” “Have a good night!” “Happy Birthday, Wendy!” “Thank you!”

Wendy sighed in content as they left, but stopped at the end of the guild’s front yard. "They didn’t remember my birthday, did they?" The trio gasped and whirled to her. “How did you *know*?!” Carla exclaimed. Wendy smiled, “I love Fairy Tail. They’re my family... but they’re not the brightest.” she admitted, “Especially Natsu.” Wendy glanced back at the guild, “But even so...” she beamed, “They did all this for me.” Wendy sniffled and wiped her eyes on her shoulder, as they were filled with tears of happiness and her arms were filled with stuffed animals and presents. “Oh, Wendy.” Carla shifted human to hug her dragon slayer properly. “Thank you, Carla. I love you.” “I love you too, Wendy.

THE END

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!