Every Tower Needs A Princess

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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All his life, Ryan had loved reading about knights, whether they were slaying dragons or going on other gallant deeds. Maybe that was why he jumped at the chance to go to the tower that his brothers said stood in the woods behind their house. They had teased him about going to rescue his princess, so he had snuck out before anyone was up. He did not know why he even believed their story about there being a tower in the woods behind their house. He must have explored every tree of them by now!

He gasped as he saw the tower, literally like something out of a fairy tale. For the briefest moment, he wondered… if the tower existed, did the princess? Ryan did not even know what he would do with a princess. Sure, he had started noticing girls, but he was not old enough to get married! He dismissed the thought. It was a broken down old building, that was all.

“Gonna go in?” He jumped and turned around to see his little sister standing behind him.

“Where’d you come from?” She giggled.

“Thought you could sneak out and no one would notice, huh?” She looked at the tower. “So, gonna go in and save your princess?” Even she sounded like she was mocking him.

“Yep.” He said, his pride bruised. “Gonna come with?”

“I’ll stay out here. That way, I can run for help when it

collapses on you."

"It's not going to collapse." He muttered as he made his way to the door.

The inside of the tower was cool and dusty. He began to climb the stairs, although he was a bit nervous since they were made of wood. All the same, it did not take him long to reach the top. He pushed open the door at the top and sighed. Just an empty room. Ryan could not say what he had really been expecting, but it disappointed him all the same. He turned to leave, but the door was gone! It was just a smooth stone wall! He looked around in a panic and then saw two women in medieval dresses standing there. They both smiled as if they had been expecting him. There was something almost magical about them, but Ryan could not say what.

"Uh, hello?"

"Princess!" One of them exclaimed. "Why are you dressed in those rags? We simply must get you ready! Today could be the day!"

"Princess? What? You must be confused." The two women rushed over to him and began to, despite his protests and efforts to fight them off, strip him of his hoodie, t-shirt, jeans, shoes, socks, and finally and most embarrassingly of all, his underwear. Ryan stood there, completely naked, as the ladies bustled around.

"Who are you?"

"Your ladies-in-waiting, of course, princess." One of them

said with a giggle. “Now, come here so we can get you dressed.” Ryan turned to look for the door again, which gave them the opportunity they needed to pull him over to them.

Ryan had no idea where everything came from, but in the span of seemingly seconds, the ladies-in-waiting had him dressed in layer upon layer of frills and lace, capped off with an enormous pink dress, the skirt of which was so wide that Ryan did not think he would even fit through the door when it appeared. His head spun as they pushed him in front of a mirror. He gasped as he saw his reflection.

“See? Already looking more like a princess, hmm?”

“But we’ll need to do something about this rat’s nest on top of your head.” Ryan winced as they ran brushes through his hair. Somehow, his hair seemed to grow longer with each brush, his hair sorting itself into a perfect coif as if on its own. They topped it off with a pink cone of a hat. Before the hat had even settled on his new long, silky hair, They attacked his face with brushes and various make-ups, transforming him from a boy into a pretty girl.

“A princess fit for a prince.” One of the ladies-in-waiting said proudly. All at once they vanished, leaving Ryan alone but still in his dress. The boy tugged at it, but it would not budge. Even the make-up would not wipe off. He was trapped!

“The door!” He ran over as best he could with his ridiculous gown and the high heels they had forced on his feet at some point, but the doorway proved too narrow. He could either be stuck in the doorway or stuck in this room. “The window!”

Ryan’s sister sat in the grass, waiting for him to get bored and come out. It had only been a few minutes, but she was still amazed he had found something to occupy his time for this long. Motion above her head drew her attention. Even made up as he was, she could recognize her brother poking his head out of the window, waving frantically at her. She grinned as she could see that he now wore a very very floofy dress.

“Ryan?” She called, even though she knew it was him.

“You need to come help me!” She giggled.

“Very good damsel in distress impression. You really committed to it, didn’t you?”

“Wait! Where are you going?” He called as she turned to walk away.

“You’ve read all the stories. Everyone knows the princess isn’t rescued the same day she gets locked in the tower!”