

Cold Turkey

By: [jdogbaked](#)

Have you ever imagined that Shrek was a dope fiend, junkie, heroin addict? Well now you dont have to... In this tragicomedy of epic proportion, Shrek wrestles with his doubts as he goes on a exciting quest to reclaim his 'stash' from the hands of Lord Fuckwad. But in the end, which addiction will he choose? That of his forearm or heart? The needle or the ring? Heroin or Fiona?

Rated: [Fiction M](#) - English - Adventure/Romance - Shrek, Princess Fiona, Donkey, Lord Farquaad - Words: 1,609 - Published: Apr 23 - id: 13562621

As the joint tip glowed and faded, smoke swirled from the corners of his mouth, concealing a face beneath a veil he would love to die under.

Bitches be making him crazy.

Well, not bitches really. Just the one girl this time around. He flicked what was left of his spliff into the dark oblivion and staggered back towards his swamp.

'You smoke too much', was Donkey's greeting as Shrek fell through the bark door with an almighty crash.

'Why'dja think am fucken green' Shrek mumbled as he lifted himself from the floor and shook himself down.

'Well, I had assumed you were born that way' Donkey replied.

Shrek found everyone annoying and everyone found Donkey annoying. But to Shrek the particular brand of naive, bright eyed and bushy tailed, furry four legged annoyance that looked up at him was just quite endearing. Still, at this moment Shrek felt like 'shite' and could only think that he 'jus wanted the radge 'tae jist fuck off ootay ma visage, tae go oan his ain, n jist leave us'. Shrek kept these thoughts to himself. Donkey had a phat bag in his pocket that Shrek would very much prefer to be up his nose.

Shrek knew Donkey was merely testing his anger and retorted with his signature 'Get tae fuck Donkay' and 'Yah buftie' as he sat himself down at the rough hewn table. These insults followed Donkey as he trotted into the kitchen, heels hot with mock fear.

Shrek for the first time noticed a dark figure standing at the threshold, distinguishable only by the glowing pair of eyes that hovered at the center of the dark mass.

'Puss in Boots, at your service' came that soft andalusian pur. The momentary fear that had held him passed as Shrek realised who it was.

'Alright puss?'

Shrek slowly stood as the figure bent and crossed the room towards him. 'I have seen better days, and you?'

Orange pubes tickled his ankles as it skulked past. He swayed on the spot, his legs threatening to buckle beneath him. He had not realised till now how fucked he was. After a moment of hesitation his legs remained loyal and held firm. He sat back down.

The snap, crackle and pop of the hearth punctuated the passing hours more than the conversation. None felt the need to fill the perfect silence with their thoughts. However, this impasse would not last long as the glass of single malt Shrek clutched, rose to his lips in ever quicker succession.

'Eh sais on the issue of drugs, I'm a classical liberal, vehemently opposed tae state intervention of any form' Shrek mused to no one in particular.

'I don't think Lord Fuckwad is coming down anytime soon to steal your stash Shrek.' Puss quipped.

'Shut up Shrek,' said Donkey, losing his cool for a moment 'You know you the other hulk twin right? Yeah, you know the only one they put in the swamp is though?'

Those innocent eyes did not endear Shrek as much as the loyalty they hid. For a moment he considered checking his anger.

'Em oot mauckin erse' 'I EM!' Shrek bellowed into the night letting his face fall into his open palms. 'We've goat tae dae it aw fir oursells'

'What?' Donkey was worried by the desperate tone that had entered Shrek's voice.

Shrek appeared not to meant to say this aloud and followed in a lighter voice, 'The lager's loupin. Seems tae huv gone dead flat, ken. Tastes like fuckin pish'.

Donkey was not about to be fooled and asked 'What were you about to say Shrek?'

'Come oaf tha fecking smack Donkey'

Donkey has heard this to many times to take it seriously. 'Your tellin' me that you want to give it up?'

'Yehyeeh, that's spot on mahn ... eh ... ye goat it. We've gottabee gittin oor story straight, ken'

'Your story is all of ours Shrek. You are our God. It doesn't matter what we want'

The sledgehammer of hard truth sat Shrek down on his erse. He'd never thought about it that way before.

'I mean ah mean ... Et'll beh nae hassle, likesay.'

Donkey's hooves clipped the bare boards like bony fingers tapping on a coffin. Shrek got up and began to follow him into the kitchen as a stray hoof kicked back a hypodermic and sent it flying. It came to rest at Shrek's feet and span there like the compass point of his will power. At least when it came to his first love.

The scrapes of wood against wood and the briefest chirp of crickets signalled Fiona's almost silent entry. His heart pressed against the back of his chest in what seemed like a vain attempt to be closer.

Shrek turned to see Fiona's eyes bouncing lazily down from the floor up to meet his. One eye was full of light from the candle. The other partially in the dark. He was thankful that for that moment he could look upon her and not see the way she looked at him. But her eyes soon the pierced the dark and found his watery blues.

'Shrek?'

'Feeohna?'

'*DONKEY*'

'**DONKAY!**' Fiona and Shreks voices filled the kitchen.

'I'm gonnay hev tae keck yur heid en!' Shrek threatened.

'Shrek stop it. I want to know. What's that Ginger pussy doing on the kitchen table?'

Shrek's head swiveled around, owl like, slipping out an 'Isnae fecking..' as his eyes focused on a monstrosity. His eyes came to rest on Patent black boots and a bit of ginger fur coming out the top striding across the room. Ginger's boots were shinier than most. They were glistenin' and had been greased, three times a day since they had been put on. Shrek saw that the curly pubes came out across the front of each brim in a fringe.

'Shrek, we finally meet.'

'Geh.. tae.. fuck' Shrek's eyes widened to consume its feast. 'Geh.. tae.. fuck..'

'Shrek' The boots stood at ease four feet from him on top of the table.

'Eh sais geh tae fuck!' Shrek. 'You're nay Puss in Boots!'

'No I am not. I am his evil twin.. Snatch in Boots!'

With a single minded fury Shrek picked up his trusty pitch fork and attempted to lance the mass of leather and pube.

With an agility not usually associated with a vagina in leather boots it casually side stepped and taunted 'I have snatched your stash!'

'NO, NOT THE MANDY!'

The bent prongs of Shrek's fork followed the boots as they leapt from table to mantelpiece. The Boots flew across the room bouncing from surface to surface, aiming for the open window. Shrek dived, just catching the ankle of a boot with his prongs as the other pair fell through the window into freedom.

Shreks open fist tore into the kicking boot through the matted orange pubes and met the seathing leatherary mass at the bottom. A scream tore open the night as Shrek, finding the large open slit, forced entry with his fingers searching in vain for his baggies and wraps.

The downcast expression was all they need to know he had failed them.

The Rubber was soon melting in the fire with a smooth hiss. Shrek chuckled as the melting carcass of Lord Fuckwad's latest trick tracked its way into pools at the hearths pit.

'Yeh might thenk et wad burn, likesay is nae flammable ez I thought' Shrek mumbled as he contemplated what he was about to do.

As fast as this thought, fire ripped up across the hearth with blue flame.

A voice called from within. 'So you defeat me again?'

'Seems tae huv gone like that, ken.'

'Return my bride to me by midnight and I will return your smack otherwise I will make you have nightmares about your childhood'.

'Buh I had eh lovelay childhood'

'Exactly'

'Ya fecking twisted'

The flames faded as the last of the blue smoke billowed up into their onlooking faces.

'EM OOT MAFUCKIN ERSE!'

'No that did just happen Shrek'

Shaking now not just with withdrawal but with anger he said 'This radge might think ah'm a sortay fuckwit but ah'm rock soled n ay well fell you up my with love sae ard yell sae Jesus Christ'

Donkey was now used to being unable to make out more than a word or two of Shrek's gibberish and nodded in agreement to he knew not what.

The last of the blue flames flashed a narrow beam of light off his face and up to the ceiling where it shone in a shape that had haunted Shrek from the time he had spent in the Fuckwad Dungeons. The shape Fuckwad knew would taunt Shrek out of hiding..

(`-'`-.

`` \

/ \ | \

`-') \ | |

, ' ` % ` \ ` |

/ \ - . \ `

(- ' / / `

\ | \ / % % ` \

| ' ` \

`- . _

`.

\

'Shrek please don't go back there' Fiona pleaded.

'I have teh get et back' Shrek said. 'I have teh'.

Shrek walked across the room with purpose, opened the door and slipped out of the shack. Donkey turned to give Fiona a final look before they both followed him out.

TO BE CONTINUED..

WILL SHREK GET HIS DRUGS BACK FROM LORD FUCKWAD?

WILL SHREK GET HIS HANDS DOWN ANY MORE BOOTY SNATCH?