

Prim & Tia in "A Tale of Vengeance"

By: Wyland

"Well, this is another fine – "

"Oh, Hot-Tits, are you trying to blame me again?"

"Well, who else should I blame?"

"You act is if there is something to blame someone for."

"You mean besides being tied up?"

"Yes."

"Naked?"

"As usual, yes.."

"And blindfolded?"

"Atypical for us, but yes."

"And hanging upside-down ... again?"

"We do seem to have a talent for that, do we not?"

"Which one?"

"You are so cute when you are exasperated, Hot-Tits. If only I could see you now."

"And whose fault is it you can't?"

"I think we know. Anyway, it is rather strange we are not gagged."

"Oh, it is not strange at all. This is extra punishment for me. She knows how annoying you get when you've gotten us into messes."

"Annoying? I most certainly am – "

"Quite infuriating, yes."

"You wound me, Hot-Tits."

"The truth hurts."

"Not as much as I expect our upcoming attentions "

"Yeesh, you're right. The last time, I couldn't sit for days."

"I know. You were so cute to watch as you walked so gingerly."

"Ha-ha. As if you were any different."

"You were watching my exquisite ass, Hot-Tits? Oh, how joyous that makes me."

"And there it is. You're hopeless, you know."

"On the contrary, I have high hopes we shall be enjoying our experience here."

"You would."

"Come now, Hot-Tits. She may be angry at us, but she is quite skilled and would never do anything permanent. At least, not physically."

"Are you sure? I mean, has she ever punished anyone for breaking into her shop and making a mess?"

“Well, no, I cannot say I have ever heard tell of such circumstances. But she must eventually calm down, after all. No one can stay mad forever.”

“So that's why you had the bright idea of coming back to town so early.”

“It has been over a month, Hot-Tits. I would hardly classify that as 'early'.”

“I suggested two years, remember?”

“Do be serious. Regardless, I thought, surely any imagined wrongs we may or may not have done – ”

“Imagined? You ruddy well told her, ya ninny! Or have you forgotten that part?”

“I knew I should not have mentioned that conversation to you. Pity I was in such a talkative mood afterwards.”

“An honest mood, you mean.”

“I am always honest, Hot-Tits. Okay, you can stop laughing now. It is rather unbecoming.”

“Sorry, sorry, no idea what came over me.”

“Regardless of her strangely vengeful attitude, I am certain she will eventually let us be on our way. No doubt it will be after we all have a simply marvelous time together. Oh, if only I had my tea set with me, we could have such a party together and discuss the memorable occasion.”

“How can you be thinking of tea at a time like this?”

“I always think of tea, Hot-Tits.”

“How about thinking of a way out of this?”

“I have thought of several, naturally.”

“And how many of them are actually possible?”

“I would say ... two.”

“That's it? What's the first?”

“Enjoy our visit and hug her afterwards as we go on our way, while we likely walk in an odd manner for a week.”

“In other words, get our backsides whipped and goodness knows what else. I don't like this plan. What about the other one?”

“I could get us loose, of course. The question I face, however, is should I?”

“You mean, should we try to skulk off before paying our debts to our friend?”

“Precisely.”

“I do admit we kinda deserve this.”

“Indeed, we do.”

“Well, that is good to hear, because you two are most certainly going to get what you deserve.”

“Meep... Oh, hello, dear Laressa, most wonderful friend to gnomes and – might I add – creator of the most *exotic* of fine feminine wear! I did not hear you over there.”

“Probably because you were babbling so much.”

“You are the one who started assigning blame, Hot-Tits.”

“With good reason! Have you taken a look at our current situation?”

“Cute question, seeing as we are blindfolded. Quite an impressive verbal jab.”

“Thank you. I'm rather proud of it.”

“Now, if you are finished patting yourself on the back, perhaps you could be more productive with your energies?”

“You're the one who's always mmph!”

“Ha, sounds like someone got what she need-mmph mmm mrrr!”

“You two really don't ever quiet down, do you? But don't worry: You'll have plenty of reasons to be noisy soon enough. Though I think it will involve less 'talking' and more ... 'squealing!'.”

“Mmmf!”

Author's note: This Tale is a bit of a follow-up to “No Worries Tale”. Laressa belongs to Menchi. Happy Birthday, my friend!

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