

Prim and Tia and Friends in “No Worries Tale”

By: Wyland

Tia stopped at the entrance to the DD, stomping her boots and brushing the snow off her shoulders before opening the door and stepping inside. She saw her friends at the usual table as she hung her coat and backpack on a row of pegs secured to the wall. She signaled Bree the barmaid and walked to the group.

“Hey,” she said simply, hopping onto a stool.

“Tia!” Aly said brightly. “Good to see you two! Wait,” she looked around, confused. “Where is Prim?”

Tia shrugged as Bree set a mug in front of her and waited, concerned by Aly's question. “Beats me,” the gnome said as she took the mug. “Probably in the dungeons of Lord Klyschar.” She took a drink. “Whoever the heck he is.”

“Klyschar, eh?” Evie said. “Not that git again.”

“Wait, Prim's in a dungeon?” Millie asked.

Everyone began asking the gnome more questions at once. She finally held up a hand. “Fine, fine, I'll tell ya what I happened.” The others went silent, waiting. “But first, give me a chance at a drink,” Tia said.

Her friends groaned in disappointment as she kicked up her feet on the table. They then looked at one another in confusion at her relaxed attitude, considering the circumstances.

“So, did you get separated and lose each other?” Aya asked.

Tia snorted. “You think I could lose Prim even if I tried?” Shaking her head at the very notion, she took another drink, signaling Bree to get another one.

The others shared more looks as Bree went to get Tia's drink. The gnome, meanwhile, continued to quietly finish her drink as if she had not a care in the world.

Bree finally returned, setting another mug in front of Tia. “So, explain to us how this happened,” Elspeth said.

“And get on with it!” Laressa demanded.

“Well, we were wandering about as we usually do. Actually on our way back here. Prim had jumped on my back, because she does that,” Tia said, rolling her eyes. “About three miles out of town, we noticed half a dozen men hiding in the bushes, ready to jump out at us. Their efforts at hiding were ... poor,” she said, her lip curling in a sneer. She took another drink.

“So, umm,” Millie began. “Did you attack them?”

Tia shrugged. “We let them know we knew they were there. So, they stepped out. Prim did her talking thing. They were not in the mood. So, they came at us.”

She took another drink. “And then?” Evie asked impatiently.

“Well, they were about as useless at fighting as at hiding. I was having fun – ”

“So, you weren't taking them seriously,” Aly said.

“As much as they were worth,” Tia pointed out. “Prim danced around like the ninny she is. You’ve seen her in a fight – wait, you *have* seen her in a fight, right? Well, anyway, she pranced about dodging and joking and being a nuisance, leaving me to do all the real fighting.” She took another drink. “Ahh, good stuff, Bree. Anyway, Prim’s good that way, letting me have my fun like that.”

“Would you get on with it?” Elspeth asked.

“I knocked a couple senseless,” Tia continued. “Just fists, you understand. They were using sacks, as if they could kidnap us. Meanwhile, Prim is being her normal self. One grabs her. She slips out, of course. I never understand how she does that. She doesn’t manage it when *I* grab her.” She blushed and quickly added, “in our sparring sessions, I mean.”

The others looked at each other again, this time trying to avoid grinning. Catching them, Tia rolled her eyes.

“Well, I seem to be out of ale again,” she said, looking at her mug. The others groaned and threw up their hands. Bree hustled to get Tia another mug.

“There we go, that really hits the mark,” the gnome said a bit later, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

“Tell us what happened to Prim,” Laressa demanded. “Now.”

Tia cocked an eyebrow, then took another drink. “One of the idiots managed to get his hands on my wrist,” Tia said. “Rather annoying, really. Before I could punish him for his cheek, Prim stopped and made one of her usual remarks. Something about me flirting with others right in front of her.” She blushed and quickly took another drink, the others sharing another grin despite the situation and their impatience.

The gnome set the mug down again. “That was all he needed, the one chap. He bagged her from behind while she was distracted.” There was a sudden, loud outburst from the others at the table, drowning out the rest of what Tia said.

“So you’re saying she’s been kidnapped,” Evie said.

“And now is in this Lord Klyschar’s dungeons, I imagine,” Elspeth added.

“I know of this Lord Klyschar,” Aly said. “Rangers have had dealing with him. Maidens went missing in his lands several years back, if I recall.”

“But what happened next?” Millie asked. Everyone turned back to Tia, who was once again calmly enjoying her drink.

“He skedaddled with her, and I pummeled a few for information,” Tia said simply. “Got the name, then decided no sense in me following. Told ‘em they’d best find new careers, headed over here.”

She took another drink, ignoring their dropped jaws.

“How ... how *could* you?” Evie asked. “Just leave Prim on her own?”

Tia shrugged. “I was thirsty.”

There was another pause as everyone stared at Tia again.

“We should probably go get her,” Elspeth finally said. “I mean, dungeons and all that, right?”

“I’m sure I know where his manor is at,” Aly said.

“So do I. We can leave immediately,” Evie said.

“Let's go, then!” Aya said. “Coming, Millie?”

“Umm, yes,” Millie answered.

They all dropped coins onto the table for their food and drink, gathered their coats, and hurried out the door.

Save Tia and Bree. The gnome continued to calmly drink. Bree watched the others walk out of sight of the windows.

“Tia,” she finally began. The gnome looked up at her. “You seem so calm.”

“Of course,” Tia said.

“But ... Prim”

“Is having fun, no doubt.” She resumed drinking.

“Aren't you going to go help?”

Tia tilted her head. “Why would I? Besides, it's cold out.”

Shaking her head in confusion, Bree began setting the mugs on a tray. Suddenly, she remembered something. “Oh! When Prim was captured...” she trailed off.

“Yes?” Tia prompted.

“Well, it seemed you said something after telling us she was ... umm ... 'bagged'.”

Tia frowned in thought. “Let's see, we fought, he grabbed me, Prim fussed, the one bagged her, she giggled, and – ”

“Wait, she giggled?” Bree asked.

Tia nodded. “Yep.”

“When he put a sack over her head?”

“Yep.”

Bree stood silent, one hand halfway to the tray, holding a mug in the air. Tia took another drink.

“Why would she giggle?” Bree finally asked.

“Oh, you know Prim,” Tia said. She frowned. “You reckon the others didn't hear that part, either? Well, that explains their odd behavior.”

Brow furrowed, Bree considered this. Finally, she put the last mug on the tray. As she lifted it, Tia raised her hand.

“I could use another drink,” she said. “No hurry. Though you should probably bring two.”

“Why two?”

“Oh, just in case.”

Shaking her head, Bree took the tray to the kitchen. She then filled two gnome-sized mugs and returned to the table. She set them down in front of Tia.

The warrior took one and pushed the other in front of an empty seat. Once again shaking her head, Bree turned to leave. She heard the door open and looked over. Her jaw once again dropped open.

“Oh, Hot-Tits! You have a drink ready for me! Such consideration!”

At the door, Prim tossed her own coat onto a peg beside the one holding Tia's, then skipped over to the table in a carefree manner.

“And if it is not the most kidnap-able barmaid!” she said, giving the stunned Bree a hug around the waist before hopping onto the stool in front of the unattended mug.

“One to talk,” Tia said as Prim took a drink. “What took you so long?”

The bard set the mug down with a giggle. “Lord Klyschar is such a delightful fellow, I felt it would be in poor taste to leave early.”

“You mean you escaped?” Bree asked.

“Oh, did Hot-Tits already tell you about our dazzling encounter?”

Bree nodded. “Everyone else went off to rescue you,” she said.

“Is that why they were in such a hurry?” Prim asked, smiling broadly. “Well, that is uncommonly kind of them! They seemed so serious, I thought I would not bother them. They are in for quite the treat if Lord Klyschar is willing to entertain them. I hear he recently turned over a new leaf!”

“What was he like before?” Tia asked.

“Oh, the usual,” Prim said, waving a hand dismissively. “We will teach you obedience.' 'You best learn to love your new life overseas.' 'I shall make a fortune selling such an exquisite ass at the slave markets'. That sort of thing.”

“Noticed your exquisite ass, did he?”

“Well, he may not have said anything at the time, but it was clear in his eyes. And his hands.” She giggled. Tia let out a low growl, then blushed and quickly had another drink. Prim winked at Bree.

“What happened at his castle?” the barmaid asked.

“My entrance was less than ideal,” Prim said, frowning in irritation. “I was carried in that sack for a few hours, then dumped unceremoniously on the floor. I expected to be in a dungeon with other damsels all tied up or at least chained. But, nobody was tied up.”

“You mean there were no other captives?” Tia asked, surprised. But Prim shook her head.

“There were several,” she said. “But ... they were not secured in any physical way, beyond wearing very delicate silver collars. In fact, they were going about their business with smiles. Two came over and helped clean me up. They were not at all upset. In fact, they were all eager for their auctions.”

“*Eager* to be sold?” Bree asked. She had sat on another stool and leaned in to hear Prim's tale.

“Quite eager, in fact! They kept talking about it – even getting into arguments over who would sell for the most!”

“They put a collar on me. It was the lightest collar anyone has ever put around my neck. And it had no lock! Whoever made them clearly believed the wearer would make no effort to escape. Then they talked about how lucky I was to be able to join the auction.”

“Lucky?” Tia asked. “What kind of maidens think themselves lucky in a dungeon?”

“Yes, that was more or less my own feeling, Hot-Tits. I mean, I usually find it quite flattering to be captured for an auction, often quite fun – but lucky? That was a new one for me. I must admit, I was rather intrigued.

“So, I got cleaned up and put into a very comfortable and delightful outfit – ”

“You would find it delightful if it showed off your exquisite ass,” Tia said.

“I brought it with me, Hot-Tits,” Prim whispered, leaning into Tia. Bree blushed and looked away. “I can show you later...” the gnome trailed off.

Tia rolled her eyes. “Perhaps you should continue your story,” she said, gently nudging Prim away.

Prim giggled. “Fine,” she said. “But I know you are eager to see it. Or, rather, me wearing it.

“They took me to Lord Klyschar's chambers,” she continued. “I expected I would be in for a warm night, or so at least that he was planning such. They tied me to a chair. Not particularly skillfully, mind, but enough to get the point across. And then Lord Klyschar entered. 'Here we go,' I thought. 'Time for a speech, then into bed we go.' He rather surprised me, however.”

“How so?” Bree asked.

“He was quite polite and charming. And I do mean charming.” She grinned. “It would seem Lord Klyschar is an enchanter. He found a spell which grants him a certain amount of mind control.”

“Mind control?” Tia asked, sitting up and slamming her mug on the table. “What did he – ”

Prim held up a hand. “I am fine, Hot-Tits,” she said calmly, meeting Tia's eyes. The two sat silent, Tia studying Prim intently, for several seconds. Finally, Tia relaxed, but she no longer touched her mug.

“The spell in question,” Prim continued, “allowed him to alter another person's personality, while the silver collars kept the changes permanent. Or so he explained to me. He seemed quite certain of himself. I was impressed, and said so. That seemed to catch him off-guard. But, what else could I say? It seemed a tidy way to go about things. Kidnap maidens and change their personalities so they *wanted* to be sold. As they say: No muss, no fuss.

“And it was clearly working on the others. That much was evident from my treatment. He seemed rather proud when I shared my opinion of his despicable scheme. He mentioned it would almost be a shame to alter me, as I saw things so clearly. Not that he really considered to do otherwise! So, with me sitting freely in the chair – ”

“It had taken you, what, thirty seconds to get yourself loose?” Tia asked.

“Approximately.”

“And you stayed there as he brought over his mind control magic?” Tia asked, anger now in her voice.

“There were people in danger, Hot-Tits,” Prim said. “This seemed the best line of attack.”

The two quietly maintained eye contact again for several seconds. Bree watched, feeling a little out of place and forgotten. Then Tia broke the connection, leaning back and having more ale.

Prim continued her tale. “As I sat there, he cast his spell, put his hands on my cheeks, looked right into my eyes, and”

She fell silent and fiddled with her mug, idly sliding it back and forth on the table.

“And?” Bree prompted.

“And he went mad, no doubt,” Tia said with a chuckle.

“Wait, I'm not following,” Bree said.

“Goodness, just think of getting inside *that* mind,” Tia said, shaking her head and letting out a chuckle.

“It is a rather disciplined one,” Prim said, nodding.

“That's one way of putting it. I almost feel sorry for the poor sod,” Tia said, grinning. “So, what did you do to him?”

“I did nothing whatsoever, I shall have you know, Hot-Tits,” Prim said in an offended tone. “He simply had an ... unexpected ... reaction to my thoughts.”

“Did he hang from the chandelier?”

“Pish-posh, Hot-Tits: There was no chandelier in the room. He did jump on the table, however.”

“But – ” Bree began again. The others looked at her. “I mean, ... how?”

“To do what he wanted required him to experience a little of my mind,” Prim explained. “I rather treasure my own mind and found his unwanted intrusion quite rude. So, when he slipped into my mind, I slipped into his. He was not expecting that. The arrogant fool.” She shook her head.

“It was a race, really,” Prim said. “But I had all the advantages. By telling me what he was going to do, he gave me time to prepare a little welcome. Between that and his surprise at my counterattack, he had no chance.”

Bree looked at her with awe. “What did you do?”

“Nothing much. I just slipped in a few little suggestions.”

“Like what?” Tia asked.

“Well, first he was to call his men over one at a time and help me see to them. They were not really much in a fight – ”

“To say the least,” Tia said, scoffing.

“And to be caught off-guard as they were, well, it was not long before they were all nicely secured in his dungeon. I locked him in a private cell – for his own safety, of course.”

Tia guffawed. “Ha! No doubt!”

“I imagine the others would have wanted to hurt him,” Bree agreed.

“Yes, they were rather angry after I removed their collars,” Prim said. “But they quickly appreciated the merits of my idea on just how to punish Lord Klyschar and his minions. A couple of them even had experience in such matters as the crop and whip and such. The others were impressively eager to learn, and their former captors were quite ready to assist. I must say, Lord Klyschar has quite the set of lungs on him.”

They all laughed together. “So, you turned his manor into a ... a bondage dungeon?” Bree asked.

“That is a pretty fair summation, yes,” Prim answered.

“So Aly and the others are hurrying over to save you but, instead, they'll find ...” the barmaid blushed. Tia let out another guffaw.

“Serves them right,” she said.

“He will have fun there, at least.” Seeing the others' questioning looks, she added, “thanks to another of my 'suggestions'.”

Tia laughed again. "He'll remember this night for the rest of his life."

"But he will be unchanged," Prim said. "Well, at least from the magic."

"What do you mean?"

"I told him, when the magic was going, he was to surrender himself to the first Ranger he saw," Prim explained. "Once that was completed, the magic would then fade. He would be himself again."

Tia nodded. "So, naturally, you blindfolded him."

"Naturally." The gnomes looked at one another and giggled.

Bree frowned. "So, you didn't do anything to his mind?" she asked.

"Goodness, no," Prim said. "My mind is rather important to me, and I would expect others to feel the same about their own. I detest such methods as 'mind control' and the like." She shivered.

"Meanwhile, he's likely screaming his head off right now thanks to his former captives," Tia said. "Probably enjoying it, too."

"I am kind that way," Prim said, grinning. "Speaking of the manor: While the others got to work, I dug around and found various documents the Rangers might find interesting."

She looked around the bar. "Frankly, I had expected to have to send our dear friend Starlet Slut to the manor to find them," she said. "Fortunately, it would seem she has already decided she simply must be the center of attention and rushed to save a damsel, me in this case, from a sexy fate. As is usual for her. Too bad she will not have a chance for a sexy fate of her own this time." She winked.

"You're shameless," Tia said.

"Scary, more like," Bree said. They all laughed. Finally, Bree could ignore the other customers no longer and hurried off.

"Are you really okay?" Tia asked now that the gnomes were alone.

"Yes, Hot-Tits," Prim said. "I am still me. Even if his spell did anything, removing the collar would have ended it."

"True," Tia agreed. "You did mention the collars."

"Are *you* okay, Hot-Tits?" Prim asked. "You are behaving rather ... odd."

Instead of answering, Tia looked Prim up and down, then reached over and took the redhead's hands in her own. Prim blushed, taken aback by Tia's sudden intimacy.

"Hot-Tits?" she said, confused.

"I'm just relieved," Tia said. "You're okay."

"Of course I am fine, Hot-Tits. How else would I be? And you knew I would be, did you not? After all, you came here first. That is not exactly the behavior of the nervous, after all."

"I did, yes," Tia answered. She stepped off the stool, still holding Prim's hands, and the redhead followed suit. The two stood facing each other a moment, Prim watching as Tia seemed to struggle to find words.

"I reckoned you thought it a game, as you always do," Tia finally continued in a soft voice, eyes downcast. "And if you were not here in a few more hours, I would have chased after you. It would not be the first time, right? But, mind control? That is something new to me."

"It is not common," Prim agreed. "Regardless, I handled it."

Tia nodded, looking into her eyes again. “Yes, you seem to be yourself.”

“Seem to be’? Are you not yet convinced I am unchanged, Hot-Tits? What further tests would you – oh.” She started as she saw a wicked grin on Tia's face.

“I can think of several tests to prove you are the real Prim. They will take all night, I think,” Tia said. “And we can start with you showing us all that comfortable and delightful outfit you mentioned that shows off your exquisite ass.”

Prim smiled, eyes twinkling. “And what would this particular 'test' prove?”

Tia swatted Prim's backside, eliciting a yelp of surprise. “Now, now, no cheating and trying to get hints,” Tia admonished. “I design the tests, you perform them. And afterwards I grade you.”

“And just how long is it until 'afterwards', Hot-Tits?” Prim asked.

“Until I am satisfied, ya ninny,” Tia answered, smiling. And she leaned in close, her mouth next to Prim's ear. “*Fully* satisfied in *every* way....”

Prim's mind blanked as she suddenly felt overheated. Then the world turned upside-down as Tia swiftly leaned down and lifted the redhead onto her shoulder. “Meep!” Prim cried in surprise.

“Quit fussing,” Tia said, smacking her backside and eliciting another *meep*.

“I'm telling you,” Laressa said, “Tia just *knew* Prim would pull a stunt like that! We've *got* to get her back for it!”

“But, umm, Prim got the job done ... so to say,” Millie said.

The group was returning to the DD, in no good mood. The sky was gray with the oncoming dawn.

“She could have at least *told* us,” Aya complained. “Rather than us waste an entire evening.”

Evie grinned. “I don't think I'd call it a total waste,” she said. “It was at least entertaining to watch. Those girls deserved some revenge.”

“Prim's good about stuff like that,” Elspeth said with an answering grin. “It was quite the show.”

“Yes, it was,” Aly agreed. “And now we're about to get our answers.”

“Right, but will they be *good* answers?” Aya asked.

They arrived at the door, which Laressa promptly threw open and stomped through. The others followed.

And they all stopped, stunned at the scene.

The tables and stools were all overturned. The floor was littered with bottles, mugs, and various garments. Men and women were passed out, some sprawled over the tables. On the bar, Bree snoozed in a skimpy leather outfit that did nothing for her modesty. Her arms and legs were bound, and an unconscious goblin lay stretched out across her, snoring loudly, his pants nowhere to be seen.

“Oh, h-hic-hello, everyone!” Prim called, dropping down from the ceiling. She was hanging upside-down from lengths of what appeared to be gray ropes tied to her ankles. Only the were not tied, nor were they secured to any anchors in the ceiling – they were, in fact, lengths of webbing, stuck to the gnome and the ceiling.

She was also quite naked, the only items she wore being a pair of bunny-shaped nipple clamps, the face of the bunny grinning wickedly. What appeared to be red lipstick was smudged on her face, breasts, and various other parts of her anatomy.

She held a pitcher of ale in one hand, though how she had avoided spilling any of it with her flashy entrance eluded them. Waving at them, she took a drink, then dipped her hand in the pitcher. "Lubricant," she explained, as she reached up, grasped a web, and tugged. It came loose from the ceiling. Swinging it a moment, she flung it back up, closer to the group. She repeated with the other web, and was soon dangling just in front of them. "Theshe are amashing! I musht shay, Laresh-hic-Laresh-hic-'Essha, I never knew you had such wonders in your shtore!"

"Wait, you were in my shop?" Laressa demanded.

"Yes. And I hic must shay, your shecurity is hic shurprisingly lax. Tut-tut. I can conshul-hic-consh-advise improvements for free, as a hic friend." She took another drink.

"What happened here?" Aly asked, cutting off the furious Laressa. *As if it isn't obvious. Now I really regret going to Klyschar's.*

"Hot-Titsh," Prim said.

"What about her?" Aya asked.

"She happened." Prim giggled, her eyes losing focus. "Oh, yesh, she did well ..."

"Why did you go to my shop?" Laressa demanded.

"Well, where elsh was Hot-Titsh gonna get a proper outfit? I couldn't be the only one dressed hic for the occ-hic-oc-hic-event. You make the hic besht outf-hic-out-hic-wearin' shtuff in alllllll hic allllll hic of Risth. 'Coursh, we had to get around your locksh."

"Which of course are nothing for you," Elspeth said, and Prim nodded. She giggled as the motion caused her to grow dizzy.

"Weeeeeee!" she said, laughing. "You lot look sho hic funny upshide-hic-down!"

"You are *so* going to pay," Laressa growled.

"Why sho serious?"

As the others groaned and facepalmed, the gnome laughed again and took a drink.

"Didja have fun at Lord K's?" Prim asked. "I felt certain Sht-hic-shti-stha-hic-Aly would." She winked at the Ranger.

"Umm, where is Tia?" Millie asked.

Prim giggled and pointed. "Cantcha shee?"

They looked where she indicated, but their view was blocked by an overturned table. They walked around it, to find Tia sleeping between a woman and a man, their bodies intertwined such that it took the others a moment to sort out whose limbs were whose. She wore fishnets on one leg, the other had a white stocking. Her hair was pulled up in twin ponytails, and it appeared the ends had been dipped in ink. Black makeup over her eyes gave her the appearance of wearing a mask, though the job had been clumsily (or, rather, drunkenly) done. A familiar color of lipstick was smudged on her lips and face. A pair of skimpy panties hung on one of her pony tails.

"She'sh a burglar," Prim said, having followed on the ceiling. "It only hic made shensh for her to wear it. Though she hic sheems to have hic lost most of it." She giggled again.

"Umm, why would she dress like a burglar *after* you had already broken in?" Millie asked.

"That'sh ... an exshulent question," Prim said, looking confused. "Well, she did hic shtear my panties. Shee? At least, I *think* those are mine..." She scratched her head.

Laressa reached up and grabbed Prim's pitcher, which she summarily dumped on Tia's face.

The warrior sputtered and opened her eyes, groaning as she sat up. “Oh, hey,” she said. “Welcome back.”

“And what have you been doing here while we were on your merry chase?” Aly asked.

“Could you quiet down a little?” Tia asked in a feeble voice.

“NO!” the others all loudly said in unison. Both gnomes flinched.

“Don't blame me,” Tia finally said. “You lot are the ones who got fussed.”

“If you had listened, you'd be hic as happy as our favorite barmaid,” Prim chimed in. Over on the bar, Bree rolled onto her side, the goblin putting his hand on her hip.

The group looked at each other. “She has a fair point,” Evie said.

“And we did see justice done to Lord Klyshar,” Aly added. *Though mostly we just watched.*

“Shee?” Prim said, smiling broadly. “A happy ending all around!”

“Not quite,” Laressa said. “There is still the matter of breaking into my shop.”

“We locked up after ourselves,” Tia said.

“And everyone here saw your amazing hic craftsmanship,” Prim said. “Great publicity! And at no charge! Because hic what are hic friendsh for?”

Laressa nodded. “Yes, friends.” She grinned wickedly. The gnomes exchanged nervous glances. “And everything worked out nicely in the end, my *friends*....”

“Exactly!” Prim said, trying to ignore the menace in Laressa's voice. “And now that that is shettled – ”

“You have a five-minute head start before I seek revenge, my *friends*,” Laressa said.

Prim laughed. “Good one!” she said, and then laughed again. After a moment, Tia joined in. Soon, they were all laughing.

Suddenly, Laressa stopped. “Four minutes and forty-five seconds,” she said coldly.

“Meep!” Prim said, reaching up to tug at the webs. Tia struggled to get to her feet. The pair crashed into each other as they ran for their coats and packs. In moments, they had dashed out the door into the snow.

Laressa sighed. “That should keep them out of our hair for a few weeks.”

“Aren't you going to chase them?” Millie asked.

“No need,” Laressa answered. “Just so long as they *think* I will.” She winked.

And they all laughed, while outside, two under-dressed gnomes ran out of town as though their very lives depended on it....

Special thanks to our friends for sharing their guest characters!

Alynya “Aly” belongs to CallMePlissken

Evie belongs to Katie (whose ideas led to this Tale, by the way!)

Elsbeth and Aya belong to We Are All Mad Here

Millie belongs to Jaded Entity

Bree belongs to FP

Laressa belongs to Menchi

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