

## Prim and Tia and Friends in “The Ribboning Tale”

By: Wyland

“Umm....”

This rather verbose wisdom was spoken by one Millie, a lady in the service of a wizard whose peculiar perverted predilections are not the topic of this Tale but who would, doubtless, find himself entertained at his young servant's current, and naked, predicament.

“Millie's right!” said Tia. “We could have done this ourselves!”

“Aye, the lubber's right, there no be needin' magic, Primiphi!” Lilly added.

“You must admit,” Prim replied with her voice muffled due to her face being pressed forcefully into Millie's cleavage, “this result is not an entirely bad thing.”

“Of course you would think that,” Tia sighed.

“And we no be getting' closer to gettin' Millie prepared for the birthday celebrations, do we?”

The ribbon tightly wrapping the quartet together squeaked as they struggled helplessly within its grasp. Millie found herself with Prim in front of her, with Tia and Lilly pressed against her from behind. She could feel the warrior's and pirate's breasts against her back as they squirmed.

“Umm,” Millie said.

“Why is everyone picking on me?” Prim asked. “All I ever do I is try to help people, especially my friends.

“Because ye do be getting' us into another mess!” Lilly answered.

“But it is a *fun* mess!”

“You would think that,” Tia said. “And how did we end up naked, too, anyway?”

“Umm,” Millie said, and Prim giggled.

“Ye do be deservin' that one, lubber,” Lilly laughed.

“Right, right, stupid question when Prim's involved,” Tia said.

“Primiphi, just do be endin' the blasted spell,” Lilly said.

“I already have, Dandelion,” Prim said. “It ended when it finished tying us up.”

“Well, then do your escape trick thing already,” Tia suggested.

“I have been trying, but the ropework (or is that ribbonwork?) is much too skilled. It may take me quite a while to get free of it.” Millie could feel the redhead's delight radiating between her breasts.

“I'm not sure which is worse – you bragging about your tying skills, or you suddenly being ineffective at escaping,” Tia said.

“Umm,” Millie said.

“Yar, too right,” Lilly agreed.

“Fine, fine,” Prim said with a dramatic sigh. “Since everyone seems to be in a fuss, I will get us loose. Now, let us see: If magic got us into this, then magic should get us out. That makes sense, right?”

“NO!” Tia and Lilly roared together

Ignoring them, the bard spoke a few words in another language and snapped her fingers.

Several sparks shot out from her fingers, lingering in the air around the group. “What is this?” Tia asked.

“Hrm, that is not what I intended to happen,” Prim said. “At least, I think it was not. It is difficult for me to see much right now on account of Millistripes' breasts in my face. Not that I am complaining.”

The sparks suddenly grew into vertical disks.

“I no be likin' what I do be seein',” Lilly said.

“Perhaps my spell is a bit off,” Prim considered.

Tia scoffed. “Are you trying to admit – for the first time in your life – you've botched it up? *Now* of all times?”

“Nonsense. If things went wrong, it is because I am having difficulty enunciating clearly with my face meeting Millistripes's breasts. A pleasant way to be wrong, but I defy anyone to – ”

“Umm,” Millie interrupted.

“Portals? Portals to where?”

Suddenly, tentacles shot out from the portals, wrapping themselves around the trio.

“Meep! No no no! Wrong spell, wrong spemmph!” Prim said, her statement abruptly interrupted by a tentacle wrapping itself over her mouth.

“You gotta be kidding me,” Tia sighed. “Then again, what did I exp—mmph ....” Another tentacle silenced the warrior.

“I do be swearin' she do be this way on purp – mmph,” Lilly managed before she, too, was gagged.

“Oh, this should be quite interesting,” Millie said, grinning as more tentacles came for her. She thought she would have to thank her friends properly later. Or perhaps the opportunity would arise sooner ....