

Prim & Tia and Friend in “Kinktober Self-Tale”

By: Wyland

“Why are we here in yet another creepy manor?” Tia asked.

“Tradition, Hot-Tits,” Prim answered with a grin.

“Right. As in, traditionally, some monster or cultist or other grabs us, and we spend hours tied up.”

“I know! It is always such fun!”

Tia rolled her eyes. “Well, at least there is usually a chance for me to beat someone up after you finally get around to freeing us,” she said.

Prim giggled, not bothering to reply to accusations that she ever did anything less than her best to free them. “To more precisely answer your earlier question: Millistripes seems to be missing again.” She hesitated a moment, then began in a delicate tone, “meanwhile, her devoted tutor – ”

The warrior snorted. “You mean the pervert.”

“Yes, him. I have it on good authority he is on a business trip and will be away for a few weeks.”

“In other words, you started a rumor something pervy was up for auction somewhere,” Tia translated.

“I am afraid he might return disappointed,” Prim said. “But, most importantly and distressingly, our besocked friend has not visited for tea lately.”

“Don't you only do that like every six months or so, anyway? How would you know she has missed any parties?”

Prim wagged a finger at her. “Tut-tut, Hot-Tits. A tea master never reveals her secrets.”

“A loon never does, you mean. So, we're in her so-called tutor's house in order to check up on her?”

“As any good friends would do.”

“And that is why you broke into a window?” Tia asked, a skeptical eyebrow raised.

“Well,” Prim began, brows furrowed, “I did not want to embarrass our friend should she be taking advantage of her tutor's absence in order to – how best to say it – play a little.”

Tia snorted. “You're hoping she's having some private fun and want to watch!” She punched the redhead's arm. “You naughty peeping gnome!”

The bard rubbed her arm. “She is probably upstairs,” she said, pointing toward a staircase. She jogged toward it. “Hurry along, Hot-Tits!”

“Changing the subject? From you, that's a confession!” Tia said, laughing and running to catch up.

At the top, they found a hallway leading in either direction, a rug running along the center of it. “We should be quiet as we approach,” Prim whispered. “I believe her room is in this direction,” she added, stepping toward the left.

“You believe?” Tia asked in a whisper, grinning in her turn. “Don't you mean you know, seeing as you've undoubtedly peeped in her window a dozen times?”

“Do not be foolish, Hot-Tits,” Prim replied coolly.

“Twenty times?”

Prim gave Tia a side-eyed glance, which prompted the warrior to chuckle.

“Thirty times?” Tia continued.

Rolling her eyes, Prim whispered, “I fail to see how it matters, and really, who keeps track of such things?”

“You would. Forty times?”

“Forty-one, I think,” Prim answered.

Tia stopped. “Forty-one?” she asked, trying not to burst into laughter.

“Well, that is my best guess.” She started forward again.

After a few steps, she stopped, hand up. Tia recognized the sign and waited. “It would seem someone wishes to be forewarned of anyone approaching,” Prim whispered. “Millistripes always does that when she is experimenting.”

“Experimenting how?” Tia asked.

In answer, Prim simply grinned and winked. She then waved a hand over the rug, muttering a few words under her breath. A glow formed, forming lines which then spread into a geometric pattern.

“Easy enough,” Prim said softly as she pressed her back to the wall and sidled past the mark. “Simply don't step on that.”

Tia took rather longer to slip past the mark, but soon joined her friend on the other side. They quietly walked to a door at the end of the hallway. Prim peered into the keyhole.

“See anything sexy?” Tia asked.

“Sadly, no,” Prim said. She reached into her hair and withdrew a pair of picks, which she promptly used to unlock the door.

“Not going to knock? She could be in there sleeping or something.”

“Then we shall have fun waking her up,” Prim said with a mischievous grin. “But I rather expect we shall find our friend engaged in a form of personalized learning.”

Tia frowned, trying to sort out what her friend meant, as Prim quietly pushed the door ajar and peered in. “A-ha!” the bard said. “So, I was correct as usual!”

Tia heard a muffled cry of shock. She pushed the door open and looked in. Standing in a corner of the room was their friend Millie, blushing furiously. Several ropes wrapped around her kept her helpless. Another rope between her teeth kept her cries unintelligible.

“Who did this to you?” Tia asked, stepping forward, weapons drawn. She searched the room, but it appeared only the trio was in it.

“She did it to herself, of course, Hot-Tits,” Prim said with a grin. Millie blushed even deeper, somehow. Prim pranced over to the bound apprentice and checked the ropework. “And she did a good job of it, too!” She playfully smacked Millie on the backside as she complimented her, eliciting a gagged squeak of surprise.

“Wait, you tied *yourself* up?” Tia asked the apprentice.

Millie moaned into her gag and looked away, apparently growing more embarrassed by the moment.

“I doubt she intended that, Hot-Tits,” Prim said, pointing to a mannequin in the corner. She then reached down and lifted a book off the floor. “I would say she was trying out a new spell to try on Starlet Slut, only she made an error.” She looked at the blushing apprentice. “Or was it on purpose, Millistripes, you delightful girl?”

Millie shook her head indignantly, grumbling into her gag.

“I reckon she wants loose,” Tia said while Prim thumbed through the pages of the book.

“Ah, I see, here is the spell she must have used,” the bard said. “See? Right here. *Bind och sätt munkavle på den där flickan*. Seems easy enough.” Suddenly, she looked up. “Oh, look, I was right!” she said brightly.

“Wait, what?” Tia cried as several ropes appeared around her. “Are you kidding me?” she snapped at Prim as the ropes snared her wrists and wrapped around her legs.

“I was just demonstrating how our friend got into her situation,” Prim explained, sitting on Millie's bed and watching as the warrior struggled against the ropes.

“Yes, you were just demonstrating what a complete and total ninny you – mmph mmm mmmmmph!!” Tia found herself interrupted by a rope gag silencing her as Millie had been the entire time.

“It is fascinating to watch the ropes work,” Prim said. “Though, I wonder...” she trailed off. She stepped beside Millie, then smacked the apprentice's backside again. Millie squealed and instinctively hopped forward.

She bumped into Tia. The ropes, having nearly finished securing the warrior, decided the contact was their cue to wrap the pair together. They wound around the gnome and human, pulling them close and securing them snugly.

Finally, the spell ceased. Prim clapped. “Oh, bravo!” she said. “To think it is intelligent enough to expand to other targets!”

Tia squirmed against Millie and issued various gagged complaints.

“Oh, I know you are having such fun, Hot-Tits,” Prim agreed. “Being close to Millistripes is always a joy and a pleasure.” Millie rolled her eyes, feeling a sort of resignation settling in.

Besides, it really was fun to play with her gnomish friends. And she was certain Tia loved it, too, despite the bluster.

While the two squirmed helplessly, feeling the air warm up as they struggled, Prim studied the spell she had cast. “Ah! Here it is,” she finally said. “You must have said it wrong! Simple enough, but you confused the target word *där*, which means 'there', with *här*, which means 'here'. So the magic chose you instead of that mannequin you have over in the corner. An easy enough error, I should think.” She giggled, shaking her head. “We have all been silly and done things like chant *bind och sätt munkavle på den här flickan* and had to face our own unfortunate if oftentimes unexpectedly delightful ... umm ... results ... err” She trailed off as several ropes appeared in the air around her, the ends circling in place as if they were snakes waiting to pounce upon their prey.

“Oh. Right,” she said, tilting her head as she studied one end of rope. “I suppose that might have been an error on my part,” she conceded, dropping the book and smacking her left palm with the bottom of her other fist.

And the ropes attacked her, much as they had Tia and, doubtlessly, Millie before. “Well, I did say we have all done silly things, did I not? And it is a good thing your mentor is away for a few weeks,” Prim told Millie. “We should have plenty of time to enjoy one another's company!”

Tia and Millie shared an exasperated look. “I do believe there is but one thing left to do,” Prim said. “Here I commmmph!” she cried as she hopped at the pair while a rope gagged her.

She fell into them, and the ropes soon secured the trio together, much to the delight of at least one, probably two, and not entirely unlikely to be all three of them.

Author's note: This Tale was inspired by artwork by our good friend Menchi. Check it out at

<https://www.deviantart.com/menchimenagerie/art/Kinktober-Day-25-Mistake-Self-Bondage-895977093>

It was also inspired by a “thing” going around. Apparently, this “thing” involves creating art for each day of October, with a theme for the day. Only it is supposed to be kinky art, so they call it Kinktober. Today's theme was self-bondage. Hence, the picture and now this Tale.

Millie belongs to Jaded Entity

Copyright 2021 by Wyland, all rights reserved.