

Prim & Tia in “Sweets Tale”

By: Wyland

“No peeking, Hot-Tits!”

“Oh, that's a funny one, that is.”

“Are you accusing me of not taking the situation seriously?”

“Seeing' as I'm blindfolded and tied to a chair, peeking is not much of an option for me, is it, ya ninny?”

“I saw what you did there! You made a jest! And at a time like this, too!”

“You're rubbing off on me, unfortunately. I know you've already untied yourself. Are you ever going to get me loose?”

“I just know how skilled you are at escapology and thought to let you demonstrate your more refined techniques for me.”

“You're setting me up, aren't you?”

“Not at all. I was just considering the time you insisted on being the one to get us loose.”

“You'll never stop bringing that up, won't you?”

“It was so marvelous an experience, how could I not? You were most insistent. For hours. And hours.”

“Ha-ha.”

“And hours and hours – ”

“I get it! Now, get me loose! I want to find those dratted gnomes that tied us up and teach them a lesson they won't soon forget!”

“Oh, they are not here, Hot-Tits.”

“I can find them!”

“There is no need. They will return in a few hours.”

“Then I will give them a good thrash – wait, how do you know when they'll be back?”

“Ta-da! Behold!”

“A ... cake.”

“I baked it myself for my dear Hot-Tits on her birthday! Make a wish!”

“I ... I don't know whether to be touched or terrified you made it.”

“Of course my Hot-Tits promptly insults my efforts! Maybe I should tell our friends *not* to return later and celebrate the Second Kinda-But-Apparently-Not-Really-Annual Ancient Gnomish Festival to Celebrate the Beauty of the Female Form (and Also Hot-Tits's Birthday)! How would you like that?”

“Does my answer have any bearing on the eventual outcome?”

“As much as it ever does, naturally.”

“Right, so this is happening. In that case – push me forward so I can blow out the candles and ... err ... 'enjoy' this fine-looking cake.”

“Yay! Happy birthday, Hot-Tits!”

“Thank you.”

“What did you wish for?”

“I think I'll keep that a secret for now.”

“Come *on*, Hot-Tits! Do not withhold such a treat!”

“Do you really want to know?”

“I have my suspicions, and I do believe it involves your rather rude and uncouth opinion of my baking. ”

“Accurate opinion is more like it.”

“Agree to disagree. Anyway, there is another cake for eating on the table behind you.”

“Wow. Talk about planning ahead. You went through all this trouble for me?”

“Of course I did! My Hot-Tits is most definitely worth it! Millistripes made the, hmmm, how best to describe the second cake?”

“Edible?”

“You wound me, Hot-Tits. With that attitude, I do believe birthday spankings are most definitely on the schedule now.”

“I would feel remorse for my words ... except they were *totally* worth it.”

“One would think you seek my vengeance, the way you behave while tied up.”

“Well ...”

“Yes? Regretting your attitude now, are we?”

“No.”

“Spankings it is, then!”

“It's just –”

“Just what?”

“You're more fun after I've gotten my verbal jabs in on ya.”

“...”

“And your smile is always brighter.”

“Flirting with your captor will get you more attention, you know.”

“Then my actual birthday wish is coming true, my ninny.”