

Prim and Tia in "Down to Rith Tale"

By: Wyland

Of all the warrior arts, forms, and techniques her Teacher had drilled into her over years and years of training, Tia found her current task the absolute worst of the bunch, the one practice she struggled to master more than any other: meditation.

She sat in a small clearing, her hands on her knees, as she furiously endeavored to get her mind to focus. As ever, there was much inside her head refusing to allow such a thing as mere focus. Thoughts and feelings kept forcing their way forward, despite her repeated efforts to push them aside. Naturally, they nearly all related to a certain red-haired gnome with a knack for causing the warrior undue stress.

Frowning with frustration, Tia shook her head and tried once more to bring back her focus. *Though "back" would imply I ever managed it in the first place*, she thought wryly. *How can one ninny be so infuriating?* Which thought, of course, brought forward more images and thoughts of Prim.

She opened her eyes, shaking her head. "Great. Now I can't even keep her out of my own head."

"Her whom, Hot-Tits?" a familiar voice asked from behind her.

Tia turned around and glared at Prim in irritation. "I told you I wanted to be alone for this," she told the grinning bard.

"For an hour," Prim said. "It has been three." She pointed at the sun.

Tia looked up at it, finding it had indeed been three hours since she began her meditations. "Okay, fair point," she conceded. How had she lost such track of time?

"I brought you some food," Prim said as she held up one of their bags. "I expect you found today's session as interesting and refreshing as you ever do." She tossed the food over.

The warrior deftly caught the package, realizing as she did so she was, indeed, quite hungry. "Yes, it was about as satisfying as ever," she said as she opened the bag up and rummaged around to see what Prim had brought her.

While Tia ate, Prim silently walked about the clearing, looking at the various plants as they swayed in a gentle breeze. When the warrior was halfway through the meal, she set the food down and sighed.

"What do you want, Prim?"

The bard put on her best puzzled expression. "Whatever do you mean, Hot-Tits?" she asked. "I simply brought you a meal and am patiently waiting as you enjoy it."

"And there's the rub," Tia said, glaring. "Patient? *You?*" She took another bite.

"My word, but you act as if I can never remain still for more than a moment."

"You can," Tia said.

"It is good you finally talk sense."

"When you have something you want," Tia continued, reaching for her own water skin to take a drink.

Prim frowned and crossed her arms. "I see how it is going to be, then. Accusations and general aspersions on my character."

"Pretty much."

"A day like any other, in other words," the bard said and blew raspberries at Tia.

"Am I wrong?"

"Frequently," Prim said, grinning again.

Tia laughed, unable to help it. "Fine. I'll be more specific," she said. "Am I wrong to think you want something of me, Prim?"

"Of course not," Prim said, "but why would you ask a question you already know the answer to?" She dashed over and threw her arms around Tia's neck. "You already know I want my prize."

Tia let out a chuckle. "I meant other than *that* ..."

"Goodness, but you are so imprecise today! One might even say *unfocused*," she winked meaningfully. Tia rolled her eyes, though the corner of her mouth turned up in a grin at the bad joke. "Whatever is on your mind?"

"A ninny who refuses to just say what she wants," Tia said. "And *not* the part about the prize," she hastily added, seeing the twinkle in Prim's eyes as the latter opened her mouth to reply.

Prim giggled and hugged the warrior tight again. "Always wanting to get straight to the point, my Hot-Tits is," she said. "Very well. I was hoping you would help me with a minor project."

"And just what would this project be?" Tia asked, eyebrow raised with suspicion.

The bard smiled broadly.

Tia shivered. She knew that smile too well. And things never turned out well for her when Prim flashed that particular smile.

"Okay, it's done," Tia said, wiping a bit of sweat off her brow. "Although there is simply no way this is a good idea. None whatsoever."

"Nonsense, Hot-Tits," Prim said, walking over to hand Tia a water skin and examine the results of her efforts. "This is perhaps my most perfect idea I have had to date!"

"That's not saying a whole lot," Tia said, shaking her head before taking a swig of water.

"You wound me, Hot-Tits," Prim said, dramatically putting her hands over her chest. "When have my plans ever gone awry?"

"That depends," Tia said thoughtfully. "Do you mean from a sane person's perspective or a ninny's?"

"Always ready with a discouraging word," Prim grinned. "Come on, let us start the next phase of my mostly-perfect plan!"

"Oh, no," Tia said, shaking her head. "The last thing I want is to be associated with this madness."

"But you already made the –" Prim began, confused.

"You would have tried it yourself, and probably broken your ninny neck in the process," Tia explained. "At least now I can be comfortable knowing that part of your hardly-perfect plan will not harm you."

Prim dashed over and threw her arms around Tia. "Oh, my Hot-Tits!" she cried.

"Woa!" the warrior said, blushing furiously. "Hey, now! No need for –"

"Always worried about my safety! So protective and caring!"

"Okay, okay, that's enough," Tia said, carefully patting Prim on the back and blushing even deeper. "You need to get on with your plan, remember? I should leave."

Prim released her and stepped back, smiling brightly. "Yes, perhaps it *would* be best if you observed from out of sight, Hot-Tits! Excellent idea!"

"Wait, I didn't mean –"

“You can hide in those bushes over there,” Prim continued. “You can then watch the show without participating.”

“Without participating?” Tia asked, eyeing her work. “I’m thinking that won’t last long – not if you have anything to say about it.”

“And here we go with the baseless accusations again.”

Tia let out a snort of a laugh. “Baseless. Right.” She sighed and looked up at the sky. “Why do I ever fight it? Very well, I’ll go hide.”

“Excellent!” Prim said, slapping Tia’s back. “Trust me, you will most certainly want to see this!”

“Somehow, I doubt it,” Tia said as she stepped behind the bushes.

When she had turned around, Prim had summoned her fiddle case and was kneeling, getting the instrument ready. Tia already knew Prim could summon the fiddle, both with and without the case, even though she had never actually witnessed the moment itself. She frowned as she realized she had missed it again. She realized she would rather like to see it.

Meanwhile, Prim took the fiddle and bow out of the case, which she closed and set aside. She stood in a clearing in the woods, a small boulder in front of her. She hopped onto it, facing the direction of where Tia’s handiwork lay. Placing one foot on the very top of the stone (in a pose Tia considered melodramatic), she raised the fiddle to her shoulder. Bringing the bow to the strings, she began playing a tune.

Tia had expected a soft, gentle tune to match the tranquility of the glade. Instead, Prim had opted for an upbeat, energetic song which had the warrior fighting the urge to tap her foot to the rhythm. After the tune ended, Prim began another tune of the same style. And after that, another, and another.

The warrior was beginning to wonder if Prim had any idea what she was doing, after all – when suddenly, a cloud of smoke appeared right in front of the bushes she was hiding behind. Prim, seemingly caught up in her music, did not react as the cloud quickly dissipated, revealing a distinctly feminine figure.

The newcomer was red-skinned and had long, white hair. Twin horns poked out through her hair, and Tia saw she had a long black tail ending on what appeared to be an arrowhead shape. Her hips and legs were quite shapely, and her chest well-endowed. The skirt and blouse she wore seemed more appropriate for city hall than the woods. Her hose and heels definitely were out of place in the wild.

A devil-girl? the warrior wondered, surprised, and grateful for the training in stealth her Teacher had forced her through.

“Hello, my musical friend!” the devil-girl called out to Prim. The bard continued playing. “I said, hello!” the devil-girl said in a louder voice. Again, the redhead did not cease her performance.

The devil-girl’s fists clenched at her side. Finally, she shouted, “Oi! Gnome! Will you – ”

“When one meets another person who is focused on a project, it is quite rude to approach from the side,” Prim said, neither looking at the newcomer nor stopping her playing. “A common enough error in manners in these trying times, sadly, but one which I am certain you will quickly correct.”

The devil-girl angrily tapped her foot a few times, letting out an angry huff. “Fine!” she declared after a few moments, moving to stand a mere foot in front of Prim. Tia noticed she had no trouble walking in those heels, despite the uneven terrain, and supposed there was a magic involved. “Better?”

“Again, you are supposed to *approach* from the center,” Prim said. “Not walk over from the side.”

“What difference does it make?” the devil-girl demanded. “I’m here now, right?”

Prim made no reply. The notes of her fiddle filled the glade.

The devil-girl threw her hands in the air. “Whatever! We’ll do it your way!” she cried. She started walking backwards from the gnome. “Just let me know when I’m far enough away, you irritating little – HEY!”

She cried out in surprise as the snare trap Tia had set up earlier now wrapped around her ankles and pulled her into the air. She soon dangled upside-down, held aloft by a length of rope, her hair flowing under her.

Prim finally stopped her music. "Goodness, but why are you hanging around like that?" she asked, tilting her head as if to get a proper perspective on the visitor.

"What is the meaning of this?" the devil-girl asked. "And let me down!"

"I am mildly curious why you do not just poof in a cloud, much like you entered," Prim mused, tapping her chin with her bow. "I take it your type cannot do so when bound in any way?"

The devil-girl said nothing, though her cheeks did puff out with her fury.

"I had heard rumors," Prim said. "I must admit to being pleased to discover they were true." She calmly set the bow to the strings, playing a tranquil song more in line with what Tia had earlier expected.

The seconds ticked by. Butterflies fluttered around Prim, as if drawn to her music. Tia realized she had seen this behavior by the local wildlife before, though her mind had not really registered it. Perhaps, the warrior reckoned, it was simply inevitable Prim would attract such creatures in her desire for beauty.

She looked over at the devil-girl, who now had her arms crossed, the fingers of one hand tapping with apparent irritation. Tia realized she appeared to be trying to wait out the bard. *Good luck with that*, the warrior thought, thinking back to her earlier conversation with Prim. *She wants something from you. We could be here a week, and all Prim would do is change songs.*

The minutes ticked by, neither the devil-girl nor Prim saying anything. After half an hour, Tia yawned. Finally, the devil-girl let out an inarticulate cry of frustration. "Would you just name it already?"

Prim paused her playing and looked at her with a confused expression. "Name it? What it?"

"What you want from me, you brat!"

"Me, want something from you? I am confused. Were you not the one who arrived unannounced and in a manner quite rude?"

"And how did you even know I would arrive?" the devil-girl demanded.

"I knew no such thing," Prim said with a slight grin.

"Oh, really? And yet you just happened to have this snare set up?"

"I did expect a visitor," Prim said. "Just not you, specifically."

To Tia's surprise, the devil-girl smiled. It was not a friendly expression, and she realized it was a sign of respect from one foe to another. *She actually appreciates Prim's annoying barrister-speak*, she thought with a shudder. This visitor could mean nothing good for either gnome.

"I see you have an understanding of what my people do," the devil-girl said. "Let me down, and we can discuss terms."

"Perhaps it would be best to do so in the reverse order," Prim countered. "For we should not presume the terms end with you being let down, after all."

The devil-girl laughed. "I think we can both agree I'll be loose soon enough."

"That depends on one's definition of 'soon', I suppose."

"I can wait," the devil-girl said.

Prim did not reply but merely resumed playing.

After another half hour, Tia had had enough with passive observation. She crept back and around the bushes, out of sight, and then approached the glade in a casual manner. "Hey, Prim," she called out, earning a nod from the still-performing redhead. "Nice music. Oh, I see you have a visitor. Hello, over there."

The devil-girl glared at Tia. “Oh, great, another one of you irritating little vermin. My day is getting better and better.”

“Pay her no mind, Hot-Tits,” Prim said, still playing. “She is still coming to terms with her situation.”

“Seems pretty clear to me,” Tia said. “Hanging upside-down and all is usually not a sign of victory. But, hey, you do you,” she added to the devil-girl.

“You simpletons presume I’m the only one you have to worry about,” the devil-girl said. “Do you think I cannot summon friends? Or even my boss?” She laughed. “Oh, I’m going to so enjoy seeing him whipping both you little rats.”

“Her boss?” Tia asked Prim.

“No one to be worried about,” Prim said without a trace of concern in her voice.

The devil-girl laughed. “Oh, you’re just so cute!” she said. “You’re good at pretending. My Lord has armies at his command. And he loves nothing more than to mete out just punishments! He’ll not be satisfied with simply tormenting you both – you’ll regret ever having been born!”

“Torment and regret,” Tia repeated. “As a result of meeting this devil person.” She turned to Prim, eyebrow cocked. “Do you *ever* consider the ramifications of your mad schemes?” she asked the bard.

“Pish-posh, Hot-Tits,” Prim said, stopping her performance and dismissively waving the bow about. “I think we both know the answer to that one.”

“I think we do,” Tia agreed, noticing Prim did not dispute the warrior’s characterization of her plans.

The devil-girl laughed. “You two are going to be in such trouble when I call my boss! Oh, to hear your screams – ”

“I do not think he would appreciate being summoned here,” Prim interrupted with a dangerously-pleasant smile. “I expect he would be most displeased to be called over only to lose a golden fiddle, unmusical though it may be. He would most certainly take out his wrath on the subordinate that drew him to his own humiliation.”

The devil-girl glared a moment, then looked away. “Fine. Let’s get on with it, then,” she sullenly said. “I *was* going to offer you a fiddle of gold if you could best me in a contest of musical skill. But now I will offer it in exchange for letting me go and never speaking of this incident to anyone – especially my boss.”

She snapped her fingers, and a golden fiddle and bow appeared in her hand in a puff of smoke. Tia gasped, for she could tell the instrument was of magnificent craftsmanship. It appeared to glow in the soft light of the glade, a golden treasure ripe for the taking. A longing to possess it rose within her.

Atop the boulder, Prim frowned. “And why would I desire such a thing?”

The devil-girl froze, blinking stupidly. “What?” She asked.

“That fiddle of gold,” Prim said. “Why should I want it?” Tia looked over at Prim with disbelief, unable to say anything.

Still blinking with confusion, the devil-girl said, “umm, because it’s gold?”

“That is the issue, for would it not produce the harshest of tones?” Prim asked. She held up her fiddle. “The music demands the warmth of the wood, not the uncaring cold of metal. Further, I am but a gnome. A fiddle of gold would be much too unwieldy for me. Could you imagine me trying to hold that properly? Such weight!” She shook her head and put her fiddle back on her shoulder. “No, I do think I would prefer to keep my own, thank you.” She resumed playing.

Beside her, Tia was no less stunned than the devil-girl at Prim’s refusal of the treasure. Though the warrior knew Prim well, the ease with which her friend had turned down the offer still came as a surprise. Even now, Tia felt a tug of desire and a mad urge to offer a deal for it.

But Prim is right, she thought. It is unwieldy. As a warrior, she held a great respect for a proper tool, and the golden fiddle seemed more showy than functional. The desire to possess it faded away in seconds as she watched her friend play, as though Prim had broken a spell over her. *What would we do with it, anyway?* She considered, grinning wryly. *Probably lose it to a random patrol of horny goblins in ten minutes, that's what.*

“You think you're so perfect, do you?” the devil-girl demanded, clearly irritated her temptation had failed.

“Perfectly so,” Prim said with a curtsy and a flourish. Tia rolled her eyes but remained silent.

“I think you're a fraud,” the devil-girl said. “A load of hooey and flash. All talk, no walk. And with a silly hairstyle –” she put her hands on her hips – “and a woefully flat ass.” She ran her hand along her curves, a smug smile on her face, as if she had proven her point.

Tia sighed, shaking her head. “Of all the things you could have said...” she muttered, trailing off as she caught Prim's expression. The warrior took an unconscious step back from the pure ice in Prim's smile.

“I sense you are, strangely and rather unbelievably, unconvinced of my skills,” Prim said, her voice somehow colder than her smile. Tia took another step back. “Perhaps a demonstration is in order, then.”

Prim set down her fiddle. She then reached forward and withdrew, seemingly from the air, a second fiddle and bow. She brought the fiddle to her shoulder and began playing a highly technical tune. After a moment, she stepped back – and the instrument remained in the air, continuing to play. She took up her original fiddle, hopped onto and placed a foot on the boulder as she had before, and began playing a one-gnome duet.

Tia felt anger in the music. She frowned and looked closer at her friend. The bard's entire countenance had shifted. Her cheer was gone, of course – replaced with a focus the likes of which Tia had never witnessed. She played with a ferocity that was matched only by the power of the music. As she played, the notes felt as if they were physically pushing the warrior back, and Tia soon found she had to brace herself against the force of it or be pushed back. A multicolored aura emanated from Prim and the hovering fiddle, flashing and sparkling.

Looking away from the light, Tia saw the branches of the trees and shrubs and even the blades of grass were shaking from the power Prim sent out. Glancing at the devil-girl, she saw her holding her arms over her face, as if to protect herself against the music.

“Is that all you've got?” the devil-girl managed to say as she fought against Prim's music.

And then the tune reached a crescendo, and the devil-girl let out a cry as the power of the performance increased. Tia felt herself slide a few inches despite her efforts, shoved by the force of the tune.

She's more offended than I'd realized, Tia thought as the wind whipped about her. *The devil-girl really hit a nerve.* She gazed at Prim in awe – and fear. She had heard of such power in music, but had only half-believed it before. She fully did, now. A dread filled her heart. *Is she still in there? Is my ninny still with me, or is she losing herself in her anger and power?*

“Prim!” she cried out. “That's quite enough, don't you think?”

Prim brought the music to another crescendo, then held the note, bringing the bow across and back on the fiddle. The hovering fiddle mirrored the action.

The bard turned her head and looked at Tia, a gentle smile on her lips. Tia sighed with relief and returned the smile. Prim's eyes sparkled in response. She winked, and then she turned back and continued her performance. With a quick transition, she changed to a merry, playful tune.

The reaction from the devil-girl was immediate.

“H-Hey!” she cried, and then – to Tia's shock, the devil-girl giggled. “None of that – hee – now!”

And then Tia felt it – a ticklish sensation all about her. She let out a surprised giggle and squirmed. “P-Prim!” she protested, her body involuntary shivering. “How about you focus on yon devil-girl over there and not me?”

The sensation faded from the warrior. Prim's grin grew with mischievousness as she looked sidelong at Tia, who got the distinct impression she had only been granted a temporary reprieve. She shuddered again, only this time not from any playful tickles.

Meanwhile, the devil-girl continued her futile objections at her treatment, giggling and laughing helplessly. Prim's lively tune became ever faster and wilder, the devil-girl squealing with laughter, squirming in the air. Her movements set her spinning and swaying at the end of the rope. Her tail flicked about wildly and might very well have caused injury had anyone been within range, Tia thought.

"I almost regret bringing this up, as it gives you the opportunity to end this entertaining endeavor," Prim said to the helpless devil-girl. Despite the music of two fiddles, her voice carried clearly in the magic of her performance. "However, in the interest of fair play, I suppose I should. How about we agree to a deal?"

"Hahaha heehee hahaha!" the devil-girl continued to laugh.

Prim did not let up on her tune. "I was thinking there should be a reward for my triumph over one of your abilities and profession. And, no, I am uninterested in fiddles of precious metal which I cannot lift." She waited for a response other than laughter, though Tia suspected she knew she would not get one. "However, I am also a generous soul," the bard continued. "Why should I keep all the entertainment to myself?"

The hair on the back of Tia's neck stood up. What was Prim going on about?

"If I am correct, you have the ability to wander around and create fun wherever you go," she said to the demon-girl. After a few seconds of nothing but laughter, Prim grinned again. She stopped playing, then plucked the hovering fiddle from the air, ending its tune. "I do suppose you might be better able to answer when you are not in such a jovial mood."

The devil-girl immediately collapsed when the music ceased. She hung there for several seconds, gathering her breath, still giggling.

Tia moved to stand beside Prim. "Just what demented thoughts are going through your ninny mind now?" the warrior softly asked. "And don't pretend to not know what I mean."

"Why, Hot-Tits, you know I always understand you perfectly," Prim answered brightly. "Even when you are confused about your own self," she added slyly.

Shaking her head, Tia decided silence was the only response to this. Besides, it appeared the devil-girl had recovered herself and was now glaring at the redhead again.

"Here are my terms for your release," Prim began. "Firstly, you will leave here with Hot-Tits and myself unmolested."

"Wait, are you actually arguing to *not* get us into your usual kinky trouble?" Tia asked.

"Secondly," Prim continued, though she did grin sidelong at Tia. "I have a list of friends I will speak to you. Since you have such a delightful capability for spreading cheer, you will immediately upon our agreement go to visit each of them – alone or together does not matter – and 'play' with them."

"Play?" Tia and the devil-girl asked at the same time.

Prim grinned. "I think we all know what I mean."

Tia face-palmed. The devil-girl grinned and licked her lips.

"Oh, I'm thinking I'm going to like this deal," she said.

"Third," Prim continued, "while our friends may have ideas, you will still adhere to our first term."

"A pity. I would imagine they'd want to repay you for your friendship."

"Undoubtedly," Prim agreed. "But I have no desire to rudely keep you busy forever in some sort of friendship loop, going back and forth between us."

The devil-girl laughed. "Such considerate vermin."

“Fourth, Hot-Tits and myself will not intentionally reveal to your boss the events related to the current meeting of ours.”

“Excellent. And when you do 'unintentionally' let it slip, I'll be sure to make you squeal. Repeatedly.”

“I have no doubt,” Prim said with her mischievous grin. “Do we have a deal?”

“Fifth, leave me out of it!” Tia added.

“We have a deal,” the devil-girl said, “to the first four terms.”

“Hey!” Tia complained.

“Agreed, then,” Prim said. “Hot-Tits, would you be so kind?” She gestured to the rope from which the devil-girl dangled.

With a frustrated growl, Tia walked over to the tree she had tied the rope to and began working at the knot. Meanwhile, Prim rattled off a list of their friends' names.

After a few moments, Tia had the rope untied, and the devil-girl fell to the ground with a grunt. Tia returned to stand beside Prim, coiling up the rope as she walked. The devil-girl stood and dusted herself off. She looked at the gnomes with a wicked grin.

“I look forward to seeing you vermin again,” she said. She snapped her fingers and disappeared in another cloud.

“Nothing – and I mean nothing – good can come of this,” Tia said.

“Nonsense, Hot-Tits,” Prim said. “Without doubt, our friends will be delighted!”

“Right. And not at all annoyed or in the mood for vengeance.”

“I know! Is it not exciting to imagine what amazing wonders are in store for us both?”

Tia shook her head. “Why did I let you get me involved in this madness? At least she won't be back to punish us herself.”

Prim chuckled.

“Wait,” Tia said, turning toward her. “She *won't*, right?”

“Who is to say?” Prim asked innocently.

“But she agreed!” Tia protested.

“Somewhat,” Prim said.

Tia's jaw dropped. “‘Somewhat’? Explain!”

“I imagine she will visit our friends,” Prim said. “And then return to visit us.”

“But you said she couldn't!”

“Not on their behalf,” Prim said. “However, the terms left wide open her ability to visit with us on her own will.”

“You said to leave us unmolested!”

Prim grinned, wagging a finger at Tia. “Yes, but I made no mention of it being permanent. On the contrary, I rather intentionally left room for her to visit with us again. An invitation, if you will.”

“Why would you – No, no, don't bother answering. It's you. Of course you'd invite her to torment us.”

“I think you know what she truly meant by 'torment',” Prim said with a grin.

“Rope burns and gags and ...” Tia rolled her eyes. “And she seemed to be into whippings. Great. Well, we've got something to look forward to, I suppose.”

“And that is why I adore my Hot-Tits!” Prim said, eyes shining. “Always pragmatic and brave when confronted with the prospect of certain pleasure!”

Tia shook her head, chuckling despite herself. “You’re hopeless. Anyway, you reckon she’ll visit all the others and get ideas from them?”

“Most certainly. They doubtless have various opinions, accurate or not, about our own preferences and desires.”

“Yes, and she did say she’d make us squeal.”

“Which you have been known to do when – ”

“Hey, now!” Tia interrupted. “If you want to get into a contest of who squeals the loudest, how about when you – ”

“It is less about volume than cuteness,” Prim argued. “For example, when someone takes you and – ”

“As if you aren’t cute when – ”

“And when you – ”

“That’s it,” Tia said, grabbing Prim’s wrist. “I think a demonstration’s in order!” She gently but forcefully turned Prim around and began binding her wrists behind her back with the rope she still held.

“Wait – what – ” Prim began, then giggled. “Oh, poor me! Just wait my turn, Hot-Tits,” she said.

“Yes, I expect your vengeance will be sweet,” Tia said, smiling. “Now, open up,” she ordered, holding out a kerchief the pair had used before for such purposes. “You’ve no idea how just how cute you are when you squeal into a gag.”

“Oh, but I expect you think to show me,” Prim said, sticking out her tongue.

Tia smacked the redhead on her backside, eliciting a playful yelp.

“You simply cannot avoid my exquisite ass, can you?” Prim asked, shaking her hips and earning herself another spanking.

“Behave,” Tia said as Prim yelped again. “And why do I get the feeling this is a fight you won’t mind losing?”

Prim giggled. “Some battles are meant to be fought, not won,” she said, earning herself yet another smack to her backside. “Okay, okay! My Hot-Tits is in such a dominant – meep!” (For she had received another spanking.) “Goodness, you are so *focused* right now. Is it my exqui – meep!” (And another.)

She finally opened her mouth to accept the gag. As Tia pushed the rag in with one hand, she gently whispered into Prim’s ear, her other hand reaching around to cup Prim’s breast.

“You have no idea just how focused I can be, but you are about to find out. For I battle to win.”

Prim moaned into her gag, her eyes unfocused.

The glade knew no more peace and tranquility that day or night as the pair continued to debate and demonstrate to one another regarding the topic of ... squealing.