

Prim & Tia's Adventures
By: Wyland

Adventure 10

Tia slowly awoke, her body insisting on the need for more rest. She could feel herself sitting on a hard surface, arms on the ground beside her. Wherever she was, it was not comfortable. She opened her eyes to see light from where the pair had crawled into their little lair – more than enough for her gnomish eyes. She found Prim resting beside her, the bard's head snuggled against Tia's breasts. The warrior felt an aura of smug glee radiating from her unconscious companion and grinned.

Immediately, she felt a familiar surge of anger and shut her eyes. The feeling faded almost as quick as it had struck, however. She frowned, surprised at the impotence of the fury which she had been battling for weeks now. Opening her eyes again, she lay still, trying to sort out the unwelcome ire within herself. What was going on with her? What was it about Prim that sparked her temper? *Besides the usual*, she thought. The corner of her mouth turned up.

It could not be her presence itself, for the feeling began only a few weeks ago, whereas they had traveled together for over a year now. Tia struggled to figure out what had changed to cause it.

The light at the entrance steadily grew as she silently re-examined their relationship. Finally, coming up with nothing to explain her inner anger toward the redhead, Tia gave up the attempt for the moment. Looking around, she tried to remember how the pair had found themselves in what appeared to be little more than a hole in the ground. However it had happened, she thought wryly, Prim had done what she typically did: use it as an excuse to cuddle with Tia.

Not that she really had much choice this time, Tia had to admit. The pair rested in a small cave, little more than a dozen feet deep and maybe half again as wide. There was nowhere flat to lie down. Rather, they were sitting together in a small notch in the rear, their backs to it, facing the little entrance. Looking up, she thought she saw a shelf where the cave might extend deeper. From where she sat, however, she could not be certain.

She winced as she felt a crick in her neck. They had used their blankets to try and cushion as much as they could, but judging by the stiffness of her muscles, they had only marginal success, at best. Beyond the aches, an overwhelming fatigue smothered her, a weariness she had never felt before.

Is that why you are so weak? she mentally asked the intrusive emotion. *Because I have no strength to get angry?*

She puzzled over her exhaustion. She had physically done more before and felt less worn afterwards. She recalled chasing a captured Prim for days without sleep. She knew the limits of her body. She should not be so weak.

All those emotions yesterday, all that running around, have they caught me up? She wondered. *Was all that truly just one day?*

There was a faint roar Tia felt as much as heard. A moment later, the ground trembled slightly. It would seem the dragon had not yet expended the last of his fury. Doubtless, he still sought Prim.

At the thought, Tia unconsciously reached up and gently stroked Prim's hair. The redhead let out a gentle sigh, and Tia smiled despite herself.

What have I gotten myself into? She wondered. *Or, more accurately, what have I let you get me into? And why can't I ever stay away from my ninny?*

She tallied up the hours of the previous day, confirming everything really had happened in a single day. The goblin chase, the (*ridiculous*, she continued to insist) fire-breathing lizard, Prim revealing her strange

powers, their split-up and reunion, the mad rush to prepare and hide, and not least the dragon dropping in to try and take Prim away from her forever.

Damnation, just go away, she mentally snarled as the anger – still weak yet insistent – rose up inside again.

Prim stirred in her sleep, letting out a slight moan, and nuzzled against Tia's breasts. The warrior held still as she shifted, then cocked a suspicious eyebrow. Slowly, she raised a hand up, then lightly tickled Prim's pointed ear. The redhead giggled and lazily swatted at her hand, eyes still closed.

“And just how long have you been awake?” Tia asked in a low, grumpy voice.

“I am not certain,” Prim replied in an equally quiet, albeit cheerful, tone. “I am too tired to track time.”

“Are you too tired to move your head?”

Prim giggled and nuzzled again. “Why would I want to do such a thing? These pillows are just the perfect consistency and temperature, Hot-Tits ... ”

Tia blushed, and the anger tried to assert itself once more. *Go away*, she thought. Aloud, she said, “I would shove you off, you single-minded ninny, if there was room to do it.”

“In a dominant mood this morning, are we?” Prim asked. “Will you be tying me up again? Are you going to speak dirty to me now?”

“No need to worry about dirt,” Tia said. “We've plenty of it on ourselves.”

At the reminder of their frazzled state, Prim immediately sat up, reaching for her hair. “Ow, it hurts to move...” she groaned.

“That it does,” Tia agreed.

“And I had forgotten how filthy you had gotten us,” the redhead complained as she brushed some dirt from her arm.

“That I did.”

“We both reek terribly.”

“That we do.”

“You are a stubborn, foolish girl who gets us both into trouble.”

“That you are.”

They eyed each other, grinning, then burst into giggles followed by full-on laughter.

After a bit, they settled back down. Prim took the moment as an excuse to get close again, resting her head back on Tia's chest. The warrior simply rolled her eyes.

“This seems destined to be a day of lounging about like a pair of sloths,” she said.

Her head resting on the warrior's chest, Prim nodded – or so Tia took her latest cuddling to be a nod. It was a bit difficult to tell whether she was responding to Tia's statement or just generally taking advantage of the situation, and Tia found herself content either way. She put an arm around her companion and, to her own surprise, began idly twirling Prim's hair flame with her other hand. Prim sighed softly but made no further reaction, as if she wanted nothing to do with ruining a good thing.

The minutes passed with the pair simply resting together. The light from the entrance grew. They heard the dragon's distant roar again. Prim nuzzled a bit deeper against Tia.

“He's a determined one,” Tia said. Prim silently nodded. “How long d'ya reckon we'll have to hide in here?”

“He will not give up for days,” Prim answered. “He can be quite stubborn.”

The warrior frowned. "I doubt we could remain holed up here too long. We've food enough, but the water issue will catch us up."

"And He may very well decide to tear apart the very hills looking for me."

Tia let out a small bark of a laugh. "And thus our situation becomes even more annoying than it already is," she said. "And do I smell smoke? Is he burning the entire county?"

"The hills, at least," Prim answered. "It would seem he thought to smoke us out. Or perhaps just continued burning everything in his tantrum."

"Lovely. We'll come out to char and ash, with no food in sight," Tia said. "At least our trail is likely up in smoke, as well." She looked down at Prim with a grin. "Whatever you said, you really got under His scales."

"So it would seem," Prim said softly.

"And you saved our skins, so don't go fussing about it," Tia admonished. Standing up, she continued, "regardless, first thing's first. Now we've got light, let's see what all is in our little home away from ..." she trailed off. "You realize I haven't had an actual home in so long I've forgotten what it was like?"

Prim laughed from where she remained sitting. "I can assure you, when we settle down together, we shall have much better than a musty old cave."

"Oh, you expect us to be together, eh?" Tia asked, turning to give the bard a stern look before ruining the effect by smiling. "And what grand plans do you have for our future, O Hopeful Ninny?" she asked as she walked about the small cavern.

"I shall open a tea shop," Prim answered, fussing with her hair flame. "And I shall entertain my guests, dancing and performing as they enjoy their tea. We shall have such delightful conversations, discussing what we have experienced and the beauty we have seen in the world."

"Not seeing anything for me in this scenario so far," Tia said. She began climbing the wall against which the gnomes had put their backs as they slept, for she thought the cave formed a shelf above them.

"You, of course, would have yourself a training school next door," Prim said.

"That's definitely more my taste." The warrior pulled herself up to see she was correct – the rock above Prim cut backward, away from the entrance.

"You will rudely pummel your students into shape, and they can then visit the tea shop afterwards to consider the lessons you have imparted on them over a nice cuppa."

Tia let out a guffaw, lost her grip, and slid back to the ground beside Prim.

"Hey! Watch it!" the redhead complained as pebbles and dirt descended on her.

"Sorry," Tia said with a cough. "There seems to be a shelf above us. I thought I saw the cave continue further back, though it'd be a tight fit."

"You cannot seriously be thinking of us spelunking into an unknown grotto of diminutive size, now can you?" Prim asked grumpily, dusting herself off.

"Just checking our options."

"Well, next time, do not check them into my hair!" Prim irritably replied, fussing with her hair flame again.

"I'll try and keep your sacred locks in mind," Tia said, rolling her eyes. She sat beside Prim. "So, we spend a few days holed up in here and hope your ex goes away. Is that the plan?"

"I am not fond of that plan, but it is likely our best option," Prim said.

Tia stretched rather ostentatiously. "Then we might as well make ourselves as comfortable as we can."

Prim promptly nuzzled her face against Tia's breasts again.

“Hey!” Tia complained.

“I was just heeding the wisdom of my Hot-Tits,” Prim said.

“You're such a ninny,” Tia said, shaking her head with a chuckle.

Another roar interrupted their thoughts. They felt the cavern tremble again. Little streams of dirt fell from the ceiling and bounced down the wall Tia had previously attempted to climb.

Tia wrapped an arm around Prim and held her tight. The rest of the day passed with the pair hardly daring to move as the dragon continued to rage outside, sometimes nearer, sometimes further, but always far too close for the gnomes' comfort.