

Prim and Tia in “A Challenging Tale”

By: Wyland

The small blade lodged itself quite firmly inside a circle drawn on a wall with what appeared to be lipstick, with the words “hit me, win nothing” written also in lipstick above it.

“Ha! A nearly perfect bullseye!” Prim cried excitedly as the patrons of the Devil's Due cheered. “Beat that, Hot-Tits!”

“With ease,” Tia answered, setting down a mug of ale and stepping to the line Prim had drawn on the floor with more lipstick. “Time to show you truly exceptional skills,” Tia said.

“They certainly have not been on display to this point,” Prim replied.

“Your ninnyness is exceeded only by your blindness,” Tia said. She made a show of lining up her shot, the patrons watching intently. She drew back her arm ...

Prim loudly coughed into her hand. The crowd laughed merrily. Tia raised an eyebrow at Prim, who held up one hand innocently and drank from a mug with another. “Sorry, sorry, my throat was a bit dry there,” she said after she had finished.

“All better now?” the warrior asked.

“Entirely,” the bard said, utterly nonplussed. “You may proceed.”

“Glad to have your permission,” Tia said. She turned back to the target, then once again made a show of lining up her throw. She drew back her arm ...

“You are not really aiming *there*, are you?” Prim asked.

“If you don't stop interrupting, I'll be aiming at your exquisite ass instead,” Tia warned.

“Such brutish behavior,” Prim chided. “I would hardly have expected – ”

“I wouldn't expect you to shut up for three seconds,” Tia said, throwing her knife at last. It landed with a thunk near the center. “And now I lead,” Tia said with a bow and a flourish as the crowd cheered and coins exchanged hands.

“Not for long!” Prim said. She drank from her mug again, then skipped over to make her final throw. “Behold! true exceptional skill, unlike the pretender we have been subjected to so far!”

“Laying it on rather thick, aren't we?” Tia asked.

“And I am the picture of focus, Hot-Tits, so there is no sense trying to interfere with my aim,” Prim said as she drew her hand back.

“I wouldn't have dreamed of it,” Tia said. “Interfering is more your area of expertise, anyway.”

“Are you calling me a cheater? Always so disparaging.” They both laughed, and then Prim aimed and let the knife fly. It lodged into the wall near Tia's.

“Ha! I win!” Tia declared.

“Are you kidding?” Prim asked. “Mine is clearly nearest!”

“You're going blind as well as daft. Anyone can see mine is closest.”

The other patrons were talking excitedly, a disagreement about who was the victor forming. While such matters were normally settled via fisticuffs, so far they had avoided actual physical arguments in favor of watching the gnomes' behavior.

Prim and Tia walked to where the knives stuck out of the wall. “As I said, I win,” Tia said.

“Nuh-uh!” Prim wittily retorted. “Mine is clearly closer to the center here.” She pointed to demonstrate.

“Only because your drunken circle is anything but circular,” Tia said. “The center is quite clearly here!” She pointed for emphasis at another spot on the wall.

“If we are to speak of levels of inebriation, your vision is quite obviously being affected,” Prim said. “How anyone can fail to observe that the clear center of the target is much closer to my blade.”

“A lot of fancy words just to be whinging,” Tia snorted.

“Hrmph. Perhaps we may have drawn, Hot-Tits,” Prim conceded.

“Oh, no. You just want – ”

“I am trying to be fair!” Prim started removing her toga dress. “We agreed to the terms. Loser strips to panties. We drew, which makes us both losers, so we both suffer the penalties. Do you filthy lot not agree?”

The crowd cheered quite loudly, not in the slightest insulted by Prim's pet term for them.

Tia sighed and began stripping her top, as well. “You aimed for the draw, didn't you?” she asked in an accusatory tone.

“Me? That would violate the spirit of the contest!” Prim said indignantly, draping her dress over the back of a chair.

“Well, here we are, two idiot gnomes standing around in their panties,” Tia said, setting her clothes on the chair as well. “What do we do now?”

“Loser has to hop onto a table and dance and sing for the crowd?” Prim suggested as she started plucking the six knives out of the wall.

Tia snorted. “You've got to be kidding. You think they want to hear me sing?” The crowd laughed.

“Regale them with tales of your adventures, then,” Prim said. The crowd groaned. “Sexy adventures,” Prim amended, earning cheers. “Complete with demonstrations!” The crowd roared approval.

“Fine,” Tia agreed. She smiled deviously while Prim set the knives onto a chair. “But your song has to be about how much you love tentacles. Complete with demonstrations.”

Prim started in surprise. “What are you talking about?”

“Simple. You sing about how much you enjoy getting tangled up by slimy – ”

“Eww!” Prim said, shuddering.

“And while you are singing, you are – ”

“Do not speak of such things!” Prim said.

“Chickening out, are we?” Tia asked. “Worried you'll lose?”

The crowd ooh'd at that.

“Oh, very well,” Prim said. “I agree to your terms if you agree your tale will be about how much you enjoyed having an excitable and excited goblin – ”

Tia coughed loudly. “Right, agreed, no need to give away anything beforehand. Especially as they won't hear it, anyway, after I beat you.”

Prim stepped up to throw. “I shall go first, to avoid giving Hot-Tits any chance to accuse me of throwing the contest,” she said.

“Be my guest,” Tia said, having another drink.

They were interrupted by a strong, stern voice calling from the crowd. “But what is the point of it?”

The gnomes froze, recognizing the voice. They nervously looked at one another a moment before finally turning to face the owner of the voice, whom they knew to be none other than Laressa.

“Err, it appears our good friend Laressa has joined the fun, Hot-Tits!” Prim said. “And how is our wonderful friend of gnomes today?”

“Bored,” Laressa answered. “You are both too good for this contest. You need to add some challenge to it.”

The gnomes glanced at one another in trepidation. “And what challenges would our wonderful friend have in mind?” Tia asked.

“Oh, nothing beyond either of your *exceptional* skills, I should think,” she said, emphasizing the word.

“Naturally,” Prim said, “as our good friend Laressa would never dream of creating a contest purely to see the participants both lose, after all.” She let out a polite giggle, looking over at Tia encouragingly. The warrior hesitated, then joined in with a feeble giggle of her own.

“I am glad we have such an understanding,” Laressa said, and the calm sternness in her voice clearly bothered the gnomes, who once again shared a nervous look.

“What did you have in mind?” Tia asked. Laressa raised an eyebrow, and Tia quickly added, “our good friend Laressa?”

“It seems to me you two could use a handicap,” Laressa said. “In keeping with the theme that invariably follows the pair of you, I would suggest your next contest be performed with your hands bound.”

The crowd laughed and cheered, as did Prim. “Huzzah!” she cried. “That is an eminently reasonable suggestion, indeed, as one would expect from our dear friend Laressa!”

“But everyone knows Prim is better with bondage than I am!” Tia said. “Surely our good friend Laressa could come up with a more fair solution?”

“I most certainly can,” Laressa said. “You shall both be blindfolded, then.”

“How is that fair, good friend Laressa?” It was Prim's turn to complain, now. “Hot-Tits is a trained warrior, skilled at fighting when blind.”

“Perhaps you misunderstood me. You shall both be blindfolded *and* bound.”

“Oh,” Prim said. She looked at Tia nervously. “Well, that would indeed give each of us a handicap, our good friend Laressa.”

“Yes, it would,” Tia agreed sullenly. “Of course our good friend Laressa would come up with such a ... a ...” She faltered.

“Remarkable solution,” Prim whispered.

“A remarkable solution,” Tia finished.

“I am glad you agree,” Laressa said. The crowd cheered. “Now, come over here so we can see to your eyes.” She held out her hand, and a man handed her a few strips of fairly clean cloth.

Patrons of the Devil's Due were generally prepared for such necessities as blindfolds, ropes, gags, and so on and so forth.

“Haha, 'see to our eyes', Hot-Tits”, Prim said as the gnomes walked over as ordered, their bared breasts bouncing with every step. “Our good friend Laressa is making puns. It is good she is in such a jovial mood.”

“Yes, very good,” Tia agreed, though the glum tone of her voice belied her words.

They turned to face away from her. Laressa placed a cloth over Prim's eyes, then tied another over it to hold it in place. She gave Tia's eyes the same treatment.

“No, no, my naughty dears,” Laressa said as the pair turned and held out their hands in front of them. “I did not tell you to turn around.”

The gnomes quickly faced away from her again, whereupon she gave them each gnome a firm smack to her backside. “Meep!” Prim let out as she was punished. The crowd laughed in delight.

“For a pair of such exceptional skill, you clearly need the greatest of challenges, after all,” Laressa said as she began securing Prim's hands behind her back.

“This will indeed prove most challenging, good friend Laressa,” Prim said. “Especially with such skillful rope work as we would of course expect from our good friend Laressa.”

“Yes, such exceptional skill our good friend Laressa has,” Tia agreed as her own hands were bound.

“Now, then, let's be certain of my handiwork,” Laressa said after she had finished. She spun Tia half-around, causing the warrior's breasts to sway and bounce and earning whistles from the crowd. She examined the gnome, and then spun her back, sending her breasts swaying again to more whistles. She repeated this several times, thoroughly disorientating the gnome. “It will do,” she finally declared.

It was then Prim's turn to be examined, the crowd cheering as her breasts put on a display of their own as she was spun about.

Laressa finally stepped back. “Very well,” she said. “Let the contest begin.” The crowd cheered.

“Good friend Laressa, how are we supposed to throw our knives when we do not even know where they are?” Prim asked.

“I'm certain two gnomes of such exceptional skills can locate them,” Laressa answered.

“Right,” Prim said softly.

“We're boned, aren't we?” Tia muttered.

“Quite, Hot-Tits,” Prim answered. “I do fear we are quite boned, indeed.”

The Devil's Due rang with the high-pitched peals of the laughter of a gagged gnome. Periodically, a loud slap would sound, promptly followed by the high-pitched squeal of another gagged gnome.

Prim and Tia, the aforementioned gagged gnomes, struggled ineffectually in the ropes that held them secured. While their blindfolds had been removed, Laressa had strapped small ball gags into their mouths – the pair's speech and squealing was muffled while they could easily breath around the gags.

Prim stood on her toes on a pair of stools, her feet held apart and tied to a broom, her hands tied above her head and secured via another rope to a convenient hook in the ceiling some enterprising patron of the DD had installed years ago. Patrons held out feathers and brushes, with which they tickled the bard under her arms or on her ribs or her feet or in other places. Some patrons, of course, decided to tickle her *au naturel*, generally doing less stroking and more squeezing, especially of her bared breasts and her backside. (Her *exquisite ass*, she would state, where she capable of speech at the moment.) She laughed into her gag and squirmed helplessly, unable to escape the attentions of the extremely eager patrons – not that she wanted to. On the contrary, she was clearly enjoying herself.

Tia, meanwhile, was tied bent over a chair, her own backside sticking up quite enticingly. Her cheeks were red, as were her other cheeks. The one pair from embarrassment, the other from the spankings the patrons were giving her. Not that the patrons restricted themselves to spankings, feeling quite free to caress and squeeze her in several soft and curvy areas. The warrior's struggles got her nowhere, of course, as the ropes held her quite secure.

Apart from the crowd, Laressa sat alone at a table, sipping another ale and watching the show. “Okay, time!” she called out. “Five minute rest period for the troublemakers.”

The patrons let out various groans of disappointment, getting one last touch or spank in, and stepped away. The gnomes slumped down, their naked chests heaving as they breathed heavily around the gags in their mouths.

“Anyone wanting to participate in the next round of their punishment must first clean up something they messed up in their inept display of 'exceptional' skills.”

The crowd laughed, and several patrons picked up very small items in the wreckage the gnomes had made: A single shard of a broken mug Tia had broken when it fell from a table she had bumped into, or a tiny

scrap of torn fabric from the bartender's rag Prim had struck with her knife. (While an impressive throw – as the bartender happened to have been wiping a mug dry with it at the time – it was certainly nowhere near the mark.)

Laressa nodded with approval at their work. “Good work. At the pace you are going, our good friends will be finished with their punishment at about the time tomorrow's evening show starts.”

The gnomes groaned into their gags.

“After all, if I understand the terms of their little contest correctly,” Laressa continued, “Prim has a song and dance number to perform. And our Tia has a sexy adventure to tell us.” The gnomes lifted their heads up in surprise and squealed into their gags. “For I do believe the pair each failed to score so much as a point, resulting in yet another draw. Would you – hrm, what was it Prim called you? Ah, yes. – Would you 'filthy lot' not agree?”

The filthy lot roared their agreement.

Laressa met each gnome's gaze in turn before she continued. “And, of course, they will be providing demonstrations. *Sexy demonstrations.*”

As the crowd roared with approval, Prim and Tia looked at one another. They smiled around their gags and rolled their eyes. And despite the crowd, they somehow felt as if they were alone, sharing a personal connection the others were not privy to.

If nothing else, Prim thought, this will make an interesting tale to tell some day. And she looks so beautiful down there! Plus, I get to see my Hot-Tits perform!

Tia, in turn, considered Prim's upcoming song and dance. *I will forever be able to bring up her love of tentacles no matter how often she tries to deny it, she thought. That will make all this worth it. Though as lovely as Prim looks and as cute as she squeals, I think I am coming out ahead on this one, anyway.*

“Rest period is over!” Laressa called out after a few minutes. “Filthy lot, have at them.”

And the gagged squeals resumed, with each gnome happy in her punishment just to be with the other, and each imagining what the next evening will bring.

Back at her table, Laressa smiled contentedly as she watched her mischievous friends enjoying themselves.

Laressa belongs to Menchi and is used with permission. Thank you, Menchi!

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