

Prim and Tia and Friends in “Best Laid Plans Tale”

By: Wyland

“Quite the poor showing, I must say,” Prim said.

“Terrible effort,” Tia agreed.

“Interrupting our holiday cheer for this extraordinary demonstration of utter ineptitude.”

“Indeed. I’m not sure why they even bothered.”

“Rather insulting, quite frankly,” Prim continued.

“Rather. Displays a surprising lack of imagination, I should say.”

“No imagination whatsoever, Hot-Tits. You are correct. Seriously, hanging the pair of us upside-down in the DD? As if that is a novel concept.”

“We could hang you upside-down from the lamp post outside,” Elspeth suggested.

“At least it is warm in here,” Millie pointed out.

“Consideration is not the same as ingeniousness,” Prim retorted.

“Give us *some* credit for genius. After all, we bested the pair of you,” Aya said.

“Luck,” Tia said.

“Now, now, no need for sour grapes,” Aly chided. “You’re both better than that.”

Prim gave her a grin. “True, Starlet. We both are better. Perhaps such as to let you falsely believe you have secured a victory when, in truth, you have merely stepped right into our trap.”

Such was Prim’s reputation, there was a pause as everyone considered whether, somehow, she and Tia still had the upper hand despite being naked, tied up with their arms around one another, and hanging from a ceiling beam by their ankles.

Which made the round of laughter which followed all the merrier, as even the gnomes joined in.

“I’m not sure what your plan was,” Aly said, “though I am rather curious.”

“Nuh-uh-uh,” Prim said in a sing-song. “You do not get to know the plan without first paying for it.”

“By which she means we ain’t tellin’,” Tia said. “We might show you next year, though.”

“Precisely, Hot-Tits.”

“What all did they have again, Millie?” Aly asked.

“Umm, rope, assorted gags,” the apprentice answered, holding up the items in question from the sacks they had found stashed behind the bar. “Collars. Leashes. Crops – ”

“Oh, Hot-Tits is so good with those,” Prim said.

“Well, I must admit it helps to have such an exquisite target,” Tia conceded, giving said target a squeeze.

“Oh! Are you saying you intended to use that on me tonight, Hot-Tits? How could you?!?”

“Wait, what? I – ”

“... Get yourself tied up, too, so you could no longer spank me!” Prim continued, grinning. “How rude of you!”

“Yes, I’m so sorry,” Tia said, rolling her eyes. “Bit of a hiccup with the plan.”

Shaking her head and smiling, Aly twirled a finger at Millie. “Go on,” she said.

“Jars of cake frosting,” Millie said.

“Oh, I almost forgot we had that,” Prim said. “Hopefully, that does not go to waste in the end.”

“Another jar labeled Terry's Terrific Ticklish Tonic, along with feathers.”

“Do not look into those for any particular meaning,” Prim said. “Purely coincidence, I assure you.”

“Why do I not feel assured?” Aya asked.

Tia frowned. “You know, now that I think about it, perhaps we did have a bit too much in mind,” she said.

“Pish-posh, Hot-Tits,” Prim said. “We were merely prepared for any fun-times contingency which might possibly have come up had our friends found themselves in a position to enjoy said contingency.”

“And did your list of contingencies include getting ourselves tied upside-down?”

“Of course,” Prim claimed. “Do they not always?”

A round of laughter commenced. “Go on, Millie,” Aly said after everyone had calmed down again.

Millie blushed as she held up a “magic wand”. “Umm,” she said.

“Yes, I think that one is self-explanatory,” Aly said, also blushing.

“Oh, no, do not be so coy!” Prim said with her biggest grin yet. “Do explain just what – ”

Aya interrupted by reaching over and giving the gnomes a spin.

“Woah!” Tia said as the pair spun in place. “There's no need for that!”

“I disagree,” Aya said, giving them another spin.

Millie decided to continue the inventory. “Umm – ” she began, but Elspeth cut her off.

“I think we get the idea,” she said. “Why don't we just skip ahead to the punishment?”

“Yes, that is a fine idea,” Prim said. “Please do so!” Tia rolled her eyes as everyone just stared. “Err, I mean,” Prim continued, “oh, noes, not the super sexy fun punishments! Please do not spank us and make us squeal in delightful harmony as you squeeze and grope us in manners most horribly titillating! Anything but that!”

“Quite convincing,” Tia muttered.

“It is a talent,” Prim replied, nonplussed.

“This does pose a problem,” Elspeth noted.

“How do we punish them when they always enjoy it?” Aly asked.

Tia snorted. “A strange definition of 'they' you're using there,” she said.

“Yes, poor Tia, always getting herself in these situations with her Prim,” Aya said in a tone of mock-sympathy. Tia merely glared at her.

“Umm,” Millie said, an idea popping into her head. “Maybe we could use that.”

She pointed to a sprig of mistletoe some drunken patron had rather hopefully hung from another beam in an unusual display of decorative cheer before passing out in a corner.

Elspeth clapped Millie on the shoulder. “I do like the way you think.”

“Oh, no you don't,” Tia said, fear on her face.

“Anything but that!” Prim said, joy on her own.

As Aya took the sprig, Tia struggled in her bonds. “Come on, let's be reasonable!” she said.

“It seems eminently reasonable, if you ask me, Hot-Tits,” Prim said.

“You would say that!”

“And why would you not?”

Tia started, and everyone paused. “Wait ... what ...” she stammered.

“Is it so unreasonable to give your ninny a kiss on the holiday, my Hot-Tits?” Prim asked.

“I mean – No, it's not unreasonable – ” Tia continued to stammer.

“Then why the fuss?”

Tia looked at Prim, then her eyes narrowed with suspicion. “This. *This* was your plan all along, wasn't it?” she accused.

Prim rolled her eyes. “Yes, I gathered up all our supplies, convinced you to come along, and ended up humiliated in front of everyone, the matter bearable only because you are with me. That was my plan, Hot-Tits.”

Having the good grace to feel embarrassed, Tia looked away. “Okay, maybe not. But you have to admit, that's something you would do,” she added, looking back and half-smiling hopefully.

“And here is my own punishment, I take it,” Prim said, laughing merrily. “To admit what I would rather not? Oh, very well. Yes, Hot-Tits, if I could have planned for the eventuality of public mortification with my Hot-Tits, I would have done so with delight and excitement. Does that make you feel better?”

Now Tia laughed. “I somehow doubt you could ever feel embarrassed, much less mortified. But, yes, it does.” She hesitated, then added: “Thank you.”

They looked into one another's eyes, smiling. “Believe it or not, it is my pleasure, Hot-Tits,” Prim finally answered.

Tia rolled her eyes. “I believe it, you ninny. Oh, come on with it – bring over the mistletoe!”

With cheers all around, Aya held the sprig above the gnomes. “Come on, now! You have to do it!” she said gaily.

The gnomes looked at one another again, the crowd egging them on. Then, closing their eyes, Prim and Tia leaned forward, their lips meeting.

The crowd cheered.

“Don't think that's the end of your punishment,” Aya said after they finished.

“Then we best make the most of it,” Tia said.

“Indeed,” Prim agreed.

And the gnomes kissed again.

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