

Prim and Tia and Friends in “Where There Is Tea, There Is Mayhem Tale”

By: Wyland

Millie blanched as she smelled the tea on the counter before her. “Ugh,” she muttered, wondering why her “instructor” Thorvald was such a cheapskate when it came to the pleasurable things in life. Or, at least, what *should* be pleasurable, she considered as she eyed the foul liquid.

She pulled out the little box in her pocket given her by the gnome Prim during their first tea party together with the pirate captain, Lilly. Millie had left that encounter in the woods confused but also possessing the little box which had then been full of Prim's special secret forty-two-attempts tea. Trying it later, she had found it to be quite fantastic.

Shortly after she had finished that first box, she had once again encountered Prim and her pirate friend in the same spot. Somehow, that occasion had been more memorable than the first one. And, as before, Prim had gifted her the special tea.

Now, she opened the box, looked inside, and shook it upside down. Not a crumb fell out, the same as the last dozen times she had tried during the month or so since she had run out. Yet she kept checking the it, feeling as if she was performing some type of summoning ritual of Thorvald's ... only with, she hoped, cheerier results.

Putting the box back into her pocket, she wondered why she kept at it, for the gnomes were clearly not showing up at their usual spot anymore. Smiling fondly at the the memories (both of their antics and the tea), she lifted her cup from the counter and stepped toward the table.

She drew up short as she noticed a strange hole had appeared in the floor in front of her. Peering down into it, she found she was looking down onto a rather nice chair with carved leaves and vines and flowers adorning it. She also noted a large cushion on the seat. Then, without warning, an elongated stuffed toy bird reached through the portal. A portion of stuffing in its neck was missing, and the head flopped about. This worked towards its advantage, for as the bird suddenly halted, its head continued its momentum and swung forward as if it were a flail. It clamped its beak around Millie's ankle.

“Oh, my, Mr. Shuffles!” she said, recognizing the toy bird. It pulled her through the hole. After a brief moment of falling, she found herself landing on the cushion in the chair.

“And the guest of honor has arrived at last!” a familiar voice said.

Millie looked up, expecting and not being disappointed to see her red-haired friend. Right before her, Prim stood on the edge of a circular yet empty table, wearing a combination of tuxedo and leotard, with a bow tie, white cuffs, and plenty of exposed cleavage. Her legs were clad with her customary fishnet stockings with heels; white gloves covered her hands. In one hand she now held Mr. Shuffles like a cane, his head flopping about. Over her right eye she wore a silver-rimmed monocle on a chain.

The gnome leaned forward in an oddly-tantalizing manner and reached above Millie, who looked up to find a top hat hovering above her. For a brief moment, she saw the room she had just left visible inside the hat. Then Prim took the topper and set it on her head, jauntily tilting it a bit to the side.

“Yarr, about time ye be showin' up!” another familiar voice at her side chided Millie. She turned to her left and found Lilly sitting beside her, once again with her booted feet up on the table.

Prim wagged a finger at Lilly. “Tsk-tsk, my privateer friend! Our Millistripes was merely being fashionably late!”

The captain snorted. “Meanin' she left the settin' up to us.” She lazily waved her hand at the full table.

Looking where Lilly indicated, Millie found herself entirely unsurprised to see two gnome ladies bound on chairs on the other side of the captain. The apprentice realized the vines and flowers on the chairs (and on the table, she now noticed) were not carven but were actual, living plants twisting and shifting as they responded to the users' movements.

Before Millie could study the captives further, Prim said, “it is so good to see you, Millistripes!” Prim took her hat off and gracefully bowed, her gold-rimmed monocle falling. On her head, a rabbit had appeared from under the hat. It let out an odd squeak of confusion as it fell to the ground, landing on its feet and dashing off. “It has been far too long!” Prim added as she straightened up and replaced the hat and ruby-rimmed monocle.

“Umm,” Millie said.

“Quite the eloquent one, I see now,” the gnome beside Lilly said. Millie examined her. She wore a revealing, deep red harem girl outfit and (to judge by her expression) was quite clearly displeased at her situation. Millie noticed this gnome sat on a stool rather than a chair – doubtless a decision made based on her pose. The gnome idly squirmed and tugged at the vines holding her wrists behind her head. Her ankles were pulled back and crossed, held together by more vines and leaving her knees spread. A further vine connected her wrists to her ankles. Oddly, a blue flower appeared to be sprouting in her cleavage.

“Umm,” Millie said.

“I'd say pleased to meet you,” the harem-clad gnome said. “But I'm not.”

“Yar, what do we be sayin' about bein' friendly?” Lilly asked.

“To do be so,” she answered sullenly.

“I do be thinkin' ye be needin' help on being cheerful,” the captain said, holding up a leaf.

The dark-haired gnome's eyes grew wide. “Oh, no, not again with – hee hee stop it hahaha oh when I get hahahaha!” She broke into laughter as Lilly playfully stroked her armpit.

“Our Pre-Dawn is always so playful!” Prim said to Millie in a would-be conspiratorial voice.

“Th- tha- haha – isn't – hahahaha stop stop hahaha!” Pre-Dawn complained.

Prim hopped off the table beside the giggling gnome. “Allow me to properly introduce you, Millistripes, to Pre-Dawn – ”

“THAT IS NOT HAHAAHAHAHA – ” Pre-Dawn interrupted.

“ – Who sometimes goes by the name Midnight,” Prim finished smoothly.

“It do be such a silly name,” Lilly said. “Ye should be thankin' Primiphi fer givin' ye a proper name, Pre-Dawn.”

“Oh, THANK hahaha YOU hahaha so much,” Midnight said, somehow managing sarcasm amid her giggles.

“You are welcome,” Prim said, nonplussed. She looked at Millie and winked. “Pre-Dawn has been in such a mood since she had an embarrassing misunderstanding earlier.”

“A simple matter it be,” Lilly said. “Such a to-do o'er such a trivial issue, it be.”

Prim nodded agreement. “As one can see, dear Millistripes, our Pre-Dawn has graciously agreed to recompense any damages, real or imagined, she may have accidentally inflicted due to her error in judgement.”

“I didn't agree to any such – hahahaha!” Midnight argued, rather ineffectually.

“You can thank Pre-Dawn here for the motif for today's party,” Prim continued chatting to Millie. “She has such a way with plants. Oh! For me, Pre-Dawn? Thank you!” She plucked the flower from between Midnight's breasts and placed it over an ear. “It is enticingly lovely!”

“Indeed it do be,” Lilly said. “Always with the gifts, our Midnight do be. And I do be sayin', she no can ever be convinced she be payin' for her mistake enough!”

“I've no idea hahahaha what you are hahaha talking haha – ” Midnight trailed into incomprehensible laughter once again.

Meanwhile, Prim had walked behind the other bound gnome. This gnome wore a bright yellow sun dress, which, while appropriate, looked entirely out of place on her for some reason. Millie figured it had to do with her well-toned muscles, facial tattoos, ... and very grumpy glare on her face. She had short green hair and bore a long-suffering, irritated expression. Her muscles were tense, but she made no move to fight her bondage, the vines holding her wrists to her arm rests and her ankles to the legs of the chair. A ball gag of intertwined vines kept her more or less quiet. Little yellow flowers had sprouted all over the ball portion of the gag, matching the color of her dress.

Prim smiled across at Millie as she gestured to the green-haired gnome before her. "And this calm and steadfast companion is SQUISH SQUISH!" Prim swiftly reached around and grabbed the gnome's breasts, unabashedly squeezing as she spoke the last two words.

Rather than being angry, the target of Prim's attack merely rolled her eyes.

"Forgive me, it is rather difficult to resist the allure of my Hot-Tits. Squish squish," the redhead said, squeezing again.

"I'll SQUISH you when – HAAAA!" Midnight angrily said. She rocked the stool in her fits of laughter, and it responded by sending shoots into the ground to anchor its legs. It then slowly spun her, allowing Lilly easier access to fresh, not-yet-tickled skin. The Captain did not need explaining, and Midnight's laughter increased markedly in pitch and volume.

"Perhaps it do be best," Lilly said to Prim, "if our friend do be knowin' the lubber's right proper name?"

"True, I suppose it would be proper for Millistripes to know Hot-Tits's name of Tia Wildleaf, squish squish," Prim answered, giving Tia's breasts more squeezes. "Oops!" she added in mock concern as her bead-rimmed monocle fell between Tia's breasts. "How silly of me. Well, nothing for it, now, is there?" Tia offered a muffled protest as Prim reached down to recover it.

Millie had heard the name "Hot-Tits" before in both prior tea parties with Prim. She had never managed to meet her and had more than once wondered what she would be like. Now she saw Prim and Tia were gazing into each others' eyes as Prim "searched" for her monocle. Millie grinned as she realized the pair clearly adored one another and all this was simply their idea of foreplay. Or, at least, it was Prim's style, and Tia merely went along with it.

Judging by her own past experiences with with the mad tea party hostess, Millie doubted Tia had even stood a chance once Prim had set her eyes on her.

Tia muttered something into her gag. "Bah! Prim no can be expected to simply use the chain to be liftin' it in such a situation, now, can she?" Lilly said, crossing her arms in irritation and giving Midnight a breather. "Ye would no be wanting her ta be rude, now, would ye?"

"Umm," Millie added.

"Indeed, as Millistripes so astutely observed, there is an amazing amount of delightfully squishable area in which to search," Prim said. She finally withdrew the jade-rimmed monocle from within Tia's cleavage and replaced it over her eye. "There we go."

Lilly swapped her booted feet on the table, banging it loudly. "Great. Introductions do be over now."

"Quite right, Dandelion!" Prim cried. She lept onto the table and jumped off, flipping in the air and landing on a seat beside Tia, putting an arm around her shoulders. "It is time for tea time!"

Tia mumbled something into her gag. "The lubber do be right," Lilly agreed. "It do be hard to be drinkin' tea without the tea set."

Prim looked at the empty table a moment, blinking in confusion. "Oh, my, we do seem to have a problem," she admitted. "Perhaps, in a very rare event, I have gotten a tad ahead of myself, as they say. Tea without tea sets. The very notion. We cannot continue without our friends, so we simply must call them friends over. Now, where has Mr. Shuffles gotten himself to?"

A chirping came from Millie's lap. She looked down to find Mr. Shuffles lying across her legs. "Umm," she said.

"Tsk, ts, Mr. Shuffles!" Prim said, wagging a finger at the toy bird. "This is no time for lollygagging!"

"Yar, cuz ye no be ever be takin' yer sweet time," Lilly interjected.

"Precisely! My timing is always ever impeccable and precise. Now, Mr. Shuffles," Prim sprung from her chair and bounded over to Millie. She reached down and took the toy in hand. "Signal to our friends it is the perfect and exact moment for them to begin!"

She hopped onto the table. In one hand, she waved Mr. Shuffles like a baton, her other hand marking time. Mr. Shuffles let out a high-pitched whistle in time to Prim's motions, then began to sing a song not with lyrics but rather the sound of a snare drum, rolling a martial beat intro. Soon, other percussion and then brass and woodwind instruments joined in.

And then out of the bushes a line of bowls, plates, spoons, cups, and the assorted paraphernalia of a full tea set marched out, the sugar tongs in the lead. One bowl carried cubes of sugar. A plate held several biscuits. The kettle took pride of place at the rear. As Millie watched, thoroughly entranced, the company reached the gap between Millie's and Prim's chairs. The tongs suddenly flew into the air, flipping and landing on the edge. It stepped aside and signaled the plate behind it, which leapt into the air and onto the table. The tongs directed it, and as it moved aside another plate arrived.

Millie found herself wanting to clap along to the beat, then discovered her hands were tied quite securely to the chair. "Umm," she said in surprise. Apparently, the chair had secured her like Tia while she had been distracted.

At her side, Lilly noticed the apprentice's predicament. "Yar, Primiphi! I do be tellin' ye the flower one's furniture do be overeager, I did!" she cried. Midnight giggled, but not due to any tickling – at least, not for the first few seconds, before Lilly heard her and decided some punishment was in order.

Meanwhile, Prim looked over at Millie. "Oh, my!" she said. "Such a determined and yet overenthusiastic chair! Mr. Shuffles, we simply must restrain our restraining companion. But our friends have practiced for this so much – the show must go on, after all! Oh, such a conundrum on this day of cheerful camaraderie!" She bit her lip in thought. "Well, nothing for it, Mr. Shuffles, but to Double Time!"

And with that, Prim and Mr. Shuffles became a blur. The toy bird's song sped up, the pitch increasing. Millie decided "Double Time" was merely a descriptive phrase, for the gnome conducted time much faster than merely twice the original tempo.

The tea set responded, though not without a loss of precision. On the contrary, the pieces leapt at seemingly random times and in random directions as they, too, moved in a blur. A sugar cube landed in Millie's hair, and a plate on her lap. They hopped up again and managed the table on their second try. Meanwhile, biscuits were bouncing off Tia's face in their disorientation, the gnome enduring it imperturbably – though she did roll her eyes after the fourth one. Millie got the distinct impression this was not the first time Tia had been forced to suffer through Prim's shenanigans.

"Hey! Out you go! OUT!" Midnight cried. It appeared a spoon had found itself in her cleavage and was in no hurry to leave.

Meanwhile, back on the table, the tongs moved all over the place, attempting to guide the misplaced pieces to their positions. Eventually, however, it all became too much, and the set was dashing about wildly all over the table, even the pieces that had arrived first and, presumably, had positioned themselves correctly. The sugar tongs were merely standing and spinning in place, trying to manage everything all at once and becoming thoroughly overwhelmed.

Blithely ignoring the chaos about her, Prim continued to conduct as though the performance was proceeding as planned. Finally, with a wave of Mr. Shuffles, she stopped the music. The tea set continued its chaotic dashing about, and the spoon snuggled within Midnight's top finally joined the silverware maelstrom.

“Ta-da!” Prim said, bowing and flourishing her hat at Millie (while small birds suddenly flew out of it) in yet another strangely seductive motion. The apprentice realized Tia, sitting opposed to herself, would be getting quite the view of Prim's backside. That mystery, at least, had been solved.

“Calm down, calm down, everyone,” Prim said to the tea set. “That was quite well done!” She politely clapped her hands, but the set continued its chaotic scrambling. “Now, now. I am sure everyone is as impressed as I am with your amazing display!”

“Indeed, I am,” Millie said. The pieces of the set stopped where they stood. For a moment, they shifted about, as if looking at one another. Then, in a flash, they all dashed to their positions.

“Yar, most impressive,” Lilly said to the apprentice.

“Our Millistripes always has such a way with words!” Prim added. “Though now we should deal with our troublesome décor. If you would, please, Mr. Shuffles.”

She pointed Mr. Shuffles at Millie, who suddenly felt quite vulnerable. Much as the apprentice liked Prim, the gnome did have a habit of making things worse rather than better. Perhaps being tied to the rude chair was preferable to whatever the mad redhead was about to do.

“Umm,” she said nervously. However, she need not have feared. With another seductive lean forward, Prim swung Mr. Shuffles about. As it had with Millie's ankle, the toy bird's head flipped forward, and its beak clamped about a spindle. The chair let out a yelp and hopped into the air several inches with her still attached. After it landed, she felt the vines release her.

“Thank you,” she said.

Mr. Shuffles let out a series of tweets which very much sounded like “you are welcome” to Millie.

Prim straightened up once more. “Now, then, that would be the guests,” she said, pointing at each gnome and Millie as if counting. “The tea set is all ready. Mr. Shuffles is thirsty. And the sky is still up there,” she added, pointing over herself. “It would appear as if we are ready to enjoy our tea at last!”

“Umm,” Midnight said.

Prim snapped her fingers. “You are most correct, Pre-Dawn!” she said. “We likely do need water in order for there to be tea!”

She took off her hat, water suddenly pouring onto her as if it had been held within the hat. It knocked her emerald-rimmed monocle off her face and into the hat. “Well, that was unexpected,” Prim said simply, peering inside it. A goldfish lept out and fell back in with a splash.

Tia muttered something into her gag.

“I most certainly do *not* make things more difficult than they need to be, Hot-Tits,” Prim said as she reached into the hat. The lid of the tea kettle flew off, and Prim's hand appeared from inside the kettle, feeling around in the empty air. Suddenly, it found a cork hovering in air that everyone would swear had not existed until she touched it. “There we go,” Prim said. “Now, just a little pull ...”

She gave a sharp tug, and the cork came free of whatever it was plugged into. Water poured out of thin air into the kettle, Prim having pulled her hand out of the hat already. Millie realized she was holding her cork-rimmed monocle, which she set back on her face again.

“There, now we have water!” Prim said, replacing the hat on her completely-dry head. Millie noticed the sugar thongs tapping the kettle's lid, which promptly hopped back into place. Meanwhile, Prim patted herself down. “Now, where did I put the tea?” she wondered aloud. “Oh, dear, I seemed to have –”

“You forgot the tea?” Midnight asked, laughing.

“Yar, do be quietin' down,” Lilly scolded, tapping the stool. Vines moved up to Midnight's mouth.

Midnight, unaware of the vines, continued her gloating. “Well, what do you expect from such a mmm mmph mmmph!”

“Thar ye be,” Lilly said as the vines formed a ball gag in Midnight's mouth, little red flowers blossoming on it to match her harem outfit. “Now, Primiphi,” Lilly continued, turning toward Prim. “Do ye be such a goof as ter forget the *tea* for a *tea* party?”

The red-haired hostess, who was on her knees looking under a plate, her rear quite the sight for Tia again, seemed not to hear Lilly. “I could swear it was here somewhere,” she muttered, setting the plate back down. It rattled indignantly as Prim leaned over the edge of the table now, looking under it. Her rope-rimmed monocle slipped off again.

“I do be reckonin' this party be a bust,” Lilly said, finally sitting up and stomping her feet on the ground.

“Half a moment, if you please, my good Dandelion,” Prim said. She straightened back up and put her monocle back on. Millie blinked at it, for it now looked like something from a gala ball, with large feathers sticking out the side in an ostentatious display.

“All the plannin' do be for naught,” the captain continued grouching. “And here Midnight do be so helpful, too.” She gave Midnight a pinch on the rump, eliciting an indignant squeak.

“Maybe I put it in here,” Prim mused. She took her hat off, and several tentacles reached out. “Woa!” she said, shuddering with disgust. The tentacles flexed a moment, then made for Tia, who shouted into her gag and tried to lean away. The tentacles came up short, however, as Prim struggled to hold the hat steady mid-air. They snapped and twisted, trying to reach their prey.

“What is it with you and tentacles, Hot-Tits?” Prim scolded. She reached around for Mr. Shuffles, whom Prim had set on the table. “Mr. Shuffles, could you kindly implore our uninvited guests to return to their own party and leave ours alone?”

She swung Mr. Shuffles at the tentacles, and the toy bird's head once again flipped forward and bit its target. There was a horrible, monstrous wail, and the tentacles all retracted back into the hat. Prim fell backwards and tumbled off the table, landing on her feet between Lilly and Millie.

“Thank you kindly, Mr. Shuffles,” Prim said, placing the hat back on her head. The toy bird whistled. “Oh, very well, I do suppose you have earned a proper rest.”

Prim once again reached into her hat, this time withdrawing another chair, which flew over to fill the empty space. Mr. Shuffles then fluttered over, its feeble wings somehow enabling it to fly ... though not very well.

“Great,” Lilly said. “That do be an excitin' show ye be puttin' on, but we no be closer to drinkin' tea than before!”

“Oh, Dandelion, you really should learn patience! We will find our tea,” Prim said. Despite her positive words, she bore an expression of concern. “Maybe I dropped them with Hot-Tits earlier?” she pondered, taking the now-moss-rimmed monocle off and idly wiping it with a handkerchief she summoned from the air. “I do suppose it would not hurt to check. Such a burden...”

Tia grumbled into her gag, shaking her head. Midnight laughed into her own gag. Lilly pinched her rear again, causing the dark-haired gnome to yelp.

Millie fished into her pocket. “I have some tea,” she said, producing the little box. She knew, somehow, it would be full this time. Opening it up, she found she was correct. She held it up to Prim.

“Thank you, indeed, my friend,” Prim said, taking it with a soft smile. “You have saved this party of mine. And have I not always said our Millistripes is simply the most gracious guest ever, my friends? Who would argue with me?”

“On this matter, I no be arguin’,” Lilly agreed. “Ye do be sayin' it with good reason.” She winked at Millie.

“I do believe the aroma of this tea to be most excellent, too,” Prim said, giving it a sniff. “Our Millistripes is not one to hold back when it comes to the pleasurable things in life!” She winked at Millie.

Prim walked to the kettle and tipped the box over it, dumping the entire contents into the air. The leaves formed a cloud, hovering above the kettle. The lid to the kettle hopped off, and a vortex appeared above the kettle. The tea leaves were sucked into the vortex, spinning and spiraling into the kettle. The lid hopped back on it, and the kettle let out a belch. The tongs then tapped the kettle, which promptly blew steam from its spout.

At that signal, the plates marched into position before each guest, while the cups formed a line before the kettle. It tilted into each cup in turn, pouring tea into it. The cup would then march to its matching plate, ready to serve. A cup marched over to Prim, while another bounced onto the chair for Mr. Shuffles. Two went before Lilly.

Meanwhile, the vines holding Midnight helpless adjusted her bondage, releasing the connection and pulling her arms behind her back and securing her wrists while winding around her torso above and below her breasts, the harem top barely holding her in now. More vines cinched her legs together at ankles and above her knees. Once they finished, Lilly pulled her into her lap while Midnight grumbled into her gag.

“Yar, do ye be wantin' yer tea or not, me dear?” Lilly asked. Midnight sighed and nodded.

Another cup stood on its plate before Tia and turned this way and that as if confused as to how, precisely, it was supposed to perform its job. The gnome looked down at it and shrugged in her bindings as best she could.

“Now, Millistripes,” Prim said as the tea set worked. “Do tell us everything about your amazing time learning with ... what was his name again? Master TooBald? Well, we have simply been dying to hear your stories!”

“Umm,” Millie began, once again nervous as ever to be the center of attention. Prim nodded toward the cup in front of the apprentice. Seeing this, the tongs chased over a sugar cube, which hopped in, a spoon leaping up to stir the tea. Millie looked back at Prim with a smile. She should have known the gnome would remember just how she liked her tea. She took the cup in both hands and raised it for a sip.

Taking her act as a cue, the others raised their cups. Lilly helped Midnight drink her tea, the liquid somehow ignoring the gag. Tia's cup had finally got desperate and tried to leap over to pour itself into her gagged mouth, but it only managed to spill liquid onto her cleavage, bounce off her forehead, and shatter itself on the ground. The bound gnome flinched as if expecting pain, then relaxed, the tea clearly not harming her. She rolled her eyes at Millie and grinned around her gag as if saying, “Prim. I should have known.”

No longer apprehensive, Millie began telling of her lessons and the misadventures she kept finding herself in. The others listened raptly, gasping appropriately at her instructor's questionable behavior and politely asking questions without being intrusive. Everything now seemed so perfect and natural to Millie. As she spoke, she felt as if a poison was being drawn from a wound. Her burdens faded; her mood lifted.

As she listened, Prim lazily rotated a finger over the table, and the pieces of the broken cup flew over and reassembled themselves. It went to the kettle for a refill, then approached Tia again. Determined to fulfill its mission, it once again lunged at her. Missing once again, it spilled itself on her front, bounced off her cheek, and shattered on the ground.

“What am I going to do with you?” Prim asked it, twirling her finger again to reassemble the cup. It rattled in place a moment, then made to go to the kettle to have another insane go at completing its mission.

And then the familiar bell rang. Everyone groaned, even Midnight. Noticing Millie looking at her, the harem-clad gnome quickly adopted an air of regal indifference.

“Once again, we must part ways,” Prim said. “Our dear Millistripes simply must return home, after all.” She took her hat off and tossed it on the ground beside Millie. It stood up, and she looked into it to see the kitchen she had been in earlier.

“Yar, do be good, my friend,” Lilly said with a wave. Midnight mumbled into her gag.

“Thank you,” Millie said, despite not understanding a word of it. “And you, too.” It just felt proper to be polite, after all.

Across the table, Tia raised a hand, fingers splayed, waving as best she could in her bondage. Between them, the tea set hopped up and down. The mad cup had managed to get a refill while everyone was distracted with good-byes. It once again tried, with the same results, to complete its mission. Tia shook her head and doubtless would be at a loss for words if the gag had not prevented her from speaking, anyway. Millie smiled and waved to her and the tea set.

Mr. Shuffles fluttered over onto her shoulder and sang a little tune. She reached up and gave the flopping head a scratch. “Thank you, too,” she told it. With a last whistle, it flew upside-down off to the woods in order to find a tree to perch and sing on.

And then Prim was hugging her enthusiastically. “Thank you again, Millistripes!” the gnome said. “It was so good to see you! Feel free to visit any time, as ever!”

Millie returned the hug. “Thank you for the tea,” she said. “And the cushion,” she added with a wink, causing Prim to laugh merrily.

“It was my pleasure, of course,” she said, a twinkle in her eye. “It is one of life's true joys to work so very hard to see to the comfort and cheer of my friends, after all!”

Millie glanced at Tia and Midnight's “comfort” in bondage, the former's dress still soaked in tea, the latter red-faced as she tried to avoid laughing into her gag while she squirmed helplessly in Lilly's lap, the captain tickling her bare midriff.

Grinning and turning back to Prim, Millie said, “never change, my friend.”

“Change? Moi?” Prim asked in wide-eyed mock horror, her papier-mâché monocle falling off. “Why would I ever do such a mad thing?” She replaced the stone-rimmed monocle and winked.

Letting out a giggle, Millie turned to the hat. As she stepped into it, she heard Prim saying, “Hot-Tits! What have you done to your tea?”

As she fell through the hole, she heard Tia protesting into her gag. The apprentice found herself back in the kitchen. Looking up, she saw the hole shrinking. She heard Prim's voice fading away as the gnome said, “I suppose there is nothing for it but for me to lick it clean,” and then the hole shrank into nothingness and vanished.

Smiling, she checked her pocket and found, as she expected, her little tea box. It was full again, despite Prim's having used some earlier. She dumped out the cold, terrible tea from before and began making some proper tea, whistling as she worked.