

Prim and Tia in “A Switch Tale”

By: Wyland

*Seven days ago ...*

“Will you get us loose already?” Tia asked.

“I am trying my best, Hot-Tits,” Prim said in a familiar, hardly-sincere tone of voice Tia knew all too well. “Unfortunately, but these ropes are tied with exceptional skill!”

Her voice came out muffled, as the naked red-head had her face buried between the equally-nude Tia's breasts.

“Don't tell me these common bandits are too powerful for you,” Tia said.

“No, no, it will simply require more of my concentration. It could take me hours to get us separated.”

The warrior rolled her eyes. “Separated!: There is the rub.”

“That sounds like a wonderful idea!” Prim said. She gleefully rubbed her face in Tia's chest.

“Walked into that one,” Tia muttered...

*Five days ago ...*

“Here we are, tied together again,” Tia said. “Like a couple of ninnies.”

“Properly attired, too,” Prim noted.

“As in not at all, yes.”

“The way my Hot-Tits prefers.”

“And of course you cannot get us loose.”

“Such a string of bad luck we have had, with all these experts at tying lovely gnomes up.”

Tia groaned. She would have banged her forehead against a wall or the floor or something, but seeing as she and Prim were bound in the sixty-nine position, she felt it would be a bit rude to do that to her ninny.

*Two days ago ...*

“Prim.”

“Hot-Tits. Ah ... ”

“You intend to get us loose sometime this year, correct?”

“Yesss – oh!”

“But right now, the ropes are just too expertly tied. Hey, hands off!”

“No, these ropes would – ah! – be easy to escape,” Prim said brightly.

Tia scoffed. “The goblins squeezing us somehow prevents you from your usual escape tricks.”

“Indeed. No one – harder, silly! – can be expected to succeed when – oh! That's it! – under such delightful – ah! – torture!”

“Naturally.”

*Now ...*

“Well, this has become unfortunately dull,” Prim complained. The pair sat bound in chairs, back-to-back.

“Sorry the slavers are less than exciting with their captives,” Tia said.

“Yes, they do have an annoying tendency to want to keep their 'product' fresh and undisturbed.”

“By which they mean no ninny fun.”

Prim pouted. “I am not certain just what exactly you are implying, but regardless, perhaps it is time I got us loose.”

“Oh, sure, anytime I want loose, you mysteriously lose your ability to escape. But the ninny gets bored, and 'Presto!' the ropes magically come loose.”

“Is my Hot-Tits feeling irritable today?” Prim asked, rolling her eyes. “Well, then I'll just have to – Hot-Tits, you just tightened the knot I was loosening.”

“Did I? Oh, how silly of me. Sorry about that.”

“No problem. Accidents happen. Anyway, I can just ... Hot-Tits, now you tightened the knot again.”

“Wow, what has gotten into me?”

“Your behavior is certainly most unusual. Now, let me just twist ... You have managed to undo my work again, it would seem.”

“There must be some magic in these ropes making me counter all your ninny efforts.”

Prim cocked an eyebrow. “Really, now, Hot-Tits?”

“Crazy notion, isn't it?” Tia asked. “I'm impressed the slavers have such magical ropes.”

“They do not seem very magical ...” Prim trailed off.

“Try again, then.”

Frowning, Prim went back to work. After a moment, she stopped.

“Did I interfere again?” Tia asked. “Such a terrible curse is upon me! Will we ever escape?”

“Do you want to get us hauled off to the auction block, Hot-Tits?”

“Me? Want that? Most certainly not!”

“Then perhaps you should try helping rather than hindering –?”

Tia interrupted with a scoff. “Oh, now the ninny is trying to help!” she said. “Every other day, we end up like this, and somehow the bonds are just too well done. How does it feel now to not be able to get loose until your companion decides to cooperate?”

Prim blinked in confusion. “Are you okay, Hot-Tits?”

Tia laughed. “Maybe I'm not. HEY! GUARD!” she called.

“Oh, I get it! You want us tied to each other again!” Prim said happily as the door opened. A seedy-looking man stepped inside.

“What's with the noise?” the slaver demanded.

“This ninny was casting a spell. You best gag her before she blows us all up or something,” Tia said.

“What?” Prim asked, confused.

“A caster, eh?” the slaver said. “I knew you were trouble when I laid eyes on you!”

“You're quite perceptive,” Tia said.

“Huh?” Prim blinked.

“Let's just get you quieted down, then,” the slaver said as he walked to Prim.

“What is – mmph?” Prim said.

The slaver shoved a cloth (which turned out to be Tia's panties) into her mouth, then tied another over it.

“Thank you so much, I don't think I could stand another – mmph!” Tia said before she, too, was chewing panties, these being Prim's.

“Now, then, you two behave. Your buyers should be here in the morning,” the man said as he walked out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

Several minutes passed. Prim gingerly began working on the ropes around their wrists. Tia tightened them back up.

“Mmmph?” Prim asked, twisting around to look at Tia.

“Mmm mmmph!” Tia said, glaring angrily.

“Mmmm ...” Prim sighed into her gag, turning back forward.

Perhaps she had pushed her Hot-Tits a bit hard on the kidnappings of late. Then again, it was difficult, sometimes, to tell when Tia was playing at being angry and genuinely angry.

The hours slowly passed. Every now and then, Prim would work on the knots, only to have Tia resecure them. Finally, the redhead gave up trying to escape.

The night grew old. Dawn approached. Prim grew antsy. If Tia did not calm down soon, the pair might actually find themselves apart from one another, serving their new owners. She fidgeted in her bonds, trying to remain patient but finding it rather difficult.

And then she felt a hand in her own. Twisting around, she found Tia looking at her, smiling behind her gag. The warrior gave her a wink.

With a grin of her own, Prim quickly worked herself loose.

“That was quite the switch on our usual experience, Hot-Tits,” she said a few minutes later.

“I thought my ninny could use a change of pace,” Tia said, picking up the chair she had been sitting on moments earlier.

“You did have me wondering if you intended us to warm our new owners' beds.”

Tia laughed as she smashed the chair on the floor. Picking up a pair of wooden legs and brandished them as clubs. She grinned at Prim. “As if I'd let anyone lay hands on my ninny. Shall we be going?”

*Author's Note: This little Tale was inspired by a picture gifted him by his friend, CallMePlissken.*