

Prim & Tia in "Practice Tale"

by

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There are few people in Rith who could withstand the ferocity of a barbarian of the gnomish tribes without wilting, especially when said barbarian had successfully (even if inadvertently) tapped into the Gift of the Rage. Fewer still can avoid blanching and stepping away from the pure, uncultivated savagery in the faces of those warriors who, once battle is joined, set aside mere obstacles such as pain in their pursuit -- nay, demand -- of victory. And even the stoutest would hesitate after said warrior had lodged an axe in a tree mere inches from them.

Prim merely rolled her eyes.

"Really, now, Hot-Tits," she chided, reaching for Tia's stone axe and, with some effort, dislodging it.

"You chose to step beside my target," Tia growled, gesturing to the mark cut into the bark. "What's the big idea interrupting my practice, anyway, just to knock me?" She held out her hand for the axe.

Prim handed it over. "I am not here to belittle your fighting prowess, Hot-Tits."

Tia began swinging her axe and club again, practicing her forms, while Prim watched with interest. The pair had managed to hold onto a few coin and splurged at an inn for a few days of rest and relaxation under a proper roof.

"What ARE you here for?" she asked in a rather menacing tone which warned Prim it would perhaps be wisest to let the matter lie. Naturally, the bard ignored the warning.

"As I said, I think you should practice escapology. You need to be able to get yourself free from much more than you have shown yourself--"

"I got loose from those goblins, didn't I?"

Prim nodded, crossing her arms and idly leaning against the tree. "Yes, but your hands were sloppily tied in front of you."

"So?" Tia winced at the childish tone in her voice. She tried to cover it by throwing her club at another marked tree away from Prim.

"So, you have not shown an ability to get out of anything more restrictive than the simplest, feeblest efforts," Prim said.

Tia turned and walked to stand inches from Prim. The bard noticed a hint of flames dancing in her eyes. "So, I'm simple and feeble now? Who got you

away from those damned cultists? Who is always doing the fighting once your twisted tongue or childish attention span has gotten us in a world of hurt?"

Prim nodded. "I did not insult either your fighting skills nor your bravery, Hot-Tits. I merely said you are pretty much helpless to anyone halfway competent with knots."

"Well, that's your job," Tia snarled, spinning away on her heel. "Mine is to fix your messes." She retrieved her club and began her forms again.

Prim considered a moment, then, with a sigh, held out her hand. "Your axe, Tia."

Startled at the use of her name, Tia stopped her practice and handed it over. She watched, amused, as Prim used the weapon to chop a branch until she could hold it like a sword. The bard returned the axe to her companion.

Pointing the branch toward Tia as if holding a rapier, she said, her face impassive, "on guard."

Tia laughed. "I don't think I've ever seen you fight before. This should be good."

She raised her weapons and lazily pressed into Prim's guard, using her club to batter at the sword while striking with the axe. The bard effortlessly knocked aside the club and sidestepped the axe but did not attack back.

Tia grinned. "Not bad. Try this one."

Faster than before, she came in swinging both weapons. Prim could not deflect both so simply sidestepped again. Tia, expecting the dodge now, used her momentum to quickly spin and attack again so fast Prim could not make a strike of her own without also getting hit. Instead, Prim casually ducked the attack.

Now Tia found herself impressed despite herself. "Okay, you know a few tricks to avoid an attack. Do you ever fight back?"

Prim remained silent, her face giving nothing away.

"Fight back!" Tia growled, fury building inside her at Prim's dispassionate demeanor.

They went another round, Prim once again avoiding everything Tia threw at her, using her sword to deflect rather than block.

Disengaging again, they eyed each other. Both were panting from their exertions. Despite this, Prim maintained her quiet, determined poise Tia found incredibly frustrating.

"Fight me!" Tia now roared, attacking more fiercely than ever. Again, Prim avoided directly blocking the warrior's weapons, though now she thrust her branch toward Tia, who knocked it aside with her club and brought her axe

down. Prim sidestepped the blow, pinning the weapon down with her branch and stepping into an elbow toward Tia's face.

With her right hand pinned and left hand off balance with the weight of the club, Tia should have been helpless to stop the blow. Which is why she simply dropped the club and open-palm struck Prim's kidney, knocking her aside with a painful grunt.

"Damn," the bard said, coughing and holding her side. "Thought I had you."

Tia grinned. "You fought by rules," she said, reaching out to help her friend to her feet. "You forgot there is no rule I can't abandon my weapons."

Prim laughed as she was pulled to her feet. "Fair enough. That's why you do most of the fighting."

Tia frowned in thought. "I see," she admitted after a moment. "You can hold your own on my job. I should know a few of your tricks."

Prim smiled. "Exactly, Hot-Tits. Just because I cannot fight as well as you does not mean I should not know how to fight at all."

Tia tossed her weapons over her shoulders in defeat. "So that's why you grabbed all that rope the goblins had. Alright. I give in. Tie me up."

Prim's huge smile caused Tia to wonder just how big a blunder she had just made.

Half an hour later, the pair were back in their room at the inn. On a rug on the floor, Tia grunted as Prim pulled another rope tight on her bare skin. The bard had insisted the pair strip down for this practice.

"I told you, hold your breath and remain as big as you can," Prim admonished from behind her, playfully slapping Tia's shoulder. "Then you can relax, shrinking down to make slack."

"Well, I didn't expect all this!" Tia complained, eyeing the elaborate rope work fusing her arms behind her to her chest as well as all the cinches holding her legs in what Prim had called a frog-tie. "It's always been just a few loops at wrists and ankles!"

"Oh, so there are rules to tying someone up, now?" Prim asked, a rather devious twinkle in her eyes.

Tia gave her a flat look. "Fair point," she admitted. "Still ..." she trailed off, a furrow between her brows, her mouth twisted in concern.

"Problems, Hot-Tits?" Prim asked.

The warrior sighed. "I'm not sure..."

"Just blurt it out, silly," Prim said as she knotted a cinch.

"Okay. So, I guess I can see why *I* have to be naked to practice rope escapes -- but why are *you* naked, too?"

Prim giggled. "Because reasons, Hot-Tits."

Tia let out a world-weary sigh and looked at the ceiling. "You are just using this as an excuse to get us both bare-skinned, aren't you." It was less a question and more a simple statement of fact. "I should have known better...."

"Come now, Hot-Tits!" Prim said, playfully offended. "My plan was not JUST to get us naked together! I meant what I said about your escapology skills and their importance!"

"And the rope between my legs is for...?" Tia asked.

"Realism."

Tia glared over her shoulder. "I've never been tied up with--"

Prim finished a knot then moved in front of the warrior. "Okay, the crotch rope was not strictly necessary," she admitted.

"Of course," Tia said grumpily. "You just added it for your own pervy reasons."

Prim smiled, putting one arm around Tia to rest her hand on the small of her back, her other hand reaching down to playfully pull on the warrior's crotch rope. "Of course I did," Prim said softly. She leaned forward, their breasts touching. Tia felt her skin flush and a fire build between her thighs as the rope did its magic at Prim's command. She instinctively leaned back in a weak attempt to get some distance, but the redhead held her firm.

Suddenly, a desire to hit Prim came like a flash within Tia. It was so unexpected, so unlike herself, it caught her off-guard. For a moment, she was grateful to be tied. Prim mistook Tia's reaction as need, for which the warrior was grateful as she tried to shove aside the unwelcome urge to violence.

Then Prim leaned in further and whispered into her friend's ear. "I still want my prize, Hot-Tits..."

Prim let out a soft moan. It had to have been Prim, Tia thought, for it certainly was not herself. No, despite Prim's knowing smile, Tia had definitely not moaned.

And then Prim tugged the crotch rope, and this time there was no doubt who was making what sounds.

"Prim ... I ... " Tia tried to speak, her voice rising in pitch. She pulled at the ropes encircling her seemingly everywhere, yet they held her fast and secure. And the realization of just how helpless she was finally hit her in full. She was entirely dependent on Prim. And she was entirely at

the mercy of the bard, as well.

So, why could she not think straight?

"Yes, my Hot-Tits?" Prim asked, voice low, moving her knee forward between Tia's bound legs, rubbing the insides of her thighs.

"I'm not sure ... " Tia began, but Prim put a finger over her lips.

"Shh, Hot-Tits," she whispered softly. "Let me take care of you."

And Prim began kissing Tia's neck, eliciting another moan from the warrior. She moved down, now, kissing as she went, until she got between Tia's breasts, where she began gently licking. One hand reached around to cup and squeeze Tia's ass, the other resuming its duty on the crotch rope.

Tia pulled and strained at her bonds, no longer trying to escape but, rather, enjoying the strange comfort of their confining hold. She found it odd how the ropes both conformed to her body yet held her secure, allowing just a bit of play while denying movement, much like a lover's teasing touch.

Prim moved to lick Tia's breast, taking her time, winding her way toward her target. Her tactics worked brilliantly, as Tia's breathing intensified and her need became clearer and clearer. As her friend let out another moan of longing, Prim struggled to maintain her own composure. All these months of scheming and planning and dreaming of this moment, of getting interrupted time and time again, of worrying that her friend would never feel the same -- all the frustrations and concerns were melting away as Tia responded more positively than Prim could have ever dared imagine. A feeling of triumph and exultation built within her, growing with Tia's every movement and utterance. She had never wanted anything more, and to be this close was a sweet agony.

"Oh, Prim..." Tia began, her chest heaving, her emotions roiling. "I... I mean ..."

Suddenly, a scream from outside rent the air.

The gnomes froze, looking toward the window. "Was that--?" Tia began.

Prim felt her hard-won victory crashing around her. "Nothing, it was nothing, just an owlbear having a successful mating--" she said quickly, desperate to continue where they had been. The scream repeated, now joined by another and then more.

"No, that was no animal," Tia said, her demeanor rapidly returning to her usual, serious one. Prim's heart sank.

"I'll cut you loose," she said, somehow avoiding a sigh. She quickly stood and dashed to the pile of her clothes, rummaging about and returning with a knife. She speedily cut Tia free.

The pair stood and rapidly put on their clothes, avoiding each other's

gaze. They dressed silently. Tia was too busy trying to sort her feelings -- both of pleasure and that strange, brief anger -- to engage in meaningful conversation. For her part, Prim was struggling to come to terms with not just another failure but one so close to success she had let herself think she had reached her prize before it was cruelly snatched away.

After they finished dressing and gearing up, Prim reached for the door. "Shall we adventure away?" she asked, managing to hide most of her disappointment in her voice.

Tia grabbed Prim's wrist before it reached the handle. The bard looked up at her, surprised. "Something wrong?" she asked.

Tia pulled her into a close hug, arms around her, holding her tight. After a moment, she gently pushed the now-stunned Prim away, hands on her shoulders.

She grinned. "Now we can be heroes," she said.

Smiling back, her innate cheer returning and plans for her next attempt to get her Hot-Tits already forming, Prim opened the door.