

Prim & Tia in Haunted Tale  
By: Wyland

The gnome pair once again looked upon yet another fresh town. "Cheery," Tia said. "Is it me, or is everyone down there scurrying about in a bit of a hurry?"

The bard frowned. "And in groups, too. Not a soul alone to be seen."

The warrior sighed and hitched up her pack. "Right. Something is wrong with a town we happen to be strolling into. Nothing surprising there."

Prim laughed cheerfully. "When did you become so fatalistic, Hot-Tits?"

Tia side-eyed Prim. "I don't know. Probably since a certain irritating redhead introduced me to 'tickling tidgets'."

Prim gasped in mock-mortification. "You wound me, my friend! I thought we were not to speak of that incident?"

"I don't recall agreeing to any such thing." She smiled. "Shall we find out what has the good townspeople under a spell of fear?"

The pair walked down the main street, the citizens eyeing them, some in dumbfounded surprise, others more with more appraising looks.

"Not the usual response," Tia said in a low voice. "Normally, they all act frightened of newcomers."

"They must be in need of outside help," Prim said. "They are sizing us up, trying to decide if we can solve their troubles."

"Because nobody can solve their problem from their own citizenry. They have no constable? No deputies?"

"Perhaps we could ask him. I would wager he is the mayor, what with his important-looking strut and sidekicks."

Tia chuckled. The pair stopped and waited for the trio to approach. "Oh, thank goodness!" the important man said. "We have been praying for help!"

"And what help do you need?" Tia growled.

He hesitated, taken aback by her tone. Prim rolled her eyes, stepped forward, and curtsied. "My rather direct friend merely wishes to know how we might aid your fair city, mister ..." she trailed off meaningfully.

"Mayor. Forgive the lack of introductions. We are in such need of ones such as yourself."

"And we are what, exactly?" Tia asked.

"Adventurers, heroes, whatever you call yourselves," the Mayor said with a dismissive wave as townspeople moved in around them. "You see, several of our young maidens have gone missing of late."

"And I saw a group of 'em headed that way, toward the ol' manor," a young boy said. "Not just last night!"

"So, if it would not be too much trouble, would you see fit to help our troubled town?"

Hours later, the gnome pair walked down the indicated path through a wood. "Why is it every forest outside a so-called haunted manor is so spooky?" Tia asked. "It seems like everything is trying to grab at us."

"Probably because the trees are trying to grab at us," Prim said.

"Oh, well, that would do it," Tia agreed, shooing off a branch going for her breast.

The pair continued down the trail toward what the townspeople had assured them was the manor of ... someone ....

"What's the manor family name again?" Tia asked.

"I dunno," Prim said with a shrug. "I thought you were paying attention."

"Eh, gone to one manor, gone to them all," the warrior said. "It's pretty much always the same, isn't it?"

"Pretty much. Personally, I am looking forward to the lecture of whatever grand plan is in motion that will somehow use lovely ladies in bondage to take over ... something."

"Or summon something," Tia said with a shiver, remembering their encounter with Bonewitch.

"Now *that* was spooky. Not my fav – meep!" Prim gasped. She looked with mild curiosity at a branch squeezing her backside. "Exquisite, isn't it?" she asked it before shooing it off and continuing down the path.

After a few hundred more yards, the trail crested a small rise and, suddenly, the manor was below them, dark and foreboding in the moonlight.

"That is not spooky in the slight – ZOINKS!" Prim cried and leapt into Tia's arms, her own around the warrior's neck, as a swarm of bats suddenly flew above the pair, a few stragglers flying near the gnomes' faces.

After the swarm had flown past, Tia looked down at Prim and cocked an eyebrow. "And what was *that* all about?"

The bard grinned sheepishly. "Sorry. They kind of caught me off guard."

"What, are you afraid of flying rodents?"

"They are not rodents, Tia," Prim chided, reaching up to ensure her hair flame was unblemished by the bats. "That is a common misconception. They are actually –"

"Whatever they actually are, either stand up or I'm going to drop you on your 'exquisite' ass."

"So grumpy, Hot-Tits," Prim pouted, standing up.

They made their way past the gate, one side of which was hanging by a single hinge, and to the entrance. They hesitated.

"Betcha every floorboard squeaks," Prim said.

“And doubtless there is a constant, chilling breeze,” Tia added, looking at the broken windows. She sighed and pulled a torch out of her bag.

“You know, it does make me wonder why we never bothered with bringing a light to places like this before,” Prim mused, rubbing her hands across her forearms.

“I think you like things spooky,” the warrior answered as she worked to light the torch.

“Yes, it is always a thrill. Did I ever tell you about the time a mad scientist turned me into an elf? Well, he actually just added a foot or two to my height. Said he preferred them tall.”

Tia lifted up the now-burning torch and looked Prim up and down. “You must have really been short, then.” She grinned as Prim stuck her tongue out at her, then reached for the door handle.

It opened with what they considered a customary creak. They saw the floor was covered in dust, with cobwebs hanging off every light fixture. As they stepped in, the floor creaked beneath them. They exchanged a look and rolled their eyes, grinning.

Tia lit a second torch from the first and handed the fresh one to Prim. “Let’s get this over with. Whatever might be here, it is going to be in the cellar —”

“Which would doubtless be a dungeon,” Prim interjected. Tia nodded.

“So, split up, find the stairs.”

The bard nodded and set off to the right. Tia took a left-hand hallway. She passed through several rooms — disturbing more than a few rats — before finding a dining room. Reasoning the kitchen staff would have access to both the dining room and the cellar, she continued through and discovered, as she had expected, a door in the kitchen. She began walking over, when she heard a crash behind her. Turning in surprise, she found a cat dashing off, the broom it had knocked over having caused the noise.

“Stupid kitty,” she muttered, her heart pounding. She turned back to the kitchen door. Striding over, opened it to find a dark, dank stairway spiraling down.

“Found it, Prim!” she called out. After a moment of getting no response, she called out again. With a sigh, she retraced her steps through the house, then followed where Prim had gone.

After ten minutes of searching with no sign of the bard, Tia stopped and frowned. “Seriously, Prim?” she asked the air. “Did you get yourself captured?”

A flash of white at the edge of her vision caught her attention. She spun, holding the torch out. “Who goes there?” she asked. Only silence answered her.

“This is ridiculous,” she said after a moment. She stomped over to the kitchen again, then set off down the stairs. “Always making me rescue you,” she grumbled. “Nothing is ever simple. No, all these girls in trouble, and Prim has to join the fun rather than rescue the lot.”

Suddenly, a haunting voice called out behind her in a long, drawn-out wail. “Tiiiiiaaaaaaaa,” it whispered.

She spun, the torch shaking in her hand. The voice did not repeat, nor could she hear any sounds other than her own heavy breathing.

Reaching the cellar, she simply huffed and walked to the back wall. Seeing a sconce with an unlit torch on the wall, she reached up and pulled it. Sure enough, it bent forward, a hidden lever. A hidden door in the wall slid aside. Tia walked on through.

“Now, this is pretty much exactly what we expected,” Tia muttered as she saw a hallway with dungeon doors lining the walls. As she passed the first pair of doors, she jumped up and grabbed the barred windows on one, peering inside. She saw a trio of ladies bound and gagged in very little clothing and in a pose not spoken of in decent company.

Shaking her head, figuring to rescue them after she found Prim, she continued on. The hallway ended at a T. Looking both directions, she found a cell in the left-hand corridor was open. A light was coming from inside. She carefully walked over and looked in.

Prim was sitting in a chair, wrists bound to the sides, her ankles secured to the front legs, a pair of ropes holding her shoulders to the back. A ball gag filling her mouth. She had been stripped to her undergarments. When she saw Tia, she grinned sheepishly around her gag.

“Really, Prim,” Tia said, stepping inside. “Are you that pathetic?”

Suddenly, the warrior turned and punched the man sneaking up behind her right in the gut. He grunted and staggered back, holding his stomach. He was wearing bandages like a mummy, some of which were hanging loosely about his limbs.

“Seriously?” Tia asked. “The old ‘sneak up while she is focused on her captive friend’ routine? And are you supposed to be scary?” She slapped him.

“Ow!” he cried. “What was that for?”

In answer, she grabbed his arm and dragged him into the cell. She sent him against a wall by the simple expedient of putting her boot on his backside. “Stay put,” she ordered. She walked back to Prim and untied her. “Thanks, Hot-Tits,” the bard said gratefully. “Can you believe he was hiding in an alcove behind a false wall? I missed that, heh.”

“And he simply overpowered you?” Tia asked skeptically.

“Well . . .,” Prim trailed off, blushing. Her eyes unfocused as she remembered the attack. “He was good with his hands,” she finally said.

Tia scoffed. “Fine.” She walked to the “mummy”, who had recovered and was standing, watching. “Right. Off with it.”

“With what?” he asked innocently.

The warrior sighed and grabbed the bandages over his face, pulling them down to reveal . . .

“THE MAYOR!” both gnomes exclaimed.

“Yes, me. The mayor,” he said. “I was collecting lovely ladies to sell. It is quite the profitable business. I have done this before, in other towns. And I would have gotten away with it here if it hadn't been for you meddling gnomes!”

They blinked, confused, and looked at each other. “But, you were the one who hired us...” Prim said.

“Oh. Right. Yeah, about that...”

“What about it?” Prim said.

“Well, you see, I don't work alone.”

Suddenly, a pair of burly arms wrapped around each gnome, pinning her arms while a hand covered her mouth. The gnomes squealed angrily into their captors' hands, kicking back ineffectually.

“Right,” the mayor said. “Secure them like the others, then get the wagon over here. We'll set off as soon as you get it here, hopefully before any townspeople get silly ideas about checking up on their 'heroines'.”

Minutes later, the pair found themselves tied together, Tia having been stripped and forced into lingerie, as well. Their breasts pressed against one another, sweat rolling down their skin as they squirmed and mmped into their ball gags. They tugged at the ropes pulling their ankles back and let out muffled yelps or moans as their movements caused their connected crotch ropes to pull and rub against their privates.

Tia, certain Prim was enjoying the situation, would have glared at her if it were not for the blindfolds over their eyes.

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Two days later, a wagon rolled toward town, driven by a pair of gnomes in lingerie. Several women in various states of undress were inside the wagon. A trio of men, two rather burly, all quite bruised, were tied naked in a line behind the wagon.

“So, think anyone will be interested to hear how we got out of this one?” Tia asked.

“Nah,” Prim said. “I think they would rather hear how hot we looked all tied up and squirming and mmping.”

“So long as they don't demand a recreation of the event,” Tia said grumpily.

“I don't know, Hot-Tits,” Prim said, an expression of deep thought on her face. “We could charge a fortune...”

“NO!” the warrior replied quite firmly. “Not a chance!”

“It was just an idea,” Prim said with a laugh.

“You just want to get tied up with me again,” Tia accused. “I know you enjoyed it.”

“Of course I did.”

Tia drew up, surprised at the simple directness of Prim's statement. “Umm, right.”

“Is there a problem?” Prim asked sweetly.

The warrior opened her mouth to answer, then sighed. “Forget it.”

“Did someone enjoy herself, as well?” Prim teased.

Tia felt her cheeks blush. “I don't know what you're talking about.”

“Have it your way, my dear Hot-Tits.” Prim stretched. “But one day, I will have my prize.”

Tia grunted. “What, that not count?”

“Count for what?”

“For your prize, you goof,” Tia said, throwing her hands up in frustration.

Prim's eyes twinkled. “Perhaps you misunderstand what prize I seek, Hot-Tits.”

“Come again?”

Prim merely smiled and leaned back, shutting her eyes for a nap. Tia shook her head, confused, and used the reins to urge the horses along back toward the town.