

Prim and Tia in Insufferable Tale

By: Wyland

The two men spun the gnomes around, lifted them onto the log, and yanked their slender hands behind their backs.

“Ow! Why are you lot always so rough?” Tia yelled angrily.

“Hot-Tits, have you not learned?” Prim said quietly as their captors began winding ropes around their wrists.

“Stuff it, Prim! I'm definitely not in the mood for your attitude!” the warrior snarled, tugging at her ropes.

The redhead calmly allowed herself to be tied. “And what do you hope to accomplish other than wear yourself out?”

“I said shut it, Prim,” Tia said again.

“Oh, sure, struggle and give yourself rope burns and earn tighter bindings for yourself, as ever,” the bard continued in a near-bored tone. “And then you will, naturally, blame me for all your woes. Typical.”

“Well, you really are the source of most of my 'woes,’” Tia snapped.

“My dear Hot-Tits,” Prim said as her captor started fitting a collar around her neck. “You know as well as I do you have a natural inclination for digging yourself into deeper and deeper holes. I may, on rare occasions –” (“Ha!” Tia scoffed) “– initiate events which lead us into trouble. However, you must admit you are the one who causes things to get, well, more exciting,” she finished delicately.

Tia guffawed. “What a load of tosh!”

“Now, now, scoff if you must, but--”

“Dammit, Prim, I'm not in the mood for a lecture!” Tia shouted up at the sky in exasperation.

“Aye,” the man tying her up agreed. “Nuffin' worse than an insufferable know-it-all.”

“Wait, what?” Prim asked as her captor locked her collar.

“You heard him,” Tia said. “You're lecturing again. At a time like this, even!”

“Too right,” her captor agreed again as he started securing a collar on Tia. “Reckon you should gag her quick. I don't think I can take any more of it.”

“On it,” the other captor said, grabbing a cloth and wadding it up.

“Hold on, what are—mmmph,” Prim began but was interrupted by her captor stuffing the cloth into her mouth. She continued to mumble confused protests as he tied another cloth over her mouth, finishing her gag.

“Finally,” the first captor said as he locked Tia's collar. “Really getting' on me nerves, she was.”

Tia laughed at Prim. “Not so clever now, are you?” Prim frowned at her friend, unimpressed.

The men pulled their captives to their feet. “Move along, now,” the first said.

A few hours later, the gnomes found themselves stripped and tied in a cellar. The men left, closing and locking the door on top of the stairs behind them.

From the pole she was tied standing to, Tia gave her companion a gleeful grin. “Hey, Prim,” she said.

The bard, hanging from a rope tied from her ankles to a beam, responded by rolling her eyes at the floor.

“Aren't you always saying resisting captors just earns you more restrictive bindings?” Tia taunted. “How does your marvelous theory look now?”

Prim gave a long-suffering, gagged sigh and continued rolling her eyes like an unimpressed teenager. Tia had been needing her the entire journey over, their captors not bothering to gag her.

“For all your trickery and deviousness, you're upside-down and gagged. Meanwhile,” Tia raised an unbound foot, looking at it and wiggling her bare toes, “here I am, loosely tied to a pole, legs not even tied up. I think that makes me the victor here, wouldn't you a— oh, *for crying out loud!*”

This last was in response to looking back at Prim to see the bard now smiling and holding her arms crossed, one hand holding the rag that was in her mouth. Her gag was pulled over her chin.

“Whatever is the matter, Hot-Tits?” Prim casually asked.

Tia irritably banged her head back against the pole. “I thought for sure it would take you at *least* half an hour longer to get loose,” she complained.

Prim giggled. “Sorry to spoil your fun.”

“How did you get loose so easily, anyway?”

“My trickery and deviousness is not limited to merely being meek, my dear Hot-Tits,” Prim said, wagging a finger at her friend and winking. “Sometimes, you win through sheer annoyance. Like, for example, irritating someone into hurrying up with the tying to get to the gagging.”

Now it was Tia's turn to be unimpressed. “Are you trying to claim you planned to aggravate everyone so the man tying you up would do a shoddy job because he was so eager to shut you up?”

“Bingo!” Prim said with a grin.

“You really are shameless,” Tia said, and the two laughed together.