

Prim and Tia in "Blessings Tale"

By: Wyland

"Look! A temple for travelers!" Prim said, pointing at the simple structure several yards from the road with a sign indicating its purpose hanging over the door. "We could get a blessing for rest from weariness in there."

Tia shrugged. "I prefer an inn when it comes to relaxing, but I'm not one to turn down a bit of spiritual aid. How do you expect to pay for it?"

Prim smiled and stepped onto the path to the temple. "Song, dance, that sort of thing."

"Right," Tia said, rolling her eyes and following Prim. "Capped off by a hasty retreat, no doubt."

"Always so grumpy, Hot-Tits," Prim said with a giggle.

They approached the door and entered, Tia closing the door behind them. A few seats were set out in an arc before a stone dais, on which stood a shrine at center and a lectern to the side. "Hello?" Prim called out as she walked toward the shrine. "Is anyone here? We are a couple of travelers looking for a bit of comfort."

There was no response. "I guess we caught the priest out and about," Tia said.

"Phooey. And here I was hoping for a bit of divine assistance."

"Too bad," Tia said. "Let's just pray and be on our way." She placed a strip of dried meat in the offering bowl and knelt at the shrine. Prim joined her.

A few minutes later, they stood. "Well, let's be off," Tia said, walking back to the door.

Prim, however, began exploring the rest of the temple. She found a pair of ceremonial dresses in a closet, one clearly human-sized while the other was fitted for a gnome. In the corner, she discovered a rod a few feet long with strips of cloth tied to it. She lifted the rod up, a smile forming on her lips as she examined it. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted a thurible, a small censer carried on a chain, resting on a shelf among a trio of ornamental boxes.

"What's up? Planning to move in?" Tia called out.

Prim looked at her, smiling broadly. "We could do the ritual, Hot-Tits!" she said excitedly.

"Us do the ritual? What are you on about now?" Tia asked warily upon seeing her companion's smile, a sense of unease born of experience with the bard's ideas settling on her.

"We can do the blessing ritual! I can wear the dress and chant and wave the blessing stick thingie, and you can swing the incense doohickey around," Prim said, pointing to the thurible.

Tia looked scandalized. "Are you crazy?" she asked in a low voice as she quickly walked over to Prim. "One simply does not do one's own blessings! What do you think priests are for? Do you want to anger the gods?"

"Pish-posh, Hot-Tits," Prim said, taking down the thurible and pushing it into Tia's unwilling hands. "I know a thing or two about temples, you know."

Tia stood blinking a moment. "Oh, right. The Temple Formosa," she said, remembering.

"Precisely!" Prim said, gently guiding Tia over to the dais.

"I thought they only taught you about, err..." she trailed off, blushing.

Prim giggled again. "That, too. However, they also taught us simple blessing rituals. We can do this!"

The warrior gave Prim a skeptical look. "I'm not so sure about this, Prim," she said.

"Whyever not?"

"Well, you do have a habit of making the simple rather ... complicated," Tia said.

Prim snorted. "Come now, Hot-Tits! It is a simple blessing ritual. I have seen it done hundreds of times. I have done it once or twice, even."

"I suppose if you have done it before, then, and lived to tell of it..." Tia sighed as she opened the thurible. "I'll light this up," she said. "You put on the dress."

With a bigger smile yet, Prim pranced over to the closet, returning a few moments later wearing the smaller dress and carrying the rod. She approached the lectern. "Oh, good, their book is here," she said. "Let me find out the words I am supposed to say."

"You mean you don't know?" Tia asked, holding the now-lit thurible on its chain.

"Every blessing is different, Hot-Tits," Prim chided. "It is best to refresh one's memory – ah! There we go! Got them. Now," she continued as she walked to the shrine. "I wave the stick thingie and chant. You gently swing the chain doohickey."

"You know, I always thought rituals involved fancier words than 'thingie' and 'doohickey'," Tia complained as she began slowly swinging the censer.

Prim wildly swung the rod back and forth, the strips trailing behind in an eye-catching manner. "Rezen avslappning excentrisk," she chanted. Her imprecision rising in proportion to her increasing hyperactivity, she started spinning as she swung the rod, chanting louder and more energetically.

"Woa," Tia said as she ducked an enthusiastic if ill-aimed swing of the rod. "I think you have done enough," she suggested.

“Aww, I was just getting into the swing of things, Hot-Tits,” Prim pouted. She saw Tia's disapproving glare and gave a lop-sided grin. “Ah, well, perhaps you are right.”

The warrior laughed. “You always overdo everything,” she said, taking the rod from Prim. “I'll put these back. You can change --”

“Eep!” Prim interrupted with a little shriek, leaping into Tia's arms. The warrior dropped the rod and thurible.

“What's the matter?” Tia asked.

“Something grabbed my exquisite ass,” Prim said, rubbing her backside. Tia spun around.

“There's nothing here,” Tia said, nodding at the empty temple. “You jumping at ghosts, now? At least you didn't say 'zoinks' this time,” she finished with a smirk as she set Prim on her feet.

“Ha-ha, Hot-Tits,” Prim said, annoyed. “I know I felt something.”

“You just want me to look at your exqui – Hey, cut that out!” Tia cried, turning suddenly.

“But there is nothing there, Hot-Tits,” Prim said in irritation.

“But something just grabbed at my – ” Tia trailed off.

“Oops!” Prim said in sudden understanding.

Tia turned on her. “Oops? What oops? Did you just realize this is a haunted shrine or something?”

“Nothing so ghoulish, Hot-Tits,” the bard said, hurrying to the lectern and looking at the book on it. “It is rather I think ... well ... I am pretty sure ...” She gave Tia an embarrassed smile with which the latter was also, unfortunately, familiar.

“Prim,” Tia said quietly, arms crossed.

“Yes, Hot-Tits?” Prim responded in a meek voice.

“What did you do?”

“Umm, well, I got a word wrong,” Prim answered.

“And what word would that be?”

“Does it matter?” Prim asked.

Suddenly, translucent hands appeared hovering in the air around the gnomes, ghost-like.

“Are you kidding? Of course it matters!” Tia snarled as she swatted at a hand trying to grab her breast.

“The best translation I can tell you – ah!” she was interrupted by a ghostly hand swatting her ass. “Ooh, some ghostie knows his stuff. Very nice!”

“Prim!”

“Oh, right. Well, I think I asked for rest, relaxation, and kinky sexual fun,” Prim said as another hand grabbed her wrist.

“*Kinky sexual fun?*” Tia roared in disbelief, her own wrists held by a pair of ghostly hands.

“It would explain the ropes,” Prim observed.

“What ropes?” Tia asked, then noticed several hands carrying coils from the closet, a pair tying Prim's hands behind her back and another pair securing her thighs together. “Oh, no way!” the warrior cried, then gasped as a pair of hands pulled her top down and gave her now-bare breasts attention. “Let go of me!” she growled at them, trying in vain to break free.

“Relax, Hot-Tits.”

“Are you kidding?” Tia asked incredulously as the hands wound ropes around her.

“They will not hurt – EEP, ah, you are *really* good at spanking, little ghostie hand...”

“*Will you stop enjoying it and find a way to get us loose?*” Tia yelled, her hands now tied behind her.

“Oh, right. As I was saying,” the bard continued, moaning as she was spanked again. “This is not an evil temple. These spirits are not wanting to harm us – they want to pleasure us!”

“And you see no problem with this?” Tia asked.

“Should I?” Prim asked serenely. Tia rolled her eyes.

“Let me guess – your prize. Stop it!” she growled at a hand tweaking her nipple

“Well, you know how I feel, Hot-Tits,” Prim said. “Though I promise you, I did not – ah! Oh, that was nice! – I did not intend for this...”

Tia grunted. “I believe you, but I know you aren't unhappy about it.” She let out a moan of her own as a hand began working between her thighs, others sliding along her legs or squeezing her backside.

Prim smiled and winked. “Guilty as charged.”

With both gnomes securely tied, the hands pulled and pushed them toward each other. “Oh, they want us to play together, Hot-Tits,” Prim said, smiling happily. She gave a naughty grin. “And you cannot blindfold me this time.”

“What? No! I mean...” Tia said, face blushing furiously, the hands distracting her.

“Face to face with my gorgeous Hot-Tits,” Prim said happily as they were pulled together on the dais.

“Wait, you mean –” Tia protested.

And then the hands spun each gnome around before working to tie them together.

“Or back-to-back,” Prim said wistfully. “Well, I will take what I can get when it comes to you, dear Tia.”

“Wait – I – ” the warrior stammered, flustered. She had relaxed momentarily when they had been turned around, and she was trying to sort out just why that mattered and why she was feeling something akin to disappointment in the middle of all the sensations the hands were invoking with their pinching and squeezing and rubbing. If only she could think clearly! She had seen the hunger in Prim's eyes. She knew her friend wanted them together.

Prim wiggled her backside against Tia's. “Well, at least my exquisite ass can enjoy your exceptional one,” she said playfully.

“Prim ... someone will see us,” Tia protested weakly.

Prim smiled. “Then they will get a sight to remember, my dear Hot-Tits.”

The warrior gasped. “But, Prim!” she protested. “We need to – ahh, stop it, you twisted hand – ahh – we need – need...”

“Hush, Hot-Tits,” Prim said gently. “All you need to do is let go and enjoy it. Why fight it so much?”

She heard the ache in Prim's voice, as well as a tinge of sadness. “I – Well – ” she tried to get out.

Then one of the hands crammed Prim's panties into Tia's mouth. Prim smiled wistfully. “Always an interruption...” she said before a hand crammed Tia's underwear passed her own lips. Other hands tied rags over their mouths, completing the gags.

As other hands continued their work on Tia and she felt Prim's warm body against her own, Tia realized she was, in a strange way, now free. Being unable to speak meant she had no reason to explain herself. She could blame whatever happened on the ghostly hands. Perhaps they understood her reluctance and had gagged them to help her. Or perhaps they were just perverted little things, she thought irritably, before Prim suddenly shifted and squealed as she was spanked again. Tia found it strangely pleasing...

A strange anger rose within her. She wanted nothing more than to smack Prim in the face for once again getting them into such a situation.

And then their hands met. Which of them started holding the other, Tia could not say. An odd feeling passed from her hand straight to her chest. Her anger was gone before she fully realized it was there. She could no longer worry about how they must appear and simply enjoyed the play with her Prim. She quickly lost track of time....

The pair were unusually quiet at their campfire that evening. Tia could tell Prim was in her normal afterglow from fooling around. As for herself, well ... She felt the heat rising in her cheeks, certain it was purely embarrassment from when the group on their way for a pilgrimage found them hours after the ghostly hands had grabbed them. Prim, of course, showed no signs of being fussed about being discovered in such a situation. On the contrary, she had unabashedly kissed one of their “saviors”, as she had called him, right on the mouth!

They ate in silence, Tia reflecting on their experience. When she looked up, she saw Prim watching her intently. Quite clearly, the bard was uncertain which way Tia would respond to the day's adventure – anger or pleasure.

A thought of making to be angry passed through her mind. *It would serve her right*, she thought maliciously, even if it would be a lie.

She could not do it. Not to Prim. Instead, she grinned slyly. Prim smiled in return. The pair softly giggled, then burst into peals of laughter that echoed in the night.