

Prim and Tia in “Now Ya Done It Tale”

By: Wyland

Prim splashed water onto her head, leaning back and running her hands through her hair, eyes closed, while glowflies circled around her. She let out a sigh. The moon was out and at the full, setting the little pool sparkling with silver light. The gentle sounds of a series of small waterfalls pouring into the pool from a creek mingled with the croaking of frogs.

“There we go,” Prim called over her shoulder. “A chance to clean up properly and look our best. Of course, I always look dazzling, but this is just what we needed to relax. Do you not agree, Hot-Tits?”

Behind her, the sounds of a scuffle, which had been going on for several seconds, abruptly stopped. “Oh, this is definitely more fun than I gave you credit for,” Tia said. “Don't you think so?” she asked the fellow beneath her. He was on his belly, Tia straddled over his back and twisting his arm.

“Ow ow ow, sorry, I didn't mean nothin',” he said. “I was over there fishing when you two came over and stripped. What was a fella to do but hide?”

“I don't know, let us know you're there so we *don't* strip in front of you?” Tia asked, pushing his elbow up and causing him to cry out.

“Uncle, uncle already, ya mad gnome!” he said.

“Hot-Tits, perhaps you should take it down just a tad,” Prim suggested. “I see no reason to break the unfortunate, obtrusive pervert. I mean, one can hardly blame him for wanting to see your gorgeous tits –”

“Exactly!” the man interjected.

“– and my exquisite ass,” Prim finished, bending over and scooping at the water.

“Eh,” he said.

Prim froze, eyes wide, hands halfway to her face. The water trickled through her hands, the only sound beyond the waterfalls as Tia, shocked, unintentionally released the man's arm. Even the frogs had gone quiet, while the glowflies ceased their circling and hovered, as if confused.

Prim slowly turned her head toward the man, still leaning forward. “*What* did you say?” Prim asked icily.

“Careful, pal,” Tia whispered as they both stood, the man rubbing his arm.

“Well, it's not a bad one at all,” the man said. “A good one, actually, tho' I've seen better. But, really, don't ya think 'exquisite' is layin' it on just a might thick, little miss vain?”

A moment passed, neither of them speaking. Then Prim calmly turned back and splashed more water onto her hair, resuming washing.

Tia chuckled. “Now ya done it,” she told the man.

“What do ya mean, ya nutter?” he asked, confused. “I didn't do nuthin' but tell it like it –”

“Hot-Tits,” Prim called out. “Would you be so kind as to break that uncouth, unrefined, discourteous, boorish dullard of a pervert for me?”

“With pleasure,” Tia replied, cracking her knuckles and grinning maniacally.

The man looked back and forth between the gnomes, concerned. “Wait, what did I –”

Out in the water, Prim sighed as she ran her hands through her hair again. She looked up at the full moon, ignoring the renewed scuffling mingled with the man's grunts and cries of pain. “Such a lovely night,” she said as the glowflies renewed their circling and the frogs croaked merrily. “Yes, this is exactly what we needed, Hot-Tits.”