

AHMT #81 - "Almost as exquisite as my own..."
by Ranger Champion Wyland

"Come on, ladies, have a seat," Prim said cheerfully. "The show's about to begin! You won't want to miss any of this."

"Oh, really? And what, pray tell, are we going to be watching?" Aya asked as she settled into her seat.

"You'll love it. It's a little something, a bit of a fashion show, Hot-Tits and Starlet Slut put together for us."

"Leave me out of this," Tia growled.

"Don't be so fussy!" Prim admonished. "You won, didn't you?"

"No thanks to you."

"It was entirely thanks to me, Hot-Tits."

"Good point. I would not have gotten involved in the first place if it hadn't of been for you."

"Exactly!"

"Excuse me, but what is going on?" Elspeth asked, bemused, as she set her bow behind her chair.

"You'll see soon enough!" the bard replied.

Aya stroked her chin in thought. "I have a feeling our gnome friends here have gotten a poor ranger into a spot of trouble, Elspeth."

The archer smiled and blushed. "Naughty trouble, I take it?"

Tia grunted. "Is there any other when Prim is--"

"Right, then!" Prim said brightly. "It seems everyone is settled in. Come on out, Starlet Slut!"

From the side of the stage, Aly shuffled to the center, unable to walk due to her ankles being shackled together. Her wrists were also secured in front of her. A ring gag in her mouth completed the ensemble.

Prim started clapping and cheering, leading the others and causing the ranger to turn red.

"Well, you were correct, Prim," Aya said, eyeing the blushing ranger. "I do love this."

"Toldya!" the bard chirped.

"Oh, Aly, you really do look hot up there," Elspeth said, garnering a wink from the bound ranger.

"Is that supposed to be a maid outfit?" Aya asked, grinning. "It is hard to tell with all the missing material." Aly blushed even deeper.

"Missing in all the right places," Elspeth added.

"At least she fills out that top," Tia added. "Oh, wait, what top?"

"It's perfect for her," Prim said. "It emphasizes her best features."

"I'll say," Aya agreed.

"How did you get her to agree to this?" Elspeth wondered. Tia let out another angry grunt.

"Oh, Hot-Tits, are you jealous?" Prim needled.

"Jealous?" Tia asked, incredulous. "Why on Rith would I possibly--"

"You could have thrown the contest, if you're so jealous. Or, we could even get another outfit for you. I'm sure Starlet Slut would enjoy the company."

Aly winked. Tia settled for rolling her eyes with a sigh.

"So, back to Espeth's question..." Aya prompted the bard

"Right, well, Hot-Tits was questioning why she even comes here," Prim began.

"And I still am," Tia interjected.

"Starlet Slut, meanwhile, was looking her usual self: Unhappy she was not tied up in a sexy outfit."

"Yes, that sounds like Aly," Elspeth nodded.

On stage, Aly rolled her eyes. "How does she do this to me every time?" she wondered. "And why do I end up paying for her drinks to do it to me?"

Prim continued her tale. "So, I came up with a way to solve both their troubles. A bet, with the loser getting to show off for the winner. And guests."

The two human guests laughed. "What did you--" Elspeth began, but Tia furiously cut her off.

"I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!" she snarled.

"Yep, jealous," Aya said.

"Definitely," Elspeth agreed.

On stage, Aly decided it was time for more attention on her and turned to the side, arching her back to emphasize her feminine curves.

"Oh, what a nice ass you have, Starlet Slut," Prim said, grinning. "Almost as exquisite as my own."

"Goodness, did I just hear you correctly, Prim?" Tia asked, so stunned she forgot she was annoyed.

"I did say 'almost', Hot-Tits...."