

Tia grunted as she fell back, the mud of the ring oozing into places she would rather not think about right now. Her foe wasted no time and pounced at the gnome. The warrior rolled aside, hindered by the squishy surface, but avoided the woman's grasp.

"Well done, Hot-Tits!" Prim cheered from outside the ring. "You are putting on quite the show."

Tia stood and spared a glance at her friend to discover the bard was idly primping her hair. "Oh, for the love of--"

She was interrupted as Bunny Bitch, her old foe back at Da Boss's club-slash-slavery ring stood. "Oh, this show has hardly started," she said. "I'm so going to make you pay..."

She lunged at Tia again, the warrior grabbing her wrist and sending her along to fall on her face ... at least, that had been Tia's plan. Unfortunately, her muddy hands slipped, resulting in Tia stumbling, off-balance. The mud under her feet took care of the rest, and the gnome fell on her face, now thoroughly covered in the muck.

Reflexively, she twisted onto her back and kicked upward, which was a good thing, as Bunny Bitch had been moving to grapple the downed gnome. She dodged the kick but promptly slipped, landing on her rump.

The rowdy and extremely seedy crowd cheered at the mess both girls were in, with cat calling and demands for more action filling the air.

"This is the WORST money-making scheme you have come up with yet, Prim," Tia growled.

"You are doing great, Hot-Tits," Prim cheerfully answered. "You're really working them into a frenzy!"

Bunny Bitch again came at Tia, who decided to attack this time, instead. Lunging under the bigger woman's guard, she grabbed her around her thighs, knocking her off balance to land on her side. The woman responded by grabbing her hair and yanking, causing the gnome to cry out. Fortunately, Tia's hair was short enough Bunny Bitch quickly lost grip with all the mud. The two once again separated.

"You little bitches have no idea what I've been through since you wrecked everything," Bunny Bitch snarled as both combatants stood.

"Yeah, yeah, cry me a river," Tia replied. "If you recall, Da Boss was planning on selling us."

Tia started the attack this time. "Go get her, Hot-Tits!" Prim encouraged.

After another round of slimey tussling, hair-pulling, and loss of balance, the pair disengaged.

"And who do you think he would sell after you escaped?" Bunny Bitch asked, fury and a bit of hysteria in her voice as she began to lose all control.

"The risk of working in that business, sweetheart," Tia replied.

Bunny Bitch cackled. "You should talk."

Tia blinked, confused. "Wha-?"

Her foe sprang at her. Caught off-guard, Tia soon found herself wrapped up in the woman's arms.

"You know the rules here, don't you?" Bunny Bitch asked before lifting Tia and falling on top of her.

Normally, such a move would knock the air out of a person. However, the mud absorbed enough of the blow to allow Tia to keep her senses. She was pinned by her bigger opponent, surely, except for the mud.

Which, of course, was half the fun of such an event, Tia realized as she quickly slipped under Bunny Bitch's grasp and squeezed out from under her. As she worked her way out, her backside was quite immodestly presented to the audience, who cheered appreciatively. "And that is the other half of the 'fun'," she thought irritably, recalling the tiny bikini she was wearing as a loud whistling sounded. She had no doubt that one was Prim.

Bunny Bitch seemed confused at Tia's speed in the muck. She flung an arm out to try and catch the gnome, but Tia rolled onto the human's back and trapped the woman's upper arm between her thighs.

While the woman -- a clearly inexperienced fighter -- focused on getting her arm free, Tia struggled to reach her neck. As Bunny Bitch finally got herself loose, Tia wrapped her arms around her foe's neck in a headlock.

"Game over," she taunted as Bunny Bitch flailed wildly in a panic.

The woman played her last card, trying to flip onto her back to crush the gnome beneath her. Tia was quickly onto her scheme, though, and planted one foot to counter the spin while squeezing her foe's neck.

"Best yield," she suggested. "Or else I might pop your ugly head off your shoulders, the way you're squirming around."

It took a few moments, but finally her foe conceded, tapping out. The crowd cheered, and Tia stood and walked over to Prim.

"Exquisite work, Hot-Tits!" the bard cheered, motioning to slap on her back before deciding she wanted nothing to do with the mud.

"'Exquisite'?" Tia asked suspiciously, flicking mud into Prim's face and laughing.

Prim sighed at the mess but laughed in good cheer. "Well, you did give us a nice shot of your lovely tush--"

"I thought as much," the warrior interrupted with a laugh. "Well, I'm glad that's done. How much did we get?"

Prim gave her that smile Tia had learned to dread.

"Oh, no," Tia moaned. "It's not done, is it?"

"Three more rounds to go!" Prim said brightly.

"Prim! Why didn't you tell me to begin with!"

"Would you have agreed?" Prim asked.

Tia blinked, thinking. "I'm not sure I agreed to the FIRST match..."

"Exactly! But don't worry, after you win the purse, we'll be on our way!"

That night, Prim worked furiously on the lock to their cage.

"We'll be on our way, didn't you say?" Tia asked, calmly leaning against the cage wall, arms crossed.

"Not now, Hot-Tits. I need to concentrate," Prim said in a tense voice.

"Did you know the champion has to keep defending her title every week?"

Prim grunted as her pick slipped in the lock. "I may not have heard that rule," she answered as she started again.

"And they keep the champion locked up to ensure her participation?" Tia continued.

"I must have missed that in the brochure," Prim replied testily.

"Did I mention this entire thing was a bad idea?"

"Only about a hundred times," Prim muttered. Her pick once again slipped, the tumblers resetting. She put a hand to her face.

"Hey, Prim."

"What?" she asked, reaching for the lock again.

"Is this the worst money-making scheme you have come up with?" Tia asked.

"Yeah, yeah," Prim grumped as she started again working the tumblers."

"Hey, Prim."

"What?" Prim snapped irritably, glaring at her friend.

Tia cracked a grin. "I told you."

A high-pitched cry of frustration and anger rang into the night.