

Prim and Tia Sun's Out Tale  
By Wyland

"Come on, Hot-Tits."

"No."

"It'll help. Trust me."

"Sure, sure. I'll pass."

"But--"

"Oh, go build a sand castle if you're bored, Prim. I just want to lay back right here and relax."

"You? Relax?"

"It has been known to happen."

"I doubt it. Anyway, I'm just saying, you'll burn in the sun. I prefer your name to be metaphorical, not literal!"

"You know my name is Tia, right?"

"Of course, Hot-Tits. This lotion will protect your skin. See how I maintain my perfect complexion despite the sun?"

"Where did you get it?"

"I made it myself. I have made it before."

"Then it would likely give me lizard skin or hair all over. I will definitely pass."

"You wound me! When has anything I have done for you gone wrong?"

"Need me to count the ways?"

"Hrmp. You're such a grouch."

"That's me."

"I'm not wrong on this one. Look, I already applied it on myself. See!"

"Sure, sure. Give it time. You'll be begging me to take you to an apothecary in ten minutes."

"Oh, come now. I'll prove it is safe!"

"Good grief, do you ever keep your top on, Prim?"

"I'm just showing you how confident I am in my lotion. If I wasn't, would I put so much on my own breasts?"

"Remember the tidgets?"

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"You seemed pretty confident you could avoid their grasp, if I recall. Now go play somewhere else."

"But I like your skin the color it is!"

"Sheesh, do you ever give up?"

“Not where my Hot-Tits is concerned. Oh, you are so cute when you grunt like that!”

“Don't call me cute! And even if you are right, why do you need to apply it instead of me?”

“You cannot very well reach your own back, can you?”

“Riiiiight. You're just trying to get handsy with me. Again.”

“Whatever do you mean by 'handsy'? Ohhhh, I get it. Very sly, Hot-Tits!”

“What is sly?”

“You want me to apply it with my breasts!”

“Wait, huh? What are you--”

“Here I come! Weee!”

“Hey! Hey! Prim! Ack!”

“You're so cuddly, Hot-Tits!”

“Get offa me!”

“Good idea to squirm around so much. It really gets the lotion spread out! But you need to take your top off, too.”

“Dammit ... Fine, fine, there. You really do refuse to give up, don't you?”

“You know it.”

“You nutter. Aren't you done with them yet? And weren't you supposed to get my back – umm, Prim.”

“Err, yes, Hot-Tits?”

“Are our breasts stuck together?”

“Well ... yes ... I think ... Yes, they are quite stuck.”

“Stuck? STUCK? Why would you do this?”

“I didn't mean to!”

“You didn't mean to? How'd it happen, then?”

“My guess would be my substitution had an unexpected side effect once it got to our body temperature?”

“Substitution? I thought you said you had made this lotion before!”

“I have! I just couldn't find one of the flowers, so I figured the one I needed was blue, this one was blue...”

“PRIM! How are we going – hey, get your hands offa there!”

“Sorry, Hot-Tits ... They're stuck...”

“Of course they are. You planned this, didn't you?”

“Getting stuck? No ... Hard to enjoy my prize if I can't move ... Or lick ...”

“You and your 'prize' ... How do we get loose?”

“Well, maybe the water would wash it off?”

“Come on, let's – oww – my foot – careful – ah, the sand is hot.”

“Hot-Tits...”

“Less talking, more walking.”

“I think we have company.”

“What? Who? Oh, great. Of course. We'll never live this down...”

“Hello, Starlet Slut! Wanna join the fun?”