

## Alyia and the Magic Shop: Part Timer

Novus Peregrine

Alyia blinked, staring at Lyriel.

“Um...say that again please?”

Thankfully, from the twitching Lyriel’s lips, the enchantress seemed amused by Alyia’s stupefaction, instead of taking offense.

“I said, now that your debt is taken care of, I’d like to work at your magic shop as a part-timer. Specifically on the sales floor to demo items. Though I wouldn’t be adverse to helping you clear out some of the more dangerous sections, too. Who knows what sort of fun might be hidden away in those, after all?”

Okay. That’s...exactly what Alyia had *thought* she said. Well, plus a bit more detail. And from the context, she was pretty sure she wasn’t misunderstanding the intent. Better make sure, though...

“To demo items as the model for the demonstration?” When Lyriel cheerfully nodded, Alyia felt a headache coming on. “Okay. To be clear, I’m not against that. But...why?”

“Simple, really. I obviously enjoy being a stable mistress from time to time, or these last few months would have played out very differently. But do you remember what I said the very first time you did a route for me? That I sneak myself into the courier rotation sporadically?”

Alyia nodded, suddenly getting a sense for where this was going. As she did, her whirling thoughts went from slightly worried to...tentative anticipation? Lyriel, thankfully, took the nod as an indication to explain farther.

“Right. Well, that should obviously tell you I’m a switch. The truth is, though, that I tend to enjoying playing a sub more often than a dom. Regrettably, it’s a lot more difficult to find opportunities to play the sub. Too much risk in it, given my rank and profession. One or two quick disguise spells to establish a persona to work at your shop, though...”

Lyriel trialed off and Alyia easily picked up the thread.

“...And you can have your fun in a near-zero risk environment. The shop is reputable, items we’re willing to sell in the first place have already been cleared for safety, and no one would even think to question me bringing in a girl for occasional demonstrations. In fact, I already do the same thing with Misha, occasionally. Usually as a special event.”

The Enchanting Mistress nodded cheerfully.

“Yep! I’m even willing to take trade as payment. I’m sure there’s lots of items in the shop I’d love to study, either for my own use or to consider adding new enchantments into the Pony Express gear. So you get a hot model willing to demo virtually anything in the store...and all for the low, low price of a few bits of gear now and then. Not to mention my sporadic help with clearing new sections, when I feel like it.”

The offer was more than merely tempting. She'd grown to like Lyriel quite a bit since their first encounter. In fact, if pressed, Alyia wouldn't hesitate to admit that she'd been wanting to have some fun with the beautiful enchanter since the start. She'd enjoyed the woman's...hands on approach as a Stable Mistress, but that had never given Alyia the chance to get her own hands on the other woman. Or her tongue. Or some toys. Or a bunch of bondage gear.

This idea would give her an easy excuse for all of the above. And would be good for the shop anyway. She'd been using Misha in a similar capacity since the Aspect had joined the shop, and the addition of special events featuring a 'Display Model' had caused a significant uptick in sales. Adding Lyriel would add variety, allow multiple demos...and possibly finally allow the demonstration of multiple-girl toys, devices, and other experiences. Since Rae still wasn't comfortable demoing alongside Misha and it wasn't safe for Alyia to do so as the controller of the shop wards, up until now they'd had to ignore a lot of more complex setups. Even if Lyriel only worked occasionally...

"How often would you want to work?"

Lyriel's smile faded and she sighed.

"That's the one problem. I'm happy to commit to once a week or so...but if I end up taking on a major project, I may have to skip some weeks. If I do, I'd agree to make up the time with extra days later, though, if it's an issue?"

Alyia mulled that over, then nodded.

"Honestly? Most of the time it wouldn't really be an issue. So long as we didn't have a major demonstration pre-planned, I'm okay being flexible." I thought occurred to her and she quickly added, "How about, if you need to miss, you make it up to me with a little bit of enchanting instruction instead? When you can, of course!"

Lyriel smirked. "Oh? Trying to tease out my secrets are you? Well...you're a good student and I've found it kind of fun to teach you bits and pieces already. So that would be fine. Just so long as you aren't *actually* expecting me to be giving away all by tricks and secrets..."

Alyia frantically shook her head. Of course not! Lyriel was a Kingdom Class enchanter! Even just some basic instruction from her would be worth Alyia's own weight in precious metals! She tried not to let her enthusiasm show *too* wildly as she denied wanting anything more. Lyriel's knowing grin told she she hadn't entirely succeeded. But the enchantress didn't comment on that, instead sticking her hand out to shake on it.

"Then I think we have a deal! Do you have an idea when you want me for the first time? And what we might demo?"

That was a good question. Alyia's mind raced with ideas, rapidly sorting through various items she hadn't been able to show off. Within seconds, her mind focused on one specific item and several others that would pair well with it, and she grinned. It wasn't a multiple-girl required affair, she'd need to consider those in more depth before picking one. But she thought what she had in mind would appeal a great deal to Lyriel's exhibitionist tendencies. And she *did* want to make sure the enchanting enchanter would be eager to return for more...

“I have the *perfect* idea. I think you’ll love it!”

----

Alyia stepped back to admire her handiwork.

Lyriel was quite the sight, strapped into the Display Station as she was. The Display Station was actually one of the very first *purchases* she’d made after taking over the shop from her aunt. Unlike many of the one-off items her aunt bought off of people, the Display Station was the product of a rather perverse repeat client dabbling heavily in some enchantment magics. So far, she hadn’t sold very many of them, in part because she’d needed to very carefully go over the thing to make sure it was truly safe. Thankfully, she’d found no issues, which left her with an modest inventory of the things that she intended to start selling today. She’d already announced a special event and was expecting a fair turn out. Running such specials so far had always seen an uptick in business.

She was pretty sure the Display Station would attract some interest. Particularly with Lyriel strapped into as part of the day’s ‘event.’ The core unit was a fascinating piece of work, even if it didn’t look like much until you mounted it...and mounted someone *in* it. A box about the size of a human torso, though quite a bit thicker, it had some clever spatial magic in it that allowed it to be *inserted* into a wall. Basically any wall. Firmly pressing it into essentially any wall-like surface would see the wall turning to putty and the Display Station sinking into it. Even with a thin wall, the spatial magic would ensure that the entire thing would fit. Better yet, the whole thing was magically anchored in place so that it didn’t put any actual *strain* on the wall, which meant that proper support wasn’t an issue either. Still, simply inserting it into a wall would...not look particularly impressive. It would just be a 3.5 foot tall and similarly deep alcove embedded in the wall. Perhaps, at first glance, useful for storage. But not much else.

Technically, that wasn’t even a wrong assumption. However, it was when someone *got inside* that it became obvious what the Display Station really was. It was for storage, all right...*people storage*. Or, more accurately, it was made to ‘display’ a person. More than display them, actually. But the display portion came first. It had been fascinating to watch it come alive with magic as Lyriel, wearing a few other bits that were on sale today, had climbed backwards into the Station and pressed her wrists to the indicated points. Shackles of magic had immediately bound those wrists...even as a magical field had swept over the rest of Lyriel’s body in a quick scan. Moment later, it had lifted her in a levitation field and grabbed her ankles with two more magical shackles, dragging them open an up. The result had left her angled backward at around sixty degrees, hovering in mid air with her legs spread wide and ankles nearly above her head. With her ankles and wrists thus chained, she’d become suspended midair, in what she claimed was actually a surprisingly comfortable position.

The end result had Lyriel’s pussy hovering roughly at hip height, her breasts exposed in an easily-grabbed position. The Display Station even had a few little buttons on one side that would raise or lower it within the wall for different people...or to bring her head down to crotch height, if that’s what you wanted. It put her ‘on display’ quite nicely. Though that was, of course, only the beginning. For while that was the extent of the Display Station’s in-built features, it made for quite a wonderful platform for showing off a number of other items.

Those items started with that Lyriel was wearing, before she'd been 'mounted' into the wall. The skin-tight, shiny material of a bodysuit hugged her figure like a second skin...except over her crotch and breasts, which were both freely exposed to the air. A hood of the same material covered her eyes, depriving her of sight, even as a ring-gag spread her mouth wide. It was an erotic sight, and Alyia couldn't help herself as she took it in, reaching forward to fondle a breast, tugging for a moment on a nipple piercing as she enjoyed Lyriel's moans. Those nipple piercings, along with the additional one resting over Lyriel's clit, were there mostly for the trapped woman's own enjoyment. Clients that made use of her wouldn't necessarily be prone to foreplay...or making sure Lyriel came. The nipple piercings were enchanted to keep her at a constant minimum level of arousal, making sure she would always be properly wet enough to enjoy what was coming. And the clit hood piercing would prevent her overall arousal from dropping. It wouldn't actually make her cum, but it would result in each client that used her starting from where the last one had left off. The effective result would be that, eventually, the collective efforts of those using her would build up to the point their 'victim' *would* cum, even if none of them made a proper effort on her.

After a few moments tugging playfully at the piercing, Alyia's other hand joined in on the fun...this one tracing the other woman's dripping lower lips, checking to make sure the woman was ready. She was nearly dripping...which made Alyia smirked in appreciation. Lyriel was clearly aroused well beyond the mere 'minimum level' by her situation. Unable to resist the temptation, she fingered the other woman for a few moments...and only reluctantly made herself withdraw. There were other tests to do and little time to perform them before the shop opened, after all.

Most of those tests revolved around the toys mounted on the wall just to the side of the Display Station. The advantages of the Display Station for *male* clients were mostly obvious. Though only mostly. After all, the bodysuit was programmed to cover her part-timer up completely...until someone touched a token to Lyriel's outfit. Buy enough and you'd receive a token that would retract the suit from her boobs...buy still more and the token given would do the same for her pussy. The required purchase amounts weren't particularly high, but they were enough to prevent people from simply coming in for a free fuck without buying anything. A necessity to make sure the shop wasn't overwhelmed by non-clients.

That, however, only provided an obvious reward on offer for patrons of the shop with a cock. Sure, some women might want to get a taste of that lovely pussy, or fondle Lyriel's enchanting pair of tits. But for the majority of female clients...well...that's what the small rack of toys mounted next to the Display Station were for. All of which were, conveniently, also on sale! Most didn't really need testing, since they were things like double-ended strap-ons that pleased both women involved in it's use. But a few of selection were a bit more complex.

Like the dildo that Alyia had just picked up.

She quickly unbuttoned her bottoms, the bunny-suit she was wearing making it easy to expose her pussy for a moment. Already more than wet enough, she leaned on the wall and slowly touched the toy to her own drooling slit. It warmed for a moment as it 'tasted' her, then cooled again. Alyia buttoned back up with a bit of reluctance...but there wasn't time for more involved fun. Only for testing. And a simple touch had been all that was required. Any client could accomplish the same thing by simply loosening their pants or reaching it under their skirt, really. As for what it did...

She returned her attention to her helpless part-timer, taking a moment to make sure she was still properly wet with one finger. If anything, Lyriel was even wetter than she had been moments ago, which made Alyia grin. She'd rather strongly suspected that this particular demo day would appeal to her fellow enchanter's exhibitionist and bondage streaks. Grumbling to herself at the lack of time before opening, Alyia quickly pressed the primed dildo to Lyriel's pussy. Even that light touch told her the toy was working, as she felt the echo of the sensation in her own body. Still...there was time, at least, for a slightly more complete test, so she thrust the toy slowly home, bottoming it's 8-inch length out entirely in her victim. She moaned as she did, feeling a phantom duplicate of the toy doing the exact same thing to her via its sensory-link. She spared a few moments to thrust a couple of times, enjoying both Lyriel's moans and the echos of sensation she could feel for herself.

Pouting and knowing time was running low, she withdrew the toy and returned it to the rack. She watched carefully as the toy was magically cleaned and reset. She withdrew it again to reinsert in Lyriel, not feeling the sensation linking, and nodded. Good, that part of the plan would work. It would be too cumbersome to need to reset the links manually after each customer. Returning the toy to the rack to be cleaned again, she moved onto the next test. There were a couple more linked-toys of the same sort to test, as well as a few more exotic options. She needed to make sure all of them were properly functioning for their female clients, before the shop opened for business in half an hour...

-----

Alyia was fucking horny.

She supposed that she really should have seen her current predicament coming. After all, she'd gone into the day fully expecting to watch a beautiful woman she'd cheerfully fuck senseless every day of the week (and twice on Sundays!) get repeatedly reamed by her clients. Male clients, female clients, Orcs, Trolls, Elves, Halflings, and more. All while said woman was helpless, moaning deliriously, and semi-frequently cumming under the erratic, unpredictable attentions of the stream of clients. Really, it wasn't exactly a surprised that the view was slowly driving her up the wall...

But she *hadn't* thought it through. She'd been so focused on coming up with the perfect first day for Lyriel, that she hadn't considered what to do about her own inevitable arousal from the display. So, she was *seriously* fucking horny. And, after half a day of being teased by the writing, moaning display, she was determined to do something about it. The question was, what the best solution was. If only the demonstration hadn't proven so popular, it would be possible for her to simply sneak over and use one of the toys to get herself and Lyriel both off. Unfortunately, or fortunately depending on how you looked at it, Lyriel's little display was proving to be one of her most popular ideas yet. To the point that she'd actually had to put Misha up in a second Display Station two hours after opening, simply to prevent a line for Lyriel's services from forming.

If she'd had more time, she would have set up a sensory link on a toggle for Misha's display, giving her a way to get some relief. Unfortunately, she'd been working quickly, in order prevent the busy shop from getting *more* busy with only Rae to handle the clients. Adding a second Display Station with Misha in it *had* worked to solve the issue, bringing the number of people in the shop at one time down to something reasonable again...but only to something *reasonable*. It was still too busy for Alyia to slip away to either take care of herself, or add some enchantments on the Display Model toys to duplicate

what was happening to her, as well. So...how was she going to solve her current burning desire for some relief?

Apparently, being desperately horny was just as good as necessity when it came to being the inspiration for invention, since it only took Alyia a few minutes to work out a solution. If she couldn't link herself to Lyriel and Misha...she'd just have to link to one or more of the *clients* instead. She just needed the right person, buying the right item...

It took twenty minutes and three clients for someone to buy something that would work. The client was a regular, a muscular half-orc who she remembered from her early issues with her aunt's chastity belt as having a rather impressive cock. And the item he'd decided to purchase was perfect for her needs, a somewhat rare offering called an Experience Crystal. The crystal was a specialized variant of a Memory Crystal, designed to record half an hour or so of physical experiences, then project them back out later as a sort of 'replay' of what the recorder had experienced. Traditionally, they were used to help people learn physical attack skills...but her shop sold them as a masturbation aid. They didn't actually interact with you on a physical level, so it was near impossible for them to make someone cum on their own, but add it to a bit of self-stimulation and it could elevate a solo-session to something far more intense.

More importantly for Alyia...it already had most of the magic on it that she needed. All she had to do was subtly add a tiny bit of temporary magic to the crystal...and it would work perfectly well to translate what he did to Lyriel or Misha onto Alyia. Like the Crystal, it wouldn't physically stimulate her on its own...but added to a certain phantasmal spell she was well acquainted with from her time in chastity and it would do the job nicely. Linking everything together, trying not to moan as the phantom cock initialized and slid invisibly inside her, Alyia moved on to another customer even as Uthrak waited a few moments for a previous client to be finished with Lyriel. Given she knew he'd already had his way with Misha on previous demo days, she'd suspected he'd go for the new option...and was pleased he did. Sure, it wouldn't *really* make much of a difference...but getting to remotely share Lyriel's experience was a tiny bit hotter. She'd could have the ever-horny Spirit Aspect that was Misha do pretty much whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted, after all...

Less than two minutes later, she was stifling a moan as her crude link did its work and the phantom cock matched Uthrak's rough penetration as he speared Lyriel's pussy with his thick dick. Better yet, Alyia's linking had worked better than expected and she was receiving an echo of the same sensation from Lyriel...as well as the sensation of the half-orcs rough hands grabbing Lyriel's exposed breasts and groping them with surprising gentleness. Were Alyia not already so experienced at not reacting when something like this was happening to her, she might have fumbled her chat with the woman checking out a pair of curse-linked dildos. As it was, she managed to focus just enough to do her job, despite Uthrak's rapid buildup of speed.

She just hoped she'd be able to hold her poker face when she came. Which, as far gone as she'd already been, wasn't going to take long...

-----

Alyia might be exhausted, having just barely gotten the last client out the door. But that didn't keep her from stopping to appreciate the sweet-glistened mess that was Lyriel. Rae was already working

on letting Misha down...but Alyia was intent on doing something she'd wanted to since practically the first time she saw Lyriel.

Kneeling between the helpless woman's legs, she caressed Lyriel's inner thighs for long moments, before leaning in to get a taste. Despite all the men and women that had fucked the enchanter senseless over the last eight hours, a selective vanishing spell on the Display Station had prevented anything but Lyriel's own juices from sticking around...and some nutrient spells had combined nicely with the arousal piercings to keep those juices flowing constantly, without draining Lyriel dry.

The taste was everything Alyia had wanted to know. Clean and crisp, with a sort of natural honey-like sweetness to it that came only in those of elven extraction and good habits. That strength of it in Lyriel was more than enough to finally confirm for Alyia that the enchanter *was* a fellow half-elf. Even if the physical traits were far less obvious in Lyriel than they were in Alyia, there was no way the flavor would be so strong without at least that much elven blood. Grinning at satisfying the itch for that bit of information along with her curiosity about the taste...Alyia let her hand drift down to the clasp of her own bottoms. With a sharp snap, the buttons were released and Alyia's fingers sank in deep, beginning to work herself over even as she tongue-fucked her helpless part-timer.

Lyriel could wait a little longer. Alyia was still horny, after all...and there was no way she wasn't going to give every single one of those toys a proper go. After watching each of them being used on her new part-timer for hours, the temptation to try every one of them out was far too strong. Even if she might have to make it up to Lyriel for a bit of overtime...