

Alyia and the Magic Shop: Enchanting Experiments

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Alyia sighed in contentment, leaning back from the desk in her bedroom and arching into a back-bending stretch that started all the way at her toes and rippled through her entire body. Despite the way her eyes burned and her back cracked and popped in a dozen places, she was filled with nothing but satisfaction at *finally* finishing her new project. It wasn't the *first* enchanted item, or even set of items, that she'd made since taking over the shop. Indeed, several of the more plebian enchantments she was bulk-selling had been the result of her early reading through her aunt's books and notes. The shop had never really sold bulk items like that before, her aunt having focused far more on unique and rare items and selling them to carefully curated clientele. But Alyia had needed to practice. Creating simple enchantments based on what she'd learned so far, then getting a mass-enchanting house to produce a lot of them, had been a good way to be profitable while learning.

She had, however, been running the shop for several months now. Recently, she'd even had another highly skilled enchanter who was more than happy to talk shop, so long as they didn't delve into their personal tricks and enchanting styles. An understandable restriction, given that such personal details were what set the products of each enchanter apart. At least, such was the case past the basic level, and Alyia had already been in the process of growing beyond basics before she took over the shop. Still, even just general debate on methods with someone like Lyriel had sped Alyia's own learning up *immensely*. As had, admittedly, the need to learn about so many esoteric forms of enchantment in pure self-defense against the shop's own merchandise. The result, despite the numerous distractions, was that Alyia had finally come far enough to branch out on her own with her first truly complex, all-original enchantment.

To the casual observer, the results of her efforts likely wouldn't look too impressive at the moment. The five components of the set were lying, looking relatively innocent compared to much of her shop's inventory, on the desk in front of her. Four of the objects in question were simple, relatively modestly-sized butt plugs, each with a color-coded jewel at their base that marked who they were intended for. Yellow for Misha, blue for Rae, silver for Lyriel, and her favorite shade of jade for herself. If one were to examine them closely, they would discover literally hundreds of etched runes and spellforms embedded in the gems. But without a magnifier of some sort, it all just looked decorative. For that matter, without the fifth component, they basically *were* just decorative. Even someone like Lyriel wouldn't be able to determine their exact purpose without the fifth component at hand.

Said fifth component was, in simplest descriptor, a doll. Calling it that didn't come anywhere close to doing it justice, however. Crafted from an odd shiny extra-planar material her aunt's notes had called 'latex,' it currently held a vaguely female form, with dull eyes of colorless glass. Its standout feature, as it was currently, was the massive number of runes dripped perfectly onto it in dozens of places, all done in mana-enhanced liquid silver. They gave off quite a striking appearance against the black of the 'latex,' giving some hint to those with a suspicious eye that this was no ordinary doll.

Grinning at that thought and feeling properly stretched out, Alyia decided there was time for a quick test before she crashed for a few hours. She'd been working in just a shift and panties, so it was quick work to slip off the latter and scoot down to sit on the base of her spine, exposing her ass for testing purposes! Applying a lube spell to her anatomy, she slipped the Jade butt plug in. She shivered a

little with a mix of excitement and minor pleasure, held one finger to the jewel...and reached her other hand for the doll. Channeling a tiny bit of magic into each caused a visible thread of magic to appear between them for a long few seconds, the thread pulsing in time with her heartbeat. It quickly faded out of view of the regular light spectrum, but certainly wasn't gone. Those sufficiently attuned to magic, which Alyia herself certainly was, would be able to trace the threads with barely a touch of mana sight required. But she figured, in some ways, that such was really just another feature. At least for some people.

Letting her hand fall from the jewel of the plug, Alyia shifted into a more comfortable sitting position and turned her attention to the doll. Visibly, it had changed quite a bit. Gone was the latex appearance, replaced by a remarkably life-like facsimile of her own skin tone. Even better, the doll's proportions had shifted to match Alyia's as well, exactly as it should have. The runes remained the same, but the eyes had shifted to the same jade color as the jewel in her butt plug, showing who the doll was currently connected to. She knew it was possible to shift between each connection and, if she had done it right, it should even be able to send to connect to multiple plugs at once. Though doing so would result in the doll averaging the features between all it was connected to.

Speaking of connections...that was obviously the whole point. She was clearly tired if she was getting lost in mental rambling about things she already knew. Pushing through the fuzz in her brain, she double checked the connection for safety. Once satisfied, she grinned...and activated one of the runes over the doll's left breast. Less than a heartbeat later, she gasped, abruptly far more awake as the feeling of an ice cube tracing her left nipple caused her to shiver. Another tap and the ice cube was replaced with a warm tongue, drawing a moan and an entirely different flavor of shudder. More taps, this time to other parts of the body. Pins and needle numbness of her buttocks, a feeling of deep penetration of her pussy, squirming as unseen fingers tickled her tummy, and more shudders at the sensation of her earlobe being sucked on.

She turned each of those and more on and off, sometimes two or three at a time, cycling through just a small fraction of the sensations and locations the doll could effect. There were twenty unique types of sensation, with most of them being repeatable across dozens of areas, for a truly enormous set of possible combinations. All of them carried from the doll to the connected woman or women by the willingly-created sympathetic magic link. Alyia grinned in satisfaction at her success. Testing this thing was going to be *so much fun*. But that was for tomorrow. For now, she *really* needed to sleep.

After masturbating a bit, that was. She'd made herself horny, again, with the testing...

Alyia was *extremely* glad that things had settled down at the shop. So long as she wasn't running some sort of special event, customers didn't come in bulk. Instead, they came in a steady trickle that could easily be handled by her three minions. On days Lyriel wasn't present, Alyia had to be a bit more active. But on days like today, where her part-timer was on the job, she really only had to get involved with major clients or sales of big-ticket items that involved haggling.

Which was perfect, as it meant she'd been able to mess with her minions all day. Lyriel had been the only one knowledgeable enough to realize what was going on when Alyia had given them all 'butt

plugs of encouragement!' at the start of the day. And, given that playing with exactly that sort of fun was the whole reason why the other half-elf was even working with them, she had only grinned and accepted the toy immediately. She'd given it a good look over with mage-sight first, of course. But Alyia didn't mind. She was, in fact, quite pleased with the impressed look Lyriel had given her before stripping down and inserting the toy.

Lyriel going along with it had put Rae at ease, and Misha was too much of a happy-go-lucky airhead to have cared. Better yet, none of them had complained about the new 'uniforms' Alyia had also made for them. Those weren't enchanted, *yet*. But the 'reverse bunny girl' style she'd found in the shop's catalog had appealed to her as a practical uniform for the shop. It was stylish, yet by itself it covered nothing that would impair the trio's ability to show off merchandise. For now, she'd paired them with simple, magically-adhering C-string panties and pasties. But she could imagine all sorts of interesting combinations, while keeping the 'official uniform' parts unaltered.

Of course, the uniforms were merely a sideshow for today. The real fun had started when Alyia had begun playing with the doll now linked to her employees. Rae had been the first 'victim,' with Alyia curious about what would happen to the doll given Rae's shapeshifting ability. The answer had been that it simply kept to whatever form Rae was currently using, which was a bit disappointing. It might have been hilarious to be able to pleasure Rae's cock even when it was morphed away. The confusion on her girlfriend's face would have been priceless.

As it was, her reaction to suddenly having both nipples remotely pinched, followed by a dull buzzing sensation coming directly from her clit as it *vibrated itself*, had gotten an amazing startled out of the chimera anyway. The fact that she'd had to stammer her way through a sale while Alyia kept cycling the sensations, shifting from vibration to cold, then heat, on her clit and from pinching to sucking, then vibration on her nipples...well, Alyia had been delighted by the squirming. She *did* take pity on the girl and let her cum after the customer left, before switching to Misha for her next test.

The entire day had passed that way, with Alyia shifting between victims and sets of sensation. Sometimes she let the girl she targeted cum, other times she left them hanging. All subject to her whim of the moment. Nor had she left herself out of the fun, occasionally giving the trio a break from their teasing torments by shifting the doll to her own form and playing with the settings. Everyone, including Alyia herself, had cum at least twice over the course of their sales day...but *none* of them had cum for the final two hours of it. And Alyia had been slowly upping the ante during those two hours.

No longer had she focused on them one at a time, but instead in sets of two, then all four of them at once. And she'd broken out the more esoteric sensations, as well. The feeling of being spanked, the tingle of a light bit of electrical magic running at *just the right* power over sensitive bits. The normally-impossible sensation of a feather tickling a G-spot, the exquisite tease of cool mountain air across the back of the neck, the sensation of a tongue impossibly rimming a rear entrance already stuffed with a plug. It had been delightful fun for Alyia...and teasing agony for the three who were still trying to sell sex toys to people while all of it was happening. She knew, at this point, that all three of her victims were desperate to cum. Heck, so was she. But that was sort of the point of her steady escalation. As the last customer left for the day, three gazes that were half pleading and half glaring turned to her. Giggling, Alyia held up the doll and activated a setting they hadn't tried yet. All of them, even Alyia, gasped as their arousal redoubled...twice.

“Well girls, I just tied all of our arousal and sensations together! From now until we take the plugs out, anything happening to one of us is repeated to all of us. Come along if you don’t want to be left out of the fun~!”

The speed with which all three women rushed to join her was most amusing...

Alyia supposed this was karmic justice. Not that knowing that made the chastity belt she was stuck in again any less frustrating. The orgy last night had been *amazing*. But the revenge from her workers had come before morning did. She was *fairly* certain it was Lyriel’s doing, having sensed a bit of the other enchanters magic on her when she first awoke. But, however it had been done, Alyia had woken trapped in a familiar chastity belt. The customized one that her aunt had left just for her. The one that wouldn’t unlock until certain random conditions were met. In this case, Alyia cumming at least two dozen times with the belt on.

The only saving grace of the situation was that the trio of mutineers had left her plug in. And had left their own in as well, though they’d hidden away the doll and deactivated the four-way link. Instead, they’d altered it so that she was linked to each of them, but that they weren’t linked to each other. With her chastity belt in place, the only way for her to cum was now to service *them*, since the sensations they experienced would echo back onto her own body via that altered link.

Which is how Alyia found herself on a private beach, apparently owned by Lyriel, stuck in a bondage-maid uniform while her minions sunned themselves in the nude. The uniform was pretty skimpy, thankfully, given the heat. The ‘maid’ portion of it was really just a semi-translucent and frilly skirt and collar, as well as a ridiculous and equally frilly hairband. The ‘bondage’ part of it was really quite a bit more prominent. Her chastity belt was present, of course, visible through the translucent skirt, which covered only her front anyway. Aside from that, however, Alyia’s torso was also crisscrossed with harness of black and white silk ropes, which continued down her arms, which were tied together behind her. A penis-gag made of solidified magic finished the look.

More prominent than that was the Tray.

The tray that was attached to her nipples via magical piercings from Lyriel’s collection, and which otherwise rested its weight against her trim, well-defined abs. Thankfully, the tray itself was enchanted to be lightweight and keep the items on it weighing only around half their normal amount. But, even so, as she ferried various drinks and food back and forth from the bar to the girls, even the reduced weight of the load tugged firmly on her nipples with every step. It didn’t help that the spectral servant Lyriel had tending the bar was, somehow, a pervert. She wasn’t even sure how that worked and was equally unsure she *wanted* to know. Either way, the disembodied set of floating gloves had certainly taken every opportunity to grope her mostly-helpless body that they could, while it loaded the other girls’ orders.

Thankfully, there was at least a reward for this. The whole reason that they’d managed to get her to go along with it. And as Misha ‘tipped’ her with seashells, she sighed in relief, immediately signaling that she wanted to trade the seashells for her reward. Misha giggled and took the pile of shells, then snapped her fingers so that the spell-formed gag part of her bondage outfit faded. Relieved, particularly that the tray had also vanished for the moment, but knowing better than to break the rules

by speaking, Alyia fell to her needs and crawled between Misha's legs at the gorgeous blonde spread them wide.

The beach chair was blatantly designed with this in mind, being designed with a slight tilt that theoretically served to tip Misha's already perfectly-golden-tanned body up into the sun. In reality, what it actually did was prop her hips up and leave her pussy near the edge of the chair, granting Alyia easy access. Which, given that she was minus the use of her hands at the moment, was a small blessing. Knowing she was effectively going to be eating *herself* out along with Misha, Alyia was determined to do it right. She planted several kisses along those golden inner thighs, drawing a giggle from the other woman even as she felt the bliss of the echoing sensations on her own body.

Finally reaching Misha's apex, she slowly parted the blonde's lower lips with long strokes of her tongue, licking deeper and deeper with every pass, shuddering in delight as the feeling reached her own pussy via the sympathetic connection. Focusing, Alyia folded her tongue as she reached the entrance to Misha's tunnel, teasing around it for a few seconds before plunging her folded tongue as deep as it would go. This earned her a loud moan and a strong hip thrust from the blonde, even as her own groan of desire caused her tongue to vibrate and increased the pleasure for them both. She kept the tongue fucking up for a minute or two, before pulled back and shifting targets.

Now laser-focused on their mutual release, Alyia licked her way up to the top of Misha's slit and greeted her clit with an enthusiastic kiss. This earned another buck, and she pressed down with her bodyweight as best she could to keep up the contact. For the next few minutes, she alternated between long licks between Misha's lips and swirling her tongue around the blonde's clit, adding an occasional dip back into her depth with her tongue as she passed. Misha was soon moaning constantly, her own moans echoed by Alyia's own muffled additions as the spring of their linked-pleasure wound tighter and tighter. At some point, Misha had begun to fondle her own tits as well, pinching and pulling at her nipples, and that too translated to Alyia's own body.

Sensing the point of no return rapidly approaching, she shifted her focus fully to Misha's clit and began sucking, swirling, and nibbling at that magic button with careful but enthusiastic fervor. Misha went nuts, harshly pulling on her nipples, the action sending the last jolts of needed pleasure roaring through both of them as the spring snapped. Alyia held on as best she could, unconsciously trying to prolong both of their pleasure, but eventually Misha's spasming body threw her off. They both lay panting in the aftermath, stupid grins on their face. Then, much to Alyia's annoyance, she felt the tray and gag beginning to reform.

Oh well. Five orgasms down so far. Nineteen more to go...

Alyia cheerfully greeted her new customer, a rather handsome male orc, eyes sparkling as she noted his gaze was definitely not on *her*. She didn't blame him. In fact, knowing full well what he was looking at merely made her cheerful grin wider. Glancing back herself, her eyes glinted with the power of justice! Or mischief. Possibly a little bit of revenge? Well, she was sure her eyes were glinting with *something* at the sight, anyway.

It was her minions, of course. Wearing their employee uniforms...but minus panties and pasties. Instead, each of them had *other* arrangements keeping them busy as they made up an impromptu

display for special new items Alyia had hunted down in unreclaimed sections of the shop. Really, they should have known there would be a price to pay for their weekend mutiny, when the shop opened again today! Each of them was sealed into a display case, to make sure the items they were display didn't...get loose. Going from left to right it was Misha, Lyriel, and Rae. Each of them in their own, custom, predicament.

Misha, having not really been a part of the plan to mutiny, instead just going along with it in her usual happy-go-lucky-airhead way, had been given the least punishing setup. At least when accounting for her nature. She was wearing an item set called the 'Legacy of the Legendary Heal Slut.' Starting at her head, she was blindfolded with a rune-covered black-and-purple cloth, whose effects were to amplify her sense of touch in exchange for blocking her ability to see and hear. Next, at her neck, was the Amulet of Suffering Transference. The Amulet was designed in such a way that when it's designated targets, in this case Lyriel and Rae, had either their stamina or health depleted...that depletion would transfer to the person wearing the amulet. In this case, Misha.

A bit farther down was a Belly Piercing of Pain to Pleasure. Any hurt to stamina or health the user would have experienced was turned to mind-bending pleasure instead. Lastly, moving down her body farther, the final piece of the set was the item that gave the set its name. The Chaste Thong of the Heal Slut. The thong was designed to turn pleasure into healing...at the cost of mana and the wearer's inability to actually cum. Given that Misha was an Aspect of a Greater Spirit, she had a nearly infinite supply of mana. Meaning that she was currently stuck in a cycle of mind-breaking pleasure, without any ability to reach release. For anyone merely human, it would be dangerous. The set was technically *curse*d, not *bless*ed, and had been intended to turn slaves into disposable, mind-blanked healing batteries. For Misha, shielded by her nature as a Spirit that couldn't be so easily broken, it was harmless, frustrating...and honestly an experience that she was probably enjoying quite a lot. Particularly since Alyia had promised her that she'd let her cum once an hour, since she hadn't really been part of the plot against her...

Of course, the first source of Misha's constant loop was Lyriel. In the center of the trio, the most guilty as it had been her idea to use a sleep spell on Alyia and get her in the chastity belt. Alyia wasn't actually *crue*l and wouldn't cause true harm to anyone...but a bit of poetic justice was just right. Lyriel's body was currently playing host to a stamina-draining symbiotic tentacle! The tentacle would provide amazing orgasms, tapping into the host's own mind to figure out how to make them the most powerful possible. And all it cost was a healthy chunk of the user's stamina! A witch some two centuries ago, who had suffered from extreme insomnia, had custom bred and enchanted the symbiote as the most pleasant possible sleep aid.

It *shou*ld be knocking Lyriel out cold every time it made her cum-her-brains out, which it was doing exactly every fifteen minutes. Except, of course, that every time Lyriel lost stamina, she was recharged by Misha. Which meant that Lyriel was caught in a loop of earth-shattering climaxes every fifteen minutes, with her body and mind both being healed to peak condition by Misha's circumstance before every restart. Alyia had cheerfully informed her that she wasn't going free until her 25th climax...and even then it would only be either at the end of her shift, or when she begged Alyia to put her in chastity for whatever duration Alyia felt like! She was *pre*tty sure Lyriel had nearly squealed in delight. Even if it was a punishment, it was exactly the sort of thing Lyriel liked. Just a bit on the extreme end. Alyia wasn't actually *ang*ry, after all. Just looking for a little pay back. And no matter how much

Lyriel enjoyed it, she was definitely going to feel this one in the morning, as it were. No matter the healing.

Last, but certainly not least, was Raezlin. Less guilty than Lyriel but more than Misha, Raezlin's punishment was equally between the two extremes. Unlike the other two, Rae was barely recognizable, having been subjected to a set of slightly-questionable transformation magics. Alyia had carefully timed her trap for Rae to affect her girlfriend while the chimera's cock was out. And now that cock was considerably larger...and attached to a futanari Tanuki-kin with amusingly blue fur. The wonderful thing about Tanuki-Kin was that their testes *constantly* produced semen. With their balls capable of swelling to immense size if they didn't cum regularly. The production of that semen was sped up quite a bit if they were aroused...and Rae's cock was currently being held hostage by an enchanted cock-sleeve. It was tiptless, leaving her glans hanging out and untouched, but the inside of that sleeve had three wiggling tongues on either side of Rae's cock. This kept her girlfriend constantly aroused...but without her glans being touched and with Rae being tied to a bondage bench, the girl wasn't going to be cumming on her own. Which meant that her tanuki-balls were slowly swelling to a huge size.

With any negative side effect being instantly healed away by her connection to Misha, the predicament wasn't at all painful. Instead, what it was doing to Rae was simply causing her to become more and more aroused, whimpering and humping mindlessly. Of course, relief *was* within reach. Alyia had hooked an enchanted fucking machine up behind the bent-over futa, lightly penetrating her ass. Any time Alyia made a sale, the machine would hammer forward a number of times proportional to the size of the sale, slamming into Rae's prostate as it did. So far, every time it had happened, Rae had sprayed cum like a firehose! Which might have had something to do with the Cum Multiplier potion Alyia had added to everything else. With the healing from Misha keeping her awake and safely sane through it, it was basically just a long day of cumming her cock numb for Rae. Alyia had even promised that, when the cum filled her glass enclosure enough to reach the futa's knees, she'd let her out! And at the rate it was going, it was looking like Rae might be the first one to get free...probably only halfway through the sales day at the current rate.

Turning back to her goggle-eyed new customer, Alyia greeted him again, drawing his attention back to her.

"Welcome to the shop! If you want, I can tell you all about the items each of the girls are using today! While the specific items aren't for sale, being a bit too dangerous to sell to the inexperienced, we do have safer versions that do similar things! And, of course, we have a wide range of other items that I can *personally* demonstrate for you, if you so desire..."

Alyia bounced in place, letting her barely-pastie-covered tits to the talking a bit as she put on her saleswoman face. After all, she had to make big sales to help free Rae before dinner! That way they could go on a date! Today was clearly going to be soooo much fun~!

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