

## Alyia and the Magic Shop

Novus Peregrine

Alyia stepped into her aunt's shop with an odd mix of trepidation and excitement. She quickly closed and relocked the door behind her, not at all ready to think about customers just yet. There was a reason for that, of course, one that was on display everywhere in the shop, on every wall and shelf. Auntie Wren's shop, the *Gilded Shackle*, was infamous for being one of the only openly-advertised adult emporiums in the kingdom. It was also well known to be inadvisable to visit if you weren't looking for a...specific type of entertainment. The *Gilded Shackle* specialized in magical sex aids of the more esoteric kind. Self-aware bondage harnesses, paddles with sentient-sword style enchantments, cursed collars, enchanted onaholes, self-animating dildos, living (and very perverse) armors, and so much more. You didn't come to the *Gilded Shackle* just to buy the sort of simple sex toy that every sensible girl kept in her nightstand or hid under the bed. You came here when you were looking for something *extra*.

And her aunt had up and left for the newly rediscovered continent of Panderton, sending Alyia a message telling her that the shop was hers for the next couple of years. Possibly longer, if Wren decided to set up a satellite shop on the new continent.

This had come as more than a little bit of a surprise. Particularly since 'Auntie Wren,' wasn't *actually* Alyia's aunt. The seven-century-old elf woman had been a good friend to Alyia's *human* mother. Though, conversely, she'd only ever had unkind words to say about the elven bard that had knocked her mother up and skipped town. Which, of course, was alright with Alyia. She didn't even know the bastard's name and had no desire at all to find out.

Her mother had passed over fifty years ago, when Alyia was barely forty herself. An adult by half-elf standards, certainly, but not by all that much. Auntie Wren was only three-quarters elf herself and had been a major influence on Alyia in the years after her mother's death. She'd help a restless Alyia get started as an adventurer, then helped her again a few decades later when most of her party were too old and retired on her. Wren had gotten her started studying magic, something Alyia had only dabbled in before, while the still wanderlust-laden Alyia had traveled hither and yon. It was only a few years ago that she'd finally gotten far enough along with her studies to attend a magical academy...which she'd just graduated from the core program of a few weeks before Wren's message had reached her.

Now, as she stepped between disorganized shelves laden with kinky magics and perverse paraphernalia, Alyia didn't blush. There was no way anyone who'd spent so many years in contact with her 'aunt' was going to turn out to be a prude. Yet...there was a world of difference between owning a few choice objects from her aunt's shop, which Alyia most certainly did, and...effectively owning the shop. Still, she wasn't here only out of a sense of obligation to her aunt. She genuinely found the shop and its contents fascinating. Only more so now that she had a solid grounding in enchanting, wards, and curses herself. Not that she was up to replicating most of what was in this shop anytime soon. While she'd graduated the basic three-year academy program...that didn't mean she was an enchanter, ward

crafters, or curse breaker. All of those were professions that needed *years* of additional, rather hazardous, study.

Which, of course, was yet another reason she'd given in an accepted. As her aunt had known she would. Wren's letter to her had pointed out that the shop would be a fantastic place to study all of those fields in a practical environment...while also having potentially a lot of fun doing so. Alyia hadn't been able to resist, even if the idea of running one of the most infamous and kinky sex shops in the world was still...a little intimidating? Thankfully, this was far from the first time Wren had hared off after something new, shiny, and interesting. The shop closed down for a few months here or there at least every couple of years. Or else, stayed open managed by someone else. It was just that this time was set to be longer...and it was Alyia into whose care it had been left this time.

Now that she was in the shop, part of her wanted to explore immediately...but she'd been feeling the pull of Wren's magic since she unlocked the door. Following it, she found herself behind the front counter, blinking at a letter that was fading into existence on said counter's top. Unthinking, trusting, she picked it up...then yelped as magic flowed over her and her arms snapped out into a T-pose!

Eyes wide, Alyia instinctively tried to fight the magic...but Wren was an *archmage*. And the magic was very clearly her aunt's. Alyia tried not to panic as it continued its work, knowing from that first effort to wrestle free that she was completely and utterly outclassed. Her eyes tried to pop even wider as all the fasteners and laces of her clothing. On her boots, her bodice, her pants, everywhere that was fastened really, began to unlace themselves. It took only seconds and was followed, as she was half-expecting by now, by the clothing being magically stripped off of her body. Said body was puppeted around by the enchantment as needed, so as not to damage any of her clothing, leading to the whole thing being a very surreal experience for Alyia. This wasn't mind control...just extremely advanced and powerful basic telekinesis. Actually, make that *incredibly* advanced. Alyia was pretty sure she wasn't this graceful when she *was* in full control of her body!

She thought it might be over when she was standing there stark naked, as the magic return her arms to a T-pose, though this time it left her legs separated a bit. Sadly, it wasn't to be. First, a fluffy purple plush in the shape of a brand approached her and pressed itself into her body, bellow her belly button but above her groin. It tickled for a moment...and then the rush of a foreign enchantment settled onto her skin and into her magic. The fact that the majority of it was instantly recognizable to her as an immensely complex ward key was the only thing that kept her from freaking out.

Then...she *did* freak out, as well as struggle a bit and let out muffled protests (wait, muffled? When did the telekinetic gag slide into place?!) as something flew at her. Something *recognizable*. Whimpering in defeat as it reached her, Alyia slumped against the magic holding her up as the gold and silver chastity belt threaded itself between her legs, deftly cinched itself around her hips, and locked with a disproportionately loud 'click.' Only then did the magic holding her fade, Alyia stumbling into the counter as it stopped supporting her. Several giant arrows appeared, pointing at the letter which was now open and hovering in the middle of the shop.

Alyia ignored them for a moment, growling (Not pouting! She was *not* remembering the time Auntie had disapproved of that bard boy and tricked Alyia into a belt like this! She *wasn't*.) and examining her condition. The belt was the obvious thing...but Alyia was passingly familiar with them

for...reasons. As such, she focused on the new *tattoo* between her belly button and groin first. Poking cautiously at it with her magic assured her that it was *mostly* a connection to the shop's wards. The ward key she'd felt inserting itself into her magic. There were some...other things there that she couldn't even *begin* to identify, though. Though one of them *did* look vaguely like the contraception cantrip auntie had taught her ages ago, only loads and loads more advanced.

Sighing, she moved on from the tattoo and checked out the belt. It was a slim, low-profile model, with semi-rigid cabling rather than anything that would dig into her skin if she twisted wrong. Clearly high-quality. And also, from the comfort level alone, even if it hadn't been radiating a bunch of magic, *very much* enchanted. She didn't *dare* poke at it magically just yet. She'd learned the first time around that Auntie had an annoyingly poetic sense of humor at time, which meant poking it was likely a good way to make everything...less than better. With an aggravated sigh, she moved to the hovering letter. She glared at it distrustfully...but it was literally hovering at eye-height so she wouldn't even need to touch it to read it. Grumbling, she cast a quick cantrip to protect from the sort of spells activated just by reading them, then read the letter.

*Hello Dear!*

*If you're reading this, then you've just discovered that my little shop isn't quite so safe as it seems. I know you've visited a few time...but I was always there with you and I know every inch of that shop. Every curse, enchantment, and other bit of magic in it. You, rather obviously at the moment, don't. As such, I've left you with both some protection and quite a bit of reading to do. There are detailed notes on every item in the shop, as well as those items of my private collection that I left behind. Read them. Seriously, read them. At least a few a day and **don't sell anything that you don't know what it does.***

*Now, I'm fully expecting you to run afoul of quite a few things in the shop yourself. Possibly deliberately, they **are** fun after all. But, mostly, I expect your encounters to be accidents. The notes will help you with most issues, assuming you're in any condition to get to them and read them, but I've also left you with contact information for a few friends, as well as a voice or magic activated emergency beacon that will bring help from one of those friends if needed. Expect that help to cost you favors of the sexy but fun kind if you **do** need it. Note, you should also consult those contacts about anything new you buy for the shop, at least until you've had some time to study the texts I've left you and practice the magic within. A lot of them are my personal work and have a particular focus on the identification of both beneficial and malicious enchantments. Oh, and the sort of help you need from my contacts to identify shit won't require 'favors,' just straight trades or exchanges, and none of the contacts I left you are the type to cheat you. Cheat ON you, some of them, if you make the mistake of dating them, but not cheat you.*

*Lastly, if you **really** get yourself into a predicament, you can also always send me a message! Of course, it's a three month turn around for any message from the shop to reach here and get back, so you'll be stuck with whatever is happening for at least that long. And on that note...the last little bit of protection I left you is currently wrapped around your hips! I have the key to that **thoroughly enchanted** chastity belt. Or, rather, a friend of mine in the port I passed through when I landed on Panderton has the key. A bit of magic on the box I left them will let them know when you read this message, and they'll send the key to you when you do. Of course, even one*

*way, that's a one-month trip, given that the port is on Panderton, not Clamidor. So, sorry sweetie, but you're stuck in that belt for the next month! Minimum.*

*Oh, don't pout! And don't be **too** mad, either. The belt is heavily enchanted to protect you from the nastier stuff in the shop...and there are plenty of fun things in the shop that will bypass the belt so you can still have a good time. I'm not **punishing** you for poor life choices this time, dear. Just looking out for your safety. Trust me, it's for the best that you have the next month to really dig into my notes and the textbooks I've left before getting that key. Once you're out of the belt's protection, a lot more could happen to you. Things that you aren't aware enough of to be prepared to deal with just yet.*

*Read. Have fun. Make a profit if you can.*

*-Love 'Auntie' Wren*

*P.S. The magical tattoo is just the ward key, probably. Possibly with a fun extra or two. No need to worry about it. Yet.*

*P.P.S. If you get **too** frustrated with the belt. Check out the sections on sympathetic magics and incorporeal magical items. Just make sure you understand what you're getting into before you choose one...*

The sound Alyia made as the letter neatly folded itself up and the magic all faded away was *not* a whimper. Clearly, it was a groan of annoyance, and there was no one else here to dispute her opinion on the matter! Grumbling, she picked up her clothes, plus the letter, and headed to the staircase that led up to her aunt's private residence. Well, Alyia's private residence now, she supposed. At least for the next few years...

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The relative opulence of the private residence had gone at least some of the way to erasing Alyia's irritation. She'd half-expected Auntie Wren to have stripped a lot of the better stuff out and taken it with her...but almost everything was still there. A huge and sensually soft bed fit for orgies, a few pieces of very nice dungeon furniture, and near-sinfully comfortable chairs. The kitchen was fully stocked, everything under stasis for the moment, most of the bookshelves were still populated, and there was even a fairly hefty sack of gold on the beautiful ebony desk for 'incidental operating expenses.' Of course, there were also two stacks of things to read on either side of the sack of gold. One was a set of neatly hand-written journals detailing hundreds of items in the shop. The other pile was a mix of textbooks and handwritten guides on the subjects of enchantments, hexes, and curses.

That second set had, as Alyia knew from a quick skim of them, a much heavier emphasis on identifying such than actually dealing with them. But, honestly, that made rather a lot of sense in her current situation. Besides, she'd found an entire bookshelf filled with more detailed works on those subjects, along with primers on quite a few others. The contents of that bookshelf alone were likely worth a dozen platinum. And Wren's personal journals on the subject...those were probably literally priceless. Her mentor might run a sex shop...but she was also one of the foremost experts on enchantments on the entire continent. Something Alyia knew wasn't at all unrelated to her

particular...passion for certain uses of magic. It was the sort of thing people awkwardly tried to pretend wasn't related, even if they knew it most certainly was. Something that had always amused her auntie greatly.

There had also been one other, far more frustrating, journal on the desk. One labeled in Wren's beautiful, neat calligraphy as simply 'Alyia's Custom Chastity Belt.' The maddening part of it was that parts of it were magically redacted. No one *wearing* the belt could read the majority of what was written. Though there was an added note that certain segments would reveal themselves once she discovered specific features. Sadly, she doubted that included a secret way to unlock it, which left her no choice but the wait for the key...though once she had the key she could actually understand why she might want to keep the blasted thing. Slightly humiliating and very frustrating it might be...but the parts of the journal that *weren't* redacted made it clear that it was a masterwork of protective enchantments. The belt actively shielded her from mind control, several classifications of binding spells, even more classifications of drugs, and a whole host of other nasty things. Enough nasty things, in fact, to actually worry her a bit about just what sort of cursed items and questionable potions were hiding about the disorganized shop below.

Sighing, a little bit horny from prancing around mostly in the nude and unable to do anything about it, Alyia finished unpacking her basics from the dimensional bag she'd brought with her, then flopped down to read a random volume taken from the piles about the shop's items...

### *Blessed Ballgag of the Healslut*

*Set: Part of the Aphrodite's Curious Pet Set*

*On its own, the Ballgag of the Healslut enables all healing spells, regardless of type, source, or complexity, to be used chantlessly. While this is a powerful and interesting effect on its own, combined with the rest of the Curious Pet Set it gains additional value. Along with the increased healing potency that comes with the full set, the Blessed Ballgag specifically adds an enchantment that converts any spank delivered to the wearers rear into pleasure for the wearer. The spanker gains a 35% increased speed of mana regeneration as well, making this into a powerful additional item for a support caster.*

*This set is rumored to have originated when a particularly kinky priestess gained favor with her patron goddess. While the goddess in question was a little bemused by the request for the set, it was sufficiently in keeping with the tenants of her portfolio that she granted the blessing. This rumor remains unconfirmed, as no one has quite been brave enough to ask the goddess in question if it's true.*

Eyes wide and interest peaked by the very first entry she read, Alyia settled in to read more. And she would completely and forever deny that she pouted a few minutes later, when her wandering hand found the metal of her chastity belt. Though she might have admitted, if pressed, that she started looking for the journal entries regarding sympathetic magic and incorporeal magical items that her aunt's letter had mentioned in its postscript sooner than expected...

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It was almost a two weeks later when Alyia let out a cry of delight and triumphantly pulled a journal from the stack regarding the shop's inventory. She hugged it to her naked breasts for a moment, before hurriedly moving over to the reading chair she'd piled all of the already-read journals around. When she feverishly opened the journal, titled '*Sympathetic Magic Items and Spells*,' she jolted as a note with her name on it slipped out from the front cover. Staring at it for a moment, she glared and scanned it for magic before reluctantly opening it.

*Hello, Alyia Dear!*

*I'm sure you've realized by now that it's not possible to take journals from the pile until you've read the ones I considered most critical first. Sorry about that. But I **do** want you to be able to open up shop sooner rather than later and I knew your...frustration...to get to the journals I mentioned would lead to you taking the core reading material needed to open up shop seriously. If you've finally pulled this journal out of the stack, you officially have enough knowledge to open the shop up in at least a limited capacity...which you'll quickly find you needed to do anyway, if you want to make use of the magic within the journal to get some relief. The journal on incorporeal items is a ways farther down the stack and suspiciously mislabeled, I'm afraid. You might want to fix that.*

*Anyway! Read the entries inside this journal **carefully** before you choose one. Given how horny you undoubtedly are (as I'm sure by now you've also discovered the enchantment on your belt preventing unassisted orgasms), I'm sure you'll be tempted to simply use the first one. Or maybe the kinkiest one. But I strongly suggest you choose one with a controllable **duration** first. Many of them won't be easy to remove with your belt still on. Still, I'm not going to hold your hand any more than I've already done. From here on out, what you study in the journals and in which order you do so is all up to you. As are the consequences. Have fun, sweetie!*

*-Auntie Wren*

Alyia whined deep in the back of her throat. She most certainly *had* discovered that little enchantment. Though only *after* attempting to reach orgasm by every means at her disposal for almost three hours first. It had been one of the redacted parts of the journal about her belt, only discoverable after she tried certain actions. All of which meant that Alyia was slowly losing her mind as she continued to read journal after journal about kinky sex magic, kinkier curses and blessing, and a whole shipload of other things that she *couldn't actually use right now*. She'd almost gotten desperate enough to pick up a random one-night-stand at a bar...but hadn't been able to get over the embarrassment that having to reveal her current *predicament* to any such temporary lover would have meant. She was also on edge enough even a bit of barely-skilled anal probably would have had her worshiping the ground her one-night-stand stood on despite that not normally even doing much for her. Which, come to think of it, probably wasn't a good recipe for not doing something she'd regret when her sanity returned anyway.

The worst part of it was...she *knew* Wren was right. After all, she'd gone looking for this very journal literally hours after getting trapped in her belt. If she hadn't been magically compelled to read the journals in a vague sort of order, she was quite certain she'd have spent more time cumming her brains out using whatever means was in these pages, instead of reading more of the shop's inventory details. It might have taken her another month or more for her to actually open up shop. Which, she noted with a glare at the note, wouldn't have been the end of the world! Sighing and *definitely not*

pouting, she discarded the note and cracked open the journal properly. Time to finally figure out how to cum her brains out! She was horny as fuck, blast it...

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Alyia rocked impatiently as her latest customer left. The petite human girl had been a delight, really. That wasn't the problem. No, Alyia's problem was that said girl, as well as three of the other nine female customers that had come in since the shop opened for 'limited inventory' sales that morning, had been more than pleased to accept Alyia's offer of an 'extra,' as an apology for 'not having the whole inventory available yet.' Each of those extras had been one of a broad selection of dildos. They weren't anything exceptional by the shop's standards. High quality, each of them molded from a real specimen of an exotic species, and with a variety of extra features ranging from orgasm amplification to penetration duplication.

The important part, for Alyia, was that each of them was *also* the target of a sympathetic magic spell she'd chosen out of the journal she'd found the night before. She had, reluctantly, taken her auntie's advice, choosing something simple and with a set duration. Using a drop of salvia, the weakest sympathetic reagent still viable at moderate ranges, she'd tied each of those toys to herself. For roughly the next three days, every time one of those girls used one of their new toys on themselves (or others, she supposed), *Alyia* would experience the same sensations as the person it was being used on. This would not only completely bypass her chastity belt's physical presence...but also count as an external source of pleasure, not under her direct control. As such, it would *also* bypass the extra enchantment on the belt that was preventing her from making herself cum.

She'd half hope that the first girl to accept an extra toy would use it during the day, since she'd come in at noon. But, for better or worse, that hadn't happened. Now, all Alyia could do was wait...and hope that at least *one* of the four girls would decide to give it a go with their new toy tonight~!

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She was in the middle of cleaning up from a late supper, having actually managed to momentarily forget her desperate anticipation, when it happened for the first time. It wasn't so abrupt as to make her drop the dish in her hand, thankfully...but the feel of something gently running along her pussy lips for the first time in weeks, no matter how gentle the sensation, was more than enough to grab her attention. Quickly setting aside the minor chore, she retreated with relish to the bed, sprawling out on it, naked save for the accursed chastity belt she was stuck in. As the phantom pressure on her lower lips began to increase, she gleefully reached up to play with her tits. She moaned as she lightly mauled the flesh of her best assets, then almost whimpered in frustration as the sensation faded.

It was a long, agonizing minute before anything else happened...but when sensation *did* return it was abrupt enough to make Alyia squeak as the entire dildo, a mid-sized but extra knobbly one she remembered selling to her second female client of the day, was thrust deep in a single, smooth motion. Alyia, already on edge, almost came right then...only to be disappointed as the toy didn't move for a bit, letting her back down from the edge.

The next half an hour was a sort of pleasurable torture.

The girl she'd sold the toy too was clearly either into teasing herself or, more likely Alyia thought, using other stimulation along with the toy. And since Alyia was *only* tied to what happened to the dildo itself, she couldn't feel anything that the other woman might have been doing to, say, her clit. Even so, with Alyia's own attentions to her nipples keeping her going as the fun slowly ramped up, she *did* finally manage to reach release right before the other woman stopped. She lay there, eyes blank and smiling from the peak, somewhat anemic as it had been, when her eyes popped open at an abrupt pressure.

She was feeling another toy...but it wasn't aimed at her pussy. Alyia reached down, feeling through the hole in her belt that no, her *own* ass wasn't being slowly invaded by something more bigger than it had ever felt before...but *someone* was clearly using one of the toys for that! She'd never gotten a lot out of anal unless she was already halfway to horny out of her mind, and she worried for a moment that the monster toy, a dragon model she'd sold, would hurt from her relative inexperience. Thankfully, it quickly became obvious that any such sensations weren't transferred by the spell. Possibly because it wasn't designed to transfer them, but more likely simply because *she* wasn't actually being stretched out despite what it felt like. Mildly aroused despite anal not being her thing most of the time, Alyia hesitated, then shrugged and returned to playing with her nipples. Maybe this time would be different? She *was* still pretty horny...

For the next twenty minutes, it wasn't all that great. The false anal intrusion wasn't *unpleasant*, it just wasn't doing much for her without something else to go with it. And then, with a suddenness that caught her off guard, that lack of 'something else' changed as she felt something nudge roughly at her pussy lips. Confused for a moment, as the other toy was still firmly thrusting away in her ass, Alyia quickly realized that the first girl was back for round two! And she was being considerably more aggressively this time as she moved straight into a rapid thrust. Alyia's eyes widened a bit as she felt extra full, suddenly reminded of a fun experiment with an inexperienced pair of elven twins...

The memory of that particularly hot night aided her renewed arousal as both tools sped up. No longer focused on adding more pleasure with her hands, she gripped the sheets as the asynchronous double-fucking continued. Then, just as she was about to cum, much more strongly this time, her eyes bulged as she felt a *third* toy nude between her pussy lips along with the first. A large, veiny orc model...it was also the one enc scrolled with *penetration duplication*, and Alyia whimpered as she felt the sensation of the penetration duplicate itself in her ass. Mind overwhelmed for a moment with the sensory input, she hovered at the brink of cumming for several unnatural seconds...mind too confused to actually reach release. Then, as the momentary overload passed, her body crashed over it into one of the most powerful climaxes she'd had in *decades*.

Howling, she trashed on the bed, trying to thrust back against *any* of her penetrators, only for it to have no effect for better or worse...as all three of the women continued to have their fun, utterly unaware of Alyia's predicament. As one of them sped up, another slowed down, and the third activated a vibration function, her orgasm just kept *going*. For one wonderful, horrifying, *awesome* second, she realized she *might* have *slightly* miscalculated...and then there was nothing but pleasure as conscious thought shut off...

<End of Part 1>