

Alyia's Magic Shop: Calling for Help

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Alyia glared.

Misha looked sheepish.

Alyia...glared some more. She *really* wanted to yell at the woman, aspect of a Greater Spirit or not. Unfortunately, yelling with a panel gag in your mouth was rather thoroughly impossible. Even if here arms were free, which they weren't, the gag was of a type where removing the panel only revealed a cylindrical ring-gag that extended into Alyia's mouth. It was intended to let a cock in, or liquid food, not to allow the person inflicted with it to speak. And, equally unfortunately, *inflicted* was the right word. Somehow, Misha had found *three complete sets* of cursed bondage gear. The airheaded twit had thought the colors matched with the three of them perfectly...and so brought them over to show Alyia and Rae. Only to then stumble on thin air, trip into both of them, and somehow trigger the curses on all three sets.

Which is how the three of them had ended up in their current...situation. The gear sets were all identical, save for their color, so giving Misha and Rae a once over gave her what little information she needed beyond what she could feel. The 'core' component of the outfits was a *very* skintight, nearly full-body, suit of some sort of shiny leather or rubber. The stuff was clearly magical, so it probably wasn't either, but that was the closest description she could think of. So tight were the suits that they were very nearly a second-skin. She couldn't *quite* make out the folds of Misha's pussy...but she could definitely make out the general shape and size of Rae's cock, which had apparently been 'out' when they'd gotten caught. That skintight suit extended up to their necks, where it ended in a seamless collar, and down to their ankles. Aside from a built-in corset shape which made breathing just a tiny bit harder, it was actually fairly comfortable. Or, well, it would have been if it was the only piece of the gear.

The gag, of course, was obvious. Though by looking at the others, she could properly identify that it was a harness type, one that had somehow gathered each of their hair into ponytails. It was problematic enough by itself...and it wasn't alone. An armbinder had her chest thrust forward and arms pulled firmly behind her, ending in a pair of mittens with individual internal sleeves for her fingers. Finally, was a set of boots that arched her feet...but not into a set of heels. Instead, they made use of the arch to slot her calves and feet into a set of boots clearly designed to mimic horse hooves, even to the point of having *horseshoes* on the bottoms. All in all, a rather comprehensive set, clearly intended to create a 'cursed pony.' There were even a set of freaking *blinders* attached to the harness gag, keeping her from seeing anywhere but straight forward.

Of course, if that all wasn't enough, there was the *real* reason that Alyia was glaring. Yes, getting stuck in bondage was annoying. But, *usually*, Alyia would have options to get herself out. This time, however, it was pretty bloody clear that the gear had explicitly been designed to take magic users into account. The gag obviously silenced her...but the separated fingers sleeves were a blatant anti-mage tactic, preventing the use of motions for casting. And, as if that weren't enough...there was the fact that

Rae hadn't shifted her way out...or at least shifted her clearly uncomfortably-positioned cock away. That indicated a fairly strong degree of anti-magic built into the suits. Which would, in turn, explain why she couldn't feel their magic at all...and why she hadn't sensed the danger and power of the gear when Misha approached with them. It also probably meant that Misha had thought they were mundane too...but that was too charitable of a thought for Alyia's current mood.

For now, she needed to figure out what to do about this. Well, aside from closing the shop, which she'd already done with a manual emergency switch. *Thankfully*, her paranoid aunt had designed said switch specifically to be useable by someone with limited movement prospects. Which...didn't change the fact that she'd already come to a conclusion about what she was going to have to do. She just *didn't like* that conclusion. Sadly, she'd spent the last ten minutes glaring at the increasingly depressed looking Misha and still didn't have a better answer. Huffing...she shuffled awkwardly over behind the counter...and stared. Crap.

Forty very awkward and sweaty minutes later, the trio had finally managed to retrieve what Alyia had needed. And only Misha's blatantly overpowered magic managing to get a small cantrip through the gear had ultimately gotten the Book of Emergency Contacts out from where Alyia had stuffed it. In the first couple of weeks, she'd kept it ready to hand. But, with the reduced risk having Rae around had brought, she'd been a bit more careless with it. Thankfully, they had it out now...and Alyia was very awkwardly flipping through pages, having to turn around and use the edge of her armbinder blindly each time. There were little notes on each person's expected response time, specialty, and probable reaction. Given the nature of the gear, they likely needed an expert in enchanting or curse breaking. Preferably a female one, given some of things listed in the 'probable reaction' list of the male ones.

Thankfully, Alyia finally found one that was listed as having a fairly quick response time for emergencies and an extreme expertise in enchanted/cursed objects. The only real potential issue was that it was an anonymous contact, having only a business name. Though that name was encouraging...and also probably a bit unfortunate, since Alyia could already predict the 'cost' of their help. But...needs must. Sighing, she activated the Emergency Contact Beacon labeled '*Ponygirl Express Service - Enchanter.*'

Everyone in three kingdoms knew about that particular company, given the...view...afforded by their delivery girls. Alyia, as a somewhat gifted enchanter herself, also knew that whoever had made the outfits for the service was *good*. Either the Buff or Protective effects would have been extremely good on their own. Combining both into a single suit and making enough of them to run a business? She'd speculated that the enchanter had to be at least a Duke-Class enchanter. And the book had actually listed *her* as a Kingdom-Class enchanter and Duchess-Class curse breaker. Exactly what they needed right now. So...now all there was to do was wait....

Thankfully, they hadn't had to wait long. Even more thankfully, the beacon had opened a hole in the shop's ward scheme to let the mage they'd contacted for help simply teleport straight in. An arrival which happened about half an hour after activating the beacon. Though...when the flash of light from that teleport faded and Alyia finally got a look at *who* had arrived, she desperately wanted her gag gone simply so she could gasp properly. She *recognized* the woman.

Lyriel Tevliana. Almost as much of a living legend as Auntie Wren. And, admittedly, something of a personal hero of Alyia's. The woman was, after all, one of the most famous half-elves alive. Though, to be honest, no one actually knew if she was a true half-elf like Alyia, or simply of elven descent. The woman was more than a little bit of a mysterious recluse, though not so much so that Alyia hadn't seen her before, at a few major gatherings of magical talent. Mistress Tevliana been one of the major inspirations for Alyia wanting to study enchanting...and Alyia suddenly blushed rosily as she realized she was meeting her idol under rather embarrassing circumstances.

Lyriel had scanned the room carefully, obviously looking for threats first and foremost...but she turned to Alyia just in time to catch the blush. Which only made things worse, particularly given that her response was to chuckle. Alyia's cheeks flared hotter as she instinctively looked away. She was surprised a moment later when a delicate but strong hand grabbed her chin and turned her back around to face Lyriel.

"Relax, dear. From those ears, you've got to be Alyia...though from your aunt's proud raving about you, I'm pretty sure I'd have recognized you anyway. And, if you must know...she actually lost a bet. She figured you'd need help before now. But I can sense from the state of the book that I was the first one you've summoned, yes?"

Alyia...was stuck between being even more embarrassed that her auntie had apparently been talking about her to her idol, proud that her aunt apparently thought she was worth raving about, and both proud *and* annoyed that her aunt had bet on that...but that she'd beat the bet. She was almost grateful she was gagged at the moment, since she was almost certain she'd have been a stammering mess from the wild mix of emotions. Thankfully, she *was* gagged, so she could get away with just nodding acknowledgement that, yes, this had been the first time she'd summoned help.

"Thought so. And I can already see why you needed it."

The beautiful mage let Alyia's chin go and ran a hand down her body. Alyia shivered in pleasure as the sensation transferred right through the material she was wearing, like it wasn't even there.

"That's spell breaker cloth. I'm genuinely amazed that someone used it for *bondage gear*. Let alone three sets of it."

Alyia's eyes widened. Spell breaker cloth? What the fuck? That stuff was practically a myth! The only people she knew used it were *extremely* high-level monks. And that was only theoretical knowledge. She'd never actually met any monks high enough level to have that sort of gear!

"Hmmm, thankfully it's been mixed with something else. Or else even I might have to call in some more help. Still, whoever made this clearly wanted to keep a mage *very* helpless. Cursed too, I suppose?"

Alyia nodded, though it was an obvious observation.

"Well. Let's get a look at it then. I know your aunt has some diagnostic workrooms in back. Let's go get a few scans to see what we're dealing with, shall we?"

Nodding in relief, Alyia led the way...

It was an hour and a half later that Lyriel finally gave a verdict. Though 'finally' wasn't really fair. Alyia's mind was spinning at just how fast the woman could work. And that was *with* her taking the time to explain bits and pieces of what she was doing!

"Well...mostly good news. Whoever made these was focused mostly on preventing someone from freeing *themselves*, rather than on being freed by others. The curse has some solid defenses...but honestly they aren't all that special. Even with the spell breaker cloth making things a bit more difficult, I can get these off of you without *too* much trouble. But...of course...that still leaves the matter of payment."

Lyriel grinned and nonchalantly reached out to tweak one of Alyia's nipples. The unexpected action drew a muffled moan from Alyia...that turned into a whimper as the woman teasingly circled that same nipple as she spoke again.

"I know you're already aware that my services don't come with a simple monetary price. And, given that you aren't exactly in a position to protest...I'll be setting the terms. As well as insisting you agree to a magical contract regarding them."

Even with the distracting caress, Alyia's eyes narrowed...but she reluctantly nodded. Lyriel chuckled.

"Don't worry. I'm not intending to be particularly cruel. In fact, I'm simply going to share one of my own favorite kinks with you...which I'm sure you can guess at."

Alyia rolled her eyes and lifted one of her pony boots to tap the other. Lyriel laughed at the action, then smirked.

"I see you *do* understand. Don't worry, it's actually quite fun...I sneak in a few courier runs as one of the delivery girls a couple times a month to blow off steam. For the three of you, you'll be working off the value of my services over time. Whenever I need you for a delivery. Since there are three of you, it shouldn't be that hard for at least one of you to always be available..."

Alyia sighed and nodded. She had questions about *why* the woman wanted that as repayment...but those would have to wait until she was ungagged anyway. Thankfully, the woman seemed willing to take her at her word. Mostly.

"Alright. I'll undo the curses on the gear and release each of you one at a time. You can each sign the contract in turn."

A few moments and another nod of confirmation had the gifted enchanter working getting Alyia out of her predicament...

Alyia read over the contract, internally grimacing. This was going to lock all three of them into working sporadically for Lyriel for *months*, despite the relatively high pay her workers made. Which...wasn't to say it was unfair, unfortunately. In fact, it was actually much better than it could have been. Lyriel was an *extremely* high-level enchanter...and she'd made an emergency call. It was pretty obvious that there was a significant 'friends and family' discount being applied here due to auntie Wren. Well, that and the fact that Lyriel clearly wanted them to do this for...reasons. And that was the only

reason she hadn't signed yet. Well, nothing for it but to ask, and hope that the enchanter wasn't insulted. Thankfully, she was completely free of the bondage gear at this point...even if Misha and Rae were still stuck. Turning to the heroine of the hour, she voiced her question as carefully-yet-bluntly as she could.

"This is honestly more than fair. But that makes me a tiny bit concerned. *Why* is this what you want? Surely, with the rates you pay, you aren't hard up for workers?"

Thankfully, Lyriel merely grinned, rather than looking offended.

"Nope! No trouble at all with the business as a whole! Buttttt...very few people know that I'm involved with the company. That, in fact, I'm the majority owner. Which means, while we have plenty of people...they are people whose discretion I trust. This contract binds you to secrecy unless you want to pay outrageous sums, which means I get to play with you personally! I may love being a delivery pony occasionally myself...but I also enjoy playing at the stabledress role from time to time. This will let me do that, without worrying about knowledge of my involvement getting out. The fact that all three of you looked *hot* in that pony gear is a nice bonus, too!"

Alyia...blushed. She couldn't help it. She was still nude and Lyriel, one of her personal idols, was giving her a very frank and appreciative look over! Realizing that this offer would involve Lyriel *personally* made Alyia's hesitation vanish quickly. In fact, she barely managed to keep from signing the contract with indecent haste. Instead, she signed it with *almost* indecent haste...and blushed again as Lyriel giggled. Thankfully, aside from a wink, the other woman didn't tease her any farther. Instead, the enchanter got to work on the other two women, even summoning Alyia over and starting to cheerfully talk her through it!

Alyia was still embarrassed. But she was also a little bit thrilled. Best. Mistake. Ever. Maybe she should forgive Misha? She'd...consider it, at least. Eventually...

Alyia tried not to squirm as Lyriel activated the magic of the corset. Given the hands on manner in which the woman had insisted on fitting the item to her, and Alyia's resulting arousal, not squirming wasn't the easiest thing in the world to do. Particularly in light of the extremely odd sensations created by the magical semi-liquid that was slowly creeping over her entire torso. The unknown magical material of the corset was acting almost like mercury as it first conformed to her body and then began shaping it a bit. Nothing transformative, of course. The material was simply mimicking a really nice corset, lifting and shaping her breasts and tightening up her waist a bit, before connecting to the collar already around her neck. According to Lyriel, the original version had also handled the junction between the legs and all the fun bits there. But, apparently, this was the third iteration of the design and included more 'features.' Which had necessitated more base pieces to keep more numerous enchantments separate-but-connected.

In her distraction with the odd sensations, she'd failed to notice Lyriel kneeling in front of her. That changed abruptly as the woman playfully blew a stream of magically chilled air across Alyia's pussy, making her jump...and moan as the same time. She blushed wine-dark at the giggles coming from the enchanters as she focused again. There was a moment where she considered glaring at the woman, but ultimately didn't have a chance to do more than consider it as the other woman's left hand came up,

brazenly running a caressing finger along Alyia's dripping lower lips. Another moan was impossible to hold in...and got another delighted giggle.

"Oh, how fun! I think you might like this as much as I do! Of course, with who your auntie is, I imagine you've had plenty of chances to try fun things! Now, hold still...this will be intense!"

Alyia gulped as Lyriel's fingers splayed to either side of her sex, flexing and pressing to spread her pussy. The woman's other hand lifted a moderately thick, flexible dildo of the same material the corset and collar were made of. Despite her best efforts, Alyia let out a whimper-moan as the beautiful woman penetrated her with the toy. A moment later a much longer moan was torn from her as a flash of magic activated the toy, just 'incidentally' also triggering every pleasure nerve in her sex for long seconds as the material began to spread. A harness formed first, holding the toy in place and allowing Lyriel to remove her hand. But from there, things got more *intricate*. Little textured tendrils wrapped themselves around her clit, even as another smoothly slide its way into her urethra. Distracted by that *extremely* odd sensation, she only noticed at the last instant as another tendril wormed into her ass. That one, of course, began to quickly thicken, until it was comparable to the one seated deeply inside her pussy. Seconds after it finished, the harness connected to both her corset and the thigh-high boots she was already wearing. The result left her encased in practically-painted-on black mystery material from toes to neck. Material that didn't so much cover everything, as it did *show everything off*.

"That looks wonderful on you, dear! Now, lets check the features before we get you gagged and your arms properly bound! Then we can get you on your way!"

Lyriel was grinning wickedly as she disappeared behind Alyia. At the first pass of the control rod, she felt the entire suit magically lock. At the second, some sort of climate control and support feature turned on, her temperature quickly becoming perfect despite the black suit on a warm day. Not to mention a dozen little aches and pains she'd barely noticed before vanishing. She was just marveling at that, wondering if there was a less...drastic...way to get that sort of perfect support...when the control rod passed by the collar again and she squeaked.

Instinctively, her hands went to her breasts...only to pass right through the invisible, ethereal hands that were massaging her tits! For just a moment, she was confused...and then she was far too distracted to be confused as the toys inside her thrummed to life. She moaned...and flushed more than blushed this time at the renewed giggle from Lyriel. Somehow, she suspected that she was going to be extremely horny and frustrated before she even got fully equipped, let alone before she received her package to deliver!

Alyia's moans were being suppressed by her gag. Which was the only saving grace of her current situation as she kept running by magic-influence instinct. Lyriel, thought the tiny portion of her brain that was still working...was evil. Pure evil. Pure sexy evil she really hoped she got a chance to tie up and fuck senseless at some point. Both as revenge...and simply because of the 'sexy' part of the 'sexy evil.' An abrupt change in the pleasure she was being bombarded with saw her stumble half a step as the suit helped her compensate for cumming the fourth time in the last two hours. Her mind blanked for a good five minutes as the mental recovery portion of the many, *many*, enchantments on the suit worked on her strained mind. Eventually, the combination of time and the mental recovery spell managed to get

her brain working again...just in time to note herself nearly missing her turn off the of the King's Highway and onto the Queen's Throughfare.

Her yelp as she made an instinctive, high-speed, hopping turn to compensate was also muffled by her gag. Though the blush on her cheeks would still be visible to anyone that could see her, the harness gag-and-hood combo only covering the top half of her face. Seriously. Her temporary boss/mistress was *evil*. Lyriel had talked up the 'orgasm suppression field' that was often used with her runners so much that Alyia had assumed she would choose that for the delivery she sent Alyia on! It had only been as Lyriel had smacked her ass on the way out and told her to 'enjoy her orgasms,' that she'd realized it might not be the case. A misdirection she was quite sure had been intentional. Again. Sexy but very evil...

Already as worked up as she'd been from her 'fitting,' Alyia hadn't even made it out of town before she'd begun to suspect just what sort of program the enchantress *had* set her up with. It had farther taken the first three climaxes for her to be almost sure. Now, to her flushed frustration, she was almost positive she had it figured out. The program she'd been put on was one designed to rapidly build Alyia to the point of orgasm...without a suppression field. It wouldn't, on its own, actually push her over the edge. But it wouldn't stop her from cumming, either. Which left it up to Alyia's own will to deny the climax as long as possible, until some unexpected change or burst of pleasure pushed her over that last sliver of edge.

The worst part of it was that Lyriel had explained the details of her job...and how the suits worked. The pleasure/torment was the 'price' demanded by the enchantments. Higher arousal without cumming meant higher speed...and Alyia only had so much time to make her delivery. Which meant that the cruel, evil-but-sexy woman had set Alyia up in a desperate cycle of pitting her self-control against her pleasure. The longer she could go between orgasms, the better time she would make...all at the cost of agonizingly riding the edge of climax, constantly denying it only by her own badly frayed self-control. So far, she'd not exactly been managing the best of times. She was going to have to last much more than half an hour at a time between climaxes if she wanted to make her delivery on time!

Whimpering into her gag, Alyia did her best to will herself not to cum, the suit's groping hands, thrusting appendages, and vibrating tendrils having already set her on edge again by the time her mind recovered...

Even the courier suit and its enchantments were barely enough to keep Alyia upright as her giggling client, a halfling woman named Wina, removed a series of small packages from the dimensional storage inserted in Alyia's pussy. Every item felt, for the moment it passed her lower lips, like a monster sized dildo filling her up. Yet another little enchantment that told her Lyriel was *absolutely* a pervert on the level of her own auntie. Finally, when the last item was removed...she found herself confused as the little halfling guided her to a seat. What? Wasn't she supposed to return?

"Relax, sweetie. This was a one-way delivery. Lyriel's not mean enough to put you through that *both ways*, as a newbie! I'm the other part-owner of our little company and you've simply been delivering some new courier suits to be tested. Who knows, if this version four works out, you might get to try it next time! I hear she finally got the hot, cold, and light electric shocks to work!"

Alyia's eyes widened at the implications of the last one...and she *really* wished the thought wasn't currently appealing. Despite having cum nine times on the trip here, the courier suit had her...mostly recovered. Though, apparently, she was loopy enough from so many post-release chemicals floating through her brain to think of 'light electric shocks' as potentially erotic. She was...*mostly* sure that she wouldn't normally consider them so.

"Now. Let's get you out of that gear! And maybe take care of you one more time...no doubt you were on the edge again when you arrived!"

As the little halfling cackled and went for Alyia's crotch-piece first, she couldn't decide if she should whimper or cheer...the halfling *was* right about her being on edge, after all. Well, she supposed she'd decide which was appropriate when she eventually leveled out from her natural high. Probably sometime tomorrow morning, if the hungry look in the halfling's eyes was any indication. For the moment, she figured it was possible 'both' might be the right answer...

<<End Part 6>>