

## Alyia's Magical Frustrations

By Novus Peregrine

Alyia staggered drunkenly into her room above the shop. The bed was *much* too far away, so she settled for a squishy armchair to fall into, whimpering as cum oozed out of both her lower holes onto the upholstery. It was probably a good thing her aunt tended to spell *everything* cum resistant. Otherwise, Alyia would probably never get the stains from the glowing, pink and purple mess out of the expensive chair. Ignoring the issue for now, she sagged into the comfort of the cushions and considered how the day had gone.

She's been ecstatic last night, when she'd *finally* gotten to take off that blasted Chastity Belt, the key having arrived by courier late in the day. The timing had even been convenient, coming right before the weekend, which she'd already planned to take off to sort out more inventory in order to open the shop up more fully next week. She'd been more than half tempted to spend the evening at a bar and pick up someone to give her a proper fucking...but she'd not really wanted the complication and had settled for playing with a few of the more interesting toys she'd already picked out from the shop's inventory. The entire evening had been glorious, with her finally being able to cum when she *wanted* to, rather than only at random. She'd gone to bed sore but satisfied and woken up reenergized for working on the shop this morning!

She'd gleefully blown a raspberry at the chastity belt before heading downstairs in a set of old clothes to get started on that inventory.

That had been a horrible mistake.

Alyia had *thought* she'd been prepared for every item in the section of the shop she was intending to go through. It wasn't a particularly dangerous part of the shop, just the home of a few dozen of the more...quirky...magic items that were really the bread and butter of her aunt's shop. Stuff that went beyond regular sex magic and into the unusual or unique. But not very far so. Few actual cursed items, or other more potentially dangerous works. She'd been confident she could handle it.

That confidence had been her *second* horrible mistake.

The first, of course, had been leaving the protective Chastity Belt behind.

Alyia sighed again as she sunk even farther into the hair, grimacing at the squelching wetness against her bare ass as it slipped forward into the pool of cum. She had learned two very important details today. First, that *knowing* about an item wasn't the same thing as being ready to deal with it. That self-binding bondage rope set she'd spent over an hour struggling her way out of had been a firm lesson in that. She'd know exactly what it was...but she hadn't accounted for just how blindingly *fast* those ropes were. Or how persistent they would be. She'd blown through half her magic and ultimately ended up destroying the ropes in frustration before getting free. Which she counted as a complete failure, even if she'd handled the other two sets of the same rope more successfully afterward.

The even more enlightening second lesson she'd learned was that some of the items in the shop *moved*. As in *moved out of their zones all on their own*. She was *quite* sure that the book which had summoned some sort of overly-amorous (but thankfully, ultimately harmless) tentacle monster had *not* been on the list of items for the section she was in. And it hadn't been the only such item. Two more, a

staff that turned into a multi-dicked hydra thing and a miniature-kraken-in-a-bottle, had both taken advantage of the tentacle monster leaving her fucked senseless and magically exhausted. Worse, she'd *seen* the miniature-kraken-in-a-bottle *hopping it's bottle* down the aisle toward her. Seeing it coming hadn't helped, unfortunately. After barely managing to best the hydra before it got more than two dicks in her, she'd lacked the magical power or mental energy to resist the relatively weak kraken at all as it had its horny way with her.

At least the hydra's cum had had unsummoned with it...but the tentacle monster's and the kraken's most certainly hadn't. She'd been positively *covered* in cum from both of them before managing to muster up a rain shower after she crawled her way behind the safety of the counter. That had washed the worst of it away...except the cum that was stuffing her insides and slowly leaking out. She whimpered as she felt another surge of it being pushed out, knowing she needed to get up and get more thoroughly cleaned, but completely lacking the energy to move. She'd just rest a bit, for now...

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Alyia glowered at the chastity belt, daring the inanimate object to mock her. After long seconds, she sighed and blew a strand of hair out of her face. She was being ridiculous and she knew it. Which didn't make her any less irritated as she picked up the chastity belt and stepped into it, letting the magic adjust it to her body as she pulled it up to her crotch. Whereas a non-magical version might be a bit more complicated, this custom masterwork was *easy* to put on...and seconds after picking it up, she was glaring at the unsealed lock. She waited for a long three count, before bracing herself and quickly twisting the lock. For a bare instant nothing happened...and then she felt the massive series of protections and anti-tamper spells activating in rapid sequence.

Grimacing and half-hoping there wouldn't be any surprises with the bloody thing, she picked up another old set of clothes and started getting dressed. Her second day of inventory awaited her. Hopefully, the protection of the chastity belt would allow her to actually get enough done to open the new section up tomorrow...

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Alyia let out a frustrated whimper, not even trying to pretend to herself that it was anything *but* a whimper. She'd just tried to unlock her belt after a long day of working inventory...and the lock hadn't budged, actually spitting the key out after her second attempt. She'd half expected this to happen, given that some sections of the journal about the belt, regarding the functions and controls of the horrible thing, had remained redacted even after she'd gotten it off. Hope springs eternal, however, and she'd *really* been hoping she was wrong to be so suspicious. Fingers twitching with a desire to strangle her 'auntie,' Alyia moved over to the desk and pulled out the journal labeled 'Alyia's Custom Chastity Belt.' To her complete lack of surprise but considerable disgust, one of the previously redacted sections was now readable...and contained a note from her aunt enlightening Alyia about her current situation.

*Hello Dear!*

*I'm proud of you for making it this far! Of course, since you were driven to put the belt back on, I suspect you've realized the point I was making with my first letter. The contents of my shop, while fun, are also more than a little bit **dangerous**. I do hope you didn't run into anything TOO unpleasant, though I'm fairly confident that I managed to lock down all of the really nasty stuff*

*for a couple of months. Still, whatever encouraged you to put the belt back on, I'm sure it was enough to realize why you need to keep studying. To incentivize you, however...I made the lock on your belt conditional. When you put it on a second time, an orgasm counter came into effect. You're going to need to cum at least fourteen times before the belt will unlock. Oh, and the belt is now shielding you from sympathetic magic! Isn't that nice? You'll need to find a new solution...and even once you do, you'll discover that the belt's enchantments now limit you to a single orgasm a day. Have fun with your new challenge! And get studying. I'm sure you're almost too that book about incorporeal magic items...*

-Auntie Wren

Alyia's head thunked down on the hardwood desk. After a long few minutes where she *definitely wasn't pouting*, she groaned and looked over at the stack of journals regarding the shop's items. She...hadn't touched it since getting the key. Which means she had no idea if the very next book was the one she needed, or if it would be a dozen journals down. Worse, she wasn't going to have as much time to read, since the security of the belt *had* allowed her to finish up the next section of the shop. She was going to need to open up tomorrow so she didn't lose her aunt's client base, leaving her frustrated and with only her evenings to work on the journals. With a tiny smidgen of hope she'd get lucky, she picked up the next journal...and grimaced as it proved itself to be simply a list of cursed items in the next deeper section of the shop. General items, not a specific collection like, say, incorporeal equipment. Sighing, she took the journal and made her way to the reading chair. Best to get started as soon as possible. She cracked the journal open again and started on the first entry.

#### *(Cursed ) Lover's Ring of Bets*

*A Regular Ring of Bets, as you might know, is a simple enchanted piece of jewelry commonly used for duels. A pair of them protect the duelers from damage while counting strikes toward an agreed upon total. The lesser known Lover's Ring of Bets is a more erotic take on the same theme. Instead of a regular ring or pendant, the Lover's variant is typically a clit or cock ring, which delivers bursts of pleasure with each blocked blow, with duels determined by which individual cums first, rather than counting strikes.*

*This, the Cursed version of the Lover's Ring of Bets, is an even lesser known working, with only a handful known to exist. Technically an extremely useful item, it has most often been crafted as a training tool. While the bursts of pleasure from the Lover's Ring remain, the Curse specifically **denies** the wearer one orgasm for every time they are struck. The only way to remove the ring, without the aid of powerful magic, is to triumph in a specified number of duels without taking a blow. Until then, any active adventurer or trainee will often find it difficult to reach climax, having to overcome the frustrating number of denials they may have stacked up. Of course, the fewer times they get hit, the fewer denied climaxes before release, so the ring DOES serve as an excellent motivator for those willing to use it...as well as good protection of an adventurer dungeon diving. The latter purpose truly sets this ring apart, as the cost demanded by the curse fuels the protection, meaning it doesn't require paired rings to work.*

Biting her lip at she read about yet another tauntingly arousing item, Alyia memorized the entry and moved on, trying not to imagine using it herself...

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Alyia stared. Then she whooped in joy and did a little victory dance, clutching the journal in her hands to her naked breasts like it was the most important thing in the world. She'd *found* it. It had taken almost a week and a half, but in her hands she *finally* had the right journal! Just to be sure, she cracked the journal open again, ignoring the boring-sounding title on the outside for the *proper* title of the work on the inside cover.

*'Incorporeal Magic Items and Their Enchantments'*

Yes! Ten days without cumming, agonizingly frustrated as she'd sold dozens of interesting toys and spells to clients, and she was finally on top of a solution! Now she just had to find something inside the journal that would allow her to work around all of the belt's restrictions! And, hey, there wasn't even a taunting note from Auntie Wren this time!

Determined to find a solution to her current frustrating situation, Alyia stopped her capering and plopped down in her by-now-favorite armchair to read it...

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Alyia was...a tiny bit desperate as she reexamined the trio of magic items she was working on yet again, trying to figure out what she'd gotten wrong this time. It had been an additional two days since she'd found the journal regarding incorporeal items. Unfortunately, whether her auntie had intended it to be easy or difficult, difficult was what a solution was proving to be. She'd found dozens of items that could bypass her chastity belt...but virtually none of them would *also* bypass the belt's built-in limitation on not being able to make *herself* cum. It wouldn't have been an issue at all if Alyia had a lover...but she didn't. Which left most of the obvious options untenable.

Alyia rather strongly suspected that her aunt had actually just overlooked that particular problem. The woman was well known for casually taking lovers, often with the understanding that they weren't her only lover at any given time, and it likely simply wouldn't have occurred to Wren that Alyia *didn't* take lovers so casually. She wasn't against a bit of a quick romp, strictly speaking, but she made a firm rule to only do so when there wasn't a very good chance of seeing the person again. Which was easy to do when you were adventuring, constantly traveling around on this or that quest, but was rather a lot harder when one was stuck *womaning a shop*. Any lover she took in this city would likely quickly discover who she was and where to find her, with the potential to quickly become a nuisance. It was why she'd managed to hold off from the temptation of a quick solution to her...distress...so far. Any lover she took *now*, she needed to be on friendly or promising enough terms with not to regret it for the years she'd be stuck in the city for. And she hadn't exactly made time to go out and socialize since getting here.

All of which meant that almost none of the incorporeal items or magics in her aunt's journal, at least the ones she was proficient enough to use safely, were actually a viable solution to Alyia's current needs. Worse, her initial attempts to simply mesh one of them with something else, like the sympathetic magic she'd used to link herself to the sex toys she'd sold, had all failed. The new, more comprehensive magics that had activated with her second usage of the belt were proving...difficult to bypass. She only hoped that her latest attempt would do the job. It had taken most of the weekend to get as far as she

had with it...and she barely had six hours before the shop was supposed to open again. Worse, the stupid enchantments were fighting her—

Alyia sighed in relief as the sequences of spells she was using *finally* clicked into place, the existing enchantments finally giving way enough to allow the new spells to properly link everything together. A mix of curses, a hex, and three simple cantrips, the whole thing was cobbled together...but it *should* work. Heart racing, she jumped up and raced to the front of the shop, gleefully putting two of the three magic items in place just over the door. She tied them to the shop bell, which would hopefully keep anyone from noticing their subtle magic taking hold when they entered the shop. Even basic magical mental defenses would likely stop them cold. Thankfully many of her clients weren't the type of people to have such things, which were usually restricted to high level adventurers and nobles.

The first item was actually a pretty simple Dreamcatcher. It was only made even remotely special by the fact that it caught *erotic* dreams instead of just any old dreams. Alyia had farther modified it, straining it nearly to its limit, by forcing it to catch *daydreams* instead of the sleeping kind. In and of itself, the Dreamcatcher wouldn't have been able to do that, of course. Which is where the second item came in. Said item was equally simple and, thankfully, wouldn't be out of place in a shop. The Tagger was designed to 'tag' people who entered through a door. The Adventurer's Guild used them to track who entered and left dungeons. The guard used them to prevent anyone from simply stealing a guard uniform to get into secure areas. And, most critically, many shops used them to make sure they didn't lose track of any potential shoplifters. Even if someone noticed the Tagger, they'd likely think nothing of it, given the high value of some of this shop's contents.

Of course, the shop actually had much nastier anti-theft magics. *This* Tagger was going to serve another purpose. Alyia had gutted the enchantments on *this* Tagger, something which had taken most of yesterday. Needing so much time was the product of the fact it was a premium model, and she'd needed to leave *some* of the functions intact while coring out others. It had been dicey, delicate work, but she'd managed it. And, most importantly, she'd *finally* gotten the new spells she'd placed into the bloody thing to externally link to the Dreamcatcher. Now, instead of Tagging someone in the traditional manner, it would instead act as a vector for the Dreamcatcher to 'catch' the daydreams of anyone who was 'tagged' by it. It would only work while in the shop...but that was fine. This was a *sex shop*. And Alyia was a, if she did say so herself, hot half-elf who was going to be deliberately teasing every client that got tagged with the thing. *They* would likely see it as simple good saleswomanship. But *she* wanted them to be thinking as many vivid thoughts of bending her over a table and fucking her senseless as she could manage to get into their heads. Thoughts that the dreamcatcher would be capturing...

Satisfied with the placement of the first two items, she looked at the set of magical candles that told the time and grimaced. Quickly cleaning up her tools and grabbing the third item, she headed upstairs. She could hopefully get at least a *few* hours of sleep before the shop opened.

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Alyia was equal parts embarrassed and aroused a little over twelve hours later. She'd spent the entire day *shamelessly* flirting, teasing, and tempting every non-sleazy person to walk into the shop. Which, given the shop's reputation for *unfortunate* accidents happening to particular sorts of depraved individuals...had actually been pretty much every customer for the day. She'd wiggled her ass, engaged in innuendo, and did embarrassing things with dozens of phallic objects, for the entire eight hours she'd

opened the shop for. The fact that her clients had ranged from witty to adorably-red-in-the-face in response hadn't helped her general horniness levels...so she *really really really* hoped this had been worth it.

Finishing up locking the wards, Alyia sighed and *carefully* unmounted the Dreamcatcher. She'd leave the Tagger in place for now. At the moment, it was the Dreamcatcher and its contents that she needed. Impatient, she made her way up to her living quarters, gently placed the Dreamcatcher on the desk...and stripped out of the *very* suggestive outfit she'd been wearing. This one had been a cute-but-sexy maid outfit, made of not-a-whole-lot of cloth. She'd picked it, as well as a couple of others, out of her aunt's private collection...and it had been the *least* suggestive of the trio. If this worked, she might be wearing the others the rest of the week...a thought that both made her blush and shot yet another spike of arousal through her.

Naked save for the belt, she took a deep breath, crossed her fingers, and initiated the connection between the Dreamcatcher and the third item she'd selected. For a few heartbeats, nothing happen and she worried that her plan had been for naught...but then the ethereal figure of her day's first client spilled out of the lamp that was her third choice of object. The strapping orc warrior slowly began to animate, even as Alyia squealed in delight. The noise drew its attention...and the ethereal orc's eyes snapped to her, burning with lust.

She squeaked a second later as it grabbed her in very-much-not-ethereal-seeming hands and threw her to the floor, her body landing face down on the soft carpet. The warrior's armor vanished and it followed her down, grabbing her wrists and pulling them behind her body, trapping her tits-down and ass-up on the carpet. The ethereal projection stuttered for a moment when it couldn't remove her chastity-belt...but then simply ignored it.

Alyia cheered and moaned in the same breath as the Orc's *incorporeal yet substantial* cock simply phased right through the plate of her chastity belt, sinking to the hilt in her sopping wet pussy. No thoughts beyond an ecstatic 'it worked' and 'fuck yes, MORE PLEASE,' could find a spot in her mind as the powerful warrior began pumping, his every thrust of that thick cock satisfying her desperate, horny itch. The heat of her arousal, already thoroughly suffusing her body from her day of flirting and teasing, not to mention the two weeks of denial, ratcheted upward with every thrust. The coil at the center of her tightened rapidly. There was not going to be anything like the usual slow buildup, and she'd known there wouldn't be. She was too far gone already from her days of frustration. Barely a dozen thrusts in and her mind went blank, two thrusts more and the tense spring that had been taunting her for weeks finally snapped with a violence and level of euphoric power that she'd rarely felt before. Her entire body shuddered as pleasurable fire raced through her veins and she howled until she was hoarse...

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It was only when the Orc didn't stop, and that same spring was almost instantly back and *locked in place* by her one-orgasm-a-day-limit, that some part of her barely-coherent brain realized she might have...*slightly miscalculated*...

When Alyia came to the next morning, she was sore all over...and possibly even hornier than when she'd started. She whimpered at that thought, her hand instinctive reaching for her sore-yet-inflamed pussy, only to hit metal. She slumped into the carpet, thankful for its soft embrace, and desperately tried to think on the bright side. Sure, last night had been almost a sort of pleasurable torture as the 'orc warrior' fucked her for several hours, with her utterly unable to cum past that first glorious release...but at least she now had a working means to tick away at her countdown. Only 13 more days, with the same number of orgasms, and she could take the belt off again. And...hopefully not all of the dreams she'd stored in the dreamcatcher were quite as...energetic as that one. Though she whimpered again at the realization that she would have no way to know if a given 'dream' would be before activating it.

Still. It was one step closer to release. And she could at least *try* to maybe target some less...intense clients. Maybe if she actively painted a scenario for them to imagine? She blushed at the thought...but it could work. Maybe...

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Extra:

#### The Lamp of the Distant Lover

Only one of these Lamps is officially known to exist, though rumors of copy-cats do appear from time to time. Originally, it was created for a Heroine of the Burning Sands, who was loathed to be apart from her lover. The Lamp has two functions, each meant to enable the other. When used in 'storage' configuration, the Lamp takes in the imprint of its target's magic, captured at the height of their desires. When used in 'Return' configuration, the Lamp creates an ethereal construct using the stored magic. This half-incorporeal construct will act out the lustful desires of the Lover that was originally imprinted, targeting the person who activates the Lamp the second time. This allowed the Heroine it was made for to carry a bit of her lover's... 'comfort' with her in her many journeys.

<<End of Part 2>>