

## Alyia and the Magic Shop: Don't Juggle Dangerous Artifacts!

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Alyia and Lyriel watched carefully as the shop's powerful warding array lowered Auntie Wren's protections over a new area. When nothing immediately went wrong, they both breathed a sigh of relief, though they weren't silly enough to lower their guards even as they did so. Wren's notes had marked this section as particularly *active*. Which, given that much of the contents was made up of creature and transformation related objects, was more than enough to make the pair of them feel cautious. It was also enough to have convinced the two of them to leave Raezlin behind this time, and Misha was only on call as an effectively indestructible, unmindfuckable, bait. As an Aspect of a Greater Spirit, Misha was inhuman enough to be at no real risk of lasting physical or mental damage, which made her invaluable for an undertaking like this. Even if the airhead was a bit dangerous to take with them, in virtually all other respects. Her being a perpetually clumsy, perpetually horny, walking disaster zone was a *bit* of a double-edged sword. They just hoped that when she inevitably touched something she ought not to have, the backlash only caught *her*, rather than them.

Of course, the relative risk of this new section of the shop was why Lyriel was present. Twice over the reason, in fact. On the one hand, Alyia felt a *lot* better with another competent enchanter on hand if things went pear shaped. On the other, Lyriel herself was interested in the contents of the section. Physical transformations were among the most complex magics out there, only rarely achieved via enchantment rather than temporary spell. And creatures with magical effects of various kinds were even more interesting to her, as study of such was often how new fields of enchantment were figured out in the first place. Given Auntie Wren's penchant for the...*exotic*...it was entirely possible there were enchantments and creatures in here that had never previously been studied in detail. Exactly the sort of thing that would attract the immediate attention and mild to moderate avarice of any high-level enchanter. The likely *nature* of the enchantments and creatures would keep many away, but to Lyriel that only made them more interesting. She *was* a bit of a pervert, after all. Even if she didn't show that fact off to most of the world. Or, well, not when they would recognize her anyway...

When nothing more than a random Cum Imp appeared after five minutes, the duo risked crossing over the line of lowered wards. Immediately, three separate objects and one creature of unknown origin lept at them, but they'd been well-prepared. Two of the objects were sealed easily via a pair of pre-prepared magic sealing-jars. The third was hit with a dispel by Lyriel, rendering it temporarily harmless, even if both women could still feel powerful magic lingering on it. The creature, some sort of ooze derivative, proved...utterly harmless. The pink blob wasn't very fast, even if it *was* absurdly durable and magic resistant. Their first two tentative attacks had caused it to release some sort of gas, which both were safe from behind air filtering charms. Before anything else could happen, Misha surprised both of them by shrieking in delight and scooping the creature up. It...gurgled happily? Huh. Whatever it was, it seemed not to be having any major effect on Misha, who seemed to recognize it in turn. That didn't mean it was harmless...but it seemed content with her petting it and happily chattering in its direction. For now, it was probably safe to assume it was at least mostly safe to ignore.

Attentions swiveling back into the mass of half-organized chaos in the new section, the two women sighed. Alyia was the one that spoke up a moment later.

“I knew the longer we left sections, the more the half-intelligent items, creature-toys, and so on would make a mess of things. I admit, I’d hope the stasis field would be more effective, though.”

Lyriel patted her on the shoulder, a wry grin on her face.

“It probably *has* been, in most sections. But I suggested tackling this one next for reasons other than my own interests, you know. The more complex an enchantment, the more likely it is to act on its own, even if it was never intended to work that way. You should know what by now.”

Alyia nodded, a bit of chagrin on her face. She *hadn’t* known that before she’d started going through her aunt’s materials. It honestly seemed like something they *ought* to have mentioned back in her dungeon-delving classes. Or even the sort of wisdom snippet that should have trickled down from older adventurers. But she’d never heard anything more than wild hearsay before getting into her aunt’s private library. Apparently, magic was a little bit *alive*. Not in the sense of a thinking creature. But in the sense of something more like a genius loci. In fact, genius loci happened when too much magic pooled in one area and probability warped, creating a sort of intelligence of a place. That wasn’t an unknown phenomenon, many Dungeons started that way after all, but very few people seemed to know that the same thing happened with *items* that were too densely enchanted.

There was, apparently, a *reason* you didn’t try to stack too many enchantments into one object. A reason beyond simply the limitations of how much magic a particular material could hold. Once you passed a certain threshold of magical density, an item in question started *acting on its own initiative*. Much like a genius loci would act as the spirit of a place, the pseudo-intelligence in such an item would begin trying to *do what it was made for*. Sometimes, you got lucky, and a Holy Sword became a Relic level weapon that just wanted to be used to fight evil, burning the hand of any with *fel* intent who tried to wield it. Other times...well, with the sort of things in this particular shop, they would generally try to trap you into experiencing their *purpose*. Which could be relatively harmless, or could be hell, if you ended up running afoul of a cursed item of unusual strength that would fight being removed. The new knowledge had been an eye-opener for Alyia, changing the way she saw magic and magical items. Something she assumed was probably the case for any enchanter that got far enough along to learn or realize what was happening.

It also made their caution *entirely* warranted. Some of the items in this section hadn’t been used in years, decades even, in some cases. Those items would, without question and with very few exceptions, *desire* to fulfill their purpose. At least to the extent an item that wasn’t *truly* sentient could have desires. Compared to those, the creature-based items were less intrinsically risky...but often quite a bit more intelligent. Thankfully, the ones that Auntie Wren would have allowed in her shop were also the type that could be placated or fed properly. So long as you knew, or could figure out, what they wanted.

Partly because Alyia had done her research and *did* know what the creatures and items wanted, everything went suspiciously smoothly for a time. Most items or entities, while out of their place, only needed a little bit of convincing to go back to sleep. A handjob for a tentacle here, some of Misha’s milk there, tweaks to a sealing array, discharging some excess magic build up, and so on. There were a couple of close calls, one where a ***Bodice of Bimbofication*** tried to snare Lyriel, and a second where some enchanted chains called the ***Painful Maiden*** tried to wrap Alyia up. Both were avoided by virtue of

watching each other's backs, thankfully. That second one in particular was an unknown that Alyia didn't think she *wanted* to know about, given the name. Not from first-hand experience, at least.

As they made their way deeper into the rows of shelves, however, Alyia noticed something off. She frowned as she realized she was becoming more and more aroused as they went. Some of that could be pinned on the *interesting* nature of their surroundings. But this felt like something more. When she mentioned it, expecting Lyriel to either confirm something was off or dismiss it, she was surprised when it was Misha that piped up instead.

"Oh! That's just Mister PuffJiggles! The gas he lets off makes people *super* horny so he can feed off their natural lube."

They both stared at her, then double checked their air filter spells by reflex. Misha watched them do it in near perfect sync, giggling at the show.

"Oh no, sillies. Filtering the air will slow it down, sure. But it absorbs through skin contact, too! Totally harmless, though. Mister PuffJiggles is a sweetheart! I'd wandered where he wandered off to. I wonder if he came here on purpose, or if he just followed me out of curiosity?"

The duo of enchanters made eye contact. That was...concerning. Particularly given that 'harmless' could mean very different things to a Greater Spirit than it did to them. Alyia gently brought that point up.

"Misha? Harmless to *everyone*, or just harmless to *you*?"

"Everyone with my mark! He and I have a deal! You and Rae-Rae have my marks...but...hmmm."

Misha held 'Mister PuffJiggles' up and pointed sternly at Lyriel.

"Mister PuffJiggles, Lyriel is a friend! No singing around her! Okay?"

There was a gurgle that they could *somehow* tell was an affirmative. Even as a bit of dread formed on Lyriel's face.

"Misha, what would have happened to me if he... 'sang'?"

The golden-haired airhead cocked her head to one side and thought for a moment, nose scrunching cutely in confusion.

"Welllll, normally you'd fall asleep for, like, a century or two? It's a sort of stasis, totally harmless. And he feeds on you while you have erotic dreams during that time. When you eventually grow immune, you wake up, feeling like you've had the *best nap ever*! Oh, but that wouldn't happen with *you*. I know how to wake you up, and you're way too fun! So, I'd have just let you get an awesome nap for a day or two before waking you! Assuming I remembered!"

*Both* of them were pale now. Alyia was also quite sure the creature wasn't *supposed* to be in the shop. Whatever it actually was, it had likely followed Misha but gotten caught in the powerful creature wards of this section. Auntie Wren kept some crazy things around, but something like *that* would have been much more...heavily sealed away. Or, more likely, not brought into the shop at all. Sighing and figuring there probably wasn't anything to be done about it if Misha had a deal with the creature, the two of them tried to shake off the nasty surprise and keep going...

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When it all started to go wrong, it wasn't particularly obvious. A single transformation item slipped through their defenses and managed to attach itself to Lyriel. The collar wasn't actually overly nefarious. As the items in this section of the shop went, it was actually relatively tame. Physically, Lyriel's skin turned dark purple, her breasts went up three cup sizes, her ass filled out, and she gained a prehensile tail and horns. A succubus transformation item, if a very well made one. It even got the little details, like swelled lips and artfully slitted eyes right. For all of that, and for all that they couldn't figure out immediately how to remove it, they'd decided it was effectively harmless and they could push on. Lyriel had stripped out of her now much-too-tight clothing and they'd kept working.

That had been a mistake. Not because the transformation itself was *malicious*, but because other details of the transformation were subtler. Increased sex drive, lowered inhibitions, more impulsive thought processes. None of it had been *immediately* apparent. Unfortunately, it didn't take long for the doubling down on the arousal Lyriel was already experiencing from Mister PuffJiggles to cause those impulses and lowered inhibitions to flare up. Mischievously, Lyriel had allowed another relatively harmless artifact through their defenses, angled to make sure it hit Alyia. She had, of course, maintained innocence...which Alyia didn't buy for a moment, given the playful smirk on her fellow half-elf's face.

The artifact in question was one Lyriel had recognized from their pre-dive research. Which had contributed to her allowing it through in the first place. ***The Belt of the Clockmaker*** was a significantly more powerful artifact than the nameless collar affecting Lyriel, but not an openly malicious one. Though power was such that it had overcome Alyia's attempts to defend against it was casual ease as soon as it made contact. It had wrapped itself around her hips...and then slowly but surely began to transform her body into liquid metal, warping it and shaping it into an idealized form as it went. Within less than five minutes, Alyia had been rendered into a nude statue, body sculpted into perfect proportions but unmoving, with a key sticking out of her back.

With a grin, Lyriel had stepped behind her and pushed magic into the key, turning it several times before removing it and placing it in her satchel. Alyia immediately sprung to life...only to cross her arms and glare at her partner as she tried to look innocent.

"What! I missed it! You saw my spell go wide!"

"Yes. I saw your spell go wide, when you're a far better shot with the seal spell than I am. It *curved* away from the belt!"

"It must have had some defense against it! Besides, you know now that I've used the key, it actually makes you safer! We're totally fine to continue!"

Alyia ground her teeth, the sensation of the liquid metal her body was now formed of warping under the pressure instead of resisting as it should only adding to the disconcerting feeling of the transformation. Every pleasurable sensation was *rawer* now. Stronger. The wind moving through the shop as it blow over her nipples was...wait...wind?

Alyia's eyes snapped in the direction of the wind at the same time Lyriel realize something was wrong, too. There shouldn't *be* any wind in the shop! To their horror, they realized that their little

argument had left Mister PuffJiggles and Misha unmonitored...and Misha was giggling as she *juggled* a trio of artifacts, Mister PuffJiggles' squishy form crooning in delight at the sight. Unfortunately, as impressive as it was to see the clumsy Misha somehow juggle three artifacts flawlessly, that didn't change the fact that the magic of all three of them was sparking wildly, creating mana-wind. Before either of them could even so much as shout a 'no,' that wind stopped as the magic condensed...and then exploded outward!

Both of them tried to throw up mage-shields. But a dozen other artifacts had reacted to the first explosion, adding their own mix of wild magic to the effect. Their shields were hammered down in less than a second, and then both of them blacked out as wild magic surged through their already-transformed bodies...

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Alyia didn't know how long she had been out for, but as consciousness slowly returned, her body felt *very* off. The first thing she noticed was that the feeling of being liquid metal hadn't lessened, something confirmed as she caught a glimpse of the coppery-bronze color her skin had turned into after falling victim to *The Belt of the Clockmaker*. That, however, was far from the only change that she found as she slowly took stock of herself. Breasts that were far larger than the perfectly-proportioned figure she'd had after the first transformation were the physically largest change, they were now large enough to make it difficult to *see* past them to assess everything else, in fact. She did not, of course, need to be able to *see* to feel the pair of thick manacles holding her arms behind her back, seemingly solidly fused bot together and to her metal form. Something which, just incidentally, was making it even harder to manage her boob situation. She also didn't need to see see the ring gag that was making her drool all over those breasts, but she could feel a few *other* things odd that would be helpful if she could see.

Eventually, she managed to struggle to a seated position, becoming increasingly aware of those *other things* that had changed via little bursts and twitches of pleasure. To her confusion when she finally managed to assess her genital region, she didn't discover any sign of the large cock she felt like she currently possessed. Instead, there was only an empty ring of metal fused to her equally metal body, just above her clit. Said clit was pierced, but otherwise unaltered, and her pussy was uncovered and empty. Her ass, on the other hand, most certainly had something in it. A fairly thick plug with a glowing gem. It and the piercing didn't seem partially fuse with her like the manacles or ring, likely the result of items finding her *after* the wild-magic explosion, while she was unconscious and vulnerable.

Done with her self-assessment, she looked over to where she'd been hearing a whimper-moan since she first started moving. She blinked several times when she caught sight of Lyriel...and her first coherent thought after the shock of the sight was 'oh, so that's where my cock is.' While hardly the most startling thing she was seeing, the observation *was* accurate. She could clearly see a very large cock, easily twelve inches, impaling Lyriel's half-transparent body. The cock, despite having a slightly pink tint to it from the half-transparency of Lyriel's form, was clearly made of the same metal Alyia now was.

Of course, that *transparency* was a little more notable than the newly-discovered location of her apparently-detached cock. From what Alyia could make out, her companion had undergone some sort of goo or slime girl type transformation. Only it appeared to have *mixed* with her succubus transformation, now making her a pink goo-succubus. A pink goo-succubus that was currently extra-large sized, stuck on all fours, and encased in a set of binders Alyia recognized as the result of wearing

the *Equine Reins of Transport*. True to what she knew about that particular artifact, Lyriel had gained a fair bit of size. Now easily twice her usual height, she was stuck on all-fours, with her arms and legs trapped in binders that forced her to walk on her elbows and knees. A saddle on her back had a thick dildo sticking out of it and, if Alyia remembered the notes correctly, Lyriel would find herself stuck in place until someone impaled upon that cock directed her to move.

Like Alyia's own piercing and plug, the *Equine Reins* seemed to have attached themselves *after* Lyriel's initial unconsciousness. Likewise, the cock-gag clearly visible, shoved down Lyriel's transparent throat, seemed to be an add-on. She seemed to be breathing fine, which was good...since it looked to be locked in place and both of them were sort of incapable of doing much more than struggling at the moment. She thought she could get to her feet, eventually, but she was going to need to recover a bit first...

Frowning at that thought, she realized Misha wasn't in sight at all. The aspect of the Greater Spirit should have been largely immune to the explosion, so where had she gone off too? A bit more squirming showed the answer, which made Alyia roll her eyes. Immune to the wild magic Misha may have been, but that seemed to have made her more attractive to the various magical items *after* they'd become unconscious. The blonde airhead was *thoroughly* trusted up by a half-dozen artifacts, moaning soundlessly into the *Gag of Silent Release*, as some tentacles had their way with her body. Well, she could just stay there for now. This whole mess was her fault to begin with, and Misha's nature meant sure wasn't in danger from anything that was happening to her, like Lyriel and Alyia might be. So, better to focus her efforts on getting the two of *them* out of this, first. They could come back for Misha later. Like, possibly in a couple of weeks.

Sadly, she already had a pretty good idea how she was going to have to go about arranging their escape from the section. Though, 'sadly' was more a state of annoyance. The idea itself would actually be pretty hot, if it wasn't for the circumstances and lack of knowledge of what else was going to go wrong. Having regained some energy, she managed to use the shelf behind her, now empty of artifacts, to slowly help herself stand. Between the arms stuck behind her and the giant tits, she was *seriously* unstable as she tottered her way over to Lyriel, the pink goo-succubus shuddering with every step as it sent Alyia's detached cock shifting inside her. Of course, feeling the *other* side of those sensations wasn't helping Alyia's stability as she managed the short distance...and threatened to outright topple her when she had to swing one leg over Lyriel's now-broader back.

She huffed and stopped to rest, already half worn out without even mounting that intimidatingly large cock on the saddle yet. Still, it had to be done. Part of her just wanted to leave Lyriel behind...but Lyriel was still holding the Clockwork Key in the satchel that was now hanging more like a saddle bag. That key bound her to Lyriel and she had no idea if the meta-physical 'leash' was long enough to get out of this section of the shop with. Thus, after another few minutes to recover, she went up on her tiptoes and *very slowly* inserted the thick, 10-inch cock inside her. It was actually less difficult than she'd expected, the liquid-metal of her body remolding itself to fit the toy perfectly, once she applied enough pressure to make it give. It was also *much* more pleasurable than she'd expected...mostly because she was feeling the effects more than once. It took her until she was finally touching the saddle with her groin again, dildo fully inside her, to sort out what was going on with that.

It was the clit ring, she was pretty sure. She hadn't recognized it at first, because it was a more basic item than should be in this section of the shop. It's presence here, and the power it was radiating,

likely meant that it did *more* than what she was feeling. But, at the very least, it was a **Ring of Sensation Sharing**. She was feeling not only what was happening to her, but also what was happening to *Lyriel*. Worse, she now knew that the cock-gag Lyriel was wearing was probably the **Gag of the Phantom Lover**. That particular gag reproduced what was happening to it onto the nearest cock to the wearer. Which, given that Alyia's currently-detached magical cock was *physically inside* Lyriel, was obvious Alyia's. So Alyia was feeling the walls of aphrodisiac-laden goo-succubus pussy twitch around her cock, while feeling like it was also buried in Lyriel's throat, while *also* feeling the dildo physically buried in her pussy *and* an echo of Lyriel's side of everything Alyia was feeling.

It was, needless to say, a little overwhelming. Not to mention a little alarming that she *hadn't cum yet*. She assumed that either the piercing or plug must be responsible for that fact. But it could also be the manacles she wasn't able to see...or something Lyriel was wearing that she'd missed. It could even be her Clockwork Transformation, given that Lyriel was her 'master' at the moment, she might need permission to cum? Oh, or the ring gag. She hadn't figured it out either, as it didn't seem to be doing anything? That was actually probably a bit alarming, in fact. Well, whatever it was that was preventing her from cumming, Alyia was fairly certain the few hundred meters to the exit of this section were going to be pure hell...

Sighing, she worked up her nerve and used her heels to order her partner into motion...

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Alyia *howled* through not one, but *elven* back-to-back climaxes. The unending stream of pleasure had started the moment Lyriel pulled the plug out of her ass, the surprisingly un-cursed device going without resistance. The plug had turned out to be a set of replicating beads, however, with one new bead appearing for each climax Alyia *should* have had on their way out of the maze the section they'd been working on now was, post-explosion. Only the continued presence of **The Warm Blanket of Greater Restoration**, one of Lyriel's prized possessions, kept Alyia both sane and awake as the orgasms ripped through her body. Slowly, her spasming and twitching subsided, the blanket once again soothing away the aches and exhaustion. It was slow, but powerful...as evidenced by the fact that she and Lyriel's *physical* transformations had already been undone. Their bodies reset to what they'd been when being 'scanned' by the blanket before their expedition.

Gone was the pink goo-succubus that Lyriel had become, replaced by her normal appearance...though the change had revealed the presence of a chastity-seal that was preventing her from removing Alyia's still detached cock from her pussy. A detachment which was a *little bit* more disturbing now that Alyia herself was back to flesh and blood, *The Belt of the Clockmaker* having proven less powerful than the Blanket. The now identified **Cock Ring of Detachment** and **Phallus of Endless Cum** were both still attached to each other and Alyia. Neither could be removed until they got the Chastity Seal, which was of unknown type, off of Lyriel to recover the currently-detached Phallus.

Thankfully, Alyia's manacles had been fused to her Clockwork Body. They were still on, but they'd proven to have a long chain once unfused. More than long enough that she'd been able to get her hands back around her body. That had allowed her to cast, which had in turn allowed her to get the *Equine Reins* off of Lyriel. They, thankfully, had a known removal mechanism. Both of them were still gagged, Lyriel still chastity-sealed, and there was the issue of that detached cock and it's current...residence. Sadly, the plug had been the last easy-to-remove item. More happily, it had

apparently been what prevented Alyia from cumming, storing up her climaxes instead. Which was at least a *little* bit of good news.

The bad news, of course, was that the remaining items weren't ones they'd recognized. Which meant they were going to need to do some research. With any luck, at least some of them would be in the shop's books, despite the duo not immediately recognizing them. Others, though...it might take a while. And, at least in the case of the chastity seal, there seemed to be a fairly strong curse involved. Which wasn't either of their expertise. Lyriel had written that she knew someone but seemed reluctant to involve them unless absolutely necessary. Apparently, her friend always made anything like this into an...*experience*...if she got involved.

Oh well. Lyriel had wanted some artifacts to study. Apparently, she was going to get the opportunity. Even if she probably would have preferred they not be on her body at the time...

<<End of this Part...for now ;-)>>