

The Ruler's Companion: Lingerie Shop (Part 2)

Novus Peregrine

Note: This continues directly from Part 1!

Even with Liz still a bit unsteady on her feet, it didn't take them long to return to the two waiting women. Even as Ethan tied Liz's leash to a nearby clothing rack, he let his gaze rove over the now naked Veronica. A not insignificant part of him was extremely disappointed he hadn't gotten to see her strip in the same way as the others. But that part was a pale shadow in comparison to the rest of him, which was busy appreciating her body. A body that was far more mature, in all the right ways, than those of her two employees. That body also showed the signs of how well she'd taken care of herself. Her heavy breasts, easily two cup sizes larger than even Skyla's, showed very little sag despite their weight. There wasn't a stretchmark to be seen anywhere. And there were signs of light muscle definition under a thin padding all up and down her hourglass figure.

There were also, Ethan noted with considerable interest, four additional points of interest. Five, actually, if you counted the two ring-piercings through each nipple as separate points. Those were of particular interest, as they looked to be tech-piercings...as did the clitoral hood piercing he could just barely see peeking out of her folds. He knew she'd implied its existence earlier, but that didn't stop him from having to drag his eyes away by force of will. An effort now helped by the third point of interest, which consisted of the minor detail that she was the only one of these three to have hair down below...which was just a tiny bit more than a landing strip. Specifically, it was a cheekily shaved arrow pointing down that made Ethan smirk. The *last* point of interest was one he'd noticed only when he'd approached, but which he was certainly going to investigate at a later date. Right at the base of her spine had been the blinking telltales of a neural port. There could have been a lot of reasons for that, such as cybernetic repairs to her spine or legs. But, given the tech-equipped piercings she was sporting...he was willing to bet it was for something else and more interesting.

For now, however, he still had work to do and put on his best breezy air of confidence as he delivered the zip-suit into her hands. She took it with a raised eyebrow and a smirk directed at Liz...who blushed horribly as she remembered that her boss would know she'd had input into picking it out. Veronica grinned at that blush, even as she shook the suit out to get a better look at it.

"My, my, quite an *adventurous* choice. If, to be fair, a bit less so than what I put you in Elizabeth. A bit of revenge perhaps? Or just eager to see me modeling something so *erotic*..."

Unlike Liz, who looked about half ready to pass out from embarrassment, Ethan hadn't missed the spark of desire...or the clearly building moisture on Veronica's lower lips. Deciding to spare the younger girl, while setting up for more at the same time, he helpfully pointed it out.

"Oh, I think she's not the only one so excited by the idea, Veronica. You're positively *dripping*, after all. Now, be a Good Girl for us and let me help you into that suit."

He didn't miss the flare of arousal in the older woman's eyes as he shifted his tone to make the statement a *command*. Given that sign of interest, he was unsurprised that she complied easily with the order. She swayed to face away from him, bending at the waist to give him a completely unnecessary

but very-much-appreciated display of her pussy and ass from the rear, as she stepped into the suit. In those few seconds, he got a much better look at that piercing. Enough to recognize the brand as something *very* high end. Then, he was treated to her need for help in getting the skin-tight suit situated properly.

Veronica didn't murmur the slightest protest as he got a little bit more friendly with his hands than he strictly needed to get the suit on her...and she outright moaned when he snapped the collar shut and the suit began to adjust. It tightened up to perfectly mold to her body, so much so that she squeaked as it pressed her hood piecing rightly against her clit, even as it conformed to every little detail of her pussy lips. The zipper seam ended up pressed into her in almost the same way Liz's strap was, though not quite so deeply, and as she stepped away with slightly shaky legs, Ethan had to admit that the effect was *stunning*.

Veronica's already tight body had been molded to perfection by the suit. Her breasts lifted to be perky and pushed up, the ring piercings standing out quite lewdly against the material. The subtle zippers, where both breasts could be zipped away and her pussy freed for use, only added to the erotic image of a living sex doll that the quasi-latex smart suit had turned the shop owner into. Liz, apparently, had spectacularly good taste. A thought Skyla's appreciative wolf whistle and the zoned out look on Liz's own face said they clearly agreed with. Veronica herself appeared to be rather flushed at this point, which Ethan was going to take as a good sign...even as he pressed forward while she was still in an obedient headspace.

"Excellent! The look is spectacular! Do a few stretches for me. Let me see how the material moves! Make them the sorts of poses this suit deserves, of course."

Veronica obeyed without hesitation or protest, smoothly moving into a couple of sexy model poses that strained the suit a bit. She then moved on from those into several increasingly lewd positions that ultimately ended in her facing away from Ethan, bent over to grab her ankles, with her legs spread wide and pussy pointed up toward him.

"Perfect! Pause there!"

That seemed to startle the woman for a moment, but she did as he asked, even as he stepped forward and began to caress her lewdly presented lower lips. She squeaked at the touch, then shuddered as he pressed just a bit harder.

"Excellent. Thin enough to feel sensations through! Not what everyone wants, but a far better display of quality than something thicker would be. Harder to achieve, after all. Now, what about the zipper? I have no doubt it would work with you perfectly standing up...but what about like this?"

With that thin justification of his 'test' actions given, Ethan released the zipper from where it had been locked into a little nook to keep it from sliding with the suit's movement. Another sign of good design, that. Not that such was actually what he was interested in, even if the fiction of it was becoming a little true by virtue of needing to create excuses. Excuses for things like his slow unzipping of the suits crotch, watching with delight as her compressed pussy pushed out between the material like a flower chasing the sun. A flower that was, he noted, *very* wet with a certain self-created dew. He made no excuse or apology as he traced a finger along it, noting that she only moaned, rather than protesting. A good sign that what he was about to do would probably work.

“Now, there’s really only one last test. If this is poorly designed, it could make a man uncomfortable as he fucked his little slut in it. We’ll have to make sure that’s not the case, won’t we?” Dropping any pretense of professionalism, he pressed a finger between those sopping lips, getting only a whimper-moan in reply. “And you’re perfectly prepared for such a demonstration, already! Bend over that table behind Skyla. Skyla, make sure the zippers around her breasts work for me, would you?”

Veronica almost stumbled in her *rush* to obey, even as Skyla wickedly smirked and knelt down to get under her boss. Ethan, too far committed now to worry farther, quickly undid his own zipper and fished his painfully throbbing cock out of his pants. Liz’s eyes locked on it, lips licking, even as she began to unconsciously masturbate with that strap again by rocking her hips. Good to know she was interested...but she wasn’t the one that was going to get it right now. Not that she could complain, given what she’d said her fantasy was, now could she?

Ethan grinned as a moan caused him to look back to Veronica and he spotted Skyla having gone far beyond his suggestion/order. The free-spirited pansexual of the group had clearly read the mood as her chance to get her some of those tits. She hadn’t just opened the zip-away panels, but was mauling one of her bosses tits with one hand, sucking the other’s nipple, and had her remaining hand firmly between her legs. The greenette was shamelessly taking advantage of the open-crotch of her own lingerie to finger herself...and the entire sight made Ethan *extremely* pleased that he’d discovered her. The other two as well, given current circumstances, of course. But Skyla seemed like the one of the three that was going to be an *active* collaborator in getting into the other two’s pants. And his, too, hopefully.

For the moment, he had other pants to get into. Or something kinkier than pants, anyway. Like the zip suit that was lewdly framing his current target. He stepped up behind Veronica, who was already moaning lowly from Skyla’s attentions, and quickly plunged two fingers into her folds. Veronica cried out in pleasure at the new intrusion, even as Ethan discovered new surprises. Tight, very tight...and modified. Rings of RealMuscle™ that twitched and clamped down as his fingers penetrated deep. His eyes widened as his fingers curled and twisted, causing more moans even as he explored this new surprise. He’d *heard* of such modifications, but never actually met someone that would admit to having them. Muscle augmentation was nothing new, but applying that as rings of artificial muscle, usually along with NeoBoost™ artificial nerves to go with them...is was the sort of thing you only heard kinky stories about! Or saw in pornos you were never sure were real!

Yet, from the way Veronica was rapidly coming unglued with even just his fingers, he suspected she had *both* modifications. And their presence would *absolutely* explain the neural port at the base of her spine. It was likely there to both monitor and tweak the cyber-mod...along with possibly supporting other features. Grinning at his incredible luck at half-randomly stumbling into someone with this sort of modification, Ethan gave one last pump with his fingers, then withdrew to replace them with something bigger. Veronica whimpered in desperate need and disappointment as he withdrew the fingers, only to gasped and half-coherently beg as she felt the bulbous tip of his cock make contact instead. Teasingly, he lightly ran his cockhead up and down her slit for several seconds, firmly spanking her ass when she tried to buck back against it to get penetration. She whined, but stilled.

“Good Girl.”

He followed up his praise by rewarding her with what she wanted, hips thrusting forward with merciless power as he drove himself in as deeply as possible with a single thrust. He'd meant to hilt himself completely...only for his eyes to bulge as she began to *cum* almost instantly, those rings of RealMuscle clamping down as she keened through her climax. Her already tight pussy locked down, becoming impossible to penetrate farther into for a good twenty seconds as those rings massaged his dick in a fluttering wave that nearly made him burst. When they finally relaxed again and he could continue his thrust, he didn't do so immediately, too busy trying not to cum himself. When he wrestled control back and finally finished hilding himself, some barely-coherent part of his brain noticed that Veronica only moaned more wantonly still. Fully and completely multi-orgasmic, of course. If she'd gone so far with her modifications, of course she'd have made sure of that first.

While his mind filed the observation away, the truth was that his more primal instincts were in control at this point. He wasn't sure when he'd grabbed her hips, nor when he'd begun to roughly thrust. It was all he could do to keep his pace slow at first, something that was far more for his own control than for her enjoyment, but served both purposes all the same. Despite that enjoyment, or more accurately because of it, he couldn't hold out forever. He only made it a minute or so before he began to pick up speed, and only perhaps four more before his much-strained control snapped. Some instinct made him spank Veronica's ass *hard* as he hilted himself as deep as he could in a single final thrust, pumping more cum into her depths than he could ever remember unloading in his life. Apparently, that instinct had known what it was about, as the combination of feeling him unload and the smack to her ass had sent Veronica screaming through a second climax, her pussy locking down his cock again and milking it for every drop of cum. For long, long moments, it was all either of them could do to stay upright...and then a voice broken the silence as Veronica's pussy began to loosen its grip.

"Holy fuck that was hot."

Ethan cracked a grin, pretty sure Liz wasn't aware she'd said that out loud. The reminder of her presence brought his mind back into something like working condition, however, as the memory of her earlier fantasy flickered through his brain. He pulled out of Veronica's still-tight pussy with a groan...then fumbled to zip her back up, triggering the suit to seal her up tightly again with his cum trapped inside. Veronica squeak-moaned at the new sensation, even as Ethan delivered his flimsy excuse.

"Reseals nicely too. We'll see how tight against fluids it is as you move around a bit. Besides...that *is* what Liz most secretly desired to see."

The moment Liz registered that comment, she blushed a truly alarming shade of red. Skyla, sliding out from under her boss, cackled at the look...than surprised him by promptly placing herself on her knees in front of him.

"Oh! That looks yummy! Let me clean you up!"

Ethan gaped as the greenette swallowed his half-hard cock with no prompting at all, then shuddered as he started to harden again. It was almost too much after how hard he'd just cum, but only almost. And Skyla seemed to sense that as she grinned up at him and her 'clean up job' quickly turned into something more...

Ethan wasn't sure how he hadn't passed out from Skylia's blowjob. But even as his balls ached from being more drained than ever in his life...he couldn't say he wouldn't do that again. And he'd bought himself some time to recover a little bit afterward by using the Rules still in effect to order each of the girls to model their outfits, as well as do some more 'quality tests' on each other. Watching Veronica get *very* into 'testing the durability against fluids' of Skylia's outfit by fingering her roughly, getting the greenette a bit of a reward for that blowjob in the process, had been particularly fun. Still, now that his brain was at least a *little* less scrambled, he had the rest of a plan to execute. He'd had all three girls strip out of their outfits so he could 'examine' each one for damage, leaving them nude in the middle of the store. Now, he nodded as seriously as he could to the naked trio.

"I must say, that the quality here is every bit as good as you claimed, Veronica. Which means I will be happy to take on the challenge of making your business more successful. As you might already know, I have a simple policy. A don't get paid a single credit until the day you start making 250% of your current rate. At which time, I get paid 5% of your *net profits*. With an additional 5% increase for every additional 50% improvement beyond that point. To a maximum of 20%. It's a fair deal, since I only take a cut from what's left *after* all your overhead is met, including paying your employees. And it only kicks in if I'm successful in the first place."

Veronica looked taken aback at the deal. To be honest, it was *too* good. There's no way someone who was really who Ethan was presenting himself as would ever promise such good results, take such a small cut, or accept no reward at all if he failed. Of course, she had no way of knowing that Ethan was certain he had a way to succeed...and that the money was honestly only the most minor of his concerns. It would be nice to have a passive revenue stream. But ready and routine access to the three women was what he was really after. Of course, on that note, he needed to present the downside.

"There are some caveats, of course. In return for such generous terms, you have to be willing to surrender a fair bit of control. My methods are not always conventional. For example, in your shop's case, I may well start with an idea from dear Elizabeth's adorable head. Specifically, that during special sales events, you each might be required to wear items from the shop as both a live display, and to attract people." He raised a reassuring hand. "Nothing as revealing as the three outfits you wore today, of course. That would be beyond the pale. But some of the more modest choices, that honestly cover as much or more than a typical bathing suit would."

There had been visible hesitation at his idea from Veronica and Liz, though Skylia had appeared utterly unphased. Odd, but very fun and useful, that one. His addition had caused most of the hesitation to fade, which he played on a bit farther with his next statement.

"And something like that wouldn't be an everyday thing, anyway. Though, on that note, another thing that would change would be making an actual uniform for the store. Something suitably sexy, yet not particularly revealing. More set dressing to go with a few carefully chosen lines." He pointed to Veronica. "Wouldn't you be far more likely to buy something naughty for the bedroom, if she," his finger drifted to Liz, "asked what 'the beautiful mistress' wanted to buy? While dressed in an adorable maid costume?"

Both Veronica and Liz went a bit red. Elizabeth's was an odd mix of embarrassment and excitement, while Veronica's was the flush of arousal at the mental image. An image made easy for her

to imagine, given the events of the day so far...and the fact that Liz was adorably blushing while standing there still naked as the day she was born. The shop owner absentmindedly nodded, causing him to grin.

“Now, that was just an example. That ‘uniform’ wouldn’t suit you or Skyla nearly so well. But I’ll come up with a general design that can work with all three of you. I’ll even pay to get them properly made up.”

That would suck a little bit, but Ethan had a decent amount of savings...and it would be worth it. Even if his half-baked plan to get a passive revenue from this didn’t work. He quirked an eyebrow and gestured ‘go on’ when Veronica half-waved a hand for attention.

“Even me? I’m not normally up front, much.”

Ethan nodded firmly.

“Yes. Even you. The whole point will be to set the mood of the shop. Which will also benefit from a bit of a lighting change and a few other tidbits. As for rarely being up front, that will need to change...as you’ll be a lot more busy! Besides, we can make a selling point for the leather wear by letting people talk to and question their original designer! Though, we’ll have to make sure you still have plenty of time for the more boring bits of business, of course.”

Veronica blinked, apparently not having even considered the idea that having the designer on hand for questions might make a difference. Ethan actually cringed at that. Clearly, there was a reason the shop was struggling. Veronica had something good here, but he was beginning to suspect she didn’t know how to make best use of what she had. Ethan was no marketer or business specialist. But as essentially a freelance writer and artist, he’d had to come to grips with at least some basic marketing strategies. Given many of his now-distant friends had their own sideline projects in various areas, like the ones that had introduced him to renaissance festivals in his youth, they’d had to do the same. Which meant even more absorption by listening to them whine about it. He, and they, didn’t actually *like* that part of the equation. But it was necessary.

He had a few questions how Veronica had gotten *this* far without picking up the same skills...but he had suspicions. Incredibly hot redhead with sex-oriented body mods? Selling sexy lingerie? Previously on a more one-on-one basis? Yep. He was pretty sure she’d been seen *wearing* a lot of her own gear, and had others interested in it as a result. That sort of strategy would work to build a solid reputation on the small scale, but wouldn’t have survived the transition to a storefront. Well, Ethan could correct a few legitimate oversights, he supposed, along with the more *magical* help he was planning. For now, he spent a few more minutes pouring on good old, Grade A, premium, American bullshit. Selling them his half-baked plan like it was the best thing ever.

He was *almost* surprised when Veronica agreed. Provisionally, of course. They would need a contract officially drawn up and looked over, the baseline set, both rules and Rules engaged, and so on. But for now, she’d agreed, and he’d reluctantly released the trio to clean up as best they could and get back to work. He had his own work to do, if he wanted this whole thing to work out. As he left the store and found a seat at the café across the way, ordering a drink to ease the sore throat from all the talking, he pulled out the Ruler’s Companion again and went about tweaking the shop’s Rules. They’d change again once he had that contract in hand. But for now...

Rule 2: The Employees of Veronica's Intimates will remember Ethan Hawthorne positively. Whenever he comes to mind, a small sexual fantasy involving him giving them commands will occur to them, accompanied by a mild burst of arousal.

Rule 3: The staff of Veronica's Intimates will consider modeling items for Ethan Hawthorne a normal thing to do, now that they've done it once. They will feel happiness at doing it, knowing they are helping.

Ethan left Rule 1 the same as before, reluctantly erased all the others, and put the two new ones in place. He noticed that even combined, all of them used up less than half of the location's ambient magic. Which surprised him a little, given it meant the commands must be far less of a reach than they were prior to recent events. Still, that was perfect for what he had planned to help the shop. It would probably even leave him a little wiggle room for some fun extras. He'd wait to put those in place until the contract was done, though. In the meantime...he pulled out his phone and started looking up law offices of the right type. He'd had to draw up a few contracts before, but he'd used premade forms for the most part. This called for something a bit more specific. And he also wanted a specific type of target that could turn into another friendly face for the future...

---Bonus Content: The Right Kind of Lawyer---

It was getting somewhat late in the day by the time Ethan found what he was looking for. Not quite late enough for the smallish legal office he was interested in to have closed just yet, but late enough he suspected he'd be their last visitor for the way. Much like with the lingerie shops before, Ethan had used a rule to make the employees ignore him as he poked around...or in the case, the lone employee. Despite being fully certified for the sort of contract work he needed, only the lawyer herself had been present. She did have an A.I. screening things for her, but she was young enough he expected that her office simply hadn't gained enough size yet to need a real secretary. Certainly, the fact that walk ins were welcome was a little unusual for someone with as good of certifications as miss Roslin Vertieza. Which might have put him off without the Ruler's Companion to read her information off of. It gave a pretty solid insight into why her little office, tucked away as it was behind half a dozen other legal firms, was...what it was.

Name: Roslin Vertieza

Age: 26

Gender: Female

Dating Status: Single, Unattached

State of Arousal: Unaroused

Sexuality: Straight, Switch

Current Mood: Frustrated. Roslin is from a family of criminal lawyers who do not approve of her choice to go into civilian law. Despite graduating at the top of her class, years ahead of most of her peers, her family's refusal to support her has left her struggling. Worse, she's fairly certain they are making active efforts to suppress her business so she'll reconsider her focus.

The young lawyer was a platinum blonde that had, he was virtually certain, benefited from some light biosculpting. Nothing overly obvious, just a face that was *far* too perfectly symmetrical to be quite natural, breasts just a touch larger and perkier than the rest of her frame seemed to fit, and ears that were ever-so-slightly elfin. That last was the biggest giveaway, being a cheap and somewhat popular biosculpt that went in and out of fashion. He had no idea if it was 'in' fashion at the moment, and didn't really care. Nor did he care about the biosculpt in general. He suspected she would have been quite cute without it, the alterations simply making her seem more *refined*. Which he suspected as much an aid to her profession as any sort of vanity at work.

It would also make it more fun to watch her come a bit unglued. If he was lucky.

To that end, he'd created a set of four Rules for her office before entering. The first, which had taken barely any power at all, had simply insured she would give him a fair deal. The fact it had taken so little power said a lot about her own honesty, but he did leave it in place just as a precaution. The second rule had taken just as little power, which was flattering since it had been a Rule pushing her to notice him as attractive. Apparently, she already would have considered him such. The third and fourth had been the ones taking up the majority of the middling level of ambient magic in the office. The third had been worded to cause her inhibitions to lower, with an active component to make her fantasize about 'breaking her office in.' The fourth had been the most important, causing her arousal to increase rapidly as he told her the story of Veronica's Intimates and how he'd tested the quality there.

Which is what he'd been doing in the fifteen minutes since he'd first introduce himself and started talking about the contract he needed written up. To Roslin, the building arousal must seem like she was simply *really* into the story he was telling, even if the truth was that she was getting a bit of a magical boost at the same time. The blue-eyed, platinum blonde was, in fact, biting her lip and giving him bedroom eyes at this point. A quick glance at the Ruler's Companion, which he was pretending had notes on the shop, was all he needed to know that his plan was working perfectly so far.

State of Arousal: Extremely Aroused

Perfect! Pausing with a sound as if he'd just remembered something, he quickly struck out the fourth rule. She was already where she needed to be...and he'd pre-written another to replace it with. Just a few quick strokes of his pin and the new rule easily burned into place.

Rule 4: Roslin Vertieza makes it a policy to completely satisfy her customers. If they are aroused in her office, she will offer to help them deal with it.

He was actually curious to see what his leading series of Rules would result in. He wasn't giving her specific instructions via the Rule. Only making sure she herself was extremely aroused, then letting her determine what 'taking care' of arousal would mean. Eager to find out the answer, he casually admitted to an 'issue.'

"Ah, but perhaps I shouldn't have told the tale in so much detail! Now I'm quite excited. I might have some difficulty in standing without embarrassing myself."

Ethan could practically see a light go on behind Roslin's eyes at the comment, as the Rule encouraged her to come up with a solution.

"Well, we can't have that, Mr. Hawthorne! I'd be happy to help you take the edge off. Would you prefer a blowjob, or anal? I'm afraid my pussy is off limits to anyone I'm not dating. But I'd be happy to help with either other option!"

Ethan blinked, trying not to gape at the odd twist of logic his intentionally vague Rule had generated. Doing his best to act as if her response was completely normal, he managed a reply.

"Ah, well...you seem a bit on edge yourself, milady? Perhaps we should go with the anal option so you might get something out of it. You can take care of your pussy yourself, that way?"

Roslin nodded cheerfully...and stood to start stripping out of her smart business suit without any hesitation at all.

"Of course, Mr. Hawthorne! Quite kind of you to consider. I admit, your story has left me a bit worked up, too!"

It was all Ethan could do to match the lawyer's seeming nonchalance as he stood to remove his own pants and boxers, his erection fully at mast in truth from the sight of her perfectly-shaped breasts being released with a pop. The bra and panties she'd had on were quite lacy, which only added to the effect as she stripped out of them. The fact that she eyed his cock hungrily the moment it came into sight only made him harder.

A bare minute later, the pretty platinum blonde had moved around her desk and bent over it with seemingly no reservations. Much to his bemused appreciation, she worked a finger into her blatantly dripping sex and pumped a few times to gather lube...then moved those fingers to her rear entrance and spread the naturally-sourced lube thoroughly. Quite resourcefully, she repeated the action with two more fingers, allowing her to thoroughly lube up with her own juices, without any risk of cross contamination. She smiled over her shoulder after the third pass.

"There we go, Mr. Hawthorne! It should be all ready for you!"

Chuckling, even as he watched her cheerfully switch hands and begin to finger herself, Ethan stepped up behind her. His cock had begun to leak a little precum from the show, and he quickly spread it to add to the lubrication situation, before gently pressing himself against her rear entrance. She moaned lowly as he eased his way in, her entrance relaxing in a way that made it clear she was no novice to use of 'alternative entrances.' She moaned and he groaned as his head popped through her ring and he slowly hilted himself completely. She whimpered and paused in her fingering to get used to

his size, with him stilling to let her do just that...but only for a few seconds. She gasped, then whimper-moaned and shifted to diddling her clit as he began to thrust mere moments later.

Somehow, he didn't think either of them were going to last very long.

He also expected that visits to lawyers' offices were rarely this enjoyable...

<<The End for Now!>>