

The Ruler's Companion: Lingerie Shop (Part 1)

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Ethan had wandered the merchant's floors of the archology a bit, considering carefully where he wanted to test The Ruler's Companion next. From time to time, he'd stopped to do a few simple tests, exploring the limits of what he could do with Rules in public spaces. Encouraging people to think it was hot or cold, to make use of facilities nearby, or any number of such things, were all easily within the limits of even the most public of spaces. Most interestingly, he'd actually managed to create a small zone of sidewalk that caused instant arousal for anyone within a certain age range that walked over it. It had been the only Rule the entire space could maintain, but it had worked. His efforts were not purposeless, and he immediately put some of what he'd learned to use when he decided on his destination.

Veronica's Intimates

It was a lingerie shop, one that he'd taken time to scout out first by creating a Rule to make everyone inside ignore him. It was the third such shop he checked, not the first, with the previous two not quite hitting all the points he'd wanted. The first had been too...tame. Standard racks of mildly sexy underthings and sleepwear, drawing the line well short of naughtier items like open-bust corsets or crotchless panties. The second had contained properly scandalous merchandise, but had fallen short of his comfort levels on the employee front. Yes, the two women working there had been reasonably attractive. But one had been married and the other only into women, not to mention in a semi-serious relationship. He supposed that it wouldn't have bothered many people with a power like the Ruler's Companion granted to them. But that was, probably, the test the notebook claimed he'd passed. Ethan was very much the type that found it difficult even to take the evil options in video games, let alone to *potentially wreck a marriage* just for his own perverted fun.

Thankfully, at the third place he'd found, he outright struck gold. Or his current equivalent of it, at least. Unassuming and somewhat blandly named, when Ethan had actually gone inside to poke around under the effects of the Rule to ignore him, he'd discovered that *Veronica's Intimates* was an entirely different flavor of place compared to the first two. While there had been plenty of sexy thongs and lacy underthings...those had been joined by racks and walls of leather harnesses, latex bodysuits, and other kink wear. The store didn't cross the line into selling actual sex toys, but there was no pretending that the shop didn't cater to the more *adventurous* type of clientele.

That had been interesting enough, but the trio of women currently working there were, if anything, an even better find. The first girl, working the front sales counter for what Ethan suspected were purely aesthetic reasons, was a bored looking goth girl. Shoulder length black hair that turned violet at the very tips, vivid purple eyes that had to be some sort of mod, and an adorable nose and eyebrow piercing set, were matched to a petite body that nevertheless had some curves to shape it. Add in a choker, leather pants, and a black off-the-shoulder top, one with a plunging neckline that showed off breasts perky enough not to need a bra, and you had an image that perfectly matched the shop. Particularly when closer inspection indicated that there *wasn't* a bra under that top and it was thin enough for him to spot a set of nipple piercings through the material whenever she moved a bit.

The second woman that was flitting about, stocking things and occasionally greeting people as they entered, was a touch older. A quick check of the first girl had revealed she was only nineteen, whereas the second was twenty-three. This second girl was considerably more buxom than her coworker, possessing a bouncy cheerleader's figure. A figure that went well with a mischievous smile and the sort of wild energy, even when standing still, that made you wonder just what drugs she added to her coffee and how many times a day. Her color pallet was far brighter than the goth girl's, favoring a bright teal that matched a set of iridescent tech-tattoos he recognized as being the expensive, color-changing variety that could be set with an app. Those tattoos spiraled up and down her arms, vanishing quite teasingly into the loose teal tank with some band logo he vaguely recognized on it. The one clothing item she shared with her coworker was leather pants, but they were in a deep blue-green instead of the black of the goth girl. Given her leggier form and the way she pranced around, the tightness of those pants did show off a quite spectacular ass, too.

The third woman he'd only found when he abused the Rule to wander into the employees-only section of the shop. The woman, who the Ruler's Companion was able to identify as the 'Veronica' that owned the shop, was much more the picture of a businesswoman than her two employees. Which didn't do a single thing to change the fact that she was stunningly good looking. Her well-tailored pantsuit certainly had a daring cut, one that left her considerable cleavage on display even as she frowned over her shop's books. That frown was the only thing that marred the model-level good looks of the redhead, and he'd used a recently-found feature of the notebook to try discovering what was up with it. It was something he'd stumbled onto while trying out general rules, and it was what had helped him rule out the second lingerie store. Namely, a way to pull up a sort of profile on a person within the book's scanning range.

Name: Veronica Hope

Age: 34

Gender: Female

Dating Status: Single, Unattached

State of Arousal: Unaroused

Sexuality: Bisexual, Submissive (With Male), Dominant (With Female)

Current Mood: Worried. Refusing to cut quality corners did well for Veronica when she first started out, but after opening a retail shop she's finding it hard to compete with those who do. Her business isn't running at a loss, but it's not exactly making good money either. If something doesn't change, she'll be forced to cut one of the girls to save money, and she knows both of them need the job.

There was far more he could get out of it, if he wanted to. Everything from physical stats to details about someone's kinks. But he'd streamlined the general profile to help him sort through people as he looked for somewhere to test the Ruler's Companion more extensively. It was also enough to have

answered his question, anyway...as well as having given him an idea or two. First, he'd needed to do quick checks on the others and had backtracked to do so.

Elizabeth 'Liz' Windall

Age: 19

Gender: Female

Dating Status: Single, Unattached

State of Arousal: Mildly Aroused

Sexuality: Bi-curious, Submissive

Current Mood: Bored, slightly worried. Elizabeth is extremely bright and has enough of a crush on her boss to have noticed Veronica wince when going over daily earnings recently. She wants to help do something about it but is too introverted to do much more than try and slant reviews or create a bit of grass roots advertising. She thinks it has helped a little, but knows it's not enough.

Skyla Li-Avirum

Age: 23

Gender: Female

Dating Status: Single, Unattached

State of Arousal: Mildly Aroused

Sexuality: Pansexual bundle of joy, whatever you want her to be!

Current Mood: Happy. Despite having a far harsher past than her boss and coworker, Skyla is an irrepressibly happy-go-lucky soul. She's aware things aren't great, but is confident they will get better! After all, after escaping her corporate asshole parents, she was lucky enough to find Veronica and Elizabeth!

Ethan blinked and reread Skyla's sexuality. Twice. No, he hadn't misread that. It literally said 'Pansexual bundle of joy' and 'whatever you want her to be.' Just...what? And that wasn't even getting into the rest of her description! Deciding that the best thing to do was just ignore the weirdness in favor of the details he actually needed, he let out as satisfied huff at what he found. All unattached, all at least somewhat attracted to men, with bonus points for also being attracted to woman. Better yet, he had something to offer these three to soothe any guilt he might feel for *experimenting*. Satisfied, he left

their data displayed on three pages and turned to the page where he had set the Ignore Ethan rule. Stepping out of the shop and lingering near a nearby café, he quickly replaced it with something new.

Rule 1: The employees of Veronica's Intimates will recognize Ethan Hawthorne as a noted specialist in helping small businesses improve their sales by unconventional means. They will accept his suggestions to improve the shop, offering to pay him fairly if his methods improve sales by a minimum of 250%.

The rule took, of course, and it barely used any energy at all. During his experimentation, he'd figured out that the notebook could display ambient power levels and how much was being used. The shop had a pretty decent amount of ambient magic, and since the rule was something everyone there *wanted* to be true, it took almost nothing to make it stick. The next Rule would be more power intensive for certain.

Rule 2: The Employees of Veronica's Intimates will model merchandise for Ethan Hawthorne, allowing him to test its quality, in order to prove the shop is worth his effort.

The second Rule took a few tries. He attempted to get them to simply accept orders in general, first. But it took too much power, the feedback from the failed Rule indicating that it would cover too many things that wouldn't make sense to them. A tweak to 'sexual orders related to their merchandise' had actually technically worked, but consumed virtually all of the ambient power. Poking at the Rule, trying to get a feel about the why, had made it clear it was because he was effectively a stranger with no relationship to any of them. Getting them to do sexual things for him in the name of professional services was too close to the idea of being paid for sex to two of them, Skyla being an almost expected exception.

Unfortunately, he needed some power free for other purposes, so he modified the rule to be less comprehensive. The part of him that was imagining all sorts of kinky things with them was sad, but he was already considering the long-term potential here anyway. For now, restricting it to something that made far more sense *in context* cut the power requirement in half. Of course, there was still the problem that Ethan was, himself, an introvert. So...

Rule 3: Ethan Hawthorne will be comfortable speaking with the employees of Veronica's Intimates. They will be comfortable speaking with him in turn.

That one took a bit more power than Rule 1, but thankfully not a lot, leaving a decent bit to play with. Hopefully, he'd also be able to erase it later, once he got through with his rather brazen initial plan and it (hopefully) started working. He'd felt the rule take effect, as well, curiously feeling as if he could ignore it if he wanted. Likely because he was the one who'd made it, he supposed. At the moment, he

didn't want to ignore it and took a deep breath as he embraced it. Running through his bare-bones plan again in his head, he nodded to himself and walked into the shop from where he'd been loitering just outside. He did his best to be casual about his entrance, taking the time to look over everything as if he'd never seen it before. He noticed, of course, that two sets of eyes locked onto him. Hopefully, with Rule 1 in effect...and here came Skyla.

"Oooohh! You're Ethan Hawthorne, aren't you?! The guy who helps small businesses market stuff, right? Do you like the shop? Are you going to help Boss Lady?!"

Ethan blinked...well, she was certainly straight forward. Still, that worked for him.

"Well, miss, I was thinking about it. I'd read some things about this shop producing unusually high-quality merchandise. I like places like that, but they often require specialized marketing. Which happens to make such places a great fit for me. Still, I haven't decided just yet."

Skyla looked both disappointed and hopeful, making him want to instantly promise to help. That wasn't the plan just yet, though, so he did his best to fight the instinct. Instead, he looked around and hummed.

"Tell you what, Miss. What I really need is some assurances about the quality of the product. Why don't you find your boss and tell her I'm here? I'm sure we can work something out."

Skyla brightened instantly and practically lept away, throwing an airy 'I'll go get her' over her shoulder. Somehow, he thought Veronica was coming whether she wanted to or not. It was probably for the best that the Rule should make the redhead willing to go along. In the meantime, he drifted to the goth girl at the counter and introduced himself.

"Hello, Miss. I'm Ethan Hawthorne. And, unless I miss my guess, I think you're the one that's been trying to sell people online about this shop? You certainly caught my attention, though we'll have to see if your statements about the quality are true."

Elizabeth looked floored, the bored expression completely gone and replaced by a disbelieving, hopeful one.

"You...found us because of me?"

Ethan didn't need to force his smile, her expression was cute.

"Of course! It's not every day a low-level store clerk goes so far to try and help sell people on their boss's stuff. Most don't care, or actively hate their job. So you doing so told me she must be doing *something* right. Or perhaps you just have a little crush on her, I must say the photos I saw made her look lovely."

Oh, that blush was adorable. This one was going to be fun to tease, if things worked out. Before he could say any more, however, Skyla came back with Veronica in tow, practically dragging her startled-looking boss along. When Veronica saw him, though, the Rule took more complete effect and she suddenly *knew* he was Ethan Hawthorne and that he was really good for small businesses like hers. He saw her straighten and caught a flash of hope in bright blue eyes as she put on a business smile and pulled herself from Skyla's grasp. She reached out a hand for his, shaking his own when he reciprocated, and spoke.

“Mr. Hawthorne! I certainly didn’t expect you to take an interest in my business! I almost didn’t believe Skylia when she said you were here and wanting to talk about our product quality?”

Ethan smiled as disarmingly as he could, thankful that Rule 3 was taking care of most of his nerves.

“Just Ethan, please. And I was just telling your clerk here that she’d managed to attract my attention by talking your inventory up in a few places online. I admit, I was pleased to see she might be right. Though, of course, with only the simplest look around so far, I can only say so much. Your leather goods look particularly interesting. Can you tell me about them?”

Veronica brightened and immediately went on a tangent about how they were how she’d gotten started. That, at first, she’d hand made everything, doing custom orders for friends, and built from there. Then she segued into the problems she’d faced scaling up and why her products were so much *better* but also cost a bit more as a result. Ethan was *very* lucky that the same friends that had dragged him to renaissance festivals in the past had been into all sorts of odd things. He’d absorbed enough from a few of them into leatherworks that he was actually able to follow...maybe twenty percent of what Veronia said. The rest went over his head, but he managed to ask one or two relevant questions that made him *seem* to know what he was talking about. As Veronica wound down, though, he decided it was time to get to the fun stuff.

“Very impressive! Yet, so far, I have only your word and a few displays on admittedly fetching mannequins to judge by. I think you’ll agree that the only way to truly see the quality of fit and durability would be to pick out a few pieces and show them off practically. Perhaps one piece for each of you? You all have differing body types, so it would go to show some variety.”

Veronica hesitated for a moment.

“I don’t know, I don’t mind showing you a piece myself, but the girls...”

Skylia cheerfully interrupted, making Ethan grin at just how *useful* the happy-go-lucky girl was.

“No worries, boss! This is super important! And you know how slow it is this time of day! We can close up for a bit and show off just for Ethan! It’s for a good cause, right Liz?”

Liz, as she apparently must prefer, was blushing horribly...but nodding as well. She cleared her throat.

“Um...I don’t mind. I mean, it’s just good sense to Model stuff so Mr. Hawthorne can see how good it is...”

Veronica seemed to waver for a moment, clearly wanting to do it but worried her staff wasn’t okay with it. After a couple more reassurances, however, she folded.

“Okay. Well...Skylia, why don’t you close us up? Put out the sign saying we’ll be open again in an hour. And Mr. Hawthorne, you can help me pick out the pieces you want to see...”

Ethan grinned and quickly agreed, of course. This was going *perfectly* so far. Now it just remained to see how far he could push things. Skylia raced off to do as she’d been told...but Ethan had a mischievous thought to add to the fun.

“Of course. But I’m hardly an expert on what would look good on each of you. I’ll let you pick out something for Skylia and Liz, but I think Liz here should come along and help pick out something for you. That way, things are a bit less biased. You know your own material, after all, and could just pick out something of the best quality which you know fits you well. That wouldn’t prove your claims about how adjustable your gear is very well.”

Ethan smiled over at a wide-eyed looking Elizabeth.

“What do you say? Want to pick out something super sexy to put your boss into? I bet you’ve had a few thoughts about what she’d look best in.”

The goth girl went scarlet and, to his own interest, Veronica let out a low chuckle.

“Yes, dear. I’m sure you’ve had more than a few thoughts. I’d love to know what you think I’d look sexiest in~!”

Huh. From that teasing expression and husky tone, it was clear Veronica was fully aware of her employee’s little crush...and not above teasing her. He suddenly remembered that line on Veronica’s information that has said she was dominant with other women. Had she fantasized about a bit of roleplay with her minions and was now getting an excuse to play it out? Amused, he watched as she teased the goth girl a bit more, drawing her out from behind the counter with a squeak.

“Something nice and kinky for you first, though, dear~!”

Oh, that was a *fascinating* shade of red. And now, as Veronica steered her worker toward the more bondage-looking harnesses on one wall, he was *quite sure* that the woman was having fun with this. Well, frankly...that was perfect as far as he was concerned. He trailed along after them both with an amused grin, listening as Veronica talked through the best options while Liz’s blush went more and more nuclear.

“We’ll have to go open cup, of course. Not only would it be a complete shame to hide those nipple piercings of yours, dear, but if we get you a nice strappy type it will take better advantage of your perky tits. The only question, really, is what to do down below. I’ve always wondered if you have any more piercings...farther down, shall we say? Well, best we find out now. Go ahead and strip for us, dear! We have to see what we’re working with!”

Liz was permanently red at this point, but also seemed unable to resist the force of Veronica’s commanding personality. Was that the Rule at work? Or simply that Liz was a sub and her crush was ordering her to strip? Some combination of both, perhaps? Well, whichever the case was, the goth girl hesitated and fumbled a bit, but still obeyed the order. Ethan and Veronica both watched with appreciation as her top came off. Liz hesitantly tossing it aside revealed very perky B-cups with, as Ethan had suspected, metal barbel piercing through *very* erect nipples. He grinned as Liz’s blush spread all the way down to her chest in response to Veronica’s knowing look at that. Her boss did give her a tiny bit of reassurance as she moved to her pants.

“Don’t worry, dear! It’s perfectly natural to be a bit aroused by this. Why, if it wasn’t, we’d be out of business quick! The idea of our product is to titillate, after all.”

Liz nodded jerkily, even as she shimmied out of her tight leather pants, having to work a fair bit to get them off. The fact that this sent her breasts jiggling just a bit and otherwise looked hot as hellfire as she wiggled was certainly a bonus. Leather pants were Ethan's new fetish for women's wear, as far as he was concerned. At least if it was going to look that sexy when *all three* of these women stripped theirs off.

Eventually, Liz stepped out of them, leaving her in only a thong that she hesitated over. Veronia wasn't having that and firmly gestured for her to go on. Liz gulped but obeyed, and was stepping out of her skimpy panties a moment later. Veronica gave her body a *thorough* look over, then nodded decisively.

"A very nice innie pussy, super cute and fits you perfectly! Navel piercing too, but nothing lower down?"

Liz jerkily shook her head, and Veronica teasingly tisked.

"Pity. I find my own quite fun. But then, it's a bit of a higher-tech solution than any of your piercings."

Both Ethan and Liz did a double take at that, even the just-returning Skyla seeming to mentally stutter for a moment as she processed that statement. Veronica, not to be denied, took full advantage of the moment of pause she'd created to tip a finger Skyla's way.

"Skyla! Go ahead and strip down too! I already have just the right thing for Liz here! It will compliment her look perfectly~."

Skyla shook herself, her teal twin tails bouncing as she did, then gave her boss a thumbs up and cheerfully started to strip. Unlike Liz, there wasn't the slightest hint of a blush on Skyla's face as she quickly undressed, drawing Ethan's attention as she did. She spotted that fact and winked his way, slowing down slightly to make it sexier as she peeled off her top, showing off the fact that those spiraling tattoos of hers were very much full-body. They wrapped around her breasts, with the final end of the spiral turning to a circle around glowing blue areola's that had, themselves, been smart-tattooed to look like circuits. It was a fascinating look, which only got more fascinating as Ethan followed more of the spiraling tats down her sides to where they vanished into her pants.

Clearly just fine with giving him a show, Skyla turned away to shake her ass as she did the same shimmy-wiggle to get out of her own tight leather pants that Liz had needed. Yes, leather pants were absolutely Ethan's new favorite thing for women. As were body mods, apparently, given how drawn he was to Skyla's tattoos as she revealed they continued all the way down her legs. Unlike Liz, Skyla was *blatantly* showing off, and bent ninety degrees to remove those pants, giving Ethan a spectacularly clear view of Skyla's completely clean-shaven pussy. A pussy which, when she spun around a moment later, he confirmed to have her tattoos meeting just above, with an arrow pointing straight down. Not a full-blown 'innie' like Liz, Skyla's pussy was still a delightful sight, with slightly thinner outer lips and nicely symmetrical inner lips just peaking through her outer folds.

The older girl was also shameless in showing her body off, blowing him a kiss and sending him another wink as he took it all in. Managing to pull away from his fascination with those smart tattoos, he noted that she was a fair bit bustier than Liz, likely a solid D-cup. Her frame was a bit more muscular as

well, showing a far more active lifestyle...and she actually had just a hint of *abs*, which honestly fit with everything else so well that they pushed her bodylines damn close to professional porn star levels. He wondered if she'd had any bio-sculpt done, but shook the thought off. Not the sort of thing you asked someone and, even if she had, it all looked natural enough that he doubted it had been done with anything short of cloned-tissue grafts which were, literally, the real thing anyway. Expensive to say the least. But, then, so were those smart tattoos. Whatever Skyla's past had been like, she'd clearly been from serious money at some point.

Both of their attention was drawn back to Veronica and Liz when they heard Liz squeak, and Ethan wanted to pout just a bit as he realized he'd missed most of Veronica getting the goth girl into her chosen outfit. Though the fact that the squeak had been from the business owner tightening the thin strap that went between Liz's legs until it dug firmly between her puffy lower lips, likely pressing into her clit with every twitch, certainly made up for a lot.

That one single strap was literally all that covered the girl's lower half, heading upward to meet thicker straps that circled around each breast without actually covering them. Instead, the tight fit forced her small breasts up and out, making those already perky B-cups look even more delightful. The fact that the harness then continued up into a collar was even better...and better yet was the *leash* attached to that collar. Veronica had a huge smile and burning eyes as she moved back toward Ethan and Skyla, tugging the leash gently to get Liz moving with her. Ethan was quite sure he heard a small moan from the goth girl as she moved, that lower strap likely making every step *fun*.

"Isn't she just *perfect*? And you can see how the adjustable nature of my designs was able to make this look like it was practically tailor made for her. Sure, it makes for a few more buckles...but since I made sure those spots are all sturdy, that just means more attachment points for fun things~!"

Ethan absolutely had to agree with that. Though, admittedly, given how hard-as-a-rock he was at this point, he suspected some of his thinking was now happening southward from its normal spot between his ears. Still, he rallied. After all, he had a plan to complete!

"She *does* look excellent, though it appears she'll need a minute or two to *adjust*. Why don't you tie her to the rack here while we find something for Skyla?"

Veronica grinned at the idea, even as Liz's eyes seemed to dilate at the idea. She practically whimpered as Veronica did as Ethan had suggested, tying the goth girl to a nearby rack...and then motioned for Ethan and Skyla to follow. Obedient to the completely unspoken command, the dazed-looking Liz stayed in place. Skyla had wagged her eyebrows and giggled at that, but then cheerfully trotted off after her boss. Ethan adjusted his now rather awkward-to-walk-with-erection and followed after that pert, bouncing ass as it ran off.

To his slight surprise, Veronica led them away from the leather harnesses and into a section of corsets. She unerringly steered them towards a green-satin affair with an open cup setup that was some sort of cross between teddy and corset. When she held it up against Skyla the girl obediently held still as Veronica eyed her colors against it, giving Ethan a chance to spot that it was open crotch as well as open bust. He most certainly approved! Apparently, so did Veronica as she nodded in confirmation.

"Here, Skyla. I've always felt this would look great on you. And this way Ethan can see that I only pick out the very best in other materials and designs, even if leather is my specialty!"

Skyla gushed over the item for a few moments, before cheerfully taking it and stepping into it. She clearly had some level of familiarity with such garments, as she quickly got it all positioned, before turning her back to her boss.

“Do me up, boss? You can make it pretty tight, if you want! I’ve used plenty of corset before.”

Veronica chuckled, even as she complied, treating Ethan to the sight of Skyla’s waist being cinched tight, then the rest of her torso being compressed a bit as the corset was laced up. The end result was spectacular, pushing up Skyla’s D-cups from behind, forming them into a delightful platform that was just begging for Ethan to plant his face in. He couldn’t do that quite yet, but...Skyla seemed so perfectly comfortable that he was sure he could get away with a little bit of fun...

He stepped in after Veronica backed up a step herself, gesturing for Skyla to twirl for him. She obeyed with a smile, only for him to stop her on her second spin and order her to bend over. When she complied, giving him another amazing view of her ass and *clearly* wet pussy, he reached in to tug gently at the strings that framed that drooling slit. They’d been pulled tight as she bent over, actually pulling her lips apart a bit from the pressure, and Skyla moaned as he tugged at them.

“Sturdy. Very good. That’s a terrible weak point on cheaper models. The poor seams can’t hold up to the strain and pop when tugged from this position.”

Ethan actually knew that from one of his handful of previous girlfriends. She’d worn something like this for him exactly *once*. That had been the only time, since that exact failure had happened with the cheap version she’d been able to afford. Much to both of their disappointment at the time. The fact that this model didn’t seem to be unduly affected told him it really *was* quality. Something which Veronica nodded along with, seeming completely in agreement and unbothered by his rather intimate test.

“Yes! See, that’s exactly the sort of trash our competition sells! Our stuff might be a bit pricier, but I carefully evaluate every item for durability. As fun as it might be to rip lingerie off a cute girl, its not practical to replace it every time. This is made of better materials and with stronger seams to support even a bit of rough play. Not just there, either!”

Veronica reached to pull Skyla upright and spun her to face him, then surprised Ethan by promptly cupping the younger woman’s breasts from behind. Skyla seemed just as surprised, moaning at the firm touch, even as Veronica started to *bounce* those hefty breasts. Still, the younger girl only seemed delighted, rather than distressed.

“See? If you look at the corset cups, those are another nasty fail point when things get rough in the bedroom with someone like myself or Skyla here. Big breasts mean a fair bit of weight hammering at the seams when you’re really getting pounded properly. But the specific material the boning and seams for this set are made of flexes *just right* to keep rigid for great presentation, without being too stiff and breaking when the fun really starts!”

Ethan...yeah, he was just going to take her word for it, far more interested in watching the wonderful things happening in front of him. Not just those bouncing tits and the hands half-mauling them, but the expressions of pleasure on Skyla’s face as her boss used her as a demo model. That gave

Ethan some definite ideas to use...later. For now, he cleared his throat, somehow managing to sound calm despite his painfully hard cock *throbbing* for some action at this point.

"I see your point. Still, we do have one more set to see. Picked for you by Liz, so that you don't just show me the best, correct? Why don't you strip down while I take Liz for a *walk* to pick out something nice?"

Veronica grinned almost as cheerfully as Skyla...then started to strip in a manner that made Ethan have to practically *tear* himself away. He saw the delight in her eyes at that and gulped. Whew. This was getting somewhere. He moved back toward Liz, but stopped for a few seconds while out of sight of everyone to whip out The Ruler's Companion. He took a deep breath and completed an unfinished rule he'd written earlier.

Rule 4: The staff of Veronica's Intimates will eagerly follow sexual commands Ethan Hawthorne gives them, so long as those commands align with their own current desires.

The rule hadn't taken before, but it had been a near thing. He'd hoped that, if he got all three of them in the right mindset and more comfortable with him specifically, it might reduce the cost. He held his breath in anticipation...and nearly cheered when the Rule burned into the paper successfully. The little indicator he'd created to show how close to maxed out the ambient magic was showed it was *all* committed, meaning he was likely putting in some of his own limited power to push it over the edge. But that was alright. If things went the way he was hoping, the power levels required should fall greatly in time. For now, this was enough. After all, he was fairly sure at least getting off in some fashion was on two of their minds already, possibly all three.

Quickly putting the notebook back in his bag, he returned to Liz. The goth girl was still tied there, despite having her hands free, looking both nervous and excited at his return. Given she immediately glanced behind him, undoubtedly looking for her boss and crush, the reason for her nervousness was obvious. Thankfully, he already had an easy answer for that. He gave her his best reassuring smile, not hard given she was adorable like this, and explained.

"Veronica is getting undressed. Remember, *you* are going to help me pick out something properly sexy for her to wear."

Liz's eyes widened, eyes alighting with renewed excitement and nervousness vanishing as she remembered the plan. She didn't even question it when he untied her leash and tugged gently to get her moving, she simply obeyed with a happy smile.

"Good girl! Now, your boss set Skyla up with a satin corset/teddy thing. That means I've seen both a bit of the leatherwear side, and some of the more traditional stuff. That means we can really go either way, or even to something more exotic. Another harness? Latex? A bodysuit? She's got a rocking body and we may never get another chance to see it in whatever we want...what do you think?"

Liz was looking a little dazed and biting her lower lip, her movements as she followed him through the store grinding that lower strap into her pussy with every step. Combined with the fantasies

of Veronica dancing through her head as he mentioned each option, she was clearly struggling to focus. Still, he *did* need an answer, so he brought her to a stop between two sections he thought would be good choices for Veronica. Leather and latex. He *really* wanted to see the older redhead in something from the kinkier selection...and from the look of intense thought as she came back into focus and realized where they were standing, he rather thought his companion-of-the-moment agreed. Liz seemed to war with herself for a few seconds, then raised a hand to point into the latex and lycra section.

“There, sir. It would complete the set of our three major material types, and there’s a few things I’ve always thought she would look amazing in...”

Perfect! Ethan grinned and lightly tugged her along by the leash again, Liz obediently trailing behind him, a few low moans slipping from her as that strap ground against sensitive bits again.

“Show me.”

He put a bit of command in his voice, as best he could anyway, and Liz shuddered. She shuddered again as a quicker step forward to point him the way pulled the strap in her pussy deeper and she bit back a much louder moan. It took her a moment to refocus, but when she did she pointed him to something *interesting*.

“These sir, the zip suits! They are the perfect mix of dom and sub! If we can only see her one way...”

Ethan’s eyebrows rose at her logic, having read only sub tendencies in her profile. But, then, she’d likely had plenty of time to imagine all sorts of scenarios with her boss. Hmm, he wondered if the command would work to...

“Tell me your hottest fantasy with Veronica as a submissive.”

Apparently, that *did* count for his new rule, because Liz didn’t even hesitate, almost rushing to get it out.

“She and I would both be subs to the same master, and we’d have to wear suits like this *as we worked the floor*. There would be smart locks on the zippers. They work well with that, you know. In it, we’d have turned the shop into a sex toy retailer! And, for clients with a punch card, they could build up enough points to...to *fuck* us, if they had enough points. The cards could unlock the zippers. And they could just take us right there on the sales floor...or even use toys on us...”

As she drifted off, obviously imagining it, Etan grinned. That was *several* different kinds of fucking hot, as well as very informative. The goth girl didn’t want Veronica to submit to *her*, but had some fantasies of them submitting *together*. That was very useful to know. Also, it might totally be possible to make part of it come true. He wondered...

“You’d like to watch, wouldn’t you? As someone bent your boss over, unzipped her, and fucked her brains out right here on the shop floor? To see it as she was re-zipped up, cum still leaking from her pussy, so she’d have to walk around with it all day?”

Liz rocked back and forth, blushing horribly and making little moans as the strap pulled and pinched. She was so turned on by the idea she was effectively unconsciously masturbating to it via that strap. Without an order to do so. Yep. He was absolutely going to try and make that happen now. He’d

been wondering which of the three he should try first. Might as well see if he could get the boss. First, though...

“Pick out a zip suit out. The one you most want to see her fucked like that in.”

There was absolutely zero hesitation in Liz as she half-staggered toward one, clearly a bit unsteady on her feet at this point. It was a good choice, a very similar red to Veronica’s hair and full-body. It wasn’t *actually* latex, of course. Even if people still tended to refer to smart material suits of shiny goodness that way. It was, as far as he could tell, a smart polymer that could adjust to tighten down on a figure. Like everything else in the shop, it looked high-quality. With molecularly bonded zippers instead of seams. It even had a nice built-in collar. It would be perfect...but first he was pretty sure Liz needed a bit of attention if she didn’t want to completely lose it. He stepped behind her and tugged her into himself with the leash. She obeyed with a whimper, only stiffening a tiny bit when he pulled her into a hug and pressed his erection into her nearly-naked cheeks, only his own pants and boxers between them.

“If you go back like this, everyone will see how aroused you are. Unable to even stand because your legs are wobbling. But, I’m going to help you. I’m going to make you *cum* to take the edge off. You’re so close, it will be so easy. Spread your legs for me...”

The tension melted away as she unconsciously shifted to obey. Obviously, this was *aligned with her desires*. Not surprising, given her state of arousal. He’d been nearly certain it would work and was pleased for the proof-of-concept. His fingers found the buckle of her strap, loosening it just enough to fall from between her lower lips. Liz gasped in a mix of relief and loss, only to gasp again as his fingers found her tight tunnel. A single finger plunged in, giving no quarter as he mercilessly began to thrust. He wrapped her leash around a nearby stand as her legs began to shudder, looping his now-freed other arm under hers to steady her...and to slip that hand down to join the first.

As much as he'd love to draw this out, they still had other things to do. So he used two fingers to find and assault her magic button, rubbing it even as his finger pistoned her tight tunnel. Her hands flew up to her mouth as she lost it, barely in time to muffle her cry of release as she came *hard* around his finger. She positively drenched it, actually squirting a bit, even as he suddenly had to catch her as she fell into him. Her eyes fluttered weakly for long moments, then they opened and she blushed fiercely. Even so, she couldn’t let go yet or she’d fall...and she seemed okay with that.

He held her for a minute longer as she began to regain her feet, then grinned wickedly as he reached down and pulled her strap back into her hyper-sensitive pussy. Her eyes widened hugely and she moaned, pleasing him as it didn’t seem she was the type to be so sensitive afterward that new simulation would be painful. He didn’t *quite* tighten it as much as Veronica had...but it was still tight enough she’d be getting friction in fun places with every step. She never protested or whimpered at all, and soon she was back up on her feet. He took the zip suit she’d selected, grabbed her leashed to tug her along, and they made their way back toward the others...

<<End of Part 1>>