# Research

Olivia’s pen stopped moving. She had been writing in an old leather bound notebook that she had replaced the pages in several times, but a cold chill down her spine stopped her mid-word. She tilted her head forward and let out a little groan. “Higher…” she squeaked out.

Maggie smirked and stroked her hands up Olivia’s spine until her palms pressed against the back of her neck. “You find this erotic?”

“I’m positively soaking.” Olivia replied with dry sarcasm. She leaned back to press into the massage. “It feels good, and it’s intimate, so I guess it counts.” She let out a sudden moan punctuated with a wince as Maggie’s thumbs pressed firmly into the muscle of her neck. “You’ve done this before?”

“No.” Maggie said. She leaned in and rest her had on Olivia’s shoulder, her hands still massaging Olivia’s neck. “But you must have felt it before and wanted me to do it.” She kissed Olivia’s cheek.

“I’m forcing you to do this?” Olivia asked. She dreaded the answer.

“Yes, but it’s ok.” Maggie responded. “I like doing this.” Maggie leaned back and continued her work as Olivia leaned forward to rest her head on the desk. “It’s not that you can force me to do things, or even that it can happen without you even realizing it that really bothers me. It’s that I have no way to… influence it.”

Olivia kept her forehead on her desk. “I’m confused. Do you want me to release you or not?” Maggie suddenly stopped the massage and Olivia sat back up. Maggie moved to sit on the desk, on top of the notebook. Her legs spread just enough to show herself to Olivia. “I mean, what do you want?” Olivia asked.

Maggie squirmed slightly on the desk. “What I want I cannot have. I could get used to being… available to your whims.” The pale skin of Maggie’s cheeks turned red with a blush; her smooth infantile lips turned red with arousal. “I don’t want to tell you no, but I want some say in what I do and how I do it.”

Olivia lowered her head again to rest it in Maggie’s cool lap. “And if my whims are that you are horny and needy?” She pressed her lips to Maggie’s mound and kissed just above her slit.

“That… wouldn’t change much, Liv.” She reached down of her own will and stroked her fingers through Olivia’s hair.

Olivia jut her tongue out and licked at Maggie’s hood once, and sat back up. “It’s really tempting to use my binding on you. It’s really hard not to force you to do things to me. I don’t like that, and I don’t like that it can happen when I’m not trying.”

Maggie slipped from the desk and turned around to sit in Olivia’s lap. She turned transparent and weightless as she moved; Olivia forced the erotic thoughts from her mind. Olivia picked up the pen and resumed writing, her arm passed through Maggie on occasion in the process.

“What are you working on, anyways?” Maggie asked. She traced her finger along the line of text Olivia wrote and mouthed the words to herself. It was not in English, but in the ancient script Olivia’s coven used.

“I’m trying to come up with a spell or incantation that would let me change the bind, but none of it makes sense.” Olivia said. She tapped her pen against the page several times; the ink disappeared from the page. She tossed her pen at the wall in frustration.

“Why did that happen?” Maggie said in confusion.

“The spell wouldn’t work, so the book erased it from existence.” Olivia said. “This is hopeless.”

“You could write it out again and change it until it works.” Maggie suggested.

“Maggie, the book erased the spell from my memory, too.” Olivia said. She lowered her hands to Maggie’s lap which solidified under her touch. “I need to take a break.”

“I’m not turning solid or being pulled to my knees… so what kind of break are you going to take?” Maggie asked. Olivia rolled her eyes and pushed the book away. She dragged her laptop out and opened the lid. “What a strange typewriter.”

Olivia stopped for a moment of contemplation. “What’s a typewriter?” Fiddled awkwardly with the trackpad; she tried to reach around Maggie before she gave up and simply extended her arms through the ghost to use the computer.

Maggie tilted her head and watched the screen. “What magic is this?”

“Technomancy.” Olivia snidely remarked. “It’s not magic, just a computer.” She said and browsed around to a few of her normal haunts on the internet. “Though there is such a thing as technomancy, this just isn’t it.”

“What is this? What are you doing?” Maggie asked. She watched Olivia’s curser glide across the screen.

“It’s the internet. It’s for looking at cats and porn.” Olivia said. She opened a bookmark to a [page that showed both](http://kittiesntitties.tumblr.com/). “I mean, I probably will use it to try and find help with our problem, but it’s mostly cats and porn.” Olivia’s arms were slowly pushed apart by Maggie’s body.

“You’re getting aroused.” Maggie announced as her body solidified in Olivia’s lap.

“No… Not any more than I normally am. This is all you.” Olivia said and kissed the back of Maggie’s neck.

Maggie stared at the page as Olivia slowly scrolled it. “How uh… many have you…been with?” She asked.

Olivia stopped scrolling the page. “A few people. Why?”

“A few? You’re thirteen…” Maggie said. She sounded more disconnected than distressed at the answer. “How many is a few?”

Olivia didn’t answer for a moment. “I’ve slept with a dozen girls more than once, and one boy a couple of times.” She eventually said. “About the same for girls I’ve only seen once.” She added. Maggie slumped her shoulders and leaned back into Olivia. “Is that a problem?”

“I really am bound to a harlot.” Maggie whispered to herself, but Olivia heard her. “I think I’m ok with that.” She took in a sudden breath as Olivia’s hand found Maggie’s slit. The living girl slowly stroked the ghost’s lips. Of her own volition, Maggie spread her legs and rolled her hips forward.

“I’m glad. I don’t think that will ever change.” Olivia said. She hooked her finger and pressed it slowly into her ghostly companion. The tip of her finger pressed against Maggie’s front wall in search of something. When she found it a grin grew on her lips; she flicked her finger firmly against the spot in relentless waves.

Maggie’s hands reached down and gripped onto Olivia’s thighs and squeezed tightly, her nails dug into Olivia’s flesh through the girl’s thin pants. Her hips lifted from Olivia’s lap as through pulled by Olivia’s finger. She panted silently as she grew closer to her climax.

“Hold your breath.” Olivia whispered, and Maggie complied. Her body convulsed against Olivia and her walls clenched on Olivia’s finger. Air exploded out of her lungs through her nose as her body contorted in orgasm.

Maggie’s body drifted into incorporeity. Oliva lifted her hand to her eyes. “Huh. Wet.” She mused, and licked her fingers clean. “I’ll have to ask the others about this.”

“Others?” Maggie panted out.

“I have to go to the coven to ask about you… I’m stumped.” Olivia said and Maggie nodded. Maggie leaned back and rest against Olivia, weightlessly resting against the girl. “They will be very interested in you.”

“I don’t know if I like that or not.”