# Services

“I have been in cellars for dark magic rituals before. There were never this many pillows.” Maggie mused as she descended the stairs into Alana’s basement. The room was as you would expect for a coven of angst-ridden, hormone driven teen witches; the predominant color was black and the room smelled distinctly like sex. Strewn around the room were piles of pillows and no other furniture. Sheets hung over the basic accoutrements of a basement, like the washer and dryer, to hide them.

A girl pushed past Olivia and walked through Maggie in their rush to the basement. “I don’t think I am going to get used to that.” Maggie said with a frown. Olivia restrained herself from responding to Maggie. “Why aren’t you talking to me?”

Olivia stopped at the bottom of the stairs. After letting two other girls pass her by, she leaned in to whisper to Maggie. “No one else can see you, or hear you. I would just look crazy talking to you.” Olivia said. She nodded in the direction of a group of girls, the youngest there. She walked over and sat in the pillows with the other three.

Two of the girls, identical in appearance, quickly flanked Olivia. The two appeared to be the same age her, and slightly taller. The third girl looked to be a few years younger than Olivia. The twins, Selina and Elina, wore short shorts and tight tank tops. The younger girl, Rene, and Olivia were dressed in miniskirts and crop tops. Rene’s belly had a very slight bulge.

Maggie looked around the room. The other girls there all looked about Kae’s age – nineteen or older. They were all similarly scantily clad. “You all dress like sluts…” she said to herself. Olivia glared at the nude ghost for a moment.

Olivia turned to look at Kae and Alana. The older girls gestured wildly at each-other, but their whispered argument didn’t carry to where Olivia sat. Maggie followed Olivia’s gaze with her eyes. “Do you want me to listen in?” Maggie offered. Before Olivia could respond, she walked over and stood between the older girls.

“I told you why not.” Alana whispered to Kae.

“It’s nothing we haven’t done a thousand times. It’s even in your damn book. She, and her magic, belong just as much as anyone else’s.” Kae retorted.

“You don’t have the right to just…” Alana was interrupted.

“You don’t have the authority to exclude them.” Kae said. “She is part of this coven. She needs help.”

“Yeah, and what about the fucking thing attached to her?” Alana asked.

Kae took a moment to respond. “It’s part of her, so it’s part of the coven, too.” Kae sighed. “They are looking at us; we should probably just start with who’s here. I don’t think the other circles are coming.”

Maggie returned to Olivia to find her sitting between Selina’s thighs, with her back to the girl, and Rene in her lap. Olivia stroked gently over Rene’s belly. “They are arguing about you and me.” Maggie said, and sat down next to Olivia. Olivia discreetly nodded at Maggie and snuggled back into Selina.

Alana and Kae separated and joined their respective cliques, with forced fake smiles plastered on their faces. The girls, Olivia included, spread out from their clusters into a large circle on the floor just inside the ring of pillows. The girls, except for Rene who sat, knelt on the cold hard floor and held hands. Olivia discretely motioned for Maggie to kneel in front of her.

Maggie moved to where Olivia indicated and knelt facing her. “What’s going on? Some sort of ritual?” Maggie asked, and Olivia subtly nodded.

Alana started to speak, but it wasn’t in English; Maggie didn’t understand it, but she did recognize the cadence. Just as Maggie expected, when Alana stopped to take a breath, the rest of the girls responded in unison. The call and response in the unknown language continued for several rounds before the girls broke their hand-hold and began to strip.

The older girls mostly grinned as they discarded their clothes – either in a sense of exhibitionism of mild embarrassment. The younger girl, Olivia included, giggled as they undressed. Maggie was awestruck at the sight. She had never seen so many naked women at a single time. She couldn’t force herself to look away from the bodies; the girls ran the gamut of petit and flat chested to athletic and full chested, not to mention the younger girls whose bodies had yet to fully develop womanly features.

Selina furrowed her brow at a few drops of moisture that spontaneously appeared in front of Olivia. “Liv…” She whispered and pointed at the slowly growing pool. “What’s that?”

“We’re in a basement. It’s probably the pipes dripping or something.” Olivia said with a shrug. She lied. She could see the puddle forming under Maggie – the moisture dripped from her lips in arousal.

Maggie crawled closer to Olivia and rest her head on Olivia’s shoulder. “I want to…” She started to speak.

“Touch yourself, its ok.” Olivia whispered as softly as she could.

Maggie nodded slightly and moved away from Olivia. She crawled around the circle to kneel in front of a girl next to Kae. The girl had a toned body and small pert chest. Maggie sat back on her ankles and gazed at the girl’s body while her hand slipped between her thighs. She slowly stroked her own lips.

A soft murmur of conversation grew in the lull of the service – that came to an abrupt end when Alana spoke. “Rene, come forward to the circle.” The older girl instructed.

Rene giggled and crawled on her knees to the center of the circle; Olivia gave her ass a playful swat as she moved away, and the girls redistributed themselves to keep the circle unbroken. The youngest girl, not even a teen yet knelt in the center of the circle. She held her belly with one hand, and stroked over the top of it with the other.

Maggie moved to lay in front of Rene. She rested her head on the floor between the youngest girl’s knees and gazed up at her baby-like lips. Her fingers slipped into herself and rhythmically thrust.

“I’m told you have something you want to share with the coven?” Alana said with a sly smile. “I think you can skip the part we hadn’t already guessed.”

Rene grinned and shook her head a little in mild embarrassment. “Well… I’m… uh… pregnant, and it’s a girl.” She said with a shy blush. The other girls in the circle ‘awed’ in unison.

“Have you picked a name?”

“Have you picked a godmother?”

The questions came several times from several of the girls. Alana silenced them with a wave of her hands. “Congratulations, Rene. I think I speak for everyone when I say we can’t wait to welcome her.”

Maggie clenched her eyes and writhed on the floor. She didn’t care that Rene had crawled away, or that she was in the center of a large circle of people looking in her direction. She had reached her edge and needed to climax.

“Olivia, I’m told there is something you need to talk to the coven about? Please come forward.” Alana said. Alana was obviously uncomfortable with where this was going.

Olivia crawled on her knees to the center of the circle and face Alana. Maggie slowly pulled herself up to sit and lean against Olivia. Maggie whispered to Olivia “How old is she anyways?”

“Eleven.” Olivia whispered under her breath. “I performed a ritual…” Olivia said out loud. “I communed with a ghost, like we talked about last month.” Olivia said and dryly swallowed. “It had some… uh… unexpected effects.”

“What happened?” Alana said with a sigh.

“I bound a ghost who had died by sacrificing themselves to whoever was summoning their soul.” Olivia mumbled out almost too fast to understand. “And now she’s here. I mean, permanently bound.”

“What do you expect…” Alana started to say but stopped herself. She took a deep breath and slowly let it out. “What can we do to help?”

“I need help changing how she is bound. I can disband the bond, but she will fall into…well… nothing. I don’t want that, and she definitely doesn’t want that.” Olivia said while turning to address the rest of the assembled coven. “I don’t know how to do that.”

“That’s not a kind of magic we do.” Alana said. “This coven only practices seven of the eight schools.”

“But we commune with ghosts. That’s not one of our seven schools. We do it all the time.” One of the older girls, Shauna, objected.

“We don’t know any spells or rituals for this, though. Trying to help might just make things worse.” Another girl, Lauren, said.

“But we can support one of our sisters, even if we cannot do what she needs. Someone here must know a necromancer.” Kae said. Her final word stung some of the assembled girls.

“I know someone.” Lauren said. She sighed softly. “I’ll tell her your coming tomorrow.”

“Do you think they can help?” Olivia asked.

“Yeah it’s the kind of thing she does.” Lauren said. A shiver shot down her spine.

“Is there anything we can do for you, tonight?” Alana asked.

“Well…” Olivia started. “I kind of want you to meet her. We can do that, right?”

A low murmur built in the room as the girls discussed the situation. Some ideas were shouted across the circle and either rejected or added to other ideas. An older girl, Dawn, spoke up. “We have an idea. It will take four of us… the ones closest to Olivia would be ideal.”

“Liv, who’s closest to you?” Alana asked. The room hushed quickly.

Olivia looked around the room and bit her lip. “Selina, Kae, uh, Rene, and…well… you, Alana.”

Maggie looked at Olivia. “What are you basing ‘closest’ on, exactly?” Olivia nervously swayed and didn’t answer. “You based it on how much sex you have had with them.” Maggie said with a sigh. The four named girls approached and encircled Olivia. Maggie moved to press against Olivia, mostly so that she wouldn’t be stepped through.

“What do we do?” Alana asked with a sigh.

“Just do a basic commune rite with Liv as both the focus and offering.” Dawn said. “Nothing exciting.” The four girls nodded and began a slow chant in a language that Maggie still didn’t understand. The outer circle of girls tightened up, and participated in a call and response with the four. There was no flash or great magical disruption – Maggie simply faded into existence for all of them – nude as the day she sacrificed herself.

The chanting stopped somewhat suddenly, and the group stared at Maggie. “This is Maggie.” Olivia said.

Maggie meekly smiled and waved. “Hi…” She said.

“Now what?” Alana asked.

“Closing rituals?” Olivia offered. “Plus one.”

“How about we just…cut to the chase. I need to relax.” Alana said with a smirk. She knelt down and pushed Maggie back into Olivia. Selina helped pull Olivia onto her back and laid down next to her; she slid her arm between Olivia and Maggie, and kissed Olivia. Kae laid Rene on her back and kissed the young girl. The other girls paired off and retreated to the pillows.

“This is just weird.” Alana mumbled as she started to kiss down Maggie’s body. “Cold…” she commented as her lips met Maggie’s smooth-soaked pussy. Maggie let out a low long whine – her hands cupped the back of Alana’s head and her hips slowly lifted to meet Alana’s mouth.

Selina slid her fingers along Olivia’s slit. She quickly, and with little foreplay, pressed her fingers into Olivia and caused her to buck hard. Olivia’s mouth opened and her tongue danced with Selina’s.

Alana pulled Maggie’s legs over her shoulders and pressed her tongue out; she sucked gently around Maggie’s clit and rocked her head forwards and back. Small pleasured noises vibrated up her tongue to Maggie’s cold nub, sending shivers up her spine. The young ghost quickly climaxed again, and Olivia was not far behind.

The thirteen girls traded position and partners several times until they ended in a snuggling mass with the occasional fingering pair. “I still don’t like that we did that kind of magic.” Alana said to Olivia. “I don’t really want to do it again.”