# Sandra P. Britton Memorial Library at the Vitae Nova Society

“Is this the place?” Selina asked with a furrowed brow. She checked her phone again to see where on the map they were and the location they were sent, and found they were the same, furthering her confusion. She stared at the non-descript building in the middle of an office park. “Huh.”

“What were you expecting? A creepy castle on a mountain top?” Olivia asked with a smirk. She pushed on Selina’s shoulder playfully.

“Actually, yes. That would be exactly what I was expecting.” Selina said.

“We live in America, there are no castles; and there aren’t any mountains anywhere around here.” Maggie said. The nude ghost walked behind the girls as they approached the glass door of the building. “Huh. I’m not casting a shadow.” She said out of the blue. Olivia and Selina stopped and looked at the girl for a moment. “Oh, right.” Maggie shrugged.

Olivia shook her head and pressed the button next to the door to get buzzed in. “Do you have an appointment?” A voice from the small speaker asked.

Olivia jumped from being startled by the voice. “Uh, yes. Liv Rutledge.” The door buzzed loudly and Selina quickly opened it. The girls and their ghost briskly walked inside.

“You pressed the button on an intercom, what did you expect?” Selina asked with an outstretched tongue. Olivia returned the rude expression.

The girls walked up to a reception desk and waited to be seen. A woman in her early twenties came out of a back room and sat down at the desk. She looked through a few papers before addressing the girls. “You have an appointment to speak to one of our archivists, uh, Stephanie it looks like.” The woman shuffled more papers then looked at the girls for a moment. “Aren’t you a little young to… Never mind. Stephanie is in the archives. You can wait for her in the library.” The woman gestured to a large double door with a slight smile.

Olivia nodded at the woman and she started off to the library with Selina. The two stared at each other for a few uncomfortable seconds. “Please tell me you are at least a little creeped out too?”

“She was nice.” Maggie butted in to say.

The three walked into the library – a dimly lit room filled floor to ceiling with old leather bound books and antique furniture. “This is more of what I was expecting.” Selina muttered. They were alone in the musty smelling room. A thin layer of dust had built on the tables and shelves. Selina walked aimlessly through the maze of shelves with Maggie in toe – Olivia had elected to stay in the central reading area.

“I know some of these books.” Selina whispered as she ran her finger along the spines. She took a book with alien looking symbols inscribed in the spine and flipped it open. “This is what Alana and Kae used to form the coven.” Selina raised her eyebrows at a particularly sexually graphic plate. “We haven’t done this, yet.”

Maggie gazed at the picture for a long while. “That has to hurt her back… and probably would break the chair.”

Selina looked over the shelves. “All of these books are sex magic… well some are just plain sex manuals.” Selina furrowed her brow. “I wandered randomly to the sex section of a necromancer’s library.” She shivered. Maggie reached out and pulled a book off the shelf. “How can you…”

“I’m horny.” Maggie answered quickly. She flipped through the pages slowly and Selina watched over her shoulder. Selina’s hand slid down Maggie’s belly slowly as they read – or more accurately as they ogled the graphic plates in the ancient book.

Maggie lifted her leg and rest her foot on one shelf; she rested the book on her knee. Selina’s hand drifted lower. The living girl’s palm gently pressed against Maggie’s mound, her finger’s stroked either side of Maggie’s slit.

“Someone could see.” Maggie whispered as her body pressed back against Selina.

“They can’t see you, remember?” Selina said with a smirk. She curled her fingers and pressed the tips against Maggie’s opening. The ghost bit her lip to stifle a moan as Selina’s fingers slid into her. Selina’s palm rocked against Maggie’s mound and thrust her fingers into her. Slick noises filled their ears as Maggie whimpered softly in growing pleasure.

Maggie pressed her hips into Selina’s hand and ground against it in time with Selina’s thrusts inside her. Her ass pressed against Selina’s mound through the girl’s jeans. The ghost didn’t last very long – she clenched on Selina’s fingers and let out a long low groaning moan in her climax.

Her moment of ecstasy was broken by the echo of slow applause. Maggie and Selina turned their heads quickly to see a woman in her mid-twenties clapping slowly with a smirk. To her side, a thoroughly embarrassed Olivia hid her face in one hand. Maggie fumbled with the book, and attempted to cover herself. Selina just stepped away from Maggie and cleaned her finger off on her pants.

“I have met many ghosts; none of them were ever horny.” The woman said. Maggie tried to make herself invisible, which only partially worked. “I don’t think I have ever seen one blush, either.”

“This is Stephanie. I’ve asked her to help with Maggie.” Olivia said, though her voice was muffled by her palm.

“From where I stand, I don’t see much of a problem.” Stephanie said.

“We weren’t trying to permanently bind to each other, that’s the problem.” Olivia said. She let her hands fall to the sides with a sigh.

“So tell me what happened.” Stephanie said. She motioned for the trio to follow her to a table in the center of the library, and sat down.

“We uh… we both did rituals to have dream commune with ghosts...” Olivia started. “We found each other in our dreams, I did a ritual to summon her, and she did a ritual to give herself over, and now were stuck.”

“You said sex magic earlier, but I assume that’s just a theme of your practice?” Stephanie asked.

“Yeah. It’s mostly transmutation and enchantment.” Olivia said.

“Is the ghost from your coven or…” Stephanie started to ask.

“No, I died a hundred years ago.” Maggie interrupted to say.

Stephanie looked incredulously between Maggie and Olivia. “You aren’t kidding.” Stephanie shook her head. “You accidently performed powerful necromancy.”

“Yes. That’s the problem.” Olivia said, and laid her head on the table.

“Do you want to reverse it?” Stephanie asked. “I mean, you can reanimate her body, restore it and impress her soul back into it. She wouldn’t exactly be alive, but…”

“She would be a zombie?” Selina asked.

“More like Lich.” Stephanie corrected.

“No, I just want to make it so that she isn’t jenny on the spot when I am the slightest bit aroused. Maybe be seen at will, and wear clothes.” Olivia said. “God knows I’m almost always horny.” She mumbled.

“I can help you learn how to do that; It’s really pretty basic as long as you have a fundamental understanding of magic, which you obviously do, and necromancy, which it sounds like you don’t.” Stephanie said. “I could introduce you to my coven…” She said with a sly smile.

“I sense a ‘but’ coming.” Olivia quipped.

Stephanie glanced at Maggie’s nude, transparent, form. “Leave your ghost with me for the afternoon.”

Olivia raised a brow. “For what?”

“I’ve never been with a ghost. And you are sex mages.” Stephanie said with a smirk.

“Are you really going to whore me out?” Maggie asked Olivia. Olivia took a breath to respond in protest to the accusation, but sighed, shrugged, and nodded. “I’m not sure how I feel about that.”

“I’ll be gentle…ish.” Stephanie said. She turned to Olivia. “Be here at sundown – that’s at… five-to-nine tonight. You’ll get her back in one piece.”