The Witching Program

A Novella

By Maryanne Peters

The basement of 5342 Coltrane Street was set up just right. It was Edroe’s Sister’s house but paid for in a small measure by their late mother’s estate, so Edroe was happy take up residence as his share. There was a walled off area near the old boiler he had a place to sleep with access upstairs. The rest of the basement was clear but for the columns and piles. It had stairs through the old coal hatch so direct access out so the guys could come and go. It was all they needed to work the Project.

The guys were Corey and Sharif – with Edroe “Cyber-Tribe”. The Project was to open a space time portal using the power of pure data. Well, not exactly, but almost.

Corey was the first to raise it. They were sitting around playing “The Witcher” on the big water-cooled unit that the had all worked on and was their joint heavy-duty gaming machine nicknamed “The Furnace”. The game has its usual band of fantastical characters.

Then Corey suddenly said: “There has to be something behind all these myths. Why else would all cultures have the same shit – right? I mean demons and vampires, werewolves and zombies – why does everybody believe in this?”

It got the boys to thinking – where is the supernatural world? How do we get access to it? The sensible answer seemed to be to treat it like any other problem of the kind they understood. Collect all the known data on the supernatural and digitize it. Run it through a processor to establish the clear facts, then follow the facts wherever they might lead.

It took weeks, but it was a break from gaming. The only problem with that was that in the meantime “The Unholy Brotherhood” was cleaning up. The Brotherhood was always doing battle with Cyber-Tribe and several games had those names at the top of the leaderboard. Sometimes one, and sometimes the other.

But some things are more important than momentary amusement. The Project was potentially for the good of mankind, and it was cool. Some hints were dropped – the words “The Project” were dropped, but they were not giving things away, least of all to the Brotherhood who were growing increasingly curious.

The sheer volume of material on the supernatural seemed to confirm everything that Corey was saying – “Everybody believes in this shit. Why has so much been written about it.” They need to split the tasks and build huge folders to accommodate all the terabytes of data. They decided that the search would need to continue but that in the meantime there was enough to “draw out some threads” from what they had.

The Furnace started its work. The data started to flash up on the screen. It looked increasingly like they the machine was stuck in some kind of loop. They decided to reconnect and let it interface for a live feed.

Something strange started to happen. Characters appeared on the screen that were not of any alphabet that they knew, and yet strangely familiar. They started to order themselves and some letters from the Roman alphabet became visible.

All the verbiage suddenly fell away to reveal three lines in the middle of the screen:

YOU HAVE COME TO FAR

IDENTIFY YOURSELVES

PROCEED AT YOUR PERIL

All three of them jumped back in their seats.

“It’s a message!” Sharif spoke the obvious, as he sometimes did. “It is supposed to be just information, but something has taken control. What do we do now?”

“Try typing in something,” said Corey.

Edroe typed: “WE ARE EXPLORERS IN YOUR WORLD AND WE MEAN NO HARM”

ARE YOU HUMAN?

WE ARE THREE MEN. WE WILL ONLY VENTURE WHERE WE ARE INVITED

IF YOU ARE HUMAN WE NEED YOUR HELP, BUT WE NEED WITCHES NOT MEN.

WILL YOU BE WITCHES AND HELP US SAVE THE WORLD FROM THINGS THAT ARE NOT HUMAN?

“Tell them that we want to help,” said Corey. “That is right, witches are human. There are bad ones but there are good witches as well. But those other things, like vampires and demons, they are not human. Tell them that we will be witches like them.”

“They did not say that they were witches,” said Edroe. “They might be aliens? But they need humans, or so they say. Before we agree to help, we need to know that we are on the right side.”

He typed: WHY DO YOU WANT TO SAVE HUMANS?

HUMANS KNOW JOY. HUMANS KNOW PLEASURE. HUMANS PLAY GAMES

“That’s us,” said Sharif. “We play games. Vampires don’t – right? We have to help them, Ed.”

Edroe typed: WE WILL BECOME WITCHES IF YOU SHOW US HOW AND TEACH US MAGIC

WE SHALL MAKE EXIST ALL THAT YOU NEED

“Wow,” said Corey. “Is this really happening?” And the screen went blank.

Two days later a parcel was delivered to “The Basement, 5342 Coltrane Street”. It was a large box covered in paper with strange symbols over it. Under the address were the words “Seek instructions before opening”.

“How do we do that?” said Sharif.

“We need to duplicate what we did last time,” said Corey. “We need to open the communication portal to the supernatural world.”

Edroe tried a series of combinations but was starting to lose hope, but it turned out that it was simply a question of going back through browser history and clicking on the dark web link.

WE HAVE RECEIVED A PARCEL. WHAT DO WE DO?

WILL YOU HELP US TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM EVIL?

IT WILL REQUIRE THE COMMITMENT OF MIND AND BODY

DO NOT OPEN THE PACKAGE UNLESS YOU ARE WILLING TO GIVE YOURSELVES COMPLETELY

IF YOU DECLINE THE WORLD WILL FALL INTO THE HANDS OF EVIL CREATURE

“We have to do it,” said Corey. “Whatever it is, we have to do it.”

Edroe typed: WE WILL COMMIT OUR MINDS AND BODIES.

OPEN THE BOX

APPLY ONE PAD UNDER EACH NIPPLE ON THE CHEST

EACH OF YOU TAKE ONE OF EACH TABLET ONCE PER DAY

WE NEED YOU TO BE WITCHES

Corey drew from the box three long black robes, two jars of pills and a packet with what looked like wound plasters. “I think I know what these are,” he said.

Corey took the keyboard: DO WE NEED TO BECOME LIKE WOMEN.

YOU HAVE DONE THE RESEARCH SO YOU WILL UNDERSTAND

NO MAN CAN BE A WITCH

YOU NEED TO HAVE POWERS THAT CAN ONLY COME FROM THE SACRED FEMININE

“That is right,” said Edroe. “All the data says that. All that warlock stuff is not traditional.”

“This is going too far,” said Sharif.

“We made a pact,” said Edroe. “We have committed ourselves. Do you want to say no now? God knows how much power these dudes have.”

Their own souls and the faces of one another were searched for some time, but when that was over the patches were attached and the pills swallowed. Cyber-Tribe was on a course. It was to become Cyber-Coven, and save the world.

The team talked it through on more than one occasion and the consensus was that these were kindly aliens using humans to fight other creatures of this world but from supernature. All that was needed was for the people that had chosen to be given powers to deal with what they were facing.

Some body changes were to be expected. At least their skin was not being turned to stone. But it seemed that the skills of witches needed to be acquired through learning, and their mentors had that covered with online instruction.

They could all participate directly. There was a website called “Witchery” with instruction on how spells could be cast. Edroe, Corey and Sharif studied intently. They learned the words and the motions, and could not wait to see their new skills put into effect. But as their teachers would say with alarming regularity:

NO POWERS CAN EXIST OUTSIDE THE FORM OF THE SACRED FEMININE

BE PATIENT AND KEEP TO YOUR STUDIES.

DEVELOP FEMININE APPEARANCE AND BEHAVIOR

THIS WILL BE THE KEY TO THE EXERCISE OF YOUR NEW POWERS

But the good news was that feminine appearance and behavior was emerging, and with all three of them intent on development of “the sacred feminine” they could all pull up one another if there was any falling short of the goals they had set.

Edroe was the first to suggest that they adopt the wearing of black kaftans in the basement and that thy keep their bodies and faces shaved “to reduce maleness getting in the way of our powers”. It seemed like a good idea. And when a little eyeliner and lip color was added, the boys looked and felt like witches. Corey even said that he could feel the power rising when he painted his lips, and the others nodded.

Edroes fair hair had been the longest, but Sharif’s dark hair was the fastest. Corey felt a little left out.

“I think that I would like long red hair. I am going to the hairdresser to get extensions put in.”

“Do you think that will count?” Edroe asked.

“I guess we’ll see,” was Corey’s response. He took his kaftan with him. “When I come back, I may look a little too like the sacred feminine.”

But later that afternoon, when Corey walked down the steps to the basement, he caught the others completely by surprise. Sharif turned to see exposed legs in wedge sandals and then a short green dress. His surprise made Edroe turn from his screen too, and see the girl with the long red hair, parted in the middle, who had invaded their space.

“What do you think?” Out of her mouth came Corey’s voice, but in a note a little higher than usual. “The lady at the salon asked me whether I was a goth, and when I said I wasn’t she suggested these colors with go with my new hair. Look, she has shaped my eyebrows and applied makeup to suit my coloring. Feminine, huh?”

“What are you wearing under it?” snapped Edroe, a little annoyed that Corey had moved to another level without them.

“Come on … we all have little tits that have sprouted. It is just that my new friend Maggie says that it is better to show them off than try to hide them. I am wearing a bra … and shaping panties.” Corey was looking for a mirror, but the boys had no need of one. The screen of the switched off TV served a purpose.

“You sure look more feminine than we do,” said Sharif. “But you look more like a cheerleader than a witch. What makes you think that this is the way to realizing your powers.”

“Try a spell,” said Edroe, smirking.

“Okay,” said Corey, tossing the red hair off the shoulders with newly acquired skill. “Let me just concentrate.”

Sometimes the world seems to move to the plans of mortal men, or some may say that if it does move that is not the work of mortal men. Whichever it was, the world did move that day, or at least the small part of Southern California which was the home of Cyber Tribe moved just a little. It was a very small earthquake, but it definitely was one.

“Shit,” said Sharif. “Did you do that?”

Corey looked concerned, but he said – “Yes … I did. I think I did. No, I did. I definitely did do that. I can feel the power. I can feel it.”

There was an even smaller aftershock on cue. Edroe leapt to his feat. He snapped – “Don’t push it. We don’t know anything about the powers that we are developing. Be careful.”

“Where is this salon?” Sharif asked.

The screen Edroe was using to take instructions upon feminine hand movements and resting positions, flashed up a message:

BE CAREFUL WHEN USING YOUR POWERS THE WAY YOU JUST DID

“Yes,” said Edroe. “Where is this salon?”

The following morning Edroe and Sharif went to the salon together, and then met Corey for lunch at the mall before considering a major shopping spree.

“People are staring at us,” said Sharif, attempting to hide a little behind a fall of new glossy dark hair.

“They are staring at us because we look like women,” said Corey, then whispering – “Not because we look like guys in drag.”

“That’s right,” said Edroe. “Not just women but beautiful young women, and with that special look … can I call it … bewitching? That is what we are after all. We are witches. We can make the earth move under their feet. Think of that when you look at them.”

“It is power, Sharif,” said Corey. “Run your fingers through that hair and push it back. Show them your power and your beauty.”

“Not Sharif,” said Edroe. “What about Sherry? We need new names a little more suitable. I would like to be Fawn. I have always liked that name, although it sounds more shy than powerful.”

“Cora works for me. I have been using the name already”. The other two stared. Cora removed a compact from her bag and checked her makeup. It was an entirely feminine gesture. It seemed that they had all come a very long way.

The three girls were still fizzing from their day out when they got back to the basement later in the afternoon. They decided to put some music on and dance around, tossing their new hair around, showing off their legs and making their small breasts bounce around in their cups.

The screen was on but they were not paying it much mind until, one of them called them to stop and look.

THE TIME HAS COME

WE SHALL SEND THE MASTERS TO YOU

WORK WITH THEM

“What does it mean?” said Sherry.

“I guess that we have to wait,” said Cora

“Let’s do that, but turn up the music in the meantime,” said Fawn.

But It was not long before the bell sounded and Fawn checked the camera above the door to the basement. “There are three guys waiting outside,” she said

“Are they good looking?” asked Cora.

“They look a bit nerdy,” said Fawn.

“Before we were witches, we were nerdy,” Sherry giggled. “We were nerdy guys, now look at us. We’re gorgeous and we have powers.”

“So let them in,” said Cora. “We have nothing to be afraid of – right? Men have no powers.”

The three men descended the stairs, checking out the décor and the technology on site.

“So, this is the home of Cyber Tribe huh?” said one of them.

“That’s us. But Cyber Coven these days,” said Fawn. “If we have friends in common, then you will know why we are that and what we can do.”

The three men looked at one another. There was uncertainty but the trace of a smirk.

“I’m Buzz,” said the first one down the stairs. “Yeah, we know the drill. We have a mission and you girls are supposed to provide some of the weapons. I mean we have the training in the martial arts, but we are told that you have training that is close to magic. Is that right?”

“Stand by to be amazed,” said Cora. “Not just close to magic – it is magic.”

“But we understand that you will never achieve true power so long as you are virgins,” said Buzz. “So I guess we are here to help with that first up.”

Fawn looked across at Cora, and then to Sherry. They both looked concerned, but not afraid. They still held the upper hand, or so they thought.

“We actually, there is a problem there,” said Fawn. “We don’t have hymens. We don’t even have vaginas – or at least not yet. So we can’t be virgins.”

“If you have not been penetrated you are virgins,” said Buzz. “What do you think Marco? Zeke?” He looked at his friends in turn.

“If you don’t want to be then we are not going to force ourselves on you,” said Marco. “We are playing on the same team. We just want you to be as powerful as you can be.”

“We have big job in front of us,” said Buzz. “We have to save the world.”

“You sure are pretty,” Zeke said to Cora. “It seems that you have gone a long way towards being a witch. It would be my pleasure to take you to the highest level of your power, if that is where you want to be?”

Cora blushed. Zeke was the largest of the three men. She wondered what it might be like to have a man between her legs. Would it hurt? Would she feel the power as he entered her or as he exited. She looked across at Fawn, and she nodded. They could all see it.

“Okay,” said Fawn. “I have a bed around the corner, and there is the couch here.”

“I have a van parked outside,” said Zeke. “There is a mattress in the back of it.”

“I guess that we can all have some privacy,” said Buzz. He walked over to Fawn standing so close to her that he could smell her hunger.

Marco walked up to Sherry. Zeke beckoned Cora towards him and pointed to the stairs. “Come with me,” he said to Cora. “Please let me empower you.”

“We are going to be a great team,” said Fawn over her shoulder as she led Buzz to her bed.

Outside Cora walked down the path to the street with her hand in the warm grip of the impressive Zeke. The van was parked close by. It was black with a custom paintjob in gothic style – suitable for a witch and her lover. The words “The Unholy Brotherhood” were emblazoned on the side.

“I know you guys,” said Cora as Zeke put his arms around her and cupped her buttocks. She liked the small of him. “You are gamers.”

“Not just gamers, but design and build games too. Games that mimic reality but build a fantasy world.”

“Nice,” she said, her hand was now on his cock and it was throbbing.

The End

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*Erin’s Seed: “A bunch of computer nerds digitize everything that is known about witchcraft. This somehow this opens a portal into another dimension full of beings who are very like demons. These alien demons want to invade our universe because we have neat things like video games and cherry cola. They give the nerds a time line for solving their problem. But the nerds outwit the demons and poor Edroe is stuck as Fawn (although she doesn’t seem to mind).*