

A Witchling's Favor

Lydia didn't believe in superstitions.

That's why she didn't think twice about saving a small black kitten from the neighborhood ginger cat.

But Lydia had no logical explanation when she woke up the next morning to see three oddly dressed people in her room, with the black cat pacing around like he owned the place.

"Mr. Meows here says that you saved him from the Orange Coven's cat, so we've decided to adopt you," one grinned.

"Adopt me?" Lydia shook her head. "I don't know who you are, how you got into my house, or what these covens are. I'm not going to let you adopt me!" They all gasped, their purple robes billowing in nonexistent wind.

"Saying no to a coven invitation!" One gasped.

"Scandalous!" Another added.

"Despicable!"

"Stop!" Lydia interrupted the witches' vocabulary spiel. "Can you leave?" "You must, by Witch's Law, do us a favor in order to reject the coven invitation," the shortest one said.

"I'm not a witch."

"You're a witch until you do us a favor."

"I thought the Mr. Meows rescue was the favor!"

“Nope! Welcome, witchling Lydia, to the Purple Coven. I am Fiona.”

“Wait, what—” Lydia tried to protest, but she was cut off by the rest of the witches introducing themselves. Then Fiona pulled purple robes out of thin air, handing them to Lydia.

“What’s the favor?” Lydia sighed once she realized they were dead serious. “Interesting, when I was first visited by a coven, I didn’t believe them,” Morgan mused. “What an interesting girl.”

“Y’all literally just did magic. Favor?” Lydia shuffled out of bed and down to the kitchen to make tea.

“Ah, right, the favor. You must deliver—” Briar pulled a flower out of the air, presenting it to Lydia— “this rubrum flower to the Orange Coven across the street.” “It shall make the person who touches it burst out in hives!” Morgan cackled. “Wear gloves,” Briar warned her.

“So you want me to give this to the Orange Coven to make them weird and itchy?” Lydia looked at the gloves that appeared on her hands.

“Our bitter rivals!” Morgan exclaimed, purple sparks leaping from her fingers. “You guys are really petty.” Lydia rolled her eyes. When she turned to see Fiona pushing her out the door, she added, “Alright, I’m going.”

When Lydia got back from delivering the flower, the witches were crowded around the window, laughing when an orange-clad witch picked it up and burst into red hives.

“Lydia, you are released from the coven,” Fiona waved around a mug filled with tea. “This is delightful! Have some tea!”

“Um, thanks?”

“We’ll come back for more tea tomorrow!” Fiona exclaimed, and with a poof of purple dust, they were gone.

The next day Lydia woke up, thinking it was all a dream.

Then, she rolled her eyes, faintly smiling, when the three witches and Mr. Meows appeared at her window.

Lydia still didn’t believe in superstitions.