

Pizza O'Clock:
Goin' Ape for Deliveries

By: Firingwall

Confrontation

“Oh la la, Yuki! You are going to be the most beautiful girl in this club! My keen eye for beauty will sure make you the-”

“If only you were this dedicated to the coven as you were with leisure time.”

Beatrice sighed, hitting pause on her game. She slowly spun around in her chair, her eyebrow already arched. Somebody had rudely entered her domain/room.

Though, it was a case of “somebodies” instead of “somebody”. Three fellow green witches had entered, staring at her with a range of expressions. Well, two of them at least.

The main one was Cassidy, the leader of the coven. Her arms were folded, her eyes the most unimpressed with the scene before her. There was their business financier, Traci, who looked on with amused interest. She always did love her drama, which was certainly about to unfold there.

The other was Vicky, one of Cassidy’s sisters. She often appeared disinterested, almost bored if one were to observe her, like now as she stared at her phone. However, Beatrice knew very well that beneath that attitude was a powerful, destructive witch. She rarely involved herself in issues so this must have been somewhat important.

Regardless, Beatrice showed her usual sign of respect to her witch brethren with a roll of the eyes. “Oh my, whatever is it now?”

“Well, I would be nice and approach this subject in a friendly manner, buuuuuut...” Cassidy’s eyes narrowed. “We’re past that crap. Plain and simple, you are a step away from being kicked out of this coven. No more lodging, no more benefits, no more money.”

Beatrice nearly did a double take. “Excuse me?”

After a moment though, she bounced back. She snickered, leaning back in her chair. “Pfffft, you’re joking. Get rid of me? Yeah right! I’m your most powerful, magical member!” Her eyes narrowed, her expression turning mean. “Even more powerful than you to be honest.”

Cassidy ignored that last remark, her shoulders drooping. “Yes yes, powerful magic user and all of that. Buuuuuut, what good is your magic and ability if you don’t help out around here? You keep ignoring your responsibilities and duties to the coven.”

“I’ve done plenty for this place!” Beatrice folded her arms. “My team spirit isn’t zero.”

“You say that, buuuuuuuut, your actions speak clearly,” Traci piped in now. She took the tablet she was carrying at her side and flicked through it. “I’ve been keeping track of things and, my my, not much help from you. You’ve barely done your business duties by shirking your store shifts, product making, helping with enchantments, and your customer service is crap too.”

“And that’s not even mentioning sleeping on your regular coven duties.” Cassidy started listing things off with her fingers. “Potion material gathering, keeping up with the mystical enchantments for our home, donating your pent-up excess magic, taking on an apprentice...”

“Also,” Vicky added, her eyes still on her phone, “Your attitude sucks.”

“You’ve been taking advantage of this coven and family for years,” Cassidy said, her tone getting angrier and more on edge. “Frankly, we’re sick of it.”

Beatrice said nothing, though her contemptuous look remained. Her nails dug into her chair’s armrests, nearly tearing through them. *Taking advantage? My duties? My attitude!? How dare... how dare they!*

She rose from her seat, hands clenching into fists now. “You should all appreciate what I’m able to do for this little coven of yours. You all would be far more insignificant without my powers and abilities! You should be grateful for the little I do for this place!”

I haven’t cut loose in a while, but even still, it’ll make my point. Beatrice raised her hands. “Perhaps you all need a demonstration of what I can do. Maybe you’ll understand then that I should be... be...”

Her hands were held aloft. However, there was nothing. She felt no tinge, no warmth, no power. No energy or aura came from her fingertips.

Where was her magic?

“What... what is this?!” Beatrice stuttered, the blood leaving her face.

“A last resort that we needed apparently.” Vicky looked up from her phone at long last. Her eyes were glowing yellow, her smile wicked and mean like Beatrice’s once was. “The coven decided to lock off your magic for the time being in case you decided to retaliate.”

“And since you did, it’s clear you can’t be trusted to use your powers for the time being. Until you become a more reasonable, productive member, you’re stuck.”

That had to be a joke, right? Beatrice thought it was but no matter what she did or tried, she felt nothing. She knew there was still magic coursing through her. Her skin was still the light, vibrant green it always was. However, it was all locked off.

“What the hell?!” Beatrice shouted, “You can’t do this to me! You need my magic! What am I supposed to do now? You know, this is very stupid, right? I can’t be a "contributing" member when I can’t use my magic!”

“Oh, there’s still plenty you can do!” Cassidy said, her voice softer and happier sounding. “Potion brewing never required magic for one. Managing the shop shouldn’t be a challenge either. It’s just simple stocking and cashiering.”

“But!” Traci interrupted, “We’re not going to let you do either of those. You shouldn’t have access to anything magical or brewing related for the time being.”

“So, I can’t be involved with magic at all?!” Beatrice’s head throbbed. “Oh my god, you might as well just cut a leg off me at this point with how useless I am!”

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic!” Cassidy rolled her eyes.

Beatrice didn’t care. This wasn’t fair at all! She was a powerful witch. She had been one for so very long that she had forgotten the time before she had her powers. She had lived long and young with them that it was a crushing humiliation to be denied this part of her.

Internally, she cursed. She had been solo for most of her existence and had only recently joined the coven in the past few years. Sure, there were the perks and benefits. Plus, having a slight bit of company, even if she wasn’t much for it, was somewhat nice. But now, it had all betrayed her.

Perhaps this should’ve been a time for self-reflection. She had been lax in her duties, her attitude had been sour or mean at times, and her behavior was certainly not the best. She considered maybe it was time to shape up a little, even a smidgen.

But she couldn’t muster that. The indignation of it! She was a witch, a powerful one at that! She shouldn’t have to deal with this nonsense!

Beatrice sighed. Regardless of how she felt, she had no choice at the moment but to go along with this injustice. “Okay then, so I can’t do anything at all here. What am I supposed to do so I can have my magic again?”

“Well!” Cassidy’s smile and eyes lit up. “We came up with a nice solution to this! It’s something you can do that’ll instill hard work, teamwork, and make your attitude work! It’ll be great, and it’s something I’ve done before too.”

“Which is?”

“You’ll be working with a place we’ve partnered with,” Traci explained, “They are an extremely friendly environment and can always use extra hands on deck.”

“Partnered with?” Beatrice didn’t need to think long and hard about it. Her head instantly went to a very cold, silly environment. “Ugh, you mean I have to help sell ice cream with a bunch of silly, dumb toys?”

Cassidy’s smile grew wider. “Well, you’re partially right!”

To be continued...