

## The Witch's Mistake

### Chapter 1

She crept down the narrow staircase slowly, heart racing in her chest. She could hear it – the rapid *thump, thump, thump* against her ribcage. Her forehead was slick with sweat, hands shaking in a mixture of excitement and fear.

What if her mother was in there?

That thought was almost enough to freeze Trinity mid-step.

She shook her head, kept descending the staircase.

Her mother wasn't home. She was at work; pretending to be a business woman and CEO, maintaining the facade she'd set up years and years ago. There was no reason she'd be down here right now, no reason for her to suspect Trinity would sneak into the secret room.

At the bottom of the stairs, there was a door. A locked door to an empty, dusty, unremarkable basement.

Trinity inhaled a deep breath, reached into her pocket and pulled out a marble. A small and surprisingly fragile glass sphere.

With a trembling hand, she pressed the glass marble to the basement door's lock.

A metallic click.

A vibration in the air, followed by the smell of herbs and nature.

Trinity pocketed the glass marble, reached out and grasped the door handle. Slowly, she turned it.

As the door opened, Trinity's eyes widened.

Excitement blossomed in her chest, the sweet taste of victory filling her from within. She'd done it! She'd finally managed to crack her mother's spell!

What would normally be an empty basement, containing nothing but clutter and dust and cobwebs, had become something far, *far* more. A sight plucked straight out of Trinity's imaginings, a place of mystery and power and magic.

Her mother's secret room.

Bookshelves lined three of the four walls, filled to the brim with tomes of all shapes and sizes. All leather-bound and ancient, all filled with forbidden knowledge. Her mother's prized collection of magical grimoires.

On the one wall that wasn't filled with old books, there was a table. A big, bulky, wooden table – covered in jars and boxes and small plants. A single wooden stool to sit at, with a single tome in front of it. Trinity could see things she recognised from her mother's lessons; tools and equipment and items. But most of what she saw was completely alien.

Carefully, Trinity crept into the room.

Most of this stuff was far beyond her level. She'd only been learning about magic for a few months, and most of *that* had been theory rather than practical application. But, as her eyes roamed her mother's secret room, Trinity felt at home.

A circle was painted on the floor in the room's centre, odd symbols surrounding it. It was only large enough that a single person would be able to stand inside it. Trinity skirted around it, careful that no part of her body interacted with whatever that circle was in any way.

She walked to her mother's desk, searching for something very specific.

Magic required special items to work. Specific plants, certain materials, specially-made utensils. And, with how new Trinity was to her family's secret hobby, her mother had only given her the most basic of items to work with. A tiny amount of Spell Dust, a miniscule offering of Cursed Water, and only a single, tiny, marble-sized sphere of Witch Glass.

If Trinity wanted to work bigger, more impressive spells than those she'd attempted so far, she'd need to 'borrow' items from here.

And so here she was, looking to borrow her mother's items.

Before coming here, she's searched the tome her mother had given her for a powerful, if simple, spell to cast. Something that'd test her, but which shouldn't be *too* difficult to pull off. A spell that'd create a mind-reading charm.

She knew exactly what she'd need, and went in search of just that.

Witch Glass shaped as a lens; the same type and size as a person would find in a magnifying glass.

Trinity searched the large desk, carefully checked through drawers and boxes until she found just what she needed – a disk of Witch Glass in a dusty box marked with unintelligible runes. Big enough to fill the palm of her hand, but not so large that it'd be difficult to use.

She put the box she found it in back where it belonged, made sure everything looked the exact same as it had before she'd started rummaging.

Then, grinning, she crept out of her mother's secret room – making sure to re-seal the magical lock with her marble-sized, spherical lockpick. If she'd done everything correctly, her mother would never know the room had been broken into. Until she opened the now-empty box, that was. But, from the dust that'd coated it, Trinity figured her mother wouldn't be opening that box for quite some time.

It was the perfect crime. A flawless heist.

Trinity sat in the back of the classroom, a place where no-one would be able to watch her without her being aware of it. It wouldn't do to get caught using magic, after all. The days of witch-burnings were in the past, and most people these days didn't believe magic even existed. But still, best to be cautious.

She waited until mid-way through the class before pulling out her newly charmed lens.

Who to test it on?

Someone boring. Someone plain and uninteresting, who wouldn't be thinking anything too unusual or shocking. Something small and simple to test the mind-reading lens.

*Him.*

Seated in front of her. A guy so plain and ordinary and unremarkable that Trinity couldn't even remember his name. The type of guy whose face is so bland it'd be impossible to remember, who dressed in such a passionless way that he'd never stick out in a crowd. He'd make a *perfect* test subject to see if the lens worked.

Carefully, eyes stealthily searching the classroom to see if anyone was looking in her direction, Trinity pulled the lens from her bag.

She raised it, directed it at the nameless, bland boy.

And, in the Witch Glass, images began to appear.

The boy's thoughts taking shape, reflected in the lens.

Trinity's eyes widened in pure shock.

In front of her, in the lens, she saw unspeakable things. Things that would've never occurred to her in her wildest dreams – or her darkest fantasies. Images of women being degraded and humiliated, slapped and tormented and used, tortured in sick and perverse ways. In one transparent image, Trinity saw a girl bound to a table, molten candle wax dripping onto her body as she struggled and strained against her rope bindings. Another showed women being whipped like cattle. Yet another image depicted a girl wearing a slave collar, on hands and knees as she begged and pleaded for forgiveness.

Instinctively, Trinity slammed the Witch Glass down on her school desk – cutting off its view of the boy and his thoughts. The sound drew the attention of all eyes. A classroom full of faces turned to look at a red-faced Trinity.

She apologised meekly, stared down at her desk as her blush brightened even

further.

So much for starting off her mind-reading adventures small.

When people turned back to their schoolwork, and she was no longer the centre of attention, Trinity slipped her magical lens back into her bag. She'd never use it again, she swore. Certainly not on the creep she'd just seen the thoughts of. Who'd ever want to explore the mind a pervert like *that*?

Throughout the rest of the class, the rest of the school day, the images she'd seen flashed behind Trinity's eyes. Haunted her. And, try as she might, she could not stop herself from thinking about what she'd seen.

Trinity woke the next day drenched in sweat, heart racing. Images flashed through her mind. A girl tied to a table, covered in melted candle wax. Another being whipped. A slave girl's begging.

She trembled, heat flushing through her body. Her chest felt heavy, warm.

Eyes wide, she rushed to her en suite bathroom, splashed cold water over her face. She tried to calm her racing heart, to slow the rapid rising and falling of her chest. She could feel it in her gut, somehow knew it on an instinctual level.

Something was wrong.

More images flashed behind her eyes. Women being spanked and humiliated. Women degraded and used. Women being tormented and tortured. All for the sick, perverse pleasure of a single, nondescript guy.

Who was he? Why had he been thinking these things?

Trinity trembled, felt a warm tingling between her legs.

Something was *definitely* wrong.

She climbed into her shower, blasted herself with agonisingly cold water in the hopes it'd clear her mind, wash away the stupid thoughts and images. She stood there, shivering in the cold, each droplet of water feeling like a tiny, painful pinprick against her skin.

And she shivered again. Not from the pain, not from the cold.

But from arousal.

The charm. Her spell. Something must have gone wrong.

It was only meant to show her what a person was thinking. The lens was only supposed to hold pictures, a reflection of its target's desires and imaginings. It wasn't supposed to be doing *this* to Trinity. It wasn't supposed to have any effect on her *at all*.

Something had gone wrong. She'd messed up somehow.

It was the spell. It *had* to be.

She got out of the shower, climbed back into bed and waited.

In the early hours of the morning, with no hope of going back to sleep thanks to the pictures haunting her mind, all Trinity could do was wait. Wait until her mother woke up and left for work. Then, and only then, could she break into the secret room again – figure out what was going on.

Despite herself, despite her loathing and disgust at the images that plagued her, Trinity found herself squirming. Hot and bothered and horny.

Some deep, tiny, *wrong* part of her hungered.

A traitorous, disturbed piece of Trinity's mind gazed at those horrible images, those disgusting ideas and fantasies, and it *desired* for them. *Longed* for them.

That wasn't Trinity. It wasn't *her*.

Somehow, the mind-reading lens had done something to her. She knew it, could feel it in her bones. When she'd seen that boy's thoughts, something had happened. Something magical. Something *bad*.

Trinity resisted, pushed those faint, tiny urges aside. Tried her best to ignore to constant onslaught of perverted images.

She wasn't some mundane, ordinary human.

She was a witch. And not just any witch, she was a Daleigh witch, born of an ancient and powerful bloodline. From a long line of witches, all beautiful and brilliant.

These thoughts and images would *not* best her.

She would fight them, hold them off until she could fix whatever had gone wrong, undo whatever unpredicted magic had effected her so.

And so she lay there, squirming and resisting, for hours.

Until her mother finally, thankfully woke up. She waited, listening intently for her mother to leave. And, for good measure, held off for an extra ten minutes on top of that. Then, and only then, did she rise from her bed – knees weak and legs wobbling – and make her way down to the house's basement, small glass marble in hand.

It wasn't the spell Trinity had cast on the lens, of that she was certain. She'd followed the instructions to the letter and cast it perfectly. If there was any problem – and blatantly there was – it was with the lens itself. Either there was something wrong with the Witch Glass physically, making her charm work in unforeseeable ways, or else the lens already had a charm cast on it – and the old spell was interfering with the new one.

So, pushing that faint, warped lust aside, ignoring her body's disgusting reaction to it, Trinity went in search of the box she'd found the lens in.

There had been symbols and runes marked on its wooden surface. If she could translate them, she might find answers.

Finding the box again didn't take long.

Translating the runes, however? That took time. A lot of it. Hours and hours, in fact. Long enough that Trinity began to worry that she might not be able to decipher the runes before her mother got back home from work.

Finally, though, she managed it.

And her heart sank at the words those runes spelled out.

The lens, it turned out, had indeed held a charm before Trinity had cast her spell upon it. The two spells had intertwined, becoming something new and untested in the process.

A mind-reading charm fused with a charm of compelled obsession.

In her haste, Trinity had foolishly cursed herself to become obsessed with whatever she saw through the enchanted lens – in this case, that plain, nameless boy and his dark, twisted fantasies. And, if she was reading those runes correctly, it appeared that her magically-created 'obsession' would only grow more powerful with time.

Not ideal, to say the least.

And, worse still, the runes on the box didn't mention anything about how to *undo* the charm.

Trinity would've gone searching through her mother's library of forbidden knowledge right there and then, looking for more information and a cure. But it was already too late now. Her mother would be home soon, and she did *not* want her mother finding out about her foolish mistake.

The older witch had only just started teaching her daughter magic a few months ago, when she'd turned eighteen. Most girls began learning years earlier than that. If her mother ever found out about this, about Trinity's mistake, she'd stop teaching her magic outright – might not allow her to learn more spells for years, if ever allowed it again at all.

No, this was Trinity's mistake. She'd deal with it herself.

Her mother need never know.

"Your school called me today," Jessamine said, not looking up from her plate as she ate. "Didn't feel like going in?"

Trinity shrugged, didn't answer.

"You really shouldn't skip classes like that," her mother continued, voice passive and indifferent.

"Why?" Trinity grumbled, fighting down the tainted images that wouldn't stop bombarding her. "Not like school matters."

"It matters," Jessamine said, finally looking over the dining table at her daughter. "You might not be learning much of importance there, but don't conflate a lack of learning valuable knowledge with wasting time. You have an image to uphold, Trinity. Missing out on classes without reason makes you appear delinquent when you should instead be fostering a visage of popularity and kindness. It may not seem so now, but the connections you make during your school years will prove invaluable once your schooling comes to an end."

"Yeah, yeah," Trinity muttered. "I know."

To her mother, everything was about image. How the world perceived them. A beautiful, successful woman with an equally beautiful and talented daughter. Adored by those who knew them, admired by those who didn't. Model examples of what was possible with 'hard work' and 'grit' and 'compassion'.

How would people react if they knew the truth about Jessamine Daleigh? That her rise to power and influence had little to do with hard work and dedication, and was more the product of magic and witchcraft instead? How would they look at the amazing Jessamine Daleigh if they knew that her place as CEO was not earned, but bought through spells and charms?

To Trinity's mother, appearance and perception were everything.

Of course she'd never understand Trinity. How could she?

One saw magic as a means to and ends, a tool by which they could gain anything and everything they wanted. While the other saw it as a mystery, a beautiful thing to be explored and tested and experimented with.

Black and white. Day and night.

She could never be allowed to learn about Trinity's mistake. Jessamine was barely teaching her magic as it was, Trinity couldn't afford to risk losing what little tutelage she was actually receiving.

Magic was everything. She couldn't lose it. *Wouldn't* lost it.

She couldn't let on that something was wrong.

Even as dark, dirty, perverted images and thoughts filled her head, Trinity *had* to act like everything was normal.

She'd undo it by herself. She just needed time. That's all.

"You won't skip classes tomorrow," Jessamine stated as a matter of fact. "Today was a one-off occurrence, a lapse of judgement. It won't happen again."

"Yes mother," Trinity said through gritted teeth.

"Good."

In the dark of night, unable to close her eyes for all the images that waited for her behind her eyelids, Trinity lay in silence. The only sound, her beating heart.

She couldn't sleep.

Oh, she'd tried. Had spent hours laying there, eyes closed, trying her hardest not to think about the images she saw – or the tiny part of her that *liked* them. She tried to not think of anything at all, to just drift off to sweet oblivion.

But her mind wouldn't let her.

She was tired. She needed to sleep. But she couldn't.

Not with those images there.

And there was no way to get rid of them. Not yet.

If she was going to discover the cure for the curse she'd given herself, she'd need her mind. Not sleep-deprived and tired, but awake and alert and bright. And for that, she

*needed* to sleep.

In the back of her mind, she knew what she needed to do.

She knew how to rid herself of these thoughts temporarily. Long enough that she'd be able to shut her eyes and drift off.

She knew what needed to be done.

And, as the hours wore on, her resistance to the idea faltered.

Slowly, hating herself for being so weak, for needing to do this to herself, she reached a hand between her legs. Images flared in her mind as she gently touched herself. Warmth spread through her body, tingles of electrical warmth.

She didn't want to do this. Truly, she didn't.

On some level, she even *hated* herself for it.

But she needed to sleep. And to sleep, she needed to wear herself out. To sate that small but loud part of her mind, her new obsession. Just this once, she'd cave. Tomorrow, she'd fix this and it'd be done and over. But tonight, she had no other choice.

She touched herself.

And, loath as she was to admit it, it felt good. Intoxicatingly so. Images of women filled her mind as she slipped fingers inside herself. A woman tied to a table, molten candle wax dripping on to her naked body. A woman being whipped and abused. A woman with a slave collar, a pet to the unnamed, plain boy. And, worst and best of all, in every image the woman was Trinity.

When she came, she came hard. A more powerful orgasm than she'd ever experienced before.

And, hating herself for it, she fell asleep with a satisfied smile tugging at her lips.