

The Witch's Mistake

Chapter 2

Sweat glued Trinity's blouse to her chest and back. She could smell it in the air around her, feel it dampening her skin.

Everyone else must've noticed. The girls that called Trinity their friend, the boys that all crushed on her and wanted to date her, the teachers who treated her so kindly and adoringly. Surely they could tell Trinity wasn't her usual self. Surely they knew something must be wrong.

Did they think she was ill? Or exhausted after working out? Or perhaps that she was overwhelmingly horny?

All three were true.

Trinity *was* ill – though it was a sickness of the mind, not the body. And she *was* exhausted, after spending all morning bringing herself to orgasm after orgasm after sweet, agonising orgasm. Mostly, though, Trinity was *horny*. Perpetually aroused and wet, sexually haunted by the images and scenes that played out in her head – demanding her attention and focus at every waking moment.

Her mistake.

The charm that'd gone so disastrously wrong.

It was in her bag. The glass lens with its corrupted magical power. The gift of being able to see anyone's thoughts, and the curse of becoming obsessed with whatever was witnessed through it.

The boy. Of all the people, why did it have to be the closet pervert that she'd tested her lens on?

Where was he?

"Trin," one of her friends said, concern clear in the girl's tone, "are you alright? You look kinda-"

"I'm fine," Trinity practically growled.

If her mother had heard that, Trinity would've gotten a lecture about the importance of maintaining friendships and fostering long-term connections. Being snappy with her friends was a bad move. But, with the thoughts consuming Trinity's mind, she couldn't focus on proper social conduct.

She couldn't focus on *anything*.

Where the *fuck* was he?

Women bound and gagged. Women slapped and choked and abused. Ropes and molten candle wax. Whips and paddles. Beautiful faces warped in expressions of pain and pleasure.

A fresh flood of clammy heat. More sweat. More moisture leaking from between her legs.

His fault.

It was all that boy's fault.

Him and his twisted, monstrous fetishes. His thoughts about abusing and humiliating and owning women, as if they were property and not actual people.

That thought – of being property – sent pleasant tingles rippling through Trinity's body.

No! She thought desperately. *No, that's not me! That's not who I am!*

He sat in front of her in class, oblivious to the horrors he'd cursed her with. The nameless boy with his dark, twisted fantasies.

Even now, they filled Trinity's head. Images and thoughts that she didn't want, couldn't escape from.

All because of *him*.

When this was all done, once she'd found a way to undo the effects of the charm, she'd make sure this nameless boy suffered for the silent, invisible, second-hand humiliation Trinity had been forced to endure. Every moment she'd spent in turmoil, every heartbeat that she'd had those dark images in her mind, every time she'd had to touch herself to lessen them – if only for a few minutes. He'd pay for it all.

She'd curse him with impotency. Or make him obsessed with stripping naked in public. Or have him degrade himself in the exact same ways he dreamt about degrading women...

A stray thought pierced Trinity's mind then. A dangerous, terrible, evil thought.

What *did* this boy want to do to women, exactly?

She's seen some. Had gotten a hinting taste of it. But surely there must be more in that mind. Darker humiliations, deeper torments.

That idea, and the hunger – the *want* - behind it, was lethal.

It was the obsession. The spell. It *made* her want to know more. To see more. To *experience* it. That's why, whenever she touched herself to those thoughts, they faded for a short time. It was like an addiction, constantly demanding to be fed.

And, right then, it wanted to *see* more.

It wanted Trinity to stare into the boy's mind again, to see what he wanted to do – what he fantasised about.

And with that want came temptation.

The lens was in her bag, in easy reach. All it would take was for Trinity to reach inside, grab it, point it at the boy, and look into the glass. Feeding the obsession, freeing her temporarily from its hungry, ever-present grasp.

It'd be no different from touching herself, the hungry beast within Trinity told her. No different from what she'd already done to sate the obsession. Just one quick glance, and she could set aside the thoughts and images and desire for a few minutes.

A few minutes of reprieve for just a single moment of weakness.

But... The lens still had the obsession charm. If she looked through it...

What? She'd become obsessed again?

She already *was* obsessed with the boy's fantasies. That bridge had been crossed already. And it wasn't like she could become any *more* obsessed.

Just a single moment. A tiny peak...

Trinity despised herself as she reached into her bag for the lens, hated that she was so weak-willed that she couldn't fight off the obsession by herself – that she needed to sate it in order to cope.

What would her mother think?

If she were in this situation, what would Jessamine Daleigh do?

A trick question, Trinity thought bitterly. Her mother would never end up in this kind of position to begin with. Jessamine Daleigh was too powerful, too in control, to ever succumb to baser human instincts. It was like the woman wasn't even human.

Trinity raised the lens, pointed it at the boy who'd caused her so much discomfort over the last two days, and stared into the glass.

Transparent images flashed in the lens.

A woman being spanked with a riding crop. Another on the floor, collar around her neck, grovelling to her 'master'. Yet another strapped to a table, her head hanging backwards over the edge with a cock in her mouth – being face-fucked without mercy, throat bulging with every thrust.

Ropes, gags, bruises, begging.

Eroticism, pure and blissful, washed over Trinity. A wave of satisfaction at seeing all those women being abused, a consuming desire to be one of them. The images flashed in Trinity's vision, flooded her with an unnatural longing.

She held the lens in her right hand. Her left slowly began inching its way down her

body, under her skirt, between her legs...

Trinity gasped, eyes rolling in their sockets.

People turned to look at her, the strange boy one of them.

She blushed, gripped the lens and placed it back in her bag as subtly as she could, trying her best not to draw any more attention to herself.

She felt warm. Nice.

She felt *happy*.

Rules. Trinity needed rules. Control.

If she didn't stop herself, Trinity would be consumed by her magical obsession towards that boy's kinks. If she didn't lay down some ground rules, have some way of controlling her ever-growing lusts, she'd be lost.

She needed to feed the beast, to sate her new desires. If she didn't, those thoughts would drive her to madness.

But, at the same time, she couldn't allow herself to be overcome by them. If she gave in to those thoughts, let them become a part of her, who knew where she'd end up.

The thoughts were hungry. Ravenous.

If she starved them, they'd only get worse – more insistent and demanding. If she fed them too much, she might lose herself in them completely – become something she didn't want to be. So, like Goldilocks, Trinity had no choice but to go with a middle, balanced option. At least until she could find a way to undo the curse she'd unknowingly cast upon herself.

Which meant feeding those dark thoughts and desires.

Not indulging too much, but just enough to stop her from going insane.

So... Rules.

Trinity stared up at her bedroom ceiling as she thought, images flashing in her eyes – demanding her attention.

Rules.

Number one. No interacting with the boy. Not ever. He could never know what was happening to Trinity. What his thoughts had done to her. A guy like that, with those kinds of twisted fantasies? There was no way he wouldn't take advantage of a beauty like Trinity if he knew.

That thought, being taken advantage of, sent warm tingles shooting through Trinity's body. She moaned, unable to help herself.

Two! Trinity scolded herself. *Rule number two!*

No *thinking* about the boy. Even if it was the obsession, Trinity *refused* to pleasure herself while thinking about such a pervert. A creep. She might have to pleasure herself to the boy's thoughts, but the boy himself? No. She would *not* sink that low.

Sinking low... Submitting herself to that boy who was so beneath her... Trinity shuddered.

Rule number three...

Trinity reached between her legs, thoughts of a plain-looking boy straddling her waist; a paddle in one hand, a candle in the other, a malicious grin on his face.

Rule number...

Her fingertips touched the soft, wet fabric of her panties.

Jolts of electrical pleasure shot through her.

Trinity's back arched, hips thrusting upwards to grind on a boy that wasn't there. Her mind hazed over with arousal, with the thoughts she'd seen in his mind. The spanking, the clamps, the lines of red on her skin from being whipped, the hand-prints around her throat.

On the ground, grovelling before an ordinary-looking guy.

A guy that *owned* her.

Rules, Trinity tried to remind herself as her fingers pried her sodden panties aside,

began to work her leaking slit. *Have to... Rules...*

All thoughts ceased.

All thoughts, that was, except those about the boy and his fetishes. And what he'd do to Trinity if he ever found out about her new obsession.

She slid her fingers into the tight wetness.

And Trinity moaned.

She didn't know the boy's name, couldn't cry that out loud. She didn't know who he was, though his face filled her fantasies of being used and abused. And so she called out the only word that came to mind as she pleased herself to him.

"Master!"

It was working.

All morning, she'd been touching herself – rubbing her crotch with her hand, her pillow, the corner of her desk at school, with a pencil. Not allowing herself to orgasm, but instead torturing herself with the desperation of pleasure without release.

Her eyes flicked to the boy sat at the desk in front of her. Still nameless, still plain. Yet somehow, Trinity could think of no other man as sexy as him.

If he knew what she was doing, that she was edging herself like this, Trinity knew the boy would be pleased.

And knowing that – knowing that she was doing something that'd make the boy happy – sent thrills of equal parts joy and pleasure rushing through Trinity. Silently, she told herself how she was *his*. That she *belonged* to him.

And it worked.

She could think. Sort of.

No longer assaulted by images, no longer haunted by the boy's fantasies, Trinity was – for the most part – free to be herself. To mingle with her friends, to study and learn. She'd found a way to feed the hunger without giving into it completely.

As she gazed at the back of the boy's head, Trinity's free hand slid under her table – guided by lust to a part of her body that she no longer owned.

It's yours, she thought at the boy, *all yours*.

Just thinking the words made Trinity tingle.

Her pussy lips twitched with anticipation.

The boy in front of her moved, turned his head and looked directly at her.

Trinity gasped – froze in place.

The boy raised an eyebrow.

Trinity spun her head, looked away from him – face bright red, heart racing in her chest.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him shrug and turn back around. Returning his attention to the lecture, oblivious to what Trinity was doing. What she was *thinking*.

She teased her opening with wet fingertips.

Closed her eyes.

Imagined him taking her. Bending her over her desk and spanking her, telling her how much of a slut she was – telling her how she deserved his abuse for not being strong enough to resist his desires. She was weak. Pathetic.

Trinity bit her lip to keep from moaning out.

She pulled her fingers away from her crotch.

It was her punishment. Her torture. Not being allowed to orgasm. Not being allowed to release all her pent up desire, all the hunger that threatened to overwhelm her.

She didn't deserve satisfaction.

She deserved punishment.

She *wanted* punishment.

After class ended, Trinity lingered at her desk while everyone else got up to leave –

reaching into her bag and pulling out a delicate handkerchief. Only when everyone else was gone, and she the only one who remained in the classroom, did Trinity rise from her seat.

She turned, rubbed the chair down with her handkerchief.

Wiping up the puddle of wetness she'd left there.

Before she left the classroom, she walked over to the nameless boy's desk, pressed herself – her crotch – up to one of its corners. She couldn't hold back her moans as she slowly gyrated her hips, gently humping the desk corner in her soiled panties.

"Mom," Trinity began, heart pulsing her my chest, "is it possible to combine multiple spells in a charm?"

It was a scary topic to bring up. If her mother learned about her mistake, Trinity might never get a chance to learn magic again. But, if she didn't ask – didn't try to find answers – she'd never learn how to undo the magic currently affecting her. Asking her mother questions like this was a gamble, but a necessary one.

The elegant, stern woman looked up from the work on her office desk, eyed Trinity sharply.

"It's possible," Jessamine answered coolly. "Though I wouldn't advise trying it, if that's what you're planning on doing. Combining spells is not something a learner Witch should ever attempt."

"Why?" Trinity asked, trying not to sound too eager.

"It's above your level," Jessamine said, turning her attention back to the documents on her desk. "Maybe in a few more years, you'll be ready for that type of magic. But for now, stick to the basics only."

Years?

Trinity's eyes bulged.

She didn't have *years*. With the way things were currently going, she'd be lucky if she survived the *week* without caving to her unnatural desires. Waiting years to learn what she needed was *not* an option.

"But..." Trinity grasped for excuses, reasons why she would want to learn that wouldn't give away the *actual* truth. "I had this idea for a combined spell and-"

"No," Jessamine stated simply, not even bothering to look up from the documents this time. "Whatever it is, I forbid you. If you attempt a combined spell before I say you're ready, I'll have no choice but to block your magic entirely until such a time as you're ready and responsible enough to learn properly."

Block magic? She could *do* that?

Trinity stared at her mother, mouth hanging open.

Jessamine ignored her daughter, continued reading through the pages of financial reports.

Neither of them spoke.

Trinity knew she should leave, that her mother had all but dismissed her. But she couldn't. Not without answers.

If she didn't cure her curse soon, it'd break her.

"Mom..." Trinity said, a hint of desperation seeping into her voice. "Please. You never teach me. You're always too busy with work and clients and maintaining the family image. You don't have time for me. I'm a Daleigh Witch too. It's my birthright. *Please*."

The older woman sighed, brow creasing with annoyance.

"Combining spells isn't just an advanced type of magic, it *is* advanced magic. All the most powerful spells and charms we have are combinations of other lesser spells. It's way beyond your level, Trinity. Combining spells is unpredictable and volatile, dangerous if done without proper precautions."

Jessamine Daleigh shook her head, leaned back in her office chair and stared right

into her daughter's eyes.

"Witches create magic. Magic creates chaos. Witches control magic, and thus control the chaos. But when multiple spells are combined, the magic of one creates and sustains the magic of the other and vice versa. Double the magic, double the chaos, and nothing to control it. When a witch fuses two spells into one, those two spells amplify one-another – making both effects far more potent as a result. Often, a combination spell, also known as Duo Magic, will also have unique effects that stem from the two spells used to create it."

"But surely it can't be that bad," Trinity said, heart pounding in her chest. "I mean, if things go wrong, you can just undo the magic, right?"

Jessamine shook her head.

"Ordinary spells are hard enough to undo on their own. Duo Magic is exponentially more difficult to unravel. If undoing a normal spell is like solving a Rubik's Cube, then undoing Duo Magic is like trying to solve two Rubik's Cubes at the same time while blindfolded and handcuffed, and getting an electric shock whenever you make a mistake. Trio Magic is even *more* difficult. And Tetra Magic – four spells interwoven into one - is pretty much impossible to ever undo."

Trinity shifted from foot to foot, uncertain what to say next.

"Do *not* attempt Duo Magic. And especially do not ever try to perform Trio Magic spells. Even I've only ever created that level of magic charm once in my life. And the last person to try Tetra Magic that I know of..."

She shook her head.

"Yes?" Trinity found herself asking. "Who was it?"

"Your great-great-great-great-grandmother. Odena Daleigh. A genius witch who wanted to create a very specific spell. She loved scented candles, and so wanted to create a perfect combination spell to light. A flame spell to light the wick, another spell to ensure the flame burned for a long time, another to remove the odours from the burning wick so that only the scent of the candle could be smelled, and one last spell to enhance and amplify the scents of the candle itself. For simple charms to cast, all combined into one Tetra Magic spell."

"What happened?" Trinity asked, momentarily forgetting all about her obsession with the plain-looking pervert boy.

"She cast the spell and set fire to half a city," Jessamine Daleigh shrugged. "The flames couldn't be extinguished no matter how hard the people tried. And two weeks later, when the last embers finally died out, it's said you could still smell the stench of burning over a thousand miles away."

Jessamine looked pointedly at her daughter.

"Do not," she said firmly, "under any circumstances, attempt to combine spells. I *will* block your ability to cast magic if you do. Am I understood?"

"Yes mother," Trinity said, eyes on the floor.

"Good."