

The Witch's Mistake

Chapter 3

"What the fuck is your problem?"

Trinity glared at the girl who, until just a few minutes ago, had been one of her sycophant 'friends'. A mildly attractive brunette girl who'd been whining and complaining about boys all day – as if *her* problems were in any way a big deal.

Hand stinging from the slap, eyes narrowed at the girl she'd just struck, Trinity said nothing.

"Crazy bitch," the brunette growled, backing away – a red hand-print on her face. "Fucking psycho."

Faces all around had turned to stare, boys and girls loitering in the corridors between lessons. All gawking and watching with hawkish intensity. Gazing at their school's perfect idol, not quite believing what she'd just done.

Images flashed behind Trinity's eyes.

Public humiliation, a spanking as punishment, laughter directed at her from all around. A plain boy's malevolent stare.

Several of Trinity's 'friends' backed away from her, seeing her wild eyes and aggressive posture. They didn't want to be on the receiving end of Trinity's next attack, most likely. Not that there would be another one. Trinity had just slapped the girl to shut the cunt up.

All fucking day. Whining and complaining about boys. Non-fucking-stop. She *deserved* a slap.

Trinity turned on her heels, strode away from the forming crowd. She would, no doubt, be the centre of school gossip because of this. She'd never hit anyone before, never been in a fight, never even called anyone else a bad name. Her image, as her mother had drilled into Trinity's head, was vitally important.

Every confrontation, her mother said, could be resolved with words and charm and wits. Resorting to physical violence? It was the act of someone with no self-control.

Someone like the person Trinity was transforming into.

She could feel it deep inside herself, see it in the flashes of desire and the unrelenting images and thoughts. Trinity was *changing*.

If she didn't undo the spell soon...

No.

She shook her head, held her chin up high. She could do this. She could find a cure to her accidental curse. All she needed was time.

Yet, even as she thought the words, a new slew of images and fantasies battered against Trinity's mind. Her bound and gagged, a mechanical fuck-machine pounding away at her insides while she counted down the time until her Master's return. Such a long wait, a torturous wait.

No!

No, that wasn't her. That wasn't Trinity! She *refused* to sink so low.

She could beat this.

She *had* to beat this.

Nothing. She'd read every book on magic that her mother had given her, from theory to practical application, and Trinity had found *nothing* on how to undo her curse.

She tried casting new spells on herself – silly little things like temporarily turning her hair blue, or giving herself the ability to see in the dark for a limited time – in the hopes that the new spells would overwrite the old one. But no, she still had her unnatural obsession. She attempted an unravelling charm, a spell specifically designed to undo magic, but that'd only revealed to her how complex and powerful the curse she'd cast on herself truly

was.

Laying in bed one night, she'd gripped onto the cursed lens and thought about smashing it against her bedroom wall. Witch Glass was incredibly fragile; one strong throw and the lens would shatter into a million tiny pieces.

And then what?

Would breaking the lens undo the magic? Probably not. More likely, she'd simply break the one item she'd actually need to undo the spell – cursing herself for the rest of her life.

Desperate, she'd once more crept into her mother's hidden room while Jessamine was out; skimmed through as many of her mother's books as she possibly could. Searching, in vain, for a clue on how to save herself from this never-ending nightmare.

And, for all her effort, Trinity had *nothing*.

In the end, the only person in the world that Trinity knew would be able to help her was her mother. The woman who'd threatened to take Trinity's birthright – magic – away from her forever.

So, Trinity had a choice.

Did she give up on magic, or did she accept this new obsession of hers for what it was?

If she kept learning magic, one day she'd be able to remove it. One day, she'd be free. And, until then, she could moderate her impulses. Hold herself back. Surely that was the better option, right?

Trinity sighed, her eyes flashing with perverse, degrading images of herself.

If she was just teasing herself, it'd be fine.

That's all she'd do. Tease herself. Nothing else.

Trinity rushed to her bedroom, package held tightly in her arms. She slammed the door behind herself, heart racing.

She held onto it for a few minutes – too embarrassed to open it.

It'd been impulsive. A late-night purchase. She didn't actually *want* this stuff. It was just...

Stop lying to yourself.

She wanted it. She wanted it *so bad*. From the moment she'd added the items to her basket, put in her card details, ordered them to be delivered as fast as possible, Trinity hadn't been able to stop thinking about it.

Finally, she summoned up the courage; put the box down on her bed and opened it up.

The first item she saw was leather. Straps and belts. A harness. A body harness for her to wear, complete with tight, leather thong. Something to wear under her school clothes tomorrow.

Just the thought sent tingles of pleasure shooting through her.

The second item was a wooden paddle with the word 'BITCH' engraved on it. A way for her to punish herself for all her slutty, sexy thoughts.

After that were a pack of clamps. For her nipples and her clit and wherever else her nameless Master wanted to attach them. He didn't know. Had no idea how devoted Trinity was to him. She didn't even know the boy's name, hadn't dared ask anyone. To her, though, he was Master.

Then came a chastity belt and its key, and after that a collar. Handcuffs, a blindfold, a ball-gag. So many items for Trinity to try.

Before she could think about it, before she even had a chance to stop herself, she stripped down naked – began donning the leather harness and collar and chastity belt. Each item fulfilling her in ways she'd never felt before, like pieces of a puzzle all coming together.

She stared at herself in the mirror, wet and blushing.

Yes, she thought to herself. *This is what I am.*

Her reflection stared back at her, the ideal submissive slut. A beautiful girl with big, beautiful eyes and big, beautiful breasts, clad in a web of leather straps that left little to the imagination. A locked chastity belt to prevent her from pleasing herself; that was Master's privilege alone. A collar to show the world who she belonged to. A ball-gag to prevent her from speaking; her mouth existed for no other reason than to suck her Master's cock.

She looked *stunning*.

A new image flashed before Trinity's eyes. Her Master, smiling at her with satisfaction; his dark fantasies come to life in her.

She didn't allow herself to think – thinking would only complicate things – as she reached for her phone, began snapping pictures of herself. She posed, revealed herself. Wetness dribbled down from between her legs, saliva leaked out around the ball-gag.

What would her Master think if he could see her?

How happy would he be to know that Trinity was his, that she existed to please him?

If she'd had his phone number or social media handles, Trinity knew, she'd have sent those pictures to him there and then. Told her Master everything. *Everything*. Her obsession, her desire to please him, her family's magic. All of it. She'd have come out to him, eagerly awaiting his reaction. His first command.

She trembled, thighs pressing together by themselves. Her eyes rolled in their sockets as the orgasm hit her.

"Oh god," Trinity gasped, knees giving out beneath her.

"You've been acting unusual lately," Jessamine said, eyeing her daughter across the dining table. "Is there something you want to tell me?"

Trinity blinked, blushed. She didn't dare look at her mother just in case the older woman saw the lie in her eyes.

"No," Trinity shrugged. "Everything is fine."

She felt her mother's eyes peering at her, felt the long, unwavering gaze.

"You got into another row at school," Jessamine continued, voice cool and calculating. "Do you have any particular reason as to why you're systematically destroying your social station?"

It wasn't intentional. None of the fights or arguments were.

Trinity just didn't care. Not any more.

"It's..." Trinity began, thinking quickly, "part of my plan."

"Plan?" Jessamine scoffed. "And what, might I ask, is your *plan* and how does it involve turning yourself into a social pariah?"

"Fallibility," Trinity said, the excuse coming to mind. "If I'm too perfect all the time, it'll alienate people. But making mistakes, creating drama, starting feuds, I'll seem more relatable and human; thus making me more approachable and likeable in the long-term."

As far as bullshit excuses went, Trinity thought she'd come up with something quite decent in that lie.

Her mother, though, did *not* look pleased.

"Your actions don't just affect you, Trinity," the older witch said, voice sharp as knives. "Everything *you* do reflects upon *me* and *my* interests. Did it never occur to you that slapping the son of a CEO – one of my clients, no less – might have a negative impact on the both of us?"

For the first time, Trinity looked up at her mother – saw the cold anger, the condescension in her eyes. She lasted only a moment under that icy stare before she had to look away again.

"So what?" Trinity mumbled. "Nothing you can't fix with magic."

"*Magic*," Jessamine scolded, "is *not* a toy. It is to be resorted to only when all other options have failed. One would think, given our history, that you would be a lot less flippant with your regard to our legacy. Witches and gruesome, public execution go hand-in-hand together, or have you forgotten?"

Trinity bit back a retort. It wasn't the dark ages any more. No-one was gonna go around burning witches if magic was revealed to the world again.

"I'm disappointed in you, Trinity," her mother said – the words cutting through Trinity like shards of ice. "I can see now that you are not ready for witchcraft. You're not."

Trinity rose to her feet, turned and began walking away from the table and her mother.

"Trinity!" Her mother called. "I'm not done talking! Come back here and-"

She ignored it. Ignored everything her mother had to say.

It didn't matter. None of it mattered.

Her mother wanted to take her magic away? Let her try.

In the back of her mind, a wicked plan had been forming. One she'd rejected and pushed away with all her might. A plan she knew would make her Master so very, very happy. A plan involving the cursed lens and her mother. A nasty, dark, evil plan that, until now, she'd have never truly considered putting into motion.

But, if Jessamine took her magic away...

The trouble with having a big house was that it was impossible to keep clean. Some rooms - guest rooms and storage rooms and the like - were barely ever used, always seemed coated in a layer of dust. Other places, like the attic, were never used at all, were filled with cobwebs and the like.

Trinity didn't have the mastery over magic that her mother did, couldn't create magical rooms and hide them away. She was stuck using the places in her home that'd been built there.

So, after much deliberation, she chose the attic.

Cleaning it took two days. It could have been finished sooner, but for the fact that she couldn't work on it while her mother was home. Jessamine must not know what her daughter was doing.

Once it was clean, Trinity ordered the supplies – made sure they'd be delivered when her mother was at work.

Then came the waiting. The planning. The anticipation.

Until, eventually, the day came.

The delivery men helped Trinity get her heavier items up to the attic, checking her out as much as they dared along the way. For the smaller boxes, Trinity carried them up herself.

It took a day to unbox everything. A week and a half until everything was set up properly.

But finally, *finally*, it was done.

A sex dungeon for Trinity and her Master.

A wooden horse, a BDSM rack, piles of ropes, a drawer filled with dildos of all shapes and sizes, cabinets filled with other items and objects. There was a whipping post, an iron-maiden like contraption designed to trap and sexually torture its victims with vibrating nubs. There were harness, buckets, costumes, mirrors. Sound-proofing on the walls and floor.

Everything they'd ever need.

It was Trinity's masterpiece. Her ultimate playroom. Built in her own home, right under her mother's nose.

There was only one thing missing.

One final piece of the puzzle.

Him.

Trinity's Master.

He didn't know. Not yet. He had no idea about any of this. Even now, she didn't know her Master's name, hadn't spoken to or interacted with him at all. As far as he was aware, Trinity was just a beautiful girl who he shared a single class with. Nothing more.

How would he react when she told him the truth?

What would he do to her?

Trinity shut her eyes, imagined it all. The spanking and slapping, the molten candle wax and the clamps and the paddles. She heard the words in her head, the names he'd call her, the insults he'd throw at her.

She shuddered in pleasure, walked over to a table in the middle of the attic – laid down on it.

Her eyes shut, mind lost in her fantasies.

Him taking her, fucking her right there, on that very table.

She gasped, reached a hand down and began rubbing herself. No penetration, not any more. No orgasms either. She'd forbidden herself. The only person who could use her like that, the only person she'd cum for, was her Master. Until he knew, until he claimed her as his property, Trinity disallowed herself from climaxing.

She was, however, allowed to *touch*. To tease and play with herself.

And so, she did exactly that.

He sat in front of her, just a few feet away.

Today was the day.

She couldn't take it any more, couldn't handle the sweet torture. She'd tell him today. As soon as this lesson ended, she'd walk up to him and tell him everything.

Trinity watched the clock ticking slowly down, her entire body hot and excited. Today was the day.

During the lesson, she pulled out her lens – as she always did now – and pointed it at her Master, basking in his dark depravities. Countless scenes flowed behind her irises, scenes that made Trinity tremble to look at. Choking, spitting, biting. Humiliation, degrading, objectification.

She wanted it. So, so badly, she wanted it.

The last minutes of the lesson were a torture unlike anything else Trinity had ever experienced. Time itself seemed to betray her, moving so slowly that she thought magic *must* be involved. But no, it was just her anticipation, her nerves. Her excitement bubbling over.

Just a few more minutes...

The boy looked over his shoulder, locked eyes with Trinity.

That alone almost made her cum.

He raised an eyebrow at her red, sweating face. Likely, he could feel her panting breath on his back. She felt like a bitch in heat, an animal so hungry for cock that nothing else in the world mattered.

Finally, blissfully, the bell rang.

A chorus of chairs scratching against the floor, a flood of voices chatting to each other, a cacophony of feet stomping on the ground. The classroom came alive with activity. And, all the while, Trinity sat there silently. Waiting.

The boy packed his things away slowly, rose from his desk.

"Wait," Trinity said, voice breaking from her excitement. She reached out a hand, grasped his top. "Don't go. Not yet."

Again, he turned around and looked at her, his eyes wide.

"Can- Can we talk?" Trinity asked, blushing. "In private?"

"Uhh..." The boy managed, uncertainty in his eyes. "Sure?"

Trinity waited, not letting go on the boy's shirt. Some classmates noticed, raised their eyebrows at the odd pairing. But, slowly, they all filtered out of the classroom until it was only the two of them left.

Trinity and her Master.

"There's something I have to tell you," Trinity began, eyes locking onto her Master's face. Her heartbeat quickened in her chest. "It's going to sound crazy, but I can prove it. So please, just hear me out, okay?"

"Okay..." The boy said.

Trinity inhaled a deep breath.

He'd love it. He *had* to love it. She was about to *give* herself to him. Her every waking moment for the last few weeks had been focused solely on the boy before her. Her Master. He couldn't reject her. Wouldn't reject her. She was beautiful, sexy, amazing. She was rich, if not as popular as she'd been a month ago. She was *powerful*. She'd be able to make his every whim and desire a reality, allow him to live out any and every fantasy he'd ever had.

There was no way he'd reject her.

And yet, there it was. The pang of fear. Of him denying her, tossing her aside. The possibility that he wouldn't want her.

What would be the point of living any more, if her Master didn't desire her? If she wasn't able to make him happy? What would be the point in anything? Without him in it, any life she lived would be a hollow, pitiful thing.

She let out the breath she'd been holding.

This was it. The decisive moment.

"My name is Trinity," she told the boy. "And I am yours, Master."