

The Witch's Mistake

Chapter 4

George. Such a plain, ordinary name. It went perfectly with the boy's face. George, her Master's name. The name she'd only ever speak aloud when others could hear her; at all other times, he would be Master and Master alone.

He sat in front of her, stared forward as their teacher droned on.

A meaningless lecture. Another pointless day at school.

Why? Why did she have to come here? Sure, she got to see her Master. And sure, the games he played with her were fun. But the education itself? Utterly useless.

Trinity didn't need an education. She didn't need qualifications. All she needed was Master and his commands.

Satisfying him was her only goal in life.

That's why she had a tiny vibrator inside herself, why she'd given her Master the controller for it. All to bring him the pleasure and satisfaction of knowing he could tease and toy with her to his heart's content. And, though she couldn't see it in his clenched fist, Trinity knew her Master was holding that vibrator controller even now.

When he flicked it on, upped the power, it took all Trinity had in her not to gasp out loud.

Red-faced, lips parted, mind hazy, she kept her head high and her eyes forward – pretending to pay attention to the lecture. In her cunt, the vibrator rumbled and trembled; teased her in wonderful, agonising ways.

Her Master. He wanted to toy with her.

Against her better judgement, Trinity moaned.

Faces turned to look at her, the lusty gazes of guys and the shocked faces of girls. Trinity's teacher paused in his lecture, frowned at the girl who'd once been a star pupil.

Shame and embarrassment washed over Trinity.

And, along with that shame and embarrassment, blissful pleasure. The knowledge that, in humiliating herself, she was making her Master happy. It was, Trinity had decided, all she ever wanted from life now.

To please her Master.

At first, he hadn't believed her. Probably, he'd thought it was some kind of prank or something.

Trinity couldn't blame him. Why else would the hottest, smartest, most popular girl around come up to him and call him Master? It *had* to be a prank or a joke. There was no way it could possibly be real.

His doubts were cast aside when Trinity had begun stripping.

She'd wanted to show him what his new toy looked like, wanted to give him the chance to examine his slave fully. And, shyly, he'd done just that. Looked at her, taken in the sight of her naked perfection. And, when she'd gently grasped his hand and placed it on her chest, he'd finally started to believe.

He'd given her his first command.

'Jump up and down.'

And she'd done it, feeling happier and more fulfilled in that moment than she'd ever felt before.

She'd bounced for him, let him watch as her breasts danced.

Before long, she was on her knees – tasting his sour, delicious cock for the first time. Lips wrapped around it, mouth working it as best she could. She dedicated herself to satisfying him, did everything possible to make her Master cum. Which, of course, he quickly did.

Then came the questions.

Why and how.

And, loyal toy that she was, Trinity told her Master everything. Spilled the beans on secrets that her family had kept safe for centuries. Magic. Spells. Witchcraft. She told him everything and, when he didn't believe her, she *showed* him.

A simple charm to turn her hair blue. Then one to change the colour of her eyes. Another that'd allow her Master to see in the dark.

Soon enough, he believed her.

That's when she told him all about the magical lens.

"You've been busy," her Master said, eyes roaming the attic sex dungeon. "This must've taken *ages* to put together."

"Yes Master," Trinity said, voice glowing with pride.

"And your sexy mother doesn't know anything about this?"

"No, Master. She has no idea."

He nodded his head, began stalking the attic room with keen eyes. Examining the racks of tools and toys, paddles and whips. Brushing his hands over the wooden horse and the whipping post, searching through drawers filled with dildos and vibrators.

"You must have put weeks worth of work into this," he said, not looking at Trinity. "Which means you must've been reading my mind even longer than that. All those weeks, and you're only now coming to me?"

A blossom of shame. "Yes, Master."

"We could've been having fun a month ago," he continued, picking up a wooden paddle. "But you didn't say anything. So much time wasted. That deserves punishment, I think."

"Yes Master," Trinity gasped, heart fluttering.

"Come here."

Without hesitation, Trinity rushed over to the table her Master was standing next to.

"Place your hands on it," he told her firmly. "And bend over."

Blushing, Trinity did as she was commanded.

Her Master circled around behind her. She could feel his eyes on her body, sense his hunger. Until so recently, he'd only had his fantasies, his dreams and desires. Now he had Trinity, an unrivalled beauty under his complete control. A girl with which he could live out his every dark whim.

When his fingertips pressing into her firm ass, Trinity flinched.

"Your mother," he said softly, twirling the wooden paddle in his hand. "She's a witch too, right?"

"Yes Master," Trinity breathed, unable to contain her arousal.

"The magic lens thing," her Master continued. "Will it work on her too?"

"Yes Master," Trinity gasped, body trembling in anticipation.

His fingers tugged on her skirt, began pulling it up to reveal the white panties underneath.

"Your mother is pretty sexy. And rich. Having her as my slave sounds like fun. The things I could do to the both of you..."

Slowly, he pulled down Trinity's panties.

"Two sexy, nasty sluts. Mother and daughter, both existing for no other purpose than to serve me. That sounds... Amazing. Don't you agree, witch-bitch?"

"Yes Master," Trinity all but moaned.

"How would you feel if I whored your mother out?" Trinity's Master asked, softly pressing the paddle to Trinity's bare ass. "If I made her fuck random strangers for cash? How would that make you feel, slut?"

"Aroused," Trinity answered honestly. "Horny."

"And if I did the same to you? Turned you into a cheap, street-corner whore?"

"I'd do it," Trinity gasped. "Anything you want. I'll do *anything* at all for you, Master."

"I like the sound of that."

The wooden paddle moved away from Trinity's ass. She shut her eyes, knowing what would come next. In her mind, she counted the moments, listened to the silence.

Then came the *swish*.

SMACK.

Trinity grunted, pain flaring like fire from the spot the paddle had struck her. Her entire body jerked, a single gasp and sob of pain escaping her lips. She tensed, held her body in place with her eyes shut tight.

Swish.

SMACK.

The sound of it cut through the air. A loud, painful slap.

Trinity bit her lip, tried her hardest to not cry out in pain. She held firm. The hot spike of agony coursed through her body. She could feel it in the tips of every finger, in the soles of her feet. She could feel the red-hotness of it in her chest.

Swish.

SMACK.

"When I fuck you later," her Master's smirking voice said, "Every time I slam into you, you'll feel my hips on your ass. Think about it. How much it'll *sting* while I fuck you senseless."

Trinity couldn't stop herself. Her Master had commanded it and so she obeyed, summoning up images of him penetrating her in her mind. The agonising anguish of his body repeatedly striking her red, sore, welted ass.

She moaned, loudly and freely.

He'd told the truth. When he fucked her after her spanking, it *had* stung her ass. His body repeatedly ramming against hers from behind. It'd been such an amazing, blissful pain that, when it'd stopped, when her Master had filled her with his seed, Trinity had almost felt regretful that it was over so soon. Almost.

"So," he said in the aftermath, pinching and pulling on his new pet's nipple. "How're we going to do it?"

"Do what, Master?" Trinity asked, slightly dazed from her orgasm.

"Get your mother to look through that magic lens thing," he said simply, casually. "It'll make her into a slut just like you are, right? So, how do we do it?"

There was a brief moment of hesitation.

Was this truly how far she'd fallen? Would Trinity really go as far as to subjugate her own mother, just to please this plain-looking guy she called 'Master'?

Her mother, who'd raised her and fed her and housed her. Who'd taught her right from wrong. Who'd started to teach her about her birthright of magic... And who'd never finished that education. Who'd threatened to block Trinity's power permanently. Who was more interested in work and success than her own daughter. Who kept so many things from Trinity out of indifference.

Yes. Yes, Trinity *would* go as far as subjugating her mother.

To please her Master. And for her own satisfaction. Yes, she'd do this. And she'd to it willingly.

Her mother deserved it.

"There's a spell I know," Trinity began, a plan forming in her head. "We can use it to..."

Her Master mounted her. Trinity wrapped her legs around his back as he rammed his cock into her, his hands tight around her throat.

She was trapped under him. Unable to move, with no power to resist – even if she'd

wanted to. All she could do was lay there and take it, relish in her powerlessness.

There was something unbelievably erotic about being choked. A sensation of being at her Master's mercy that shook and pleased Trinity to her core. Deep down, her instinct for survival fought with her hunger and lust and subservience. Part of her wanted to fight, to struggle and gasp for the air she so desperately needed. But a bigger part of her wanted nothing more than to please her Master. To be his object. His doll.

Hot, electrical tingles shot through her body.

Arousal flooded every inch of her.

"Slut," her Master grunted into her ear as he choked her. "Whore."

She swayed her hips, took every inch of him inside herself. She held onto his body, urging him to fuck her harder and deeper – to destroy her with his cock. To ruin her.

By the time he released her throat, stars were exploding in Trinity's vision. She gasped and choked for air. Cried out for her Master.

He grabbed her chest, her naked tits.

His fingers rough and uncaring. Not gentle, with no soft caress. Her breasts were just tits in her Master's eyes. Two more toys to play with and abuse. To slap and squeeze and bruise.

The thought made Trinity tremble with excitement.

"Half the guys at school want to fuck you," he told her as he thrust into her. "More than that, probably. If only they could see you now."

Trinity's body trembled, her pussy tightening.

"Maybe I should take some pictures," he mused aloud. "Spread them around the school, so the whole world will know how much of a pain-loving whore you are. I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Trinity cried out. "Yes!"

"Why settle for just pictures though?" Her Master grunted. "Why not have you spread yourself around school instead? Fuck any guy who wants a piece. And, while we're at it, I might as well have you fuck a few teachers too – buy a few good grades for me with this tight little ass of yours."

Trinity came.

An explosion of electricity, sending jolts to every part of her body. She lost control of herself, could only lay there twitching and spasming as her orgasm took over. She screamed in pleasure, hips bucking.

Above her, her Master swore, hunched over as he came too.

She could feel it. His warmth inside her. Spreading her, filling her. She felt his hardness. Felt her own body submitting to it.

The world went white as she came again.

Blissful, pure, delightfully disgraceful pleasure.

Trinity stared at her reflection, saw the turmoil in her own face.

Wearing a lovely red dress with matching high-heels, a thin coating of make-up to accentuate her natural good-looks. She looked stunningly beautiful. Radiant. An image that wouldn't have been out of place on the cover of a magazine.

Underneath the dress, she wore black lingerie. The sexiest, naughtiest set she could find. Lacy and transparent and wonderful.

And then, of course, there was the collar.

A dog's collar around Trinity's throat. Tight and black, with a little metal tag dangling from it.

At a distance, it'd appear as nothing more than an unusual fashion choice. But, up close, near enough to read that metal tag, the collar meant something else entirely.

On it was Trinity's name.

And her *owner's* name.

And instructions on what to do if the 'bitch' was found, how best to 'return' her to her Master. Instructions that involved making sure all three of Trinity's holes were 'well fed'.

She gulped, throat catching on that tight collar.

Today was the day. But could she really do it? Could she truly turn on her mother like she planned?

If her mother had taught her magic properly, hadn't held back and been too busy with work, Trinity would've never ended up in this situation. If not for the older witch being so stingy with her secrets, Trinity would've never gone searching for more knowledge on her own – would have never discovered the cursed lens.

It was only fair that *she* suffer the same consequences of her negligence as Trinity was forced to.

Her mother *deserved* the punishment.

But still...

No. Her Master wanted this. So it was going to happen. It didn't matter what Trinity felt, it didn't matter what thoughts she had. The only thing that mattered was Master's desire. And he desired her mother. So that's exactly what Trinity would give him.

She forced a smile onto her face, nodded once to her reflection, and left her bedroom.

In the kitchen, Trinity's mother was busy preparing food.

Trinity avoided her, walked to the home's front door and waited silently.

Any minute, he'd be here.

Her Master. The man she'd be introducing her mother to, claiming he was her 'boyfriend'.

She cleared her mind, tried not to think. Just waited.

Sure enough, a minute or two later, the doorbell rang.

Trinity opened the door, stepped aside as her Master entered her home. He gave her a once over, a sly grin on his face. Her cheeks warmed, a wave of satisfaction washing over her.

She led him to the dining room, showed him where her mother would be sitting. He sat directly opposite.

Then, heart racing, Trinity got to work.

Her Master watched her with visible curiosity as she cast the spells on her mother's chair. Simple, basic spells that were cast far enough apart that they wouldn't interact with each other.

She finished up just moments before her mother entered the dining room, smiling politely at their guest as she looked him over analytically. To a stranger, someone who didn't know her, that smile would've seemed genuine. But Trinity knew better. She saw the disappointment in her mother's eyes, the cool judgement.

She wore an elegant black dress, cut down the centre to reveal an overwhelming amount of cleavage. Looking every bit the posh, high-status woman she'd crafted herself into. Beautiful and exquisite.

"You must be George," Jessamine Daleigh said smoothly. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Likewise," Trinity's Master grinned, eyes on Jessamine's bust.

It was a test, Trinity knew. The exposed cleavage. It was to see what Trinity's 'date' would do. If he'd keep his eyes above her neckline, if he'd risk quick glances, if he'd stare openly. All just a trick for Jessamine to size up and judge Trinity's 'boyfriend', and to judge Trinity's tastes by extension.

"Yes," Jessamine said, smiling her fake smile. "Well I hope you're hungry. I've prepared quite the feast for us today. Trinity, come and help me with the plates while our guest relaxes."

Trinity suppressed a sigh, readied herself for the lecture her mother was sure to

give her as soon as they were out of earshot.

Sure enough, as the two women were collecting plates and cutlery from the kitchen, Jessamine voiced her dissatisfaction. Spoke about how important it was for a girl in Trinity's situation to date the 'right type' of guy. All nonsense about status and appearance and people's perceptions.

Trinity nodded along, didn't speak – which only seemed to enrage her mother more.

As they carried the food and cutlery back to the dining room, however, another fake smile pulled at Jessamine's lips. She set down a food-filled plate in front of George, then placed down her own plate. Finally, she moved to sit down.

As soon as her body touched the chair, she froze in place.

Her muscles twitched and tensed, but her joints remained solid and unmoving. Her eyes locked forward, on the guy she'd been so judgemental of just moments before.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Trinity said, moving to stand behind her mother's chair. "But you brought this on yourself. If you'd only taught me properly, this would never have happened."

Jessamine didn't respond. *Couldn't* respond.

"Don't worry," Trinity continued, pulling out an object and holding it in front of her mother's face. "You'll come to love it. Just like I did. It's going to be all right. Just look and see, and everything will be a-okay. Trust me."

She didn't have a choice.

Her eyes were locked forward, forced to stare through the Witch Glass lens. Images flashed behind the woman's irises; images of every dark, depraved thought Trinity's Master had.

He simply sat there, smiling at Jessamine.

Trinity's Master.

And, soon, he'd be Jessamine's Master too.