

The Witch's Mistake

Chapter 5

Trinity gasped, her body rocked brutally. She let out a low, pained moan, turned her face up to look across the table.

Her mother was staring at her wide-eyed, still locked in place.

Master's hand rose again, knuckles clenched around the handle of his wooden paddle. He held it high for a few moments, relishing in that sweetest of silent tortures – anticipation. Trinity's body tensed, waiting for the inevitable blow. Her mouth hung open, bestial pants flowing from between her full, pretty lips.

There was a *swish*.

A single moment of warning.

SMACK!

Trinity flinched, groaned in pleasure as the sound of her ass being paddled rippled around the dining room. Within a heartbeat, pain blossomed through her body. Hot fire on her round bottom, spreading up her back and down her legs; trembling, hot anguish.

Her eyes rolled in their sockets. The pleasure and intensity too much to bare. Trinity rocked on her heels, knees shaking.

She might have collapsed then, if not for the look in her mother's eyes.

Horror. Dread. Disgust.

Warmth.

It was a subtle thing. The woman wasn't biting her lip, fidgeting playfully, she wasn't *visibly* aroused. And yet Trinity saw it all the same. Saw in her mother's irises what once must've filled Trinity's own eyes.

Confusion and disbelief.

Pure, unrelenting terror.

Not at what she was witnessing – though she was disgusted by her daughter's treatment, certainly. No, what truly terrified Jessamine Daleigh was how the events unfolding before her eyes were making her *feel*.

"It's okay Mommy," Trinity said, feeling her Master raising the paddle once again. "Enjoy it. Watch me."

And once more, the sound of Trinity's ass being abused echoed through the Daleigh family home. The gasp and grunt and moan that followed it. Trinity spread her legs further apart, pushed her ass higher into the air as she bent over the table. She gave her Master the best possible angle with which to punish her.

"It feels so bad, Mommy," Trinity cooed as her Master ran his hand over her blistered bottom. "It hurts so *good*. You can feel it, too. All you have to do is give in and-AH!"

Another *swish* and **SMACK** of the paddle.

Trinity hunched, knees wobbling dangerously.

Her entire body felt like it was on fire, screaming at her. Her ass felt so sore and battered than Trinity wasn't sure she'd be able to sit down properly again for days.

"You-" Trinity choked, gulped down the desire to sob. Her eyes watered even as she smiled wide at her horrified mother. "You can't resist forever."

It was true. She couldn't.

Stubborn and powerful as Jessamine Daleigh may be, it wouldn't last. She'd cave just like her daughter had. She'd submit. She had no other choice.

Her fate had been sealed the moment Trinity had forced her to look through the cursed lens.

There was nothing either of them could do now.

Nothing but accept their new place in life.

"You can't resist," Trinity promised her mother with a smile, her Master's hand lifting

into the air once more. "The sooner you give in, the sooner we can—"

Trinity's body jerked, mouth shooting open in a half-scream.

Her Master held the paddle on Trinity's sore ass, pressed it hard against the burning hot skin.

"We can..." Trinity moaned, thoughts escaping her. "We..."

She dropped her head, moaned into the table.

Only a single thought penetrated the thick fog of pain and arousal. A single anchor keeping Trinity from losing herself completely.

Her mind focused in on the paddle pressed to her ass.

Her imagination replaced it with her Master's body. His naked groin and thighs and hips. Slamming into her red, welted skin over and over again as he fucked her from behind. The pain of her sore ass being battered melding with the pleasure of being fucked by her Master's magnificent cock.

Trinity trembled, forgot all about the woman seated frozen just inches away.

She pushed her ass out, began grinding it against her Master's paddle. With how sore and tender her poor bottom was, she could feel every single grain in the paddle's wood.

It was *amazing*.

Trinity woke to morning sunshine. Outside her room, songbirds chirped merrily. Light poured in through the cracks in her pink curtains, warm and vibrant and alive. Faintly, she could hear the rustling of leaves in a light breeze, the distant sound of a car engine running.

She smiled, the gentle warmth of her room bathing her with a loving caress.

With a satisfied moan, she stretched in bed; curving her back and spreading her arms and legs out wide. She slumped out of the stretch, feeling wonderful and amazing, moved to sit up in bed.

"Fuck," Trinity gasped the moment her still-sore bottom brushed against her bedsheets. "Ouchie!"

Like a ton of bricks, memories of yesterday crashed into her. All the things she'd done, everything her Master had made her do, her mother...

Trinity blinked, let out a sharp breath.

In her bedroom, alone, with no signs of yesterday's activities to be seen, Trinity could almost believe it'd all been a dream. That none of it had *really* happened. Almost.

If not for the pain in her bottom, the ache between her legs, Trinity might've been able to trick herself into thinking none of it was real. But that pain, that ache, was like a guilty confession. An unforgettable, ever-present reminder.

Trinity pushed herself out of bed, doing her best not to let anything touch her abused bottom.

She threw a thin, naughty nightie over her head. Plain white but sheer and transparent, giving plenty of cleavage view while flowing loosely around her waist. She didn't bother with panties, or even a thong – just the *idea* of wearing underwear made the welts on her ass tingle hotly.

Checking herself out once in the mirror, flashing a beautiful, happy smile at her reflection, Trinity left her bedroom.

Humming to herself, she made her way downstairs.

She paused in thought outside the dining room, the scene of yesterday's depravities replaying in her mind. With a shrug, she opened the door, poked her head inside.

Jessamine Daleigh was exactly where they'd left her last night. Bound to a chair, head lolling back as she slept. Master had taken no chances with Trinity's mother. Her bindings were as tight and thorough as it was possible to be. He'd used tape and rope and handcuffs all together, locking the woman's arms behind the chair's back, her ankles to the

chair's legs.

The only way Jessamine would ever be able to get out of that chair was if someone /et her out.

Trinity watched her mother for a moment. Then, satisfied that the woman was sleeping peacefully, she pulled her head out of the dining room and closed the door behind herself. Resuming her humming, she made her way to the home's kitchen.

When Master woke up, he'd be expecting breakfast to be ready-made for him. So that's exactly what Trinity would do now; make him a delicious breakfast and take it up to the Master Bedroom for him. She'd have to be careful not to wake him as she set it down on the bedside table, but she could manage that.

The question was, what should she make him?

"Trinity!" Her mother called as she was walking past the dining room. "Trinity!"

Sighing, Trinity stopped on the spot, turned and opened the dining room door. She stepped inside, walked over to where her mother was bound next to the dining table, and set down the lidded silver tray.

"Stop shouting," Trinity told her mother in a calm whisper. "You'll wake Master."

Jessamine glared at her daughter, opened her mouth to scream all the louder, hesitated. She shut her lips without uttering a word, eyes narrowed at Trinity.

"Good," Trinity nodded, picking up the lidded tray again. "Wait here. I'll be back in a minute."

Jessamine, it was safe to say, didn't have much of a choice when it came to 'waiting there'. She was opening her mouth to say as much when her daughter turned away from her, began walking to the dining room's door without a second glance back at her mother.

"Trinity!" Jessamine called after her daughter in a hushed whisper. "Come back here this instant! Trinity!"

As Trinity exited the dining room, made her way upstairs to the Master Bedroom, her mother's words faded to nothing. She held back from humming happily as she approached her Master's room. Began creeping as quietly as she could manage.

She opened the door, slipped inside the room, stalked over to the bedside table.

Her Master didn't shift, didn't move at all in his sleep. His plain, ordinary face held no emotion as he slept peacefully. Was he dreaming? Was his mind imagining up wonderful tortures as he lay there so serenely?

Trinity's pussy ached at the thought.

Carefully, she set down the lidded, silver tray. Crept her way silently out of the Master Bedroom. Not once did her Master stir.

Smiling to herself, she made her way back downstairs.

By the time she reached the last stair, she was humming happily again, mind going over the day's plans. The meals she'd cook Master, the ways she'd service and please him, the tasks she'd complete without him even having to ask her to do them.

"Trinity!" Her mother's hushed voice called out. "For fucks sake! Trinity!"

Trinity rolled her eyes, walked to the dining room and let herself inside. She walked over to her angry-eyed mother, planted her hands on her hips and stared down at the beautiful, indignant woman.

"What?"

"Untie me," Jessamine demanded. "Get these cuffs off me and-"

"No."

Jessamine's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Free me this instant, young lady, or so help me-"

"No," Trinity repeated simply, hands still on her hips.

Her mother's mouth hang open for a few silent seconds. When her lips moved again, her voice was softer, a forced calm coating her words.

"You're not thinking straight," Jessamine told her daughter. "The spell in that lens, it creates a kind of compulsion. Makes you obsessed with whatever you see through it. I made it when I was around your age, used it to motivate myself to do well in business. I can *undo* it, Trinity. I can *fix* this."

When her daughter said nothing, Jessamine continued in a rush.

"You added a mind-reading charm to it, right? That'll make removing the spell more difficult, and it'll amplify the effects, but I *can* do it, honey. I *can* remove the curse. All you have to do is release me and give me the lens. I'll lock myself away and work on it day and night. I'll—"

"No," Trinity stated firmly.

"You made a mistake," Jessamine said, a hint of panic entering her voice. "It's okay. I forgive you. Let me make this better and we can go back to how things used to be."

How things used to be.

No. No, Trinity didn't want that. Not any more.

It was too late now.

She'd found her calling.

"You need the lens to undo the spell?" Trinity asked, turning to look at the Witch Glass object. Still in the place she'd left it yesterday, on the dining table. "You can't do it without the lens?"

Jessamine shook her head, eyes frantic. She looked like an addict desperate for her next hit.

"You can't stop thinking about it, can you?" Trinity asked, walking over to the dining table and picking up the lens. "All the things you want him to do to you. It keeps playing on repeat in your head, driving you crazy."

She turned, looked at her mother.

Saw the desperation in her eyes.

Jessamine needed the lens. She needed the hope that she might be able to undo its magic. It was the only thing she had to hold on to, to fight off those images and thoughts and desires.

Trinity knew exactly how *that* felt. How long had *she* held on to hope before finally giving in and submitting?

"It feels so good, Mom," Trinity moaned, allowing herself her sweet memories. She shut her eyes, pictured it. "I'm nothing to him. A toy. A doll for him to abuse. He doesn't care if I cry or if I beg, he *enjoys* watching me suffer."

Trinity trembled, had to stop herself from reaching between her legs. If she started touching herself now, she wouldn't be able to stop herself.

"When he made me lick his cum off the floor," Trinity gasped, clutching the lens tightly. "When he made me sit on your lap and straddle you, so you could look in my eyes as he whipped me. When he wrapped his hands around my throat and- Ah!"

Trinity's eyes shot open, took in the sight of her broken mother.

A woman with hazy, horny eyes. A sheen of sweat coating her body, thighs and chair drenched with arousal. She was shuddering, trembling with the same desire that was making Trinity's knees wobble and her spine tingle.

"The sooner you accept it," Trinity breathed, taking a step away from her mother, "the better for everyone."

She lifted the hand that held the lens, showed it to her desperate mother. And, smiling, Trinity opened her hand – let the lens drop from her fingers.

The world slowed as the glittering Witch Glass fell through the air.

Jessamine's eyes followed it, Trinity watching her mother's face shift and warp – determination transforming into unbridled horror in milliseconds. The Witch Glass lens fell to the ground, and with it Jessamine's only hope of freedom.

The smash echoed through the house.

The sound of the lens exploding into a million tiny pieces.

"Don't keep Master waiting," Trinity told her dumbstruck, disbelieving, dead-eyed mother. "He wants you, so you're going to be his. That's that."

"Eat her out," Master said, tossing his trusty paddle from one hand to the other. "Make her cum."

Energy rushed through Trinity at her Master's words.

She turned to look at her wide-eyed, blushing mother. Still strapped to her chair, only now with wooden clothes pegs hanging from her nipples and breasts.

"Trin..." The woman whispered, voice trembling. "Don't..."

Even as she said the words, her sopping wet pussy quivered in anticipation. Try as she might to deny it, Jessamine wanted to please Master just as much as Trinity did. If being eaten out by her daughter would satisfy Master...

Trinity crawled over to her mother's chair, sat up and planted a hand each on her mother's knees.

"Admit it," Trinity told her mother, leaning in and kissing the older woman's thighs. "The sooner you admit it and stop pretending like you don't want it, the sooner you can enjoy making Master happy. I'm sure he'd be happy to punish you."

Jessamine's cunt twitched. She let out a low moan.

"No," she breathed, trying to resist the temptation, the pleasure. "No... I..."

Whatever she wanted to say, all the sounds Jessamine made after that moment were ineligious. Moans and panting and groans. Sighs of pleasures. Muffled, half-hearted protests. They were just more pieces of evidence that proved what all three people already knew.

Jessamine would cave. It was just a matter of time.

As Trinity slid her tongue inside her mother, savoured that forbidden, humiliating taste, she gripped hold of the woman's ass.

"No..." Jessamine moaned, her daughter's tongue spreading open her most intimate of places. Her body moved by itself, hips thrusting towards Trinity's mouth. "No..."

Master walked over to the two women, whipped out his hard cock and pointed it at Jessamine's face.

"Suck it," he commanded her.

Jessamine shook her head, shut her eyes tight and closed her mouth. She struggled to withhold the moans and gasps, fought down her desire to cry out in pleasure.

When she felt the boy's cock poking her cheek, pushing up against her lips, she tried to fight down her newfound, twisted desires all the more. But, in the end, it was impossible. The pleasure, the heat, the moment. It was all too much. There was no escape, no way out. She couldn't stop it, but if she gave in...

She held on to that last spec of resolve. Gripped hold of it.

Right up until Trinity began nibbling on her clitoris.

Jessamine gasped out loud, lips shooting open. The next the she knew, her Master's cock was in her mouth – and she was bobbing her head up and down, pleasuring his meat with her lips and tongue. She couldn't even pretend that it was him who'd thrust into her mouth, him who was fucking her face. He was standing completely still. He hadn't moved an inch.

Jessamine caved. Gave in. Allowed the fantasies to overwhelm her, consume her. She thrust her hips into her daughter's face, enjoyed every disturbing moment of that tongue fucking her. She sucked on the boy's cock, a boy young enough to be her son. A nobody who she wouldn't have looked twice at just a day ago.

And she loved every depraved moment of it.

"Goodnight then," Master said, climbing into the king-sized bed. "I'll have bacon and eggs

for breakfast tomorrow, I think. Oh, and-

He paused, eyes widening as Jessamine began to climb into the bed with him. Before her mother could react, Master's hand lashed out and struck her across the cheek. Jessamine toppled off the bed, fell to the floor in a stunned heap.

"No, dumbfuck," Master said, shaking his head in amazement. "You don't sleep in bed with me. I'm not your husband or or your boyfriend. Jesus."

Jessamine rolled onto her hands and knees, bowed her head to her Master. Trinity could see the flush of indignation on her mother's face, see the anger. But Jessamine knew her place now. She wouldn't lash out at Master. *Couldn't* lash out at him.

"You sleep on the floor, cunt," Master said, eyeing the woman grovelling before him with contempt. "If you get cold during the night, you two can cuddle up. Oh, and I think I'll have some milkshake with my breakfast. Strawberry milkshake."

Jessamine nodded her head quickly, not saying a word.

As their Master climbed under the blankets, laid himself down in bed, Trinity crawled over to her mother and wrapped her arms around the woman. Neither spoke a word as they curled up together besides the bed.