

The Witch's Mistake

Chapter 6

The room was silent but for the soft snores and breathing of its inhabitants. Master on his large bed. Mother curled up next to her on the floor. And Trinity herself – the only one still awake.

Staring up at the dark ceiling.

Thinking.

Her life had changed so much. From apprentice witch whose mother had been a proud and dignified woman, to *this*. Slave to a man with perverse desires. Her mother bound with her, forever trapped by a curse that could have so easily been avoided.

Even now, the images flashed behind her irises.

Bound and gagged. Choked. Mocked. On her knees before her one and only Master. Strapped to a table, hot candle wax dripping onto her bare breasts. Tied to a whipping post, her Master behind her with a smile on his lips and a whip in his hands. She could see him fucking her, fucking her mother, could see him using their bodies in whatever sick, twisted ways he desired.

The images made her tremble with arousal.

She bit her lip to keep herself from moaning out. If she accidentally woke up Master, he wouldn't be happy. Not at all.

Forcing her eyes shut, hoping that sleep would come soon, Trinity tried to picture the future. Her future. Here, with her mother and her Master. The three of them, living in this large home together. What would that be like? How long would it last?

Forever, Trinity hoped.

Life without Master would be... unbearable.

She had to make sure he stayed. Had to make sure he was always satisfied, always happy. She'd do anything to keep him. Anything at all. She'd already gone so far as to make a slutty slave out of her once imperious mother. And she'd do so much more, if need be. Whatever it took to make Master happy.

Silently, unmoving, Trinity sifted through the images in her mind. All the dark thoughts her Master had gifted her with.

And, one by one, she organised them.

All those scenes, all those things her Master wanted to do and see? She'd make them happen. She'd turn his every whim and fantasy into a hot, steamy reality.

For Master.

For herself.

She'd make him the happiest man in the world.

Trinity stood to one side as her mother prostrated herself.

Jessamine Daleigh had her face to the floor. On her knees with her chest and shoulders on the ground, a man's boot atop her head. Utterly naked and lacking in any and all dignity.

"You used to be the queen bitch," Master growled. "The cunt who thought I was too *plain* and *average* to date her daughter. You used to be someone *powerful*. Now look at you."

He pressed his foot down harder on Jessamine's head, made her kiss the floor.

"A useless, dirty whore," their Master stated. "A dumb bitch that doesn't know not to disturb her betters when they're busy playing video games. Are you brain dead, whore? Do you have some kind of disability or mental handicap?"

"No, Master," Jessamine spoke, her words muffled by the ground beneath her lips.

"Bullshit. You *must* be. Otherwise, why else would you interrupt me and get me killed, huh? Did you *want* me to die? Do you *want* me to lose? Well?"

"No, Master," Jessamine answered, voice strained.

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't slap you silly for being such a stupid, dumbass slut."

Jessamine said nothing. Gave no reason.

"That's what I thought," Master grunted.

He lifted his boot from the back of Jessamine's head, took a step away from her. His eyes lingered on the side-boob visible in Jessamine's position as he gave her a once-over.

"Slut," Master said, eyes still on Jessamine. "Come over here."

Trinity obeyed immediately.

She crossed the room, stood to attention before her Master.

"I can't be fucked to deal with this," he said, tapping Jessamine with his booted foot. "So I'm leaving it to you. Spank her, slap her, beat her, I don't care. Just make sure she never interrupts me while I'm gaming again. If she does, it'll be *you* I punish next time."

"Yes, Master," Trinity said, bowing her head.

As he walked away, off to go continue playing on the computer he'd bought with Jessamine's money, Trinity turned to her mother.

Head still down, still in that pleading, praying posture.

"What," Trinity sighed, "am I going to do with you, mother?"

No answer.

Slowly, Trinity began to circle the woman, eyes roaming over Jessamine's body – taking in the sight of her tits squished against the floor, her exposed ass, her slender body. Jessamine Daleigh was, had always been, a beautiful woman. Regal, once upon a time. Now, though, that beauty was far more simple and straight forward. It was the beauty of raw womanhood.

A MILF. A sexy older women that turned heads wherever she went.

How was Trinity going to punish her?

"Follow me," she told her mother.

It was oddly thrilling, having her mother bent over her lap.

Ass in the air, bright red from the paddling she'd received. Face down, hidden by the woman's long hair. Trinity had no idea what her mother was thinking; only had the woman's tense body to go off. Yet, even so, Trinity knew how horribly good Jessamine Daleigh must feel.

There was something *cleansing* about being paddled.

One strike after another. Each time a flash of hot pain, the sensation growing more and more as the skin grew ever more red.

It was like all her thoughts were being washed away. Every doubt and concern, every worry. All of it vanished in the face of that sweet agony. The entire world stopped existing. All that her mind could focus on was the next strike, the next swish of air followed by a blossom of anguish.

A good paddling wiped away everything.

Trinity knew that from experience.

"Are you going to interrupt Master while he's gaming again?" Trinity asked her mother softly.

"No," her mother choked out.

"Are you going to give Master a reason to punish me?"

"No," Jessamine Daleigh repeated.

"See," Trinity smiled. "That wasn't so hard now, was it?"

She gave her mother's bottom one final, open-handed slap, basking in the older woman's gasping sob. Then, feeling almost regretful that the fun was over, she told her mother to get up – to go clean the house.

Jessamine followed her daughter's orders without complaint.

How the tables had turned.

Trinity didn't rise from her seat for a long time. Her eyes searched the walls of the 'play' room. Took in the sight of so many whips and toys hanging from the walls. They drifted over wardrobes and cabinets that were filled to the brim with costumes and items and equipment.

She'd done this. Made this place. For him.

Slowly, she reached between her legs, began rubbing. More than wet enough, after what she'd done to her mother. Tingles raced up and down Trinity's spine, electricity flowing through her veins. As she massaged her clit, blossoms of pleasure burst through her. When she spread her lips open, teased her inner folds, she gasped out loud.

Her fingertips moved to her opening, poked and prodded it without ever quite penetrating.

She sighed contentedly, pulled her fingertips away.

Just a little. A hint of pleasure.

But no release.

Her orgasms belonged to Master. Only he was allowed to grant her release. Until he gave the word, she would not cum. But that didn't mean she couldn't tease herself.

It was its own form of torture. Needing release but never having it.

Trinity basked in her own need to climax. Her body's hunger for that greatest of pleasures. She smiled, listened to her body's pleading for her to continue. Then, and only then, did she stand up from her seat and leave the play room.

There was cleaning that needed doing, and her mother wouldn't be able to take care of all of it by herself.

"Edging, huh?"

Master leaned back in his chair, massaged his chin as he considered Trinity's words.

"And you think that's an effective form of torture?"

"Yes, Master."

"How, pray tell, does me allowing you to tease and play with yourself fit the description of 'torture' to you?"

Trinity gulped, mulled over her next words carefully.

"It's the denial," she told him. "The wanting and needing something so badly, it's all you can think about. Nothing else in the world matters but that one thing. Climaxing. The arousal takes over our brains, makes us dumb. Makes us want to do whatever it takes to reach that amazing, wonderful orgasm. But, without your permission, we'd always be denied it. We'd be torturing ourselves by exciting ourselves without any kind of release."

Slowly, Master nodded his head.

"And you, whore?" He said, turning his attention to Jessamine. "What type of torture idea have you come up with?"

"I..." Jessamine blushed, looked down at the floor. "Vibrating nipple clamps, Master."

"Vibrating nipple clamps," Master repeated, sounding unimpressed.

"Yes, Master."

"Is *that* the best you could come up with?"

"I... Yes, Master."

"Fucking *nipple clamps* is all you've got?"

Jessamine opened her mouth to speak, shut it again when she saw the look on Master's face. His silent, malicious glare.

"Touch yourself," he said. "Both of you."

Without hesitation, both Trinity and her mother obeyed.

"I forbid you from orgasming for one week. That goes for both of you," he said, eyes flicking to Trinity. "Every moment that you aren't busy with something else, you are to play

with your body and arouse yourself, build an orgasm. But you will not cum, is that understood?"

"Yes, Master," the pair spoke in unison.

"You will touch and play with yourselves at least once every twenty minutes while you're awake. You will bring yourself to the brink of orgasm, but you will not climax. Not unless I command you to."

He smiled, though his eyes burned like hot coals as he stared at Jessamine.

"Well? What're you waiting for? Begin."

Trinity's hands shot between her bare legs, began teasing her intimate parts with practised precision. A heartbeat later, Jessamine was doing the same, eyes still downcast.

"Nipple clamps," Master muttered as he turned and walked away. "What a fucking moron."

What time was it?

What *day* was it?

Trinity had no idea. If she was honest with herself, she wasn't even quite sure what *room* she was in. She couldn't have said if it was day or night. Nor how long she'd been laying on the floor, her hand between her legs.

Pleasure washed through her. Every spec of skin tingled.

Let go. That's all she had to do. Let go and allow the pleasure to take over. One moment of weakness followed by all the pleasure in the world. If she just let go for one moment, let the orgasm come, she'd feel a release of pressure like nothing she'd ever experienced before.

But she held back.

Every time she was close to losing control, an image of him popped into her head.

Trinity's disapproving Master.

She wouldn't disobey him.

She didn't dare.

So she kept rubbing, kept teasing and toying. All while holding that blissful, demanding orgasm at bay.

It was torture.

Every moan of pleasure was agony.

Where was she?

Who was she?

She couldn't think. Couldn't concentrate. Her body screamed at her, begged her for release. It tried to trick her, filling her head with her Master's voice, a fake voice commanding her to cum. But she refused. Pushed away her body's desperation, her mind's deceptions. She touched, she rubbed, she squeezed and pinched and pulled.

And, whenever that orgasm approached, she slowed down – pushed it away. All for her Master.

It was hell.

Pure, blissful hell.

Just a little more, she was sure. A day or two. It had to be. She'd already been doing this for a lifetime. Surely, this torment couldn't last much longer. Surely, her Master's week of punishment was almost over.

Why had she given him this idea?

Because he'd ordered them both to come up with torture ideas.

Why had she told him about *this* one?

Because she was a good Slut.

Fuck.

Trinity fought down another orgasm, biting her lip so hard she tasted blood. She resisted the overwhelming urge to cum.

For Master.
All for Master.

"How does it feel?" Master asked. "Wanting to cum, knowing you can't?"

"It's," Trinity panted, "the worst."

He chuckled, patted Trinity on the head.

"One more hour and you can orgasm," he said. "Think you can hold on that long, Slut?"

Trinity nodded her head.

"You mother couldn't," he reminded her. "Stupid bitch couldn't even last two days."

Trinity glanced at a wall – the direction of the play room.

She gulped.

"I'm glad to know at least one of my toys knows how to follow orders," he smiled.

"As long as you do what I tell you do, and you don't step out of line, you won't end up like your mother."

"Yes, Master," Trinity said quickly.

Six days strapped to a table, a machine fucking her with a different, bigger dildo each day. Unable to move, gagged to stop her from speaking. The last time Trinity had stepped inside the play room – that morning – to clean it and change the machine's dildo, she'd gotten a clear view of her mother.

Dazed, moaning like an animal, all control gone.

A total mess.

"You know," Master said softly, "seeing you squirming this past week has been more fun than I thought it'd be. I wasn't expecting you edging yourself for so long to be so... entertaining."

Trinity said nothing, dreading her Master's next words.

"I think I might make it a permanent thing," he told her. "No orgasms. Ever. Just constant, unending edging. For the rest of your life. And your mother's too, now that she's learned her lesson. She won't disobey my orders again. How does that sound, Trinity? Never being able to orgasm ever again?"

"It sounds," Trinity whispered, "like hell."

"All the more reason to do it," Master grinned.

If it was what her Master wanted, Trinity would do it.

But a life without orgasm? She shuddered.

"Go and untie your mother," Master commanded her, "tell her to clean herself up and come to me."

Trinity nodded her head, obeyed.

"Witch bitch," Master said, tugging on one of Jessamine's nipples. "I want you to perform a little spell for me, whore."

Jessamine's eyes widened.

"Don't worry," he smiled. "It's nothing *too* bad."

"Y- yes, Master."

"I want you to perform an obedience spell," he stated. "One that will make it impossible for either you or your slut daughter to ever disobey me. Can you do that, witch bitch?"

"I... I'm not sure, Master," Jessamine answered. "There are spells which could be combined that might-"

"I don't think you understand," Master said, shaking his head. "And here I thought you were supposed to be clever. So slow to learn, it's really quite disappointing. When I say 'can you do it', I'm not actually asking you anything, witch bitch. I'm just being polite as I *order* you to do it."

"Yes, Master," Jessamine said, bowing her head.

"Create a spell that'll make it impossible for you and your slut daughter to disobey me. Do you understand now, shit for brains? Or do I need to spell it out for you?"

"Yes- I mean, no! I understand, Master."

"Good," Master smiled. "Then get to it."

After Jessamine had left the room, Master turned to Trinity.

"You're certain it's possible?" He asked.

Trinity nodded her head. "There are forbidden things, things that my mother refused to talk about or teach me. I'm certain a 'total obedience' charm is one of them."

"Not like I need it anyway," he shrugged. "You two already do everything I want you to. Pair of filthy sluts. I bet the only reason your cunt mother disobeyed me that one time was *because* she wanted me to punish her."

"Probably," Trinity smiled. "But I've been thinking..."

"Never a good thing for a slut to do," Master grunted. "Avoid doing something so unnecessary in future."

"Yes, Master," Trinity breathed, ignoring the ever-present ache between her legs. The desire to experience what she never could; an orgasm. "But, well, I was thinking... What if, instead of using it on me and your other slave, you used the obedience spell on someone else?"

"I'm listening."

"I saw your fantasies, Master," Trinity said. An understatement. She hadn't just seen them, she'd absorbed them. They were as much a part of her as her big tits and shaved snatch were. "I saw that it wasn't just one woman in all of them. You pictured different women. A lot of different women."

Master said nothing, just crossed his arms and listened.

"Well, what if we – you – had more women under your control? More slaves to play with?"

"Who do you have in mind?" Master asked with a smile.

"Anyone," Trinity shrugged. "It doesn't matter who."

"More women for me to play with means less time for me to punish and abuse you," Master noted. "Not using this as an excuse to get out of my punishments and games, are you?"

"Of course not," Trinity said, odd to find herself so offended at the accusation. "I just... I exist to make you happy, Master."

He stared at her for a long minute.

Trinity had no idea what thoughts were swimming through her Master's mind. She almost wished she still had the lens, could look through it and know her Master's deepest desires. She'd do whatever it took to make them real. To fulfil him in every way she possibly could.

When he began to chuckle, Trinity blushed.

"More slaves, huh?"

"With my mother's money, you could afford it. As many women as you want, for the rest of your life. You can torture them, use them, toss them away when you get bored. You can do whatever you want, Master."

Just as long as he kept Trinity.

Just as long as he never grew bored of her.

The day he stopped torturing and tormenting her was the day Trinity died on the inside. Without him, she had no reason for existing.

"We'll see," Master shrugged.

Trinity nodded her head.

"For now," he smiled, "I have a task for you."

He glanced down to his crotch in a meaningful way.

A blossom of happiness in her chest, Trinity walked over to her Master and sank down onto her knees. Eager to fulfil her Master's every whim and need.