

The Witch's Mistake

Chapter 7

Trinity stood with her back to the wall, eyes drifting over faces and figures. There were busty girls and petite girls, short girls and tall girls, feminine girls and tomboys and everything in between. A lot of pretty faces; beautiful faces and cute faces and plain, regular girls aplenty.

So many flavours for her to choose from.

Would Master appreciate an athletic cheerleader, or that busty tennis player? Would he be more interested in the shy, reserved, nerdy type? Or perhaps another popularity queen like Trinity herself...

"Trin," her gym teacher called, "what're you waiting for? Come on!"

For the briefest of moments, Trinity felt an overwhelming urge to snap at the woman. Tell her to shut up and leave her alone, that she was busy. But the impulse passed before Trinity could act on it.

She pushed away from the wall, walked over to her changing room locker, began stripping.

No-one commented on the revealing underwear she had on, though Trinity caught several surprised faces looking her way. None of them dared question it. She was, after all, the school's Madonna. The girl that could do no wrong, who was beloved by all. If she'd chosen to wear some lingerie to school, who were they to question it?

It didn't take her long to don her gym clothes, join the rest of the girls trudging outside.

Before long, she was jogging around the school's racetrack.

The exercise was good. It cleansed the mind, allowed her to think and focus on what truly mattered in life.

Master.

Master's commands.

Master's *desires*.

Images flashed through her head. Though, of course, images were *always* zipping in and out of her brain. The thoughts and impressions and deepest longings of another person, forever engraved in Trinity's consciousness.

Torture and torment and terrible, wonderful punishment.

At first, she'd told herself it was a curse. An unwanted, disgusting, revolting thing to be burdened with. But she'd been wrong. So very, very wrong. Those images - the thoughts and feelings that came along with them - were a blessing.

Trinity had purpose now.

Gone were the days of her donning masks, acting out the part of the 'perfect girl'. No longer did she need to attend every class, befriend every mildly important person, build social ties and plant seeds for the future. Gone was the need to follow her mother's plans for her, the path that'd been laid out to guide Trinity to success and fortune.

None of that mattered any more.

So what if she missed classes, lost her perfect scores? So what if every person didn't love and adore her? So what if her mother's plans were ruined?

All that really mattered was *him*.

Being a tool for him. A toy. A plaything.

Satisfying him. Pleasing him. Obeying him. Suffering for him.

It was her grand purpose in life.

It was her *only* purpose in life.

Master had given her a task, and she'd complete it no matter what. A simple task, and one Trinity relished.

Find more bitches to add to Master's harem.

The only question was what type of bitch would he appreciate most? Which of these many girls would please and satisfy Master's insatiable lusts and dark, wicked fantasies?

Mother pressed her head to the ground. Ass in the air. Naked save for a dog collar around her throat.

Whatever regal air she'd once had was gone. The firm, strong, confident, commanding woman was no more. All that remained was a timid, fearful bitch. A woman with no dignity or self-respect. A sad, pathetic wretch.

There was catharsis in that sight.

Jessamine Daleigh, the most powerful woman Trinity had ever known, reduced to a grovelling cow.

"Well?" Master said, holding two gold bracelets. "What the fuck are these supposed to be?"

"Control," Jessamine shuddered, eyes shut tight. "There's Witch Glass in them, charms to compel obedience... Whoever wears a bracelet will be unable to refuse a direct order from the person who gave it to them."

"Bracelets," Master stated. "That's the best you could come up with? I thought you were meant to be clever, witch bitch."

Jessamine winced.

"What good is a fucking *bracelet* for control? If a slut doesn't want to obey, all she has to do is take it off. Fucking useless."

"You can..." Mother whispered. "You can order us not to..."

Master walked over to her, tutting his disapproval.

"We'll have to obey... We won't be able to..."

"Quiet," Master snapped.

Mother flinched, shut her mouth tight.

"Take those fucking bracelets," Master said. "And get out. Make something that dumb cunts won't be able to take off or lose. A collar I can lock, maybe. Or a tattoo – that'd be even better. Don't fail me again."

As Trinity's mother retreated from the room, clutching two golden bracelets, Master muttered something under his breath.

Then he turned to Trinity. His deep glare, the disdain in his eyes, sent shivers of pleasure jolting down her spine.

"What about you?"

She looked down at the floor, face hot.

"My task is progressing well," Trinity said softly. "I have several girls in mind and..."

"If things were going 'well', I'd already have a harem of loose sluts around me, wouldn't I? Do you see a harem, bitch?"

Trinity shook her head quickly.

"I have a witch bitch," Master snapped. "And I have a wannabe witch bitch. That's it. Where are the girls you promised me?"

"I'm..." Trinity gulped. "I'm going shopping with a group of them tomorrow. Buying clothes so I can..."

"Shopping?!"

"To learn their measurements," Trinity said quickly, not looking up at him. "For the uniforms, Master. After they're done shopping, I'll bring them back here for a sleepover. That's when I'll use the Witch Glass lens to turn them into your slaves."

She could feel his eyes on her, glaring at her.

"I have it all planned out," she continued. "They'll be here all weekend and..."

"Enough," Master said. "Stop talking and get down on your knees."

Trinity slid down to the floor in a heartbeat.

When Master pulled his cock out, she began salivating at the sight. Her heart

thumped excitedly, butterflies fluttering around her insides.

He took a step towards her.

Bubbly energy surrounded the group of giggling girls. Smiles and grins and laughter, rustling bags filled with clothes. Trinity led the pack, key to her house in hand.

As she unlocked the front door, she heard the other girls speaking. Commenting about how 'huge' and 'amazing' her home was, about how they were 'finally' getting a chance to see inside. They seemed happy about that - being invited to a sleepover here for the first time.

"It's just a house," Trinity smiled, pushing the door open and stepping inside. "Nothing special."

"Just a house?" One of the girls said, rolling her eyes. "More like a palace! Trin, your house is *massive*. Like, *too* big."

As they filed in one by one, Trinity gave each of the girls an appraising glance.

First was a short, pale brunette. Skinny, but with a nice bust. After her, a tan girl with an athlete's build - all muscle and tone. Then came a freckled redhead with a small chest but a wonderful backside. A blonde followed her; model-like in her cold beauty and lean figure. Then came a black-haired, blue-eyed bombshell; all tits and ass and no brains.

Five girls to begin with. All chosen for their looks, each one from their own cliques. Every one of them had been surprised when Trinity had approached them. And every one of them, despite their confusion, had agreed.

All thanks to Trinity's mother. The cold, cunning, heartless bitch that'd groomed Trinity for success.

Ever since she'd been old enough to walk and talk, Trinity's mother had taught her to befriend everyone she could. No matter the social group or their standing, Trinity was to make them all adore her. Love her.

Now, Trinity had free pickings of every girl at school. If she came calling, every single one of them would answer.

"Here," Trinity said brightly, "I'll show you to the living area. We can put on some music and have a little fashion show!"

Like lambs to the slaughter, the girls followed Trinity into the living room. Once they were all seated and ready, their excitement betraying them, Trinity made her choice. She took the athletic girl's hand, led her out of the room under the pretence of her being the first 'model' for their makeshift fashion show.

"Put this on," Trinity told the girl as they made their way upstairs, holding out a golden bracelet. "And follow me. No speaking or making noise, got it?"

The girl slipped on the bracelet, nodded her head.

When they reached their destination, Trinity turned to look at the girl - watch her as the door opened.

Surprise. Confusion. She turned to look at Trinity, opened her mouth to say something. No sound came out. No words, no sigh, no grunt. The girl's eyes went wide.

"Step inside the room," Trinity commanded.

The girl's body obeyed.

That bracelet might not be what Master wanted, but it worked perfectly regardless. It'd been enchanted by Jessamine Daleigh, after all. The greatest witch in generations.

"Is this the best you could come up with?" Master said, eyes roaming over the athletic girl. "Too muscular. I prefer my sluts soft - makes the marks and bruises stand out more."

"She's just the first, Master," Trinity said, bowing her head.

"Whatever," he grunted. "Let's get this over with, I want to get back to fucking your mother's ass."

Trinity nodded, glanced at the terrified-looking athlete.

"Over there, on the table. See that big lens? The big glass disk thing next to the potion bottle? Go pick it up."

Again, the girl's body moved, complied.

She'd be made to look through the lens, would be infected with the same unbreakable curse as Trinity and her mother. An overwhelming, unending need to be abused by Master. Then Trinity would make her drink the potion - a simple brew that'd put the girl to sleep for a few hours. Time enough for Trinity to move her into another room, recover the bracelet, then go down and bring another girl up here. Then she'd bring the next, and the next.

When the five girls woke up tonight, it'd be to a whole new world.

As Trinity walked into the room, her natural instincts took over for a heartbeat. She looked away from the scene, almost brought her hand up to cover her eyes. The instinct passed as quickly as it'd overcome her. Scolding herself, she forced her gaze back on the unfolding scene.

Jessamine Daleigh, on her knees with her hands cuffed behind her back, mouth wrapped around Master's cock as he held a rough grip on her hair. Master was thrusting, fucking Mother's mouth while he held her head in place. Drool spilled out of the woman's mouth, rained down onto her big, exposed tits.

"Master," Trinity said, bowing her head. "They'll begin waking up soon. Would you like me to bring any of them to you?"

"No," he grunted, not bothering to look at her. "Keep 'em locked up. Your bitch mother will keep me entertained for now."

Trinity nodded, turned to leave, hesitated.

"What is it?" Master snapped.

"Do you..." Trinity gulped. "Are the girls I brought *adequate* for you, Master?"

He let out a snort.

"Adequate?" Master said. "They're *passable*. If that's the best you can come up with, consider me disappointed."

Heat rushed to Trinity's face, shame bubbling up inside her. She shuddered, shook her head, straightened her back. "They're just the test run," she said. "To make sure all the spells and charms work. Next time, I'll bring you better toys."

But who? What kind of girl would make him happy?

"Are there... Are there any girls in particular you'd like me to curse for you?"

He waved a hand dismissively.

Trinity bowed her head, left the room without another word.

As she strode through the house, her mind spun with a thousand different thoughts. Images flashing behind her irises, agonies and torments and wonderous submission. The images were like strong gusts, slamming into her and forcing her to brace against the weight of them. She braced, embraced, accepted, lost herself in them. And, all the while, she thought. Thought about the task she'd been given, the challenge of it.

How was she supposed to give Master the slaves he wanted if he refused to tell her the attributes he desired?

Tits, Meat, Red, Blondie, Bimbo. The five girls Trinity had provided and the names Master had given them. Their birth names didn't matter, not now that *he'd* given them new ones. All of them were different, pretty or cute or sexy in their own ways. A nice variety of attractiveness. And not one of them was up to Master's standards.

What did he want? What kind of girl was Trinity supposed to bring him? How was she supposed to *please* him?

When she reached the locked door, Trinity inhaled a deep breath. Focussed. She cleared her mind as best she could, pushed the all-important question aside for now. She slipped her hand into a pocket, pulled out the door's key, carefully unlocked it.

As she stepped inside, she let out a sigh of relief.

None of the girls were awake yet.

"Good," she whispered. "Good..."

She wanted to be here when they woke. This situation for them - handcuffed in a locked room, gagged and bound – would be terrifying. Being kidnapped was definitely up there in the real fears all women had. But this wasn't a kidnapping, not really. They'd see that soon enough. Trinity would *help* them see it.

This – what was happening to them – was a *good* thing.

They were about to find purpose, discover a greater meaning to life. They were about to become *whole*.

In time, these five girls would look back at this weekend with fondness and gratitude. But not yet. When they woke up, they'd be scared and frightened. They'd be filled with fears and questions and worries.

That's why Trinity was there.

To soothe those fears and concerns, to gently guide these girls into their new lives. To show them the way forward.

And to warn them on the consequences of disobedience.

"Shhh," Trinity soothed as she walked around the room, patting cheeks and stroking heads and placing a comforting hand on shoulders where needed. "Shhh. It's okay. Everything is okay."

Meat, the sporty girl, struggled against her bindings. Tried speaking around the gag in her mouth.

Trinity ignored her.

"It's okay," she told the girls. "I'm going to explain everything. Just relax. I know what you're going through. I know about the things going through your heads right now. The images. The thoughts that aren't yours."

Where should she begin? What was the best way to approach this?

"This might be hard for some of you to believe," she said, a smile tugging at her lips. "But I'm a witch. A real, living, actual witch."

A secret she'd had to keep for so long.

"Magic is real. What's happening to you now – those images in your minds – is because of magic. You've all been cursed. Remember that lens I made you all look through? That put a magical curse on you. On all of you."

They'd be here all weekend. Whole days spent in this room, digesting the information she was about to share. They might not believe it all right away, but the doubters wouldn't be able to deny it for long. Magic was real. They were cursed. Their lives had been set on new paths.

"You've been chosen," Trinity said. "Chosen to be Master's toys."

As she looked around the room, at the five very different girls, Trinity couldn't help but smile at them all. A glowing happiness filled her up inside, threatened to burst out of her.

These girls... They were like her sisters now. Companions.

She'd never had companions before. Never had equals.

"I know you're all scared and confused," she told them, warmth bleeding into every word. "I know this is all new to you. But, trust me, everything is going to be okay. You're about to see and experience a whole new world. I promise, everything is going to be wonderful!"

The girls were silent as Trinity dropped them off. One stop after another, a girl getting out at each and walking to their homes. When she'd set off, the car had been packed to bursting with how many people were in it. At the last stop, it was just Trinity herself sitting

there – in a car that stank of sweat.

Had she been a sweaty, wild-eyed mess too? Back in the first few days after cursing herself. Had she been like these five girls? Sweating and twitching, eyes darting around, looking beyond desperate.

She couldn't remember. Those first days were a blur now.

All she *could* remember was resisting. Fighting the images and instincts and needs. Fighting what she was becoming, to no avail. Searching for a cure when there was none, resisting the inevitable change.

These girls would do the same. Resist.

It was why Trinity had put a spell on each of them, preventing them from talking about what'd happened. Something to stop them from telling anyone the truth.

The spell itself was simple – it just put a wall in their minds, preventing them from speaking or communicating in any way about events that'd transpired in Trinity's house. Their brains would stop them from talking about anything they'd learned and everything that'd happened.

Magic... It was *potent*.

And Trinity had been denied it for far too long.

But not anymore.

Jessamine was no longer in control, could no longer threaten Trinity. No more was there a possibility of her mother locking Trinity's magic away. Finally, she was free to experiment and learn and grow.

All thanks to Master.

He'd given her everything she'd ever wanted. Had given her *new* wants and desires. He'd made her life whole.

And she'd do whatever it took to grant him the same fulfilment.

No matter the cost.