

The Witch's Mistake

Chapter 8

Trinity watched from the side-lines, sitting on a small stone wall with a red face and a racing heart. Her hand on her flat belly, feigning unwellness. A single finger – her pinkie – sliding under her skirt waistband. Inching as close to her lady bits as she dared.

No-one was close enough to hear her panting, though everyone must see her flushed face.

Did they know? Or had she successfully tricked them?

Nobody seemed to be focused on her. There were glances, sure. She was the hottest girl around, the school's pride. The guys couldn't help looking her way, silently wishing she was theirs. The girls' faces were interesting; those that looked her way, and were close enough to read, all seemed to fit into two camps. Sympathy and jealousy.

The sympathetic girls had bought into the lie. Believed Trinity was having cramps and period pains, and that was the reason she was sitting out. The jealous girls, though, were envious of Trinity's special treatment.

None of them seemed to see the truth in Trinity's hot face, the finger sneakily massaging her crotch, the silent panting.

Trinity wasn't on her period.

Her current agony was something else entirely.

Wound up as she was, it only took a little touching and teasing to bring her to the brink of orgasm. The temptation to climax, the *need* for release was strong. Overwhelming. For a long few moments, it was all-encompassing. Nothing else in the world mattered but reaching that peak, letting loose and climaxing.

Trinity drew back her sneaky finger, inhaled a deep breath, pushed the urge down. Fought the brain-numbing desire until it faded enough for her to think straight again.

She looked around, at the guys throwing balls around, the girls running track or playing tennis or loitering.

None had noticed. Not a one.

Breathing heavily, she scanned the school fields for her Master. Hand twitching, body urging her to touch herself more.

There. Off to one side with a few other guys.

Trinity frowned.

Her Master didn't usually hang around with others. He was a quiet loner, plain and ordinary. He didn't have friends.

So, who were *those* boys?

Taller than Master. Bulkier. Meaty, muscled arms.

Trent and his friends. The school's jocks.

As Trinity watched, Trent shoved Master. Tripped him up. Sent him tumbling to the ground.

She was launching herself off the wall in an instant, glaring at the jocks. She was about to stomp her way over there, bitch them out, publicly humiliate them, when she was them walking away from Master. Laughing amongst themselves like a packs of meatball hyenas.

Trinity didn't move. Stood there, watching from a distance, as Master rose to his feet and brushed himself off. He glared after the jocks, fists clenched.

Something fluttered through Trinity. A tingling excitement.

An idea. A plan.

She smiled to herself, turned around and walked back to the small wall, sat herself down on it again.

That jock asshole, Trent. He had a girlfriend, didn't he?

"Not for long," Trinity whispered to herself.

April. She was, Trinity quickly discovered, a quiet girl. Shy and reserved. If Trent was a laughing hyena, April was a frightful doe. Not a peacock – a pretty cheerleader – or a sporty wild-cat. The jock, who could've had almost any girl he'd wanted, had chosen to date a book nerd.

The girl was attractive, which wasn't surprising, but didn't seem too confident in her looks. Hiding behind long bangs, dark hair that was straight and neat – though not styled in any particular way. Big, thick glasses with wide rims. A small mouth, lips undecorated save for a light touch of lip balm. Only the barest hints of make-up.

She wore clothes neatly, school uniform clean and unmarked. Sharp. No extra attachments or styling, no flare added to differentiate her from the static, bland uniform.

By all accounts, she seemed like the stereotypical 'pretty girl hidden behind plain aesthetics'. If life were a movie, she'd be the bland girl who got the 'glow up'; taking off her glasses, tying her hair back, and suddenly becoming one of the hottest girls around.

Was that what Trent had been drawn to? The pretty-but-plain look?

It didn't matter.

April was his girlfriend, and he'd stepped out of line.

So she wouldn't be his for much longer.

During lunch break, Trinity detached herself from a clique of girls, headed alone to the library.

Sure enough, that's where April was.

Hunched over a history book, lost in her own world. She didn't react as Trinity approached, didn't even seem aware of her presence until Trinity was tapping on her shoulder.

April looked up, eyes wide and bug-like behind the lenses of those thick glasses.

"Hey," Trinity whispered, smiled, "I need to talk to you."

Somehow, the girl's eyes widened even further.

"Come with me," Trinity said. "I know somewhere private we can go. It's important. Very important."

Trinity started to leave, turned back to see that April hadn't moved, frowned. The girl glanced between her history book and Trinity, as if she was trying to choose between the two. Then, hesitantly, she stowed the book away, stood, followed after Trinity. Meek and shy, shoulders hunched, cheeks pink.

It was a short walk from the library to an off-limits staircase. Surprise flashed across April's face when Trinity pulled out a key, unlocked the door to the stairwell. Trepidation and fear replaced the surprise when Trinity led the way up the stairs, unlocked the door to the building's roof.

Students were strictly prohibited from accessing the roof.

The only reason Trinity had a key was because of her status as the 'perfect student' and the fact her mother was a big donor for the school's extra-curricular events and activities. She'd charmed her way into getting a key, had promised to only go to off-limit sections of the school when she was feeling 'overwhelmed', that she wouldn't tell anyone she had a key.

The perks and special treatment that came with being a Daleigh. It wasn't just magic and witchcraft that made Trinity *special*.

April seemed hesitant to follow Trinity out onto the roof. She kept glancing back down the stairwell, obviously not keen on breaking school rules and wanting to return to the library and her book. But, as Trinity stared at her impatiently, the girl's timid, meek nature won out.

She followed Trinity onto the roof without a word, face red and eyes wide as saucers.

Heat pulsed through Trinity.

Electrical tingles tickling their way up her spine, skin prickling and thighs quivering. Excitement blossomed in her chest, anticipation at what she was going to do to this girl. How much Master would like it. His appreciation.

She bit her lip to keep from moaning out loud.

Head held high, she looked out at the impressive view the school roof offered. The grounds and track and sports field, the wall and fences beyond. Houses and streets and buildings beyond.

"Trinity?" A meek, quiet voice said. "I... I don't think we're supposed to be up here. Maybe we should go back inside..."

Trinity inhaled a deep breath, pushed down the tingles and excitement and that ever-present *need*. The *hunger*. She turned, looked at April with hard eyes. Cool, level, commanding eyes. A powerful, all-powerful stare she'd learned from her mother, back before Jessamine had been brought down to her knees.

April flinched, couldn't meet Trinity's stare, glanced down at the floor and twiddled her thumbs.

"I don't get it," Trinity said, looking the girl up and down. "It doesn't make any sense. How does a sweet, innocent little thing like *you* end up dating a jock asshat like Trent? Why would he choose *you* when half the school's cheerleaders and hotties would happily hop on his pogo-stick without a second thought? I just don't get it."

If she'd been blushing before, it was nothing compared to the tomato-red her face was now. Every speck of April's face was a bright, shy red.

"How did you two end up together?" Trinity asked firmly.

April flinched, shuddered. "I don't know," she whispered softly. "It just kinda... happened."

"When?" Trinity snapped. "How?"

It didn't matter. How the shy girl had ended up dating a jock was irrelevant. It wouldn't change anything, wouldn't sway Trinity away from her plan. But she wanted to know all the same. She wanted to *understand*.

How much did April really care about Trent? And, more importantly, how much did *he* care about *her*?

A lot, Trinity hoped. More than a lot.

The closer this shy bitch was to her asshole, fuckface boyfriend, the sweeter it'd be to use the Lens on her. Make her another one of Master's toys.

Trinity shuddered at the thought, let out a little moan.

April looked up at her with wide, doe eyes.

"What're you doing after school?" Trinity demanded. "Do you have any plans?"

April opened her mouth to answer.

"Cancel them," Trinity said, not letting the girl answer. She planted a friendly smile on her face, continued in a bright, venomous voice. "You and I are going to hang out today. Get to know each other a little better. You can tell me all about you and Trent."

April writhed on the floor. Curled up in a ball, clutching her head, eyes shut tightly. Battling the images flashing behind her irises, the plague of thoughts she couldn't control.

It was futile. Trinity knew that better than anyone. Even right then, those same haunting images were flashing behind the witch's eyes. Images of torment and torture and wondrous agonies. There was no getting rid of them. No fighting them. All they could do was *accept* the thoughts and images, *become* them.

She knelt down beside April, placed a comforting hand on the girl's head.

"You deserve this," she whispered. "For choosing to date a jackass like Trent. You *deserve* this."

Could April hear her, or was she so lost in the graphic visions that the rest of the world was mist to her? Trinity stroked the girl's head, hummed softly.

"Stop fighting them," she said softly. "Let the pictures become a part of you. It's going to happen regardless, so you might as well give in now and save yourself the torment. Become Master's plaything. It's your purpose now. Your fate."

But the bitch struggled on. Twitching and shuddering violently, fighting the images with everything she had.

Trinity shook her head, tutted, stood.

"It didn't have to be this way," she told April. "All Trent had to do was stay away. Not be the stereotypical asshole jock. Everything would've been fine. Normal..."

She turned away from April, walked to the room's door and let herself out, locked it.

Heat flushed through her. A wave of tingling, electrical warmth. She bit her lip to keep from moaning, braced herself against the wall. She shut her eyes, embraced the visions of whipping and choking and torment.

Trinity reached under her school skirt, rubbed her wet panties a few times – losing herself in the overwhelming pleasure.

She gasped, snatched her hand away quickly.

No! She couldn't orgasm. Wasn't *allowed* to orgasm.

Not until Master commanded it.

Inhaling a deep breath, Trinity pushed herself away from the wall. Straightened her back. Walked down the narrow hallway to another room. She let herself in, kept her eyes on the ground as Master gave her a once-over.

"Well?" He demanded.

"The curse is in full effect," Trinity said, head bowed. "If my assessment of her is correct, she won't be able to resist it for long. A few days at most. I've also applied the secret-keeper spell Mother taught me. April won't be able to talk or communicate about anything that happens inside this house. Her lips are sealed."

"Why her?" Master asked, a hint of amusement in his commanding tone. "All the loose sluts at school, and you go for a nerdy bookworm. Why?"

"She's..." Trinity gulped. Why did her mouth feel so dry all of a sudden? "She's Trent's girlfriend."

"Trent?" Master asked, voice bright. "Trent Daryl?"

"Yes, sir."

Booming laughter erupted from Master's chest. Loud and deep and joyful. Trinity felt herself relax at the sound, all the tension she hadn't been aware of having drained away in an instant.

"Perfect," Master chuckled when his laughter began to die down. Trinity could hear the grin in his voice. "You got me that asshole's girl? Fucking perfect."

Trinity blushed, her heart glowing with pride.

"I had no idea," Master continued. "Trent's girlfriend... She doesn't look like his type at all."

"They're neighbours," Trinity said. "They've known each other since they were toddlers. From what I gathered when I questioned her about it, their families are close. April and Trent are childhood sweethearts, though they only officially started dating a year ago. Apparently, they're madly in love. Planning on getting married as soon as school is over and done with."

That last part had required a bit of magical compulsion to discover. A simple spell that made its victim 'talk too much'. The whole 'panning on marriage' thing was a big secret for April and Trent.

Not that it mattered much now. Any plans or hopes or dreams April might've had before were all gone now. Dust.

"Good job," Master said. And those two words alone filled Trinity with a joy and fulfilment unrivalled by anything else in the world. "Come here."

Trinity scurried over.

"On your knees," Master commanded.

Trinity looked up at him, pursed her lips. "Can I... Have I earned an orgasm, Master?"

He stared hard at her.

Trinity blushed, looked away.

"Maybe," he said, "when that whore is on her knees with my cock in her mouth, I'll let you cum. Until then, your only job is filling in for her. On. Your. Knees."

Trinity bit her lip, nodded, sank to her knees.

She walked up to the large house's front door, paused, looked back. April was a few feet behind her, walking slowly. Her body was trembling, eyes wide and wild, skin drenched in sweat.

"Move it," Trinity snapped. "Never keep Master waiting."

April flinched, shut her eyes tight.

Trinity didn't push it. Didn't shout at the girl for taking too long. She was here. That was what mattered.

The day after cursing her with the Witch Glass Lens, April hadn't shown up at school. Nor the day after that. She'd been at home, feigning illness, fighting the endless stream of images that assailed her every waking moment. On the third day, today, she'd come to Trinity – pleading for release.

From the way she put one foot in front of the other, the slow and slugging way she walked forward, it was as if her shoes were made of lead. Each step a struggle, every inch towards the house was an inch closer to defeat. Servitude. Slavery. Submission.

And April walked forward all the same. One step at a time.

"The sooner you accept it," Trinity told her, "the sooner you'll find happiness. This is your place now. This is where you belong."

"Please," April whispered. "Please help me..."

Trinity rolled her eyes, opened the house's front door, stepped inside. "Come on. Master is waiting."

April followed her through the house.

The closer they got, the louder the sounds got. First, those sounds were inaudible. Muffled whispers. Silent creaking. Then, as they neared the room, it all got clearer. Moans and sighs, female voices and bedsprings groaning.

April's face was pale as Trinity opened the door to Master's playroom. A large room with queen-sized bed and a comfortable throne chair.

Three girls rolled around on the bed, moaning and gasping. One held a wooden paddle, the other two bearing bruised and reddened rumps. A fourth girl was kneeling before Master's throne, licking his cock eagerly. In one corner of the room, an older woman stood. Jessamine Daleigh, clad in a slutty maid outfit with a dog's collar around her throat, holding up two silver platters. One with drinks and snacks on it, while the other held dildos and bottles of lube. Several more maid costumes were strewn about the floor, discarded during the 'activities'.

"I'll have to get your measurements later," Trinity told the horrified April. "So we can have a matching outfit tailored for you too. What're you waiting for? Come on in, slut."

April shut her eyes tight again, tears rolling down her cheeks. She shook and shuddered, fists clenched and jaw tight.

"Come inside," Trinity snapped, "or leave."

April didn't move. The cute, mousy girl just stood there shaking. Unable to back away, nor willing to surrender herself.

"You came to me," Trinity said. "You're the one who wanted to be free from the thoughts. The *images*. You chose to come here, slut. *This* is the way to stop the thoughts. This is the *only* way to stop them."

Trinity took a step towards the girl, put a hand on April's chin.

"Give in to it," she said softly. "Surrender. It's going to happen no matter what. So why resist it? Give in, April. This is who you are now."

The shift was subtle. Barely noticeable.

April's shaking and twitching slowed. Her jaw relaxed, fists unclenched. She let out a soft sigh, opened pleading, desperate eyes. Pretty, doe eyes.

"That's it," Trinity smiled. "Let go."

She walked backwards, into the room with all its obscenities. With Master and Mother and all her new sisters.

"Come on," Trinity urged, waving her forward. "Come in."

April bit her lip, nodded slowly. Her eyes glazed over as she followed Trinity into the room.

Trinity took her hand, led her over to the throne.

Master smiled at her as they approached, and that one thing almost made Trinity lose control. Hot tingles rushed through her body, anticipation and excitement and desperation all at once.

"Here she is," Trinity said, presenting April to her seated Master. "Trent's girlfriend, April. Your new toy, Master."

"She's cuter than I thought," Master said, eyes roaming April's body. "Pretty eyes. But what does her body look like? Strip, whore. I want to see you naked."

April shuddered once more.

A different kind of shuddering this time, though. The girl's cheeks reddened, an erotic gasp escaping her lips.

Trembling, April nodded her head.

And began unbuttoning her school blazer.