

The Witch's Mistake

Chapter 9

The blazer dropped to the floor.

All around the room, Trinity noticed, the other girls had stopped their activities. Every pair of eyes drawn to the newcomer. The pretty but plain April.

The poor girl was trembling. Downright *vibrating* with terror.

Or was it anticipation?

Even now, images swam behind Trinity's irises. Tortures and torments and submission. The impulses that'd snared her, transformed her into Master's slut. His plaything.

Back in those first days, had she been afraid? Had she trembled with unbridled terror? Or had it been arousal and excitement that'd consumed her? It felt so long ago. A lifetime. In a way, it *had* been a lifetime. The old Trinity had started eroding away the moment she'd first used the Witch Glass Lens. Who she was now – Master's slave – was a different person.

A new Trinity.

And this newer, *better* Trinity saw April's trembles for what they truly were.

Spasms of lust. The drive to obey clashing with the shy girl's instinct to resist. It was anguish. The kind of pain that came with inevitable change.

Those trembles were the old April dying away, the new April being born.

It was a magnificent sight to behold.

With shaking hands, April reached for the uppermost button of her white blouse, hidden as it was behind a neat school tie. A moment later, her hands descended to the next button, the one after that. Cleavage came into view. A modest bust, but plenty enough to entertain Master. A few seconds after her cleavage was exposed, the girl reached her belly button. After that, the last button came undone.

Trembling, April reached up to undo her tie.

"No," Master commanded. "Leave that on. Take the rest off, but not the tie."

April froze. Wide eyes locked on the floor.

"Keep going, slut," Master barked. "Now."

Slowly, April pushed her unbuttoned blouse open, tugged her arms out of their sleeves. There was a bit of fumbling as shaking fingers separated the tie from the blouse's collar. Then the blouse dropped to the floor with April's school blazer.

She covered herself with her arms, hiding her bra-clad chest as best she could. Her eyes shut tight, lips pressed into a thin line.

"I'm waiting," Master snapped.

To her credit, April really did try. Trinity couldn't keep herself from grinning as the girl, with one hand, tried to remove her knee-length skirt. A task that, shaking as her hands were, was a lot more difficult than April had probably hoped. She shielded her chest as much as she could with her other arm, but it was to no avail. The more she struggled, the more difficult it was for her to maintain any illusion of propriety.

"If you're not naked in thirty seconds," Master said, annoyance lining his words, "I'll have one of my other girls bend you over and rawdog your ass with a strap-on. Move it, cunt!"

April jumped on the spot, eyes wide as golf-balls.

She hesitated for just a moment, one single second, before meeting Master's gaze. Seeing the truth in his eyes.

Master didn't bluff. He kept his word. Followed through on threats.

Always.

April sprang to motion. All fight draining out of her as she yanked down her skirt with both hands. She kicked off her shoes, slipped out of her socks. She stopped for only a

brief moment before reaching behind her back and unhooking her plain-jane bra. Then she dropped her panties, her chest rising and falling rapidly, eyes filled with panic.

She didn't bother trying to cover her nudity now. Instead, she dropped her arms to her sides, shut her eyes.

"Nice tits," Master said dismissively. "Decent ass. Nothing to write home about, but you'll do..."

April's cheeks brightened to a deep crimson.

"Are you a virgin?" Master asked.

Face red, April slowly shook her head.

"Of course not," Master muttered. "All the girls at school are sluts. All of 'em. Every last fucking one."

Trinity smiled, reached between her legs and began gently massaging herself. Teasing. She still hadn't been given permission to orgasm, so she didn't want to push herself too close to the edge. But how could she not enjoy herself watching *this* unfold?

"Ever taken it up the ass?" Master demanded.

"N- No," April answered quickly.

"No *sir*," Master corrected. "Or *master*. Learn to address your betters properly, bitch."

"No sir," April squeaked.

"So you're an anal virgin, at least. I'll have fun popping *that* cherry. You? Not so much."

He flashed her an evil grin.

Trinity squeezed her clit, let out a silent moan.

"Ever sucked dick?"

"Yes," April answered quietly, voice trembling. "Sir."

"You a spitter or swallower?"

"I don't... I..."

The glare Master shot her made the mousy girl flinch.

"Spitter, sir."

Master shook his head.

"Not anymore," he said firmly. "Not with me. You drink down every drop of cum I give you without complaint. If you try spitting any of it out, I'll make you lick it right back up again. Understand?"

April quickly nodded her head.

"Your phone," Master grunted. "Give it to me."

April shuddered, looked down to the heap of clothes at her feet. She knelt down, started fishing around the pile. A few seconds later, she was plucking a plain, undecorated phone from a blazer pocket.

No colourful phone case, no stickers or anything. Just a regular, dull, black phone.

Trinity rolled her eyes.

This little bitch took being 'plain' way too far. Save for dating a jock asshole and being decently pretty, she was completely unremarkable. Did she even *have* a personality?

April handed the bland phone out, and Master snatched it from her.

"Pin number?" He asked as the screen came alive.

"Zero, two, one, one," April whispered.

"Random numbers?" He asked, tapping on the screen. "Or do they have some meaning?"

"It's..." April bit her lip, shuddered. "It's a date. When me and Trent started going out."

Master looked up, eyebrows raised.

A smile split his lips.

"I'd almost forgotten... You're *Trent's* cumrag, aren't you?"

"He's my *boyfriend*," April snapped.

"You really like him," Master said gleefully. Mockingly. "Are you in *love* with him? Do you dream about marrying him, popping out his brats one day?"

April opened her mouth to reply, stopped. Realising, perhaps, that anything she said would be used against her. She closed her mouth, looked away.

But it was too late. The damage had already been done.

"Does he love you too?" Master laughed. He sounded like a kid in a toy store, told he could have anything he wanted. All glee and joy and excitement. "Are you *soulmates*? Come to think of it, you're neighbours or something, aren't you? Childhood sweethearts. You *are* in love with him."

The cackle Master let out sent shivers of pure please down Trinity's spine. She had to stop touching herself. If she kept going, she might lose control.

"That's *perfect*," Master said once his laughter had died down. "Too perfect. Oh, I'm going to enjoy you, April."

April's trembling stopped. She let out a breathy sigh, shuddered once. A moment of sweet oblivion passed before the girl's eyes widened in horror. She opened her mouth, had no idea what to say, shut it again, opened it, closed it. She looked like a fish, mouth bobbing open like that.

The struggle inside her was faltering, the battle between April's will and the curse from the Lens coming to its inevitable end.

There was no fighting it. No fighting the images that were rushing behind her irises. April, it seemed, was learning that. Just as Trinity had. And Jessamine. And all the other girls. It was futile to resist, and so much easier and better to give in to the images and their all-consuming compulsion. The ever-present need to satisfy Master.

"You're not Trent's slut," Master said. "Not now. Not ever again. You're *mine*."

April shuddered.

"I'm going to use you," Master continued. "Abuse you. I'm going to make you scream and moan and sob. More than any of that, I'm going to make you stomp on *Loverboy's* heart."

A tear rolled down April's cheek. And, at the same time, the girl let out a quiet moan.

Trinity smirked.

"Maybe I'll have you fuck his best friend. Or *all* of his friends, one by one. Does he have a brother for you to sleep with? Maybe his dad too. Have you record yourself with them, send the videos to Loverboy. Think he'll still love you after that?"

Panting, April shook her head. Cheeks wet with tears. Body trembling with arousal.

"Or maybe I'll have you keep dating him," Master said. "No sex, of course. You'll never touch that loser's dick ever again. But you'll keep seeing him. And he'll see you. The bruises I leave on you. Hickeys and love-bites. Cum stains on your clothes, used condoms in your purse. You'll never tell him you're getting fucked and used on the daily, but you'll sure he's *thinking* it. Torture him with the unknown..."

"Please..." April choked out, desperate. "Please don't."

"Who said you could speak, slut?"

April flinched, bowed her head.

"I'm going to have so much fun with you," Master promised her. "You have *no* idea."

Trinity's hand hovered an inch from her own, drenched pussy. Resisting the urge to touch herself, pleasure herself. Master hadn't given her the command to cum yet. She had to hold back. Had to restrain herself...

"Climb on my lap," Master commanded April. "I want you to take my cock and slide it in yourself. Ride me like the slut you are."

April's body moved. Compelled by her new owner's command, and by the unending barrage of images in her mind. The last embers of resistance dying out. She got up on

Master's lap, guided his cock to her hole, slid herself down onto it.

Her sharp, hungry moan split the air.

A little wiggle of her hips, then she started riding him. Her hands on his shoulders, tits dancing in his face.

Another toy added to Master's growing collection.

Trinity flicked through the endless column of messages. She was nearing the end, had already sent everything interesting and potentially useful she'd found to her own phone. This far back in the conversation logs, she doubted she'd find anything special. She'd passed the date April and Trent started going out a while back.

"Fuck, these two text a lot," she muttered to herself.

It was unbelievable just how often April and Trent exchanged messages, and how boring and benign most of their conversations were. In the morning when they woke up, every break between classes at school, chats that lasted hours into the night. Not many phone calls either – it was almost exclusively text messages.

Trinity had put the pieces of that puzzle together quickly enough.

April's parents were stern and overbearing. If they caught one whiff of her being intimate with a boyfriend, they'd freak out. Them hearing her talking to someone over the phone instead of doing homework or studying? April seemed certain her phone would've been confiscated in a heartbeat.

It went some way to explaining the girl's meekness, her by-the-books attire and the lack of personal expression in her appearance.

Far more interesting were the pictures and naughty messages April and Trent had exchanged. Nudes and flirty texts. A goldmine for Master to make use of. And plenty for him to reward her for when she presented her findings to him.

When Trinity reached the end of the messages, she let out a sigh of relief. Felt her heart flutter with silent excitement.

She pocketed the phone, left her room, walked briskly through the house in search of Master.

He was, unsurprisingly, in the Master bedroom. Balls-deep in April's rectum. The girl's face was planted firmly in a pillow, so Trinity couldn't see her expressions. But, judging from the muffled grunts and moans, the slut was enjoying her first anal experience plenty.

Trinity plucked April's phone out from her pocket, tossed it on the bed beside April.

"Find anything?" Master grunted, not slowing his thrusting.

"I did, Master," Trinity beamed. "Lots about this slut and her relationship with Trent. She has some nudes of him. I was thinking we could print them out, put them up around school. His package is... unimpressive."

"Maybe," Master said, giving April a hard thrust. The girl yelped into her pillow. "You can show me everything later."

It was a dismissal.

Trinity was so used to serving her Master now that she could tell his intention simply by the tone of his voice.

Still, she didn't leave. Not yet.

He hadn't *commanded* her. And there was the promise...

"What is it?" Master grunted, not looking at her. "Speak."

"Master," Trinity said, heart racing. "I've brought you April. She's yours now. All yours. So..." She gulped, mouth feeling uncomfortably dry all of a sudden. "May I... May I be permitted to cum, Master?"

He stopped thrusting, turned to glare at Trinity.

Trinity flinched. Looked down, mentally kicking herself.

She'd crossed the line. Angered him. Stupid! Stupid!

"Funny," Master growled, sounding anything but amused. "I remember telling you that, when this slut's mouth is around my cock, I *might* let you cum. Does it look like her mouth is around my cock?"

"No, Master," Trinity answered quickly, eyes still on the floor.

"Look at me, whore."

Her gaze shot up, wide eyes taking in the sight of him.

Master. An average-looking guy, naked, on what used to be her mother's bed. Dick buried in a girl's ass, glaring at Trinity with cold, undisguised loathing.

Trinity trembled with arousal.

"Maybe when I'm done with her," he said, eyes bearing into Trinity. "I'll have April here grab a strap-on and fuck some brains into that big, empty head. I bet she'd love that, wouldn't you slut?" He slapped the girl's ass – already bright red from being paddled earlier. She groaned into her pillow. "Let her have some payback on the stupid bitch who betrayed her, brought her here to be enslaved. Fuck, maybe I'll give *all* the girls a strap-on, have them take turns."

Trinity shuddered. Imagined it – all those fake cocks using her, abusing her. And all the while, she'd have to hold back. Stop herself from climaxing.

It'd be hell. Wonderful, agonising hell.

"Get out," Master snapped. "Find your mother and tell her I want to see her. I have a spell I want her to cast."

"Yes Master," Trinity said quickly.

She was out of the bedroom in an instant, rushing through the house in search of her mother.

As the lock clicked, Trinity felt a rush of excitement flood through her. A warm blossom of hope atop a gaping maw of desperation.

Maybe today would be the day.

"Please," Trinity whispered. Pleaded. Prayed. "Please."

April's giggle snapped her attention back to reality. The girl's hands and head were trapped in place, bound in a pillory that Trinity had just locked, and she was *laughing*. A mocking giggle directed at Trinity.

She'd really taken the whole 'cursed to be Master's plaything for the rest of her life' thing very personally.

In the two weeks since she'd first brought April to Master, he hadn't made April blow him once. Not *once*. And April *knew* it. Knew *why* she hadn't been made to do it.

It was Trinity's torment. And April *loved* it.

"Witch bitch," April whispered, giggling far too happily for a slut bound and trapped as she was.

The cloud of arousal, the lust and need to cum and endless barrage of images, slowed Trinity's mind to a standstill. No quip or harsh retort came to her. She opened her mouth, about to tell April to be quiet, when a different voice spoke up.

"Now that's not very nice, is it?"

Trinity's head snapped around, eyes wide.

Master was standing there. A toy in his hand and a smile on his face. Naked and hard and ready.

Trinity's heart fluttered. Her excitement grew, hope flaring.

He was behind the pillory. Out of view of April. No matter how much the plain girl strained and struggled, she couldn't turn her head enough to look in his direction.

"It's true," Master continued. "She *is* a witch bitch. But I don't remember giving you permission to call her that, nor did I say you could mock or insult her."

"I'm sorry, sir," April said quickly. "I won't-"

"Silence, whore."

April's mouth snapped shut, her eyes wide and terrified.

"You've been fucking with poor Trinity ever since she brought you here," Master said. "Don't think I haven't noticed. I know *everything*."

He waved Trinity over, had her circle around April, out of the girl's sight. Made her stand directly behind April's wiggling butt. He didn't hand her the toy though. Not yet.

"You've been fucking with Trinity," Master said, walking to the other side of the pillory, into April's view. "So, it's only fair that she gets to fuck you."

Trinity could only imagine the horror in April's eyes as Master waved the double-ended dildo in her face.

He tossed it over to Trinity, smiling wide.

"Today's a good day," he said, patting April's head. "A very good day. Mommy Witch Bitch just finished making something for me, you see. Something *special*. So, I think I'm going to reward everyone a little..."

Trinity slid one end of the dildo inside herself. She let out gasp, plenty loud enough for April to hear.

"You've probably guessed what Trinity's reward is," Master smiled. "She gets to fuck *you*. But don't worry, you'll get your own reward. You're gonna love it."

He grabbed his cock, pointed it at April's face.

"Open wide."

It was happening. It was *finally* happening!

"Go ahead, Trinity. Fuck this whore."

She didn't need any more encouragement than that.

Trinity drove forward, slammed her fake cock into April as hard as she could. April gasped, moaned. Mouth wide open.

But Master didn't force his cock down her throat.

He stood back, watched with a smile.

Trinity whined between moans.

Every thrust sent rivulets of pleasure coursing through her. Electrical tingles exploded out from her core as the double-ended dildo pulsed and moved and slammed her insides at every movement.

When Master finally stepped forward, Trinity almost lost control. She held off her orgasm, just about. But she was on the edge, moments away from climaxing. It took every ounce of willpower she possessed – and then some – to stop herself. To hold the pressure at bay.

Master slapped April's face with his cock, staring Trinity in the eye. His smile only widened.

And, just when Trinity couldn't take anymore, just as her resolve was melting away, he did it. Shoved his cock into April's still-open mouth, slammed it right down to the hilt. Fucked her throat with that wild, sadistic, beautiful grin.

Trinity let loose, released every ounce of pent-up arousal.

She came. Harder than she'd ever orgasmed before.

And she saw stars.