

## Roots of Control

### Chapter 2 of 4

Where the hell was he? Rich liked to dawdle, but this was really pushing it. If we were late again...

"I thought you'd left already," A woman's voice spoke behind me. "Is he still not here yet?"

I glanced back into the house, shook my head at my mother.

Her lips pursed. "If you don't go now, you'll get detention again," she told me.

As if I didn't already know that.

I swear, he did it on purpose - was intentionally late just to piss me off. Either that, or he was just a lazy prick.

As my mother wandered back into the house, I reached into a pocket, pulled out my phone, checked to see if Rich had replied to my text. Which, of course, he hadn't.

Fuck it, I told myself. If the idiot wanted to get detention so badly, that was on him. I had no intention of being kept after school again. Not with everything I wanted to do today. Not when I had to go back to the Goddess Statue.

A shiver ran through me at the thought. I pushed it aside.

I glanced down the street, waited a few long seconds more.

When Richard didn't appear, I spun on my heels and sprinted in the opposite direction - towards school.

By some miracle, I arrived in time. Panting and gasping for air, my lungs and legs burning, sure, but not late. And no sign of Rich to be seen. Looked like he'd be getting detention then. Served him right, making me wait like he had. I mean seriously, how hard was it to send a text?

I walked to my first class, Maths, still breathing heavily.

Inside, the beauties were waiting. Miss Thorn, sexy as always with her cleavage and curves on display. Hannah, distant and regal and otherworldly in her rigid beauty. And, of course, my unobtainable crush.

Alexia. Pretty, adorable Alexia. With her bushy brown mess of hair, her chocolate brown eyes, her plain yet appealing body. She was homely, the kind of girl you wanted to marry, spend the rest of your life with. Kind and caring, intelligent and diligent.

I didn't know her as well as I'd have liked. With Rich hanging around me, it wasn't like I could walk up to a girl and talk to her. At least not without him making some rude comment and offending her. But I'd heard the rumours, seen the truth of them with my own eyes.

Alexia was a lesbian.

When I'd first heard that particular bit of gossip, I'd chalked it up to being just that - gossip. A rumour spread by a jealous girl or rejected guy.

And then I'd seen her making out with her girlfriend behind the school building.

Eventually, the rumour was upgraded to well-know fact around the school. The lesbian relationship became public knowledge, and the degree with which the two chicks were into each other was exposed to the world.

Suffice to say, there was no chance I'd be able to slip myself between the two girls - somehow convince Alexia to give dating me a chance. Not when they were actively planning their futures with each other, not when they spent every moment outside of the classroom arm-in-arm together.

Not without the Goddess, at least.

Again, my mind flashed back to the previous day's events. To finding the Goddess Statue, and to what Rich had used the Goddess' power for.

I could have that.

All I needed to do was press the palm of my hand to Alexia's head and it wouldn't matter that she was a lesbian any more.

When Maths class came to an end, I watched as Alexia left the classroom. Richard was nowhere to be found, which gave me a rare opportunity. Since he wasn't here, he couldn't embarrass me or offend anyone.

Before I could stop myself, before I could question if it was a good idea or not, I followed after the pretty girl.

A flood of bodies entered the school corridors along with me, all the students leaving their classrooms. I lost sight of Alexia in the crowd, her bushy brown hair disappearing in the sea of unfamiliar faces.

I pushed my way through the crowd, tried to spot Alexia.

"Hey!" A bulky guy shouted as I shoved him aside.

"Oww!" A short girl squeaked when I accidentally stomped on her toes.

I ignored them, continued pushing forward. But it was to no avail. Alexia was gone, on her way to her next class. If I'd known what she had next lesson, and knew which room she was heading for, I could have tried taking a shortcut or else rushed to catch up with her before she got there. Unfortunately, I knew neither.

My shoulders slumped. A wave of defeat washed over me. An odd sensation of failure.

Richard didn't turn up at school all day. Once I realised he wasn't just running late, I put two and two together.

He was in his neighbour's house. He was spending the day fucking Mrs Callas.

I remembered the look on her face, the hot rage and the indignation, the hatred in her glares. The horror that'd crossed her face when Richard had given her the command to suck his cock.

It was wrong, twisted. He was doing all of that, everything, against her will.

A few days ago, the idea of a guy doing that to a woman would have made me cringe. It would have made me ill. Yet, right then, what I felt was far from the white-knight righteousness.

I was jealous.

When the school day came to an end, it wasn't home that I headed in the direction of. The statue was still in the Church of Two, exposed for anyone to find.

The idea that someone else might receive the Goddess' blessing was an uncomfortable thought.

If I could, I'd take the Goddess Statue and hide it away somewhere. And, if possible, I wanted to learn more about it. Where it came from, what it was exactly, why it had been hidden inside a church wall.

The statue was a mystery, and it was powerful. More than that, it was *alive*. In the brief moments I'd held it the day before, I'd felt the Goddess - heard her speak, felt her will. It wasn't just some chunk of magical metal, it was a creature with its own desires and plans.

What did it want from me? Why had it given me and Richard this insane power?

Soon enough, I was walking through the graveyard once again.

Weeds grew in abundance, layering gravestones in green vines and moss. There was no discernible path, only an endless sea of waist-high green grass. The church itself stood slanted in the middle of the graveyard, crumbling and cracked.

I approached slowly, eyes on the ground in front of me.

Last thing I wanted to do was trip on a wet rock and break my neck, or else accidentally stand on an old, used syringe.

The building looked the same as it had yesterday. There was no sign of activity, no hint that anyone had been here since Rich and I had left the day before.

I walked inside, glanced about to make sure I was alone.

The Goddess Statue was exactly where I'd left it. Glowing multicoloured metal, the shape of a beautiful woman. A foot tall. Big, but small enough that it'd just about fit in my school bag.

How heavy was it? Being metal, probably very.

As I approached the statue, its colours glowed brighter. A dazzling white. In the silence, I could hear a soft, distant voice. A woman's voice, beautiful and soft, urging me forward.

I reached out a hand, touched the surface of the statue.

The voice became clear, speaking in a language I didn't know but somehow understood. The Goddess whispered to me, spoke quietly into my mind.

Everyone in the world was a puppet, she told me. Flesh moved by invisible strings. Did I want to be like them? Controlled without ever realising it? Or was I going to be the controller? Was I powerful enough, smart enough, to be the puppet-master?

It felt like an age, the Goddess speaking into my mind, before the voice went silent.

In truth, it'd probably only been a few minutes. But, as I glanced around the Church of Two, I saw it with new eyes, a new understanding.

Society, laws, morality. Puppet strings all.

None of them really mattered. Not really.

All that mattered was will and power. Control.

I lifted the Goddess Statue. It was lighter than a feather, utterly weightless. I opened my school bag, placed the statue inside it.

The Goddess of One. That was her name. Her title.

The Lady of Control, the Matron of the Master.

I didn't quite understand what that meant. Already, so much of the information she'd fed me was fading - like I'd just woken up from a dream - disappearing into the back of my mind.

I blinked, momentarily confused.

The Church of Two?

When had I arrived here? The last thing I remembered was leaving school...

My mother was waiting for me, a frown on her face, when I arrived home. She didn't shout - she never shouted - but the look on her face made it clear she was upset.

"Where have you been?" She asked, keeping her emotions in check.

I looked at her wide-eyed, unable to mask my surprise. It wasn't like her to act so stern. Yesterday, she'd been fine with me being late home. Hell, she'd teased me about it - asking me if I had a girlfriend and wondering aloud if that's where I was.

"Out," I told her. The lie came to my lips easily. "I was with Richard."

She stared at me for a long moment, searching my face. Whatever she saw there, it satisfied her. She let out a breath, face relaxing. "Come on, then. What do you want for dinner?"

I shrugged an 'anything will do' kinda shrug.

My mother was beautiful. Amazing. She'd gotten pregnant young and the guy who'd knocked her up ran off instead of taking responsibility. From then on, it'd been just me and her. And that suited me just fine. My mother, when she wanted to be, could be very stern and motherly. Most of the time, however, she was more like a friend than a parent. We played video games together, watched the same action movies and TV shows. We both hated summer and loved winter - wrapping up in blankets with some hot coco and marshmallows.

And yeah, she was attractive. I wasn't blind, I could see how amazingly beautiful she was.

Every now and then, when we were out together, we got comments about her being

my older sister. And not just guys trying to charm her either. She looked young enough that people instantly assumed she was my sister and not my mother.

Long, dark hair. Intelligent eyes that always looked most beautiful when they were bright with mischief. A round face, with colourful cheeks and full lips. And her body...

Richard was right, my mother was sexy. A ten out of ten, and that was on a bad day.

Still, it felt weird look at my mother like that. Seeing her as a woman. She raised me, everything from potty-training to how to not embarrass myself on a first date. She was my Mom, not a piece of meat for me to ogle at. If only my teenage hormones would get that message.

When I was done eating, I headed upstairs to my bedroom, dumped my bag on my bed, opened it.

The Goddess Statue was still inside, glowing softly. I pulled it out, hid it under my bed. Soon enough, I'd figure out what it was and what it wanted, how it worked. All I needed was time.

No Richard at school again. And still no replies to my texts. A little worrying, but not overly so. It was the way Richard was. Give him a new toy to play with and he'd spend the next two weeks doing nothing but playing with it.

When, for example, he got his hands on the newest and greatest games console, Rich spent four days playing it non-stop. And I mean non-stop. Dude didn't even *sleep*. It took him literally passing out cold from sleep deprivation to end his gaming session.

Now that he had a woman he could have sex with any time he wanted, I doubted I'd be seeing him again for months - if I ever saw him again at all.

On the bright side, him not being there meant I had another chance to talk to Alexia without him getting in the way.

Maths was in the afternoon, the last class of the school day. I spent every lesson up until then planning, thinking, trying to come up with some idea on how I could get Alexia alone by herself so I could use the power on her.

I spent the entire Maths hour glancing at Alexia, checking her out and daydreaming.

She didn't have a super-model body, no starved, bony figure. Not quite plump, but plain. Her breasts weren't exactly large, but nor were they small. Everything about Alexia screamed 'Plain Jane'. Ordinary and unexceptional. And yet, somehow, she stood out all the same. Pretty, no doubt, but it was more than that. Like the air around her just felt pleasant, happy.

When class came to an end, I shot to my feet, walked over to Alexia before she could leave.

"Hi," I began, a sudden wave of nervousness taking over. "I was wondering if I could talk to you about something."

Alexia's eyebrows rose, though her kind and polite nature prevented her from being dubious or suspicious. She smiled, started packing away her class notes.

"Sure," she said, the word musical.

"It's, uh..." There were still too many people in the classroom. I needed it to be empty. Just me and Alexia. "It's private. Could we go somewhere quiet?"

Alexia blushed. I could see the assumption in her eyes.

She thought I was going to ask her out.

Most girls would have shot me down there and then, but Alexia didn't. She would never humiliate someone publicly like that. She'd go with me, thinking I was going to ask her out on a date, and then reject me in the kindest way she could.

Except I had no intention of asking.

Alexia nodded her head. "Okay."

The school roof was strictly off-limits. No one was allowed up here, not even teachers. Yet,

somehow, Alexia had a key. She led me up onto the roof, smiled widely as she took in a breath of fresh air. Then she turned to me.

"So," she said, a slightly more serious expression on her face. "What did you want to ask?"

I moved slowly, non-threateningly. My right hand lifted, palm outwards. A look of confusion and uncertainty passed over Alexia's face, but she didn't recoil as I touched her forehead.

I felt it happen. Like a glow leaving my hand, passing into her head, her skull. An invisible energy transferring from me to Alexia, consuming her brain, filling her mind. It lasted no more than an instant.

I pulled my hand away, stared into the girl's eyes.

"Don't say a word, no shouting or screaming. Make no noise at all until I say otherwise."

Alexia blinked at me.

From the look in her eyes, she thought I was a crazy person.

I felt like a crazy person.

Alexia opened her mouth to speak, but only silence followed.

Her eyes bulged, realisation and horror mingling.

"Don't run or try to get away," I commanded. "Just stay standing where you are until I tell you to move."

Fear came into Alexia's eyes next, pure terror.

She was a puppet now. My puppet. And she knew it.

I reached out a shaking hand, pressed it into the girl's chest, squeezed her breast.

Soft. Impossibly soft. It was the only thought I had in that moment. The first boob I'd ever touched. And, even through her jumper and school shirt and bra, it was so soft.

"Take your clothes off," I told Alexia. "Strip naked."

She did as I bade her, taking off each item of clothing with trembling hands. She dropped them onto the hard floor, forgotten.

I stared at her body when she was done, my cock about ready to burst out of my school trousers. I'd seen sexier bodies before, online and such. But this one was here, in front of me, all mine.

"Get onto your hands and knees," I ordered Alexia. "Rub yourself until you're wet enough for me."

I could feel my pulse in my head, a heavy beating, fast and loud. As Alexia touched and teased herself, I lowered my trousers, walked up behind her.

"You won't tell anyone about this. Ever. You won't act any differently than you usually do, you will pretend like everything is normal and, if someone does notice something's wrong, you'll lie to them and do everything you can to convince them otherwise."

Alexia refused to meet my eyes, simply stared down at her feet with empty eyes.

"You'll never betray me, or turn on me. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Alexia answered automatically.

"Okay then. You can go."

As soon as I'd said it, Alexia turned away and began walking swiftly for the roof's doorway. Within seconds, she was gone.

I turned, looked out over the school grounds.

Up here, with the view I had, I felt like a god.

There was a single person out there, waiting near the school entrance. A girl in a sports outfit. I couldn't make out her face but, even with how far away she was, I could tell she had a killer body. Fit and toned, plenty of ass and a nice pair of tits.

After a minute or two, another person appeared, coming from inside the school building. None other than Alexia.

The two girls hugged, walked away holding hands.  
I raised my left hand, stared at it.  
I'd used one of the hands, I still had another left.  
Question was, who should I use it on?