

## Roots of Control

### Chapter 3 of 4

"Have you used your hands yet?" Rich asked, seeming flustered.

I eyed him up.

First time I'd seen him in days, and the very first thing he asked about was about the strange powers we now possessed.

I shrugged. "One of them."

Rich's eyes widened, a smile spreading his lips.

All hint of him being flustered vanished, replaced with a schoolboy's excitement. "Who'd you use it on? Was it on Miss Thorn? Fuck, if I could, I'd use my power on her. Have you seen how huge those tits are? Bet she *wants* a student to bend her over her desk and-"

"Not her," I broke in. Best not let my friend get into an hour-long lecture on what he wanted to do with our maths teacher.

"Fuck," Rich grumbled. "If you had her in your pocket, I'd totally be willing to pay for a go or two. I wanna see if she's a natural redhead, if you know what I mean..."

Rich gestured at his own crotch, wiggled his eyebrows.

Yup, my best friend was still a complete moron.

"Why don't you use your second hand on Miss Thorn if you wanna fuck her that badly?"

Rich paled. "Can't."

"Why not?" I asked, though I was sure I knew the answer.

"I used both hands already."

"Who'd you use the second one on?"

My best friend glanced away.

"No-one you know," he muttered quietly.

If I knew my dumbass friend at all, he wasted the godly power he'd been given on some random woman he crossed on the street. He was all impulsiveness with no consideration for the consequences.

"What about you?" Rich spoke quickly. "Who did you use the power on?"

I looked at him, debated if I should tell him.

"Alexia," I answered after a short pause.

"The *dyke*?" Richard laughed. "Bet she *loved* that. You should get her girlfriend in on the action!"

I'd considered doing just that. Having the two lesbians as my personal playthings would be fun, no doubt. But I could only take ownership of two people. Two hands, two slaves. Did I really want to waste my second and final hand on some girl I'd never met?

She was cute and pretty and all that, and the thought of a three-way with the two gay girls was certainly fun. But not fun enough to justify wasting this final touch of power on.

Who then?

The maths teacher? Useful for ensuring good grades, not to mention every guy in school wanted to fuck her. I could be the one who lived the dream.

The rest of the girls in school were easy to rule out. I didn't know any of them, had no reason to waste the power on them.

No, the answer dwelled in the back of my mind. That silent whisper I'd been trying to ignore since all this started.

What was it that Richard had said?

*Now that's a real woman.*

My Mom.

It made sense. She was perfect for me to use the power on. I lived with her, so I'd

always have a servant close by. She was beautiful, kind, amazing. I could have whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted it. Sex before bed, blowjobs before breakfast. Anything.

But she was Mom. Could I really do that to her?

The question haunted me as Rich and I split up, went to different classes. It haunted me through lectures and lessons, all the way through the school day that question prodded at my thoughts, demanding an answer.

Only as the final bell rang did I come up with an answer.

Instead of heading home, I walked to the school's rooftop. If Alexia obeyed the command I gave her yesterday, she'd be waiting for me there today. And, seeing as it was impossible for her *not* to obey me, I wasn't surprised to find her standing there, eyes filled with contempt and hot hatred.

"I need to know the limits of this power I have," I said aloud, more to myself than to Alexia. "I can make you do physical things for me, that much is obvious."

Alexia said nothing, just glared.

"Take your clothes off," I told her to prove my point.

As she began stripping, her plain, homely body slowly coming into view as each piece of clothing dropped away. Her eyes never left mine – once kind and caring, now filled with venom.

"See?" I said. "I can make you do anything I want, so long as it's physically possible. I could tell you to give me a blowjob and you'd do it. Or I could tell you to run through the school naked, or to never tell anyone your name again, and you'd have no choice but to obey. Hell, I could tell you to jump off the roof and you would."

A flash of fear crossed Alexia's face at that.

"But what about your emotions?" I asked, thinking. "I might be able to control your actions, but can I control your emotions too? So far, I haven't tried – as evidenced by how much you hate me. But what if I could take that hatred away, make you love me?"

Interestingly, that seemed to scare her even more than the possibility of me forcing her to jump off the roof. Curious.

"What if I could change your sexuality, make you straight? Or what if I could change your memories? What if I could alter your personality entirely?"

I wouldn't go *that* far. But the question was an interesting one. How much *could* I control?

To find out, Alexia would have to be my test subject.

After all, the decision I'd made about Mom required me to know exactly what this power could do.

The thought of Mom staring at me the same way Alexia was now was heartbreaking. I couldn't do that to her, betray her like that and make her hate me. But, if I could make her love me even more, make her think it was okay for me to use her, make it so that she was happy to be used, that'd be completely different.

If I could make Mom mine, but make it so that she didn't hate or fear me, I'd do it in a heartbeat.

If I couldn't...

No, no point thinking about that. I had experiments to try out.

"Alexia, you may now speak – but not shout or try to draw the attention of anyone else. Any question I ask you, you will answer with total honesty, do you understand?"

"Yes," Alexia answered instantly, eyes bulging.

"What do you think of me as a person?"

The girl's eyes narrowed. "You're despicable. You're scum. A monster. You deserve to rot in prison and burn in hell. You're the worst person I've ever met and-"

"That's enough."

The girl's mouth shut instantly, a momentary glimmer of satisfaction in her eyes.

She'd enjoyed that.

"You hate me for what I've done to you, what I'm doing?"

"Yes," Alexia stated bluntly.

That's where we'd begin then. Seeing if I could turn that hate into something else.

"But why hate me? When I fucked you, it felt amazing for you."

"No," Alexia growled. "It didn't."

So simply stating something that wasn't true wouldn't make my slave believe it. But what about if I directly commanded her to believe something?

"Alexia, I order you to believe that me fucking you felt amazing, and that you came countless times on my cock. I order you to forget ever feeling unpleasant when my cock was inside you."

Nothing.

Alexia didn't react to my words, save for looking confused.

"Admit it," I said, crossing my fingers. "You enjoyed me fucking you, didn't you?"

The girl blushed, looked away.

"That's besides the point," she whispered. "It's still *wrong*. What you're doing is *wrong*."

She wouldn't believe that for long.

But, right now, I knew what I needed to.

I could make Mom fine with me fucking her. I could make her love me even more. Make her mine.

"Late home again," Mom noted as I walked into the house. "You've been arriving late a lot recently."

"Just hanging out with Richard," I lied. "No biggie."

A dubious expression crossed Mom's face. It seemed like she wanted to say more but, thankfully, she held back.

I smiled at her, keeping my eyes on her face. Not easy, given how hott Mom's body was. How had I not noticed how sexy she was before? All those times Rich talked about my Mom being a milf, and all the times I'd told him to shut it without ever considering his words. Mom was a milf. A extra hott milf, at that.

She had nice, voluptuous tits. Tits that, when I was a baby, I suckled on every day for milk. Maybe, with a bit of time and effort, I could get her to start lactating again.

A slender waist gave testament to how much she liked to go for quick jogs around the neighbourhood.

I focused on her bright eyes, shadowed from a lack of sleep.

Goddess, she was beautiful.

And mine.

All I needed to do was plant my left hand on her forehead, and she'd be mine completely and utterly.

No time like the present.

I stepped forward, slow and non-threatening, raised my hand and brushed a few stray strands of hair from Mom's face. A momentary look of confusion crossed her face. A moment later, I planted the palm of my hand on her forehead, not bothering to suppress the grin welling up inside me.

Nothing happened.

No rush of energy like before. No burst of power and control.

I could still feel the power given to me by the Goddess, in my left hand, It was still there.

What?

Why wasn't it working?

And why did Mom look so hurt, so *disappointed*?

That didn't make sense. How could she be hurt and disappointed? She didn't know about the power. Couldn't possibly know what I'd just tried doing to her. Not unless...

"Mother fucker," I swore, realisation blossoming, rage flooding out after it. "I'll kill him."

"Hey dude, what's-"

My fist struck Richard square in the jaw, my full weight behind the swing. Richard's feet left the ground, his entire body crashing down and crumpling. He went fetal, expecting me to continue attacking him.

"My Mom?!" I wanted to continue, to thrash him for what he'd done. Not stop until there wasn't an inch of his body that wasn't bruised and bloody and broken. "You used it on *my Mom*? You did *that* to *my Mom*? The fuck is wrong with you?"

Rich stared up at me through his fingers, clutching his jaw.

"Asshole," I growled. I wanted to kill him. To break him into a thousand little pieces. "Why? There are thousands of women out there you could have gone for. Millions. Why her?"

I knew the answer.

It was for the same reasons I'd tried to use the power on her.

But *that* was different. She was my Mom. *My Mom*. She belonged to me, not this ungrateful prick. I'd put up with so much shit for him and *this* was how he repaid me?

I wanted to kill him.

But I couldn't. There were things I needed from him. Things only he could do now. I needed him.

"Asshole," I repeated, stepping towards him.

Richard flinched, cowering before me.

I crouched over him, dragged his hands away from his face.

Rich cried out, cried for help. But no-one heard. We were alone on the street – two friends scuffling – nothing for a stranger to care about, even if there were any around.

I pinned his arms above his head using my right hand. My left hand rose, hovered over his forehead for a moment. A single second of hesitation. Then I brought it down.

Power flared, just as it had with Alexia. Energy, an unseen glow of power transferring from my hand into Rich's skull.

It was over in less than a heartbeat.

I pulled my hand away, staring down at Rich as his mind slowly comprehended what just happened.

Confusion, realisation, horror.

"Dude-"

"Silence!" I barked before the scumbag could utter another word. "From now on, you will only speak to me when I give you express permission to do so. Do you understand?"

Rich nodded his head quickly, eyes filled with terror.

I tore a sheet of paper from one of my school books, taken from the bag still slung over my shoulder. As quickly as I could, I wrote the commands. Rich followed behind me, mute and obedient.

I'd punish him soon enough. Right now, I had more pressing concerns.

Namely, Mom knew I'd tried to take control of her.

First and foremost, I needed to fix that.

My mind worked quickly, fuelled by anger and excitement and righteousness and desire all mixed together.

I handed the sheet of paper to Rich.

"The next time you see my mother, you will repeat those commands word-for-word. You will never speak to my mother again, save to speak commands that I've written for you

to give to her. You will not communicate with my mother in any way without my permission. If you are ever see my mother and I am not present, you will run as far away from her as you possibly can, and you will not stop running until you pass out from exhaustion. Do you understand?"

Rich paled, nodded his head.

He stared down at the paper, memorising each and every word.

As he read, I tore out a second piece of paper, started writing more commands.

Only when it was all done did I lead the way back to my house, back to Mom. She was probably worried. I'd left in such a rush. Or maybe she was grateful I'd left, happy that the son who'd tried to take control of her had fled.

It didn't matter, either way. Soon Mom would feel nothing but unrestrained love for me.

I walked up to my house's front door, unlocked it and entered.

As expected, Mom was waiting there, her eyes wide as she saw me step into the house. Her face paled when she saw Richard.

And, when he saw her, the words I'd written emerged from his lips.

"I order you to forget who I am. As far as your memories go, you will have no recollection of your son ever having a friend named Richard. I order you to no longer see me. Whenever you look at me, your eyes will pass over me as if I don't exist. You will no longer be aware of my presence or existence, though you will continue to hear me when I speak. I order you to forget everything I've ever done to you. I order you to forget everything you know about mind control."

Mom blinked, eyes going momentarily hazy.

Then she smiled at me, oblivious to Rich standing behind me.

"Late home again?" She smirked, all fear gone. "Spending time with your girlfriend again, I see. So when are you going to introduce me? I have so many of baby photos to share."

Mischief lit up her eyes and, just like that, my usual fun-loving Mom was back.

I handed the second sheet of paper to Rich, waited as he read the new words aloud.

"I order you to believe your son is the sexiest man you've ever met, and that you've secretly been in love with him for years. I order you to believe you masturbate almost every night thinking about him. I order you to enjoy the thought of having sex with your son. I order you to believe that mothers should sexually pleasure their sons whenever their sons ask for it."

The words were followed by utter silence.

Mom's eyes hazed over again and, when she looked at me this time, there was a warmth in them that I'd never seen before.

"Mom," I said, feeling a lot less confident that I probably sounded. "Will you please suck my cock?"

She blinked at me, blushed.

"Of- of course, honey."

And, just like that, I'd won. Everything I wanted was at my fingertips.

Mom, so beautiful and kind and perfect, walked up to me, crouched down and began unzipping my trousers. My Mom, and she was all mine.

Delicate hands gripped my stiff cock, gently squeezing and massaging it.

The look in my mother's eyes was simply amazing. Such unrestrained happiness, so much hunger and love and sheer joy at being so close to my cock.

She leaned forward, kissed it with a lover's intimacy.

Her lips were warm, soft. Tingles spread from the spot she'd pecked, warm electricity filling my body.

I closed my eyes, Rich forgotten behind me, and enjoyed every single sweet

sensation. The warm wetness of Mom's tongue as she licked my cock from base to tip, the feeling of her soft, warm hands as she cupped my balls, squeezing them softly as if trying to milk the cum from them. Her fingers toyed with my public hair, trialling around my cock, brushing and stroking it playfully.

When the tiny sensations stopped, I opened my eyes to see why, only to catch a single glimpse of my Mom's open mouth before it engulfed my dick.

Shivers of pure pleasure shot through me, warmth and excitement and pure blissful satisfaction.

The sound of Mom's slurping, the pressure around my cock as she sucked hard, thirsty for my cum.

This wasn't the inexperienced, resentful Alexia. This was nothing like her giving head.

This was Mom.

Who loved me. Who wanted to make me feel as amazing as humanly possible. Who wanted me to choke her with my cock and drown her with my cum. A woman, not a girl.

Rich had been right. Older was better.

But there were so many other girls and women out there. So many treats to taste, mouths to feel and pussies to fill.

The pleasure forced that thought aside.

In that moment, all that mattered was Mom. All that mattered was how amazing her mouth felt.

When I came, I came hard.

Mom tried to drink it all, but it was too much for her. She hunched over, coughing and choking. My cum shot out of her mouth, pooling into a puddle on the floor. More cum than I'd ever unleashed before, and that was without counting the amount that Mom had heroically drank before being overwhelmed by the flood.

I watched as Mom gasped for air, panting wildly. Like an animal.

I'd see just how much of an animal she could be soon enough.

My personal slut.

And Alexia, my right-hand bitch. I'd have to break her in too. Make her into a proper fuck-doll for myself.

Two slaves that belonged to me completely.

No, I had to remind myself. Three slaves, including Rich.

But even that was wrong. Rich had used both his hands. One on Mom and the other on Mrs Callas. Since he was mine, so too were both women he'd used the power on.

Four slaves. Not the two the Goddess had promised.

And, I realised, grinning like a madman, I could have more.

The Goddess Statue was still in my room, under my bed. All I needed to do was have one of my slaves touch it, and use their new powers to enslave two more. I might not be the direct controller of the new ones, but I'd have power over them regardless so long as I controlled *their* masters.

I could have Alexia touch the statue, use its powers on her girlfriend and another girl. Make her order the new slaves to obey and satisfy me.

In my mind, I saw an ancient tree, powerful and grand. I saw its roots growing, two roots branching into four, into eight.

That was me. I was the tree. And my slaves were the roots.

I could have it all.

Anyone I wanted.

I could have them all.

Quietly, in the back of my mind, a voice spoke. The Goddess whispering darkness

to me, thoughts of domination and control.

Another voice spoke next to it, even quieter than the soft whispers of the Goddess.

Was this really what I wanted? Using people like this?

Did I truly *want* to be this monster?

The thought made me pause. On the floor in front of me, Mom looked up at me, lines of saliva and cum around her mouth. She smiled adoringly, lovingly.

Was this what I wanted?

I didn't know. The voice of the Goddess echoed in the back of my mind, whispering promises and offering tempting ideas. The other voice spoke too, begging me to stop.

I closed my eyes, ignoring both.

What should I do?