

Roots of Control

Chapter 4 of 4

"Please, have a seat."

Miss Thorn gestured at the two empty chairs opposite her desk, signalled for us to sit.

My Mom, radiantly beautiful, did just that.

I stayed standing for a second, admiring the sight before me. I basked in the moment, the victory and power I possessed. It was all mine. Everything I wanted.

Mom wore a fancy black dress. Low cut – showing off her cleavage to any who glanced her way. And many of the students had glanced, boys and girls alike. Some with shock, others with undisguised lust, some with jealousy. If those wonderful tits didn't catch their eyes, then Mom's beautiful face most certainly had. She wore little make up, yet still seemed to lose years from her age. She'd looked young for her age already, now she looked downright youthful. The only thing that stopped people from assuming she was my sister, other than the mature dress she was wearing, was the way she walked. Confident, luxurious, proud. The walk of a woman, not a girl.

She sat with a pleasant smile on her face, knowing exactly what I'd brought her here to do – being fine with it. Happy and encouraging, even. After all, anything that made me happy, made her happier still.

Across from Mom sat Miss Thorn.

The sexy maths teacher. Barely out of school herself, clad in a white blouse with several buttons undone and a tight pencil skirt. Every guy in school must have jacked off to Miss Thorn at some point, and the slut probably knew it. No way she dressed like that every day - in outfits that showed off her figure, those wonderful tits, slim hips, and full ass – and didn't do so without knowing the effect it had on men. No, she dressed like that exactly *to* have an effect on men. A slut who wanted to flaunt herself, wanted men to ogle her.

Bright blue eyes stared at me through strands of red hair. An arched eyebrows asking the question before those full, cock-sucker lips could speak it.

I took a seat, watching both women with interest.

"Harry said you wanted to see me," Miss Thorn smiled, her eyes flickering down at Mom's outfit for a moment. "What is it you wanted to discuss?"

"Well," Mom glanced at me. "Harry has been having trouble with Maths lately. Your classes don't seem to be enough for him. So I was wondering if, perhaps, you'd be willing to give him one-on-one tutoring after school."

A glimmer of surprise entered Miss Thorn's eyes.

"I wouldn't say he's having trouble," the teacher answered diplomatically. "He is, if I recall correctly, above average in terms of grades. As long as he keeps putting the work in, I see no reason why he can't pass finals on his own. Private, personal tutoring seems a little–"

"Slut," I spoke the word calmly, a satisfied smirk on my face.

Besides me, Mom stiffened. Across the table, Miss Thorn turned shocked eyes on me.

"Brand her," I commanded.

Miss Thorn opened her mouth to say something. She never got the chance to utter the words, however. Mom shot forward, hand outstretched. Surprise shot through my teacher's face as Mom's palm made contact with her forehead. Miss Thorn flinched backwards, chair toppling over, sending her tumbling to the ground. Mom stood, looked down at her over the desk.

"I order you to not speak or move again until I give you permission to do so," Mom said, repeating the words I'd told her to speak. My commands with her voice to give them.

"For the remainder of our meeting today, you are not to attempt to draw the attention of anyone outside this room. Do you understand?"

Wide-eyed, skirt hiked up and blouse dishevelled from her fall, my teacher nodded her head.

My grin widened.

End of the school day, everyone going home. There were a few teachers left behind after classes, but Miss Thorn seemed confident none of them would interrupt. She had, during my interrogation of her, given me a lot of useful information.

One command from Mom, and Miss Thorn was now unable to answer any question of mine with anything but absolute honesty.

"The way you dress, it's because you like boys staring at your body, isn't it?"

"Yes," Miss Thorn whispered, face hidden behind a mess of red hair.

"Does it make you wet, knowing all the guys here want to fuck you, that they jerk off thinking about you?"

"Yes," my teacher whispered softly.

I could hear the shame in her voice, the defeat. She knew she couldn't escape. My commands – spoken through Mom – had seen to that. She was trapped and, even if she didn't understand it, she knew it was true.

Miss Thorn was kneeling on the floor in the same spot she'd fallen. Her pencil skirt was torn slightly on one side, a little rip in the fabric. Her body was trembling, unable to contain the fear and panic that must surely be overwhelming her.

"Don't worry," I grinned, not turning my gaze away from Miss Thorn. "I can fix that. Mom, give her the next commands."

The two women's lips met, Mom and Miss Thorn holding each other in a lovers embrace. Their breasts pressed into each other, four tits squeezed together between the two women.

I sat back in my chair, watched the fun unfold.

Mom's hands slid down to Miss Thorn's waist, pulled her closer. Miss Thorn's hands held onto Mom's shoulders, making out with Mom with the intimacy and passion of a woman in love. Neither of the two broke their kiss, neither one stopping to even breathe.

I felt my cock growing hard, could feel my excitement building as Mom's hands moved along the bottom of Miss Thorn's blouse, stopping where the first button was done up. Deftly, without needing to look, Mom undid the button, then the next – working her way up towards Miss Thorn's chest.

My teacher, getting the message, moved her hands too - tugging down the straps that held on Mom's dress.

The two women slowly undressed each other, the sound of their making-out filling the classroom. My eyes roamed over their curves, their bodies writhing and rubbing against one another. Both were unbelievably sexy. Both were mine.

Mom's black bra dropped to the floor first, her huge round tits swaying as she took a step back – breathless and panting, a deep blush spreading over her cheeks. Miss Thorn was smiling at her, chest rising and falling. My teacher's hands reached around her own back, undid the clasp on her white bra.

I stood as the white bra hit the floor, took a step towards the women. Both turned to me, backs straight.

Miss Thorn had an amazing pair of tits.

Mom's were great, don't get me wrong. But seeing the two sets in front of me, being able to compare them, I had to admit that my teacher's were the sexier pair.

Where Mom's sagged a little, had little blue veins visible beneath the skin, Miss Thorn's were perfect. Full and round and big, bouncy and perky – not even slightly saggy

like Mom. They were slightly smaller than Mom's but, other than that, Miss Thorn's tits were a ten out of ten.

"Both of you," I said, pointing at my teacher's desk. "Bend over and spread your legs."

The two women rushed to comply. Richard, at my command, had ordered Mom to obey me in everything. And Mom, being told to do so by me, had given the same order to Miss Thorn. Both women would obey me as if I'd marked them with the Goddess' Power myself.

Now to choose. Which would I impregnate first?

Not a difficult choice. I'd already pumped Mom full of cum that morning, and I'd certainly never tried Miss Thorn's pussy before. The answer was obvious.

I stepped behind Miss Thorn, placed a hand on her ass.

She wiggled it, pressed it into my hungry fingers. Firm and round, a sexy ass for a sexy slut.

Miss Thorn was still wearing her pencil skirt.

How many guys had dreamed about this exact scenario? Bending the sexy maths teacher over her desk, pulling up her skirt, ripping off her panties, fucking her in this exact spot.

I pulled her skirt up, grinning when I saw the slutty panties she was wearing. Black lace lingerie, the kind meant to be seen.

"Slut," I said, leaning over to speak into her ear. "I'm going to enjoy our private tutoring. You will too."

The woman whimpered, ass wiggling against my shaft.

Slowly, I began tugging the lace thong down her legs.

Pain and loathing fused was such a magnificent expression. The two emotions warring inside Alexia at once, hatred and anguish balanced in beautiful harmony. She couldn't look away, I'd made sure to give her that command. She had to stand there and watch.

Her girlfriend gagged. She coughed, my cock still in her mouth, continued sucking and bobbing her head.

"You're good at this," I lied. "Must have gotten some practice in one of those times Alexia smashed you with a strap-on, huh? Keep going. Don't stop."

My eyes were locked on Alexia. I saw the wince, the hurt in her eyes.

I'd make her enjoy this in time – me fucking the girl she was in love with, using her pussy as my personal fleshlight. For right now, though, I was happy watching all the wonderful emotions that Alexia was feeling. The pain, anger, hate, the grieving, the sorrow and guilt. She'd been the one who'd marked her girlfriend with the Goddess' Power. It was her who'd given the orders that resulted in this. True, I'd made her. But it was still Alexia who'd said the words.

Her girlfriend slurped on my cock, sucked on it like it was some delicious lollipop.

"Tell your girlfriend to stop sucking," I commanded Alexia.

She did as I told her. She had no choice. I turned my gaze away from Alexia, took in the sight of the athletic beauty in front of me.

Tank-top and short-shorts. Toned and tanned legs, lean and packed with power. Her arms were less muscular, but still toned and strong. More so than mine, at least. One would think a girl like her – an athletic, sporty dyke – would be some unattractive butch chick, looking more like a boy than a girl. But that was far from the case. She was cute, feminine. She had womanly curves and a pretty face, long brown hair tied back in a ponytail. Rather than making her boyish, her athleticism had only brought out her womanly figure – a slender frame with a nice round ass and a lovely pair of tits.

A body like that was wasted on a lesbian.

"What was your name again?" I asked the girl. "I can't remember."

She blushed, looked down shyly. The reaction of a girl with an all-consuming crush. Twenty minutes ago, she'd had no idea that I even existed. Listening as Alexia tearfully spoke the words that made her girlfriend fall in love with me certainly had been an interesting experience.

"Beth," The girl answered quietly, blush spreading.

"Ever had a cock inside you before, Beth? A real one, I mean. Not the fake cocks you and Alexia have played with."

The girl shook her head, still looking down.

"First time for everything," I said, eyes glancing over at Alexia. Pain and sorrow filled her gaze.

Should I make her watch as the girl she loved was fucked by someone else – a guy who'd used her, enslaved her? The thought was a cruel one, malicious. I'd been having those thoughts more and more recently. It was the Goddess, I knew. Her influence on me.

There was nothing I could do about the thoughts, the dark desires, but embrace them.

But, right then, forcing Alexia to watch as I pumped her girlfriend with cum seemed a step too far. A tad too cruel.

"Alexia," I said, thinking. "You know Hannah? Blonde bitch that everyone fawns over and sucks up to."

"Yes," Alexia answered numbly.

"Use the power in your left hand on her, give her the same commands you gave Beth. Make sure no-one else is aware of you touching or speaking to Hannah and, once it's done, tell her to follow you after school and to tell no-one else. Understood?"

"Yes," Alexia repeated.

"Go," I commanded.

A cool breeze tickled the back of my neck, chilled the sweat dripping down my back.

Beneath me, Beth gasped.

Her tank-top discarded, sports bra pushed up and out of the way. Beth's tits danced with each thrust. They bounced, jiggled, my hand sinking into one, gripping it hard. Beth didn't seem to mind. If anything, she seemed to enjoy the pain.

"Fuck," the girl groaned. "Yes!"

I leaned down, bit her shoulder. Beth gasped and sighed as I nibbled, leaving a little red mark behind when I pulled back. A little token for Alexia to find.

Beth's legs wrapped around my waist, pulling me closer.

A surprisingly cock-hungry lesbian.

Or, well, ex-lesbian now. Technically, I'd made her bisexual.

Realistically, though, the only thing I'd made her was mine.

I let my dark impulses take over, my right hand moving to the girl's throat, squeezing it. Beth's eyes bulged in ecstasy, her cunt tightening around my cock – squeezing it hungrily.

Did Alexia know her girlfriend was such a pain-loving slut? A true masochist?

If not, she'd find out soon enough.

I pushed back, pulled out of Beth and released her throat.

She panted, gasped, coughed.

Before the girl could react, I grabbed her hips, rolled her over onto her stomach and moved up behind her.

One hand on each cheek, I spread her ass open.

If the girl wanted pain, I was more than happy to provide it for her.

I took hold of my cock, lubricated with the creamy fluids of Beth's deliciously tight pussy, and guided it to Beth's puckered anus. A shiver ran through the dyke when my cock's head came into contact with her skin – when she realised what I was about to do.

She didn't object. Didn't say a word. Just let out a quiet, whimpering moan.

I pushed forward.

Beth groaned, body shuddering, as my cock disappeared into her. I could feel the quivering around cock, feel the heat of her insides pressing down on it. I continued pushing, burying ever inch inside the girl's hole.

"Fuck," Beth groaned, moving her hips in sync with my thrusting. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Too loud.

It was lunch time at school. People were around, and someone might hear the slut moaning.

I did the only thing I could think of. I grabbed the boyshorts Beth had been wearing, leaned forward and gagged her with them. And, just for good measure, I pushed her head down, face to the floor.

Muffled moans and groans filled the school rooftop. Loud, but not so loud that anyone but me would hear.

Much better.

Beth trailed behind me as I walked through the front door, a smile spreading my lips at the greeting awaiting me.

Mom and Miss Thorn, Alexia and Hannah, even Richard's neighbour Mrs Callas was there. All of them on their hands and knees. All of them wearing the sluttiest undies each one owned.

Mom wore black lingerie, tits held snugly, nipples visible through slits in the fabric. Miss Thorn wore red, a one-piece that was barely more than a few strings of red stretched from shoulders to crotch – it covered the important bits, but only barely. Mrs Callas wore a colourful bikini, the type too skimpy to be worn out and about – tiny triangles to cover her nipples and something that would put most thongs to shame.

Alexia was far more moderate. Pink bra and matching panties, not particularly sexy, but good enough. Better than Hannah, at least. For the first time seeing the school's idol in her undies, I must admit, I was disappointed. Functional, boring white panties with a blue bra that lacked any and all sex appeal. True, she hadn't woken up this morning knowing she was supposed to dress to impress – but even so.

Beth walked passed me, joined the other women grovelling on the floor.

Richard would be around somewhere – in some side-room or out back.

I still hadn't forgiven him for his actions against Mom. Nor would I be forgiving him any time soon. He'd been forbidden from having sex, from masturbating or pleasing himself in any way. With all these beautiful, pretty, sexy women around, the prick must be blue-balled to the extreme.

I'd make sure he could hear how much fun I was having with them.

"Welcome to the club, Hannah," I said, eyeing the new girl.

She was beautiful, no denying that. Amazingly attractive, with the face of a world-class model. The body of one, too. All skin and bones, small perky tits and no ass to be seen. Why everyone was so obsessed with her, I had no idea. Was it the graceful way she moved and spoke? The fact that her family was stupidly wealthy? Or was it just the stunning, distant beauty of her face?

I set the thought aside. It didn't matter.

"Hannah, Mom. You two with me. The rest of you, play with each other. Particularly you, Alexia – be a good girlfriend and suck the cum out of Beth's ass for me."

They moved instantly, all but Alexia happy to follow my orders. I'd give her new commands eventually, make her fall in love with me as much as I had with the others. When torturing her got boring, I'd make her want me just as much as her girlfriend now did.

Hannah glided over to me, graceful even in a state of almost full nudity. She didn't

blush, though those icy blue eyes held intense admiration and affection. Not a shy girl, but a confident one. One used to having everything she wanted.

"Suck my cock," I commanded her.

How would she react when, after getting my cock hard and expecting me to fuck her with it, I turned away from her and fucked Mom instead?

Only one way to find out.

Distantly, I heard a woman's laughter. A joyous, wicked thing.

The Goddess, I knew, was pleased.

She'd found her perfect right-hand man.