

Master of Time 202

Chapter 202 The Start of Sweet Revenge

And as for why I have to actually ask my mother about the car again, it is because the Commandment is most effective when it is used to give a command, not to request something.

It is called a Commandment for a reason, and that is something George Collins did not fully understand or grasp, thus failing spectacularly to accomplish more despite having such a godlike ability.

I suppose that George isn't as smart as he has given himself credit for, but then again, if he has resorted to using his ability smartly, he might have come under the radar of Hydra.

Me, in other word.

And things wouldn't turn out like this.

In any case, it is somewhat disappointing, considering that I have to follow some of his idiotic ideas as I relive his life, just so the memory does not get reset once more, sending me back to the hospital bed to start my journey all over again.

How annoying. How fucking annoying.

I sigh inwardly and accept the car keys from my mother.

Sure. I could have demanded it from her instead of request it, but it just doesn't feel right when she has sacrificed so much to raise me.

My mother is also wrong about Helen being my girlfriend. Helen is not, and as much as I have bragged about it to everyone, it doesn't really change the truth.

"I will, mum. I will."

I assure my mother and then head out of the house, leaving her to her things. There is no need to test my newfound power on her any further today, as the original George Collins did not.

He will eventually give in to his lust in the upcoming days, just as I will have to.

I am so horny at the moment. So very horny.

Just imagine what it is like to walk around with a huge hardon. A hardon that doesn't go away even if I have masturbated so many times. Never thought I would have to do that again. Seriously.

And as I get into the car, I take a look at the house once more.

It is quite an impressive place, and it is strange that my mother could afford it with her meager salary, and if I don't do anything, she will not be able to keep up with mortgage.

Luckily, I do have the power to do something now.

Nevertheless, there is obviously more to this house than meet the eyes, given the previous owner and all the gatherings happening there. There are also a lot of interesting books in the library.

Books on the occult, not to mention whatever interesting secret being buried within its wooden walls, above in its moldy ceilings and beneath its timber floorings.

I guess I will explore all of that once I finally escape from this memory.

Nothing bad happens to my mother and me when living there, so there isn't any need for concern. At least I shouldn't worry too much about it at the moment.

I drive the car to the nearby mall afterwards, and once I am there, I start heading towards a cloth shop at a casual pace. It is where Helen works, and if the sequence of events remains unchanged, she should be working there at the moment.

But I am unsure. It is very hard to remember exactly what happen, considering that I am currently just a normal human, not an evolved human.

Having a perfect memory is so useful, especially when Selene is there to inform me on things should I forget. That is because the human brain can store so much before it becomes detrimental, thus I store nonimportant stuff digitally.

"Hello. Can I help you with something?"

A very attractive blond asks me when I approach her. She is in her early twenties with nice legs and a pair of breasts. Firm and supple.

I smile at her before speaking up.

"Yes, Helen, is it? I am looking for some thongs for my mother. Can you show me some?"

Helen didn't seem to remember me, as she has never truly paid any attention to me back in school. It is more of me stalking her and gifting her things, all in order to get into her pants.

Also, it is not really possible to get close to her due to her boyfriend at the time. He is still her boyfriend from what I recall.

"You are buying thongs for your mum?"

Helen questions me with a hint of disgust in her expression, but I suppose it is expected, considering I am not that attractive. I would never be attractive, but at least I am not super fat right now. I still am still pretty fat though.

Sweaty too.

"Yes. Is there a problem?"

I question calmly and composedly. It is a deviation from the original memory, but I am not going to be all shy and stupid because I have grown out of that hundreds of years ago, relatively speaking.

"No. It is just weird. Please come. I will show you some. But don't run your hands over it if you're not going to buy it."

Helen shows me an aisle filled with lovely thongs. Sexy ones. A lot more sexier than I had imagined for this time period. I guess I never really pay much attention to this sort of things.

As I look at each one, I could see the disgust in her eyes. That is because I am a man in a woman shop, even if I have stated that I am buying for my mother. It doesn't really matter really.

"Are you done yet?"

Helen questions afterwards, becoming more and more annoyed with each passing moment. She didn't want someone like me in her shop, especially when I spend way too long checking out the thongs.

I actually want to buy some for my mother, just because I want her to be comfortable with her body and feel desirable. It is a bit weird, considering that I am her son.

"Not yet, Helen. May I ask do you wear these? How comfortable are they?"

I question without resorting to my power. It is merely another test since I do want to fully understand what I can actually do with this power.

"No. Don't ask me those kinds of question, you creep."

Helen responses and decides to show me the door.

I smile faintly as my eyes flicker a little.

"You don't really remember me, do you, Helen?"

I question. This is also deviation from the original memory, but it is a fine deviation since I have tested out these things while I was in the hospital, when a reset isn't as severe as it is now.

"I don't know any creep like you. Please leave or I will call someone."

Helen responses and about to call someone to her aid.

Even though that there are really no other customers in the store, there are plenty of people outside who would rush to her protection, especially against someone like me.

With that alone, I suppose Helen deserves her fate, as most of them do.

As Maximilien Maxwell, I have killed plenty of people for speaking to me that way when I am trying to figure out how to deal with them like a normal humane person.

Honestly, why do I even bother, as all of them actually deserve what will happen to them. At least for Helen, she gets to live a life luxury as Mrs. Collins. She doesn't have to do anything more than burning money day in and day out.

If possible, I rather that doesn't happen.

"Helen. I am a customer, and you should treat me like one. You should answer all of my questions with a smile on your face. You should try to do everything you can regardless whatever I request to make me leave this shop utterly satisfied."

I tell her flatly. It is not exactly the same thing that George had asked her, but it is more or less resulted in the same thing. Probably.

If not, I could always give her a new command.

"Yes. I am so sorry. How can I help you?"

Helen response. A smile on her face. A beautiful smile. This is much better.

"I will as you again, Helen. Do you wear these thongs? And how comfortable are they?"

I question while trying to hide my erection. It is kind of hard since I am kind of packing.

"Yes. I do wear these thongs. They are quite comfortable. Your mother would love them."

Helen answers. She is completely submissive now. Her freedom is still there, but it has been modified by me through the use of the Commandment. It is as easy as that.

"Interesting, but I need more convincing. Please take me to a changing room and show me it?"

I request her, and Helen obviously has no choice but to do so, as the command take hold of her mind, just like something out of Code Geass. That is an anime.

"Sure thing. Right this way."

Helen leads me over to the changing rooms, as I watch the curve of her ass swish back and forth under her tight skirt. Even after a decade in the future, she still retains her attractive figure.

"Please come inside."

Helen shows me into a dressing room and steps in afterwards.

Once the door closed behind her, she unzips her skirt and lets it fall on the floor to reveal the beautiful thongs that she is wearing. It is black, and it is fucking sexy as hell.

My cock nearly jumps out of my pants, not that I wouldn't mind. I really want to free it from its current confines. Let it have its fun, and maybe then, I can think clearly.

"Alright. That is very sexy. Please turn around, so I can see the back?"

I request.

Helen did what I have asked, turning around and allowing me to see two beautiful white globes being split by a piece of black material, disappearing between them.

And before I realize it, my hand is running over ass, cupping her round cheeks, enjoying their firmness in all of their glory. My fingers soon run along the thin material stretched into the crevice.

"That is nice. Very nice. You don't mind taking it off, so I can examine it closer, do you? Actually, please take everything off."

I question with a smile.

"No. I don't mind at all."

Helen bends forward, stripping right out of her thong in one quick motion while I take a seat and enjoy the strip show.

It is a strip show.

And knowing exactly what she thinks of me as a person actually makes this a lot more enjoyable.

Helen never expects to do something like this for someone like me, but she has to even if she did not like it very much. The appalled expression on her face shows exactly what she is feeling.

Once Helen is done stripping and standing there naked, allowing me to examine her body and seeing her perky tits with rosy areolas and pink nipple, I couldn't help but rubbing my erection.

"You don't mind if I check out your body, would you?"

I question and stand up straight.

"No. I don't mind. Please go ahead."

Helen responses with a rather forced smile, allowing me to cup her impressive tits and run my fingers over her nipples. I then proceed to fondle them to my heart desire.

"So, Helen. Are you still with Brandon?"

Helen looks at me, puzzling before answering my question. She obviously is still with Brandon, the dick from high school, but she is unsure how I know that from her expression.

I suppose I should take one step at a time, to make sure she turns out the same as when George Collins did it in his past.

"I actually go to the same high school as you, Helen. I dream of being your boyfriend and try constantly to get your attention, but you never pay me any mind. In fact, you even tell your boyfriend to beat me up, and even after a severe beating, I still cannot help but dream about being your boyfriend."

I point out, and I note the surrounding ripple slightly. That means I am telling her way too much, thus it will cause the memory to reset.

"Oh. I didn't know. What was your name? It is not that creep George, is it?"

Helen questions as I continue to explore her body with my hands, not answering her question. Not yet anyway.

"You did not answer my question, Helen. Are you still with Brandon?"

I restate my question, basically changing the subject. It is fine like this.

"Yes. I am still with him."

Helen answers me as I pinch her nipples, pulling hard enough to cause her to gasp.

"Do you have sex with him? Give him head? And if so, do you swallow it like a whore?"

I question, thinking a blowjob is in order. I would love to see the expression on her face as she has my cock between her lips and swallow what I will give her. It is sweet revenge.

"Yes. I do have sex with him and give him head. Sometimes I swallow his cum, but I really don't like it, but I will do it because he likes it when I do."

Helen answers me truthfully as I run my hand along her ass while the other one running up and down her slit. Her very beautiful slit. Brandon must have enjoyed sliding and out of this slit immensely.

"That is nice. Do you receive as well as give?"

I question.

"No."

Helen answers with a frown. That does sound like him, at least from what I know.

"That sucks, Helen. Brandon should have given you as much as you give him, but don't worry, I will in his stead, so you can truly enjoy yourself. Now orgasm for me."

I answer before slipping my fingers in and out of her cunt, producing the desired effect.

"Oh!"

Helen gasps as her legs clench together, grabbing hold of my hand and keeping my fingers inside her pussy before oozing juices all over my hands, and as her body shivers, her tits sway side to side.

Now that is interesting. She actually orgasms because I tell her so.

It seems that I can give her body any sort of command, and it will try its best to carry out the command, including stop functioning, probably. I will have to test that, but not now, as I need to release.

My cock is so hard that it is starting to hurt.

"Alright, Helen. I know that you don't want to, but I am currently a paying customer, so you must keep me happy. In order to do that, I want you take out my cock and give me the best blowjob you can, and don't forget to swallow because you will be doing that a lot."

I tell her Helen, and the moment I did, she drops down in front of me and unbuckles my belt.

"I am only doing this because you're a customer."

Helen tells me as she pulls down my pants then then maneuver my boxer over my stiff cock. It is really happy to be freed, as shown by its excited bobbing.

"Wow. That is a big cock you have."

Helen compliments.

"Bigger than your boyfriend?"

I question and wonder whether it is because of Erosire or not. I don't remember my cock really being that big, at least before I pick up the coin with a bloody hand.

My blood is probably what activated the medallion, thus summoning the Primordial Sin of Lust. There are two more medallions somewhere in the United States. Great. Just great.

"Definitely bigger than my boyfriend."

Helen confirms as she takes my cock in her hand and rubs her tongue all over it, licking it up and down on the side, and when it is coated completely in her saliva, she slips her lovely lips over the mushroom head and pump it rapidly in and out of her mouth.

"That is nice. You truly are an expert at sucking cock, Helen. How many have you sucked?"

I question.

"I don't remember, but a lot. Mostly my boyfriend's friends."

Her slender hands start gently fondling and caressing my huge balls as her hot tongue expertly works its magic on the underbelly of my cock. She is truly a great cock sucker, as she has been sucking many cocks.

It is to the point that I am unable to hold on for long.

"Ugh!"

With a roar, I blast my load into her mouth, and even so, she continues to suck me as if nothing really happens, swallowing my seeds without spilling any at all.

That is impressive since I swear that I must have cum a lot.

It feels like a lot.

And once my cock deflates a little, Helen slides her mouth off me and then stands up as if it is basically a task to her. She even licks her lips and smiles.

"There. Are you satisfied?"

Helen questions, making me narrow my eyes before chuckling.

"No. Not quiet, Helen. It is still rock hard, so you didn't really do a good job."

I tell her and point my cock. It seems like I can cum plenty, so pretty much the same as my actual body with its biological augmentation. That is a good thing, as I want to fuck this bitch silly.

Helen looks at my cock before getting on her knees again. She will be doing that a lot for me, and she doesn't know it at the moment.

Her hands wrap around my cock once more and start pumping me with all the intention of making me fully hard.