

Master of Time 204

Chapter 204 Other Ways to Use Commands

And just like I had told Helen then, I did come and see her again over the course of many days, always at her workplace, and it is all in order to relieve me of my constant boner.

My very massive boner.

It couldn't be helped, really, considering the curse.

And Helen is more than happy to help me with my problem and then wears my special brand of facial cream without any hesitation whatsoever afterwards.

No one within the store even raises any question about that as I didn't allow them to. There is no need for them to point it out when it will cause deviations, causing a reset.

Everyone around Helen believes everything is normal, as normal as it could be with me often dropping by the place and fucking one of their coworkers into a drooling mess. Heh. That is pretty unusual, but it isn't like they can say anything about it.

Fucking Helen like a slut that she is, is also very pleasurable, a lot more pleasurable than I had given it credits for, initially.

But I suppose that sex has always been pleasurable to me even if it has more to do with my physiology.

As my real body become more and more biologically advanced thanks to the nanomachines within my bloodstreams, there is a need to spread my genes. A biological impulse of sort, really.

It is pretty much the same as my children. My evolved children anyway.

Actually, not really.

It is natural for a human male to have the desire to impregnate as many females as possible, to create as many offspring with his genes.

And while society might have changed as civilizations evolve, the natural biological drive within a male human does not change. As long as the woman looks young enough and healthy, she is desirable.

The said woman honestly does not need to be intelligent, talented, socially aware, or in any way have a brain. In fact, the dumber she is, the better since the criteria for mating are likely to be less extensive.

That is also true with me, but I stress mating, not actual having a relationship.

I honestly prefer people with a brain, as it makes conversation with them more interesting, but just to spread my genes, they don't really need to be.

They just need to be a good mother, capable of birthing and caring for my child afterwards.

In any case, I wonder what happen to my actual body when I am being trapped here in this inescapable memory as George Collins. Being forced to live his life too.

Selene will keep my body alive for me indefinitely even if it is braindead. Possibly.

And if something happens to my body, I can always undo it with my power.

But then again, what could really happen. Someone takes it for a joyride?

That might be a problem. It is also a problem that I cannot do anything at the moment, being trapped in this memory and all.

Damn.

While I am just following what George had done in the past with deviations here and there because it is boring to repeat, I did learn quite a bit about this Commandment ability, especially about its primary strengths as well as its weaknesses.

Its strength isn't lie in the ability to mind control others, allowing me to fuck any beautiful woman into my personal cumdump.

No. Its strength is in the ability to force the mind of others to become far more than what it is.

For example, if I command someone to be smart, they will actually try to be smarter by finding way to do so. This could involve hitting the library or going to college to study.

The same if I tell them lose weight or become good at something.

I actually command my mother to lose weight, as it is healthier for her to be fit, amongst other things of course.

And that is more than what George did despite having this ability for many years. He just never thinks outside the box, out of fear or whatever.

There are also quite a lot of weaknesses with this ability, but most of the weaknesses it has can easily be bypassed with specific commands. Of course, I rather not give more commands than I need, as the more I use it, the more hornier I become.

I am already pretty horny, especially around my mother, who I have a strong familial connection with.

"Hi mum. How is it going?"

I greet my mother when she comes up from the basement after workout. Her kind of insane workout due to my command. She will continue to work out until I tell her to stop.

That is one of the weaknesses with this power. More like a fault, really.

I have to be very specific with my command, as commanding someone to lose weight actually means more like: lose all of your weight in any way you can, including not doing anything to gain more weight like eating or drinking.

That means my mother would starve herself to death and exercise until she dies, just like if I only really tell someone to become smarter and only that.

What is the definition of smarter? It is to be more intelligent than they current are, which is impossible because they cannot be smarter than they currently are.

Therefore, I have to be more specific, telling them to be smarter than someone, which is possible, but not nearly enough since that someone can be someone they could never surpassed.

This Commandment doesn't do the impossibilities, at least realistically speaking.

People under the effect of the Commandment will try to carry out any command to the best of their ability even if it kills them.

Yeah. It is pretty dangerous. Very dangerous, especially when misused.

"Exhausted, Georgie."

My mother answers before hammering her sweaty shoulders. I have made sure that she does exercise regularly to lose weight, but at the expense of her health.

I also give her a goal, like what weight she should be aiming more since the human body have to retain a minimum weight to remain alive.

"Here, sit down, and let me help relieve some tension."

I tell my mother without needing to resort to the ability.

That is because I have given her a command to always listen to me and do whatever I ask of her from now on regardless of what it is.

And while that command does sound like a double-edge sword, it is really up to me whether that said sword will be able to skewer anyone. It shouldn't if I choose my words correctly.

Honestly, I wonder why Lelouch of Code Geass didn't resort to something like that. It feels like one of those crappy plot-holes that are there, just so there is a story to be told.

How annoying.

If I was Lelouch himself, I would have said something along the line of this:

You will listen and obey me from now on until such time that I release you from this obligation. Anything that I ask and request of you, you will do it to the best of your ability without any question unless it is impossible to accomplish the request within the criteria that I have specified. You will retain all of the memory and knowledge of what you did, but you will not find any strangeness or faults within them, as you will believe everything you did are by your own will and power.

I actually use something similar to control my mother and pretty much anyone I have to take revenge on. It is just simpler that way. Of course, I do modify it now and again due to everyone being different from everyone else.

"Well, thank you, Georgie. Such a gentleman."

My mother responds before taking a seat I offer, allowing me to massage her shoulders, finding how tensed and stressed her muscles are especially under her shoulder blades.

"You are doing great, mum. Just continue this routine daily, and I can assure you that you will be one hell of a mother that I like to fuck."

I compliment her with half-joke and half-truth. I will fuck her, as George did. It is not possible to deviate from that if I ever want to reach the end of this memory and break out of this place.

"Really, Georgie?"

My mother questions and leans right back against the chair.

"Yes, mum. You are one hell of a Milf, at least to me. Now, just relax all the muscles in your body and let me do the rest."

I tell her. It isn't a command, but it does force her body to relax due to my previous command. All the tensions and stresses within her muscles also go away due to her body tries to comply.

That is not the only thing that the Commandment can do, yet I am sure that most people use it to get laid. I call those people dickheads as they think with their dick instead of their brain.

I guess I am one sometimes, not that I mind in those moments, really.

"That feels great, Georgie. Feels a lot better than when I try to relax myself."

My mother responses.

"Oh? What do you usually do to relax, mum? Tell me the truth."

I ask my mother while continue to rub her shoulders despite already telling her body to dispel any and all of the tensions and stresses.

"I masturbate."

That causes me to arch my brow.

While I don't recall everything in my memory, especially about the specific words that were said, I just didn't remember this part at all. It is probably new. A deviation.

"You masturbate to relax, mum?"

I question and look around the room, seeing if there is any ripple. There isn't, meaning that this doesn't really affect the outcome.

In fact, a lot of things within the house do not affect the overall outcome of this memory. Reset seems to only trigger when other people are not behaving like they suppose to after having a run in with me.

"Yes. Ever since that I left him like you wanted, that has been my option. My only option."

My mother answers me.

"And I am glad that you did. He is an asshole, hurting you and spending your money. I don't even know why you had stayed with him for so long, but enough about that. Do you need to masturbate now?"

I question just out of curiosity.

"Yes. That would help a lot, and it feels good to have an orgasm."

My mother answers, completely unconcerned about what she is revealing to me. In her mind, it is quite normal. Or as normal as it could be.

"Alright, mum. You are going to have an orgasm now. One as powerful as any when you masturbated."

That is also possible with the Commandment. Telling her body what to feel or behave. It does open a lot of interesting doors for me to explore. Mostly very perverted doors.

Since I am going to relive this memory, I might as well enjoy it, huh.

As soon as I tell my mother that, she tenses up and squeezes her knees together. Her cunt immediately squirts around the chair while her hands fly up to her tits, mauling them as her head throws back.

"Oh! Oh, fuck! Oh my God! Oh!"

My mother screams in orgasmic delight, doubling over and rocking in the chair, moaning and rubbing her legs together. Her body convulses violently, and she slumps downwards in the chair with both her legs wide apart. Her arms hang to her side. Her chest heaving.

"How was it?"

I question once my mother catches her breath.

"It was wonderful. Oh God. Did I just orgasm in front of you?"

My mother questions, and I only smile.

"It is fine, mum. You deserve it. Now, you should go upstairs and then take a good nap for the rest of the morning. When you wake up again, you will feel refreshed and relaxed. I will be out for a bit, and I might not be home tonight, so don't wait for me. Enjoy yourself."

I tell my mother as she cocks her head up to me.

"Yes. I think I will do that. Thank you for your help, Georgie. You are such a good son."

My mother tells me as she gets up from the chair, wobblily. I help her as it was quite a powerful orgasm that she had, and as soon as she takes a step, she looks down at her shorts, finding there is a wet circle in the crotch of her white shorts.

Her face immediately goes red.

"Don't worry, mum. It is fine. You can masturbate whenever you feel the need to from now on without worrying about me. It is very natural."

I tell my mother, fully realizing what I have ordered her to do. It cannot really consider an order since she actually wants to do it herself.

"That would be great, Georgie. I'm think I am going upstairs now to masturbate now."

My mother tells me and hastily heads out of the kitchen, making me chuckle. I swear that she can be cute sometimes. Alright. Most of the time.

This is my mother-complex creeps up on me again, and I need to get rid of this huge erection. It is kind of painful, and luckily enough, I have someone to take revenge on today.

It obviously isn't Helen this time around, as I need to grow my harem. My harem! I didn't think of that, but it really is my harem. My harem of beautiful women who deserves it.

Funny how that works out, huh.