

Saint Sylvie's Academy

Chapter 1

Faith had always been an important part of my life, right from the moment of my conception. My father was as devout as they come, my mother not far behind. They were the type of Christians that took pride in the fact my first word was 'amen'. Which is to say, the type that placed their faith above all else.

They're the ones that started me down the path to becoming a priest, supporting me along the way and pulling strings to get me my current placement.

Saint Sylvie's Academy.

As far as I'm aware, there was no Saint Sylvie. None at all.

And, given the sheer number of saints there are, a giant pool of names to choose from, I found it odd that the founders of this establishment chose the imagined Sylvie. I bit of research later, and it all became crystal clear.

Sylvie D'Evron. The name of the academy's founder.

Another lesson in human hubris and vanity.

Regardless, I could not turn the job offer down. What else could I do? Work in a shop? Become a builder? Get a job in some random office environment? All I knew was scripture, and the preaching of it.

So there I sat, in a too-large office with two women.

The first was older, late forties to early fifties. Black hair with a few greying strands, tied into a tight bun. Creases at the corners of her eyes but none near her lips. Not someone who smiled a lot, then. She was dressed conservatively; an outfit that looked like it might have been fashionable a few centuries ago, black and white and devoid of colour and life. She wore a neck brooch in the shape of a crucifix.

The other was younger, early to mid twenties. Looking enough like the first that it was safe to assume they were related. Unlike the older woman, this one didn't look so stern or grumpy. She smiled softly as I entered the office, her face alight with easy-going happiness. While dressed conservatively too, she at least was more modern. Business suit top with long skirt; black and white like the other, but with little hints of colour here and there. A bright flower-print silk scarf, a pink biro pen poking out of a pocket. She looked much friendlier than her counterpart, and much more beautiful.

"Welcome, Father Joseph," the older woman started, "to Saint Sylvie's Academy for Young Women. I trust the journey wasn't too difficult?"

"Joe is fine," I smiled. "And not difficult at all. It was a pleasant countryside drive. Very relaxing."

"Indeed," the older woman said, not bothering to return the smile. "I must say that you come highly recommended, Father Joseph. Personally, I would have preferred someone older, more experienced, to administer to Saint Sylvie's Academy. But the Lord has seen fit to thrust you upon me, and now there is little I can do but accept you here."

The older woman stared hard at me, the younger smiling a silent apology my way.

"I am Ida D'Evron, Owner and Matron of Saint Sylvie's Academy for Young Women. You will refer to me as Matron D'Evron. This," she said, gesturing to her now embarrassed counterpart, "is my daughter, Eve D'Evron. She is Mistress of Dormitories and the person you will go to should you have any queries or concerns."

"Now, let's discuss your duties and what is expected of you here..."

"I'm sorry about that. My mother can be..." Eve searched for the right word, struggled.

Can be a bit of a bitch? Yeah, I noticed.

"Stern," I suggested, smiling serenely.

"Exactly," Eve breathed a deep sigh. "She can be stern sometimes. Most of the time. You get used to it."

We walked in silence for a while, footsteps echoing through the deserted stone corridors. The students wouldn't be arriving until tomorrow. Right now it was just staff occupying the expansive estate.

Saint Sylvie's Academy was old. A few hundred years, at the very least. Made from cold stone and located way out in the middle of nowhere. The entire place felt medieval. And not just the building materials. Much of the curriculum of the place seemed focused on medieval ideas. Woman belongs at home, should know how to cook and clean, obedience and subservience to husbands. And, of course, emphasis on worship and devotion to God.

"So, uh, Joe," Eve said, breaking the silence. "You don't mind if I call you Joe, do you?"

I smiled, shook my head. "Not at all."

Wherever *Matron D'Evron's* stern attitude came from, it was not genetic. Eve seemed almost an opposite of her mother. Outgoing and eager to smile. The Matron's attitude seemed to embarrass her pretty daughter.

"Your room is just down the hall from here. Your assistant should be along shortly to brief you on everything, give you your schedule for tomorrow, answer your questions, and so on. Her name is Hannah."

Hannah, eh? My own personal assistant. And a woman at that.

My sleeping area was attached to my office, a door splitting public from private. The living area came complete with bathroom and shower, large central room with an equally large bed, and a balcony overlooking the Academy's courtyard.

It was a nice view. Beautiful, even. The countryside around Saint Sylvie's Academy was all woodland, a single line cut through the woods in the form of a long road. From where I stood, I could look down to where that road met the parking area of the Academy. There were only a handful of cars there. Just over a dozen. A lot of empty space.

If that didn't sum up where I was right now, where I was going to live for the next few months, detached from the world, then nothing could. Empty space. Isolated.

Students weren't allowed electronics. No phones, no contact with the outside world except on certain specific days. No televisions or computers. Barely any modern technology at all.

It was, in a word, perfect.

There was a wooden thumping sound behind me. Someone knocking on the door that connected the office to my living quarters.

My assistant had arrived.

The woman introduced herself as Hannah Lori. Mid-thirties by the look of her, short, petite. She had dirty blonde hair, short and neat. Her outfit was, as anticipated, conservative. Small breasts and a firm-looking rear end.

We talked for a time about my duties the following day. Prayers and greeting the new students, a speech about the Almighty and virtues etc etc, more prayers. It seemed like most of the day would be praying about one thing or another. Thanking God for the safe arrival of the students, blessing them, praying over the food and thanking God for providing. More prayers afterwards, prayers for clear minds and open hearts, prayers for supper, prayers that the students would sleep well and wake up eager for learning.

A lot of asking and thanking the invisible for that which the invisible would not do and had not done. That was what life would be like for me for the next few months.

Still, the job would have its perks.

My eyes settled on Hannah Lori, searching, evaluating.

Much as I'd be expected to do here at Saint Sylvie's Academy, I did not need an assistant. And, if I did, there was no need for the D'Evron clan to spend money employing one - I could simply have assigned one of the students to be an assistant.

No, I'd been given an assistant for another reason. Miss Hannah Lori was here to keep an eye on me.

Two men worked at the Academy. Myself and one other. The groundskeeper, an old married man who lived in a little house off Academy grounds. I was the only human with a penis residing inside the walls of Saint Sylvie's Academy.

Matron D'Evron evidently believed a man alone with scores of women could not be trusted to keep his hands to himself.

It wasn't just the assistant that she'd sent either. My office and sleeping quarters were set apart from everything and everyone else, it seemed. Located in a deserted wing of the estate, all alone.

Uppity cunt. Stupid bitch. In trying to prevent me from doing whatever I liked, all she'd done was aid me.

"Would you like to pray with me, Hannah?" I asked when our conversation began shifting from work-related to casual.

She smiled at me. "Yes, Father."

"Excellent," I smiled back. "I'd like to show you a special kind of prayer, designed to calm and relax. I'm sure it will prove invaluable for you to know in the coming weeks, as the students adjust to their new surroundings."

Hannah raised her eyebrows, curious.

I knelt on the ground, told her to do the same. She knelt in front of me, hands clasped together in the traditional prayer gesture. Smiling comfortingly, I held her hands in mine, began talking her through the steps.

"The key is to let go of everything but this moment. We are going to be forging a spiritual connection with the Lord; a pure and peaceful thing. Trust in Him to guide you. All you need to is follow, allow Him to lead you. Close your eyes, Hannah. Listen to my voice, let it be the beacon which guides you. Let go. That's right. Relaxed, calm. Listen to my voice as I show you God..."

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Hannah blinked her eyes open, her mind blank, hazy. For the briefest of moments, she forgot where she was, what she was doing. But the fog lifted, and she knew, remembered.

It had been like a dream, communing with Almighty God.

What He'd said, she couldn't quite remember. It was as if the words were there, familiar to her, but out of reach. She tried and tried, but she could not force herself to remember those holy words. And yet, she didn't need to.

She knew. In her soul, she knew the Lord's will.

"How do you feel?" The voice was one she knew, the new priest for Saint Sylvie's. And yet, for a moment, she thought she could hear God once more.

"Amazing," Hannah breathed.

And it was true. As if her soul itself was singing.

She wished everyone could experience this feeling, this contentedness. She wished she could tell everyone about Father Joseph's special prayer. But she couldn't. She wasn't to tell a single soul. The Lord didn't want her to tell anyone, had commanded her not to.

And she would obey, taking the secret to her grave.

"Do you remember anything?" Father Joseph asked. He sounded eager, but also uncertain.

Hannah shook her head, a silent no.

The Father smiled. "That's normal. The Lord our God speaks in a language that mere mortals cannot perceive. But His commands remain even if we do not understand the words He gives them in, yes?"

Hannah nodded.

There was so much she wanted to ask, to know. But she was not to speak about the special prayer to anyone.

"Well then," Father Joseph said, standing. "Would you like to continue with the second prayer?"

The second prayer. She knew what that was. God had told her what she should do, that it would bring her closer to Him. How did Father Joseph know, though?

It was a silly question. He was a priest. Of course he'd know God's will and command.

Nervous now, Hannah nodded her head again.

Father Joseph opened his black robe, revealing the black trousers and white shirt underneath. A moment later, his trousers were down and his cock was out, hard as wood.

Cock. It was the first time Hannah had ever thought that word.

It was God's will that she call a man's parts that. Cock and balls. Not penis and testicles. They were a cock and balls.

And, true servant of the Lord that she was, Hannah followed His will now. Delicately, almost reverently, she took Father Joseph's cock into her mouth.

She'd never tasted a man's cock before. It was not what she was expecting.

Father Joseph's cock tasted like skin. She'd been expecting something more, something different. But, at least at the start, it tasted no different than if she'd licked the back of her hand.

Soon, however, a new taste appeared. Faint at first, but quickly becoming potent. Bitter, not quite sour but certainly not sweet. It tasted odd, but not bad.

Minutes passed, Hannah slowly gaining confidence as she moved her lips and tongue over the Father's cock, worshipping it with her mouth as the Lord had commanded. She sucked on it, slipped it out of her mouth to kiss it. She filled her mouth with it. Father Joseph's cock pressed into the back of the throat, pushed even further, making her reflexively gag.

She was on her knees, bobbing her head back and forth, doing the Lords work.

After a while, Father Joseph put a hand on her head, drawing back and pulling his cock from her mouth. Her eyes were instantly drawn to it, coated in saliva, harder than ever.

He was big.

She'd never seen cock like this before. Sure, she'd seen pictures. But this was different. And the few times she'd had sex in her life had always been in darkness, shrouded and hidden as if the Lord God might not see her sinful fornication.

This was not like those times. This was a holy thing. Spiritual and true and righteous.

The Father took her hand, pulled her to her feet and led her to his bed. He tossed her down onto it, instructed her to remove her clothes.

She did as she was bid, stripping down to her underwear, her bra and panties. Hesitation hit her, uncertainty. But this was a special prayer, one to bring her closer to God. What was about to happen would give her a glimpse of Heaven.

Hannah moved to remove her panties, paused, surprised at how they stuck to her skin. She was wet. Extremely wet.

Her bra came unclasped easily, her breasts small, nipples hard and protruding. She tossed it, along with her soaked panties, to the floor of Father Joseph's chambers.

And he climbed atop her.

All thought left her head as he moved to penetrate her, cock in hand, positioning himself between her legs. She spread herself for him, tingling with anticipation. And, when he pressed the tip of his cock to her opening, she closed her eyes, body hot and ready for him to enter her.

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My new assistant gasped loudly as my cock's head spread her little pussy open. Inch by inch, I filled her tight little cunt with my cock. From the feel of it, the insane pressure it was squeezing me with, I doubted the pussy had seen much action at all.

I began thrusting, hard and fast. The day was wearing on and I had a lot of work to do.

Beneath me, Hannah Lori moaned and gasped.

"Oh God," she breathed, voice filled with pleasure. "Oh God."

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The feeling was overwhelming. It was electrical, pleasure beyond words. Hannah's whole body was flooded with it, from head to curled toes. She'd had sex before, sure. But it never felt like this.

Her first orgasm hit her like a lightning bolt, making her lose all control of her body as it writhed, spasmed. Her back curved, body impaling itself on Father Joseph's cock. By the time the first wave subsided, a second was there.

Again and again she came, body taking on a mind of its own.

Her hips moved in sync with Joseph's, her pussy tight around his cock.

"Oh God," she gasped, not knowing if she were praying to the Almighty, or if she were begging for the Father to fuck her more.

Above her, Father Joseph increased his pace, sending new waves of pleasure over her. With each thrust, his cock struck her deepest parts, his body pressing and rubbing against her clit. Her entire body tingled each time.

And, in one last, powerful thrust, Father Joseph came.

She joined him in orgasming, the world going blurry and distorted, unfocused. Ripples of pleasure flowed through her, taking all that built up energy, like a static charge, and releasing it in one last, powerful climax.

For the next few moments, the only thing that mattered in all the world was pure pleasure. Blissful nothingness.

Tired, sleepy sweetness.

And then she remembered who she was, where she was, who she was with. And what they'd been doing.

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The assistant shifted, rose to a sitting position as I climbed out off bed and started putting my clothes back on. Hannah looked tired, dreamy. Her eyes were bleary, but he could see sense slowly returning to them.

He tossed her clothes onto the bed in front of her.

Hannah looked at them for a moment, blinked.

"Thank you Father," she said, shaking the daze away.

"Joe is fine," I smiled at her. "When we're in private, at least. Father Joseph when students are around."

Hannah nodded meekly, began to put her clothes back on.

Alone in my room that night, I couldn't help but smile to myself.

Hypnosis. A trick I'd picked up while doing research into the occult. Used as a tool for indoctrination, manipulation. When I'd first learned about it, hypnosis had sounded like evil magic, a tool of Satan. Back then I'd been naive, a zealous fool.

It was a tool, not magic. A way to take a person's beliefs and warp them. The more

naive and simple minded a person, the more they were willing to trust in invisible Space Santa, the more open their mind was to being controlled. That was what faith was, all it ever had been. A means of control. What hypnosis allowed me to do was swap out a fictional controller for a real one. Me.

And, beginning tomorrow, a veritable sea of naive young women would be arriving. A garden of pleasures ripe for the taking.

By the time I was done, Saint Sylvie's Academy would be mine.

A religious school, as it had always been. Only soon, the only thing anyone would worship here would be my cock.