

Saint Sylvie's Academy

Chapter 2

I stood on my balcony, looking out over the road into Saint Sylvie's Academy grounds. Right now, there were several large buses pulling into the otherwise near-empty parking area.

The students were arriving.

Soon enough, I'd have to go down there, find my way to the gymnasium, where students and teachers alike would be gathered. I'd give some speech on faith and diligence, on the importance of working hard, lead the assembled mass of girls in prayer. Soon, I'd have to start doing the job Matron D'Evron was paying me for.

But, for right now, I was content watching events unfold on the ground below.

Seven buses in all. Large buses, too. Between fifty to seventy girls per bus. Hundreds of them. A veritable sea of girls to choose from.

The vehicles parked haphazardly, no order or logic to the places they stopped. And, moments later, their doors opened and the girls came flooding out, filling the parking area with motion and noise and life.

While I couldn't make out what any one of the voices were saying, the hum of distorted sound reached me all the same.

Saint Sylvie's Academy had a strict dress-code. Every single one of the young women down there wore the exact same outfit. A plaid green-and-black skirt, knee-length, with matching blazer and white shirt underneath. They all wore the green-black ties and polished black shoes, all wore white knee-high socks. There was no glittering of jewellery, banned as it was. No make-up for the same reason. The only thing, at this distance, I could tell the girls apart from was their hair colour, length and style.

Blondes and brunettes, a hundred shades of each. There were even a few gingers in the herd. No outlandish colours, hair dye was predictably banned. Most of the girls had medium length hair, down to their shoulders, or longer. Only a scant few had hair shorter than to their shoulders.

Seeing them all there, all these potential pets, I couldn't help but feel my cock begin to harden. One of the benefits of the dull black robes I wore - it made spotting an erection impossible.

The Academy's teachers were around too, slowly forming the students into neat boxes according to which bus they arrived in.

Names were being called out, a clumsy and inefficient roll-call. Making sure every student was accounted for.

While that was happening, the bus drivers were unloading the student's luggage, piling the bags and carrying-cases neatly off to one side.

The girls weren't allowed much by way of personal items. No modern technology. Nothing the Matron considered contraband. Most of those bags would hold little more than spare uniforms, a single set of the Academy's sports uniform, and a single set of modest casual clothing. Maybe a journal or a teddy-bear from home, an item to remind them of the outside world - something they would be detached from for most of the next year.

As the sea of bodes slowly started flowing into the Academy building, I inhaled a deep breath of the country-fresh air.

I spun around, began making my way to the Academy's indoor gymnasium.

It was the single largest room in the Academy. Perhaps the only one that was in any way modern. The ceiling was high, the walls scuffed and marked near the ground, faded white paint above that. Large enough for all four-hundred or so student to sit in neat rows.

Benches, easy to move and reposition. Right now they were lined neatly, all facing the far-end of the gymnasium.

At that end of the large hall, a stage and podium had been built in permanently. On it, standing with her daughter Eve on her right and me on her left, was the Matron herself. Giving some speech about duty and responsibility. I was barely listening.

Everywhere my eyes roamed, I found pretty girls. Beautiful young women.

Too many at once for me to remember each one individually, but a handful stood out as ripe targets. A raven-haired girl, seated in the very front row of the assembly, looked somehow familiar. I couldn't quite put my finger on why she seemed familiar to me, but I made note of her and her face all the same.

She was beautiful, face sharp and angular, regal. Quite a few of the other girls behind the raven-haired girl kept glancing at her. If the girl noticed or cared, she didn't show it. Simply sat there, back straight, listening dutifully.

Eventually, the Matron was done with her blabbering and it was my turn to speak.

For my part, I played the role of wise, comforting priest well enough. I welcomed all to the Academy, gave a little sermon on change and the importance of it, backed up with selected verses from the Bible. Followed up with a solemn prayer.

Soon enough, Eve D'Evron herself was on stage, dictating who slept in which wing of the Academy, instructing them on the more practical aspects of living and learning here.

"I think that went well," Eve said to me as the girls were filing out of the gymnasium, being led to their sleeping quarters by the veteran teachers and instructors.

I nodded my head. "Easier than I was expecting," I agreed.

The Matron was no-where to be seen. She'd been the first to leave, off to attend some business in her office.

"Did you see the girl up front? Black hair. The one all the others were trying not to stare at?" Eve asked, voice conspiratorially quiet. I had to lean in just to hear what the woman was saying.

She was talking about the familiar-looking raven-haired one.

"I saw her," I said, looking back over the crowd of girls slowly filtering out of the hall, searching for her to no avail.

"Daughter of some famous politician or another. We were unsure if she'd actually show or not."

"Interesting," I whispered.

The girl had been pretty, certainly. The more I pictured her face, the more it came to resemble a face I'd seen on billboards and posters and television ads on the drive here. The daughter of a politician? That was interesting.

"What's her name?" I asked Eve.

"Annabelle Telson."

Annabelle. It was a nice name. I added it to the currently very small list of names in my head, the second name in fact, right under Eve D'Evron. A list of the woman I'd be sure to conquer.

A light tapping at my office door brought my eyes away from the bundles of paper on my desk. Information on the student body, a collection of academic reports for each person.

The door opened slightly, revealing the face of my assistant.

"Someone here to see you, Father," Hannah said softly. "A student."

I nodded, hiding my surprise. I'd been expecting a few students to come see me during the first week - homesick and looking for comfort and guidance. But in the first two hours? That, I hadn't been anticipating.

"Let her in," I ordered Hannah. "And ensure there are no disturbances."

A minute later, I was smiling over at the young woman sitting across the table.

She was cute in a shy, awkward way. All blushing and uncertainty. Blonde hair framed her face; straight-cut fringe just above her eyebrows, long flat hair falling over both

sides of the girl's face, half-concealing her rosy cheeks. Light blonde strands reached all the way down to her surprisingly ample bust. Not quite chubby, this one, but neither was she obviously athletic. In a word, she was homely.

Right now, the girl was looking down at her hands, playing with them nervously.

"Hello," I smiled over at her. "How can I help you today miss...?"

"Jennifer," the girl said, looking up, then quickly back down.

"Well then, Jennifer," I filled my voice with faux compassion and understanding. "You're obviously here for a reason. Is there something I can help you with?"

The girl was silent for a long moment, building up the courage to speak. I allowed it, taking the opportunity to formulate a plan for my conquest of her. I'd have to adjust the method and contents of hypnosis for each individual, to better match their personality traits and quirks. This girl, as shy as she seemed to be, was unlikely to become a sex-loving deviant after a few minutes of 'prayer'. I had to calibrate my suggestions to fit that. Adorable as she was, I had every intention of *having* her.

"I don't like it here," Jennifer said at last, voice little more than a whisper.

"Oh?" I urged, smiling softly at her.

"It's dark and scary. I don't know anyone here and it's all so big and confusing," Jennifer half-trembled as she spoke.

Intimidated by the scale of Saint Sylvie's Academy, then? It made sense, especially what with being cut off from the outside world. New surroundings and significant changes in life, a great source of anxiety. I could use that.

That she'd come to the Academy's priest, rather than one of the teachers or staff or another student, meant she likely had a very religious upbringing. Which would give her an implicit trust of me, a 'servant of God'.

"New places can be a challenge at first," I began, using a tone of voice I'd been perfecting for months. The 'wise and knowing' priest. "In time, you'll adjust. This place," I gestured around, my arm in a wide sweeping motion. Theatrics was part and parcel in becoming a modern-day priest. "Is old, and old places carry with them an air of spookiness. But you're not alone here. Soon enough, you'll be making friends. And, before you know it, this place will feel more like home to you than home does."

She didn't look convinced.

"If you'd like," I smiled at her. "I could teach you a prayer to help you relax, feel more at home here?"

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Jen felt dizzy. Not the usual kind of dizzy, like if she'd spun around in a circle a few times. This was different. More like she couldn't think at all. The whole world wobbly but, at the same time, not. Like she was floating on a cloud.

Oddly enough, she wasn't scared. Wasn't worried.

Father Joseph's voice echoed in her head, calming and peaceful and nice. She couldn't make out more than a few words, but understood the meaning all the same.

She was in a new place. And new places meant change.

Change was scary sometimes, but it wasn't bad. It was just different. Sometimes, it could even be good.

Change would help her discover who she was.

The Father was so nice, helping her like this. So nice.

Distantly, some part of her was uncomfortable, questioning what the Father was saying. But that part disappeared soon enough. Father Joseph told it to go away, and he knew best. He was a priest, he was there to help her, make her feel good.

She wanted to feel good, didn't she?

Who doesn't want to feel good?

She felt herself relaxing deeper, letting go of all that worry and panic that'd been plaguing her since she'd climbed out of the bus earlier today. She let go of everything she knew, every thought and feeling, until nothing was left but the priest's soothing voice.

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I snapped my finger, a sharp sound to cut off the trance. Jennifer flinched, blinking away the serene expression she'd had. She looked up at me from her kneeling position, eyes filled with confusion and sleepiness.

There was no way of knowing how a person would react when coming out of a trance. Some would blink it away, as Jennifer had. Others might be confused and dazed for a few minutes. A few might try to question what had just happened immediately.

In many ways, the aftermath of a trance was just as important to get right as the trance itself. The wrong things said might make a person remember what was said during, know instantly what the hypnotist had done.

Jennifer shook her head, as if to clear it.

"Are you okay, Jennifer?" I asked, watching carefully.

She nodded her head, mouth open slightly. Her eyes had a distant look.

"Yes Father," the girl answered, grinning. "I feel amazing."

Perfect.

Without me needing to say another word, without needing to be prompted or told what to do, Jennifer began undoing her tie. It was a beautiful sight to behold, this innocent young woman slowly pulling off her blazer, unbuttoning her white shirt down to her ribs. She didn't remove the shirt, simply undid it to the point that her breasts and white bra were exposed above it.

She looked at me expectantly, as if this were a normal part of religious guidance. And, from this point on, it would be for Jennifer.

I opened my robe, lowered my trousers.

Jennifer gazed, mouth slightly open. Taking in the sight of my cock with wonder.

"Have you ever seen a cock before?" I asked, curious.

Given how awkward and shy the girl was, I couldn't help but imagine she'd never had sex - or even a boyfriend - before. But with the internet, modern technology and the sea of pornography online, surely she must have stumbled upon something depicting a human penis before.

And yet, it seemed she hadn't.

Jennifer shook her head slowly, eyes never leaving my cock. A wordless 'no'.

"It looks a bit like a weird mushroom," the girl said, almost to herself. She reached out her hand as if to touch it, stopped herself and tore her eyes away, looking up at my face.

I smiled at her.

"Why don't you find out if it tastes like one too?"

I will never get bored of the feeling. The warm, wet feeling of a young woman's mouth around my cock. Even for someone with utterly no experience sucking cock, like Jennifer, it was a magical feeling.

It wasn't just the physical feel of it. It was the fact that this innocent girl, this poor, vulnerable soul had been corrupted without her ever even knowing it.

In her mind, there was nothing wrong with what she was doing.

She started slow at first, uncertain what to do. She took my cock in her hands, staring at the head with bright eyes. After a few seconds passed, she leaned in, eyes closed, mouth open.

At first, Jennifer only played with the head, licking around it, sucking and blowing.

Learning, slowly, how to pleasure.

But, as time passed, her uncertainty faded. She began taking in more of it, her movements shifting from slow and careful to more rapid and intent. It was as if some animal part of her was slowly waking, slowly letting instinct take over.

It was still Jennifer, still inexperienced and not quite sure what she should be doing. But more confident. More eager.

My hand rested atop Jennifer's head, slowly guiding her, dictating the rhythm. Inch by inch, I had her swallow down the entire length of my cock - no small feat - and was rewarded with the sounds of choked gagging to go along with the wet sloshing of my saliva-coated cock sliding in and out of her throat.

The sound was musical. Magical.

The familiar, desperate pressure was beginning to build. My mind gave way to the intensity and desire, holding Jennifer's head firmly in place as I began thrusting harder, faster.

The wet noises, the gagging and choking and panting, were so loud, I was certain my assistant must have been able to hear outside the office.

Finally, I was there. Ready.

I held back a few seconds more, painful, impossible seconds. I pulled my cock from the schoolgirl's well-used mouth, roughly lifted her body up by her shoulders, forced my cock between those ample tits of hers.

A pulse of pleasure shot through me as I came. Wave after wave, my body tensing with each shot of cum. A few moments later I was done, spent, my body unwinding and relaxing pleurably. I half-stepped, half-stumbled backwards, a sudden wave of blissful weariness taking hold of my body.

I looked down at Jennifer, kneeling on the floor in front of me panting breathlessly. Her shirt was still open, cleavage exposed. Only now, there was a flood of cum on and between it.

I'd tried to shoot it all into her cleavage, between those lovely tits. Evidently, I'd failed ever so slightly.

It didn't matter. That would do just fine.

"I've given you a special baptism," I told her, once my heartbeat and breathing had returned to normal. "Button up and put your clothes back on. Don't tell anyone about the special baptism either, or you'll offend Almighty God."

Jennifer did as she was told. I couldn't help but smile. For the rest of the day, she'd be walking the halls and corridors of Saint Sylvie's Academy with my cum coating her tits.

I'd make sure to summon her here again soon, using the pretence of checking up on her, making sure she was settling in okay and adjusting. Jennifer had a lot to learn about taking care of cock, and I was only too willing to help educate her.

That evening, I found myself with an unexpected visitor.

If Eve D'Evron had arrived a few minutes sooner, she might well have walked in on me bending my assistant over my bed. It was a good thing I hadn't gone for a second round. I'd have to be more careful in future, come up with plans to prevent interruptions.

As it was, Eve turned up just as I was throwing my bedsheets into a pile, along with the day's clothes and some other clothing that needed washing.

"You don't need to do that," Eve told me after I'd invited her into my sleeping quarters. "A cleaner will sort all that out for you every Friday."

I shook my head. "I like to take care of all my cleaning myself. A mess I make is mine to clean."

It was a lie. I hate cleaning. But I could hardly leave bedsheets stained with cum laying around for some random cleaning woman to find. Too many questions, too many problems. It was easier and safer to clean it all myself, using my position as a humble

priest to explain away my eagerness to take care of my own laundry and cleaning.

Eve smiled, nodded. "I was just coming to check in on you. Make sure your first day wasn't too difficult or troublesome."

We spent a few minutes chatting casually. I used the opportunity to look the woman over.

Black hair tied behind her head in a conservative bun, wearing the same professional attire she had this morning. Full lips and intelligent eyes, a beautiful face that seemed to always be ready to smile. Her body was lean, breasts neither large or small, but sitting comfortably in-between. Her hips curved out from a thin waist, her pencil skirt concealing what I imagined were a pair of luscious legs.

It was more than just her position of power and authority that had Eve D'Evron at the top of my list of thralls to be made.

What better time than now, when we were both alone together?

"If you'd like," I began, smiling. "We could pray together for a bit. There's a special prayer I know that you might find useful down the line. For relaxation and concentration."

Eve continued to smile at me, but shook her head.

"Thank you for the offer, but I'm afraid I'll have to turn it down. Sorry," she sounded genuinely apologetic. She rose to her feet. "I should get going. Lots to do, and I've already spent more time here than I was anticipating."

She said her farewells and, begrudgingly, I let her go, watching her hips and ass sway slightly as she walked out the door. No matter, there would be other opportunities to hypnotise her. Next time.

For now, I had laundry that needed doing.