

Saint Sylvie's Academy

Chapter 3

Annabelle Telson. The raven-haired girl. Popular, the centre of her friend group, daughter of a rising star in the world of politics, by all measures a perfect student.

And not very religious, it would seem.

A week. One whole week. And she hadn't come to visit me, the Academy's only holy man, at all.

That was problematic.

I'd been hoping that beautiful Annabelle would show up eventually, if for no other reason than to introduce herself. But there had been no sign of her in my office, nothing to suggest that she even intended to come at all.

Annabelle Telson was the ideal victim for me to brainwash. A beauty, sure, but there was more to it than that. Girls and teachers alike seemed to gravitate towards her. The girl was quickly becoming something of an idol in the Academy, elegant and prestigious and studious. Her last name alone gave her influence within Saint Sylvie's.

If I had control of her, it would give me access to so many others. I could command Annabelle to tell any one of the other girls to come see me, making building my collection a breeze.

I contemplated on the problem, gave it some hard thinking.

In theory, I could simply summon the girl to my office on some false pretence. Would anyone find it strange, given Annabelle's evident popularity? Would she even come if summoned?

Could I use Jennifer, the big-titted girl who'd come to me on the very first day, to lure Annabelle in? Were they friends, or even acquaintances?

I shook my head. There was too much I didn't know. Didn't control. That would have to change.

In the week since Jennifer, I hadn't used hypnosis on anyone new. There had been plenty of opportunities, plenty of young women coming to me in search of comfort and guidance. But none were up to my standards. Perhaps I was being too picky. Perhaps what I needed to do was build as large a following as I could, regardless of how attractive they were.

I needed a plan. One for Annabelle Telson and one for Eve D'Evron. Both were too beautiful, too important and useful, to leave be.

Question was, what could I do? What were my options?

It was something I was still pondering, sat comfortably behind my desk, when the familiar rhythm of wooden taps sounded from my office door. A moment later the door opened, my lovely assistant's head appearing in the gap.

"Miss D'Evron and a student here to see you, Father," Hannah said softly.

I nodded to her, intrigued. "Let them in."

Thus far, students had always come here by themselves, no escort required. Let alone by the person who practically ran the Academy. While her mother, the Matron, might technically be in charge, it was Eve who took care of the day-to-day business of running Saint Sylvie's.

What was this about?

Minutes later, after Eve had explained everything, it all became crystal clear. Already an idea was forming in the back of my mind. A potential solution to my Annabelle situation.

I looked over at the trouble-maker.

Tomboy. Every ounce of the girl appearance screamed 'I'm tough, take me seriously.' Short, messy hair. Dishevelled school uniform; complete with slack tie, undone

buttons, shirt untucked and white running shoes - all against Academy uniform regulations. The girl refused to meet my eyes, though not out of shyness. It was her own little rebellion against authority.

Adorable.

The girl herself was good-looking enough. A bit rough around the edges, sure, but I could work with that. Chocolate brown eyes, currently staring angrily at one of my office walls. Her skin was lightly tanned, likely from spending a lot of time outdoors in the sun. Slim body, fit and muscled. Athletic.

"Hello Liv," I smiled at her. "Would you like to tell me why you've been disrupting your classes?"

The girl said nothing, simply continued to glare at the wall.

"Olivia, Father Joseph asked you a question," piped in Eve D'Evron. Her voice was both soft and stern.

The girl ignored her.

I couldn't stop myself from smiling wider. What was it with youth and rebellion? She didn't want to be here, in my office, that much was obvious. So why go out of her way and get herself into trouble, knowing that it must lead to exactly this?

It was simple, really. Olivia didn't think about consequences or repercussions, she acted out of emotion - rebelled without a goal in mind other than being disobedient.

That made her predictable.

And being predictable made it easy for me to control her.

"It's ordinary for children to act out when they're away from home," I told Eve, hoping to get a reaction out of Olivia. "They miss their family and friends and, out of fear and loneliness, act out and draw attention to themselves. I'm sure Liv here simply wants to make friends, even if it's at the expense of making a fool of herself."

As expected, Olivia reacted.

When I called her a child, she spun her head to look at me angrily. Upon claiming she was scared and lonely, the girl's eyes bulged, face going red. And calling her a fool...

"Fuck you," Olivia growled, glaring. "I'm not lonely and I'm not scared. Stupid fuck."

Eve came to my defence uncalled for, scolding the girl for her profanity and lack of respect, ordering her to apologise.

Olivia went back to ignoring, only now she was glaring at me instead of my wall. An improvement, I'd say.

In the end, I convinced Eve that Olivia should come by my office once a day during lunch. I'd offer her guidance, see what I could do about her attitude and behaviour. It was better than expelling her, I argued. And it was my job to ensure that the student body received all the counselling and help I could provide.

Olivia didn't seem pleased at the prospect of seeing me every single day, but what could she do about it?

As the two left my office, I allowed myself a moment to revel in my good fortune. Not only had I added another name to my list of slaves to be made, but I'd been handed her on a silver platter.

And, once Olivia was mine, the beautiful Annabelle would follow quickly behind.

Saint Sylvie's Academy really did have beautiful surroundings. It was isolated, far enough away from civilisation that there were no distractions. No visitors, no noise save that of the forest, and nothing to get in my way.

Not far from the Academy was a small lake.

Eve had told me about it, about the countless young women who had been caught sneaking out of the Academy to go there on hot days. I doubted I'd ever be fortunate enough to catch girls sneaking out for a swim, but there was no harm in checking every

now and then.

It was a short walk through the forest, along an old and overgrown path.

After few minutes I was there, staring out over the little lake.

Beautiful. Breath-taking. The lake was still, not a single ripple, a perfect mirror reflecting the forest around it, the mountains in the distance, the sky and clouds and low evening sun.

Years ago, a sight like this would have made me praise God.

Instead, I spread his arms out, looked skyward.

"You know what I'm doing," I said loudly. "You know what I'm planning. So what are you waiting for? Stop me."

Nothing happened.

Silence and emptiness.

"Strike me down. Smite me. Do something! Anything!"

I waited, smirking up at the empty sky.

Finally, I took the victory. Lowered my arms, turned and began walking back to the Academy.

Either God wasn't there, or he wasn't listening.

Or He simply didn't care.

Regardless, nothing divine was going to intervene. No gods or spirits or supernatural powers were going to stop me. There were still risks, still other ways things might go wrong. But those could be planned for or else avoided.

As long as I used my head, played things cautiously, there was nothing that could stop me from making Saint Sylvie's mine.

Sunday. The one day a week that was different from every other in the Academy. Rather than neat and organised uniforms, the girls wore casual attire. Still conservative, still to the standards of Matron D'Evron. But *different*.

For the first time, I could see a hint of personality emanating from how girls dressed. The bright and colourful, the simple and boring, the athletic, the subtly elegant.

Annabelle, as always, had a large gaggle of girls swarming around her, every one of them seeking her attention.

She was intriguing, this Annabelle Telson. At a glance, she seemed to be the perfect young lady. Always smiling, always looking beautiful, yet never seeming to flaunt it. She was the model student, already top of every class she was in, adored by teachers and students alike. Apparently, she prayed every morning and night like a good little Christian girl, and was constantly thanking God for this and that. Humble, virtuous. In a word, Miss Telson was perfect.

If I've learned one thing in life, one constant truth, it is that perfection is a lie.

No-one was naturally perfect. Which meant that Annabelle was putting what must be a significant amount of effort into appearing so. The question was why.

Why put in so much effort to be seen a certain way?

What did she gain from all the adoration?

What was her motive?

I shook my head. Perhaps I was being too cynical. Perhaps Annabelle had no ulterior motive for her actions, and was simply the perfect student she seemed to be.

I'd find out soon enough.

Lunchtime on Monday, sat in my office waiting for tomboy Olivia to arrive for her guidance and attitude counselling. With so many women about, so many names to remember, I couldn't help but give them little nicknames.

Tomboy Olivia, Perfect Annabelle, Shy Jennifer, Assistant Hannah, Matron D'Evron and, of course, Naive Eve.

Their names, I supposed, weren't all that important to me.

Lunchtime was one of the few parts of the day where my presence was required outside of my rooms. Every day, I had to walk down to the gymnasium, which also doubled as a cafeteria, and make some half-baked speech about God and faith, followed by a mass-prayer thanking the invisible for food that He hadn't provided. Then it was back to my rooms to eat the actual food, which was almost always cold by the time I finally got started.

Eventually, an almost empty plate sat on my desk, only the remnants of mashed potato and vegetables remaining. Not the greatest meal I'd ever had, but far from the worst.

Most of the students, Olivia included, should be done eating by now, too. She'd be along soon - as long as she didn't skip out on our counselling session in another act of futile rebellion. All I needed to do was wait and plot.

When the loud, aggressive thumps rattled my office door, I knew my prey had arrived.

Usually it would have been Hannah knocking, popping her head into the office, speaking softly. But Hannah wasn't here now, and wouldn't be back until lunchtime was over. The one knocking could only be Olivia.

"Come in," I said loudly.

Less than a minute later, the tomboy was sat across from me again, and again was staring intently at one of my walls.

She looked the exact same today as she had before. Her uniform dishevelled, about as far from 'neat and tidy' as a girl could get in Saint Sylvie's without being outright expelled. She was, it seemed, a polar opposite to the perfection of Annabelle. And that was what made Olivia perfect for me.

I was the Academy's priest. The voice of wisdom. If students had a problem, it was my job to help. If two of the girls had a fight, it was on me to mend that rift before it escalated further.

That would mean talking to both girls involved. Separately.

If a troublemaker, say our rebellious tomboy Olivia, were to start beef with an upstanding pupil, say Annabelle Telson, then both girls would be required in my office. Both would need at least a single one-on-one conversation with me.

I'd only need that one conversation, one 'prayer' with the perfect student, and I'd be able to make her mine.

All I needed was to 'convince' Olivia to start that fight.

"Before we get started," I began, peering over at the cute tomboy. "I think a nice prayer is in order. I think you'll find that our time together will pass by so much faster if you join in. I know you don't want to be here, but just wait and see. You'll be looking forward to our sessions in no time."

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Emptiness. No anger, no frustration. She wasn't annoyed or happy or bored. Liv was empty. Emotionless.

It wasn't bad. She wasn't uncomfortable.

If anything, she was relaxed. Content.

There was a voice speaking to her, telling her to let go, to listen and surrender. Liv obeyed almost instinctively; not thinking or resisting, just following along as the voice spoke.

Slowly, the realisation dawned on her.

It was God speaking to her.

The information wasn't shocking. Liv wasn't surprised. She knew she should be, but the emotion was no-where to be found.

God was speaking to her, he was asking her things. Asking about her past, her relationships with boys, asking about sex. Liv answered all the questions obediently. Yes, she'd had sex before. No, not a lot. Yes, she enjoyed it.

Soon, the questions changed, asking her about Saint Sylvie's Academy.

She didn't like Saint Sylvie's. It was strict and stupid. What was the point in the school informs? Why weren't they allowed to have phones? Liv hated the isolation. She hated the prudish teachers and their attitudes.

The sudden flare of emotion woke something in Liv.

What was happening?

She felt tired, sleepy, but somehow more awake and aware.

Slowly, though, God's voice calmed her down. Her emotions retreated away again, leaving Liv feeling empty once more. Calm and content and empty.

No, she didn't like Saint Sylvie's Academy. No, she didn't like her teachers. No, she didn't like the other students. No, she didn't like Annabelle Telson.

Liv listened as God spoke, an image forming from His words. A face. Annabelle Telson's unbearably smug face. Liv wanted to punch it. To wipe that smile off little miss perfect's face. The image formed in her mind of doing exactly that. Punching Annabelle square in the jaw. Starting a fight with her.

It was what God wanted her to do.

A part of Liv wanted to question it. Why did God want her to get into a fight with Princess Perfect? But, ultimately, the why didn't matter. It was what God wanted. It was what Liv would do.

More commands followed. Not just about Annabelle, but about Liv too, about Father Joseph.

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Getting Olivia into the trance took much longer than I'd anticipated. Her resistance was admirable, and frustrating. In the end, I managed it. And, from there, it was a simple matter to fill the girl's mind with commands.

Tomorrow, she'd start a fight with Annabelle.

The fight would result in both being sent to me. And, once I'd gotten Annabelle alone in my office, I'd have the perfect opportunity to trick her into a trance.

In the meantime, I had a new toy to play with.

As I woke Olivia from her trance, the girl stretched her arms out, let out a loud yawn. We didn't have long before lunch hour was over, and I had little interest in waiting for the tomboy to make the first move.

"Bend over my desk," I commanded her. "Pull your underwear down and spread your legs."

Olivia opened her mouth, as if she were about to argue.

Then she blinked. Stood.

I watched, smiling to myself, as Olivia did as she was told. The rebellious teen pulled down her underwear - a pair of grey-blue boyshorts - leaned over my table, and spread her legs apart.

It was hard to imagine the very same girl I'd had in my office just a few minutes ago would ever do this for a man. More likely, she'd have swore at them, kicked them between the legs, or any number of other unmistakable rejections.

But then she wasn't doing this for a man, was she?

She was doing it for God.

Not wanting to waste any of our little remaining time, I swiftly positioned myself behind Olivia, ran a hand between her thighs. She let out a surprising moan.

My hand came away slick from the girl's wet crotch.

For someone so outwardly rebellious, she certainly seemed to enjoy being in a place of pure submission. The slut was so wet I didn't even need to prepare her, she was already there.

She gasped as I slid into her, moaned loud and free when I began thrusting. Her toned, fit body bounced back against my cock with every thrust. Before long, the sound of wooden thumping filled my office, Olivia's body against my desk. Moans and grunts and groans and cries of pleasure.

For all Olivia's bravado and attitude, she certainly made some very soft, very cute noises as I fucked her from behind.

"Father," she gasped, bucking her hips. "Oh God!"

Soon enough, I was filling the tomboy's pussy with shot after shot of warm, white cum.

Olivia grunted, gasped as her own orgasm shook her.

Relief and satisfaction washed over me, my body relaxing as I slumped over my new fuck-doll.

If I'd been listening, I might have heard the soft pattering of footsteps outside my office. If I'd been thinking, I might have remembered that my assistant wasn't out there to guard against eavesdroppers.

Instead, oblivious, I squeezed tomboy Olivia's firm ass.