

## Saint Sylvie's Academy

### Chapter 4

"How did Olivia's first day of counselling go?" Eve asked, a tired expression on her face.

I shrugged. "As well as could be expected. We made a little progress, talked about some of her issues. It seems she's not very fond of some of the other students."

"Did she say who?" Eve sighed, sagging a little.

I shook my head, scanned over Eve D'Evron's appearance. The woman looked unusually world-weary. Exhausted. Her shoulders were slumped, little bags had formed under her eyes, her professional and pleasant demeanour had all but vanished under the weight of fatigue. A long day, or something more?

More importantly, how could I use it to my advantage?

"Are you alright?" I asked, filling my voice with a concern I did not feel. "You look..."

"I'm fine," Eve said quickly. "Just had a long day. All I need is a nice cup of tea and some rest."

"I know a little meditation trick that might help, it won't take long and it'll make you feel much better."

All she needed to do was accept. I wasn't lying that I could make her feel better. I was sure being screwed would help make Eve feel *much* better. One little trance is all it would take. A few minutes with an open, vulnerable mind. If I had that, I could do to Eve the same thing I'd done to the others.

"No, thank you. I have other duties to see to right now," Eve replied, shaking her head. She turned around, walked to the door of my office, stopped and glanced back to where I sat behind my desk. She opened her mouth, about to say something, but no words came. A moment later, she turned back to the door and left my little office.

Another failure to obtain Eve.

It was becoming an unwanted trend. Me offering to help the woman with prayer or meditation, her declining. I'd have to do something different next time, somehow find a way to guarantee success. Eve was too vital not to hypnotise.

But how?

I had plenty of time to come up with a plan. Evenings were even more boring than the educational hours. I had barely any real work to do in the Academy, which made for a lot of sitting about doing exactly nothing.

I began my morning routine the next day with a hopeful smile. If everything went well, today would be the day I added Annabelle Telson to my growing collection.

First was going to the toilet, brushing my teeth and washing my face and all that hygienic goodness. Then was waiting for my lovely assistant to arrive, greeting her with a slap on the ass followed by a hypnotic trance.

Every trance strengthened my control over Hannah, broaden the limits that I could push her to.

Today, I interrogated my assistant about Eve D'Evron. She'd know more about the woman than I did, and some of that information might prove useful in convincing Eve to 'pray' with me.

When I ran out of questions, I lifted Hannah from her trance with some specific instructions to follow.

Immediately, the woman climbed under my desk, took out my cock, and got to work pleasuring it with all the vigour and energy you would expect from a zealot doing 'God's work'.

Soon after, we were in the main hall. Me giving a speech to the students, Hannah sitting to one side digesting my cum.

Then came breakfast which, as always, I took to my office.

That was where the regular morning routine ended.

A student was waiting outside my office, arms crossed. When she saw me coming, her eyes narrowed. She studied me, looked me up and down, stared hard into my eyes.

The girl wasn't one I recognised. Not someone who had come to see me before, certainly. She looked plain at first glance, brown hair and brown eyes and unremarkable body. Her breasts were neither very large nor too small, floating somewhere in-between. She was slim, but not so much that it drew attention to her.

And yet, for how plain she looked, there was something about the girl that was surprisingly alluring.

She was leaning against a wall, her posture and face relaxed and confident. You'd almost think she owned the place.

More interesting still was the fact that she was outside my office at this very moment when, by all accounts, she should be in the main hall with the other girls eating breakfast. That she was here could only mean this girl hadn't attended the morning prayer and was skipping breakfast - against school rules.

How very intriguing.

"Hello," I said, not hiding the curiosity from my voice. "Is there something I can help you with?"

The girl glanced me over again, sizing me up.

"Yes," she said at last. She glanced at my office door expectantly.

I opened it for her, gestured inside.

She didn't say another word until we were both seated, me behind my desk and her in front of it.

"Well then," I smiled. "What would you like to talk about today, miss...?"

The girl tilted her head at me, didn't speak.

Instead, she reached onto a shirt pocket and pulled out a phone, placed it on the desk between us.

"This," she stated, staring hard at me.

A phone? She wanted to talk about a phone?

It was contraband, as was all technology. Whoever the girl was, she shouldn't have a phone. Unless it wasn't hers, and she was handing it in to rat out someone else. But then why come to me? There were others better suited to deal with rule-breaking. A trip to see Eve or any one of the other teachers would make more sense than to bring it to me.

The girl obviously saw my confusion because, a moment later, she reached out again, tapped the phone's screen.

Immediately, audio began playing.

My heart froze when I realised what I was hearing.

Olivia's voice moaned out from the phone, distorted and muffled and clearly in the act of having sex. My mind reeled, a pang of dread momentarily stunning me.

By the time I'd recovered, thoughts already racing to find a solution to this new problem.

There was no evidence that Olivia was doing anything but masturbating by herself, and certainly no reason for anyone to believe I was having sex with her. I could bluff my way-

"Father," the static voice moaned. "Oh God."

The girl picked up her phone once more, turned the audio recording off. The silence which followed was unbearable.

I might be able to convince Eve and Ida D'Evron that the girl had simply been masturbating in her room, thinking of me. The only proof that I'd actually fucked Olivia would be this girl's word.

Still, even if I did convince them that this was all some elaborate set-up, it would draw unwanted attention to myself.

"What do you want?" I asked, staring hard at the girl.

She smiled, leaned back on her chair with a smug, satisfied look on her face. "Your cooperation."

I raised an eyebrow at her, hiding my panic.

"My name is Chloe Martin," she began, smug smile never leaving her face. "And I run a business of sorts. When my classmates or any of the other students want something, I get it for them. Clothes, phones, make-up, you name it. They want something and, for a price, I get it for them. And you're going to help me."

She brandished the phone, moved it from side to side tauntingly.

I flipped through student folders, searching for Chloe's file.

She'd left my room only seconds ago, satisfied that she'd gained an asset in her contraband-smuggling enterprise. For as young a woman as she was, the girl seemed remarkably confident.

Whenever she needed items from outside academy grounds, she'd come to me with a list and money to pay for everything on it. I was to then go out and collect the contraband at the first opportunity I got and wait for her to come retrieve it from me.

And, if I refused, she'd go public with my 'relationship' with Olivia.

She didn't seem to know about the hypnosis, instead believing that it was a simple student-teacher affair. That was good. I might well be able to use it against her. I had no intention of being a puppet. Blackmail was only one form of control, and a frail one at that. The first chance I got, I'd ensure that this Chloe Martin learned that lesson well.

Still, I had to admire the girl's balls.

Actually attempting to blackmail a priest? That kind of ambition could be useful to me. As could this little black-market business she was building for herself.

When I found and read through Chloe's file, I couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. Save for a few minor incidents, a fight here and there, an expulsion from another school, there was little useful information on her.

No matter, now that we'd struck a 'deal', I'd have time enough to come up with a plan. Greed, after all, was easily exploited.

It was two hours before lunch when Eve entered my office, Olivia in tow. Eve was frowning, bags under her eyes. Olivia looked indifferent. There was no sign of Annabelle Telson.

"Sorry to bother you again, Father," Eve sighed. "There's been an incident."

Eve went on to tell me about the fight. Olivia attacking Annabelle out of no-where, swinging at her jaw and almost knocking the girl out in a single blow. Students had held the enraged Olivia back until teachers got to the scene, and Eve escorted her to my office.

"What about the other girl?" I asked, frowning. "The girl she got into a fight with, Annabelle?"

"In the nurses office," Eve answered.

"Have her come see me during lunch," I said. "I'll see what she thinks about all this, hear her side of things."

Eve tilted her head. "Do you think that's necessary? From what the other students have said, the fight was unprovoked. I don't think Miss Telson will have anything to add."

"It's worth talking to her all the same," I forced a smile onto my face. "Even if it's just to make sure she's alright."

Eve considered, slowly nodded her head.

When she finally left, leaving me alone with Olivia, I allowed myself a moment to celebrate the victory. Soon, little miss perfect would be mine. We'd find out if she was as excellent in bed as she was in the classroom.

Until then, I had Olivia to keep me company.

The tomboy had largely ignored my and Eve's conversation about her, electing instead to glare at the floor. She might well be questioning her own actions. Why had she attacked Annabelle? What had caused her to pick a fight out of no-where and for no reason?

She wouldn't be allowed to question it for long.

"Time to pray, Liv."

As soon as I said the words, Olivia looked at me. She wasn't glaring, nor was she smiling. She sat neutral, as the hypnotic suggestion I'd embedded in her dictated. She'd listen attentively as I led her into another trance.

The words were second-nature to me by now, the fusion of fake prayer and hypnotic command. It didn't take long before my tomboy slave-in-the-making was in a trance.

"Who is speaking to you right now, Liv?" I asked, once the formalities were over and done with.

"God," she answered simply.

"Very good. I am your God, Liv. And you must obey me in all things, do you understand?"

"Yes."

Growing up in a Christian society, a God-fearing culture, made gaining control so simple. So easy. All their lives, people were taught to fear and obey God unquestioningly. Many of the Bible's lessons and stories emphasised that obedience. The control and submission, the obedience, were already there. All I needed to do was slip into the shoes of the non-existent controller.

These women allowed themselves to be slaves. I was simply taking advantage of their willingness to submit.

"Do you want to please God, Liv?"

Hannah was outside my office now. A quick pattern of taps on the wooden door and she knew that I was not to be disturbed. I'd been foolish enough to be caught once, I would not allow it to happen again. No more unnecessary risks.

Tomboy Olivia stood before me, naked from head to toes.

Standing so close to each other, I realised how short she actually was. I'm not exactly tall; slightly above average height for an adult male. And, even so, it felt like I towered about Olivia. How had I not noticed that before?

Her body was, as was expected, toned and slender. A light tan covered her arms to the shoulders and from her ankles to knees, with clearly visible boundaries between the tanned sun-exposed skin and her natural pale white. Evidently, before she'd come to Saint Sylvie's, the girl had liked wearing tank-tops and shorts.

More interesting was the breast wrap. Instead of wearing a bra, Olivia had been wearing some form of tight elastic band around her chest. As soon as it came away, the girl's surprisingly ample tits bounced free.

Olivia's breasts were larger than they seemed. Not the hugest pair I'd ever seen but, when paired with how short and slim she was, they made for an impressive sight.

Why did she hide them away with a wrap?

Either for athletic reasons or because she wanted to appear as boyish as possible, I imagined.

Hard, peachy-pink nipples poked outwards. Slowly, Olivia's chest rose and fell with her breathing. I noticed a single freckle on the underside of her left breast, small and cute.

It was the girl's face that drew my attention most, however.

That look in her eyes, the worship and awe, was something else entirely. She was looking at me, seeing her one and only God. Right now, in her eyes, I was the most important thing in the world. I was the world. There was adoration, love, dedication.

She would do anything I wanted without question.

"On your knees," I commanded.

Olivia obeyed instantly, falling to her knees, eyes locked onto mine, wide and filled with awe.

I unfastened my robes, pulled out my cock.

Olivia's eyes bulged at the sight of it, her mouth falling open a little. I placed a hand on top of her head, guided my cock to her lips.

She understood my intention, opened her mouth fully.

Her breath was warm on the head of my cock, tickling the sensitive skin there. Olivia leaned forward slowly, lips brushing over the surface, eyes closed. Her tongue found its way around my shaft, licking and massaging.

It was obvious right away that the girl had little to no experience giving head. She had the basic idea right, but didn't seem to know exactly what she was supposed to do. That didn't stop her from trying her hardest, of course. She was pleasuring God after all.

Her mouth moved along my cock slowly at first, cautious and uncertain. Then, gradually, she increased her pace. Soon enough, she was downing my cock with enthusiasm and gusto.

Gags and chokes filled the room when I started thrusting my hips, feeling the back of Olivia's throat with my tip. Her eyes opened wide, looking up at me even as I buried my groin into her face. Her hands came up, clutched onto my hips in an effort to brace herself.

I could have climaxed there and then, but I held back.

Instead, I grabbed a fist-full of Olivia's hair, pulled back on it, forcing her head off my cock.

Spit and drool ran down from the corners of her open mouth.

Not so proud and rebellious now.

"Up," I ordered, gesturing for her to stand.

She obeyed without question, standing and waiting for my next command. Her tits swayed, rose and fell quickly now that Olivia was breathing hard, gasping for air.

I walked over to my desk, climbed on top of it, laid comfortably down on my back. Looking over to where my new pet stood, I gestured to my saliva-coated cock.

"Ride it."

I didn't need to say anything more.

Olivia rushed over, tits bouncing all the way. She climbed onto the desk as quickly as she could, positioned herself above me. A heartbeat later, I felt the warm, wet tightness crushing down on the head of my cock. Slowly, the pressure moved down the length, inch by inch, until the entirety was inside her.

The girl let out a shaky gasp, a long, satisfied moan. Her entire body quivered when she felt my cock pressing into her deepest parts. Her arms and torso trembled in pleasure, her large breasts shaking slightly.

And then she did as I'd ordered, lifting herself up, bringing herself back down. Bouncing on my cock like a good little Christian girl should.

It was safe to say that Olivia was entirely mine at this point. A few more trances with her and she'd be mine forever. A useful tool for dealing with the new obstacle I faced. Chloe Martin. The would-be black-market dealer. I'd have to sort her out soon, before she had a chance to ruin everything for me.

Already, I had a few ideas on how to do exactly that.

My thoughts were cut short by a rapid succession of knocks on my office door. I looked up from my plate of food and smiled.

Hannah wasn't out there keeping guard. It was lunch hour. She was eating food with the other staff and students. Nor was it Olivia, who I'd sent away once I was done with her.

No, I knew exactly who was outside my office right now.

Annabelle Telson.

Finally, I'd lured the girl to my office. Finally, I'd have the chance to bring her into my growing collection. The academy's idol, little miss perfect herself.

"Come in," I called, just loud enough for her to hear.

A moment later, the door creaked open.