

Saint Sylvie's Academy

Chapter 5

Annabelle Telson swept into my office gracefully, gliding over to my desk. She wasn't smiling, nor was she frowning. Her face was a serene mask, eyes a deep, dark brown.

The girl's jet black hair was immaculate, flowing down her shoulders in glossy waves. Not the product of nature, surely. I put my money on forbidden beauty products being the cause of Annabelle's perfect appearance. Shampoo, so simple and ordinary, was banned like so many other things. Likely for some nonsense reasons; wanting the girls to concentrate on their education rather than their looks, or a way of condemning vanity.

As if these young women cared one bit about being vain.

They were young, beautiful, full of life. They should be flaunting their looks. They were supposed to be enjoying themselves as much as they could right now, before life weighed them down with responsibilities.

I smiled over at Annabelle, and she smiled back. Though her smile never reached her eyes.

"Welcome," I said, gesturing to the chair opposite mine. "Miss Telson, correct? Please have a seat, make yourself comfortable."

Annabelle looked like she wanted to object for a moment.

Then she forced another smile, sat down.

The girl was a good actor. That smile, it was meant to make her seem meek, innocent. She was wearing a mask.

It wasn't surprising, the girl had become something of an idol at the Academy, even in the short time she'd been here. A model student, virtuous and intelligent and humble. That wasn't something that happened by accident. She'd been intentionally portraying herself as little miss perfect. And, before this lunch hour was out, I'd know why.

"Do you know why you're here, Miss Telson?"

The girl's mouth twitched. The only hint of displeasure in her otherwise innocent reply.

"Is it about the girl who attacked me?" Annabelle asked.

I nodded my head.

"Tell me what happened, how did the fight start?"

Annabelle did just that. Speaking in a clear, soft voice, she told me about how she'd been minding her own business, talking to her friends, when Olivia struck. The rest, she claimed, was a blur. She'd been sent to see the Academy's live-in nurse, stayed there until lunch time. And now she was here.

If I'd been naive, I would have missed it. If I hadn't been looking for fault, anticipating fake bullshit, I'd never have caught on.

The whole thing was rehearsed. Word for word.

Annabelle, while alone in the nurse's office, had been planning this very speech of hers. And, once I knew that, I began listening harder. Not just to the words or the fake innocence, but to her intent.

"Is she alright? The girl who attacked me - Olivia - is she okay?" Annabelle asked.

She didn't care. Who would? A person she didn't know attacked her out of nowhere, why would she pretend to care about that person's well-being?

To make herself seem compassionate, caring, humble.

"Olivia is fine," I smiled. "It's good of you to ask. Not many people would in your place."

The girl smiled and, for an instant, I saw what I thought might be a hint of smugness in her eyes. Her voice held nothing but a soft, humble tone.

"I just ask myself 'what would Jesus do' and try to do what I think he would. I'm sure there's a reason Olivia lashed out, I just hope she's alright."

I had to hold myself back from laughing.

This girl, I was certain, followed Mr Christ's example about as much as I did. Which was to say not at all. Perhaps she thought she'd earn brownie points with me by acting holy. If so, she was very wrong.

"Indeed," I said, allowing my smile to widen.

The more she spoke, the more clear it became. Annabelle Telson was a manipulator. She was using this situation, being hit by another student, as a means to increase her own standing and status. With students and teachers alike.

And the idiots actually bought it.

It was both disappointing and relieving. Sad that so many people were taken in by this false front Miss Telson was putting up, yet good at the same time. If they were fooled by Annabelle, they'd never have the wits to catch onto what I was doing.

My eyes drifted to my clock.

If I was going to hypnotise Annabelle today, it would have to be soon. And I could hardly allow her to leave without first being put under. I hadn't gone through all the effort of setting this meeting up just to waste it.

"I think I know everything I need to," I began. "Thank you for helping, Annabelle."

The girl looked visibly relieved. The first emotion she'd shown so far that I actually believed.

"Before you go," I added, before she had a chance to rise from her chair. "Would you pray with me?"

She wouldn't decline. The image of a perfect, pure student she was maintaining wouldn't allow it. As much as she wanted to leave right there and then, and want it she did, she'd humour me, if only to earn more brownie points and further cultivate her reputation as a perfect young woman.

Annabelle hid her displeasure well. Anyone but me would have never noticed it.

"Okay," she said, forcing a happy smile.

It took a while. Longer than expected, and much longer than I'd have liked. Annabelle resisted the pull of hypnosis, resisted my words. She wasn't like the others I'd had so far. If it was down to her having a stronger will, or that she herself was a manipulator of people, or simply if her own lack of belief in divinity preventing her from listening to and obeying the voice of 'God', I didn't know.

In the end, though, I just about managed to get her into a fragile trance. I'd have to tread carefully if I was to avoid snapping the girl out of it.

"What do you *really* think of the girl who punched you?"

Annabelle stirred, her eyebrows narrowing.

"Bitch," she stated. "Stupid bitch."

After the nauseatingly, insultingly innocent exterior, I was glad to finally be faced with the *real* Annabelle Telson.

For a moment, I'd thought she might answer with the same bullshit she had earlier. That she held no ill-will for her attacker, that she truly did hope Olivia was okay. Some part of me had almost fallen for Annabelle's fake purity.

But no, I'd been right about her.

People are all weak. All sinners. The best we can do is choose our vice and enjoy it. Annabelle's vice seemed to be pride, maybe greed and lust for power and respect too. She was no angel. No-one was. Little miss perfect was a lie. The real Annabelle Telson sat across from me now for the first time, exposed.

All I needed to know were her desires, and I could use them to control her.

My eyes drifted to my office wall, the clock.

Not a lot of time left. I'd have to make this trance count.

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Annabelle couldn't think. Couldn't even try to think. Couldn't try to anything. She was gone and she was not. She was there, but not fully. Like a ghost or a phantom.

She should be uncomfortable, worried. She should feel exposed and vulnerable. But the emotions weren't there.

Nothing was.

Nothing except the voice.

It was asking her things. Pointless, menial things.

Did she want to get revenge on the brute who'd assaulted her?

Of course she did. The bitch would be punished. If not by the tools and fools of this academy, then by Annabelle herself.

How will she get revenge?

That was obvious. She'd ostracise the bitch, use the other students to rile the brute up into attacking again, get her expelled from the Academy. She'd have to be subtle about it, appear amicable and forgiving, but it could be done. Had been done before, with others girls in other schools.

Why did she want to appear amicable and forgiving?

A stupid question. She'd spent most of her life up to this point building up this perception of her. As he father had once told her; people will follow anyone they believe is worthy - all you have to do is make them believe.

Soon, the questions changed. Went from asking about Annabelle and her plans to her sex life.

No, she'd never had a boyfriend before. It would not have been proper for her, would not have fitted into the image she had so painstakingly constructed.

No, she'd never had sex. No, she had no desire to.

What did she think about Father Joseph?

A tool, just like the rest. And not even a useful tool at that. The priest had no real power or authority in the Academy. A waste of time to win over.

The voice continued to speak, told her what she should do, how useful the priest could be to her. He had access to school records after all, and held religious and moral authority. There were many ways in which the man might be useful. Only, manipulating men was different from manipulating women. Men were more physical, more animalistic. They were far easier to control, manipulate, with physical measures.

Annabelle wanted to appear perfect, didn't she? She wanted people to follow her, right?

Yes. Yes.

Then what better way than to seem holy, just, morally pure?

On and on the voice went, making compelling arguments about why Father Joseph could be so very useful to her. How she could win him, or any other male, over easily.

Soon, the voice was telling her to forget.

To remember what it had said, but to forget that it was the voice that said it. All these thoughts, they were Annabelle's own thoughts. Her own ideas. There was no voice. No voice at all.

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Annabelle's eyes blinked open. Sleepily at first, then quickly becoming alert. She looked over at me, eyes narrowed. But that too quickly vanished, replaced with her mask of innocence.

"You fell asleep," I told her. "During our prayer."

Her face went red. I could almost see her mind working between those luscious eyes.

"I'm sorry, Father," Annabelle said. "I didn't meant to be disrespectful. It's just that I haven't been sleeping well since I arrived here. I miss home..."

That was a lie, I was sure. But a decent save on Annabelle's part. No doubt she was already kicking herself for 'falling asleep' during a prayer in the company of a priest. That would not do well for her *perfect* image.

"It's alright, I understand. New places and new people have a way of throwing us off balance."

Annabelle smiled over at me, her mask fully back in place now.

While she was not perfect on the inside, far from it with her desire to use and manipulate, her pride and ego and arrogance, on the outside there was no denying it. The girl was amazingly beautiful, pulling off a regal air without effort.

Her features, sharp and pronounced, made the girl look like a model. Except where pictures of models were heavily altered, wearing make-up to enhance their features, using photo editing to further warp the image to perfection; what sat in front of me was all natural, unaltered beauty.

High cheek-bones, sharp chin and nose, dark eyes and hair. Her body, though somewhat concealed by her uniform, was slim, athletic. Likely part of Annabelle's desire to seem perfect extended into sporting prowess. Her waist was slim, hips wide, bust large. An hourglass figure, even with the conservative Academy clothing on.

What lay underneath that clothing, I could only imagine.

"Lunch hour is almost over," I told Annabelle, watching her face closely.

She was surprised, glancing over to my clock to check the time. A hint of annoyance, quickly smothered.

"If you'd like, you may stay here during your next class. When she returns from lunch, I'll have my assistant inform your teacher that you won't be arriving. That way, we can discuss this issue you've been having with sleep."

My programming began kicking in, then. Annabelle considered my request, nodded her head.

She had no issue with sleep. She didn't need help. But she had other reasons for wanting some alone time with me now. I'd given her plenty of reasons to want to win me over, and I'd told her exactly how to do it.

All she had to do was follow the instructions, and all the while believing it was her who'd be taking advantage of me.

Annabelle smiled.

"Yes, I'd like that. Thank you, Father Joseph."

"Tell Miss May that Annabelle Telson will be spending the hour with me. If she asks why, tell her Annabelle wanted a counselling session. Once you're done, come back here. I'll be very busy with Annabelle, so make sure there are no interruptions. Understood?"

My assistant nodded her head. "Understood."

Without another word, she set off down the corridor.

I couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. Hannah was quickly becoming the perfect assistant for me.

I walked back into my office, shut the door behind me, walked to and sat behind my desk. My eyes fell on Annabelle, on those dark, cunning eyes of hers.

"Well then," I smiled. "Shall we begin?"

Annabelle worked well when put on the spot. In the short time it took for Hannah to get back from lunch and for me to walk out into the hallway, give her my commands, and come back inside, Miss Telson had concocted quite the elaborate story.

She'd been very close to a holy man back home, she told me. A lie, almost certainly. And without him around to guide her, to 'comfort' her, she felt lost. Alone. She was homesick, unable to sleep, anxious. She wanted someone to take care of her. Someone like her nameless holy man, someone strong and kind and manly.

As she spoke, she shifted her body slowly, arms crossing under her sizeable breasts. The effect made her look soft, vulnerable, while also emphasising her natural assets. For a novice, it was a well-played move. A little obvious, but I could hardly fault her for that. With this little act, any teenage boy, and most grown men, would be hers.

I nodded my head as Annabelle spoke, urged her to continue when she gave dramatic pauses. And, as she began to realise that her tactics weren't working, she upped the ante.

"I've never had a boyfriend," she confessed. "All of the other girls talk about their relationships and sex and how nice it is, and it feels like I'll never experience it. Daddy always sent me to all-girl schools, he wouldn't let me talk to boys. It's so lonely." She looked at me with wide, puppy-dog eyes. "Have you ever had sex, father?"

I nodded my head, curious where Annabelle would take this act of hers. "I have."

"Would you-" Annabelle began, paused, blushed. The girl's acting skills were extraordinary. "Would you show me what it's like, father?"

I sat on the edge of my bed, leaning back, looking down between my legs. Raven hair flowed over my thighs as Annabelle choked down my cock. I'd have put my hand on her head to guide her, only she didn't seem to need it. Whatever else she was or wasn't, Annabelle certainly was a perfectionist in all things. Sucking cock included.

At first, I'd given her advice. Now, just a few minutes later, she needed none.

Her tongue massaged the head, lips moving slowly up and down the shaft. Not the best I'd ever had, but for a girl's first time giving head, it was amazing.

When I lifted her up, had her straddle my waist, Annabelle glared at me. It only lasted an instant, but it was enough to tell me that Annabelle wanted to take the lead. She wanted to be the one in charge, in control. And so I allowed her the illusion.

She straddled my waist, took hold of my cock, positioned herself above it. As she began lowering herself, she closed her eyes. And, when the very tip of my cock came into contact with Annabelle's surprisingly wet opening, a shiver ran through the both of us.

Slowly, little by little, Annabelle lowered herself onto me.

The pressure on my cock, the tightness, was almost too much. I thought for a brief moment that I wouldn't be able to fit entirely inside her, that she was too tight. But Annabelle kept going, lowering herself further and further until there was nothing left for her to take.

She was breathing heavily, face flushed, eyes dazed.

Without thinking, I planted my hands on the girl's hips, held her in place as I began thrusting.

Before long, she had no other choice but to brace herself, placing her hands on my chest, moaning softly.

"Father," she gasped, voice high-pitched. "I-"

Whatever else she was going to say was cut off by a body-shuddering orgasm, followed swiftly by another. Annabelle collapsed atop me, face pressed to my chest, as I finished along with her.

"I-" Annabelle tried to speak, couldn't find any words between her gasps, gave up.

"Shh," I told her. "Enjoy it. Relax, just listen to my voice."

After orgasm an is the ideal time for hypnotic induction. Since the person was already relaxed, already tired and happy and content, it made the whole process much smoother, much quicker.

Where earlier, it had taken a painstakingly long time to bring Annabelle into a

trance, this time she fell into it easily.

“How did things go with Miss Telson earlier?” Eve D'Evron asked from across my desk. “I hear she missed one of her lessons.”

I nodded my head. “Things went well. Annabelle is just struggling a little with the new surroundings and the expectations people are giving her. She needed a little break, someone to talk to and get advice and help from.”

Eve smiled. She looked tired, the bags under her eyes seemed to get a little darker every time I saw her. And still, she refused my offers for help.

Annabelle Telson was mine now. And with her, I'd have access to almost every other student. But even that was nothing compared to the access Eve D'Evron had. If I could gain control of her, the entire Academy would be mine for the taking.

She was at the top of my list and, just beneath her, was Chloe Martin, the would-be contraband-dealing blackmailer.

Now that I had Annabelle, it was only a matter of time before both Eve and Chloe followed.