

Saint Sylvie's Academy

Chapter 6

Sunday. The only day of the week that, for the most part, I don't have to work. Sure, I lead prayers and gave a sermon in the morning. But, save for that one chore, I had nothing to do for the rest of the day. Or wouldn't have, if not for Chloe Martin.

My would-be blackmailer came to see me the day before, handed me a bundle of cash and a list of items she wanted me to buy for her. Things she'd sell on to the other students.

How she, or they, had any kind of money on them, I didn't know. Cash, like so many other things, was contraband. If caught with it, the money would be 'confiscated' and, depending on the teacher who caught them, would either be given to a charity or school supplies or added to that educator's purse.

Regardless of where Chloe had gotten the money, she'd handed it to me with very specific instructions on what to purchase. She reminded me of the audio she'd recorded, me fucking Olivia, and send me on my way.

And so began the long drive back to civilisation.

Chloe Martin was a problem. Not a disastrous one, I was sure I could deal with her. But an annoyance.

There were small farms and tiny towns here and there around Saint Sylvie's Academy, little dots of humanity in what was otherwise a forested wilderness. None would have the kind of supplies I was out to buy, so I kept driving.

Phones, a lot of phones. Students wanting to keep in touch with friends and lovers outside the Academy, no doubt. Make-up and jewellery and contraband clothing were also on the list. As were several sex toys.

They were young women after all, I supposed. If there weren't any males around them to deal with those pesky hormones, they had no choice but to take care of it themselves. Or, perhaps, some of them chose to help out each other.

Another painful contradiction of the church, there. It shunned homosexuality while also forcing men and women apart for the sake of abstinence. Locking away a sea of women, with not a cock in sight, to prevent sexual encounters - never quite realising that the lack of men around would encourage the girls to... experiment.

How many of the girls in Saint Sylvie's had already succumbed to that particular temptation?

Judging from the fact that Chloe wanted me to buy a strap-on dildo, there must be at least one lesbian coupling so far. If not many more. Who were they? And how could I get them both into my office at once, hypnotise them both at the same time?

Seeing what they did with the strap-on I was about to purchase for them - having them put on a little show for me - sounded like a wonderful idea.

One would think that a priest dressed in black robes walking into a sex shop to buy a sizeable variety of dildos, vibrators, and all manner of other toys would be an odd sight. From the disinterested expression of the man behind the counter, it must happen far more regularly than I expected.

Once everything was bought, including a cardboard box to carry everything in once I got back to Saint Sylvie's, it was time to begin the drive home.

Only, as I was climbing into the driver's seat, an idea hit me. A flash of genius. I needed to buy a few more things. With my own money this time. Just a small handful of items, all should be easy to find.

Eve D'Evron. Finally, I had a plan for her.

First I'd deal with Chloe Martin. After that, nothing would get between me and the Saint Sylvie's de-facto head.

The next day, Monday, Miss Martin paid me a visit. The smug look on her face as I retrieved the cardboard box from my sleeping quarters was very telling. Chloe Martin believed she controlled me. She thought she was in charge.

In a way, she was. But not for long.

"Is everything in there?" Chloe asked, eyeing the box. "Open it. Show me what's inside."

An order. That grated. But I did as the girl wanted. Best not to give her anything to be suspicious about. I placed the box down beside the chair she sat on, opened it up.

The next few minutes consisted of me watching Chloe as she inventoried and catalogued each individual item, writing it all down in a notepad. In a few years, she'd made a great business woman, I had no doubt. But this was my office, not hers. And she'd play by *my* rules.

"I have a demand," I said aloud.

Chloe Martin's head snapped up, eyes narrowed at me.

"You're not in a position to make demands."

"Nevertheless, I have one."

This was the make or break moment. Would Chloe be willing to risk losing me as an asset, or would she hear me out? I was vital to her. Chances were that I was the only way she could smuggle contraband into the Academy. She needed me for this little business of hers. Would she risk that by calling my bluff, or would she listen to my demand?

She did the rookie thing.

"What is it?" Chloe asked. "If it's sex, you can go fuck yourself perver-"

"I want you to pray with me," I interrupted.

Chloe's mouth hung open, speechless.

Now was time to play the 'devout hypocrite' card, before the girl said anything else.

"What you're doing here is wrong. Blackmail? Selling forbidden goods to students? Breaking Academy rules? I might not be able to convince you to stop - but, if you're going to do this, I demand that you pray with me and ask God's forgiveness."

The incredulity on the girl's face, the shock and offence, was a beautiful sight.

"You've been fucking one of your students and you want *me* to pray for forgiveness? Are you fucking kidding me?"

I wanted to smile, to laugh. Chloe's expression was utterly priceless. I'd have taken a picture if I could.

Instead, made myself appear sombre, regretful.

"My sins are my own. But I will not be complicit in yours unless you agree to my terms. If you want me to supply you with your contraband, then you must agree to pray with me every time you enter this office. No exceptions."

"Fuck off," Chloe glared. "If you don't do what I tell you, I'll let everyone know what you've been doing." She brandished her phone, waved it in front of me.

It was careless. I could have snatched it right out of her hand, if I was that way inclined. Instead, I crossed my arms.

"Nothing happens which God does not will. If you go public with what you know, that's fine. I accept the consequences of my actions. Otherwise, you will agree to my terms."

Calling a bluff can be dangerous. Even if the person who originally made the bluff never intended to follow through with it, the simple fact that they were being challenged had a way of pushing them to make real on their threat. Me challenging Chloe to rat me out might backfire in catastrophic ways. But, in this case, I didn't see that happening. Chloe going public wouldn't just harm me, but harm her too. Besides, it wasn't like my demand was all that difficult or costly to her. That she knew of, at least.

Chloe mulled it over, glaring daggers at me all the while. Finally, she came to the

right answer.

"Fine. It's a deal. But that's all. Nothing else. Understood?"

I masked my satisfaction, nodded my head. "Very well. And I think now would be a perfect time for our first prayer, don't you agree?"

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Boring. Listening to the stupid priest drone on and on and on was so, so boring. At first, Chloe had resisted the urge to slip down into a nice sleep. But, as Father Joseph continued to talk and talk, she felt herself slipping down and down and down.

So what if she fell asleep? It didn't matter.

Nothing mattered. Only the voice.

It sounded so far away, off in the distance.

Whose voice was it, anyway?

It didn't matter. Nothing did.

Nothing but Chloe.

Nothing but the voice.

It asked her how she was feeling. She told it she felt relaxed. Sleepy. Odd.

It asked her what she meant. Odd how? So she told it. Odd like she wasn't all there.

Like a part of her was asleep, but the rest of her was awake. Like she was dreaming but not. It was hard to describe, and whenever Chloe tried to think there was... nothing.

The voice told her to relax, that everything was fine. And Chloe felt herself relaxing, believing the voice. Everything was fine. Relaxed and fine.

More questions followed. One after the other. Chloe answered them all automatically. They weren't difficult questions, not things she needed to think about. She just kinda knew the answers already. It was almost like the questions answered themselves, and Chloe was just there to be a bridge between the two.

No, she didn't have a boyfriend. No, she wasn't interested in boys. Yes, she was a lesbian. Simple questions.

Who was the strap-on for?

That question made her pause. It took her a moment to realise the voice was asking about the strap-on in the box. The one she'd made Father Joseph buy.

It wasn't for anyone. It was hers. It was for Chloe herself.

Did she have a girlfriend here at the Academy? No. Then why did she want the strap-on for herself?

Because some girls didn't have money to pay for the things she had to sell. And a lot of them were pretty.

The voice went silent for a moment.

When it spoke up next, it was to ask if Chloe made some of the other girls at Saint Sylvie's pay for contraband with sex. Chloe answered simply. Yes, she did.

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Well that was... unexpected.

So Chloe here was gay. Very interesting. And she was using contraband smuggling to fuck other girls. The idea that Chloe was essentially bribing girls with goodies, turning good Christian girls into what amounted to prostitutes for things they had easy access anywhere but here, made me smile.

Lust and greed, always a fun pair.

"Are there any girls who are already indebted to you?" I asked the prone from.

"Yes," Chloe answered in a whisper.

"List their names for me."

I watched Chloe's eyes blink open, morphing from sleepy to confused to alert in the matter of seconds. She glared at me, her memories from before the trance returning. She'd believe that she'd fallen asleep due to boredom, just as I'd instructed.

"Well then," I began, smiling down at her. "Shall we proceed to your payment for my services?"

With hypnosis, it was easy to alter memories. Remove the ones you didn't want, invent new ones to replace them. Now, in Chloe's mind, she'd never overheard me fucking a student. As far as she was aware, I'd never so much as met Olivia. Instead, me and her had come to a different 'arrangement'.

A trade, if you will.

Goods in exchange for sex. Exactly as Chloe was doing with her fellow students, only this time in reverse.

The girl glared up at me. I could practically see the cogs turning behind her eyes. The thought process she must be going through; questioning why she'd ever made the deal, remembering all the money and sexual satisfaction she'd receive from the other girls if she went through with it.

Her frown never faltered, but a new expression surfaced beneath it. Disgust, revulsion.

"Fine," she spat. "Lets get this over with."

Chloe Martin should have been plain, uninteresting. Boring brown hair and ordinary brown eyes. Breasts that were neither large or small, a body that was neither chubby nor slim. She should have been average and bland to me.

And yet, she wasn't.

Maybe it was the way she was looking at me, eyes filled with disgusted resignation. Or maybe it was the way she was standing, as if she owned the room - even now, even with what she was about to do, Chloe still held the posture of someone who thought they were in charge.

She was naked, her clothes tossed to one side, waiting expectantly.

"Come here," I told her, smiling.

Annoyance flittered over Chloe's face. She stepped forward, grimacing. Lowered herself onto her knees.

She'd never sucked cock before. Never had a boyfriend. She'd had plenty of girls, to be sure. Had countless objects inside her; dildos and hair brushes and the like. But never a real cock.

A lesbian, through and through. Gay as they come.

And now she was about to go the whole nine yards with yours truly.

Chloe hated the fact, I could see that clearly on her face as she reached out and grasped my cock, began clumsily stroking it.

She could stop at any time. I hadn't given her any programming forcing her into sex at all. I'd given her fake memories, but little more than that. What Chloe was doing right now was all on her. She herself had chosen this, decided that the benefits of fucking me outweighed her reluctance and dislike. Once more, greed won out over virtue.

So, when she opened her mouth, loathing eyes looking up at my face, and wrapped her lips around my cock, I allowed myself a victorious little smile.

For what it's worth, she wasn't a half-bad cocksucker.

Slow at first, Chloe soon put some effort into pleasuring my cock. Her tongue, long and nimble, worked wonders on my head and shaft, massaging them even as Chloe's lips worked their way up and down my length, alternating between sucking and blowing.

When I placed my hand on her head, she stopped and glared daggers up at me. For a moment, I thought she might bite down and end the fun right there. But I was an

asset to her. An asset she needed to keep happy. So, when I started thrusting my cock into her mouth, fucking her face, all Chloe could do was take it.

I could have finished right there - shot a load down Chloe's throat and sent her on her way.

But I stopped myself, yanked her hair, pulling her away from my cock. She gasped, spluttered. Rivulets of saliva ran down her chin, dripping onto my office floor.

Chloe looked at me angrily. She didn't say anything.

"On to the main event, I think."

The words widened Chloe's eyes. For a moment, all I saw was fear and uncertainty. Then the anger was back, the disgust. She turned away from me, got on to all fours.

Apparently, she wanted to be fucked doggy-style. Curious.

I moved in behind her, planting one hand on her hip. The other grasped my cock, guided it to Chloe's cunt.

Interesting. Very interesting indeed.

The lesbian was wet.

How strange. Perhaps she was imagining someone other than me behind her right now. A girl wearing a strap-on. Maybe that's why she'd wanted to do this doggy-style. How very interesting.

While I'd had her hypnotised, Chloe had admitted to being interested in several girls. Two of which were already mine. The Tomboy Olivia, and Little Miss Perfect herself, Annabelle Telson.

Perhaps she was imagining one of them right now.

I pictured it. The three of them, all naked, all playing with each other while I watched. Which of the three would have the strap-on? Which would be the one penetrated by it?

My cock twitched, ached.

Once my position at the Academy was more solid, once I had enough of the staff under my spell, I'd have to invite those three girls to my office together and find out the answers to those little questions.

For the time being, however...

I thrust forward. One hard, powerful motion.

Chloe half-moaned, half-squealed, as my cock disappeared inside her. Tight as she was, I couldn't fit the entire length in that one thrust. I pulled back, jerked forward. Chloe's entire body tensed, shook. With every slow thrust, I buried more and more of my cock inside her.

It was only when the tip of my cock hit something hard, sending a shiver of pain-pleasure through my body, that Chloe let out another moan.

She collapsed, limp, body going from tense to relaxed in an instant.

I continued to thrust and, much to my surprise, Chloe's hips began to move along with me. She was openly moaning now, gasping and panting. As I pounded forward, her hips bounced backwards.

"Oh," Chloe moaned softly, fucking herself on my dick. "Oh."

Her face was against the floor, tilted to the side. I could see her face, how flushed it was. Her eyes were closed, mouth hanging open. There was no disgust on her face now, only pleasure and heat.

Soon, her pussy began convulsing, squeezing my cock. Her whole body shook, trembled, sending tight vibrations along my cock.

I couldn't hold any longer. I came with Chloe, inside her.

If she noticed, or even cared, she didn't show it. Eyes still closed, she thrust backwards on my cock, pussy milking it as she gyrated her hips, enjoying the unique sensation of being filled with a real cock.

She let out a satisfied moan, looked about ready to fall asleep right there on the

floor.

"So," Eve smiled over at me. "Where did you go Sunday?"

"Oh, nowhere," I shrugged. "Wanted to pick up a few things. Not anything interesting, I promise."

The bags under Eve D'Evron's eyes were darker than ever. She looked worn-out, exhausted. Even so, the woman was stunning. A fully-developed beauty. Jet-black hair, stylish business suit clinging to an amazing body. Even with the conservative clothing, there was no doubting or hiding that Eve had a killer body. An ample bust with an ass to match. If she hadn't been slumping, didn't have those weary eyes, the woman would have looked absolutely perfect.

And soon, she'd be mine.

"Do you have some free time?" I asked her. "There's something I'd like to talk to you about."

A bit more energy drained out of Eve at my words. "Not much. What is it you want to discuss?"

I shook my head. "It can wait. Are you free later? Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow works," Eve sighed. She looked disappointed, like I'd just stolen away the only free time she had left. Which, for the woman practically running an establishment like Saint Sylvie's Academy by herself, was certainly a possibility.

Eve looked like a woman totally drained, running on empty. Fortunately, I had just the remedy for that.

"Tomorrow it is."