

Saint Sylvie's Academy

Chapter 7

When I was a child, my mother told me about the three types of Sins in the world. Big Sins, Small Sins, and Sins That You Think.

A Big Sin would be something like murder. An act of pure evil.

A Small Sin, by contrast, would be lying. Like, say, telling your mother that it wasn't you who smashed the vase. Something small, unimportant and harmless. But still 'bad'.

And then the Sins That You Think. The ones where you don't even need to act on them for them to be sinful. Admiring after a married woman, or looking down on the poor, that kind of thing. It doesn't matter if you're saintly in your actions, so long as you're a sinner in heart, you're a sinner in soul.

At the time, I thought it was inspiring to hear. It's only right, after all, that people be judged on their hearts and minds.

Since then, I've grown up to realise one simple truth:

Everyone has Sins That You Think.

Everyone is a sinner, in their own way.

In this imperfect world of ours, there are no saints. No true holy men or women. Only sinners who appear saintly for their own agendas. Only people like me.

When I grew out of my zealotry, saw the world as it was, I learned something about myself.

I am a doer. I do.

Where other people waffle, where they hesitate, I act. Where they cave, I fight. Where they lose, I win.

"Father, we need to talk."

The speaker was my new toy, the contraband smuggler. Chloe Martin, looking desperate with her eyes wide and hushed tones.

"Not now," I commanded, glancing about casually.

We were not in my office. It would no do to discuss business out in the open, not where anyone might be able to overhear. For now, it didn't seem like anyone was within earshot. But, with everyone moving about right now, it was impossible to be sure.

It was the end of the school day. Everyone returning to their dorms or going to their usual hang-out spots. Teachers and students alike were on the move, flowing through the corridors in a blur of noise and motion. A few glanced my way, curious as to why I was talking to Chloe.

What was she thinking approaching me in the open? Fool girl would need to be reminded of who was in charge here.

"But-" Chloe began, desperation on her face.

"Later," I commanded in a whisper. "Come to my office in two hours. Do not bother me before then. Am I understood?"

She looked about ready to complain, but I didn't give her the chance. I turned, walked away from her, headed swiftly towards my office.

I'd planned this next meeting rigorously. Nothing and no-one would get in the way of it, especially not someone I already controlled.

"Sorry I'm late," Eve D'Evron said as she slipped into my office.

As always, the woman looked tired, exhausted, with much of her original glow faded from the first time I'd met her. Not that she wasn't beautiful still, she very much was. But the weight of running Saint Sylvie's Academy was certainly having a visible effect on her.

Eve's shadowed eyes glanced about the office, her nose twitching at the unexpected smells.

Scented candles, bought while I'd been shopping for Chloe, along with a little atmospheric music. All to create a perfect place for Eve to relax in.

"It's fine," I smiled. "Please, take a seat."

Miss D'Evron looked confused, uncertain. She believed she was here to listen to a complaint of some kind, and since when had complaints ever come with scented candles and relaxing music? I watched her, almost able to read her mind from her expressions.

Was this an attempt to woo her, a desire to start something more than a professional, platonic relationship? Eve looked aghast at the idea.

I didn't want to keep her guessing too long, increase she decided to flee.

"It's my job to look after the mental and spiritual well-being of everyone at Saint Sylvie's Academy," I began. "Not just the students, but also the faculty. That includes you, Eve."

The woman reacted physically to my words. She raised her hands, face morphing in shock.

"Oh. No, no. I'm fine. I-"

"You're exhausted. Worn out," I interrupted. Choosing the right words was vital here. "You've been doing a good job so far. A great job. But everyone has their limits and you're no exception. I've gone ahead and set this up to help you, all you have to do is let me do my job."

Over the weeks, I'd asked Eve if she wanted me to help her relax countless times. Every time, she'd refused. It was only very recently that I realised why. Pride. She was too prideful to ask for, or even accept, help.

At a glance, you'd never think someone like Eve D'Evron was a prideful person. And, I'm sure, in most things she wasn't. But running Saint Sylvie's was something else. A birthright that she needed to be able to run single-handedly, without needing aid.

That's why she rejected my offers to help.

And that's why I'd bought those candles.

It was one thing to reject a simple offer for help, it was another to spurn someone who'd gone so far out of their way to help you. As far as Eve knew, the whole reason I'd left on Sunday for all those hours was for the candles, and the candles alone. The same pride that prevented her from seeking or wanting help before would, if everything went to plan, be the very thing that trapped Eve into agreeing to and accepting my 'help' now.

Everything would depend on how she reacted next.

Eve stared at me a long moment, mouth hanging slightly open. She was thinking, deciding how to act, what to do. For a brief moment, I thought I might have overstepped myself, pushed too hard and failed. But then Eve let out a sigh, slumped down in her chair.

She looked weary, frail, vulnerable.

And, just like that, she was mine.

"Don't worry," I soothed. "I know the perfect thing for you. A little trick I picked up a while back. Think of it as a kind of half-prayer, half-meditation. All you need to do is relax and listen to my voice..."

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Bit by bit, the pressure faded. The Academy, her mother, the family legacy, everything floating away. It felt strange, alien, to be carefree. To have no worries in the world.

Where was she? Why was she?

It didn't matter. Nothing did.

For the first time in weeks. Months. Years. For the first time ever, Eve felt free, relaxed.

It was nice.

Very nice.

She listened, took in the words. It wasn't just her ears that they were touching, it was everything. Her whole body. Her soul.

Eve listened and listened, content and happy.

Anything so that she could feel like this again.

Anything so that she wouldn't have to bear that pressure any more. She'd do anything...

The voice told her things, whispered into her mind. She could feel it there, inside her. The words like glue, sticking there in the recesses of her brain.

Was she very religious?

It was a difficult question to answer. She believed God was out there. She didn't know if He listened, if he cared. She didn't know if what the priests said was right or wrong, which parts of the book were true and which were just stories meant to guide. So many things she didn't know. But she did believe. God was out there, He had to be.

The next time the voice spoke, it told her who and what it was. And, in that moment, Eve felt pure joy.

God. She was speaking to God.

God was speaking to her.

And he had a task for her. A task for his special daughter. A task for his Eve. Would she do this task for him? Would she follow his command?

Yes, Eve answered. Anything.

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Surprisingly suggestible. For a strong-willed woman like Eve, I was not expecting that.

Everyone is different, and all take hypnotic induction differently. Some were naturals, taking to trances like they were born to be mind-altered. Others were more difficult, requiring a lot of effort and trickery to manipulate. While I've never met a person I couldn't trance, there have certainly been plenty who were more difficult than others.

Eve was easy. Amazingly so.

Perhaps it was her desire to remove herself from everything causing her stress, or maybe something to do with the relaxing atmosphere I'd set up. Who knows, could be genetic or something else entirely.

Regardless, Eve D'Evron was remarkably open to hypnotic suggestion.

I brought her out the trance grinning.

"How do you feel, Eve?"

"I..." Eve considered for a moment, smiled widely. "I feel amazing. Thank you, Adam."

In one word, she'd sealed her fate. Adam.

"Remind me again Eve, why did God make us?"

Eve blinked at me. "To be the first man and woman."

"And to breed and make babies, right?"

Eve blushed, nodded her head.

It was silly, a little whim. But who better to play the part than someone actually named Eve? I could change the programming later, replace it with something more standard. But, for now, tasting the forbidden fruit sounded marvellous.

"Well then, looks like we have a job to do then, doesn't it?"

Removed from her business attire, Eve's body looked stunning. A true woman at her peak. With full, big tits. A nice, bouncy ass. Smooth and soft skin. She was pale, lean. Not quite athletic, but otherwise perfect. The picture of a regal young woman from a line of well-bred beauties. She stood, back straight, hips curved. A posture of elegance not at all marred by the fact that she was naked head to toes.

There were still circles under her eyes, still weariness on her features. But there was something new, too. A silent, excited energy. Youth and life. Before, where her eyes had only looked tired, now had something else in them. A dreamy desire.

We were in my sleeping chambers, me laying back in bed as Eve advanced. The mattress shifted under me as Eve climbed onto it, crawled up my legs.

The raw sexual hunger radiating off the woman was insane. The sheer heat and lust.

It wasn't even my doing, it was all Eve.

Evidently, the woman needed to get laid. Thankfully for her, I was here.

Slowly, sensually, she began to kiss my neck. Nuzzling it even as her hands touched and squeezed and fondled my groin. Her bare tits pressed onto my chest, their soft weight sending shivers through my skin. I could feel her hard nipples, feel the moisture leaking from between her legs, down onto my stomach.

Without thinking, acting purely on instinct, my hand moved. A loud slap reverberated through my chamber; the palm of my hand colliding with Eve's round ass-cheek. I felt it bounce underneath my fingers, felt her whole body shake and shudder from the impact, tense and warm.

"Ah!" Eve gasped, bit down on my shoulder playfully.

Her skin was so warm, so hot against me. It felt like her entire body must be burning up. Wherever my bare skin met hers, it felt like fire.

Eve pushed down on my chest, pulled her mouth away from mine.

She repositioned herself on top of me, above my shaft. And, without ever taking her eyes, those hungry, shadowed, beautiful eyes, away from me, Eve began to lower her body down onto mine.

The pressure, the unimaginable heat, as my cock was slowly engulfed, was beyond words. Inch by inch, Eve impaled herself on me. Not stopping until my entire length was inside her. Her eyes were closed, mouth open in quiet, tight moans.

Once every bit of it was inside her, when there was no more left for her to take, Eve stopped, shivered. Her eyes opened, locked onto mine.

And she began to lift herself.

Just as the pressure had come, it vanished. Eve rose, little by little, until only the head remained inside her. Lowered herself again, harder this time, faster.

A wave of pleasure crashed over us both. Another.

Slowly at first, Eve began to ride me. Every bounce faster than the one before, harder and harder. My hands found themselves on Eve's hips, me thrusting up as she bounced down.

Heat and haze and noise filled the room.

The smacking of our bodies against each other, the slick sounds of sex, the creak of bed-springs, the gasps and moans.

"More," Eve cried, desperation mixed with pleasure. "More."

I thrust harder, not stopping when Eve collapsed onto me, not while her body shuddered and shook as she orgasmed again and again. I held her ass in place, kept thrusting.

When it was time for me to cum, I didn't hold back. I thrust as hard and deep as I could, pumped every drop into her.

Eve gasped, clutched onto me. I could feel her trembling, feel the convulsing of her pussy around my shaft, feel the heat and energy slowly drain out of her as we lay there. When Eve finally spoke, it was to thank me.

She thanked me for helping her relax, for counselling her.

Amazing.

Almost as soon as Eve was out of my office, Chloe Martin barged in. The same urgency on

her face as had been there earlier. She stomped over to my desk, slammed her hands on the wooden surface.

An aggressive gesture. Why then, did she look so afraid?

"How can I help you today, Miss Martin?" I asked, still in the after-glow of a wonderful orgasm.

Chloe glared at me for a moment. Then the fear was back, the desperation. She glanced back at the door, as if worried someone might be eavesdropping on her.

"Mrs Howell confiscated my phone," Chloe said, eyes wide.

"Yes, and?" My chest constricted. There was only one reason why Chloe's phone being taken might not be so great for me. But it couldn't be. I'd sorted that, hadn't I?

"There's a... I don't know how it got there, but there's a recording of you on it."

It was impossible. I'd told Chloe to delete it, hadn't I? Back when I'd had her in a trance, I'd removed her memories of it and instructed her to erase the file.

"Tell me everything."

Perfect. Just perfect. Not only had Chloe failed to delete that recording - I'd have to find out why later - but she'd actually decided to listen to it in a public place, in earshot of a teacher no less.

She hadn't known what the file was, of course. I'd taken that memory from her. So, for all she'd known, it could have been music or some random accidentally recorded audio. Regardless, she didn't know what it was until it was too late. The teacher, Mrs Howell, overheard and confiscated the phone.

The last Chloe saw of it, Mrs Howell was taking the phone to Matron D'Evron, the big bitch herself.

Damage control.

No time to think or plan, I had to act now and minimise all the damage I could.

After sending Chloe to her dorm room, I began the walk to Matron D'Evron's office. If I could get to her before she listened to the file, if I could hypnotise her, then I could avert what would otherwise be a disaster.

"Ah," the Matron's assistant smiled at me as I approached. "I was just about to come fetch you. Matron D'Evron wishes to see you in her office."

I nodded at her, forced a smile, walked past her and pushed on the large wooden doors of the headmistresses office.

Matron D'Evron's office was huge, regal. The furniture looked ancient, expensive. Hardwood and leather. In the middle of the large room was an impressive desk, and behind that desk was the woman herself. Saint Sylvie's owner. Ida D'Evron.

She wasn't smiling. But then, she never smiled.

The woman didn't say anything as I approached. Simply signalled for me to sit.

I did as I was bidden, eyes drawn to the familiar phone sat on the Matron's desk. I glanced from it to the old woman, feeling my insides churn.

She didn't say anything, simply reached out with a thin, wrinkled finger and pressed the screen.

Audio began to play.

Sex. Muffled, but clear enough to recognise it for what it was. A man and a woman having sex. Only the woman sounded young; a young woman at best, a late teen. A student. And the man, while not as obvious, couldn't be anyone but me.

When Olivia's voice cried out, it was the final nail in the coffin.

"Father," her static-laden voice moaned. "Oh God."

As the audio played, my mind raced. Searching for any way out of this situation. An escape route. Hypnotising the old woman would solve everything, but how? There were only a few seconds left of the recording. Not enough time.

When the sound cut off, silence filled the office.

There had to be something. Some card I could play. Some way for me to manipulate this situation. There had to be something...

The hag let out a breath, eyes filled with ice and contempt.

"You're fired."

The words shook me. The way in which she'd spoken them, so cold and calculated. Mechanical. It was surprising how much power the woman could fit into just two words. So surprising that I almost missed it.

Opportunity.

The weight inside me disappeared. The pressure gone in an instant as I realised what I needed to do.

I suppressed the smile, leaned back in my chair.

"No," I said, staring hard at Ida D'Evron. "I don't think I am."