

Saint Sylvie's Academy

Chapter 8

People are weak. We're all controlled by one thing or another. Be it lust or greed or gluttony, we all have our weakness.

When I was younger, pride was my weakness. I believed myself truly faithful, above others simply for the fact that I could recite an old book from cover to cover. I thought I knew everything, understood the world around me in a way that no-one else ever could. I was special, chosen.

I looked down on those less faithful than I was, judged them as unworthy. Ridiculed them while wearing a gentle, loving smile.

Back then, I'd been controlled by my own superiority complex, all the while thinking I was holy and just.

And, when I turned my back on faith, allowed myself to succumb to a different sin, I quickly discovered just how weak we mere mortals are.

Lust is my controlling force now. Why else would I go so far, risk so much, if not for the greatest temptation?

Everyone is controlled by one thing or another.

As I stared into Ida D'Evron's eyes, as I watched them flare with indignation and anger, I knew what her Sin was.

"What?!" Matron D'Evron growled. "I don't think you understand the situation you're in here, *Father*. You're fired. You will leave Saint Sylvie's Academy grounds immediately, or I'll inform the authorities about you *dalliances* with a student."

It was a bluff. If she was going to rat me out, she'd have done it already.

Pride was Ida D'Evron's weakness. She wouldn't allow herself to look bad, and would especially do whatever it took to preserve the reputation on her Academy. It had been in the family for generations, after all. It wouldn't be Ida who left a stain on the Academy's otherwise spotless record.

"The girl in that recording is only one of the students I've been fucking," I told her nonchalant. "Another one that's been taking care of my cock would be Annabelle Telson. Daughter of a high-profile politician, isn't she? I can see the headlines now."

The Matron's eyes narrowed, took on a dangerous look.

"Not to mention Hannah, my lovely assistant. The one you provided for me, I might add. How will people react when they find out she helped me keep everything a secret, that she was on lookout duty while I having my way with the students?"

What I was doing now was dangerous, risky.

"And, of course, there's the girl who traded sex for contraband goods. I believe the technical term for that is 'prostitution', no? Come one, come all, to the school that'll turn your daughters into whores. That's not something a place like Saint Sylvie's Academy could ever recover from, is it?"

Calling a bluff was always dangerous. Even if the person making the bluff had no intention of following through originally, the simple fact that they were being called out - challenged - made it far more likely they'd go through with their threat.

The Matron's eyes were filled with spite and pure hatred. Her body was trembling, barely able to contain the rage she was so evidently feeling.

"So go ahead," I told the glaring woman. "Inform the authorities. Tell them everything. Because if you don't, I certainly will. Fire me? Sure, go for it. But the first place I'll go is to turn myself in. Either way, Saint Sylvie's Academy goes under."

"How dare you," the Matron spat, voice trembling. "Who do you think you-"

"Or," I smiled. "I could walk out of this office and pretend like this conversation never happened. Life continues as normal and, when the school year is over, I leave and we never see each other again. No drama, no public controversies."

Unlike Ida, I wasn't bluffing. If she challenged me, I'd follow through with my threats. That was the key to blackmail done right. Always follow through. No matter what, no matter the cost. I'd spent the majority of my life speaking with the conviction of faith, and I spoke now with just as much conviction as I ever had before.

"The choice is yours, Matron. Either I keep on fucking the students for the next few months, or I go down and I take you and your precious Academy with me."

Moment of truth. What mattered more to Ida D'Evron; her students, or her school?

She was glaring at me with such hatred, I could actually feel it radiating off her. I was half tempted to mock her, poke her a little bit more just to see her explode. I held back, barely.

"Get out of my sight," Ida D'Evron said at last, barely more than a whisper.

I smiled at her, gave her a curt nod and rose to my feet.

Disaster averted, for now.

I, of course, had absolutely no intention of leaving Saint Sylvie's at the end of the school year. No, this place was perfect for me - all the pussies about just waiting to be had. That had just been to help the Matron ignore her conscience. If she thought she'd be rid of me regardless, she was far less likely to go public and harm her own interests.

At some point, I'd have to depose Ida D'Evron and install Eve on her mother's throne, a puppet for me to rule through. But that could wait. I'd have months before I'd need to act on that front.

Right now, I had a more pressing conquest to make.

Mrs Howell, the teacher who confiscated Chloe Martin's phone and created this mess for me. The one who'd overheard the recording and no-doubt listened to it in full afterwards. She'd have to be dealt with. Luckily, I had just the right tools at my disposal to make that lose end disappear.

Chloe and Mrs Howell were alone in the woman's classroom. I stood outside the room, unseen and unheard.

"I'm sorry," Chloe was saying, voice electronically distorted.

"Yes," came the teacher's reply, sounding further away. "I'm sure you are."

"I just, I heard what was going on and I was scared. I knew I should record it and..."

There was a sob. A fake sob, but it sounded real enough. With a bit of luck, it would fool Mrs Howell.

"You did the right thing," Mrs Howell replied. "You should have told a teacher sooner, though. That type of thing happening in a school..."

"I was scared," came Chloe's rehearsed reply. "I didn't want to get into trouble."

The teacher sighed, said something that I couldn't quite make out. Damned phone, why was the signal at Saint Sylvie's so bad? They were literally a few feet away from me and the phone-call was still utterly garbage.

"I," Chloe continued. "I was wondering if you'd pray with me, Mrs Howell. I can't go to him, and I want to pray, but I don't want to do it alone. And I can't tell anyone and..."

"Yes Chloe," the teacher said, and I could almost hear the naivety in her voice. A gentle tone to soothe what she thought was a troubled young woman. "I'll pray with you."

Teaching Chloe how to bring someone into a trance was a simple thing. The girl was bright, always looking for an advantage over others. What better advantage was there than the ability to warp their very minds?

I'd hypnotise her later, remove the knowledge. But, for now, I was eager to reap my rewards.

Mrs Howell was a slightly older woman; not quite pretty, but with a nice enough body to make up for it. She wasn't up to my high standards - but then this wasn't for

pleasure, it was business.

Once she was in the trance, I entered the classroom, removed her memories of the phone and erased all knowledge she had about my activities. And, as punishment for involving herself in my business in the first place, I made a few tweaks here and there. A little comeuppance for being so nosy.

"Say it," Chloe commanded. There was a fire in her eyes I'd never seen before, a cruel, powerful heat.

"I'm sorry," Mrs Howell gasped. "I'm sorry Miss Martin."

Chloe thrust again, hard. The strap-on dildo disappeared between her teacher's legs. Mrs Howell's whole body shuddered.

"For what?" Chloe asked, gyrating her hips with a smirk.

"For taking your phone," Mrs Howell moaned. "Please, I'm sorry. I won't do it again. Please don't stop."

As Chloe resumed her onslaught, pounding her teacher's soaked cunt with the strap-on I'd bought her, I couldn't help but grin along with her. One less obstacle in my way, one step closer to owning the Academy and having free reign over every pussy here.

"You two have a lot in common," I said, making sure both their faces were clear in camera's recording. "Both daughters of wealthy and influential figures, both raised to be upstanding women of class, both beautiful and refined."

I moved the camera between Eve D'Evron and Annabelle Telson, roaming both their bodies.

They were naked, bodies on display.

"The only difference between you that I can see is that one is slightly older, more experienced, than the other."

I reached out, cupped one of Eve's tits.

"It's only right, then, that the one with more worldly experience act as a mentor to the other, no? I think that would be a wonderful thing to see."

My hand moved from Eve to Annabelle, squeezing one of her tits just as I'd done to Eve.

"Eve, why don't you show Annabelle how a refined, upstanding woman of class sucks cock?"

Both of them, Eve and Annabelle, were kneeling in front of me. One on either side, both with their lips on my cock. They took turns sucking, one taking it in their mouth while the other licked the base or played with my balls.

Annabelle's face, once a perfect mask of polite elegance, was morphed into something far more animal. Hungry, thirsty for cock.

Eve, nice and kind Eve, opened her mouth, swallowed down my cock like a common street hooker.

And me? I recorded every moment of it. Every lick, every gag and choke, every little kiss. I watched and recorded as Eve D'Evron climbed on top of me, lowered herself down onto my cock. I recorded her tits bouncing as she rode me, and I recorded as Miss Telson fingered herself while watching us.

Eve truly did have an amazing body. Curves in all the right places, perfect tits and ass and legs. She smiled at me as I fucked her, closed her eyes, enjoyed the sensation of being filled completely.

The two of them took turns, one riding while the other watched and played with themselves. And, when the time came for me to orgasm, I made sure to do it in Annabelle's pretty mouth.

All of this, while fun, had a purpose. This recording was supposed to be watched.

Which meant going one step further.

"Don't swallow it, Annabelle." I turned, looked at the hot, sweat-soaked body of Saint Sylvie's heiress. "You want to taste my cum too, don't you Eve?"

She looked into the camera, nodded her head.

"Then you know what to do."

And she did. I'd made sure to implant the idea in her mind before we began. Eve crawled on hands and knees across my bed to where Annabelle sat, climbed onto the younger woman's lap, leaned in for the kiss.

They made out for a few minutes, hands roaming each other's backs and bodies, until Eve's fingers found their way to Annabelle's crotch.

The girl trembled, her moan muffled by Eve's mouth.

Ida D'Evron glared as I walked into her office, strode over to her desk with a wide grin on my face. She said nothing as I placed the phone and its recording down on her desk.

"I've made copies," I told her. "You have until the end of the week to announce your resignation and retirement."

It was, of course, the recording of me and Eve and Annabelle. A priest, the Academy's heiress, and the daughter of a high-rolling politician. If the last recording, a muffled sound-bite of a student having sex with the Academy's priest, was bad, then what I'd just handed Ida was apocalyptic.

I didn't say another word, didn't wait for Ida to watch her daughter's first porno. I simply walked out of her office, started planning how I'd redecorate it.

When you have nothing to lose, you have everything to gain.

And, when you have everything to lose, nothing is gained by futile resistance.

As expected, Ida D'Evron retired within days. The Academy, the D'Evron legacy, was left to Eve and, by extension, to me. And just like that, I had absolute power. Saint Sylvie's was mine.

Mine, but not perfect. Not yet.

I walked into Eve's office, strode over to her desk. She was busy doing paperwork, bags under her eyes still there, if a little less prominent these days.

"Ass in the air," was all I needed to say.

Eve rose from her chair without hesitation, pulled up her skirt and pulled down her panties. She planed both hands firmly on the desk, bent over for me.

The new Matron certainly had a nice ass. Round and full, bouncing magnificently when I slapped it.

Eve gasped, tensed.

I slapped her ass again, revelling in the echo that resounded through the large office.

Like my sleeping quarters, the Matron's office had a large stone balcony that overlooked the Academy grounds. A place for the owner to look down over their precious school.

It was mine now. My little kingdom.

A sly smirk twisted my lips. A fun little idea. A whim that begged to be fulfilled.

I grabbed a fistful of Eve's hair, pulled on it. The woman let out a cry of pain, but didn't fight against me as I let her onto the balcony, bent her over the stone railing.

From here, I could see everything. Saint Sylvie's Academy in all its glory.

There were students out on the grounds, dotted about in small groups and clusters. Too far away to make out details. None would see what I was about to do, not unless they had eagle-eyed vision or a camera with a zoom function.

I came up behind Eve, placed a hand on her hip, slowly guided my cock between her legs.

"Is this everything?"

"Yes, father," Chloe Martin answered.

On my desk was a list of all the girl's dealings. Everything she'd bought and sold, everything she'd promised to obtain for other students, and every student that she'd made pay with their bodies. Of all the girls and women in my collection, it was Chloe that resembled me the most.

Cool, calculated. A deviant to the core.

"This one," I pointed to one of the entries on the list. "What does she look like?"

Chloe looked at the name I was pointing to. "Tall, short brown hair, plain. She has a freckle-"

"Is she good-looking?"

Chloe shrugged. "I suppose, Not amazing, but cute enough."

I nodded my head.

The girl had ordered and received a phone from Chloe. It would be a simple matter to inform one of her teachers, have them confiscate it and send the girl to me for 'counselling'. And, just like that, add another toy to my ever-growing collection.

"And where's my payment, Miss Martin?"

Chloe sighed, walked around my desk, crawled under it and between my legs.

I returned my attention to the sheets of paper and the folders in front of me. Every student at Saint Sylvie's was listed in these documents. Their school records, their personal histories.

One by one, I'd have them all. Add every single one to my collection. The lookers, I'd fuck. The others, I'd find uses for. But, by the time the year was done, there wouldn't be a single soul at Saint Sylvie's Academy that didn't belong to me.

I swore it silently, made it my oath while staring across my office at a cross that hung on the wall.

Stop me, I dared it.

A part of me, that foolish, stupid part of me that still wanted to believe, thought something might happen. A roar of thunder as God struck me down.

But no roar came, no thunder or lightning or hellfire.

Just the wet, sloppy sounds and gagging of a teenage girl deepthroating my cock.

Speeches. I hate speeches. Long and boring, and once they start you're trapped in place, forced to listen. I glanced about, saw the same look of boredom shared by many of students seated in the Academy's main hall.

Thankfully, it was mostly over with now. Just a little longer and it'd be done.

"And so, with that said, I want to personally welcome all of you to Saint Sylvie's Academy," Eve was saying, standing centre-stage. "May the coming year be filled with learning, joy and growth for all."

Some of the students clapped, most just looked relieved.

I scanned the sea of new faces, looking for the stand-out beauties. A few had already caught my attention, sexy little things just begging to be brainwashed.

In time, I'd have them all.

Last year's students, Annabelle and Chloe and Olivia and all the others I'd come to know so intimately, had left two or so months ago. Gone to start the next step in their lives. It was almost sad to see them all disappear.

But now I had a new host of girls to make mine, a fresh new harem to create.

I rose to my feet along with everyone else, a smile on my face and a hard-on under my robes. Time to go do my job and introduce all these young women to their new God.