

my savior and my executioner

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by [cassandraofthemoon](#)

Summary

Alina is a high school student determined to have fun on her last school trip. Mr. Morozova is her teacher who keeps her in line and has not so pure thoughts about her all the time.

Oh, did I mention they have a big crush on each other and would like to make things work?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everybody clapped as the plane landed, and I just wanted to hide. "Why are 18-year-olds so cringey?" I asked Genya.

"Alina, we are 18-year-olds. Besides," she stretched after the long hours on the plane and hugged me, "this is going to be our last school trip, and I want to enjoy every minute of it." She was my classmate and best friend; one of the few people, besides Marie and Nadia, who welcomed me after I enrolled at Pinewood High School. My parents had died six months ago in a car accident, so I had to leave everything and move to my aunt's in Florida, to start a new life. I wished I had Genya's enthusiasm. I didn't even want to come to this school trip, not after everything that had happened, but my aunt Ana had insisted so much, I said yes only to make her happy.

"Mr. Morozova, when are we going to the Orsay museum?" Zoya Nazyalensky, the school sweetheart, asked. But Mr. Morozova, the English teacher, was too busy taking his luggage and helping the other students to do the same to hear her, so Miss Baghra turned to her and answered, "Nazyalensky, you already have the schedule for these days. Don't pretend not to know so you can flirt with Mr. Morozova, please." Zoya babbled something about not finding the schedule, but the guys were too busy laughing to hear her reply.

"God, she makes me want to puke," I shook my head.

"Please don't, you've already resisted for six hours," Genya giggled, "besides, can you blame her? He's hot."

"He's also forty."

"I heard mid-thirties, and I don't see the problem." Sadly, it was true.

Mr. Morozova, our second chaperone, had a strict British accent, but everybody at school knew he had late Russian origins. His class was one of the hardest, since he was always so harsh. Personally, I recognized he was a very capable teacher, but I resented him for not including 17th century English literature in the program. Still, I paid full attention to his lessons, to how he read out loud the parts we were to discuss, the precise way he explained what was right and what was wrong when he graded my assignments, the passion he had about this subject. Despite all that, I wasn't sure if my attention was due to the subject or because - I forgot to add - boy, was he something to look at.

The bus took us to our hotel, which wasn't very nice, but we didn't care. We already planned on buying alcohol and drinking it, so at the end of the trip we wouldn't even remember what our rooms looked like. Actually, it was Genya - who was obviously more popular than me - and her friends who had planned it, I just got along not to be alone. I just hoped that Mal boy wouldn't have tried hitting on me: he had already flirted with me, in a subtle but not-so-subtle way, and I always played nice, since having a boy ready for a hookup wasn't bad at all. But this week I didn't wanna spend time turning down some useless fuckboy, so I was trying to stay as far as possible from him.

We had an hour and a half before we had the roll call in the hall, then off to the museum Zoya was so excited to visit. I shared a room with only Genya, so we decided to invite Marie and Nadia over to get ready together. She also blasted some music to set the mood while I was showering, so I was totally relaxed when she got in the bathroom and I opened the door to let the girls in after I heard knocking. I didn't even look at the door; I turned away to fetch my makeup bag, but when I heard a masculine cough I paralyzed.

Mr. Morozova was at the entrance, a file and a pen in his hands. I suddenly realized that I was in my underwear and tried to cover my body with my hands, other than hiding behind the door. He was wearing a jacket over one of the sweaters he wore everyday, long brown trousers and mocassinos, as if he wasn't going to walk for miles in a day but just going to a casual dinner. He seemed pretty bothered.

He almost lowered his gaze before saying, "hello, miss. Starkov. I'm just checking who's staying in which room." He placed the pen on the file.

"It's only me and Miss Safin, Sir. She's showering at the moment."

He noticed the big mess Genya and I had already left, clothes everywhere except on my body. "Tidy up this mess and lower the music, there are other guests at this floor."

"Yes, sir."

"And wear proper clothes; we are going to a museum, not to a nightclub. Besides, we left in" he checked the file, "37, and I want to be back the same number." With that, he left.

How dared he? Obviously, I wasn't going out like that, I was in my freakin' underwar. Did he think I was hitting on him? Or that I was fucking around? Even so, what was his problem? How pretentious.

I was about to tell him off, but Genya appeared and pushed the last of me behind the door. "Hello, Mr Morozova! Didn't the program mention a party after dinner?"

He didn't even turn our way, "it depends on how you'll behave."

I shut the door, "did you hear what that prick said?"

"Yes, and it was inappropriate, but he'll be our chaperone tonight, so we need him not pissed. Do you think Baghra will bring us at the club? She won't even leave the hotel unless

there are 40 degrees outside." It was probably true: her classroom was a sauna. People said she raised the temperature on purpose to make the students feel unease.

"Fine, but he won't get away with it."

"Hola chicas," Mal sat at our table at dinner as soon as Genya left for the bathroom, grinning with his usual smirk.

"That's Spanish," I corrected him, keeping my eyes on the plate.

"Oh I know, it's just," he stooped over me and whispered, "I smoked a really good joint, so I'm a bit high, baby." I was sure he smoked some really good oregano, at best.

I smiled just to be polite, but he took it as an invitation to keep speaking. "You know, Alina, tonight will be so fun. Save me a dance at the club, won't you?"

"I- uh, I don't really like dancing" *with you*. If he wanted to make out, fine, but he should have known that was the only way I was going to bear his tongue.

"Sorry, Starkov, I don't make the rules. Wear something cute tonight, it's gonna be a ride." He winked at me and then left. If another person had told me what to wear, I swear I would have smashed their head against the wall until I saw their brain – or what was there instead – fall out.

"What's wrong with him?" asked Marie, who saw the entire scene.

"He fell when he was little, he's desperate, he was raised by wolves. You name it," I shrugged.

"I actually think it's because of the people he hangs with" Nadia added, "his two friends," nodding towards their direction.

"I think they share one brain cell in three."

"Question is: do they always share the brain cell, like constantly 33%, or do they pass it on- the one who is speaking has it?" David wondered, truly interested in the dynamics of this hypothetical connection.

"Guys!" Baghra caught our attention, banging her hand on the table. "Tonight you'll be going to the party at the end of the street. Due to some unfortunate events that risked this trip, I had to convince Mr. Morozova to take you, so please behave and don't piss him off."

He stood up beside her, checking his clock. "You have half an hour to get ready and do all of the stuff you do to look like you're suddenly 30, then we meet at the hall. I don't want to see alcohol, weed, anything you know it's forbidden."

Genya got close and lowered her voice, "he doesn't wanna see it, then we'll hide it well", then winked.

I couldn't help but smile. "I'm sure we'll manage. Anyway, what were they talking about when they said we risked not going?"

"I heard Morozova surprised a couple in a room, in, well-" she giggled, "a pretty obvious situation."

"God, what's his problem? Has he never been young? All kids our age wanna do is bang, and as long as we don't do it in his face, it should be fine with him."

We went to our room while considering our possible outfits. Genya was so kind she let me borrow one of her dresses; she also fixed my hair up and did my makeup. I thought this was the best part of the trip: having somebody to swap clothes with, to advise – not that my advice in clothing was that good –, it made me feel like in a TV show, two friends having fun together before going out. But it also made me melancholic, because I knew that for as much as I liked this pretend, it was all that it could be. In a couple months I would have considered this moment the only ones I had with the closest person to a sister. Aunt Ana hadn't kids of her own, but she fostered. It was nice to have a sparkle of life in the house, but I couldn't consider 5 years olds with whom I temporarily shared the house my brothers and sisters, and as soon as they left, the same black void that had disappeared when they came, that had been filling me for months, who made my days fully black, returned.

"Are you alright, darling? You casted down, and that gives you wrinkles. Please stop", she reassured me, patting my back.

"Yeah, sorry. Just zoned out for a moment. Won't let it happen again. Besides-" I checked the time on my phone "shit, we're late! Hurry up hurry up hurry up"

We grabbed our jackets and launched down the stairs as fast as our heels would allow. We reached the other guys, walking behind the teacher so that he wouldn't notice us. "You're lucky he hasn't called you yet," Nadia whispered, "he was just yelling at the other students who were late."

We tried to calm ourselves since our panting gave away the fact that we had just got here. He narrowed his eyes while calling our names, trying to recall if he already saw us. "I'll deal with you later," he dismissed us.

The club was a ten-minute walk from our hotel, and we were thrilled as we hit the dancefloor. The music wasn't great, mostly because we didn't share the same hits overseas, but we didn't care. As long as we were together having fun, it would be alright. Or at least that was what I was trying to convince myself. It didn't take long for Mal to reach for me, his already sweaty body pressed against my back. "You look gorgeous tonight," he shouted over the loud music, but all I could sense was his breath, spoiled by alcohol. I shot a glance at the girls: Genya was now dancing with David and Marie and Nadia were at the bar taking a break, so I had to take care of him myself.

Before I could answer, he pressed his hands on my hips and added: "It's a bit crowded in here, wanna go out? Maybe a quick trip to the hotel, I, uh, forgot something there."

As he raised one hand to my torso, I felt the urge to leave. "Yeah sorry, I need to take some fresh air, see ya later." I broke free of his grip before he could offer to accompany me. I walked as fast as I could, but the closer I got to the exit door the more I sped up. I was so disgusted by Mal's touch, the way he touched me as soon as he saw me, that I didn't see the step next to the door, so I felt my ankle twist and I grabbed the closest thing to me to stop me from falling.

Only when I was on the ground – my grip had slipped – tears filling my eyes, I noticed what I had gripped on was the sleeve of Mr. Morozova's jacket.

I felt my world giving in, not sure whether it was for the pain or how he looked at me.

Chapter End Notes

This is just an intro, the best part is yet to come ofc ;)

Next smutty character coming right away, just need to edit it a bit, so stay tuned and leave kudos if you enjoyed! Also any kind of advice is truly appreciated, it helps me improve ☺

P.S. Am I the only one who is sensing a lot of Aimee and Maeve (from sex education) vibes from Alina and Genya? Love them so much

ii.

Chapter Summary

The attraction they both feel leads to something they hope they won't regret.

(yep, that's it. that's the smut)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Miss Starkov, are you alright?" Mr. Morozova knelt beside me, his face worried.

I sobbed. "Do I look okay? It hurts like hell- God!"

"If you can talk back, that it's not that bad. Wait here," and he left. Was he really leaving me here, on a sidewalk in Paris, unable to walk, with probably a broken foot? But before I could formulate a proper insult, I saw him coming back with ice, tissues and a bottle of water.

He gave me all of that and proceeded to take of my right shoe. "Does it hurt here?" and touched my ankle.

Pain shot right through me. I cried and dug my nails into my palm. It was as if they were stabbing my foot again and again.

"I take it as a yes. The ankle hasn't swollen yet, but we need to put some ice on it. It'll hurt a bit, but then you'll feel better."

I just flinched when he put it, already exhausted from all the pain.

Then he took his phone. "What are you doing?" I managed to say between my sobs.

"Calling an ambulance. We need to make sure you didn't break your foot."

"No!" I panicked, "I'm already feeling better, please don't call it."

"You can't possibly be already better. Besides, you're crying."

I wiped away black tears from my face, "okay, I'll stop. But please, it's probably nothing and I'm being overdramatic, I'll take something for the pain and it'll be fine." The last trip to the hospital I took was when my parents had died, it haunted my nightmares to this day and I didn't need another reminder. The smell of aseptic and the white gowns were inked in my mind and I knew it was a scar that could never go away.

He studied me, unsure on what to do. "Fine, but we're going to the ER tomorrow if the pain doesn't stop."

Despite giving in, he was still making a call.

"You said no ER."

"And I mean it, but we need to call you parents and Baghra, so that she can take care of the guys while I bring you to your room."

I probably couldn't walk and at the moment didn't even care to try, so I nodded. He called Baghra right away, explained briefly the situation and then he handed me the phone, "digit your parents' number, please."

I did it. "That's my aunt, she's my guardian. Can I talk to her before? She'll panic and think it's something too serious if she doesn't hear from me first." Technically I no longer had a guardian since I was 18, but the school still demanded real adults to be contacted in this kind of situations.

He nodded, and I tried to look as chill and calm as possible while Aunt Ana asked me how I was, if I wanted to go to the ER and if I had already taken something for the pain. Then I gave the phone to Mr. Morozova, who stepped away but not too much, so that he could still supervise me.

As soon as the call ended, I saw Baghra arriving. She looked at me shaking her head, clearly disappointed.

Before she could say something mean, Mr. Morozova interrupted her, "c'mon, she just fell. Don't go hard on her, she's already in pain." Then she was displeased with him, but he didn't even notice it as he was raising me and taking me in his arms. I placed the ice bag on my stomach and we swiftly said our goodbyes before leaving.

I was so embarrassed being carried like that, I could feel his arm on my back and his abs against my side. His perfume filled my nostrils, wanting me to curl up even more against his body. I didn't know where to place my arms, so I just stayed still, fearing that any touch might set fire to the spark that was ready inside me.

His lips twitched, "please don't make it look like I'm kidnapping you, it's already embarrassing enough." So I placed my arms around his neck and looked at his jaw, instead at his face. He had fine features, his jaw structure was sharp enough that it made me want to trace its line, my fingers on his hard stubble.

"Have you got some painkillers in your room?" *Only vodka*, I thought.

I shook my head, and then we proceeded silently.

We entered the lobby and he asked the concierge for the key of his room; I took it, since his hands were pretty busy.

His room was the exact opposite of mine and Genya's: the tidiest place I had ever seen; but he had no hair curler or make up to use, so it was easier for him to have a perfect room.

He gently placed me on the bed and went to the bathroom, then opened a briefcase in which I saw some papers and a bottle of pills. He extracted a couple of them and placed on the nightstand.

"We should get you something to eat; these are pretty strong painkillers, you should take them with a full stomach."

He opened the minifridge every room was equipped with, grabbed a snack and showed it to me. "I hope you fancy that, since it's the closest thing to food, now that the kitchen is closed."

I shrugged and opened the snack after he gave it to me. I wasn't really in the mood for food. I just wanted to curl up in bed and cry myself to sleep, but the logical part of me knew I had to eat so that I could take the pills and stop the pain.

After I was settled, the ice again on my ankle, he sat on the chair at the opposite side of the bed and asked, "do you want to tell me why you fell?"

It caught me a little off guard. "I didn't see the step, sir."

"I saw you, almost running, I suppose from someone. What happened?"

I didn't want to tell him, not because I was scared for the detention Mal could have gotten off this, but because him knowing that something might be going on between me and Mal didn't sit right with me. "Somebody approached me and I didn't like it", I settled for half a truth, "but not someone from school".

He said at the same time "that Oretsev boy," rolling his eyes.

I tried to sit right but a sharp pain ran through me. "No, sir, that's not him. I wouldn't have done anything with him." I tried to look outraged by his accusation.

He stood up, annoyed at me, "you know better than to lie to me, Miss Starkov."

Then it hit me: I was wearing my sexiest clothes - Genya's actually, but it didn't matter - half naked in the school hottest teacher's hotel room and the worst part was that I had no intention to waste this occasion.

As if he read my mind, he sat beside me and grabbed my chin, lifting it so that our eyes could meet. "I don't know what you see in him. Is he so good in bed?"

I was shocked at what he was saying. "I wouldn't- I wouldn't know, sir," trying to shake my head as much as his hand could allow me.

But he didn't even let me finish. "Were you trying to properly get fucked, Miss Starkov? You should've come to me." He lowered his hand from my chin to my neck, grabbing it to kiss me.

His lips on mine were furious, the right word seemed famish. He slightly clenched his fingers around my neck, as if to assert dominance, and played with the strap of my black dress with his other hand. He lowered it and caressed my shoulder, eager to explore my body. I put my hands on his torso, touching the same strength I felt when he had brought me here.

I dared to place my hands on his hips, trying to take off his shirt, but he moved my hands away. "It would be too easy like that, Alina."

I never heard him calling me with my first name, and the way those syllables rolled around his tongue while saying them turned me on. "I wanted to touch you", I whispered, confused by his rejection.

"And you will, pet, but you have to beg me for it first." He smirked, probably anticipating in his mind what was about to happen.

He undressed me slowly, paying close attention not to touch in any way the ankle while taking the dress off. "When I saw you before," he kissed my shoulder, "half naked in your room," then my collarbone, "with your tits lifted by the bra like an offering," he lowered his head and licked the hollow space of my sternum, "fuck, you were so hot." He shook his head as he took off my bra, "I had one of the best wanks ever after I left you and that perfect round ass of yours."

I felt vulnerable like that in front of him; a rational part of me knew that was wrong, but most of me was just too turned on by the thought of him stroking his dick to care. He bit into my breast, not too hard but enough to make me moan.

He then lowered his mouth to lick one nipple and softly teased the other with his fingertips, and I cried, "please. I want to see you."

He pinched a bit harder and withdrawal his mouth. I felt my back arch so that my tits would be closer to his mouth again. He didn't seem too convinced. "More."

"Please let me see your body. I'm naked and you're fully dressed, you know that's mean."

"I'll give you that, but I'll show you later on what 'mean' really means." He took off his jacket and I helped him unbutton his shirt. Seeing him half naked looming over me made my heart rate speed faster.

My movements were limited since I didn't dare to move my lower body and my hands still shook after the way he touched me, so he took advantage of it and gently pushed me down his bed. He knelt before my tights, separating them carefully as he didn't want to hurt me. He placed his thumb on my clit with my thong still on, and I arched my back to bring my hips closer to him. He circled that soft spot between my legs, slowly speeding up the rhythm, and I wanted to drown in that sweet feeling, that sensation of being rocked by the regular waves of pleasure he was giving me. "I can see you're dripping," his tone was bothered but I could see the pleasure this sight was giving him, "you've really made a mess of yourself down there."

With that, he pushed aside the string of my thong and slid a finger inside my slick opening. I cried out as he slowly kept pushing inside, feverish with his touch. "You're so tight, pet. How can you take my cock with a cunt so tight?"

I whimpered, my body greedy for his sweet attentions. "I want- please" I faltered, but it came out as a mix of choked sounds.

"Were you saying something?" He mocked me, with a triumphant smile on his lips.

"Another one, sir." A rational part of me would have been ashamed of the request I was making, yet his gaze it seemed like I just answered a difficult question.

"So eager to be stuffed," he chuckled, "just like you are in class. You want everybody to know you know the right answer. The way you lean during lesson, exposing your body, the way you bite your pencil during tests and- oh, those pigtails." He shook his head, "God, how many times I imagined pulling those obscene pigtails of yours while you sucked my dick." He let out a trembling breath and murmured into my hear, "oh, how I'm going to ruin you. The ankle will have nothing to do with the fact that you won't be able to walk tomorrow."

I felt how hard he was against my body, how much he wanted to thrust himself inside me and nuzzle inside that small space that was aching for him.

"Take them off," I trailed the border of his trousers and stroked his member from the outside of the fabric of his clothes, leading him to groan. He quickly unbuckled his belt and left his trousers and briefs. The perfection of his body dazzled me. I wanted this moment to last forever: the imagine of him hard, his eyes glimmering at how conquered I looked and felt under his fingers.

I wanted more of him. I grabbed him by the wrist as he went for the briefcase, anticipating his thoughts. "I'm on the pill, you don't have to, y'know..."

He marveled at me. "Of course you are, filthy." He left a chaste kiss on the tip of my nose before placing himself at the right angle between my legs. The difference between the two actions made me quiver.

His first thrust wasn't gentle, and I felt my walls stretch as he made his way into me. It almost hurt, but I laid my hands on his ass and incited him to consume me even harder. I wanted him to take me, to possess me. I desired nothing more than to be his, to be claimed by his body pulsing hard inside me. He should have bitten harder, leave a hickey, any sign that would have showed everybody that I now belonged to him, that I was his property.

"You take my cock so well, Alinochka. I can feel how you're drenched." He reached my core, and although it was too much, my body ached for more. I wanted to be fucked numb, wanted him to be my perpetual sedative against life. I hoped he could destroy the hole that devoured me and left me stranded, I wanted to be so hurt by his body that there couldn't have been no more room for any other kind of pain.

"I-I'm about to- oh, can I..." I shed a tear and he licked it from my cheek.

"My baby is about to come? Go ahead, pet." I felt his gaze on me and I wanted to give him a show he would remember, but I was no longer in control of my body. All I could feel was his hipbone pressing hard against my clit, the way I thought he was about to split me when I touched that sensitive spot inside of me. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. My body shrank and I feared I might explode, coming so hard I whimpered loudly as I dug my nails into his back.

I could sense he was close too, his thrust were growing sloppier and his cock ramming harder than ever. I look up at his and saw him panting, his eyes ajar. "Milk my cock, Alina, and show me how you can make me come, if you please." His body convulsed as his warm load shoot inside of me and I felt his last thrust reaching my gist, proving he was everywhere in my body and he was leaving claiming it his. He then devoured my mouth, sucking my tongue and biting my lower lip so hard, I thought I was going to taste blood. He moved away with his head, but he was still panting on my lips. "You are mine, Alinochka."

I rubbed my cheek against him. "Yours, forever."

Chapter End Notes

please leave a comment if you liked it 🙄

iii.

Chapter Summary

Mr. Morozova decides to test Alina. She won't disappoint him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

We dozed off, but as soon the effect of the painkillers started wearing off, my sleep became troubled and I moved in order to find a comfortable position. That must have woken him up. Half asleep, he placed a pillow under my foot and took me in my arms. It was an awkward position, but I didn't care.

"Do you hate me, Alina?" His eyes idly laid on me, his voice drowsy.

Panic rushed through me, but I tried to play it cool. "Why? Because I woke you up?" Despite the joke, doubt started taking up on me. Was it a one-night stand? Was he having second thoughts? Was I just one of his conquests, soon to be forgotten? But what about what I thought: was *I* considering this as a one-night stand? Everything had happened so suddenly, I didn't know whether I had feeling for him; damn, I didn't even know I fancied him until a few hours ago. We had sex, that was it. But then why did I feel so comfortable in the hollow of his collarbone?

"You may be thinking I'm the adult who took advantage of the poor girl in pain."

"And you might be thinking I'm the student who took advantage of her teacher to have higher grades."

"Please, you know you have the highest score in my class. You couldn't corrupt me, even if I was eager to be bribed by the perfume of your hair and the soft touch of your skin."

That sweet comment made me blush. Was the asshole teacher, the one hated by his students, actually *charming*?

"Besides," he smirked, "you didn't seem like the one in control of the situation earlier on."

I punched his arm. That was the Morozova I knew.

"Anyhow, this situation doesn't sit right with me, Alina. Do you know we'll have a lot to walk in the next few days? You should rest, try not to move your foot all. If we go to the hospital, they might give you a cast and a crutch. It'll be easier for you to move."

A spike of anger rushed through me. "We agreed not to go, so why are you bringing this up again?"

"I wanna be sure we're doing the right thing, not putting you in pain or danger. If we put the cast too late, you won't be able to fly, since it will put you at risk. But what if tomorrow the pain worsens? I mean, you couldn't walk here, I had to carry you, so it can't be-"

I could see the gears in his head spin. "Okay, calm down." Something in my face made him pause. I didn't want to admit it, but there was no other way out than the truth. "I might... have exaggerated back at the club."

He raised a brow.

"I mean, I didn't fake it, of course. The pain was and is real, it's just- Maybe I could have walked here, that's all I'm saying."

His face was unexpressive. "Do you feel like trying?"

I nodded and stood up with his help. I managed a couple steps with and without holding onto him. The pain was present, but it didn't bother me too much, even though I expected more of it after the painkillers would have completely worn off. "What did you give me earlier, for the pain?"

He looked in a huff. "Why, do you think I drugged you? We might have had sex, but I'm not a rapist."

I rolled my eyes. "Of course not," I was tempted to call him *moron*, but something in me suggested it wasn't the right move. "You said they were strong drugs, I just wanna know which ones. I'm afraid the pain will increase in a few hours."

"Oh." He relaxed. "It's ibuprofen."

I felt a weight getting off my chest. "Ibuprofen it's not strong at all. What kind of pains do you have to consider it a strong painkiller? It's not even its principal effect."

"I didn't know you were an expert in medications, Alina. Sleeping with the science teacher to have a few extra lessons, aren't we?"

It took everything in me not to insult him, but I gave him a wry look in return. "I take it when I'm on my period and it has a low effect." I shrugged. "The good news is: the pain is not that bad if all it took for it to pass was some ibuprofen. It was just a scare."

His eyes narrowed and I saw something shift in him. "I can see it. Look at you, milaya, standing like nothing happened." He looked falsely disappointed. "You did take advantage of me, then. I was worried for you and took care of you, while you were doing just fine, falsely crying in the street so that I could bring you here and fuck the pain away." He seemed to consider the situation. "How naughty. A punishment would be fitted for this attitude of yours." There again the tone that had me shiver mere hours ago.

"Wait! It still hurts a bit when I place it; I didn't cheat you," I bit my lips, not fully understanding how much of it was foreplay and how much was what he actually thought.

He stood up behind me, leaving a kiss on my neck and whispering on my ear. "I know, pet. I'm just messing with you."

I let out a shaking breath as he placed the palms of his hands on the back of mine, slowly rising his fingertips. "You're shivering. Is it because just my presence behind you turns you on, reminds you that just a few hours ago you were split on my cock, Alina?"

I rolled my head on the back, laying it on his shoulder and slowly nodding. He took the opportunity to brush his lips on mine, so gentle it almost didn't happen.

"You clearly can't be trusted," his tone mocked me. "I need to run a little test to see if you're telling the truth."

"I am." I tried to be convincing, but his touch - even this light - had me intoxicated, so it came out as a whimper.

He tsked me, gently shaking his head, then knelt in front of me. If this was the test he was proposing, then I was surely going to fail.

"Not again, I can't do it," I begged, but my resigned tone didn't match the smile that was tugging at my lips. Just seeing his face so close to those forbidden places made me ache for him, my body in revolt between the exhaustion caused by the sex and the fall, and the anticipation his kisses on my hip were giving me.

"That is yet to see." I slowly spread my legs so that he could place his face between my thighs, feeling unstable. He raised his gaze at me before gently kissing my clit, slightly sucking it. That mellow touch sent me trembling. My body was still too sensible, so even the smallest interaction felt like heaven.

We were both startled when my phone rang. He briefly parted from my pink flesh to murmur "answer." This was a direct order I didn't want to obey to; I wanted no distraction from the attentions he was paying me, I wanted to taste them in full awe; but part of me felt compelled to do it just the same, so that I could be his obedient little student.

Since I wasn't moving, he reached for the phone and handed it to me. "You heard me, brat. And put whoever it is on speaker. I wanna hear their reaction when you moan too loudly."

"It's Genya," I breathed, checking the screen. "She'll be worried and will start to ask questions."

"Then let's see how good a liar you can be with the others, since we already proved you have a talent for it with me." He then continued like nothing happened, spreading my inner lips with his tongue as I swiped to answer Genya's call.

"Alina, finally! Oh God, I was so worried! Where are you? You were there one moment at the party, and the next Miss Baghra told us you fell and had to leave. Is it true?"

"Hi, Genya." Just saying those two words exhausted me. "Yes, I fell..." I decided that was all I was going to say, or my situation would have been too obvious.

She didn't seem to notice my conciseness. "But where are you? You were not in our room when I passed. We're drinking in Marie and Nadia's room, are you coming?"

If Mr. Morozova was paying attention to what Genya just said, he didn't show it. He seemed busy enough flicking his tongue inside me, eager to see how long I could have gone without making a compromising sound. I realized the less attention I paid to him, the easier this call would have been. I just had to patience for some more minutes while he kept working whatever magic with my body.

"No, I'm-" I cursed under my breath, "I can't come, Genya. I'm with Mr. Morozova, he's medicating me..." It sounded false even to me; she was never going to believe it. Fact was that I didn't even care: she could have found out, *everybody* could have found out, I would've done anything to enjoy his mouth undisturbed.

"Oh, sorry, good luck with him then. I thought you were making out with Mal, you know, he's not here... but neither is Zoya now that I notice, so..." Mr. Morozova bit pretty hard my outer lip, and pain mixed with pleasure. I couldn't handle it anymore.

"Genya, I'm pretty busy." I took another breath in to pronounce the last words. "Gotta go, bye!" I heard her responding "is the medication hurting you?," but I closed the call nevertheless.

Mr. Morozova raised his head, "I don't think she believed it." He pondered, "she'll be thinking you're fucking somebody. Not me of course, not even Mal," I saw jealousy glittering in his eyes, "but she'll never imagine that while you were on the phone with her, your slick juices were on my tongue." He shrugged, "it's for the best. For now, this will be our little secret."

I nodded. I would have agreed to anything to fell his lips on me again. "Yes, sir." I grabbed his hair and gently directed him to me, *please more please please please-*

He moved accordingly to my hand, and now that we were no longer disrupted, he feasted on me. I felt him everywhere: his tongue inside me, his hands on my ass; he was even in my head with his words that commanded me, that left me no choice but to obey him. I loved doing that, trying to prove that I would have done everything to please him, that even if I was younger, only I understood him and he could have called me in the middle of the night, I would've left everything for him, for his petty smirk and his silked hands between my legs.

I felt shattering under his touch, and I placed my other hand on his shoulder to rely on him. The pressure that had been building inside of me was released all at once, and my mind was overwhelmed with pleasure as I came on his skilled mouth. He seemed to enjoy every dirty sound I made, every dirty sound *he made* me do.

He licked on last time my folds before laying me on the bed. "I think this could suffice," I didn't have to look at him to sense the triumph in his voice.

"Definitely" was all I could manage to whisper, still electrified by what just happened.

He sat down and tilted a lock of hair behind my ear. Out of the blue, he asked "did Mal touch you?"

I looked at him, too startled to give him an answer right away.

"I mean, did he do something you didn't want to? You seemed pretty upset when I saw you. I want you to know you can tell me, if you feel like it, of course" I felt the importance of it in his voice, not sure it was dictated by the fact that he was an adult trying to protect a girl or just him being concerned for me.

I placed my palm on his, noticing the difference in the length of our fingers, then I locked them. "No," I shook my head, "nothing happened. He didn't touch me like that."

His expression relaxed, but I still felt some tension in his muscles, so I tried to light up the mood. "You know, I didn't think you were jealous of Mal..." I rolled closer to him, laying my head on his lap. "Maybe it's because of Zoya? You must've noticed she's been making eyes at you ever since I came here."

"There are a few things that I overlook, and this isn't one of those. But I can tell you I never paid any attention to her." He smiled, and this time he was just a boy happy to talk freely when he said, "I only have one apt pupil."

Chapter End Notes

I'm just crazy for them, ugh! They're idiots in love, and I like writing about these idiots in love, so I think I'm gonna add another chapter. As always, kudos and comments are well accepted :)

iv.

Chapter Summary

Alina and Mr. Morozova are trying to understand where this relationship - is it a relationship already? - might be headed.
Drunk Genya is fun af.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I think I should go," I said lazily, finding the strength to move away from him.

"But you'll come back, right?"

"You mean tomorrow night?" I sat turning my back on him. I was afraid my face could give away whatever kind of pain leaving him was giving me.

He reached for me and locked my fingers into his, "I mean whenever you want to, not only for" he gestured to the room "this."

A spark of hope rushed through me, but I tried to keep it at bay, since I didn't want to give myself false hope.

"But once we come back from the trip..."

Mr. Morozova shrugged. "I said whenever you want to." He grabbed me from behind and held his hands around my stomach, his head close to mine as he filled the hollow of my collarbone. "If it was up to me, I would never let you go." He squeezed a little tighter. "I'd bring you to my place, I'd cook for you... do you like pasta, Alina?"

I briefly nodded.

"Good. So let's say, I'd cook lasagna for you, then I would carry you in my bedroom - how pretty you would look underneath my sheets - tug you in and kiss you goodnight."

The thought of him taking care of me like that, eating the food he had prepared only for me and sleeping in his own bed made my toes curl.

"That's all you would do?" I dared to whisper.

"Do you want a bedtime story, too?" He raised a brow, playing dumb so that I could admit what I really wanted.

"Not what I have in mind," I turned red and that made him stifle a laugh.

"The point is, I want you. I know I shouldn't and this is fucked up, but ever since you first came to my class- damn it, you struck me. I tried to shake this off, because this wasn't professional and I didn't even knew it was corresponded, and how could I have? It's not like I could've asked you on a date. I tried to forget you, I really did, but seeing you, talking to you, even reading your assignments made me think of how much I wanted to call you into my office and ask you if you found my lessons interesting, if you found *me* interesting." He shook his head, "it would've been easier if you were stupid. But now I want you, because you're smart, you're beautiful and I'm sure we'll make each other really happy. Let's just try."

I moved my legs and my torso, so that now I was sitting on him. I cupped my hands to his face and I kissed him slowly. Then I brushed my lips on his cheeks, his nose, all over him. I wanted to kiss every inch of his beautiful face, and I did. When my lips started to swell and his face started to turn red from all the friction, I forced myself to stand up and get a few steps away from him, so that I wasn't going to come back.

"Let's try it," I nodded. "We'll keep it secret for a couple of months, just until I graduate. Then we'll be free to spend all our time together and nobody will say anything." I pronounced those words without even thinking. I knew they were there, ready to slip as soon as he gave me the faintest invitation. I didn't knew this Morozova - I was familiar with the passionate but strict teacher, the one who kept in line a whole class of noisy kids - but he was sweet and I kind and I would have done anything to keep him close to me. Besides, you don't get to know a person just from the way they teach Shakespeare.

"I think now you can go," he whispered, glazed. "But not for too long."

"I won't." I quickly put on my dress and shoes, but I couldn't find my panties, so I started looking for them everywhere in the room. "If you're looking for the tiniest piece of fabric that you call underwear, pet" Morozova smirked, his tone cheeky, "don't bother, you'll have them next time. Consider it a guarantee that you will see me again."

The bastard knew I was surely going to see him once again, but he didn't give my panties nevertheless. "It's just a corridor, milaya. Then you'll be back in your room and you'll change. But I want you to walk with nothing under your dress, knowing that you'll be turned on by this little walk of shame."

I tried to fight the warmth than I was feeling between my legs, "but what if someone sees me" I whimpered, "Miss Baghra, other guys..."

"Will you rise your skirt up for other boys, Alina?" I shook my head. "Good girl. If Baghra is awake she'll be too angry seeing you not in your room, she won't notice anything else."

"That old witch." I hated her, not only because I put maximum effort in her classes and I couldn't get as a B+, but also because every time she looked at me, it seemed as if she'd seen a cold-blood killer.

A weird expression passed on Morozova's face, so I asked, "Wait, are you friends? Have you banged her too?"

He opened his mouth, but before he could answer, I swiftly added, "I don't wanna know, it'd be too creepy. And I have to go, I don't wanna run into anybody." I kissed him and opened the door, looking around to make sure nobody was outside.

Since the corridor was empty, I left and headed for my room. I arrived at my door and realized I didn't have the keys. I could only hope Genya was in there, so I gently knocked, careful not to wake anyone, and whispered, "Genya, open the door!"

At my third try, Genya, who was visibly drunk in her pajamas, opened the door and threw her hands at my neck. "Lina! You're alive!" I tried to shush her, since she was screaming. "We've been worried about you, and where were you?" She studied me, or at least she tried. "Getting fucked! Good job, girl!" She shouted to celebrate, and I thought that it was really obvious if she had noticed it.

I dragged her into our room, the clothes she'd been wearing on the ground, together with other dresses we had considered for tonight; and decided what was going to be my strategy. I would have denied till the end: I was getting medicated and was in too much pain for whatever hookup she thought I had got. She kept making comments and giggled as I tried to clean the room, testing my foot to see if it hurt, until she noticed something.

"You're not wearing panties! I've seen it!" *Shit*. She burst out laughing, and I mentally cursed Morozova and me for not imposing myself. "You wore them when we left, I saw you in your underwear getting ready. I knew it: you had sex! I wanna know everything," she prolonged the first "e" in "everything" so that she basically said *eeeeeverything*. Despite being panicked for the situation, I couldn't help but smile at how she was acting. "Not even when you're sober you're that smart, Genya. I hope you won't remember anything in the morning," I shook my head and kissed her cheek.

I decided it was time to change before I could make more of an embarrassment of myself, but as soon as I picked my pajamas, Genya ran to the toilet and started vomiting. *At least she made it to the bathroom*, I considered. I rushed to her to hold her hair and see how she was doing, and between heavings she decided to make her confession.

"I kissed David tonight."

"That's great, Genya! I just hope he didn't see you like that," I tried to have a better hold of her hair. "I was at my beeeest-" another retching "behaviour."

"I'm glad to hear that. You'll tell me everything tomorrow, right now let's think about getting you out of this bathroom. Do you think you-" Before I could add anything, Genya started puking again. God, it was gross, but I guess that's what friends are for: to hold your hair when you puke and make fun of you when you come back without underwear after one of your best fucks. Genya and I were nailing this whole best friend thing.

After what felt an eternity, I made sure Genya had nothing left in her body and I helped her out, washed her face, put toothpaste on her toothbrush and helped with her nighttime skin routine: sober Genya would have hated me if I had let her go to sleep with make up still on.

"Lina," Genya tried to say while brushing her teeth, "I'm thankful for you. There were other girls who pretended to be my friends but made fun of me behind my back, they were so mean and I was so lonely before I met you. Thank you for being my friend," she reached for me with her toothbrush still in her mouth, but I still hugged her back.

"I love you, Safin," I patted her back to calm her down. "You're the only person who has treated me like a human being since I arrived, I'm lucky to have you as my friend and make-up artist when we hang out." We both laughed, but by doing so Genya spit a little bit of toothpaste. It was fun- *she* was fun, and I appreciated this confession also because she was drunk: everybody knows drunk people can't lie.

Once we were all settled, we got into the double bed which was made by two single beds. I was afraid Genya was going to vomit on me, but I was more scared she would do some stupid shit people do when they're drunk. It was terribly late and we would have gotten only a couple of hours of sleep before the alarm for tomorrow. As I set it, my phone buzzed. It was a message from Mr. Morozova

Sleep tight, pet. Can't wait to see you tomorrow.

Despite it only lasted a few hours, that night gave me the best sleep I had had in months.

Chapter End Notes

please validate me :) kudos and comments are appreciated, I want to know what you think! 🙏

p.s. I don't know anything about us school and I hope it doesn't show 🙏

V.

Chapter Summary

Alina's class visits the Louvre, and our favorite ships spends the night together.

Chapter Notes

I had a lot of fun writing this, I hope you do too!

Mind the tags, this fiction is rated E for "these two are extremely horny" ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Did I really vomit?" We were in the hotel's breakfast room, and Genya seemed sterner with my tale of last night's events, as if I was talking about somebody else.

"Trust me, Safin, I wish it hadn't happened either." Just recalling it made me queasy, but apparently I was the only one who didn't like this kind of topic for breakfast. Marie and Nadia were assaulting their croissant, while Genya was fighting her hungover with a mug of coffee. I should have had coffee too, since we had slept for a couple of hours before jumping out of bed, fretting not to be late once again. Sadly, I didn't fancy the one they had here. I was hoping I could make it up with a venti latte from Starbucks later.

"How are you, Alina?" Nadia asked, finishing the croissant with one last bite. "Genya told us you hurt your ankle; we wanted to check on you, but you were nowhere to be found." I knew she was insinuating something, but I played dumb.

"I'm just lucky it wasn't that bad." I shrugged. I should have tried to change the subject, maybe bringing it on Genya and David, but I was afraid it was a secret and I didn't want to be in trouble revealing it. Besides, she probably didn't remember telling me and will do it again. I eventually gave up and got up to take a cup of coffee, hoping drinking watered coffee would have been the worst part of the day.

After having breakfast, we headed towards the Louvre. I had brought a sketchpad with me, knowing we would have had some free time in the museum and hoping I could manage to sketch at some of the most famous pieces of art in the world. Besides spending time with Mr.

Morozova, this was the thing I was most excited for. I had seen on Instagram that people used to bring canvas and paints to the museum, but I was no artist – and didn't have room in my luggage for any of the supplies. Nevertheless, sitting in front of the *Venus de Milo* or the *Oath of the Horatii* trying to capture their beauty on paper was what I ached for, even knowing that I wouldn't be able to catch the details that made visitors' eyes gleam, the strain in a piece of marble that gave you the idea that what you were seeing was alive and about to move.

As we visited the first room, I was amazed by the sheer perfection, the importance of the place I was in. I wanted to listen to Mr. Morozova, who was explaining every piece to us, but Genya decided it was time for her revelation.

"You know, Lina," she was fidgeting with her sleeve, looking to the ground rather than on the walls, "when I was at the club, I danced with David. He's not a really good dancer, but neither am I, so it's not that bad. Just as we finished dancing, he kissed me. It was so weird and perfect, Lina. I can't explain it to you, but it was just like in the movies, butterflies in the stomach and all that." She had a grin stamped on her face and dreamy eyes, and when she realized it, she tried to get a hold of herself. "If you tell anybody about it, I will kill you."

I held my hands up, as to prove my innocence. But as she was done threatening me, I squeezed her arm. "You two are made for each other, Genya. And he has such a crush, always looking at you when you're not looking at him. Which is rare, truth be told." I mocked her, "I want to be your bridesmaid at your wedding, please!"

We laughed and as we rose our gaze, we realized we were seeing the Mona Lisa. It was the tiniest painting, the only one in a wall that was almost at the center of the room. It had so many people near it, that only made it look smaller.

"I thought it was bigger, from the television," Genya exclaimed, as if she read my mind.

I couldn't help but cough to mask a laughter. "That's what she said."

Mr. Morozova was beside us, stopping himself in the middle of a sentence to chide us. "Behave, girls. We're in a museum, not in a bar." He gave us a look that could've killed, and I wondered if deep down he found it funny and was just being a good teacher by scolding us. Then he got back to his explanation, as if nothing happened. Except everybody looked at us and started giggling. I then knew the hotel's coffee was probably the second-worst part of the day.

As soon as the group tour ended, the teachers gave us one hour to visit the museum by ourselves, then meet at the exit. I got lost as soon as possible. I loved Genya, but I wanted to spend some time alone at the Louvre with my headphones on. I always found it the best choice: in that way, you don't have to follow somebody else's pace, you're allowed to skip the parts you don't like and linger on the ones that caught your breath. I decided to head back

to the room with the Monna Lisa: we had barely looked at it and I didn't want to tell Aunt Ana I was too busy making The Office jokes to see the most important painting in the Louvre.

But when I got to it, I froze and found myself amazed by the painting that faced DaVinci's art: it was huge, it took all of the wall. There were so many figures, and the colors were amazing: spots of yellow so bright it could have been gold, green so vivid it reminded me of a forest and red so strong it seemed they used blood to paint surrounded a cloudy, pale sky. Once again, it struck me the fact that so many people were attracted by such a small painting, and nobody paid any attention to the huge piece of art, representing the Marriage at Cana, in front of it.

I decided that I wanted to sketch that painting, or at least try, since even the faintest copy would've taken hours, so I found a spot – not the best, since the room was crowded – which allowed me to look at it without disturbing the people that were passing. I started drawing and everything that surrounded me, other than the painting, vanished: I got lost looking at the detailed brushes that recreated bodies, columns and expressions so well. There were so many people in the canvas, it must have been so hard doing everything so masterly.

I was so focused, I almost ruined the sketch by drawing a too-strong line when Mr. Morozova poked at my shoulder. I took off my headphones and looked at him, surprised, and his smile was so striking, it made the canvas look like a bleak attempt to represent a reality that was so resplendent in front of me.

"I like it. I didn't know you were that good." He was looking at my sketchpad, studying what I managed to accomplish.

I fought not to cover the page with my hands. "It's nothing good, just a bad copy." I decided to change the subject. "Here for the Monna Lisa?"

He made a face. "Actually, no. I'm here for the same piece as you." He looked at the giant canvas and shook his head, "don't you find it funny?"

I knew where he was going. "Nobody looks at it." We said it at the same time. *God, it's so cheesy.*

"Sorry about earlier," I tried to look as sorry as possible. "I just can't resist a 'that's what she said' joke, my bad."

A genuine smile tugged at his lips, "don't worry. I thought about it too." How weird was this conversation? Is it normal to apologize for disturbing the lesson of the guy you're- what? Dating, fucking - who also happens to be your teacher?

I shook my head to chase away that thought. "Have you been here before? You seem quite an expert of the place."

"I studied in Paris for a semester. The museum is free for students, so whenever I had the chance, I came here. To look at the art, read, clear my mind." I could see by the look on his face he was fond of these memories, the comfort of going back to a thought you know

would've brought only safety and joy. "The garden outside is really beautiful. We could have a picnic there, sometimes."

I was so glad I was seated because I felt my legs giving out.

He kept going. "You know, baguettes and books. You'd love it, laying in the sun facing a beautiful palace in which once lived a queen."

Then we got quiet, but when I looked at him studying the room, I realized maybe there was another piece of art that I hadn't consider just yet.

When we got back to the hotel after dinner, I was so tired from walking all day long that I laid down as soon I got out of the shower.

The words Mr. Morozova said to me still echoed in my mind: having dinner together at his place, a picnic in the other side of the world. Just how big was he thinking? I knew he must have meant what he said: in his position, playing with a student would have gotten him into a lot of trouble, and he didn't seem like the person who would've risked everything to mess around with an 18-year-old girl and bang her.

I was in my underwear, since I had put moisturizing cream, and feeling suddenly confident after my sound reasoning, I turned on my stomach, took advantage of the fact that Genya was in the shower and I sent a text to Morozova, with a very compromising picture of my ass attached to it.

When can we meet tonight?

You're driving me crazy. Just come to my room when nobody sees you.

We had no excursion planned for tonight, which meant my classmates would have met in somebody's room. I had to find a way to sneak out without being noticed by Genya, who wanted to spend the night together.

I had a short window: telling her I was going to meet some friends when she was still in the shower - it would've been difficult for her to have a conversation in there - and leaving. I would have faced her thousands question tomorrow.

But right before I put on my shoes - I wore nothing too eccentric, at least on the outside, since almost nobody would've seen the lingerie that was covered by a pair of jeans and my favorite sweater - when I found Genya at the bathroom door, buried in towels.

She arched a brow. "Going somewhere?"

I looked away, panicking. "I- um, am meeting a friend."

"That's impossible, you don't have friends," she considered matter-of-factly.

That was mean. "Should I be offended?"

"No, because it's the truth. The same truth you're not telling me. Who are you meeting?" She narrowed her eyes, as if it gave her the chance to find some secret that was written on my face.

I decided to go with a half-truth. "I'm meeting someone, yes, I'm hooking up with him – or her, I won't even share the sex. That's the kind of secrecy I need."

"I knew you were sleeping with someone!" She exulted, then frowned and tugged at my arm, almost pouting.

"But I told you about David, can you tell me something about that person, pretty please? Do I know them?"

"Well, you've probably seen them. Nothing more." Again, half-truth. Not even I knew him; I knew the teacher, which was a totally different person from the guy I was meeting

with. So how could she have properly known him?

She shook her head. "I'll get more out of you. Now go get laid and use protections."

"I always do. Tell David I said hi!"

"One last thing, Lina. I don't want to know where you're going, mainly because you're not telling me. But be careful with Miss Baghra. She's out there, you don't want to be seen entering somebody else's – especially if it's a boy – room."

I rolled my eyes. "How can a person be so old yet so eager to piss everybody off? One must have it in their DNA."

Genya chuckled. "Well, I guess they share it."

A thought hit me, even if I didn't want to. "Who are you referring to?"

"Miss Baghra is Mr. Morozova's mother. Didn't you know?" *Shit.* "She moved to school later than him and insisted on being called Miss Baghra to avoid such a direct connection with him, even if everybody knew." *Except me.* "She wanted to be a teacher with her own reputation, not to be the hottest teacher's mom. Or something like that." She shrugged, her mind already focusing on how to style her hair.

I guess I had some apologizing to do, so I left with that. I made sure nobody was in the corridor before knocking on Morozova's door. He opened it and I entered swiftly. The usual tidiness welcomed me; everything was the same except an opened beer on the nightstand. I reached for it and sipped it while sitting on the bed. He reached for me and took the bottle away from me.

"Alina!" He admonished me and let out an exasperated sigh. "C'mon, it's just a beer, it's not that strong. Besides, I heard it's legal to drink at 18 here," I tried to look as naive as possible.

"Well, not in my room." He took one last sip, finishing it and then throwing it in the bin.

It was not the best way to start the evening. "Okay, I have something for you, to forgive me." *for insulting your mother in front of you, disturbing your lesson and drinking the beer you didn't want me to. Also for being late all the time, but I hope you didn't notice that.* And I handed him a box of candies I had bought that afternoon.

His face lit up. "Thanks, Alinochka." He kissed my cheek and opened the box, eating one candy after another. "Did you know they were my favorite?"

I nodded.

"How did you?" He looked skeptical.

"Students tend to let their teachers talk about their life during lessons, so that they spend less time speaking about what they're supposed to."

I probably shouldn't have told him all the secrets. Besides, he looked a bit offended, but nothing that couldn't be solved by sweets.

"What else do you know, then?"

I tried to remember, but I didn't need to: I paid full attention to him in class, whatever was the topic, and every detail was imprinted in my mind.

"You once told us that you can play the piano and that you had surgery on your foot when you were little. I assume you don't like Jane Austen because we never read anything she wrote - and that's a red flag for me-, and you like Italian and Russian literature. Not to mention Dracula." I grinned triumphantly at him. "But you didn't tell us the last part, I just figured it out by the time you spend talking about them."

At those words, he lost it. He yanked me close to him and our lips met. It wasn't a soft kiss, but rather full of passion, full with the desire that lingered between us all day and we were allowed to release only now, where nobody could see or disturb us. He sucked my bottom lip and bit, gently pulling it. He moved his hands from my arms to my hips, his fingertips against my skin. Then he lowered his hands and grabbed my ass, bringing my hips against him. I felt him hard against my leg, and I moaned in anticipation.

"It's always that smart mouth of yours, isn't it?" He took off my sweater and launched it on the bed, giving my bralette a quick look. He wasn't giving me the satisfaction of staring at it for a little too long. "What you said yesterday, the jokes you make when I'm talking, the beer you're not supposed to drink." He smirked and unbuttoned my jeans and with a tug he pulled it down. "You think you won't get caught because you're so smart, brat?"

I was shaking all over. I couldn't control myself when he spoke to me like that, like I was his belonging and he had to do something to keep me in line, to make me behave like the good girl he wanted and knew deep down that I could be.

"Won't use that loud mouth of yours, now? I asked you a question."

"Yes, sir." He looked disgruntled with his lips pressed together. "*Yes, sir* what?"

"Yes, I think I won't get caught because I'm so smart, sir."

"That's better." He knelt down and helped me out of my jeans, his hands carefully touching my calves as I pressed my hands on his shoulder, steadying myself. Then he was up again, fully dress in his pants and shirt with rolled-up sleeves, when I was almost naked. This time he kept looking at my body, a mean gleam in his eyes.

"You see, you can behave if I show you how. I'm afraid I'll have to teach you a lesson, one you won't forget, pet."

I quickly nodded. I would've done anything to please him, to hear him say *good girl* with his assertive tone, to have his hungry eyes on my body.

"Now kneel."

I nelt on my knees, as he lowered towards me, grabbing my chin and opening my mouth with his thumb, after tracing the contour of my lips. He put it on my tongue and gently pressed. "Suck it."

I did as he said, not daring to look away. I closed my mouth over his finger and started sucking it, circling the tip with my tongue. Then he switched his thumb with his index and middle finger, and I repeated almost mechanically the same gestures.

He removed them after making me spread my mouth. "Tongue out, pet."

While doing so, I already knew what was going to happened. A trail of saliva lingered between us before landing of my tongue. I felt the degradation of the gesture, the complete control he had over me. Usually it would've disgusted me, but I didn't mind sharing every body fluid with him. I swallowed, and I earned a pat on my hair. I followed his hand, wanting him to keep me touching, to never end that sweet contact.

"You look like a bitch, knelt with your legs spread and your tongue out. But you are my obedient and docile bitch. I want to keep you like that forever." I felt a rush of heat coming through my core and my cheeks. I didn't need to touch myself to know how wet my panties were, the arousal from all the power play readying my hole for him.

He gestured towards his pants, "you know what to do."

I unbuttoned his trousers, tugged them off and did the same with his pants. I saw him hard and ready for me, so wide and long I wondered how I could have managed to take him in. Then I softly grabbed it and opened the tip into my mouth, welcoming him. His eyes fluttered, and he choked out a moan.

I took it as an invitation, so I kept pushing him down, my tongue flickering around him. I went down as much as I could without choking, and he grabbed my head to keep me still.

His chest was quickly rising, and I could see how much it costed him to speak with a firm tone. "You know what I've noticed, pet?"

I shook my head with him inside me, moving it gently. That made him clench his fist. "You never call me with my name; only sir, even when in private. I think we're past that point, since my dick is in your mouth and I know you're enjoying it." I kept staring at him. "Do you even know my first name?"

I shook my head again, and this time he tightened his grip on my hair, not allowing me to fully move.

"Aleksander." He tilted his head, "will you say it for me, Alina?"

I tried to, but he was so big in my mouth that only whimpered sounds came out. "*Al- Ale-*"

He was loving every minute of it. "My poor baby, so deep on my cock she can't even manage to speak." He shook his head, licking his lips. "By all means then, keep sucking."

I did, swallowing around him while his hips moved towards my face, encouraging me to take him all. Before I could manage anything else, he pulled my hair, moving me away from his cock and forcing me to raise my head to him.

"You should see your mouth, milaya. Red and wet with saliva," he breathed out. "You loved having my spit, didn't you? It's not like you needed it, since you're drooling on my cock, but it was better as a soap for your filthy mouth."

I tried getting back to his dick, but his grip was too steady. "So eager, uh? Don't worry, I'll fuck that insolent face of yours, and then saliva won't be my only liquid you'll swallow tonight."

He then guided me to his cock, forcing me to take every inch of him. I forced myself not to breath, not to swallow, *please be good for him* and as he kept going I felt my eyes watering. When he reached the end, I found myself lacking for air, and I couldn't stop my gagging reflex before he pulled away.

While I panted, greedy for air, I observed his face, his lips ajar and his eyes fuzzy with pleasure. For one last time, he pushed himself inside my mouth, his hips pacing around my mouth. I opened wide, as it was the only way not to gag anymore and to please him. I felt his thrusts growing sloppy: he was losing his rhythm as orgasm hit him. I felt his warm seed on my tongue, in my throat, and I swallowed it while he was still hard inside of my mouth.

He let go of my hair and let out a shaky breath. "Next time, I'm coming on your underwear. I want to fill it with cum, so next time you'll be cleaning it, every time you'll be wearing it, you'll remember the sweet taste of my dick inside your mouth." I was too overwhelmed to answer him, too aroused and too confused by everything that just happened. I felt intoxicated by his presence, but I managed to whisper, "I want to come too," not daring to look at him.

He headed to the bathroom to clean himself, but I heard him say "you shouldn't. You had to learn a lesson, not to enjoy it."

I felt anger and frustration take over me. I had pleased him in every way possible, I did what he said and I wanted my share too. But before I could yell at him, he added, "but you've been so good, pet. How could I refuse it to you?" He seemed to consider options. "Let's find a compromise: you'll come, but I won't touch you. You'll sit on my leg and hump it, like the pretty bitch you proved to be."

I winced at his words: I was hurt and just wanted to be cuddled and took care of, but as he sat on the bed and placed me on his leg, kissing me everywhere on my face, I saw the affection he had and realized he was just trying to mess with me. *Fine*, I thought, *I'll make a spectacle and make you wish you had taken me.*

I felt ashamed as I started to move my hips around his leg, knowing he must have felt the wetness in my cunt. But as I kept going, my nails digging around his shoulder and my pussy begging for some more friction, I studied his face and saw the awe in his eyes. He was captured by it, by the contraction of my face, the bouncing of my tits and the movement of my hips. Seeing him like that tugged a smile at my lips.

"Don't mind me," he rasped on my ear while placing a hand on the back, "I'm just taking notes for my next wank."

I didn't know somebody could be so funny and yet so arousing at the same time. I stifled a laugh and focused on the heat in my body, the tension in my muscles, which reminded me the tension in Aleksander's muscles minutes ago, before shooting his semen inside me. That sent me shattering, and as I dissolved into pleasure I throw my arms around his neck, my breasts pressed against his chest, forcing myself not to be too noisy as I moaned in his hear, "fuck- I- " I didn't manage to finish the sentence as waves of pleasure took over me, and I kept gasping, my legs trembling.

When I calmed down, I collapsed on Aleksander's chest and we laid on the bed. "Damn, Alina, you were beautiful." I felt him whispering in my hair, placing a kiss on my brow. "I think I'll have that wank way sooner than I had planned."

I wanted to laugh, but I was too exhausted to do anything. So I found some force to get as close as possible to him, and closed my eyes, cradled by his sweet strokes on my hair.

Chapter End Notes

hides behind nichevo'ya je ne regrette rien.

The comments about the Louvre are inspired by my thoughts while visiting the museum. Leave kudos and a comment if you enjoyed it: I like constructed criticism as well, anything that helps me improve and give you what you want (I think Aleksnder is enough, tbh).

Chapter Summary

Alina might have some second thought about getting into a relationship, mostly because she's still grieving, but Aleksander is here to help her.

Chapter Notes

I published it after having 4 hours of sleep and also 4 hours of a mental breakdown, so don't be too harsh, please :)
also, it's a bit of a dark chapter, just giving you a heads-up!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The moments we spent together, half asleep, with his hand on my hip and his breath on my hair, were the easiest and the hardest.

I wanted to lose myself in the sweet sensation of his touch, to be intoxicated by his cologne and to be held by him. If we had died at that moment, I wouldn't have minded it, because then we'd have to spend all eternity together, our legs knotted and our hearts close.

But I didn't want to die. I wanted to go to bed and wake up next to him every day, knowing for sure that it would have never turned into a routine, that seeing his chest rise so calmly and his peaceful expression would have surprised me still. After all, one could not be expected to get used to the sight of angels.

On the other hand, as much as I enjoyed this *thing*, I knew it couldn't have lasted. He was my teacher, and that alone would've been the biggest red flag ever, but more than that, I knew I was in no state of mind for a relationship. Sometimes I got dark and twisted and I didn't wanna put him through my bad moods, the drama he hadn't requested, and the long days of apathy that stretched out the more you wanted them to crumple. I didn't want to wait for him to break my heart, to make me suffer, and wish I hadn't got the illusion that happiness could be real. In the end, it never lasts. I knew it by now. After my parents died, I had to force myself to get out of bed each morning, to pretend that the girl-who-was-now-an-orphan wasn't so strange, that she was holding it together just fine, and the pieces were put together. Because if I'd let anyone tug at me, I was sure that the glue I used for my survival wouldn't have lasted and this castle made out of sticks, that let everyone not worry about me, would have fallen. They would've found what was left of me scattered. No, I couldn't allow myself any weakness or chances of hurting right now.

I got back to reality as I heard Aleksander moving against me, but his sleep was not as restless as mine. It was still too early in the morning; he would've fallen asleep soon and left me be. I felt so lucky my back was against his chest, as he wouldn't have seen the tears that were streaming down my face by now.

Love might be true, I reckoned, a feeling so strong yet so delicate, so pure yet so damning, so comfortable that it felt like going home yet so painful when wasn't corresponded, that it felt like walking on thorns. Love *was* true, I knew it. But what was the point? What was the point of any of it? In the end, it all came down to death: of a love, of a lover. Was the risk of despair worth the bliss?

The rhythm of Aleksander's breathing, calm again by now, was the only thing that kept me sane during the night.

The last day felt melancholic, because I loved the city, the art, the friends, and I needed that vacation to put some space between me and my actual life. Besides, my bad mood from the day before was still there, and I hadn't slept almost at all, so it all made sense that once I got on the plane, after the initial excitement of taking off and the small talks about the gift we'd bought home and the school trip, the only thing I could do was put my earphones on and hope I could sleep.

Eventually, I managed, but I mustn't have been that tired, since when I woke up everybody around me was still sleeping and we had one hour yet before the landing. I decided to reach for my copy of *Pride and Prejudice*, which was in my backpack and started reading it for the hundredth time. I picked up at where I left, Darcy's confession, but before I could finish the chapter, I saw Aleksander looming over me.

I took off my headphones before he could chide me, "you can do better than that, Miss Starkov."

I closed the book. "I can't, sir. It's one of my favorite books, and not only do I like it, but it is also a masterpiece." I tried to look composed and not show my excitement. "It's about a love story that is crossed by family, society, even by the two lovers, who drive each other apart yet are truly in love. It's a clear introspective into 19th-century families, and action and its consequences – take Lydia as an example." I had to bite my lip not to keep going, fully aware that my zeal revealed itself.

He raised an eyebrow as if I wasn't grasping an easy concept. "I'm not saying it's not a classic, Miss Starkov. If you haven't noticed, I teach English literature," he said amenable. "I'm just saying you could read something deeper than the same book you've been bringing at school for ages. I could give you a list if you please."

Oh, it was a compliment in disguise. I found myself at a loss for words. "Oh- um, yes, sir," I managed to say, not looking him in the eyes.

"Besides," he continued, "nowadays bookshops are full of boring romance." He stopped me before I could speak. "I know this one is not one of them. I'm just worried about the quality of what young women read nowadays."

"I think, sir, that a new genre is developing. It's not that deep or meaningful most of the time, I must admit, but after centuries of having men dominate this field with what I consider a waste of paper sometimes, it must not be that bad to have women writing mild romance as they finally like it. Furthermore, even reading trash - that's what we're talking about, right? - has a use. It's relaxing and funny; people need a break from their lives, which turn to be too heavy to face without a companion such as a book. Even if you can't abide it, I suggest you read one of these books." I lowered my voice, "I could give you a list if you please."

It was his time to look down, shaking his head as he couldn't have imagined I would have teased him talking about books. Once he looked up, he was perfectly composed. "Anyway, I wasn't here for that." He passed a hand around his hair. "Wake your friends up, we're about to land and I want maximum efficiency after we leave the plane." It took everything in me not to roll my eyes, but I did as he said.

As soon as Genya and Marie, who were next to me, realized I wasn't the only one there, they stood upright and tried to seem at least aware of their surroundings. "Sorry to interrupt your beauty sleep, girls. Do you have somebody collecting you at the airport?"

Genya and Marie nodded: Genya's parents were giving them and Nadia a ride home. I cleared my throat before saying, "I don't, sir. My aunt has an important meeting and she can't come." I fretted, "but I'll take an uber, so no worries." I didn't want to be anything less than 100% honest with him.

"Nonsense, Miss Baghra or I will take you home." Before I could protest, he raised a hand to shush me, "we're not leaving you in an airport by yourself at night. You're under our responsibility" and went to the students behind us to check on them. I notice Miss Baghra was doing the same thing on the other side of the plane.

Genya apologized profusely for not being able to give me a ride, but I reassured her since I knew her parents were friends with Nadia's and Marie's and they had already arranged it before the trip started. I guessed her family was way more organized than mine, or whatever was left of it.

I started resuming my reading, but as soon as Maria stood up to go to the bathroom, Genya punched me in the arm. Hard. "Ouch! What was that for?" I turned to her massaging the point where she hit me.

She tried whispering but was so caught, it seemed like a hiss. "You're not sleeping with the teacher!" And then hit me again, a bit lower.

"Shut your mouth!" I tried to hide the urge in my voice. "Are you still drunk? You're insane."

"You're not fooling me, Lina! I was just resting my eyes, so I heard the conversation. You were flirting, both of you." I wasn't sure if she was outraged or intrigued by the situation.

Probably the half-grin on her face made me lean towards the second option. In the end, we all loved a good scandal.

"Well, if you were awake, you must have heard that we were just talking about books and nothing more."

"Yes, I heard the words but also the tone, duh! You were basically making out in front of me by talking literature." Her half-grin turned into a whole grin. "And you were ready to talk back. Oh, you never do that! You're always too scared for your grades. But now you did it, which means you're not afraid since you're sleeping together."

I wasn't sure if she really thought it or was just making things up to make me confess. Anyway, I wasn't going to. "Stop it, Genya. It's not fun. I won't tell you the name of the person I'm meeting with, especially not if you start considering every possible person. How desperate are you for the name?"

"So desperate, Lina. I want us to have a double date! How cool would it be?"

I had one chance and I took it. "How are things going between you and David?"

She knew what I was doing, but she played along. "Very well! We made out yesterday. And he also said I'm beautiful." She swiftly blushed. "You know he's a bit weird, and he surely had no way with a girl before me, so I appreciate every single compliment more than ever."

I heard Genya talk about her date until we landed, but a small part of me kept wondering whether she was too smart and just hiding it, or Morozova and I had been too reckless and dumb.

One of the first to leave, once we went through the controls, was Miss Baghra, with a car he had called for her. It made only sense that she'd be the one to leave, since she was up basically every night, preventing us from having the littlest fun. Besides, I was so glad Aleksander didn't drive her home; it would've been too embarrassing. Of course, she didn't know about us; nevertheless, I couldn't help but fear her even more now that I knew they weren't colleagues, but family.

After the last one of my classmates left and we were alone, Aleksander took my luggage and guided me towards the exit. "Alina, would you like to come to my place?"

"Um? I didn't hear that."

"I said, would you like to come to my place? We can hang out a bit, then I'll drive you home before your aunt comes."

"Yeah, sure." I nodded and smiled at him. "Also, thanks for the ride. You didn't have to, really."

"I had to, pet. First, because you're my student, and as much as you guys think I'm an asshole, I'm not that kind of asshole. And also because you're you: I wouldn't let you walk away alone, ever." I tried to hide the smile tugging at my lips. "Third, I'm not the one giving you a ride. I'm taking it too." We exited the airport, finally – yet sadly – feeling at home all at once, and he stopped, searching for somebody. Then he walked towards a black car and I followed him.

A guy got off the car and smiled at him, then Aleksander posed the luggage and they hugged each other friendly. "Welcome home, mate! Glad to know you're enjoying your job flying off to Paris", joked the short, dark-haired guy.

Aleksander laughed. "Good to see you too, Ivan." He then proceeded to introduce us, "Alina, this is Ivan, my best friend." Ivan smiled at me. "Ivan, that's Alina, my apt pupil." We shook hands. "Nice to meet you," we said together.

They put the luggage in the trunk, then Ivan and Aleksander seated on the driver and passenger's seat, while I rode on the back.

"So, Alina," Ivan said, looking at me through the rear mirror, "where do you live?"

"Actually," Aleksander intruded, "I'll drive her home. I don't wanna bother you, you've already been so kind with me. Probably Fedyor will hate me for separating the two of you for..." he considered, "fifteen minutes."

"It's no problem, really. Besides, Fedyor already fell asleep, so he won't mind sleeping on my side too."

"I'm serious, don't worry. I also want to lend Alina some books."

The ride was chatty since the two friends kept joking and talking about the school trip, the job, family. The car stopped in front of a building with red bricks, and I counted nine stories. Aleksander took our luggage, waved at Ivan before he left, and stopped at a door. He digitized some numbers and we entered a lobby. I followed him to the elevator. There were ten floors, and he pressed the number ten.

The elevator doors opened once we reached the attic and I stared with wide eyes. It was the classiest place I had ever seen, a mix between classic and modern style, with a glass wall that had a beautiful view of the city and a piano at the center of the room. How rich was he - or mostly his family - to be a teacher in such an amazing home? He placed the luggage at the entrance and took me by the hand to the couch, a deep red that paired well with the dark colors of the open space. "Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful. Did you décor it?"

"Yes, I have a fixation for interior design," he laughed.

I nodded towards the piano. "Among other things, I assume."

He tugged at me, making me fall on top of him on the couch. "If you're talking about me, milaya, you're absolutely right." He left a chaste kiss on my lips, then placed me beside him and stood up. "Do you want something to eat?" He went for the kitchen, an open space with the most modern home appliances. He started opening the drawers and the fridge looking for food, then he scratched the nape of his neck. "We can't do the lasagna as we planned, and I also don't have a lot in the fridge." He turned to me, leaning against the counter. "So we can choose pizza or other pasta. I think you'd like pasta, after all the junk food we've eaten in France. I've learned a special recipe in Italy, you'll love it." He winked.

I was surprised I wanted just what he said. "Then be it," I nodded from the couch, before standing up to help him. "Can I help you with something?"

"Just lay down, pet, put on some music or turn the TV on if you want to. You must be tired from all the walking." I didn't answer that he must have been more tired than me, since he walked and took care of 20 teenagers, so I obeyed and sat on the sofa again, grabbing the remoter and blasting some music through YouTube. Of course, he had a smart TV.

I closed my eyes and rested until I heard the sound of draining pasta. I stood up and sat on the kitchen island, wondering if this was truly reality or just a well-architected dream. He had set the table perfectly, white plates and an elegant red tablecloth with matching napkins. "Here's yours," he said putting the pasta on my plate, "and mine."

We ate in silence. I couldn't manage to speak, I was too focused on enjoying the best pasta al pomodoro of my whole life. I knew how to cook: often Aunt Ana wasn't home because she had meetings and places to take the foster kids, so I had to cook. Sadly, my food was not half as tasty as the one I was eating. "It's the best meal I've ever had," I said once I finished it. "I loved it, thank you."

He wiped his mouth with the napkin. "Glad you enjoyed it. I'll cook for you whenever you want, love."

I stood up, grabbing our plates to clean them. He held my hand, stopping me. "No, Alinochka, you won't clean. You're my guest and I won't allow you to do anything but relax and enjoy my company."

"But I enjoy it the same by cleaning the dishes. You've been so kind to me, I want to repay you. Please."

He released my hand, "only if you truly want to. I don't mind doing it and I want to spoil you. I want to give you everything you want, just to see you smile and know I was the one who made it possible."

I quickly turned away to wash the dishes: I didn't want him to see me blushing.

Besides, the chore was no big deal since there was a dishwasher next to the sink. Once I finished, I reached him and sat on his lap, while he caressed my back. I saw he was tired by the way he was leaning on the chair, like he was about to fall asleep on it. I found the courage to ask him what had been in my mind all day long. "Are you for real?"

He frowned. "What do you mean?"

I put a hand on his shirt. I could feel his warm and strong skin beneath my fingers. I hated that just the touch of him reassured me. "I'm not sure about this. Not about us, but just what I expect from- *this*. I mean, you're such a nice guy, I know. But I'm in a bit of a dark place right now with all the stuff that's happened and I don't want to hurt you, but I also don't want to be hurt by you. We may have the best intentions but sooner or later-"

He put my hand into his own after kissing the palm. "I know what you're feeling, Alina. You're projecting on me whatever fear of abandonment and loss you're having, and I get that. But I'm asking you to trust me just a bit so that you'll get to know me well and be sure that I wouldn't do anything to hurt you. You just need to get to know me, then it'll be alright." I had a lump in my throat that held all the sorrow I had been feeling and wouldn't have let me speak without wailing, so I just stared at him.

"It must not be easy for you, trying so hard to just get by. That's what you'll feel for a bit: like you're trying the best to just stay above the water when you know you're that close to being pushed down. But you can use me as your life jacket, I'll help you until you'll learn how to float. Just let me do it, please."

I tried a couple of times before being able to speak. "Some days it seems I'm getting well through it, as I can easily manage this new life I've tried to create. I can pretend my parents are not dead, I'm just having a holiday at my aunt's and attending a different school for a while. I like lying to myself like that, it's a beautiful illusion that helps me through it. But other days the wind swipes away everything I've carefully made up, leaving me with the reality that I'm not doing better, I'm not having a holiday, this is my actual life right now and I have the pure certainty that whatever I'll do, I'll never get out of this. So the next good day isn't really a good day, because I'll keep wondering 'how long will it last before everything burns to ashes?'" I felt the familiar, salty taste of tears on my lips, but I kept going. "I'm not suicidal or anything like that, don't get me wrong, but I just don't want to live like this anymore-" the words choked out of me. It was funny how the worse it made you feel, the harder was physically being able to talk about it. Panting, crying, it was as if your body was trying to keep the pain inside, but I wasn't sure if it was for self-destruction or fear of being laughed at. "I live like I'm just waiting to die, like the best part of my life - that should be right ahead of me - already passed and I'm just counting the days. I've been taught not to harm myself, and dying after my parents seems so wrong, but also the only way to bring the family together. I don't like this new me, I want the old one back, *please please please*-"

"I'm afraid, Alina, you'll have to accept that this you is here to stay. Luckily, she will evolve and get used to the pain, until she'll learn to live with it and will fade away. Not too much, but enough to let you realize that you're meant to go on. Just resisting is a strong job, milaya, and I'm proud of you for doing that, mostly because the longer you'll keep going, the sooner it will all get bearable." He wiped away the tears from my face and held my chin so that I could look up to him. "It seems impossible now, but you need to trust me when I tell you it will happen. Do you promise me you'll keep going on and will come to me when you're like this?" I didn't want to promise him, but his words were so reassuring and hopeful, he seemed like the foothold I needed. I wanted to hold on to that; besides, did I have any other options? I nodded.

He held me so close and I felt so protected, but deep down I also hoped he might be holding too tight and about to shatter me.

Chapter End Notes

leave a comment if you want to, that'd make me very happy!

epilogue

Chapter Summary

Alina and Aleksander celebrate Alina's graduation. They have a playful exchange about a piece of cake.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Six months later

I felt my head empty and my body floating. *So that's what it feels like to be free.*

I knew the champagne I had been sipping from Aleksander's glass - he didn't want me to get one for myself - had nothing to do with it: I had just graduated with honors, and a day after the ceremony he kidnapped me for a holiday. So far, we'd been spending a week sunbathing, swimming and making love. When we were by the pool, I used to stop reading to look at him undisturbed with my sunglasses-covered gaze. And every time I saw him laying down, sun kissing the frowns on his forehead that were so characteristic of him when he focused, I was sure I could never get tired of it.

In fact, when he looked at me, it always felt like the first time. Even now, seated in front of me eating his dessert, his smile left me breathless. So when he handed me a gift-wrapped in shiny paper, I couldn't be any more surprised.

"What's this?" I tried to sound chilled, but I was too eager to open it.

"It's a gift, *milaya*. For your graduation."

"Well, I thought this expensive holiday was enough of a gift."

"Can't I spoil you?"

"Of course. Actually, I think it's your duty," I joked while taking a bite of his cake. I was trying to eat it without being noticed. So far, it was going well.

He gestured towards the gift. "Indulge me, then."

I carefully unwrapped it and found a dark-green leathered book, and my heart melted once I saw the diligently carved words 'Pride and Prejudice'. It seemed - and surely was - so

precious I was afraid of touching it.

"Do you like it? Please tell me you do." He was frantically twirling the fork in his hand, "I know it's not a big diamond, but it reminds me of you, of us, I wanted-" I stood up from the table and kissed him.

I wanted to show him how much I appreciated it, and for once I wasn't afraid of kissing him in public. We could be whoever we wanted here, away from the people we knew.

"I love it," I whispered caressing his cheek. "It's absolutely perfect. And it's something personal, you couldn't have done better."

He kissed my cheek and I had to remind myself to stay calm, it was something he was going to be able to do in public anytime he wanted in a month or so. "I'm glad you like it. I looked for it everywhere."

"You know, maybe I could read it to you, so that this book will bind us more."

" *'Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it'* "

"I love you so much when you prove me right *and* show you're smart."

"I love you too, Alina." I had to get back to my seat hearing those words, so excited my legs might be about to give out. The best part of it was all I had to do was listen to those words and say them so many times until they became normal: a beautiful routine I wanted to merge right into, but that for now remained just a distant future. It wasn't a problem: we had all the time in the world to get accustomed to our love.

With the echo of this thought in my mind, I slowly opened the book, and the first line, my companion for half a life, welcomed me. "I really think you outdid yourself, thank you so much."

"Well, I also have a certain toy I bought for you, but if you say so..."

"I said you outdid yourself, not that you couldn't outdo yourself *anymore*." I pressed my lips, "you of all people should understand the English language."

He looked defeated. "Fine, but whether you'll open this present or not will be entirely up to your behavior, and I can already tell you're being naughty."

"I can be good too." I leaned on the table and saw him fighting not to look at my cleavage, well displayed by my top. He was just a man, in the end, so he eventually looked.

"You'll drive me crazy, Alina."

I bit my lip trying to hide a smirk. "That's the plan."

The first thing I did after our room door closed was taking off my heels. I loved they made me feel taller and empowered, but my poor feet couldn't stand them.

What I loved the most, though, was that Aleksander knew how much they hurt me, and came to my aid with a feet massage.

Laid down on the bed with the hollow of my arm covering my eyes, I perceived the bliss of the moment. "Sometimes I wonder if you're real," I mumbled.

"Do I feel real when I'm inside you, pet?" He kissed my ankle, and it made me shiver.

His low tone and the direct way he spoke to me flushed my cheeks, and I tried to cover them with my hands.

"Am I talking to myself?" He whispered between kisses on my calf.

I breathed in.

"Yes, you feel pretty real."

"That's what I thought. At the beginning you're always so tight, how could you not feel me there?"

"Stop it!" He knew I was referring to his words, but he placed a kiss on my thigh and stopped.

"Is it what you want?"

"No, stop playing coy."

He twisted his lips. "Oh, I'm not, Alinochka. Now tell me what is it that you want."

I cleared my voice. He always had that intoxicating effect on me and he knew it, but this time I didn't want to look conquered right away; I wanted to feel strong, like a worthy opponent.

"I want you to lick my cunt, Sasha, and then fuck me." I didn't seem that influential with the skirt rolled up on my hips, but tried the same.

His stoic expression was betrayed by a swift rise of his eyebrows. "Look at you, my baby using big words. But am I sensing a bit of a provocation in there, too? You wouldn't have dared say such things a while ago."

I shrugged, and he resumed kissing my thigh, stopping just a few inches from the spot that was so desperate for his touch.

I arched my hips in anticipation but was disappointed when nothing happened. Instead, Aleksander reached for something on his luggage and came back, a smirk on his face and a vibrator in his left hand.

"Oh, you've come to play." I smiled, curious for this new spark. Aleksander with his body was amazing, but Aleksander with his body and a vibrator was something I wasn't sure I could handle. I had really nothing to smile for.

"Yes, and you're my favorite doll." He licked his lips. "My own plaything."

When he cupped his hand on my sex, the underwear I was wearing had no effect in masking my slickness.

He made no comment, as it was too easy, and wasted no time in removing it and placing the pink vibrator on my nub. Even if it was on the lowest setting, it was enough to send me reeling. The feeling of him being in charge, doing anything he wanted to me was what really turned me on. Despite being younger and more naïve than him, in our relationship we were at the same level. But in the bedroom, he played the boss, and I loved being bossed around by him.

He increased the speed and moved my panties so that he could place a finger on my entrance. I couldn't help but moan as he pushed his middle finger inside me. The combination of the two stimuli led me quickly to the climax, but he removed both the vibrator and his finger right before reaching it.

I tried to squeeze my legs, hoping the friction could take me where Aleksander pushed me away from. But he knew me so well he parted my legs with his hand. Every tentative to move from his grip was useless.

"But why," I mewled.

"You've been naughty, I told you."

"I wasn't," I tried to argue, minding my tone despite being furious. This was hell, but I knew it could get worse.

"You were," he chided, "teasing me, stealing my dessert. These are serious accusations, and I have the role of correcting that attitude of yours."

"But it was just one bite." Despite the desperation, I found it quite funny. Too bad I was the butt of the joke.

"Now you're a liar too? We both know it wasn't. I told you to get your own and you said you were full and insisted on not getting your own slice of cake even when I told you I could've finished it, if you wanted just half." He shook his head, "I could've had a piece and a half of cake, but I've only had less than one and in return, you're not having an orgasm."

I whimpered and he laughed. "Don't worry, pet, I was just joking. I will let you come, eventually, but I need you to learn your lesson first. Is it clear?"

I nodded, gutted by the loss, and he leaned to kiss my cheek. "I'll be good and trust you. Now you'll take what I give you and thank me for that."

I felt relieved and anxious when I saw him removing his belt and trousers. Before he was naked, I admired his body and my heart skipped a beat realizing it was all mine. I had almost gotten used to his beauty, but sometimes I looked at him and it hit me.

He placed himself at the entrance and moved the tip so that it was coated by my fluids. He stopped wearing condoms once I decided I wanted to get on the pill, and sometimes he whispered how thankful he was for that decision when he was pumping inside me.

I tried to accommodate his movements as he fully placed inside me with one strong thrust, and the warm, familiar feeling of being stretched by him welcomed me. I loved it, how he carved a space for himself like I was his and it was his rightful place; no problem if he had to adjust himself and my body, he was taking what belonged to him.

His hands were moving on my body, raising my shirt and bra. "So pretty when you're conquered like that." He pinched a nipple and I squeaked. "Want to destroy you, pet, till you're nothing, you remember nothing but my name and how my cock feels when I'm making you come."

I was already reduced by nothing by his words and the way he ravished me. All I could do was nod and ask him to keep going. I wanted all that he said, to be sore from him, to see he had left a physical sign on me. I needed something tangible of how he reduced me, how he had tamed me into his hole. In these moments, I didn't want his attentions, his thoughtful gifts, I only wanted to be led to oblivion by the way he moved his thumb on my clit and his bites on my neck.

My incoherent thoughts stopped once I felt the vibrator again on my clit. The tension building upon me was about to implode and I started moving: it was too much, I couldn't keep up with his pace.

"I love seeing you squirm under me, Alinochka." The difference between his expression, unfazed, at most amused, and mine, scattered and engaged, was impressive.

I felt tears pricking my eyes as I howled, "please, let me come."

He settled the maximum speed and my wail almost covered his words, "it's fine, Alina. Come for me, I wanna feel your cunt milking my cock."

I spiraled into pleasure as he lost his rhythm, pumping harder and faster. Our voices mixed as he collapsed on top of me and came, the vibrator stuck between our bodies. His weight on my body was a pleasant feeling, the one of being both shielded and caged: I was protected by him, but at the same time I had to be protected from him.

Both panting and messy, he laid beside me, turned the vibrator off and kissed my temple. "Are you alright, pet?"

I nodded. "One of the best fucks I've ever had."

"I hope the top 10 features only me."

"The chart only features you," I laughed.

I took a deep breath and got up, grabbing the clothes I had and wearing them again.

"What are you doing?" He frowned.

"I'm going to the restaurant and asking for a piece of cake to bring to you. I don't want to be punished like that anymore," I narrowed my eyes.

He grabbed my hand while I was reaching for my bra and pulled me closer to kiss him.
"You're the woman of my life."

"And you'll get diabetes sooner or later," I shook my head.

"If I do, it will be caused by your sweetness, *milaya*."

Seeing his smile, I knew he was the only dessert I truly wanted.

The end

Chapter End Notes

'Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it' - Dante's verse, it refers to a book that brought together Paolo and Francesca, (chant V) who lie in hell because of their forbidden love (he was her brother-in-law). They fell in love while reading it.

Soo, this one has come to a conclusion too. Please leave kudos and comments, they keep me motivated :)

p.s. come say hion tumblr

p.p.s. I noticed only now the typo in the title. *slams hand across forehead* how can I be so dumb?

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