The Language of Love

by Walard

Summary

Despite being a good student overall, Anna has always hated French. But when a gorgeous new substitute teacher arrives to replace their old teacher, everything changes.

(Non-related Elsanna) (Teacher/Student AU). Proofread by Striga and IceWraith.
When Anna walked into Arendelle High this morning, she knew something had happened. She could feel it in the air: something new was happening. Students were talking in groups, and she didn't have a hard time finding her best friend and some of her classmates in a corner of the courtyard.

"Hey everyone!" She said as she tried to mingle with them.

"Hi Anna." Kristoff replied, smiling at her, while the others simply nodded. As long as Anna could remember, she had always been friends with Kris. They had met in kindergarten, went through elementary and middle school together, and were now in high school. And their friendship had survived all of that, even that awkward moment in their early teenage years when hormones had made everything difficult and they had believed they could possibly be more than just friends.

"So, what's happening?" she asked. "Seems like everyone's agitated."

"Oh, you're gonna love this!"

"Hmm?"

"Seems like we got a new French teacher." Kristoff announced.

Anna didn't like that. At all. "What?! Dammit!" she whined. She absolutely hated the subject. To be clear, it was the only subject she didn't like. She found it unbelievably difficult, not interesting, and utterly useless. The worst part was that it wasn't even a mandatory course. But her parents had pushed her into registering, and it had seemed like a good idea at first. And now she was stuck in it, until at least the end of the year.

Things had started to get better a month ago, when their French teacher had quit his job. Word around the school was that he suffered from depression because of how bad his classes were going. Anna felt sorry for him, unlike most of her classmates, but she still highly doubted that teaching was made for him. Some of her classmates could be a bit dumb and provocative sometimes, but things were mostly okay in the other classes. A few students had really crossed the line with him, especially that moron Hans, and they hadn't had a single French class since then. Under any other circumstances, that would have made Anna really, really happy.

"And that's why everyone's so stirred up?" Anna asked, puzzled.

"A few guys saw her, and they say she's… err..." Kris answered, scratching his head.

"Yeah?"

"Pretty." He finished.

"Pretty?" Anna repeated while raising an eyebrow doubtfully.

"Okay, okay, so their exact words were 'hot as fuck', but yeah, you get the idea."

Anna chuckled. Boys. They could be so dumb. "Don't get your hopes up, Kris. I'm pretty sure that
even an average looking woman in her twenties or thirties would be called 'hot as fuck' here."

"Yeah, yeah, I know." Kris replied, disappointed. "But unlike you, I'm glad we finally have a new teacher. We were falling behind!"

Anna had never understood why Kris liked French, and he was pretty much the only one who did.

"She can't be as pretty as Anna anyway." one of their classmate said with a wink, joining the conversation.

"I already told you that I won't date you, Gaston, so give it up..." Anna said, but she did blush a little. Even if she wasn't interested in dating, it still felt nice to be complimented.

"Can't blame me for trying... but at least tell me why!"

"I... um, I just don't have time for it." Anna replied. To be perfectly honest, she just didn't feel like it, and it was good enough of a reason in her opinion.


"Come on dude, just let it drop" Kris interjected.

Anna was going to argue that she didn't need Kris to come to her rescue when the bell rang saving them all from that discussion.

"Well, I don't want to make Mrs. Fitzherbert wait; we should hurry!" Anna exclaimed. Mrs. Fitzherbert was their literature teacher, and the best teacher ever. Anna hadn't been a big fan of that subject before, but she had grown quite fond of it thanks to her. And she was lucky enough to have her as her home-room teacher this year, too.

She dragged Kris with her to the classroom and sat in the front row. Their teacher arrived soon after, alongside the rest of the students.

"Two minutes tops," Kris whispered in her ear.

Anna hesitated for a while and watched her teacher's blonde hair closely.

"Nah, three," she whispered back.

The class started and Anna followed by taking notes on the passage they were currently studying, drinking in every word from their teacher.

"Dammit, it's been two minutes already." Kris whispered.

"Told you. And you should take notes."

Almost a minute later, Mrs. Fitzherbert's hair fell out of her intricate bun, and nearly half the class sighed.

"1-0," she whispered to her neighbour as she continued writing nonstop.

Every teacher at Arendelle High had an oddity or two, and it hadn't taken them long to find Mrs. Fitzherbert's. She had the longest hair anyone had ever seen on an adult woman, and thus she tried to tame it in an intricate bun to keep it practical. Except it wouldn't generally last more than five minutes, the record currently being seven minutes and thirteen seconds. All the students made bets on how long her bun would last. At this point, the betting had become a popular sporting event.
Their teacher didn't seem to notice though, and she continued lecturing them about the text while simultaneously fixing her hair.

After that, Anna fully focused on the class, and tried to participate as best she could. She still had some difficulties analysing literature and some of her teacher's explanations would blow her mind. It felt like diving into the author's mind and discovering layer after layer of hidden messages. Contrary to Kris, who called it bullshit, she wanted to believe that all of it was intentional.

When the bell rang again, Anna took her time to pack up her things in an attempt to get a few more minutes alone with her favourite teacher. It had become a habit, and it didn't seem to bother her literature teacher, so she kept doing it class after class.

"You had some really good insight today Anna. You're really improving!" Her teacher told her, and Anna immediately smiled.

"Thanks, Mrs. Fitzherbert! I feel like I'm getting better, too." she replied, and then thought about something else. "Oh. I heard that there's a new French teacher; is it true?" she asked, hoping it wasn't.

"Yes, indeed. You'll see, she's really nice."

"Really? Do you know her?" Anna asked, a bit surprised.

"I do. I'm sure she'll be a great teacher." Mrs. Fitzherbert replied.

"Ok… well, you know how much I like French." Anna added.

"I do, but please make an effort."

"I'll try, but only because you asked me!" Anna responded, and her favourite teacher laughed.

"Come on, you should head to your next class. When are you supposed to have French class next?"

"Tomorrow, before yours. I guess they'll inform us soon." Anna answered with a sigh. "Thanks for the chat, Mrs. Fitzherbert. See you tomorrow."

"Bye, Anna."

Anna left the classroom while her teacher started fixing her hair again, and she sighed when she realized that she had promised to make an effort. Well, you never know, maybe French will suck less with a new teacher.

Elsa was stressed out. She had gone to Arendelle high-school this morning to have an interview with the headmaster, and it had gone well. Very well, actually. As Rapunzel had told her, the school had been missing a French teacher for a month, and after realizing that they couldn't find any certified teacher, they had opened up the job to substitute teachers. They hadn't found any either, so Elsa had been welcomed with open arms when she had gone to apply.

What she hadn't expected was that Mr. Weselton would ask her to start tomorrow. She definitely wasn't ready for that, and she had spent the whole day preparing classes.

She was going to the kitchen to fetch herself a drink, when her apartment doorbell rang. Wondering who it could be, she walked to the door and opened it.

"Hey, Elsa!" A blonde girl slightly shorter than her said.
"Hi Punzie!" Elsa replied as she hugged her best friend.

"Ok, so first things first: never call me that in front of the students. Or teachers. Or parents. Or anyone at work!" Rapunzel replied with a smile.

Elsa laughed and let go of her. "Sure, I'll try. Is Rapz ok?"

"Nah, it's ugly."

"I'm not calling you Mrs. Fitzherbert." That would be so weird.

"You do know I have a first name you can use without shortening it." The blonde deadpanned.

"Yeah, yeah. Fine. Come inside, I was going to have a drink."

"Oh. Going to drink your anxiety away? See, you're already starting to act like a real teacher." Rapunzel said jokingly, and Elsa fetched two glasses and a bottle of grape juice.

They both sat on the couch and Elsa sighed. "I'm fucked. I spent the day working on classes, but I haven't got the slightest clue whether it will work or not."

"Aww, come on. You already have some teaching experience."

"Yeah, with 3rd grade students… it's different." Elsa commented. She had been a substitute before, for three weeks, but the kids had been way younger than the ones she would have to deal with tomorrow.

"I'm sure you'll do fine. Besides, you don't really have a choice." Rapunzel pointed out, and she was right. Elsa really did need the money.

"I'm just afraid that I'm not good enough" Elsa admitted.

"Don't be silly. You totally aced your Foreign Language degree."

"Yeah, well, it always felt like I was cheating." Passing a language degree when you're a native speaker isn't that hard. At all. In fact, it had allowed her to skip most of her classes.

"Hey, they're asking for a degree, you have it. Now you're going to get some teaching experience. And later, you'll get certified."

That had always been Elsa's plan, but now that she was right in front of it, she was getting cold-feet. What if her students were uncooperative? What if they misbehaved? What if she just wasn't a good teacher?

Rapunzel lay a supportive hand on her knee, and looked at her in the eyes. "Trust me, you'll do great."

Elsa sighed. "Yeah, thanks..."

When Elsa had realised that she had to change her career and find another job, her best-friend had been the one to suggest becoming a teacher. Rapunzel had already been one for two years, and absolutely loved it. Since Elsa didn't really have any other ideas, and since it sounded rather easy to get a language degree for her, she had gone with it.

"And besides, you're lucky enough to be my co-worker! I'm going to help you!"
"Thanks Punzie, but last time I checked, there is no way you could help me with that broken French of yours."


"You haven't improved a bit since 8th grade," Elsa stated. When they were both in 6th grade, Rapunzel's and Elsa's teachers had organized a pen pal project. Elsa lived in France then. The two girls had gotten along from the very start, and had kept writing to each other over the years, telling each other everything. Elsa fondly remembered the first time Rapunzel's family had invited her over, and they had spent a good part of all their following summer breaks either here or with Elsa's family. Finally, when Elsa had graduated, she had moved to Arendelle to start a new life and be closer to her best friend.

"Anyway, I'm not gonna help you with your classes, but I can tell you about your students. Do you have a list?"

"Yeah, of course." Elsa replied, handling it for her.

"Hum… well, a few of them are rather difficult to handle. You have to be cautious with Hans, he's a complete douchebag. His father is some important moron and he feels like he's better than anyone else because of that."

"Ok." Elsa replied, starting to freak out. "Great way to reassure me, Punzie."

"Nah, don't worry. Look, you've got Kristoff too. He's a nice guy, and one of the few, if not the only one, that likes your subject."

"What?! They all hate French?" Elsa asked, startled.

"Um yeah, kinda. You can't really blame them, though, they had a terrible teacher."

"This keeps getting better and better..." Elsa said, sighing.

"Ah, here's Anna!" Rapunzel continued, going down the list.

"Is that a good thing or a bad thing?"

"A good thing! She's just the sweetest."

"Hmm?"

"Yeah. She's a bit shy at first, but she can be pretty lively too. Polite, respectful, eager to learn and a real cutie."

"Well, sounds like you have a teacher's pet." Elsa said, smiling.

"I plead guilty." Rapunzel replied. "Trust me, you'll love her. Although she does hate your subject so… I don't know, she might be a bit different for you."

"Hmpf."

"Tell me how it goes tomorrow. She's the cute redhead with freckles. She will most likely be sitting next to a giant blond guy. Kristoff, the one I just told you about."

"Ok, I'll try to identify her. Are they a couple? Should I separate them?"
"No, they're just friends. Actually, I wouldn't be surprised if I learned that she isn't straight. Well, you'll be a better judge of that." Rapunzel said, shrugging.

"Doesn't really matter, anyway." Elsa replied. She wasn't planning on sticking her nose into anyone else's business, especially concerning sexuality. Being a lesbian during high-school hadn't always been easy for her, and she doubted that it was easier today, even after almost ten years.

"Yeah, well, you'll realise that we love gossiping about students in the teacher's room. Oh, she asked me about you this morning, by the way."

"Really? Why?"

"I guess she would have preferred to avoid your subject for the rest of the year. But I told her to make an effort."

Elsa chuckled. "I'm sure she'll listen to you" she said sarcastically.

"Of course she will." Rapunzel said. "I'm her favourite teacher, after all." She added proudly. "I know because she told me. Several times."

Elsa laughed and poured them another drink. "What about the others? Who should I worry about?"

They spent quite some time talking about her future students, and then about their colleagues, until Rapunzel got a text from her husband.

"Well, Flynn made dinner and is asking me when I'll be back home. He says 'hi,' too."

"Ok, then, you should go back to him."

"Yep. I'll see you tomorrow at work! It's going to be so great!" Rapunzel said cheerfully.

They both stood up and hugged. "Yeah, see you tomorrow. If I haven't gotten cold feet by then and fled the country."

Rapunzel chuckled and dismissed it with a wave of her hand. Then she left, and Elsa found herself alone in her flat.

Well, I've done enough for today anyway. Let's eat, and then I'll watch something and try to sleep.

But somehow, she knew she wouldn't have much sleep that night.

Chapter End Notes

Here's my new story! It's been a while, because I had a hard time motivating myself back into writing and I actually gave up on a story idea I had started to write, but I think I'm ready now!

As you can see, for once it's not incest Elsanna, but I stuck with forbidden love, and it's still pretty wrong...socially :D

I don't think it will be as long as my other two stories, and I don't want to impose a publishing schedule on myself even if I know it's really great as a reader to have regular updates.

Anyway, I hope you liked the first chapter. And as always, my motivation is fuelled by
comments and reviews, so don’t hesitate writing them!!
(Also, if you’re interested and haven’t noticed yet, Striga proofread the entire OOY story on ff.net!)
Chapter 2

Anna woke up to the irritating sound of her alarm-clock and immediately turned it off. Getting up sucked, and the fact that she had to get up to go to French class only made it worse. If Mom hadn't pushed me to take this class, I could sleep in for another hour. It's all this new teacher's fault. God, I hate her already!

She got up and left her bedroom in her pyjamas, walking towards the kitchen.

"Good morning, Anna!" Her father said as he saw her coming out. He was already sitting at the table, drinking his coffee while watching TV.

"Hi, dad," she answered, while making herself some hot cocoa. "Where's mom?"

"Taking a shower. She already had breakfast. So, excited about today?" he asked.

"Um, not really," Anna admitted. "New French teacher. I did promise Mrs. Fitzherbert I'd give her a chance, but I really don't feel like it."

Agnarr shrugged. "Can't be worse than the last one, right?"

"Yeah, that's for sure," Anna replied.

"Do you need a ride today?" he asked as he finished his coffee.

"No, thanks. Kris is gonna drive me to school." Her best-friend had turned sixteen two months ago, a bit after Anna, but he had passed his driver's test right away and found a somewhat functional car, so he drove her to school most of the time.

"Ok then. Well, if you don't need me, I'm gonna go to work now. Tell your mom I love her. See you tonight."


He left and Anna finished her cocoa before going back to her room. There, she grabbed some fresh underwear and her school uniform, which consisted of a navy blue skirt that ended just over her knees, a white shirt, tie, and a dark waistcoat. Then, she added some thigh-high socks because it was still cold outside, and headed for the shower, which seemed to be free now.

She undressed quickly, stepped into the shower and turned the water on. Once she was done, she wiped herself dry and looked at herself in the mirror. Hmph, not too bad. She wished she had bigger breasts, but they were perky and still growing. Overall, she had a slim and athletic figure. Her legs were slender and sexy, her waist was really slim and her skin was smooth. She turned around a little to glance her backside. Gaston had actually mentioned that she had a nice butt. Maybe he's right? Although she felt embarrassed thinking about that. Well, enough fooling around, I've got to get ready.

She dressed rapidly, and then tamed her hair as best as she could before organizing them into two French braids. That may be the only French thing I like. Is it really French though? I bet it isn't ... like fries. When she was happy with it, she left the bathroom and said "hi" to her mother before
packing her school supplies. A car honked soon after, and Anna hurried outside to get into Kris's car.

"Let's go!" she exclaimed as she got in and fastened her seatbelt. "Sorry I'm late."

"Nah, it's fine. I'm a bit early, actually," Kris admitted.

"Oh, yeah, you're right," Anna said as she glanced at her phone. "Why's that? Can't wait to meet the so-called 'hot as fuck' teacher?"

Kris laughed it off, but she could see his cheeks redden. "Hah, seriously?" she asked, amused.

"What? A boy's got the right to fantasize a little." Kristoff replied, trying to defend himself.

"Eww… don't tell me about your sexual fantasies. Especially if it concerns teachers," Anna answered with a disgusted look. She had heard some pupils talking about Mrs. Fitzherbert in inappropriate ways a few times before, and she found it revolting!

"Don't tell me you haven't fantasized about Naveen sometimes!"

"What? No, never!" Anna protested. Naveen was their P.E. teacher, and although Anna had to admit that he was a rather handsome man, she had never ever thought about him that way. And she didn't like the fact that everyone called him by his first name, especially her classmates.

"All girls spend the entire class staring at him," Kris said.

"Well, except me then."

"Sure, whatever…"

They talked about homework for the rest of the trip, and then headed right to their first class. Even if she wasn't fond of French, Anna had to admit she was a bit curious about this new teacher. So, they waited for her for to arrive. It seemed as if they weren't the only curious people, either, since all their classmates were there before the bell.

And then she arrived. Everyone fell silent. She was easily the most gorgeous woman Anna had ever seen. Piercing blue eyes, bright red lips and long flowing blonde hair—she had the face of an angel. The teacher smiled at them when she entered, and Anna's heart skipped a beat. Never in her life had she felt anything like this.

The woman walked to the desk, all heads slowly turning to follow her. She walked in a very feminine way, not at all bothered by her high heels, as if they were just an extension of her delicate feet. Her legs were long and willowy, and Anna gulped when her gaze reached the top of her teacher's dark pencil skirt.

Anna took a second to look around her, and noticed that all the boys were openly staring. Her own eyes betrayed her again and she went back to gazing at her new teacher. The woman was wearing a white blouse that showed no cleavage, but couldn't hide her generous bosom stretching the fabric, and Anna had difficulties looking elsewhere. The blonde goddess had rolled her sleeves up to her elbows, revealing her delicate hands and silky smooth, porcelain skin.

And then, she spoke. Anna didn't understand a thing, except maybe the French word for hello, but her voice alone dealt another blow to Anna's failing heart. It was both husky and breathy, and it gave Anna goosebumps.
"Wha… what did she say?" she managed to whisper to Kristoff, and he looked at her with surprise.

"She just said hello and that she's our new French teacher." He translated, before focusing his attention back on their teacher.

Anna instantly regretted not having worked harder in this class, because she didn't understand a thing the gorgeous teacher was saying. She let herself bask in the melodious voice, all while trying to understand what was happening to her.

Her heart was beating furiously, and her legs felt weak, which made her glad she was sitting. She felt hot, as if the temperature had suddenly risen 15 degrees. She could feel her cheeks heat up, most likely turning them scarlet red, but she couldn't do anything about it.

"As I was saying just now, my name is Ms. Neige and I'm your new French teacher. Since this is our first class together, I'm going to speak in English a little, so..."

Hearing her speaking English dealt the final blow and Anna lost it. The way she talked sounded so sensual, her French accent turning every word into a sexy invitation. Anna suddenly felt a tingle in her breasts and lips, as well as an intense pool of heat in her panties. *What the fuck is going on with me?*

It didn't stop there, though, and she felt her nipples harden under her bra. She wanted it to stop, but she wasn't able to do anything about it. Dammit, it's so hot in here. Soon, she felt light-headed, and she shut her legs together as she started feeling a wetness spread in her panties. Oh my God, what's wrong with me?!

"Are you ok?" Kris whispered, and she just nodded twice, happy when her friend didn't question her further.

For a few minutes, she fought to take back control of her body, and it eventually worked. The temperature seemed to slowly return to normal, and her heart slowed down. After a while, the only remnant of what had happened was an uncomfortable wet patch in her panties, which she tried not to think about.

Then, she focused back on her teacher and the class. Anna attempted to focus on what her teacher was saying rather than on her voice and appearance. It was hard, though, because both her ears and her eyes were sending her confusing messages. *God, she's beautiful.*

At one point, she realized that her teacher was looking at her, and everybody was waiting.

"She asked you to introduce yourself in French," Kris whispered, and Anna gulped. That explained why the other students had been talking too, one after the other.

"I… huh…" Anna started, stuttering. Come on, you can do it. It's not that hard. "My name is Anna. I'm 16 and I live in Arendelle," she managed to say in mostly correct French, and Ms. Neige gave her an encouraging smile that made her feel weak in the knees again.

Then, it was Kris' turn, and Anna took advantage of it to calm herself. She had absolutely no idea what was happening to her, but it felt both incredibly good and unbelievably frustrating.

She was shocked to hear the bell ring soon after, and turned towards Kris. "Already?!"

"Well, yeah. It's been an hour."

"Damn. I lost track of time." Anna said, and Kris chuckled.
She took another look of their new teacher and just couldn't believe it. She was staring again when Ms. Neige looked up and caught her eye. Her teacher smiled at her and nodded, and Anna instantly blushed once more. She attempted an awkward smile, and quickly fled the classroom. I'm making such a fool of myself.

"See? People weren't exaggerating!" Kris told her while they were heading to their literature class. "She's super hot!"

"Y… yeah," Anna admitted.

"Did you see her ass in that skirt? Damn!"

"Kristoff! That's rude," Anna replied. But yes, she had seen it alright. As well as everything else.

"Haha, someone's jealous."

"Me? As if!" the redhead retorted.

"Uh oh. Let's change subject."

"What are you doing this weekend?" Anna asked.

"Nothing really, why?"

"I need to catch up on French. Can you come to my place?"

"Yeah, sure," Kris said, shrugging.

When the bell rang to signal the end of the third class, Elsa was glad that she had some free time ahead of her. All of her classes had gone well, and she was rather satisfied with her first morning as a teacher.

She headed towards her best-friend's classroom, and waited for all of Rapunzel's students to leave. Being the new teacher around here, she had to endure all the looks thrown in her direction, but she acted as if she didn't notice.

"So, how did it go?!" Rapunzel asked once they were alone in her classroom.

"Great, actually!" Elsa replied. "They were all silent and respectful. It went pretty well."

"See, I told you. Be careful, though, they might try and test the waters in the coming weeks. But if the first day went well, I'm confident that you won't have any problems. Just show them the limits, and make an example out of one of them if you need to. How was Hans? Did you have to shut him up yet?"

"Hmmm, no. Frankly, I caught a few girls whispering, but all the boys were super calm and polite."

"I bet they were." Rapunzel said with a smile, and Elsa look at her, puzzled. "All the boys are gonna be eating out of your hand," her best-friend clarified.

"Oh." Elsa simply answered, understanding what she meant. "Could that become a problem?"

"Well… as long as you keep it strictly professional, it shouldn't."
"Yeah, of course. They did try to ask me personal questions, but I stopped them right away."

"You did well, the kids can be really curious sometimes. They always want to know everything about us. Oh, and make sure you monitor how you dress? I mean… dress conservatively."

"Yeah, I already thought about that. You may have noticed how I'm not showing any cleavage today."

Rapunzel chuckled. "Yeah, that's new!"

Elsa glared at her best friend for a second, and her friend smiled back at her innocently.

"Anyway, did you spot Anna?"

"Yeah, I did! You totally downplayed her beauty when you described her!" Elsa told her friend. She had spotted the redhead immediately after she had entered the classroom, like a glowing beacon in the shadows.

"Really?"

"Yeah, she's really, really cute."Honestly, when she had seen her being so shy and cute with her blushing cheeks, her French braids and her freckles, Elsa had wanted to squeeze her tight in her arms and tell her everything was going to be fine. She had felt so bad when it had been Anna's turn to introduce herself. The students had stared at her as she sat there, frozen, with her long eyelashes and big expressive teal eyes reflecting confusion and embarrassment.

"She looked like a deer caught in the headlights when it was her turn to speak up. She was adorable."

"Heh. Now that I think of it, I bet she would have been just your type if you had met her during high school," Rapunzel said, and Elsa felt like the discussion was taking a dangerous and uncomfortable turn. "Anyway, don't go all pervy on my favourite student, because we're not gonna be friends anymore if you do!" Rapunzel joked, and Elsa chuckled.

"Don't worry, I'm not planning on taking advantage of my students, and jail has never really been that appealing to me." Although, she had to admit that she would have most likely fallen for Anna if they had both been students back in the day. Although I was so into Punzie back then that I might have missed her anyway. Or, maybe, it would have spared me a few years of pining followed by a really kind, yet embarrassing, rejection.

"Haha. Did she make an effort in your class?"

"Hmmm, well, she was super shy. And she looked… like she wasn't quite with it … like she was daydreaming?"

"Oh? Well, maybe it wasn't a good day for her. When do you see them next?" Rapunzel asked.

"Hmm… next Monday, I think. I see them twice a week." With the number of classes she had, and the number of hours she taught for each, her schedule was fairly light. Maybe she would ask Mr. Weselton if she could do something else once she fell into a comfortable routine. In the meantime, she had plenty of time to devote to her lesson plans.

"Ok. Well, let's go to the teacher's room, I'll introduce you to your new colleagues."

They both left the classroom, and Elsa followed her friend. The walk there wasn't pleasant, because
she really felt like a circus freak. Everyone was looking at her, whispering, and it almost felt like she was a student again.

"Don't worry, it'll only last a few days. Once everybody knows that you're the new French teacher, they'll move on to something else."

"I hope so!" Elsa confessed, and she was glad when they arrived at the teacher's lounge, although she would have to socialize with strangers there as well. At least Rapunzel was with her.

"Hi guys! This is Elsa, our new French teacher. And, also my best-friend!"

"Good morning everyone," Elsa said, a bit intimidated. There were approximately twenty people around, none of them familiar.

They all said "hi" and introduced themselves, but Elsa knew that she wouldn't remember their names, at least not right away.

"Want some coffee?" a handsome man asked. Elsa figured that he was a P.E. teacher, judging by his clothing.

"No, thanks," she replied, maybe a little too curtly.

"You sure? You're gonna need some if you want to survive these crazy teenagers all day long."

"Sorry, I just don't like coffee," Elsa answered, a bit embarrassed.

"Oh, ok. Tea, then?"

"Neither. I'm not really into hot beverages." *Nope, not gonna tell them I only drink hot cocoa. They're going to think I'm a kid.*

"Sorry I don't think we have anything to prepare some hot chocolate." Rapunzel said, and Elsa mentally sighed. *Thanks, Punzie!*

"Haha, that's cute," the man said with a wink. "I take it by your accent that you're not from here?"

"I arrived in Arendelle ten years ago," Elsa replied.

"To get closer to her best-friend!" Rapunzel said, beaming as she hugged her by the waist.

"Yep. Well, only partly," Elsa answered, mainly to tease her friend, but also because coming here had been a great job opportunity, too. *I was definitely hoping we'd get closer than best-friends when I came here.* Although, with hindsight, it had been for the best. Even if it had taken quite some time to get over the rejection, she now had the very best friend she could have ever hoped for.

"Well, I love your accent, anyway! It sounds sexy," the P.E. teacher remarked, and Elsa immediately felt uncomfortable. His approach was less than subtle.

"I get that a lot," she replied a bit coldly, hoping he would get the hint.

"Oh. Well… uh…"

"I'm gonna show you how the copy machine works!" Rapunzel offered, recognizing the situation and trying to change the subject. Elsa nodded and followed her friend. Apparently, she was going to have to be on guard with her colleagues, too.
Notes: Thanks a lot for all the reviews/comments on the first chapter! It was awesome to see old readers ready to jump into another story of mine ^^
Thanks to Ice Wraith and Striga for proofreading, and hopefully see you next Sunday!
Chapter 3

When Anna arrived home that evening, the strange things that had happened to her during French class felt like a distant memory and she almost doubted it had really occurred. In hindsight, she was pretty sure that it had been a minor incident and that wouldn't ever happen again.

"Hi mom!" she said as she entered her home.

"Hey sweetie. How are you? Sorry if I seemed to be in a rush this morning, I had an important meeting," Iduna responded as she planted a kiss on her daughter's forehead.

"No problem. Did it go well?"

"Sure. What about you? Did anything new happen at school?"

*Other than my hormones going haywire in French class, nope!* "Nothing really. Well, we got a new French teacher."

"Oh, how is she?"

"Really beautiful," Anna answered honestly, which made her mother laugh.

"Yeah, well, that shouldn't really matter, should it? How was her class?"

"I honestly don't know. *My body wouldn't let me concentrate.*"

"Let me guess, she only spoke French and you didn't understand a thing?" her mother teased.

"Yeah… something like that. And I'm pretty sure she's French, she had a strong accent," Anna replied, making sure not to mention how sexy it had sounded.

"You know, I do agree that your last teacher was terrible, and I can understand why you didn't like his class, but maybe it could be different now, especially if she's a native speaker. I think you should try a little harder."

"Um, actually, Kris is coming this Sunday to help me with the basics." She had realised this morning just how bad she was at French, and she desperately needed to catch up.

"Oh, really? Great! Will he be eating with us, too?"

"Hmmm… I didn't even think about that."

"Well, invite him for dinner! Your father and I haven't seen him for a while," Anna's mother offered.

"Ok, I'll ask him! I'm gonna go upstairs and do my homework now."

"Sure. Ask me if you need any help with French, I think I can remember the basics."

"Ha! We haven't gotten any homework yet!" Anna quipped as she was climbing the stairs.

Soon, she was in her bedroom, and she closed her door to change out of her uniform. The tie was the first thing to go. Then, she unbuttoned her shirt and removed her skirt. The tights followed, and she ended up in her underwear. After a bit of hesitation, Anna took a look inside her panties and
noticed a stain, most likely due to the incident from this morning. Goddammit.

She quickly changed, putting on some casual clothes, and crashed on her bed. This had been such a weird day. Relaxing there, face first in a pillow, she let her mind roam. It wasn't long before she started thinking about Ms. Neige again—it was useless trying to get the gorgeous teacher out of her mind.

She had only seen her for an hour, so she had trouble remembering her teacher's exact facial features. She did remember her eyes though, as well as her hair, and it made her feel funny. *Maybe I can stalk her online and find a photo?*

She didn't know her teacher's first name though, so she ended up looking for 'Ms. Neige french teacher' and didn't find a thing. She had hoped to find her teacher's first name that way, and then maybe a photo or two... but nothing.

Closing her eyes, she tried to remember her teacher's face more clearly, but couldn't. *She was so pretty... but I only got to see her for an hour. I can't wait for Monday.* Then, her thoughts went to Ms. Neige's body, and she had less trouble with that. The way her skirt had clung tightly to her perfect bottom, the way her blouse had been stretched by her incredible breasts…

*Oh-oh. Let's stop right now. Her body was acting all weird again. What's wrong with me? Ok, I have some math homework to do.*

"Wanna go shopping?" Elsa asked her best-friend. She was spending the Saturday at Punzie's place, and Flynn had left them to go watch a game with some of his friends.

"I don't know. I was thinking about staying here and chilling," Rapunzel replied.

"Come on, we're not gonna spend the day like couch potatoes!" Elsa whined.

"Why not? Sounds good to me," Rapunzel said, grabbing a snack from the coffee table. "Besides, don't you have to prepare your classes?"

"Hmpf, I think I'm good for the week. I had plenty of free time to work. I could even do some extracurriculars."

"Hmm… you could ask Mr. Weselton. Maybe he would let you tutor some students. Or you could offer to direct a club."

"What kind of club?" Elsa asked, interested.

"I don't know. A dancing club? You're good."

"Not good enough to teach," Elsa argued.

"Well then… oh, I know!" Rapunzel said as she grabbed another snack. "How 'bout French cooking!"

Elsa chuckled. "You know I'm not that good of a cook."

"Who cares? At least you would know how it's supposed to taste like! And you do an excellent 'grateen dauphinoy!'" Rapunzel added with an awful accent.
"It's called 'gratin'," Elsa corrected, naturally pronouncing that nasal sound Rapunzel struggled with so much.

"Gra-teen!" Rapunzel repeated, trying but failing again.

"Nope. Still not it."

"Gra… Gra-teen! Oh, whatever, you know what I mean." Rapunzel said, giving up.

"Yeah, but I don't know… would students even be interested in that?"

"Who knows? Ooooh! I've been wanting to create a drama club. You could help me."

"Hmpf… I'll think about it."

"So, what show do you wanna binge-watch?" Rapunzel asked as she made herself comfortable on the couch and lay her head on her friend's lap, her long hair spreading everywhere. She had the remote in her hand and was going through the VOD catalogue already.

"Say, do you ever had weird dreams about work?" Elsa asked, not answering her.

"Of course! Especially during stressful times. Why?"

"I had the weirdest dream the other day." Elsa started. "I was in my classroom, with my students, but I was a student, too!"

Rapunzel laughed. "Yeah, it happened to me a few times during my first year as a teacher. I guess it's just hard to realize that you're on the other side of the classroom."

"Yeah…"

"Did it turn into a wet dream?" she then asked teasingly, and Elsa gasped.

"Wh.. what?! Of course not!" Elsa exclaimed. "Nothing like that!" she added, lying. Technically, it hadn't been a wet dream, but it had felt like she had romantic feelings for that Anna girl during the dream. Butterflies had filled her stomach as they sat side-by-side, while she stole glances at the cute little redhead. It was so weird. She definitely wasn't going to mention that to her best-friend though.

"I'm just pulling your leg," Rapunzel said. "So, what are we watching?"

"Nothing, we're going shopping!" Elsa replied as she stood up, causing her friend's head to rise slightly and then fall down onto the couch.

"Hmpf… don't you have enough clothes already? Your dressing room is bigger than my living-room." Rapunzel complained, exaggerating a little.

"You're the one who said I had to dress conservatively. So now, you're gonna help me do that."

"Can you even afford to go shopping?" Rapunzel asked. "You haven't worked for a while, and I know that being a substitute teacher doesn't pay well." She was trying to find a way to stay on the couch.

"Don't worry about that, I managed to save enough for a few years of living expenses," Elsa replied, although she knew that she had already put a good dent in that stash.
"Hmpf…"

"Come on, Punzie! Pretty please!" Elsa begged.

"Ok, ok! But then, you have to promise me that we'll grab some take-out on our way back and spend the evening sipping wine in front of the TV."

"Sure, I can do that," Elsa replied, smiling because it seemed as if she had won.

They took Rapunzel's car and went to the city-centre. Elsa had offered to go to the mall instead, but her friend had argued that they were less likely to run into their students in small stores.

"So, what do you need?" Rapunzel asked once they had found somewhere to park.

"Well, a bit of everything, I guess. Except shoes, obviously," Elsa off-handedly remarked, and her friend chuckled.

"Obviously. I'm pretty sure you'll manage to go to school every day of the year with different shoes."

"Tsk. Stop exaggerating everything. Anyway, you know my tastes, and you know what a teacher should wear, so you're gonna help me find a few outfits!" Elsa declared as she entered the first clothing store she found.

"Ok, first things first. Skirts. How long should they be?" Elsa asked as she looked through the hanging rails.

"Knee-length is good. I personally go with longer, flowing skirts, but pencil skirts work too."

"Yeah… I've never really worn those, but I like them. Ok then, a few pencil skirts it is," Elsa said as she selected a good number of them.

"Should we look for pants, too?" Rapunzel asked.

"Nah, I'm all set with pants. Besides, spring is almost here."

"Tops then?"

"Yep! And dresses."

It took them a few hours, and a few shops, but as Elsa and Rapunzel were coming out of a store with plenty of bags, they came upon a group of girls who seemed to recognize them.

"Mrs. Fitzherbet!" one of them squealed as she waved her hand.

"Sometimes I get the feeling that I can't go out of my place without running into one of my students or former students," Rapunzel whispered with a sigh as the girls approached. They all seemed to be around 16 or 17, and judging by their looks and style, Elsa guessed that they were popular girls at school.

"Wow, Mrs. Fitzherbert, you really robbed the place!" a pretty tanned-skin girl said. "I hope you left some for us!"

"Don't worry Jasmine, I'm sure there's enough left," Rapunzel countered, and the girls laughed like teenagers sometimes do.
"Oh, are you… are you the new French teacher? Ms Neige?" another girl asked, as Elsa wondered if it was ok for her students to see her wearing a more casual, sexy attire outside of school. "Are you two friends?"

"Yes, I am." Elsa answered, caught a bit off-guard. Her response came out colder than she intended. Honestly, she didn't really know how to act in these situations. Dealing with students in her classroom was hard enough. But outside, she was completely lost.

"And yes, we're actually friends," Rapunzel added.

"That's awesome! Oh, by the way Ms. Neige, I'm so in love with your style! Everyone is saying that you're the most gorgeous teacher we've ever had! Is that a Louis Vuitton handbag?! I love your hair! Do you use an eye primer in your makeup routine or not? Personally I do, but I'm not sure if it's really effective. What type of skin lotion do you use? It looks so perfect! Oh, I know! Could you give us tips on fashion and makeup?!" the girl chirped, and Elsa thought that her mind was going to explode.

By the time the rest of the girls were finished, Elsa had almost forgotten everything they had said and she felt shell-shocked.

"I… uh… I guess," she finally answered.

"Awesome!" the girls all said in unison. "You're the best, Ms. Neige!"

"Well, we don't want to keep you away from shopping," Rapunzel interjected, coming to her friend's aid. "See you next week, girls."

"Sure, Mrs. Fitzherbert. Have a nice weekend!" the girls added before entering the shop.

"Damn. They caught me by surprise. Although they do seem to like me already, right? I'm not even sure any of them are in my class," Elsa stated.

"Yeah, well, you did tell them that you'd give them advice, so I'm pretty sure you'll see them again," Rapunzel said with a smile.

Fuck.

The sound of vacuuming woke Anna up on Sunday morning. Goddammit mom. She had been in the sweetest dream, and didn't want to wake up from it. Thankfully, she managed to go back to it, and was now lucid dreaming.

"I'm afraid you will be failing French this semester," Ms. Neige was telling her in her sexy accent, and Anna felt terrible. Or did she? No, she was amused, because none of this was real. In the back of her head, she knew that it was all a dream.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Neige..." she replied, trying to sound miserable. "Isn't there anything I can do to bring my grades up?"

"Hmm… let me see..." the teacher said as she glanced at her notes. Then, she walked to the door of the classroom in her high-heels, and Anna's eyes were glued to her hips as they subtly swayed with her movement. She was wearing the same pencil skirt she had worn a few days ago, and it did wonders to her legs and bottom. Anna almost didn't realise that her teacher was locking the door. "Well, I guess I could let you repeat one of the exams," her teacher finally said as she turned
around and looked directly in her eyes.

"Yes, please! Which one?"

"Hmm… what about French kissing? I think you've improved a lot recently thanks to my tutoring, so maybe I could test you again," the teacher told her in a very serious voice.

Anna found herself mesmerized by her teacher's bright red lips and ignored the fact that the whole situation was pretty silly. "Oh… of course Ms. Neige!" she replied, excited to be given another chance.

The redhead stood up from her desk, and the two girls met half-way, in the middle of the classroom, but the teacher kept pushing and Anna found herself backed up against Ms. Neige's desk. They were close, too close, and Anna's heart was racing.

"Let's see how good you've become..." her teacher whispered in her ear, and Anna shivered, goosebumps crawling over her skin.

The older woman took Anna's chin in her hand, and lowered her head to be at her level, their lips only a few centimetres apart. Anna noticed that her teacher was showing a lot of cleavage and it made her feel feverish, but she took her courage in both hands and closed the gap, her lips crashing into her teacher's, dead set on getting an A.

By then, the dream seemed to be more and more out-of-focus, and the sound of the vacuum cleaner blocked her from returning to it. *Fuck, it was going to be so interesting.*

She kept her eyes closed though, and slipped a hand into her pyjama bottoms. She felt hornier than ever, and the dampness between her thighs proved her right. She started rubbing herself gently, picturing her French teacher in her mind, trying to get back into the dream. It didn't really work, but she managed to picture Ms. Neige stripped down to a pair of lacy panties and a matching bra, and that was more than enough.

Focusing on that mental picture, trying not to think about what she was doing and how wrong it was, Anna kept pleasuring herself, both amazed and a bit worried about how wet she was down there. She didn't exactly know what she was doing, but it did feel way better than the few times she had done it before, and she just touched herself where it felt the best.

She felt tingles in her nipples and slipped a hand under her top to touch herself, while she kept grinding her other hand against her genitalia. Imagining it was her hot teacher's hand on her breasts, she continued rubbing herself, feeling better and better, until a wave of pure pleasure hit her out of nowhere. It spread all over her body, and she arched her back under the delicious effect, before squeezing her legs together in an effort to calm herself. She had never felt anything like that, at least not to this extent, and it took her a few minutes to recover.

And then, she realized what she had just done and immediately felt guilty. *What the fuck… something is seriously wrong with me.* The worst part was that it wasn't even the first time she had had a dream like this. Indeed, she had dreamt about Ms. Neige every night since the day she had met her three days ago.

At first, she had tried to dismiss it, but it was becoming harder to ignore. Every day, she found her mind randomly conjuring up images of Ms. Neige, with her platinum blonde hair, her deep blue eyes, and her unbelievable figure. Could she be genuinely attracted to a woman? Even worse, since this question had popped up in her mind, she kept thinking about things that tended to prove that she might not be straight after all. *I've never been interested in dating boys. The only time I kissed*
one, it felt weird. I've only got posters and photos of female celebrities in my room… But on the other hand, she couldn't remember a time where anything like that had happened to her, even with a pretty girl or gorgeous woman.

She desperately needed to talk about this with someone, but she had no idea who to approach. She did have some girlfriends, but none whom she trusted enough for this. There was no way she could tell her mom, and while she would feel safe asking Mrs. Fitzherbert for advice, she was pretty sure that it would make the teacher uncomfortable. There was only her best friend left. But he's a guy. Would Kris understand and be able to help her? Would she even be able to approach the subject with him? He was supposed to come to her house in a few hours, but she just couldn't picture herself telling him. But she knew that she couldn't keep all of this to herself.
When Kris arrived for dinner, Anna still hadn't decided if she was going to tell him about her problem or not. The whole idea of bringing up such a touchy subject made her feel uncomfortable.

"Hey, Kris!" Anna's father said as he opened the door for him. "Damn, you're taller than me now! And strong! Idunna, take a look at Kristoff! He's grown into a man!"

"Haha, yeah, my mom keeps complaining that she has to buy me new clothes every month," Kris replied as he came in.

"It's good to see you!" Agnarr proclaimed as he patted Kristoff on the back. "It's been a while ..."

"Yeah, thanks for having me over!"

Anna crossed the living-room and said 'hi' to her best-friend. It was true that she hadn't invited him over for some time, mainly because her parents would always tease her about him afterwards. *I told them a million times we're just friends ... and that I just don't feel that way about him. Why can’t they get that?*

"So, are you ready to cram six months of French classes into one afternoon?" Kris jokingly asked. He had a file with his notes in his hand.

"Yeah. Well, I should at least go over the basics again," Anna confessed. She didn't want Ms. Neige to think she was an idiot or lazy. She had already embarrassed herself enough during the first class.

"Well, you two can figure all that out later!" Anna's mom said. "Dinner's on the table. I've made the meatloaf you liked so much when you were a kid, Kristoff."

"Wow, thank you Mrs. Summers, I definitely remember that!"

They all sat at the dinner table and started eating.

"So, what's new?" Agnarr asked. "I was surprised to learn Anna asked you to help her with her French."

"Well, I'm probably the only kid in school that likes French, in spite of our old teacher," Kris replied.

"Do you think the new one will be better? I wish Anna would take this subject more seriously," Iduna said while looking at her daughter.

"Hmm... I promise it'll be different," Kris replied. "For starters, the new teacher's French."

"Yeah, it was hard to understand her," Anna mentioned. *But dammit she was breathtakingly beautiful.*

"I figured that, seeing how bad your grades are," her father replied with a smirk.

Anna rolled her eyes.
"So… a young teacher from France… is she pretty?" Agdarr asked Kris, and the boy's cheek reddened. "Oh-ho, I can tell by your reaction she is!"

"Humpf. Why is that even important anyway?" Anna's mom interjected, with perhaps a hint of jealousy in her voice.

"Come on, we've all been young. I still remember my high school crush on my English teacher. I wouldn't have minded taking some private lessons with her, I'm telling you." Agnarr said, laughing.

"Eww, dad!" Anna complained.

"That's so inappropriate, Agnarr!" her mother admonished.

"Tsk, you girls wouldn't understand. It's different for boys—right Kris?"

"Huh… yeah, I guess..." Kris replied, blushing as he scratched the back of his head.

"Anna, just for the record, if any teacher ever started acting frisky with you, I want you to report it immediately, especially that P.E. teacher; I don't trust that guy for a minute," her father bluntly stated.

"Isn't that a bit of a double standard?" Anna asked.

"Well, yeah, I guess it is," Agnarr admitted, "but you're my little girl …"

"Anyway, let's drop this nonsense!" Iduna intervened to change the subject. "Kris, how's your family doing?"

The rest of the dinner was more quiet, and Anna found herself quite enjoying it. It was better than eating alone with her parents like she usually did. It seemed Kris absolutely loved the giant meatloaf her mother had prepared, and Iduna was proud to feed him at least half of it. Agnarr, on his side, offered the two teenagers a taste of the wine he had brought up from the wine cellar. Kris mentioned he liked it, although Anna wasn't sure if he was pretending or not. Personally, she had made a funny face after trying it, and couldn't even finish the glass.

"Your chocolate chips cookies are amazing, Mrs. Summers!" Kris mentioned as he stuffed his face with them.

"Haha, I can see that. You two can take what's left up to Anna's room to eat while you study."

"Yep! We should get to it," Anna remarked as she grabbed the plate of cookies and stood up. Kris followed and they went upstairs to her room.

"So, where do we start?" Kris asked, and Anna hesitated for a few seconds. Should I tell him? He's a guy; this is going to be weird.

"First, I… huh… I'd like to talk about something," she managed to say. Ok, it's too late to back out now.

Kris looked at her, puzzled.

"I… um do you think we could … talk about something we don't typically talk about?" Anna continued. "Like, maybe something we've never talked about?"

"Huh, sure… like what?" Kris asked, looking even more puzzled.
Anna gulped. "Like sex and … stuff." By now her cheeks were crimson red, and her best-friend's, too.

"Oh! Huh… I guess. I mean, we're best-friends right? That's what best-friends do. Talk about anything. Like, um, sex… and stuff."

"I just need to get something off my chest… I guess I just need someone I can talk to without feeling weird or uncomfortable."

"Yeah, yeah. I mean, sure. Go ahead. I'm listening," Kris said, although Anna noticed they both avoided looking into each other's eyes.

*Ok. I've got to tell him now. Just blurt it out.*

"ImasturbatedthinkingaboutMsNeigethismorning," she spouted as fast as she could.

"Huh? You what?" Kris asked. "I didn't understand a thing you just said."

Goddammit. "I.. uh… got myself off," she forced herself to say, more embarrassed than ever, "thinking about Ms. Neige." *There. I said it.* She tried to look calm, but all she wanted was to disappear under her bed or hide under her blankets and never come out again.

"Oh. Oh!" Kris simply said.

Anna stayed silent, waiting for him to say something else.

"I mean… I'm not totally surprised. But yeah, ok, I see..." Kris said, visibly trying to sort out his thoughts.

"How come you're not that surprised?" Anna asked.

"Well… I… I always kinda thought that maybe you might be gay. I mean, I couldn't actually know, know, but… like… I always wondered."

Anna was completely taken aback. How could he wonder about something she never even thought about herself. "Why? How?" she asked.

"Well, first there was our kiss. I mean, I know we were both inexperienced but… damn, there was like no passion in it at all, remember? At first I thought it was all me and that I just didn't know what I was doing, but then you never tried to date anyone after that … and it's not like you're not good looking. I mean, ok, I'm going to feel like a dope saying this—and don't let this go to your head—but Anna you've got to be one of the cutest girls in school… lots of guys have tried asking you out, but you turned them all down. Every single one ... So I got to thinking, maybe you're just not into boys?. And even though I'm your best-friend, and a guy, you only seem to talk about girls, and never boys."

"Wow… do you really think I could be into girls? I'm not even sure myself," Anna admitted.

"Well, look at how you flutter around Mrs. Fitzherbert. Do you have a crush on her?"

"What? No!" Anna complained. *Do I? No, she's really nice, and a great teacher. But I don't have a crush on her. Even if I can appreciate and admit that she's really beautiful.*

"Well, I did notice you were acting really weird the day we had our first class with Ms. Neige," Kris mentioned.
"Yeah… it was so crazy. It was like… I don't know, it was just crazy," Anna said, unable to find the words.

"And that never happened before?" Kris asked.

"No! I don't know why, it was like the first time I saw her it opened a hidden door for me. I have no idea why."

"Well, she is smoking hot," Kris mentioned, shrugging.

"Yeah… she's gorgeous … and her voice, damn!"

"So, if I understand correctly, you're head over heels in lust with Ms. Neige and you're starting to wonder if you're a lesbian?" Kris asked.

"I guess so," Anna admitted.

"Well, it sucks that she's the catalyst for all of this."

"Why?" Anna asked.

"First off, she's our teacher. So there's no way anything could happen between you two. Secondly, what are the chances of Ms. Neige being a lesbian?"

"Yes, of course," Anna replied. "I know that." To be honest, she hadn't even thought about it at all. Realizing she was attracted to a woman was earth shattering enough.

"So, are you gonna go out there and try to find a girlfriend?" Kris asked.

Just thinking about that frightened her. "No, no! I wouldn't even know how to start. I just need to process this for a while and have someone to talk to." Would I even be able to kiss a girl? Well... I'd definitely want to kiss Ms. Neige... or hold her hand... or be in her arms...

"Well, sure. I mean, you have plenty of time, and feel free to call me anytime you need to talk about it."

"Thanks, by the way." Anna told her best-friend.

"No problem. And in case it makes you feel any better, I, masturbated thinking about her, too." Kris said with a big grin.

"Eww! TMI!" Anna complained. The last thing she wanted to think about was Kris with a boner. "That's so gross! Why'd you even tell me!?"

"Hey, not fair. You can't expect to just unload and tell me you played with yourself thinking about Ms. Neige and then "Ewww" me when I tell you I did the same thing!" the boy complained.

"But Ms. Neige is off limits! She's all mine!" At least in my mind and dreams!

"Humpf, whatever. Ok, let's start working or your crush is going to think you're a moron!"

Elsa was pacing in her classroom while waiting for her students. She was stressed out. This was the second time she was going to see them since she started, which meant today would be her first real
class. The last one had mostly been about introductions. She hoped her lesson plan wouldn't bore them and that it would be interactive enough to make them participate. She had no idea how long it would take and really hoped it would use the entire hour. *What am I gonna do if I come up short? I can't just let them sit here doing nothing.*

It didn't help that she felt damn hot in her classroom. She desperately wanted to open a button or two of her blouse, but she remembered her best-friend's advice. *Don't show cleavage. What if I unbutton only one, though? That shouldn't be a problem.*

Unable to tolerate the heat any longer, she opened the first button while observing her reflection in the window. She was showing just a tiny bit of cleavage. *That shouldn't be a problem. Ok, it's better already.* Dressing beautiful and sexy had always brought out her confidence and made her feel powerful, but she guessed high-school wasn't exactly the place for that. Still, she could compromise.

She glanced at her clock again and sighed. *Two minutes to go.* She double-checked that everything was ready, did the same with her clothes, and tried to calm herself. *It's gonna be fine. Besides, this is one of my favourite classes. The kids were great last week.*

The bell rang, and she walked to the door to open it. A few students were already walking towards her, but she barely remembered their faces. They stopped in front of her, though, so she figured they were in her class. She did notice the cute redhead she had dreamt about the other day easily enough, however, as well as the giant friend next to her.

*Ok, it's on!*

Anna approached the classroom and spotted Ms. Neige. *Oh my God, she's even prettier than I remember!*

She was already fidgeting and feeling nervous in the corridor when she noticed the way her teacher was dressed. Ms. Neige wore a white blouse with a pinstriped form fitting skirt, accompanied by a large red belt, and matching open-toed pumps.

"Fuck, she's gorgeous," she whispered to her friend, and he chuckled.

"Calm down, feisty-pants, but you're right. Still, don't forget she's our teacher, huh?" Kris replied.

"Yeah, yeah, of course." *But damn…*

It took all her will not to check out Ms. Neige's cleavage when she noticed that her teacher's blouse was slightly opened. Then, when she was just in front of her, she took her courage in both hands and looked straight at her. "Bonjour, Madame!" she said in her best accent. She had practised with Kris the day before.

"Bonjour, Anna!" The teacher replied with a wonderful smile and Anna's heart melted. *She knows my name! Of course she does, you're her student. But I've seen her only once. Does she know all the other students' names, too? Obviously. She's not gonna remember just my name. Still, most teachers need a few weeks to learn everyone's names. Maybe she's just super-smart and has an awesome memory? Or did I make an impression? Nah, no way. She must be super-smart. Of course she is, she's perfect.*

She felt someone tug her arm and realised she had been spacing-out in front of her teacher.
”Are you ok?” Ms. Neige asked.

”Yes, yes, sorry!” Anna mumbled as she followed Kris and sat down, realising she had made a fool of herself once again. No wonder she remembered you, you’re such a doofus!

Once the class started, Anna gave it her best. One afternoon studying with Kris was obviously not enough to catch up to where she needed to be, but she tried to participate as much as she could, especially when Ms. Neige asked something easy. She still wasn't all that confident and was afraid to create whole sentences in French. Nevertheless, she raised her hand whenever the teacher asked them to repeat something.

”Is it me, or is she questioning me more than the others?” Anna whispered to her friend. She couldn't help but feel their teacher was giving her some sort of special attention.

”It's you,” Kris replied, much to Anna's chagrin.

Now that she had the time to really look at her, Anna realised once again how truly beautiful Ms. Neige was. Her teacher’s eyes were a remarkable, cobalt blue; her skin was like porcelain, and her facial features delicate and feminine. Thankfully she was too focused on the class to let herself get all frazzled like last time. She did notice that her teacher didn't know all the students' names though. But she knew Kristoff’s. Maybe Ms. Neige remembered people she could identify easily. Tall strong blond guy, Kris; doofy redhead, Anna; slutty blonde, Alice; giant douchebag, Hans…

Anna was quite proud of herself for being able to understand most of the class, and being active, while managing her attraction to her teacher. I'm rocking this. Yet, it all went to hell two-thirds of the way through class.

As if by reflex, Ms. Neige's right hand nonchalantly went to her blouse and opened it a bit more, revealing a good amount of cleavage. From that moment forward, Anna tried all she could, but completely lost her concentration. Her eyes seemed to be constantly drawn to those heavy, full, milky-white breasts on display. Is she wearing a push-up bra? She couldn't tell, but this was definitely the most mouth-watering cleavage she had ever seen. I wish I could see more. Just a little bit more.

It was taking all her willpower to look elsewhere, and at some point she finally gave up, abandoning herself to the contemplation of this marvelous sight.

”You're staring,” Kris whispered to her.

”I know!”

”Well, you should stop drooling. She's gonna see you. Although I totally get it.”

”Shut up.”

She started feeling hot and horny like last time, her pulse quickening and her breath shortening, but she was saved by the bell before things spun out of control.

”You're gonna have to help me with homework. I'm not sure I got everything,” Anna told her friend.

”Yeah, well, that's a surprise. My guess is the only thing you got out of the last part of class was Ms. Neige’s bra size,” Kris replied.

They packed their things, and Anna was annoyed to see a large number of students at the teacher's
When the bell rang, Elsa was actually quite surprised. It seemed she had lost track of time. *Can't believe it's been an hour already.* She quickly put an end to their activity, and gave her students some homework.

It had gone well, overall. Actually, it had gone really well up until she had unbuttoned her blouse without realising it. She had caught a few students staring at her chest after that, which had made her very uncomfortable. She was used to it in her everyday life, but it had felt really weird here, in the classroom—especially since she had realised it prevented some of her pupils from focusing on what really mattered. *Of course, Rapunzel was right.* She had wanted to button her blouse up again, but it would have been too awkward to do it without drawing a lot of attention.

"Your class is great! Our last teacher was so boring compared to you," one of the boys by her desk remarked.

What are they doing here? "You shouldn't speak badly about your last teacher. By the way, shouldn't you be off to your next class? I think all you boys need to leave now. We don't want to be late—do we?" she told them, and most of them scattered.

She stared down the few that were left, and they high-tailed it, too, telling her goodbye in French. *Hey, I'm getting the hang of this already.*

"Can I talk to you, Ms Neige?" a shy voice asked her from behind, and Elsa turned around to see Anna. The cute redhead was so adorable that Elsa didn't have the heart to dismiss her as coldly as she did the boys.

"Of course. What do you need?" she asked instead.

"Well... I wanted to tell you I'm not that good in French, but I'm doing my best to catch up." Elsa smiled at her and nodded. "I know. I've noticed you were pretty eager to participate in class today. That's definitely the way to go if you want to improve." To be perfectly honest, Elsa had to confess she had given Anna more attention than her other pupils. *There's nothing wrong with that. She has difficulties with French, and she's clearly interested in making progress, so it's only fair I give her more time than the others.*

Feeling more at ease than before, Elsa sat on her desk, crossing her legs, and lowered her defences a little.

"Is there any way I could improve faster?" the teenager asked in a charming, demure way.

*Punzie was right. This girl is definitely the sweetest.* "Well..." Elsa said, thinking. "Obviously, the more you're exposed to a language, the more you'll improve. And two hours a week isn't much, so you could try listening to French music or watching French films on the side. You'll improve, and it won't even feel like work."

"Hmm... what do you recommend?" Anna asked.

"Hmmmm, it depends on your taste. What kind of music do you listen to?" Elsa asked, finding herself enjoying the conversation.
"I'm afraid I'm not really into French music… so maybe movies?" Anna asked, and it made Elsa laugh.

"So you say you don't like French music… what have you listened to in the past, if I may ask?" Elsa asked, smiling.

"Well… um I've heard of Edith Piaf."

Elsa burst out laughing, and Anna looked at her, puzzled. "Sorry, it's just… of course a girl your age wouldn't like that. I mean, even I don't like her and I'm way older than you."

"Not by that much!" Anna protested, and Elsa smiled because of the compliment.

"Thanks. But yes, I'm at least ten years older than you. And Edith Piaf's music is even older. Way older, actually. You know what, I'm going to prepare a list of songs you might like, and I'll give it to you in our next class, ok?"

"That… that would be awesome!" Anna replied with a big smile that made Elsa feel warm and fuzzy.

"Well, I'm gonna leave myself a note somewhere so I don't forget!" Elsa said as she stood up and grabbed a pen and a piece of paper.

"Merci, Madame!" the girl said, and Elsa found herself smiling again. *It does feel weird being addressed as Madame, though.*

"De rien. À jeudi, Anna!" the blonde said, noticing Anna's friend Kristoff was still waiting for her in the corridor. "You don't want to keep your friend waiting."

"Oh, it's fine." Anna replied. "I'm sure he's pretty happy to miss the beginning of math class."

"Oh, merde!" Elsa said, forgetting her language as she realized her two students were going to be five minutes late to their next class. "Pardon my French," she added with a wink, and Anna laughed. "Let's go, I'll accompany you to your next class so you don't get into trouble."

Chapter End Notes

Elsa and Anna at the end of class, by IceWraith :
https://bw-1651cf0d2f737d7adeab84d339dbabd3-gallery.s3.amazonaws.com/images/image_2838050/e642314cdebde622daf6e771ba72e5bf0_original
Anna was still overflowing with joy after she arrived home that evening. She couldn't believe how well things had gone with Ms. Neige. The most beautiful woman on earth actually knew her name! Add onto all that, the fact that she had the opportunity to shamelessly stare at Ms. Neige's amazing cleavage—it was something she could have only dreamt about.

And then, they actually had a conversation together! It made Anna almost giddy. She completely dismissed the boys at her desk, but she stayed an extra five minutes into the next period just to talk to me. Unbelievable!

Ms. Neige seemed so much more laid back when it was just the two of them. I even managed to avoid staring at her fabulous legs while she sat on her desk just inches away from me. It sounded silly, but that was a huge victory in itself. On top of that, Anna had discovered that Ms. Neige was not only pretty, but funny and easy to talk to. She's so kind! I can't believe she offered to give me tips on French music. She said she'd give them to me next class, so that means another conversation! But only on Thursday… Oh God, the wait's gonna kill me!

All of that was great, but it wasn't even the end of it all. Ms. Neige had then escorted her to her next class. Anna couldn't help but notice the way her teacher's bottom had gently swayed with each step... it had been amazing.

Standing next to her gorgeous teacher, with all eyes on them, chatting away as if it was the most normal thing in the world, had made Anna feel like she was on cloud nine. Their arms had brushed together once, and just that simple contact had sent a bolt of electricity running through her body. Imagine if you had been holding hands as if Ms. Neige was your girlfriend. Just thinking about it made Anna's head spin.

"Hi, mom!" she announced as she opened the front door.

"Hi, Anna. Wow, you look happy!" her mother replied.

Anna couldn't help smiling, and didn't try to hide her joy. "Yep! I had a great day at school!"

"Haha, I can see that. So, what happened?" Iduna asked.

"Nothing special! I had a chat with the most beautiful teacher on the planet, and then we walked together!"

"Mhmm." It seemed as if her mother wasn't convinced, but there was no way Anna could tell the truth. "Is it something related to Kristoff?" Iduna asked with a smile, and Anna huffed.

"Mom… I told you already, nothing will ever happen between us."

"Are you sure? He's become quite a handsome young man, and you two seem to get along so well," she argued.

"Yes, I'm sure," Anna replied. "Anyway, I'm going upstairs to do my homework." I'm gonna start with French, even if it's a few days before my next class.

"Okay, darling."
Once she got home, Elsa changed into more casual clothes and grabbed her laptop. She had a few classes to prepare, but first she wanted to take care of the list of songs for Anna. *If all my students were like her, teaching would be such a pleasure.* Although she had to admit that most of her students were well behaved, and even if she had to be strict from time to time, she knew it could be much worse. All in all, she was starting to feel like she would enjoy teaching. *It's pretty different from my last job, but I think I could like it just as much, if not more.*

_Hmm, what songs can I recommend to Anna? I'm not quite sure what teenagers listen to nowadays… Although Anna was right, there's not such a huge age gap between the two of us. To make sure, she logged into the school website to search for her student's file. Anna Summers, where are you? Ah, I see you!_

There was a photo of the pretty redhead, as well as a list of information. _She's soooo adorable._ Elsa couldn't really put her finger on it, but there was something special about Anna Summers. Was it the spattering of freckles that brought out her beautiful eyes, her effervescent smile or something else? Whatever it was, the girl was incredibly appealing. _Anyway, let's see her birth date… she's sixteen and four months, so I'm roughly twelve years older than her. Wow, that's a lot. She was only four when I was her age. Damn, I'm getting old._

Searching through her hard drive, Elsa looked for French songs she could give Anna and it was proving to be harder than she had thought. She had no idea what Anna would like. _Everyone loves Daft Punk, but it's all in English…_

It took her awhile, but she ended up with a list of a few modern artists and copied four dozen songs onto an old flash-drive she had found on her desk. _Stromae, Bigflo et Oli, Eddy de Pretto, Julien Doré, Cœur de Pirate, Raphael, Renand Luce… with artists that diverse I'm pretty sure she'll like at least one of them. And if she does, then I'll introduce her to some older artists later._

_Somehow, she found herself really hoping that Anna would like them. She bit her lip in anticipation of giving Anna the songs. I should put it in my bag, just in case I run into her before Thursday._

"Dinner's ready!" Anna heard her mother shout from downstairs.

Closing her laptop, on which she had been searching for French music, Anna walked out of her bedroom and descended the stairs.

"What are we eating?" she asked her parents, who were already sitting.

"Spinach burrata omelette with avocado salad," her father replied.

"Nice!"

They ate together, talking about their respective days, and Anna made sure to try and hide her excitement over spending time with Ms. Neige to avoid being questioned about it.

When dinner was over and Anna had finished drying the dishes her father had just washed, Iduna suggested an idea, "How about we watch a movie together tonight?"

Agnarr groaned. "There's a big game tonight," he complained.
"I'm in!" Anna answered. That's when she remembered her teacher's suggestion, "Oh, Ms. Neige told us we should watch French movies to improve faster."

"That's a great idea!" Anna's mother replied.

"A French movie? With subtitles? No thanks. Most of them are about World War Two. And the rest of them are about World War One. I think I better leave this to you two. I'm going upstairs to watch the game!" Agnarr announced before leaving his wife and daughter in the living room.

"He totally bailed on us," Anna pointed out. Her father was obsessed with basketball though, so she understood.

"Yeah…," Iduna responded, but quickly switched the topic back to the movie, "So, what do you want to watch?"

"I have no idea. Let's search for something famous, maybe an award winning movie?" Anna proposed. She checked her phone and it wasn't long before she found one. "Blue is the warmest colour. What do you think?" she asked her mother.

"I think I've heard of that one. It won quite a lot of awards. What's it about?"

"It says it's a love story."

"Well, why not?"

"Wanna watch the trailer first?" Anna asked.

"No, they always spoil the movie. Let's just download it and we'll see."

It took her some time, but Anna finally managed to find a subtitled version of the film, and they watched TV while it downloaded. When it was finally downloaded, she put the film on, and they started watching in silence.

It felt weird listening to a foreign language, but the voices reminded her of Ms. Neige, so Anna didn't complain. It started innocently enough, but things grew really awkward after a while. Oh my God, what are we watching? By the time the first sex scene arrived, Anna's cheeks were crimson red.

"Well, I guess that's to be expected from a French movie," her mother said, trying to laugh it off.

"Y… yeah." So awkward.

But then, things got even worse when Anna realised it was actually a lesbian love story. What the fuck… I can't watch this with my mom! What if she thinks I chose this on purpose? Maybe she'll think I'm trying to come out? What are you talking about? You don't even know if you're gay yourself. Why would she even think that?

But she had to admit, the lesbian sex scenes really had an affect on her, more so than the scene at the beginning which Anna found to be just awkward and somewhat off-putting. That was when she realised that she had never watched anything featuring a lesbian romance before. Romance had always bored her in the past, but this was different. Seeing the romance evolve between the two female leads, Adèle and Emma, really grabbed her heart.

At some point during the most visual sex scene she had ever seen, her mother got up for a drink. Anna couldn't have been more relieved. My God, is this porn?! She had never watched any adult
videos, but this must have been as close to that as it came. It was turning her on though, and Anna found herself in immediate need of some distraction.

She grabbed her phone and searched for the parental guide. *Seventeen plus... I'm such a dope! I should have checked this before downloading. Twelve and higher in France? Are they crazy?* She briefly looked up from her phone and caught a glimpse of two naked girls as the sex scene continued. *Oh, my God, the French are nuts!*

"So, did I miss something?" Iduna asked as she came back. Thankfully, the scene was over.

"Ye… no, not really," Anna answered, as red as a tomato.

The rest of a film was a true test for Anna. On one hand, she got really engrossed with the story and the characters — and she couldn't deny that she liked the sex scenes— but on the other hand, she had never felt so embarrassed in her life. By the end of the movie, she was torn between being devastated by the ending, and relieved that the movie was over.

"Well, that was unexpected," Iduna finally commented as the credits were rolling.

"Y… yeah."

Anna's mom carefully looked at her, "Although, you know, it brought me back to my teens."

"What? How?" Anna asked, startled.

"Well, I've been in a lesbian relationship once, when I was younger."

Anna's mouth fell and she stared at her mother. She didn't really know if she wanted to hear anymore.

"Wh… what? When?!" she finally asked.

"Before I met your dad, obviously. During college. It only lasted a few weeks, and I didn't tell anyone at the time. To be honest, the secrecy added to the excitement."

"Wow," Anna simply said. She had no idea her mother had been in that type of relationship. To be fair, she had never heard her mother talk about dating prior to meeting her father, either. "So… are you bisexual?" she asked, finding it odd to be having this conversation with her mother, but wanting to know more.

"Hmm, I don't know… I don't think so. I mean, the relationship didn't last long, and I've mostly dated boys before and after her. And then I met your father... I'd say I'm like… ninety percent straight?"

Anna didn't know what to say. "Well, that still leaves ten percent."

"Glad to see your education is paying off. Now I understand why you have such good grades in mathematics," Anna's mother said with a laugh.

They both stayed quiet for a while, until Iduna spoke up, "What about you? What would you say your percentage is nowadays?" Iduna carefully waited for Anna's response.

Anna gulped. *Does she know? How? Well, Kris had doubts, so maybe my own mother does, too ... especially if this is something she went through herself.*

"I... uh… I don't know," she muttered.
"Well, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to, obviously," Iduna told her daughter. "Although you must know that your father and I will always love you no matter what."

*I'm not even sure myself… huh, who am I kidding? You're head over heels about Ms. Neige, and it's been pretty clear ever since you met her that you're gay.*

"I… I guess I'm like… at ninety-five percent..." Anna admitted.

"Ninety-five percent straight?" Iduna asked.

"Um, n-no. The opposite."

The older mother smiled and hugged her daughter. "That's perfectly fine, Anna. You're young enough to be searching for answers. Maybe you'll change, maybe you won't. It doesn't matter anyway."

The redhead couldn't help but feel relieved. Her secret was out, and her mother understood.

She thought about Kris and how she had no romantic feelings for him. "Um, maybe I was wrong. It feels more like a hundred percent, actually..."

Iduna laughed and broke the hug to watch Anna. "I must admit, at first, I thought you and Kris seemed like a good match. But, with your constant denials and gauging your reaction to tonight's film, I started wondering." She brushed the bangs out of Anna's eyes. "You've been particularly happy recently. Did you meet someone?" She had the most sincere smile on her face and it filled Anna with joy.

"No! No…" She looked towards the floor. "I just have a huge crush," she admitted. "It started a few weeks ago," she then added so that her mother wouldn't connect the dots.

"Well, I do hope it works out. And if it doesn't, I'm entirely sure you'll find someone else."

"I… I'm not sure even if the girl I like likes me. I just want to figure things out first."

"Of course. But when you do, your father and I will be completely supportive. Dammit, now I'm really curious. What's she like? Oh, now I want to meet her! If it turns out she likes you as much as you like her, then promise me you'll invite her over right away." Anna's mother sighed, "and if she becomes your girlfriend, you can ask her to the formal near the end of the year. I bet the two of you would look amazing together. We'll take plenty of pictures … you can exchange corsages … " Iduna rambled on, until Anna cut her off.

"Wow, wow! Stop! I've just told you I'm still trying to figure things out!" Anna protested. *Although if Ms. Neige asked me out, I wouldn't hesitate for a second! But there's no way that would ever happen, so...*

"Yeah, sorry, I'm getting ahead of myself! Oh, does that mean I really have to give up on the idea of having Kristoff as my son-in-law? I really liked him."

"Yes, mom, I told you I'm one hundred percent gay already!" It felt a little odd for Anna to flatly make an admission like that. But at the same time, she now knew in her heart that it was true.

"Yeah, yeah, I know… oh, do you know who else could be gay? My friend's daughter, Ariel! I definitely saw her stare at my butt the other day when I was at their house. And she's so pretty, and you two used to get along really well."
"Mom..." Anna warned. She was almost starting to regret having told her. Yes, Ariel was pretty, but it was Ms. Neige that opened that secret door for her heart. *No one can compare to my Ms. Neige!*

"Yes, yes. Easy. Slow. Sorry."

"Thanks."

"Can I tell your dad, though? He's gonna be psyched!"

"R… really?" Anna asked.

"Of course! He told me several times he would have to beat up the first boy who tried to date his baby girl. Now he won't have to beat up any boy. Besides, he'd have a hard time trouncing Kristoff," Iduna teased.

Anna chuckled. "I'll tell him myself tomorrow if that's ok with you."

"Sure! I'm so happy you told me, Anna."

"I'm glad, too."

As she left high-school on Tuesday afternoon, Elsa found herself more and more certain regarding her new career choice. She was really enjoying the job, and today had been great even if it wasn't with her favourite class. *I should work on getting certified, because there's no telling how long I'll have this job if I don't.*

She was approaching Arendelle's streetcar line when she noticed she was going to miss her connection. She could try running for it, but it might not be a good idea with heels and a tight skirt.

Then, she spotted Anna climbing onboard the streetcar, and realised she could give her the flash-drive if she got there fast enough. Elsa started walking faster, and called out to her student as soon as she got within hearing range. The teenager immediately looked up and, after a moment of surprise, stepped off the vehicle as the doors closed.

"He… hello, Anna," Elsa gushed, a bit out of breath.

"Hi, Ms. Neige!"

"Sorry I made you miss the tram. You could have stayed on it. Nothing really important; I just thought I could catch you in time."

"Oh, it's fine! Besides, I'm happy to see you!" Anna replied, before adding quickly. "I mean, I, um, I wanted to tell you something!"

*Happy to see me, hmm? You'd better watch out Punzie, you might not be Anna's favourite teacher for long!*

"Oh, really? What's up?"

"I… I took your advice and watched a French movie yesterday," the girl replied.

"Ah, that's why I wanted to see you. I put together a flash-drive with songs for you. I hope you'll like them," Elsa explained as she searched for the drive in her purse "Here it is," she added as she handed the drive to her student.
"Wow, thanks, Ms. Neige!" Anna replied with a wide smile, and Elsa found herself smiling back. She's so pretty. For a moment, her eyes caught sight of Anna's perky breasts and she remembered her dream. Stop it, she's your student. This is getting weird.

"I'm gonna listen to them tonight!"

"So, what movie did you watch?" Elsa asked as they waited for another streetcar to arrive.

"Well…" Anna said, hesitating, "the movie wasn't exactly what I expected."

"Oh." I hope her first time watching something French didn't put her off from French films. "What was the title?"

"Blue… blue is the warmest colour."

"Ah." Elsa simply said. She felt herself blushing. What have I done? Wait, I didn't tell her to watch that movie! She picked it on her own. I can't be held responsible for that. But what if her parents think I asked her to watch it? I'm in so much trouble.

"Um, have you seen it?"

"Ye… yeah. I'm not sure that was the best movie to start with, though… It's a bit risqué."

"Yeah, tell me about it, especially since my mom was sitting right next to me the whole time. We had no idea it would turn out like that."

Elsa tried not to laugh. She could only picture herself and her own mother in that very awkward situation. There was no way they would have watched it together.

"Well, I liked it. Even if I was hoping for a different ending…"

"Yes, I was really disappointed, too…” Elsa admitted. "I hope you weren't too shocked by certain scenes."

Anna's face turn crimson red, making her even cuter than usual.

"Well, I… um ...I never saw anything that graphic before. But”—she looked to her side, embarrassed—"it was fine."

Really? I thought kids started watching porn earlier and earlier nowadays. And even if it's graphic, it's still far from porn.

"Actually, I liked it!" Anna blurted, before realising what she had just admitted. "I mean, not in a … not in a … oh …"

Elsa smiled at the teenager's embarrassment. Time to help her out. "Ah, look! It seems the next streetcar's on its way," she interrupted, gesturing with her hand.

"Ah, yes!"

They waited for it to arrive, and then stepped inside. What should I do? Stay next to her? I mean, she's my student, not my friend. Maybe it would be a good time to part ways.

"Look! There's two empty seats right over there!" Anna told her teacher, and Elsa had little choice but to follow. "I'm glad I missed the first car. It was way too crowded. This one isn't nearly as stuffed."
The two girls sat across from each other, and Elsa crossed her legs as she sat, but noticed that her student didn't. Anna's short, loose skirt didn't hide much of her legs right now, and Elsa guessed she could catch a glimpse of her panties if she moved ever so slightly. *What the fuck? Focus, Elsa.* Still, she had to admit that the teenager had exceptionally beautiful legs.

"I didn't know you were taking public transportation to school," Anna mentioned.

"Well, only on Tuesdays and Fridays. I start at nine and it's pretty difficult to find parking at that time." She had almost been late last week. What about you?"

"Kristoff usually drives me home, but today he had to run an errand."

"I see. You two seem to be pretty good friends," Elsa strategically stated. To be honest, she was a bit curious to know if the two of them were more than friends.

"Yes, we've known each other since forever. Which made my mum think we were actually dating," she commented, "but," she laughed, "we're totally not!"

"Uh-huh," Elsa acknowledged with a smile. Somehow, Anna's declaration made her feel warm inside.

"Oh, is it true you're friends with Mrs. Fitzherbert?" the redhead asked, and Elsa was a bit surprised to see how fast news travelled.

"Well, yes. We've known each other for quite a long time, too. She's actually one of the reasons I came here to Arendelle."

"Really? That's awesome! She's a great teacher."

"Yes. She told me about you before I got the job. She said you were the sweetest student she had, and she was proud to know she was your favourite teacher!"

"I love you too! I mean, I..." Anna added, but then started rambling and muttering things Elsa couldn't understand. "I mean, you're both my two favourite teachers," she finally stated bashfully. It was a characteristic that Elsa enjoyed so much.

"Well, don't tell anyone, but you're one of my favourite students as well," Elsa commented with a wink, and Anna gave her her best smile.

"Really? I'm so glad! Oh, here's my stop."

"Well, have a nice evening then. See you on Thursday."

"Thanks, Ms. Neige! I'll tell you what songs I liked!" the redhead declared as she stood up haphazardly, involuntarily lifting up her skirt and allowing Elsa to catch a flash of white underneath it. *I shouldn't have seen that. I really shouldn't have.*

"Au revoir, madame!"

"Au revoir, Anna," Elsa replied with a smile.

It was only after a few minutes, still sitting in her seat, that she realized she was still smiling. She grabbed her phone and texted her best-friend.

"Watch your back, I'm coming to steal your favourite student ;). She's just told me I'm her other favourite teacher!"
Elsa didn't have to wait long for an answer, and chuckled when she saw it. "You wouldn't dare! I knew her first, and I've always been her favourite teacher! She just said that to be nice to you!"

*I think you're wrong, Punzie. We get along quite well. Although maybe we shouldn't.*
"She said I'm her favourite student, Kristoff! Her favourite! Well, one of her favourites, anyway," Anna told her best-friend.

"Well, that doesn't mean much," Kristoff commented.

"Are you kidding? She likes me!"

"As a student."

"Of course. But still..."

"Anna..."

"What? Why do you have to be such a killjoy?" Anna asked. She hoped that he wasn't jealous.

"I'm not... I just don't want you to get hurt or anything. You know you're asking for the impossible, right?"

Anna sighed. "Yeah, I do. I mean... first, she would have to be gay, then she'd have to be single, then she'd have to be into me. And finally, she'd have to be willing to have an affair with one of her students. I don't even know which one of those is the least far fetched!"

"Hmm... being single, I'd say. And that's saying a lot because there's no way a babe like her is single."

"She doesn't have a wedding ring, though. Or even an engagement ring," Anna noted.

"Ms. Neige, not Mrs., so duh, I get that, but she's gotta have a boyfriend. And I bet he's handsome, rich and super-cool."

"No way, she's not like that," Anna complained. "Maybe a kind, intelligent guy... like a doctor or something. Anyway, I hope he knows how lucky he is... or she, you *never* know."

"I don't know. I can't picture her as a lesbian," Kris admitted.

"Why not?" Anna asked.

"Well, come on... She doesn't look like one. I mean, seriously..."

"Do I?"

"Ok no, you're right. But we're not even really sure you're gay yet, right?"

"Actually, I'm pretty sure I am at this point. I'm so obsessed with Ms. Neige, I can't think about anything else! Last night I fell asleep listening to some of the songs she gave me, and I had a dream where we were together in Paris! And I'm not gonna tell you what we did there, but it was pretty hot," Anna said with a smile.

"Let me guess, you guys shared a box of chocolate on top of the Eiffel tower?" offered Kristoff. "That's probably your definition of 'hot'." Anna gave him a death glare. He continued without skipping a beat, "It does suck that no one even knows her first name. Otherwise, we could find information about her on social media."
"Yeah…" He's right. I don't even know my crush's full name… How lame is that?

"Anyway, as long as you know nothing's ever gonna happen between you two, you should be ok."

"Yeah, yeah, don't worry. I'm just going to try and enjoy this for as long as I can," Anna replied. Even if it never led to anything real, Anna loved the idea of getting closer to Ms. Neige. She had left the streetcar with a huge smile on her face, and it seemed like her teacher was having a good time, too. "Oh, by the way, I won't be needing a ride on Tuesdays anymore!"

"What, really? You're gonna try to end up on the same streetcar as Ms. Neige every Tuesday?"

"Yeah! It shouldn't be too hard. I'll just watch from a distance and then accidentally run into her after she arrives. With a bit of luck, we'll be in a crowded car, so we'll have to squeeze our bodies together." Just thinking about it made her feel all tingly. "I'm gonna have to fantasize about that tonight."

Kris laughed and looked at her, shaking his head. "You're crazy."

Elsa was studying for her certification test at Punzie's place when her phone rang.

"Hi, mom," she said in French as she answered her phone.

"Hello, Elsa! I hope I'm not bothering you?" her mother replied.

"Hi Mrs. Neige!" Rapunzel shouted from the couch. "I thought you were the one assigning homework now! And tell Punzie I said 'hi'."

"Well, I usually am," Elsa replied, "but I really like the job, so I want to get certified."

"I'm glad! I wasn't quite sure that you would like it."

"Me neither, to be honest. But it's awesome actually. Some of the students are amazing, and it's really thrilling to see them progress. I don't know, I feel useful," Elsa told her mother. She thought about Anna for a second. "And some of the students are especially sweet."

"I'm so happy to hear that. Also, when are you coming to visit us? It's been a while, now."

"Yes, I know, but I'm really busy… between the classes I have to prepare, the certification test I have to study for and everything, it's crazy," Elsa explained, feeling guilty. Leaving her family at eighteen had been hard, and even if she didn't regret it, she often missed them. The last time she had seen her family was for Christmas, and she was afraid that she wouldn't be able to go back to France again before the summer.

"I'm sure you'll ace your exams," her mother said, choosing to avoid talking about the fact that Elsa wasn't going to go home anytime soon. "That means she's sad about it, but doesn't want to make me feel guilty, which doesn't make me feel any better about it."

"Well, I'm confident about the French tests, obviously. But I'm not sure about the teaching skills or the techniques one. Rapunzel is trying to help me with them, but it isn't that easy since she teaches another subject."

"Don't worry, I'm sure it will be ok. You've always managed to get what you wanted," Elsa's
mother confidently proclaimed.

"Yeah… I hope so. How's dad and the rest of the family?"

"Great. Your father is pretty excited about retiring, and everything's great at home. Oh, and you'll be seeing your cousin soon!"

"Really?" Elsa asked, delighted. "Is she coming to Arendelle?"

"Yes, she wants to open up a business there. Things are going great in France and she wants to expand. I'm sure she'll call you before she leaves."

"That's amazing!" Elsa replied, excited already. Even if her cousin was quite a bit wilder than her, they had always been pretty close and Elsa loved spending time with her. Besides, it would be awesome to have some family around. "Do you know when she's planning to arrive?"

"It should be in a few months. She's started on the paperwork but it can take a very long time."

"Oh," Elsa said, disappointed. She had hoped that she would see her cousin soon.

"Sorry, I should have started with that."

"It's fine. I'll have something to look forward to," Elsa responded.

"Anyway, what about your love life? Anyone on the horizon?"

"Hmpf, mom… there hasn't been anyone in years, why would it change now?" Elsa asked. To be fair, there had never been anyone ever, and she was pretty certain her mom knew it. She had been so obsessed with Punzie in her teens that she had never considered anyone else. And then, it had taken her a few years to get over her best-friend. By then, she had been afraid that it was too late, and since she had no experience in dating at all, she had never dared to start a relationship. Once she came out as a lesbian, there had been quite a number of girls she thought were interested in her, but she had never let any of them get too close. None of them ever quite matched up to Punzie, anyway.

"I don't know. Maybe you could find someone at your new job."

"What?!" Elsa answered, shocked. The picture of an adorable redhead with light freckles and teal eyes came to mind, but she quickly and promptly dismissed it. "Are you nuts? That's completely unethical!"

"What? Why?"

"They… they're my students! And they're not even adults yet!"

"What? Oh! No, no! I was thinking about colleagues, obviously. Don't be silly."

Elsa's cheeks turned red immediately. Of course she was talking about my colleagues!

"Oh. You scared me," Elsa replied with an embarrassed laugh. "It's just that I see my students way more than the other teachers, so I assumed you were talking about them."

"Of course not."

"Well, I don't have time for dating anyway," Elsa argued.
"If you say so! Well, I should let you get back to work."

"Ok! Say 'hi' to dad. Tell him I love him and miss him, too!"

"I will. Have a good day, Elsa! Love you!"

"Well, it's already evening here, but thanks, mom. I love you, too!" Elsa finished.

Anna was picturing herself in Ms. Neige's classroom. As always, it was just the two of them, and Anna steadily walked up to her teacher's desk. Ms. Neige was wearing a sexier blouse than usual, and as Anna approached, her teacher looked up with smoky eyes and casually unfastened a button ... then another, revealing a surprising amount of cleavage. It gave Anna a perfect view of her teacher's full breasts and even a part of her lacy black bra and she found herself subconsciously licking her lips.

"Yes, Anna?" Ms. Neige inquired as she raised her head to make eye contact. "Is there something you wanted to ask me?"

"Actually, yes..." Anna answered as she sat on top of her teacher's desk, making sure to showcase her legs as she did so. She had raised the hem of her skirt, and a good part of her thighs were visible.

Apparently she had caught her teacher's attention, because her gorgeous teacher's eyes were glued to her legs. With a smile, Anna directed her hand to her skirt, and started playing with the edge of it. She slowly raised it, revealing her thighs a little more each time. Ms. Neige seemed to love what she was seeing, and it only encouraged Anna to reveal even more. She was practically showing her panties when the teacher stopped her.

"Anna, although I love the show, and where it's going, I'd like to know why you needed to see me after class."

"Well... I'm not happy with my last grade, and I thought we could, maybe, reach a mutual agreement..." Anna explained, blushing a little as she revealed a portion of her white panties to her teacher.

"Hmm..." Mrs. Neige replied, shamelessly staring under Anna's skirt.

"So... what do you think?"

"Well, you've already mastered French kissing." Ms. Neige answered, wetting her lips, "although a little extra practice couldn't hurt." Her eyes moved back to focus on Anna's panties again. "But, perhaps, we need to explore something a little more advanced today? Let's see ... before we start, I think you'll need to remove your panties, and then I'll see what I can do."

"Of course, Ms. Neige," Anna answered, all too happy to comply. Still sitting on the desk, she reached for the waistband of her underwear, and slowly slid them off, wiggling from side to side. The two women locked eyes as Anna handed her panties to Ms. Neige, their fingers grazing against each other. The scrumptious French teacher accepted her gift, and inspected the garment carefully.

"Yes, these are perfect," Ms. Neige announced, her red lips glistening as she broke into a broad smile.

Anna loved the way her teacher was looking at her; it was really turning her on. She felt her bare butt against the desk, as she slowly opened her legs. Ms. Neige leaned in for a closer look, allowing
Anna an even more delectable view of the teacher's amazing cleavage. She could only imagine what her teacher was experiencing. It made her nipples hard and her pussy wet.

"I adore what I'm seeing," Ms Neige remarked. "I think we'll be able to work something out, for sure!"

"Really? I'm so glad!" Anna answered, overjoyed.

"Spread your legs a little further," Ms. Neige requested, and her words made Anna's heart race. "Hmm… yes, I can definitely work with that..."

All of a sudden, Anna felt a pain in her side, which pulled her out of her reverie. Everyone started laughing around her, and she looked at Mrs. Fitzherbert questioningly.

"Anna, it seems as if you weren't listening. You need to focus. It's not like you to daydream in class."

"Y… yes, I'm sorry Mrs. Fitzherbert. It won't happen again," Anna mumbled, embarrassed to have been caught not paying attention, and feeling terrible for imagining Ms. Neige's seduction while she was in class. *But damn, it's been so long since I've last seen her, and I won't get a chance to see her again until tomorrow!*

Her literature teacher went back to her lesson while fixing her hair, and Anna turned towards Kris, "You didn't have to hit me so hard!" she complained, while rubbing her side.

"Well, I did tell you to focus, but you totally zoned out."

"Hmpf… I was dreaming about Ms. Neige..." she muttered.

"Damn, you got it bad."

"Yeah..."

"Anna! First you're not listening, and then I catch you chatting with Kristoff! What's happening with you today?" Mrs. Fitzherbert admonished.

"I… I… I'm sorry!" Anna offered.

"Stop feeling sorry and start focusing."

"Yes. Sorry," Anna repeated, feeling awful. *I have to keep Ms. Neige out of my head during class. It's not going to be easy though; she's so gorgeous, and nice, and sexy, and… stop!*

She was dead-set on paying attention in class when she heard a knock at the door. Half-wishing for her French teacher to come, Anna turned around, only to be disappointed to see a girl she didn't recognize at all. The girls was obviously a student here because she wore the official school uniform.

"Oh, have a seat." Mrs. Fitzherbert said as the girl came in.

"Wow, she's cute," Kris whispered, and Anna took another look. The new girl had long curly red hair, much darker than Anna's. Her eyes were blue, about the shade of cornflowers, and she had a slim, athletic figure. Anna would rate her as pretty, but the point was moot. *She couldn't hold a candlestick to Ms. Neige, that's for sure."

"Class, this is Merida Fergusson. She is a transfer student who'll be studying here for the rest of the
year, and the year after. I trust you to give her a warm welcome."

The girl sat in the back, and everyone turned to look at her. Anna smiled at her to make her feel more comfortable, and the girl smiled back.

"She's got a pretty smile, too," Kris whispered.

Anna shrugged and turned back around.

"Ugh, you're way too obsessed with Ms. Neige to even recognize a beautiful girl when you see one. You're never going to find a girlfriend at this rate," Kris declared.

"I don't need a girlfriend. What I need is some peace and quiet so I can keep dreaming about my sexy French teacher! No, focus on the class you dummy! You'll have plenty of time to think about Ms. Neige tonight when you're by yourself!"

When the bell rang and the class was over, Anna sheepishly went to apologize to her literature teacher. Kris stayed behind to wait for her, and the new girl too, most likely because she would have to speak with her homeroom teacher.

"I'm sorry I wasn't listening earlier," Anna meekly told Mrs. Fitzherbert, and her teacher sighed.

"It seems to me you weren't listening during the entire class. It's not like you."

"Yeah… I… I had a lot on my mind."

"Is there something bothering you?" her teacher asked, looking a bit worried.

"No, no! I'm perfectly fine!" Anna replied. I just desperately want your best friend to teach me way more than just French!

"Well, I guess anyone can have a bad day," Mrs. Fitzherbert responded with a smile. "But you'd better come back to your senses by tomorrow, ok?"

"I promise!"

"Oh, and since you're here, why don't you show Merida around?"

"Yes, of course," Anna replied, leaving the room with the two other students.

"Well, you probably already figured this out, but my name's Anna," she told the exchange student, "and this is Kris."

"Hey!" Kris exclaimed a little too loudly.

"Hullo. Ma name's Merida, and A'm fae DunBroch" the girl said with a strong accent. "Sorry ye have tae watch over me like some bairn. Dinnae fash, I can look after masell if ye dinnae have time."

Both Anna and Kristoff looked at Merida in bewilderment. "Huh?" was all Kristoff could muster.

The girl looked like she suddenly had an epiphany. She blushed, "Sorry, I get carried away sometimes. I'll try to talk more proper Arendelle-like. I said, I'm from DunBroch and ye don't have to watch over me like some baby. I can look after myself."

The thick accent still remained, but at least the two of them could understand her now.
"Oh, no, no, it's fine!" Anna answered with a smile.

"We're cool! No, you're cool! I mean, it's cool!" Kris said, and Anna couldn't help but notice that he was acting like a moron.

"Come on, follow us!" Anna told the new girl, and she then started to give her a tour of the different classrooms. It seemed as if Merida was pretty nice. Unfortunately, Kris was definitely being a weirdo.

"So, are you two together?" the girl asked once the tour was finished and they were all sitting in the cafeteria.

"Nah!" Anna simply proclaimed, used to people always asking her that question.

Kris, on the other hand, over-reacted. "What? No! No way!" he answered over-loud and too quickly, and Anna looked at him like he was crazy. She had never heard him deny having a relationship with her so vehemently.

"Well, thanks a lot, Kris, you're acting like I'm some sort of disease!" she complained.

"No, I don't mean... I mean... you know what I mean!"

Merida chuckled, "Well, it seems like things between ye are a wee bit complicated."

"What? No! No, it's all perfectly clear! Actually..." Kris continued, but Anna cut him off, afraid he would say too much, like something about Ms. Neige."We almost dated in middle school. Actually, there was this really awkward kiss ... Um, but you really don't want to know about that anyway ... I don't even want to know about it," she quipped. "But we've known each other since forever. Kris is like a brother to me," Anna explained.

"Oh, I see," Merida answered. "So, anything I should know about the classes, the teachers or even our classmates?"

"Huh, I think you'll get to know our classmates soon enough," Kristoff said.

"Stay away from Hans and Gaston. They're total douchebags," Anna added.

"As for teachers," Kristoff continued, "they're mostly ok."

"Some of them are great!" Anna interjected.

Kristoff pointed to Anna, "She's a bit of a teacher's pet, sometimes." He mouthed to Merida, all the time...

Anna frowned at this, ready to defend Ms. Neige, Mrs. Fitzherbert and herself, but Merida chuckled.

"You're right, mibbe it's best if I see fer myself."

"Do you take French classes?" Anna asked.

"Ay. French and Spanish. I'm pretty good with foreign languages."

"Great! I can't wait for tomorrow's French class," Anna said, thinking about Ms. Neige again. She couldn't wait to get home and think about her teacher some more.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Anna grabbed her stuff as soon as the bell rang, and was ready to bolt out the door.

"I haven't given anyone permission to leave yet," Mrs. Fitzherbert announced, eyeing Anna as she was getting ready to leave. "Take out your notebooks and copy down your assignments for next class."

Anna hurried to comply, patiently trying to wait for her teacher to give them the ok to leave. She had French class next, and she didn't want to miss a single minute of it. *I haven't seen Ms. Neige for two days!* She was dying to see her French teacher again, especially since she had tons of things to tell her.

"What's the hurry?" Merida asked from her left, where Kristoff usually sat. He had given up his seat to her, and was now sitting on her left.

"I don't want to be late for French," Anna explained.

"Ay, ye do seem to love that subject."

*I mostly love the teacher.* She pictured Ms. Neige in her mind's eye, replaying moments from the last time she saw her.

As soon as Mrs. Fitzherbert gave them permission, Anna stood up and hurried her friends along. Kristoff rolled his eyes and sighed dramatically, but she also saw him smile afterwards.

They were the first to arrive in front of Ms. Neige's class, just as she had intended. The students from the previous class were still exiting and Anna bit her lip in anticipation.

"Bonjour, Madame!" she greeted as soon as she had a chance to push her way into the classroom. Anna couldn't help but smile; she just felt genuinely happy to see her teacher. Ms. Neige had put on some light makeup today. Her hair was actually up in a crown braid. It was a different look, but her teacher was still as beautiful as ever. Anna also noted her teacher's outfit. Once again, Ms. Neige wore a form-fitting pencil skirt, along with a sexy pair of heels, but this time her blouse was buttoned up tight.

"Bonjour Anna. Comment vas-tu?" she asked, and Anna tried to relish the moment. *Damn I love it so much when she speaks French. How am I? Great! How could I not feel great right now?*

"Très bien et toi?" she asked confidently, but she saw Kris and Merida's expressions sour. *What did I say?* Ms. Neige seemed a bit uncomfortable too. *God I hope I didn't say anything stupid.*

"You're not supposed to use that pronoun when you speak to a teacher," Kris explained. "That's for friends and relatives, right?"

"Yes, that's correct," Ms. Neige replied. "You should use 'vous' when talking to a teacher."

"Oh!" *Fuck. Looks like I still have a lot more catching up to do. "I... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..."* Anna started babbling, she could feel her cheeks turning red. *What if she thinks I did that on purpose?*
"It's fine, don't worry. I know how hard it is to get used to using polite and familiar forms when your own language doesn't use them. Did you listen to the songs I gave you?"

"Yes! They were great! There were a few I absolutely loved! Although, I did notice that there weren't that many female singers..."

"You're right. I could give you some more songs with female singers, if you'd like."

"I'd love that!" Anna replied.

"Well, stay a little after class; we'll continue our conversation," Ms. Neige said, and Anna almost raised her fist in victory. Some alone time with Ms. Neige! I'm in heaven.

Sadly, the classroom quickly became crowded as the other students rolled in. Anna picked a seat up front, with Kristoff on her right and Merida on her left.

"Hey, new girl, care to sit somewhere else?" Hans asked as he walked up next to them. "That's my seat."

Go away Hans. Especially if you're just here to stare at Ms. Neige.

"I dinnae see yer name written anywhere here," Merida simply replied without even giving him a second glance.

"Do you know who I am? My father..." Hans started.

"Fuck off, I dinnae care who yer da is," Merida told him and Anna's mouth dropped. It seemed to stun Hans, too, and he stood there stupidly for a few seconds, not knowing what to do.

"Hans? What are you doing just standing there? Take a seat, please," Ms. Neige demanded, and the teenager shook his head angrily before moving to the back of the class.

Soon afterwards, the class started, and Anna lapped up every word Ms. Neige had to say, trying not to smile blissfully at her.

But damn it makes me so happy to see her. Am I falling in love? Nah, that would be crazy, but she's so perfect...

The class went by in a flash, and Anna found herself disappointed to hear the bell ring. She had been extremely attentive all along, both to her amazing teacher and to the content of the class, and she really wished she had more than two hours of French a week. She congratulated herself for maintaining her concentration. It would have been easy to start drooling over her gorgeous teacher again. It helped that Ms. Neige wasn't showing off her cleavage like last time.

Deliberately taking her time to gather her goods, she shouted to her friends, "I'll join you later!" She watched Merida and Kris exit, which meant she was now all alone with her sexy, hot teacher. Damnit, I've fantasized about this so much. I wish it could end up like one of my dreams. Either way, I'm just happy I can spend time with Ms. Neige!

She noticed that Kris had mostly closed the door as he left. I'll have to thank him later. Now that she was alone with Ms. Neige, Anna felt a bit nervous.

"I thought about what you said at the beginning of class," her teacher began as she came closer. "I can't believe I forgot to give you songs by Superbus."

"Who's that?" Anna asked, as she made herself more comfortable by hopping on her desk to sit. She thought she caught her teacher's eyes staring at her legs for a moment. Nah, that's just wishful
"It’s a French rock band. They’re a bit old now, but I absolutely loved them when I was your age. Some of their songs are pretty famous. In France, at least. And the singer's a woman."

"Oh! Ok then, I'll definitely listen to them! Ah, that reminds me, I need to give you your USB drive back!" Anna added as she turned around and lay down on her desk to reach her backpack. When she finally got it and turned back, she noticed that Ms. Neige's cheeks were a bit red, and her head was turned away. Was something wrong? "Are you ok, Ms. Neige?" she asked.

"Um, Y-yes, of course," her teacher replied, looking flustered. Anna didn't have a clue as to what was going on. As Ms. Neige took the drive from her hand, their fingertips gently brushed against each other and Anna felt a familiar thrill.

"Have you tried watching other French movies since the last one?"

"Well… actually, not yet," Anna answered, embarrassed.

"That's fine. I understand. The first film you picked may not have been the best one to start with."

The truth was, Anna hadn't watched any other movies because she had watched Blue is the Warmest Color again, and again, this time without her mother around. It was a lot more enjoyable that way. She was able to relax and really appreciate the movie for what it was, especially the hot scenes. Of course, she had fast-forwarded over the boy-girl scene at the beginning, but the others … she may have watched those scenes repeatedly. Thinking about it made her cheeks flush, especially when she imagined herself with her teacher, doing the exact same things.

There was an uncomfortable pause in the conversation, and Anna didn't know what to do. Should I ask her personal questions? She might not want to answer those. Maybe she wants me to leave?

"So… um… I see you made a new friend," Ms. Neige commented, and Anna smiled, because apparently her teacher didn't want her to leave after all.

"Oh, yeah, Merida is really nice."

"I see..."

Another pause. "So… have you been in Arendelle for a long time?" Anna asked, gathering her courage.

"Yes, actually. Ten years, to be specific," Ms. Neige replied.

"Whoa. Don't you miss France?"

"Sometimes, yes. But having this job helps!"

Anna was about to ask her how long she had been a teacher when the door opened. They both turned as Mrs. Fitzherbert stepped inside.

"Oh, I didn't know you were with someone," she told Ms. Neige. "Well, Anna, it seems you're not as eager to leave this class as you were mine!" teased Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"I… I'm sorry.." Anna apologized, blushing. She's going to think I don't like her anymore, which isn't true! But when it comes to Ms. Neige...

"Are you going to be long, Elsa? You're needed in the teacher's lounge."
Elsa? Is that… is that Ms. Neige's first name? Oh my god! It's beautiful, and it suits her so well! Elsa Neige… I love it so much!

"No, we were just wrapping things up! I'll be right with you," Ms. Neige replied, confirming that Elsa was truly her first name.

"Thanks for the chat!" Anna exclaimed as she hopped off her desk. "A la semaine prochaine!" she added as she left. Damn, I won't see her until next week… that's gonna be way too long. I'll just have to take the streetcar home this Friday… and see Elsa… my Elsa. She hurried to find Kristoff and Merida and tell them the good news.

"Her name's Elsa!" she almost screamed when she caught up with them.

"Huh?" Merida asked. "Who?"

"Ms. Neige!" Who else?

"She told you her first name?" Kristoff asked, surprised.

"No, Mrs. Fitzherbert spilled the beans when she came into her classroom."

"Hmm… ok then," he simply offered, motioning with his head towards Merida.

Oops. Oh, yeah, I don't want Merida seeing me so excited over this. "Well… huh… I mean, not that it's a big deal, so who cares, right?" Anna said, trying to play it cool.

"Ye two are so weird sometimes," Merida commented, and Anna tried to laugh it off.

But once both Kristoff and Merida got back to their discussion, Anna quickly took out her phone to stalk her gorgeous French teacher online. I'll definitely find something now that I have her first name.

She did come up with a few hits, but it was still disappointing. First, there were no photos. Second, there was nothing really important. No social media, no personal stuff. The only thing she found was a French article she didn't really understand which mentioned a student literature contest. It dated back from ten years ago though, which meant Ms. Neige was most likely in her late twenties. I knew she was pretty young! And she found another article about figure skating. It seemed she had won something too.

Well… I haven't learned much. It seems she was a good student, but that's not really surprising for a teacher, she's in her late twenties, and she used to practice ice skating. Maybe she still does? I could try to see her at the skating rink? Although I've never tried it, and good luck getting Kris there with you, unless you tell him you're going there to play hockey. Anyway… it may not be much, but at least I know her first name now.

"See you tomorrow then!" Rapunzel told Elsa as they were about to part ways in front of the school. "Are you sure you don't want me to give you a ride home?"

"Yes, don't worry. I bought a monthly transit pass, so now I need to get my money's worth! Besides, it's not fair to you. It's out of your way," Elsa replied.

"Ok then. If you're sure. Enjoy the rest of your day."

"Thanks, you too, Punzie."
"Shh, don't call me that," Rapunzel warned with a wink. "One of the students might hear you!"

Elsa looked at her watch as she left for the tram. *I'm running late. I didn't realize that Punzie and I talked for so long. At least that means the car won't be jam packed and I likely won't run into any students.*

She still had a hard time knowing how to behave around students when she wasn't teaching. It felt like she was forced to wear metaphorical armour to keep them from her real self, and she hated it. Interestingly, wearing the clothes she had bought for teaching helped, as if she were in costume, playing a part on stage. When she was dressed like that, she was Ms. Neige, French teacher, not Elsa, girl next door.

As she entered the streetcar, she was pleasantly surprised to see Anna running toward her. She watched the girl, her braids flapping in the wind, approach. It seemed she was going to miss the car, so Elsa briefly blocked the door so it wouldn't start. The redhead gave her her best smile as she entered. *She's such a cutie!* And Elsa smiled back while letting the doors close behind her.

"Well, looks like you're the one running this time," Elsa declared.

"Yeah! Thank you!" Anna huffed. "Blocking the door was way smarter than what I did!"

"You do know I'm a teacher. Everything I do is smart," Elsa said with a wink, and Anna laughed. "You're a bit late, aren't you? Classes ended twenty minutes ago."

"Y… yeah. I… um …I was chatting with Kris and lost track of time," Anna replied.

*Strange, I didn't see Kristoff around when I left with Punzie. Although, I didn't see Anna, either.*

"Doesn't he usually drive you back home?"

"Yeah, yeah, he does. Usually. But he couldn't tonight. Because, well, between you and me, I think he has a thing for the new girl, Merida..." Anna answered, her voice quickly lowering, almost to the point that Elsa couldn't hear her.

*Huh, something's up, but it's none of my business... "Did you get a chance to listen to Superbus?" Elsa asked, hoping the teenager liked them.

"Yes! They're amazing! I listened to all their songs, multiple times!" the redhead replied enthusiastically, as she sat down in an empty seat.

"Well, I'm glad. Their lyrics aren't always top-notch—they're a bit repetitive—but I've always found their songs rather catchy," Elsa replied, taking a seat next to her. She noticed that Anna was sitting in her seat just like last time, cuing Elsa to think about yesterday's mishap, when Anna was reaching for her bag and offered her a second flash of underwear. *She does have lovely legs and a nice butt, too,* she reminded herself, but immediately admonished herself.

"Yeah, I noticed the repetitiveness, as well, but since I don't understand much, it doesn't really bother me. I was wondering… what is "Lola" about? I'm not quite sure..."

"Huh..." *Blue is the warmest colour, and now this? Is there a pattern here? "It's about a girl, or maybe the singer herself, finding out she's in love with someone named Lola."

"Oh. Ok. That's what I thought," Anna replied, blushing a little.

*There's definitely something going on here. Out of all the songs, she picked up on that one... just*
Elsa was dying to ask her about it. Maybe Anna was looking for a confidant, someone to talk to. Being a lesbian herself, she could help her out. Besides, she was her teacher—wasn't it her job to listen and help? On the other hand, she didn't want to reveal her sexuality to anyone at school, even if she trusted Anna to keep it a secret.

"What other songs did you like?" Elsa asked, finally deciding to avoid the subject, at least not now, not here.

"Hmm… I really like "Apprends-moi"! I've listened to it a lot. It's really catchy, and the singer's really pretty, too!"

Elsa couldn't help but smile. Yeah. She's definitely questioning her sexuality. I'm definitely not going to mention the play on words in the title though. Elsa remembered having a small crush on the singer before meeting Rapunzel, too. "Well, she might be getting a bit old, now, don't you think?"

"Are you kidding? She can't be much over thirty! And the song's only a few years old! You really have an issue with age," Anna said with a smile, and Elsa remembered how Anna had remarked that she wasn't that old, either.

"Well, that singer's at least twice your age, and I'm still much older than you, too," Elsa remarked, smiling and half-fishing for compliments.

"Hmpf. You're kidding. You must be, what… twenty-six? And I'm only saying that because of what you said the other day. Otherwise, I'd guess twenty-three."

Elsa laughed but still appreciated the compliment. She had to confess, she was a bit afraid of getting old, although everyone in her family seemed to age gracefully. "Well, your off by a couple of years."

"Tsk. You could be my older sister."

It almost felt like Anna was flirting with her. Elsa was going to reply when she received a text. She grabbed her phone and looked at it. *A text from Punzie? What could it be? We were just talking to each other ten minutes ago.* She opened the text and suddenly stopped smiling. Her face turned white and her heart sank. *Oh, no!*

"I-I'm sorry, I have to make a phone call," Elsa told Anna, and retreated to the opposite side of the tram.

Anna watched her teacher stand up and leave.

"Oh… ok," she simply responded, a bit worried. She watched as Ms. Neige walked away, talking to someone. Judging by her face, something was really wrong.

Anna felt awful. She wanted to approach Ms. Neige and offer her help, but that was impossible. First because they didn't really know each other, and second, because Ms. Neige was her teacher. It wasn't her place to comfort her.

She was startled when her stop arrived, but she wanted to make sure that Ms. Neige was ok, so she stayed in her seat. She'd have to take another streetcar back, but it was worth it.
The phone call lasted a while, until the streetcar slowed down as it apparently approached her teacher's stop. Anna watched Ms. Neige curse as she put her phone back in her purse, and then leave without even looking at her.

It did make her feel a little upset that her teacher left without saying goodbye. *Damn, I hope whatever's happening isn't too bad.* Her own cell phone rang, and she answered a call from Kristoff. "Yeah?"

"Are you home?"

"No, I'm still in the streetcar. Ms. Neige took forever to leave school! I waited twenty minutes for her to show up, and I missed my stop," Anna explained.

"Well, you should go and check your Instagram."

"Why?"

"You'll see. It's about Ms. Neige. You're not gonna believe it."

Chapter End Notes

There, a good old cliffhanger! :D

Also, sorry about last week for everyone who was waiting for a new chapter! I was pretty busy and didn't want to force myself to write! It could happen again, as I said in chapter one's notes!
Come on, open up!

Anna had a hard time loading up her Instagram page. *Damn phone, I have no data left!*

She had no idea what she would find on social media, but it was starting to worry her. What could it be? *Ms. Neige seemed really upset. What if it's so bad that she has to quit her job? That would be awful!* Anna felt a tinge of panic.

She left the tram, trying to calm herself down, and was now waiting for a ride back home. *Kris won't tell me a thing. It can't be that bad, right? He'd tell me if it was bad. Maybe it's just something stupid, like people finding out her first name or... or... her home address.*

A streetcar arrived and she jumped in it. *Although Ms. Neige wouldn't have been so worried if it was something trivial.*

The trip took less than ten minutes, but all kinds of terrible thoughts ran through her mind as she waited impatiently, trying to access Instagram without success. *What if she's actually a known criminal? Or, the opposite, like someone under a witness protection program and now that she's been identified and she'll have to leave? No, what if she's a sex offender? Maybe, she had a relationship with a student? Ah, you wish! That would mean you'd have a chance with her. I'd let her molest me anytime!*

Once she left the tram, she almost ran home. *Goddammit Kris, you could have at least told me the news on the phone.*

"Hi Anna!" her mother said as Anna stormed into the house.

She slammed the door shut behind her. "Hi mom. Sorry, no time!" she replied, bounding up the stairs two steps at a time.

"Well... uh... ok then," Iduna remarked.

Once in her room, Anna quickly turned on her laptop and waited for it to boot. Then, she quickly opened her social media accounts, and it didn't take her long to find what she was looking for.

There were pictures of Ms. Neige all over her page. It seemed plenty of students were sharing them. Anna didn't know where they were coming from, but damn, some of those photos were hot.

It took her a few minutes to figure out what was happening. Someone from school—people were debating on who found out first—had discovered that a model named Elsa Snow looked just like their French teacher. There wasn't much doubt that Ms. Neige and Elsa Snow were the same person, since they looked exactly the same. The fact that the model's name was a simple translation of her real name made it abundantly clear the whole thing was true.

Anna's first reaction was to stare at the photos and save all of them onto her computer. They were simply amazing. Ms. Neige was absolutely stunning in them, and Anna had a hard time keeping her thoughts straight.
None of the photos were racy, and Anna actually felt relieved because, as much as she would have loved to have found a sexy photo of her teacher in lingerie or something, she didn't want anyone else to see Ms. Neige like that. Still, no matter what she was wearing in the photos, there was no way anyone could deny that Ms. Neige was a really, really gorgeous woman.

She gulped as she came upon a sexy picture of Ms. Neige in a flowing white dress that exposed a tremendous amount of cleavage. The form-fitting gown consisted of a deep V-necked bodice that featured an embroidered overlay. The material clung tightly to Ms. Neige's body, making her breasts look almost exposed. It didn't help that the underlying material was nearly flesh colored. *Damn, she's so hot.* Her piercing blue eyes were staring right at her, and Anna almost felt bad for perving on her teacher's photos.

*I hope this doesn't get her into trouble.*

She was still collecting all the photos she could when her phone rang. It was Kristoff.

"So, did you see?" he asked, excited.

"Y… yeah! Oh my God, it's crazy!"

"You bet it is. Although, I'm not that surprised! We all knew she was smoking hot."

"Kris!" Anna admonished.

"Yeah, yeah..."

"I've just started seeing the photos. Some of them are amazing."

"Did you see the bikini shots? You're gonna drool all over your keyboard."

"There are bikini photos?!" Anna asked, startled. *Where are they?*

"There's actually a fansite. You can find almost all her photos there. And a few videos."

"Do you think she'll get into trouble?" Anna asked. *Videos? Oh my God!*

"Well… I don't know. I've looked at all her photos and there's nothing really indecent. The most risqué ones are the bikini shoots, but it's not vulgar or anything."

*I'm glad. They can't really blame her if there's nothing too risky, right?*

"She's not like one of those Instagram models," Kris continued. "From what I understand, she was a professional model up until three years ago. She used to work for a few clothing brands, or pose for advertisements and things like that."

"Damn..." Anna simply said.

"You don't sound so excited."

"I… I don't know. I'm happy to get to know more about her. But I don't really like the idea of everyone at school sharing her photos."

"Well, it's not like someone stole her personal pictures. She modelled for them."

"Yeah… but… I don't know. It felt better when I thought I knew more about her than anyone else."
"Well… you are the one who gets to chat with her after class, and who goes home with her on the same streetcar, sitting right next to her," Kris replied, trying to cheer her up.

"Hmpf, yeah… and besides, I mean… I knew that there was never any chance for anything to happen between us, but… she's a former model! She's even more out of my league than I thought! Like… light years out of my league."

"Come on, Anna, you know you're pretty cute too. And, like I've said before, don't let that go to your head." Kris chuckled. "But the fact that she's your teacher is what puts her out of your league. We've known that for a long time. Remember, you told me yourself, you knew that nothing would ever happen."

"Yeah… I know." She felt dejected. They spoke for a while longer and Anna finally said, "Well, I gotta go, Kris. We've been on the phone for a while. See you tomorrow, okay?"

"Bye!"

Anna turned off her phone, grabbed her laptop and crashed on her bed. She didn't really know why, but she wasn't feeling that good. The day had been great, and she had learned so much about Ms. Neige… but it didn't feel right. She went through some of her photos as she thought about her teacher. She's so beautiful… I hope she's doing ok.

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Elsa was freaking out. She hadn't slept all night; the whole situation had her in a twist.

"Well, we knew that it was bound to happen someday," Rapunzel pointed out as she offered her friend a cup of hot chocolate. "Elsagate is upon us!"

"Yeah… but not this soon! I had hoped it would come up later, after I had proved myself as a teacher and once everyone came to respect me."

"Well… I did warn you that students are nosy. They always try to find out more about us. One of them must have recognized you from some photo."

Elsa sighed and stared at her computer.

"Stop looking at that, you're not going to fix anything." "How am I going to deal with this situation on Monday?"

"Well, you should go see the headmaster first. As for the students, if anyone asks or says anything, just tell them that it's your private life and that it's none of their business."

"I hope it'll be that easy… What about the parents?"

"I doubt they'll bother you with that, even if they do find out. Besides, you've never posed… suggestively or in the nude, right?"

"No! I've always refused that kind of work. The sexiest photos of me you can find are the bikini shots. I mean, everyone has photos of themselves in swimsuits." Her face fell. "It just makes me uncomfortable knowing that all the students have seen these pictures."

"Well, that's new!" Rapunzel teased with a smile.

"Yeah… I guess, but this is different." It never bothered her to be stared at or to be called beautiful or, even, hot. She couldn't care less what the men said or thought, but she absolutely loved catching
a girl staring at her, even if she wasn't particularly attractive. However, it was totally different with her students. She didn't want teenagers and young adults she was supposed to mentor to see her as anything but a teacher, and not just any teacher, but a good one too.

"It won't help with Anna's little crush on you, that's for sure!" Rapunzel said with a chuckle, and Elsa turned towards her, baffled.

"What? Don't tell me you haven't noticed!" Rapunzel added.

"Wha… what do you mean?" Elsa asked.

"She's so into you! She absolutely hated French before meeting you, and now she can barely wait for the bell before running to your class. Not to mention the after-class chats!"

"That… that doesn't mean anything!" Elsa protested. Could it be true? Could Anna have a crush on her?

"Well, I'm not saying your classes aren't interesting, but I suspect that she's more interested in your pretty face and your big boobs than in French vocabulary!"

"Punzie!" Elsa admonished her friend.

"Relax, it's perfectly fine. Teenagers get crushes on their teachers all the time. Don't worry, it usually doesn't last long. She'll move onto someone else soon."

"Still… we don't even know if she's gay."

"Hmm… you're right. Although I told you when you first started that I had my suspicions. What do you think? I mean, you must know more than me."

"Well… it did come to my mind that she might be questioning her sexuality. She did ask me a few things which seemed to lean that way."

"She's totally into you! Imagine if you were in her place. You're questioning yourself, discovering that you may be into girls, and then a hot new teacher arrives, young and sexy. And gay. Although I'm not sure how she'd know that."

"Well, maybe she just had a feeling. She's probably looking for advice, more than anything else."

"Hmm… maybe," Rapunzel admitted. "Although I prefer thinking that she has the hots for you!"

Elsa blushed at the thought. She couldn't help but feel a certain glow. Of course, neither of them had any idea if that was the case, but if Anna really had a crush on her, it was really flattering. After all, Anna was a really pretty and lively young girl. In fact, Elsa could easily picture her on the cover of some teen magazine, with her fresh face, gorgeous aquamarine eyes, and adorable freckles.

"Well, ugh, that means I need to put some distance between us," Elsa told her friend. What a bummer. I really enjoyed talking to her. Although I should have known that something was up. Sigh. It just felt so comfortable with her.

"Just make sure you're gentle with Anna. Teenagers can take rejection pretty badly. Besides, like I said earlier, she'll get over you quickly enough."

"Sure, ok." You don't have to tell me about rejection; I know all about it!
"Anyway, I'm pretty sure she must be all over your photos right now!" Rapunzel said, and Elsa blushed, trying not to think about that. But a tiny, impish voice in the back of her head was hoping the teenager really liked what she was seeing.

"Are you alright? You look tense," Anna told her teacher in her dream. The bell had rung, and they were alone in her classroom.

"Thanks for asking… but I'm not sure I should share this with you," Ms. Neige replied, and Anna lowered her eyes, disappointed. She really wished she could help her teacher.

"Is… is it about the photos?" she asked.

"Oh, you've seen them?"

"Y… yes, sorry."

"It's fine. I'm actually glad you saw them. What did you think?" Ms Neige asked with a teasing smile.

"I… they… you're so beautiful!" Anna mumbled, blushing.

Ms. Neige giggled lightly, "Thanks. Anyway, that's not the issue. My back's been killing me since yesterday."

"Oh, I may not be able to do anything about the photos, but I can help with that!" Anna offered.

Ms. Neige gave her a sultry look. "You're too kind. What exactly do you have in mind?"

"I could give you a massage!" Anna suggested as she hopped off her desk. "Turn around!" she ordered, and her teacher complied.

Anna put her hands on Ms. Neige's shoulders, and started rubbing them, excited to be able to be so intimate with the gorgeous woman. Apparently she was a massage expert now, because Ms. Neige seemed to be responding perfectly.

"God, that feels so good," Ms. Neige purred, letting a deep moan escape from her lips.

"Do you typically have problems with your back?" Anna asked as she rubbed her teacher's upper back more vigorously.

"Yes, I do."

"You should probably see a doctor or chiropractor! That can't be normal."

"Well… it's because of my breasts."

Anna blushed immediately. "Oh."

"I've considered breast reduction surgery, b…"

"NO!" Anna blurted, interrupting her. "I… I mean… I think that's a terrible idea!"

Ms. Neige chuckled. "I see."

"Let me try something," Anna suggested, moving her hands from her teacher's back to her front.
Courageously, she brought both her hands up to Ms. Neige's breasts and let them rest there, supporting the heavy globes.

"I'm not sure if that'll help with my back problems, but I like what you're doing. Please continue," her teacher instructed.

Anna couldn't believe it. She was massaging Ms. Neige's boobs, and they were even better than she could have ever imagined. Big, soft and firm despite their size. They overwhelmed her petite hands, and she felt like she was in heaven.

"You're not wearing a bra! That can't help with your back problems!" Anna remarked as she felt Ms. Neige's nipples get hard under her touch. *She's loving it, just like I am.*

Before she could reply, the door opened suddenly and Anna heard a gasp. They both turned around to see Mrs. Fitzherbert looking at them.

"Elsa! What are you doing with Anna?!" the teacher yelled.

Anna startled awake. *Fuck that was scary! But hot too…*

Once she calmed down, she realized she was pretty turned on. Her nipples were hard, and she felt a wetness in her panties. *These dreams are getting more ridiculous each time!* She looked at the alarm clock and sighed. It was still the middle of the night, but she was too aroused to go back to sleep.

Feeling guilty, she grabbed her phone from the night stand and turned it on. The light blinded her momentarily, and she quickly turned the brightness down. She knew how bad looking at a phone was for sleep, but right now she didn't care.

She had transferred the photos from her laptop to her phone before she went to bed, and went through the pictures she had saved of Ms. Neige, trying to dismiss the guilt. *God. She's so fucking hot.* Slipping her right hand in her panties, she started rubbing herself while skimming through the photos with her left hand.

*Hot dress. Sexy skirt. Revealing bikini. Those legs! Cleavage to die for. Damn I don't know which photo is the best.*

Somewhere in the back of her mind, a tiny voice was telling her that it wasn't a good thing to do, but it was far too late now. Ms. Neige was incredibly sexy, and she desperately needed some relief.

She stopped searching for the right picture when she came upon the one where her teacher was wearing the tight sexy white dress that deeply exposed her cleavage. She was simply stunning in that photo, her breasts looked absolutely delicious, and Anna could feel herself getting closer to orgasm.

*Oh… Ms. Neige… Elsa…*

Accelerating the pace of her hand in her panties, Anna came while looking at her teacher's stunning photo. She felt her whole body shiver and shake as she did, biting into her blanket to avoid making any noise and letting the wave of pleasure flood over her.

Once her climax subsided, she wiped her fingers on a tissue and looked at the photos one more time before turning off her phone. Then, she went back to sleep, a smile on her face.
Elsa arrived at work much earlier than usual. She wanted to make sure she got there before the students did… before they could start staring at her and whispering amongst themselves. Still, she was surprised to see a few students milling about, and she tried to act nonchalant as she walked past them.

After a quick stop at the teacher's lounge to check if there was anything in her locker, she headed to the administration offices.

"Good morning. Is Mr. Weselton here?" Elsa asked the secretary.

"Oh. Yes. He wanted to see you, actually," the woman replied.

_I bet he did…_

She felt incredibly nervous as she knocked on his door. Not only did she need this job, she was also really enjoying it.

"Come in!" the headmaster declared, and Elsa opened the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Weselton."

"Oh, good morning, Ms. Neige. I've heard a lot about you recently."

"Yes, I can only imagine."

"Please, have a seat."

Elsa sat in front of him at his desk. "I'm sure you've heard all the fuss about my former job," she started, and he nodded.

"It doesn't exactly fit the image we're looking for in a teacher at Arendelle High."

"I… I can understand. But I did tell you during our interview that I used to be a model a few years ago."

"Yes, I remember. Although you told me at the time that all the photos were decent."

"I do believe that that's the case," Elsa argued.

"Well… let me show you these..." Mr Weselton said as he moused through the files on his hard drive. "Ah, here it is," he proclaimed before opening a picture. It was from one of the two bikini photo-shoots she had made.

_Oh, my God, you didn't have to download it!_ "Well… I don't really see the problem." Elsa remarked, trying to remain neutral.

"It shows a lot of skin."

"Well… it is a swimsuit," Elsa explained. _It's not like it's a thong or something._

"Yes… I can see."

"You can see worse pictures in Sports Illustrated. Teenagers see way worse than that everyday and everywhere."

"I agree. But it's still problematic that they can have access to these photos," the headmaster stated.
"I know, but there's nothing I can do about that. I don't even own these pictures. And since they've been shared on the Internet, there's no way to remove them."

Mr. Weselton sighed, "That's problematic indeed."

Elsa was stressing out. "Mr. Weselton, I know that this could be a problem, and trust me, I'm not happy about it either. I haven't slept the entire weekend. But I love this job, and I think I'm good at it. I know I'm not certified yet, but I'm working on that, too. And I will do all I can to teach these students French to the best of my ability."

"Don't worry, I've only had positive feedback about you. Besides, it's not like I could find someone else for the job."

"Does that mean I still have my job?" Elsa felt forced to ask.

"Of course. But you have to be firm about this modelling past of yours. Be assertive, tell your students that it's in the past and that it's none of their business if you feel you have to. But most of all, be extremely professional with them. I don't want parents to start thinking you're after their sons or anything."

"O.. of course. I'll be extra careful," Elsa assured him. *I wonder what he'd say if he knew that I only like girls.*

"Well, that should be fine then. And don't worry too much, it will be over soon. You know how teenagers are. There'll be a buzz about these photos for a week, and then something else will catch their attention."

"Yes, you're right. Thank you."

"You're welcome. Have a nice day."

Elsa felt better as she left the office. *At least I still have my job. That went better than I expected. Now all I have to do is deal with the students.*

Chapter End Notes

Here's a picture IceWraith made of Elsa in the white dress ^^
Elsagate … It was Punzie's term for the recent fiasco over the weekend. The phrase kept repeating itself inside Elsa's head as she made her way to her first class. Elsagate… she mentally repeated it again as she opened the door to enter her classroom. The interview with Mr. Weselton had gone better than expected, but she wasn't sure how things would turn out once her students arrived. Should I just ignore the whole thing? What if they call me out and make fun of me? What if I've lost all their respect?

Not only was she brooding over a host of concerns, but she felt altogether uncomfortable in her outfit. She had dressed as dowdy as possible this morning in an attempt to appear ordinary, while still maintaining a professional appearance. *If I had a turtleneck in my wardrobe, I'm pretty sure I'd have it on.*

Her thoughts were interrupted by the bell, signalling the beginning of class. Instead of the normal routine of greeting her students at the door, she remained seated until the kids arrived in the corridor. She waited a minute or two to be sure they were all there, and then went to the door to tell everyone to come inside.

She did catch a lot of weird looks as they sauntered into the room, along with a few awkward smiles. A few of the girls were especially giving off a negative vibe. *Ah, envy and jealousy.* It wasn't the first time she had encountered that.

Once her students were seated, Elsa took a deep breath. It really seemed like she had no choice but to address the issue.

"Ok, class. I'm pretty sure most of you know what happened over the weekend on social media, so I'm going to take a minute to clarify everything. If you're wondering why all these pictures are on the web, I used to be a model. But that's in the past. I'm a teacher now, and I've put my former career behind me. I'm also positive that you've already seen and found everything out there that's been published, so you can stop scouring the internet for more images. Besides, this is all part of my personal life, and it should be off limits, anyway. I'm pretty sure you wouldn't want me to stalk you on social media and share anything I found with the entire school, either."

That seemed to calm them down.

"Any questions before we start class?" she asked, and half the students raised their hands. *Damn, that was a dumb move!*

"What I meant to say was, does anyone have a question related to my job as your teacher, and not something to do with my private life?" she repeated. All hands went down and she smiled at her students.

"Great! So take out your books. We're already a few minutes late!" *All I have to do is be professional. Then it'll all blow over.* Good. She noted that Anna was due to arrive in her next class, and that worried her. *I have to act especially professional with Anna. Obviously.*

Anna had been worried about Ms. Neige all weekend, so she was glad to have French this morning. She was in front of her classroom, with Kris and Merida, but the door was closed.

"What if she's absent today?" she asked Kristoff.
"Nah, someone saw her earlier this morning," he replied.

"The door isn't usually closed when we arrive," Anna argued.

"Maybe the kids from her last class are still inside?" Merida speculated.

Anna put her head against the door. "I don't think so. I can't hear a thing." she said before stepping back. The rest of the students were arriving already.

Then, the door opened, and Anna was glad to see her favourite teacher safe and sound. She looked… different than usual. Ms. Neige wore a skirt that extended to mid-calf. Her hair was up in a severe bun and her makeup was minimal. Even so, there was no hiding the fact that her teacher was gorgeous. She still wore her trademark heels and there wasn't much that could be done to camouflage her fabulous figure. The current ensemble just served to make her teacher look like a very sexy librarian. The only thing wrong was Ms. Neige's expression—she looked upset.

"Bonjour Madame!" Anna chirped as usual.

"Bonjour. Entrez." Ms. Neige simply replied without even making eye contact, and Anna couldn't help but feel disappointed as her teacher walked back to her desk. Ms. Neige typically addressed her directly with a smile and by name.

The rest of the students entered and sat in their usual spots. This was followed by Ms. Neige addressing the class and telling them how the events over the weekend didn't change a thing. She also mentioned it was a part of her personal life and that they should respect her privacy the same way she would respect theirs. Then, she started class, and Anna sighed.

Apparently the exposé over the weekend deeply affected Ms. Neige. Now, she rarely smiled, nor did she crack a single joke during the entire class. Anna stayed quiet and focused, but she felt terrible. She really wished that there was something she could do to get Ms. Neige back to her typical self. *Maybe she'll be different at the end of class if we're alone.*

When the bell rang, Anna made sure to take her time, and soon all the other students were gone.

"Hurry up, please. I have to take a break, too," Ms. Neige flatly announced, and Anna felt her heart clench. *Oh, my God. Her voice is so cold.*

"I… um, I'm sorry." She was surprised to feel tears welling up around her eyes. It was an involuntary response to her teacher's impersonal exchange. "I just wanted to tell you I'm sorry about the photos and… I mean..." Anna continued.

Her teacher cut her off. "It's not your fault.

"I wish I could do something…"

"You can't. It's time for you to leave. Please hurry."

"Yes… sorry," Anna mumbled, before hastily exiting. The tears ran freely now. She never expected Ms. Neige to dismiss her so coldly.

Once she got home, Elsa removed her shoes and crashed on her bed. The day had been exhausting and, more than that, unpleasant. Acting all professional and serious ran against her grain. It took much of the satisfaction out of her job. While things had gone well with the headmaster, and fairly well with the students, too, she still ended up feeling pretty awful.
She knew why. It was because of Anna. She had noticed right away how disappointed Anna had been after she failed to personally greet her at the door. And then she had acted all tough and professional with her after class by telling her to go away. It was clear the poor girl only wanted to help, and yet Elsa had behaved as if she was made of ice. Under any other circumstances, Elsa would have opened up to Anna and told her how the incident had truly made her feel. She had such an easy rapport with the teenager.

The way Anna had looked at her when she told her to hurry and leave… It was as if she was about to cry. *Damn it, maybe I was too extreme. Under any other circumstances …* But then she stopped herself short. *Don't forget that she's your student.*

Elsa was still moping on her bed when her phone rang. *I hope it's Punzie. I haven't had a chance to really talk to her today.*

She reached for her phone and was happily surprised. It was actually her cousin. It cheered her up right away, and she answered the call immediately. *This will definitely help me get my mind off this miserable situation.*

"Hey cuz!" she heard.

"Esmé!" Elsa responded, smiling brightly as the sound of her cousin's voice brought back plenty of happy memories. "Wow, it's so weird to hear you speak English."

Esméralda laughed. "Well, I need to practice and I heard that you're a teacher now!"

"Yes, yes I am. How are you? I haven't seen you in ages!" Elsa replied.

"Awww, did you miss me?" Esméralda teased.

"Of course! You know you're my favourite cousin."

"Um, maybe because I'm your only cousin..."

"Hmm, that does help..." Elsa agreed. Still, she really did like her cousin. Elsa was an only child, and although she would have loved to have had a sister, especially a little sister, Esmeralda was the next best thing.

"So, how's teaching?"

"Pretty great, actually. I think I'm made for the job," Elsa responded, not mentioning her recent problem.

"Good! And I'm sure it helps to be surrounded by tons of young, pretty and naughty teenage girls..."

"Esmé!" Elsa stopped her. "That's… that's so bad!"

Esméralda chuckled. "I know, you're just too prim and proper … and boring… to enjoy any of that! Damn, if I was a high-school teacher, I'd be caught with my hand down some horny girl's panties for sure."

"ESMERALDA! Stop it now! That's awful!"

That only made her laugh more. "Come on, admit it, there's got to be at least one pretty girl that caught your eye."
"Of course not!" Elsa denied. A flash of strawberry blonde hair, teal eyes and freckles crossed her mind. The next image was a pair of pretty legs and a cute set of panties. She quickly buried the thought..

"Seriously, there's not a single girl that caught your eye? It would be so easy for you to get yourself a teen girlfriend. I would have been so into school if I had had a teacher half as hot as you."

"Esmé… I'm going to hang up if you don't stop," Elsa warned.

"Ok, ok, calm down. I'll stop, for now, but I'll discover your secrets soon enough. You know you can't hide anything from me. Anyway, do you know why I'm calling?"

"My mom told me you were planning on coming to Arendelle to expand your franchise."

"Yes, I want to open a new store there! Everything's going great in France, so I thought I should extend the business a little."

"Damn, you're really rocking this, aren't you?"

"Yeah! By the way, you know my offer still stands. Just quit that boring teaching job and come work for me! Hah! If you just accepted my offer I'd even make you my partner," Esméralda offered, just like she always did.

"Esmé, we've gone over this before. You know I don't want to."

"Dommage... Besides, I could really use a French model who lived in the area as my muse. You'd be perfect for the job!"

"No!" Elsa replied firmly. Her cousin was a lingerie designer, and as much as Elsa loved the pieces she made and sold, there was no way she would model them. Especially now that she was a teacher.

"Ugh, I know, I know… But you'd look so sexy in some of my new designs. Well, I had to ask anyway."

"Hmpf. Besides, you know I changed my career because I'm getting too old for this," Elsa explained. She had felt the wind turn a few years ago. She was already starting to be refused some jobs in favour of younger models. At that point she had realised it was best to start thinking about the future, and had gone back to university under Punzie's advice. She had continued to do some modelling on the side to pay the bills while studying, but it had been clear her modelling career was behind her.

"That's nonsense!"

"Well, you do know these jobs won't last forever. I doubt you have any models over thirty."

"Hmpf, I'd make an exception for you!"

"Come on, Esmé. Besides, you know I've never wanted to model lingerie." As much as Elsa loved to dress sexy, lingerie was meant, in her opinion, for a special someone and for private viewing." Anyway, when should I be expecting you?"

"Hmm… in three or four weeks. I'm still finishing up the paperwork. Does that work for you?"

"Of course! I can't wait to see you," Elsa replied.
"Me too! I've missed my favourite cousin so much. Oh, and the twins, too. How are they by the way?" Esmeralda asked.

"Esmé."

"Come on! I have a right to know. They're my family too."

Elsa stayed silent, not willing to play this game.

"Are they still firm and soft? Mmm, I've missed them so much! Tell them I love them!"

"Esmé… You're lucky you're my only cousin. I'm not going to get into a conversation about my boobs. And you've got to stop calling them 'the twins'." Esméralda giggled. "Can't you just put them up to the phone? I just want to give them a little kiss!"

"Are we done with this?" Elsa asked in a bored voice, although she was actually amused.

"Tsk, tsk… You're such a hard woman. Well, I'll see them soon enough."

"Whatever. Do you want me to grab you at the airport when you come in?"

"Nah, it's fine, I'll take a cab. Just send me your address. Oh, could I stay at your house for a while? Until I find some place to crash."

"Of course, no problem. I'll finally have a use for the spare bedroom. "Are you sure you don't want me to come and get you? You've never been in Arendelle, and it's no hassle at all."

"Well, if you insist! I'll tell you when I arrive. See you soon, honey!"

"Yep! Keep me posted. Bye!" Elsa replied before hanging up.

Anna hurried to get to the streetcar after she noticed Ms. Neige headed towards it. She had been waiting there a few minutes, and she hoped they would be able to talk. Maybe it would be easier outside of class?

"Oh, hello, Ms. Neige," she said as she came up beside her.

"Hello, Anna." The teacher replied in a cold voice. *Damn, she's still acting like the Ice Queen with me.*

"Are… are you ok?" Anna barely managed to squeak.

"Yes, thank you."

Anna was crushed. She didn't know what to do. Was she bothering Ms. Neige? It made her sadder than she could have imagined.

"So-sorry, I won't bother you anymore," Anna added. She waited for a positive response, hoping the gorgeous woman would tell her it was all a misunderstanding, but that never came.

"Have a nice evening," was what Anna got instead.

With that, she went to mope at the back of the tram. Her teacher's face showed no emotion at all, and the teenager's world seemed to collapse under her feet. *Why is she shutting me off like this? We
used to chat and talk all the time. She was always smiling. It's not my fault her photos were leaked! Fuck Hans, I'm sure he's the one who posted them. And now Ms. Neige is acting cool and distant… Anna felt the tears welling in her eyes once again. I hope this doesn't last for long.

Elsa stole a glance at Anna from the corner of her eye, and sighed. The teenager looked so disappointed and sad, exactly the opposite of her usual self. Elsa knew it was her fault. What she really wanted to do was go to her, sit right next to her and tell her everything was just fine, and maybe draw her into a hug.

But she couldn't; she had to stay professional. Besides, the way the redhead was acting seemed to prove Punzie's point: Anna most likely had a crush on her. It would explain a lot of things. Well, the quicker she understands that that's never going to happen, the better. I just hope she doesn't take the rejection too badly.

Anna turned her head and their eyes locked for a second. By reflex, Elsa quickly turned away. Fuck. That was awkward. She smiled at you, you could have at least acknowledged her. Elsa decided to turn back towards the teenager, but now Anna was looking out the window.

Should I go and talk to her? She looks miserable. I could just explain to her how I need to be careful because of my situation, and how I have to keep my distance from the students so no one gets the wrong idea. No, you have to stay strong and keep all of this to yourself. Besides, in a couple of weeks, things'll get better. By then she'll have moved on to someone else. Strangely, that last thought left an empty pit in Elsa's stomach.
Elsa couldn't take it anymore. She had noticed the way that Merida had been acting around Anna—the giggling, the coy glances, the little whispers and *accidental* touches. She was sure the girl was trying to flirt with Anna, and in her class no less!

The Scott was pretty, Elsa had to admit. Merida was currently leaning over Anna, no doubt whispering sweet nothings into her ear. Elsa felt the bile rise in her throat. She couldn't believe how fast Anna had moved on from her.

When Merida extended her arm and laid her hand on top of Anna's, it was just too much. *No. No way! I'm not going to let this happen in my class!*

"Merida! Pack your things and go sit at the back of the class!" she demanded.

The Scott looked up at her, surprised. "But.. but why? I didn't do anything."

"Excuse me? Don't question me, just do as you're told," Elsa replied coldly.

The teenager whined as she got up, but, nevertheless, went to the back of the class, away from Anna.

*Good.*

Her students were in the middle of an exercise, and Elsa walked through the aisles to check on them. Once she reached the back of her classroom, where no one could see, she quickly unbuttoned the top of her blouse and walked back to the front.

"Do you need any help?" she asked Anna as she bent down in front of her pupil to check on her progress. She gave the teenager a perfect view of her generous cleavage.

"N… no… I mean, yes," Anna blurted out, and Elsa was thrilled to see that the redhead was having trouble keeping her eyes off her breasts. *Mmm, I bet that took your mind off of Merida.* Elsa smiled.

The bell rang, and it startled Elsa. What? The class had only just started! But then she realized it wasn't the school bell, but the sound of her alarm-clock.

*Fuck.*

She pulled herself upright, and turned off her alarm. It was four in the morning. *Damn Esmeralda. Why did I insist on picking her up from the airport?*

Then, as she got up from her bed, she recalled her dream. *Oh my God, I'm going crazy. That whole dream was so wrong!*

Feeling thirsty, she hustled to the kitchen and quickly drank a glass of orange juice. Then she grabbed some clothes and went to the bathroom to jump into the shower. By the time she was done, she was fully awake despite the ungodly hour. Before rushing out the door, she grabbed a pack of biscuits. It was completely dark outside and quiet, too.

*Where did that dream come from? Ugh … the mind can be so ridiculous sometimes.*
She tried to dismiss her thoughts as she drove to the airport, but she couldn’t help thinking about that dream. *Is it because I’m feeling bad for shutting Anna out?* She had started giving Anna the cold shoulder three weeks ago, and it was as if the teenager had simply withered. Gone was the usual lively, upbeat girl, and it hurt Elsa to know that she was the cause of it. Elsa had hoped that it wouldn’t last, but the spark behind Anna’s eyes continued to fade and that made her even more worried.

*And what about Merida? The poor girl has nothing to do with any of this! Although the two of them do seem to be getting closer… most likely just as friends though. She thought about it a bit more. There was a pit in her stomach… But even if it’s more than that, it’s none of my business! On the contrary, that was my intention. Wasn’t it? It would mean she moved on. Right?*

By the time she reached the airport, she had successfully managed to convince herself that the dream had been born out of guilt, and it had nothing to do with any deep rooted feelings towards Anna. After all, Anna was her student, she reminded herself. She parked at the drop off zone, and checked her phone. She could have walked to the airport, but Esméralda had insisted that it wasn’t necessary. Elsa hadn’t argued, because it also meant that she didn’t have to pay for parking.

*Oh, I’m a few minutes early. Hopefully seeing Esmé will take my mind off of things.*

She waited for a few minutes, listening to whatever she could find on the radio, and left her car when she saw a few people starting to wander out of the airport. *Her plane must have landed.*

It wasn’t long before she spotted her cousin walking out of the airport and looking around to find her. Elsa started waving, and Esméralda, spotting her, waved back. She hurried over to her and Elsa smirked as she watched her cousin trying to walk quickly in high heels.

"Elsa!" the raven-haired girl squealed as she dropped her luggage to embrace her with open arms.

"Esmé! It's wonderful to see you! I've missed you so much," Elsa gushed as she hugged her cousin. She was a little taken aback when Esméralda kissed her on both cheeks, but quickly accepted the gesture.

"I'm not used to that any more!" Elsa explained as Esméralda looked at her questioningly.

"Right, I forgot. First lesson: don't kiss friends or relatives. People are weird here," the French girl remarked. "Hugs are cool, though. Brrr, it’s so cold here! Warm me up, cuz!"

Elsa chuckled and rubbed her cousin's arms. "Maybe you shouldn't have dressed like it was summer!" she teased as she took another glance at Esmé. Esméralda was wearing a short purple skirt and a simple white ruffle top. And although it suited her perfectly by displaying her exquisite tanned legs and toned midriff, it was definitely not the right outfit for a chilly Arendelle morning.

"Yeah, I didn't think it would be this cold."

"Come on. Let's go to the car. I'll turn on the heat."

"Great. But first, let me see the twins!" Esméralda said with a huge smile.

Elsa was trying to come up with a clever comeback when both her cousin's hands went straight to her breasts.

"ESMÉ!" the blonde squeaked as the brunette felt her up.

"What?" Esméralda replied, feigning innocence.
"That's... that's... you can't do that! Especially here, in public!" Not that the place mattered anyway.

"Sure, some horny owl may have gotten an eyeful in this pitch black darkness!" she quipped. But she removed her hands and winked. "Glad to see that my babies are as healthy as they've always been."

Elsa blushed a little and quickly took her cousin's luggage and put it in the trunk. They both sat inside the car afterward, with Esméralda in the passenger seat.

"So, how was your flight?" Elsa asked as she turned on the ignition.

"Awesome. I managed to score with one of the flight attendants! I soon discovered what she was hiding underneath her uniform in the plane's bathroom, and damn, it was magnificent!"

"What?!" Elsa screamed.

"Yeah! It was something I always wanted to try. I'd say my flight to Arendelle was excellent." Esméralda grinned.

"Aren't you in a relationship with, um, Amanda?" Elsa asked. It was hard to keep up with all her cousin's conquests. Esmé never ceased to surprise her. They had both discovered their sexuality at roughly the same age, but had taken quite different routes since then. While Elsa had been closeted and secretly pining away over Rapunzel, Esméralda had always been open about her desires and hadn't waited long before experimenting.

"Nah, it's over. I'm with Alice now. I met her at work."

"Wh... What? You cheated on your girlfriend!

"Relax, we're in an open relationship. Actually, I told her about what happened as soon as the plane landed, and she wanted to know all the details! It's one of her fetishes. She actually confessed she'd love to see me in action with another woman. Oh! That reminds me, the flight attendant gave me her number. Maybe I'll get to see her again soon?"

"Wow... an open relationship... that's something I could never do!" She knew it would just eat her up and she'd end up dying of jealousy.

"Of course! You're a one girl kind of girl. What you need is to find your true love! Marry the girl of your dreams, get some kids and a dog, then some grandkids, grow old and be buried in the same tomb."

"That... that actually sounds lovely. Except for the last part," Elsa noted.

"Speaking of true love... tell me about the girls you teach. Who's the hottest?" Esmeralda asked with a teasing smile.

"Stop it or I'm going to open the door and throw you out," Elsa warned.

"You're no fun... but rest assured, we'll get back to this later..."

"How's the family back in France?" Elsa asked to change the subject.

"Good, good. We miss you, though. Last time I saw your parents, they really wished you would come visit them."
Elsa felt a pang of guilt. "I… I know. I miss them, too. It's hard sometimes to be so far from everyone."

"Well, you have me now!" Esméralda said with a big smile, and Elsa chuckled.

"Yeah, I do. I was really happy when mom told me you might come."

They spent the rest of the trip chatting about the family, and the sun was starting to rise when they arrived back to Elsa's place.

"Ooh, you've got yourself a nice little house!" Esméralda exclaimed as Elsa parked in her driveway.

"Yeah, I bought it a few years ago when my modelling career was at its peak. I paid for half of it up front so the mortgage isn't very high."

"Well, that was a good call. Come on, show me around!"

Elsa did so, and was glad to see that her cousin loved it. The house wasn't very big, but it was more than enough for her, and she believed it would perfect for two.

"Here's the guest room. You can stay here."

"Damn! I hoped we would have to sleep in the same bed." Esmé pouted. "I would have looked after the twins all night long while you slept…"

"How generous. Well, I'm sorry to disappoint," Elsa replied with a smile. "By the way, is this all you brought?" Elsa asked while picking up Esméralda's suitcase.

"Yeah. We're gonna have to go shopping!"

"Oh-oh. Well, no problem. I'll show you around!" Esméralda had always had a great sense of fashion, and it was always a delight to go shopping with her.

"Oh, that reminds me! I brought you some gifts!"

"You didn't have to!" Elsa exclaimed.

"Well, you're housing me."

"Of course, we're family. You shouldn't have bought anything."

"Don't worry, it didn't cost me a dime."

A bit curious, Elsa watched Esméralda rummaging through her suitcase.

"Here!" She said before handing her a large bag while sporting a huge grin.

Elsa looked inside, and blushed.

"Those are my latest designs! What do you think?"

Elsa took the lingerie out of the bag and examined them. They were fabulous. She had always loved lingerie, even if she rarely wore any because she had no one to wear it for. Still, on the rare occasions when she did wear some, it always made her feel sexy.

She touched the panties and bra and marvelled at their quality. She didn't quite understand what
was so compelling about these lacy items, but it never failed to turn her on. Lingerie was her number one fetish, and it was the first thing she looked for when searching for naughty videos on lonely nights. She loved girly-girls and she loved being one.

"Damn, they're awesome."

Esméralda snickered. "You'll think about me when you show that to your favourite little teacher's pet."

"Esmé! Enough with that!" Elsa complained. It was starting to get annoying.

"In the meantime… you should thank me by modelling them for me in private!"

Elsa glared at her cousin.

"What? It's only fair!" Esméralda replied with a wink.

"You know what? Ok. But only with one piece, and I get to choose which!" Elsa fired back, amused.

"Wow! I never thought you'd give in so easily."

Elsa left for her room, bag in hand, without replying. To be honest, she did miss modelling, and she really wanted to try on these gifts. No way I'm putting on something too risqué, though.

She put every article on her bed and hesitated for a while. That see-through babydoll is out of the question, at least as far as Esmé goes. And ditto for all those skimpy thongs. The garter belt, however… it actually hides more skin than without, so that's a keeper…

She tried some of the articles, admiring herself in front of the mirror. Damn, I've still got it! It came as no surprise that Esméralda knew her measurements perfectly.

"Elsa? I'm waiting!" Esméralda called from the other room.

"Yeah, hold on. I'm almost ready."

After a while, she decided on a set of lacy black panties that did wonders to her butt, and a matching bra that was equally spectacular. She figured she'd add the garter belt and the stockings, and reviewed the ensemble in the mirror. She looked great and moreover felt incredibly beautiful and sexy. The silky hose felt amazingly good against her skin, as did the bra and panties. It was enough to turn her on by itself.

She cupped her heavy breasts, feeling the weight in each hand, and offered them to her reflection. Anna would have a heart attack seeing me like this. What? Immediately, she suppressed that thought and opened the door.

"I'm ready!" she shouted.

"I'm in the living room!"

Elsa grabbed a pair of black heels for fun, put them on, and walked into the living room, remembering how she had been taught to parade herself on the runway. She had been told her natural gait was already quite sexy, but with what she had learned from modelling, she was able to turn that up a notch or two.

"Holy fuck!" Esméralda exclaimed as her cousin walked in.
Elsa blushed a little as her cousin's eyes roamed all over her body, but she continued her walk and turned around when she arrived next to her. Watching over her shoulder, she noticed how Esméralda couldn't take her eyes off her. She felt powerful.

"Elsa, marry me… I swear, if you weren't my cousin I'd be on one knee with a ring..."

Elsa chuckled and slowly retreated to her room. She closed the door behind her before removing the garterbelt and stockings, but hesitated when it came to the lace panties and bra. She felt so good in them that she didn't want to wear plain underwear.

Fuck it, nobody will know. She kept them on and put on her pencil skirt and blouse for work. She still had half an hour before she had to leave, but this way she wouldn't have to scramble.

"So, how was the show?" she asked as she came back to the living room.

"Amazing! Are you sure you don't want to work for me? You looked fucking hot."

"Well, thanks, but no. I'm done with modelling." It was still, however, pleasant to get compliments, especially from someone who was used to beautiful models parading around in skimpy outfits.

"You really rock the sexy librarian look, too," Esméralda commented.

"What? Really?" Elsa was surprised. "I've been trying to tone it down lately."

"Why?" Esméralda asked immediately. "Something juicy happened?"

"I… no, of course not!"

"Liar! I know you lied! You hesitated for a second, and then you bit your lip!" Esméralda retorted excitedly, standing up. "I knew it! You have a teenage girlfriend!"

"WHAT!? No!" Elsa denied. Just thinking about that made her sick.

"There's no keeping secrets from me. I'll discover everything anyway, so confess now," Esméralda warned.

Elsa sighed and sat on the couch, followed by her cousin. "One of the students found my modelling pictures and shared them on Instagram."

"That's it?"

"Well… Um, I also figured out one my students has a crush on me," Elsa admitted.

"And…?"

"I was getting a bit too close to her, so I've been acting extra careful recently."

"Ah, a girl… now you've got me interested. When you say too close… do you mean French kissing, feeling her up, or slipping your hand under her skirt?"

Elsa facepalmed. "Obviously not. Be serious, please."

"Of course, sorry. So… how close?"

"Well, we would talk after class and I would sit with her on the tram."
Esméralda sighed. "To be honest, I wasn't expecting much, but you still managed to disappoint!"
She shook her head. "Chatting, that's it?"

"Well, yeah. But the conversations … I'm not even sure how to put this in words, it felt like I was talking to a close friend, and not one of my students. It was like we had a connection."

"Hmmm… is she cute?"

"I don't see why that's important!" Elsa remarked.

"Come on cuz, you've already come this far. Tell me everything."

Elsa sighed again. "Well, yes, she's a real cutie. Not that that matters anyway. But she's really pretty, with bright strawberry blonde hair, and a lovely disposition, too. And”—Elsa closed her eyes—"she has really great legs."

Esméralda smiled mischievously, but didn't say anything.

"What?" Elsa asked.

"Come on, you know what. What if you're actually being standoffish because the crush is mutual?"

"That's… that's preposterous!" Elsa stated. "She's only sixteen! That would make me a sexual predator! Not to mention that I'm her teacher!"

"Pfff… she's old enough to know what she wants, and you are, too. If you weren't her teacher, it would be perfectly legal."

"Well, I am. And just because it's legal doesn't mean it's ethical," Elsa argued.

"Anyway, you've said enough! I ship it!" Esméralda proclaimed.

"What?! You better not try anything!" Elsa warned.

"Of course not. Although, I've already started. Now that I've put that bug in your ear, the thought of you and that little cutie will forever be in the back of your mind!"

Elsa waved Esméralda away dismissively. "Please. Anyway, I should go to work. Help yourself to anything you need. There's a spare key on the kitchen counter if you want to leave the house."

"Ok! I'm actually gonna take a quick nap. The jet lag just caught up to me. I'm exhausted."

"See you tonight!"

"See you! And don't get caught making out with your teenage crush, it would be bad for your career!"

Elsa rolled her eyes and left. She never should have told her cousin about Anna.

"So, where should we go then?" Merida asked Anna.

"Well, I think we've seen everything…" Anna replied. "At least, as far as tourist attractions go."

"Ok! Thanks so much! I really appreciate the time ye took showing me around."

Ironically, Kris had been the one to come up with the idea of showing Merida around Arendelle
City. After all, the exchange student was here to discover new places and a different culture, so it wasn't a bad idea. At first, Anna hadn't been too interested, because nothing really managed to motivate her recently, but she had reluctantly agreed, if only because Kris had begged her not to leave him alone with Merida all day. *Which makes no sense, since it's his idea, and now he's not even here... he's been acting so weird lately.*

"Too bad Kris couldn't come with us!" Merida commented as they walked in the city centre.

"Yeah..." He had called in sick early this morning. Anna wondered what that was all about. Suddenly, she felt mired in despair ... this had been happening more and more often. Knowing her secret and also being her best friend, Kris was one of the few people who knew how to lift her spirits.

Merida gave her a funny look. "Is... is everything ok, Anna? I mean, you've been acting really differently these last few weeks."

"Really? No, I'm fine. Maybe I'm a little tired," Anna lied. To be honest, she wasn't fine. It had been three weeks since Ms. Neige's photos had been leaked on social media, and it had been horrible ever since. All the buzz about the images had died quickly enough, and her teacher had gone back to her usual self after a week or two—well, in class anyway. She couldn't say the same about her personal relationship with her teacher. No more talks before or after class, no smiles or personal attention, nothing. Anna didn't even try to find her on the tram anymore since Ms. Neige had rejected her so coldly.

And it hurt. Mostly because Anna was certain that there had been something between them. Nothing sensual or romantic, obviously, but she had thought they had a special relationship, and she had treasured it. She knew quite well that her crush would never be reciprocated, but being able to talk to Ms. Neige and be close had been enough. And now, Ms. Neige acted as if Anna were dead to her.

"Are you sure? Kris told me he was a bit worried about you, too..." Merida continued.

"Really? No, I'm fine, I swear," Anna lied once more.

"Oh, look! Isn't that Ms. Neige?" Merida suddenly asked, and Anna turned towards the direction her friend was facing. It was Ms. Neige all right, and she wasn't alone. A tall, gorgeous woman with a dark complexion and raven hair was walking right next to her. They were both carrying shopping bags in their hands.

"They seem to be pretty close," Merida observed as the tanned-skinned woman crooked her arm around Ms. Neige's.

For a second Anna wondered why Mrs. Fitzherbert wasn't with them, but then realised that they may not necessarily share the same friends.

"Yeah, maybe..." Anna said, unable to get her eyes off her beautiful teacher. Ms. Neige was drop dead gorgeous in her flowing skirt and her skin-tight tank top. She was wearing some light make-up, and her smile was stunning.

"They seem to be pretty close," Merida observed as the tanned-skinned woman crooked her arm around Ms. Neige's.

"You're right," Anna agreed. She didn't really like that.

"Let's follow them!" Merida proposed as they crossed by each other on opposite sides of the street. The two girls turned around and watched them from the other side.
"Do you think they could be… a couple?"

"What? Why?!!" Anna asked, startled.

"Well, I dinnae know. Why not? They seem awful chummy and there must be gay teachers, too. So, why not her?"

"I… I don't know."

The two girls kept following their teacher, and Anna was starting to freak out. What if Merida was onto something? No, it couldn't be.

But then the tanned woman suddenly stopped and took Ms. Neige in her arms before kissing her on the cheek.

"See!" Merida said. "I'm telling ye they could be together!"

"It's a kiss on the cheek. It doesn't mean anything. You know French people do that."

But then something else happened, and Anna's mouth dropped. The raven-haired woman had just playfully spanked Ms. Neige on the butt before they had both started moving again. The woman had even slipped her arm around Ms. Neige's waist, drawing her closer.

Merida snickered, while Anna's heart sank.

"Ha, I bet they don't do that, though."

Anna couldn't believe it. Was Ms. Neige a lesbian? The thought should have made her giddy, but her whole body was flaring with jealousy. She realised how stupid it was, but she couldn't help feeling that way. A dark, heavy weight was crushing her guts, and she wanted to cry out in frustration and sudden loneliness.

"Anna?"

"This is stupid. We shouldn't spy on our teacher. I'm going home!" Anna blurted before running off into the crowd.

"Wha…? Anna, where are ye going?!!" Anna heard Merida call out in the distance, but she didn't stop running. She was sobbing now, and she didn't want her friend to see her that way.

She continued running, avoiding all the people who were staring at her, and only stopped when she was sure Merida couldn't find her. She walked to a quieter street, and rested against a wall. Her heart was pounding in her chest. She couldn't believe how she was reacting. Merida is going to think I'm crazy.

She didn't even dare to look at her phone, and walked back home, trying not to think about what she had discovered about Ms. Neige. I knew there was no way she could be single… but if she's gay, that means there's a teeny, tiny chance for me… except that she has a gorgeous, sexy girlfriend…

By the time she was home, she had started crying again. Her mother asked her if she was ok when she entered, but Anna rushed upstairs to her bedroom and closed her door. Then she lay on her bed, hugged her pillow tight and cried all the tears she could. I love, love her so much… and it hurts so bad.
IceWraith made another picture of Elsa modelling for Esmé!
You can find it in the comments ^^
Chapter 11

Anna felt awful as she walked into school. Not only was she still upset about seeing Ms. Neige with another woman, but she knew that she was going to have to face Merida ... and maybe even Kris. Other than texting her friend that she was home, she hadn't given Merida any explanation as to why she had suddenly fled. She knew how strange her behaviour must have looked, and she felt more than anxious about it now. Judging by the flurry of texts she had received from Kris, Merida had apparently told him about the incident. I bet they're both furious with me. She hadn't bothered to reply to anyone.

"Anna!" Kris suddenly appeared behind her. Merida was with him, too.

"H-hey..."

"We need to talk."

Anna sighed. "I guess..."

They sat down on a nearby bench, and Merida started talking. "Ye really scared me, and ye left me all alone in the middle of nowhere!"

"I... I'm sorry. I really am ... Did you have a hard time finding your way back?" Anna asked, feeling even worse.

"I managed," she said flatly. "But Anna, whit's going on? There's definitely something nae right here. Why did ye freak out so suddenly?"

Anna sighed and her shoulders dropped. I ... I ..." but then her voice faltered.

Kristoff stood up and walked over to her. "Anna, just tell her ..."

With her lips trembling, she turned to Merida. "I-I'm in love with ... Ms. Neige," she confessed. "Seeing her... so happy with her girlfriend..."—she choked up for a second, but then steeled herself—"it really hurt."

"Oh," Merida simply offered.

"Yeah..."

Kristoff nodded.

"When did all this start?" Merida asked.

"Right when I saw her the first time. It was so... so strange. It completely blew my mind. She's so pretty, and gorgeous, and ... I know this is crazy, but it was love at first sight. Up until then, I never would have even believed that that was real."

Merida chuckled. "I see. Everythin' makes sae much more sense now! So, yer gay?"

"Yes," Anna answered. "I mean, I never knew until I met her... it's... it's like I had no idea ... but, yeah."
"Do ye think I'm bonnie, I mean pretty?" Merida asked, taking Anna by surprise.

"Well… uh… I mean, you don't have to be gay to know if someone's pretty."

"Hmmm… fair point."

"But yes. Yes, you're pretty. Although I only have eyes for Ms. Neige, in case you think you have a chance," Anna replied with a wink.

Merida chuckled. Turning toward Kris, she asked, "I guess ye knew?" and Kris nodded in affirmation.

"I've been trying to convince her to just let it go, but that didn't work."

"Really? Why?"

"Come on, Merida, we're talking about her teacher! And look at the damage it's already done! I don't want to see her hurt any more than she already is."

"Pfff, Kris, yer bum's oot the windae. Ye can't give up so easily, Anna!" Merida proclaimed.

"Wh… what do you mean?"

"Well, if ye want her, go get her! Don't mope around and wait for something tae happen. Failing means yer playing."

"Merida... there's no way I have a chance. You're asking me to reach for the impossible," Anna explained.

"Why? We already think she's a lesbian. Yer half way there already."

"She's her teacher, and Anna's her student," Kris interjected. He dramatically raised his arms in the air. "Can't you see how ridiculous the situation is? There's just no way Ms. Neige would risk dating one of her students."

"Are ye kidding? Have ye listened to the news lately? This kinda thing's in the media all the time! Well, if not all the time, at least once a month."

"Yeah, because those teachers end up in jail. Hello? Jail. Doesn't sound like such a good idea to me."

"Only if they get caught. I'm pretty sure a lot of them manage tae do it secretly," Merida countered.

"Well, I won't say it never, ever happens, but I've never heard of a teacher-student relationship that worked out," Kris fired back.

"Actually..." Anna threw in, "there's the French president… he married his highschool teacher."

"See?" Merida crowed triumphantly. "And, remember, Ms. Neige is French! Who knows what's normal there? Maybe all their teachers have affairs with their students!"

Anna chuckled, but Kris facepalmed.

"Now you're encouraging her! She's going to get hurt even worse than she already is!"

"Well, what's she got tae lose? Right? I mean, at this point, she can only go up. If she really loves
Ms. Neige, she should give it her all! That way she'll have nae regrets."

Anna couldn't help but think that Merida was crazy, but somehow all this craziness was actually cheering her up. What if Merida's right? She didn't have anything to lose. Right now, Ms. Neige won't even talk to me. There's not much more she could do to make me feel worse, except if she found out how I feel about her ...

"I… I don't even know how to get her attention," Anna admitted. "It was going fine when she used to talk to me, but now she just shuts me out. And I don't even know why."

"Hmm… I can only think of two reasons … Either she figured out how ye feel about her and wants tae keep ye at arm's length, or she feels the same way ye dae, and doesn't want trouble."

"Forget about reason two … There's no way that a woman as gorgeous as Ms. Neige is going to fall for someone like me, even if she is a lesbian, and as for reason one … I think I'd die if she ever found out how I feel about her," Anna explained.

"The two of you are killing me. How 'bout this? She just wants to act professionally? You know, exactly how a teacher is supposed to act?" Kris offered. "Especially since she's probably in hot water after her sexy photos were leaked."

"Yeah… I gotta agree with Kris," Anna commented.

Merida sighed. "Don't listen tae what he's saying. When it comes tae love, it's not about logic, it's all about the heart. Listen to me; I'm going tae take care of ye, Anna!"

Anna smiled. It was nice to see how Merida rallied behind her. "Well, what do you think I should do?"

"Well, we still have tae make sure Ms. Neige is gay. Any idea on how tae do that?"

"Not really..." Anna admitted, although she was eager to find out.

"We're gonna have tae think about that. Maybe we could stalk her tae make sure the girl she went shopping with really is her girlfriend. That would settle it."

"Yeah… that would really settle it! It would mean there's no hope for me."

"Are ye kidding? That would be great news! Just think about it … yer a girl and if she's into girls, then yer playin' in the same field. You'll just have tae lure her away from that woman."

"Sure," Anna replied sarcastically.

"Anyway, we'll work on that later. Right now, I've got an idea for today."

"Like what?" Anna asked, interested.

"Just before French class, we'll stop by the lavvy and fix yer skirt. Just raise the hem a wee bit so that it's shorter. We'll see if she notices. And I'll fix you up with some light makeup, too."

"You two are crazy. Even if she's gay, she's not going to be staring at Anna's legs in class!" Kris complained. "And makeup's against school rules! Anna's going to end up in Weselton's office!"

"Oh, Kristoff, ye dinnae know how any of this really works, do ye?" Merida replied. "Don't listen to him, Anna. If ye follow his lead ye'll never date anyone! And Kris, look at her! She's already feeling better, right?"
Anna had to admit, Merida did manage to lift her spirits. She had just regained enough hope that maybe, just maybe, she thought she might have a chance with Ms. Neige. Merida was right, if she really loved, she was going to have to go all out before giving up.

"Well… okay… but for how long? I'm just worried that this is all going to end up as a trainwreck..." Kris commented.

"Don't worry, Kris. I know my chances are slim, but Merida's right, nothing ventured, nothing gained."

"I give up," Kris finally admitted, throwing his hands in the air out of frustration.

"So… exactly how short should my skirt be?" Anna inquired mischievously.

Elsa was waiting for her students to show up. Weird, shouldn't Anna and her friends be here already? Normally, they're here early. Half of the students were already standing by the door, while Anna's group was still missing.

Weird, maybe she finally got over me? But the fact that she was late worried Elsa. I hope she doesn't turn into a slacker and lose her interest in French. Maybe Merida's a bad influence on her? She suddenly remembered her dream. Could they be dating? A series of jumbled feelings ran through her head. It's none of your business, Elsa!

But then she spotted them, and Elsa gulped. Oh my God! Anna was even cuter than usual. Was she wearing a touch of makeup? If that was the case, it really enhanced her natural beauty. But what really caught Elsa's attention was Anna's long, slender, delicious legs—did she just think delicious? Yes she did, and they were delicious. She gulped again. She must be wearing a much shorter skirt than usual. It made her look both incredibly cute and unbelievably sexy.

Alarms began sounding in Elsa's mind, and she quickly turned her head away to focus on her class.

Once all her students were ready, she promptly started class, trying her best to avoid looking at Anna's bare legs. Unfortunately Anna was sitting in the front row, and Elsa had a direct line of sight of her student's long, shapely legs, all the way up to her thighs. At least Anna had her legs properly crossed instead of flashing Elsa with a view of her panties.

God knows what I'd do if her legs weren't crossed… the word, "delicious" floated back into her consciousness. Damnit, Elsa! Focus! It would be terrible if Anna caught her peeping, and it would be even worse if someone else caught her staring at a student.

It took all her will to avoid looking at Anna. However, at some point she also realized she was completely avoiding looking in her direction. This can't work either, she'll notice something's wrong.

Elsa did her best to act as natural as possible, forbidding her eyes to wander beneath Anna's desk.

Her new strategy resulted in catching a few glimpses of Anna's bare legs, and it was affecting her. Maybe I should say something? I haven't read all the school rules yet, but I'm pretty sure this goes against them. There must be a rule about skirt length… but damn, that uniform really looks great on Anna… Elsa!

She was still wrestling with herself. As a teacher, she should say something about Anna's skirt, but on the other hand, she didn't want anyone to accuse her of ogling her students. Well, they don't know I'm gay… so nobody would think it's weird if I said something. But what about Anna? What if
she did this on purpose? Wouldn't it be better to pretend I didn't notice? Then she chastised herself. What are you thinking? Why would she even do that? You're losing your mind, Elsa!

She couldn't make up her mind on how to handle the situation before the bell rang, signalling the end of class. When Anna got up to pack her things, she uncrossed her legs, revealing her pink panties. Elsa found herself unable to look away.

Fuck…

I need to say something now. She can't go around flashing the entire school. Elsa was just about to intervene when she heard Hans comment, "Nice skirt, Anna! I like it."

"Fuck off, you lavvey-heided wanker," Merida replied, and Elsa pretended she hadn't heard a thing. To be honest, she hadn't understood everything that Merida just said, although she was sure it wasn't nice.

Elsa noticed that Anna was blushing though, and her hands went to her skirt to straighten it and lower it a bit. So cute...

Elsa shook her head, and waited a bit before leaving her class for break. She stopped by Rapunzel's classroom, and noticed her best-friend sitting at her desk.

"Hey, Punzie!"

"Hi Elsa. How are you?"

"Fine, thanks. Hey, I've got a question ...Have you ever noticed Anna wearing her skirt really short? Isn't that against the rules?"

"Anna? No, that's not like her, not at all. A lot of the girls do though. Don't hesitate to call them on it."

"Oh. Ok, thanks."

"I'll keep an eye on her. Oh, and on a side note, some of my students want to speak with you. Remember the girls we met while shopping? They want to know about modelling."

"Oh. Is that a good idea?"

"Well, maybe you could talk to them. Just make sure you don't tell them to ditch school to become models and it should be fine," Rapunzel joked.

"I'll try not to corrupt their innocent minds," Elsa replied. "Aren't you going to the teacher's lounge?"

"Nah, unfortunately, I've got too much work to do. I'll see you later on! Oh, by the way, how's it going with Esméralda?"

"Great! She's been working a lot recently, though."

"Well, we should visit her store once it opens. Maybe I can find something Flynn'll like!"

"I'm sure you will," Elsa said with a wink. "See you later!"

She was walking to the teacher's lounge when she ran into Mr. Weselton.
"Oh, Ms. Neige! I need to talk to you," he mentioned.

"Okay, I'm listening," Elsa said a bit defensively, afraid of what this could be about.

"Some representatives of the students' parents want to meet you. It's about your former career."

"Oh," Elsa simply said. "I thought that had blown over by now. The students stopped talking about it at least two or three weeks ago."

"I know, but it seems it took some time to reach the parents. I've agreed to meet with them on Friday after the end of class. Is that good for you?"

"Y… yes, of course," Elsa replied. *Fuck, I really thought I was done with this.*

"Don't worry, I'm sure it will go fine."

"Shhhhh! Here she comes!" Merida whispered as Ms. Neige came out of the school.

Anna, Merida and Kristoff had been waiting for fifteen minutes, hidden behind a low wall nearby.

"This is a bad idea; we shouldn't be doing this!" Kris whispered, but Merida hit him in the gut.

"If you're only here to complain, you should just go home!"

"What? No… no, I'm staying with you."

"She takes the tram on Tuesdays, anyway," Anna commented. "I already know that."

"Hmm… it doesn't look that's going tae happen today," Merida pointed out, and Anna saw that Ms. Neige was indeed walking away from the tramway stop.

"Let's follow her, but be careful! I don't want her to notice us!" Anna told her friends.

"Kris, get your car and follow us in case she gets a ride!" Merida added.

"What?! You're crazy!"

"Don't argue! And hurry!"

Kris mumbled something, but did as he was told, which made Anna chuckle. She had rarely seen her best-friend so docile.

"I think that's the same woman we spotted her with last time..." Merida observed as they watched their teacher enter a car through the passenger door.

"Yeah, I recognize her hair, but that's Ms. Neige's car..." Anna told her friend. She had already seen it twice before.

"Strange... they share the same car?"

Anna winced when she saw Ms. Neige lean over and kiss the other woman.

"Relax, it's just a kiss on the cheek. It doesn't mean a thing," Merida told her, as if she was reading Anna's mind. "Maybe she's French, too."

*Still, she's supposed to be kissing me, not her, even if it's on the cheek!*
"Ah, Kris is finally here!"

Anna followed Merida into the car, sitting in the back. If they got caught following them, she didn't want to be recognized.

"Hurry up, we're gonna lose them!" Merida urged Kristoff.

"How did I let you talk me into this?" he complained. "We could get into real trouble!"

"Just follow them sae they don't spot us. Haven't ye ever watched spy movies?"

"Of course I have, but if you haven't noticed I'm not exactly a spy! I've had my driving licence for less than a year."

"Ye know, that's too bad. I've always thought spies looked really cool and were so mysterious."

"Well… I mean, I did ace my driver's exam. It's just… I mean, yeah, you're right, I can definitely do this. Just call me Bond. Kris Bond."

Anna smiled when she noticed how Kris took on their new mission, although the last line had her thinking Austin Powers instead of 007.

"Don't get too close, though," Anna warned him.

"Don't worry, I've got this!"

They drove for a while, until Ms. Neige's car stopped. They were far enough away that they went unnoticed and they watched the scene unfold from within Kris' car.

Ms. Neige and her alleged girlfriend left the car, and Anna sighed when she saw the dark-haired woman rest her arm around Ms. Neige's waist.

"Well, I guess there's no doubt now," she concluded.

"Hmpf. Not sure, but it does look like they're together," Merida agreed.

The two women entered the house, and Anna lowered her head. Ms. Neige's girlfriend is so lucky…

"Well, if it's true, that's good news!" Merida proclaimed. "I know what yer thinking, but that means she truly is gay. The good news is that they're not married or even engaged, so it's definitely possible for ye tae step in! Besides, Ms. Neige was definitely checking ye out in class!"

Anna wasn't so sure about that. True, she had caught Ms. Neige looking at her legs a few times, but probably because it was against school rules and Ms. Neige was thinking about reporting her.

Anyway, she didn't know how a boring and plain teenager like herself could compete with a gorgeous full-grown woman for Ms. Neige's affection, however she was done wallowing in self-pity. She was going to do everything she could to win Ms. Neige over.

"Maybe we could sneak up tae the house and look at the name on the mailbox," Merida suggested.

"Then we can see if both their names are written there."

"No, no way. Nobody's sneaking up to that house," Kris said firmly. "We're done here."

"Aw, come on! Don't chicken out now!"
"Merida, stop. Enough is enough. I'm driving us back even if I have to take you kicking and screaming. I'm not going to sit here and watch the two of you get arrested, or God knows what."

Anna had rarely seen him being so assertive, and Merida looked at him, a bit surprised. "Well, whatever ye say then, Mr. Bond!" she said with a smile. "Ok, James, drive us back home!"

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the reviews on the last chapter! Glad you liked it ^^

Also you must have noticed I switched to a chapter once every two weeks. I know you'd prefer once a week like, but it's much more comfortable for me that way! Also, it allows me to publish better written chapters (mainly thanks to IceWraith though :p)
Elsa was tossing about in her sleep, moving restlessly from dream to dream - each and every one of them featuring Anna.

She was back in her classroom and Anna was wearing her skirt too high again. Elsa knew that she had to say something. Not only had she spent the entire class struggling against looking at her student's slim, perfectly sculpted legs, but she began to seethe with anger whenever she caught Hans openly staring at Anna's legs as well. Unlike Hans, her intentions toward Anna were pure—*that boy didn't have the right to look at Anna that way!*

When class was over, she called Anna over to her desk.

"Merida, you can go. I need to talk to Anna in private." The other girl, who was standing right next to Anna, nodded her head and disappeared out the door.

Anna's eyes were cast toward the floor. "You wanted to talk to me, Ms. Neige?" she inquired shyly. She looked up from the ground, her eyes shining brightly as a sudden ray of sunlight illuminated her face.

"Y… yes," Elsa replied. *She looks so beautiful...*

"A… about what?"

"It's about your uniform, Anna."

The redhead blushed and looked down again, "I'm sorry."

"You know you're not supposed to wear your skirt that high."

"I… yes, I know."

"Please explain yourself then. Are you doing this for Merida?" Elsa asked. She knew it wasn't her business, but it was killing her. She needed to know if the two of them were more than just friends.

"What? No. Why would I do that?" Anna asked, surprised.

"Oh… I see… I was thinking that maybe you two were… um … closer than just friends," Elsa mumbled.

"Of course not!"

A wave of relief washed over her. Elsa found herself feeling pleased—very pleased. "Good, you had me worried," Elsa commented without even thinking. *What? How am I going to explain that remark?*

But Anna's next statement made her forget all about her own comment. "Actually… I only wear my skirt this way in your class." Anna looked back towards the floor, her cheeks turning bright red, as she demurely twisted her foot against the ground.

Elsa's mouth fell open. Could it be …? "W… why?"
"I think you know why," Anna replied, looking back at Elsa with her cheeks still bright red.

"N… no, I don't," Elsa lied.

"I… I wanted you to notice me…"

"But I do notice you!" Elsa declared. "You're one of my best students … you come to my class so eager and enthusiastic. I can tell that you're intelligent and"—Elsa paused, feeling her own cheeks turning red—"you're so very, very pretty."

"Really?" Anna responded with a huge heart-warming smile. She immediately hugged her teacher, catching Elsa completely off-guard. "Thank you, Ms. Neige," she added, while nuzzling her head into Elsa's shoulder. "I love you. I really do."

"I-I …" Elsa felt a surge of warmth from Anna's words and was unable to stop herself from returning the hug. She squeezed the teenager tightly in her arms, basking in Anna's warmth pressed up against her.

Anna looked up, cheeks still red, and their eyes locked.

God, she's so pretty.

"You know, I caught you staring at my legs a few times, so I think my strategy worked."

Elsa felt her blush return. "Well… I … you… you have really beautiful legs."

"I'm glad you think so. It makes me really happy to hear you say that." Anna looked directly at Elsa, her teal eyes glowing with intensity, "and you know… you can do more than just look at them."

"I-I … Oh God! "You know we can't. I'm your teacher."

"Well, we shouldn't be hugging, either."

Elsa realized Anna was right, especially since they were still holding each other, but her student's arms were locked around her, and Elsa didn't want to rudely force her way out.

"Indeed…"

Anna chuckled, and removed an arm to reach for Elsa's hand. Elsa's fingers tingled as Anna guided Elsa's hand to her legs, just above her knee.

Elsa knew how wrong this was, and it made her heart race. She had been fantasizing about touching Anna's thighs for so long that she couldn't muster the strength to stop.

Mmm. Anna's skin was soft and smooth and felt heavenly against her fingers. Elsa very slowly raised her hand, guided by her desire.

"You are so lovely and adorable..." she confessed, as her hand continued to wander upward.

"I…" Anna let out a little whimper. "T-thank you, Ms. Neige," she practically moaned.

Soon, Elsa's hand was well under her student's skirt, reaching her panties. Anna had inadvertently flashed Elsa on numerous occasions, but feeling the soft material beneath her fingers was so much better than simply catching a glimpse of them.
Her fingers continued to wander. Anna's butt was round and firm, and fit snugly against her palm. Sexy legs and a firm, heart-shaped butt were her greatest turn-ons, and Anna was blessed with both.

"Oh… Ms. Neige…"

Elsa gazed at Anna breathlessly. Anna was more beautiful than ever, and she could no longer resist. She glanced at her student's lips—they were so moist and inviting—and moved her head closer. Anna did the same, and Elsa closed her eyes.

The realization that she was about to kiss a sixteen-year-old seized her, and she suddenly woke up. Oh my God, I can't do this. I can't go to jail!

It took her a few minutes to calm down. She was torn between so many emotions—fear, disbelief, disgust, but overshadowing all of those was… lust.

What the fuck is wrong with me!

She catapulted out of her bed, walked briskly out of her bedroom, and was surprised to see Esméralda hovering over her laptop.

"You're still up?" she asked her cousin.

"Yeah, I'm still working on my store. You wouldn't believe the amount of paperwork involved."

Elsa looked at the time. It was three in the morning.

"What about you?" Esméralda asked, stifling a yawn.

"Dreams," she simply replied.

"Oh! What kind of dreams?" Esméralda asked with a smirk.

No way I'm telling her the truth. "Nightmares," she lied. Well, it was a nightmare in a way. A pleasant one, though…

"Awww, poor Elsa. If it's about your job, maybe you should quit and start working with me," she added, her smirk blossoming into a broad smile.

Elsa stuck out her tongue at her cousin.

"Well, if that's the way you're going to react, need I remind you that you have to leave for school in three hours? So, let's get you back to bed."

"Yeah… you're right, but let me just grab a drink first."

She did and was surprised to see Esméralda following her back to her bedroom.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to take care of you. Tuck you in and rock you like a little baby."

Elsa chuckled. "I'm ok, but thanks."

Esmé pouted, however Elsa's words didn't stop her from continuing to follow her cousin into her bedroom. Offhandedly, Esmé remarked, "Besides, I need to get to sleep, too."
Elsa slipped under her covers and watched Esméralda strip down, revealing a lacy black thong and a matching bra. *Of course she's wearing lingerie, and she definitely has the right body for it, too.*

Then, Esmé removed her bra, and grabbed a T-shirt from Elsa's closet. Elsa did catch a glimpse of her cousin's breasts. They were very nice, although they weren't as big as her own. Her mind immediately jumped to imagining Anna's smaller, but deliciously perky breasts. She winced. *Stop!*

"There, sleep tight coz,," Esméralda whispered as she slipped under the covers and snuggled against Elsa's back, perfectly spooning with her.

"Is this just a scheme to feel me up again?" Elsa asked teasingly.

"Tsk. You're so suspicious. Can't I just do something nice for my beloved cousin?"

"I guess ..."

"Although I really should check on the twins," Esméralda said as her hands made their way to Elsa's breasts. "Mmm, no bra. Very nice!"

"Esmé!" Elsa complained as her cousin gently kneaded her breasts.

"What? You're almost thirty, you have to be careful. I wouldn't want the twins to get sick without anyone noticing."

"Sure." Elsa said sarcastically before grabbing her cousin's hands and placing them against her belly. Her cousin's touch did feel delightful—Elsa's breasts had always been sensitive—but she needed to put a stop to her cousin's antics now.

"Sleep tight, Elsa." Esméralda said as she kissed her sweetly on the neck.

"Thanks. Good night."

Elsa closed her eyes, and had to admit that it felt nice to sleep next to someone. It felt so warm, and it was great to not be alone. Not that being alone really bothered her, but this was different. She had to wonder if she would ever find someone to share her nights, but she fell back to sleep before she had much time to think about it.

"She was definitely staring at your legs this time!" Merida told her friend as they left French class.

Anna blushed. To be perfectly honest, Merida was right. She had, indeed, caught Ms. Neige staring at her legs a few times. And it had thrilled her, maybe because it meant Ms. Neige liked them. Could it be that Ms. Neige couldn't keep her eyes off of them? Anna knew exactly how that felt, because she spent the whole class trying not to be caught staring at her amazing teacher. Her situation was easier, though, since she was supposed to look at her teacher. *Although I'm not supposed to be memorizing every inch of her breasts...*

"Hello, earth to Anna?"

"Sorry. I was thinking about Ms. Neige. She's so beautiful."

"Damn, ye really have to get into her bed, and quick!" Merida replied, laughing.

Anna blushed even more. Into her bed? She was sure just getting a kiss on the cheek would make her faint.
"I… I think she got a peek of my underwear," Anna remarked.

"What?! Amazing! I didn't think ye were ready fer that kind of stuff!"

"It wasn't on purpose! I just had to shift my legs! But when I uncrossed them, I saw her looking straight at them!"

Merida chuckled. "That's awesome."

"Let's hurry to the bathroom," Anna suggested, not really liking the way the boys were checking her out in the hallway. *My legs are for Ms. Neige only, not any boys!*

They were a few steps away when they came across Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"Anna! Come here," the teacher demanded, and Anna complied.

"Yes, Mrs. Fitzherbert?"

"What's this about?" her teacher asked, motioning to Anna's skirt.

"Oh… uh…" Anna had no words. *Oops.*

"You know the rules. You need to fix that skirt right now, and I'd better not see you like this again."

"Yes… of course, Mrs. Fitzherbert," Anna replied, feeling embarrassed.

"You're really disappointing me, Anna. I expect more from you."

Anna lowered her head, feeling awful, and went to the bathroom to change. *Looks like that ploy played out. What now?*

Elsa was walking towards the headmaster's office for her meeting with the parents when she was interrupted by a group of students.

"Ms. Neige! I've been looking for you!" one of them shouted.

Elsa recognized the girl from the day she went shopping with Rapunzel. "Oh, Jasmine, right?"

"Yes! Did Mrs. Fitzherbert speak to you about me?"

"She mentioned you wanted to know about modelling. Am I right?"

"Yes! I'd love to become a model, but I have no idea how… would you help me? Do you think I have what it takes?"

Elsa took some time to inspect the teenager. She was tall, and had a pretty face, big brown eyes and long dark hair. Her figure was quite appealing, too. With the way she was wearing her uniform, Elsa could also see she had a really slim waist and well-shaped hips. Her breasts weren't big, but that was actually good. Elsa's breast size had actually hampered her career.

"Yeah, I think you have a lot of potential. You're attractive, and you have this exotic quality that'll distinguish you from other models," Elsa commented.

"Really?" the girls asked, blushing a little and smiling. "I mean… people have always told me that
I'm pretty, but I wasn't sure that it would be enough."

"Well, it's only my opinion. And, you're right, being beautiful isn't the only thing you need to be a model..."

"Could… could you help me?" the girl asked. "I'd do anything!"

Elsa mentally smiled, thinking about what Esméralda would say here. "Well, if you keep working hard and graduate, I'll introduce you to some agents. I still have some connections. But you have to keep studying, ok? Modelling isn't a lifetime career."

"Sure! Thank you! Damn, I really wish you were my teacher," the girl remarked.

Elsa laughed. "Well, I have to get going. We'll talk about this some more later."

"Ok, Ms. Neige! Thanks again!"

Elsa proceeded to her meeting, and realised that she had just evaluated a student on her looks, commented on her physique, and told her she was pretty. Strangely, it didn't make her feel awkward or unprofessional. *I would never dare do that with Anna.* She tried to lie to herself, arguing that it was because Anna was a year younger than Jasmine, but she finally gave into the truth; she really had an issue with Anna. *It's because I'm really attracted to her. Fuck.*

She knocked on Mr. Weselton's office door and walked in still thinking about her attraction to her student.

"Have a seat. The parents will join us shortly."

Elsa did so, and waited for everyone to arrive.

"Before they get here, is there anything else I should know?" the headmaster asked.

"Well, no, I don't think so."

"I'm on your side, but I need you to tell me everything."

"Well, you already know everything," Elsa answered honestly. "I've been extremely professional. Students have stopped asking about my modelling career for weeks."

"Good."

They waited for a few more minutes, and then three representatives of the parents arrived, all women. Mr. Weselton made introductions, and Elsa waited for them to tell her what this was all about.

"I think you know why we're here," Mrs. Westergaard began. "We are concerned about the photos of you that are circulating on social media."

"I… I can understand that," Elsa admitted. "I used to be a model, but I can assure you that that's over. And none of the photos I posed for are risqué," she added, defending herself on that point.

"Well… still… you know how teenagers are. I know it really shocked my son to learn his teacher used to … allow herself to … to be photographed like that."

Elsa almost laughed, but restrained herself. She could hardly imagine Hans being shocked by this. *Parents can be so ridiculously naive about their children.*
"I've explained everything to my students, and they seem to have moved on," Elsa argued.

"Have they, though…?" another mother inquired. "My son never liked French, but he's always talking about this class now."

"Well, that seems rather positive to me," the headmaster argued. "We're all very happy to have Ms. Neige here. She managed to revive a class that was quite dead, I'm afraid."

"We're just concerned that our children… especially our sons… are interested in this class for the wrong reasons," Mrs. Westergaard explained, and Elsa started to see red.

Seriously? They're blaming me for what? Making students like my class?

"We don't want them to go to class only because their teacher is… um … a former model," she continued, looking for words.

"I can hardly do anything about my past," Elsa told her, "so I don't really understand what you expect from me."

"If it can be of any comfort, I can assure you Ms. Neige isn't teaching in a bikini," Mr. Weselton said as a joke, trying to lighten the mood. It didn't make Elsa laugh, though, and she glared at him. "I… I mean, she's a very professional teacher, and I've heard only good things about her ethics and her teaching methods."

"We just want to make sure our boys are safe here," another mother commented, and Elsa couldn't believe what she was hearing. Where were they going with this…?

"I'm not sure what you're trying to say here," Elsa remarked, trying to keep herself calm.

"Well… um … you know… with everything we hear on the news…"

"Are you implying I might be a sexual predator? Because if you are…"

"No, no! Of course not!" Mr. Weselton said, interrupting her. "Nobody's calling anyone names."

"And I'd like to bring this to your attention, Mr. Weselton, but we've learned she isn't even a certified teacher," Mrs. Westergaard added, addressing the headmaster as if Elsa wasn't even there.

What the fuck? She's really trying to piss me off. No wonder Hans is such a douchebag. The apple didn't fall far from the tree.

"Yet. But she's working on it, right, Ms. Neige?"

"Yes." Elsa simply replied, trying to stay cool. But I swear if she keeps implying I'm after their kids… especially Hans, of all people.

"Good… good… so you can assure us there won't be any… inappropriate behavior here? My poor, innocent boy could easily be taken advantage of," she added, and Elsa lost her temper.

"Really? You're going to keep insulting me after everything that's been said? Do you even realize what you're accusing me of?" Her outburst seemed to surprise everyone in the office. "I may not be certified yet, but I don't see how that could make me a sexual deviant! Besides, the last French teacher you had here was certified, and we all know how that worked out. If anything, you should be glad I managed to turn things around and make the class interesting, because your kids weren't learning anything before I arrived. So what's the problem? I'm attractive? Really? Is it because you
think your children can't respect a woman if she's pretty? Seriously, if something *is* wrong with someone here, it's not with me," Elsa continued, feeling the anger bubbling inside her. She couldn't believe how stupid some people could be. They didn't even know her, and were implying awful things without any basis. "And if you really want to know, there's absolutely no risk I'll be seducing any of your sons. I'm one hundred percent gay, so you can keep your groundless accusations to yourself," Elsa finished, not even realizing what she had just admitted.

There was an uncomfortable lull in the conversation. Mrs. Westergaard looked deeply offended, the other two women stared at their feet, and Mr. Weselton was speechless.

"Well, I think this concludes our meeting," he finally proclaimed. "Was there anything else…?"

Hans' mother stood up angrily. "No, that will be all," she practically spat before leaving, walking away as if she owned the place.

"Well… for what it's worth I really appreciate the way you teach our kids French. And it's great that you're a native speaker," one of the other mother remarked. "We just wanted to make sure… well… uh… anyway, thanks for meeting us. Bye."

They both left, and Elsa sighed. At least she was starting to cool off.

"Well, that shut them up. I hope Mrs. Westergaard won't go any further with this. I advise you to really, really work on your certification, though. You can never be too careful."

"I will," Elsa simply answered.

"Also, you can be sure your… well, everything you said tonight will likely be repeated. I wouldn't be surprised if everyone learns about it soon."

"I know. I guess I don't have anything left to hide now," she remarked. *Why did I bring up my sexuality? I should have kept that to myself. Now all my students are going to know I'm gay. Not that it changes anything, but still… I'd like to go a month without another scandal.*

"Well, have a nice weekend, Ms Neige."

Elsa nodded and left the office. She took out her phone to call Punzie. She had to tell her friend what just happened.

Chapter End Notes

Notes: I'm a bit early because I'll be away for a few days! I might not answer reviews right away too!
"Wow, you don't look so good!" Esméralda commented when Elsa returned home. Esméralda was on the couch working on her computer while a cooking show played on the TV.

Elsa walked into the living room, her face lined with worry. "Yeah, bad day at work."

"I guess your meeting didn't go well?"

"That's one way to put it," Elsa answered. "Personally, I'd describe it as having gone terribly wrong."

"Really? Do tell," Esméralda replied while patting a spot next to herself on the couch. Elsa collapsed next to her cousin, and explained everything: the parents, Hans' mother, the innuendoes, along with Elsa's calamitous response.

"Wow," was all Esmé could muster once Elsa was finished.

"Yeah..."

"Well, I bet that shut her up! Kudos to you!"

"But now I'm sure everyone will know that I'm..."

"A lesbian?" Esméralda asked. "So what? Embrace it! Besides, it's not like you're in the closet anymore."

"It's different with my students... first of all, my private life should remain private. Their only concern should be my performance as a teacher, not my social life. I've been teaching for only a few months and now my entire life is under scrutiny. It feels like the entire high school already knows everything about me!

"Well, you're in the spotlight. They're curious. That's part of the game!"

"Punzie said something like that, too..." Elsa admitted. She had called her best-friend on her way back home, and Rapunzel had told her not to worry about it too much.

"See? They'll gossip about it for a while, but... I mean, you're a teacher. What are they even going to do to you?"

"Yeah... still, I don't like it."

"Think about it this way, you're a visible role model. You know how it is during teenage years—it can get pretty confusing. Maybe some of your students will feel less... out-of-place? You know what I mean. I would have loved to have known that there was a lesbian teacher in my high-school."

Elsa grunted and leaned back into her couch. "I guess..."

"Besides, your little teenage admirer will now know that you're within reach!" Esméralda teased.

"Don't joke about that... it's not funny," Elsa replied, remembering the epiphany she had earlier in the day.
"Oooh. Looks like there's more to today's story. Tell me everything!"

"Only if you promise to be serious," Elsa responded. She had to speak her mind to someone, and she obviously couldn't tell Rapunzel, as much as she wanted to.

Esméralda looked a bit surprised. She moved her laptop aside on the coffee table, turned the TV off and faced Elsa. "I'm listening."

"I think you may have been right… about me having a crush on her, too," Elsa admitted. She could feel the heat flooding into her cheeks.

"That's great!"

"No. No, it isn't! And maybe crush is the wrong word for what I'm feeling, although I'm definitely attracted to her."

"Mhmm."

"I mean, she's pretty. Really pretty. So what I'm feeling is normal, right?" Elsa asked, trying to reassure herself.

"Yeah, of course." Esméralda paused momentarily, then looked back at her. "Wait! I don't even know her name! Tell me all about her."

"I don't know… I don't think I should."

"Aww, come on, don't tell me teachers aren't always gossiping about students behind their back! I'm sure that's all you ever do in the teacher's lounge."

"You're right actually," Elsa admitted. "But not… not in that way."

"Come on, I won't tell anyone. At least tell me her name."

"Anna," Elsa confessed. It felt weird, yet simultaneously liberating saying it out loud.

"Hmmmm… good, I guess. What about her hair? Her eyes?" Esméralda asked before smirking wickedly, telegraphing that she was about to say something stupid. "And, of course, her boobs?"

Elsa decided to ignore the last question. "She's got strawberry blonde hair, and beautiful teal eyes. She also has the cutest freckles ever on her nose and cheeks, and a wonderful smile."

"Well, that sounds great so far! What about her figure? That's important, too!"

Elsa sighed. "She's slim, and a bit shorter than me. And that's all I'm going to tell you!" She wasn't going to comment on Anna's perky breasts, shapely butt or exquisite legs.

"Well… from what you told me so far, I bet she's a hottie."

"And it's just… I don't know, her personality, our chats. I miss her company and our conversations." Elsa could see that her cousin was trying to not smile too much. "But it's awful. She's way too young."

"No, she's not!" Esméralda replied immediately.

"She is, though."
"Your position of authority is problematic, fine, but not her age. Both French and Arendellian law agree on that."

"Still… like you just mentioned, I'm in a position of power. It's wrong."

"Well, personally, I'd say screw it and just go for it, but I know you. So my advice is to just hold out until you're no longer her teacher. I mean, the school ends in what… three months?"

"It… it wouldn't change anything. The fact that I've been her teacher, the fact that we met that way… I could never do it. Besides, she still has another year of high school ahead of her."

"Yeah, but your job at Arendelle High ends at the end of this year, right? You don't know where you'll be next once you get certified."

"Well, I was hoping I could stay here. I mean, there's a position, and not many candidates, if any…"

"Hmpf…"

Elsa sat there for a while, thinking about it, until she realised what she was contemplating exactly. Dating Anna? You're crazy! Esméralda is definitely getting to your head.

"Anyway, this is stupid. I'm gonna work on my certification exam. I have a feeling that the parents will try to use it against me if I don't manage to pass."

"When's the exam?" Esméralda asked.

"In three weeks, and I still have some prepping to do before I'm ready."

"Well, get to work then! I'll cook."

"Thanks. How's your project going, by the way? I forgot to ask earlier."

"Great! I'll be opening the store next weekend! And there's an upstairs flat for rent, too, so I should be able to get out of your hair pretty soon!"

"You're fine, I like having you here," Elsa replied in all honesty. Sure, her cousin could be a bit odd at times, as well as a bit… touchy, but overall, it was nice having her around.

"Thanks, hon!" Esméralda said as she leaned over to give her cousin a kiss on her cheek.

"Stop staring ye perv!" Merida playfully whispered to Anna, who instantly blushed in return.

"Can't keep my eyes off her cleavage…" Anna whispered back. Ms. Neige is so hot today… not that there's ever a day when she isn't hot… but damn! Her teacher's blouse was more revealing than usual, and Anna was nearly drooling. One strap of her teacher's bra was clearly visible, and it was torture not being able to see more. Worse, Ms. Neige was wearing a pendant that fell right between her breasts, and it just drew in Anna's eyes like a magnet. She couldn't help but remember the bikini photos of Ms. Neige, or the picture of her teacher in that sexy white dress. Thinking about what she had done to herself in her room while viewing those pictures made her blush even further. She suddenly felt hot and horny, something she was getting used to while in French class. Anna awkwardly crossed her legs to try and calm herself.

"Are you ok, Anna?" Ms. Neige asked in her sexy accent, and Anna nodded twice, silently but vigorously.
"Are you sure?" her teacher asked again.

"Y… yes, I'm fine," Anna replied, glaring at Merida as her friend began to chuckle.

"Ok. Where was I? Oh, yes, gender and nouns. A chair is feminine, but a couch is masculine."

_That's just totally weird, but I guess it doesn't matter; I still love her._

She tried to keep on top of the lesson, attempting to write down the words in the right column as Ms. Neige and the other students repeated them, but it was really hard to focus today.

The bell was about to ring when Ms. Neige asked the one question every teacher always did at the end of class, and to which students always responded "no"... "Any questions?"

But this time, Anna was surprised to see Hans raise his hand. Knowing him, he was most likely going to ask something idiotic.

"Yes, Hans?" Ms. Neige asked nonetheless.

"Is is true that you're gay?"

Ms. Neige's mouth dropped, and everyone turned toward him, shocked. Anna was speechless, too. _Where did that come from?!_

"I heard you said that during a parental meeting last week," Hans added, as if it was a perfectly natural question to ask.

Everyone turned back to Ms. Neige, who was still speechless.

"That… that's none of your business," she finally answered, which caused plenty of whispers. She was saved by the bell though, as it rang indicating class was ending.

Anna waited for a while, still shocked, and Merida and Kris waited, too.

"Should we say something about what just happened?" Kris whispered.

"Like what?" Merida asked.

Their teacher looked up from her desk. "Did you need something?"

Kris rubbed at the back of his head. "Well… um, we're just sorry about what Hans just did; he can be such a dou— I mean, pain sometimes..." Kris declared, surprising both Anna and Merida.

Anna walked closer. She wanted to tell Ms. Neige it was all fine, that nobody really cared if she was gay or not, but she held back since her teacher had put the brakes on their budding friendship. Still, she wanted to show her support.

"It's ok, I'll deal with him later," remarked Ms. Neige. "You should probably leave before you're late for your next class."

They complied and, once outside the classroom, Anna's blood began to boil when she thought about what Hans had done.

"I can't believe that douchebag asked her something like that! Even he has to know how rude that is!" she told her friends.
“Yeah… but where did he get that info from? He mentioned something about a meeting? Could that have happened?” Kris asked.

“Well, I doubt he pulled it out of thin air,” Merida commented.

“Maybe he heard it from his parents? Although I have no idea how they would know something like that!” Anna remarked.

“Maybe he followed her and saw her with her girlfriend?” Merida suggested.

“For real? What a creep!” Anna couldn't believe it.

“Really you guys? You do realize that we did exactly the same thing,” Kris declared.

“Well… uh… yeah, but we're not… I mean…” Anna mumbled.

“Anyway, now we're sure!” Merida exclaimed.

“Let's get real. She didn't admit a thing,” countered Kris.

“Well, she didn't say 'no' either, so she might as well have.”

Anna had to admit, Merida was right. Ms. Neige would definitely have handled it differently if she was straight. Which meant she was gay. Like her. She likes girls. She likes girls! Like me.

“Earth to Anna?” Merida asked, and Anna turned towards her. It seemed as if she had missed something.

“Yeah?”

“We need to plan our next move now!”

“I'm sure whatever crazy plot you have brewing can wait,” Kris interjected. "Besides Anna's birthday's coming up. That's more important. Wanna do something over the weekend?"

Anna smiled. "Yeah! How 'bout a movie? And I get to pick!"

"Yer birthday's this weekend?" Merida asked, surprised.

"Actually it's on Thursday, but yeah," Anna corrected.

"Ye should have told me ahead of time!"

"Why? It's not that big a deal. I usually just spend the Saturday with Kris, and Sunday with my parents. You're welcome to join us, of course."

“Sure! So yer goin' to be seventeen… almost a grown-up!” Merida joked.

"Getting close at least!” Anna answered.

"We could go to the mall before the movie."

"Sure!"

"Kris? What do you think?"

"Huh… yeah, ok, as long as you're alright with it."
"Great. And don't bail on us this time," Merida added with a wink.

Elsa walked to the teacher's lounge in a daze. She couldn't believe how blunt Hans had been. She had known that the subject would eventually come up, but not like that. And I didn't even answer his question. I wish I had reacted differently. Maybe I should have lied? No, that would have been a cop out. What I should have done is looked him directly in the eye and told him I was gay.

She opened the lounge's door and said "Hi" to everyone before looking in her locker out of habit. A few teachers were sitting around the table drinking coffee, and she joined them.

"Rough morning?" Naveen asked. At first Elsa had thought the P.E. teacher was going to be a problem since he had started flirting with her right from day one, but he had actually caught on rather quickly that she wasn't interested, and turned out to be a nice guy.

"Yeah. One of the worst since I got here, actually," she replied.

"Oh-oh. What happened?"

Elsa looked around the lounge and sighed. Everyone was going to find out about this anyway. "I made a huge mistake last week. I was so angry when a group of parents implied that I was out to seduce their boys that I let it slip I'm gay."

A few of the teachers reacted to her statement in surprise. Elsa waited a couple of seconds before she continued, letting the information sink in. "Mrs. Westergaard was one of the parents in attendance, and apparently she told her son, Hans, about what I said."

"She's the fucking worst. One time she threatened to sue me because Hans got his ass handed to him by the rugby team after trying to sneak into the girl's locker room. He actually tried to pass it off as a mistake … that he accidentally walked into the wrong room, and she believed him!" Naveen explained. "Everyone knows the entrance to the girl's locker room is in an isolated hallway."

"Did Hans do something in your class?" one of Elsa's colleague wanted to know.

"He asked me if it was true that I was gay in front of the entire class."

"What a jerk!"

"Yeah… I was so shocked I didn't know what to say… so I ended up telling him it was none of his business."

"This deserves some kind of disciplinary action. You need to go directly to the Weasel," Naveen commented, calling the headmaster by his secret nickname.

"I… I'll think about it. I don't need to put myself in an even worse situation with his parents… "I'm gonna grade some papers in my classroom… thanks for the support. I'll see you all later."

"Of course."

Elsa stood up and left, knowing they were all going to talk about her being gay. At least they acted polite during their conversation.

She was walking back to her class, brooding over the past events, when she noticed Anna waiting alone in the corridor. The teenager looked a bit apprehensive, and Elsa was curious about what was
"Anna?" she called, and the teenager jumped.

"Oh! Ms. Neige! I… sorry, you surprised me."

"Is there something you need?"

"I… y-yes. I wanted to talk to you."

Elsa opened her door and invited her in. She made sure to leave the door wide open, though, not wanting to make any other mistakes. *Who knows what people will think if I'm alone with a student behind closed doors.*

"How can I help you?" she asked as she sat on her desk.

"I… I wanted to say this earlier, but I'm really sorry for what Hans said… he's so rude."

"It's… it's fine."

"No, it isn't! He had no right to ask you a question like that! Especially since you're a teacher!" Anna angrily stated, and Elsa was surprised by the passion in her student's eyes.

"I accidentally spilled the beans in front of his mother, though. So it was only a matter of time before everyone knew."

"So… it's true then?"

Elsa sighed. "Yes. Not that it changes anything."

"O… of course!" Anna exclaimed, and Elsa could see the girl was trying to hide her joy. *Hmm… is she still nursing a crush on me?* Elsa felt flattered, maybe even a little excited, especially in light of the fact that Anna was so pretty. Having finally come to terms with her attraction to the girl, she found herself recalling Esmé's comment about dating Anna, "I'd say screw it and just go for it …" but then Elsa came back to reality. *She's sixteen you freak. Well, nearly seventeen if I remember correctly…*

"Does the fact that I'm gay bother you?" she asked.

"Me? No! Not at all!" Anna replied, and Elsa chuckled. It was nice talking to her again. But as pleasant as their conversation might be, she couldn't let this go on for much longer.

"Well, thank you for your concern, but I wouldn't want to keep you away from your friends," she told her with a smile.

"Oh, it's fine!" Anna replied, before realizing her teacher had just politely dismissed her. "I… um, well, goodbye then!"

"Goodbye, Anna, and if I don't see you before Thursday, happy birthday."

Anna's face suddenly lit up with a marvellous smile. It made her even more beautiful than she already was.

"Thank you! How did you know?"

"Well, I have everyone's school records" Elsa said, gesturing towards her files. *Although yeah, I've
only read yours.

"Well, thank you again! See you soon, Ms. Neige!"

Elsa nodded and realized that Anna had somehow managed to make her smile again.
Chapter 14

Elsa turned to her cousin and asked, "Is everything set for tomorrow?"

"Yeah! I'm a bit nervous though to be honest," Esméralda replied.

"You shouldn't be. Seriously, what could go wrong? Especially seeing how successful your stores are back in France."

"Well, this isn't France, this is Arendelle. There's no telling what everyone's tastes are."

"Don't be silly. Everyone loves lingerie."

"I hope so... will you be there?"

"Of course," Elsa replied. Knowing her cousin, she came prepared with that answer. Naturally, she was apprehensive about running into students, but Esmé's grand opening was something she couldn't miss—her presence was a necessity and a vital show of support.

"Great!"

"I think Rapz will show up, too. She might be interested in buying a few things."

"Oh, really?" Esméralda sounded rather unhappy about that.

"Unless you'd rather she not come?"

"Well, no, it's just..."

"I don't understand why you don't like her."

"I just can't forgive her for breaking your heart," Esméralda stated plainly. She smiled as she placed her hand on her cousin's chest. "Especially since you have such a heart of gold."

Elsa looked down to find her cousin's hand placed very deliberately against the peak of her left breast. "Um, you do know that that's my breast, and not my heart."

"It's not my fault it's in the way!" Esméralda responded with a cheeky grin, taking her time in removing her hand.

"And that brings up another point... I'll only be there if you promise to behave."

"Of course!" Unfortunately, Esméralda's smile was less than reassuring.

"So, do you feel any different now that you're seventeen?" Kris asked Anna as she entered his car through the passenger door.

She side-eyed her friend. "You're kidding—right? But, at least I'm closer to eighteen—now that'll be a milestone!"

"Well, I'm not sure you'll feel much different then, either. Anyway, are we picking up Merida? Or is she meeting us at the mall?"
"She said that she'd meet us there."

They listened to music on the drive over, and then eventually ended up finding an open parking space pretty close to the mall's entrance.

"Ah, there she is!" Anna exclaimed as she spotted Merida looking at her phone by the entrance way. "Whoa, she's looking sexy!" Her friend was wearing black leather pants and a loose white blouse.

"Y… yeah," Kris answered, blushing, and Anna had to keep herself from giggling.

There's definitely something going on here. I should look into this ...

"Do you think she'd say 'yes' if I asked her out?" Anna asked mischievously.

"What?! Why?"

"Well… she is really cute. And those pants especially make her look hot."

"Wha… what about Ms. Neige?"

"I thought you wanted me to get over her? So I'm thinking about exploring other possibilities!" Anna lied.

"Bu… but… Merida isn't even gay!"

"Well, for now. But I'm pretty sure I could get her to consider other options…"

Kris stared at her, shocked, and Anna laughed.

"Relax, I'm just pulling your leg. She's just a friend. Besides, you really should realize by now that I only have eyes for Ms. Neige."

Kris exhaled loudly. "Damn, you scared the hell out of me! Why would you even say something like that?!"

Anna chuckled. "I was just curious about something. You should've seen the look on your face!"

"Yeah, well… um… I mean, I was just worried for you. Getting into a relationship with Merida would almost guarantee messing up your friendship. You see that kind of thing on TV all the time, you know?"

"Uh-huh… If you say so!" Anna replied. There was definitely something going on... at least on Kris' end. *He's always helped me out. Maybe it's time I lent him a hand?*

They joined up with Merida and entered the mall.

"Sae, where dae ye want tae go first? It's yer birthday!" Merida piped.

"Why don't we find a store and try on some clothes?" Anna replied, as an idea began to hatch inside her head.

"Alright, let's go!"

Anna cued off of Merida and they picked the first store that caught the Scot's eye. Once inside, she halfheartedly picked out a few outfits—she wasn't really into shopping anyway. *I could buy something to look sexy for Ms. Neige, but what's the point? She only ever sees me in a uniform...*
With the items in hand, she turned to her friend. "What about you, Merida? Aren't you going to buy yourself anything?"

"Of course!"

Anna promptly went to work, helping Merida pick out a few things. Meanwhile, a very bored Kristoff trudged along behind them. *Don't worry, Kris, I'm sure you're gonna love the next part!*

Once they had their hands full, particularly Merida, they went to the fitting room.

"Come on, you go first and we'll tell you what we think!" Anna told Merida, and Kris suddenly clued into what was coming next.

"I… um are you sure you want me here for this?" he asked. "I could leave and come back in a few minutes."

"Nah, it's guid tae have a man's opinion!" Merida said with a smile. "Besides, ye'r up next. Ye cuid use a few new shirts!"

Kristoff looked down at what he was wearing. "Wait! What's wrong with my shirt and the shirts I normally wear?" he asked.

Both girls simply looked at each other with knowing smiles.

Shortly thereafter, Merida disappeared behind the curtain, while Anna observed Kris closely. He was blushing already. *He's so into her. How did I miss this until now? I was way too focused on Ms. Neige. I'm such a lousy friend!*

The two of them waited patiently, Kris looking around nervously, until Merida emerged from behind the curtain wearing a pair of petite denim shorts and a white tank top. "What dae ye think?" she asked as she twirled around. "I think I like it."

"I think it looks great!" Anna offered. "What about you, Kris?"

Kris's face began to redden. "Y… yeah, um, it looks … um, good."

"Aye, sure, bit th'real question is, do I look hot in it?"

Anna bit into her tongue to keep from giggling as Kris turned an even deeper shade of red. At the same time, Kristoff pulled at his collar and was having trouble speaking.

"I'll take that as an 'Ay!'" she said with a wink before drawing the curtain shut again.

It took them some time, but Merida ended up with a few outfits. Anna was now sure that Kris had a crush on their fiery friend and, judging by the way Merida acted, she was either toying with him or the crush was mutual.

When it came time for Anna to try on some clothes, she was a bit more shy. She showcased the outfits she selected, and Merida gave her feedback. With Merida's encouragement, she ended up buying a colourful summer dress, and was surprised when Merida decided to buy it for her.

"I didnae give ye a birthday present, sae here it is!"

"Well, thank you!" Anna replied happily.

"Now, let's help Kris!"
It took them a lot less time to sort through Kris' selections, as he didn't really have any opinions on what he liked and ended up deferring completely to Merida's opinions. He did seem to appreciate all her compliments though. *Yep, he's definitely into her.*

They stopped by a bookstore for Merida next, as well as a video game store for Kris, and then finally grabbed some waffles at the food court. They were going to call it a day before going to the movies when someone handed Anna a flyer.

"A new lingerie store In the mall? Weird!" Anna commented as she read.

"Should we gae?" Merida asked as she grabbed the flyer from Anna's hands.

"Are you kidding?" Anna asked, blushing already. She would die if anyone she knew saw her inside that kind of store.

"It's not like it's a sex shop, ye know! It looks fancy."

"Still… I… I don't need lin… that kind of stuff!"

"Are ye sure? Didn't ye say Ms. Neige caught a glimpse o' yer underwear the other day?" Merida inquired, and Kris choked on his waffle. "I'm sure she'd rather see something sexy instead of a pair of Hello Kitty panties!"

"I'm not wearing..." Anna cut herself short.

As she continued to browse the flyer, Merida exclaimed, "Wow, leuk! It's a French store! Ye can consider it a... cultural experience."

"Sure," Anna answered sarcastically.

"Think o' the possibilities! It'll give ye something tae talk about with Ms. Neige the next time ye see her."

Anna snickered. "Yeah, I'm definitely bringing this subject up next time I see her."

"Sae, are we going?"

"Are we even allowed inside?" Anna asked, making her friend laugh.

"Of course we are. Come on, let's gae. Ye definitely have the wrong idea aboot that place."

"Hmpf, ok then," Anna conceded, although she had the feeling she was going to regret this. *What if I meet someone I know there, like my aunt or something? That would be so embarrassing!*

"Okay, count me out. I'm headed over to the sports store," Kris quickly interjected. "Text me when you're done."

"Are ye sure?" Merida teased. "Nobody's gonna say anything if yer with us! They'll think yer Anna's boyfriend, or mine."

This last comment really had Kris blushing. For a second, it almost looked like he was going to change his mind, but instead he ended up saying, "I... I think I'll pass. Besides, I really want to look at some new hockey gear!"

Anna giggled nervously as she and Merida left Kris behind and went off to find the lingerie store. *How did I let Merida talk me into this?* Once they were well out of ear shot, she turned to her
friend and asked, "Sooo, what do you think about Kris?"

"Hmm… how dae ye mean that?"

"Oh, come on! You must have noticed how he acts around you! I mean, I was so wrapped up in the whole Ms. Neige thing that I didn't notice right away, but isn't it obvious?"

Merida blushed a little. "Yeah, I guess."

"So…?"

"Well, he's definitely cute. And damn, have ye seen how broad his shoulders are? He's no Jessie, that's fer sure…"

"You should go see him at one of his hockey games; I bet he'd like that!" And that would save me from having to go!

"Mibbie…"

"And you do get along with him, right? I've seen you laugh at his jokes."

"Aye. He can get a bit goofy even, and he's sae kind and considerate. I dae like him. He's a genuinely good guy.."

"So you'd go out with him?"

"Well, if he's really interested, he's gonna have tae ask me oot."

"Hmm, knowing him, you're going to have to wait a while. I'm pretty sure he has no idea you like him, and right now he's too chicken to do anything about it."

"There's something else, too… I'm not sure if I'll still be here next year. If I have to leave in three months knowing I won't come back… it'll be so much harder if I have a boyfriend."

"Oh…" Anna simply replied. She hadn't considered that. To be honest, it never even dawned on her that Merida could be gone in a few months. "I… I hope you can stay."

"Thanks! Me, too. Ah, look, we're here! Let's gae in!"

Anna looked at the window display and gulped. Here we go.

They walked inside the store, and Anna was surprised to see so many people.

"See, Kris could have come, too."

There were, indeed, a few men around, but none were their age. "I don't know. I think he would have felt really awkward. I know I do."

"Hello girls!" a woman's voice called to them in a strong French accent. The voice was pleasant to the ear, but it was also distinctly different from Ms. Neige's. First of all, the accent was way stronger, and secondly, it didn't carry the same sexy, sensual vibe to it. Anna turned around to greet the woman behind the voice and was shocked to recognise her teacher's girlfriend.

"Please look around. It's our grand opening, so everything is ten percent off."

"Th… thanks," Anna managed to say, despite her shock.
"Call me if you need any advice!" the woman said before walking away. Anna couldn't help but notice how sensual her gait was.

Merida, standing right beside Anna, leaned in and lapsed into her brogue. "Tatties o'er the side, wasn't that Ms. Neige's girlfriend?"

"Y… yeah. I'm almost sure," Anna replied, feeling like someone just tied an anchor to her heart. "Ugh! Not only is she gorgeous, but she's French, too… just like Ms. Neige. And she sells lingerie? I definitely have no chance at all." She looked at the woman again, and her shoulders slumped. "Ms. Neige is so… out of my league."

"W… well…" Merida mumbled.

*She's trying to find something that's going to make me feel better, but there's nothing to say, really…*

"Oh my God!" Merida suddenly blurted, and Anna looked at her, surprised.

"She's here! Ms. Neige! And so is Mrs. Fitzherbert."

Following Merida's gaze, Anna spotted the two teachers talking to each other some distance away. *Oh no-no-no-no. What are they going to think if they see us?*

"We shouldn't have come here!" Anna half-whispered.

"What? Why? Don't ye want to see what kind of underwear Ms. Neige buys?" replied Merida, smiling.

"I… no! I don't think this is a good idea. We need to leave before they see us."

She was turning around when Ms. Neige looked over her shoulder and saw her. Their eyes met, and they both froze. *Oh my God. This is so embarrassing!*

Anna didn't know what to do, so she ended up looking elsewhere, as if she hadn't seen her teacher. *Oh no. She definitely knows that I saw her. Why didn't I smile at her or nod? Or...or anything!*

"Calm down, Anna. It's not that bad," Merida said as she dragged Anna into another aisle.

"She saw us!"

"So what?"

"I… I pretended I didn't see her!"

"Again, so what? I'm pretty sure she understands it's awkward to see yer teacher in a place like this. I bet she feels awkward, too. Maybe even more so than us."

Anna stood on her toes to look over a stand of lacy panties in front of her. "She's talking to her girlfriend!" she whispered before quickly ducking behind the stand once more. Merida laughed. "Ye really need to relax. It's fine. Actually, I have an idea."

"What?"

"Wanna try to make her jealous?"
"Who?" Anna asked, feeling confused.

"Who else? Ms. Neige, of course."

"How?"

"We could pretend we're a couple. We could look around, select a thing or two, and then you go try them on while I pretend I'm with you."

"But why?"

"We'll see if she gets jealous!"

"Let's be real. Why would she?"

"It's a test. Maybe she likes you, too?"

"That's… that's ridiculous. We've already established that she has a girlfriend… and I mean, look at her!"

"That doesn't mean she can't be interested in you!"

"This is getting too crazy. I don't know… I think we should just go."

"Anna… ye have to fight for her. Maybe there's still hope. What do ye have tae lose?"

"What about you? Wouldn't it bother you if she thinks we're a couple?"

"I don't care. Besides, she's gay; it's not like she's going tae tell on ye."

Anna sighed loudly. "I have no idea how I let you talk me into this stuff."

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Elsa was shocked. Her biggest fear was that she was going to run into one of her students. Worst case, she figured she'd run into one of the older students, like Jasmine… but Anna? That completely threw her for a loop. It was so unexpected, especially since Anna didn't seem like the type to wear lingerie. A stray thought forced its way into her mind as she pictured Anna in one of the outfits she had just been admiring, and she blushed.

"Oh no, this is embarrassing," Rapunzel remarked.

"Yes… very."

"What's the problem, girls?" Esméralda asked.

_Yikes, Esmé better not say anything to Punzie._ Elsa suddenly felt panicked. What if Esméralda mentioned her feelings for Anna in front of Rapunzel? It was definitely a possibility, knowing how her cousin usually operated. _Calm down, Esmé has no idea that one of the girls in her store is Anna. And she doesn't have to know._

"These two girls are students of ours," Rapunzel disclosed.

"Oh, I see."

"I had no idea that Anna would ever come shopping at a place like this… no offence, Esméralda."

"Anna? Isn't that…" Esméralda started to say more before seeing the stern, dark look on Elsa's
She stopped and rephrased her sentence. "I… I think you mentioned her before, right? Pretty girls. Which one is Anna?"

"I… I might have. She's the strawberry blonde … You probably heard me mention that she's a good student," Elsa replied, hoping that Rapunzel wouldn't notice the smirk on her cousin's face. Elsa groaned internally.

"Well, it seems like her friend wants to speak to you."

Merida was indeed walking towards them, with a couple panties in her hands. Really? I was perfectly fine pretending we hadn't seen each other!

"Awright, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Ms. Neige," Merida greeted.

"Err… hello Merida," Punzie replied, while Elsa simply nodded.

"Excuse me, is it possible tae try these on?" she asked Esméralda. "It's fer ma friend, but she's really shy about all this."

"Well, of course. All we ask is for customers to keep their own underwear for hygiene issues."

"Aye, of course."

"Let me show you to the fitting rooms. Where's your friend?" Esméralda asked before turning to Elsa. "I'll be right back," she proclaimed with a wink.

Please, don't do anything stupid. Elsa stood there partially paralyzed. Two thoughts came to her mind as her cousin walked off with Merida. First, was Anna really going to buy those panties? She flinched when she realized that she was picturing Anna wearing them. Totally inappropriate!

Second, why was Merida shopping for lingerie with Anna? Could she be here as a friend? After all, she had come here with Punzie…

What if they’re actually here as a couple? No, they're teenagers, it wouldn't make sense that they'd be at a point where they're already buying lingerie together if they just started dating… but why would they need lingerie if they're both single? Merida commented that the panties were for Anna… that must mean she has someone special in her life, even if it isn't Merida. Fuck.

"Do you need anything else?" Ms. Neige's girlfriend asked Anna as she walked out of the fitting room. To be honest, Anna had only pretended to try on the underwear.

"N… no, thanks."

"Did you like them?"

"Y… yeah," Anna answered without thinking.

"Great! Would you like to try on a matching bra?"

"N… no, thanks."

Anna felt forced to buy the panties now, and she followed Ms. Neige's girlfriend to the checkout with Merida.

She waited as the woman rang her up, before gathering her courage and asking, "Do… do you know Ms. Neige?"
"Ms. Neige? Ah! How cute. Yes, I do. You're one of her students, right?"

"Yes," Anna answered shyly.

"She told me all about you."

"What? R… really?" Anna responded in surprise.

"Yes, but she's going to be mad if she sees me talking to you!" the woman remarked while placing the panties into a small bag.

"I'll pay," Merida interjected, handing over her credit card.

Anna stared at her.

"For yer birthday!"

"O… ok, thanks." Normally, Anna would have protested, but she couldn't afford the price. Besides, it was all because of Merida that she found herself in this situation. Now the big question was, how was she going to hide the panties from her mother?

"Goodbye!" the two girls exclaimed as they left.

"See you soon," the woman replied.

"That was so totally weird..." Anna told Merida as they walked away.

"What's even weirder," Merida added as she grabbed the bag from Anna's hand, "is that I saw her writing something on the receipt."

Merida handed the receipt back to Anna after glancing at it herself. There was, indeed, something written on the back. "Call me, we need to talk!" followed by a phone number.

"What the..."

"Do ye think she knows you have a crush on Ms. Neige?" Merida asked.

"I… Oh no! That would be horrible. Do you think she's angry at me?" Anna had to admit that the woman had seemed rather friendly, but what if it was all an act, and she's actually a psychopath? I know that I'd be madly possessive if I was lucky enough to be with Ms. Neige.

"I don't know… there's only one way to find out. Do ye think you'll call her?"

"I have no idea, let's see what Kris has to say about all this."
Chapter 15

The three of them stood together, huddled around Kris' car. "What should I do?" Anna asked.

"Call her!" Merida replied.

Simultaneously, Kristoff answered, "Don't call her!"

"Riiight..." Anna's head shifted back and forth between her two friends.

"Anna, we've been over this. What do ye have to lose?" Merida asked.

"Well, she could be opening up a huge can of worms, for one thing," Kris commented.

Anna didn't know what to think. "I don't get it. Why would she slip me her phone number?"

"She obviously knows all about your feelings for Ms. Neige. She's going to kick your butt!" Kris warned.

"Merida?" Anna looked to her friend for support.

"Well... I'd like to think of some other reason she'd want to meet ye, but... honestly, that's what I think, too."

"What? And you still want Anna make the call?!" Kris stood there, stupefied.

"Yeah, I do. Otherwise, Anna's never going to know what this is all about."

Anna was only half listening. She was still stuck on the fact that Ms. Neige might know about her feelings. "Oh my God! You both think... think she knows...?" she asked, feeling a combination of dread and embarrassment. She had hoped that her friends would have had other theories, because... because this was the worst thing she could have imagined. It would mean Ms. Neige knew! I'm going to die!

"Well... the only other thing that I can think of is that she's actually hitting on you, but that idea's kind of far-fetched," Kris added.

Anna sighed. "I don't know what to do. I'm gonna have to think about this."

"So... she is really cute," Esméralda casually mentioned as Elsa parked the car in her driveway. Well, it took her long enough to bring it up. To be honest, Elsa had been waiting for her cousin to comment on Anna the entire day.

"Are we talking about Anna?"

"Who else?" Esméralda replied as she exited the car.

Elsa followed and walked up to her front door. "I did mention that already."

"Yeah, but now I can put a face to the name. I was surprised to see her at my shop, though. From what you told me, I was expecting someone really shy."

"She is... it surprised me, too. I have no idea what she was doing there."
"Think she's dating the other girl with the Scot accent? That girl paid for her panties—said it would be a birthday gift."

"Really? I don't know… That seems weird. Huh."

"I could investigate for you, if you want?" Esméralda offered with a devilish smile.

"Oh, no! No way! Don't you dare do anything about this. I don't want you anywhere near Anna, Merida, or any of my students!"

"Tsk, you're no fun."

"I made up my mind," Anna told her friends as she arrived at school. She had spent the entire night thinking about what to do.

"Ye finally called her?"

"No, but I'm going back to that store and speak with her in person. I'll see what she wants then. I mean, what could she possibly do in public, right?"

At first, Anna had decided that she had to forget about it, but she was way too curious. She had to know if Ms. Neige knew about her crush, even if it would devastate her.

"I don't know..." Kris commented. "I mean, wouldn't it be safer if you just called?"

Merida piped in, "Well, let's not forget that woman is the one who would be in real trouble if she went crazy on Anna. After all, Anna's just a high schooler, and she's done nothing wrong."

"I don't want Ms. Neige to freak out," Anna argued. "I'm sure she'd be really upset if her girlfriend gets in trouble because of me."

"Actually..." Merida said, as a sneaky smile crept onto her face, "It would show her that her girlfriend has a jealous streak that's out of control. I mean, going after a student because she has a crush on your girlfriend… that's borderline crazy."

"I'd be jealous, too..."

"Yeah, and you're crazy, so you're just proving my point."

Kris chuckled. "She's got you there."

"Well, it's settled then! We're going back to the mall tonight!" Merida declared. "Kris, you'll come with us, right?"

"Umm, yeah, but only to keep an eye on you two."

"Aww, you're worried we might be in danger and you want to protect us. How cute!" Merida commented.

"Actually," Kris replied, blushing, "you two are the dangerous ones. I'm just tagging along to make sure you don't do anything stupid."

"Right. Well, let's head over there as soon as school finishes."

As soon as school was over, Kris drove them to the mall.
"Are you sure this is okay?" Kris asked, as they paused in front of the lingerie store.

"Of course, ye dummy!" Merida told him. Seeing how he was hesitating, she grabbed him by the arm and locked it with hers. "There, they'll think your my boyfriend."

Anna smiled as she watched Kris blush and awkwardly walk with Merida while holding her arm.

"You two look so adorable like that!" Anna said to further embarrass her best friend. Kris pretended he hadn't heard a thing.

"So… where is my arch-nemesis?" Anna mumbled to herself as she entered the shop. She looked around, but couldn't find her.

"Good evening. Can I help you with something?" a pretty shop assistant in her late twenties finally asked. Anna had been aimlessly wandering around the shop for a while.

"Um… yeah. I'm looking for one of the shop assistants. She has a strong French accent, tall, wavy black hair, dark complexion..."

"Oh! Esméralda? She isn't a shop assistant, she's the manager. Well, the C.E.O., to be clear. She has a few other stores back in France."

*Oh, no! This just keeps getting better and better. Not only is she hot and gorgeous, has a sexy exotic name, but she's a successful businesswoman, too. And several stores? She must be loaded as well. "Ah, yeah… that's the one!"

"Do you want to leave a message for her the next time she's here?"

"No, no, that's fine. I'll call her."

The shop assistant looked at her, surprised. "Oh, I see. Are you here for the casting?"

"Huh…?"

"For modelling?"

"What? No! Modelling? For what, lingerie? "God, no!" Besides, she was pretty sure it would be illegal.

"Yeah, you seem a bit young for that. Especially… with that school uniform you're wearing."

"Oh, yeah. Don't worry, I'm not here to model. I'll just give her a call. Thanks anyway."

"Of course. Have a nice evening."

"Well, we came here for nothing," Anna declared as she, Merida and Kristoff left the shop.

"Yeah… just call her already."

Anna sighed, but took out her phone as suggested. It seemed as if she had no other choice. They all sat on a nearby bench, and she retrieved the receipt from her pocket.

"What did you do with the panties, by the way?"

"I hid them! What do you think? I don't want my mom finding lingerie in my room! Imagine that disaster? She'd freak and would grill me for answers."

"I'm not sure..." Anna said, looking out the window. "But it's worth a try."

Kris nodded in agreement. "Yeah, let's go."

Merida smiled. "Good luck, guys."

"Thanks," Anna said, before they all stepped into the lingerie store again.
Merida laughed. "Yeah. Well, make sure ye keep them handy for when Ms. Neige finally comes around." The Scot gave her a wink.

Anna felt her face flush with embarrassment as she dialled the number on the receipt. No one picked up; instead her call went to voicemail. The greeting was in French and she had a really hard time understanding it, so she called again—this time on speaker.

"Kris?"

"It's just a normal greeting. Just leave your message after the tone and all that."

Anna nodded and began talking after the beep. "Hi. This is Anna. I met you this weekend at your… store. I noticed you left your number on my receipt… so call me back if you want."

She hung up and sighed again."Well, it's done now. I'll let you know if she calls back."

"We can wait a little," Merida proposed.

"Let's drive back home, maybe she'll call by then."

Before they even left the mall, Anna's phone started ringing. It was Ms. Neige's girlfriend's number.

"It's her!" Anna exclaimed.

"Well, she didn't waste any time. She really wants to talk to ye," Merida commented.

Anna took a deep breath, and then answered. "Hello?"

"Ah, Anna! Bonjour. I was worried you wouldn't call me!" the woman declared in her strong French accent. Strangely, it sounded like she was happy to have Anna on the phone.

"I… I wasn't sure if I should."

"Yes, I can understand! But we do have to talk!"

"About what? Aren't you Ms. Neige's girlfriend?"

"What?" the woman asked, before roaring with laughter.

"You… you're not?" Anna felt hope rise up inside her.

"No, of course not! Well, not that I would mind, but we're family, so it just couldn't be."

"Fa… family?"

"Yeah, trust me, if she wasn't my cousin, I'd definitely go for it. But she is, so..."

Anna couldn't believe it. That woman wasn't Ms. Neige's girlfriend. She felt a heavy weight lift off her chest. Maybe Ms. Neige could even be single! "Does she have one? A girlfriend, I mean?"

"No, she's single."

Anna squealed.

"It sounds like that makes you happy!"
"Well… I…" Anna mumbled, embarrassed.

"We should meet somewhere and have a talk. I'm sure you'll like what I have to say."

"Y.. yes, ok! Where and when?"

"Hmm… where are you now? I could meet you somewhere close."

"I'm at the mall, not far from your store."

"Oh. Well, let's meet at the cafe inside the mall. I can be there in… half an hour, is that ok?"

"Yes, of course!" I'll just have to let my parents know I'll be running late.

"Great, see you soon then."

"See you," Anna replied, feeling giddy as she hung up. "She's Ms. Neige's cousin! They aren't seeing each other!"

"Yeah, we kinda figured that out," Kris told her, smiling.

"It's unbelievable! I can't believe I was so jealous of her."

"Well, they did seem pretty close..." said Merida. "But, yeah, that's great!"

"She's swinging by the mall in half an hour. She told me I'd like what she has to say," Anna announced. She had plenty of ideas going through her head about what it could be that Ms. Neige's cousin wanted to tell her, but she refused to acknowledge any of them. She didn't want to jinx herself.

"Maybe..." Merida started, but Anna cut her short.

"Shhh. Don't jinx this! I'm gonna be disappointed if guess wrong! Besides, it turns out we're totally lame at guessing."

"Hmpf… I guess you're right. Do ya want us to stay here with ye?"

"Nah, don't worry. I'm good.. I'll just wait for her."

Kris checked his phone for the time. "I have hockey practice in half an hour… I can hang with you for twenty minutes if you want."

"Sure. Oh, why don't you go watch him at practice, Merida? Could be fun."

"Hmmm… why not? I don't have anything planned fer tonight. Is that ok with you, Kris?" Merida announced, as she poked him in the stomach.

"Y... yeah, sure! I'll introduce you to the team!"

Anna smiled. Apparently, she wasn't the only one having a good day. Kris and Merida both left soon afterwards, and Anna patiently waited for Ms. Neige's cousin to arrive. *Her cousin! I can't believe it!*

She spotted Esméralda a few minutes after Kris and Merida left, and she stood up to greet her.

"Ah, Anna! I'm so glad you called," the woman said as she walked up to her.
"Well, I guess I was just too curious not to," Anna explained.

"Come, follow me. We have much to discuss."

Anna followed the older woman and they both went to the nearby café mentioned Esmé earlier. They sat at a table, and Anna found it a bit weird to be sitting there with a gorgeous stranger.

"Oh, I'm Esméralda, by the way. I almost forgot that you didn't know about me."

"One of your shop assistants mentioned your name," Anna revealed. "And you're really Ms. Neige's cousin?"

"Yes. Her name is Elsa, by the way."

"I know!"

"Well, I see that you've been doing your homework!"

"I just feel weird calling her by her first name."

"Anyway, how exactly do you feel about my cousin?" Esméralda asked as she ordered two drinks from the waiter.

"Well… I… ah..." Anna mumbled, a bit shocked by the directness of the question.

"Anna, please open up. I need you to answer me honestly before I can tell you more."

"Well… I… I might have a tiny crush on her," Anna admitted.

"A tiny crush? Just? I thought it was more than that."

"Well… yeah. It's been a few months already, and my feelings haven't gone away. If anything, they've grown stronger. I can't stop thinking about her," Anna confessed, deciding that it was useless to hide anything now.

"What exactly do you like about Elsa?"

"Everything! She's smart, funny, kind… she's the best teacher I've ever had."

"And she's smoking hot, right?"

Anna blushed. "Well, yeah. She's got a beautiful face..., and a super sexy figure, too. She's absolutely gorgeous. I… can't stop thinking and dreaming about her."

Esméralda chuckled.

"So… does that mean she knows I how I feel about her…?" Anna asked, afraid of the answer.

"Yes. Well, maybe not the extent of your feelings, but she did figure you had a crush on her."

Anna's shoulders dropped. "This is sooo embarrassing."

"Not really. It's totally normal to develop a crush on someone. We've all been there. I assure you that Elsa's been in your position too."

"It's not… it's not just a crush," Anna confessed, "I… I really love her."
"Awww, how cute!"

"I mean it!"

Esméralda smiled back at her.

"I'd do anything to… to be closer to her!"

"Well, you're in luck, because she has a crush on you, too."

"What?!" This time, it was Anna's turn to be surprised. Could she have heard right? Ms. Neige had a crush on her, too? Impossible! "Did… did she tell you that?" she asked, not even daring to consider if it was true.

"Almost. She dropped enough hints."

There. Anna had been right to not believe Esméralda at first. She was fed up with guesses, hints and having to decipher every word, action and expression. So far, just about everything had been misinterpreted.

"She did admit that she was physically attracted to you, for example. And she also mentioned that she really missed talking with you like you used to."

"Phy… physically attracted to me?" Anna asked, dumbfounded.

"Yeah. If I recall correctly, she told me she was 'definitely attracted' to you. She mentioned that you had beautiful teal eyes, cute freckles and a wonderful smile. I could tell that she was also holding back on commenting about your figure, but I'm positive she likes that too."

Anna couldn't believe it. The wonderful, gorgeous Ms. Neige was attracted to her? That sounded so unreal.

"I… I don't get it. Ms. Neige could have just about any girl on the planet. Definitely, older and prettier women than me! I bet there's an army of women lined up at her front door!"

"Don't put yourself down. Now that I've finally met you, I understand why she's attracted to you! You're really very pretty. And you have no idea how much appeal youth can have. You're so cute! And sexy, too."

"I… thanks," Anna replied, blushing. She knew she wasn't ugly, but in the same league as Ms. Neige? That was hard to believe.

"Look, Anna, I have plenty of things to discuss with you, but… first I need to be sure of your dedication and devotion to my cousin. If there was a way to get closer to Elsa, would you really want it?"

"O… of course! I've been dreaming about it for months! Ever since I met her!"

"You do realise we're talking about a forbidden relationship here? Nobody can know this, at least, not at first. Spilling the beans could get Elsa into trouble. Serious trouble."

"I understand… And I can be patient! I mean… I'm not asking for anything special right now… if we could only go back to how we were before, that would be awesome. And then maybe when she's no longer my teacher…" Anna rambled, her hope gaining strength.

"Hmm… she did mention that she wouldn't date you even if you weren't her student anymore"
because of how you met, but that's something we can work on."

"Oh…"

"See, Elsa has some very strong professional ethics. Also, it's her first year of teaching too, and she loves her job. It's not going to be easy to break down those barriers."

"My big worry is that she'll find someone else first… I mean, I still have a hard time believing that she's single. That can't last forever. I'm sure she can get a girlfriend anytime she wants."

"Ha, you'd be surprised."

"What do you mean…?"

"Ok, before I go any further… can we agree that everything we say from here on will stay between us?"

"Y… yes, of course!"

"And promise me you'll never betray Elsa? I don't want her to end up getting hurt or in trouble."

"I promise," Anna answered. "I'd never hurt her, I swear."

"Well, Elsa isn't really… experienced, with women. She was head over heels in love with Rapunzel, your literature teacher."

"What? I thought they were just friends!"

"Yes, they are... But it took quite some time for Elsa to move on. She even left France because of Rapunzel. Unfortunately, being in love with your straight best-friend sucks."

"Well, being in love with your teacher isn't much better," Anna argued.

"At least in your case, you've got the fact that Elsa's gay going for you."

"Strictly gay?" Anna asked. "She's not bi? My best-friend said she didn't look like a lesbian."

"She is though. Totally. But yeah, I can see what you mean. Some people might call her a lipstick lesbian. She's always been quite feminine, and she loves being pretty and sexy. And that's also the kind of girl she's attracted to. That's why she fell for Rapunzel."

Anna had heard about "lipstick lesbians" after searching the internet, and she had to admit that it fitted her teacher.

"Anyway, I'm here because I'm worried about Elsa," Esméralda admitted. "She's a great girl, and she deserves to find love. But it took her so long to get over Rapunzel that by the time she had finally moved on, she had decided that she had missed her opportunity to date anyone else. I… I think you could be the right person to help her. She's never had feelings for anyone else since Rapunzel, and now she can't stop thinking about you. I know it's… morally shady, because of your respective positions, but… I mean...I know my cousin. I know she's a good person and that she doesn't fall in love easily. And the fact that you've sparked something inside her says a lot. Besides, it's not like this kind of thing doesn't happen. It probably happens a lot more than people know."

Anna was shocked. She had never expected this, even in her wildest dreams. Ms. Neige was into her, was single, and the only obstacle between them was her position. Sure, it was a big obstacle,
but Anna had always figured that it was the least problematic out of everything … at least in her mind.

"Do you have a plan? At least something that'll get her to start talking to me again?"

"Well, I do have an idea, but I'm afraid you're not gonna like it."

"I… I'm listening."

"You have to confess your feelings to her."

"What? No way!"

"It's the best option! Tell her you're sorry and that you realize it was stupid, but that you had a huge crush on her. Tell her you're over her now, and that you feel stupid that you even entertained such a relationship."

"I… I don't know. Do you think that'll make her let her guard down?"

"Yes. First, she'll think you're over her, so she'll stop pushing you away. And then, she'll start thinking that maybe you not only moved on from her, but you might have found someone else. And you can also play the 'I need a gay role model' card. Elsa would never refuse to help anyone dealing with their newfound sexuality."

Anna took some time to think about it. As much as she didn't like the idea of telling Ms. Neige how she felt about her, she had to admit that Esméralda's plan might work. She won't feel like she has to keep me at arm's length if she thinks I'm not into her anymore.

"Nice touch trying to make her feel jealous with your other friend yesterday, by the way."

"Did it work?" Anna asked, surprised to have found such an ally in her quest to woo her teacher.

"I'm not sure. She thought it was out of character for you to come in and buy lingerie."

"Yeah, it wasn't my idea… I get coerced into it. Oh, by the way, I think I could convince Merida into pretending we're together. I mean, not in the open, but I could just hint that we're keeping it a secret from everyone."

"I noticed she got jealous. However, she figured you two were just friends since she just couldn't picture the both of you moving that fast. Still, I don't see why she wouldn't believe you if you told her that you and Merida were an item."

"Well… It's gonna be embarrassing, but I can do that!" Anna decided. Anything to get closer to Ms. Neige.

"Great! And don't lose my number, I'm sure we're gonna have plenty of things to discuss in the next few weeks."

"Yeah! Thank you so much. You were right, I really liked what you just told me!"

The woman chuckled. "I bet you do. Hang tight, kiddo, I'm confident we're going to make this work."

Anna smiled at that, and realised she had never been so hopeful about her chances with Ms. Neige. She likes me. And she's attracted to me. Whoa. It's gonna take me awhile to process this.
Chapter 16

Elsa was leaving her classroom for the teacher's lounge when she saw Anna standing at her door. "Yes, Anna?" she asked, wondering what her student wanted.

"May I come in?" the teenager requested politely.

"Well, yes. Is something wrong?"

"I… I have something that I need to get off my chest," Anna replied, obviously nervous.

"Uh… I'm listening."

"Well… it's a bit embarrassing, but I think you should know."

_Oh, God. Is she going to tell me that she's in love with me? How am I going to handle this? I have to be firm, but not too harsh. Maybe I can tell her I'm flattered, and that it would have been different if we were both students? But, I have to make sure she understands that there's no way I could have a relationship with one of my students._

"I… I used to have a crush on you," Anna confessed, looking at her shoes, her cheeks crimson red.

_used to?_

"I know how stupid that must sound to you, but I… I couldn't do anything about it. I'm sorry. And I apologize if I crossed the line somehow."

_She used to have a crush on me? But now she's moved on?_ Elsa was sure Anna's crush would have lasted a while longer. _Well, that was quick…_ Yet, instead of feeling relieved, like she should have been, she felt a little sad.

"I hope you're not mad at me. I… I thought I should come clean now that I'm over you."

Elsa was still a bit dazed, but she realised she hadn't said anything yet. "It's… um… no, it's fine. I understand. I mean, it's not like I've never had a crush on someone, either. I know how it works. I'm sorry if I did anything to encourage you."

"No, no, you didn't. Well… except from being… you. I mean, there's nothing you could have done to prevent it. It all started from the very first day I saw you…"

Elsa couldn't help but grin. However embarrassing this situation was, it was also very cute.

"I knew I wasn't being realistic, of course! But I… I just had to wait for my feelings to fade, I guess."

"Well, it's uh… it's a good thing they did. Go away, I mean."

"Yep, now I can start focusing on your classes!" Anna said with a big smile, and Elsa grinned in return.

"Good, that's more important."

"Yes. Oh, and… the one good thing about all this is that you made me realise that I'm into girls…"
well, women… so, thank you, I guess."

"Well then, I feel honoured. My revelation came from seeing Britney, so that's a rather flattering comparison," Elsa interjected to lighten the mood and show her student that everything was fine.

"Britney?" Anna questioned, smiling. "As in Spears?"

"Yeah. You have no idea how many times I watched her videos as a teenager… and her kiss with Madonna! It drove me nuts."

This time Anna laughed out loud, and Elsa found herself smiling.

"Well, at least you didn't have to embarrass yourself in front of her." Anna added, looking at the ground once more.

"Anna, don't feel bad. It was very brave of you," Elsa admitted.

"Thank you. Well. I should go now. Thank you for taking the time to talk to me."

"No problem. See you soon, Anna."

The teenager gave her another one of her charming, bright smiles and left, leaving a subtle fragrance of perfume in her wake. Elsa stopped herself from watching how the girl's skirt gently swayed as she walked away, revealing flashes of her perfect legs. Damn it, Elsa.

She looked at her phone and noticed she still had a few minutes left before the next class. I still have time to stop by Punzie's classroom.

She closed the door behind her as she left to visit her best-friend. Thinking about the events that just took place, she once again couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed by Anna's revelation. Still, she was relieved too. The whole exercise of keeping Anna at arm's length was putting a strain on her, especially since she knew it was causing Anna pain. Now she could finally relax and be herself once more.. Still, it was pleasant to know that Anna had feelings for me…

Rapunzel's door was open, but she knocked on it anyway just to announce her entrance.

"Hey, Elsa, come on in!"

"Hi, Punzie."

"What's up?"

"You won't believe what Anna just said to me!" Elsa announced as she walked in and sat on her friend's desk.

"That she's in love with you?" Rapunzel asked, teasingly.

"No! Well, almost. That she used to have a crush on me."

"Oh. So, she's moved on, huh? Still, it's strange for her to come out and tell you!"

"Yeah… I think she's like that. Too honest and kind for her own good."

"Well, I told you it would be over soon. It took her way longer that I expected, though."

"Yes… do you think it may be because she's into someone else?"
"Hmm… could be. Do you think she and Merida…?"

"I don't know," Elsa replied, feeling a pang of jealousy. *Don't be stupid, Elsa!*

"Are you jealous?" Rapunzel asked teasingly.

"What? No, of course not!"

Punzie chuckled. "Well, *I'm* starting to feel jealous! Why did she have a crush on you and not on me? She knew me first, and I was her favourite teacher! I'd say it's because I'm getting old, but we're the same age!"

"What can I say? Must be because I'm still giving off that sexy, single girl vibe," Elsa joked, "While you've got that married, mom-like thing going on."

"Hmph." Rapunzel stuck her tongue out. "I can be sexy, too." She casually sauntered in front of her desk, hips seductively swaying, much to Elsa's surprise. "You should have seen Flynn's face when I wore that outfit I bought from Esmé's shop! We should go back there real soon, by the way."

"Well, you showed me. But, I still have my secret weapon," Elsa countered as she grabbed her boobs and pushed them together lightly.

"Hey! Now you're not playing fair! Not all of us come armed with a set of nuclear torpedoes! Oh, and speaking of mom-like… Flynn and I agreed I should stop taking the pill."

"What! Really? Wow, that's such great news!" Elsa launched herself from the desk to embrace her friend. Seeing Rapunzel pregnant or with a kid would take some getting used to, but Elsa knew that she would make a great mom.

"Yeah, Flynn's excited too."

The bell rang and Elsa let go of Rapunzel.

"Well, I should get back to my room. See you later, Punzie!"

"See ya!"

"So, how did it go?!" Merida asked.

"Pretty good, I think!" Anna replied. "She told me it was fine, that these things happen. And that it was brave of me to tell her."

"Well, duh, if she has a crush on ye, too, of course she'd say it's fine!"

"Ok, I'm still having a hard time wrapping my head around this..." Kris commented.

"Yeah, me too," Anna replied.

"Do ye think she'll stop pushing ye away now?"

"Actually, she's already let her guard down. She told me about her teenage celebrity crush!"

"Oh, which celebrity?"

"Hmph, that's between me and her!" teased Anna with a smile, all too happy to keep Ms. Neige's
revelation to herself.

"No fair. Promise me that once ye two are dating, ye're not gonna abandon us!"

*Once we're dating? Ah! You wish! No, I wish!* "Sure, Merida," she answered sarcastically. "Like that's ever gonna happen."

"Come on, ye've got to believe in yerself! I ship it! Even Kris does now."

"What? I never said that!" Kris argued.

"What's your take on all of this, by the way?" Anna asked, turning to her best-friend. She knew he was the voice of reason.

"Well... I don't know. I'm just having a hard time thinking that a grown woman, like Ms. Neige, would be crushing on one of her own students. I mean, it's a bit twisted, no?"

"She clearly acts professionally about it though..." Anna argued to defend her favourite teacher.

"True... but still... Let's imagine you two get back to talking and everything, and eventually it feels like she might give in to her desires. What would you do?"

Anna took a few seconds to think about it. "I'd like to say I'd go for it, but I'm afraid I'd be too scared. Also... I know she could get into real trouble, so I'm not sure I'd want to put her in that situation."

"Well, at least you're thinking about this intelligently. But if that's the case... what are you getting out of all this?"

"I... I don't know. All I know is that I just want to be close to her. I... I want to get to know her better, and I want her to like me. Besides, she won't be my teacher forever!"

"Hmm... I guess. Still, wouldn't it feel weird knowing that she was your teacher?"

"Are you kidding? I wouldn't care about that. Actually, I think it would be kinda hot!" Anna countered. *Being with Ms. Neige? Damn, that would be so, so incredibly hot.*

Anna's phone buzzed. Looking at her screen she saw she had a text from Esméralda.

*So, did you do it?*

She quickly replied. **Yeah, I think it went well! And she already let her guard down!**

*Told you! I'll try to get her to tell me about it tonight. I'll keep you posted.*

"Her cousin is really getting into it, too," she mentioned to her friends.

Kristoff turned to her and Merida. "Come on. That's just weird. Tell me it's not?"

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Elsa kept obsessing over her conversation with Anna as she drove home. She had been ruminating over Anna's confession the whole day. *She's over me already... it's been what? Four months? Well... I guess that's a long time considering she's a teen... and maybe she did fall for someone else. The fact that she bought lingerie is still a mystery to me. Her and Merida? I don't know, I can't really see it. I hope she didn't meet some older woman who'll take advantage of her.*
She parked in her driveway and walked into her house, noting that the front door wasn't locked. *Esmé must be here already.*

"Hi Esmé," she called as she walked in. Her cousin was eating a doughnut in front of the TV.

"Hi cuz! How was your day?"

"Rough," Elsa replied, although it had been mostly fine despite the fact that Anna had revealed she no longer had feelings for her.

"Awww… come here."

Elsa put the attaché case she had bought for work on the kitchen table and joined her cousin on the couch. She wasn't sure if she should mention her conversation with Anna.

"Lay on your stomach," Esmé instructed as she stood up. Elsa complied, and Esméralda sat on her lower back, straddling her, and then started massaging her back.

Elsa closed her eyes and let herself enjoy it, feeling her cousin's nimble fingers ease the tension out of her back and neck.

"So, what's the matter? Were your students too rowdy today?"

"Nah…"

"The headmaster was a dick?"

"Nah, he's mostly fine."

"So what?"

Elsa grunted as her cousin leaned in to rub a knot deep in her back. "It's about Anna."

"Oh, what happened?"

"She told me she used to have a crush on me, but apparently she's over me now."

"Oh. See, you should have made your move while you still had the chance! She wasn't going to wait for you forever."

"Esmé…"

"What? You could be kissing her cute little face right now. I did notice how kissable those lips were! Even better, you could be fondling those perky boobs."

"Esmé!" Elsa repeated, warning her.

"Ok, ok. Still, you said it was a bad day, so what she said must be affecting you."

"Yeah, I can't help but feel bad about it. I know that it's good she moved on, but I'm still disappointed."

"Well, I'm sure you could win her back, if you want."

"You know that that's not going to happen."

"Hmpf, you're infuriatingly stubborn."
"Besides, I don't have time for any of this. The certification exam is in two weeks, and I have to give it everything."

"Well, don't forget to make time for yourself and relax. You can't go into the exam feeling like a nervous wreck."

"Easier said than done..." Elsa said. "Although, I guess I could go through more of these massages..." she added as her cousin's expert hands continued their work.

Anna was sitting on the couch in her living room watching TV when her phone vibrated. It was a text from Esméralda again, and she quickly read it to find out how Ms. Neige reacted to their conversation this morning.

**Good job, kiddo! It worked just like we planned!**

Anna couldn't help but smile. *It's working… damn… she really is into me!*

"Well, you look happy! Who are you texting?" her mother asked, and a startled Anna jumped in place while sitting on the couch. Simultaneously, she flipped her phone around so that her mother couldn't read her texts..

"No one!" she replied, realising how fishy that sounded. *Damn it, between this and the phone, she's going to know I'm hiding something! You're so clumsy, Anna!*

"Oh, really?"

"No, I mean, it's just Kris," Anna lied. She could feel the heat spreading from her cheeks to her whole body.

"Mhmm… if you say so," Iduna responded, sitting next to her daughter.

"Of course."

"Is this for Kris, too?" Anna's mother asked as she pulled something from her pocket.

Anna watched with horror as she saw the lingerie that she had bought at Esméralda's shop.

"Wha… where..." Anna mumbled, feeling mortified.

"I found them while cleaning your room! Under the bed in a bag."

"Mom!"

"What? I wasn't aware that you had things to hide from me!"

"Oh, God..." Anna whined as she covered her face with both hands. This was way too embarrassing.

"So… is there anything you want to tell me?"

"I… I didn't even plan on wearing them!"

"Hmm? So why buy them then? They look pretty expensive; I can tell that they're top quality!"

"I… Merida bought them for me."
"Really? Are you two an item now?" Iduna asked, a bit surprised.

"What?! No!"

"Well… friends don't buy… these kind of things for each other… and you two seem to be moving awfully quickly." her mother added, her voice laced with disapproval.

_How do I explain any of this?_

"I… um, remember when we went to the mall for my birthday? We ended up visiting the new lingerie shop that just opened, and then we got caught up in the whole experience, and the next thing I knew I had the panties in my hand … and Merida, somehow, ended up buying them for me."

"Hmm… why didn't she buy them for herself?"

"Well… I don't know… it was my birthday?"

"And that's it?" Iduna stated, obviously not being sold on Anna's story.

Anna sighed. "Remember that crush I told you about a long time ago? Well, Merida and I found out that she's gay, too."

"That's great!"

"Um, normally it would be, but it's complicated. Merida took it upon herself to make things happen. I've got to say, she had some… crazy ideas."

Her mother looked at her, a bit worried, and Anna clarified, "Nothing dangerous or indecent, don't worry."

"So this girl… why do you still think it's complicated?"

_Well, duh, she's my teacher!_

"She's… um out of my league," Anna replied. It wasn't really a lie. Although Esméralda seemed to think otherwise.

"Pfff, nonsense. Is she seeing someone already?"

"No..."

"Then she's not out of your league! You should go for it."

_Well, if I have your blessing, mom, then I'm definitely going to try and seduce Ms. Neige!_

"I don't know..."

"You have nothing to lose, you don't want to have regrets later on! Besides, you're young, enjoy it! With precautions, of course."

"Yeah, thanks mom..."

"Although I wouldn't recommend these just yet," Iduna remarked as she gave the lingerie back to her daughter. "You'll have plenty of time for this kind of thing later."
I don't think I ever want to see those panties again... ever!
Chapter 17

Anna was in the middle of taking notes on Shakespeare's use of iambic pentameter, when her teacher's lecture was interrupted by a knock on the classroom door.

"Come in!" her English teacher called out, as she wrestled with her ever-unraveling hair.

The door opened to reveal one of the school's administrators. "I have a message for the students. Ms. Neige will be absent for the next two days."

Some of her classmates cheered because it meant that they could start school a bit later the next morning, however they were quickly shushed by Mrs. Fitzherbert. Anna, on the other hand, was disappointed. That meant one class less with the amazing Ms. Neige. And that also meant no chatting her up after class, which was happening quite often now. *I hope she isn't sick. Well, why would she be absent otherwise? Whatever the case, I hope it's nothing bad. I wish I could call her and ask.* She pictured herself sitting on her teacher's bed, feeding her soup and taking care of her.

"Earth to Anna. Do you copy? I can't hear ye."

A dreamy-eyed Anna shook off her thoughts and acknowledged Merida with a simple nod before focusing back on her class. *Damn it, I'm so in love with Ms. Neige.*

Once class was over, she couldn't help but ask her friends, "Do you think she's sick?"

"I'm guessing you're talking about Ms. Neige," Kris remarked, "Since she's the only person you ever talk about."

"That's not true! But I am worried about her."

Kris and Merida shared a knowing look, but Anna pointedly ignored them.

"I bet she's fine, especially since she's gonna be gone for a set amount of time. Maybe she has some kind of appointment?" Kris speculated.

"Besides, she seemed perfectly fine yesterday," Merida added.

"Well… I thought she seemed a bit off," Anna commented. "She wasn't her usual self."

"I didn't notice a thing, but I guess you're the expert," Kris concluded, shrugging. "It's not like I spend the entire class staring at her."

"Yeah, but Anna's mostly staring at her boobs. Not sure that that helps," Merida added.

"Hey, not fair! You two are teaming up on me."

"Anyway, I'm sure that there's nothing to worry about."

"Still… you can never be too sure."

She took out her phone and sent a text to Esméralda. They had been texting a lot over the last two weeks.

**Is Elsa okay?**
As always, she felt weird using Ms. Neige's given name. She would never dare call her teacher "Elsa" directly, but it was also really strange to call her "Ms. Neige" when talking to Esméralda. So now, she used her first name in their texts, and it somehow made her feel special.

**Yeah, why wouldn't she be?**

**I just learned that she wouldn't be here for the next two days.**

**Oh yeah, she has her certification exam. You wouldn't believe how nervous she is.**

**Oh! OK. Wish her luck!**

That explained her behaviour the other day.

"She has her certification exam tomorrow," Anna told her friends.

"Are you talking to her cousin behind her back again?" Kris asked with a disapproving look.

"I don't really see it that way..." Anna argued, trying to defend herself.

"Not sure she'd like it if she knew about it though."

Anna was actually pretty sure Ms. Neige wouldn't like it, since her teacher had been so set on putting her at arm's length when she had known that Anna had a crush on her.

Her phone buzzed again, and Anna peeked at the incoming message.

**Isn't she cute when she's all focused on her books?**

The text was followed by a photo of Ms. Neige on her couch, her legs bent and with a book resting on them. She was chewing on a pencil too, and Anna couldn't help but stare at her bright full lips. *Damn, I wish I could be that pencil.*

**Super cute!** She replied back.

Looking at the picture made Anna feel guilty, especially since Ms. Neige had no idea she was being spied on. She deleted the photo, even though she really wanted to keep it.

"Well, should we hope she passes?" Merida asked.

"Of course! Why not?"

"Well, if she doesn't, she might not be here next year. So then, you wouldn't be her student anymore..."

"Maybe… but I want to have her as my French teacher next year; she's the best. Besides, this is something she wants, so of course I hope she passes."

"Don't you think you've done enough prepping?" Esméralda inquired.

"There's no such thing as being too prepared," Elsa replied. "I really can't afford to fail this exam."

"You're putting too much pressure on yourself. What would it really change? If you fail you'll just have to try again next year."
"I can't spend a whole year without a job!" Elsa argued.

"You're working right now, without any certification."

"Yeah, but the pay is terrible. And I'm not sure I'll be able to keep this job if I don't pass."

"You think they'd find someone else?"

"I don't know," Elsa admitted, sighing. "But even the headmaster told me I should really get my certification. I'm afraid Mrs. Westergaard will find some way to get me fired if I don't."

"Hmm… that would mean little Anna wouldn't be your student anymore, you know," Esméralda mentioned casually.

Elsa glared at her cousin.

"What?" Esmé innocently asked.

"You know that wouldn't change a thing! Besides, she's not into me anymore. I already told you that." Elsa pouted.

Her cousin was visibly trying not to laugh.

"What now?" she asked.

"You're so stubborn. And you're so into her!"

Elsa looked away. "I am not," she mumbled unconvincingly.

"Does she still talk to you after class?"

"Yeah, she does..." Elsa replied. In fact, it had become something that she really looked forward to, which was a problem. I can't let myself fall for her. It's wrong. Yet a part of her knew that she couldn't break away.

"I bet she must look pretty hot in her school uniform."

"Gosh, you have no idea," Elsa confessed. "That skirt haunts me at night."

"Now we're talking!" Esméralda announced triumphantly. "Tell me more!"

Elsa conceded and dropped her book. After all, she did need to relax a little.

"Well, I've already told you how cute she is. And you've seen her. But her legs... damn. I'm obsessed with them."

"Really? Just her legs or... a little bit more?"

"Well, I did see her panties a few times. I try to forget about it, but the images are branded into my brain."

"That little minx!"

"No, no! It's nothing like that! She wasn't doing it on purpose. But anyway... she has the most amazing, tantalizing legs I've ever seen. And a really nice butt. Really, she's got the kind of slender figure I adore, right down to her perky breasts."
"Ok, tell me the truth, have you ever had wet dreams about her?"

"A few times," Elsa admitted, blushing. "I'm not sharing them with you, though!" she quickly added.

"Shame. I'm gonna have to watch some teacher/student porn tonight. Hey, we could watch together, I'm sure it would help you think about something else other than your exam!"

"You know, that sounds like a great idea," replied Elsa.

Esméralda eyes widened in shock until she apparently realized that Elsa was joking. "Damn you almost had me," she responded.

"Really? By now, I would have expected that you'd know better!"

"Yeah, yeah… what about a normal movie then?"

"Fine. I guess that'll take my mind off of things…"

"Maybe I can find a love story between a teacher and..." Esméralda started, but Elsa pinched her cousin hard before she could finish the sentence.

A few hours later, Elsa found herself tossing restlessly in her bed. It was past midnight, but she just couldn't manage to fall asleep. The movie she and Esméralda watched ended over two hours ago, and now she found herself staring at her ceiling, too stressed out about her upcoming exam.

That movie was so dumb, a real dud.

They had decided to watch a French comedy, and they had quickly realized it was a mistake, but, still they soldiered on to the very end.

I'm definitely not going to recommend that one to Anna. She chastised herself. You really have to stop thinking about her.

It was starting to worry her—thoughts of Anna were never far from her mind—and she really hoped it would stop. At least she's not into me anymore. That's a relief! Or was it?

She continued to fidget, trying to find a comfortable spot while her mind raced.

Maybe I could try masturbating... it does help me to sleep sometimes...

Then, she thought about Esmé's suggestion earlier that evening. She hesitated, but ended up grabbing her phone, giving in to temptation. Opening the browser to a porn site she sometimes visited, she selected the lesbian category along with her favourite tags, and started looking for a video she might like.

Let's try this one. The girls look cute.

She jumped when the video started to play, realizing that she had forgotten to lower the volume. God I hope Esmé didn't hear that. She's never gonna let me forget about it if she did.

She gently caressed herself as the two girls in the video began kissing, but she just wasn't getting into the mood. Come on, you have to get up in six hours. Hurry up.

Then, she glanced at the recommended videos and spotted one that made her pause. She clicked on it, feeling guilty, and watched as a supposed teacher started undressing a more than consenting
No, no, no! Bad Elsa!

She quickly turned her phone off and put it back on her bedside table.

But then, desire got the better of her—she was much too horny. Damn it. She pictured a nondescript girl in the school uniform, and slipped a hand in her panties.

I'm not thinking about Anna, just some random girl in a skirt.

It wasn't long before she felt herself getting close to orgasm, and her resolve weakened steadily as delightful rivulets of pleasure emanated from her core. The image in her mind slowly took a solid form… strawberry blonde hair in twin braids, a freckled face, and teal eyes … She soon gave up completely and pictured Anna in her entirety, with her slim, petite figure and her gorgeous legs.

Fuck, she's so hot…

Elsa toyed with that image, picturing the cute redhead without a blouse, wearing only a pink lacy bra and her skirt, sitting on her desk in class as she often did.

She increased the pace, muffling the sound of her moans with her pillow, as the image of Anna shimmied out of her skirt. She came thinking about Anna, wearing only her pink bra and panties, without any guilt.

Guilt, however, hit her over the head soon after coming down from her orgasm, but she managed to fall asleep before she became overwhelmed by it.

"Well, that's all for today. You may leave now," Elsa told her class right before the bell rang.

The students gradually left, leaving only Anna. As always, she pretended to take her time packing. They both knew that it was only a ruse to stay a little and chat, but Elsa didn't mind. After all, she isn't into me anymore, so there's nothing wrong with this.

"Was today's lesson clear?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so!" Anna replied with one of her adorable smile.

"Good. You're really making progress."

"Yes, I think so, too! I guess it's because I have the best teacher ever."

Elsa laughed. "That won't get you more points."

"Hm, That's too bad! Well, at least I tried," Anna quipped, still smiling, and Elsa found herself unable to resist smiling back.

"So… I heard you were absent because you were taking your certification exam…?"

"Oh.. really? Where did you hear that?" Elsa asked, surprised.

"Well, that's the rumour mill. You know how that goes."

"Hmm… I certainly know how that works." Seems like I can't hide anything in this school. I doubt it came from Punzie, so it must have come from the administration… maybe someone in the front student.
"How did it go?" Anna asked.

"I... I'd say it went fine. Although, I don't want to jinx it."

Anna giggled. "It's funny hearing you talk that way. That's just like something Kristoff or Merida would say right after a test!"

"Um yeah, well, I guess..." Elsa blurted out, a bit embarrassed. She hoped it wouldn't undermine her authority. Don't be stupid, this is Anna.

"I bet you aced it, though, being French and all that!" Anna commented as she casually sat on her desk, revealing more of her delicate, smooth legs.

Damn it, if I were religious, I'd say she's the Devil testing me!

"Well, a lot of the candidates were French, to be honest," Elsa replied before taking another quick glance at Anna's legs and skirt. Damn it! She swallowed hard.

"I'm sure you'll pass. I believe in you!"

Elsa felt the heat involuntarily rising to her cheeks. "Th... thank you."

"Does that mean you'll be teaching us next year, too?"

"Well... if I pass, yes, I think so. Although, nothing's certain."

"Will you tell us when you know?" Anna asked.

"Yes, I'll tell you."

"Me or everyone?" she asked mischievously, repositioning her legs.

The motion caused Elsa's attention to stray once more. Yes, her legs are gorgeous. She forced herself to refocus on their conversation. "See, that's why French is a more practical language! We have different words for singular and plural pronouns," she argued, partly to avoid answering Anna's question.

"Hmpf. It also makes it more complicated to learn."

"Not when you have an amazing teacher, remember? Anyway, you should go now. Break is almost over!"

"Sure, Ms. Neige! See you tomorrow!" Anna replied as she jumped off her desk and grabbed her bag.

Elsa bit her lip as she watched her beautiful student leave, hesitating. "Je te le dirai," she finally called out, and Anna turned around and gave her a bright smile. Well, it seems Anna has been making progress in French.
"She definitely has a leg fetish!" Anna told her friends.

"What? Really?" Kris responded.

"Yeah, Esméralda told me she was obsessed with my legs!" Anna had a hard time believing it, but she loved the idea of her gorgeous teacher being fascinated with them.

"Weird."

"Why? Ye don't like legs?" Merida asked him.

"Um, well… sure I do, but… I mean, that's not the sexiest part of a girl!"

"Hmpf, that's because you still think like a kid!" Anna teased him. "I bet you only have eyes for big boobs and curvy butts!"

"Oh, yeah, look who's talking! Your eyes are always glued to Ms. Neige's cleavage!" Kris argued.

_I do love her breasts. But everything else about her is awesome, too, including her legs and butt. I'm not discriminating, my eyes love every square inch of her!"

"Anyway, if she's got a thing fer your legs, ye should take advantage of that!" Merida suggested.

"Believe me, I definitely am. If she likes staring at my legs, I'm going to make sure she gets to do it to her heart's content!"

"And how exactly are you planning to swing that?" Kris asked. "Remember, Mrs. Fitzherbert called you out on how you were dressed last time. And she was pretty pissed about it, too."

"I know, I know … I'm just gonna have to get sneaky, and pull up my skirt when I sit at my desk. Then, all Ms. Neige will have to do is peek under my desk to get a look at the goods!" Anna said, laughing.

"Huh. Isn't that going to make you feel guilty? I mean, it's a bit…"

Merida finished the sentence for him, "Naughty?"

"Something like that," Kristoff acknowledged.

"Are you kidding? This is going to be so exciting!" Anna replied. Just the idea that Ms. Neige had a thing for her legs thrilled her completely. She would be more than happy to tease her by showcasing them. She couldn't help but imagine Ms. Neige getting horny because of her. _What if she ends up masturbating thinking about me one night? God, that would be so hot!_

"I almost thought about going back to Esme's shop to buy something sexy, but that might make Ms. Neige suspicious."

"Yeah, ye shouldn't overdo it or she's gonna realize ye're still into her."
"Right. And I'm not gonna try and tease her by hiking up my skirt everyday, either."

The bell rang and they went to their first class. All Anna could think about was getting to French class and that her literature class seemed to drag on for hours. Eventually, class ended, and she hurried her friends to Ms. Neige's room. They were taking their time, though, so Anna pushed on without them.

"Bonjour, Anna!" her teacher greeted her in the corridor.

"Bonjour, madame!" Anna replied, reflexively smiling at the sight of her teacher. Ms. Neige was wearing a slightly shorter pencil skirt than usual, and the lightweight blouse she wore revealed a good deal of cleavage. *Summer's coming soon! I wonder how she'll dress when it is really hot! And damn... imagine running into her at the beach!"

"How are you today?"

"Great, thank you. How about you? Any news yet on your exam?" Anna asked after making sure they were alone. She had the feeling Ms. Neige wanted to keep this private.

"Not yet. I should know in a few days."

"Well, they sure are taking their time!" Anna commented. "It's been almost two weeks, right?"

"Yes, I'm convinced they want me to die of stress!"

Anna giggled. "Don't worry, I'm sure you'll pass. And if you don't, I'm gonna make a scene no one will ever forget!"

Ms. Neige giggled in return. "You're alone today?"

"Not exactly. Kris and Merida were dragging behind, so I ditched them," Anna explained. "Everyone should be here soon."

"Good, I was afraid I only going to have one student today."

*One-on-one with Ms. Neige? Damn, I wish that would happen.* She hesitated for a second, but decided to push her luck.

"Maybe that wouldn't be so bad?" she teased.

"Hmm, maybe not," Ms. Neige replied with a smile, and Anna's heart fluttered. "I mean, at least I wouldn't have to remind the class to be quiet every five minutes," she added, most likely after realizing that her comment wasn't exactly professional.

Soon enough, the other students arrived, and everyone swarmed into the classroom. Anna sat down at her desk, right in front of Ms. Neige's, and, when her teacher looked the other way, she took the opportunity to hike her skirt up a good amount, boldly revealing her thighs. Then she crossed her legs in order to hide her underwear.

She felt the heat rise to her cheeks after she realized Ms. Neige would now be able to have an ample view of her legs. *Look all you want, Elsa. Memorize every detail so that you can easily recall what you're seeing late at night.*

Ms. Neige's eyes widened when she turned her head back towards Anna. Her teacher's gaze averted sharply, and a very subtle pink coloured her cheeks. It was definitely working … and now began a
game of cat-and-mouse.

She made a point of slowly uncrossing her legs, and recrossing them when her teacher's attention was focused her way. Anna could feel Ms. Neige's searing gaze on her bare legs, and she loved it. She really does want me, echoed through her mind, and a pleasant warmth emanated from her core.

During the course of the class, she spent a good deal of time toying with Ms. Neige, repositioning her legs, shifting in her chair so her teacher could get a better view, or stretching her legs out to draw her teacher's attention back at her. The sense of power she felt over the gorgeous woman was intoxicating. But a quick glance at her teacher's delectable breasts grounded her quickly. She has the same power over me.

The fact that Ms. Neige was ogling her only served to make her feel horny. She could feel the wetness pooling between her legs and really couldn't focus on anything other than the game she was playing with her teacher.

When the bell rang, and it rang too soon, someone knocked on the door and entered the classroom. "Sorry to interrupt. I'm here to recruit for the decorating committee for this year's formal," a senior from the student council announced. Anna wasn't a big fan of the formal, especially because she had only ever gone with Kris, who never wanted to dance or do anything but act bored. She had only gone because her mother insisted it was something she shouldn't miss.

Looking at the calendar on her phone, she realized the end of the year was closer than she had thought. Damn, there's only a month left of school… Naturally, she was going to welcome summer break, but she was also depressed, because it meant she wouldn't see Ms. Neige for a long time. Or ever, if she isn't hired back next year… That last thought nearly sent her into a panic.

"You don't look really excited about the formal," Ms. Neige observed, and Anna realized that all the other students had left while she was deep in thought.

"Oh! No, I… I was just thinking."

"Do you have a date yet? Or someone special in mind?" her teacher asked.

Oh, I do! But that's never going to happen! "Um … well, not really. Last year I went with Kristoff."

"As friends?"

"Yeah. Of course. He didn't have a date either."

"I'm surprised nobody asked you out!"

"Well, I did get a few offers, but I wasn't really interested." She thought of Gaston and Hans, and cringed inwardly.

"Hmm… have you come out yet? Because there's little chance a girl's going to ask you if no one knows you're gay."

"Nope. The only people that know are you, Merida and Kris. Oh! And my parents." Well, not to mention your cousin who's plotting with me behind your back!

"I see…"
"What about you? Are you planning on going?"

"Huh… I haven't given it much thought. Are teachers supposed to go?" Ms. Neige inquired.

"Most of them do, yeah. Mostly to chaperone. Mrs. Fitzherbert came last year."

"Well, I guess I'll be there then."

"Teachers can bring a guest, too."

"Really?" Ms. Neige remarked. "I'm single, though."

"Oh, I didn't know," Anna lied. "Well, looks like we're gonna be the only two people there alone!"

Ms. Neige laughed. "Oh, I'm sure there'll be others. Anyway, I should get to the teacher's lounge, I have to see Mrs. Fitzherbert."

"Ok!" Anna exclaimed as she stood up from her desk. "Have a nice day, Ms. Neige!"

"Thanks, you too!"

Once outside, Anna went to find her friends with a smile on her face.

"So, are ye two going to the formal?" Merida asked.

"Well… I … ah, I guess…" Kris mumbled.

"Hey, maybe we could go together," Merida said, and Anna saw Kris raise his head suddenly, excitement lighting his eyes. "It would make Ms. Neige jealous!" Merida continued, and Anna watched Kristoff's face go from joy to despair as he realised Merida wasn't talking about him.

"I'm not sure..." Anna responded, reluctant to steal Merida away from her best-friend.

"Yeah, I … that's probably not the best idea," Kris added, and Anna almost laughed because it was so obvious that Kristoff wanted Merida for himself.

She saw Merida discreetly wink at her and immediately understood what was going on.

"You know, the more I think about it, the better it sounds. I mean, it could work..." Anna commented.

"But… but everyone'll think the two of you are a couple! Are you ready to come out, Anna? And Merida, you're not even gay!"

"Yeah, but I don't care about any of that! As long as it'll help Anna."

"We'd have to really sell it though," Anna remarked. "Do you think you could handle kissing me on the dance floor?"

Kristoff's eyes opened wide.

"Sure!" Merida replied, and now Kris was panicking. "And, who knows, it could be fun. I never kissed a girl before. Maybe I'll like it? I might just turn lesbian after all."

"Who knows," Anna said, struggling not to smile.

"We'll have to practice before, though. To make sure it's believable."
"That's a great idea! So, it's settled?"

"Well, let me think about it for a bit. I've got tae admit, I was hoping that some boy would come and sweep me off my feet. One thing fer sure, I'm not gonna wait around forever."

"Ok!" Anna replied. "So if nobody asks you out in the next day or two, we're going together?"

"Yep."

"How's that sound to you, Kris?" Anna asked.

"What? Why are you asking me? I mean, it's not like… I mean..."

"Well, I was just asking because we went together last year."

"Oh! Yeah, oh. No, no, it's fine."

By now Anna could see Merida was trying hard not to laugh. Somehow, they both managed to keep it together and appear serious. Poor Kris, you're really hopeless! Merida is definitely going to have to end up asking you out.

"Stop refreshing that page, you're gonna break your keyboard!" Esméralda admonished her cousin.

"I don't understand why the results aren't up yet! They should have been published two minutes ago!" Elsa complained. She was currently sitting on the couch, her laptop on her knees. She had rarely been so anxious.

"Relax, they'll be up soon enough," Esmé assured her as she appeared in the living room, suitcase in hand. She was leaving for France tomorrow for a week or two, and Elsa knew she would miss her.

"I hope the results will be good..."

"Me too, cuz." Esméralda said as she hugged her from behind and kissed her on the head. "I'll postpone my flight if they aren't."

"Don't be stupid," Elsa commented.

"I won't leave you depressed all by yourself. Anyway, this whole argument is pointless, because I'm sure you passed!"

Nonetheless, Elsa kept refreshing the page until the results appeared. The page was organized alphabetically by last name, with a header linking to each subgroup by first initial. Elsa was terrified to click on the "N."

"Ah, the results are in!" Esmé observed while looking over Elsa's shoulder.

"I'm freaking out."

"You've been refreshing that page for thirty minutes, and now you're just going to sit there, frozen?"

"What if I failed?"

"You'll be fired and have no choice but to work with me. You'll earn three or four times what
you're earning right now and have to work for the most awesome boss in the world. Poor thing."

"Shut... up..."

"You might have to strip down for me to get the job, though..." Esméralda teased as her hands began wandering down toward Elsa's breasts. "Then again, maybe you passed, but I guess you'll never know."

Elsa stopped hesitating and clicked on the "N". And right there she saw her name in a very short list.

"I made it! I passed!" she squealed, standing up abruptly.

Her cousin squealed in return, pulling her closely into a tight hug. "Congratulations! See, I told you! I knew you'd ace it."

Elsa couldn't believe it, she was finally a certified teacher. Starting next year, she could count on a higher salary. And, she was already working at Arendelle High, so she was almost sure she'd be able to continue there.

"I have to tell my parents!" And Anna! She'll be thrilled, too! "And Punzie!"

"Yep! I'll let you call everyone while I make dinner," Esméralda declared.

"I'm gonna miss that," Elsa remarked, although she would miss more than just the food. But she knew her cousin knew what she meant.

"Me too! But I'll be back before you know it. It's a short trip."

So Elsa called her family and friends. She was really excited to return to school and let everyone know about her certification, but namely she wanted Anna to know.

She had woken up early to bring Esmeralda to the airport. Consequently, Elsa arrived much earlier than usual to school. Dropping her bag off in the teacher's lounge, she went directly to Mr. Weselton's office.

The door was opened, but she knocked just to announce herself, and the headmaster raised his head from his laptop.

"Oh, Ms. Neige. Please, come in." he told her.

Elsa did so, and sat at his desk in front of him.

"I finally have the results from my certification exam," she announced. "I passed.

"Oh. Yes. Congratulations." Something was off... He delivered his approval flatly, not even making eye contact and it took her by surprise.

*I wasn't expecting him to jump for joy, but still...*

She sat there awkwardly, not knowing how to respond. An uncomfortable silence filled the room as Elsa struggled with an appropriate reply.

"I was confident you would pass," he finally acknowledged, but he seemed almost... embarrassed.
"I… I can only imagine it's a good thing for the school, right? I was thinking I could come back next year, since you seemed satisfied with my work."

"Oh, yes, I'm perfectly happy with your performance. Both the faculty and the students seem to respect you and offer nothing but praise."

"Great."

"But..." he added, and Elsa frowned. But what? "I… I'm afraid we won't be able to keep you with us next year."

Elsa's mouth dropped. She had worried about maybe not being able to keep her job if she didn't pass her certification, but she never anticipated this.

"Many members of the school board advised against hiring you again," the weasel finally explained.

"What? Why?!" Elsa asked, dumbfounded.

"I can only imagine that someone played their hand and convinced them otherwise..."

 Fucking Hans and his stupid bitch of a mother!

"Mrs. Westergaard?" she asked, and Mr. Weselton shrugged. Elsa continued. "I can't believe it! She'd prefer having no French teacher over me? And people agreed?!"

"The French teacher at Arendelle Middle School was interested, and we offered him the position."

Elsa sighed. It seemed everything was already settled.

"But I made sure his current position would be kept open for you, if you're interested."

 Am I supposed to say thanks?

"I… I'll think about it. To be honest, I wasn't expecting any of this."

"I can imagine. And I'm sorry, if that's any comfort. But think of it this way... it will allow you to experience something new, something different. It's a growth opportunity and I'm sure you'll be able to teach in high school again, if that's what you want. Also, it's still in Arendelle, so you won't have to move."

"I… I guess..." Elsa admitted. Teaching in middle school probably won't be any less interesting than here.... She just hoped that Hans didn't have any younger siblings.

"Think about it and let me know. The job is yours if you want it."

"I will, thanks," Elsa replied before standing up. "Have a nice day."

"You, too, Ms. Neige. And congratulations once again."

 Sure.

She didn't really know what to think. She hadn't anticipated any of this. The one thing she knew for sure was that she hated Mrs. Westergaard. But maybe Mr. Weselton was right: she could still have a job as a teacher, she'd experience something new, and she'd remain in Arendelle. After all, it could be worse.
It also meant she wouldn't see Anna any more, though. She could only imagine how disappointed the girl would be. As for herself, she couldn't really make up her mind. She would miss her, obviously, but maybe it was for the best.

"Still no news on your exam?" Anna asked her teacher at the end of class.

"I passed it!" Ms. Neige replied triumphantly.

"Wow, really? Congratulations! See, I told you!" Anna happily responded.

"I found out yesterday."

_Esméralda should have texted me! Although I would have had a hard time feigning surprise._

"So that means you're gonna teach us next year, right?"

"Well..." Ms. Neige started, visibly embarrassed.

"What?" Anna asked, worried.

"Swear you'll keep this to yourself."

"Y... yes, of course."

"I won't be here next year."

"What? Why? Don't you want to teach here anymore?"

"Yes, yes, of course I do. But the school board decided to replace me with someone else."

"But you're already here! Why would they send you away for someone else?" Anna asked, both sad and angry.

"My replacement is more experienced than me. He's been teaching in middle school for years, and he's interested in teaching high school now. And since I'm a rookie... they're offering him the job. But I've been offered his former position..."

"Pff, that sucks! Can they do that?"

"Of course. The only thing I can do is decide if I want the job. But I won't be teaching here, for sure."

Anna was furious. _This makes no fucking sense!_

"But you're a great teacher! Why do they think someone else would be better?"

"Well, experience does help a lot. Besides, you can't really know how I'll compare to this new teacher. And being popular as a teacher doesn't necessarily mean you're effective."

"Of course, but..."

Ms. Neige sighed. "There's politics at play here, too. Let's just say someone important doesn't really want me to work here anymore."

"Who?" Anna asked.
"Anna… I've already told you too much."

"Please, tell me! I'll keep it to myself."

"Do you swear? And promise me you won't try anything."

Anna sighed. She didn't want to make that promise, but in all honesty, what could she even do? She was only a student.

"I promise."

"Hans' mother. She can't stand me."

"That bitch! No wonder Hans is such a douchebag!" Anna swore, before realising she was speaking to a teacher. Ms. Neige didn't admonish her, though. In fact, she was even smiling.

Anna followed up by asking, "Do you think it's because you're gay?"

Ms. Neige shrugged. "Maybe, but I'm not convinced. I think she just hates me. Maybe because I stood up to her."

"Pfff… is there any way to fight this? I really wish you'll be here next year..."

Ms. Neige sighed. "I'll try to think of something, but for the time being, I don't have much choice."

Chapter End Notes

Two new artworks from IceWraith in the comments! ^^
Chapter 19

Anna didn't know what to do. It felt like the world was dissolving from under her. In two weeks she might never see Ms. Neige again. Her heart sank. *I've never been so reluctant to finish the school year.*

It had been so sudden—she had always believed that her teacher would get certified, and even if she didn't pass, she had believed Ms. Neige would continue working at Arendelle High. What she hadn't anticipated was the current turn of events. Apparently, neither did Ms. Neige.

Over the last two weeks, Anna had tried to come up with a plan to help out her teacher, but there simply wasn't anything she could really do.

A few stray thoughts had entered her mind. She could beg Hans to talk to his mother, but that would raise suspicions. And, she was sure Hans would do everything he could to make things even worse if he ever got wind of her feelings for Ms. Neige. *Maybe if I agreed to go out with him? Bleagh...*

She even thought about starting a petition to save Ms. Neige's job: after all, Ms. Neige was well liked and Anna knew that most of her students would prefer for her to stay. Unfortunately, Ms. Neige had made her promise not to tell anyone about losing her job. Besides, a petition signed by a few students wouldn't have much sway with the school board. *If even the Weasel couldn't do a thing... although I'm sure he didn't try very hard.*

So, Anna brooded. The series of events leading to her teacher's transfer were weighing heavily on her mind when her phone buzzed. It was an unexpected text from Esméralda—she hadn't received any from her in a long time.

*Hey kiddo! I'm back in Arendelle. Can you meet me at the café?*

Esméralda had been in France for a few weeks, and between her work and the time difference, they hadn't texted much.

*Sure. This afternoon?*

*Yeah. I think I have an idea for your Elsa problem!*

Anna wanted to believe that Esméralda had figured something out, but she had her doubts. Esméralda was always optimistic, and did have a few good ideas, but the current situation was beyond anyone's control outside the school board. Still, she wanted to believe.

So, she headed to the mall, and found Esméralda waiting at the same table where Anna had learned that Ms. Neige had a crush on her a few months back.

The gorgeous, raven-haired woman stood up to kiss her on both cheeks while resting a hand on her shoulder, and Anna blushed. She knew that the gesture was completely platonic for French people, but she found that it still made her feel self-conscious.

"Hi Anna!"

"Hey. How are you?"

Esméralda sighed. "A bit tired. I only came back yesterday." But then, she managed to flash a
They both sat down and Anna asked, "Are you living at Elsa's place again?" savouring the fact that she was calling her teacher by her first name.

"Yeah, but I'm thinking about renting a flat somewhere in Arendelle. I don't want to be a burden!"

"I'm sure she's happy to house you."

"She is. But still… Anyway, we have to figure out a way to get you two together!"

They both waited for the waitress to come by, and ordered drinks.

"I've been thinking about what to do ever since I got the news. It seems like there's just no way to fix this. We can't make them give her back her job," Anna fumed.

"Of course," Esméralda replied, dismissing the thought with a gesture of her hand.

"But you said that you had an idea!" Anna protested, losing hope.

"Yeah, but not about Elsa's job. What I meant is that we have to find a way to keep the two of you together."

"Huh?" Anna had to admit that her thoughts had never moved beyond saving her teacher's position at the school.

"Besides, let's be honest. Elsa's a tough nut to crack. Even with all your teasing, and how much she's into you, she never gave in and I doubt she ever will as your teacher. So, maybe this is a blessing in disguise?"

"Huh. True..." Anna admitted. Although the few last weeks of flirting had been awesome, even if she knew it wouldn't lead anywhere.

"So, I've been thinking, you should ask her to tutor you during summer break."

Anna opened her mouth to protest, but then closed it. Why not? It doesn't seem that far-fetched.

"I'm sure you can convince her to help you."

"Hmmm… that might be something I could try..." Anna mused out loud. "I could tell her I want to switch to an advanced class next year. My friends and I only took French starting in high school, but there are others who started in middle school and take more advanced classes. Maybe I could tell her I'm interested in doing that?"

"That would definitely work," Esméralda remarked. "And it will be much easier to seduce her once you're alone with her. Besides, she won't feel as morally compromised about it. Well, I hope so, anyway."

"Didn't she tell you that nothing would ever happen because of how we met?"

"Yeah, she did say that. But, believe me, she's really into you… I'll work on that point and try to convince her that it's not so bad if you're not her student anymore. And, in the meantime, you'll continue charming her!" Esméralda winked.

Anna took a second to think about it. Having Ms. Neige all to myself? That would be awesome!
"Do you think your parents would go along with this?" Esméralda asked.

"Hmm... I guess. I'll have to ask them."

"Sure. Do that and keep me posted!"

So, Anna went back home and waited for dinner to bring the subject up. "Ms. Neige told us she won't be teaching us next year. She's changing schools," Anna casually mentioned.

"Who is she again? The literature teacher you liked so much?" her father asked, as he helped himself to some chicken.

"No, our French teacher, dad."

"Oh! The new one? That's a shame, she sounded pretty good," her mother commented.

"Yeah... especially compared to the last one we had."

"Well, let's hope the replacement will be more like her," Anna's father interjected.

"Sure. By the way, since I've really made some progress this second half of the school year, I was wondering if I could move up to the advanced class next year."

"Are you sure that's something you want? The kids in that class had a head start. They'll have a big advantage over you. Remember when I told you you should start in middle school? You said it was useless back then!" Iduna remarked.

"Yeah... I know. I guess you were right," Anna admitted, mostly to get her mom on her good side.

"I smell something fishy here..." her father casually commented, and Anna started to worry. "I bet this idea comes from Kristoff! You said he was good at French, right? And you don't want to be alone next year."

"Um... yeah, there's that, too," Anna mumbled. I'll have to let Kris know.

"And I was starting to think that you really wanted to improve!" Iduna objected.

"I do! I'd even be willing to take private lessons during the summer," Anna announced. "I mean, if I really had to."

"Hmm, I see. Your grades have really improved, but I doubt you're good enough to move into the advanced class. So, I guess you would need private lessons."

Anna faked a sigh. "I guess..."

"Too late to back out now; this was your idea anyway!" her mother admonished, and Anna struggled not to smile.

"Where am I going to find a tutor, though?" she asked, innocently.

"I'm sure there are plenty of French students in Arendelle. There must be some who offer tutoring to help pay for their studies," her mother offered, and Anna was a bit disappointed. She was hoping the idea of hiring Ms. Neige would come from her parents, but maybe that was asking for too much?

"Or you could ask your high school teacher. With what they're paid, maybe she'd be interested. It's
a shame, really," Agnarr commented.

*Don't smile, don't smile!*

"Hmm… that just might be the perfect solution," Iduna added. "And she'll no longer be your teacher next year, so there shouldn't be any issues."

"I… I guess I could ask her," Anna said with a shrug. She never had to struggle so much to keep herself from smiling—it physically hurt.

Her parents looked at each other, and Anna hated when they did that. It was as if they were having a private conversation without words, and Anna realised that they had suddenly come to the same idea.

"Tutoring won't be cheap, you realize," her father pointed out, and Iduna nodded in agreement.

"I… I know," Anna admitted, a bit surprised. Her parents were wealthy enough, in her opinion. They had never lacked for anything, went on holidays once or twice a year, and had a nice house.

"Remember when I mentioned that you should look for a part time job? To understand what it's like to work and to be more autonomous?" her father mentioned, and Anna could see what was coming.

"So… you want me to get a job to pay for my lessons?" Anna asked.

"Well, this is for your education, so we'll contribute. Let's say we'll pay for this, but no more pocket money, since you'll be earning your own."

Anna sighed. She had hoped to escape the part-time job thing.

"At least during the summer. Then, you can decide if you want to continue or not," Iduna added.
"But you have to learn what hard work is."

"I… I guess I could look for a job," she finally agreed. *See what I'm willing to do for you, Ms. Neige?*

"Great!" Agnarr exclaimed, and Anna realised how satisfied her parents must be right now. Their daughter was willing to find a part-time job just like they wanted, she was going to take extra lessons, and on top of that, they wouldn't have to give her pocket money anymore. *They must be so proud of themselves! They don't even realize that they've been played.*

They switched to another subject, but Anna had a hard time thinking about anything else. *Ms. Neige teaching me French one on one? Oh my. Summer is gonna be great. All I have to do now is convince her to give me private lessons, and find a job… which might be a lot harder than convincing my parents…*

*My parents agreed! I even managed to make them think about hiring Elsa on their own,* she texted Esméralda later that evening.

Awesome!

*Now, I have to convince Elsa…*

Don't worry, I'll help.
And, I have to find a part-time job.

I can help with that too.

Esméralda was back at Elsa's home, enjoying her cousin's company.

"You wouldn't believe who stopped by the shop to ask for a job today!" Esmé remarked, as she was cutting some carrots.

Elsa was busy peeling potatoes as they both prepped for dinner. "Hmmm…" She tried to imagine who it could be, but had no idea. "I don't know?"

"Let me help you. She's quite pretty, has big teal eyes, strawberry blonde hair and I heard you have wet dreams about her sexy legs."

"Anna?!" Elsa cried, completely shocked.

"Yep! The little temptress herself!"

"You didn't hire her, right?" she asked.

"No," Esméralda answered, and Elsa sighed. She couldn't imagine her cute, innocent student working in a lingerie shop. "Not yet, anyway."

"What?!"

"I told her I would think about it. I do need someone, especially for the summer. My other employees have vacations planned throughout that time."

"Yeah, but you can't possibly consider Anna for that position?"

"Why not? All I need is for them to be responsible and nice to people. And to be good-looking."

"But..."

"But what? Didn't you say she was a serious student?"

"She is, but..."

"And that she's always kind and smiling?"

"Yeah, but..."

"And she's definitely good looking, right?"

"She isn't even eighteen!" Elsa complained.

"Yeah, I won't ask her to take the clients' bra measurements if that's going to make you feel better … and less jealous," Esméralda winked.

"Wha… no, this isn't about me!"

"Of course it is! She has all the qualities I'm looking for. She'll just have to work the register, fold stuff, and maybe give customers some advice."

"You… you can't hire her!" Elsa complained.
"Oh? Is it because you have a crush on her? That doesn't seem fair. You won't even be her teacher in a couple of weeks. And you're so pig headed. You do realize you may never see her again."

"Is this some kind of ploy so that I get to see her again?" Elsa asked suspiciously.

"Elsa… it's not all about you. How often have you come to the shop? Twice? It's not like you would see her every day."

"Hmpf..."

"I won't hire her if you really don't want me to… but let's be fair about this. She wants to find a part-time job for the summer, I need someone, and she'd be good for the job. If it weren't for your crush, I'd have hired her already. But I don't think it's fair to dismiss her only because her former teacher has a thing for her, right?"

"Well, if you put it that way..." Elsa was forced to agree.

"Great! So it's settled then!" Esméralda said with a big smile before quickly returning to the cooking. "Shouldn't we add more salt?"

"Nah, you already added enough!" Elsa complained, keeping the salt shaker away from her cousin, who playfully tried to grab it. "It's bad for your blood pressure."

"Whatever you say, teach'. I wouldn't want to get sent to detention."

"Okay, wait a minute … So I'm supposed to take the advanced class, too?" Kris asked. Anna had just finished telling everyone Esméralda's plan, and he didn't sound too enthusiastic about it.

"Nah, I'll say you weren't good enough to get in. I'm not even sure I'd be accepted, even with Ms. Neige's private lessons."

"Especially if these lessons involve more French kissing than learning French!" Merida quipped, and Anna blushed.

"Huh… and you'd be willing to do all that? Get a job, take extra classes, work hard during the entire summer and then take the advanced class where you have no friends?"

"Of course!" Anna replied.

Kris sighed. "You're crazy."

"And where are ye gonna find a job? Isn't it a bit late to apply for summer jobs?" Merida wanted to know.

"I… I already found one," Anna replied, a bit embarrassed.

"Really?! Where?"

"At the mall," Anna simply answered, knowing that Kris wouldn't approve.

"That fast?"

"Yeah."

"Don't tell me..." he started, but Anna nodded yes. "Aw… Come on!"
"Why not?"

"You didn't even want to enter that place two months ago! And now you're going to work there?"

"Well… I'll get used to it. Besides, Esméralda said I would only work as a clerk. I won't take measurements or watch customers try on lingerie."

"What did your parents say?" a curious Merida asked.

"Well… they don't really know yet."

"They're never going to allow it!" Kris argued.

"I won't tell them which shop I work at… at least not at first."

"What if ye end up seeing your mother there, searching for something to please yer dad?" Merida asked with a huge grin.

"Eww!" Anna complained. "I didn't need that image in my mind!"

"Well, your mother is, um, not bad looking, and she's not that old either," Kris added. "She must have a few key items stashed away in her closet."

"Stop making this worse!" Anna exclaimed as she hit her friend in the shoulder.

"This plan sucks," Kris finally let slip. "But you never listen anyway…"

"And she's right not to listen to ye!" Merida added. "If it wasn't for me she'd have no chance at getting the girl of her dreams."

"Alright, I think we've discussed my love-life enough for now! What about the formal? It's getting closer."

"It is..." Merida agreed.

"So… did anyone ask you out?" Kris asked.

"Nope. Well, no one interesting."

"Huh..."

There was an uncomfortable void in the conversation. "So you and Anna are going together, then?" Kris asked, scratching the back of his head.

"Why?" Anna asked. *Come on, stop being such a chicken and ask her out you dummy!*

"Well… Merida said that if no one asked her out she'd go with you..."

"You're such an idiot," Anna told her best-friend.

"What? Why?"

"Ok. I've had enough of this. You two are going together," Anna decided.

"Who? Me?" Kris asked, then turned towards Merida. "With you?"

"That's what she said," Merida replied.
"Wh… why?"

"Because you can't make a decision so I'm doing it for you!" Anna teased. "You're going with Merida and shut your mouth."

"Are you sure about this?" Kris asked Merida, looking completely lost as well as clueless, and the Scot rolled her eyes.

"Yes I am. Will ye go to the formal with me, Kris? As a date?"

"W-what? O… of course! Sure!" he replied, a big, awkward smile painted across his face. He stood there clumsily fidgeting.

"See, that wasn't so hard!"

"But if I go with Merida, who's going to be your date?" Kris asked Anna.

She simply shrugged. "I don't know. It's not like I really need to go anyway. I'll go alone."

"Didn't you say Ms. Neige will be there?" Merida asked.

"Yeah. But it's not like I'll be able to dance with her. Or anything else."

"True…"

"I'll have all summer to catch up on that, though!" Anna said optimistically, and her friends smiled at her. I don't know how long it will take me, Ms. Neige, but one day you'll be mine.
Elsa had trouble believing that this would be one of her last lectures in this classroom. There were just a few days left, and then she'd have to say goodbye to everyone at Arendelle High for good. *Well, maybe not forever, but it'll probably be a long time before I find myself back here.*

While it was possible that she could end up preferring her position at the middle school, she had her doubts. It would be hard to top teaching at the high school, not only because it was rewarding, but also because of her friends, like Punzie, and… Anna. Not only that, but she would have to restart the entire process of preparing lessons, getting acquainted with her peers, and learning the ins and outs of her new environment. Elsa sighed loudly; she would have to prove her worth again, both to the faculty and the students, and without any immediate support from her best friend.

"I can't believe that there are only a few more classes left with you as our teacher!" Anna sighed, echoing Elsa's thoughts.

"Yes, the year went by fast..." Elsa admitted.

"Is there any hope that you'll be here next year?"

"Nope. I'm afraid there's no chance of that."

"Well… that sucks."

"Indeed," Elsa replied with a small smile.

"Anyway, I have a message from my parents," Anna remarked as she pulled a letter from her bag.

"Huh… really? What about?" a surprised Elsa asked, with no idea what this could be about.

"They have a request, and I hope you'll accept! Read, you'll see!"

With a combination of curiosity and increasing wonder, Elsa took the letter from Anna and opened it.

**Dear Ms. Neige,**

Anna has improved a lot thanks to you over the last few months, and has even found a passion for French. So much so, that she wants to move to the advanced class next year. However, we're afraid she hasn't mastered the language to that level yet.

Anna agreed to take private lessons this summer to continue improving, and we would like you to continue teaching her, if possible, since you performed such a stellar job during the second half of the school year.

We've heard you wouldn't be teaching at Arendelle High School next year, and, consequently, hope this should avoid any accusations of preferential treatment. Please call us if you're interested, so that we can discuss the details such as payment as well as the times when you would be available.

The letter was signed, and a phone number was attached.
Elsa was taken aback by the contents of the letter, and stood by speechless.

"So…?" Anna prompted. "I'd really like it if you were my tutor this summer."

"I… I don't know. I've never given private lessons."

"Well, it can't be a whole lot harder than teaching an entire class, right? If anything it should be easier!"

"I… I guess."

"Please say yes! You're such a great teacher, and I'm sure I'll learn even more with you than I could with anyone else."

"I… um… I'll think about it, and let you know," Elsa replied, a wave of thoughts rushing through her head. *Teaching Anna alone? At her place, or mine? Alone?*

"Thanks!" Anna replied, offering her a big smile. "See you soon then!" she added as she exited the classroom.

Elsa nodded and sat on her desk, reading the letter again. She wanted to say "yes," if only to see Anna again. But this was wrong! She had to stop crushing on her, and the best way to move on was to sever ties. *It's hard enough already keeping my eyes off of her in class. How am I supposed to handle being alone with her? What if I slip up, and she realises I have feelings for her? She'll think I'm such a pervert… am I?*

"You seem lost in thought!" Rapunzel stated, and Elsa noticed her best friend standing at the door.

"Oh, yeah, sorry, I didn't hear you."

"What're you thinking about?" her friend asked as she came in and sat on the desk where Anna usually sat after class.

"I can't believe the year's almost over."

"Yeah… it went by really fast. It always seems to do that."

"I'll be gone soon."

Rapunzel's expression changed. "I still can't believe what happened!" she furiously declared. "The Weasel should have vouched for you!"

Elsa sighed. "It is what it is. No sense in getting angry about it now."

"Yeah… don't worry, you'll be back soon enough! A few years tops."

"I wish."

They sat quietly for a while, until Rapunzel noticed the letter in Elsa's hands.

"What do you have there?"

Elsa handed the letter to her friend, and waited while Rapunzel read it.

"That's really nice!" Punzie finally proclaimed. "It's rare to see parents appreciating your hard work."
"Mhmm..."

"So, are you going to give her private lessons?"

"I don't know... would you?"

"Hmmm... she's a great student, and I know you could use the extra money... Do you have any other plans for the summer?"

"Not really..."

"So, why not?"

"I don't know..." Elsa replied, hesitating. She wanted to tell her best friend the truth, but she feared that Punzie wouldn't understand. Elsa was pretty sure a teacher wasn't supposed to feel the way she felt for Anna, and Punzie would freak out. "What if she's still into me, and this is a ploy to see me over the break?"

Her friend chuckled. "Now you're just flattering yourself! Didn't she say she was over you? Besides, this is a letter from her parents."

Elsa sighed. "I guess... so, do you think I should accept?"

"I can't make that decision for you! But I think it'd be easy money, and teaching a sweetheart like Anna would be easy, too."

"I'll think about it. Thanks for the advice."

"You're welcome!"

I guess I could ask Esmé too, but I already know what she'll tell me.

Induna stood by the stairwell as Anna came downstairs. "So, do you have a date for tonight?" she asked.

"Nope! I'm going alone," Anna admitted. She joined her mother at the bottom of the stairs and they made their way into the living room.

"Ah... well, that's fine. There will be other formals."

"Of course. And I'm fine!" Anna replied. Most people she knew would be feeling depressed in her situation, but it was different for her. She was only going alone because the woman she loved (and who had feelings for her!) clearly couldn't accompany her.

Entering the living room from the kitchen, Agnarr added, "No one deserves my daughter anyway!" and Anna chuckled.

Iduna nervously hovered around Anna. "So Kris is going with Merida—is that right?"

"Yeah, but they're bringing me with them. They should be here is less than an hour."

"That's nice." Agnarr offered, and she could see both her parents felt bad for her.

"Come on, it's fine, really!" Anna told them. "If I really didn't want to go alone I would have gone with one of the people who asked me. I'm perfectly fine."
"Good, good", Iduna repeated without much conviction.

"I'm sure there are girls out there just like you," Agnarr added, and Anna rolled her eyes.

Turning toward her mother, Anna asked, "Could you help me with my make-up?" She wanted to be as beautiful as possible tonight to impress Ms. Neige.

"Of course."

"Who knows? Maybe I'll meet a special someone there!" Anna declared, winking. She had chosen a formal dress she hoped would serve her purpose - which was to make Ms. Neige realize what she was missing out on - damn her stubbornness and professionalism!

The dress, was short because Anna knew how much her teacher loved her legs, and green because it was her favourite colour. It's upper half involved a delicate sweetheart bodice which exposed her neck and shoulders entirely, as well as emphasising her modest-sized breasts.

To accompany her dress, she had changed her typical hairstyle and traded the French braids for a more sophisticated updo that involved a crown braid wrapped around a carefully coiffed bun.

Looking in the mirror, she thought she looked pretty.

"Wow, when did my baby girl turn into such a beautiful young woman?" her father asked when she came back downstairs.

Anna chuckled and looked at the clock. Her friends should be arriving soon.

"You look lovely!" Iduna exclaimed, and Anna thanked her. "So, Kris and Merida are dating now?"

"Well, not exactly. Both of them spent too much time dancing around their feelings," Anna explained.

"Ah, here they are!" Agnarr announced, as Anna heard her friend's car pulling up in front of her home.

Shortly after that, Merida and Kris were at the door, and Anna opened it for them.

"Wow, ye're stunning!" Merida said as she saw her, and Anna smiled.

"Thanks! You too!" Merida was always pretty, but looked exceptionally beautiful all dolled up and in a deep blue dress that flowed to the floor.

"I love yer dress," Merida added. "Hmm… is it too late to go to the formal with ye instead of Kris?" she teased.

"Come on, Kris looks really sharp, too!" Anna replied, glancing at Kris in his tuxedo. She leaned into Merida and whispered, "Besides, we need him to drive us."

Kristoff played along and scowled. "I heard that, you know!" and both girls giggled.

They came inside for a while, and Anna's parents welcomed them with all the customary compliments.

"It's good to finally meet you, Merida! Anna has spoken about you quite often. Maybe we'll see you more during the summer?"
"I'd love that. Unfortunately, I'm going back to Scotland next week," Merida explained in a perfect Arendellian accent which shocked both Anna and Kris. "But it's a pleasure to meet you, too."

"Will you be back in September?"

"I hope so. I'll try to convince my parents for sure!"

"Well, we're hoping it all works out for you… anyway, we shouldn't keep you here! Enjoy your night, you three!"

"What should I wear..." Elsa complained as she rummaged through her dressing room.

"Let me help! Let me help!" Esméralda chirped as she appeared in the room.

"I'm not sure that's a good idea."

"Come on! I'm so jealous of you. I've always wanted to go to a formal! It's a shame high school formals don't exist in France. The least you could do is let me help you choose what to wear!"

"Remember, I'm going there as a teacher, not as a student."

"Sure! Try this!" Esméralda said as she handed her a dress.

"I'm not wearing that..."

"Try it at least!"

Elsa sighed and took off her top and jeans to put on the white dress Esméralda had handed her. "See, there's no way I'm wearing this. It shows way too much cleavage."

"I like it," Esméralda stated, nodding while staring at her cousin's breasts.

"Of course you do!"

"Alright. I understand. You don't want half the girls there mad at you because their boyfriends are staring at you."

"Maybe I should stick to the usual pencil skirt and blouse?"

"No way I'm letting you go to a formal dressed like that."

Elsa sighed. "Ok, fine, but nothing too sexy."

"What about this one? It looks so great on you," Esméralda suggested as she showed her a red cocktail dress.

"There's a slit that goes all the way up to my hip," Elsa complained. "It's a no-go, too."

Esméralda sighed. "You're being such a prude!"

"I'm only going there to make sure everything goes smoothly and to stop horny teenagers from humping each other on the dancefloor. What message would I be sending if I go there dressed like an escort?"

"Escort? That sounds like the perfect message. Hold on while I grab my checkbook. Or do you accept Visa?"
Elsa promptly stuck her tongue out at her cousin.

"You're absolutely no fun. Hmm, how about this one?" Esméralda asked once again.

"Way too short. Ok, let's forget everything I was given while modeling. Let's stick to casual clothes."

"Casual clothes… for a formal!" Esméralda continued to search. "I've never heard anything so stupid!"

It took them almost an hour and a lot of bargaining before they finally agreed on an outfit. Compromises had been made, and Elsa liked the result. She was wearing a long blue dress with a slit on the side that reached mid-thigh. The V-shaped neckline was sexy but not too revealing, and she had found a small handbag that matched perfectly.

"Heels?" Esméralda asked.

"Obviously."

"Stilettos?"

"Nah. It's going to be a long evening," Elsa commented as she selected a pair of shoes. If there was one thing her career as a model had brought her, it was a huge inventory of shoes.

"Well, on to the underwear!"

"What? No! If anyone ends up seeing my underwear, it's because something went really, really wrong!" Elsa joked.

"Who knows? Maybe your little Anna will have a change of heart when she sees you in that dress!"

"Don't make me regret choosing this outfit, or I'm going with the pencil skirt."

"Ok, ok, no more talk about your loved one."

Elsa glared at her cousin, but Esmé responded by smiling back at her innocently.

"Well, a little make-up and then I guess I'm ready."

"Great, let me help!" Esméralda exclaimed.

"Ye know what we should do?" Merida suggested as they left Kris' car. "We should make a grand entrance with each of us on Kris' arm."

Anna laughed. "What do you say, Kris?"

"S… sure!" Kris replied, blushing.

So the two girls each took one of his arms, and made their entrance. Anna smiled when she realised all eyes were on them.

"Damn, Kris! You lucky bastard!" Gaston commented as they came inside, while Hans, who happened to be right by the door, muttered something Anna couldn't hear.

"Well, I'm leaving you two together now!" Anna announced as she moved away from her
friends. *I'm off to find Ms. Neige*...

It didn't take long to find her, and when she did, Anna's mouth dropped open. Ms. Neige was absolutely gorgeous, and she was stealing the spotlight from everyone else. Anna didn't dare get any closer because all the faculty were huddled together, but it was hard not to—Ms. Neige was like a powerful magnet.

"She looks sexy," Merida commented, and Anna realised that her friends had followed her.

"Yeah… look at those legs..." she remarked. There was a slit running down the side of her dress, and it revealed so little, yet so much.

"You should stop drooling, someone's gonna notice."

"Relax, just enjoy the evening! I'm sure you'll find a way to get closer to her later," Kris offered, and Anna looked at him, surprised.

"Whoa. You're not actually suggesting that I keep trying to win her over—are you?" Anna asked. "Well, that's new!"

"Technically, she's no longer our teacher, right? So… why not?" he said, shrugging.

"Did she ever give you an answer about the private lessons?" Merida wanted to know.

"Nope. Not yet. I'll try to get an answer tonight."

"Oh! Well, good luck!"

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Elsa was going to kill her cousin. She was overdressed, even with all the compromises she had made. The other teachers were dressed better than usual, and some of the male teachers even wore bow ties, but none of her female co-workers were wearing anything too formal.

"Hey Elsa!" Rapunzel greeted as she arrived a bit later than the others. At least she was wearing an evening gown, even if it wasn't as formal as Elsa's.

"Hi, Punzie..."

"You look absolutely stunning!"

"Well, thanks …" Elsa bit her lip. "Do you think I overdid it? I guess I shouldn't have listened to Esmé..."

Rapunzel chuckled. "You don't say! But no, I think you look great."

"Anyway, you look lovely, too! I'm glad you finally arrived. I was starting to worry I'd be the only teacher here in an evening dress..."

"Tsk, who cares about the others. Although you better get ready to be asked to dance a lot!"

"What?" Elsa asked, surprised. "Is that even allowed?"

"Of course! The seniors sometimes do that. They're not students anymore, after all, and it makes them feel older. You don't have to say yes, obviously, but it's fair and innocent."

Elsa shrugged. "I don't know… I don't think I'd be comfortable dancing with a student."
As she continued her conversation with Rapunzel, Elsa spotted Anna, and her heart skipped a beat. She had rarely ever seen Anna wearing anything other than her uniform, but the girl was simply stunning in her short green dress. Her hair was in a lovely updo, and the small accents of makeup enhanced her natural beauty, if that was even possible.

Rapunzel turned too see what Elsa was looking at, and giggled. "Those three look awesome—don't you think?"

The sound of her friend's voice broke her out of her reverie, and she quickly searched for a way to explain her staring. "Yeah, I almost didn't recognize them! Kris looks so different in a tuxedo."

"True!"

Right now, Kris was hardly her concern—Elsa couldn't keep her eyes off of Anna. *She's so beautiful... Ok, new mission for tonight: avoid Anna at all cost.*

Avoiding Anna was easy at first because Elsa was surrounded by teachers, but, as things started to liven up, everyone started to mingle. Elsa was so worried she would find herself alone with Anna, she spent most of her time barricading herself behind other teachers and trying not to even glance at her.

Then, she saw the girl coming in her direction, and Elsa looked around for help. *I can't trust my eyes if she gets any closer! Please, someone help!*

Fortunately, she made eye contact with Jasmine. The girl smiled at her and Elsa smiled back. Jasmine left her group, struggling to prevent her very short dress from lifting too high as she walked in long strides towards her. *Phew...*

"Ms. Neige!" the girl exclaimed as she reached her. "Thank you so much! An agent contacted me for a photo shoot next week!"

"Well, I did say I'd help you once you graduated!" Elsa replied.

"Thank you so much... you're the best!"

Elsa smiled back, and hoped this little interruption was enough to keep Anna at bay.

"Would you dance with me?" Jasmine then asked, before getting closer and whispering in her ear. "You're the best looking teacher, by far. It's going to drive everyone mad with jealousy, especially my boyfriend!"

Elsa laughed and nodded, if only to drive her thoughts away from the gorgeous strawberry blonde she spied from the corner of her eye. She danced with Jasmine for some time, even enjoying herself.

"You're such a good dancer!" the girl commented.

"You too!" Elsa replied.

"Do you think I could have your phone number? In case I need modeling advice later on!"

"Sure, if you'd like," Elsa answered. Since she liked Jasmine, she saw no reason to refuse. If anything, the girl reminded her of herself when she was her age.

"Great!"
Soon enough, they finished dancing, and Elsa gave her her number.

"Would it be ok to ask you your first name? I mean, to put it in my contact list!"

Elsa chuckled. "Sure, it's Elsa."

"Great! Thanks a lot, Elsa! I'm gonna go back to my boyfriend now. I'm sure he's waiting for me!"

"Of course. Enjoy your evening!"

"I will!"

After she left, Elsa resumed her job as a chaperon, occasionally agreeing to dance with someone each time she spotted Anna getting closer to her.

Anna had just escaped an encounter with Gaston. "I'm telling you she's avoiding me!" she complained to her friends after she was finally able to rejoin them.

"I'm sure it's all in your head," Kris remarked.

"Hmpf… she even danced with that girl!"

"Oh, oh… jealous much?" Merida teased.

"Of course! Did you see how short that girl's dress was? She shouldn't even be allowed in here wearing something like that!"

Both her friends laughed, and Anna shook her head in anger.

"Don't worry, you'll get your chance once they start playing slow dances. None of the teachers will be dancing then, and most of the students will be on the dance floor."

"And the teachers will spread out to make sure nobody gets too steamy on the dancefloor."

"Hmm… that makes sense."

So Anna waited patiently, even dancing a little, although she completely shut down any boys that attempted to flirt with her. Finally, the slow dances started, and she had her opening.

"Bonsoir, madame!" she announced as she finally managed to ambush her favourite teacher.

Ms. Neige jumped and turned towards her. "Oh… hi, Anna."

"You look stunning tonight!" Anna remarked, gathering her courage. "Well, you always do, but tonight especially."

Her teacher blushed, obviously embarrassed. "Th… thank you, Anna. You look really beautiful yourself."

Anna blushed too, and felt almost intoxicated. She had been complimented all evening, by friends, family and would-be admirers, but none of their compliments had the same effect on her. Even more than the compliments, Anna could feel Ms. Neige's eyes on her, and knowing that thrilled her.

"So… you're here alone?" Ms. Neige inquired.
"Yep! I wasn't interested in any of the people who asked me!" Anna replied with a smile.

"I'm sure there were plenty that asked, though!"

*Yes, but none that could hold a candle to you.* "Oh, I'm sure you had tons, too, at your own formal!" Anna replied.

"Well, we don't have them in France."

"Really??!" Anna asked, astonished.

"Yep. I don't know, it still feels weird to me. It seems pretty hard on students who aren't in a relationship. They have to find someone or else they have to come alone or not at all..."

Anna shrugged. "It also forces people to get out of their comfort zone. Look at Kris, he finally asked Merida out. Well, I did most of the work, but still..."

"Oh, really?" Elsa asked. "I wouldn't have figured those two would be dating..."

"They're actually a good fit. Oh, there they are!" Anna exclaimed, discreetly pointing them out to Ms. Neige. "Don't they look good together?" Merida and Kristoff were dancing slowly, swaying back and forth in tune to the music as they held each other closely.

"They're cute..." her teacher remarked, and Anna could hear just a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"Yes..."

Then Anna saw Kris get closer to Merida, and the Scot closed the gap to kiss her.

"Well, now that's done."

Anna chuckled. "Yep." She waited for a while, and realised everybody was either on the dance floor trying to score, or moping in some dark corner. The light was dim, and it felt as if the two of them were alone.

The atmosphere was thick with unspoken implications. Overcome by a compulsion to spend a private moment with Ms. Neige, Anna blurted, "Um, I was wondering... would you mind stepping outside and going somewhere else with me?" The moment the words left her lips, she realised the position she had just put the two of them in. What would happen if Ms. Neige said "no"?

Elsa stood by speechless, shocked by the boldness of Anna's question. She didn't know how to answer. Yes, of course, she wanted to go. She was standing next to the prettiest girl in all of Arendelle High, and that was precisely the problem. *My student, my very beautiful, wonderful student.* Surrounding them were dozens of young adults holding each other, some of them kissing, and Elsa felt a deep melancholy run through her.

She stole another glance at Anna and realised how much she cared for her. The girl was a true beauty in every aspect of the word. Dressed as she was, without her school uniform, the age gap between them seemed almost nonexistent, and Elsa was tempted to consider what it would be like if she stopped forcing herself to deny her feelings. She was missing out on so much.

*It's wrong... but she's not my student anymore... still, she's way younger than me... but she's old enough to know what she wants...* Elsa felt paralyzed. *What would people think?*

"I... I mean, it's pretty uncomfortable watching them all like that," Anna added, and it broke Elsa
out of her thoughts.

"You're right. Let's go somewhere else," she replied, and she saw the look of surprise on Anna's face, soon replaced by a huge smile. *God she's pretty.* Her heart was pounding wildly.

They left the building and were relieved to breathe some fresh air.

"So, where should we go?" Elsa asked.

"Um... there's a pub just around the corner if you're interested. It would be easier to talk there," Anna suggested.

"Sure! Let's go," Elsa stated before realising that the walk there was probably impractical in heels even if they weren't quite stilettos. "How far is it?"

"Not much, just at the end of the street."

"Well, I'm gonna go change my shoes then," Elsa said as she searched for her keys in her purse. Her car was parked nearby and she went to open the trunk.

"Do you always have spare shoes in your car?" Anna joked.

"Hmm… yeah, I do actually!" Elsa replied while taking off her shoes. She could feel Anna's eyes on her feet, which were meticulously pedicured. Even though she knew she would feel guilty later on, Elsa stretched out her leg and let the slit of her dress ride up to reveal her thigh as she put on the other set of shoes. From the corner of her eye, she caught Anna staring at her legs and Elsa felt a current of electricity run straight through her, right to her core.

"Right! Now, I can walk!"

They both headed to the pub and entered. Dressed as they were, they seemed a bit out of place, but didn't care.

"Let's grab a table," Anna suggested, and Elsa followed her.

"You two look lovely. Is the formal over already?" a waitress asked as she stopped by their table.

"No, not yet," Anna replied.

"Well, you should go back soon then! Enjoy it while you're still young! Two beautiful young girls like yourselves should have no trouble finding a proper date and having some fun!"

Elsa suppressed a smile and ordered from the menu. Then, when the waitress left, she looked at Anna and they both started laughing.

"I guess I look younger than I thought!" she remarked.

"Of course you do!" Anna replied, smiling, and Elsa allowed herself to relax and take in all of Anna's beauty.

"What? Do I have something on my face?" Anna asked. Panicking, she brought her hand up to her nose.

"No, no. It's... you're really pretty," Elsa confessed, blushing.

"What? Oh! Th... thank you. Do you really think so? It really means a lot coming from you," the
young girl replied, blushing even more.

There was an awkward silence after that, and the waitress came back with their drinks.

"So, how was your first formal?" Anna finally asked.

"Well, I've spent the evening making sure nobody was drinking alcohol or making out in the bathroom, my feet hurt and I really want to go to bed!"

"I saw you dance, too." Anna said, and it sounded like an admonishment.

"Yeah, I did accept a few dances," Elsa admitted.

"Jasmine seemed particularly happy to dance with you. I didn't even know she was taking French."

*Hmm… are you getting jealous, Anna?* "She doesn't, but I helped her out. She wants to become a model."

"Oh."

"Anyway, what about you? Did you have a good time?"

"Hmm… yes, I think so. It started off slow, but it got a lot better now that I'm here with you," Anna answered sheepishly.

"I see…" She definitely still has a thing for me. It was awful, but she loved it. It made her feel special, and she wanted even more.

"I… I'm really glad you came to our school. You're a great teacher and… I'm really going to miss you," Anna confessed, lowering her eyes.

"I'm going to miss you, too."

"Really?" Anna asked, raising her head.

"Yes. I always went to work happily, knowing you'd be there. Which made the days I didn't have you pretty boring."

Anna was beaming now, and Elsa's heart hurt. *Why couldn't we have met under other circumstances? If only I was still a student too…*

"But… if you say you're going to miss me… does that mean I won't be getting private lessons from you this summer?"

"I…" Elsa started, but then stopped. She still hadn't managed to come to a decision. Esméralda had encouraged her to say "yes," but for all the wrong reasons, and Punzie encouraged her as well, but without knowing how Elsa felt about Anna.

Elsa wanted to say yes, but she knew that it was a bad idea. *It's clear that she still has feelings for me… and she must know I have feelings for her too, if only because of what I said tonight.*

The right answer would be to say no, and yet Elsa didn't want to let this opportunity slip by. *If she's no longer my student… would it be so bad? What if things could work out between us? Who cares what other people might think? You've wasted so much of your life already… what if you're wasting everything again by refusing her?"
It was another awkward moment punctuated by silence and Anna was still waiting for an answer. *If I accept, it means I've made peace with my feelings for her. But if I say no, it means I'll never see her again... I can't do that. I can't let her disappear!*

It was much clearer now. Even if it was wrong, she couldn't bring this story to an end like this. There was no way she was going to say goodbye to Anna a few minutes from now and never see her again. In her heart, she knew they would both end up in tears, and that was something that Elsa couldn't bear.

"No, I... I'll be your tutor, of course."

Anna's mouth fell open in surprise, and Elsa smiled. She wanted to hug her, kiss her and tell her that she loved her, but she did none of that.

"Thank you!"

"No problem. I'm not going to let my favourite student down."

"You're the best!" Anna gushed as she suddenly stood up. "Can I give you a hug?"

Elsa stood up and extended her arms. Anna moved closer and embraced her, and Elsa brought her close into a tight hug. As she held the smaller girl in her arms, Elsa realized that they had never shared the slightest physical contact up until now. Elsa's hands rested on Anna's lower back, separated by only a thin veneer of fabric, and it felt amazing. Anna smelled really wonderful, too, and Elsa didn't want to let her go. *Fuck... I really am in love with her...*
Anna couldn't help but twirl and dance as she made her way blissfully up her parents' walkway, moving in tune to her own beat as she gradually edged towards the front door. She was way too giddy to care about what others might say. *Tonight was amazing!*

The front door opened and she was greeted by her parents, amused grins painted widely across their faces. Their sudden appearance shocked her into sobriety, and she quickly collected herself and calmly walked up to them as if she had been doing so all along.

"Well well well... you look particularly happy," her mother noted.

Anna nodded, struggling to hide her smile, but failing miserably.

"Hmm, did you meet someone?" Agnarr asked. "A girl, maybe?"

"Maybe!" Anna replied as she entered. She wasn't willing to tell her parents anything, but at the same time was dying to share everything.

"I see ... so, aren't you going to tell us anything else?" Iduna asked.

"Nope!"

"Do you think you'll see her again?"

"I hope so!" *I know I will!*

"Well, I'm glad you enjoyed your evening. And I trust that you'll introduce her to us if it gets serious."

*Oh, you'll be meeting her sooner than you think!* "Well, I'm off to bed! Goodnight, mom, dad."

"Goodnight, Anna," her parents replied.

As soon as she was in her bedroom, Anna leaped onto her bed and hugged her pillow. *I actually hugged Ms. Neige tonight! The whole evening was unreal... I can't believe any of this is happening. She's just so gorgeous... and she's definitely into me. She said I was really pretty... she agreed to tutor me... she held me in her arms...*

Just thinking about it made her tingle with excitement. Hugging her pillow tighter, pretending it was Ms. Neige, Anna replayed the entire evening in her mind, from the beginning of the formal, to their exit outdoors, and then to the pub, which concluded with their embrace. *And when she changed her shoes! Oh my... I'm sure she wanted me to see her sexy legs! Damn, her legs are gorgeous...*

Anna grabbed her phone and sent a text to Esméralda.

**I had an AMAZING time! We left the formal together, and Elsa agreed to tutor me! We even hugged!**

She heard a knock on the door, and Anna let go of her pillow.

"Come in!" she exclaimed, and her mother entered.
"Oh, you still haven't changed," Anna's mom remarked. "I was wondering... did you get a chance to speak to your French teacher?"

"Oh, yeah, I did talk to her. She said that she's interested; she should call you soon," Anna replied.

"Oh! That's great! Ok, then sweetie, have a good night."

"Thanks, mom."

Once her mother was out, Anna quickly changed into her pajamas, and slipped into bed. She knew she wasn't going to fall asleep anytime soon, but it was more than fine with her. She checked her phone and noticed Esméralda's reply.

**What? You two hugged?! The two of you are so wild! j/k it's cute. And trust me, Elsa is pretty excited too.**

Anna squeezed her pillow tight again, smiling as she closed her eyes, and replayed the evening from beginning to end once more.

"Honestly, I don't know what's happening to me anymore! Lately, I can't get Anna off my mind." Elsa told her cousin, who was sitting in front of her with a huge grin on her face.

"You're in love, that's what's happening!"

Elsa sighed. "But it's not right. I can't be!"

"Of course you can."

Deep down, Elsa knew that her cousin was right. She had even admitted it to herself when she was in the pub with Anna. "I mean, it's true... she's no longer my student..."

"See? You don't need even need my guidance anymore! You're already convincing yourself."

"I don't know. I don't think I could... you know, date her. Besides, I've never dated anyone, I'd be terrible at it."

"I'm pretty sure she hasn't either," Esméralda commented. "Besides, just follow your instincts... On second thought, forget that. Just come to me for advice. Otherwise, we'll be having this same conversation when we're both in our nineties."

Elsa ignored her cousin. "And what about her parents?" she asked instead, continuing on with her thoughts. "And Punzie? And everyone else?"

Her cousin shrugged. "I ship the two of you, why wouldn't they?"

"Because you're a perv and they're not?"

"Hmm... true," Esméralda admitted.

"I'm in an impossible situation. Even if I... even if I wanted to date her, it just wouldn't be possible. She's only seventeen!"

"Please stop lying to yourself. You know you want to date her. And, of course it's possible! You're a bit older than her, so what? Celebrities are always going out with people half their age! In fact, those age gaps are typically larger than the one between you and Anna."
"I'm not a celebrity."

"It doesn't matter, you're missing my point. I'm just saying ten years isn't such a big deal. It may seem so right now, but when you're forty or more, it'll be nothing!"

*When I'm forty? Anna would be thirty... we would live together, maybe even be married... ok you need to stop that right now, Elsa!*

"How did you feel when you hugged her?" Esméralda asked.

"I never wanted it to end," Elsa answered honestly. "It felt so... so perfect! All my senses were alive and I felt warm and tingly everywhere! What's more is that I think she felt the same way, too..."

"You think she's still into you then?"

"Yes, definitely. She had her eyes glued to me all evening."

"I bet!"

Elsa blushed. "I'm terrible. I even encouraged her by exposing my thigh."

"So, you really want her to want you."

"I... I do," Elsa admitted. "I loved it when her eyes were on me. I can't get enough of her attention. I want her to want me the same way I want her."

"So... she's into you... you're into her... you're no longer in a situation of power over her..."

"I see where you're going with this."

"Why don't you ask her out? Just go on a date with her!"

"I can't!"

"Why not?"

"Because I'm terrified!, I've never been in a relationship!" Elsa blurted. "Besides, it would still be unethical. She's too young for me, and her parents wouldn't approve."

"Okay, I'm going to stop trying to get you to take it to the next step... for now. We've already made tremendous progress," Esméralda commented. "But you did agree to tutor her, right?"

"Yes. I... I want to see her again."

"Great. So you'll just flutter around her, driving yourself mad."

Elsa blushed. "Maybe my attraction to her will fade on its own."

"Sure, Elsa, sure."

"So, all I have to do is stand at the register and ring people up?" Anna asked Esméralda. They had just finished going over the responsibilities for her new job.

"At least for now. Over time we'll have you stocking shelves, too."
"Ok!"

"Think you can handle it?"

"Yeah, of course," Anna replied although she was a bit nervous.

"What did you parents say about taking a job here, by the way? Did they have any issues about you working here?"

"Um..." Anna stammered, looking at her feet.

"You didn't tell them?!"

"Well, I sort of did. I did mention that I was working at the mall. And when my mother asked me what shop, I just said it was a clothing store." She was pretty sure her parents wouldn't have approved if they knew that she was working in a lingerie shop.

"I see… well, I'm pretty sure this will come back to bite you in the ass, but that's your problem, I guess."

"Hmpf…"

"Don't say I didn't warn you. By the way, I told the girls to watch over you. Every once in a while, we get a creep that will try to flirt with you or something. If that happens just make it clear you're not interested.

"O… ok,"

"Don't worry, it's pretty rare. And if he, or she, can't get the hint, you can always call on Marshmallow."

"Huh?"

"The security guard. That's his nickname. He looks tough but he's actually a real softy. At least he is with us. That's how he ended up with his nickname."

"Oh, ok!" Anna replied, a bit reassured.

"Any questions?" Esméralda asked.

"Nope, I think I'm good."

"Great! When are you seeing Elsa by the way?"

"Tonight!" Anna replied, smiling. "I'm so psyched!"

Esméralda stifled a laugh. "You know, she couldn't shut up about your time at the formal."

"Really? I can't stop thinking about it either. I hope she won't forget what a great time we had and start acting all strict and businesslike."

"So, how was your day?" Iduna asked when Anna arrived home.

"It was okay," Anna answered. "Pretty boring, but okay." She couldn't really say it was hard work or tiring, but she had felt like time was dragging. **Maybe because I couldn't wait for my private lesson!**
"Maybe it'll get less boring once you get to know the others."

"Maybe... anyway, it's just for the summer, so I should be fine."

"Your teacher will be here soon; you should get ready."

"Oh, yeah! I almost forgot!" Anna lied. As if that could happen.

Iduna sighed. "Don't forget, this was your idea!"

"Yeah, yeah..." Anna replied, trying not to appear too enthusiastic. They're not dumb. I don't want them to figure out the real reason I wanted lessons.

Anna quickly went upstairs and grabbed her clothes. She had been thinking about what to wear ever since Ms. Neige had agreed to tutor her.

She's only ever seen me in a uniform, and the dress from the formal. I can't screw this up. Since Ms. Neige loved her legs so much, Anna had decided to wear a skirt. She could have gone with short shorts, too, but she figured a skirt would be sexier. And with the hot weather right now, she could definitely wear one that was short. For the top, she chose a cute tank top that would show a lot of skin without being trashy.

Once she was ready, she made sure her bedroom was in perfect order. She hid most of her stuffed animals inside her closet, along with anything else that might be embarrassing. The idea was to show Ms. Neige that she wasn't a kid anymore, since their age gap seemed to be such a big deal for her.

Her desk was cleared for use. Now, the only thing missing was an extra chair for Ms. Neige.

Anna was in the process of taking one from the living room when her mother walked by and gave her a questioning look.

"What? She's not gonna stand in my room for the whole hour," Anna said. Although I would be more than happy to sit on her lap...

"Oh. Why don't you just have your lesson here in the living room?" Iduna asked. Grrr. Because we won't be able to do anything naughty here!

"Really? With you and dad around? I think we'd be more focused in my room. Besides, everything I need for the lesson is at my desk."

"Fine... just make sure your bedroom is tidy."

"Of course."

So Anna took the chair upstairs and put it by her desk. I can't believe we're gonna be sitting close together with no one around!

The rest of her time was spent making sure her room was in perfect order. Everything had to be perfect! She even went as far as changing her bedsheets for a more mature look—something a young sophisticated woman would have in her bedroom. Unfortunately, she was starting to stress out. Suppose Ms. Neige opens my closet door and finds all the stuffed animals I hid there? Or she goes into my dresser and sees my collection of dull white underwear? All kinds of bizarre scenarios were playing through her mind.
Eventually, the doorbell rang, and Anna had to restrain herself from bounding down the steps to reach the door. Instead, she patiently waited for her parents to get it. I can't let on that I'm excited about this. I have to keep up the pretense that this was all their idea. She couldn't help but smile to herself on how well her plan was going.

Nevertheless, Anna tried to eavesdrop on their conversation. What's taking them so long? She couldn't exactly make out their conversation from her vantage point, and was growing frustrated with how long they were taking.

"Anna! Your teacher's here!" Agnarr eventually announced. Finally! Anna waited some time before approaching the stairs.

Ms. Neige was right there, standing next to her parents, and Anna was so happy to see her, she wanted to squeal. Her teacher's outfit was more casual than what she typically wore at school, but not to the same degree as when Anna had seen her outside of that environment. She was wearing a cute blue summer dress, rather short and tight around her waist. Anna was curious about the neckline but couldn't see a thing because Ms. Neige was wearing a light cardigan.

"Bonjour madame!" she exclaimed, and her tutor flashed her one of her gorgeous smiles.

"Bonjour Anna. Comment vas-tu?"

"Très bien, merci!" Anna replied in what she figured was a terrible accent.

"Well, I'm gonna leave you two now," Agnarr declared. "I'm afraid I can't speak a word of French."

"It was very nice meeting you! Anna and I should get to work right away," Ms. Neige responded. "We have a lot of ground to cover."

"Follow me!" Anna told her tutor as she lead her upstairs to her bedroom. If only it was for something other than learning French! One day, I'm sure it will be. "We have a lot of ground to cover."

"During our lessons... To study French! I mean, we'll have less noise, so we can be more focused! On working!" She was rambling now, and desperately needed an escape. Maybe I can hide under my bed, it's only a few steps away.

They both sat down next to each other, and they were so close that Anna could feel the heat radiating from Ms. Neige. Between the weather and her teacher's close proximity, Anna wished she had dressed even lighter. It seemed her teacher had the same thought, because she got up to remove her cardigan and placed it neatly on the bed.
As Ms. Neige turned to join her, Anna felt her own temperature rise even further. The summer dress her teacher wore revealed a generous amount of cleavage, and Anna had to struggle to keep from ogling those amazing breasts. As Ms. Neige sat down next to her, Anna was mesmerized by her teacher's porcelain skin. She was so close now, that Anna couldn't pry her eyes away from those creamy peaks. Her teacher caught her staring, but pretended not to notice.

*She didn't say a thing or cover herself up. Either it really is way too hot in here, or she's okay with me looking.*

They started working soon after, but Anna had a lot of trouble focusing on anything other than her teacher and her perfectly sculpted breasts. She had the same trouble in class, but this was on a whole different level. They were alone, only a few centimetres from each other, and there was a sense of intimacy now that she had never felt in school. More than that, since they were sitting sideways, so close to each other, she could see a part of her teacher's bra, and it was driving her mad with desire.

"You're not pronouncing it right. It's 'cousin', not 'cousine'' Ms. Neige gently admonished, pronouncing the last syllable in a way Anna just couldn't repeat.

"Cousin," Anna repeated.

"Nope, that sounds like you're saying it in English. It's funny, Punzie has the exact same problem."

Anna looked at her teacher, puzzled.

"Oh… yeah… Mrs. Fitzherbert, I mean."

"Punzie?" Anna asked, trying hard not to laugh. She had seen her literature teacher's name written somewhere once, and it wasn't exactly a name that would qualify as cute.

"Y… yeah."

"That's so adorable!" Anna squealed.

"Hmpf. This can never leave this room, or she'll kill me."

"My lips are sealed," Anna said, smiling.

"Speaking of lips, watch mine carefully," Ms. Neige instructed. "This is what we call a nasal vowel, but the way you move your lips is important, too."


They practised for a while, but Anna really was struggling to make headway. "It's too hard! I bet only French people can make those sounds!" Anna complained.

"Well, it would help if you looked at my lips instead of my boobs," Ms. Neige admonished, and Anna's cheeks instantly turned red—she felt horrible, like a small child caught red-handed.

"I… I..." she stammered, unable to come up with a convincing explanation, and then Ms. Neige chuckled.

"It's ok, I'm just teasing you. I guess I'm at fault here," she added, looking at her own cleavage. "I'll make sure to dress more appropriately next time."

Anna bit her lip. There was so much she wanted to say. She loved the casual rapport they now
shared, and, in fact, she had no objections to the way Ms. Neige was dressed. If anything, she wanted to encourage it.

"I like the way you're dressed," Anna managed to say. "It's fine with me. More than fine, actually."

I can't believe I said that. I'm flirting with Ms. Neige! All my dreams are coming true. Anna stopped herself for a second to gauge her teacher's reaction. Am I doing this right? Oh, no!

But Ms. Neige laughed again. "Anyway, we'll get back to pronunciation later. Let's focus on your grammar."

The rest of the lesson went by without incident, and they actually ran over the scheduled time.

"Well, I guess that should wrap it up for today."

"Yep! Thank you so much, Ms. Neige."

Her teacher seemed to hesitate for a second, but finally spoke up. "You know, since I'm no longer your teacher, I think it would be alright for you to call me by my first name."

"Oh? Really?" Anna responded.

"I... I mean, you don't have to!"

"No, no, it's fine... Elsa." Wow. That was weird. But a good weird.

"Oh, you already know my name?"

Ha, I know so much about you. Even your address. Wait, maybe that's actually creepy?

"Yep. Punzie mentioned it once," Anna commented, smiling, and Elsa face-palmed.

"I shouldn't have let that slip."

Anna grinned wickedly and her teacher rolled her eyes. They both stood up simultaneously and after an awkward moment, Anna realized that her teacher would be gone until her next lesson. She didn't want her to go, but knew she didn't have any say in the matter. Impulsively, she pulled her teacher into a hug. The embrace echoed the warm feelings from the formal, but in a completely unscripted moment, Anna found herself embarrassingly aware of the other woman's more than ample breasts softly pressing against her body.

"Let me see you out, Elsa," Anna finally suggested, as she reluctantly broke free of their embrace. She could have easily addressed her like she always did, but it felt so good using her first name.

Elsa grabbed her cardigan, locking eyes with Anna momentarily, and put the light sweater on before exiting the bedroom. She followed Anna down the stairs.

"I'll see you on Thursday then?" Elsa half asked, half stated, as they reached the door, and Anna nodded. They were supposed to see each other only twice a week, but Anna hoped she could convince her parents and her tutor to bump it up to three times a week.

"Well, in the meantime, try pronouncing "Constantin prend du vin blanc" a few times. They're all nasal vowels."

"Huh. I'm not promising anything here."
“Anna…” Elsa smiled, and Anna felt butterflies in her stomach. *This summer's going to be so awesome.*
Anna walked into the kitchen to tell her parents Elsa was gone. *Elsa. I got to call her by her first name! And she was definitely flirting with me... And, oh my God, that cleavage!*

"My lesson's over!" she announced as she spotted her parents sitting at the kitchen table.

"Great, dinner's almost ready," her mother declared.

"How did it go?" Agnarr asked.

"Great!"

"I bet!" he replied, and Anna looked at him, puzzled. "She's quite a beautiful woman," he added with a smirk.

"Well... um... yeah, I think I mentioned that once", Anna replied. *I can't deny it, they'll think I'm hiding something.*

"Yes, but we didn't think she'd be... like that," Iduna commented.

"What do you mean?"

"Like... really, really beautiful."

Anna tried to laugh it off.

"I understand now why you've been so into French since she arrived!" her father mentioned. "I bet I'd have taken that class, too, if she had been there when I was a student!"

"I'm afraid she wasn't even born then," her mother said, rolling her eyes. "She must be what... twenty-two, twenty-three?"

Anna shrugged. "I guess," she lied. *It's not like a few years would make a difference anyway. Even five.*

"So..." her mother started as she brought a plate of pasta to the table. "Does having a beautiful teacher have anything to do with you suddenly liking French?"

*Fuck fuck fuck!*

"I... um... why would it? She's just a great teacher."

"Of course, I'm sure the fact that she has the face of an angel and is shaped like a bombshell didn't play a part in this," Agnarr added, his smirk growing bigger.

"Now you're being rude," Iduna remarked.

"I... yeah... you're not being fair to her. Just because someone's really pretty doesn't mean that they can't be a great teacher," Anna protested.
"Still, I don't think it's such a good idea having her tutor you," Iduna noted.

"Aw, come on, it's cute," Anna's father interjected. "We've all had crushes on teachers."

"I… I don't have a crush on her!" Anna complained. I'm in love with her, that's different!

"Of course, darling."

"I'm sure you wouldn't be so nonchalant about this if we were talking about a man instead of a woman," Iduna reproached.

"Hmm… true," Agnarr finally conceded.

"And why's that?"

"I don't know. Maybe because we see older men as vile predators who want to abuse young girls. It's different with women."

"That's plain stupid," Iduna commented. Anna kind of agreed with that, but she kept quiet because her father's thoughts definitely aligned with hers.

"Anyway, she must be straight, right?"

Anna realised he was asking her, and she shrugged. "How would I know?"

They finally dropped the subject and started eating. She had just helped herself to the pasta when her phone buzzed. It was Esméralda.

So, how is it going? Elsa is still not home. Are you two making out in your bedroom?

Anna tried not to smile because her parents were watching her.

Nope! But it was great! We hugged again! And flirted! Can't wait until I see her again, but that won't be for a few days…

Don't worry, I have a few ideas.

"I'm an awful teacher!" Elsa told her cousin.

"Of course you're not!"

"I flirted with a student!"

"A former student," Esméralda corrected.

"I told her she should stop staring at my boobs if she wanted to make progress!"

"Sounds like good advice. That way she'll be more focused and learn."

"But it was all my fault! I deliberately wore a dress with a low-cut neckline so that she would look. I even hid the fact from her parents by covering up with a cardigan!"

Esméralda laughed. "Now that is a bit naughty!" she triumphantly declared, and Elsa buried her face in her hands.
"I apologized and told her I'd wear something less revealing next time, and she responded by saying she liked the way I was dressed. In fact she preferred it that way..."

"I bet she did."

"What am I gonna do...?" Elsa asked as she collapsed on the couch.

"Continue teasing her until she can't take it any more and makes the first move? Because you're way too hopeless to do it yourself."

"Hmpf..."

"What about her? How was she dressed?"

"She was so cute and sexy... her skirt was so short... and she wore a tank top which really worked wonders with her perky breasts."

"See, she wants you to have a good look at her, too! Anyway, when will you see her again?"

"In three days." God, that's gonna be long.

"And you have nothing else to do until then?"

"Well... yeah. I mean, I'll have to prepare lessons for next year, since I have to start from scratch again. But except for that, and the lessons I prepare for Anna, I'm on a break."

"That's pretty cool. So, what do you say we hit the beach tomorrow?"

"Don't you have to work?"

"Nah, not really. The staff is trained now, and I can take an afternoon off."

"Well, in that case, I'm in! I have a new swimsuit I just bought."

"Great!"

"Should we invite Punzie, too?"

"Hmm... could we not? You two are going to end up talking about work again. I want to relax."

Elsa sighed. "You're gonna have to make friends with her at some point! She's my best friend!"

"Of course. Just not tomorrow!"

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**We're here at the beach. On the right side, between the aid station and the stone seawall.**

Anna smiled. Esméralda always had the best ideas.

**I'm on my way! Is Elsa in a bikini?**

**Oh, you have no idea! Hurry up!**

She immediately called Kris.

"Hey Kris!"
"Hi Anna. How are you?"

"Great, you?"

"Good, I'm with Merida."

"Put her on speaker!" Anna heard Merida say in the background.

"Hi Merida!" Anna said.

"Hey!"

"Hey, do you guys wanna go to the beach?" Anna asked.

"Hmmm… yeah, why not. Kris replied. "I'm a bit surprised, though. Where'd this come from?"

"Well, I have the day off… Merida is leaving soon… And I want to see you both..."

"Wow, that's really nice of you!"

"Nah, I'm just kidding. Ms. Neige is there and I can't wait to see her in a bikini!"

She heard Merida laugh, and she could hear Kristoff groan.

"So, what do you say? I could go alone, but I thought it would be nice if we all went together." Maybe she would go alone next time, but she figured Elsa might find it a bit weird if she went there by herself.

"Sure, we'll come and get you in… half-an hour? We have to stop by Merida's place first so she can grab a swimsuit."

"Half-an hour?" Anna pouted. "Make it ten, I can't risk Elsa leaving before we show up!"

"Elsa, huh? Calling her by her first name already?"

"Well, she gave me permission," Anna proudly boasted. "But stop talking, and hurry up!"

"Sure, sure. See you soon."

Anna hung up and went to her closet. *I'm gonna see Ms. Neige in a bikini! Oh my God, I bet she's gonna look really hot!*

She had gone shopping with Esméralda for the occasion, and bought a new swimsuit. She felt a bit guilty that they had done this while she was supposed to be working, and hoped the other employees wouldn't be mad at her. Obviously, Esméralda tried to steer her into buy something overly sexy, but Anna had compromised.

She grabbed her new swimsuit from her closet and undressed to put it on. She had chosen a green bandeau bikini top that was perfect for her modest-sized breasts, and high-cut bottoms that seemed to lengthen her legs. *It does show off a bit of my ass, though...*

Anna was starting to feel self-conscious about her swimsuit as she viewed herself in the mirror, but she shrugged it off. *Esméralda said I looked hot. And she mentioned that my butt looked pretty nice in these bottoms...* She wiggled her butt, and decided that maybe Esmé was right. *Ok Anna, stop complimenting yourself.*
Next, she put on a cute and colourful summer dress over her swimsuit, and grabbed a small beach bag in which she put a towel, a few snacks, some sunscreen and a book. *Not sure I'm gonna be focused enough to read, though...* She also grabbed her sunglasses, and mischievously thought that it would allow her to shamelessly stare at her gorgeous teacher without being caught.

Finally, she walked downstairs and ran into her mother.

"Going to the beach?" her mom asked.

"Yep! Kris will be here any minute with Merida."

"Ok. Shouldn't we buy you a new swimsuit?"

"Don't worry, I already took care of it!"

"Really?"

"Yeah, remember, I have a job now!"

"Did you get a discount on it from your shop?"

"Oh... um... no, I didn't buy it there." *Trust me mom, you wouldn't want me to buy anything there!*

The doorbell rang, and Anna was thankful because the timing was perfect. Her mom was going to ask her more about her job, and Anna didn't really want her to figure out where she worked.

"Ah, that must be Kris! See you tonight!"

"Sure, enjoy your afternoon."

*Oh, I will!*

Soon, they were all at the beach, and Anna couldn't wait to *stumble* on Elsa.

"I bet she looks super sexy," Merida remarked as they walked on the beach, trying to find them.

"Yeah..." Anna replied, half-dreaming about it.

"And, Kris, ye better keep your eyes to yourself!" the Scott warned, and Anna chuckled.

"Huh? Wait a minute! I'm not the one who even wanted to come here in the first place. Talk to the redhead over there. She's the one who cooked this whole scheme up ... and only because our hot teacher would be here!" Kris defended himself.

"I'm kidding!"

It felt a bit weird seeing these two as a couple, and Anna couldn't help but feel a bit left out, even if she knew how stupid that was. *I wish I had a girlfriend of my own!* She still had trouble admitting Ms. Neige was attracted to her, and she didn't quite know how the two of them could move to the next level, but she wanted to believe it was possible.

"There they are," Kris whispered, and Anna looked in the direction his head was turned.

"So... what do we do now?" Merida asked. "Do we walk up to them, pretending we didn't see them until we're right next to them?"
"I… I don't know," Anna said. "Let's get closer."

They had only walked a few steps when Anna saw Esméralda stand up and try to flag them down. Esméralda's arms windmilled back and forth with large, exaggerated motions, as if she were trying to get the attention of a rescue plane. "ANNA!" she cried, and everyone on the beach turned towards her, wondering what was going on.

"Well, I guess we can forget about sneaking up on them quietly," Kris joked, and Anna giggled nervously, feeling somewhat embarrassed. Apparently Elsa felt the same way, because she was frantically trying to make her cousin shut up. *Or she doesn't want me to join them because then she'll have a hard time keeping her eyes off of me. Heh, I wish.*

They walked closer, and Anna saw that Esméralda was wearing a skimpy outfit. She had a very small black bikini top and a black thong that left very little to the imagination. *You have to be really confident to wear something like that… although she does have plenty to be confident about…*

But as hot and sexy as her boss looked, what Anna really wanted was to see Ms. Neige, and Esmé was currently blocking her view. *Move your sexy ass away, I want to see Elsa!*

"Hey, Esméralda!" she piped as they finally arrived next to them.

"Hi, Anna!"

"Oh, is that you, Ms. Neige?" asked Anna, feigning surprise. "I mean… Elsa."

"Anna, what a coincidence seeing you here," Ms Neige responded, and Anna gulped when she looked at her. She was currently lying on her belly, and Anna had a perfect view of her bare back, only hidden by the thin straps of her bikini. Her legs were long and willowy, and her bikini bottom was cut so low that she could see half her butt cheeks. *God, she's gorgeous.* Her porcelain skin was blemish free and looked silky smooth. *If only I could touch her…*

Anna didn't know if she should pretend that she didn't know Esméralda was Elsa's cousin or not. *I did see them together at the shop… but I never mentioned it to Elsa. And I don't know how Esmé played it.*

"Oh, I see you remember my cousin, Elsa?"

"Well, duh, she was my French teacher! And she's giving me private lessons this summer!" Anna replied.

"Oh, yeah… somehow that slipped my mind," Esmé acknowledged with a smirk, and Anna noticed her friends were trying not to smile.

"Anyway, you should settle here. There's some space left," Esméralda suggested, and Anna realized she had been spacing out because she was so absorbed by Elsa's hourglass figure.

*Ok, I can't spend the entire afternoon staring at Elsa. I want her to notice me!*

"Is it okay if I settle down here?" she asked Elsa as she maneuvered next to her, opposite Esméralda.

"Oh, sure… not a problem."

So Anna set her towel down on the sand, right next to Elsa's. She was so excited she wanted to dance. *Calm down, calm down. You'll just be lying next to the most beautiful girl on Earth, the one
you've been pining over for half a year, and who happens to be into you, too, God knows why. No big deal. Nope. Nothing to get excited about... Not even the fact that she's almost naked. And her skin is flawless... Fuck! Stop it Anna! Stop looking at her!

She managed to collect herself, and then slowly removed her summer dress, letting it slide smoothly past her shoulders and off her body. I hope I'm not making a fool of myself. Whatever she was doing, it seemed to be working, though. She spied Elsa staring at her out of the corner of her eye. Hmm, maybe she does like what she's seeing?

"Ooh, I love your swimsuit!" Esméralda commented, and Anna smiled at her.

"Thanks."

"Too bad you didn't get one from my shop! If you had, you could have gotten a discount!"

"I... I don't think I could pull that off the same way you can. Besides, my parents would have a cow!" Anna answered, wondering if Elsa was picturing her in one of Esméralda's creations right now.

She deliberately turned towards her friends, and purposely allowed Ms. Neige to get a good look at her from behind. She blushed a little, remembering how she thought her swimsuit was too revealing after looking at herself in the mirror. On the other hand, knowing that her gorgeous teacher could be shamelessly staring at her bottom right now was thrilling. She bent over and lingered a while as she stowed her dress in her beach bag.

Her friends removed their clothing, too. While Anna acknowledged that Kris was well proportioned and extremely fit, it did absolutely nothing for her. Conversely, as pretty as Merida was, she couldn't compare to Elsa, although Anna had to admit that Merida had a nice figure.

Merida looked Anna over and winked. "Ye do look lovely, Anna!" she then remarked. "Sometimes I wonder if I made the right choice going with Kris..."

Getting back to the jealousy thing, huh? I bet Elsa won't like that!

"Well, there's still time to change your mind," Anna flirted back.

"Oh, you and Kris are a couple now?" Ms. Neige asked. "That's cute!"

Anna couldn't help but smile at how fast Elsa had interrupted them.

"Yep, it took us a while to get together, though! Anyway, could you put some sunscreen on my back, Kris? I get sunburned really easily."

Damn, I wish I had the nerve to ask Elsa to put sunscreen on my back... and I'd love to put some on hers, too!

"Ah, looks like the kids have come to our rescue! I told you, Elsa, that you didn't need to panic!" Esméralda remarked. "We can borrow theirs."

Elsa sighed.

Kris handed Esméralda the sunscreen once he finished with Merida, and Esmé then straddled her cousin who was still lying on her belly.

Esméralda winked at Anna, and then untied Elsa's bikini top.
"What are you doing?" Elsa asked suspiciously.

"You'll get tan lines. You'll be fine as long as you lay on your belly," Esmé added as she pushed the straps to the side.

Anna gulped as she watched Esméralda apply sunscreen to Elsa's completely bare back. Oh, God, she's so hot! I wish I was the one straddling her back.

"Can you help me out?" Anna asked Merida once everyone was done. After Merida finished applying sunscreen to Anna's back, they all laid down, and Anna did all she could not to stare at Elsa. Or at least, all she could not to get caught. Not my fault she's so perfect. I'm glad I brought my sunglasses.

"It's getting hot. I'm gonna head into the water." Esméralda announced after a short while.

"Good idea," Elsa replied.

Esmé suddenly stood up and sprinted across the sand. "See you there!" she cried as she headed toward the water.

"Wait! My top!" Elsa complained, but apparently Esméralda didn't hear her.

Anna's friends smiled and Merida winked. "I kinda feel like swimming too. Let's go, Kris!"

They both left, running hand in hand to the ocean, and Anna ended up by herself with Elsa.

"So… um… wanna head to the water, too?" Anna carefully suggested.

"Well.. yeah… could… um could you help me with my top?"

Anna gulped. Oh, yes, yes, I can help! "S… sure."

She sat up, trying to keep her excitement in check, and picked up the delicate bikini straps in her hands. Oh my.

She felt so hot and bothered that she was going to need to cool off in the water soon. Anna tied the knot with trembling hands, her fingers brushing Ms. Neige's bare skin, and she could almost swear her teacher shivered in response when she made contact.

"There! That should do it!" she pronounced once the bikini top was tied back in place.

"Thanks!" Elsa replied before standing up, and Anna couldn't help but stare at her teacher as she adjusted her top. Until now, Anna had only been able to see Elsa's back, but viewing her from the front, with so much skin exposed, was intoxicating. Being obsessed with her teacher's breasts, she had stared at them often, but they had always been masked by her clothing, even when her cleavage was deliciously exposed. However, seeing them now, up close, firm, large and barely covered, took Anna's breath away.

Still, she managed to look away. I can't let her think I'm a perv! Besides, she already called me on this yesterday…

"Well, let's join them now!" Elsa said, and Anna nodded and followed her.

What an afternoon! Thank you so much Esmé!
Elsa was enjoying the beach more than she could have ever imagined. The afternoon was sweet torture. She had been in a state of arousal ever since Anna had stripped down to her swimsuit.

*Does she have any idea how hot she looks?*

Her student's bandeau top drove her nuts—Anna's extremely perky breasts seemed to be straining against the material, just begging to be set free. Elsa couldn't help but survey the younger woman's lithe figure, her narrow waist, her deliciously slim legs, and that gorgeous butt. For once, she could spy what were effectively panties without feeling like a complete pervert. *Well, I'm still a pervert but at least she's wearing a swimsuit this time around.*

She charged ahead of Anna towards the water until she was in front of her because she couldn't trust herself. Anna's bikini bottoms showed way too much of her shapely butt. As they walked to the ocean, she noticed people looking at both of them, and she wanted to yell back at them to look elsewhere. She had no trouble with people ogling her. She was used to it, and found it flattering. But she couldn't stand the thought of people ogling her sweet Anna. *So many pervs. Of course, I'm no better. I'm such a hypocrite.*

She was relieved when they finally reached the water, and Elsa quickly submerged herself to cool off. Then she turned around and watched with a smile as Anna struggled to advance into the cold water.

"It's freezing!" the girl complained, and Elsa laughed.

"It's fine once you're in!" Elsa yelled back.

Anna was so adorable as she struggled to walk in that Elsa felt her heart flutter. *I'm so in love with her…*

"She's always like that!" Kris complained, and Elsa realised the others had joined her. Elsa had noticed that Kris was trying really hard not to peek at her or her cousin. *I'm pretty sure he wants to be a proper gentleman, but Esmé isn't making it easy with that swimsuit…*

"We're not gonna wait for ye for half-an hour!" Merida warned. *Oh, I'm sure I would.*

Anna squealed as a wave hit her midsection, and Elsa imagined that she was now standing on her tippy-toes. She was holding her breath, and the gesture made her chest look even better. *Goddammit.*

"Well, I guess we could bring her in by force!" Esméralda suggested, and Kris shook his head.

"No way I'm not doing that. She's gonna hit or bite me! You're welcome to try, though." *Why don't you do it, cuz? She won't dare hit her teacher!*

For a second Elsa pictured herself picking up the young woman in her arms and carrying her into the water. Anna would cling to her and laugh as Elsa would jump into the water with her.

*I'm fine, I just need a minute!" Anna countered, and it took Elsa out of her reverie.*

"So, what are you thinking?" Esméralda whispered to Elsa as they waited for Anna to join them. "*You've been devouring her with your eyes.*"

Elsa sighed. "Can you blame me?"
Esméralda chuckled. "Then go get her!"

Elsa was about to reply with an excuse when Anna finally plunged in, cursing as the cool water enveloped her.

"Come on, you're overdoing it!" Kris taunted, but it was clear that the redhead didn't like cold water.

"Brrr… I should be fine soon."

They stayed in the water for a while, and Elsa realised she was glad she was no longer their teacher. It would have been pretty awkward otherwise.

"Looks like the volleyball court's clear. Wanna play? I brought a ball," Kris asked, and the two other teenagers nodded.

"We need another player," Anna stated. "Wanna join us?" She looked directly at Elsa, and Elsa hesitated. She wasn't sure it was a proper thing to do. After all, she had been their teacher only a week ago. Besides, she didn't want to leave Esméralda alone.

"Don't mind me, cuz. I'm gonna visit the bar and see if I can't find myself a cute girl."

Elsa sighed and shook her head.

"Ok then, looks like I'm in."

Anna smiled, and they all reached the beach and then the place where a volleyball net had been set up.

"So, what are the teams?" Anna asked.

"You're with Ms. Neige, obviously," Merida replied, and Elsa wondered why it was obvious. "I mean, I'm playing with Kris, so..."

So Elsa ended up playing alongside Anna against two of her former students.

"I haven't played in years," Elsa confessed.

"You mean like… thirty or forty years?" Anna teased.

Elsa was pretty athletic, and Anna, too, but they were at a disadvantage against Kris and Merida. They lost the first few rounds, and Merida was starting to boast.

"Hey, no fair. I'm playing with an old lady who hasn't played in years," Anna told her friends after another loss.

Well, well. She wants to play it that way.

"Remember what I told you during our last lesson about keeping your eyes on my lips? Well, this time try to keep your eyes on the ball instead of my butt" she whispered to her partner, and the teenager blushed instantly. She's so easy to fluster.

"You're definitely not making it easy, though," she replied. "Besides, I was about to tell you the same thing."

Elsa gulped. To be fair, she was pretty sure she had spent more time staring at Anna than the
opposite during the game. There simply was something about Anna's swimsuit that was captivating. *Yeah, sure Elsa, it's the swimsuit, not the sexy girl wearing it.*

They started getting better, or was it that Kristoff and Merida eased off? Whatever the case, they managed to win a few rounds. Esméralda joined them at some point, and Elsa asked her if she had had any success at the bar.

"Yep, got a number and a date for tonight!"

"Well, congratulations. That easy, huh?"

"Of course," Esméralda replied as she twirled around to show off. "With a body like mine, what did you expect?"

Elsa chuckled. "Wanna take my spot for a bit?"

"Sure, why not? Are the kids wearing you out?"

"Yeah, she's too old for this!" Anna teased. *Oh, you're gonna regret that.*

Elsa spent the next minutes watching them play, making sure not to stare at Anna, but focusing on the game. She saw Esméralda whisper to Anna, and then her cousin walked off the court.

"Your turn."

After Elsa got back to the game, and after a few volleys, there seemed to be a misunderstanding between Anna and her, and they both jumped for the ball simultaneously. They collided mid-air and both of them ended up on the sand.

"S-sorry. Are you ok?" Anna asked as she covered Elsa with her body.

Elsa was perfectly fine, but also painfully aware of the young woman's exposed flesh against her's. Their legs were intertwined and Anna was completely lying on top of her. Anna quickly used a hand to create some space between their upper bodies. However, Anna's legs and crotch were still pushing against her. Worse than that, Elsa was suddenly aware that she had her right hand on her student's thigh. Their faces were really, really close, as well, and Anna had a look of concern in her eyes. Some of her strawberry blond hair was falling around her face, and Elsa couldn't help but glance at Anna's lips. *She's beautiful. All I'd have to do is cross that little space to kiss her. Get a grip, Elsa!* "I-I'm fine, don't worry," she replied after she collected herself.

"I'm glad. I'm so sorry, it was my fault."

"No, it's... um... it's fine." Elsa replied, and they stayed in this position for a few seconds, until Elsa awkwardly jerked her hand away from Anna's thigh.

"Sorry about that."

Anna laughed it off, before standing up and releasing her teacher from underneath her.

*Phew. The temperature rose more than a few degrees.*

"Well, maybe we should stop here," Kris suggested as the two girls got themselves in order. "I'm pretty exhausted, and I should get home anyway."

"Yeah, it's starting to get late," Elsa commented. *I did have a great afternoon, though.*
They all went to pack their things, and Elsa watched Anna when she put on her cute summer dress.

"You're so pretty," she told her, before realising she had said it out loud. She started blushing, and rambling. "I mean, I like your dress. It's so pretty. Where did you buy it?"

"Oh, I... I don't remember. At the mall, I guess... but yeah, I really liked it!" the girl replied, pretending she hadn't heard Elsa's first comment. "You're gorgeous, I mean, yours is gorgeous, too," she then added, and Elsa wondered how she was supposed to take that comment.

"Does anyone need a ride?" Esméralda asked.

"I drove here," Kris said, and he was going to continue when Merida interrupted.

"Oh! Can we go straight to my place? I want to show you something."

"Well, um... what about Anna?"

"Could you drive her back home?" Merida asked Elsa.

"Well, sure. No problem. It's almost on my way anyway."

"Great! Well, see you around then! Or not, since I'm leaving in four days."

"Oh, really?" Elsa asked.

"Yeah... I'm not sure I'll be able to convince my parents to send me back here after summer break, so it might be my last time in Arendelle."

"Oh. That's going to suck for Kris. Well, I wish you the best then."

"Thanks, Ms. Neige. You were a great teacher and we had a lot of fun going to your class!"

Elsa wasn't sure that was a good thing or not and wondered exactly what Merida meant by that, but she took it as a compliment nonetheless.

"Well, Esmé, Anna, shall we go?"

"I'm actually gonna head back my own way," Esméralda said with a grin as she looked at her phone. "Looks like my date is eager to see me, and offered me a ride... to her place."

"Shouldn't you head home and take a shower first?"

"Oh, I'm sure we'll take one at her place. Don't expect to see me tonight! I'll be back tomorrow, maybe!"

Elsa wondered how her cousin could be so different from her when it came to sex and relationships, but she shrugged it off. After all, she was pretty sure Esméralda's love-life was a lot more normal than hers.

"Well, let's go then!" Anna proposed, and Elsa lead her to her car.

"I hope we didn't inconvenience you," Anna remarked as she sat in the passenger's seat.

"No, not at all," Elsa replied. "I actually had a great time."

"Cool! Me, too."
As Elsa drove back to Anna's house, they talked about Merida's departure.

"I'm really going to miss her, but I think Kris is going to be crushed," Anna commented.

Soon, Elsa found herself in front of Anna's house, and she wished she had the nerve to ask her to go somewhere else.

"So… thanks for the ride! And the whole afternoon, really," Anna chimed.

"No problem! I'll see you in two days?"

"Yep!"

Anna hesitated before getting out of the car, and then she leaned in close. Elsa's heart began to pound. Is she going to kiss me? She's definitely going to kiss me! Why would she be leaning in otherwise?!

Elsa glanced at Anna's lips and knew she was too weak to resist. Oh my God. We're gonna kiss. What if her parents see us? What if I suck at this? I've never even kissed anyone before!

Her mind blanked as Anna reached her. In the last instance, Anna's head shifted and she kissed her on the cheek. Elsa was both disappointed and relieved. You're going crazy. What did you think was going to happen?

"What? Isn't that how the French do it?" Anna asked innocently.

"Well, um, yeah. Mostly."

"Great! See you soon, then!"

Elsa was stunned as Anna left her car and walked to the front door. She reluctantlly watched the beautiful teen depart. As she reached the door, Anna turned, and waved to her. Elsa waved back, and tried to shake herself out of her stupor. The kiss, still fresh on her cheeks, tingled delightfully. Butterflies stirred her stomach.

Get a fucking grip, Elsa! She's driving you nuts!

Chapter End Notes

New picture from Ice Wraith in the comments!
Elsa adjusted her outfit in front of Anna's home, making sure everything was just so. *I'm such a hypocrite.* She knew she should be discouraging both Anna and herself from continuing down their current path. But instead, she found herself going out of her way to stoke their mutual desire.

She wore a very short skirt that revealed quite a bit of her long, supple legs, and a light tank top with a plunging neckline that she knew Anna would absolutely love. She had also selected a simple necklace with some dangling pearls to draw her student's attention to her cleavage, and could feel its presence between her breasts. *If my neckline isn't enough to grab her attention, the necklace should be enough to get her to focus on my boobs.*

At the last minute, she took the time to adjust her bra, making sure it wasn't too visible from the side. Then, she knocked on the door. *Why did I put on lingerie? Esméralda is such a bad influence on me!*

The door opened soon enough, and Anna's father welcomed her in. *I hope he'll blame the heat for my outfit. Fuck, what if he realizes I'm here to seduce his teenage daughter?*

"Anna must be in her bedroom," he told her once they had exchanged greetings.

"I may be a bit early," Elsa offered as an apology.

"You're fine. So…," he added after a brief pause, "How long have you been in Arendelle?"

"Oh," Elsa replied. "I've been here for ten years."

"Oh, really? That long?"

"Yes, I came here right after graduating from high school."

He seemed lost for a moment, and Elsa realized that he must have believed that she was younger than she actually was, which was always nice. His face grew pensive. "Why Arendelle?" he asked.

"Well, I had a very good friend here."

"Whoa. You left France for a friend?"

Elsa hesitated to answer immediately. She decided that her best tactic was to be forthright. "I was hoping we could be more than friends, to tell you the truth," she added. "You know what they say about love..." She smiled demurely.

He chuckled. "Yeah. It can make you do crazy things. Did it work out for you?"

She subconsciously folded her arms. "Um, not exactly. But we're best friends now, so it's not like things went completely off the rails." Elsa made sure to avoid using personal pronouns in order to obscure her sexuality.

"Well, I'm sorry it didn't work out as you planned, but having good friends is pretty important, too," he replied, and then turned to the stairs to call for Anna again.

Anna must have been preoccupied though, because she still hadn't come down.
He turned back towards Elsa and asked, "How long have you been a teacher?"

"Uh, this year was my first teaching experience, actually. But I loved it."

"Oh, really? Well, that's great. From what Anna told us, you're a great teacher, too."

Elsa smiled. "Thank you. I'm flattered."

"What did you do before that, if I may ask? I mean, if you graduated ten years ago..."

"I modeled for a few years," Elsa told him, knowing that always brought on weird reactions.

"Oh, really? Amazing."

"Yes, but at some point I knew I had to change careers."

"Hi!" Anna piped from the top of the stairs, and Elsa turned her head to look upstairs. The cute redhead was wearing mini denim shorts, and a tight shirt that strained against her perky breasts.

"Are you ready?" Elsa asked.

"Yeah, I'm sorry that I kept you waiting!"

"Well, work hard!" Anna's father exclaimed as he left the hall. As Elsa moved to join Anna, she noticed that Anna's eyes were glued to the motion of her breasts as she made her way up the stairs. I knew she'd love my top.

As Elsa finally reached her, Anna surprised her by standing on her tiptoes and kissing her on both cheeks while resting her hand on her shoulder.

"Sorry I made you wait!" the girl offered, and Elsa mumbled a reply, her mind too busy dealing with the tingling sensation left by Anna's lips on her cheeks.

"I see you're embracing French culture," she commented once she was able to collect herself.

"I'm trying!" Anna replied with a grin, and Elsa followed her to her bedroom.

"Have you practiced your nasal vowels?" Elsa asked as she sat down by Anna's desk.

"Ummm... I'm afraid I haven't improved much."

"Well, let's hear what you've got!" Elsa replied, and Anna recited her list of practice words. Unfortunately, she had been right about her lack of progress. Still, Elsa didn't want to discourage her and told her that she had improved a bit.

"Anyway, don't worry about it too much. French people will love your accent."

"Really?" Anna responded, surprised.

"Yes, it's quite cute actually."

The redhead blushed a little, and Elsa caught her staring at her cleavage.

"I love your necklace!" Anna announced, and Elsa smiled at her.

"Thanks, it was a gift from Rapunzel, actually."
"I think it's very pretty."

_Ok Elsa, her parents don't pay you to make small talk and show her your boobs. Time to get down to business!_

They started working on grammar, and at some point Elsa shifted in her chair, which resulted in Anna's thigh making contact with her own. She didn't react immediately, and neither did Anna. The subtle contact of their skin felt oddly sensual and arousing. They continued working, both of them intimately aware of each other's touch, yet neither of them willing to acknowledge it or to change their position.

The longer the situation lasted, the more excited Elsa felt. Her heart started beating faster and she could feel the heat rising to her cheeks. As she took a quick glance at Anna, she noticed that her student's cheeks had also begun to flush. Elsa's eyes wandered lower, and she gulped when she saw the outline of Anna's hardened nipples straining against her shirt. _Oh my._

Seeing that, and knowing the girl's current state made her even hornier, and she felt her own nipples harden in response. _Hopefully, she won't be able to tell since I'm wearing a bra, unlike her._ Elsa could feel her own arousal beginning to dampen her panties and wondered if Anna was suffering similarly. _Gosh, that shouldn't turn me on so much, but it does._

"Elsa?" Anna asked, and the blonde realized that she had been spacing out, thinking about forbidden things.

"Huh? Oh, yes, sorry," Elsa responded, trying to regain her focus. Their thighs were still touching, and she knew that she had to separate herself from Anna, but she found herself paralyzed into inaction.

"Try this exercise," Elsa instructed as she handed Anna an exercise she had prepared beforehand. As her student started working, Elsa shamefully continued to stare at her, taking in Anna's lithe form, her eyes eventually coming to rest on Anna's perky breasts. _Ok, this has to stop now before I get even more horny!_

Through sheer force of will, Elsa shifted her position, making sure their legs were no longer touching, and Anna responded with a cute smile. _She must be pretty worked up, too._ Once they were separated, Elsa slowly returned back to normal and judging by Anna's shirt, so did she. Still the sexual tension didn't entirely dissipate. Elsa watched Anna as she chewed on her pen trying to figure out the answers to the exercise, and felt butterflies stirring her stomach again. _Such cute freckles. Beautiful eyes... and those lips..._

By the time Elsa finished correcting the exercise, the lesson was almost over, and Elsa wished she could extend her time with Anna.

"Have you tried watching any other French movies recently?" Elsa asked her as she started packing.

"Not really. They're hard to find."

"Well, there's a theater that airs foreign movies in town."

"Really? And they show French films, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"Hmpf... I'm pretty sure Kris wouldn't be interested. Maybe Merida would have been, but she's
leaving tomorrow."

Elsa bit her lip. Don't do it. Don't you dare.

"I guess I could ask my parents… although my dad kinda hates French movies."

*Whatever you do, don't ask her to see a movie with you.*

"I mean, I guess it would be a good way to learn about French culture," Anna added.

*But no one else wants to see this film with you, and you've been dying to see it. It would be purely educational. Nothing to worry about.*

"Well, maybe we could go together some day," Elsa offered. *Damn you, Elsa!*

"Really?!" Anna responded, overjoyed. "That would be awesome!"

"Well… I… um… I'll look at the movie schedule and keep you informed."

"Great!"

"I… um… you should probably ask your parents first… maybe..."

"Sure. I don't see why there would be a problem."

*Maybe because we're both interested in way more than just watching a movie?*

"By the way, I should give you my phone number! I know my parents have yours, but it would be way easier to not have to go through them."

"I… sure, of course."

They exchanged numbers, and Elsa knew that her situation had become even more entangled. Finally, after Elsa had all her supplies, Anna led her back downstairs.

"Well, I'll wait for your text then!" the teenager remarked, and Elsa nodded. Then, she kissed Anna goodbye on both cheeks, which earned her a beautiful smile, and left for her car. *This can only end badly.*

"So… how are you holding up?" Anna asked Kris as she sat on his couch.

"This sucks," he admitted.

"Oh..."

"I mean, I finally found a girlfriend, everything was going great, and then she had to move back home, which happens to be in, you know, another country..."

"Do you think she'll come back?"

"I don't know… I mean, her parents sent her here to learn about Arendelle. That's kinda done now. And she's been studying in a different country each year for the last three years."

"Maybe she'll manage to talk her parents into letting her come back to Arendelle?"

"I wish. If only she was as stubborn and sneaky as you are," Kris said with a smile. "You'd have no
trouble convincing your parents to send you back here. Hell, you'd even make them think it was their idea."

Anna laughed. It was true that she always managed to get her way. If only it could work with Ms. Neige, too!

"She asked me to visit her in August, at least. She thinks her parents would be OK with that."

"That would be great!" Anna told her best friend. "You'll see her soon then. And if you play your cards right, maybe you can convince her parents you're a good guy and Merida will be back next year."

"Yeah, I hope..." Kris mumbled, and Anna could see that he was really feeling down. She leaned in close and gave him a hug.

"I really hope she'll be back. She's a good friend, and you two are great together."

"Thanks..." Kris sighed, and Anna broke the hug. "Anyway, what about you? How's it going with Ms. Neige?"

Anna couldn't help but smile widely as she sat cross-legged on the couch, excited to tell him everything. She hadn't said a thing yet because she didn't want the conversation to always be focused on herself, but since he was asking...

"She was dressed so sexily for our last lesson! I could see her bra, and a good amount of cleavage, and boy, was that super hot! Then, she put her leg against mine for so long... like ten minutes, maybe more! She was so close, I could feel her breath on my skin when she spoke... I was so excited, you have no idea. I had to change my panties once she was gone."

Kris awkwardly scratched his head, and Anna that realized she may have given him too much information. Merida would love it, though. I'll have to call her later. "And we're going to the movies tomorrow evening!"

"Whoa, really?"

"Yeah! We're gonna catch a French movie. I hope it's romantic..." She could see herself sitting next to her teacher watching a lesbian romance, glancing at each other, holding hands...

"So... is this supposed to be a date or what?"

"I wish it was, but I think it's just about me getting better at French," Anna admitted.

"Hmm... she could have given you a DVD or something if that's what this was all about."

"Well, she told me that she's wanted to see this movie for a while now, but Mrs. Fitzherbert wasn't interested. So, I guess she didn't want to go alone. Besides, I kinda insisted that nobody would want to go with me, either."

Kristoff smiled mischievously. "Are you gonna try to kiss her?"

Anna blushed. She couldn't lie: she had fantasized about it ever since Elsa had told her that they could go together. "I wish... but I'm too scared. What if she rejects me? I'd never be able to come back from that."

"I think it's pretty clear by now that's she's into you," Kris stated.
"I think so… well, I know so actually, because Esméralda confirmed it. But still, it's not about those feelings of hers. She still sees me as her student."

"So, you're not gonna make the first move?"

"I don't think so… I mean, wouldn't it make more sense to let her do it? First of all, she's older! And second, she knows perfectly well that I'm into her. I mean, I keep sending her so many signals!"

"Well, maybe she figures that you should be the one to make the first move. She's older alright, but if she still sees you as her student, that could be a problem for her. She doesn't want to take advantage of you. If you started things up, then she wouldn't feel so bad, because then she'd be sure you wanted it."

Anna pouted as she thought about that. It made sense, too. She groaned in frustration. "This is so complicated! We both want each other, and yet we can't seem to get together!"

"Well, at least Ms. Neige lives in the same country as you."

"True…"

"I still can't believe you're not gonna be working at the high school in September!" Rapunzel complained as she finished another glass of white wine.

"Yeah…” Elsa acknowledged, filling up both their glasses and emptying the bottle. It was their second one already, and Elsa was feeling tipsy. "Punzie's gonna have to call a cab. She isn't quite drunk, but it wouldn't be safe for her to drive like this."

"Fuck Hans, fuck his mother, and fuck the Weasel!" her best friend grumbled, which made Elsa laugh. "I'm gonna miss you so much."

"Me, too," Elsa admitted, sipping her wine. "I had a great year."

"I know!" Rapunzel suddenly blurted as if she had a brilliant idea. "I'll do everything I can to make the new French teacher resign, and then they'll have to bring you back! No, even better than that! I'll promise my kids good grades if they go out of their way to drive him nuts!"

Elsa giggled. "I'd still have a contract with the middle school, though…"

"Hmpf, are you suggesting I get them to burn down the middle school, too?"

"That might be a bit dramatic. Besides, the situation isn't that bad. There is a silver lining."

"Huh? Like what?"

Elsa suddenly realized that she had said too much, and closed her mouth.

"Elsa?" Her friend looked at her, waiting for her to finish.

"I… um… I'm sure I'll discover new things. New experiences…"

"True…"

Elsa stayed silent for a few seconds. She was itching to spill the beans.
"I… um… I have to tell you something," Elsa nervously declared, and Rapunzel looked at her, suddenly sober.

"Of course, tell me."

"Well… I'm not sure if you're going to like this…"

"Are… are you still into me?" Punzie asked.

"What? No. No, I've moved on from that. Not to say that any of that was easy, but I consider you my very best friend."

"Good. I mean, it wouldn't bother me if you were. But, you know, it was a bit awkward."

"Yeah, tell me about it..." Elsa said with a chuckle.

"So… what is it?" Rapunzel asked seriously.

"I… I think I'm in love. Not with you!"

"Well, that's awesome! That's great, actually!"

"No. No, not really..."

"Are you kidding? I was so worried you wouldn't fall in love again! I always blamed myself as the reason you're still single."

"R… really? I never blamed you for that."

"So, what's the problem? Is… is she straight?"

"No, no, she's gay too."

"So…?"

Elsa sighed. It was too late to back down now. She didn't want to lie to Rapunzel, and besides, what was the point? She was tired of keeping the truth from her best friend, and she really needed a confidant for some good advice.

"I'm in love with Anna", she finally admitted.

Rapunzel looked at her, blankly, as if Elsa's confession didn't make any sense, and then her mouth dropped after the words finally registered.

"Yeah..."

"Anna… Sixteen-year-old Anna?"

"Seventeen," Elsa corrected, as if it made a difference.

"Please, tell me nothing happened between you while you were her teacher," Rapunzel nearly pleaded, her tone was so grave.

"No, of course not! Nothing ever happened, actually."

Rapunzel sighed in relief, and put a hand on her heart. "Fuck, you had me so worried right then."
"Still I... I'm falling for her. Hard."

"How... how did that happen? I mean, she's pretty cute, but... she's young."

"I know. I hate myself for it," Elsa admitted, rubbing her temple with her right hand. "Who knows? But she's so kind and bubbly, and cute, and... I don't know, I like everything about her."

"Does she still have a crush on you?"

"Yes, clearly. I doubt it ever stopped, actually. She's like an angel, but she can be pretty sneaky, too. I think she's been trying to seduce me ever since we've met."

"Hmm, seems like it worked," Rapunzel joked, trying to lighten the mood.

"What am I gonna do...?" Elsa asked, and she could feel tears welling in her eyes.

Rapunzel took hold of her hands. "Come on, Elsa, it's not that bad. We'll work this through. Tell me everything."

So, Elsa explained it all from the very beginning: How she had started talking with Anna early on, how she had realized that Anna was attracted to her, and how she had forced herself to distance herself from the girl once she understood that Anna had a crush on her.

"But then, she told me she was over me, and I believed it."

"That was pretty clever of her, actually."

"Yeah... I let my guard down and we went back to talking; she asked me for advice as a gay woman; she even convinced her parents to ask me to tutor her this summer!"

"Hmm... but nothing really happened yet, right?"

"No. Well, no, nothing but flirting," Elsa admitted, blushing.

"At school?"

"No, no! At her place, and on the beach."

"The beach?"

"Yeah, she showed up with her friends and Esméralda called her over to stay with us."

"Esméralda? What's her part in all this?" Punzie asked suspiciously.

Elsa sighed. "She's been pushing me to go out with Anna ever since she arrived."

Rapunzel's mouth dropped open once again. "Esméralda knew this entire time, and I didn't?!"

"Well... um... I was afraid to tell you!" Elsa confessed.

"What? Did you think I would rat you out to the principal?" Rapunzel accused, visibly upset.

"No, I just..." stuttered Elsa.

"But, you told Esméralda..."

"Um... yeah... well, she kinda figured it out, actually. And since you're a teacher, too, who just
happens to know Anna, I couldn't really tell you..."

"Pfff. If I ever murdered someone, you'd be the first to know. And you hid something as simple as a crush from me."

Elsa was starting to feel terrible now. "I'm sorry... I really wanted to tell you. Actually, I was dying to talk to you about it. But I... I think that, subconsciously, I knew you'd talk me out of it and, deep down, I didn't want that..."

Rapunzel sighed. "You and Anna... wow... it's gonna take me a while to wrap my head around that!"

"I know..."

"Doesn't it bother you that she's so much younger than you?"

"N... not really. Well, I'm afraid of all the flak that might draw. I used to be her teacher, her parents wouldn't approve, people would frown on our relationship... but I personally don't care about her being young. I mean, I love her just the way she is."

"I see..." Rapunzel sighed, and she seemed lost in her thoughts.

*Well, that is a lot to take in,* Elsa reminded herself.

"I'm never going to be able to look at Anna the same way again. You ruined it for me! She was my favorite student!" she joked.

"Now, now, we both know I'm her favorite teacher anyway."

"Not fair. I can't seduce my way into her heart. You and your big boobs!"

They both laughed at that.

"So... what should I do?" Elsa asked after a minute of silence.

"I... I don't know. I mean, you're not her teacher anymore, and she's seventeen. So, technically, dating her would be perfectly legal. You're positive you didn't do anything while you were her teacher, right?"

"I don't know, I may have kissed her once or twice in my classroom. Oh, and then there was that one time she showed me her bra and panties for a better grade," Elsa teased, watching Punzie's face drop in horror.

"Please, tell me you're kidding."

"Of course I'm kidding! I'm not crazy and I'm not a monster!"

"Phew..."

"Anyway, the question here isn't that it's legal. The real question is, should I pursue her even if it is legal?"

"The way I see it, your biggest obstacle would be her parents. And if you want this to become something serious, there's no way you can hide it from them. And I don't think you should, anyway."
"What about you? Wouldn't you find it weird if I ended up dating her?" Elsa asked.

"Weird? That my best friend is dating one of my students? Of course I'd find it weird!" Punzie replied. "I guess I could get used to it though, eventually."

"You have no idea how relieved I am," Elsa divulged.

"On the other hand… now that you seem interested in dating again, maybe you should find someone else? I'm pretty sure we'd have no trouble finding you a nice, pretty girl."

"I… I guess… but I don't want anyone else. I want Anna," Elsa said without really thinking.

"Woah. You're into her that much, huh?"

Elsa blushed. "I… I am. She's such a darling. I feel so… so complete when I'm near her."

"What about her? How much do you think she's into you?"

"I… It's hard to say. But she's been plotting and scheming this whole time to get to this point. I mean, it would have ended long ago if it was just a crush, right? Especially seeing how I handled it."

"Yeah… you have a good point," Rapunzel admitted.

"I'm going to the movies with her tomorrow."

"Oh… do her parents know?"

"I… I guess. It's supposed to be educational. We're watching a French movie."

"Sure…"

"What should I do? Every time I try to get away from her, she either lures me back, or I end up getting closer on my own."

"Well… just see how things go. Or maybe try to talk to her about it?"

"About what?"

"Your mutual feelings. I mean, at this point you both know you're into each other. So why not tell her? And express your fears and doubts while you're at it. She's a pretty mature girl. Talk about it, and make a decision together. Maybe she'll find a way to clear your doubts, or you'll end up deciding it's just not going to work out, and you'll both move on to something else."

Elsa was afraid of having that conversation with Anna. Admitting my feelings for her? That could get really awkward.

"Look at us," Rapunzel added. "We even managed to stay best friends after you let me know how you felt about me! Although… some best friend … I gotta tell you, I'm still peeved that you kept all of this a secret from me, but told your crazy cousin about it instead!"

Elsa chuckled. "I'm sorry, Punzie. I was just too chicken to tell you. But I'm glad I did tonight."

"Of course," Rapunzel replied, hugging her. "And I shouldn't have to remind you, but you can always tell me what's weighing on your mind. I'm here for you."
They held each other close, and Elsa wiped a few tears from her eyes. "Thanks. I really needed that."
Anna's mom waited for her in the hallway. "Wow, Anna, you look wonderful," she greeted as Anna descended the stairs.

"Thanks, mom!" Anna didn't want her parents to discover her feelings for Elsa. But at the same time, she couldn't really go on her first date with her teacher without getting dolled up. Not a date. Think about this as a field trip.

"Trying to impress someone?" her father asked, barely suppressing a smirk.

"Wha… what? No, of course not!" Anna lied. "I'm just afraid I'll took terrible compared to Ms. Neige." Now that she thought about it, maybe she shouldn't have told them the truth about who she was going to the movies with. Although, if she lied and they had found out later on, it would have been an actual disaster.

"Are you sure she doesn't mind taking you there?" he asked.

"Nah, to be honest, I think she was pretty psyched just to find someone to go with."

"Well… in that case, I guess it's a win-win situation. I mean, aside from being bored for almost two hours."

Anna tsked at her father, and then she heard the doorbell. "That must be her!"

She went to open the door, and smiled at Elsa who was standing in front of her, as gorgeous as ever, in a form-fitting blue dress. Not a date, not a date.

"Hi, Ms. Neige!" she enthusiastically declared, making sure to call Elsa by her last name in front of her parents. She wanted to kiss her cheeks like last time, too, but her parents would definitely find that suspicious.

"Hello, Anna. Are you ready to go?"

"Yep!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Summers," Elsa greeted with a nod after spotting both of Anna's parents.

"Are you sure you don't mind taking Anna to the movies?" Iduna asked.

"Of course not! Actually, I didn't want to go alone, so this works out for everyone."

"Well, ok then. Enjoy your evening."

"Thanks, mom! See you later!" Anna spouted before quickly closing the door behind her.

As they walked to Elsa's car, Elsa looked at her and smiled, and Anna didn't really know why. "What?" she finally asked once they reached the car. "Why are you smiling like that?"

"It's nothing, it's just… you look all grown up dressed like that! With your purse, heels and everything."

Anna blushed a little. "Well, yeah, I wasn't about to go to the movies in my school uniform."
Elsa stifled a laugh. "Well, you look really pretty."

Anna's blush deepened, and she felt warmth blooming within her chest. "Thank you. You look stunning."

Elsa winked at her and started the car. "Let's go then!"

"Do you go to the movies a lot?" Anna asked as she stole a glance at her teacher's perfect legs. Her eyes wandered from the curve of Elsa's toned calf, to her luscious thigh, which was now exposed as Elsa took up position in the driver's seat.

"Yeah, it reminds me of home."

"Hmm… you've been living here for ten years, and it still doesn't feel like home?"

"Well… in a way, it does. But I still feel like I don't quite belong. Sometimes I feel like a stranger."

"Do you have dual-citizenship, by any chance?" Anna asked.

"Nope. I've never had much trouble renewing my visa. And I guess it will be even easier as a teacher."

"True… but don't you want Arendellian citizenship?"

"Well, it's not that easy to get."

"Hmph. You'll just have to find a cute Arendellian girl and marry her!" Anna slyly suggested, attempting to flirt a little.

"Hmm… I'll keep that in mind," Elsa countered, and Anna really hoped that Elsa was flirting back.

"So… what do you miss most about France?" Anna asked, wanting to know more about her gorgeous date. *Not a date!*

"Family, obviously."

"Oh… yeah, I hadn't thought about that."

"It's been pretty great having my cousin around these last few months. But I still miss my parents."

"You don't have any siblings?"

"Nope. I'm an only child. You too, right?"

"Yeah… that kinda sucked."

Elsa chuckled. "Yeah. My parents always told me that I pestered them throughout my childhood asking them for a little sister."

"That's so cute!" Anna commented. "How often do you see them?"

"Once or twice a year. I usually go back for Christmas. But I've been thinking about visiting them this summer, too, since I don't have to work."

"Hmm… right. *Oh, no! Can't really blame her, but I'm going to really miss her! I hope she doesn't leave for long.*"
"Other than that, I miss the food!" Elsa noted after some time.

"Really? Is it that good?"

"French people are kinda proud of their cooking. I miss cheese so much… sometimes I manage to find some here, but most of the ones I grew up with aren't available in Arendelle. I'm going to have to find myself a cheese smuggler!"

Anna pictured her teacher in a back alley trying to buy French cheese off some shady dealer and laughed.

"Tsk. I'll introduce you to French cuisine and then you'll understand!"

"I'd love that!" Anna declared. *You can invite me over to your place and cook for me anytime!*

Ms. Neige parked near the cinema and they both left the car. *What if we stumble into someone from school? That would be so exciting! Although, I doubt anyone I know would come here. I didn't even know that this cinema existed.*

There weren't many people around, and Anna followed her teacher inside.

"Let's grab our tickets," Elsa proclaimed and Anna reached to open her purse. "Don't be ridiculous. I'm buying."

"What? No, I can pay for mine," Anna protested.

"Two tickets, please," Elsa politely asked the clerk before giving him her credit card. She tilted her head and offered Anna a smile.

"Ok, have it your way, but I'm paying for the snacks then!"

She bought some popcorn and sweets and then followed her teacher to the right studio. "Wow, there's hardly anyone here."

"Yeah, I wonder how the owner keeps the place afloat."

"Well, at least we won't be bothered by anyone!" Anna practically hummed.

"Where do you want to sit?" Elsa asked, and Anna grabbed her by the hand, feeling bold and confident.

"Follow me!" she instructed as she led Elsa to the middle of the theater. "There!" She dropped her teacher's hand, but immediately missed her touch.

Soon after they sat down, trailers for upcoming movies started playing, but Anna couldn't stop stealing glances of her gorgeous neighbor. *I'm so lucky that she's into me. If only she could fully embrace her feelings.*

Elsa groaned, and Anna turned towards her to see her blonde companion fishing through her bra, before successfully retrieving a popcorn kernel from it.

"Need any help with that?" Anna teased. She was determined to ramp up the flirting today.

"Only if it happens again," Elsa replied with a wink and Anna immediately took another kernel and threw it at her teacher's generous cleavage.
"Haha, nice aim," Elsa commented, but she picked it out herself and popped the kernel into her mouth, much to Anna's disappointment.

The movie started soon enough, and Anna settled back so she could focus on the movie. It took place just after World War One and she couldn't help but think about what her father would have to say about that. Still, it was pretty interesting. At some point, her arm brushed against Elsa's, but neither of them bothered to move.

Gathering her courage, Anna reached for Elsa's hand with her own, and intertwined their fingers. She didn't dare to look at Elsa, and kept looking straight ahead, as if she had no idea what was going on with her hand. Her teacher didn't seem to mind, though, because she didn't move hers. More than that, she started stroking the back of Anna's hand with her thumb. God, even the simplest touch from her drives me nuts.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to focus on the movie—her brain was solely absorbed by every stroke of Elsa's thumb. Does she have any idea what kind of power she has over me?

Anna soon found herself lost in the sensation of Elsa's touch. Her mind began to wander... She could picture herself turning her head only to find Elsa's lips ready for her. They would kiss, alone in the dark theater room. Then, the passion would rise until it was overflowing, resulting in Ms. Neige's hands roaming all over Anna's body as they passionately made out. Damn it, I'd kneel on the floor and eat her out while she watches the movie if I could. The image of Ms. Neige squirming in her seat, trying to suppress her moans while Anna had her head between her thighs, under her dress, burned brightly in her mind. Anna's core was on fire.

The movement of Elsa's thumb stopped, and Anna turned her face to see Ms. Neige looking at her. Anna's heart raced in anticipation, but the gorgeous woman next to her simply blushed and returned her gaze to the screen.

Aw, come on! Stop overthinking this and kiss me already! I know you want to! Elsa's hand attempted to escape, but Anna squeezed it gently. Don't you dare! Elsa finally relented and went back to stroking the younger girl's hand with her thumb. Anna loved the feeling that sprung from inside her.

Once the movie was over and the lights were turned back on, the two women stood up and smiled at each other.

"So, did you like the movie?" Elsa asked.

"Yeah! It was actually pretty good. You?"

"Yep! Not disappointed."

Anna grabbed her teacher's hand in hers as the left the room, and she couldn't help but smile as Elsa didn't complain or try to set her hand free. They walked to the car, hand in hand, and Anna was brimming with happiness.

"Want to grab a bite to eat somewhere?" Ms. Neige offered as they reached her car.

"Of course!" Anna replied, all too happy to be able to spend more time with her date.

"Unless you've filled up on popcorn already!"

"I'm sure I can find some more room!" Anna replied with a smile. "Do you know of a place close by?"
"Yes, there's a burger joint just around the corner."

"Well, maybe we don't need to take the car then. Can we walk there?" Anna asked, not wanting to let go of her teacher's hand.

"Sure, why not?"

So, they walked to the restaurant, and Anna tried to calm the butterflies swirling in her stomach. They didn't come across many people, but Anna couldn't help but wonder what those other people were thinking seeing the two of them holding hands. They must think we're a couple! This is so exciting!

"Here we are!" Elsa announced as they came upon a small restaurant with a prominent marquee.

Anna followed her inside, still clinging to her hand, until she had to let go to sit down at a table. The lighting was dim, and they were a bit isolated from the other customers, which made for a cozy and intimate atmosphere.

"It's a nice place," Anna commented.

"Yeah, I've been here a few times with Punzie."

Anna smiled, but didn't comment on her literature teacher's nickname.

A waitress came to take their orders, and Anna decided to follow her teacher's advice and order the same burger as her, with fries on the side.

"So… Anna..."

"Yeah?"

"I… I think we need to talk."

_Uh-oh. "Um, what about?"

"You know… about us. Where… where all this is headed?"

Anna gulped. She wasn't expecting this. In fact, faced with such a direct question, she suddenly felt really awkward. Do I just come out and tell her how I feel?

"I… um…"

"I mean, we both know that this evening wasn't really about learning French."

Anna nodded. "Well… I guess you know that I've been nursing a crush on you this whole time..." Anna whispered shyly.

"I… I figured as much, yes."

There was an awkward silence after which Anna decided she had to come clean. "I love you." _There. I said it! Why am I feeling so nervous, yet full of electricity at the same time?"

"A-Anna..."

"I really do. It was love at first sight." Anna confessed. "You're beyond gorgeous. You… you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Hell, you're so beautiful you made me realize I was gay
the second I saw you!"

Elsa tried to speak, but Anna wasn't finished. "Your voice and your accent drive me crazy. I love every bit of you. And I love spending time with you. You're so easy to talk to, you're kind, you're intelligent… The more I get to know you, the more I love you. I want to know everything about you. And… and I want you to love me, too. Just holding your hand makes me want to swoon. This evening… was amazing..."

"Anna, I..." Ms. Neige started to say, but she was interrupted by the waitress who arrived with their order.

They waited in awkward silence until the waitress left.

"Do… do you love me, too?" Anna asked.

Elsa sighed. "Yes. Yes, I think so."

Anna beamed.

"But…" Elsa started, and Anna immediately interrupted her.

"No buts! I love you, you love me. That's it."

"It's not that simple..."

"It is!"

"No, it isn't..."

Anna sighed and shook her head. *She's almost as pig-headed as me. This isn't going to be easy.* "Ok. Tell me all your buts one by one and I'll refute each of them."

Holding up a single finger, Elsa began with, "I'm too old for you."

"You're only ten years older. There are plenty of couples out there whose age gaps are much, much worse. Besides, you definitely look younger than your age. And, since you're attracted to me, it means that you don't mind that I'm young, only that you're older. Finally, the difference between our ages will only grow relatively smaller over time."

"I was your teacher," Elsa added, holding up a second finger.

"Yep. Emphasis on 'was'. I'm not your student anymore, so this isn't a problem."

"Your parents wouldn't approve."

"One, we don't know that. Two, I'm old enough to make my own decisions. Three, it's not their life. And four, they don't even need to know."

"I could end up hurting you."

"Just like I could hurt you, and just like anyone can get hurt in a relationship. Besides, you would hurt me way more if you decided to stop seeing me for some stupid reason."

"I'm afraid I'd be taking advantage of you," Elsa concluded, raising the last finger of her right hand.

"Really?" Anna chuckled. "I'd be taken advantage of by a gorgeous, former model who loves me
and is trying so hard not to hurt me?"

Elsa sighed and brought her hand back to the table.

"Anything else?" Anna asked with a smile.

"Yeah… I've never been in a relationship before."

"Me neither," Anna replied with a shrug.

"You're not surprised? I mean, I'm twenty-eight."

Anna remembered being pretty surprised when Esméralda had told her, but she wasn't going to reveal Esmé's part in all of this just yet.

"Of course I'm surprised. I mean, a good part of me can't believe that you've gone this long without a significant other in your life. If anything it makes your interest in me that much more amazing. So… have I addressed your doubts?"

"It's still not that simple…"

"Do you like spending time with me?" Anna asked.

"Of course. These last few days I kept looking forward to the next time I see you."

"Do you think I'm attractive?"

"Obviously… you're very pretty."

Anna blushed at the compliment. "Well, I guess we've covered all our bases then! Unless…" Anna suddenly faltered, feeling a pit in her stomach. There was one point she hadn't thought about. "Would… would you be embarrassed to be seen with me? In front of your friends and family?"

"Of course, I'd have no trouble with it. Dating a former model, my high school teacher, anyone would see it as a win for me. But what about her? Dating a seventeen-year-old girl who still lives with her parents, doesn't have a job and isn't even allowed to drink, vote or anything?"

"What? No!" Elsa replied. "My cousin would love it actually… and I've told Punzie about my feelings for you yesterday."

What? Mrs. Fitzherbert knows? Whoa!

"I… I guess my parents would be surprised, but they'd be happy for me if it works out. And I could definitely see myself embracing it in front of the other teachers in a few years. Like… yeah, I married a former student of mine, so what? We love each other."

Anna couldn't help but smile. She's picturing us married? Damn!

"It would be a fun story," Anna acknowledged. "You know, when people ask us how we met, we could say we met in high school. They'd be like, really? You were in high school and you're still together? And you'd be like, yeah, I was her French teacher but at some point I started teaching her French kissing instead."

Elsa chuckled and blushed at the same time.

"Can't say I haven't thought of and dreamed about that particular lesson," Anna added, blushing in turn.
"I may have thought about it, too. A few times," Elsa revealed, looking at her plate.

Anna grabbed Elsa's hand on the table and squeezed her fingers.

"I love you, Elsa. I really do."

Elsa nodded, and then they stopped talking. *I guess everything's been said.*

They ate in silence, looking at each other from time to time and sharing embarrassed smiles, but Elsa seemed lost in her thoughts.

After finishing their meal, they left the restaurant with Elsa footing the bill despite Anna's protests. Anna reached for Elsa's hand again as they walked back to the car park, feeling even more confident than before.

The drive home was uneventful, and Elsa stopped in front of Anna's house, leaving the engine running.

"Well, here we are."

"Yep. Thank you for the evening, it was great." Anna said.

"Yes."

"So..." Anna whispered, feeling her heart thudding in her chest. *Should I go for a kiss? What if she turns me down? But she said she loves me! And we've discussed all the angles. She can't blame me for trying. I wish she'd actually kiss me herself, but I know she won't. She's still afraid she's taking advantage of me, Kris was right."

"I... um.. I'll see you soon, right?" Elsa awkwardly stated.

"Yep, in two days."

"I'm really looking forward to it."

"Me, too."

*Kiss me! Kiss me, kiss me, dammit! Or I'll fucking kiss you!*

"Well... um... good night then."

*Arg! Goddammit.*

Anna took a deep breath, mustered all her courage and leaned in towards Elsa. She could see the panic in her teacher's eyes as she drew closer, but Elsa didn't turn her head.

Anna continued pressing forward, her eyes locked with Elsa's. Their lips were so close that she could feel the warmth coming from Elsa’s. Time seemed to stand still, and then Anna closed her eyes and breached the gap. Her senses exploded as their lips touched. Anna could taste her teacher's plump lips—she had dreamed of this for so long that she had trouble realizing that she was really doing it.

The kiss wasn't long and Anna quickly withdrew, her lips tingling and her heart beating furiously.

"Good night, Elsa!" she said as she grabbed the handle to open her door.
Her exit was interrupted as she felt a hand pull on her arm. Anna turned to see her teacher's beautiful eyes hungry with lust and love. Elsa's hand slipped past her arm only to come to rest behind her neck causing Anna to shiver. Then, Anna felt herself drawn even closer as she closed her eyes and Elsa kissed her forcefully. Anna kissed her back, her mind overflowing with desire. Her lips parted on their own and she was about to brush her tongue against Elsa's lips when she felt Elsa's hand assert pressure behind her neck. Their tongues met in fiery passion. Anna wrapped her hands around Elsa's neck as they made out, hungry for each other, and she was soon out of breath. Reluctantly, they parted from each other. Anna felt drunk with love. Apparently, Elsa was in the same state, and they both gazed at each other with wide smiles. The beating of her heart was so strong, she was afraid it would jump out of her chest.

"I… g-good night, Ms. Neige!" Anna managed to sputter as she tried to collect her thoughts. "Elsa, I mean! Sorry, I… I'm having a hard time thinking straight."

Elsa chuckled. "Me, too."

"I… I should go, though!" Anna finally mustered. "My parents are going to wonder what I'm doing if they see your car here for too long!"

"Yes, that's a good idea."

"Well… um… good night then!"

"Good night, Anna."

"Dream about me!" Anna added as she leaned in and gave her teacher another peck on the lips.

"I will. For sure."

Anna gave her another wide smile, and then launched herself at Elsa again and gave her another quick peck on the lips. So good. But I have to go now! She parted with one last kiss, and then quickly left the car while she still could.
Chapter 25

_Elsa was having a hard time suppressing the smile on her lips as she walked into her house._

Esméralda's eyes narrowed. "Well, that must have been _some_ movie judging by your expression," she teased as she looked up from the couch. She had her laptop on her legs, and the TV was on.

"What?" Elsa replied, unable to hide her glee.

"Weren't you supposed to be home, um… almost an hour ago?"

"Maybe!"

"And you look way too happy. That's suspicious. If I had to guess, I'd say you spent some quality time with a cute redhead."

Elsa waved it off. "I'm off to bed!"

"Oh, no you don't!" Esméralda exclaimed, jumping to her feet and running to the bedroom door to block her way. "First, you're gonna tell me everything that happened!"

Elsa laughed. "And why would I?" Her phone buzzed just as she said so, and she found herself looking at a text from Anna. _I had an amazing night! Thank you. Really looking forward to seeing you again soon!_

"There's that smile again! Is it Anna? Did she just send you a sexy selfie?"

"You know she's not like that!"

"So, what happened? Did you kiss during the movie?"

"My lips are sealed!"

"After the movie then?"

Elsa didn't reply.

"You did! I can tell just by looking at you!"

"It was amazing!" Elsa finally confessed, unable to hide it any longer.

"I knew it!" Esméralda squealed, taking her cousin in her arms. "That's awesome!"

"Yeah, it really was. I'm still giddy from the whole experience!"

"I bet! Especially if you spent an hour making out with her!"

"What? No, I brought her someplace to eat..."

"Damn, you two are moving fast!"

Elsa glared at her cousin. "Please! We spent a very nice time talking over dinner."

"Disappointing."
"We had a lot of things to talk through. She told me she loves me, I told her I felt the same way, but it wasn't possible for us to have a relationship. She challenged my assumptions and tried to clear my doubts."

"Did it work?"

"I don't know," Elsa admitted. "All I know is that I had an amazing night. And that I loved kissing her."

Esméralda giggled.

"It was when I drove her home, that's when she kissed me goodnight."

"Just to be sure... not on the cheek, right?"

Elsa chuckled. She felt like a teenager. "Nope."

"With tongue?"

Elsa rolled her eyes. "Yes."

"I knew it! So, what's next?" Esméralda asked, all excited.

"I... I don't know. I mean, I definitely want to kiss her again. But at the same time..."

"Shhhhh. Stop overthinking."

Elsa shrugged. "Maybe you're right."

"We kissed!" Anna whispered excitedly over the phone to Merida. She wanted to shout instead, but at the same time she had to make sure her parents wouldn't hear anything.

"Really?! That's amazing!"

"Yeah! In her car. And we talked, and she... she told me she thinks she's in love with me!"

"Damn... I can't believe it! Yer finally dating Ms. Neige!"

"I have a hard time believing it, too. I'm afraid I'm gonna wake up and realize it was all a dream."

Merida laughed. "Well, I have to admit, I had my doubts. I mean, it was fun to think about and to try to get it happen... but wow! Ye actually kissed her..."

"I just went for a peck on the lips, but then she caught me and it went all crazy and steamy."

"You're such a lucky girl!" Merida commented, and Anna remembered how her friend had moved away, leaving Kris behind not that long ago.

"What about you? How are you holding up?"

"I kinda miss Kris. You too, of course," she added quickly.

"Of course," Anna joked. "It's fine, I understand."

"He's gonna come and visit me in Scotland. Wanna come, too?"
Anna thought about it. "No. I mean, I'd like to, but maybe another time! I'm sure you'll be pretty excited to see each other again and I wouldn't want to be the third wheel."

"Ok. But yeah, you'll definitely have to come visit some day!"

"Who knows, maybe Elsa will be my girlfriend by then!" Anna said, jokingly.

"I've gotta admit, that's gonna be a little weird for me, meeting her again as your girlfriend! But funny. Did ye tell Kris yet?"

"Nope! Not yet. I'll call him next, and then Esméralda. Although, I'm pretty sure she already knows."

"I guess you have to thank her, too. I don't think anything would have happened without her help."

"Yeah, for sure. Well, I'm gonna call Kris now, have a good night!"

"What's left of the night, you mean? Ye pulled me out of bed!"

"Oops. Sorry, I was so excited I didn't think about the time difference."

"It's fine. I'm glad you called! Good night, Anna!"

Elsa was nervous with anticipation. She hadn't seen Anna in two days, during which time she kept on replaying the kisses she had shared with the beautiful teen. Elsa had always fantasized about her first kiss, and the reality far surpassed expectations. *Oh, God, I'm dying to taste those precious lips again!*

She was going to see Anna at her house for a lesson soon, and she wasn't sure how to act. She hoped they would kiss again. But at the same time, she was there to teach French. *And I'm being paid nicely for it. Maybe I should have invited her on another date?*

They had shared a few texts since the kiss, but the exchanges had been low key—probably because both of them still felt insecure about expressing their feelings for each other, at least that was Elsa's position. Thinking about it, she grabbed her phone and read the texts again, a smile on her face. *She must be pretty nervous right now, too.*

Elsa placed her phone on her dresser and puzzled over what to wear. She wanted to be at her absolute best and take Anna's breath away the minute they met. She removed the towel she had been wearing since leaving the shower and picked out some black lacy panties and a matching bra that Esméralda had brought her from France. *Why? It's not like Anna's going to see them. Still...*

A striped black and white dress hung in her closet and Elsa carefully contemplated wearing it. She had noticed Anna staring at her legs during their date, especially in the car, and realized that Anna must share her interest in sexy legs. *She's also obsessed with my boobs though. The dress in question featured a deep v-neck, which was sure to grab Anna's attention, and it fit nicely against her body, reaching mid-thigh and highlighting her legs, slender waist and hips. After slipping the dress on, Elsa admired herself in the mirror. Perfect! She spent the next thirty minutes fixing her hair and applying make-up, hoping she wasn't overdoing it.*

Then, she drove to Anna's place and parked in her driveway. She tried to calm herself before ringing the doorbell, but Anna's father opened the door and almost ran into her.

"Oh, sorry! I was just leaving," he mentioned, barely avoiding a collision.
"Oh, hi. Yeah, I… um...I was just about to ring the bell."

"Did… did you just leave a photo shoot?" he joked as he eyed her.

Elsa felt embarrassed. I overdid it. "I… um… I have..." Fuck, find an excuse. "I have another engagement tonight."

"I see! That's a shame, my wife thought we'd invite you to eat with us today after you were done with Anna. We could have talked about her progress and all."

Elsa was a bit surprised by that. "Oh… huh, that's really nice! But… yeah, I can't tonight."

"Well, some other time then!"

"Of course!" Elsa replied. That's sure to be awkward.

"Well, I'll see you another time then," he said, and Elsa stepped to the side to let him pass.

"Goodbye, Mr. Summers!"

"Please, call me Agnarr," he replied before leaving.

Elsa went inside and noticed Anna waiting for her by the stairway. Anna's eyes seemed to be all over her as the two women came face to face. Well, I may have overdone it, but at least I caught Anna's interest! It seemed the teenager had gotten the same idea as her because she looked quite sexy in a pair of white low-rise shorts and a black off-the-shoulder crop top that helped emphasis her slim figure and perky breasts. On anyone else, it may have been considered too much, but Anna's fresh looks and innocent appeal allowed her to pull it off with ease.

"H- hi, Elsa," the girl stammered. "You look… um, nice"

Elsa smiled at her. She briefly drank in Anna's smooth, slender legs before responding. "Hello, Anna! You look quite, um, nice, too." Why did I just say that? I'm such a dork! This was more awkward than she had imagined. They had kissed each other recently, they knew they were both into one another, and yet they had to pretend that there was nothing going on between them.

"Are you ready for today's lesson?" Elsa continued.

"Yep! Let's go upstairs!"

Elsa followed her and they were soon in Anna's bedroom.

"Sorry I couldn't greet you properly downstairs," Anna said before reaching for her and giving her a quick peck on the lips.

Elsa immediately smiled, savoring the sensation. "Let's not forget I'm here to tutor you, though!" she advised.

"Of course! It's always been about French. Obviously," Anna quiped.

Elsa couldn't help but laugh at that, but she still sat down at Anna's desk and took out the lesson she had prepared.

"You look absolutely stunning in that dress," Anna commented, and Elsa's smile grew.

"Thanks! But can you say that in French?"
"Hmm… let me try! Tu es… très belle!" Anna replied.

"Haha, merci. You do lack some vocabulary, though. Maybe we should focus on that today… For example I could say: Tu es très mignonne, Anna." It was much less embarrassing to compliment someone when they didn't fully understand what you were saying.

"Come on, don't stop! I love hearing you speak French!"

"Tes yeux sont magnifiques," Elsa added, speaking slowly and using simple sentences so that her student could understand her. "J'adore tes petites tâches de rousseur sur ton joli visage. Ton sourire est éclatant et tu me rends folle à chaque fois que je te vois. Et tu es aussi très sexy!"

"Haha, I understood that last part!"

Elsa winked at her.

"Actually, I think I understood most of it. I'm getting better, right?"

"Yes, of course!"

"I think that deserves some sort of reward. You know, to make me want to work even harder."

Elsa knew she shouldn't do it, but she couldn't stop herself. She cupped her student's face with her hand and reached for her lips with her own. Closing her eyes, they kissed. It was rather innocent at first, but soon became more heated, their tongues meeting passionately, as their hunger for each other escalated.

It was Anna who stopped first. "My mom's downstairs," she cautioned, her eyes full of regret.


"No, no, I was loving it! It's just… I wouldn't want my mom to catch us like that. I'm pretty sure she would freak out."

"You're right…" At least one of us is being responsible. That's a good thing. It also reassured her to see Anna being so rational. "Let's get back to French!"

They worked at a steady pace, and avoided kissing again, although it was always in the back of Elsa's mind. It didn't stop them from sitting much closer to each other than they should have, however, with Elsa's hand resting on Anna's knee when the door suddenly opened.

Elsa almost jumped from her chair.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you!" Anna's mother said as she walked in.

Elsa tried to laugh it off. "Yeah, no, it's me. You took me completely by surprise." Thank God we weren't kissing. I don't think she spotted my hand.

"Is there something you need, mom?" Anna asked innocently.

"Yeah, I have to run some errands. I'll be back in an hour. I just wanted to let you know that I put the money for the lesson on the coffee table."

"Ok, sure! See you!" Anna replied. At the same time, Elsa suddenly realized the two of them would be all alone.
"Would you like to join us for dinner tonight, Elsa?" Anna's mother asked. "We thought it would be nice and we'd be able to go over Anna's progress."

"Oh, your husband asked me already. But I'm sorry, I can't tonight. Maybe next time?"

"Of course! Well, see you next time then. I don't think I'll be here when you're done."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Summers."

Anna's mom left, and Elsa and Anna were soon alone in the bedroom, and in fact, the entire house. They tried to get back to work, but the atmosphere was ripe with anticipation. They both heard Anna's mother's car leave and Anna gave Elsa a knowing look.

"So..." Anna started, and Elsa gulped. "I mean..."

"Yeah..."

"Maybe we should take a break?"

Anna leaned towards her, and Elsa tried to stop herself from doing the same. 

"You're here to teach her French, not french kiss her! Besides, they're paying you..."

She sat there mesmerized, as the beautiful teen drew closer. Ah, fuck it!

Elsa closed the gap between them and they started kissing again, exploring each other with their tongues. It filled Elsa's heart with glee and lust, and she realized she had never felt that way before.

The two girls kissed for a long time, and Elsa felt as if she was on fire. Anna stood up from her chair and led Elsa to her bed.

"I think we'll be more comfortable here!" the teenager suggested between kisses.

Elsa's hands soon found their way to Anna's bare legs, but she quickly removed them. 

"Stop it, Elsa! You don't want things to spiral out of control. No more than kissing!"

Anna seemed to understand, and she smiled at her. They made out passionately on the bed, and after a while Elsa felt Anna's hand on her waist. The redhead slowly lowered it until it rested firmly on Elsa's butt.

"S-sorry. Is... is that ok?" Anna asked as they paused momentarily.

"Y-yeah. It's fine." Elsa replied.

Anna's eyes were filled with lust, her pupils larger than usual. The teen's hands began to gently squeeze Elsa's firm bottom. 

"We're moving too fast, but I can't stop myself."

They returned to kissing each other, and Elsa's hand automatically went to the young girl's exposed midriff, her fingers caressing the exquisitely soft skin, memorizing the wonderful curve of that slim waistline. Between the kisses, Anna's hand caressing her bottom, and her own hand on Anna's exposed skin, Elsa was on the verge of losing her mind. Her hand drifted higher, encountering the material of the crop top. Soon, she found herself cupping one of Anna's deliciously perky breasts...

"She's not wearing a bra again! There was only a layer of thin fabric between Elsa's hand and the current object of her desire. She could feel the nipple hardening under her fingers and she rubbed it with her thumb, causing Anna to moan loudly."
Elsa panicked. "S-sorry!" she squeaked, quickly removing her hand.

"It's… it's okay!" Anna huffed, but Elsa distanced herself from her student. It was excruciatingly hard, because she wanted nothing more than to continue what they were doing. Her heart was racing, her mind was drunk with lust, and every part of her body was telling her to take it to the next level.

"No, we… we're moving way too fast," Elsa argued, trying to calm herself by taking deep breaths.

Anna closed her eyes and followed Elsa's example. "Right. Sorry, I got a bit carried away, too."

"It's fine. We're fine. You're not angry I stopped, right?" Elsa asked, afraid Anna would misunderstand, but the teen gave her one of her best smiles.

"Are you kidding? I was having the best time of my life. But you were right to put a stop to it."

"Good. I'm glad." Elsa answered, although the lust she felt still lingered.

They were both lying on the bed, and Anna took her hand in hers.

"So, no more making out on my bed, right?" Anna asked.

"I think that would be smart, yes!"

"That was one hell of a private lesson though!"

Elsa giggled and turned around to kiss her student lightly on the lips. "The very best."

"So, do you have a date or something tonight?" Anna teased while stroking Elsa's hand with her thumb.

"What? Why would you think that?!" Elsa replied. "Of course not!"

"You told my mother you were busy tonight."

"Oh! Your father asked me why I was all dressed up, so I told him that I had an engagement after tonight's lesson. I wasn't about to tell him that I dressed up for you." She smiled.

"I see!"

"So… maybe we could see each other someplace else?" Elsa probed.

Anna turned towards her, resting on her side and looking at her with a wide smile. "I'd love to!"

"Where do you want to go?" Elsa noticed that the cute redhead was slowly moving closer to her.

"Hmm…" Anna purred as she rested her head on Elsa's shoulder. "I guess we shouldn't be seen in public?"

Elsa sighed. "Yeah… if your parents found out, it would be a disaster. And it would be a real mess if any of the kids from high school saw us, too."

"Maybe I could come to your place?" Anna suggested while she shifted a little. Elsa realised that the teenager now had a perfect view of her cleavage. You sneaky girl! Of course, she loved it.

"Nobody would see us for sure. Except Esmé."
"She could drive me there after work," Anna offered.

"Yeah, or I'll pick you up there."

"That way I can have an excuse, too. I'll tell my parents I'm working a few hours more. Or that I'm going out with the girls from work."

"Well that's settled then. Tomorrow?"

"For sure!"

"Great."

They stayed together for a moment longer, Anna's head resting on Elsa's shoulder and her slim, tight body pressed firmly against hers.

"We should get back to work."

"Already?" Anna pouted.

"Well, that is my job..." Elsa responded, feeling guilty.

"Maybe we could work on vocabulary... how do you say 'arm' in French?" Anna asked naughtily as she touched her teacher's arm with a finger.

Elsa knew where this was going, but was unable to keep herself from playing along. "Un bras."

"Like a bra?"

"Well... um... yeah. But with an 's' at the end."

"But it's silent?"

"Yeah."

"So weird!"

Elsa shrugged. "I guess!"

"So... what about 'ankle'?" Anna sat up from the bed to touch Elsa's ankle.

Elsa was amused to take part in this little game and replied in French. Anna kept it up for some time, moving from ankle to calf and so on, although she didn't dare go for the most intimate parts—Elsa figured that was for the best.

"Did I miss something?" Anna teased once she had gone over the basics.

"Hmmm... yeah," Elsa replied as she rested her hands on both sides of the teenager's waist. "We call this 'la taille'. She does have wonderful hips...

"Interesting..."

"Well, we should stop now!" Elsa realized that they were on their way to going too far again.

"Right!" Anna gave Elsa a peck on the lips and stood up to sit at her desk.

Elsa followed, and they finished the lesson with her deciding to stay a bit longer to compensate for
the time they lost fooling around. *The things I do to try to keep some sort of clear conscience!* She knew she was way beyond redemption, but every little bit counted.

Anna led her back to the hall and down the stairs after they finished.

"Well, see you tomorrow then?" Anna asked as they walked to the front door.

"Yes. I'll pick you up after you finish work."

"Ok!"

They waited awkwardly for a few seconds, and then Elsa took Anna in her arms and kissed her. Of course, things escalated and Elsa forced herself to stop once things got too heated. *Calm yourself, Elsa! You have plenty of time to enjoy this relationship.*
Anna found herself repeatedly checking her phone. *Dammit! Twenty minutes to go...* Today was dragging on even slower than usual... *Ah! I'm so excited! I'm going to die just waiting for Elsa to pick me up!*

From the moment she woke up, she had been imagining how her evening with Elsa would unfold - *at her place, no less!* She couldn't help but fantasize about what would happen. *I wonder if Esmeralda will be there... I should have warned her. I hope she comes up with an excuse to leave the two of us alone!* She was picturing herself making out with Elsa on the kitchen counter when a new customer arrived.

Anna turned to greet the customer, only to be surprised to see Elsa. She smiled brightly and checked her phone to see what time it was.

"Hi!" Elsa greeted as she arrived at the counter.

"Hi! You're early... I still have about twenty minutes left."

"No problem, I'm going to look around in the meantime!" Elsa responded. "Maybe I'll buy something," she added with a wink, and Anna suddenly felt her face flush.

"O-ok! Let me know if you need any help!"

"I will!"

As Elsa left, Anna tried everything not to picture her gorgeous teacher trying on sexy lingerie. She failed miserably.

"Do you know her?" asked one of her coworkers in a low voice.

Anna turned her head and whispered back, "Y-yeah."

The girl looked at her curiously. "I think she's the boss' girlfriend."

"What?! No!" Anna replied, a bit too loud.

"Really?"

"They're just cousins!" she explained.

"Ah..."

Anna couldn't help but steal glances at Elsa as she meandered through the aisles, sometimes picking up a bra or a pair of panties to inspect them. *Oh God.* After a while the gorgeous blonde walked to her counter with two pair of lacy panties and held them in front of her.

"I think I need a professional opinion. Which one would look better on me?" Elsa asked, and Anna gulped.

Anna wished she had the confidence to suggest to Elsa that she'd have to see both items on her
before she could answer. Instead, she stuttered, "Th… the blue one, I think." trying to avoid picturing the shear material of either panty clinging to Elsa's sumptuous hips, and more than perfect bottom.

"Great, thanks!"

"You're welcome. Is there anything else I can help you with?"

"Hmm… I don't think so. Unless you have some recommendations?"

Anna bit her lip. There was one item in the store she had spotted that would look fantastic on Elsa. She had often fantasized about seeing her in it.

Elsa's expression grew mischievous. "Well, do you?"

"Well… there's one outfit I'm sure would look wonderful on you."

"Really? Show me!"

Anna left the counter, motioning to her co-worker to take her place and led Elsa into another aisle.

"I want to kiss you," Elsa whispered to her as they walked.

Anna shuddered involuntarily. Soon.

Before long, they were in front of the garment Anna had in mind.

"This one?" Elsa asked as she picked up a blue chemise.

Anna blushed. She's gonna think I'm a pervert. "Y-yes." No way she's ever gonna wear something like that.

"It's beautiful," Elsa said as she touched the fabric. "Is it silk?"

"Yes."

Anna couldn't help but picture Elsa in it, especially since she had already done so many times before. It was a blue backless chemise that would perfectly support Elsa's full, heavy breasts. The fabric was smooth and light, almost transparent, leaving almost nothing to the imagination. The gown reached the floor, but was split at both sides, generously exposing both hips and legs.

"I love it… but I'm afraid it doesn't hide much," Elsa remarked.

"Well, you can wear panties underneath. Or a thong."

"What would you advise?"

"Hmm…"

It didn't take Anna long to find matching pair of panties. "I think these would be perfect."

"Ok then!"

"It's a bit expensive, but I'll give you the employee discount!" Anna told her.

"Oh, can you do that?"
"Yeah, I don't think my boss would mind." Anna winked.

"Great! I'd like to try them on. Is that ok? I want to make sure it fits."

"Of course! Follow me to the dressing rooms!" Anna instructed as she led Elsa there. *She's going to be wearing that outfit right next to me? What if she gives me a peek to see what I think? You're dreaming, Anna.*

Elsa stepped into the changing room, drawing the curtain behind her. Anna realized that the only thing separating her from a nude Elsa was a sheet of fabric. *Oh God.*

The curtain suddenly shifted, and Elsa's beautiful face appeared from behind it. Unfortunately, Anna couldn't see anything else, but knowing that the gorgeous blonde was wearing sexy lingerie so close to her was maddening.

"It looks great!"

"Is the size ok?" Anna asked. *I can check if you want!*

"Yes, it's perfect. I'll take everything."

"Great! I... I'm sure whoever you'll be wearing it for will love it." Anna grinned.

"Well, I won't be wearing it anytime soon, it's more of a long-term purchase. But, yeah, I think she'll love it when the time comes!"

Anna couldn't help but hope she'd see Elsa in that chemise very soon, but at the same time she was glad they weren't rushing into their relationship. *We've got time.*

"In the meantime, it'll give her something to think about!" Elsa added with a sly wink before disappearing behind the curtain again. Anna returned to the counter with a host of images in her head, and Elsa soon joined her to pay for the items. It was a bit expensive, even with the discount, and Anna hoped it wasn't too much for someone living off a teacher's salary, but she didn't comment.

"So... are you finished with work yet?" Elsa inquired once she had paid.

Anna checked her phone again. "Still five minutes left, sorry."

"That's fine!"

There weren't that many clients, and Elsa stayed at the counter to chat. When it finally came time to leave, Anna hurried to the restroom to change back into her regular clothes.

"Now that I think of it, you've never seen my place," Elsa said as she started the car.

"Well..."

"What?" Elsa asked, surprised.

"I may have seen it from the road."

Elsa gave her a confused look. "What do you mean?"

"This is gonna sound creepy."
"Is that so?"

"Well… I may have followed you after class one day, with Kris and Merida."

Elsa's mouth dropped. "Really?"

"Y-yeah… sorry. We saw you get into your car with Esméralda, and I wanted to know if she was your girlfriend! I was almost sure of it at the time!" Anna argued, hoping it wouldn't freak her teacher out.

"Wow…"

"Yeah, I know. I'm not really proud of it."

"Is there anything else I should know?"

Anna gulped. "Well…"

"What? Anna, you're starting to scare me!"

"I may have been in contact with your cousin... for some time."

"Huh? Esmé?"

"Um, yeah… she gave me her phone number when we met at her shop. Then I called her and she told me you kinda had a crush on me, too."

"I'm gonna kill her. I made her promise she wouldn't interfere."

"I'm pretty sure we… um… we wouldn't be…" together? Nah, not yet. "I mean, we wouldn't be as close as we are without her."

"Hmpf… I'm still going to kill her."

They stayed quiet for a while, and it was stressing Anna out. Should I have kept this to myself? No. It would have been even worse later on.

"Are you mad?" she finally asked.

"No… no, I'm not," Elsa replied, and she gave her a quick smile, but Anna could sense that things weren't quite back to normal, either.

"Sorry again. I promise, nothing but the truth from now on! But you have to admit I had to be a bit sneaky to seduce you! You're a tough nut to crack!"

Elsa laughed. "Yeah, I think I can forgive you. I didn't make it easy."

They arrived soon, and Anna felt giddy being there with Elsa.

"I've never been inside, though!" Anna commented.

"Thank God. That would have freaked me out for sure!" Elsa replied with a laugh. "Well, come in!"

Elsa opened the door and Anna walked in.

"I'm gonna give you a bit of a tour. But first, there's something I've been dying to do."
Anna turned towards her with a smile, and they passionately kissed in the hall. Anna circled Elsa's narrow waist with her hands as they made out, but they were quickly interrupted.

"Wowwww! What a sight!"

Anna stopped kissing Elsa to look at Esméralda, who was sitting at the table.

"Hi boss!" she exclaimed, smiling, and the dark-skinned girl winked at her.

"Well, cuz, I'm shocked! Bringing one of your students home to your place, and making out with her!"

Elsa rolled her eyes. "I told you Anna would be here today! By the way, you and I need to have a long talk."

"Huh?"

Elsa glared at her cousin, and Esmé seemed to understand.

"You didn't…?" Esméralda looked back at Anna, accusation clearly written across her face.

"I had to! I couldn't keep lying to her."

"Well, I think it's time I respect your privacy and leave you two alone! I don't want to interrupt!"

"Sure… but we'll talk about this later on!" Elsa warned.

"Is it because you want to thank me?" Esméralda asked innocently, sporting a huge grin, but her expression changed when she saw the look on her cousin's face. "Hmm… well, I think it's time I get going! Don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

She left in a hurry, and Anna turned towards Elsa. "What wouldn't she do?" she asked, knowing full well what she meant.

"Hmm… I think you already know about that."

"I think so. Anyway, why don't you give me a tour?"

"Of course! Follow me."

Anna did better than that and took Elsa by the hand. It was a nice house - a bit smaller than her parents' house - but it had a large living room with an open kitchen. There was also a small guest room that seemed to be currently occupied by Esméralda, and a larger one that was Elsa's. I could see myself sleeping in that bed alright.

"Wow, what an awesome shower!" Anna commented as they entered the bathroom.

"Yeah, it could easily fit two people!" Elsa remarked.

"Hmm… is that something you usually do?" Anna teased.

"What? No! I… I was just saying!" Elsa replied, blushing.

"Well, your place is great! I could see myself living here in the future for sure… hold on Anna!"

"Thanks. Would you like something to drink?"
"Sure!"

"You can sit on the couch," Elsa suggested as she wandered over to the kitchen. She came back with two glasses of fruit juice, and sat down next to Anna, who made sure they were as close as possible.

Anna couldn't help but feel nervous. She was at Elsa's place, they were alone, and she didn't really know what to do. She knew what she wanted to do, but she couldn't just jump her teacher and make out on her couch.

"So… is there anything you'd like to do?" Elsa awkwardly asked her after they finished their drinks.

"You never showed me your backyard!" Anna remarked. Should I have said that I want to kiss her?

"True… well, let's go," Elsa replied, sounding a bit disappointed.

They left and went outside. It was big enough, with a few trees and tall bushes that hid the yard from the neighbors.

"It's big enough to have a pool," Anna noted.

"Yeah, I thought about it, but I don't know. I'm not sure I'd use it much on my own."

"Well, if that's your only concern, I'm positive I could remedy the situation!"

Elsa chuckled. "We'll see. Maybe next year?"

They went back inside, and Anna nervously put her arm around Elsa's waist, resting her hand on Elsa's hip.

Elsa turned towards her.

"Remember what you said back at the store?"

"What?"

"That you wanted to kiss me."

"Oh… I did."

"Well, now I want to kiss you. What do you think?"

Elsa smiled at her, and took her in her arms. "I think we might be on the same wavelength."

"Then kiss me already!"

Elsa laughed as she leaned towards Anna, closing the gap between them. Passion and lust fueled Anna as her lips opened to welcome her teacher's tongue, and they both made their way back towards the couch. Elsa soon pulled Anna with her as she fell into the couch, kissing her as their bodies became entangled. Anna shifted a little and felt the delicious curves of Elsa's chest against her own. Finally, this is starting to be interesting!

Anna was still shy about making advances on her teacher, especially in light of Elsa's warnings that they were moving too fast. With Elsa's incredible breasts rubbing up against her body, Anna wanted nothing more than to feel the weight of those luscious mounds in her own hands, but she
was terrified to take any actions.

Elsa, herself, refrained from feeling her up like last time, and that gave Anna further pause. *Is Elsa still worried that she's taking advantage of me?* She simply didn't know.

One thing for sure though, the kisses were making her boil over, and Anna did risk letting her hands stray to Elsa's bottom. If anything, the kisses became more fevered, so Anna figured that was a move in the right direction at least.

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Elsa was still glowing from the aftermath of last night's date. She made sure to dress more conservatively this time for Anna's lesson, especially since she would be dining with Anna's parents tonight. She didn't want them to get the wrong idea about her. *Can't have them thinking that I'm after their daughter.*

She wanted them to like her, because she knew that if she wanted to pursue a serious relationship with Anna, her parents would eventually have to know the truth. Admittedly, that was a bit scary. Awkward introductions played through her mind. *"Oh, by the way, I just wanted to let you know that I was your daughter's teacher and I'm ten years older than her, but I love her and she's now my girlfriend."* That kind of thing would be sure to land like a flaming dirigible with any responsible, caring parent. *There's no way they're ever going to forgive me, unless I make them like me first.* Elsa figured it might be easier with Anna's dad. He seemed pretty cool, and he always acted friendly the few times they had spoken. Anna's mom, on the other hand, seemed a bit colder, and she always acted more detached with her.

"Let me guess, you're going to church?" Esméralda teased as she walked past her bedroom.

Elsa rolled her eyes. "I'm going to Anna's."

"Oh. I'm sorry. Did you two break up?"

"Of course not!"

"Then why are you dressed like you're on your way to a convent?"

"What's wrong with my dress?" Elsa asked.

"You mean the fact that it reaches your ankles, hides your figure and, most importantly, shows absolutely no cleavage?"

"Well, plenty of people wear these kinds of clothes!"

"Yeah, little girls on their way to church! Would you like me to put your hair in pigtails? You'd be soooo cute!"

Elsa rolled her eyes again. "I'm having dinner with Anna's parents."

"Oh! I see! Meeting the in-laws!"

"I don't want them to think I'm some kind of sexual predator!"

Esméralda laughed. "I see. Well, make sure you don't mention you're making out with their teenage daughter and you should be fine!"

"I'll try to remember that. Anyway, I need to go!"
"Ok, good luck!"

Elsa tried to calm herself as she drove towards Anna's place. *What if I screw this up? I have to make them like me! It's my only chance if I want them to accept my relationship with Anna in the future...*

Anna's mother was the one who greeted her after she rang.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Summers." Elsa felt a lot more nervous than usual.

"Oh, hi Elsa! Please, call me Iduna."

"Oh! Yes. I will. Anyway, I'm here for the lesson."

"Great. You're still planning on staying for dinner afterwards?"

"Yes, of course."

"Good. Well, come on in! Anna's waiting for you in her bedroom."

Elsa came in and climbed the stairs to join her favorite student. The door was open, but she knocked anyway, just to be polite and announce herself.

"Hi!" Anna greeted her excitedly when she saw her, and then walked over to give her a quick kiss.

"Mmm, it's really nice to see you."

"Ditto..." Anna replied before closing the door and kissing her again.

"I don't think this is safe..." Elsa complained while taking the teenager in her arms.

"I know... but I can't help myself."

They kissed again, and then separated.

"I've never seen you wearing a dress like that before!"

"Yeah, Esméralda asked me if I was going to church."

Anna chuckled. "Is it because of dinner?"

"I guess... I want to make a good impression."

"You still look great."

"I-I just figured that if we're ever going to be accepted by them as a couple... I need to make sure they have a high opinion of me."

"True... but no pressure! They don't have to know anything yet."

"Oh, I have something to tell you, too," Elsa said.

"What's up?"

"I'm leaving for France next week to see my family."

"Oh, already?" Anna pouted, and Elsa could hear the disappointment in her voice.
"Yeah, it'll only be two weeks, though."

"It's gonna be so long! I'll miss you!"

"Me too," Elsa replied. "A lot!"

"Promise me you'll call!"

"Of course. You can call me, too."

"I will. Can't you just hide me in your luggage?" Anna teased.

Elsa giggled. "I wish..." To be honest, she had thought about asking Anna to accompany her. She was sure that Anna could have found a way to convince her parents, just like she had done with the tutoring and going to the movies. Elsa could have told them it was no problem for her and that it would be a great learning experience for Anna. She was sorely tempted, but she realized she would be pushing her luck. Even worse, she'd have a lot more trouble explaining it to her own parents. The cute girl coming with me? No, no, she's just one of my students. Nothing weird here.

"Kris is leaving too, for Scotland."

"Oh. Is he going to see Merida?"

"Yes. I'll be left all alone!" She pouted.

"Awww..."

Anna looked at her with doe eyes, and Elsa couldn't help but cup her face and kiss her tenderly.

"Well, I guess I'll just have to wait," Anna said with a smile.

"Sorry. I promise I'll text and call you!"

"Good."

"Anyway, we should start working!"

"Yep."

So they did. And, except for some intermittent contact, they managed to keep their hands to themselves. They were almost finished when they heard a knock on the door.

"Are you done yet? Dinner's ready!" Iduna announced as she came in.

"Yes, we're nearly finished," Elsa replied, starting to stress out again, knowing that she'd be joining Anna's parents for dinner soon.

"We'll be downstairs in a bit," Anna told her mother.

After they finished the lesson, Elsa confessed. "I'm nervous," she admitted as she packed her things.

"Why? They don't know a thing!"

"I know, I know..."

"Want me to hold your hand during dinner?" Anna asked mischievously.
"Sure, and maybe you can kiss me to make me feel better!" Elsa retorted. "Well, let's go!"

They walked downstairs and joined Anna's parents in the dining room.

"I'm afraid I didn't prepare anything fancy," Iduna apologized

"That's fine!" Elsa replied. "Oh, I forgot." She rummaged through her bag, and took a bottle of red wine out of it. "I brought some wine!"

"Ah! Now that's a French tradition I can approve of!" Agnarr proclaimed with a hearty smile before going to fetch a corkscrew.

"I went to France once and really liked it," Iduna confided while her husband opened the bottle of wine and poured everyone but Anna a drink. "We should go again someday," she suggested to her husband.

"Hey! You forgot me!" Anna declared, holding up an empty glass, and her father poured her half a glass with an amused smirk on his face.

"Well, I'm leaving for France next week. I won't be able to tutor Anna for two weeks."

"Oh, really? Well, I guess that's fine! Do you go back there often?"

"Not as much as I'd like," Elsa sighed. "My parents were very excited when I told them I was going this summer, though."

"I can only imagine," Agnarr reflected. "I don't know how we'd handle it if Anna moved to another country."

Well at least they're seeing me more as someone's daughter rather than a parental figure, which puts me closer to Anna than to themselves.

"So… to France!" Agnarr toasted, raising his glass.

"Sure!" Elsa replied, and they toasted together. Elsa couldn't help but smile when she noticed Anna's face after she tasted the wine. She wore a sour expression, but she was trying to hide it.

"Agnarr told me you came to Arendelle because of a friend?"

"Yes. At the time I was hopelessly in love with my best friend, and I thought that moving here would allow me to be closer to her." Elsa realized that she had just given away her sexuality, but it was too late to do anything about it.

"Oh."

"Yeah… well, as luck would have it, she was one hundred percent straight. But it ended well."

"Her best friend's Mrs. Fitzherbert," Anna clarified.

"Oh? Really? What a small world!" Iduna noted. "She's your literature teacher, right? The one you like so much."

"Yep! El… Ms. Neige is an even better teacher, though."

"Anna's a sweetheart," Elsa declared.
"Oh, she knows how to get her way all right," Iduna replied. "So, how come you're not teaching at Arendelle High next year?"

"I wanted to, but… how do I put this? Someone on the board doesn't quite like me. She convinced the other members to give my job to someone else, so I'll be teaching at the middle school instead."

"Hmpf. politics..." Agnarr grunted.

"I was disappointed, but maybe it's for the best," Elsa concluded, thinking about how impossible it would have been for her to get closer to Anna otherwise. "I'll get to experience a new environment, and maybe I'll be able to move back to Arendelle High after a few years."

"True. Did I mention that Elsa was a former model, too?" Agnarr asked his wife.

"Yes, you did," Iduna replied, rolling her eyes, and Anna chuckled.

The rest of the dinner went by without incident. They spoke at length about Anna's progress and her chances of being admitted into the advanced classes after the summer, and then they talked about France a lot too.

Anna and her mother seemed pretty interested in the subject, while Anna's father pretended he was as well. Despite what Iduna had said, the meal was actually quite good, and Elsa complimented her on it.

"I tried teaching Anna, but she's not really into it."

"She'd better find a hus… um… a wife that knows how to cook, because I'm afraid she'll be living on ramen otherwise!" Agnarr joked.

Elsa laughed, and couldn't help but think she'd gladly cook for Anna.

"It just feels like a waste of time," Anna argued. "Well, maybe I'd get into it if I was cooking for a special someone," she added, looking at Elsa.

"Of course," Elsa agreed, making sure not to make eye contact with her. "She's still got time."

Elsa stopped Agnarr from pouring her a third glass, arguing that she had to drive back home, and noted that Iduna approved. Well, between that and her interest in France, maybe I've managed to make some headway.

The dinner was over soon after that, and Elsa thanked them for the evening.

"We'll see you in three weeks, then?" Iduna asked, and Elsa nodded. "Well, enjoy your trip!"

"Thank you. See you soon, Anna. Don't forget to do the exercises I gave you."

"Sure! No problem!"

They parted ways, regretfully, because Elsa wished she could have kissed Anna one last time before leaving. Maybe we’ll manage to see each other before I leave?

By the time she was home, she noticed that she had received a series of texts from Anna. Esméralda wasn't home yet, and she figured her cousin must be with one of her conquests.

My parents said you're terrific!
I think they like you ;)

Maybe they would even approve of our relationship!

Elsa doubted that, but it was a good start anyway.

I’ll miss you :( maybe we can see each other before you leave?

Ah, she thought about that, too. Elsa replied quickly.

I’m glad they liked me, although I’m pretty sure they would change their mind if they knew. I want to see you too before I leave! We’ll figure something out :)

Then, she undressed, slipped into her pajamas, removed her makeup and brushed her teeth before jumping into bed. She hesitated for a second, and then picked up her phone to call Anna.

"Hey! Did you miss me already?" Anna asked in a hushed voice.

"Yes, actually. I wanted to wish you a good night."

"Thanks. Good night to you, too."

"Love you," Elsa said before realizing it. *Fuck! Where did that come from?*

"I love you, too."

"Well… um… see you soon then!"

"Yep! Sweet dreams."

Elsa hung up and closed her eyes. *That was a little awkward*. It wasn't like they had never spoken about their feelings. And Anna actually told me several times that she loved me. But it was more of a ‘I like you and want to date you’, not a ‘I love, love you’. Or was it? And do I really love her? I don’t know. *Thinking about it makes me happy, though.*

With a smile on her face and a warm feeling in her heart, Elsa hugged her pillow and closed her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

IceWraith made an awesome pic of the blue chemise :D
It’s in the comments!
"I love this show!" Anna remarked as she shifted herself on Elsa's couch so she could snuggle with her.

"Really? I thought you didn't like to cook!" Elsa replied while encircling Anna's shoulders with her arm.

"Yeah, but I love eating!"

Elsa laughed and kissed her on the cheek, causing Anna to break into a wide grin.

"You're beautiful," Elsa whispered, blowing lightly into Anna's ear. Anna felt her cheeks turn red—it felt so nice hearing that.

"Thank you. You're quite beautiful, too—gorgeous even—and I'm going to miss you."

Elsa was leaving tomorrow, so Anna had managed to convince Kristoff to pretend he was taking her to the movies. He even came to her house to drive her to Elsa's. He did say I owed him though.

"Me too..."

Anna's attention turned to Elsa, and suddenly she wasn't interested in the cooking show anymore. Elsa's bright red lips parted slightly, beckoning Anna to come closer. She took Elsa's face in her hands, kissing her softly, her tongue tracing the contours of the other woman's lips. Elsa no longer seemed interested in the show either, as she passionately kissed her back.

With her heart beating rapidly and her desire swelling, Anna gently pushed Elsa onto her back while simultaneously straddling the woman's slender waist.

"You're so hot..." Elsa sighed, and Anna beamed, before leaning in for another kiss. She peppered Elsa with a series of tender kisses, moving her mouth slowly downward, leaving behind a moist trail until she gradually settled on Elsa's neck. Meanwhile, she felt delicate fingers stroking her thighs, further fanning her flames of lust. Anna gently sucked on her partner's neck, making Elsa moan with delight.

"Careful... you're going to give me a hickey..." Elsa whispered while her own hands wandered higher, firmly grabbing Anna's round bottom.

"Maybe I want to..." Anna huffed. She couldn't help but see this as marking her territory. She sucked harder, savoring the taste of Elsa's supple skin and leaving behind a scarlet reminder that Elsa was hers. She then continued downward, kissing Elsa on the crook of her neck, and then on her collarbone. Elsa had thrilled her by wearing a blue romper with a plunging neckline, teasing Anna with the swell of those perfect mounds. Anna instinctively moved further down.

"A-anna..."

"Hmm?"

Elsa didn't reply right away, but Anna halted her progress downwards, only to move back to Elsa's
lips and kiss her, thereby silencing the gorgeous woman.

Interestingly, Elsa's hands continued to move upwards, and Anna soon felt her teacher's fingers caressing her alongside her waist, then her lats, until they moved inward to reach the peaks of her breasts. Anna's nipples hadn't waited for direct contact to harden, and Elsa massaged them gently through the fabric of her shirt and bra. *I wish I hadn't worn one.*

But if Elsa was brazenly feeling her up, Anna figured that she had permission to do the same. She had been dying to fondle her teacher's full breasts even before she realized she was gay. She went back to kissing the beautiful woman's neck, who really seemed to be enjoying it, and then timidly, awkwardly rested both her hands on Elsa's delectable breasts.

"God, they're amazing..." She marveled at the weight of those firm, heavy globes which dwarfed her tiny hands. Tenderly, she squeezed them, feeling Elsa's nipples harden like her own. As she cupped each exquisite mound, Anna desperately wished there was nothing preventing her from fully exploring the glory of the luscious skin beneath Elsa's clothing. She had dreamed of this for so long that it felt surreal. And between this, Elsa's waist pinned between her thighs, and the blonde's hands on her own body, Anna felt feverish.

"I much prefer yours. They're so soft and firm and fit perfectly in my hands. It drives me crazy," Elsa replied with a wink, and Anna was going to reply when they were interrupted by the doorbell. *No way! God I hope she didn't hear that!*

"Fuck! That must be FedEx," Elsa exclaimed, crushing Anna's hopes. "I ordered a new phone charger."

"He'll come back..." Anna half-moaned as she realized rocking her pelvis against her lovely partner felt incredibly good.

"I need it for the trip..." Elsa said, but she didn't move. Or rather, she continued greedily kneading the teenager's perky breasts.

"I-I'll give you mine..." Anna replied, realigning her body so that every time she rocked her pelvis, she could feel her wet pussy gently rub against her teacher's own mound. It was driving her nuts, despite the clothing between them.

"Y... yeah..."

Then, they heard knocks on the door, and a woman's voice. "Elsa? Are you there?"

They both stopped dead. Anna easily recognized the voice. It was Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"Oh my god!" Anna almost screamed while quickly getting off her teacher.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Elsa cursed, standing up and rearranging her clothing.

"Elsa?!" Mrs. Fitzherbert shouted. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah! I'm coming!"

*I wish. I wasn't far from it myself.* "Do you want me to hide?" Anna asked, ready to jump into Elsa's closet or hide under her bed.

"No, no! She already knows!" Elsa replied and Anna sighed happily. It meant she wouldn't have to be in some cramped, dark place for who knows how long, and it also meant that Elsa was
definitely taking their relationship seriously.

They both made sure their clothes were in order, and then Elsa went to open the door.

"Hi Punzie!" she exclaimed a bit too enthusiastically.

"Hey El… Oh!" Mrs. Fitzherbert's greeting stopped abruptly as soon as she spotted Anna in the living room.

"Hi, Mrs. Fitzherbert!" Anna squeaked, trying but failing miserably to sound natural.

"He-hello, Anna. I… um… I hope I didn't interrupt anything," she proclaimed.

"What? No, of course not! We were watching TV. Here, look!" Elsa waved frantically, motioning to the TV. The cooking show was still on. "I guess the volume was too high; we didn't hear you."

"I… I see."

"So… um… what's up?" Elsa asked, and Anna almost laughed. She had never imagined that Elsa could be so awkward.

"I thought I'd come over and say goodbye before you leave!"

"That's why I'm here, too!" Anna added.

"I… um… I see. I brought some wine," Rapunzel offered, holding said bottle up for everyone to see.

"Well, come in, come in," Elsa told her.

"I… um… I have to admit, it feels a bit weird seeing you here," Rapunzel told Anna as she walked in.

"I can imagine," Anna replied. Better get used to it though, cos' I'm here to stay!

"I'll grab some glasses," Elsa declared before retreating to the kitchen.

"So… Elsa and you…"

"Y-yeah..." Damn it, this is super awkward! How am I ever going to get through a whole year of this?

"I see..."

"So, she told you about us, right?"

"Yes, yes! It's just… I-I had a hard time imagining it, but it's even weirder for me seeing it. I… um… maybe I should leave?"

"No, no you're not!" Elsa shouted from the kitchen.

"I mean… I wouldn't want to intrude. I should have called first."

"Punzie, it's fine."

"I… I should go too! I just have to give Kris a call to come and get me," Anna offered.
"No, no, nobody's leaving. We're all going to sit and talk through this like responsible adults."

Anna didn't mention that she technically wasn't really an adult, but she figured it would be a bad idea to bring that up right now.

"I mean… anyway..." Elsa put the glasses she had fetched from the kitchen onto the coffee table. They all sat down on the couch, and Anna made sure not to sit too close to Elsa. "Let's have a drink first," Elsa suggested, pouring each of them a glass of wine.

*I'm gonna have to get used to this, it seems like I end up drinking wine every time I see her now!* Anna thought, while raising her glass and taking a sip. *Blech!*

They tried having casual conversation, but it was way too awkward. Even if Mrs. Fitzherbert was her favorite teacher, minus Elsa, Anna had always interacted with her as a student, and it was so strange seeing her in this setting.

"This is going to be really weird come September," Rapunzel commented.

"Are you going to be my literature teacher again this year?" Anna asked.

"Yeah, the student lists were finalized before the end of the school year."

"Great!" Anna piped with a smile. She did love Mrs. Fitzherbert's classes.

Mrs. Fitzherbert returned the smile. "Hey, I thought I wasn't your favorite teacher anymore!" she teased.

"Well, I don't really count," Elsa remarked. "Besides, I'm no longer her teacher."

"Yep, seems like you're number one again," Anna told her literature teacher.

"Well, at least there's a silver lining to Elsa being fired!"

"So, I can call you Punzie from now on, right?" Anna asked, trying not to smile.

"Wha… what? Elsa?" Mrs. Fitzherbert nearly blew the wine out her nose.

"I'm just teasing," Anna clarified. "I think your nickname is really cute."

They managed to have a somewhat normal conversation afterwards, but it was clear that Mrs. Fitzherbert was still uncomfortable. She left soon enough, pretending her husband was expecting her.

"Sorry," Anna apologized to Elsa once Mrs. Fitzherbert left.

"What for?" Elsa asked.

"Well, I think she kinda left because of me."

"It's going to take her some time to get used to us… as a couple," Elsa explained. "I wouldn't worry about it for now. How long until Kristoff arrives?"

Anna checked her phone. "Twenty minutes," she answered with a pout.

"Well, let's not waste any time then!" Elsa said as she grabbed the redhead by the hips and kissed her senseless, which took her by surprise.
"Wow, you're horny!" Anna joked once she actually had a chance to breathe.

"You have no idea," Elsa replied, her hands roaming over Anna's body, sending chills through her spine. Anna pushed Elsa back onto the couch and climbed on top of her, just like before. She loved riding the gorgeous woman. It seemed like Elsa liked having Anna in the dominant position as well, having planted both her hands on Anna's butt. Anna leaned over to kiss her and they went back to making out and feeling each other up.

They were still passionately making out when Anna's phone rang twenty minutes later.

"It must be Kris..." Anna remarked, moaning as Elsa rubbed her left breast roughly through the fabric.

"Yeah..."

"I guess he can wait a few more seconds..." Anna suggested before kissing her teacher again, lightly biting down on Elsa's lip and then engaging with her tongue.

"Yes, just... one... more... minute..." Elsa panted.

The phone continued ringing, until they ultimately heard a knock at the door.

"Anna? You there?" Kristoff shouted.

"Y-yeah!"

"Didn't you hear your phone? I've been calling for ten minutes!"

"Oops..."

Elsa chuckled and put some distance between them. "I guess you really do have to go."

"Yeah... I wish I could stay the night until you leave!" Anna confessed. She realized too late how that sounded, and felt her cheeks burning. "I don't mean I want to... I mean, not that I don't want to..." she rambled, and Elsa shushed her with a kiss.

"I know."

Anna smiled, and kissed her back, her hands on the teacher's hips.

"Anna?!” Kris yelled once more from outside, likely losing his patience.

The two girls finally separated themselves, and Anna went to open the door while Elsa tried to rearrange her hair and clothes.

"Hey Kris! Sorry!"

"What's going on? Was your phone off?"

"Um... not exactly," she whispered. "I'll tell you more on the way home!"

"H-hi, Ms Neige," Kris greeted once he spotted his former teacher.

"Oh, hello Kris! How are you?"

"Fine, thanks."
"Can you give us a minute? I want to say 'bye' to Ms. Neige. I'll meet you at the car," Anna told her friend.

"Yeah, but don't be too long! Your parents are going to wonder why we're late."

"Yeah, yeah! One minute!"

Kris rolled his eyes. "Sure."

Anna turned towards Elsa and smiled. "Well, I guess it's goodbye then!"

"Yes… I'm gonna miss you."

"Me too..." Anna said, and she knew she really would. Two weeks? Damn… that's gonna be so long.

"You'll text me?" Elsa asked as she took her in her arms and kissed her on the forehead.

"Yep! I'll call you, too! That is, if you think you'll have the time?"

"Of course!"

"Well… see you in two weeks then."

"Two weeks..."

They kissed again, and again, until Anna heard Kris honking.

"I think I made him wait long enough," Anna commented.

Elsa smiled. "Yes, you should go now..."

"Just one last kiss..."

Elsa blushed when she saw herself in the mirror the next morning. She definitely had a hickey on her neck. Dammit! How am I going to hide it? It would be a hurdle, but at the same time she drew satisfaction from it. Anna gave me a hickey. It made her both blush and smile.

"Hurry up, we have to leave in twenty minutes!" Esméralda warned as she walked by the bathroom door in nothing but a purple lacy thong. "Unless you wanna take a shower together?" she coyly suggested, stopping by the door wearing a huge grin on her face, and some clothes in her hands.

Elsa was about to retort when she saw her cousin's eyes widen.

"What's that?!"

Elsa attempted to cover her neck, but she knew it was too late.

"Is that a hickey? Oh my god! Elsa has a hickey!" Esmé exclaimed, dancing as if this was world breaking news.

Elsa rolled her eyes. "Put some clothes on at least!"

"Don't try to change the subject! You had sex with your teenage student!"

"What? No!" Elsa replied, shocked. "Things… things grew a bit hot, but we didn't… you know."
Esméralda watched her suspiciously. "Hmm… you sure?"

Elsa almost laughed at that. "Yeah, I think I'd know."

"Hmpf. Well, you're bound to cross that line anytime now!"

"She's too young," Elsa replied, and Esméralda nearly choked.

"What?"

"She's almost eighteen."

"Meaning she's not eighteen yet."

"You really think teenagers wait until they're eighteen to have sex?"

"Well… um… no."

"Good. Half of them already had sex at Anna's age."

"I... I know. But not with a 28 year old woman!" Elsa replied, quickly turning her head in the other direction as Esméralda let her thong slide down her legs and jumped into the shower.

"I'd argue with you, but I know Anna will take things into her own hands!" Esméralda stated smugly as she turned on the water. "I'm telling you she won't be waiting for you to make up your mind on whether to initiate sex or not! She's headstrong, that girl. If you don't take any action, she will."

"You two seem awfully close..." Elsa surmised suspiciously as she attempted to cover her hickey with makeup. She couldn't let her parents see it, or she'd be in for some serious grilling.

"I think you're getting jealous!"

Elsa snorted. "As if Anna would go for someone like you!"

"Don't challenge me, cuz!" Esmé retorted. "I'm only joking, of course. She's a nice girl, and I'm glad she's going to be my cousin-in-law soon!"

"I'm not sure that's a thing," Elsa noted.

"I don't care. Besides, you may have noticed that I've been restraining myself ever since I helped Anna seduce you!" Esméralda added while washing herself with a body puff. Water cascaded off her smooth brown skin as she wiped away the foam.

Elsa turned towards her, frowning. "By restraint, you mean, stripping naked in front of me and taking a shower while I'm standing here, in the bathroom, right next to you?"

"It's an emergency; we're running late. Are you going to hop in?"

"Nope. I actually woke up early and showered already." There, I think the hickey's hidden. Happy with the results, Elsa proceeded with her usual makeup routine.

"Shame, we could have had some fun!" Esmé teased. "Anyway, I haven't grabbed your boobs or butt ever since Anna and I started working together!"

"Hmmm… true. I really hadn't noticed."
"It saddens me, but I'm leaving the twins in Anna's hands... literally," Esméralda said dramatically as she left the shower and started drying herself with a towel.

"How nice of you!"

"Don't worry, if she ever lets either of them down, I'll be there to support them. Always!"

Elsa laughed as she finished her makeup and started brushing her hair. Esméralda, meanwhile, started dressing. *Does she really have to wear lingerie all the time? It's not like anyone is going to notice it today.* "You really are crazy."

"You love me this way!" Esméralda replied with a grin.

"I guess I do. Are you ready?"

"Yeah, no time for makeup, I'll take care of it in the car. Let's grab a bite and leave!

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the shorter chapter than usual :p
"Ah, home sweet home!" Esméralda announced in French as she walked out of the plane. Elsa wasn’t sure she could call this her home anymore, but it did feel good to be back.

"Let's grab our luggage and let my parents know we've arrived." She texted them while she waited, and then bit her lip.

"What's the problem?" Esméralda asked.

"Should I send Anna a text?"

"Hah! Don't tell me you miss her already!"

"No, but… I told her I'd send her texts. On the other hand, I don't want to appear… I don't know, clingy?"

Esméralda shrugged. "I'd say if you want to text her, do it, but what do I know about relationships, so..."

"Hmmm… yeah. I mean, it's not like she has to reply if she's not interested," Elsa remarked as she texted Anna quickly to tell her she had landed. It wasn't long after that that her phone buzzed.

**Great! Send me photos! I'd love to see France!**

**Sure! Don't expect anything too fancy though. I'm not even going to Paris.**

**Really? Is it that far from you?**

**Not really, but Paris isn't that interesting once you've seen it a few times.**

**Pfff. I wish I could say the same!**

Elsa smiled while her cousin rolled her eyes.

**We'll go together someday!**

**Really? That’d be amazing!**

**Promise! 3**

"Hmpf. I used a heart emoji," Elsa told her cousin after she sent her text.

"Ouch. I'm gonna have to seize that phone of yours if you continue."

Elsa glanced at her phone and saw that Anna had replied with a dozen heart and kiss emojis.

"I just got a dozen of them from Anna!"

Esméralda smiled back at her but then suddenly shifted her gaze. "There's my suitcase!" she yelled as she ran to it. Elsa followed on her heels, noticing that hers was right next to Esmé's, and grabbed
Once they had gathered all their luggage and cleared customs, they wandered into the main lobby only to find Elsa's parents waiting for them. Elsa couldn't help but smile when she reached them. *I missed them so much!*

"Elsa!" her mother greeted as she hugged her and kissed her on the cheek multiple times. "I'm so happy to see you."

"Me too, mom, me too!" she replied. She broke the embrace to hug her dad too, and then they all eventually navigated to the car. Both her parents assaulted her with questions about her life in Arendelle on the way, and she tried to reply to every question. Fortunately, none involved her love life, so that made it easy.

They dropped Esméralda off at her own parents' place, and then went to the house Elsa grew up in.

Anna was bored, and maybe a little lonely. Elsa had left yesterday, and Kris left that this morning. *I already miss her.* It was surprising, because they were used to seeing each other only two or three days a week, but it felt different knowing Elsa was so far away. Actually, she was so lonely that she had accepted an invitation to the beach from Gaston. A few other classmates were invited as well, just to make sure Gaston didn't get any ideas.

She undressed and put her bikini on, smiling and smiled mischievously as she suddenly got an idea. *I'm sure Elsa would like a picture of me! She did send me a few of France.* Anna tried a sexy pose, and took a dozen pictures of herself before examining them. *Hmpf... I'm no model...*

She positioned herself in front of a mirror so that her back could be seen, too, and took a few more shots. She blushed a little when she saw that the bikini bottoms revealed a good part of her butt, but decided she would send her favorite teacher a the picture anyway. After all, she had lots of sexy photos of Elsa from her modeling days, so it was only fair she sent her one of her. She picked the one she thought was the best, checked that it wouldn't be too early in France, and sent it to Elsa.

**Going to the beach this afternoon!**

**Wow! So sexy!**

Anna beamed at the reply. She loved it when Elsa complimented her.

**What about you?**

**Still in bed! You woke me up!**

**Oops... sorry!**

**Nah, waking up with a photo like that is a great way to start my day! :D**

Anna grinned and started feeling a bit cheeky.

**You could send me a pic too! ;)**

In that moment, Anna pictured her teacher in the transparent blue chemise she had sold her the other day at the shop. *Don't be silly, there's no way she brought that to France.* Then she started to worry because she wasn't getting a response. *Did I go too far? Or maybe she's trying to take a super sexy photo. No, I shouldn't have asked her! We're not that intimate yet... fuck!*
Then her phone buzzed, and she quickly opened the text. Her mouth dropped open when she saw the image. The gorgeous blonde was naked to the waist, one arm barely hiding her nipples but leaving so much of her breasts on display that Anna could clearly see the underside of her boobs. The other arm was extended, and obviously used to take the picture.

Elsa wasn't wearing any makeup, but her natural beauty was so striking that Anna's heart skipped a beat. *I'm so lucky... it's unbelievable.* She let her eyes wander all over the photo and realized she could see the very top of Elsa's panties. *They look a bit lacy... my, my.* Sadly, the rest of her body was hidden by a thin white sheet.

Anna also noticed a bluish spot on her neck and realized it had to be the hickey she had left her with. *Mmm, I did leave my mark on that perfect body!* As much as she tried to look at every detail of the photo, her eyes were constantly drawn to those heavy breasts hidden only by a slender arm. She remembered her last encounter with Elsa. *God, they felt so wonderful when I was feeling her up. I want to do all kinds of terrible things to them!* She was still staring at them, her throat dry and her breath heavy, when her phone buzzed again.

**No reaction?**

**Sorry I was... wow!** Anna didn't know how to describe how that picture made her feel. **Just perfect!**

**I thought you'd like it ;)**

**I love it!**

Another text came in, and Anna saw that it was from Gaston. He and the others would be arriving soon.

**Looks like my ride is almost here!**

**Isn't Kris in Scotland?**

**Yeah... I was so bored I accepted an invitation to go to the beach with Gaston and a few others...**

**Oh... Gaston, huh?**

Anna smiled—she could sense a little bit of jealousy in Elsa's words.

**Yep!**

**I've been away two days and you're already going to the beach with a boy who, from what I've heard, is the most handsome student in the school! ;)**

Anna really hoped Elsa was joking. *She must be!*

**Well, after the photo you just sent, even if I was interested in boys, I swear I would have lost all interest!**

**Too bad, if I thought I had some competition, I would have sent a second picture just to be sure!**

*Yep, she's definitely kidding. But how do I get my hands on that second photo?* Anna wanted it
desperately.

Well... I mean, if you really, really want to be sure I won't stray... better send the other one!

While she waited for an answer, Anna put some clothes on and grabbed her beach bag. When she looked at her phone again, she felt the heat rise to her cheeks. Elsa had sent her another image. This time she was lying on her stomach. There was a perfect view of her cleavage, even if her nipples were hidden once again, but, more than that, the white sheet was gone, and Elsa's gorgeous butt was hidden only by a pair of small blue lacy panties. Definitely lingerie, I was right. Did she put those on just for the photos, or does she always sleep like that? God, I need to know that so much!

Perfect... just perfect! You're so gorgeous!

Thanks! I'm gonna have breakfast now. Enjoy your afternoon!

Thank you! You too!

Elsa felt guilty as she traded her sexy panties for the ones she had been wearing originally and put her pajamas back on. I sent sexy selfies. To a teenager. Who was my student. She tried not to think about the problems it could get her in. And I have a sexy pic of her, too... Well, she's just in her swimsuit, but still...

She thought about deleting the picture, knowing it was probably the right thing to do, but she couldn't manage to get herself to do it. Every time she opened it, she ended up staring at the gorgeous girl, with her slim, tight body and the reflection of her sexy butt in the mirror. She really is hot... fuck.

Deciding she would deal with the issue another time, she hid the photo in another directory and headed downstairs. She could smell the scent of fresh croissants and hot chocolate, and smiled as she headed to the kitchen. Now that's a proper breakfast!

"Ah, Elsa! I was about to wake you for breakfast!" her mother declared after she saw her. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you!" Hopefully you would have knocked before coming in, otherwise you would have caught me in a very embarrassing situation!

"Did you burn your neck?" her father asked, a bit confused.

"What? No, why?"

"You have a mark, here," he indicated touching his own neck, and Elsa understood. Oh fuck! I forgot!

"Let me see," her mother said before Elsa could even think about what to do.

"Oh, that isn't..." her mother started before stopping mid-sentence. It looked like Elsa's father suddenly understood, too.

"It's... um..." Elsa stuttered, but by now both her parents were grinning like idiots. "That's not..."

"I know damn well what that is!" her father proclaimed. "Your mother gave me a few of those when we were younger!"
Elsa was more and more embarrassed by the minute.

"So… I guess there's something you haven't told us! Or someone you failed to mention, rather..." her mother observed.

Elsa sighed, defeated. "There is." At this point there was no way she could deny it.

"That's great! I was starting to think you'd never find someone! I mean..."

"I know, I know."

"So, tell us about her! It's a she, right?" her father asked.

"Yes, that much hasn't changed," Elsa conceded.

"So, what's her name? What is she like? Where did you meet her? Is it serious?"

Elsa sighed and sat at the table, but her father grabbed the croissants before she could get one.

"No breakfast till you tell us!"

What can I tell them? That I'm dating one of my students, who's ten years younger than me? I can't… what if I just tell them I met her at school? They'll think she's a teacher, too. But then they'll ask me other questions. Would they freak out if I told them the truth? I don't know… I guess they would still be glad I'm with someone if I tell them how serious I think it is… besides, she's no longer my student...

She was almost considering telling them the whole truth, but she just couldn't help but think that there was a small chance this relationship wouldn't go anywhere. I mean, most relationships end quickly… I know it feels impossible right now, but what if we end up breaking up in a few weeks? Hmph… breaking up… we're not even officially a couple...

"I… I can't tell you much. I mean, I don't want to tell you much. I… I'm still not sure how things will work out."

"Oh..." her mother glumly responded. "What can you tell us then?"

"Well… she's super sweet. And pretty. And I think I'm in love," Elsa confessed.

"Awww… how cute! I'm so happy for you..."

"What about her? Does she feel the same way, too?" her father asked.

"Y… yes. She's… quite stricken with me. She actually had to work really hard to get me out of my shell."

"I can only imagine… what's her name?"

"Anna."

"What's her job? Is she working with you?"

"I… I said I wouldn't tell you everything! I think you know enough!" Elsa told them, and her father grudgingly handed her the croissants, so she figured they would settle with the information they currently had.
"Is she Arendellian?" her mother wanted to know.

Elsa sighed as she sliced her croissant open and filled it with strawberry jam. "Yes. But that's the last question I'm answering!"

"Does she speak French?"

"She's learning. No more questions!"

"How cute! It must be pretty serious if she's learning French because of you!"

Well, she's learning it because she's in high school, but I guess it's true she's learning because of me.

"You said she was pretty," her mother said after a while.

"She is."

"What color is her hair?"

Elsa rolled her eyes. She was going to be bombarded with questions all day long.

"Wow, nice swimsuit, Anna!" Gaston remarked as Anna pulled off her jumper.

"Thanks," she replied a bit coldly, laying her towel on the sand. I bought it for my girlfriend. Well... she's not really my girlfriend. Not yet.

"I was surprised you said 'yes' when I invited you," he added as he sat next to her, offering her one of his most charming smiles.

"Well, I was bored! Besides, Kristoff left yesterday."

"Huh... you two aren't together, right?"

"Nope!"

"Well, he's a nice guy, but he isn't the right one for you!"

"True!" Anna replied with a smile, deciding she was going to tease Gaston a little.

"So… what's your type?" he asked, and she noticed he was trying to flaunt his abs and strong arms.

With the two photos Elsa had just sent her still fresh in her mind, Anna had no trouble figuring out her type. "Well, I like trim bodies. You know, like toned legs… slender but fit."

"Yeah, of course! You know I've been working out for two years already? I go to the gym three times a week. I'm the youngest there."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah, but it's working. Look at my abs! You can touch them, too, if you want!"

"I'll think about it," Anna simply offered. "It's a bit embarrassing but… I have to admit..."

"Yeah?"
"I love round butts."

Gaston laughed. "You go, girl! Of course you do, everyone does!"

Anna thought about what else she could add to maneuver him into thinking she was talking about him. "I love a beautiful smile, too."

"Like this?" Gaston suggested, displaying his signature smile. How many teeth does he have? I'm sure he has more than any other human.

"Hmmm… I guess. I also like fair-skin, and long hair."

By now he must have been sure they were flirting, and she almost felt bad about it.

"What about eyes?"

"Blue."

He smiled even more. Well, I guess that's as many things I can find that fit both him and Elsa! It's amazing how many similarities I found… and yet he's so, so far away from what I like, even for a boy!

"Oh, and there's one last thing I recently discovered I absolutely love!"

"I'm listening," Gaston said, winking at her.

"Really big boobs. Firm, not saggy, of course!"

He blinked a few times, and looked at her, puzzled. He was so clueless about what just happened that she couldn't help but laugh.

"Damn, if you could see your face right now!" Anna declared, but he still looked confused as hell. "Gaston, I'm gay."

"Gay?" he asked, as if he didn't understand the word.

"I'm a lesbian. I like girls."

By now the whole group was listening in, and they all seemed shocked. I guess it was about time I came out. By tonight, everyone will know.

"Damn!" Gaston cursed once he finally understood. "Really?! Fuck!"

Anna laughed. "Sorry, I was pulling your leg earlier. But I thought you deserved a bit of that with your constant flirting!"

"Shit… the prettiest girl in school is a lesbian? That sucks!" Gaston lamented, earning him a sidelong glance from one of the girls in the group.

"You really think I'm the prettiest girl in school?" Anna asked, surprised.

"Well, yeah! I mean, you're really, really cute, and your body is great, too!"

"Well, thanks, I guess!"

"Damn… now I understand how you kept on resisting my charm!"
Anna laughed again and decided it wasn't fair to keep hurting a wounded animal. "Yeah, I guess. I'm sure I'd have fallen for you if I weren't into women."

That seemed to satisfy him, and he laid down on his back.

"Damn!" he muttered again two minutes later.

_He's a little slow, but he's not a total jerk, like Hans._

"So… do you have a girlfriend or something?"

Anna bit her lip. "It's a bit complicated."

"A fuck buddy then, huh? Cool."

Anna rolled her eyes. _I guess I'm gonna have to answer a few questions._

Almost two weeks later, Anna found herself counting the hours until Elsa would be back. It had been long, but not as terrible as she had expected. Elsa had texted her regularly, and after a few days Anna had started calling her every night before going to bed. It seemed the gorgeous blonde didn't mind at all, and they had spent a good number of hours on the phone together. Anna had been delighted to learn Elsa's parents had figured out she was dating someone. Apparently, they were thrilled for them. _Well, they don't know how we met, but still…_

Elsa had sent her some other photos, but only of landscapes, buildings, and food. Lots of food, that Anna was dying to taste. _She did promise she'd take me to Paris someday… damn, that would be so romantic…_ They had spoken about the sexy selfies one evening, and it seemed it was weighing on Elsa's conscience and that she regretted sending them. _I really hope she's not gonna start again with her “this is bad, I'm your teacher” bullshit._ Anna told her she would delete the images if she wanted, even if it would pain her to do so, but Elsa had said it didn't matter anymore.

Other than that, it had turned out that Gaston wasn't such a bad guy when he wasn't trying to flirt with her. Now that he knew there was absolutely no way he could seduce her, he acted differently and proved to be a fun and kind guy. More than that, he seemed delighted to have a lesbian friend and be able to talk to her about girls. Despite his behavior and apparent bravado, Anna had been surprised to realize he didn't know that much about girls and wasn't nearly as confident as he pretended.

She had been afraid of everyone's reaction to her coming out, and managed to keep off social networks for a few days. Kris and Merida had supported her, of course, and Gaston, too, while Elsa had tried to reassure her that everything would be fine. It seemed she was right, because she didn't see anything negative when she finally decided to get back online. She was pretty sure some people were talking behind her back, but at least she didn't have to deal with it right now. _And with luck it'll be old news by September…_

She was considering texting Elsa to ask her if she had arrived when she received a text. _I hope it's her!_ It was, and she was so happy to know that Elsa was back in Arendelle, but the message made her feel nervous and ill at ease.

_I'm back! Could we see each other soon? We need to talk._

Chapter End Notes
Notes: The chapter is here a bit earlier than usual because I wouldn't have been able to upload it tomorrow!

Also, I can't promise I'll be able to upload the next chapter in two weeks! I'm gonna be busy, so... I'm afraid the chapter won't be ready by then!
"We need to talk… what does that even mean?" Anna asked Kristoff while talking to him on the phone.

"Well… that you need to talk? Like… you and her, not you and me," he replied.

"Duh… but why? We've been texting or talking to each other every day for the last two weeks!"

"I don't know… I think you're overthinking this."

"Really? What could it mean besides 'I want to break up with you'?" Anna asked.

"Well… um… maybe she just has something important she wants to tell you."

"Yeah… like how she wants to break up with me," Anna replied. She had been stressing out ever since receiving that text.

"Maybe she brought you a present from France and wants to give it to you as soon as possible."

"Sure… ah-ha."

"You shouldn't be so pessimistic."

"Well, in my mind, I don't see how it could be anything other than bad news. Maybe she doesn't want to break up, but she has to? Like… she's leaving Arendelle for good?"

"You're being overly dramatic. Just talk to her already."

"I don't want to talk to her if she's going to break up with me!" Anna stated flatly. She acted almost cheerful while talking to Kristoff, but underneath it all, she wanted to cry. *Her relationship with Elsa was too good to be true…"

"Seriously, after everything that happened why would she want to stop now?"

"She sent me sexy selfies..."

"Now that's the kind of text you should share with me."

"Isn't Merida around?" Anna asked, rolling her eyes.

"No, her parents made it clear I was to sleep in another bedroom, on the other side of their mansion. Did I tell you she lives in a *fucking* castle?"

"Yes, a hundred times. Anyway, she sent me these hot selfies, and it made her feel terrible afterwards."

"You think she went back to her 'she's my student and I can't be with her' attitude?"

"Probably… I really don't see what else it could be."

Kris sighed on the phone. "Don't beat yourself up. You don't know anything yet."

"I… I really don't want to lose her," Anna lamented, and her eyes started to tear up. "She's so awesome..."
"I know, I know. Hey, maybe she wants to propose to you!" he suggested in an attempt to cheer her up.

"I wish!"

"Or maybe you got her pregnant… imagine the scandal!"

Anna actually laughed at that. "I'm afraid it doesn't work that way. Which makes me worry about you and Merida… did you two…?"

Kris cleared his throat but didn't answer.

"Aw, come on, you can tell me!"

"Well… we… um… yeah, kinda."

"Amazing! How was it?" Kinda?

"I… um… I'm not really comfortable talking about that with you."

"Ok, I'll ask Merida then!"

"Or you can leave it alone!"

"Maybe…"

"Anyway, let's get back to the reason you called. When are you going to see her?"

"Tomorrow, at her place… I'm afraid I'm not gonna be able to sleep tonight."

"Well, tell me how it goes."

Anna was freaking out. What if I'm single just minutes after walking out this door? Well… we haven't committed to each other as a couple, but still…

Last night was the worst night ever. She had turned Elsa's text in her mind over and over again, and she was pretty sure there was only one way to interpret it. You're so stupid… why did you send her that photo?! Everything was going so great…

She knocked at the door, and heard footsteps behind it. It was becoming hard to breathe. At last the door opened, and Anna saw Elsa for the first time in two weeks. Elsa, unsurprisingly, looked spectacular.

"Anna! I'm so glad to see you!"

"Me, too!" she replied, standing on her toes to reach for a kiss. Elsa didn't turn her head away, but she didn't really kiss her back either.

"Come in!"

Anna complied and followed Elsa into the living room, where they both sat down on the couch.

"So, you wanted to talk…?" Anna carefully inquired. She had a lump in her throat. Don't cry. Not yet!

"Yes… while in France, I had some time to think about… about everything. About you, about us."
That's it. I'm about to get dumped. Why? I love her so much... and I know she likes me too! Her eyes began watering, and she tried to blink away the tears that were forming.

"A-are you ok?" Elsa asked, looking concerned.

Anna nodded. She couldn't speak.

"Are you sure...? You look like you're about to cry..."

It was harder now, and a sob escaped her lips. You're such a moron! And you're so pathetic! Crying like a little girl! That's why she doesn't want you. You're just a little girl and she's a grown-up.

"A-Anna?" Elsa stammered, alarmed and taking her hands in hers. "What's wrong?"

"I-I love you so much. I don't... I don't want to... I don't want you to... break up with me," she managed to gush between sobs. She kept her head down, staring at the floor in shame.

"What?! But I... oh no... Anna, I'm so sorry!" Elsa exclaimed as she took her in her arms and kissed her on her head. "I don't want to break up with you!"

"R- really?" Anna asked, looking up, not knowing if she heard right.

"Of course not! I missed you so much these last two weeks! I'm sorry you thought..."

"You said we had to talk!" Anna pointed out.

"Y-yeah, but I didn't mean... I'm sorry you thought..."

Anna wiped her tears on her teacher's chest while the blonde stroked the back of her neck and kissed her repeatedly. "I'm so stupid..."

"No, I... I shouldn't have jumped to conclusions"

Anna was still overrun by emotions. She made a concentrated effort to calm herself and finally managed to ask, "So... what did you want to talk about?"

"I... I can't continue the way we are now," Elsa confessed.

"Huh? Didn't you say you didn't want to break up?!"

"Yes, yes! I mean... I want us to be a couple. I... I want you to be my girlfriend."

Anna looked at her in surprise. Suddenly, she felt giddy. An enormous smile began forming on her lips... Oh my God, oh my God! She boomerangned back from the brink of despair only to find herself at the opposite end of the emotional spectrum "I'd love that." Ms. Neige, my girlfriend? Whoa. Just thinking about it made her heart swell.

"But I want your parents' approval, too."

"Oh." Now that was a curve ball she wasn't expecting.

"Yeah... I know. But I think we should tell them. I really want to take this relationship seriously... I missed you so much during my trip to France. That's when I realized that I need you in my life."

"I'm so happy... I need you, too."
Elsa kissed her properly this time, and Anna was about to turn this into a hot make-out session when Elsa tenderly separated herself from Anna.

"But if we want our relationship to be a serious one, we can't hide it from your parents."

"Hmpf..."

"Are you certain they'd disapprove? I think they kinda like me."

"Yeah... as my French tutor. Once you tell them, all they're gonna focus on is that you're ten years older than me, and that you took advantage of your position as a teacher over me."

"Won't they believe us if we tell them nothing happened while I was your teacher?"

Anna sighed. "I don't know. I guess they wouldn't really have the choice... can't we wait until I'm eighteen at least?"

"Would it really change a thing?"

"Well, yeah. I'd come live here with you if they tried to keep us apart"

"Oh, really? And I'd have to financially support you and everything?" Elsa teased.

"You'd be my sugar momma..." Anna said with big doe eyes.

Elsa laughed and kissed her. "I'd prefer to get your parents' blessing, if possible."

Anna snuggled against her teacher's breasts and Elsa lovingly pulled her into a tight hug while resting her head on top of hers.

"At the very least, we'd have to hide a few things from them," Anna stated after some time. She was trying to formulate a plan that would work.

"Like what?" Elsa asked.

"Like the fact that we've been together for a while."

Elsa grunted in disapproval.

"They must have figured out I had a crush on you by now. Actually, my father kinda called me on it. And they know you're gay. And single."

"So...?"

"What if you asked them for their permission to take me on a date?"

"What if they say no?"

"Well... we'll have to convince them. But that way they would think nothing ever happened, that you're taking it seriously, and that you're being completely honest with them."

"Still... would they agree to it? I mean, if we tell them we're together... what's done is done. But if we ask... we leave them the choice of saying no," Elsa argued while gently stroking her student's hair. Anna tightened her arms around the gorgeous blonde's waist and rubbed her face against her breasts.
"I want to stay like this forever," Anna told her.

"With your face between my boobs?"

Anna chuckled. "I meant snuggling with you. But yeah, that works too. Your boobs are incredible. Anyway… I think you should ask my father."

"Remember, I'm not actually proposing to you. Just asking for a date."

"Oh, really? Damn..."

"Why your father? I'm guessing he won't give me an answer without consulting your mother."

"Of course, but I think he'd be more open to the idea, so he'll bring the debate to mom with a better mindset than the other way around. And if she's there when you ask, she's gonna freak out instantly and say no."

"Are you sure your father would approve?"

"Well… he likes you for sure! He knows you're super hot, and that he would have killed to be in the same situation when he was my age! If he's honest with himself, he won't say no. He'll need to be reassured, but I can imagine him being okay with it."

"So… what about your mother then?"

Anna thought about it for a while, but Elsa wasn't making it easy to focus and think with her soft kisses and delicate touches. She felt so happy and cozy in her arms that she could have purred with happiness.

"I guess we'll have to reassure her. Tell her that it's just a date. That I'll be home early, that nothing will happen, etc..."

"Nothing like this?" Elsa asked as she cupped Anna's chin with her hand and kissed her passionately.

"Y-yeah..."

"I can't believe you thought I'd break up with you… I'd be so stupid to do that..."

"I was afraid you would start feeling guilty again."

"Well, I would if I were still your teacher. But lucky for us, I got fired!"

"I almost want to thank Mrs. Westergard," Anna said before reaching for another kiss.

Ok, today is the big day. I hope it goes well...

Elsa rang the doorbell, and Anna's father opened it for her.

"Hi, Elsa!"

"Hello Agnarr," she replied.

"How are you? Did you have a good trip?"

"Yes, it was awesome! The only thing I missed was your beautiful daughter! "I actually brought
you some gifts."

"Oh, really? You didn't have to!"

"Well, they're nothing fancy," Elsa said while entering the house with her bags.

"Iduna! Elsa's here, with gifts from France!" Agnarr announced, and soon Anna's mother arrived.

"Since you seemed so keen on visiting France again, I thought I'd bring back some souvenirs."

"That's so nice of you! But really, you didn't have to!" Iduna told her.

"Well, here's a box of macarons," Elsa said while handing her the pastries," and a modest selection of cheese that I smuggled through the plane. Oh, and here's a scarf for Anna. I hope she'll like it." She figured giving Anna all her gifts at her place would have been suspicious, so she had kept the scarf for today.

"It's beautiful! I'm sure she'll love it! But it must have cost you an arm..."

"No, don't worry! It wasn't that expensive!" It was, actually. "Ah, and here's a bottle of wine!"

By now Anna had come downstairs, and she loved the scarf. "I hope it starts getting cold early so I can wear it!"

Elsa smiled and was glad she had bought it. *I also bought a few sexy panties I intend to wear for you some time in the future... and I'm pretty sure you'll love them, too.*

They spent the hour rehearsing how Elsa would approach Anna's father.

"I don't know if I can do it," Elsa admitted.

"Well, you can always drop the whole idea. We can keep pretending nothing's going on between us."

"Would you really want that?"

"Seriously, what are they gonna do if we've been together for one or two years when we tell them? Of course I'd prefer it if my parents were on board with us, but it's a big risk... what happens if they say no?"

Elsa opened her mouth to reply, but didn't really know how to answer. She didn't want to think about it.

"Will we just stop seeing each other?" Anna asked.

"Well... I..."

"See?"

Elsa sighed. "I really have no idea."

"I can't stop seeing you just because my parents disapprove. Promise me we won't break up just because of them."

Elsa knew breaking up would be the proper thing to do, but she also knew that Anna was the best thing that had happened to her in a very long time. She shut her eyes tightly and declared, "We
won't break up."

Anna smiled, visibly satisfied with the answer and kissed her. "Good! Let's hope they agree,
though. It'll make life easier."

"Yep… wish me luck!"

Elsa collected her things and went downstairs. Anna's father was in the living room, watching
basketball. *Good, her mother isn't around.*

She cleared her throat. "I... um... I'm leaving." She was starting to stress out.

"Oh, already? I wasn't paying attention to the time," he replied, standing up. He walked to her
while reaching for his wallet. "And here's your payment for tonight's lesson."

"No, that's fine."

"Huh?"

"Anna's been working really hard, and I think she's ready to join the advanced class. I'm willing to
help her improve her French further, but I don't think she needs private lessons anymore."

"Oh, great! Although I guess some extra lessons wouldn't hurt, right? Anyway, even if this was the
last lesson, it doesn't mean you shouldn't be paid."

"It's fine, really. I actually enjoyed coming here."

"Well... as you wish then."

"So...um..."

"Yes?"

"I... um..." her heart was racing and her palms sweaty. *Dammit, why is my throat so dry? *Since
I'm not... her teacher anymore." She gulped, unable to speak. "And I'm not her tutor either..."

"Yes?" Agnarr asked, a bit puzzled.

"I was wondering."

"Wondering what?"

*Ok. Let's go.* "Would... would you mind if I asked Anna out on a date?"

Anna's father froze, then blinked a few times. "What?" he asked, as if he had misunderstood.

"I... um... I'd like to ask Anna on a date," Elsa repeated. "I... I'm asking you, of course, because... um... I know I'm older than her. And... um... we met under unusual circumstances... so I could
understand if you had some reservations."

He seemed to have a hard time processing what she just said, and Elsa figured maybe it was best to
leave now. "I... I think I'm going to let you and your wife think about it, ok? I... I just want to
assure you that I have the ... um... purest intentions at heart. I... I wouldn't ask for your approval
otherwise, right? And um... Anna's a brilliant young woman, and I know she likes me a lot... and I
like her a lot, too... anyway, I'm leaving now. I... I really hope you'll consider it."
She left quickly after that, leaving a stunned man at the door.

Well, she was super stressed, but she kinda nailed it. Anna had been hiding in the hallway upstairs, listening to them, and now she wanted to see her father's reaction but he seemed quite shocked.

He ended up moving after a while, and she followed him.

"You have no idea what Elsa just said to me," he told his wife once inside the study. He didn't close the door, and Anna took advantage of it to eavesdrop.

"What?" Anna's mother asked.

"The private lessons are over."

"Well, that's not that surprising. She gave Anna a lot of them over the summer."

"Yes, no… that's not the surprising part."

"So what is it?"

"She asked me… well, us, I guess… for our permission to ask Anna on a date."

"A date?"

"Yeah."

"Like… a real date?"

"I think so."

"What the… did we invite a sexual predator into our home?"

Anna winced. This wasn't going well.

"I… huh… I wouldn't say that. I mean, sexual predators don't ask for the parents' approval, right?"

"Still… a teacher wanting to date her student? I know she's not that old, but still!"

"Yeah…"

"Do you think Anna knows?"

"No idea..." Agnarr replied. "I mean, it's pretty clear she's had a crush on her. For a while, I'd say."

"Yes… her sudden fondness for French, discovering her sexual orientation, her willingness to take private lessons… do you think she maneuvered us into hiring her?"

Agnarr sighed. "Maybe. But students having crushes on their teachers. It's nothing new. But a teacher having a crush on a student, though..."

"It's disgusting. You can't trust anyone these days."

"Well… she did come to us before doing anything."

"So what? Did she think we would offer her our daughter just because she asked nicely?!"
"I… I don't know."

"Don't tell me you're thinking about allowing it!"

"Well… I… I don't know! I mean, she seems like a good person."

"I can't believe she brought us pastries from France! Did she think we'd sell out our daughter for some macarons and a bottle of wine?!"

"You're not being fair. She did ask us. And what about Anna? She's gonna kill us if she learns we forbade this."

Iduna sighed. "She's so young. We're doing this for her own good."

"She's almost an adult. Remind me how old you were when you started dating? Or the first time you had sex?"

"That… that has nothing to do with this!"

"I'm not saying I'm looking forward to this, but at least she isn't going to start dating by going out with some guy whose only purpose is to get in her pants!"

"Sureee, it's better she dates a woman ten years old than her, who used to be a teacher! What do you think she wants, huh?"

"Well… she seemed pretty genuine when she spoke to me. She said she had the purest intentions at heart."

Iduna snorted. "Sure."

_Ugh... I knew this wasn't such a good idea._ Anna realized that nothing was set in stone yet, but things were off to a bad start. _I'm gonna have to work them hard._
Anna waited three days for the perfect opportunity to approach her mother. She's alone on the couch, watching TV... dad is upstairs and shouldn't be back anytime soon... ok, here we go!

She came closer, taking on a sullen look, and sat on the couch next to her mother without saying a word.

"Hi, sweetie. Is there anything on TV you'd like to watch?" her mother asked.

"This is fine," Anna mumbled without much emotion.

"Ok."

She stayed quiet for a while, glancing at her phone from time to time, punctuating her action with a dramatic sigh. She actually received a text from Elsa earlier, but didn't want to open it because it would make her break out in a smile, and that would ruin the mood she had so carefully cultivated.

"Is everything alright?"

"Y-yeah..."

"It doesn't seem that way."

Anna waited before responding. "Well… I..."

"Anna?"

She sighed again. "You said I could come to you if I needed to talk, right?"

"Absolutely, honey!"

"You promise you won't make fun of me?"

"Of course!"

"Well… I..." Anna paused once more, feigning nervousness. "Remember the time I told you I had a massive crush?"

"Yes. It was when you told me you liked girls."

"Yeah..."

"So what about this crush?"

"It… it was Ms. Neige."

Anna dropped that tidbit as if it would come as a shock to her mother. "I kinda figured that out already."

"Oh… well, your father and I kinda figured that out already."

"What! Really? Oh my God, this is so embarrassing!" Anna replied, covering her face with her hands.

"You know she's too old for you, though, right?"

Anna sighed. "Do you really think so? I wish that was the only problem."
"She was your teacher, too."

"Yeah, true. But not anymore. Actually, she's not even my tutor any more." She bowed her head, looking at her feet. "And I already miss her," she meekly offered.

"Don't worry, you'll be over her soon enough. Crushes work that way. Anyway, what's the real problem?"

"I… um… I feel really stupid telling you this, but I tried to seduce her," Anna admitted, trying to sound as embarrassed as possible.

"At school?!!"

"Y-yeah… I know it's terrible! But I was so crazy about her…"

"What did she do?" Iduna cautiously asked.

"When she realized what I was up to, she completely shut me out. We used to chat after class and she was always kind to me, but then she pulled the plug and wouldn't even talk to me anymore."

"Well, it was the right thing to do."

"I-I know, but I was devastated. Remember the time I came back home crying and I didn't want to talk about it?"

"Yes… so it was because of her?"

"It was because of me … and because I was stupid enough to fall for a grown woman who's not only way out of my league, but who's also someone who could only see me as a student."

Iduna sighed and hugged her. "It's okay, Anna. You're not the first person to fall for their teacher. But why did she accept your offer to become your tutor if she already distanced herself from you? And as far as I could tell, she seemed pretty friendly with you here…"

"Well, once I realized why she was shutting me out, I confessed and told her I stupidly had a crush on her, but I was over her now."

"Oh, really? And she bought it?"

"Well, yeah! I told her it took me a while to get over her, but I finally did. I even implied that I was interested in Merida. So then she finally let her guard down, and we started talking again. I could even talk about… you know, liking girls with her."

"Oh. You know you can always come to me for that, too!"

"Well… it was just easier talking about it with her since she's a lesbian. Anyway, I managed to make her think I wasn't into her anymore, and there's no way she could ever be into me, but even if she was, she's too professional to do anything about it. " Anna faked a sob for good measure, and her mother gently brushed her fingers through Anna's hair.

"It's fine, Anna. Everything will work out right, you'll see."

"But I love her so much… she's kind, funny, smart… and incredibly beautiful. And I… I think she could actually like me too, if she just stopped seeing me as her student."

Iduna stayed quiet so Anna continued. "So I… I need your advice!"
"Oh?" her mother responded in surprise.

"How can I ask her out without making a fool of myself?"

"What? I don't think that's such a good idea!" Iduna protested.

"Why? I know she's a bit older than me, but not that much! Otherwise I'll never see her again—what do I have to lose?"

"I'm not sure I'd approve of that!"

"I don't understand. Why?"

"Well.. um, for starters she's your teacher!"

Anna shook her head. "She used to be. And she made it perfectly clear nothing would ever happen back then. But what about now? Maybe I could convince her it's fine now? She's not even teaching at Arendelle High anymore."

"I… but… she's at least five or six years older than you!"

You can double that. "That's not so much… dad is three years older than you, right? It's not that big a difference. I mean… yeah, she has a job and she must have a house or a flat… and I'm just a student. But she's still pretty young. And from what she told us I think she's never really had any serious relationships."

"Still… I'd be afraid she'd take advantage of you."

"Really? I'm the one chasing after her, remember? Honestly she could have tried anything she wanted while she was my teacher because she knew I had a massive crush on her! But she didn't."

"Maybe because she knew it was too dangerous to act on her desires while she was your teacher?"

"Huh. So do you think she might have been into me the whole time, too?" an overjoyed Anna asked.

"I… no, that's not what I meant!"

"What then?"

"That… um… she might have been scheming this whole time, waiting until it would be safe for her to take advantage of you."

"That sounds a little far-fetched. I mean, how would she know I'd ask her to be my tutor? Well, whatever the case, she never tried anything during our private lessons either… unfortunately."

Iduna looked at her more seriously. "Anna, did you maneuver us into hiring her?"

Anna lowered her head. "Well, um, maybe?"

Iduna shook her head vigorously. "I don't like that. I don't like that at all!"

"I know, I'm sorry… I'm just so… so crazy about her, even though I know she's never going to feel the same way about me… I even went out to get a job to make this happen."

"Right..."
"You must have thought I was being the perfect daughter! I started working in the only subject I was bad in, I got excellent grades, found a job, took private lessons..."

"But it was all because you wanted to spend time with Elsa?"

"Yeah… I guess that even if things don't end the way I'd like, at least I improved in French and matured on the way..."

"You sure she never tried anything with you?" Iduna asked after some time.

"Of course! Even if I wasn't always subtle about my feelings for her. My attempts at flirting weren't always discrete..."

"She never touched you or anything?"

"Of course not!" Anna lied. "I wish..."

"Anna!"

"Sorry."

"And you think she's not into you?"

"By now, I'm pretty sure she's realized I lied about my feelings. So if she felt the same way I do, I think she would have acted on those feelings. I get that she couldn't while she was my teacher, but there's nothing stopping her anymore."

Iduna didn't respond, and Anna let her think. Come on, mom, give in!

"So, any idea on how I could ask her out?" Anna finally asked after a while. "You do have her number, right?"

"I-I do… I'll have to think about it."

Good.

"I miss you..." Elsa told Anna over the phone.

"Well, I could come by your place..." Anna suggested.

"I'd like to have your parents' approval first..."

"Or not. Remember, no breaking up even if they disapprove?"

Elsa laughed. "Yeah, I remember. But we could at least wait for an answer."

"They still haven't called you? I was sure my talk with my mom yesterday would have done the trick..."

"Looks like she's a tough nut to crack..."

"Yeah… so were you."

Anna's remark sparked another laugh. "I've been invited to a gala in two weeks by my former agency… they said I could come with a date..."
"Oh…?

"I'm hoping you can come with me." Just thinking about going to a public event with Anna as her girlfriend made her feel light-headed. *I've never gone anywhere with a girlfriend…*

"Really? I would love to!"

They were talking about the gala when Elsa received a second call on her phone.

"Fuck, it's your mother!" Elsa remarked.

"What? Awesome! Answer her!"

Elsa did, hoping it was good news.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Elsa. This is Iduna, Anna's mother."

"Oh, hello!" Elsa repeated, suddenly feeling tense. "Is… um… did your husband tell you about my… um…"

"Yes, he did."

"Is that the reason you're calling?"

Iduna sighed. "Yes. Could you come over tomorrow while Anna's at work? She finishes at seven PM, and my husband and I will be home by five. We'd like to talk to you about this."

"Sure, of course! I'll be there!"

"Good, see you tomorrow then."

"Yes. See you. Goodbye."

Iduna hung up, and Elsa sighed. It sounded promising.

"So, what did she say?!!" Anna asked.

"She invited me to your place tomorrow to talk things over while you're away."

"Damn it, I could leave the house right now if they want! Still, that's good news, right?"

"Yeah, I hope so… unless they want to keep me from seeing you ever again."

Elsa was optimistic. Unless they had invited her to announce that she was never to approach Anna again, there was a good chance that they just wanted some reassurance from her and would agree to her request. She had rehearsed her story with Anna again and again during the night so there wouldn't be any mishaps. *We've been lying too much already! Thank God this is going to end soon. Well… it's not quite over.*

She rang the doorbell, and Anna's father opened the door for her. He didn't look as friendly as usual, but he invited her in. Anna's mother was waiting on the couch and they greeted each other. *She's a bit colder than usual, too. Maybe this meeting isn't going to go as well as I thought?*

"So… my husband told me you wanted to date our daughter," Iduna accused.
"Y-yes. I do."

"You do realize that that makes you sound really creepy? She's not even eighteen, and you used to be her teacher."

"I know," Elsa replied.

"I don't want you dating her. She's too young for you."

*This is definitely getting off to a bad start...*

"However," Agnarr interjected, "it seems Anna is really enamored with you. I can't blame her, I mean… any student would fall for a gorgeous young teacher that also happens to be a former model..."

"Still, even if Anna wants this, we're her parents, and we have to look out for her," Iduna added.

"That's… that's why I approached you. I wanted to be forthright and not do anything behind your back." *Liar.* "And I also hope it shows that I have the best of intentions when it comes to Anna and the… relationship I want to have with her."

"Well… sit down and convince us then. Tell us everything that led you to this point," Agnarr instructed as he sat down next to his wife.

Elsa sat too, across from them, and did as she was told. She recounted nearly everything that had happened over the school year, highlighting the events that portrayed her as a professional and respectable person. She detailed how she had determined that Anna had a crush on her, and how she had done everything she could to make Anna understand that it wasn't possible for her to reciprocate. Elsa also emphasised that she had tried to let Anna down as lightly as possible, and how she had later been led to believe that Anna had moved on.

"So you never flirted with or tried anything with her?"

"Of course not!" Elsa replied.

"And you were never interested in her while you were her teacher?"

"Well… I… I thought she was a brilliant young woman, and I can't deny I thought she was extremely beautiful. But… as her teacher, I couldn't think of anything happening between us. Crossing that line was simply… impossible."

Agnarr sighed. "I want to believe you, but this is really, really awkward."

"I know," Elsa acknowledged. "I-I wouldn't have asked for permission if I was some kind of sexual predator stalking students. I really like Anna, and I believe we would be great together…" Elsa pleaded. It didn't seem to be enough, though, so Elsa continued. "For what it's worth, I've never even been in a relationship before. I actually never thought I'd want to be with anyone after I was rejected by my first crush…" That seemed to surprise them, at least. "But Anna… she made me want to believe in love again. I connected with her in a way that took me completely by surprise and I desperately want to give this a try… I swear I'll never harm her or do anything to upset her."

Iduna sighed. "I think you're being honest, but I'm still afraid of trusting my daughter with you…"

"Aw, come on," Agnarr said. "You think other parents get a chance to talk like this with the first person their daughter dates?"
"I guess not..."

"So it's settled. You have our permission to ask Anna out on a date, but we'll be watching closely. I trust you, but you're still much older than her, so I'll ask you to take it slow, ok? For all I know, Anna's never even had a crush before."

"Of course!" Elsa replied, overjoyed. *I can't believe they finally said yes! Anna and I are gonna go on a date without having to hide! Does this mean I finally have a girlfriend? Wow. This is amazing.* "I promise you we'll go slow and that I'll do everything I can to make your daughter happy!"

Iduna grunted but didn't comment any further, and Elsa took it as a reluctant form of consent.

"So... um... would it be alright to ask you for her number? I'll call her tonight."

"Yes, sure," Agnarr replied, and Elsa faked taking it.

She didn't wait until the night to call her, though, and called as soon as she left her parents' house.

"Anna!"

"So?! What did they say?!"

"Well, we had a long talk."

"And...?"

"They asked me a few things," Elsa teased, taking her time.

"Come on, stop with the suspense! Are they okay with us dating?"

"Well... would you like to go on a date with me this Friday?"

"YES! Why wait for Friday, though? I want to date the fuck out of you right now!"

Elsa giggled. "Let's keep up appearances, ok? They think we've never actually done anything."

"True... true... I'm gonna have to fake surprise and everything."

"Yep, don't mess it up!"

"I won't, I swear!"

Anna felt giddy as she waited for Elsa to show up for their date. True, it wasn't really their first one, but this time it was official, and even her parents knew about it. Elsa had refused to tell her where she was taking her, but Anna knew it would be great.

"Are you ready yet?" Iduna called from outside the bathroom door.

"Almost!" Anna replied before opening the door. She was putting on makeup. "How do I look?" she asked her mother, twirling around in her green flowing dress.

Iduna sighed. "Like a very beautiful young woman... and yet it feels like it was only yesterday when you were just a baby."

Anna chuckled. "I'm seventeen, mom."
"I know, I know. You'll understand when you have children of your own."

"Don't worry, everything will be fine," she told her. "You don't have to freak out, it's just a date!"

"With a much older woman..."

Anna rolled her eyes but didn't say anything. She had heard that sentiment so many times already. I hope I won't get this lecture every time I see my girlfriend. Yep, Elsa's officially my girlfriend now. It still felt amazingly good reminding herself of that fact.

"She did promise she'd take it slow, but I'm counting on you too, ok?"

"Yes, mom," Anna replied, understanding that that was what her mother wanted to hear.

"And she needs to bring you back before ten!"

"Ten?" Anna asked. "What are we supposed to do in two hours?"

"Well you're not supposed to do anything, that's the plan!"

"Come on mom, make it eleven at least! I promise we won't have sex, if that's what's frightening you!" Anna joked.

"I certainly hope not!" a shocked Iduna replied.

They heard the doorbell ring, and Anna smiled. "Looks like my date's here!" she announced with a huge grin while her mother sighed. Her dad was going to the door as Anna rushed down the stairs to stop him. "Let me open it! It's my date!"

Her father chuckled and stood back. "You look pretty."

"Thanks dad! She went to open the door and her heart skipped when she saw Elsa behind it. How can someone be so beautiful? The gorgeous blonde looked radiant in a very short black skirt accented with gold threads and a simple dark top that emphasized her cleavage. She had a small handbag hanging from her shoulder and Anna couldn't help but notice the pendant resting between her breasts. Overall, she looked both sexy and elegant.

She went to kiss her on both cheeks, and Elsa rested a burning hand on her waist as she did. Remember, you have to appear nervous! It's supposed to be your first time.

"Am I-I dressed alright for where we're going?" Anna asked.

"Yes, don't worry! You look lovely."

"And where are you going exactly?" Iduna asked, sounding a bit suspicious.

"I-um..." Elsa muttered, blushing. "I didn't want to go with the classic dinner and a movie, so I thought we could go to a new ice cream parlor that opened over the summer. It's a bit out of town, but I figured Anna would like it. I've heard it's amazing."

That seemed to reassure her parents, so Anna figured it was a good idea. Besides, she had wanted to go there for some time now.

"Make sure Anna's home before eleven," her mother said. Hey, at least I won an hour.
"Of course. Well, shall we go?"

"Yep!" Anna replied. And with brisk steps, she quickly left her parents behind.

"Ready for our second first date?" Elsa asked with a smirk once they were inside the car.

"You bet I am! Especially if it ends the same way!"

Elsa giggled. "I certainly hope it does."

"My mom is freaking out. I have no idea what they're so afraid of."

"Hmm… I think I have a very good idea of what they're afraid of…"

"Oh," Anna simply said, blushing. "On the first date, really? They're more perverted than I figured!"

Elsa chuckled.

"So… you're worried they think that you're going to take me to your bed… and you show up wearing this?" Anna teased.

"What's the problem with my outfit?" Elsa asked innocently.

"Problem? No, no problem at all! I love it," Anna remarked while brazenly devouring her girlfriend's ample cleavage and bare legs with her eyes.

Elsa winked at her and Anna took it as an encouragement and rested her left hand on Elsa's thigh.

"Careful, I'm driving!"

Once at the ice cream parlor, Anna made sure to grab Elsa's hand with hers, and they walked inside together. There were quite a number of people there already, and she couldn't help but bask in pride and glee when she noticed some people eyeing them. *Yep, I'm with the busty blonde bombshell right next to me! Don't be jealous.*

They sat at a table for two, and waited for a waitress to arrive.

"So, what do we do if someone we know shows up?" Anna asked.

"Hmm… what do you mean?"

"Would you be ok with people from school knowing that we're dating?"

"Well… I don't want to hide."

"Really? Even if word got out at your next school that you're dating a former student?"

"Hmm, if I already have a girlfriend I can't seduce another student right?" Elsa retorted. "But, seriously… I think that would be awkward. However, at the same time… I don't want anything to undermine our relationship so… if we're seen, I'll deal with it."

Anna took her girlfriend's hand over the table and smiled. She had never expected Elsa to be so open about their relationship, and it made her realize that the gorgeous teacher was just as much in love as she was.
"I love you," she blurted without thinking.

"I love you, too," Elsa echoed, smiling.

"For a first date, don't you think we're rushing things?"

Elsa giggled and the waitress looked at them curiously before coming to their table and offering them menus.

"Wow… so many choices…"

"I hope you'll like it..." Elsa mumbled. "Do you think this was a good idea?"

Anna bit her lip to stop from smiling. "Well, I mean… you're taking your teenage girlfriend out for ice cream… I guess it's better than trying to lure me into a dark van with a bag full of candy!"

"Oh fuck! I… I didn't even think..."

Anna laughed at her girlfriend's reaction. "You're fine! I actually love ice cream, and they have some amazing selections here!"

"Now your parents are really going to think I'm a predator. Maybe I should have brought you to a restaurant instead?"

"Relax, who cares what my parents think? You've asked for their permission, it's already more than enough."

The waitress certainly took her time bringing them their orders, and Anna took advantage of the time to discreetly remove her heels. Then, she reached for Elsa's bare leg with her right foot, and gently stroked it.

Elsa jumped at the touch and looked at her, surprised, but didn't say a thing. Feeling playful, Anna sensually rubbed her date's calf with her bare foot. They maintained eye contact as she did, and Elsa bit her lip.

"This place seems great, but they're sure taking their time..." Anna commented as if nothing strange was going on.

"Y-yeah."

"I wonder how we could pass the time…?"

With that, she raised her foot up to Elsa's knee, and then gently parted the blonde's legs. She could see lust slowly take over Elsa's expression, her breath growing shorter, her nostrils moderately flaring and her pupils slightly dilating. It was very subtle, but with their eyes locked on each other, there was no doubt about Elsa's reaction.

Anna went even further, and sensually rubbed her bare foot against the inside of Elsa's thighs. She could feel the fabric of her girlfriend's short skirt on her foot, and it was driving her wild. So close...

She stayed in that position for a time, making sure nobody could see them while she stroked the supple skin of Elsa's thighs under her skirt. Elsa wet her lips, her tongue running the length of her upper lip, her eyes glazing over in unbridled lust. Anna made it last, enjoying every second, and then she fully extended her leg and reached her target.

"A-Anna!" Elsa moaned in a low voice, clenching her fingers into a fist as their bodies connected
through Anna's foot.

"What?" the redhead asked mischievously while gently rubbing against Elsa's panties. From what she could tell, they were a bit lacy, and slightly damp. She felt empowered seeing how Elsa reacted to her touch, and the feeling was intoxicating. She explored every bit of Elsa's panties with her toes, memorizing every subtle contour as her gorgeous girlfriend struggled to maintain control over her body. If Elsa was normally a stunning beauty, seeing her aroused under her touch while trying to maintain her composure was breathtaking. *I can't believe what I'm doing... she's a goddess...*

"Here's your order! Sorry for the wait!" the waitress announced, surprising them both.

Anna quickly removed her foot while Elsa tried to regain her focus.

"It's fine, we're in no rush!" Anna told the waitress. "Thanks!"

"What a scrumptious sight!" she then added, still smiling, but her blonde companion was still in a daze and didn't pick up on her double entendre.

Elsa took in a deep breath. "Y-yeah... sorry, I need a few minutes," she apologized, trying to clear her thoughts.

"This does seem like a great place, though!" Anna added more seriously while grabbing her spoon and heartily attacking her ice cream.

Later that evening, when both servings had been consumed, not without difficulty, and after Elsa had driven Anna home, the redhead turned towards her date. "Thank you. That was amazing."

"Thank you," Elsa replied, leaning over for a kiss. Anna happily reciprocated, and the kiss quickly turned into something more passionate.

"Your skirt is driving me crazy..." Anna whispered while stroking Elsa's thighs.

"Mmm, now you know how I felt at school..."

"Huh... my uniform isn't nearly as short as your skirt..."

"You did flash me your panties a few times, though."

Anna giggled and kissed her again while she rubbed her thumb against her thigh. "What can I say? I had to make sure you'd notice me."

"Oh... you didn't have to go that far for me to notice your beautiful face, gorgeous red hair, and sexy legs, especially since you were sitting right in front of me..."

Feeling bolder again, Anna gently pushed her hand under her girlfriend's skirt while kissing her, and soon found her panties. *Lingerie indeed... oh my, that's so, so hot...*

"A-anna..." Elsa half-moaned and half-protested.

"Yes?" the redhead asked, rubbing her thumb against the lacy fabric lightly.

"I... I promised your parents we'd take it slow."

"So...?"

"So, this isn't slow..."
"We also told them we never did anything before..." Anna argued, leaving her hand where it was, but stopping the motion of her thumb.

"Yes but... I think we should do this right. Trust me, I would love to let you finish what you started at the parlor, but we've got all the time in the world to go further."

Anna chuckled and removed her hand. "Of course! Just know that I'm ready when you're ready!"

"I feel like I should be the one saying that, since I'm the older one."

"Tsk, it doesn't matter. I love you, and I had the best evening ever. And for you, I'm pretty sure I could wait ten years if I had to!"

Elsa laughed at that. "If you go on like you did tonight, I'm not sure I could survive that long."

Anna chuckled and kissed her again, but noticed her mother coming out of the house and waiting in the driveway.

"Looks like your parents are getting impatient."

"Yep! Well... see you soon then?"

"Yes, as soon as possible."

Anna kissed her one last time. "Love you."

"Love you, too."
"Thanks so much for this evening; it was awesome!" Anna told Elsa over the phone.

"I can't wait to see you again," Elsa replied. "How did your parents react?"

"They saw us kissing in the car."

"And…?" Elsa prompted. She really hoped everything would be fine with Anna's parents. *If I want this relationship to be serious, they'll have to accept us. And I do want this to be serious…*

"Well, I told them that it went better than I expected and that, yeah, we even kissed! They seemed okay with it."

"Great! So I take it we're in the clear?"

"Yep! I'm so excited!"

"Me, too!"

"Maybe you were right about telling them. At least now we don't have to hide anymore."

"Yeah, that was the whole idea."

"So… when am I going to see you again?"

"Huh, I guess it would be too soon for you to come to my place?"

"Yeah, probably… I'd love to, but my parents would definitely freak."

What Elsa really wanted was to have Anna stay the night at her place. They would cook together, watch a movie, and then move to the bedroom… thinking about spending a night together was enough to make her spontaneously combust. *I can't wait for it to happen. "So, date night again?"

"Yeah. But this time, I'm inviting you!"

Elsa smiled. "Sure, that's fine by me."

"Great! What about… tomorrow night?"

"Don't you think that's a little too soon?"

"But I'm going to miss you!"

Elsa chuckled. "Believe me, I feel the same way. Anyhow, I'll be sure to call you tomorrow night."

"Ok! I'll be waiting!"

"Well, have a good night then."

"Thanks, I will. Oh, before you go… about what happened tonight..."
Elsa cleared her throat, remembering quite well how Anna's touch had left her yearning for more. "Y-yeah..."

"I'd like to imagine you finishing what I started on your own... it might give me something nice to think about right before I go to sleep... imagining you like that," Anna mischievously commented, and Elsa felt herself blush.

"I-I think I might," Elsa replied.

Anna giggled. "Well, sweet dreams then! Think about me! I'll be thinking about you!"

What a little minx! "I will. Love you."

"Love you, too!" Anna replied, and then they hung up.

Elsa was contemplating calling Punzie so she could tell her everything about her date. Instead, she was interrupted by a text from Anna. When she opened the message her mouth dropped open after seeing the contents. It was an image of Anna in nothing but her bra and panties—a simple matching set in white. Elsa drank in the picture, noting how nicely the thin fabric clung to her girlfriend's perky boobs and flaring hips. Anna's exposed waistline was trim and ever so sexy. She had, of course, seen her gorgeous girlfriend in a bikini, but somehow seeing that exquisite body in nothing but underwear was even more erotic.

In case you need some help!

Elsa sent a reply after she managed to stop staring at the picture.

Wow! You look delicious!

Anna simply sent her a winking smiley and Elsa retired to bed memorizing each and every curve in Anna's photo. Between this and all the unresolved sexual tension from the evening, she was feeling beyond horny. Her fingers drifted downwards, slipping under her own panties, until they met with the smoldering heat of her core. "Anna!" she moaned, while staring at the image before her. Well, she did say to use this for help...

"Ye did what in a public place!?" Merida yelled over the phone.

Anna giggled. "Yeah, but I made sure nobody saw!"

"Well, still, I'm pretty sure she wouldn't be able to keep a poker face if you made her orgasm!"

"I didn't quite think about that..."

"It's pretty hot though!"

"Yeah... I mean, she's so unbelievably gorgeous and sexy. Half the time I'm with her I have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. I mean, what are the odds?"

"I told you that you had to give it yer all!"

"I'm glad I did!"

"So you were saying the waitress interrupted you?"
"Yeah, and then we ate our ice cream. Which was pretty good, by the way! We'll have to go there someday when you're in Arendelle!"

"Yep… maybe we could turn it into a double date? It would be so fun to hang out with Ms. Neige like that."

"Great idea!"

"Anyway, enough with the ice cream! What happened after that?"

"Well, we spent the evening talking, and then she drove me home."

"Really? That's it?"

"Um, we did make out in her car after getting to my house... Which my parents saw."

"Oh-oh!"

"I think they would have had a cow if they knew my hand was up Elsa's skirt while I was kissing her!" Anna commented.

"Anna! Oh my God. Um, was she wearing lingerie?"

"Yeah! Definitely. The material was really lacy. Damn, just thinking about it makes me horny. I swear, she's driving me crazy. It's like I'm constantly turned on when she's around me or when I think about her!"

"Aw, poor you," Merida replied sarcastically. "So, did ye get her off?"

"No, she stopped me before I got very far. Said we should go slow," Anna replied.

"Hmpf… how did you feel about that?"

"Well, I guess I understand. I mean, I definitely want us to go further, but at the same time… she's right, we've got plenty of time ahead of us. Especially now that my parents are cool with us dating. Now we don't have to worry about a thing."

"True..."

"Besides, honestly, I'm ready to do anything for her. Or not, in this case."

"Jeez, you're so lucky. You had so many hurdles to get over, but you managed to get past each and every one."

"Yeah… I still can't believe it… so… what about you and Kris? He didn't tell me much."

"The two weeks he spent here were amazing! But it was really hard to see him leave."

"I can imagine… any chance you'll be back in Arendelle? At school, I mean."

Merida sighed over the phone. "I don't know… I've been trying to convince my parents all summer but they still haven't made their decision. Unfortunately, I'm not as good at being sneaky or convincing as you are."

"Tell them you're gonna lose your proper Arendellian accent if you don't come back," Anna joked.
"Right… but I think they'd rather have me go somewhere else and pick up another language."

"Hmpf… How'd it go with Kris? Did he make a good impression?"

"Yeah, definitely! My mother loved him."

"He told me they made sure you slept at opposite ends of your house," Anna laughed.

"They were a bit paranoid about that, yeah. Especially my father. As if it was only possible to have sex in a bed!"

"Hmmm, interesting! Kris wouldn't tell me if you two did more than make out!"

"He probably felt self-conscious talking about that with a girl."

"I'm his best friend! And gay!"

"Yeah… guys are weird sometimes! But we did it a few times actually!"

Anna smiled. It was good to know, but she was curious to learn more. "So… how was it?" she asked.

"Better than I thought! I was a bit afraid at first to be honest…"

"Yeah… I get it… did it hurt?" Anna asked. She figured things would be a lot different with a woman, but she was inexperienced, and wanted to soak up as much information as possible.

"No, not really, although I did feel a bit achy the next day. He was pretty gentle, honestly. I didn't even bleed. I guess all the horseback riding I've done took care of that!"

"I see…" Anna replied, feeling a bit anxious.

If Elsa uses her fingers on me, will it work the same way? Damn, I really have to do some research. I mean… it can't be a whole lot different than masturbation, right?

"Anyway the first time was over pretty quick! Don't tell Kris I said that. We were both pretty nervous… It was nice, though."

"Did you have an orgasm?"

"No, but it was still nice," Merida replied, a bit on the defensive.

"Yeah, yeah, of course!"

"I had one the third time though! On the day before he left."

"Well, it sounds like those two weeks were pretty intense!" Anna replied.

Merida laughed. "Not as much as you think! Three times in two weeks… I'm pretty sure you'd have sex with Ms. Neige three times in one night if she let you!"

Anna blushed heavily, and was glad Merida couldn't see her.

"Anyway, now that I've told you everything, I'm expecting you to do the same—as soon as it happens! And with all the juicy details!"

"I will, I swear!" Anna replied.
Elsa was so excited. Every year, she went to the modeling gala alone, but this year would be different. Once, she had gone with Rapunzel, but everyone thought they were a couple and it made Elsa feel bad for her friend. At the time, she would have loved for it to be true, but Rapunzel was straight, and Elsa hated putting her friend in that kind of an awkward situation...

She could have actually gone with Esméralda this year since Esmé was living in Arendelle for the time being, but it was ten times better going with her actual girlfriend. Besides, she was sure her cousin would have pretended to be her girlfriend all night long, and that would have been… Elsa cringed, but then ended up laughing to herself.

She thought about Anna. *This year I'm going with my actual girlfriend. Wow. I can't believe it!*

Anna didn't quite know how to dress for the occasion, so Elsa bought her a cocktail dress. She was planning on getting to Anna's place early so she could help her prep. Elsa grabbed the dress on the way out of her house, along with her own dress and accessories, and carefully put them in the back seat before driving off.

Pulling into Anna's driveway, she spotted Agnarr trimming the hedges around the house, and he greeted her.

"Hi Elsa! How are you?"

"Great, thanks! I brought Anna's dress for tonight!"

"Oh, that's great. She's so excited about tonight!"

"Me too, to be honest," Elsa replied.

"Well, she's been talking about you all week."

Elsa blushed slightly. "I hope it's not becoming an issue!"

"No, it's nice to see her so happy. Anyway, do you need help with anything?"

"No, I'm fine, thanks!" Elsa replied as she picked up the two dresses, the bag and her purse. By the time she reached the door, Anna was there waiting for her and welcomed her with a kiss.

"Hey you! Ready for tonight?" Elsa asked.

"Yeah! I want to see my dress!"

"Well, here it is! Let's head up to your room!"

They went upstairs and Elsa showed her the green dress she had bought.

"Whoa… it's amazing!"

"I'm sure you'll look fantastic in it."

"Oh my God, I can't wait to try it on!" Anna remarked, and before Elsa could budge, her girlfriend had already removed her T-shirt and was standing there in front of her in a cute bra.

"Anna! What if your dad shows up?" Elsa asked, freaking out, but her eyes told a different story as she ogled her girlfriend's perky breasts like a horny teenage boy.

"What? Can't I change in front of my girlfriend?" Anna innocently inquired.
"I… I guess… do your parents even know we're girlfriends?"

"Of course!"

"I mean, as far as they know, we've only dated twice." Anna had taken her bowling three days ago, and they had had a wonderful time.

Anna shrugged and unbuttoned her jeans. She shimmed out of the pants, deliberately teasing Elsa. Elsa, on the other hand, was standing there speechless, watching her girlfriend remove her jeans to reveal her perfect little bottom and slender, toned legs.

She quickly helped Anna put on the dress, afraid of the possibility that Anna's father would show up.

"It feels awesome," Anna commented. "I'm wearing silk forever from now on!"

"It looks awesome on you! You're gorgeous."

Anna looked at herself in the mirror and nodded. She did look fantastic. The dress didn't show any cleavage, but was backless, and it hugged her petite frame. There was a slit on the side, but Elsa had wanted Anna to feel comfortable, so it was way shorter than the slit on her own dress.

"It's amazing, thank you! I'm gonna have to go braless, though," Anna stated as she looked over her shoulder into a mirror.

"You don't have a strapless one?"

"That's a thing?"

"Yeah, of course. How do you think I manage?"

Anna shrugged. "It's fine, let me enjoy one of the few benefits of having smaller boobs!" With that she unclasped her bra, removed it from behind and threw it on her bed. "There, free at last!"

Elsa smiled and looked at her girlfriend with pride. "Sexy..." She had to use the utmost restraint to keep herself from fondling Anna's plump, perky breasts under the silk.

Anna winked at her and went back to admiring her dress.

"I'm gonna help you with your makeup," Elsa offered.

"Sure, but now it's your turn! Show me how hot you look in your dress!"

Elsa bit her lip, and glanced at the door, hesitating. Should I change in the bathroom? Or should I undress in front of Anna... I want to... but what if her dad shows up? I'd be so screwed! To make matters worse, I'm wearing one of Esméralda's gifts... I could always close the door... but that would be even more suspicious...

As she debated with herself, she picked up the noise of the electric pruning shears from outside, and made up her mind.

"Is your mom home?" she asked as a further precaution.

"No, why?"

Elsa pushed on the door slightly without entirely closing it and started stripping in front of Anna. If
you wanna play this game...

Anna stood there, paralyzed, as Elsa slowly removed her top to reveal a black lacy bra. She knew how much Anna loved her breasts, and she took her time folding her top neatly while showing off her assets.

"Careful, you're drooling," she teased before reaching for the hem of her skirt with both hands. She slowly lowered her skirt, wiggling her hips to reveal matching black panties. The skirt fell to the floor, but Anna was too busy staring at the delicate black lace to notice.

Then, Elsa turned and slowly bent over to pick up her dress for the night, knowing quite well that Anna had a perfect view of her nearly exposed butt. She took her time once again to put it on, letting the sleek fabric of the dress slide over her body. Then, she turned around again to adjust the fabric over her chest.

"Does my bustline look ok?" she asked as she made small adjustments to her bra. The dress had a plunging neckline, so she needed to make sure everything was in order.


"Great." She checked her left leg to make sure that the slit didn't expose her panties, but everything seemed fine. Then, she extended her entire leg along the slit, exposing a long, supple leg. "So, what do you think?" she asked the speechless teenager. "I still have to apply makeup, and my legs will look better with heels", she added. Judging by Anna's expression, that wasn't even necessary.

Anna was on cloud nine. She was arm-in-arm with the most gorgeous woman she had ever seen. There were delicious appetizers and petit-fours everywhere, and she was basking in a world of luxury.

True, she would have been a bit lost if not for Elsa, but the blonde didn't seem to mind that Anna was almost clinging to her. On the contrary, Elsa seemed pretty happy to be able to introduce her to plenty of people as her girlfriend.

"So, are all of these people friends of yours?"

"No, not really, I wouldn't say that. More like acquaintances, and former colleagues."

"That does explain the weirdly high ratio of gorgeous people to regular ones..."

Elsa chuckled. "Hmm. Plenty of them went through surgery, though. And the older they are, the more likely that is."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I bet half the boobs around us are fake! And don't even mention noses..."

"Huh… well, yours aren't fake, that's for sure!" Anna replied with a smile, then started looking around her for people with fake noses. She was interrupted by a waitress carrying champagne flutes on a silver tray. Elsa grabbed one, and Anna followed her example.

"Careful, I don't want to bring you back to your parents completely wasted!" Elsa warned her with a smile.

"Tsk. You should be the one being careful. You're driving!" Anna retorted. She was starting to
grow a taste for wine, and perhaps, champagne.

"You have a point..."

They spoke with so many people during the evening that Anna quickly lost count. Unfortunately, not all of them were nice. Although some seemed genuinely happy to see Elsa and catch up with her, especially the former models. Anna really struggled to stay calm whenever they came across anyone trying to belittle Elsa—especially when their sole purpose was to tear her down only to inflate their importance. At one point, a young model implied that being a teacher was a debasing occupation. Anna nearly told her off, professing that Elsa was one of her best teachers, ever, and that what she was doing was ten times more important than walking around like an animated clothes hanger. She kept quiet, though, pretty sure that opening her mouth wouldn't exactly help Elsa.

"She wasn't always like that," Elsa remarked once the woman left. "We both auditioned for a magazine cover, and she claimed that I stole the spot from under her after they awarded me the shoot."

"What a bitch."

Elsa laughed and kissed her.

Anna was about to reach for the appetizers once more, when she heard a woman squeal, "Ms. Neige!" She turned around only to find someone standing right next to her girlfriend.

"I can't believe you're here! I'm so happy to see you!" the young woman said, and Anna's eyes nearly exploded out of her head after recognizing Jasmine.

"I'm happy to see you, too! So, I take it your modeling career is off to a good start?" Elsa responded.

"Yes, my agent fo..." Jasmine suddenly stopped mid-sentence, staring at Anna. She stood frozen for a while, apparently unable to comprehend what she was seeing.

"Yes, Ms. Neige, um Elsa, is my girlfriend," Anna proudly declared.

"A-Anna? From Arendelle High?!" Jasmine stuttered, her eyes wide open.

"Yep. How are you Jasmine?" They had never really spoken to each other, Jasmine being a year older and one of the most popular girls at school.

"F-fine. Whoa, I'm sorry, I just wasn't expecting..."

"We ran into each other over summer break," Elsa clarified. "And, we hit it off and started dating."

"Well, I can see that! If I had known that before, Ms. Neige, I would have tried my luck!"

"I bet you would have, but she's all mine now! Always has been, actually!"

Elsa chuckled, visibly taking it as mindless banter. "I thought you had a boyfriend?"

"I do, I do," Jasmine replied. "So... you and Anna, huh?"

Anna realized that, outside of her parents and immediate circle of friends, this was the first time anyone from her high school had learned that she was seeing Ms. Neige. The only people that had been surprised by their relationship where the ones that knew Elsa had never brought a date to the
gala before. Not a single person commented on their age gap. When she brought the subject up with Elsa, her girlfriend responded by telling her she doubted the difference was perceptible, dressed as they were. Anna seemed older, and Elsa could always pass as someone in her early twenties.

But Jasmine knew. There was no hiding the fact that Elsa was dating a high schooler. Jasmine didn't seem to object to their relationship though, despite her initial shock, and they spent a good amount of time with her.

They left before midnight, since Anna's parents had said that they didn't want her to get home too late, and Elsa was pretty diligent in respecting their wishes.

"I think I'm a bit tipsy," Anna mentioned as she struggled to walk straight on their way to the car.
"How many glasses did you have?"
"Three, I think."
"Hmm… I'd say you should have eaten more, but I watched you gobble up dozens of appetizers!"

Anna chuckled. "Hold my hand!"

Elsa did better and crooked their arms together for support. Anna could feel her girlfriend's heavy breast against her arm, and it was turning her on.

"Thank you so much for coming with me. You have no idea how good it felt compared to all those other years."
"I had a great time myself! I've never been surrounded by so many interesting people! And the buffet was amazing!"

Elsa opened the passenger door for Anna, and the redhead winked at her before entering. They were deep in conversation as Elsa drove Anna home—before they knew it, Elsa was parking in front of Anna's house.

"Well, here we are. Thanks again."
"You're welcome."
"Goodnight then?"
"Aren't you forgetting something?" Anna teased, and Elsa didn't hesitate to lean closer and kiss her.
"Are you home tomorrow?" Anna asked.
"Yes, why?"
"I think I'll find an excuse to come visit! If you're ok with that?"
"I'd love it," Elsa replied, kissing her again.

Anna took one last taste of her girlfriend's plump lips, and then wished her a good night. It had been a great evening, and she hoped there were many more to come.

"When do you have to leave again?" Elsa asked as she snuggled with Anna on the couch.
"Six…” Anna replied before checking the time on her phone. The afternoon had gone so quickly.

"It's hard enough to see you now, I can't imagine how it'll be when school starts."

Anna rested her head on her girlfriend's generous chest and sighed. "Yeah… well, my parents won't be such a pain-in-the-ass forever." Speaking about school made her realize her break was almost over. In less than a week, school would start. Contrary to other students, she had never really dreaded the moment, but this year would be different since it meant she would rarely see Elsa.

"True. I'm still surprised you managed to come here today. Are you sure you told them the truth?" Elsa asked, smiling.

"Yeah, well, they can't lock me up all day! I may have implied it was better I was honest with them and ready to compromise than lie to them and act behind their back."

"How long do you think it will take them to fully accept me as your girlfriend?"

"Hmm… maybe a few months?" Anna guessed as Elsa started playing with her hair. It felt good. She was about to say something else, but closed her mouth.

"What were you going to say?" Elsa asked.

"I-" Anna bit her lip. "I was thinking about how awesome it would be to come here after class some day and spend the night with you instead of going home." She had been fantasizing about that for a while now. They'd share a lovely evening and night together, and then Elsa would bring her back to school in the morning—as if they were living together.

"That really would be great. Or we could spend a whole weekend together?"

Anna smiled brightly at her girlfriend. "I love that idea!"

They stayed quiet for a while, enjoying each other's company and knowing that it was going to end soon. I wish I could stop time.

"I'm gonna be late..." Anna said after a while.

"What if I drive you home? It'll be quicker than the tram."

"Would you?" Anna asked.

"Of course, if it means I can spend five more minutes with you!"

Anna kissed her and nuzzled against her chest. "You're the best girlfriend ever."

Elsa chuckled and kissed her hair. "It's not entirely selfless."

"Hmm… what if I ask my parents if you can stay for dinner?"

"Why not? It could help with our situation if they start to like me."

"Yeah! And then I'll ask them if you can stay for the night. Obviously they'll agree and we'll make love all night long in my bed!" Anna teased.

"Sure. If I ask nicely they may even leave for the night so you could scream my name in passion without bothering them!"
"That sounds like a perfect plan."

"Well, let's put the plan in motion then! It won't work if we arrive late!"

Anna laughed and followed Elsa to her car, resting her hand on her girlfriend's thigh as she drove. Elsa walked her to the front door, and greeted Anna's father who was sitting in the living room.

"Dad?" she said, once he and Elsa exchanged the usual pleasantries.

"Yes?"

"Do you think we could have Elsa over for dinner tonight?" as if the idea was spontaneous.

"Huh-well… I mean…"

"It's fine, Anna. I don't want to be a burden!" Elsa quickly interjected.

"No, no, I'm sure it's fine!" Agnarr replied. "It'll let us get to know you better."

"Are you sure?" Elsa asked. "I don't want to invite myself! Besides, I think I have some leftover lasagna in my fridge that I really should eat soon."

"You mean that moldy lasagna I saw in your fridge?" Anna added, ad-libbing as the situation warranted. "You're gonna be sick if you eat that."

"Well stay with us then!" Agnarr offered. "I'm sure Iduna will be thrilled."

"Thanks, dad!"

Iduna didn't look so thrilled when she heard the news, though. Still, she tried to hide it and was a good host. Anna helped her cook to ease the tension, while Elsa was on a quest to flatter her father.

The dinner itself, was a bit more awkward than the last one they shared, but Anna figured Elsa was doing great.

Elsa's phone rang while they were eating, and she quickly turned it to vibrate. "Sorry, I don't recognize the number. Must be a telemarketer."

"You too? They keep calling me, it's driving me nuts!" Agnar ranted.

"Yeah, those calls can be really annoying… oh, again?" Elsa observed as her phone buzzed. "Sorry, I'm going to take it; it could be important..."

The blonde excused herself and picked up the call as she left the table.

"Oh, Mr. Weselton?" Anna heard Elsa say, surprised, as she left the kitchen.

"Isn't that your headmaster?" Iduna asked her daughter.

Anna frowned. "Yeah. No idea why he would be calling her though, after what happened."

"He must be calling to wish her good luck in her new job at the middle school," Agnar guessed, shrugging his shoulders.

Anna found it fishy and tried to listen into the phone conversation, but she couldn't hear anything from where she sat. "I hope it's nothing bad..."
Then, Elsa came back, and Anna stood up, worried. She had never seen her look so pale. She seemed to be in shock, and Elsa avoided all eye contact.

"What happened? Are you okay?" Anna asked, a knot forming in her stomach.

"N-no," Elsa simply said, blinking back tears.

Chapter End Notes

Notes : Have I already told you I love cliffhangers ? :D
Please do tell me your theories if you have some!!
"Oh, Mr. Weselton?" a puzzled Elsa answered after recognizing the headmaster's voice. *Why is he calling me?*

"Good evening, Ms. Neige. I trust that you are well?"

"Well, yes, thank you," she replied.

"I took the liberty of calling you at this hour because I have great news!"

"R-really?" Elsa asked, still wondering what he wanted.

"Yes! I managed to get you your old job back!" he proudly announced.

*What? What does that even mean?* Elsa stayed quiet, too shocked to respond.

"Ms. Neige?" he asked. "Are you there?"

"Y-yeah. Yes, I'm still here."

"As it turns out, your replacement was perfectly happy at the middle school. I discovered this last week after I met him. It appears that Mrs. Westergaard was behind the whole escapade. And since I knew you wanted to stay with us too, I did everything I could to cancel the deal." he disclosed. Meanwhile, realizing the implications of this new turn of events, Elsa began to panic.

*It can't be! What about Anna? I can't... I can't just go back to Arendelle High!*

"I had to pull quite a few strings to manage this! I think you owe me!" He laughed. "I'm joking, of course," he added once he noticed that Elsa wasn't responding. "Are you still there?"

"Y-yes, sorry. I just... can I come by tomorrow to talk about this? I'm in the middle of dinner right now."

"Of course, of course!" he replied, sounding a bit disappointed.

*You dumb fuck! Why did you have to get involved? Everything was going just great! I'll see you tomorrow then."

Elsa stood motionless once the call ended, her emotions slowly catching up with her. *If this is true, I'm going to end up as Anna's teacher again... oh my God... does this mean I've been Anna's teacher over the entire summer?*

Still in a daze, she walked back to the kitchen. Based on the concern written all over Anna's face, her emotional state must have been transparent.

"What happened? Are you okay?" Anna asked, her brow deeply furrowed.

"N-no," Elsa replied. She didn't know what to say, especially not in front of Anna's parents. "Can... can we talk?" she asked.

Anna was starting to really freak out. What was this call about? "Yes, of course," she replied, standing up and leaving the kitchen with Elsa, while her parents remained behind. "What's going
"On?" she asked once they were out of earshot.

Elsa closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I-I got my job back," she said, finishing her sentence with a sob.

Anna immediately rushed to her and took her in her arms. It was heart-breaking seeing her girlfriend like this. "Your job back? What? At Arendelle High?"

"Y-yeah..."

"Can't you just refuse and go to the middle school?"

"I don't know," Elsa replied, crying on Anna's shoulder. "I-I don't want to lose you..."

Anna's heart hurt. She rubbed her girlfriend's back and tried to soothe her. "Don't be ridiculous, you won't lose me. You never will."

"I can't be your teacher again. I can't."

Anna hugged her as strongly as she could. She wanted to cry, too, but she figured she had to be tough right now. "Elsa, I swear we'll work something out, ok?"

Elsa continued sobbing against her shoulder and Anna gently stroked her hair. "What did he say exactly?"

"T-that the other teacher didn't want the job. And that... that idiotic weasel did everything he could so I'd stay at Arendelle High..."

"From his point of view, he was doing you a favor..." Anna argued. Still, if only he had let things be...

"I-I don't want to lose you..." Elsa repeated.

"Hush now, you're not losing me. I already told you," Anna replied, trying to ignore the lump in her throat that was steadily growing larger. It was getting harder and harder for her to breathe or to just talk normally. "Can't you tell him that you're not interested anymore?"

"I need this job..." Elsa replied.

"I know but... what if you tell him you've already prepared all your classes for middle school? Or, I don't know, that you... um..." Anna was trying to find something when Elsa interrupted her.

"I'm gonna see him tomorrow."

"Good. See, there's still hope?"

Elsa sniffed and removed her head from Anna's shoulder. Anna smiled at her and wiped her tears away. "Don't freak out, ok? We'll find a solution."

"Y-yeah. Ok. I just... I just don't want to lose you."

Anna chuckled. "Yeah, I think I got that after the first two times you mentioned it!"

"I don't know what to do... should I just quit?" Elsa asked Rapunzel. She had gone directly home after seeing Mr. Weselton. She tried to make him understand that she really wanted to go teach at
the middle school now, but he made it clear it wasn't an option. At some point she almost told him the whole truth, but she figured it would just complicate things and potentiality make her situation worse.

"Are you crazy?!"

"I… I don't know, Punzie. I'm really, really in love with Anna. I can't just lose everything."

Her best friend sighed. "Don't take this the wrong way, Elsa, but… you can't just destroy your entire career for a girl you've been dating for only a month. I know you think you really love her but… people break up for all sorts of reasons every day. You'll get over it."

Elsa shook her head. "Anna's not… she's not just a girl I happen to like." Rapunzel looked at her, biting her lip. It seemed she was dying to say more. "What?"

"I-I don't want to sound cruel…it's… I know how you feel. It always feels like that when you start dating someone. And she's your first girlfriend, too. But… I mean… she's way younger than you. And I know it's not that big a deal, and that you feel like she's the one for you and everything!" she added, trying to soften what she was saying, "But now that you've had some experience, maybe you could find someone else? Not right now, of course! But in a few weeks or months…"

Elsa didn't like what she was hearing. She knew Rapunzel was trying to help, but she felt that her friend just didn't really understand her connection with Anna. After all, Elsa had been waiting for someone special to enter her life for at least a decade.

"We've all been through break-ups," her best friend continued. "We've all thought that it was the end of the world when those relationships crashed and burned. And then, we figure out that there's someone else out there after all, someone better, even."

"I don't want to find someone else..." Elsa stated plainly.

"I know. And I know how hard it must be to hear what I'm saying. I'm not telling you Anna can't be the one for you… just… maybe there might be someone else. You've just started dating; there could be a lot more opportunities ahead of you."

"I don't want to break up with Anna over this. I understand what you're saying… it's highly unlikely to find your perfect match on the first try… but I want to give this relationship a chance to run its course. I want to see where it's going, and in the end, if there's a reason for us to break up, then ok… but I don't want to end it because of a job. And what if you're wrong? What if I was lucky enough to find the perfect girl on the first try?"

Rapunzel sighed and poured them another glass of wine. "I get that… but you can't just fuck everything up for Anna. You've been working on becoming a teacher for years now. And you like it. What would you even do if you lost this job? Go back to modelling? You know that career path is short lived."

"I know, I know..." From Elsa's point of view, there was no easy way out of this. She had to make a choice.

"What did Anna have to say?"

"That everything would work out fine… that I wouldn't lose her."

"Easy to say in her position."
"It's impacting her, too..."

"There's one thing you just cannot do, Elsa, and you have to promise me you won't! You absolutely cannot continue dating Anna while you're her teacher. That's a road to disaster, ok?"

Elsa sighed. "I know."

"I'm serious, Elsa. It'll be bad enough if people found out you dated during the summer. But if you get caught with her while you're her teacher... you're going straight to jail and you can kiss everything goodbye. Your career, Anna, your whole future."

Elsa knew that Punzie was right.

"And I'm not letting you ruin your life like that."

"I-I just..." The words stuck in her throat. "I wish I could just figure out how to make this work."

"Sometimes there isn't a good option... you just have to pick the least terrible one."

"What am I gonna do, Punzie...?" Elsa sobbed, and her best friend hugged her tightly.

"Where are you going?" Iduna asked her daughter as Anna put on her shoes.

"To Elsa's," Anna replied. She hadn't slept the entire night. She tried to call and text Elsa last night, but never got a reply. Instead, Elsa sent a text asking her to come to her place this morning.

Anna couldn't decipher her mother's current expression. It looked like a mix of worry, concern and anger.

"Did she give you an update on her job situation? She went to the high school yesterday, right?"

"Yeah, but she didn't say anything... which can't be a good thing."

Iduna opened her mouth to speak, but stopped herself.

"What?" Anna asked.

"Nothing. We'll have a talk when you come back, depending on what she tells you."

Anna sighed. "Yeah... see you later, then." She was a bit surprised when her mother hugged her. "Mom?"

"I just want you to know that I'm here for you."

Anna left her and walked towards the nearest tram stop. Her mind had been occupied, was still occupied, with the options she and Elsa had in front of them. After she boarded the tram to Elsa's, those options kept churning in her mind, to the point that the entire trip became a solid blur—she was barely aware of her surroundings.

If Elsa can't get the job at Arendelle Middle School, there are only four options: first, we continue seeing each other in secret, but that's way too dangerous... I'm not letting her take the risk, as much as I'd like that compared to the other options. Even if we tried to be as discreet as possible, the consequences of getting caught are too great. I won't let her ruin her life for me.

Next, she could just quit. I don't like it either, because she's an awesome teacher, and I know she
loves her job. Besides, she has a mortgage and bills to pay, and I'm in no position to help her financially.

Third option… I change schools. I don't really want to, but I guess I'd do it if I could convince my parents. But I doubt they'll go for that… besides, I'm pretty sure it's too late to change now… school's starting in just a few days. And even if that was possible, it would mean longer commutes, having to make new friends, rarely seeing Kris… that option would suck.

And then, there's the fourth option… but I don't even want to think about that one.

She was still mulling over their options when she reached Elsa's house. Anna rang the doorbell, and fidgeted as she waited. Finally, she heard footsteps approaching and Elsa opened up. For the first time ever, Elsa looked terrible, something Anna had never seen. Dark rings had formed under her eyes, and those very same eyes were red and puffy. Yeah… bad news indeed…

Anna hugged her as soon as she was inside and she could feel Elsa abandoning herself into the hug. Elsa started sobbing, and Anna struggled not to cry as well. Instead, she tightened her grip, and they stayed like that until Elsa's sobs finally dissipated.

"I'm so sorry..." Elsa managed to say after she gained control of herself.

"So you weren't able to get him to change his mind?" Anna asked.

"No… it's too late."

They both sat on the couch, and Anna stared at the ceiling in a daze.

"I could always quit," Elsa offered.

"No. No you can't," Anna replied.

"I don't know… maybe it would be for the best."

"You love your job, and you need it to make a living," Anna simply stated. She had gone over this so many times in her head. "Even if you found another way to make a living, you'd always regret it… and it would be my fault."

"I-It wouldn't be your fault......"

"Elsa, please… we both know what we have to do. Don't force me to be the mean one..." Anna pleaded, tears welling in her eyes. If she really had to, she would initiate the break-up, but she was dreading that.

Elsa seemed to understand what Anna was saying and laid down, resting her head in Anna's lap. "It's so unfair..."

Anna lowered her head and looked at the gorgeous woman she loved so much. "I know..."

"Everything looked like it was coming together just fine… even your parents approved of us."

"I know..." Anna repeated, playing with Elsa's silky blonde hair.

"There must be a way out of this..."

"I'm afraid not. I've been thinking about our predicament ever since you got that damn call. I guess you've been doing the same thing, too."
"Yes..."

They stayed silent for a while, trying to enjoy each other's company, but the mood was too sullen.

"Maybe we could hide our relationship if we're really cautious," Elsa suggested.

"It's too dangerous," Anna protested. "Even now we have to make sure no one spills the beans. You're gonna have to call Jasmine and beg her to keep her mouth shut."

"Who else knows about us?"

"Kris, Merida, my parents… and the people who saw us at the gala."

"We don't have to worry about them, I'm sure they've long forgotten about us already. I'm sure your parents aren't a risk either… Merida's out of the country, and you trust Kris?"

"Yes..."

"Maybe if we just saw each other once a week at my place? Without anyone knowing?" Elsa proposed.

"I'm pretty sure my parents would have a problem with that. And if we go behind their backs we'll lose their support and then everything'll go sideways. No more secrets. I won't take the risk," Anna explained.

"So... we just break up?"

"Yeah..." Anna answered. "I'll wait for you. Obviously."

"You will?" Elsa asked, turning her head to get a better look at her.

"Of course. Once I graduate, we can do whatever the hell we want. It's gonna be hard, but waiting for the day we can be together again will be my reason to wake up in the morning."

"Ten months... so many things can happen..."

"I know. I won't fail you," Anna replied. "Ten months is nothing." She tried to sound confident, but she was afraid, too. If they weren't together any longer, would Elsa's feelings for her slowly fade? Anna still couldn't get over the fact that a woman like Elsa could have fallen for her, and she was desperately afraid that her luck would run dry over a ten month period. And what if Elsa ended up meeting someone else? There were plenty of people attracted to her—Anna momentarily pictured Jasmine.

"I-I'm not sure I'd survive... seeing you with someone else," Elsa whispered in a melancholy voice.

"You really think I'd date someone else while you were waiting for me?" Anna asked.

"A lot can happen in a year! If we're no longer together, you might find someone else. Someone more your own age with... without any of the complications."

Anna's mouth twisted into a wry smile upon realizing Elsa shared all the same fears as herself. They were both certain they could wait it out, but were afraid the other couldn't.

"I promise you I'll wait for you. And I definitely won't date anyone else. I swear."

"Me, neither. I'll wait for the end of the year, and then I swear I'll do everything I can to make it up
Anna leaned over and kissed Elsa tenderly on the lips. "It's settled then."

"You're amazing. You're so mature about all this..." Elsa proclaimed as she sat up. "You're more responsible than I am. I'd have quit if you asked me to... or continued our relationship while being your teacher."

"I'm not that selfish. I care about you... a lot..."

Elsa gave her a weak smile and kissed her again. "So this is our last day together..."

"Our last day until we're back together again," Anna corrected.

"Maybe we should do something special?" Elsa suggested.

"No... I want this day to be as ordinary as possible to keep the time from flying by," Anna proposed as she snuggled against her girlfriend, "If that makes any sense."

"I think I understand..." Elsa said as she glanced at the clock.

And so they spent the whole day together, mostly enjoying each other's presence and trying to forget that this was their last day together as a couple until Anna's graduation.

"I wish you could stay the night," Elsa confessed while they were watching TV.

Anna nodded in agreement, even if she had always imagined that an overnight stay would signal the advancement of their relationship rather than the end of it.

As much as she wanted to suspend the progress of time, time mercilessly pushed on. It was late afternoon when her mother called. Anna reluctantly answered.

"Where are you, Anna? I was expecting you to be home by now!"

"I'm still at Elsa's place..." Anna replied.

"Are you ok?"

Anna sighed. "Not really, but there's nothing we can do."

"What do you mean?"

"We're breaking up," Anna explained.

There was a momentary pause in the conversation. "Good," followed briefly by another pause."I mean, it's the right thing to do."

Could I stay the night?" Anna asked her mother on a whim, surprising Elsa.

"What? No, I don't think that's a good idea."

"The moment I leave Elsa's, I'll be single. Can't I just hold off a little longer, please?"

"Anna... no matter how long you delay this, in the end it'll hurt all the same."

"Just one night. I'll be back tomorrow!" Anna pleaded.
"I don't think that's appropriate..."

"If you're afraid we might have sex, don't worry, the mood is all wrong. Besides, if I had wanted that to happen, it already would have."

Muffled sounds came through the phone, making Anna think that her mother was talking to her father. Anna crossed her fingers. **Come on, just say yes!**

The sound cleared up and she heard her mother say, "Your father says it's fine, since you seem to be behaving responsibly... as long as you're back by lunch tomorrow. And no more delays!"

"Great! Thanks mom! See you tomorrow!"

Anna hung up and looked at Elsa.

"Did they really say yes?"

"Yes!" Anna replied, happy to see Elsa smile earnestly.

"That's awesome!"

"Yep, I bought us some more time! And a whole night together... I've been dreaming about this for a while!"

"Me, too. This is going to be great!"

Elsa was trying to make the best of their last day as a couple. They cooked together, managed to smile and laugh despite the situation, and spent the evening talking about Elsa's childhood and teenage years, about Anna's dreams for the future and about anything that came to mind.

When they decided that it was time for bed, Elsa didn't want to pressure Anna into sleeping in her room. "Do you want me to prepare the guest room?" she asked as she stood up from the couch.

"Yeah, sure!" Anna replied, leaving Elsa very disappointed.

"I... um... really?"

"Well, yeah, I'm not gonna sleep on the couch if you have a spare bed!"

"I... I mean..., ok," Elsa replied. She was hoping to spend the night in Anna's arms. **At least once before we split up...**

"What's wrong?" Anna asked.

"No-nothing..."

"Well, I can see something's wrong! Just tell me!"

"Well, I... I figured you might want to sleep with me. I mean, in my bed! Together."

"Oh, really?" Anna asked, before laughing and kissing her. "Of course I'll sleep in your bed. What a stupid question! You really thought I'd make you sleep alone?"

Elsa smiled and kissed her back.

"I'm gonna need something to sleep in, though."
"I'm sure you'll find something in my closet," Elsa said. She led her girlfriend to her bedroom, and looked for a nightgown for herself. They weren't supposed to do anything naughty that night, so she made sure not to pick anything overly risqué. She selected one in silk, with just a bit of black lace around the neckline. It was rather modest but showed off her legs and exposed a bit of cleavage.

"Pick whatever you like!" Elsa offered before going to change in the bathroom. When she came back, Anna had changed into one of her old T-shirts. Elsa would have thrown it away, except that it had been a gift for her sixteenth birthday from Punzie so she couldn't just get rid of it. "You're sure you don't want to wear something else?" Elsa asked. "I'm afraid that old shirt is almost as old as you are…"

Anna chuckled. "It's comfy."

"I should have thrown it away, but it was a gift."

"I like it!" Anna declared as she twirled around, showing off her sexy legs. She looked really cute wearing just a T-shirt and Elsa was starting to realise that keeping her hands to herself was going to be a challenge. What's happening to us is so unfair… I thought we'd have all the time in the world to push things further…

Anna climbed into bed, and Elsa joined her immediately.

"I've dreamt about this more than a few times," Elsa told Anna as they snuggled together.

"Me, too," Anna replied. "Maybe after we fall asleep, everything will be back to normal tomorrow morning? And we'd realize that all this nonsense with Mr. Weselton was just a bad dream?"

"I wish…"

Anna sighed. "Anyway, even if we have to take a break… I'm glad we went through all of this. I had the best summer ever."

"Yes, me too…" Elsa replied. Even with all the pain she had felt the last two days, and that she was sure to experience in the months to come, it had been worth it.

"Oh, I have another confession to make before we go to sleep!" Anna piped in a chipper tone.

"Yes?"

"I kinda searched through your underwear drawers while you were changing."

"Kinda?"

"Yeah, I… I sorta stumbled upon them while searching for something to wear!"

Elsa laughed. "Really? And what do you think?"

"Well, you'd think that with the job I took during the summer, nothing would surprise me… but I found a few articles that made me blush."

"Is it because you imagined me wearing them?" Elsa teased.

"Um… maybe… still, I hadn't expected to find things like corsets, garter belts, stockings, and see-through bras in your drawers!"
Elsa chuckled. "Most of my fine lingerie are actually gifts from Esmé. I've never really worn them."

"That's a shame… I'm sure you'd look lovely in them…"

"In ten months, I'll be more than happy to model them for you!" Elsa offered. After all, Anna had said she would wait for her. Elsa didn't want to cling to false hopes, but what if they actually managed to do that?

"I'd love that…"

They continued talking for a while, Anna resting her head on Elsa's ample breasts with half her body draped on top of her. Elsa circled Anna's tiny waist with her arm, and they both attempted to resist sleep, knowing that the morning would bring sadness and tears with it.

Time was truly unstoppable though, and they woke up feeling tired and melancholy the next morning. They had breakfast together, but spent it mostly in silence. Soon, it was time for goodbyes.

"Do you want me to drive you home?" Elsa asked.

"No… that would just make it even harder. I'll take the tram home," Anna replied.

"Ok…"

Anna hugged her and kissed her one last time. "I love you, Elsa…"

"I love you, too, Anna," Elsa replied, and for the first time she truly realized the gravity of her words.

"I promise I'll wait for you. I might change a little over the course of a year, and maybe you will too, but my feelings for you will stay the same, I swear."

Elsa wiped away a few unbidden tears, and kissed her again. "I know. It's just a little setback, right?" Her statement was as much for herself as it was for Anna, but it didn't keep the steady stream of tears from running down her cheeks.

"Of course. I'll be thinking about you every day," Anna replied, and although the teenager wasn't crying, she was clearly struggling with her emotions.

Elsa sobbed against her shoulder and hugged her tightly. "I'll miss you so much…"

"Me, too… I don't want you to see me cry... " Anna declared with a half-sob. "So I'm gonna go now, ok?"

Elsa simply nodded, unable to make her lips move, and her soon-to-be former girlfriend gave her one last kiss goodbye before leaving in a sprint.

Elsa watched Anna flee, half-running down the street, and then she closed her door, blocking the teen from her sight. She leaned heavily against the back of the oak surface, let herself slide to the floor, hugging her legs to her chest, and then let her emotions consume her as she started crying freely. The song of her anguish echoed sharply in the empty home. Elsa had never felt so bitterly alone.
Chapter 33

By the time Anna got home, she had stopped crying and her mood had shifted from despair to resolve. Ten months is nothing. We’ll get through it, and then everything will be back to normal. No, it'll be even better. Our love will be even stronger than it is now because of it.

Her father looked at her with concern as she entered the house, but she barely acknowledged him and went directly to her bedroom. Elsa had gifted her the T-shirt from last night, so she folded and stored it inside her closet before going back downstairs for lunch.

"So… how are you feeling?" Agnarr asked her as she sat down at the table.

"Determined," she answered.

"Huh… what do you mean?"

"We decided that we had to break up because, frankly, we didn't really have any other choice, but we'll be waiting for each other. We'll get back together once I graduate."

"I see…" Agnarr replied, glancing at his wife.

"I know what you're thinking," Anna said. "That that's a long time; that by then I'll have a crush on someone else, or that Elsa will move on, or we'll just drift apart. But I know that we won't."

"Well…" Iduna interjected, "who knows? Just promise us that you'll really put your relationship on hold while she's your teacher."

"Of course. I won't let Elsa take that risk."

"I'm glad you're taking this seriously," Agnarr stated. "And you're right, maybe you two will get back together after school ends."

"Maybe," Iduna added.

"You know, I was really starting to like her! She'd definitely make a great daughter-in-law," Agnarr expressed.

Iduna rolled her eyes, but Anna smiled at her father. "Hell, yeah. If she doesn't propose to me in the first month after we're back together, I understand nothing!" she joked.

"That's the spirit. And honestly, I don't see her dating anytime soon. She told us that she was new to relationships."

"Don't give her false hope, honey…" Iduna chastised.

"I'm just saying that she's right to keep a positive attitude. Would you prefer if she spent the school year moping?"

"Oh, I did plenty of that this morning," Anna remarked. "Maybe I just don't have any tears left?"

Her mother moved over to hug her, which took Anna by surprise. "Tell us if you need anything, ok?"

"Yeah, mom, I will."
"Did you let Kris know that you broke up?" Agnarr asked. "He's in the same boat... actually, he has been for a while now."

Anna suddenly realized that what her dad was saying was true. Kris and Merida had only gotten together at the end of the school year, and now they had to split up because Merida lived in another country. *Why didn't it hit me until now? I'm so selfish. I didn't even realize how horrible it must be for Kris. Funny how everything seems less awful when it's affecting other people...*

"I-I didn't. And I've just realized what a lousy friend I am..." *I just assumed my love for Elsa is stronger than Kris and Merida's... isn't it though? I mean... aren't they just two teenagers who fancied each other? My relationship with Elsa just feels so... so much more powerful...*

Once dinner was over, Anna walked back to her bedroom and settled on her bed. *Single again... I can't even believe it. I'm gonna miss her so much.* She didn't want to shed any more tears, so she called Kris and asked him if he wanted to hang out.

"That really, really sucks..." Esméralda told her cousin before hugging her.

"Yeah..." Elsa had cried all morning.

"I guess that it's for the best, though..."

"What? Really?" Elsa asked in surprise. A tiny part of her mind had hoped Esméralda would try to convince her to quit her job or hide her relationship with Anna.

"Well, at least this shows that she really, really loves you."

Elsa sighed. "Do you think our relationship will survive the school year?"

"I'm sure it will. You've been single for so long, there's no reason why you couldn't hold out for a few more months!"

"True..."

"And Anna really is in love with you. I trust her. And you love her too, I'm positive neither of you will fall for anyone else in the meantime. And if you need some sexual relief, just ask and I'll lend you a helping hand!" Esméralda added with a wide grin.

"Eww, Esmé!" Elsa complained, but she had to admit that she was amused by her cousin's antics.

"What? Am I too old for you? Sorry I'm not a minor!"

Elsa laughed. "I think you're forgetting that we're related?"

"I'm sure there's some sort of exemption for hotties like us! Who could blame you for wanting a piece of this?" Esméralda said as she struck a silly sexy pose.

"I'm pretty sure Anna would object, related or not!"

"Maybe... Anyway, this is your first real break up, so we're gonna spend the day together. Hell, I'll even invite the heartbreaker, um, I mean best friend of yours if you want!"

Elsa nodded her head. "Yeah... that'd be nice..." Esméralda's antics certainly took her mind off her woes, but it was Punzie that she needed for emotional support.
"Give me that back-stabbinger's number and I'll call her. We're gonna get drunk, drown your sorrow in chocolate and watch outrageously sappy movies.

"Whoa… that's insane," Kris remarked after Anna had explained her situation. "After everything looked like it was going so smoothly… I'm really sorry for you."

"Well, it made me realize how you must be feeling, too… sorry I didn't offer you support sooner."

"Looks like we're both in crappy situations..."

"Wanna compare whose life sucks more?" Anna asked.

"Hmm… Well, at least you still get to see Ms. Neige! You're not half a world apart."

"Is it really a good thing, though? Being reminded almost everyday of what I've lost? And maybe even seeing her with someone else?"

"Huh, when you put it that way..."

"I mean… yeah, I'll be happy to see her at school. But it's also gonna make it hard. As for you… and think about this… nobody's against you dating Merida, whereas most people would totally freak if they knew about me and Elsa."

"Yeah, at least I don't have to hide anything…"

"Is there really no chance she's coming back to Arendelle this year?" Anna asked.

"Nope," Kris sighed dramatically.

"Well… that sucks. You could try the long distance thing, though?"

"Yeah, I guess… I mean, neither of us have said anything about breaking up. I guess that's a plus. But let's get real, I might not see her ever again. At the end of the year, your options are open. If you can both hold out, you'll get to be with Ms. Neige again. There's still hope. Can you say the same thing about me?"

"I wish I had a magic wand that would make things better for both of us," Anna remarked. "It's gonna be so weird calling her Ms. Neige again... and it's gonna be even more weird knowing I made out with her, but pretending that it never happened."

Kris chuckled at that. "At least you didn't have sex with her."

"Yeah… I'm a bit conflicted about that. We didn't rush things because we thought we'd have all the time in the world, but now… I kinda wish I had my first time with her. Actually, I think it would have been her first time, too."

"Really?" Kris asked, surprised.

"Yeah, she's never had a girlfriend before."

"I just can't understand how a woman like that never dated anyone… even if she's gay, she must have had plenty of people interested."

"That's what worries me..."
There was a faculty meeting the day before school started and Elsa almost arrived late to it. She had struggled to fall asleep the night before. She could have argued that it was because she wasn't used to getting up so early, but the real reason was because thoughts of Anna haunted her throughout the night.

They had broken up just a few days ago, and Elsa was missing Anna dearly. The break up had been painful from the onset—it seemed surreal, in fact, and it wasn't getting any easier. *And tomorrow I'm gonna see her again, but as my student...*

She went to her classroom to put her things in order while the other teachers were still arriving. Not long after that, Punzie found her while Elsa was still in the middle of organizing her desk.

"How are you doing?" her best friend asked after embracing her in a hug.

Elsa shrugged. "So-so. I'm dreading tomorrow."

"I can understand. Well, it's gonna be weird for a few days but then things will simmer down into a state of normalcy."

"I'm afraid it's gonna take a lot more time than that."

"Well, I've never had to teach to an ex-boyfriend, but I know how awkward it feels when you run into someone you've dated in the past. At first it's pretty uncomfortable, but after a while you'll find your groove."

"I guess time will tell… anyway, we should head to the meeting."

They left Elsa's classroom to join the other teachers and members of the staff. Both of them made a show of greeting everyone, but Elsa stayed mostly silent as the conversation drifted to summer activities. When Naveen wandered over and asked her what she had done over her break, Elsa panicked at first, but swiftly segued into her trip to France. Naveen was about to ask her more when she was saved by Mr. Weselton, who signalled that he wanted everyone's attention and launched into a speech.

After the speech from Mr. Weselton, which Elsa half listened to, each of them were given a list of students attending their classes, and Elsa couldn't help but look for Anna's name. Apparently, Anna hadn't enrolled in the advanced class after all. *Well, it was all an excuse anyway.* She smiled sadly at the thought of how sneaky and relentless her girlfriend… *ex-girlfriend* had been. *Tenacious enough to wait for me until the end of the year? Maybe...*

Then, she reviewed her schedule and noticed that it was much better than last year. She had a few free mornings and afternoons where she'd be able to grade papers and prepare lessons. *Finally some good news. And now that I'm certified, my paycheck should be bigger, too!*

Somewhere in the background, she thought she heard the word "France" and looked up from her documents.

"Ms. Neige?" Mr. Weselton asked.

"Yes?" she replied. "Sorry, I was concentrating on my new schedule and didn't hear you." She almost felt like a student caught daydreaming by her teacher.

"We were wondering if you'd like to organize a school trip to France. A few parents asked about it, and linguistic trips are always appreciated by students."
"Well, I…" Elsa stumbled over her words while processing the headmaster's proposition. A free trip to France? That sounds amazing. That's a lot of work, though… but the students will love it. She quickly dismissed thoughts of an overjoyed Anna after hearing this news. "That sounds really intriguing, but I don't have any experience in organizing a school trip," she admitted.

"Don't worry, it's not that hard to organize. And you won't be alone."

"Well, ok then. I'll look into it."

"Great! I'm sure you won't have trouble finding colleagues to accompany you on the trip."

"I'm in!" Rapunzel exclaimed. "I speak some French, and I've been there a few times," she added.

"Good." Mr. Weselton nodded. "Now, let's talk about the other field trips…"

"Awesome!" Punzie whispered to Elsa. "This is going to keep you busy so you won't be able to think about anything else. And we get to travel for free!"

Elsa smiled at her best friend. It did sound like a good idea. She couldn't help but think about the promise she had made to Anna, though. I did tell her I'd take her to France one day… well, this isn't exactly how I pictured it, but it's something…

"This is going to be so weird..." Anna repeated to Kris as they drove to school. He didn't reply. But maybe that was because it was the tenth time Anna had said that.

Once they arrived, they parked and walked into the school courtyard. A few people were staring at them unusually, and Anna first thought it was because she had come out over the summer. But then, she realized that they were actually looking at Kris.

"What the heck is going on? Is it me or is everyone looking at me funny?" Kris asked.

"I have no idea what's going on."

"Maybe I've got something stuck to my face?"

"Well… nothing worse than usual," Anna joked.

But then, they both stopped dead when they spotted a mess of curly red locks not far from them.

"Merida?!" Kris nearly shouted, and the mess of hair turned towards him sporting a huge grin before they ran to each other.

Anna couldn't help but smile after Kris swept Merida off her feet, swinging her around as he twirled, only to pull her into his arms to give her a kiss. Things got a little awkward when the kiss became more passionate, though, especially after everyone on the sidelines began cheering and whistling.

"Oh my God, Merida! What? Why… how are you here?" Kris asked, his eyes twinkling with delight.

"I got here last night! I wanted to surprise you," she replied impishly.

"But… how long have you known you were coming?"

"A week! I know, I should have told ye, but I thought this would be a lot more fun."
"Yeah… yeah… so are you gonna spend the year here?"

"Of course!"

"Oh, my God, That's so awesome!" He picked her up and twirled her around once more.

Anna was happy for them, and also for herself because Merida had become a really good friend. On the other hand, there was a part of her that felt a twinge of jealousy. Damn, I really am selfish. I wish Elsa could surprise me the same way.

"This really is great!" she told Merida once the three of them began to head into the school.

Merida hugged her, too, and Anna realized just how good it felt to have her friend back.

She turned to Kris, "See, I told you my love life sucks more than yours!"

"Yeah… well, this was a bit unexpected!"


Fuck. I really have to be more careful than that. "Well… um… I had a fight with my girlfriend," Anna ad-libbed. "Ex-girlfriend, I mean."

"Oh. I wouldn't worry about it! Plenty of fish in the sea, like they say…"

"If you say so…" Anna replied, feeling dejected. Even if there were, I don't care. I only want Elsa.

"Don't worry, I've got your back his year! We'll be drowning in…" he stopped himself. "We're gonna have any chick we want! I'll be your wingman and you'll be my wing… wingwoman?"

"I'm not sure I'm interested…"

"Tsk, the best way to deal with a break up is to bounce back and find someone else. Trust me, the two of us are going to be awesome. I'll take all the straight girls, and you'll have all the gay ones."

"What about the bisexual ones?" Merida asked, amused.

"Huh… I… I don't know! We'll see!" Gaston replied. "So, what do you say, partner?" he asked, raising his hand for a high-five.

"Sure…" she replied, high-fiving him so that he would stop acting like an idiot.

"Great!" he replied, hitting her on the shoulder with his fist.

"You know, even though I'm not into boys, I'm still a girl," she told him.

"Um… right, sorry."

Anna spent the rest of her free time talking to Merida, although they both avoided mentioning Elsa. Unfortunately, someone else brought her up.

"I heard that Ms. Neige is still here this year," one of her classmates said.

"Oh really? Didn't she tell us she was going to teach at the middle school?"

"She must have changed her mind."
"That's great. She's fucking hot," remarked a boy.

Anna clenched her fist, but stayed quiet.

"Yeah, no kidding! What do you think, Anna?"

Anna turned towards her classmate and paused. *How the fuck do I answer that?*

"Now that you mention it, she's gay too, right?" Gaston interjected, joining the conversation.

"Wasn't that just a rumor?" Anna asked. "And yeah, she's pretty," she admitted, feeling forced to act like the people around her. "A bit old for us though, right?"

"Are you kidding?" Gaston asked. "If there's any chance she's straight I'm definitely going for it! I mean, have you seen her rack, not to mention everything else? Teacher or not, she's the bomb."

Anna was starting to feel uncomfortable. But fortunately, Kris intervened.

"Hey, I think it's time we head to class!" he warned, cutting the conversation short, and Anna quickly nodded.

They moved to homeroom, and Anna was a bit disappointed to learn that Mrs. Fitzherbert wasn't her homeroom teacher this year. Her schedule indicated that she had French later today, and it made her freak out immediately.

She spent the rest of the day dreading the moment she'd have to confront Elsa, and she was close to despair when it was finally time for French.

Merida and Kris walked silently beside her on their way to class. And then, there she was, as beautiful as ever, wearing a black pencil skirt and a white blouse. It was almost the same outfit Ms. Neige had worn on her first day last year, and Anna couldn't help but remember the state it had put her in. Her teacher was still as gorgeous as she was then, but now Anna's feelings were tainted by a feeling of deep sorrow.

Inevitably, their eyes met, and both of them quickly looked away. *This must be as hard for her as it is for me...* Anna did manage to say "bonjour" as she entered, just like her classmates, but she didn't dare to make eye contact. She headed straight for the third row, with Kris and Merida automatically following in her wake. Her two friends eyed her carefully, but didn't say a word.

After class started, Anna tried to distract herself from remembering that just a few days ago, she had been dating the amazing woman now standing at the head of the classroom. *We kissed, we went on dates, we grew closer... I told her I loved her, and she told me she loved me, too...* It was a lot harder than she had anticipated. Seeing Elsa like this, so close and yet so unattainable was like torture. Knowing the entire school year would be like this was even worse. *And what if Elsa can't keep her promise to me and ends up finding someone else?. I don't think I can handle sitting here, knowing that she's in love with someone else while I sullenly yearn for her.*

Her emotions mounted. It was impossible not to think about all the special times they had shared up to the awful instant they broke up. In that moment, their separation became too real and Anna began to lose hope—they would never be able to be together. Her heart hurt, and she felt the onrush of tears. She raised her hand, and saw Elsa hesitate before asking her if something was wrong. There was no warmth in her eyes, no fondness in her voice.

"C-can I be excused, I need to go to the bathroom," she managed to say.
"Yes, of course," Ms. Neige replied, and Anna quickly stood up and fled the classroom. Merida
soon joined her, and Anna started crying in her arms.

"I can't do this. I miss her so much… the way she was acting, it's like I was dead to her."

Merida tried to comfort her, but there was nothing she could do. Anna realized that her relationship
with Elsa was truly over as she desperately clung to her friend.
"I guess I'm getting used to it..." Elsa told Esméralda. It had been a week since class had started again, and it had been the hardest week ever. "It's just that I was always so happy to go to work on days when I'd see Anna... and now, now I'm dreading them."

"Maybe you should talk to her?" Esméralda asked.

"I don't know... it's just too weird. She's right there, right in front of me, and yet I have to pretend nothing ever happened between us. And she's not making it easy... she asked for permission to leave class on the first day and I'm afraid it was because of me."

"It must be pretty hard on her too... I should call her."

"Are you sure this is such a good idea?"

"At least I could tell her that you're not giving up on her. You aren't, right?"

"Of course not... and I already told her I'd wait. She can trust me on that."

There was a knock on the door, and Elsa stood up to open it for her best-friend. Rapunzel had warned her that she would drop by in the evening.

"Hi Elsa!" she said before hugging her.

"Hey Punzie!" Elsa replied. "Wow, you're well dressed!" She commented as she looked at her best-friend. Rapunzel was wearing a sexy black dress with heels, and her make-up was way more elaborate than usual.

"Yeah, I thought we could go out after dinner."

"Hmpf... I don't know..." Elsa replied. She wasn't really in the mood.

"Hi Rapz," Esméralda said. "Well, I'm gonna go..."

"You're not staying with us?" Rapunzel asked. "We could have a girls night!"

"Hmm... sure, why not?"

Elsa was a bit surprised, knowing those two weren't really the best of friends, but she had prepared enough food for three, so she didn't mind. They had a mostly quiet dinner, but her guests didn't fight, so Elsa guessed that it was better than nothing.

"So, where do you want to go now?" Esmé asked.

"Well, we could go to a club. We haven't been to any in ages!" Punzie offered.

"Really? I thought you didn't like them anymore," Elsa said.

"Well... yeah. But when I get pregnant, I definitely won't be able to go anymore. And then with a kid..."

"True, you should enjoy it while you can," Esméralda said.
"You know a place?" Rapunzel asked.

"Well, yeah… but… there aren't any guys there."

"Great!" Rapunzel said. "That way I won't have to tell people that I'm married and not interested. Guys can get clingy."

"If you say so… ok then! Let's get ready!"

"Aren't you forgetting something? Like… asking for my opinion?" Elsa asked.

"We already know it!" Rapunzel said. "You're moping around because of your break-up with Anna, so you don't want to go. But since I'm your best-friend, I know what's best for you, and I'm forcing you to go out and have some fun."

"Looks like everything is figured out," Esméralda commented. Elsa sighed but gave up. Maybe Punzie was right, she usually was. She went to her dressing room, followed by her cousin, and pondered on what to wear. Punzie joined them too.

"I'm not sure I need that many people to help me dress. I'm not that helpless."

"Just here to help!" Esméralda said before taking matters into her own hands. Surprisingly enough, after some short hesitation, she handed Elsa an elegant deep blue dress instead of a skimpy outfit.

"That doesn't seem like you..." Elsa commented.

"Yeah, isn't it a bit conservative? What about that sexy black dress with a slit? Besides, we'd have matching colors! Or those leather pants? You have an amazing butt with them!" Punzie said.

"True, and normally I'd be all in for her to put her sexy butt in these... but she's not going out to meet someone, right?" Esméralda asked the blonde girl. "I wouldn't want girls to flock over her all evening."

"Huh... yeah, true..." Punzie replied, and Elsa realized what was really going on.

"You really think I could meet someone and forget Anna?" Elsa asked her best-friend.

"Wha... no... I mean, maybe. It would certainly clear things up, right?"

"You really don't take my relationship with Anna seriously..." Elsa said, starting to feel angry. "You never have."

"I... it's..."

"What?"

"What if you met someone else and then you realized that what you had with Anna was nothing special? I mean, you don't have any other experiences to compare it with."

"Yeah, guess who's fault is that," Esméralda commented snarkily.

"I don't...! I... I've never wanted that! It's not my fault I'm not gay!" Punzie protested.

"Yeah, well you should have told her from the beginning!"
"I did as soon as I figured she had a crush on me! I even tried to convince myself I could be bi so I wouldn't lose my best-friend!"

"Instead, you just kept her close to you without thinking that it would take her years to get over you that way!"

"EVERYONE OUT!" Elsa shouted. "Just shut up and let me change. And I'd better not hear anything while you're out there."

The two girls looked at her and then left, Rapunzel pouting and Esméralda grinning smugly.

"I really don't need all this drama right now..." Elsa mumbled while changing into the black dress. When she got out of the room, she noticed that the two other girls were standing apart from each other, looking elsewhere.

"Esméralda, I had a crush on Rapunzel more than ten years ago. She's in no way to be blamed for it, and we've both managed to get past it. If you can't, just don't come with us." Elsa told her cousin. "And Punzie, I love you but I really need your support rather than your doubts about me and Anna. I truly love her, and I know I'm not experienced in these matters, but I'm positive that we have something special. If you can't get your head around the fact that I can be in love with someone ten years younger than me, at least keep quiet about it and don't try to set me up with someone else."

"Sorry... it's kinda hard to understand," Rapunzel said. "But I promise I won't try to set you up with anyone."

Elsa waited for her cousin to mumble an apology to her best-friend, and then she smiled at them. "Well, it seems like we can go now!"

"I have to change too. I'll be back in a sec," Esméralda said before going to the guest-room.

"Is she still living here?" Rapunzel asked.

"Not really. She has a room downtown, but she left a couple of things here. And she sleeps here most of the time. I don't mind, she keeps me company."

"So, how was your first week of school?" Agnarr asked his daughter over dinner.

"School in itself was fine, I guess," Anna replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's... it's pretty hard having to deal with my break-up with Elsa. Especially since I see her at school..."

"This was bound to end badly," Iduna remarked.

"Everything would be great if she hadn't gotten this job back."

"Yeah... but in the meantime, she did, and you're the one suffering from it."

"It's affecting her too," Anna said, mostly to defend her ex-girlfriend, because she wasn't quite sure it was true. She wanted to believe that Elsa missed her and was still willing to wait for her, but that was hard to believe judging from her behavior in class. Of course the teacher had to pretend like nothing had ever happened, but damn... she was always acting so cold. I never could act like her..."
does it mean she doesn't love me as much as I love her?

"Hang tight! One week of school down, only… 39 to go? Something like that."

"Sure… thanks dad..." Anna replied sarcastically.

"It will go in a flash, you'll see. And then, you'll get your chance to be reunited if you both want it."

*That's the problem. If she's already forgotten about me after a week, there's no way we're getting back together in ten months.* She couldn't voice her thoughts out to her parents, because her mother was sure to make a nasty remark about Elsa if she did, but she really wanted to talk about it with someone. *I guess it's gonna be Kris or Merida again. They're gonna be fed up with me soon.*

"What about the other classes? And teachers? And classmates?" Iduna asked.

"Everything's fine," Anna told them. "I didn't have any negative reactions from my coming-out yet, so I guess that's a good thing."

"Times have changed. I'm sure it's easier now," Agnarr told her.

"Looks like it..."

"Here we are," Elsa said as she parked next to the nightclub. "How come I'm the one driving if we're here for me?"

"You know I can't dance without some alcohol in my veins!" Esméralda replied. "You don't need that, you're so talented and graceful..."

"Sure..."

"As for me, I might get pregnant anytime soon, which means no more alcohol for a very long time! So I have to enjoy it while I can," Rapunzel said as she got out of the car.

They had no trouble getting in, and they were soon inside. *I'm not even really interested in drinking or dancing... am I getting old?* She thought about Anna then, and wondered if the young woman would have to drag her along whenever she'd want to go out with friends and do stuff teenagers and young adults did now. *I'd force myself if needed... that's what being in a relationship is about. Making compromises. Also, I'm pretty sure I'd have more fun if she was around. Besides, I think she's more into snuggling under a warm blanket in front of a movie than rubbing each other on the dance-floor with loud music in our ears.*

Esméralda went directly to the bar and came back with a bottle of vodka in her hand.

"There! Now we can start!"

They danced to the music the DJ was blasting around, and Elsa noted to herself that with her love for Anna, any romantic or lusty feelings she might have had for Rapunzel definitely vanished. For a long time, even after telling herself that her crush for her best-friend was over, she had still sometimes caught herself looking at Rapunzel with desire. But right now, with Punzie dancing sensually right in front of her and wearing a sexy dress that clung to her body, she didn't feel a thing. *Sure, she's gorgeous. But, that's it.*

"Well, well, well, straight girl! You've got some moves!" Esméralda said as she watched her. *Well, looks like Esmé is begging to differ... "You really sure you don't want to try some girl on girl*
action? I'm sure I could teach you some tricks! And you can have the two of us while you're at it...” Esméralda continued before getting even closer to Elsa. Soon, Elsa could feel her cousin's breasts against her back and her stomach against her butt. Esméralda's hands reached for her breasts from behind and then slowly went down to her hips.

"Esmé…” Elsa warned.

"I'm just trying to figure out if your best-friend is truly, utterly straight. No way she could resist this."

"I can assure you, the only thing I can feel right now at looking at you fondling your own cousin is a bit of disgust!” Rapunzel replied with a slight smile.

"Well… I guess she truly is a hundred percent straight..."

Elsa laughed and moved away from her cousin, who didn't seem like she'd stop fondling her even now that the results of her so-called experiment were known.

They continued dancing for a while, both Elsa and Rapunzel directing the people trying to flirt with them to Esméralda, until Elsa thought she heard her name.

"Ms. Neige?” she heard from afar. And then, "Elsa? Oh, and Mrs. Fitzherbert too!"

Elsa turned around to see Jasmine amid a group of friends. She was a bit reassured knowing that it wasn't one of her current students.

"Well, hello Jasmine. I seem to be running into you quite often recently!" Elsa told the young woman. She was wearing such a short dress that Elsa was pretty sure anyone interested could easily have a look at her underwear.

"Yeah! At this rate, I'm going to start getting ideas!" The gorgeous model said with a wink. "Perhaps you're following me around, teacher?"

Elsa chuckled. "Well, we're in a gay club! What are you doing here?"

"I come here every Friday night with the girls. A few of them are bi, and that way our boyfriends don't get jealous!"

"I see..."

"So… will you introduce me to your new girlfriend?" she asked after a while.

"Huh?"

Esméralda came closer and smiled at her. "We're cousins. We were just having a little fun."

"Oh! I see… so are you still with Anna?"

Rapunzel looked at Elsa with big eyes, most likely wondering why Jasmine knew about that.

"N-no… I had no choice but to take my high school job back… so we had to break-up."

"Oh! You're back to being her teacher?"

"Y-yes."
"That's hot!"

"And illegal."

"Yeah… I guess…"

"So…" Esméralda started, "Are you one of Elsa's former students? Anna was cute, but you… my, are all your students hotties?" She asked Elsa.

Jasmine chuckled. "Only the ones she helps become models."

"Still, I'm starting to think I may have not chosen the right job…"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm a lingerie designer, but it seems I hadn't considered all the perks of being a high school teacher… I've just opened a shop in Arendelle, you might have come by in the last months."

"The new lingerie shop at the mall where Anna worked during summer? I love it! There is some really gorgeous stuff there… I might be wearing one of your articles right now."

"Well, now you got me even more interested…"

Elsa looked at Rapunzel quizzically as the two girls continued talking.

"Are they flirting?" Rapunzel asked. "I haven't done that in ages so I'm not sure."

"I… I guess," Elsa replied as Jasmine laughed heartily at one of Esmé's jokes. "Isn't Jasmine straight though?"

Rapunzel shrugged. "No idea."

"I did get the feeling she was flirting with me a few times… she kept mentioning that she had a boyfriend though."

"Yeah, she was dating a popular guy in high school. You know, the popular jock dating the sexy girl? They were the perfect cliché."

Elsa looked at them again and saw that the dancing was definitely growing hotter between the two. They stayed the four of them for a while, until Esméralda came over to Elsa. "I'm gonna go to the store with Jasmine."

"Huh?"

"I'm going to show her all the articles we have," she replied with a smirk. "She said she'd gladly model them for me," she added with a wink.

"Huh… ok. Just don't do stupid things, ok? She's actually a good girl. And I think she's straight."

Esméralda burst out laughing. "She's definitely not straight. As for being a good girl… hum… I'll tell you tomorrow morning!" Elsa rolled her eyes. "Don't worry, I'll behave. And don't do stupid things either, ok?" She asked more seriously. "Don't forget you're waiting for Anna. She must be thinking about you right now."

Elsa nodded. She hadn't planned to do anything stupid anyway, but it was nice to see how involved her cousin was in this. She may be goofing around all day long, but she supports me.
The two girls left, and Elsa found herself alone with Rapunzel.

"Wanna go somewhere else?" she asked her best-friend, and the blonde nodded vigorously. They left quickly enough, and searched for a quiet bar.

"Aren't we too old for this?" Rapunzel asked as they sat down with a sigh.

Elsa laughed. "I had the same thought the minute we entered the club."

"The music was too loud, everyone smelled and got too close to me for my own comfort, the drinks were insanely expensive..."

Elsa ordered an alcohol-free cocktail from the waitress and nodded. "And all those people trying to find someone to date or fuck..."

"Yep… shall we call it a night then?"

"I guess… at least I got to think about something other than my break-up for a few hours..."

Rapunzel smiled at her comfortably. "Don't worry, I'm sure everything will work out fine. Either you're really, really meant to be together and you will find your way back to each other after the end of the year, or you will realize that you're not and you'll find someone else quickly enough. It should be easier now."

Elsa sighed. "I'm not sure that's exactly what I wanted to hear, but thanks, I guess."

They continued talking while finishing their drinks and then went back to Elsa's car. She drove her best-friend to her place and then went back home. It was only when she finally ended up in her bed that a sense of deep loneliness crept up on her.

Seeing all those people in the nightclub looking for company, either romantically or just sexually was weighing on her. Why am I different? And just when I had found someone that clicked just right with me, she was taken from me.

It didn't help to think that Esméralda was most likely having sex with another conquest of hers right now, or that Rapunzel was back home with her loving husband, on her way to raise children and start a real family of her own.

The more she thought about all that, the lonelier she felt, and she couldn't help but imagine what would become of her if Anna didn't want to get back with her at the end of the year. I need her to tell me again that she will wait.

Anna was woken up in the middle of the night by her phone buzzing. Fuck, I forgot to turn it off... at this hour it must be spam.

She tried to go back to sleep, but a thought slowly crept into her mind. What if it is Elsa? No, as much as you wish, there's no way she'd text you... it must be Kris. Or Gaston. Anyway it can wait for tomorrow.

But what if it is Elsa?

Unable to get rid of that thought, she grabbed her phone and turned it on, wincing at the light blinding her. Oh fuck! It really was a text from Elsa, and it wasn't that late after all. She didn't know if she wanted to open it, though. What if she wants to tell me it's definitely over? That she won't wait for me...
Her heart was beating fast in her chest as she opened it.

**Are you awake?**

*Well, that's a surprising text after a week of ignoring me.* She almost wanted to text back *I am now*, but she refrained from it.

**Yes. Why?**

The reply came almost immediately.

**I feel alone. And sad.**

Anna bit her lip. She wanted to call her. For a moment she pictured the woman of her life curled up in her bed all alone, and it made her even sadder. She hesitated a moment, and then called. It seemed Elsa was hesitating too, because three long rings happened before she picked up the call.

"Anna?" Elsa asked over the phone. Her voice was nothing like the voice she used in class. It was warm and friendly and sad, and Anna almost cried with relief.

"Elsa! I missed you so much..."

"Me too Anna. You have no idea how hard it is for me to ignore you at school..."

"You're so cold! I thought you had already forgotten me..."

"Of course not! Anna, I swear I will wait for you. I have to pretend at school, but I love you. You know it."

Anna couldn't help but sob. That was all she wanted to hear.

"Anna?"

"Y-yes, sorry. I'm really happy, I was so worried..."

"I'm glad I sent you a text, then. I thought it wasn't a good thing to do, but I'm glad I did."

"Do... do you think we could call each other every weekend?"

"Anna... I'm not sure this is a good idea..."

"I know I'm going to worry again the next day when I see you acting all bossy and cold with me... I'm gonna need to be reassured again. Just one call on Fridays!"

"O-Ok... yes, maybe that wouldn't be that bad."

Anna smiled. "Great! And this way we'll have something to look forward to every week."

"Yes. I like this idea."

"So... why are you feeling so lonely?" Anna asked, rolling herself into a ball under her blanket and unable to stop smiling.

"I went out with Punzie and Esmé. Both of them went back home to someone, or with someone. I don't know, it's stupid but it made me all depressed out of nowhere."
"Well, I'm alone too. I wish we could be together, but it's gonna have to wait a little."

"Yes. I just needed to hear from you, and to be sure you still wanted to wait for me. I'm glad you called. What about you? How are you doing?"

"Well, way better now. I had a terrible week."

"Sorry..."

"It's not your fault."

The talk lasted long into the night, and Anna's eyes were closing on their own when they hung up. Still, she fell asleep with a smile on her face, and it must have been the first honest smile she had had in a week. *Seven days, and I'll get to speak to her again.*
With thoughts of Anna on her mind, Elsa smiled brightly as she woke up. It was nice knowing that Anna was still thinking about her. And their chat last night had really lifted her spirits. She grabbed her phone while still in bed, and searched through her photos to find the few she had of Anna. *She's so pretty…*

Even though she had memorised every curve, every shadow, every facet of her images of Anna, she studied them as if she were seeing them for the first time. Eventually, she got up and prepared breakfast. *Let's eat, then grab a shower—then I can work on my classes for next week.*

A knock on her door pulled her attention away from her laptop. She put the computer aside, stood up and opened the door only to find her cousin standing outside.

"Hey cuz!" Esméralda declared before pulling her into a huge hug.

"Hi. How was your night?" Elsa asked, closing the door behind them.

"Weird!"

"Weird?"

"Yeah!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it started off great. We went to my place, I showed her a few articles I'm working on for my next collection, and she even modelled some of them for me!"

"Huh. Ok, that all sounds pretty good," Elsa offered.

"Yeah! And she's smoking hot, let me tell you!"

"So…?"

"Well, we ended up making out and everything was going fine until she abruptly stopped me—said she never had sex with a woman before and she wanted to take it slow."

"How did you react?"

"Well, I was pretty damn frustrated but what was I gonna say? I told her I'd be happy to show her how great lesbian sex was, but she insisted that we were moving too fast."

"So, are you going to see her again?"

"Hmm, maybe… I don't know! It's not the way I usually operate!"

"Well, you may have to rethink this if you want to push it further."

"Do I, though? I mean… damn she was really, really hot… but what if she's just a straight girl that ends up baiting me forever?"

Elsa shrugged. "You know, it's perfectly fine to not have sex for a few weeks?"
"A few weeks? Are you crazy?!" Esméralda was exasperated. "I hope she didn't mean that by "slow"? I figured she meant a day, maybe two!"

Elsa laughed. "I've been waiting years; you can handle a few weeks. We'll be partners in abstinence!" Elsa joked.

"Hmm, partners… are you suggesting what I'm thinking?" Esméralda asked, resting her hands on Elsa's hips.

"I'm pretty sure I'm not," Elsa replied, redirecting Esméralda's curious hands away from her. "So, what are you gonna do?"

Esméralda sighed. "I'm not sure I'm ready to chase after a girl who might be straight and just a bit curious. On the other hand… you should have seen her wearing a blue lacy thong… her butt was dynamite! Which is even more surprising. I mean, people don't typically prance around in their underwear the first day you meet them, unless they're planning on having sex."

"Well, she has been modeling for a few months."

"True… oh, I should ask her to come work for me!"

Elsa face-palmed.

"What?"

"Esmé!" Elsa shook her head.

"Why not?"

"Because then, she'll think you're giving her the job in exchange for sex."

"And that's somehow bad?"

"Yes."

"Hmpf. If you say so… Anyway, enough about me! How did the rest of your night go?"

"Great!" Elsa replied with a smile.

"Oh, really? Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea to get you out a little. Although, Blondie clearly wanted you to forget all about Anna."

"Yeah, no… the club was terrible. We left soon after you did."

"Oh. So what happened after that? Don't tell me you both got drunk and ended up having sex?"

Elsa rolled her eyes. "You really have to start thinking about things other than sex. No, we went to a bar, then we got home and I nearly ended up crying myself to sleep."

"Sounds like a great night indeed…"

"I was feeling so down that I couldn't help myself and sent Anna a text. She called me moments later."

"Oh! How is she?"
"She was pretty depressed. She thought I had already given up on her. So I reassured her that that was hardly the case. She promised she'd wait for me, and we agreed to call each other every Friday."

"That sounds like a terrific idea."

"I think so!"

"Did you send each other sexy pics, too?"

Elsa rolled her eyes and decided not to answer.

Anna couldn't help but smile when she walked past Elsa on her way into the classroom. She had to make sure nobody noticed, but it was fun having this little secret. Elsa managed to play the part of the stoic teacher, but Anna knew it was only for show. Don't start panicking again. She told you a few days ago that she was going to wait.

"Is it ok if I sit here?" a girl Anna hardly recognized asked.

"Um… yeah, I guess," Anna replied. Kristoff sat on her left, and Merida was to the left of him. "Gaston typically sits there." Anna looked around and noticed that Gaston sitting further back. He winked at her and gave her a thumbs up. What's wrong with him?

"It doesn't like like he'll be sitting here today then!" the girl said before taking the spot next to her.

"Sorry… what's your name?" Anna asked. "I don't think you were in my class last year."

"I'm Belle, nice to meet you!" the girl pronounced with a cute smile.

"Belle? Like French for pretty?" Anna asked, surprised. The girl was pretty alright, with big hazel eyes and fair skin, but still, a name like "Belle" was a little pretentious.

"Yeah… I guess my parents thought they were being smart."

Anna chuckled. "I'm Anna."

"Oh, I know!"

Before Anna could think any further, Ms. Neige cleared her throat and Anna turned her head towards her gorgeous teacher and gave her an apologetic smile. Sorry Elsa! I'm all yours now! Hehe.

Belle tried to chat with her during class, but Anna was too busy drinking in every word from her beloved French teacher and devouring her with voracious eyes. She had no time for chit-chat, especially in this class. It really got on Anna's nerves when her classmates were disrespectful towards Elsa. Didn't they realize that they had the best teacher ever? They could, at least, be thankful and listen to her. Yeah, ok, I might be a bit biased, but still…

When the bell rang, signaling the class was over, Anna forced herself to exit the classroom immediately. She left with a simple "au revoir," and received a polite reply from her teacher.

"So, did you make any headway with Belle?" Gaston asked once they were out of the classroom.

"What do you mean?"
"Come on, you know what I mean!"

Anna looked at him suspiciously. Then, suddenly it clicked. "Were you behind this?"

"What?! No!"

"So Belle's gay?"

"Yeah! We went to middle school together and there were plenty of rumors."

"Rumors?"

"Ok, I started most of them, but still..."

Anna's brow furrowed. "Go on..."

"Ah, ok, I wasn't quite as worldly back then as I am today!"

"You mean... two years ago?"

"Yeah, exactly! So, I might have had a crush on her, but she kept turning me down every time I tried to ask her out! Well, it was pretty clear to me that she was gay. I mean... why else would she turn me down?"

Anna frowned. "Because you're a dumb-ass?"

"Alright, if this happened while we were in high school, it could make sense... but in middle school, girls couldn't care less! It was all about looks and popularity!"

Anna had to admit that he wasn't too far off the mark. "So you started spreading rumors about her when she rejected you?"

"Yeah, I know, I was a jerk. But look at me now... I'm a whole new Gaston, right?"

"Um..."

"Anyway, it doesn't change the fact that she's got to be gay. She sat right next to you, knowing you were gay, too. See where I'm going?"

"As much as I agree with ye on Gaston being a dumb-ass, he kinda has a point there," Merida piped in.

"Except for the fact that his whole argument is based on his assumption that Belle must be gay because she rejected him."

"Well... statistically... I've only ever been rejected by two girls! You, and Belle... just saying!"

Anna rolled her eyes. It was no use trying to argue with him.

"She's pretty though, right? It took me a while to get over her! What do you think?"

"Yeah, she's kinda beautiful."

"Kinda? Wow. High standards much?"

Well, you bet I have high standards. Nobody holds a candlestick to Elsa! "Well, yeah. I can be vain too!"
Gaston laughed. "I like that! Still, I think you should give her a try, even if it's just for mindless sex. I struck out, so you have to do her for me! I mean, do it for me!"

"Gaston, language!"

Elsa had been waiting for this moment over the entire week. She was so excited, but she also felt a little nervous as she less-than-patiently waited to call Anna at their arranged time. We said ten thirty… but it wouldn't be too bad if I call slightly early…

She changed into a nightshirt and took her phone to bed. The waiting was getting on her nerves. Why are we waiting for so late anyway? Although she knew why—Anna would have agreed to any hour, actually, but Elsa had thought that it would be safer to call later in the evening. They both wanted to keep the calls secret from Anna's parents, because Anna was pretty sure it would have been met with disapproval. Up until now, her parents had been understanding, but that understanding would be exhausted if they learned that Elsa was maintaining contact with their daughter. Are we taking risks? There's absolutely no way anyone could find out about our calls, right? Besides, even if the news got out, it might raise an eyebrow, but there's nothing really illegal about having phone conversations with your students.

Elsa couldn't stand waiting another second, so she called Anna. She had so many things to tell her, and she was dying to hear her sweet voice. Apparently, Anna had been waiting in anticipation too, because she picked up the call immediately.

"Hello Anna!"

"Hi Elsa!" Anna let out a nervous giggle. "It feels nice being able to call you Elsa again."

Elsa smiled. "I know, it feels weird when you call me Ms. Neige in class. So, how are you?"

"I'm fine. I miss you. But otherwise, everything's good."

"I miss you too…” Elsa said.

"So… um… I've been thinking…”

"Yes… ?" Elsa wasn't sure she liked how Anna began her sentence.

"I know we agreed to break up, but since we're talking again…”

"You know we can't see each other…” Elsa interrupted. She knew where this was going and she just couldn't take any more risks.

"Yeah, yeah I know! I wasn't planning on suggesting that"

"Ok then… what did you have in mind?"

"What if we agreed to having a sort-of long-distance relationship?"

"You do realize we see each other every day?" Elsa joked.

"Yeah, but then, we have to pretend we've never been together!"

"So what exactly do you mean?"

"Well… it's kinda stupid, but I'd feel better knowing you're still my girlfriend…”
Elsa couldn't help but smile at Anna's cute request. "I think I understand."

"You do? I know it won't change a thing, but that way we'll both still know we're together and maybe we won't be so scared of losing each other. And I... I want to feel like it's alright to tell you I love you when we call each other."

Elsa's heart fluttered and she suddenly felt like she was floating on air. "I love you too, Anna. And I'd be more than happy to be your girlfriend again. Even if we can't see each other for some time."

"Great! So that means we're back together, right?"

"Hmm, yes, I guess it does."

"Good. Awesome!" Anna cheerfully exclaimed. Her joy was infectious, and Elsa found herself grinning.

They both stayed quiet for a while, savouring the news, until Elsa spoke up. "Oh, while we're at it, I have more good news!"

"Really, what?"

"Well, first, you have to swear you'll keep it a secret."

"Hmmm, now you've got me curious. Can't I tell Kris and Merida at least?"

"Nope. This has to stay between us for now!"

"Ok, tell me!"

"I'm organizing a trip to France for school," Elsa announced. She hoped Anna would like it.

"What? Awesome!" her girlfriend replied. "Fuck, my parents must have heard me."

Elsa laughed. "I thought you'd like it."

"Of course I do! That's amazing. When will it be?"

"I'm not quite sure yet, I've just started looking into the details."

"Will we go to Paris?" Anna asked.

"Well, I think it'd be disappointing if we didn't, right?"

"For sure!"

"And I did promise you I'd take you there someday. Although, this isn't exactly how I pictured it, but still..."

"Yeah, but it's ok! We'll have plenty more occasions to go, just the two of us!"

"For sure!"

"What about other teachers? Will any be going on this trip?"

"Yeah, Punzie, um, I mean, Rapunzel's coming, too. And, depending on the student turn-out, more teachers may be needed."
"My guess is that you'll have a lot of people signing up. Who wouldn't want to go?"

"Well, it's not going to be cheap, even after the school subsidises a portion. Do you think your parents will agree to let you go?"

"Yeah. I'll offer to pay with my own money if they protest. Hell, I'll even go back to work on the weekends if I have to! You think Esméralda still needs someone?"

"I don't know… oh, by the way! You wouldn't believe what happened over the past week with her!" Elsa herself still had a hard time believing it.

"Hmmm… normally I'd guess a lot of partying and a different hook-up every night." Anna stated mischievously. "Honestly, I can't believe you two are related sometimes."

"Well, you better sit down, because she's on a date right now. With Jasmine."

"What?!"

"Yeah. And there's more. They had a date earlier this week, and they only met last weekend. They still haven't gotten intimate with each other, but Esméralda is hanging in there, in spite of herself, I suspect she might be falling for Jasmine. She's playing it cool though, even when she's around me, but I can see right through her."

"Wow. That's great!"

"Yes, I think so too…"

They talked about Elsa's cousin for some time, until Elsa redirected the conversation to something she had noticed during the week. "So… I see you've made a new friend?"

"Huh?"

"Belle," Elsa replied, trying to sound as casual as possible. Truth was, she felt a little nervous about this new turn of events.

"Oh! Yeah, I don't know… I wouldn't exactly call her a friend yet."

"I see… she seems nice… what a pretentious name though!"

Anna laughed. "Yeah. Big-headed much?"

"She is pretty, though."

"Hmmm… should I be worried?" Anna asked. "Have you set your eyes on another student of yours?"

"Oh my God, no!" Elsa exclaimed. "The thought never even crossed my mind. Why would I do that when I have the best girlfriend I could ever hope for? And just in case you didn't already know, you're way prettier than her."

Anna stifled a giggle, "Thanks."

"So… the two of you aren't really friends?"

"Not really. She just sits next to me in French class."
"I see…"

"Gaston knew her from middle school."

"Ok, here's something I totally don't get… How did you and Gaston ever end up as friends?"

"Well, he's been a lot less obnoxious ever since I came out."

"Uh-huh…" Elsa heard Anna yawn on the other end. "Tired?"

"A little bit."

"Well, we should get to bed then."

"I already am in bed," Anna replied.

"Yeah, me too. I'm a bit sleepy as well."

"Ok! It's probably a good idea to say 'goodnight' then"

"Sweet dreams, Anna. I love you."

"Love you, too!"

"You're looking suspiciously happy this morning!" Agnarr observed over breakfast.

Anna tried to stop smiling. She was so excited Elsa had agreed to be her girlfriend last night.

"I noticed you were on the phone last night," Iduna said.

Shit. She took another sip of her hot chocolate and pretended she hadn't heard.

"Did you make a new friend?" Agnarr asked.

"Huh… actually, yeah!" Anna replied. She didn't want to lie to her parents about Elsa, so she figured she'd give them a partial truth. Or, maybe, an alternate truth.

"Oh, who is she?"

"Her name's Belle. Silly name, I know. I even said as much."

"Why's that? I like it," Agnarr commented while Iduna laughed.

"So… would that friend of yours be gay?" Anna's mother asked.

Anna rolled her eyes. She was fine telling them that she had a new friend, but there was no way she was going to drag Belle into all this, especially since she didn't want them to think she had given up on Elsa.

"Maybe, but I'm definitely not interested."

"Why not?"

"You know why."

"Well… if you're single, you can definitely date someone else…" Iduna noted.
"Mom… I'm not interested. And I'm waiting for Elsa. She's waiting too, and we'll be back together soon. You need to get used to the idea."

Iduna mumbled something Anna didn't hear.

"So, what's got you so happy then?" Agnarr asked.

Anna sighed. Should I tell them? After all, they took it rather well this summer. And what are they gonna do if they don't like it? Forbid me from calling her? It's not like they actually could. Would they make a move against Elsa? I guess not, they know I would never forgive them. Besides, I think dad kinda likes her.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Well, of course we do!"

"Elsa called me last night," Anna announced. "I know, mom, you don't like it. But I miss her so much, and she misses me, too. We just agreed to call each other once a week. It's no big deal. It helps both of us know that we're still thinking about each other."

"And what's next?" Iduna asked. "Seeing each other outside of school? Or worse, getting caught at school doing god knows what?"

"You're overreacting."

"Really? She didn't wait a week to start calling you! A week!"

Anna didn't quite know how to reply so she stayed quiet. She tried looking at her dad for support, but he simply shrugged.

"I thought you were starting to act like an adult, but you're still irresponsible."

Anna bit her lip. "At least I'm being honest with you. If you knew all the crap other teenagers did behind their parents' backs…"

Iduna shook her head angrily and left the kitchen. Anna ended up alone with her dad.

"She really doesn't like Elsa, does she? She keeps thinking I'm going to forget her."

Agnarr sighed. "She's just worried about you. You have to admit, you didn't find the easiest choice for your first love."

"Hmpf. Maybe, but all I ask is that you trust me, and that you believe me when I say that we love each other."

"I know, kiddo." Agnarr said as he stood up. "You'll understand when you're older. At least I hope you will." With that he ruffled her hair and left to go find his wife.
"Well, see you tomorrow, Anna!" exclaimed Belle as she left French class. Belle always sat next to her now, but they barely saw each other outside of class.

"Sure!" Anna replied, accidentally knocking her pencil case off her desk as she swung around to acknowledge the girl. Damn it. By the time she finished picking up the contents that had scattered all over the floor, she was left alone in the classroom. Well, not exactly alone. Everyone had left except Elsa.

"Sorry," she apologized. The mishap was mildly embarrassing and she could feel a touch of heat in her cheeks.

"It's fine," Elsa replied. Anna couldn't help but notice that Elsa had dropped her business-like tone. Well, we are alone after all.

She smiled, and Elsa smiled back at her. Anna glanced at the door to make sure nobody was there. It was tempting to say more, but it was too risky. We've managed to keep everything a secret for a month—don't fuck this up now. But God, I'm not sure I'll be able to keep this up all the way to summer...

"Anna," Ms. Neige called in her teacher's voice.

"Yes?"

"Can you please close the door?"

"Y-yes," Anna responded. She noticed Elsa quickly lowering the blinds as she went to obey her teacher's order.

"I miss you so much," Elsa confessed as she approached her.

Anna was surprised by the sudden turn of events. "Yeah… me too."

Elsa brushed her arm as she went to lock the door with her key, and the action was enough to send a shiver down Anna's spine. God, calm yourself, Anna!

Once the door was properly locked, Elsa looked at her girlfriend and gave her a bright smile that made Anna weak in the knees. I love her so much...

"You're beautiful..." Anna told her girlfriend. Some girlfriend... we haven't kissed or touched in over a month...

Elsa looked around and then back at Anna. "I want to kiss you so much, you have no idea."

Anna blushed and tried to contain herself. Don't do it! It's too risky, even with the door locked and the blinds down! "I have every idea..." Anna mumbled.

"But we can't," Elsa sighed.

"Right..."
"I mean… if we do, even if it's just a quick peck, we'll just end up doing it again, and again," Elsa reasoned.

"And one day we'll get caught," Anna continued.

"And neither of us want that." Elsa took a step closer.

"No."

"It's too dangerous."

"Yeah, even if we both really, really, really want this," Anna acknowledged, glancing at her teacher's plump red lips. Her heart was racing.

"We can't do this, not even once..."

"No..." Anna agreed, taking a step closer as well. They were so close now that Anna could feel the heat from Elsa's body, and it already felt pretty hot in the room.

Elsa put her arms around her waist and Anna abandoned herself into the embrace. They joined their foreheads—it took all of Anna's will not to reach for her lips.

"I love you..." Elsa whispered, and Anna could feel her hot breath over her skin.

"I love you, too..."

She almost cried. They were so close, and they loved each other so much, yet they couldn't act on their feelings.

"I really miss you… I'm not sure how I'm gonna make it until summer..." Anna added, closing her eyes.

She felt Elsa move, her forehead leaving hers, and soon she felt tender lips pushing against her own. Anna was surprised, but she had missed those lips for so long that she kissed her back immediately, ignoring her fear of being discovered.

"We shouldn't..." Elsa panted, but Anna silenced her with another kiss. It felt like all her worries vanished instantly. She was with the woman of her dreams, they loved each other and there was nothing to worry about. Anna put her arms around her lover's neck and opened her mouth to welcome her tongue. She felt Elsa's hands roam over her hips and waist, the touches driving her wild.

She moaned into the kiss as Elsa pushed her gently against the door.

"Oh… Elsa..." Anna keened as the kisses became more passionate. They hadn't touched each other for a month, and all the pent up sexual frustration and tension broke loose. Anna couldn't control herself. She could feel her body reacting longingly as hungry lips devoured her own.

"Anna..." Elsa moaned back.

Anna's hands left her girlfriend's neck to reach lower, cupping Elsa's full, heavy breasts. _God, they're even better than I remember._ All she wanted was to tear the fabric of her teacher's white blouse, or to rip out all the buttons, but a small voice in the back of her mind told her that she couldn't leave any evidence about what was happening here. So instead, she nervously unbuttoned each button while Elsa's lips moved from Anna's mouth to her neck.
The blouse finally gave way, and Anna's hands went directly to her teacher's breasts. Elsa wore a lacy white bra, and Anna gently kneaded the firm mounds while struggling to breathe under her current level of excitement. Her body was on high alert, with all her senses in overload. Erect nipples strained against her bra, and her heart was beating like she had just run ten miles. Every kiss on her neck felt like a burn.

"You're wet..." Elsa whispered and Anna realized that her teacher had her hand down her skirt. Elsa gently stroked the outside of her panties and Anna cried out, bucking her hips forward, pressing further into Elsa's hand.

"Shhh..."

Anna tried to keep quiet by closing her mouth and biting her lip. She had never felt so horny. It was as if the need for sexual relief had taken over, making even breathing seem secondary. When she felt fingers dip in under her panties, Anna yanked so hard on Elsa's bra that the front ripped open.

"Oh, Ms. Neige..." Anna moaned. Two of the most magnificent breasts Anna had ever seen spilled out from the bra. Creamy skin crowned by mouth-watering pink areolae teased her with their presence.

"Shhh..." Elsa repeated between kissing the crook of Anna's neck.

"I-I need you to con-continue what you're doing..." Anna managed to say. She reached for Elsa's now bare breasts and marveled at how soft, yet firm each globe felt in her hands. Elsa's nipples were rock hard, and Anna fingered them gently.

Fingers moved away from her panties. "Why... why did you stop?" Anna asked. Her body yearned for relief, but the exquisite sensations abruptly stopped with the removal of Elsa's hand.

"I need to take these off," Elsa said as she lowered her student's panties. "God, you're so sexy in your school uniform."

Anna felt a fresh breeze as her wet sex was exposed to the air, but Elsa's fingers soon went back to where they had been not long ago. She arched her back as she felt her teacher's fingers reach her clitoris. Her legs felt wobbly and Anna reluctantly removed a hand from Elsa's cleavage to support herself on a nearby desk.

"E... Ms... Ms. Neige..." she moaned as the teacher gently but firmly rubbed her clitoris.

"Oh, Anna... I love the way your body responds when I touch you..."

Anna bit her lip again to stop herself from moaning. She felt herself getting closer and closer to an orgasm, pleasure bubbling up inside her. And then she came. Waves of pleasure rippled through her body, and she hugged her sexy teacher tightly as she lost control of her body.

"Elsa!" she moaned as the older woman continued stimulating her.

Anna had experienced a few orgasms before, but this one felt particularly long and powerful. She tried to enjoy it as long as she could, but the hard fact that she was actually alone in her bed ended up ruining it. Sadly, Elsa was across town, oblivious to Anna's need and desire.

She opened her eyes and sighed, feeling simultaneously satisfied and empty. Her whole body tingled wonderfully. *Damn that was awesome, but the love of my life isn't here to share the moment—it's only making me feel more desperate to see her...*
It was still pretty dark in her room. Anna figured it was the middle of the night. A quick glance at her phone confirmed it. She often dreamed of Elsa, and quite a number of these dreams had been of a sexual nature lately. When she woke up from them, she felt so horny that the best thing to do was to cook up some juicy scenario or finish the dream on her own.

She grabbed a tissue from her bedside table to wipe her hands and checked her underwear. *Damn, I really made a mess down there.* She kicked her wet panties out of bed but was too tired to get up and fetch a new pair.

Still, she grabbed her phone and looked at a photo of Elsa before going back to sleep with a smile on her face. *She's so beautiful, and she loves me.*

Elsa was pretty excited to get to work today because she was going to announce the trip to France to her students. *I hope they'll like it.*

Esméralda left the guest room while Elsa was putting on her shoes.

"Hi babe!" the dark-skinned woman said.

"Hey, Esmé. You know, you're gonna have to stop calling me that now that you have a girlfriend," Elsa teased.

Esméralda rolled her eyes. "I don't have a girlfriend!"

"You've been seeing Jasmine for how long now…? A month? And, I might add, without seeing anyone else in the meantime."

"Yeah, so what? That doesn't mean a thing!"

"You like her."

"Of course. She's super hot."

Elsa couldn't help but smile. Her cousin really was being pig-headed about the whole thing. "My cousin's in love!"

"What? Nonsense!"

"You're so cute when you're in denial."

Esméralda mumbled something mean and went to the kitchen to make coffee.

"Anyway, I'm off to work. See you tonight?"

Esméralda bit her lip.

"What?" Elsa asked.

"I won't be sleeping here."

"Oh, you're staying at your place?"

"No..."

"Staying at your girlfriend's?"
"Ye-no! She's not my girlfriend! But yeah, Jasmine got a new flat so we're gonna inaugurate it. Stop grinning!"

Elsa was still grinning when she left the house for work. *I hope things work out between them in the long run.* She could see herself going on double dates with Anna and them. *Well, that'll have to wait until the end of the school year...*

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It was Friday, and like every other Friday, Anna was excited. Friday meant she started school with French class. And, more than that, it meant she'd get to talk to her girlfriend tonight. Now that her parents were aware of their calls, she didn't wait for nightfall to call, and this way they got to talk even longer to each other.

"Hey Anna!" Belle greeted as she joined her group of friends. Kristoff and Merida were on the verge of starting a make-out session, so Anna was rather pleased with Belle's arrival.

"Hi, Belle."

"Can I talk to you?" the girl asked nervously.

"Sure!" Anna answered.

"Alone?" Belle asked, giving Kristoff and Merida a side-look.

"I doubt they'll hear anything..."

"Still..." Belle insisted.

"Ok, sure"

They left Kristoff and Merida behind and Belle spoke up again. "I... um... I was wondering if you'd like to go out this weekend. There's a movie I wanted to see."

"Really, which one?" Anna asked. Like everyone else, she liked going to the movies, but she wasn't keen on spending ten dollars to see a boring film.

"There's a new romantic comedy with one of my favourite actresses."

"Well, yeah, why not? I think Merida mentioned it, too. The three of us could go if I can manage to get her away from Kris!"

"Well... um... I mean... I thought it would just be the two of us, " Belle nervously responded.

"Huh, why?" Anna wondered if something had happened between Belle and Merida. *They're not the best of friends, but I never noticed them avoiding each other...*

"Well... I... I kinda like you... a lot," she admitted, her cheeks burning red.

*Oh fuck! Gaston was right! *"I-um..." Anna mumbled, trying to figure out what to say next. She had rejected boys a few times before, but it felt different this time. She didn't want to hurt Belle, especially since she was basically admitting she was gay by asking her out. *I'm sorry... I'm not... I mean..."

"Don't you like me?" Belle asked. "I know you're gay too so..."

"It's... um... it's complicated," Anna answered. "I'm kinda seeing someone already..."
"Oh. I see…” Belle's demeanor visibly sank. "Well, nevermind then. Sorry."

She left so quickly that Anna couldn't tell her she really was seeing someone else and she watched Belle flee. Damn. *This makes me sadder than ever. I mean, I'm the only girl who came out as a lesbian in the entire school. I must have seemed like her only chance at finding a girlfriend here.*

"What was that about?" Kris asked as he joined her alongside Merida.

"Nothing important…” Anna downplayed her interaction with Belle, knowing it wouldn't be fair to out the other girl to her friends on top of rejecting her.

A bell rang, and they walked to class. Elsa was already there, in all her splendour, and Anna blushed, remembering her naughty interlude from last night. How could I not dream of her? She's a walking goddess.

"Bonjour madame!" she announced as she arrived, smiling. *Oh, I'm going to tease her mercilessly when we finally get together. I'll continue calling her Ms. Neige or madame just to give her a hard time.*

"Bonjour, Anna," Elsa replied using her cold, business-like voice. *Brrr, you could at least show me some love! You weren't nearly this cold last year!*

Her friends sat down and Anna noticed that Belle sat in the rear instead of sitting next to her. *I guess that would have been awkward. Still, we're not going to avoid each other forever, right?*

Gaston sat next to her instead. "Trouble in paradise?" he whispered. "Did you have sex with Belle and then tell her to get lost?"

"Nope."

"Hmmm… I smell something fishy here."

"Anna, stop chatting," Ms. Neige ordered, and Anna straightened up.

"Sorry, " she replied, forcing herself not to smile.

"En français…"

"Désolée madame!"

"I'm actually going to talk to you in English now," Ms. Neige told the class. "I have an announcement to make, and I think you'll like it!"

*Is it about the trip? Finally! It's been so hard hiding it from Kris and Merida!*

"I'm planning a school trip to France this winter, and all French students are welcome to participate."

Before she could say more, half the class erupted in joy and she couldn't continue. She was smiling though, so Anna thought she was happy that her students were so excited.

"Calm down, let me give you all the details before you get so excited."

She spent the next fifteen minutes telling them about the trip. It was going to be in January, and they would spend four days in Paris and two days in the French countryside, staying with locals.
"You're going to have to share your rooms with one or two other students, by the way."

"I can share mine with Ms. Neige if she wants..." Gaston whispered to Anna, who shot him a death glare.

"And no mixed rooms."

A few students complained about that, but Elsa shushed them down.


Anna ignored him and listened to Elsa instead. She was pretty excited about this trip and she wanted to know everything about it. *I'll ask her for more details later this evening.*

"Think you'll get yourself a French girl there?" Gaston whispered to her.

*I already have one.*

Elsa was still eating dinner when her phone rang. She was pleasantly surprised to see that it was Anna, who was calling her earlier than usual. She picked up the call quickly.

"Hi Anna!"

"Bonsoir madame!"

Elsa rolled her eyes. "Please don't call me that, it makes me feel like some old woman!"

Anna giggled. "Sorry."

"So, are you excited for the trip? What did the other students say?"

"Everyone's pretty hyped about it!"

"Great," Elsa replied. "You think they will all want to come?"

"Maybe not, but most of us are interested."

To be honest, Elsa wished there wouldn't be too many students enrolling. She'd need other teachers to come with her if there were too many, and frankly she'd prefer to go with just Rapunzel.

"Well, maybe the price will be an obstacle for some. What about your parents? What did they say?"

"They offered to pay for it as my Christmas gift, so it's all good!"

"Great!" It wouldn't have been the same if Anna wasn't coming.

"So... did you find me the best room yet?" Anna asked. "I mean, dating the organizing teacher must come with some benefits!"

"Really? Isn't dating me a big enough benefit already?" Elsa asked teasingly.

"Well, yeah, but you know, I'm a successful girl too! I had to turn someone down again today!"

"What? Who? And why again?" Elsa asked, feeling her heart jump in her chest.
"Haha, you guess."

Elsa knew she had nothing to worry about, but she still felt terrible. Someone else was into Anna, someone her age and who could date her without any complications.

"Elsa?"

"Ye-yeah… huh, I don't know?"

"Aw, come on! I'm sure you can guess who she is!"

And a girl too… so they could definitely date. "Belle?" Elsa asked, hoping it wasn't her. Please be some ugly duckling.

"Yes! Noticed how she didn't sit with me today?"

"Y-yeah… I thought Gaston took her place. So… what did you tell her?"

"That I couldn't go out with her, obviously."

"I'm glad," Elsa said, still a bit worried.

"Elsa? Are you being serious?" Anna asked.

"Wha-what? Well, yeah."

"Are you jealous?" the girl asked teasingly.

"Well… yeah! Of course!" She quickly pictured Anna kissing Belle and realised that she just couldn't stand it. Damn, it would drive me crazy.

"Hehe, that's cute!"

"No it's not! I'm worried!"

Anna laughed again. "Really? The almighty Ms. Neige is being jealous of a 17 year old girl? Just because she's into me…"

Elsa grunted. "I love you, I just don't like knowing that someone else is into you…"

"Awwww, poor teacher… her favorite student is being chased by another one…"

"Anna! I'm going to actually sulk if you continue!"

"Hehe, just let me enjoy the fact that you're being possessive with me."

"Of course I am…" Elsa said grudgingly. "So you made sure she understood that you weren't interested?"

"Yeah, I told her I was already seeing someone."

"Ok… think she's gonna pry?"

"I don't think so… she ignored me for the rest of the day. If she asks I'll tell her I'm dating a teacher for good grades and other benefits. Like getting the best room for the trip!"

"Anna!" Elsa complained.
"Ok, fine. I'll tell her I'm dating the most beautiful and kindhearted woman I know. And that I've recently discovered that she can be a bit over-possessive, so she should watch herself if she doesn't want to disappear in some dark street in Paris and never be seen again."

"That's more like it," Elsa agreed. "Now, tell me about your week…"

Chapter End Notes

Notes : So, did you watch Frozen 2 yet ? I haven't, but I've heard there's plenty of Elsanna moments in it!

What's sure is that I got plenty of new readers last week and that's awesome :P
Chapter 37

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Elsa was on the phone talking to her mom in French. "Yes, mom, everything's going great."*

"Are you still in a relationship with that woman you were trying to keep secret from us?" her mother asked.

"Hmm… yes and no—it's complicated."

"Oh, really? What's the problem? I was really rooting for you!"

"Well, she… work got between us and we can't physically see each other for a time, but we're both pretty committed to each other, and plan on resuming our relationship when things ease up."

"Oh, okay. I hope things work out for you two..."

"Thanks, mom. Anyway, I wanted to tell you that I'll be back in France this winter."

"You're coming for Christmas, right?"

"Yes, of course. But I'm organizing a trip to France for my students. Punzie's helping. Maybe we'll find a way to see each other one evening?"

"Yes, of course! That's great news! We'll make sure of it. But let's get back to that girlfriend of yours..."

Elsa was trying to avoid the topic when the doorbell rang. "Sorry mom, someone's at the door! I'll call you back later!"

"Elsa, we're not finished yet!"

With a sigh of relief, Elsa hung up and went to the door. She was surprised to see Esméralda standing outside, with garment bags in her hands.

"Oh, I haven't seen you in a while!" Elsa blurted, only realizing afterwards that her tone was reproachful. Her cousin was still seeing Jasmine, and she was spending less and less time with Elsa.

"Yep, sorry! But I'm here today and I have great news!"

"Oh, really?" Elsa asked suspiciously, wondering what exactly was in the garment bags.

"Guess what? We're going to a Halloween party tonight!"

"Are we now?" Elsa looked at her cousin with her eyebrow raised. "Wasn't Halloween two days ago?" A few kids had come by trick-or-treating; and fortunately, Elsa had been prepared.

"Well, yeah, but most people have trouble going to a party on a weekday."

"I don't know… I don't really like Halloween parties."
Esméralda frowned. "I'm afraid you don't understand. I wasn't asking. We're going to this party, period. Jasmine is organizing it at her new place. It'll give you a chance to see her... I mean, now that she's my, you know."

"Is it really that hard for you to say?" Elsa asked, laughing.

"Yes. Anyway, I brought you some costumes!"

"Oh, God. Let me guess," Elsa commented sarcastically. "Slutty nurse, slutty schoolgirl, slutty bunny... what else?"

"I can see you know your classics! Come on, try them out!"

"I'm not wearing anything too risqué," Elsa warned, realizing she had already, more or less, accepted the invitation. Well, it could be fun. Besides, I haven't been out in a while. Although, I did plan on finishing my book..."

"Well, let's not try this one then." Esméralda grinned, putting one of the garment bags aside on the couch. "All the others are pretty decent."

"Sure..." Elsa replied before grabbing the costumes her cousin handed her and leaving for her bedroom. Esméralda followed her to the door.

"Ask if you need any help!" she exclaimed from the other side.

"Are you sure your girlfriend wouldn't mind?"

"I don't know. She might actually want to watch."

Elsa rolled her eyes and closed the door on her cousin. She picked a bag and unzipped it, curious to see what kind of crazy costumes Esmé had brought her. The first bag revealed a she-devil costume or succubus or whatever it was, which Elsa quickly eliminated. What could be worse than that? I'm gonna have to check out the one she left in the living room...

Another garment bag revealed a bunny costume, which she also eliminated. She opened the remaining bags. What do I have left... witch, schoolgirl and nurse? All in their slutty versions, obviously...

Her preference clearly went to the schoolgirl outfit, but for all the wrong reasons. She couldn't help but think of Anna in her own uniform while looking at it. I can't wear that, it would be too perverted. After further examination, she decided the witch costume wasn't that good and put it aside as well. Well, slutty nurse then... it was a fetish she could understand, so she tried it on. Unfortunately, it was way too short and there was no way she would be willing to leave the house like that.

The door opened slightly and Esmeralda peeked through the opening. "So, did you make up your mind?"

"Hmpf."

"Oh, the nurse... I like that. Fantastic butt!"

"I can't wear it. It's way too short."

"I like it... nice panties by the way," Esméralda remarked, eyeing her up and down.
"That settles it. I'm definitely not wearing it. Come on, close the door."

Her cousin stuck her tongue out, but did as she was told and Elsa undressed to put on the schoolgirl outfit. It consisted of a short black pleated skirt with a red stripe decorating the hem, a white top with a red collar and a red and black tie. She put on a pair of white thigh-high stockings and looked at herself in the mirror. It was clearly sexy, but not overly slutty. Still, dressing as a sexy schoolgirl seemed pretty naughty to her, considering her profession. *What if anyone from school sees me like this? I'll have to make sure nobody takes photos of me.*

"Ooh, I love it!" Esméralda remarked, and Elsa noticed that she had opened the door again. "Quite naughty of you!"

"Yeah… I'm not sure if this is appropriate."

"Aww, come on! It's not that bad! You look so cute! I'll put your hair in twin braids!"

Elsa hesitated. But to be honest, she liked what she saw in the mirror. *I should send a picture to Anna; she would totally love it.* She knew it was a bad idea, though.

"What are you going as?" Elsa asked her cousin.

"Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy. Jasmine is into superheroes."

"Hmm… this is getting pretty serious! Going to parties in couple's costumes and everything…"

"It was her idea!" Esméralda protested.

"But you love it," Elsa replied, enjoying teasing her cousin. She was clearly embarrassed. "I get the feeling she has you wrapped around her little finger. That's not like you!"

"Tsk, nonsense. I'm the one calling the shots. The important ones. Anyway, let's do your hair and add some make-up!"

"Of course, Esmé. Of course."

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"I'm too old to go trick-or-treating," Anna told Merida over the phone.

"I'm not asking you to go trick-or-treating with me! It's a party!" Merida replied.

"Why? Besides, Halloween was two days ago!" She didn't really feel like going out, especially to a party where she wouldn't know anyone. "And how do you know these people anyway?"

"They… um… they're friends ah mah fowk," Merida replied with a strong Scottish accent. *She always lapses into her brogue when there's something fishy going on.*

"Ah don't want tae go alone, please!"

"Ask Kris." *He's your boyfriend, let him take you instead!*

"I would, but he's got a hockey game! You know all about it—he's been talking about it all week. Anyhow, he's gone the whole weekend."

"And you're not going with him?" Anna asked, trying to make her feel guilty so she wouldn't be dragged to this party.
"Nah, it's too far. Besides, we're long overdue for a girl's night out!"

Anna sighed. "Let me guess, it's a costume party... I don't even own a costume! The last time I went trick-or-treating I was thirteen, or twelve or something."

"Well, that means we can go shopping. We still have time!"

"No way I'm going to spend money on a costume that I'm just going to wear one night!" *At a boring party... where I won't know anyone but Merida...*

"We'll rent them. I'll pay!"

"Ugh..."

"Let's meet up at the mall! I'm leaving right now! See you!"

The phone went dead and Anna sat on her bed, sighing. *So much for my quiet evening.* She changed into clothes appropriate for shopping and went downstairs.

"Going out?" her father asked.

"Yeah... Merida's dragging me to a Halloween party tonight. I'm off to the mall to rent a costume."

"Aren't you a little old for trick-or-treating?" her father teased.

"That's exactly what I said!"

"Well, have fun. It's good that you get out from time to time, just don't drink too much."

"Of course."

"You need a ride?" he asked.

"Nah, I'll just take the tram. Thanks, dad!"

A short while later she found herself at the mall. She called Merida to figure out where they'd meet, and then they both headed off to the costume shop.

"So, what do you want to go as?" Anna asked her friend.

"I have no idea! I've never been to a Halloween party! Or trick-or-treating."

"Really? They don't do that in Scotland?"

"Well, the kids would go guising, but that's a bit different. Let's see what costumes they've got..."

Anna was a bit surprised to see how revealing some of the costumes were. "Is it me or do most of these costumes belong in Esmé's shop?"

"Yeah, a lot of them are pretty wild, but that's part of the fun."

"We can always go buy some kids costumes on closeout. We're not that tall."

Merida hesitated for a while. "Well, I think the general atmosphere tonight will be closer to this," she said, holding up a Hogwart's costume with a skirt twice as short as it should have been, "rather than that," pointing to a clown costume.
"Are you sure about this?"

"Aww, come on, we're almost eighteen! We can have a little fun. I'll send a picture to Kris; he'll love it. Maybe you can send a sexy pic to Ms. Neige as well!"

"Shhh!" Anna reproached, as her head turned from left to right. There were so many people in the store anybody could hear them.

"Well, let's try to find some middle ground—something between innocent and slutty!"

"Yeah, good luck with that..."

It took them a while, but Merida ended up settling on a Tinkerbell costume that wasn't overly short and Anna opted for a vampire costume she fell in love with. It was a beautiful, floor length, black dress with a plunging neckline and black lace sleeves. The dress itself had a deep slit that would expose a leg, but there was a layer of black lace covering her arms and her whole body down to her feet. To be sure she was worried about both the neckline and the slit—they were pretty racy.

"Let's try them on!" Merida suggested.

They quickly found the changing rooms and Anna went inside. She carefully shimmied into her costume and admired herself in the mirror. The dress hugged her body, but she was still worried about the plunging neckline although it really worked wonders with her perky, modest-sized breasts. But she absolutely loved the lace sleeves which extended past her wrists.

"What do you think?" she asked Merida, opening up the curtain.

"You're gorgeous!"

"Isn't it a bit too sexy?"

"Are you kidding? No, that's perfect! You look ravishing! With the right make-up and maybe a few accessories, you'll be quite the alluring vampiress."

"Well, it's settled then. I'll take it! Your turn, now!"

"We're gonna be late!" Elsa urged her cousin to hurry up.

"Nonsense. How can you be late to a party? Besides, it's at Jasmine's place. I practically live there, so it's almost as if the party is at my place. You can't be late to your own party."

"Oh, so you practically live at your girlfriend's? You're moving even faster than I thought!"

"What? No, I just meant I sleep there once in a while."

"I see..." Elsa teased.

"Oh, are you jealous, babe? I can sleep at your house this week if you want. We can even share your bed."

"Don't try to change the subject!" Elsa replied. "And no, I'm not jealous, I'm actually quite happy for you."

When Esméralda parked next to a building, it became apparent that they had arrived. "Here we are."
"I hope I won't run into anyone I know," Elsa commented, straightening her skirt in the elevator. "That would be embarrassing."

"Well, that'd be a pretty wild coincidence," Esméralda replied with a smirk.

They left the elevator and Esméralda knocked on a door. Jasmine opened it and smiled at both of them.

"Welcome! We've been waiting for you two!"

"See, I told you we were late," Elsa told her cousin.

"Oh, don't worry. It's all good!" Jasmine replied, giving Elsa a quick hug. Then she grabbed Esméralda by the collar and kissed her passionately. "Hey, sweetie."

"Hi, you," Esméralda purred and Elsa was shocked to see her cousin so comparatively docile. She's like putty in her hands.

"Come in, come in! Great costume, Ms. Neige! I always knew you had a thing for schoolgirls!"

God! How embarrassing. I should have gone with the nurse's costume even if it meant flashing my panties to everyone.

Elsa scanned the room and noticed quite a few beautiful women. They must be Jasmine's colleagues. Then, she stopped dead as she noticed a girl that looked exactly like Anna—except that there would be no way that Anna would be here.

"That girl looks just like Anna," she remarked to Esméralda. "Is she a friend of Jasmine's? I've always told Anna that she could be a model!" The woman was wearing a gorgeous black dress with lace sleeves, and had on dark eye-shadow along with bright red lipstick. She looked fantastic. Hold on Elsa, that's another woman you're gawking at.

"Oh, no, I think that's Anna, alright," Esméralda stated flatly.

Elsa blinked a few times. "What?"

"Yeah, and there's her friend, Merida, right next to her!"

"What the… what's going on here?!" Elsa inquired, as she noticed a girl dressed like Tinkerbell next to her redheaded vampire.

Anna stopped abruptly when she saw the two newcomers. It was without a doubt Elsa and Esméralda. She was too shocked to even take the time to enjoy the view.

"Oh my god! Elsa is here!" she whispered to Merida. "What should I do?"

"What, really? What a coincidence!" Merida acted like she was surprised.

"We have to leave right now!"

"Don't be ridiculous, that would be rude. We just got here not that long ago. Besides, nobody knows ye and Elsa are here, except for me and Esméralda."

"Still, it's too dangerous… and Elsa's gonna think I went to this party behind her back, I never mentioned it when I was talking to her yesterday! And I'm wearing this stupid costume!"
"Relax, you didn't even know about this yesterday… besides, she obviously didn't mention it either, right?"

"True… damn she's sexy…"

She saw Esméralda approach them, dragging Elsa behind her.

"Hey girls! Long time no see, Anna!"

"H-hey… I wasn't expecting to see you here. Hi, Ms. Neige," she awkwardly addressed Elsa.

"Hello, Anna." They were both panicking.

"Well, this is my girlfriend's place," Esméralda remarked.

"What? This is Jasmine's apartment?" Anna didn't understand anything anymore. Wasn't the host supposed to be friends of Merida's folks? Then, she looked at the grin on Merida's face and everything clicked.

"What the… are you two behind this?" Anna whispered, looking around to make sure nobody could hear.

"What? No, of course not!" Esméralda offered with a grin.

Apparently Elsa figured it out, too, and she looked furious.

"Calm down, Elsa. Nobody knows anything about this; it's safe. Just enjoy the party. Oh, I know! Why don't I give you a tour of the flat?" Esméralda asked.

They grudgingly followed, Anna still feeling confused. She half-listened to Esméralda and followed mindlessly. It seemed like Elsa was still pissed.

"Great costume," she whispered to Elsa as Esméralda showed them the kitchen.

"Thanks… you too. You look great."

"And here's the guest room. Come in, come in."

There were both inside, trying not to ogle each other when they suddenly realized they were alone as the door shut behind them.

"What the..."

Both their phones buzzed at the same time and Anna looked at hers while Elsa reached for the door. The text was from Esméralda. I locked the door. Nobody will know what happens in there! Enjoy ;)

Anna chuckled and sat on the bed. Meanwhile, Elsa stopped to check her phone. She was still furious, but Anna couldn't help but feel like this was a great opportunity to have some real alone time with her girlfriend.

"I'm gonna kill her..." Elsa muttered as she examined her phone.

"Well… is it really that terrible to be locked in here with me?" Anna asked.

"O… of course not… in other circumstances I'd be delighted to end up in the care of such a
gorgeous vampiress..." Elsa teased.

"Oh really? That's quite a bold remark coming from a young girl like yourself."

Elsa smiled and sat alongside her on the bed. Anna couldn't help but notice how short her girlfriend's skirt was. She was wearing thigh-high stockings, too, and it was strangely erotic despite hiding the smooth skin of Elsa's legs. "It's funny seeing you in that outfit. Did Esméralda put you up to this?"

Elsa blushed. "Nah, not really. I had other choices."

"What made you pick this one?" Anna asked.

"I-it made me think of you."

"I see..." Anna reached for the hem of Elsa's skirt and played with the fabric. "I doubt my skirt is anywhere near that skimpy"

Elsa laughed. "No, it isn't."

"I like your hair. It's a nice touch."

"Well, I did have to play the part."

"So are you a naughty schoolgirl for the night?"

"I guess I am... at least that puts us on an even footing!"

"Hmm... do you really think a high vampire like myself would be interested in a young schoolgirl like you?"

"Huh, aren't you interested in young blood? I hear it's like an aphrodisiac for vampires," Elsa purred, removing her tie and unfastening the first button of her top.

Anna had to admit she was more interested in the little bit of cleavage that showed than Elsa's neckline. She giggled. "I miss you..."

"Miss you, too," Elsa replied, taking Anna's hand in hers. "I love these lace sleeves," she added as she rubbed the fabric alongside Anna's hand.

"Thanks." Anna turned her head and looked at her teacher's lips. "Think it would be awful if I stole a kiss?" She could feel her heart beating faster.

"I-I'm afraid that would be criminal" Elsa responded as she leaned in closer.

Anna bit her lip, thinking. We're alone. Nobody will know what happens here. Nobody actually knows us outside of that door except for Merida, Esmeralda and Jasmine... I can't believe they arranged all this just to get us in the same room.

Apparently, Elsa was done thinking, because she took Anna's face in both her hands and made contact with her lips. Anna closed her eyes as she felt her girlfriend's lips press against hers. It had been so long since their last kiss that it felt like it was their first time. She returned the kiss, joy filling her heart, and they soon ended up lying down on the bed.

Desire overtook them, and they ended up making out passionately. Anna's tongue fought Elsa's as they drowned themselves in each other's fervor. Hands freely roamed over lovely feminine
landscapes. *I've missed her touch so, so much!*

"Elsa..." Anna moaned as she felt her girlfriend's hand reach for her breasts.

Elsa was too busy with her mouth to say anything, and Anna gladly offered herself to her lover. She wanted to feel her teacher's hands all over her body. Her breasts yearned to be free of their meager covering, and she maneuvered to set them free of her dress' bodice as Elsa left a trail of kisses down her neck. Anna wasn't really able to track time in the state she was in, but the bodice finally gave way and she lowered it to expose her chest.

Elsa froze and looked at her with wonder. Her eyes betrayed her emotions so easily that Anna instantly felt desired and beautiful.

"Woah," Elsa simply said, and Anna smiled. It was the first time that anyone, other than herself, had seen her exposed like this.

"Do they look ok?" she asked, but she knew the answer already.

"Absolutely perfect... can... can I?"

"Of course," Anna replied with a smile, and the blonde awkwardly brought her hands to Anna's chest, feeling her breasts in her palms. It sent shivers down Anna's spine.

"They're perfect," Elsa repeated, and Anna was both proud and relieved, because she had always been self-conscious about her breasts and now there was no doubt how Elsa felt about them. And that was all that mattered.

Elsa pressed her hands over each perky mound and began kneading them. Their lips met again, but soon Elsa had moved back to her neck once more. Eventually, Elsa was kissing her collarbone, and the wet kisses continued downwards. Anna was trembling, her nipples turgid in anticipation, until Elsa's moist lips finally found an erect nipple. A good portion of Anna's breast was eagerly gathered into Elsa's mouth. She could feel Elsa's teeth nipping at the tender flesh, and her tongue swirling around the sensitive peak was driving her wild and she felt her arousal mounting.

Soon, Elsa was on top of her, her knee dangerously close to Anna's crotch. Anna wanted to rub herself against it, but her costume was too restrictive and she spent the next minute struggling to adjust her dress while Elsa's mouth continued to minister to her breasts. She finally managed to maneuver herself so that she felt Elsa's leg against her panties. *God, I needed this. Finally some relief.*

She moaned with pleasure as she started rubbing herself against her teacher's leg. Only the damp fabric of Anna's panties kept her from making skin-to-skin contact with Elsa.

"Elsa... I'm gonna... I'm..." Anna moaned. Since early September, her sexual tension had been welling and she was now at a point that she was in danger of being overwhelmed by a tsunami.

Elsa removed Anna's nipple from her mouth and looked at her, concerned. It must have dawned on her that Anna was close to orgasm.

"Don't... don't stop. Please! I... oh God... I need it!" Anna managed to sputter as she rocked her pelvis against her girlfriend. She really, really hoped Elsa wasn't going to back off from her now. It was with a mixture of relief and pleasure that Anna saw Elsa go back to sucking her breasts.

She struggled not to scream now, as the pleasure continued to build and spread through her body. She was having trouble breathing, but she didn't really care. All she could think about was Elsa's
hot tongue lavishing her breast and the smooth skin of Elsa's thigh pressed firmly against her very wet panties. Anna's body was on fire and she couldn't help but scream in passion as she crested her orgasm. After some time, when she finally came down from her peak, she realized that the noises she had been making were embarrassing.

"I called you Ms. Neige a few times, didn't I?" she asked, blushing.

"You did," Elsa replied.

"Sorry."

"It's fine… I… sorry for what I did."

"Huh?"

"I… I mean, I couldn't help myself."

"I don't understand why you'd be sorry? I was desperate for your touch," Anna explained, still feeling the aftershock of pleasure rippling through her body. Her girlfriend's leg was still pressed tightly against her.

"I know, but… I don't know, I pictured something different for… our first time…"

"Oh, Elsa…" Anna said before kissing her, "I'm no expert, but I wouldn't say that was our first time. Does dry-humping even count as sex?"

"Hmmm… I don't know. Maybe not?"

"I mean, don't misunderstand me, I absolutely loved it! But, all in all, there was no skin-to-skin contact. Although, you sucking on my boobs pushed me over the cliff!"

Elsa smiled. "I guess I can see where you're coming from."

"So... you've been thinking about our first time then?" Anna asked mischievously while snuggling against her girlfriend.

"A lot, actually."

"Hmm… I do agree that we should wait for more favorable circumstances…" Anna whispered as her hand slowly meandered up Elsa's skirt. "But in the meantime, I'm sure I can find a way to return the favour."

She saw the hesitation in Elsa's eyes, who ended up shaking her head. "I think I'd like to wait for better circumstances, too…"

"Oh. Ok." Anna agreed before kissing her again.

"You're not taking this the wrong way—are you?"

"No, of course not."

"It's not that I don't want to, I swear. You're extremely beautiful, and I want you. It's just… I don't know. I've been thinking about our first time for so long…and I just pictured something different."

"It's fine," Anna remarked. "Here, turn around!"
Elsa complied and Anna hugged her from behind, resting her head on her lover's neck. Her chest was still bare and she pressed it against Elsa's back, enjoying the contact against her erect nipples. "I love you."

"I love you, too. So, so much, Anna. You have no idea."

They enjoyed each other's company in silence for a while.

"So… about our first time… what do you think of Paris?" Anna asked.

"What? Are you crazy?" Elsa turned abruptly. Her eyes focused on Anna's bare breasts and Anna smiled when she saw how hard it was for Elsa to stop staring at them.

"Why not? It would be so romantic!"

"On a school trip?!"

"Well, students aren't supposed to leave their bedroom at night, right? And I'll most likely be rooming with Merida. So, no one but her would know if I snuck out and spent an evening with you. Same goes for you, if you're staying with Mrs. Fitzherbert."

"That's… still, that's incredibly dangerous. Not to mention unethical!"

"Well, I did just cum by rubbing my panties against you while you were wearing a slutty schoolgirl outfit. I think we can throw ethics out the window."

Elsa blushed at that and Anna kissed her again. "Think about it… one night in Paris, without anyone knowing who we are. A real, romantic date… and then, I can be all yours…"

She grabbed Elsa's hand and put it on her right breast. "All yours." She watched Elsa gulp. *God, she makes me feel so beautiful. I can't believe I have so much impact on her…*

"Well, at least think about it!" Anna added before hugging her close. "I don't want this evening to end."

"Well… I guess they're going to let us out of this room any time now…"

"I don't want to leave…" Anna whispered while rubbing her head against Elsa's shoulder.

"Me neither… do you think we made a mistake tonight?"

"No."

"Me neither… but it's gonna be even harder keeping our hands off of each other."

Anna kissed her on the collarbone. "Let's not think about that."

"So, do you mind sharing what happened in there?" Esméralda asked her cousin later that night.

"No way!"

"Come on, at least tell me you're glad we cooked up this idea!"

"Well… I have to admit, it was pretty nice."

"Ah, I knew it!"
"Dangerous, though…"

"Nah, trust me nobody here knows you or Anna except for me, Merida and Jasmine."

"I know, I'm just cautious, and afraid that something will go wrong."

"Well, you're right to be, there's a lot on the line. So… how far did you two lovebirds go?"

"Pretty far," Elsa admitted with a blush. "Not all the way though!" she added.

"I see…"

"We talked about going all the way. She suggested the trip to Paris… said it would be a good occasion…"

"Oh, some risky hot student, teacher sex during a school trip! I like that!" Esméralda whispered while looking around to make sure nobody could hear them even. Between that and the loud music coming from the living room, Elsa was pretty sure nobody could overhear them.

"I don't know. I mean, yeah, it would be great! But maybe we should wait until the end of the year as we had planned."

"You've got time to figure it out."

"Yes… so, about you and Jasmine…" Elsa said. "Looks like you're both really into each other." She had watched them interact all evening, and it was pretty clear that there was something serious going on between them. She had never seen her cousin like that, and she was delighted.

"Tsk, have you seen how hot she is in her costume?"

"Esmé… I'm being serious here!"

Esmé sighed. "Ok… I think I might be in love with her."

Elsa smiled widely. "That's awesome! And honestly, she seems to be pretty stricken with you, too."

"I really hope it's not just a phase for her," Esméralda commented, and Elsa could hear the concern in her voice.

"It's clear that she loves you, too…"

"I hope you're right. You know, I… well, I guess you've always known, but I've nursed a crush on you my entire life."

"What? I… um… really?" Elsa suddenly felt incredibly uncomfortable. "I mean… I did ask myself a few times if all your teasing was just that or if there was more to it, but… I mean, we're cousins."

"Yeah, trust me, I know. But if you had been more responsive to my teasing I definitely would have embraced it. Nor would I have resisted in any way if you had tried something!"

"Whoa", Elsa simply said. It was a bit weird knowing Esmé had a real crush on her. *Does that change anything though? I'm not sure. I hope it doesn't change anything between us.*

"Why are you telling me this now?" she asked.

"You better not tell me you'd be game for this now!" Esméralda warned, to which Elsa laughed. "I
don't know, I really like Anna and I think you two are great together. It pushed me to realize there was absolutely no way you and I could end up together and I opened up to the idea of finding someone else."

"Well, I'm sure you'll find that special someone, if you haven't already!"

"Yeah… and I have to confess, I would have killed to be in Rapunzel's shoes a few years ago."

"Hmmm… so you were jealous of her!"

Esméralda waved it off. "Never understood how she could turn you down, but I guess it is what it is."

"So… does this mean you're not into me anymore?" Elsa asked.

"Oh, don't worry, babe, I'll always lust after you! And I'm not known to refuse a threesome!"

"Huh. I'm not sure Anna would buy into that. Or Jasmine, for that matter!"

Esméralda laughed. "Yeah, you're right—pretty sure she wouldn't want to share her precious Ms. Neige!"

Elsa laughed and hugged her cousin tightly. "Well, should we get back to our girlfriends?"

"Yep! I'm right behind you. Just so you know, I kinda dig that short skirt of yours!"

Elsa sighed. *Looks like nothing has changed.*

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Chapter End Notes

Notes: I most likely won't be able to upload the next chapter in two weeks! I know that whenever I say this in end up writing it in time, but this time... with Christmas and New Year's Eve, I'm pretty sure I won't find time! Also, there's a picture of Elsa and Anna in their costumes in the comments, by IceWraith!
"Don't forget your passport!" Rapunzel mentioned to Elsa.

"Of course. I must have told my students at least ten times to bring theirs. It would be ironic if I forgot mine," Elsa replied. She was leaving very early tomorrow morning and Rapunzel came to Elsa's place to help her with the last minute details.

"I can't begin to apologize for canceling on you…"

"It's fine, Punzie! I wouldn't have wanted you to come in this state anyway!"

"I'm pregnant, not disabled," Rapunzel complained.

Elsa still had a hard time coming to terms with that—her best-friend was going to have a baby! Wow. It seemed like they were just teenagers yesterday.

"Yeah, well, I can't have you puking all over Paris!" Elsa joked.

"Ha-ha. Very funny."

Initially, Rapunzel told her she'd be fine since she was only in her first trimester, but Elsa could see that she was frequently tired since becoming pregnant. Besides, her doctor had told her to go easy.

"Anyway, have you finished packing your suitcase? If not, I'll help," her best friend offered.

Rapunzel headed towards Elsa's bedroom. "I assume it's this way."

"Yep." Elsa checked the administrative papers for the tenth time, just to make certain she didn't forget anything. Traveling alone is alright, but bringing forty students along… one thing for sure, they had better behave and thank me. Otherwise, I'm never doing this again! Fortunately, she didn't have much trouble finding a replacement for Punzie. Honeymaren, a biology teacher, had immediately offered to accompany her. Elsa didn't know her that well—she didn't speak a word of French—but she was good with students, so it was perfect.

"What kind of weather are you expecting?" Rapunzel shouted from the bedroom.

"Cold. Maybe some snow, too," Elsa replied, before remembering what was already in her suitcase. Oh God! No, no, no! Don't look in my suitcase! Elsa stood up and ran to her bedroom, hoping to get there before her best friend could see what was inside. Fuck, fuck, fuck! I think it's on top!

When she entered the room, Rapunzel was holding onto the blue chemise Elsa had purchased in Esméralda's shop. Her friend's brow was furrowed. Fuck...

"Huh? I didn't know sexy lingerie was normal French winter-ware," she declared.

"I… um… where did you find that?" Elsa asked, trying to figure out how she could weasel her way out of this. Dammit, I put it there just in case!

"In your suitcase."

"Really? I must have made a mistake. Let's put it back in the closet!" Elsa suggested before grabbing the garment, but her best friend wouldn't let go.
"I highly doubt you wear this every night to sleep… and I'm pretty sure you wouldn't wear this while sleeping with Honeymaren, would you?"

"I… um… Esméralda must've been here earlier; maybe she left it there as a joke!" Elsa lied.

"Didn't you tell me she hasn't been here in a week just before?"

*Think, Elsa, think!*

Then Rapunzel's eyes grew shrewd. "You're planning on spending a night with Anna!"

"Whaat?!" Elsa faked.

Her best friend squinted. "Is your whole story about spending an evening with your parents even true? Or just a ploy to spend a night with Anna?"

"What? No! I invited you to come too, by the way. They would have been happy to see you!"

"Still… why else would you bring something like this unless you're hoping you'll get to wear it for her? You don't have a girlfriend back in France, do you?"

"What? No, don't be stupid!"

"So, I was right—this is for Anna?"

Elsa sighed. There wasn't any point in pretending any longer. "I guess…"

"You guess?"

"I… it was her idea!"

"Elsa..." Rapunzel chastised.

"I know, I know… I told her it wasn't a good idea when she came up with this. But then I kept thinking about it, wondering if, maybe… you know."

"She's still your student!" Rapunzel protested.

"She'll be eighteen soon," Elsa argued, even though she knew her argument wouldn't hold water.

"So what? That doesn't change a thing! And, like you said, *soon*, not yet."

Elsa sat down on the bed and sighed again. "I know… it's just… she's driving me crazy. I love her so much, and I want her so badly…"

Rapunzel sat next to her. "You know how bad things could get if this got out. And I'm not talking about just losing your job, I'm talking about you going to jail. Up until now, even if found out about you two, you could at least argue you weren't her teacher when you two dated, that it was nothing more than a few kisses."

Elsa bit her lip. She hadn't told her best friend about the Halloween party.

"What?"

"We kinda went a little further than that. Recently."

"What?! Are you nuts?!"
"Yeah… yeah, I think I am," Elsa admitted, lowering her head. "I realize how crazy this is. It's just… I can't resist her any longer."

"How did this happen? Are you sure nobody else knows?"

"Yeah. Esméralda and Merida know. They set it up, actually. They invited us both to a Halloween party without us knowing the other would be there. Then we ended up locked alone in a bedroom and… well…"

"Oh my god… did you two have sex?"

"No, well… I don't think so."

"You don't think so?! Don't tell me you were drunk and high on top of it!"

"What? No! I mean, it began with a few kisses, then it turned into a make-out session. Eventually there was some… dry-humping?"

Rapunzel shook her head in despair. "That definitely counts as sex in my book. And in front of a court."

"I… I know… but I swear nobody knows what happened."

"Except for Merida."

"Well, yeah, but she's Anna's friend."

"She's still a teenager. Who knows what could happen. She could spill the beans by accident."

Elsa didn't reply. There were some nights when she'd struggle to sleep, thinking about what could happen to her if everything got out.

"And that wasn't enough, so now you're planning on spending a night with her in Paris?"

"Well… I'm not planning anything."

"But you're considering it."

"I… I thought about it," Elsa admitted. *Walking hand in hand on the Champs-Elysées, having dinner in a fancy restaurant or in the Eiffel Tower, going back to a hotel together…* she had plenty of fantasies about what they could do.

"You're crazy."

"I'm in love," Elsa defended herself.

Rapunzel stared at her sarcastically.

"Well, ok, maybe that doesn't excuse anything. But at this point… I mean, if nobody sees us, does it really make matters worse?"

"You can never be sure that you'll remain undiscovered, especially if you're in a public place."

"Four thousand miles away from Arendelle!"

"With forty students from our school."
"They've got a nine o'clock curfew."

"Oh, like they wouldn't be able to sneak out!"

"The families that house them would call me."

"Right. Just like the family that's housing Anna."

"So you're saying we shouldn't go out to a well-known place frequented by tourists."

"What I'm saying is that you should give up on the whole idea."

"I guess I can forget about a romantic dinner on the Eiffel Tower," Elsa joked.

"I feel like I'm talking to a teenager!" Rapunzel grimaced.

"I know… maybe you're right. Actually no, I know you're right. But there's still a part of me that really, really wants to ignore you and take the risk."

"That's a terrible idea…"

"That's a great idea!" Merida told Anna.

"I know, right? Imagine how romantic it would be!" Anna had been fantasizing about it ever since Halloween. She had hoped that she would get to see Elsa during the winter holidays, but her girlfriend had gone back to France to see her family. *I'll give her my Christmas present in Paris.* She was so excited about all of this.

"And it's the perfect occasion. You'll be thousands of miles from Arendelle without a soul knowing you're her student."

"Right!"

"It would be pretty bad if you got caught, though," Kris countered as he drove them to school. They were on their way to catch the bus that would take them to the airport for their school trip.

"Don't be a killjoy," Merida replied. "By the way, why didn't you think about sneaking out after curfew? Don't ye wanna have a date in Paris with your girlfriend?"

"My girlfriend isn't the teacher organizing the trip, so I think it might be a lot more difficult to pull off. Besides, I'm stuck with Gaston—don't forget that. Couldn't you ask Ms. Neige to bend the rules a little and put me and Merida in the same house? You must have some leverage with her!"

"Weren't you just saying we had to be discreet just moments ago?" Anna asked. "Besides, I need to be with Merida if I'm going to be able to sneak out without anyone knowing."

"I'll help you, but only if you tell me everything that happens afterwards! You didn't say much about the Halloween party."

"Because that's between me and Elsa!" Anna replied, smiling at the thought of what had happened. "Anyway this trip isn't only about Elsa! We're going to Paris! It's going to be amazing!"

"Well, I've been there a few times already, but yeah," Merida remarked.

Kris and Anna shared a knowing look and then rolled their eyes.
"Sorry," Merida added. "Besides, I'm sure it'll be better with ye than with my parents."

"Awwww, poor rich girl. Her parents dragged her all across the globe," Kris teased.

"Tsk."

They were almost there now, and Anna turned towards her friends. "Please don't mention anything about Elsa during the trip, ok? Nothing at all, even if you think we're alone."

"Of course."

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"Well, we're all set now," Elsa told her colleague.

"Yep, I'm glad everything went according to plan at the airport." They were finally seated in the plane, but Elsa was still a little nervous.

"First time organizing a school trip?" Honeymaren asked.

"Yes! I think the students will love it, but it's so much work! And stress!"

"Yeah, but it'll be great. You'll see. It gives you a chance to see the kids in a different setting. And they'll see you in a different light, too. It allows for a more casual relationship between students and their teachers."

_Not sure I need to go any further with that!_

"Oh, by the way, is it alright with you if I don't sleep at the flat we're sharing one night?" Elsa asked. I told my parents I'd be in France for a week so we're going to see each other while I'm there."

"Sure, no problem."

"Good, thanks. Nothing definite, though," Elsa added, thinking she had a great alibi to spend the night with Anna now. _I can make sure it's all a secret... but should I go through with it? Punzie's right, it's a huge risk._

Elsa turned her head to check once more that all her students were behaving. She smiled when she saw Anna gazing through the window with wonder.

"She's such a sweetheart," Honeymaren commented and Elsa quickly took on a stern demeanor.

"Yes, they're all pretty good kids."

"Well, I wouldn't go that far, but yeah. There are worse places to teach than Arendelle High, that's for sure!"

They spent the rest of the trip chatting about the other schools Honeymaren had worked at, as well as Elsa's former career. Soon enough, the plane was landing and they were in France.

Once they had collected their baggage and cleared customs, Elsa announced, "Ok we're in France now! So let's try to speak French. Before we head out to your guest homes, we're going to head to the Champs-Elysees and the Arc de Triomphe. Follow me and don't get lost."

She was afraid of losing someone in Paris, especially on the subway, but the school had given her a phone with a sim card and all the students had the number. Besides, it seemed as if some students
were a bit intimidated. Merida was quite at ease though, and Elsa guessed that it came from the habit of being abroad. Well, let's hope everything goes well!

"I can't believe we're here!" Anna exclaimed once she and Merida were in their room. "It's such a beautiful city!"

"Well, Arendelle is quite pretty too," Merida replied.

"Yeah, maybe… but it's not the same when you're used to it. Our hosts seem nice, too."

After the afternoon tour they had left downtown Paris to head to the outskirts where they would be sleeping. The couple that came for them and that would be housing them seemed friendly, and Anna managed to speak to them in French. I guess I've made decent progress since last year. I'm pretty sure having a French girlfriend helps though, hehe. I wonder if our kids will be bilingual? It was then that Anna realized where her thoughts had led her. What the fuck, Anna? You're really getting ahead of yourself. She felt totally embarrassed by her own thoughts and wondered where they had come from. At the very least, she was glad nobody but her was aware of it.

"Remember this?" Anna asked with a grin as she showed Merida the lacy panties she had bought last year at Esméralda's shop. She had brought them along, just in case Elsa managed to find a way for them to spend a night together.

"Ye bet I do! That was so funny!"

"It seems like such a long time ago…"

"Yeah, and ye were dead certain nothing would ever happen between ye and Ms. Neige back then."

"I never would have imagined it could turn out like this, that's for sure!" Anna replied. "I still have to pinch myself from time to time to make sure I'm not dreaming."

"Well, it's a good thing I was there, because ye were ready to give up!"

"True. I guess I never thanked you enough for your help and support!"

"It's nothing, that's what friends are for."

"Well, I'm sure Kris was doing what he thought was right, too."

"Yeah… by the way, I always wondered… what about Ms. Neige? Did she tell anyone about your relationship?"

"Mrs. Fitzherbert knows, and I'm afraid she doesn't exactly approve."

"Well, I can understand that. From her point of view, it must be a really dangerous risk."

"Yeah… I hope she'll come around once I'm no longer Elsa's student."

There was a knock at the door, and Anna quickly put the lingerie back in her bag.

"Oui?" she asked.

"Le dîner est prêt!" a male voice said from the other side.

"Ok, merci! On arrive!" Anna replied. "Well, shall we?" she asked Merida.
"Yep! I hope we're in for some of that French cuisine we often hear about!"

"Think they're gonna serve us snails?" Anna asked with a grimace.

"They better not!"

They headed to the kitchen and found their hosts sitting at the table. They took the empty chairs and sat in front of them.

"How was your first day?" The man asked with a strong French accent.

"Great! We…" Anna started, before remembering that she was here to practice French too, so she tried to continue the discussion in French. It wasn't easy, but she managed to make herself understood. The food was great too, and she was glad to see there were no snails, frogs or whatever crazy things they could cook on the menu tonight.

"Did you like the food?" The woman asked in French, and Anna nodded enthusiastically. *I could definitely enjoy Elsa cooking like this for me everyday!*

"Yes, it was great, thank you!"

"I love the bread!" Merida added.

"Hehe that's great. We'll pick different varieties tomorrow. Would you like to taste some typical dishes during the week?"

"Yes that would be awesome! I don't think I can stomach it but Anna was just telling me she'd love to try snails!" Merida said with a grin.

Before Anna could respond, her hosts laughed.

"Of course! We usually keep them for Christmas or Easter but I think I have some in the freezer. I'll serve them tomorrow evening!"

"Me-merci…" Anna replied. *I'm gonna kill you, Merida.*

"So, you wanna go out tonight?" Honeymaren asked Elsa once they were settled down in the small flat they would share for the week. Elsa had originally thought that she would be here with Rapunzel, so she had picked up a cheap place with only one bedroom. Thankfully there was a convertible sofa in the living room. Her colleague had told her that she was fine with sharing the bed, but Elsa wasn't comfortable with that. She would have been perfectly fine sharing it with her best friend, but with someone she barely knew? No, thanks.

"Aren't you a bit tired? With the jet-lag and everything…"

"Oh, come on! You may be used to being here, but it's my first time in France and I don't know if I'll ever get the chance to come back again! So now that the kids are taken care of, let's enjoy ourselves!"

"Hmmm… I guess you're right! Sorry, I guess I just took all of this for granted."

Elsa searched the internet for some ideas. She didn't feel like heading downtown again, so she searched for something closer.

"Pub or restaurant?" she asked Honeymaren.
"Restaurant? We have to eat too."

"Sure," Elsa answered. She found something that looked good and didn't require reservations, and she called an uber.

"So, how is it that we've never spoken to each other?" Honeymaren asked once they were seated.

"Well, I don't know. I haven't been working there long."

"It's been almost a year, hasn't it?"

"Hmm… yeah. Damn, already? Time's going faster than I thought." Only a few months left and Anna and I will be free to date and do whatever we want. I can hardly wait. No more hiding, no more pressure, and most of all, no more worries about getting caught.

"Arendelle has a lot of teachers, though," Honeymaren conceded. "It's hard to be close to everyone."

Elsa nodded. "Maybe I didn't reach out enough either, since I'm pretty close to Rapunzel."

"You're best friends, right? I don't know her very well either. I mostly hang out with the science teachers, actually."

"Yes. I've known Rapunzel since we were teenagers."

"Just friends?" she added.

Elsa was startled by the question. "Well, yes. She's married!" And pregnant now!

"Oh, I didn't know! Sorry if my questions are coming out of nowhere. I know you're gay cause of last year's incident, so I was just wondering."

"It's fine, no problem."

"So, are you dating someone or you're single?"

"I… um, yeah, I'm dating someone, but it's a bit complicated," Elsa said, hoping she'd get the hint and not ask any questions about it.

"I see."

"What about you?"

"I'm single. Currently."

Her phone buzzed and Elsa smiled when she noticed that it was a text from Anna.

I don't know how expensive it's gonna be to send a text here, but I wanted to thank you for the trip! It's great! You're the best! Although I'm gonna have to eat snails tomorrow because of Merida… anyway… I think we're gonna be able to see each other soon? Love you.

Elsa struggled to keep herself from smiling too much. Don't worry, you'll love them. Just a piece of advice: don't chew. And yes, I think I'll find a way!

"Girlfriend?" Honeymaren asked.
"Yes, sorry!" Elsa told her.

"No problem."

AWESOME! Waiting for it! Have a good night! I'll be dreaming of you!

Elsa grinned even more and sent her a goodbye text as well before putting her phone back into her purse.

"Well, you seem to be pretty smitten!"

Elsa chuckled. "Oh, I am," she replied.
They had just wrapped up a day in Paris and Elsa was just getting off her phone. "I'll be seeing my parents tonight," she told Honeymaren.

"Oh, ok! Do they live far from here?"

"A bit, yeah. They're on their way here though, so I think I'll end up coming back later this evening", Elsa replied. "Maybe I'll take a train to their place later this week," she added. Great! now I have the perfect excuse for a night out with Anna...

"Ok! Well, any advice on where I could go on my own tonight?"

"Sure, I'll find you something!"

"Thanks. Do you want me to take the school phone in case one of the hosting families wants to contact us and you don't want to be disturbed?"

"Nah, that's not a problem. I'll handle it! Besides, some of them don't speak English."

"Hmm… in that case, I'll let you handle it!"

Elsa had half-an-hour before she had to leave to join her parents, so she spent her free time searching for a place where Honeymaren could go tonight. She settled on a nearby trendy pub and Honeymaren seemed happy with the choice. Then, she left and took the subway to the Latin Quarter where she was supposed to join her parents. After she arrived, she was surprised to find them already there, and they greeted her with hugs.

"How are you?" her mother asked. "It's so nice to see you again so soon after Christmas!"

"I'm great, thanks! Yes, for sure, maybe we should make this our new tradition?" Her students had been great the last couple of days and she could tell that everyone loved the trip.

"That'd be great!"

They selected a restaurant that they traditionally went to when visiting Paris and Elsa offered to pay the bill. "My treat!"

"Why? Is there something to celebrate?" her father asked.

"Well… no, but the school's paying for my trip and I haven't spent a dime yet, so the least I can do is treat my parents."

"Well, it's your call! Next time, it'll be on us," her mother said.

"So, how's your trip going? Are the students behaving? Elsa's father asked. "I still have a hard time picturing you as a teacher!"

"It's awesome, actually. I get to show them why it's important to learn foreign languages—they've discovered so many things, and it's actually pretty fun to see them gawk at things they wouldn't normally see in Arendelle."

The conversation meandered, and they talked about how Elsa had spent the last few days, switching occasionally to family news. Eventually, the expected topic came up...
"So… how's it going with your secret girlfriend?" her father asked after a lull in the conversation.

"Well… like I've already mentioned to mom, it's a bit complicated right now. But I'm confident that it will work itself out soon."

"Good, good… still not willing to tell us more about her?"

"I… I'd like for you to meet her first, once everything gets settled." She had considered introducing Anna to her parents during the trip, but she was too scared of their reaction. *It will be easier once she's no longer my student.*

"Well, we're eager to meet her!"

"I know, mom, I know! I'm looking forward to it, too."

Anna was looking at the snails suspiciously. *Why? Why do they eat these? It's gross!* Well, the shells were kind of pretty, but she couldn't help but picture a live, sticky snail with disgusting antennas and slime hidden inside.

"Here you go," her host announced while handling her a tiny fork with only two tines. "You just have to search for the snail in its shell, stab it and pull it out."

"Don't worry, it shouldn't be alive any longer," the man stated and Anna was pretty sure he was making fun of her.

"Tsk, don't be stupid, you're gonna frighten her! Of course they're dead. Here, look at me." The woman of the house proceeded to take the snail out of its shell and Anna watched with disgust as she put it into her mouth. "I bought small ones so it would be easier for you."

"Come on Anna, yer turn!" Merida prompted with a huge grin.

Anna grabbed a shell and used the tiny fork to try and grab it. It was harder than she had thought at first but she managed to get it out. Then, she gazed at it and wondered what kind of crazy person had thought that this was a good idea. The green sauce that came with it hid much of the small animal, but it wasn't very appetizing either.

Don't chew. That's what Elsa said. What's the point of making food so disgusting you can't chew it?

"Come on!" Merida repeated.

Anna made a face but put the snail into her mouth and swallowed it all. She had to admit that the sauce was tasty.

"So, what do you think? It's not that bad, right?" her hosts asked.

"Well… I guess."

"Good, because there's twelve per person."

Anna stopped at six after she almost puked after chewing on one by accident. *Damnit. I still love you, Elsa, but French people are weird.* Thankfully the rest of the meal was less exotic, and Anna managed to enjoy it.

She was ready to go to bed when her phone rang. It was Elsa.
"Hi!"

"Hey, Anna! How are you?"

"I almost died eating snails. But otherwise, I'm fine."

Elsa laughed on the other side of the phone. "Well, you're gonna have to get used to it! Snails are a traditional delicacy! My mom always cooks some for Christmas."

"I'm not sure I want to ever eat them again," Anna countered and she saw Merida roll her eyes.

Elsa chuckled. "Well, you can also use the same sauce with mussels. I guess we could make a compromise."

"I'd like that!"

"Anyway, my parents are so impatient to meet you—I'm sure they'd forgive you for having weird taste in food."

"Yeah, sure, I'm the one with weird taste! So... they want to meet me?"

"Well, yeah, of course. They've been dying to see me with someone for almost ten years. I'm pretty sure that they had given up on that, too."

"I hope they won't be... disappointed? Or scared, when they learn how we met."

Elsa sighed. "Me too, but I think it will go well."

"How come you're phoning me by the way? Are you alone?"

"Yeah, I ditched Honeymaren to see my family."

"How is she? I've never had her as a teacher."

"Honeymaren? I don't know, she's a bit weird."

"Well, she's a teacher," Anna teased.

"I thought you loved teachers."

"Only one of them!" Anna added and she saw Merida roll her eyes again. "FYI, I'm not alone, and Merida seems to think our conversation is dorky."

"I see. Well, I won't keep you much longer."

"Not a problem. Merida spent half-an-hour on the phone with Kris yesterday evening even though they were with each other all day."

"Well, technically, we've been with each other all day, too."

"True..." although Anna made sure not to appear to be too close to Elsa. It was hard because there were so many times when she wanted to talk to her or share something with her, but she was afraid that someone might grow suspicious.

"Anyway... about what we discussed the other day..."

"Yes?" Anna prompted, eagerly waiting in anticipation of the next sentence.
"Do you think you could sneak out in two days? I can tell Honeymaren that I'm going to my parents' place."

"Yes! Yeah, of course I can sneak out! Although I think the best solution would be for you to warn or tell the hosts that it's ok for me to leave. That way, there won't be any issues if they realize I'm gone. And it would be fishy if you told them afterwards that I was with you."

"Hmmm yeah, I guess that works, too."

"So, what should I expect?" Anna asked slyly.

"I'm not telling you a thing. It will be a surprise."

*I'm sure I'm going to love it.*

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Elsa was feeling nervous. The end of the trip was near, and tonight she was going to go on a date with Anna, a date that would maybe lead them to sex. She wasn't quite sure about the last point. She wanted to, a lot actually, but she was also afraid, afraid that they'd get caught, even after all the precautions, but also afraid that she would perform badly. *Damn it, how can I still be a virgin? I'm at least ten-years late—I really screwed up...*

It was a bit reassuring knowing that Anna wasn't experienced either, though. *I guess she won't be mad if things don't work out as great as she imagined.*

Elsa was carrying her blue chemise in her handbag in case they ended up going to the hotel she had already booked. And, she even put on sexy lingerie before leaving to meet Anna. She had spent a good amount of time in the bathroom fixing her hair and applying make-up, and was confident that Anna would like the way she looked. To be fair, Anna rarely objected to the way she dressed. Elsa opened her coat and glanced at her own cleavage, adjusting her dress to highlight her assets. She knew she couldn't go wrong with a deep neckline as far as Anna was concerned.

The weather was colder than she anticipated, and she momentarily regretted her choice of clothing as she sat down on a bench lined with rime. Earlier, she had called the family housing Anna to tell them that she was allowed to leave tonight. The woman hadn't questioned her. *God, I hope I didn't screw this up.*

As she fretted over her actions, Elsa spotted Anna walking down the street, occasionally glancing at her phone. Her girlfriend was simply gorgeous. Elsa quickly stood up and walked towards her, noticing the broad smile on Anna's face after their eyes met. The smile was so bright that it instantly warmed Elsa's heart. They both picked up their pace to join each other, joy clearly written across both their faces.

As Elsa reached Anna, she clasped her hands around her girlfriend's. "I'm so glad to see you."

"Me, too!" Anna replied.

They stood staring deeply into each others eyes, happy to be together. *Ah, fuck it.* Unable to hold back any longer, Elsa held her girlfriend's chin in her hand, pulled her closer and kissed her. Anna returned the kiss, which Elsa broke soon after. *Let's not forget that we're in the middle of the street.* She spied a few glances thrown their way after she looked around.

"I'm so happy right now," Anna blurted and Elsa simply smiled in return. She could tell that Elsa was, too. So, Anna took that as a cue to take Elsa's hand in hers and started walking. "So, where are we going?"
"I booked a table at a restaurant within walking distance of here. Oh, and there are a few points of interest along the way."

Anna hummed. "It's so great being able to hold hands in public," she mentioned as they made their way towards the restaurant.

"It is, right?" Elsa noted, unable to stop smiling. "God, I love you so much..."

Anna giggled and Elsa thought her heart was going to burst.

"Is it ok for two girls to hold hands like this in the streets here?" Anna asked.

"Well, we're gonna attract some attention, for sure, maybe even a few surprised glances, as well."

"I don't care."

"Me neither." Elsa was sure that other parts of France would be less tolerant, along with certain districts in Paris, but where they were at the moment was fairly safe.

"It's such a beautiful city!" Anna declared as they walked through the streets.

"It is. But you're only getting to see one side of the story."

"Yeah, but still... it must be awesome to live here!"

Elsa laughed. "Lots of young people dream of living here, only to try and get out as soon as possible once they're older."

"Why's that?" Anna asked.

"Well, the rents are outrageously expensive; there's a lot of noise and pollution... the cost of living is way higher than in the rest of the country; there's no way to drive without ending up in traffic jams... and people are always running around as if they didn't have a single second to waste. Sure, there are tons of things to do and see here, but it comes at a price."

"Hmm... I think I'm gonna stick with the romantic, beautiful image I have of this city!"

Elsa winked at her. "As you wish! Oh and... I'm sorry, but I couldn't find a restaurant near the Champs-Elysées, not to mention the Eiffel Tower. They were all booked well in advance." She also wanted to avoid tourist attractions just in case somebody they knew was there.

"That's fine! I don't care about any of that. I just wanted to spend time with you—just the two of us."

You're so cute." Elsa giggled.

"I know! Makes you wanna kiss me, right?"

Elsa complied without hesitation and kissed her girlfriend tenderly. "It was pretty hard having to pretend that we're just casual acquaintances for the entire week."

"Yeah! I constantly had to stifle the urge to walk up to you or to ask you questions."

"We'll come back, just the two of us, some other time, right?" Elsa suggested.

"I'd love that!"
The cold was finally getting to her, and Elsa couldn't suppress a shiver even with her coat securely wrapped around her.

"You're cold?" Anna asked.

"A bit, yeah. I only have a dress on underneath my coat."

"Hmm, you know you're hot no matter what you wear. You should have dressed more warmly—I don't want you to get sick!" Anna chided as she got closer and started rubbing Elsa's back.

"Or maybe I did it so that you'd cuddle with me." Elsa slipped her left arm around her girlfriend's waist.

"If you want cuddles, you just have to ask, you dummy!" Anna admonished.

They arrived arm-in-arm at the restaurant, and were led to a table for two.

"I'm gonna need a translator," Anna moaned while looking at the menu.

"Am I that bad of a teacher?" Elsa asked.

"No, you're great, maybe I'm just a terrible student! But honestly, I've made awesome progress since you arrived. I even managed to communicate with my hosts in French."

"That's great! So, what is it that you don't understand?"

When Anna pointed out a few items listed on the menu, Elsa had a hard time translating them because the names of the dishes were highly whimsical. She noticed that Anna was hesitant.

"What's wrong? Don't you like anything?"

"No, everything sounds awesome… but none of the prices are listed and I have the feeling it's pretty expensive."

"Don't worry about that, I've got it covered."

"Well, that's exactly what's worrying me."

Elsa sighed. "Don't worry, this is a gourmet restaurant, but it isn't starred. I won't bankrupt myself. So just choose what you want and let's enjoy!"

They picked the same first course, but Anna opted for pollock for the main course whereas Elsa chose veal.

"Would you like some wine?" Elsa asked her girlfriend.

"Hmmm… I don't know, would you?"

Elsa rolled her eyes. "I told you not to worry about the price. I think I'll have a glass."

"Well, ok then!"

Elsa gulped when she saw the price of the wine, but she kept it to herself.

"It feels surreal being here with you," Anna observed after the waitress left with their order.

"I know! I'm glad, though. We never got the chance to have that many dates."
"Yes! And here in Paris… whoa!"

Elsa chuckled. "Enjoying the trip so far?"

"Yes, it's amazing! Thanks again for organizing it. The whole week was awesome, but tonight… it blows everything else out of the water."

Elsa took advantage of their time alone to ask Anna about her thoughts on the different locations they had visited. Apparently, the Louvres made quite an impression on Anna and Elsa was glad because it was definitely her favorite museum.

"So, how's the fish?" Elsa asked after they had a chance to sample the main course.

"Divine!" Anna replied. "Are you sure you're not spending your whole salary on this meal?"

Elsa laughed. "Yes, don't worry. So… better than snails?"

"Definitely. Maybe French cuisine isn't totally hopeless after all."

They spent the remainder of the evening chatting about the trip, but Elsa could sense an undercurrent of mounting anticipation. She still wasn't sure how their date would end, although the chocolate mousse they shared guaranteed a win on the dessert front.

As they left the restaurant, Anna turned to her and said, "Thank you so much for this," before slipping her a kiss.

"No problem. I had a great evening," Elsa replied, grasping her girlfriend's arm as they walked down the street.

"It seems much more peaceful now," Anna commented.

The streets weren't exactly empty, but the noise had settled down considerably from earlier.

"I understand now why it's called the city of lights," Anna remarked.

"Well, there's actually a story behind that, and it's not what you'd think."

"Really?"

"Well, um… no, nevermind! I don't want to lecture you!"

"Awww, come on, I want to know!"

"Huh, ok, if you insist. The city earned its nickname ages ago—it was one of the first European cities to utilize street-lights, but the nickname only really gained traction during the Age of Enlightenment. The city was a real beacon of progress and education throughout Europe."

"Thanks, teach'!" Anna teased and Elsa kissed her.

"Interested in seeing the Eiffel Tower at night?" Elsa asked, partly to defer the decision she had to make.

"Of course!"

They had to take the subway to do so, but it didn't take them long to find a station. Elsa was impressed, as always, when they arrived, even after seeing the Eiffel Tower so often, but Anna was
completely mesmerized.

"It's so beautiful," Anna gushed. "So much better than during the day!"

Elsa watched Anna intently while she was staring at the Tower, and felt her heart flutter.

"Do you… I… I booked a room at a hotel. If you're interested," she finally managed to say.

Anna turned towards her, blushing but smiling. "Y, yes! I-I think I'd love that."

Elsa found herself exhaling loudly. "Great."

"Can we stay a few more minutes, though?"

"Of course, let's sit."

They sat down on a nearby bench and Anna snuggled against Elsa, who happily embraced the warmth of the teen.

"If you told me a year ago that we would end up in Paris, together… I'd never have believed it," Anna confessed.

"Me neither…"

They stayed there for a long time, sharing kisses and enjoying the view, until Elsa couldn't fight the cold any longer and her teeth began to chatter.

"Oh! I'm so sorry, I forgot that you were only wearing a dress underneath your coat! Which is lovely, by the way…"

"Well, as long as you like it, it was worth it!"

"We should head inside. Is the hotel far?"

"Hmm… a little, yeah. I hadn't thought that we'd come here after eating. Let's take the subway again."

Anna felt nervous, but also excited. She had spent the best evening she could have imagined, and she counted on things getting even better soon. Even if we don't end up having sex, we're gonna be able to spend a whole night together! A whole night in Elsa's arms!

They entered the hotel hand in hand, and went to the main desk to fetch the key.

"It's not the fanciest hotel around, but it was the only one I could find on such short notice," Elsa remarked as they searched for their room.

"As long as there's a bed, it's good enough for me!" Anna replied. To be honest, she was a bit relieved that it wasn't a fancy hotel. The restaurant alone must have cost Elsa a lot, and she felt bad for not contributing.

"Ah, here we are!" Elsa declared after spotting their room number.

They unlocked the door and went inside. The room was a simple, clean bedroom with a double-size bed and a small bathroom. Seems good to me. The decoration was sparse but chic and Anna sat on the bed to test the mattress.
"We're gonna sleep like logs here!"

"Hmm… that's not exactly what I had in mind…" Elsa whispered.

Anna could feel her cheeks burning "Me neither," she admitted.

Elsa sat down beside her and Anna moved in to kiss her. Their tongues met and lust consumed Anna's mind. She positioned her bottom on Elsa's legs so that she could get closer. Elsa responded by putting her hand on Anna's thigh.

_She really is driving me insane._ Anna kissed Elsa even more passionately and Elsa's touch grew bolder. She felt Elsa's hand grabbing her butt and kneading her cheeks. _I love where this is going._ The state Anna was in reminded her of the Halloween Party. But this time, she wanted to go farther, much farther. She traced her hands along Elsa's shoulders and lowered the straps of Elsa's dress to reveal a pair of amazing breasts. A sexy blue bra held the delectable peaks in place, and Anna momentarily withdrew from Elsa to admire the sight in front of her. _How the hell did I manage to seduce a woman like this? It's incredible._

Elsa was breathing heavily, her eyes clouded in lust.

"I… I just need a minute. I'll be right back!" She suddenly blurted before rushing to the bathroom, leaving a puzzled Anna behind.

_What the hell? I hope she's not reconsidering this… did I go too far? I only lowered her dress… although maybe she's not ready to have sex yet? And I didn't ask her if I could undress her…_

Anna was starting to worry. _Maybe she thought we would just cuddle a little and go to sleep. That would be great, too…_ She stood up and walked to the bathroom door. "Elsa? I'm sorry if I went too far. I… if you don't want to go any further we can just relax and cuddle in bed."

"What? No, no, just a minute!"

Anna went back to the bed, not knowing what to think, and then the door opened. Anna's mouth dropped. Elsa was wearing the blue chemise she had sold her last year, and it was drop dead gorgeous.

"So, what do you think?" Elsa asked, blushing.

Anna was having a hard time organizing her thoughts. The blue, almost transparent cloth didn't hide much, and Anna's eyes wandered everywhere. Elsa still had on her blue lace panties, but her bra was gone, causing the heavy porcelain mounds to strain against the sheer fabric. Her hourglass figure was to die for, and Anna stood there, speechless in front of such beauty. She simply had never seen anyone so sexy.

"Anna?" Elsa breathed as she got closer.

"Y-yeah… you're gorgeous," Anna managed to say, her eyes staring at her girlfriend's long legs.

"Really?"

Anna gulped when her eyes reached Elsa's panties—she was desperate to see what was hidden underneath.

Elsa was even closer now and she straddled her on the bed. Anna felt Elsa's heavy breasts push against hers as they started kissing again, and her hands directly went to Elsa's lower back.
"Whoa, I see you dressed for the occasion, too!" Elsa noted once she had taken off Anna's top.

"Y-yeah. It's nowhere close to you though."

"I love it," Elsa proclaimed as fingers traced the outline of Anna's bra. Anna's own hands went straight to her girlfriend's plump breasts, and she delighted in their heft, marvelling at how Elsa's nipples responded to her touch. She was beyond horny now. Her chest was pounding, her core wet with desire and her mind screaming at her to ravish the gorgeous woman in front of her.

"Do the bottoms match?" Elsa asked mischievously.

"Only one way to find out!" Anna teased with a wink. She maneuvered to a position on the bed where Elsa could remove her jeans. Elsa surprised her by straddling her instead. Anna couldn't help but moan as Elsa kissed her on the neck while using her hands to unhook her bra. Tossing the bra aside, Elsa's kisses moved lower and lower, until Anna felt Elsa's mouth on her erect nipple. Rivulets of pleasure emanated from her aureole as Elsa's mouth greedily sucked on the tender flesh Anna moaned. It was too much. She felt feverish, her whole body reacting in ways she had rarely experienced before. "Elsa!" she groaned as the gorgeous blonde bombshell fiercely attacked her breasts with both tongue and fingers.

Elsa looked up at her and smiled, before continuing her movement downward. She reached Anna's belly button soon afterwards, and Anna squirmed sensuously as her lover unbuttoned her jeans. The jeans were soon discarded and Anna ended up in nothing but her panties.

"You're so beautiful," Elsa whispered, gazing at her in desire.

Anna didn't have time to reply as Elsa went back to her kisses, pressing her moist lips just at the edge of her underwear. Just as she thought Elsa would remove her panties, the blonde pulled herself back to her level.

"May I… ?" she whispered in her ear.

"YES!" Anna huffed, wanting nothing more than to feel her lover's touch on her most intimate region. She felt Elsa's hand slowly going downward, caressing her body, until fingers gently slipped under her panties.

Anna jerked when she felt Elsar's fingers rub against her outer lips. She spread her legs widely and Elsa rubbed even more vigorously, earning a moan from the teenager.

"E-Elsa…oh..."

The blonde silenced her by kissing her passionately, and Anna was overwhelmed by conflicting needs, as she simultaneously struggled to return the kiss and breathe. Elsa's touch became more aggressive, and Anna moaned even louder, unable to restrain herself. While she fingered her and rubbed her clitoris, Elsa alternated between kissing her and sucking on her swollen nipples.

Anna was moaning uncontrollably now, every thrust from her partner's fingers sending her to a new world of pleasure. She could hear the wet sounds coming from her own core as Elsa passionately made love to her. She wanted to open her eyes to look at her lover, but the ecstasy was overwhelming and, instead, she squeezed them shut as bolts of pleasure traversed her body.

When the pleasure reached a crescendo, Anna came hard, her body shaking and her back arching as Elsa continued fingering her and kissing her on the neck and chin.
"Oh, Ms. Neige! Oh… fuck me!" Anna yelled as her body spasmed. She bit her lip, still feeling waves of pleasure as her orgasm subsided. Elsa gently reduced the pace of her fingers, and kissed her tenderly.

"You're so gorgeous," Elsa whispered as Anna rode out the final surges of her orgasm. Anna languished in the gentle touch of Elsa's fingers and the soft kisses on her lips.

They continued kissing and caressing each other. Anna could feel that her partner was overflowing with desire and she maneuvered to get on top of her. *I have no idea how I'm gonna top that… it was so powerful…*

Anna gazed at her lover and lowered herself until she was eye-level with Elsa's crotch. She raised the chemise over Elsa's waist, and gently rubbed her fingers over damp panties, making Elsa twitch. Then, she hooked her fingers on the hem, and slowly lowered them, revealing Elsa's plump, cleanly shaven pussy. *Wow. I had no idea she would be entirely hairless. It's so beautiful, though… should I have shaved mine, too? I definitely will…*

Anna's mouth was watering at the sight. Elsa's lips were slightly swollen, glistening with desire, and Anna was instantly relieved. She was afraid of how she would react the first time she actually saw Elsa's sex. With a mixture of curiosity, desire and awe, Anna gently caressed Elsa's most intimate region, spreading the lips to reveal the pink flesh underneath.

"Ah…" Elsa moaned, and Anna didn't hesitate any longer, bringing her face in close to kiss her lover's core. She reveled in the sensations against her tongue, and Elsa gasped as Anna started kissing her over and over again. Then, she started licking her, using her tongue to explore every hidden fold. She wasn't quite sure what she was doing, but she followed Elsa's lead through her moans and whimpers and she was confident that whatever she was doing was right.

"Oh, Anna... ! Oui, oui… Anna!" Elsa kept moaning, and Anna hungrily ate her out. *She's perfect. Even her moans are sexy as hell!*

Anna tried to observe Elsa's face but it wasn't easy while eating her out, so she briefly traded her tongue for her fingers and pulled herself up to Elsa's level. *She's so beautiful…*

Anna kissed the perfect porcelain skin on her neck and cheeks while Elsa squirmed and moaned, and then she slipped back down between her legs. Anna didn't stop fingerling her lover, instead she added her tongue to the mix and Elsa started screaming in delight. *Sounds like I managed to give her as much pleasure as she gave to me!*

Elsa was having the time of her life by now, judging by her cries and movements prompting Anna to press her lips hard against Elsa's sex. *I could eat her out all day. I love this!* Anna didn't want to stop, no matter how hard Elsa was cumming. After some time, Elsa seemed to calm down, but then Anna increased the movement of her tongue, and sucked down on her girlfriend's clitoris, causing her lover to yell out as she bucked her hips.

"God, Anna, that was amazing…" Elsa panted once Anna had stopped her ministrations. "I didn't think… we'd go that far tonight."

"Honestly, I didn't either!" Anna admitted. "But when I saw you entirely naked… damn!"

Elsa chuckled.

"I have to admit I used to think oral sex was gross," Anna added, "but… wow! I'd do this anytime!"

They snuggled naked against each other for a while, and then prepared for bed.
"We have to get up pretty early tomorrow if we don't want to raise suspicions."

"Yeah… well, I think I'm gonna sleep really well," Anna said as she slipped under the covers in nothing but her panties. She hadn't brought pyjamas, after all, and she was pretty sure Elsa wouldn't mind. Elsa joined her in her chemise, and Anna snuggled up to her.

"Me, too…" Elsa whispered while softly caressing Anna's back with her hand.

Anna put her face in the crook of her lover's neck and circled her waist with her arm.

"Goodnight, Elsa. I love you."

"I love you too, Anna."

She was about to fall asleep when she finally remembered something. Anna felt her face turn red. "I… I called you Ms. Neige again, didn't I?" she whispered.

Elsa laughed and kissed her on the forehead. "Yeah. It was pretty cute."

"I don't know what's wrong with me! I'm sorry!"

"Don't worry, it was fun. I'm pretty sure I spoke French while you… well, while you were, you know."

"Eating you out?" Anna asked with a grin. "Yeah, it was sexy as hell."

"I promise I won't tell anyone you called me Ms. Neige while I fingered you, don't worry," her teacher joked.

"Good," Anna replied, smiling. "Can you lie on your back? It would be more comfortable," she added after a few minutes.

"Sure."

Anna hugged her from the side and rested her head on her girlfriend's chest.

"Hmm… is this a ploy to lay on my boobs?"

Anna giggled. "I feel like I completely neglected them. I'm gonna have to make up for that."

Elsa yawned. "They're all yours, but I'm spent. Sweet dreams, Anna."

Anna hugged her even tighter. "Night, love."

She fell asleep a few seconds later, blissful and full of hope for the future.
Elsa didn't get much sleep that night, but it was still the best night of her life. She woke several times to find Anna curled up next to her, making it difficult to fall back asleep, especially since the teen's nearly naked, nubile form was tightly pressed against her—it was incredibly arousing. Additionally, Elsa couldn't get the night's events out of her mind. It had been utterly spectacular, and she was glad she took the risk in bringing Anna to the hotel.

Cuddling with Anna afterwards made it even better. Her mind was alive with thoughts about the future, and she knew that there was no going back to sleep this time. Her phone showed that it was only five in the morning. An hour before we need to get up. To be honest, she didn't mind being wide awake as long as it meant that she could enjoy Anna's company. She glanced at the form breathing softly next to her and kissed Anna on the forehead. One hour to spend with my love.

Feeling cozy under the blankets, Elsa maneuvered herself so that Anna's head rested on her chest. She listened to the whispers of Anna's breathing while contemplating her good fortune. How did I get this lucky? To meet such a wonderful, beautiful girl?

She dozed on and off over the next half-hour, trying to make the most of her time with Anna until the redhead finally cracked open her sleepy eyes.

"Hmmm… morning Elsa..." Anna murmured as she closed her eyes again and nuzzled closer.

"Good morning, Anna. Did you sleep well?"

"Yeah... I want to sleep with you every night."

Elsa smiled. "I'd love that."

Anna took Elsa's hand in hers and gently stroked her thumb against her skin.

"Yesterday was amazing. And not only… well, not only the naughty parts. Everything was great, thank you."

Elsa blushed at the mention of the evening. "Yes, I loved it too."

"I doubt I could have dreamt of a better experience… when do we have to go?"

"Well… we have to make sure nobody suspects anything, so we have to go our separate ways before we rendez-vous for today's activities—that means we need to leave no later than seven."

"What time is it now?"

"Five thirty."

"Hmmmm, we have plenty of time left then..." Anna declared as she hugged Elsa tightly.

Elsa chuckled. "Yes, but breakfast is served at six-thirty and we have to be ready to leave before then."

"Sure..." Anna agreed before kissing her on the cheek. "I love you."

"Love you, too," Elsa replied, feeling truly happy. She had been happy before in her life, but this was, somehow, much more fulfilling.
They spent half-an-hour laying in bed, enjoying each other's warmth and company, until the alarm clock rang.

"Can't we stay a few more minutes?" Anna asked.

"I'm afraid we'll be late if we do. Unless we skip breakfast, but that'd be a shame."

"Hmmm… we can shower together, it'll save us at least five minutes!" Anna proclaimed with a grin. Elsa blushed. True, they had slept together, but she had never been completely naked in front of anyone before. Still, she had no qualms about stripping in front of Anna, and the idea of a completely nude Anna sent a small thrill coursing through her body.

"Are you sure you won't mind?" she asked.

"You're kidding, right?" Anna replied.

"Well, five more minutes it is then!" Elsa pronounced.

Their five minutes was up before they knew it, but it wasn't that bad knowing what was in store. Elsa took the initiative, grabbing a pair of underwear from her purse.

Anna pouted. "I didn't plan that far ahead." She left the bed in only her panites, which instantly caught Elsa's eyes.

"Maybe you'll have time to change if we can get out of here fast enough?"

"I hope so. Anyway, let's go!"

The two women entered the bathroom holding hands, and Elsa quickly stripped, exposing herself to her partner. Anna couldn't help but stare as the last remnants of clothing hit the floor. She responded by removing her own underwear and jumping into the shower. Now it was Elsa's turn to stare.

She soon joined Anna, trying not to dwell too hard on the fact she was just inches away from a naked, gorgeous, young woman. We don't have time for sex. It was hard resisting temptation, but Elsa managed to keep her hands off of Anna, if not her eyes. The sight of water running down Anna's naked, toned body would forever be etched in her mind.

Anna's sultry smile seemed to echo her own thoughts, and Elsa gave her a quick kiss once they were both clean. Soon after, they dried themselves and dressed for the day.

"Let's head out to eat," Elsa suggested once they were ready.

"This is definitely something I could get used to!" Anna enthusiastically announced once they found themselves at the hotel buffet.

"It looks good, huh?" Elsa asked.

"Yes! Although it's not the only thing here that looks delicious," Anna replied with a wink.

They both grabbed a cup of hot cocoa and Elsa plucked a baguette off a rack while watching Anna help herself to one of each variety of pastry on display.

"What? It's a buffet, right?" Anna declared with her plate overflowing with sweets.

"Yes, of course, take whatever you want!"
"I love these! What's their name again?"

"I call them 'pains au chocolat' but some french people call them 'chocolatines'. Don't ask me why, but there's actually a huge debate over what to call them—it's actually gotten quite political."

"Weird. Anyway, whatever they're called, they're awesome! Do you know how to make them?"

"Actually I do! My mother taught me. It's not that hard; it's the same puff pastry we use for croissants."

"Oh my God, marry me! Please!"

Elsa chuckled and blushed at the same time. To be honest after all the things that happened yesterday, the idea of marrying Anna was more than appealing.

"I mean," Anna leaned in to whisper while slicing open a croissant, "the sex was awesome, but if you can bake these… you're a keeper."

"Well then, I'll try to bake some when we get back home and then you can let me know if I should set a date for our wedding so I can warn my parents," Elsa teased.

"Looking forward to it!"

Elsa watched in amazement as Anna devoured her entire collections of pastries, and then they left. They had to split apart at the subway station, though, where Anna pulled her into a deep hug.

"I had the most amazing time!" Anna declared. "Thank you!"

"It was amazing indeed," Elsa replied. "I love you."

Anna looked at her and gave her a bright smile that made all Elsa's senses tingle. "I love you too Elsa."

They kissed, and then broke their hug.

"Are you sure you can find your way back?" Elsa asked.

"Yeah, it's not that hard. I don't even need to change lines."

"Good. Well, call me if you need anything."

"Yep! See you in… half-an hour?"

"Actually, yes. You should hurry!"

Anna kissed her one last time, ignoring a few surprised glances thrown their way, and hurried onto the subway. Elsa watched her leave, wondering how she had ended up meeting and dating the most wonderful girl in the world.

Anna was ecstatic. As the train sped forward, she found herself reminiscing about her night with Elsa. *I still can't believe that we're a couple.*

As soon as she reached her destination, she left the station and hurried to the house she was staying at, knocking on its door.
"Oh, you're here! I didn't think you'd be back for breakfast!" her hostess said.

"I'm just here to get Merida and grab a few things," Anna replied.

"Of course, come on in. Are you sure you don't want a croissant? I bought them earlier this morning."

Anna bit her lip. She had already eaten way too much at the hotel. "Well, I guess I could eat one!"

The woman smiled and Anna came in. "I'll be right back!" she promised before heading to her bedroom. Merida was there, ready to leave, and Anna couldn't help but grin at her.

"I take it by yer face that everything went great?" the Scot asked.

"Yes! It was amazing!" Anna replied. "I just need a change of clothes and I'll tell you everything!"

She grabbed some stuff from her suitcase and hurried to the bathroom to change. When she got out, Merida had already left, so she made her way to the living room where she found her friend eating. Anna grabbed a croissant, thanking her host, and they both left, with Merida sending the teachers a text that they were running a bit late.

"So, tell me everything!" Merida demanded as they walked to the rendezvous point.

"Where should I start? Everything was so great!"

"Well, start from the beginning."

"Well, as soon as I joined her, I felt so free! Nobody knew who we were, and we could do whatever we wanted. We kissed and hugged right there in the street and it felt so liberating!"

"Ok… but ye didn't stay outside all day, did ye?"

"No, Elsa had reserved a table at a restaurant for us. I'm afraid she spent a lot of money on it… but the food was delicious. And it gave us the chance to talk openly."

"And then came the good stuff!" Merida teased.

"Yeah, well, not right then! We went for a walk in Paris. The Eiffel Tower is so much more beautiful at night! We sat on a bench, soaking it in… it was so magical and romantic. I'll never forget the moment."

"And then…?"

"You're awful! And then she asked me if I wanted to spend the night with her... Of course I said yes, and we left."

"Did she like the panties?" Merida asked.

"She loved them! And damn… she was wearing that blue chemise I sold her last year. I almost had a heart attack when I saw her."

"So ye definitely had sex?"

"Duh!" Anna replied, blushing. *I lost my virginity to Elsa. I'm so lucky.*

"How far did you go?"
"Well, she… she touched me with her fingers, but I've got to tell you, it was more than enough!"

"Did you cum?"

"Oh yeah! And wow!" Anna replied.

"What about her?"

"I think so! I ate her out."

"What?! Wow, yer movin' fast!"

"Yeah, I know! I didn't plan on doing that. But… I really wanted to please her, and… I don't know, I just felt like doing it."

"Wasn't it gross?"

"Not way! Did you know Elsa shaves down there? I loved it. I can't wait to do it again!"

"Well, sorry, I'm afraid I don't swing that way."

Anna stuck her tongue out at her friend and they both laughed.

"I'm so happy for ye!" Merida exclaimed after that, hugging her.

"Thanks! I'm walking on clouds, frankly."

"Well, just make sure nobody finds out why."

"Yep… that's gonna be the hard part."

"So, tell me again what happened at the hotel. And I need details. You went over it way too fast."

"The days just flew on by," Honeymaren lamented as they arrived at their flat on their last day in France.

"Yes… but I had fun." Even without the night with Anna, which really had been the best part of the trip, Elsa was happy with how things worked out.

"Yes, thanks so much for bringing me!"

"No problem. I'm glad you came."

"Well, you can count on me coming next year if you plan on going again."

"Thanks." To be honest, Elsa would prefer going with her best friend, but she wasn't sure Rapunzel would leave her baby behind for an entire week. Rapunzel with a baby. Wow. That's going to be a game changer.

"So, anything planned for tonight?"

"Hmmm, no. We have to get up early tomorrow, though. The plane leaves at 6:00 AM, and we need to make sure everyone's at the airport two hours in advance."

"Aw, don't be such a killjoy! This is our last day in Paris, we should have some fun! We'll sleep on the plane!"
Elsa hesitated. She really didn't want to go out, but it could be a way to thank Honeymarren for her help.

"Well, sure, ok. But not too late."

"Sure, great!"

Elsa received a text from Anna while they were getting ready, and it brought a smile to her face as soon as she saw the name of the fake contact she was using for her.

**Hey you :) Any way we could see each other tonight before we leave?**

Elsa bit her lip, hesitating. It was extremely tempting. Anna hadn't left her mind since the moment they had left each other two days ago. *Maybe I could tell Honeymarren I'm going to see my parents… it's risky though, she might figure something out… and what would I tell to Anna's hosts? It worked once, but they could be suspicious if it happens again.*

She struggled for a while, desperate to find a safe way to spend another evening with Anna, but she ultimately convinced herself it was safer to avoid it.

**Sorry, I really want to but I'm afraid that it would be testing our luck…**

**Yeah, I understand. Sorry I asked.**

Elsa hoped Anna wouldn't take it too badly. *Do I feel resentment in her text? It's so hard to interpret them…*

**I hope you're ok with that? Trust me, I'm so looking forward to spend another evening with you.**

**No, no it's fine! I really want to see you, but we'll have plenty of time this summer and afterwards. Love you!**

**I'm glad. I love you too. Have a good night!**

**Thanks, you too!**

Feeling a bit reassured, Elsa finished preparing herself and went out with Honeymarren. *You damn fool, you could be out with Anna right now and instead you're going out for a drink you don't want with somebody you don't really like.*

They went to a pub and mingled there for a while. It was nice talking in her native tongue with other natives, but she tried to include her coworker as much as she could.

"You have no problem making friends out of the blue," Honeymarren told her once they were alone again.

"You think so?" Elsa asked.

"Yeah, people flock to you. I guess you're not paying attention to it anymore. Must be nice having such good looks."

"Oh, I… well, thanks," Elsa said, feeling a bit uncomfortable. She was wondering if her coworker was hoping to get a compliment in response. *It's not that she is ugly, but… I don't know. She should do something with her hair, for starters.*
There was an uncomfortable silence for a while.

"Sorry, I didn't want to make you uncomfortable."

"It's fine, don't worry."

"So, what about your girlfriend? You told me it was complicated the other day?"

Elsa was seriously trying to wonder if she was trying to make a move on her.

"Yeah, but I'm confident we will work it out soon. I love her so much... and I know she loves me too."

"Wow. Lucky you then! She must be one hell of a girl."

Elsa laughed. "Yeah, she is. I'm lucky I found her. What about you?"

"Well, I'm single right now. I haven't had luck with my former partners."

She started telling her about them, and Elsa lost track quickly. Her mind quickly found its way back to Anna while she nodded and pretended she cared, and she couldn't help but think about the texts she had shared with her girlfriend earlier. She grabbed her phone while half-listening to Honeymarren and sent Anna a text.

**Maybe we could find a way to see each other before summer?**

**YES**

Elsa grinned at the reply. "Sorry," she told Honeymarren. "You were saying?"

She waited for a bit before sending Anna another text.

**I can't stop thinking about you since the other day. Not sure I can wait until summer anymore.**

**Me neither... we're gonna have to be careful though. I don't want anything bad to happen.**

Elsa nodded her approval. They had to be careful, but they also had to see each other again soon.
"Anna! We missed you so much!" Iduna gushed while pulling her in for a tight hug. Anna returned the affection, and then moved to embrace her father. Her parents had driven directly to the airport along with a few others.

"Mom, I was only gone for a week, it's not like I was away forever, but, yeah, it's nice to be back!" Anna replied. "I'm spent."

"Of course, let's head home."

"We need to thank the teachers before we go," Agnarr asserted and the three of them went to find Elsa and Ms. Nattura.

"Mr. and Mrs. Summers." Elsa greeted them with a nod.

"Hello E... Ms. Neige," Agnarr said, correcting himself quickly enough.

_Dammit dad, we've been keeping everything a secret for months, I hope you're not gonna ruin everything now!_

"How was the trip? Did the kids behave?" Anna's mother asked.

"Yes, everything was great. I didn't have a problem with a single student and we managed to see everything as planned."

"Well, thanks for organizing this trip," Agnarr offered. "I'm sure Anna loved it."

"I did!" Anna interjected. _For so many reasons!_

"I'm not exactly sure that they managed to improve their French much over the week, but at least they did manage to sample French culture. Some of them even had the chance to taste some... local delicacies," Elsa added, smiling.

"Yuck, snails! So gross—don't even remind me!" Anna spluttered, remembering the rubbery texture of the snails after she accidentally chewed on one.

Elsa laughed and they all bid each other goodbye.

Anna ran off to find Kristoff and Merida, but soon parted from her friends after her parents whisked her away to the car. Once inside, she was overwhelmed with questions. They wanted to know everything that had happened on the trip, and Anna tried to remember it all. However, there were some details that were already slipping from her mind. There was one particular thing she was sure
She would never forget, but she decided to keep that to herself.

She's lovely! Elsa tried to keep her eyes off of Anna, but it was harder and harder as the weeks flew by. The first signs of spring were here, and the pretty redhead had ditched her uniform jacket along with her heavy tights, revealing those exquisite legs.

Visions from their class trip flooded her mind... Anna's succulent breasts... Her mouth latched around a tender nipple... She suddenly stopped herself. Get a grip Elsa, you're in class. Her students were taking a test while she was sitting at her desk, watching them to make sure that no one was cheating. Well, that was what she was supposed to be doing. Instead, she found her eyes wandering over to Anna—staring at her, mostly, like some perv. But in her defense, it was really hard to avoid thinking about Anna that way ever since their trip to Paris and the night they had spent together—she was dying to repeat it. Just thinking back on it made her horny. What a night it was... I can't believe she went down on me... it was my best orgasm ever.

She had replayed those memories many, many nights since then, but as much as it helped her deal with her urges, it was nothing compared to the real thing. Just like that, she was back to staring at Anna. The girl looked up at her and gave her a quick smile. Elsa struggled not to give one back. She's so damn cute. Stop it.

She stood up from her desk and walked through the aisles, between the students, to avoid sitting right in front of the object of her desire. It was easier that way, and the students soon started handing her their papers. Elsa went over them quickly while the others were finishing theirs, and she couldn't help but smile when she noticed a tiny heart on top of one of Anna's 'i's. Her test was perfect, and Elsa was glad. She had definitely improved a lot over the last year.

Not long after that, the bell rang and Elsa collected the tests from the stragglers. She couldn't help but glance at Anna as she was leaving. She stopped herself from sighing as Anna disappeared from her view.

"Ye should be more careful, someone's gonna notice the way yer eyes are glued to her," Merida whispered, making Elsa almost jump.

"I-yeah, you're right. I'm doing my best," Elsa replied, feeling stupid for being caught like that.

She's right, though. I really have to be careful. We're getting close to the end of the year—I have to hang tight. "Can I help you with something?" Elsa asked. She was pretty sure Merida had been one of the first students to hand her her paper. She was actually one of her star pupils.

"Yeah..." the Scot said after scanning her surroundings.. The first thing that came to Elsa's mind was that Anna had a message for her, but why wouldn't she just text her then? It would be safer. Merida continued, "Ye know Anna's birthday is coming up, right?" She almost whispered.

"Yes, of course I know," Elsa replied. "I don't really know what to get her, since... well, I'm not supposed to give her anything."

"Well, I have the perfect gift in mind."

I'm turning eighteen tomorrow. To be honest, it didn't feel special at all. Just another day. On the other hand, it meant she was finally considered an adult, so she should be able to decide anything she wanted. Except it wasn't that easy. Her birthday wouldn't be anything special either. Well, Merida had told her that she had something special for her, but other than that she was going to
spend the day with her parents like usual. What she wanted was to see Elsa, but she knew that wasn't possible.

Anna was wondering what Merida could have cooked up when her phone rang. She had been waiting for Elsa to call her for their weekly call.

"Hello, Anna."

"Hi teach!" Anna teased.

"Anna..." Elsa reproached.

"What?" she innocently asked. Anna knew Elsa didn't like being reminded of her position, but Anna thought it was funny... and naughty, too.

"You know what! Anyway, how are you? Anything planned for the weekend?"

"I'm fine, thanks. Just missing you, as usual." Anna was dying to have another intimate moment with Elsa.

"Me too..."

"I didn't tell you, but it's actually my birthday this weekend."

"Oh, I know."

"Really? How?"

"Well, don't forget I have access to your file. I know everything there is to know about you!"

"Oh really? And what is in that file exactly?"

"Well... next to nothing, actually. But it does have your date of birth."

"So then you know I'll be eighteen tomorrow."

"Yep."

"Mmm. You know what that means?"

"Hmmm... you get the right to vote? Although there isn't an election any time soon, so..."

"Shut up! A lot more interesting than that!"

"In France, you'd finally be able to drive, but Arendelle allows sixteen-year-olds to get their license."

"More interesting than that!"

"Hmmm... you can legally buy and drink alcohol?"

"Nope, not until I'm twenty-one."

"Weird... so you're old enough to drive, but not to drink?"

"I guess... better than that, though. Way better actually."
"Oh, I know! Is it because of the pastries I baked and brought to school last week? You can finally marry me now!" Elsa teased.

Her heart skipped a beat. She didn't forget that...

"Hmmm..."

"We can date each other and it wouldn't be considered illegal."

"You think so?"

"No legal issues if anyone finds you with your hands under my skirt now," Anna proclaimed. Just the thought of Elsa's fingers making their way up her thigh was putting her into the mood.

"Oh really? I'm not so sure about that. I'm still in a position of authority."

"I did my research! It's perfectly legal, as long as nobody can prove we already did stuff before I turned eighteen."

"Interesting... it would still be seen as unethical behavior, though."

"Yeah. You'd be labelled a pervert who can't keep her hands off her innocent student."

"I'd lose my job for sure, as well as any chance to get a new one in this line of work."

"Yeah, I'm not saying we should go public, but still, it's a relief to know that prison is out of the picture now."

Elsa sighed. "It is, actually. I hadn't thought about that. We've been careful, but I can't help breaking into a cold sweat from time to time thinking about what could happen if we got caught."

"Well you can relax a little now!"

"Let's continue being discreet, though. I don't want to lose my job, and as you said, I'd still be in a world of trouble if they found out this started before you turned eighteen."

"True."

"It's still a relief, though," Elsa added after a while. "Maybe I'll sleep better from now on."

"I'm glad. I didn't think it was weighing on you so much. You know you can trust me, right?"

"Yes, yes of course."

"I mean, even if we... even if we broke up for some reason, I'd never do anything that would harm you."

"I know. Not everything is under our control, though. Anyway, enough about that! What are you doing for your birthday?"

"Nothing much," Anna replied. "I wish I could spend it with you."

There was an audible sigh over the phone. "Sorry..."

"It's fine, I'm not a big fan of birthdays anyway. I mean, I'm glad I get to eat cake and get presents,
but it doesn't really mean anything to me."

"Yeah well, at least you're young enough to not be depressed about getting older—I'm getting way too close to thirty..."

"Wow, yeah... I hadn't considered that! You're really, really old!" Anna joked.

"Hmpf. You'll understand soon enough! I still think of myself as being in my twenties."

"You look like it, too."

"Thanks."

They spent almost an hour on the phone, as usual, and then Anna went to bed. These were always her best nights. Only a few months left, and then she'll be all mine.

Merida stopped by the next day with Kristoff, much to Anna's surprise, and Anna was happy to see them.

"Happy birthday!" they both announced as she opened the door, and she hugged them in return.

"Thank you!"

She welcomed them in, and her parents greeted them as well.

"You didn't have to come all this way just to wish me a happy birthday though. It could have waited until Monday!"

"Well, your parents invited us over for dinner, too."

"We thought you'd like having your friends around," Iduna remarked, and Anna had to admit that it made having to spend her birthday without Elsa easier. A tiny part of her mind was hoping her parents had also invited her and that she'd appear soon, but she knew it was too much to ask. Still, she couldn't help but hope.

Elsa didn't arrive, though—no surprise—but even so, Anna had a nice day. When she opened her presents she was surprised that Kristoff and Merida had given her a letter. She opened it carefully, and was a bit puzzled as she read the insert.

"All inclusive weekend at Arendelle's North Mountain with us," she read out loud.

"Next week!" Kris added.

"Wow, thanks! It's a great idea. But won't I be a third wheel? I mean, you're a couple, I don't want to mess things up for you two!"

"Come on! We're there as friends," Kris argued. "We even rented a three bedroom cabin."

"Well... thank you then! But it must have cost you an arm and a leg."

"That's true... it's an awesome gift but you should have given us a heads up, we could have chipped in for Anna's portion," Agnarr added.

"No, it's fine, don't worry. I got a really good deal," Merida commented.

Anna liked the idea, but she was still worried that she'd be nothing but extra baggage during their
trip. It was only when her parents left and Merida broke into a mischievous grin, that she began to get a clue.

"We lied. We're not going there as friends."

"What do you mean?" Anna asked.

"It's actually a double date."

"Wha... really?" Anna blurted, suddenly feeling overjoyed but not wanting to get too excited too fast. "You mean, Elsa knows?"

"Yep, it's actually her gift to you. The original plan was that she was only supposed to pay for herself, but she insisted on including you as well. She said the fact that we thought about it and made it possible was a gift in itself."

"It is! Oh my god! So I'm gonna spend the weekend with her?"

"Yeah, well, we'll be there too! You better not stay in your room the entire time! There's plenty of things to do outside," Kris argued.

"I'm pretty sure they're gonna spend a good deal of time in their bedroom, though... and maybe we will too."

Kris blushed at that, and Anna laughed. "That's so awesome!"

"Well, to be honest it's not a completely selfless act. Kris and I really wanted to spend a weekend together, too, but it was easier to sell this to my parents than to tell them that we were going on a romantic trip. And that way nobody even has to lie. We will truly be together. Let's just forget that there's a fourth guest."

Anna was too excited to keep it to herself. She took her phone and called Elsa.

"I love you so much!" She told her as she picked it up.

Elsa laughed. "Happy birthday! I imagine you just got my gift?"

"Yeah! You're amazing! I love you. This is gonna be great!"

"I'm glad you're happy. The whole idea came from Merida, though."

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