A Strange Attraction - RusAme

by fiddlemoomin, toolingmoomin (fiddlemoomin)

Summary

Ivan, a primary school teacher, suddenly finds himself strangely attracted to a young boy who just transferred into his class. Now giving Alfred extra math classes after school, Ivan sees his chance to make Alfred his personal little pet.

Author does not agree with nor condone rape, child abuse, pedophilia or anything of similar nature mentioned in this story.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Alfred was new, an eight year old that had recently changed schools. Ivan on the other hand was a twenty nine year old, working at Alfred’s new school. He also happened to be Alfred’s new math teacher. From the second Ivan had first laid his eyes on Alfred he knew he was special. He felt a weird longing, a need that he had never felt for anyone. Alfred only got more intriguing when Ivan realised he wasn’t supposed to have such thoughts about his student.

Like a rebellious teen, Ivan only got more tempted and determined to get close with the small boy. When Alfred’s parents found it fit for Alfred to get extra math lessons, Ivan saw his chance.

Now Alfred was sitting in the large classroom, it being their third session together, his bright blue eyes eagerly watching as he heard Ivan talking on the phone. Alfred’s parents had called and explained that they’d most likely be late to get Alfred from school. Alfred’s twin brother, Matthew, had been rushed to the hospital. Of course Alfred didn’t know that at that point.

As the call ended Ivan smiled softly. The older male’s sharp features looked good when he smiled, something he rarely did, especially not in class. So Alfred couldn’t help but feel lucky to have caught a glimpse of his teacher in such a cheerful mood. “Your parents will be a little late. But don’t worry, I’ll look out for you,” Ivan assured as he moved over, resting a bit against Alfred’s desk. “Would you like a lollipop? You were good today,” He praised with a small hum, Alfred smiling widely as he eagerly nodded. “Yes, please!” He told eagerly.

Ivan hummed and walked to his desk, pulling out a drawer. “Very well. Come pick one,” He urged, his tone sweet but still assertive. Alfred didn’t seem to mind, quietly standing and correcting his uniform shorts before walking up and reaching into the small box of lollipops. “Don’t tell the others, alright?” Ivan told with a hum, Alfred silently nodding as he undid the wrapper and carefully placed it in the small trash can Ivan kept under his table. Ivan seemed content as he watched Alfred suck on the lollipop, gently petting his head, Alfred not seeming to mind. Truth be told the eight year old enjoyed the attention, not thinking much of it. Although it was a nice change from at home where Matthew was usually the focus because of his horrible health. Not that Alfred blamed his parents, he just missed feeling important. And for some reason, when he was with Mr. B he felt important. In fact, like the most important thing to Mr. B. Alfred smiled to himself at the thought.

Having gotten lost in thought he had allowed himself to get a bit messy. A string of sticky drool ran down his chin causing Ivan to lean over, drying the string of drool with a light blue handkerchief. Alfred took note of Ivan’s initials at the bottom corner. Ivan quietly snatched the lollipop, holding Alfred’s chin for a bit before caressing his lower lip, the young boys lips still parted.

Ivan admired Alfred’s parted lips for a bit, Alfred’s mouth more wet than usual because of the lollipop. So dang inviting. “Mhm, what a mess you made. How about I help you from now on?” The older male offered, raising his thick, pale brow as he smiled a bit. Alfred’s eyes were wide as he looked up at Ivan. The usually turbulent boy nodded quietly. “Sure,” He told, flashing a smile of his own, Ivan chuckling at the sight of Alfred’s missing baby teeth. He remembered when it had fallen out, mostly because of how proudly Alfred had showed him his front tooth.

Ivan admired Alfred’s parted lips for a bit, Alfred’s mouth more wet than usual because of the lollipop. So dang inviting. “Mhm, what a mess you made. How about I help you from now on?” The older male offered, raising his thick, pale brow as he smiled a bit. Alfred’s eyes were wide as he looked up at Ivan. The usually turbulent boy nodded quietly. “Sure,” He told, flashing a smile of his own, Ivan chuckling at the sight of Alfred’s missing baby teeth. He remembered when it had fallen out, mostly because of how proudly Alfred had showed him his front tooth.

Ivan quietly moved the lollipop back into Alfred’s mouth where he from then on administered it, smiling as he allowed the lollipop to twirl along on Alfred’s tongue while the eight year old was eager to taste as much he could, giggling at Ivan’s silliness.

Eventually Ivan handed the lollipop back as Alfred had almost finished it and Ivan had had his fun
with watching. “Mr. B, what’s your first name?” Alfred asked curiously, noticing the small ‘I’ in front of Ivan’s last name on the name tag on his teachers desk.

Ivan smiled a bit as he watched Alfred, still caressing his head. “Ivan,” He informed, Alfred nodding a bit. “Can I call you that?” He asked curiously, Ivan smirking slightly.

“That’s a very intimate thing to do,” Ivan pointed out with a small grin, Alfred just tilting his head. He didn’t like when Mr. B used big words, mostly because he didn’t understand any of them. “Do you know what intimate means?” Ivan asked as he noticed Alfred’s confusion. Alfred stayed quiet although gently shook his head while looking down, his tanned cheeks growing slightly red.

Ivan smiled, tilting Alfred’s chin so they’d make eye contact. “It’s when you’re very close. Familiar with each other. Very good friends,” He explained with a smile. Alfred looked up at Ivan. He wanted to be Ivan’s friend. Alfred didn’t have too many friends in the first place, the school was still quite new to him. “Are we friends, Mr. B?” He asked, his shiny blue eyes filling with hope. Ivan thought a bit before nodding. “Yes. Very good friends. And good friends keep each other’s secrets, right?” He asked as he leaned down to Alfred who gently nodded, feeling a giddy feeling build in his stomach. Because Mr. B didn’t see him as a child. He saw him as his friend who he could share all his secrets with! Alfred felt quite cool in the moment, a smug smile finding its way to his lips.

Soon something else did too. Ivan was still holding Alfred’s chin when he pressed their lips together, Alfred’s eyes widening. “That’s our little secret, understood?” Ivan asked when he pulled away. Alfred was still surprised although he nodded, his cheeks slightly pink as he did so.

“That’s something you do with people who you’re close with. Some adults even use their tongue too,” Ivan informed, making Alfred scrunch his nose. He didn’t find kissing particularly appealing to begin with so the thought of adding tongue as well just messed with his mind. Where would the tongues even go? “Do you wanna try that?” Ivan asked with a small smile, although Alfred shook his head, something Ivan respected. “Perhaps another time then,” Ivan hummed as he moved Alfred over, cupping his cheeks. “Let’s try just one more kiss. No tongue,” The older promised as he caressed Alfred’s cheek.

Alfred shrugged a bit although shyly kissed back when their lips were connected again. Alfred was clearly inexperienced, but soon grew very needy, making Ivan chuckle when he pulled away.

The two didn’t engage much more that day as Arthur soon came to pick up his son. “Our secret, remember?” Ivan reminded Alfred as he was guiding Alfred out, the small blonde stopping with a grin and holding out his pinkie. “Pinkie promise!” He assured. Ivan chuckled briefly at the gesture although locked their pinkies, gently squeezing Alfred’s finger. “Pinkie promise.”
Chapter 2.

Chapter by toolingmoomin (fiddlemoomin)

Chapter Notes

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Ivan’s home was small, a tiny apartment in a complex that his sister Natalya owned. It was nice and he didn’t need to pay rent because of his sister insisting that it’s not necessary for family. The bedroom wasn’t particularly large, but it was big enough to fit a comfortable queen sized bed and a small desk in the corner. It’s not like Ivan needed more. He had never been much for material things anyways. Besides the bed and the desk, not much occupied the room. A few books his sister brought him, a small painting from when he was little that he had hung near his bed and a few random nicknack he had gotten from students over the years. Alfred’s gifts of course held the most special place in Ivan’s heart. Sometimes when Ivan felt lonely, he would bring out the small gifts, occasionally wearing one of the necklaces he had been gifted around his apartment. Ivan of course didn’t see anything weird in that.

And then at last there was his diary. In his diary, Ivan would write his most secret feelings down, especially his desperate love for Alfred. His complete infatuation fills most of the cheap book. Though a few pages described an argument he had had with his sister and a few others how he sometimes missed Russia a bit, but they quickly got lost.

‘Stupid pen,’ Ivan thought as he threw his cheap ball point pen out, sighing as he got out to find a new one. Ivan had been sitting at his desk, writing although had been disturbed by his lack of a working pen. Two pages in with a pen that was already running on it’s last ink, it was bound to die out soon. Ivan soon found another pen, smoothing the paper out as he sat down, reading over the last paragraph he had written.

‘August 23, 2011

I kissed Alfred today. I gave him a lollipop and he drooled all over himself. My Alfred is so cute. Sadly I had to dry his drool away, but I got to control the lollipop. I don’t think I’ve seen anything more amazing than Alfred’s little tongue twirling around the lollipop. He was very eager. When he was done, we kissed. It was short and he didn’t want to use tongue like I had hoped. But it’s okay, I can’t go too fas..’

The last line or so was where the pen had died out and Ivan didn’t even get to finish his sentence. Writing a neat little ‘t’ at the end, Ivan continued.

‘His lips were so sticky and wet, from the lollipop. My stomach fluttered and I don’t know how to describe it. Being with Alfred is something words can’t describe. Alfred asked about my name too. He wants to call me Ivan instead of Mr. B. I like it when Alfred says my name. It makes my heart throb.. And something else.’

Ivan paused for a bit, looking down at the paper. He felt guilty. He didn’t want to be gross with Alfred and deep down he knew that him making his move on the small boy was wrong. But he just
couldn’t help himself. Alfred was the perfect little thing and Ivan just couldn’t keep his feelings suppressed. Alfred was like Ivan’s forbidden fruit. Ivan knew he wasn’t supposed to, but god, Alfred was tasty. Ivan wanted to savour Alfred and as he looked around his room he got an idea. He remembered a small video camera his sisters had gotten him years back. Back then Ivan thought he was going to be a filmmaker. And in a way he was, just a different kind of film.

Ivan looked back down at the paper. It was true what he had written, but he didn’t exactly want it to be.

‘It makes my heart throb.. And something else.’

There, all better, Ivan thought with a small smile on his lips.

‘I want to capture Alfred’s beauty forever. So I can always have him near, watch his cute face and hear his adorable sounds. I’ve still got the video camera Natalya and Katuyusha got me. I’ll bring it today and maybe I can use it a bit. I want to do more kissing with Alfred. I miss his lips. I miss my Alfred.’

A small alarm went off, making Ivan sigh. He was supposed to wake up and get ready for work now. But of course he had woken early, already having eaten breakfast. All he needed was clothes and his camera. Ivan let out a small grunt as he closed his diary and instead stood, walking out of his room and to the hallway where he had most of his clothes in a wooden dresser. Pulling out a pair of pants, socks, clean underwear and a dress shirt, Ivan opted for the bathroom. He knew he had time for a shower and it would be refreshing. Entering the small bathroom, Ivan placed his clean closet, neatly folded on the top of the toilet. Turning on the water so it could reach a proper temperature, Ivan quietly stripped himself of his t-shirt and his underwear. And then he looked at himself in the mirror.

Ivan had one of those awful long mirrors, the kind where you could see everything by just standing in front of it. Ivan hated said mirror. The Russian male was tall and even though the mirror showed all of his body, it cut off at the neck. So all that was left was a hairy, annoyingly plump stomach with legs and a cock attached. Said cock was too large and hairy to begin with. Ivan hadn’t been bothered at first but when he started growing infatuated with Alfred he knew his size could become a problem. For now, penetrative sex was a mere dream.

As the water got hot enough, Ivan hurried inside, not wanting to use too much water nor stay naked for anymore time that he needed to be. Ivan was quick to run a soapy hand through his platinum blonde hair, using the suds from his hair to wash the rest of his body before using a proper body wash. Shortly after Ivan got out and got dressed.

Leaning down to use the mirror, Ivan corrected his hair as well as plucked three stray eyebrow hairs. The pale male had what looked to be a five o’clock shadow but he didn’t bother shaving it. He’d just do it later, he figured.

It didn’t take long for Ivan to find his camera either and with that he was on his way, grabbing his belt and his formal jacket before heading out.

The school day itself wasn’t anything to write home about. It was a regular school day and Ivan taught a few different classes, had lunch break and then taught again. It was one of his busy days.
Although what he was truly looking forward to was having Alfred come around to his classroom for extra classes.

Meanwhile Alfred was making his way through the school hallways. While his friends went home, Alfred quietly made his way towards Mr. B’s classroom. Alfred didn’t particularly enjoy math and was falling behind. That was probably why he needed extra classes to begin with. Alfred held his books close to his chest, having already gotten them out, not thinking about the fact that he’d need to carry them all the way to Ivan’s classroom. Alfred was also carrying his backpack, as Ivan’s classes would be his last one for the day. Alfred was actually quite proud of the backpack, it had a big pictures of the avengers as well as multiple stickers plastered all over that Alfred had gotten since his last birthday when his grandma gifted him the backpack.

When Alfred entered the classroom Ivan was waiting patiently for him, greeting him with his usual smile. Alfred goes to sit at his small desk and gets his books and everything ready before Ivan walks down, standing behind Alfred. Ivan smiled to himself, taking in a deep breath and smiling when he gets a scent of Alfred’s hair. His shampoo didn’t seem like it was something special and judging by the cheap smell, Ivan assumed it was one of those shampoos you bought, only because it had something cool on the bottle. In Alfred’s case it was probably superheroes.

“So, where did we leave off earlier?” Ivan asked, gently rubbing Alfred’s shoulder as the boy looked over his math. “Um.. We were reading big numbers. And then we were supposed to do multiplying but the bell rang and you gave us homework,” He reminded, looking down at the papers they had been given in class. Ivan nodded, absentmindedly helping Alfred as he started to recite three-digit numbers, correcting him when needed.

After about half an hour or reading numbers and even multiplying a bit, Alfred was bored out of his mind. So when Ivan brought up kissing, adult kissing to be more specific. Two days had passed since Ivan and Alfred had originally kissed and even though Alfred still found the idea of kissing quite gross, like most 3rd graders, he didn’t object. Yes, math was that boring.

“Ivan seemed content when he got to Alfred, lifting the boy and placing him in his lap, his large hands resting slightly on Alfred’s bum. “Remember a regular kiss?” Alfred nodded. “Show me then,” Ivan told with an encouraging nod, Alfred leaning forward and sloppily kissing Ivan, his eyes squeezed slightly shut. Ivan rubbed Alfred’s bum a bit, Alfred opening his eyes in surprise. Then Ivan deepened the kiss, parting his lips and pressing his tongue carefully against Alfred’s lips. Alfred shuttered a bit, Ivan’s tongue was big and wet and it was definitely a new feeling for the eight year old. Although Alfred remembered Ivan saying there was supposed to be tongue in adult kisses and Alfred shyly opened his mouth. Ivan got a bit ahead of himself, pushing his tongue into Alfred’s mouth, nudging Alfred’s own tongue a bit. Alfred on the other hand let out a whine and pulled away, his lightly freckled cheeks red. “Hey, hey, you were doing so good,” Ivan assured, caressing Alfred’s cheek and making him look back over at him. “Let’s try again and this time you move your tongue against mine, yes?” He asked. Alfred looked down and shyly nodded. He felt a bit stupid, not knowing how to kiss properly. But then again, that was why Ivan was teaching him, he reasoned.

Ivan leaned down and captured Alfred’s lips, moving his lips against Alfred’s before Alfred shyly opened his mouth, his eyes lightly parted. This time Ivan was more careful and gently rubbed the tip
of his tongue against Alfred’s, almost as if to wake it. And it worked. Alfred shyly moved his tongue against Ivan’s, gasping when Ivan sucked a bit on his tiny tongue. When they went back to the basic tongue ‘wrestle’, drool ran down Alfred’s chin, hitting his shirt a bit. Ivan didn’t notice, instead gently groping Alfred’s ass and earning a squeak. While Ivan was busy taking mental images, Alfred was clutching his teachers shirt, blushing darkly. When Ivan pulled away he cursed himself for not pulling out the camera.

But it was important to gain Alfred’s trust before doing such a thing, even though he wanted to savour every interaction he had with the young but, in his mind, eager boy. Alfred was precious and he couldn’t lose him, not over a stupid video. He’d just have to wait a bit until Alfred was willing to let him film. Hopefully, that wouldn’t be too long.
The following Monday, two weeks later, the small classroom full of third graders were told to settle down, their English teacher humming as she leaned against the edge of the table. Mrs. Maes was originally from the Netherlands and when Alfred found out he had giggled a bit. Because he found it silly that someone that wasn’t even English could teach it. Although shortly after meeting Mrs. Maes and starting in her class, he quickly figured out she was more than capable of teaching the third grade class she had been assigned.

Even though Mrs. Maes was slightly strict and would raise her voice at the kids more than Mr. B, Alfred still liked her. She was a bit like Alfred’s father Arthur, direct but kind. Although she was considerably better to control her temper than Arthur, at least Alfred thought so.

“Today we’ll have a special guest,” Mrs. Maes started with a brief smile as she looked down at the kids that had gathered in their seats, curiously watching for what she had to say next. “You see, later today an officer is going to come and teach us all something very important. Sadly it’s not in my class but in Mr. Braginsky’s. Although I’m sure you’ll learn just as much either way,” She hummed as she looked at the children. “The police officer will teach you about the important of saying no. Your mommies and daddies have probably already taught you a bit about this, but it’s important that you really know for sure,” Mrs. Maes hummed with a nod before turning around to the chalkboard, writing up a few words, starting the lesson as she normally would.

Alfred on the other hand was beyond excited, his shiny blue eyes wide as he had listened to his teacher explain. Even though he hadn’t really gotten much of what Mrs. Maes had said, she did mention a police officer coming to visit them. ‘A real police officer!’ Alfred had thought to himself, his smile growing in a slight grin.

Alfred and his parents had often talked about superheroes and one time Francis had brought up the fact that people such as police officers, firefighters and nurses, people who saved lives, were the true heroes of society. Alfred thought he sounded really fancy when he said it, but the young boy took his papa’s words to heart. And by that logic, Alfred was gonna meet a real superhero in just a few hours. And then in Mr. B’s class of all! Alfred couldn’t be more happy in that moment, bouncing a bit as he eagerly waited for Mr. B’s class to come.

As Mr. B’s class started, Alfred was eagerly waiting in his seat. They had normal class for a bit before the officer arrived, but Alfred simply hadn’t been able to concentrate. Shortly after, Ivan explained to the class that they should remain calm when the officer came.

Shortly after, said officer arrived. He had knocked and the children had let out an eager ‘come in!’, making both Ivan and the officer chuckle as he entered. The officer was a tall, blonde man with broad shoulders and a slightly off putting stare. He didn’t look as friendly as Alfred had originally expected. But the shining badge on the man’s chest had quickly convinced Alfred that he could be trusted, his smile lingering. “My name is Ludwig Beilschmidt,” The officer introduced. “And I’m an officer. Today I’m going to teach you all about the importance of consent and how to interact with strangers,” He explained, a slight accent to his voice as he did what to Alfred sounded like slurring his words. Mrs. Maes would probably have scolded him, Alfred quietly thought, giggling briefly at
Ludwig looked at the children, a young girl in the back of the class raising her hand. “Excuse me, Mr. officer...? What’s a stranger?” She asked after Ludwig sent a nudge her way. Ludwig hummed, quietly settling back against Ivan’s desk while Ivan had sat near the window so he could listen as well.

“Well you see, a stranger, little miss, is someone you don’t know. Let’s say, you meet someone at the park and they start talking to you. If you’ve never seen them before, then they’re a stranger. You don’t know if they could possibly be good or bad. Because you don’t know them,” Ludwig explained with a brief smile. When Ludwig smiled, he looked much more heroic, Alfred noted, leaning forward in his seat. “Is Jett’s mom a stranger?” One of the other kids asked, Ludwig smiling. “Well, that depends. Mostly I’d say yes, but that’s actually something your mommy and daddy needs to tell you about,” Ludwig admitted. “Because, some parents might say yes, but some might say no and that’s okay too,” He added before pulling out a handful of pamphlets, briefly asking Ivan if he could pass them out, which he did with a smile.

“Some of you might already know a bit about safety when going out. For example when your mom or dad tells you to stay close, so you don’t get lost. Or maybe some of you already have agreements with your parents what route you can take when you go to school. If you walk or drive your bike for example,” Ludwig explained as he looked at the group of youngsters. “Do any of you walk or drive your bike to school?” He asked, earning a few nods and raised hands. “And do you have agreements with your parents?” He continued. Further nods.

“Alright, if you look at the little pamphlet Mr. Brangisky have given you, you’ll see a section called, who can I trust,” Ludwig started. “Do any of you know anyone you can trust? What kind of adults?” The blonde asked, moving a strand of platinum hair back in place.

A few hands were raised and good points were made. Mothers, fathers. Grandparents, aunts and uncles. Police officers, Alfred had said making Ludwig chuckle and nod. “Indeed. Anyone else?” He asked, the kids shrugging a bit. “Well, you can trust your teachers too. Like Mr. Braginsky here, every teachers job is to take care of you and make sure you’re safe,” Ludwig explained, Ivan nodding along. Alfred seemed a bit confused. They had previously talked about what bad things could be and how to know if things wasn’t right. Ludwig had mentioned kissing an adult on the mouth as an example. Or showing them your private parts, even letting them touch them. That wasn’t a good thing, Alfred had learned. And Ivan had nodded along.

Alfred had hesitated, even feeling a bit guilty. Him and Mr. B had been kissing a lot lately, in his extra math classes. Alfred hadn’t known it was bad. Maybe Mr. B hadn’t know either, Alfred thought. So maybe, after the police officer had explained it, Mr. B would just stop. At least that was what Alfred figured.

“You can recognise the people you can trust out in the world by their uniforms for example. If you ever get lost in the mall, you should always go to the security guards. They’ll help you find your parents. You can easily recognise a security guard by their vest..” The rest of Ludwig’s voice was drained out by Alfred’s thoughts.

Lately he had really started to like the kissing, even when Mr. B would touch his butt. But now he had been told it was all wrong and Mr. B was a bad stranger for doing it in the first place. But Mr. B had assured him it was okay, that Alfred could trust him. And when the officer packed up and walked out of the classroom with a reminder to stay safe, Alfred sat back in his chair, no longer excited and instead ready to cry. But he didn’t want to cry, not in front of all his classmates. If he had
to cry, he would at least wait for the other kids to leave so he could be alone with Mr. B for his extra lessons.

For some reason, crying in front of Mr. B didn’t seem as embarrassing as crying in front of his classmates. Because Alfred trusted that Ivan wouldn’t laugh at him. Of course he wouldn’t, Ivan would tell him that he looked adorable and he’d caress his head and dry his tears. He’d gently rock him in his lap and tell him there was nothing to be embarrassed about. Maybe he’d even give Alfred a lollipop. And then he’d offer to kiss it better, like he always did.

Alfred sort of hoped he would, but as he thought more about sitting in Ivan’s lap, sharing soft kisses with him, his stomach turned. The police man wouldn’t like him doing that one bit. And him doing it would make Alfred disappoint his hero. And that was truly the last thing the young boy wanted to do.

Ivan hummed a bit when the last of his ordinary students walked out, closing the door before walking up to Alfred. “What’s the matter, Alfred?” He asked softly, gently caressing Alfred’s cheek, a bit surprised to see Alfred flinch. Although when Ivan took notice of Alfred’s teary eyes he smiled fondly. “Come on, pet, come sit in my lap. I’ll kiss it all better,” He offered, pushing a strand of hair out of Alfred’s face.

Although Alfred gently shook his head. “No.. No, Ivan, we can’t do that at all,” He urged. And even though Ivan was slightly annoyed and hurt with Alfred’s rejection he felt his heart skip a beat when Alfred spoke his name. “The police officer said it’s bad..” He whispered, fat tears rolling down his cheeks as he looked at Ivan with innocent eyes. God, Ivan wanted to devour him just then and there. But he didn’t. Instead he sent Alfred a friendly smile.

“Oh but Alfred, that’s not the same at all.” Ivan quickly promised, Alfred seeming weary although he kept listening as Ivan gently caressed his cheek. “We’re close friends, not strangers, remember? That’s why you get to call me Ivan. Because we’re special friends. Intimate friends. You remember, right?” Ivan asked, his voice slightly more strained as he tried to hide the annoyance in his voice so he wouldn’t scare Alfred off.

Alfred still felt a bit confused. Although Ivan was right. The officer, Mr. Ludwig, had told them that he could trust Ivan. Because he was his teacher and it was his job to make sure he was safe. Ivan would never hurt him he assured himself. A brief smile fell on Alfred’s lips. He wanted to be Ivan’s special friend. Because special friends could kiss and Alfred really wanted to kiss Ivan.

Alfred stayed quiet as he looked up at Ivan, allowing the tall Russian to dry his tears and pick him up. Being held by Mr. B was nice. It was comforting and it made Alfred feel like he was being hugged by a big blanket. He let out a giggle, cuddling his face into Ivan’s neck. Ivan smiled a bit, petting Alfred’s head and softly nuzzling him. “It’s alright pet. It can be confusing sometimes,” Ivan assured in an understanding tone. “But I’m here to keep you safe, sweetness.. I would never hurt you, you’re too precious,” He assured, kissing Alfred’s temple.

Alfred relaxed his previously tense shoulders and nodded softly. Of course he trusted Ivan right away. Ivan was kind to him and he made sure everything was okay. He made Alfred feel good and he helped him feel better when things were hard at home. Alfred smiled to himself. It was gonna be okay. He wouldn’t have to feel bad about the kisses and he wouldn’t disappoint the police man.

Ivan soon settled, Alfred in his lap. “Let me kiss it better?” He offered with a small smile, stroking Alfred’s freckled cheek with the back of his hand. Alfred hesitated a bit although nodded. He missed Mr. B’s kisses. Ivan seemed content in himself as he leaned down and carefully kissed the small boy. He had avoided a minor catastrophe and Alfred was still his. His perfect little pet.

Originally Ivan had wanted to ask Alfred to take everything a step further that day. Although as Alfred needed a bit of time to adjust, Ivan kept the small toys in his bag, deciding to wait. He needed
to keep his precious boy wrapped around his finger and at the moment the best way to do that was soft kisses and a lollipop.

“You know, Alfred. You mean a lot to me,” Ivan admitted, nuzzled up to Alfred who was resting his head on the grownups chest. “I don’t know what I’d do if I ever lost you.. My most precious little thing..” He whispered, pecking Alfred’s head again. Alfred blushed, feeling his heart flutter a bit. All the compliments Ivan had been giving him was making him all giddy and the small boy was blushing bright red. “Promise you’ll never leave my side, little one? We’ll always be special friends, won’t we Alfred?” Ivan asked, playing with Alfred’s hair and inhaling the scent of his shampoo. “Pinkie promise..”

And with that Alfred quietly lifted his hand, linking his pinkie with Ivan once again, giggling and pecking Ivan’s cheek. “Pinkie promise, Ivan.”
Chapter 4.

Chapter by toolingmoomin (fiddlemoomin)

Alfred bit his lip as he sat at the kitchen table, quietly munching on a bite of toast. It wasn’t good by any means, most of it having a black tint. It was clear, his father had cooked. Alfred let out a sigh, looking over at Arthur who was stressing around in the kitchen. He had to be at work soon, after dropping Alfred off at school, of course. But the two seemed to be running late, even though Alfred showed no sign on being in a hurry.

It didn’t make it any easier that Francis once again wasn’t there. Alfred papa was a surgeon and worked late most of the time. Last night, just as Francis arrived home, Matthieu had gotten worse and shortly after the quiet boy had been rushed off to the hospital in an ambulance. Alfred knew he should be worried, like really worried.

And he was. Although instead of thoughts about what was going on with his brother, Alfred’s head had been filling with questions since last Friday. Only building throughout the weekend, he didn’t have space for questions about Matthew. He’d probably come home later that week like he always did. Honestly the small boy had been worried all weekend, but now it was Monday and he would be going to school and that prompted him to speak up. “Daddy?” Alfred asked quietly, taking another bite of his toast. No response. Arthur didn’t even turn. “Daddy?” Alfred asked again, this time a bit louder and after he had swallowed his food. Still, no response.

Instead Arthur continued packing Alfred’s schoolbag, having just then finished making his lunch. Arthur was quick, not hearing Alfred who continued for a few times.

“Daddy!” Alfred then exclaimed, causing Arthur to jump a bit, looking over with a thick brow raised. “There’s no need to yell, dear. What is it?” He asked, although continued to absentmindedly pack.

Alfred hesitated. Now that he had his father’s attention, he started to wonder. Maybe he shouldn’t doubt what Mr. B had said. Because the policeman had said he could trust a teacher after all. Surely, a policeman couldn’t be wrong. Yet, Alfred still had questions boiling up inside him, needing answers.

“Um, I have a question..” Alfred explained, sipping his orange juice, Arthur giving him a simple nod, to show he should continue. “Alright.. Well, let’s say me and.. a friend, a special friend. Are doing some stuff at school, right?” He asked, receiving another nod. “And maybe we’re playing this game and it’s really fun and stuff.” Alfred was cut off by Arthur snatching his plate and cup, moving Alfred out of the kitchen quite quickly.

While Alfred struggled with his shoelaces he continued. “Well, it’s a really nice game right, but he’s like.. Bigger than me, right? Yeah, let’s say that,” He muttered, Arthur soon ushering him out the door and to the car. “And maybe the game is us.. touching and kissing and stuff?” Alfred asked, looking up at Arthur from the backseat. He hadn’t heard a thing, one of their neighbours having honked at them as Arthur tried to get out of the driveway.

Alfred stayed quiet for a bit. “But I’m not sure if we’re doing something wrong.” He finished, Arthur humming a bit. He had definitely not heard everything Alfred said. “Well, I think you should ask your teacher. If you’re unsure if something is wrong at school, you should always ask a teacher. They’ll let you know if what you’re doing is okay. Now, no more talk, okay? Daddy needs to hurry..” Arthur told, muttering the last part under his breath, driving off.
Alfred had been somewhat content with his father’s answer. He hadn’t realised Arthur hadn’t heard half of what he had said, but instead thought he had now gotten a thumbs up from Arthur as well. Now both his father and a police officer had told him it was okay, that he could trust Ivan. Alfred didn’t need more reassurance than that. It had been stupid to doubt Ivan in the first place, he assured himself.

Now Alfred was making his way to Mr. B’s classroom for his last class of the day. Alfred was excited. The doubt he had previously felt has disappeared and instead excitement and eagerness built up inside him. They were probably gonna do some kissing and it would feel really good and maybe Ivan would give him a lollipop too. Yes, surely it would be a good class.

When Alfred entered the classroom he ran over and quickly hugged Ivan who happily returned the gesture. “Someone is very happy today, yes?” He asked with a soft grin. Alfred quickly nodded, Ivan nodding and sitting with Alfred in his lap. “Well, let’s get the math done, then I’ve got a surprise for you, sweetness,” He hummed, kissing Alfred’s cheek. The small boy giggled, contently pulling out his book and getting to work.

When the two had finished with Alfred’s math, Ivan had rushed them into the classrooms closet in the back, quickly getting Alfred to shred his pants and underwear before picking up the young boy and placing him on the table pressed against the wall.

“What are we gonna do, Ivan?” Alfred asked innocently, Ivan sending him a smile, feeling himself briefly throb when Alfred spoke his name. “Don’t you worry, sweetness, I’ll take care of you. Just relax and make sure to keep your voice down,” Ivan urged. And with that he pulled Alfred closer by his thighs, leaning down and engulfing Alfred’s tiny, flaccid member in his mouth. It was really hot, Alfred thought and a deep blush started growing on his cheeks. Ivan was quick to get to work, twirling his tongue and gently rubbing Alfred’s thighs while feeling the eight year old’s member grow in his mouth. Alfred was squirming a bit, not used to the sensation Ivan’s warm mouth and eager tongue brought to his lower regions.

Ivan on the other hand seemed more than content, briefly grinning at Alfred’s squirming, revealing a set of slightly yellowed teeth. Alfred didn’t seem to notice, instead placing his hand in Ivan’s hair and weakly moving his hips. “Mhm..~ I-Ivan..~” he whimpered, Ivan continuing until Alfred felt what he could only describe as a big knot of pleasure hitting its peak. Ivan was twirling his tongue at Alfred’s cut tip when Alfred let out a sharp cry, his hips desperately twitching along with his member. Nothing came out, but Ivan was very happy to see his pet receive his first orgasm, even if it was dry.

Alfred was softly panting, his eyes squeezed shut for a bit as he tried to regain his breath, his small chest moving up and down. Ivan placed a hand on Alfred’s chest, rubbing his nipples briefly through Alfred’s shirt. “Did it feel good, Alfred?” He asked with a smile, Alfred quickly nodding. “Very,” he assured before looking down at the very visible bulge in Ivan’s pants.
“Should.. Should I..?” Alfred asked hesitantly, motioning for Ivan’s member. His cheeks were slightly red and he was still panting a bit, although remembered something his father used to tell him. ‘Be kind to the people who are kind to you. It’s the most polite,’ Arthur used to tell both Alfred and his brother. And Ivan had made Alfred feel quite nice, so he only found it suiting to return the favour. After all, it was the polite thing to do.

Ivan looked surprised although nodded, feeling his cheeks heat and his member throb at the thought. Cute little Alfred, playing with his member and desperately trying to take in as much as he possibly could. It would be a sight sent from god himself, Ivan thought. And with that the older man was quick to bring Alfred down from the table, quietly taking off the small boys shirt as well, not wanting to get his clothes dirty for obvious reasons. Ivan then undid his belt and pants, soon pulling his member out. Alfred looked almost amazed, Ivan being quite big.

“Wow..” Alfred whispered softly, leaning slightly over, curiously inspecting Ivan’s member. “What’s this? Yours look different,” The youngster pointed out as he gently poked Ivan’s member, pulling at his foreskin, causing Ivan to let out a small sound. “Ah..~ It’s called foreskin.. I-I will explain later, yes?” He asked with a small gulp, Alfred shrugging and nodding, leaning over to Ivan’s member. Ivan was already dripping precum and his member smelt slightly salty. Ivan bit his lip as he noticed Alfred’s hesitation, causing him to nervously laugh. “It is okay. Next time I shower before,” He assured, guiding Alfred’s head to his tip.

Alfred didn’t seem too bothered, opening his mouth and shyly pressing his mouth around the tip. It was difficult to fit all of it and he ended up barely going past the tip. Although after Ivan quietly guided Alfred’s hand to rub the base while he twirled his tongue, the young blonde eagerly continued, blushing as he listened to Ivan letting out sounds. Ivan was gently caressing Alfred’s head, playing with his hair, groaning lowly every now and again when Alfred’s teeth would softly grace one of the veins on Ivan’s member.

Ivan had never imagined it would be this good and as Alfred continued to eagerly follow Ivan’s orders, the Russian came closer to the edge. “Mhm..~ You are doing.. So good, pet~..” He moaned under his breath, Alfred looking up with innocent blue eyes. Ivan moved his hips a bit, Alfred twirling his tongue against Ivan’s slit, causing Ivan to let out a groan, holding Alfred’s head down as he came without warning. Alfred was shocked to say the least, his eyes widening while he let out a small noise, pulling away with a mouth full of savoury cum, not knowing what to do. Ivan was softly panting, looking down at Alfred who had a trail of cum dripping down his chin.

“Swallow it.” Ivan told with a small grin on his face. “Then we’ll go get you.. a lollipop?” He offered, slightly out of breath as he watched Alfred hesitantly swallow, drying his mouth afterwards. “Now, let’s hurry up and get you dressed, your dad will come pick you up soon,” Ivan urged, Alfred smiling to himself, nodding proudly. Not only had he made Ivan feel incredibly good but he was also going to get a lollipop for his hard work. A small smile found its way to Alfred’s lips. That day had definitely been good, Alfred assured himself, soon getting dressed.
“So, if we’re able to fund the money, your grade and the grade above will be going on a lovely camping trip together! It’ll be very fun,” The social studies teacher Mrs. Vargas explained with a fond smile. “Everyone’s gonna get a permission slip to take home and of course your parents will sign it before we can all go and have a lovely trip!” Mrs. Vargas beamed, Alfred watching in excitement. He had always wanted to go camping but his papa Francis was afraid of the bugs and didn’t want to get dirty, while his father Arthur had excused it with the fact that it wouldn’t be good for Matthew. So at eight years old, Alfred had never been camping.

Alfred would be going with all his classmates and after a bit more explaining, Alfred found out that Ivan would be coming too, which only made Alfred even more excited. He would get to experience so many new and fun things with Ivan he could barely wait. Just the thought of spending an entire weekend with his friends and Mr. B was too much for the eight year old to comprehend.

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After a few long hours with other classes, Alfred finally land himself in Ivan’s classroom. He corrects his new glasses, having gotten them quite recently. He was excited to show them to Ivan as well as talk about the trip.
Ivan seemed quite excited as well. When Alfred entered the room his eyes lit up and he looked happy as ever. Sometimes when Ivan didn’t notice, Alfred would watch him in the hallway or in class when his eyes weren’t on Alfred himself. He looked so dull. So when Ivan lit up like fireworks would light up a dark sky at new years, Alfred couldn’t help but feel special.

“How is my favourite friend today?” Ivan asked with a grin, picking up Alfred and placing him on his desk. Alfred was barely put down before Ivan’s large hands were on his thighs but the small boy didn’t seem to mind. “I’m really well! Do you notice anything different about me?” The small blonde asked with an excited grin. He was missing a tooth or two, but Ivan just found it more adorable.

Ivan fake thought a bit. “New haircut?” He asked, Alfred giggling and shaking his head. “New clothes?” Ivan tried again, only causing Alfred to giggle more.
Mr. B really is silly if he can’t even see my cool new glasses, Alfred thought to himself. “No, look! I got glasses now! Like Matthew!” He told happily, taking off his glasses to show Ivan the side. “Look, Mr. B, that’s captain America’s shield!” Alfred told eagerly, Ivan watching with a soft smile. “It’s okay, Alfred, please call me Ivan, remember?” The Russian told, causing Alfred to quickly and eagerly nod his head. Ivan chuckled at Alfred’s excitement, allowing his hand to rise further up the boys thigh as Alfred was distracted. Ivan used a few minutes complimenting Alfred and his glasses before pausing him.

Correcting Alfred on the table, Ivan spoke. “I’ve got something fun to try today, okay?” He told, Alfred softly nodding, looking quite curious. Ivan seemed to have made sure that they weren’t being filmed by the security camera in the corner of the room, so when he started pulling down Alfred’s pants he wasted no time. Alfred looked quite surprised and briefly questioned Ivan who just told him to relax.

Once Alfred’s pants were on the ground and his underwear dangling on one of his ankles, Ivan seemed content and spread Alfred’s legs. The view was simply beautiful and Ivan could feel his own cock throbbing against the tight fabric of his pants. Alfred’s ass was plumb and decorated with freckles and his tiny cock was starting to harden the more Ivan stared. “Good boy..” Ivan whispered
to Alfred as he spend a good minute just groping his students ass. Alfred squirmed a bit and whined in confusion. He had never been spread open in such a manner before and Ivan was slowly pumping his member. It felt very nice and the small boys mind quickly grew fuzzy, only for him to perk up when Ivan’s wet thumb pressed against his hole.

“Ew.. That’s dirty..!” Alfred told Ivan as he tried to sit up, only for Ivan to gently press him back down on the wooden table. “It’ll feel good,” Ivan simply told before pulling out a bottle of lube, rubbing it on his thick fingers before placing them back at Alfred’s hole. “It won’t hurt,” Ivan promised, leaning up to leave a soft kiss near Alfred’s earlobe.

After a few more complains from Alfred, Ivan is finally allowed to proceed. Ivan is always praising his little pet, telling him how good he looks and how excited he makes Ivan himself feel. But even through all the acknowledgement, it still hurt when Ivan pressed the first finger into Alfred’s tight hole. Ivan continued to praise and nuzzle Alfred, grooping his thighs a bit and allowing Alfred to adjust to the feeling of the digit inside him before slowly moving his finger. Alfred let out small sounds, tears in his eyes and fogging up his now tilted glasses. God it was hot.. Ivan could feel himself get more and more excited and wasn’t it for the fact that he knew there were still other people on school grounds, he would have ravished Alfred right then and there.

Instead Ivan adds another finger and devotes all his attention to finger fucking Alfred and enjoying the boys quiet moans. It didn’t take long for little Alfred’s legs to start twitching in anticipation, hips bucking against Ivan’s fingers as he ‘came’.

Although Ivan wasn’t satisfied, the male continuing to move his fingers, even though Alfred was barely down from his first high. “I-Ivan..~ T-Too.. much..” Alfred muttered quietly, Ivan ignoring Alfred’s words in favour of the small twitches his hips made when he rubbed the right spot.

Ivan quietly added more lube before starting to press a third finger into Alfred who let out a loud cry. “No!” He whimpered, his hips now shaking from pain instead of pleasure. Ivan frowned a bit and quickly placed a hand over Alfred’s mouth to keep him quiet. “Shh.. Alfred, it’s okay, it’s just me. Ivan, your friend.” The Russian assured with a shaky smile. “Think, when we go camping, we can have fun like this too, won’t it just be fun?” He asked with a small chuckle, Ivan’s breath picking slightly up the more Alfred squirmed to get away.

Ivan continued to ease the third finger inside Alfred, rubbing his prostate and earning small whimpers. “See? Much better.. Good boy..” Ivan praised once Alfred seemed to have calmed down as he appeared to have figured out squirming didn’t get him anywhere. Ivan slowly removed his hand from Alfred’s mouth and instead caressed his cheek while thrusting his fingers into the freckled boy. Ivan used every second to take in as much of the experience as he possibly could, Alfred panting heavily and moving his hips.

The small boy was truly conflicted. On one hand everything Ivan did felt amazing. On the other hand it hurt when he added more fingers and he didn’t even say sorry. Alfred continued to let out small whimpers of pleasure, although a few tears still build up in his eyes.

As Alfred came close once more, his legs were twitching and the small boys noises were getting louder at every thrust Ivan made. Soon Alfred was a shaking moaning mess, although afraid someone would hear, Ivan grabbed Alfred’s cheeks to keep him quiet. Alfred only teared up more. “Ow..! No, ow, that hurts..! Ivan!” Alfred whimpered, his voice mushed as Ivan held a hand over his face. Alfred continued to whine, letting out a small squeal once he came, Ivan’s strong grip still on him.

“Mr. B, stop!” Alfred cried as he got away from Ivan’s large hand, the older man instantly stopping as he realised how far he had taken everything. Alfred was crying to himself on the wooden table,
his legs spread wide out. Ivan had three fingers buried in the small boy, knuckles deep and Alfred had finger marks on his face. Although what had in reality made Ivan stop was Alfred’s use of his more formal title. It made him feel distant from his pet, like he didn’t want him. And he knew Alfred wanted him, Ivan told himself. Pulling out his fingers, Ivan moved Alfred into his lap, slowly beginning to comfort him as he realised he’d have to explain the possible bruising on Alfred’s face to his parents.

When Francis came to pick up Alfred, he was quick to notice the red marks on his son's face. “Oh, Alfred sat in my chair and he fell. I just grabbed him as fast as I could so he did not hit his head on the table,” Ivan quickly explained, gently ruffling Alfred’s blond locks. “Isn’t that right, Alfred?” He asked, the boy smiling briefly at his father before nodding.

Francis seemed to be in a rush and didn’t take long to think over Ivan’s explanation before simply ushering Alfred to the car and thanking Ivan for the extra lessons once again. As Francis and Alfred walked out of the classroom, Ivan’s shoulders visibly relaxed.

“Close one..” The Russian muttered before starting to gather his things. Today had been stressful for both him and Alfred and one way or another, Ivan had to make it up to his favourite little thing.
Chapter 6.

Chapter by toolingmoomin (fiddlemoomin)

Alfred had been home alone before. Many times. He didn’t particularly like it, but with his parents at work or rushing to the hospital with Matthew, he was usually left with no choice. Alfred’s grandparents, Francis’ parents, had scolded Francis and Arthur multiple times for leaving the eight year old alone, but being all the way back in France, the old couple really couldn’t do anything.

This time it was Matthew. He had suddenly caught a nasty cold and it had transferred to mycoplasma pneumonia on his already weak lungs. It wasn’t long until Matthew could barely breathe at night and after a particularly hard night the previous day, Francis had brought his son to the hospital. Arthur was currently busy with a business trip, which left Alfred alone in the house.

Francis would most likely come check on him later that night or perhaps a neighbour would be asked to stop by and help him until he got to school the next day. Alfred didn’t really care. For the rest of the day being he simply played video games and enjoyed having the house to himself.

Although when it became his bedtime, Alfred didn’t enjoy being alone anymore. Francis still hadn’t returned home and no neighbour had come to check on him. Instead the eight year old had been left fully on his own. Never before had he slept without anyone in the house. Alfred tried to be brave, locking the door like his parents usually would before going upstairs to get ready for bed.

Alfred brushed his teeth on his own, remembering to get the teeth in the far back like his dentist had told him once and he only hugged Tony, his alien plush, once. He brushed his messy hair, put on his pyjamas and shortly after Alfred was laying in his bed.

His small nightlight was on and the glow-in-the-dark paint Arthur had once helped him paint on the walls were shining especially bright. The walls had been painted to show constellations, Alfred taking a moment to remember a time before Matthew were sick.

The entire family had been on a big trip the entire day. Alfred had only been four or five, he couldn’t remember. Although he did remember that they spend the entire day at a fun new playground called an adventure playground that Francis had once read a study about. It was made by what most would qualify as junk and it wasn’t the safest so that the kids would think more before doing things. Alfred remembers thinking it was one of the coolest places he had ever been. It was before Francis became a surgeon too, he was only studying at the time. Arthur hadn’t gotten his big promotion yet and what filled the Kirkland-Bonnefoy family was love for their children and not only passion for their work. After finishing at the playground, Alfred and Matthew had been taken to have ice cream and once they had finished they ate dinner on a blanket Alfred’s grandparents had given his parents as a wedding gift. They had settled on one of the spots with grass under them and Matthew fed a sugar cube to a flock of ants. He told his parents he wanted to be a zoologist or just someone who dealt with animals. When Arthur had asked Alfred what he wanted to be when he grew up, Alfred had to pause. Looking up at the shining stars above them the young boy finally got an idea. He wanted to be an astronaut. He wanted to watch the stars real close and visit the moon and meet tons of aliens. Although only the nice kind. That was the day Alfred got Tony too. Matthew had randomly spotted the stuffed animal when they were walking back to the car and as soon as Alfred saw it he begged his parents to have it. Luck would have it that the shop was still open. Alfred snuggled that stuffed animal all the way home, watching the beautiful through the window as they drove.

Now he was just laying alone in his bedroom, feeling lonely as ever. All that was gone. There was no Matthew in the bed next to him and there was no dad and papa kissing his head and assuring him that he was the most precious thing in the world. There was an empty room and a chill going down
After a bit Alfred let his brave facade fall, his tiny lip starting to quiver and thick tears starting to cloud his already bad vision. The light from his nightlight seemed to be drowned out by the dark of the sky and the room around him. It was almost as if the dark was swallowing him. Alfred couldn’t do anything but silently sob as he curled up around himself and held Tony close. Watching the stars with shaky eyes the small boy barely spotted what looked to be a shooting star.

“I-I wish someone would come..” Alfred almost begged at the sky, letting out a sob as he realised no one was going to come.

Alfred had never felt so alone.

The next morning Francis had returned home and continued without end to apologise to Alfred for not making it home. Alfred told him it was fine, he didn’t even tell him he cried. He told Francis that he had simply gone to bed as if he had been there and Francis had kissed his head and called him ‘papa’s big boy’.

Alfred didn’t plan to tell Ivan what had happened that night. He didn’t plan to tell anyone. He was still kind of confused about Ivan. On one hand he didn’t want to talk to him but on the other hand he wanted a hug so desperately and he didn’t know who else to get it from.

So when Alfred once again finished the day and settled for extra lessons in Ivan’s classroom, the air was strained. Ivan sighed as he noticed Alfred’s never resting eyes flicker all over the classroom. “Alfred..” He carefully addressed before walking over, something in his hand. “Look at me.” He muttered, leaning down and gently tipping Alfred’s chin up so the boy would look at him. Alfred’s usually shining eyes were dulled down and Ivan had noticed from earlier in class that something wasn’t right with the boy.

Ivan didn’t take long to carefully pick Alfred up, holding the small blond close to his chest as he carried him to sit at Ivan’s desk. “Alfred.. I’m sorry for being harsh yesterday..” He muttered as he reached his hand to remove a small strand of hair from Alfred’s head. Alfred looked down at Ivan’s lap, staying quiet before soft sniffles were heard. Ivan looked surprised and quickly held Alfred closer in a hug. “Shh.. Little sunflower, don’t cry..” He muttered before pressing a kiss to Alfred’s head.

“It’s okay, I-Ivan, it’s not your fault..” Alfred sniffled before taking off his glasses to dry his eyes. Ivan nodded hesitantly. He wanted to know what laid behind Alfred’s sudden change in emotion, but something in the back of his mind was telling him that neither of them would get a lot from that conversation.

Instead Ivan just continued to rock and hug Alfred until he calmed down, leaving soft pecks on his cheeks and head every now and again when Alfred seemed especially whiny. After a bit, the small boy slowly quieted down and eventually Ivan was just hugging him. That’s when Ivan got an idea.

“How about we do something fun to help you take mind off of things?” Ivan offered as he gently rubbed Alfred’s back. “You can just lay down on my desk and have a nice little lollipop and I’ll make you feel really good,” Ivan promised as he moved one of his large hands to gently rub Alfred’s tummy and his inner thighs. Alfred looked curious and intrigued. Even though the small boy didn’t
know much about how this distraction would work, he liked the sound of Ivan’s promises. He’d think of something else, he’d feel good and he’d even get a lollipop. That sounded like a pretty fair deal to the already distracted eight year old.

Alfred quietly nodded his head at Ivan who quickly helped Alfred lay down. Alfred’s pants and underwear was quickly off and within a few seconds Ivan had spread his chubby thighs apart, playing with him in every way. Alfred on the other hand had quietly gotten his lollipop and was gently sucking on it while letting out small sounds for Ivan.

With the addition of quite the amount of lube, Ivan soon had two digits buried knuckles deep in the now whimpering boy. Ivan grinned as he was able to add a third without Alfred whimpering and complaining too much. Instead the small boy just started wiggling his hips forward as if subtly asking for more. Ivan was honestly surprised although happily continued to please the eager boy under him. Alfred squirmed more, letting out adorable moans as he moved his tiny hips to follow Ivan’s thrust. Ivan found it rather adorable.

Ivan hadn’t expected to take it much further than just fingering the adorable eight year old, although when Alfred managed to fit four thick fingers inside his already tight hole, Ivan knew he was ready. Or at least desperately hoped he was. Even if it would only be the tip, Ivan was eager to feel Alfred’s heat ingulf his member. His entirely body shivered at the mere thought.

Continuing to praise Alfred as he thrusted his fingers, Ivan slowly started undoing his pants before pulling out his member. “Let’s try something even more fun~” He cooed at Alfred who just nodded while letting out a small whine as Ivan’s fingers disappeared from his ass.

Ivan was more than eager as he placed the head of his cock against Alfred’s rather soaked entrance. The large man was happy to finally get this far, although for the sake of not freaking out Alfred he contained his excitement behind a smile and extra grabby hands. Alfred didn’t seem to notice Ivan acting any different. Instead the boy was leaning up to watch what Ivan had pressed against his hole. Once he spotted the thick member the boy gulped a bit, although couldn’t help but blush as well. Ivan seemed excited so why shouldn’t Alfred too? He could trust Ivan after all.

Ivan held back for a bit, cooing Alfred and explaining how it might hurt a bit but feel good later before finally pushing into Alfred. Holding the eight year olds slightly chubby thighs, Ivan made Alfred take at least his tip. Alfred on the other hand was squirming and had teared up at the new and harsh feeling. He had never felt that stretched before and even though he didn’t want to hurt Ivan’s feelings it really hurt and he wanted to move away. Ivan seemed to notice, leaning down to leave kisses and sweet nothings as Alfred relaxed. After a good five minutes at least and a good amount of extra lube, Ivan started pushing further into Alfred. The fact that he had even gotten past the tip had amazed the Russian and only made his already hard cock throb even more. Alfred didn’t seem to like the idea of seeing Ivan’s entire cock disappearing into him, the wheat blonde already winching, whining and complaining at barely half. Ivan decided it would be more than enough and shortly after he picked Alfred up, thrusting into him with eager hip movements.

Alfred cried for a bit, the sensation was foreign, different than anything they’d done before. But it felt oddly nice as well. His tiny cocklet was twitching with each thrust, more and more pleasure building in his stomach. Ivan had pulled Alfred close, kissing his neck and face thoroughly before capturing Alfred’s lips for an ‘adult kiss’. Alfred’s tiny tongue was already hanging out his mouth from the rough thrusting and his tiny moans sounded more like a squeaky toy to the untrained ear. Ivan on the other hand found Alfred’s sounds deeply arousing and his cock only twitched more inside the filled up boy.

“A-Ahh!~ I-I-Ivan..!” Alfred moaned between thrusts, his small squeaks interrupting. The boy had originally wanted to tell Ivan how good he felt, how close he was but when Ivan plowed directly
down on Alfred’s prostate he lost all train of thought. Although when his legs started shaking in pleasure and overstimulation, Ivan caught his drift. He too was close. Ivan couldn’t help but debate filling him up with his spunk, but he knew it would be difficult to clean. Although just as Ivan decided not to, another idea got on his mind. The camera in his bag.

Chuckling at the thought, Ivan laid Alfred back down on the table, placing one of Alfred’s legs over his shoulder while slowly moving his hips, Alfred drooling as he begged for more. Meanwhile Ivan used his free hand to go through his bag, soon fishing out his camera. Alfred was clearly distracted and as Ivan snapped a few pictures and even a short video of his cock disappearing into Alfred he barely even flinched, only moaning for more. When Ivan decided he had enough pictures he grabbed both Alfred’s legs, spreading him out wide before picking up his speed. “Mhm, Alfred, you make me so happy~ Isn’t this, ngh, just so much fun~?” He asked with shining eyes, a few grunts following as the boy under him quickly nodded his head. “I-I love y-your thing~” Alfred told between moans and Ivan mentally cursed himself for not getting the sentence as well as Alfred’s horny face on camera.

The Russian soon felt the knot in his stomach grow tighter, little Alfred’s legs slowly starting to twitch as well, showing he would soon join Ivan with another orgasm. Even though Ivan desperately wanted to fill Alfred’s tight hole with his jizz, he refrained, instead pulling out and releasing his load on Alfred’s stomach while Alfred was too busy bucking his hips as he rode out his second orgasm that afternoon.

“Ahh.. Please, Ivan..~ Again..~” Alfred muttered after his breathing calmed a bit. Alfred wanted his mind off of everything and as long as Ivan’s cock was filling him, that was all he could think about. Which lead to the solution. He had to let Ivan fuck him senselessly once more. And although Ivan desperately wanted to comply more than anything he knew they didn’t have time and Ivan knew better than to test fate. Instead he promised Alfred they’d have fun next time they had their special lessons and although Alfred complained a bit the two was soon on their merry way. Alfred with a limp he told his papa was from falling doing recess and Ivan with a video he was eager to replay all night.

End Notes

I’m curious to hear more ideas for stories along this nature! I’ve got a few ideas for one shots and possibly for a story, but I’m more than open to suggestions!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!