

Season 2 Episode 1 pt. I

Angel of Doom

Stella: “Come on Bloom! We’ll be late for Professor Avalon’s class!”

Bloom: “Coming!”

When he first started teaching, it was exciting—thrilling, even. The entire school was in an uproar like never before. Every girl at Alfea was smitten.

He was dark. Mysterious. And yet... gentle. He had this way of speaking that made everything sound important, made *you* feel important. He was simply brilliant—he seemed to have the answer to every question. Not even Griselda was immune to his charm.

We all looked forward to his classes. We all tried to outdo one another, hoping to impress him. But it wasn’t anything serious. It was just admiration... right? Just a healthy respect for a talented, kind professor who treated us like we mattered.

So when Sky first suggested I had feelings for Avalon, I scoffed.

We argued about it—a lot.

But after every fight, I at least could find solace with Professor Avalon. He was always there. Always understanding. Always taking my side. He told me about my birth parents, Oritel and Marion. He *believed* in me when I felt like no one else did.

And every time Sky pushed me away, Avalon pulled me closer.

Tecna had her suspicions early on. But no one listened. Not even the headmistress. Maybe—just maybe—if someone had taken her seriously, things wouldn’t have ended the way they did...

Avalon smiled at me from across his desk.

And I smiled back. Like I always did.

Avalon: “How was your day, Bloom?”

Bloom: “It was okay, I guess. Sky and I had a fight... But I’m glad to have another session with you today Professor!”

Avalon: (*chuckling*) “I’m flattered. I wouldn’t worry too much about Sky, he’ll come around eventually. I certainly can’t blame the boy for being protective over such a *beautiful* and intelligent girl.”

His hand drifted gently over mine.

It was the first time he called me beautiful. The first time his touch lingered just a little longer than usual.

I looked away, smiling shyly.

But I didn’t pull my hand back.

It felt... *nice*. Intimate almost. It made me feel special, out of all the students in Alfea, *I* was the one he made time for.

Sometimes I'd catch myself feeling... possessive. When other girls stayed after class, I hated it. I told myself he was just being polite, just doing his job. But I could never stop the irritation bubbling up in my chest.

So I'd interrupt. I'd ask about class, or our next session. And every time, he smiled. Every time, he answered me first.

The sessions were always the same. He'd help me search through my memories; guiding me with calm, steady instructions while I kept my eyes closed. I trusted his voice, his tone, the way he spoke like he knew exactly what he was doing.

It became almost like a routine, familiar and safe.

Until the first touch.

It was innocent, at first. A hand on my shoulder, a brush against my arm—small gestures meant to comfort and reassure.

But over time, his hands started to drift. Lower. Slower. Lingering longer than they should have.

And then—

My eyes snapped open.

Bloom: "Professor?"

His hand was still on my thigh. Fingers just inches from—

He looked at me with those same kind eyes, filled with gentleness and warmth. As if nothing was wrong. As if *I* was the strange one for questioning it.

So I didn't.

I smiled at him and said nothing.

But that touch stayed with me long after.

His hand, his fingers...so close to where no one had ever touched me before. Not even Sky. I felt something stir—low and unfamiliar. A heat in my stomach. A flutter in my chest.

Did that mean I *liked* it?

He was so kind, so respectful. He always had been. So maybe... maybe I was overthinking it. Maybe I imagined it.

It must have been my fault.

I couldn't tell anyone, not without putting him in danger. Not because he'd done something wrong, but because of *my* silly thoughts. Because *I* had misunderstood.

If only I'd told someone.

Stella would've known how wrong it was. She would've seen it right away. But I didn't tell her. Even now, she doesn't know everything. Not the whole story.

And I kept going back to him. So it had to be *my* fault... right?

Maybe I gave him the wrong signals. Maybe he misunderstood.

I remember the day clearly. He was teaching me to control my powers, make my fire blasts more concentrated and powerful.

I remember crying in his arms, because I found out where the Codex was hidden in Alfea.

I remember looking up at him.

I don't remember who leaned in first. I tell myself it wasn't me. But how can I be sure?

So many things were already my fault, maybe this was too.

His lips pressed against mine, soft and careful. I felt the scratch of his stubble on my chin. His tongue brushed my lip. I gasped—and that was all the invitation he needed.

He kissed me deeper. And I didn't pull away. I didn't stop him.

So that means I wanted it... right?

His hands moved over my body. Caressing me.

I was still in my Magic Winx. For the first time, I realized just how revealing the outfit really was. Suddenly, I felt the overwhelming urge to cover myself.

A chill ran down my spine. Ice cold. Bone-deep.

It felt like it lasted forever, but it couldn't have been more than a few seconds before he pulled away.

Avalon: "Oh Bloom... please, forgive me. I shouldn't have *allowed* you to do that."

...Allowed me?

Avalon: "I understand you must be confused. You're a beautiful girl. But as your professor, I could get in serious trouble for what *you* just did."

What *I* did?

Avalon: "This will have to be our little secret. You wouldn't want Sky to find out... would you?"

I shook my head. Slowly. Numbly.

Panic bloomed in my chest—not over *what he did*, but over *what I had done*.

END