

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 14

Fourteen

“Good morning!” I walked in through the door of the classroom.

“Hey,” Leah muttered drowsily.

“What’s up?”

“Well,” Bliss started. “We’re trying to set a date for the event,”

“What do you mean you’re ‘trying?’”

“Just let Aeliana do it. She’s pretty good at those stuff,” Leah said.

“Okay,” Vanille shrugged and handed the file over to me.

I looked at the file and analyzed the suggested dates and times. “Dude, seriously, it’s not that hard,” I made a poker face. “You just look at the calendar...” I said, pulling my phone out of my pocket. “...and then you cut the working days and the public holidays out and get the remaining days, and choose one, preferably a Friday, that leaves enough time for us to prepare; and get everything in place perfectly, because we have to gather data on the number of vegans and others. And then we have to order food items accordingly,”

“Woah,” Ryland said something other than ‘good morning’.

“What?” I shrugged. “Don’t tell me you guys weren’t already planning on that,”

“Right now I feel like the most competent person on earth for asking you to join us!”

“That’s so sweet of you, Bliss!” I giggled.

Bliss smiled sweetly. These guys are really nice to be around.

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“Move, b****,” Okay, that’s definitely gotta be Brittany and her minions.

“Aeliana, darling,”

This is bad.

I turned my head in the direction of the door of the classroom.

“Oh poop,” Leah muttered.

I took one deep breath and turned around. “Oh! Brittany! What a pleasant surprise!”

“Well, darling, I can assure you that it’s gonna get real gruesome pretty soon,” she raised an eyebrow while flashing an evil smirk.

“Brittany, before you do anything,” I raised my hand. “Please do explain the reason as to why you’re at my throat,”

“I thought I warned you once,” she started. “To stop spreading baseless rumors,”

“Baseless rumors?” I was baffled. “From where do you even hear these stuff!?”

“A reliable source of information,”

“Look, Brittany, it was really nice of you to come find me and talk to me about it, but-,”

“Oh, no!” She smirked. “I’m not here for some kind of negotiation. I’m here to threaten you; to tell you what you’re about to deal with,”

“Uh huh,” I was a bit puzzled.

“Threaten?” Bliss stepped up. “Oh, please! Brittany, your lame threats aren’t going to get to us,”

“Your pet’s a little too noisy,” Brittany sniggered.

“What did you call her?” I narrowed my eyes.

“What? Did that trigger you?” She smirked. Brittany was clearly enjoying this. “Isn’t that what dogs do for their masters?”

“No,” I raised my chin. “It’s what friends do... for friends,”

“Friends?” Brittany raised her eyebrows, again.

“You’re friends with... her?”

I was speechless. How could someone be such a b****!?

“I never thought you’d stoop so low, Aeliana,” Brittany crossed her arms over her chest and eyed us like we were some kind of joke.

“Never as low as you did, Brittany,” I smirked at her.

“Shut up, you b****!” She yelled.

Woah! She really had it in her.

“This is my last warning,” she stepped closer to me, probably willing to intimidate me.

But well, she’ll have to do much better.

“Or what?” I took a step towards her. “You don’t believe me when I said I didn’t do it, and I don’t think you ever will. So it’s better if you just tell me what’s coming.”

Brittany smirked. I swear she looked just like a cobra.

She stepped closer and whispered, “Black eyes and purple skin,”

“Black eyes?” I furrowed my eyebrows. “You’re going to assault me?” I murmured.

Brittany stepped backwards and laid a hand on my shoulder. “Let’s hope it ends there,” And with that she walked away, with her minions following close behind.

“Dude,” Bliss held me by the shoulders. “Did we just witness a death threat?”

“Death threat?” I laughed. “Are you crazy!? She can’t do anything to me,”

“What was that all about?” Vanille put an arm around my shoulder. “More importantly, are you okay!? Do you need therapy?”

“Oh god, you guys!”

“Don’t worry,” Leah said. “Aeliana is more than capable of handling this by herself. But we’re there for you, dude,” Leah looked at me, straight in the eye.

“We’re always here,”

“Thanks, guys,” I hugged all three of them together.

In about two seconds, everyone suddenly rushed to their seats, leaving the four of us standing

“How nice,” I heard the dreaded voice. “What a precious thing to see, the moment I step into the lecture room,”

Oh f***

Vanille, Bliss, Leah and I immediately turned around to face him.

“In some countries, homosexual relationships are legalized, but public affection is still prohibited,” his face was blank.

All the students started laughing their asses off. Including Abigail! She was enjoying it the most.

I looked back at Mr. Decarlo shooting daggers at us, through his eyes. In a split second, his gaze was diverted into someone on the other side of the class. He glared at someone menacingly and looked straight back at me.

“Will you sit down, or should I report you?”

I nudged Leah and signaled her to get back to her seat. Vanille and Bliss did the same.

Despite Mr. Decarlo’s threats, I was dying to know who he turned to mid-judgment. I looked in the direction that he did before. Anyone special?

Why am I not surprised?

Abigail was seated right at the suspected spot, with her head resting on her palm. It’s got to be her.

But why would Mr. Decarlo do something like that? Her laugh was a bit too loud, but all the others were laughing as well!

My phone buzzed. Pulling it out of my pocket, I pressed the power button. The lock screen lit up and it showed a notification.

Message from Brittany Jones:

“Swimming pool: 3.30”

Holy biscuits...

“Alright, hand it over,”

My head shot up immediately to see the devil right in front of me. He extended his hand towards me. “I don’t have all day,”

Mr. Decarlo was the only professor who did this kinda thing. No one argued about it because having your phone taken away is a lot better than having to stare into his eyes that were more intimidating than that of wolves.

“Seriously, Aeliana?” Leah muttered. “You couldn’t wait until he disappeared?”

I rolled my eyes. Great.

“Make it a point to come here tomorrow in a manner that you will not piss me off, first thing in the morning,” Mr. Decarlo announced, while piling up his books.

“And I’m pretty sure most of you have the conscience to get this s*** into your head, instead of running around restaurants and movie theaters,” he eyed me.

Ouch, Mr. Decarlo, ouch.

“Your exams are coming up. Make sure you actually write something on that piece of paper you’ll be handing over,”

And without another word, he made his way out through the door.

“Geez... he has anger issues,” Leah rolled her eyes.

“Phone...”

“What?”

“My phone,” I turned to Leah. “It’s with him,”

“So just go get it! What are you sitting here for!?”

I ran down the hallway, in search of Mr. Decarlo. He was nowhere to be seen.

Oh Gosh! How can a human be so fast!?

Once I reached his office, I knocked on the door, politely as memories of our last encounter in this room, haunted me.

He always got his way, no matter what. And I hate that!

After realizing that my efforts were futile, I returned to the lecture room.

“Did you get it back in one piece?” Bliss asked me as I approached them.

“Not a single piece,” I said. “I couldn’t find him,”

“He went into hiding with your phone?” Vanille chuckled.

I sighed. “I have no idea!” I said, shrugging.

Lunchtime passed by in a jiffy. I spotted Brittany and Nate at the cafeteria. Mr. Decarlo would’ve reported their behavior in public.

“I dialed your number, but he isn’t picking up,”

“It’s alright, Leah,” I said. “I can get it tomorrow,”

“You done packing?” Leah asked me as she swung her bag over her shoulder.

“Umm Leah,” I was getting a bit nervous.

“Yeah?”

“You go ahead without me,” I said, “Earlier today Bliss asked me to check if the gym had all the required space and accessories to hold the dinner dance,”

“Oh...” she was confused. “Well, why couldn’t she do it by herself?”

“I don’t know about that,” I said. “But I’m doing a favor,”

“Okay then,” Leah shrugged and walked out of class. “See you tomorrow,”

“Bye!”

There weren't many students in the college premises since today wasn't a day that they held club meetings.

Since I had half an hour until 3.30, I decided to go back to the devil's lair to check if I had any luck.

Well today isn't really my day.

After being disappointed once again by the locked door, I got back to the lecture room and started studying physics.

I've got to get a good grade this time! All those hints! I'll show him that I'm not all that bullsh**!

“Excuse me, Miss,” it was the janitor. “We're locking all lecture rooms at 3.30. I'm sorry, but you will have to leave,”

“Oh! That's not a problem at all! I was going to leave anyway,” I said, picking my things u

It was 3.25 p.m. Arriving early wouldn't hurt. What the hell does this woman want from me!? She's the dumbest blonde I've ever come across period!

I made my way into the sports complex and headed towards the swimming pool on the second floor.

3.27 p.m

Maybe Brittany is very punctual and she works right on time!

God! I wish I had my phone!

3.29 p.m

I was tapping on my watch, hoping it would go faster.

3.30 p.m

Okay... anytime now...

What if she assaults me? I can't even swim!

3.35 p.m

Maybe she didn't show up because I didn't reply to her text. Maybe she thought that if I wouldn't show up and she did, it'll hurt her pride.

I waited.... waited for a long time.

3.45 p.m

That's when I heard a door creaking.

"Brittany?" I said. "Gosh! What took you so long!?"

A tall figure walked through the door. The corner of the room was quite dark, but I could say that it wasn't Brittany and also that it definitely wasn't a girl.

"Who are you?" I stepped back

Thank the gods I had the pepper spray Adrian always shoved in my bag whenever I went

out.

"I thought I told you to go home, start getting sh** into your head, instead of messing around," it was the familiar Spanish accent.

"Oh my god!" I let out a huge sigh of relief. "For once, I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Decarlo,"

“Uh huh,” he muttered, raising an eyebrow at me.

“But uh...” I was confused. “Why exactly are you here?”

He stared at me blankly, and then pulled something out of his pocket. He handed it to me and said, “I believe this is yours,”

“Oh!” I smiled, retrieving my phone. “Thank you,”

“This is the first and last time,” he sounded very serious. “If you get caught using your

phone again, you won’t be getting it back this way,”

“I understand,” I said. “But sir,”

“What now?”

“How is it that only you are capable of the confiscation of mobile phones, while any of the other lecturers aren’t?”

“Well, that’s not what’s important right now, is it, Winslow?” He stepped closer to me.

Oh my god the aura! I’m dying!

“Um... yeah,” I muttered. “What is... important right now then, Mr. Decarlo?”

“Important?” He smiled sarcastically. “What’s important..... is figuring out how we’re going to get out of here,”

“G-get out of... here?” I was utterly confused. “Sir, I’ve always understood your lectures, but right now I’m a bit confused,”

“About?”

“If you want to leave, the door’s right there, sir,” I pointed at the door at the entrance.

“Oh! You’re right!” He said. Weird.

I smiled nervously, hoping that he wasn’t playing some kind of prank on me.

“Well, Winslow, since you’re a good student of mine, why don’t you open the door for me as an act of gratitude?” He said, a faint smile spread across his lips.

Mr. Decarlo is smiling...

Why the absolute f***, is he smiling!?

Something is very wrong here!

“Alright,” I headed towards the entrance with Mr. Decarlo following close behind.

Wrapping my fingers around the bars of the gate, I pulled it towards myself. It shook and went back to its original position. I pulled it once more.

“Hurry up, open it,” Decarlo said sternly.

“Sir,” I said, when I finally felt helpless.

“What?”

“It won’t open,” I muttered, unsure of what to do next.

“Oh really? It won’t?” He asked in an amused tone.

”

“Mm hmm,” I shook my head. I was terrified.

I’m trapped in a building with the devil.

Carefully, I slid the pepper spray into my hand.

“Maybe we can try the other door-,”

“It’s locked!” He said, very sternly. “Every single exit is locked,”

My heart started racing. This was a real scare, no shit.

“Then,” I felt helpless. “How do we get out?”

Mr. Decarlo sighed and crossed his arms before his chest.

“Put the pepper spray down,” he looked away. “Then we’ll talk,”
