

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 16

Sixteen

“Nothing happened in that building today, you hear me?” Mr. Decarlo said as he opened the wall cabinet in his office.

“You telling me that... I should keep it a secret?”

“No,” he said as he shut the cabinet. Turning towards me, he simply said, “I’m telling you to forget everything that just happened. You didn’t go to the pool. You didn’t meet me there. We weren’t trapped in a building. We didn’t climb down a rope and I didn’t get blood stains on my shirt. Is that clear?” With that he approached me and looked directly into my eyes as he handed a bandage to me.

I took a deep breath, slightly intimidated by his ghastly stare. “Yes. Crystal clear,”

But why?

“Good,” he nodded. “Now what was that... thing about me treating you better?”

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“What!?” I blurted out. “Nothing! Nothing!” I chuckled nervously. “Nothing at all,”

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“Mm hmm,” he narrowed his eyes at me. “Now go home before anyone gets suspicious,”

He’s right! It’s 10 minutes past 5 already! Thank god, I’m returning to my apartment and not home. My mom is like the FBI. She’ll never stop looking for clues on my nonexistent boyfriend!

“Alright,” I said, picking up my bags that Mr. Decarlo had carried into his office, for me. I didn’t wanna get blood on my bags.

I'm still surprised that he did something like that without a single complaint.

As I walked out of the building, I felt someone approach me.

“Hey! Vending machine girl!”

“What the-,” I turned around to see Nate Harold standing behind me, basketball in hand.

I smiled slightly, making sure that it wasn't too much. What the hell is he doing here at this hour?

“Last time I checked, they didn't hold practices on Monday,” I said.

“Yeah, they don't,” Nate said as he tossed his basketball up and down.

“Well, then what are you doing here?” I said, cautiously.

“I was about to ask you the same thing, doll,”

My eyebrows raised by themselves. “What did you call me?”

“What!?” He said, as if he didn't do anything wrong. “It's a cute name for a cute girl,”

“It's not cute,” I said, bluntly. “Nate, please don't talk to me again,”

“What? Why not?” He asked, slightly offended.

“I ugh...” I faltered. I can't tell him that Brittany threatened me. Nate clearly doesn't know anything about that and if I do spill the beans, Brittany's gonna find me and then kill me.

“I don't...like... you,”

What a dumb thing to say to the most popular guy in the entire university.

Nate stared at me in disbelief for a moment, and then scoffed. Smirking, he said, “You don’t ‘like’ me?”

“I’m sorry but I’m running late,” I said, as I checked my phone. “Goodbye, Nate,”

“You’ll like me, Princess,” Nate smirked. “In fact, you’re gonna love me,” he licked his lips.

Ugh... Disgusting...

“Yeah, okay,” I turned around and walked away. Damn, I wish I had half the self esteem he had....

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I plopped on my bed as soon as I locked the door to my apartment. Damn, what a day!

I dialed Madelyn’s number and waited for her to answer, while I reached out to grab my big plushie.

“Hello,” Madelyn said, sweetly.

“Hey, girl,” I said. “When will you get home?”

“I’m off at 7.30,” she said.

“Noooo!” I groaned. “Bring something for dinner?”

“Okay okay,” she said. “I gotta go now. There’s a customer waiting,”

“Okay!” And with that, I hung up.

Unwrapping my bandages, I treated my wounds. There were just a few abrasions, nothing much.

The blood stains on the bandages reminded me of Mr. Decarlo’s shirt.

I’m finding it quite hard to believe that I actually had legit physical contact with him. And it wasn’t just one finger or two. His arms were literally AROUND me and mine around him.

Just thinking of it sends a chill down my spine!

Earlier today, I thought of Mr. Decarlo as a heartless, emotionless freak. But now, he just seems something more than that. Maybe I judged him too soon. Maybe he’s not the Satan he pretends to be...

My thoughts were interrupted by the ringtone of my phone. It was mom. I answered the call and put it on the speaker.

“Hi, mom,”

“Hi, sweetie! Did you get to the apartment?”

“Yeah, mom,” I said. “Madelyn’s not here yet,”

“Oh. Is that so?”

“Yeah, she’ll be here around 8,” I said.

“Oh alright,” mom said. “Adrian will bring dinner,”

“What? But Madelyn agreed to bring something,”

“But darling, I told you that Adrian will be bringing dinner for you guys every night,” mom whined.

“Okay okay, mom! I’ll tell Madelyn about it,”

“Alright,” She said. “Love you, sweetie!”

“Love you too, mom,”

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“What do you want for dinner, peaches?”

“Mmm...” I started recalling all the cravings I’ve been having for the past few days. “Pizza,”

“No,”

“Then why’d you ask?” I whined.

“You really should start eating healthy,” he said. “Don’t get fat! You’re reducing the percentage of your ‘potential-boyfriend-hunks’,”

“Oh, shut up, Adrian!” I laughed. “I don’t need no man in my life,”

“Yeah, let’s hope it doesn’t stay that way,” Adrian muttered. “I’d love to see some grandkids before my time comes,” he said in a weak and shaky voice.

“What the hell!?” I laughed at his stupid comment.

“Bread and hummus,” I

“Ew!” I screamed.

“It’s settled, then,” Adrian hung up.

Well, at least it won’t make me any fatter.

“You know, hummus is good for you,” Madelyn said, as she spread the yucky paste on a slice of bread.

“Aeliana will eat anything other than what’s good for her,” Adrian said, shoving a piece of bread

his mouth.

“How are you even eating that crap?” I whined.

Madelyn sighed. “It’s not that-,”

“Guys!!” I screamed.

“WHAT!?” Adrian was startled.

“I was literally trapped inside a building today!” I grinned.

“You were WHAT!?” Adrian slammed his slice of bread on a plate.

“Oh no, Adrian’s going into Super Saiyan mode,” I backed away.

“Dude,” He said, rubbing his temples. “Why the f*** didn’t you even call me!?”

“What could you have done? The building was LOCKED!” I reasoned.

“Well, how’d you get your ass outta that place?” He wasn’t even a bit calmer.

“I wasn’t alone,” I said.

“What? Did Prince Charming show up out of the blue?” Madelyn tossed a piece of bread in her mouth. “Or a knight in shining armor to save a damsel in distress?”

I looked at her and narrowed my eyes, trying to comprehend the stupidity of what she had just said.” Adrian,” I said, as I turned to him. “Do you have the same questions?”

“Kinda, Yeah,” he nodded, shrugging.

“Oh god,” I face-palmed. “You guys are so lame,”

“Dude, just spill the beans! Did he kiss you too?” Madelyn grinned.

Adrian’s eyes widened like bowling balls.

“Shut up, Madelyn,” I laughed. “You’re giving Adrian a heart attack!”

Madelyn chuckled, slapping Adrian’s shoulder.

“It was my physics professor,” I explained. “He confiscated my phone earlier during the lecture,”

“You used your phone during a lecture!?” Adrian sounded offended.

“Yeah, why?”

“Now that’s my sister,” he nodded, spreading more hummus on his slice of bread.

“Yeah, so, go on,”

“Okay...” I said, totally weirded out. “So then he had come there to return my phone, and when I got there and waited inside, he found me, but the doors were locked already,”

“So how did y’all get out?” Madelyn asked.

“We jumped off the balcony,”

“YOU WHAT!?” Adrian and Madelyn screamed.

“Oh god,” I muttered. “We used rope,”

“Oh,”

“Are you injured?” Adrian was concerned. I’m actually surprised that he didn’t throw a fit at me.

“Just a couple of abrasions on my palms,” I chuckled nervously.

“Hmm okay,” Adrian continued munching on his bread. “Aeliana, eat something will you!”

“Pass me the hummus,” I surrendered, with a long sigh.

“Hey, Leah,” I muttered as I walked through the gate. She was having a chat with Claire, one of her oldest friends.

“Hey,” she turned towards me. “Sup?”

I sighed. “Did Brittany make an appearance?”

“Nope,” Leah replied. “Did she do something again?”

“Y-,” I faltered.

I’m supposed to be quiet about this matter.

“No,” I said quickly. “Just the normal crap,”

“Li!” Bliss jumped onto me, giving me a bear hug.

“Morning, hon,” I smiled. “What are you doing here? I thought you’d be in class,”

“Aeliana,” Bliss looked me in the eyes. “Bad news,”

“What?” I asked. “What is it?”

“Brittany’s waiting for you in the corridor that leads to our lecture room,” she explained, almost panting. “And I don’t think she’s happy,”

“Oh, please, darling,” I rolled my eyes. “Is she ever happy? She probably found something to hold against me,”

“Yeah,” Bliss agreed. “One of her minions were talking about having ‘solid proof’ or some shit like that,”

“Solid proof?” I was confused. “Of what?”

“I don’t know, man,” Bliss said. “We’re here for you, but you’d better have your guard up at all times,

“Bliss,” I said, looking straight at her.

“Yeah?” She said, realizing that I’m about to say something important.

Pulling her by the arm, I turned her towards me.

“Yesterday, you asked me to stay at school and observe the dimensions of the gymnasium to check if we have a chance of holding the dinner dance there,”

“What!?” She yelled. “No, I didn’t,” “You didn’t?” Leah turned to me. “But Aeliana, you said-,”

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“Yeah, I know,” I said, my hands on Bliss’ shoulders. “But you’re gonna pretend that you did, Okay?”

“Why?” Bliss furrowed her eyebrows.

I sighed. "Look Bliss, I'll explain everything later. For now, just pretend. Please,"

"Yeah, okay. That's not a problem at all," she said. "I'm just... confused, that's why,"

"I'll explain everything later, I promise," I assured her. I'm so glad to have them by my side....

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I stepped into the corridor that led to our classroom, cautiously, with Leah and Bliss by my side. I looked around, hoping that I wouldn't spot Brittany anywhere.

"She's near the class," Bliss said. "Don't get your hopes up,"

"Dammit," I sighed. I don't know what she has against me this time, but I'm pretty sure I've been framed real good.

Making my way towards the lecture room, I looked around frantically.

Oh god, there she is, with her arms crossed and her foot tapping on the tiled floor repeatedly! Today i

s not my day.

"Act normal," Leah whispered. "Just rush into the lecture room,"

Pretending to not have seen Brittany, I raced into the lecture room as fast as I could.

"Hey, b****!" I heard Brittany yell.

Why the hell should I respond to that ?

I continued walking into the class. This is absurd! She decided to call me that out loud, in front of the whole frickin class!?

“Aeliana,” I felt a hand on my shoulder, attempting to turn me around. It was one of Brittany’s minions.

“What ?” I faced Brittany and rolled my eyes.

“What the hell were you doing yesterday ?” She screamed at me.

“Can you please keep your voice down ?” I said, calmly. “Some people are trying to study,” I gestured towards the students who were seated in the class, studying.

“Shut up and listen to me,” She said, grabbing her phone out. “What’s this ?” She shoved her phone in my face.

It was a photo of Nate and well, me. It was obviously taken yesterday when I ran into him while passing by the basketball court.

I sighed. “Well, I have an explanation,” I said, lazily. “You wanna listen ?”

Brittany scoffed and eyed me from head to toe. “Are you being cocky right now ?”

“I’m just asking you because you don’t look like the type to listen to anyone’s explanation,” I shrugged.

I could tell that she was offended. And then she gave in.

“Fine. What do you have to say ?”

“Yesterday, after school, I stayed back to go check out the gymnasium, to check if we could hold our dinner dance there. Bliss asked me to. Because you know.. we’re in charge. So I stayed back and after getting it done, I was on my way home,” I explained. “That’s when I ran into Nate,”

“Define ‘ran into’,” Brittany demanded.

“I passed by the basketball court and I heard someone yelling. I looked around and it was Nate,” I shrugged.

“What exactly did he call you?” Brittany narrowed her eyes.

“Are you being serious right now?” I raised an eyebrow.

“Spit it out,” she snapped, gritting her teeth.

“He called me ‘vending machine girl’,” I said. “You should be happy. He doesn’t even know my name,

“Why should I be happy? Because he isn’t interested in you?” She smirked, devilishly.

And that’s when Mr. Decarlo walked upto the door. He stood behind Brittany and watched her.

Brittany continued to yell like she always did. “Of course he isn’t. B****, you’re not even pretty. Look at yourself! You’re nothing! He obviously wouldn’t be interested in a loser like you!”

Oops...

Antonio was glaring daggers at Brittany. Oh, she’s gonna get it...

“Umm...” I looked at Brittany, and then up at Mr. Decarlo. I pursed my lips, not knowing what to do.

“What!? Are you speechless now?” Brittany stepped closer. “You’d better stay away from Nate. Or else, I swear I’m gonna-,”

“Then tell him not to talk to me!” I defended myself. “I’m sick and tired of being bullied by you for something I never did! You’d better talk to your boyfriend before you lash out at others!”

Brittany was shook. Like for real, her eyes looked like coconuts.

“And by the way,” I didn’t wanna stop. “Nate is so uninteresting I could stare at him and fall asleep with my f***ing eyes open!”

And at that point, Brittany lost it. Clenching her teeth she grabbed my hair. “You b****! How dare you,”

“That’s enough!” Mr. Decarlo grabbed Brittany’s hand and shoved it away, immediately standing before me, his back turned on me.

“Ouch,” I muttered, fixing my hair. I looked up to see his tall stature that never failed to send chills down my spine.

Over his shoulder, he turned and looked down at me. His stormy grey eyes piercing into mine. After a few seconds of brief eye contact, I looked away embarrassed.

“You have two choices,” he said, as he turned to Brittany. “You can get lost in 3 seconds or I can report this situation under bullying and harassment to your department head,”

“Sir, you don’t understand, she-,”

“Oh, I understand,” Mr. Decarlo said, taking a step closer to Brittany. “I understand everything,”

“You do?” Brittany’s voice was shaky.

Leaning towards her, Mr. Decarlo briefly said, “Get the hell out of here,”

And with that Brittany and her minions raced out the door at the end of the corridor.

“Phew,” I sighed in relief.

The whole class was standing, watching the scene. Some were shocked and some didn't want it to end.

Mr. Decarlo turned around and looked down at me. With prolonged stare, he muttered something.

"Huh!?" I blurted out.

"I said, 'get out of my way', Winslow," he said, glaring at me like he always did.

"Ah," I murmured. "Yes, sir," I moved away from the entrance to the lecture room.

Making his way in, he looked around the room. "The hell are you punks gawking at?" He yelled. "Get back to work!"

Wow, he's back to his usual self...
