

EDUCATE YOU CHAPTER 42

Forty Two

 +5 Bonus

Forty Two

"Hey man,"

"Don't ever -"

"Before you say anything," Oliver interrupted Antonio. "I've got a good ol' bottle of Glenfiddich I've been meaning to open,"

Antonio was silent, debating whether he should accept the offer. Glenfiddich did sound nice. Oliver was one of the very few who understood his taste in liquor.

"You know how much of a good listener I turn into when I've got some good single malt Scotch whiskey being poured into my glass," Oliver said playfully.

"No. I'm not drinking with you,"

"Great, man. See you at 9 tonight. My shift ends at 7"

"Don't even think about it,"

"Can't wait to see you too, Tony boy,"

Antonio rolled his eyes at the beeps playing in his ear after Oliver had abruptly ended the call.

By 9.05 that night, Antonio had entirely forgotten about the plan Oliver had forced on him. He was leisurely enjoying another episode of Spy Ops.

At precisely 9.06 pm, there was a ring of his doorbell, causing him to recall the dreadful phone call that had taken place just this evening.

Rolling his eyes as he let out a heavy sigh, Antonio dragged himself toward the door, praying for it to be anyone other than Oliver, which was of course highly unlikely for a man who barely had any regular unannounced visitors.

As he pressed the button on the intercom, he was greeted with a grinning Oliver, holding up a handsome bottle of Glenfiddich.

"What on earth-,"

"Open up, Tony boy," he sang as he wiggled his eyebrows, knowing very well the effect that the charmingly wrapped bottle would have on Antonio.

Realizing that he couldn't possibly ignore this man forever, Antonio surrendered and proceeded to open the door.

"Jeez, what took you so long?" Oliver groaned as he entered the perfectly tidy apartment.

"Leave your shoes at the door. The floor's clean," Antonio grumbled.

"Sweet!" Oliver cheered threw off his flip flops to the corner after entering. "Dinner?"

"I've cooked,"

"That's hot. I'd throw myself at you right now had I not been straight,"

"I'm relieved," Antonio said with a dead stare.

"Where do you keep your bottle openers?"

"Glenfiddich doesn't need one,"

"Right. I knew that," Oliver chuckled. "I brought some snacks. Where's your bar?"

"There is no bar,"

Oliver looked at the tall bearded man for a few good seconds. "You have a luxury penthouse... and no bar?"

"Mm hmm"

"How do you throw parties... or gatherings?"

"I don't,"

"Boring,"

"Peaceful,"

"Come on. Live a little, Tony," Oliver rolled his eyes at the thought of how boring Antonio's life must be.

"Leave it on the countertop," Antonio directed, as he headed towards the TV.

"I'm not putting my stuff where you rearrange your girl's guts,"

Antonio stopped in his tracks, holding his laugh in as he thanked the gods for having his back turned towards Oliver. "Take that back,"

"I take it back,"

"Good," he let out a chuckle at how fast he surrendered, as he proceeded to turn off the television.

"So," Oliver said cautiously as he placed the bottle carefully on the blue-grey marble counter.

Antonio raised an eyebrow as he turned around and proceeded towards him.

"No, she was not in the process of throwing herself off the roof,"

"Of course not," Oliver furrowed his eyebrows, smiling as if it was an obvious fact. "At least, she didn't look like she was about to,"

"You knew this and still chose to mess with me because...?" Antonio

questioned as he adjusted himself on one of the bar stools.

"Because she doesn't live here. And still she was here," he replied, unwrapping the cover around the neck of the bottle.

Picking out two glasses, Antonio let out a sigh. "So?"

"I was assuming... she's here to see you,"

"Don't you think she would've contacted me, if that was the case," Antonio chuckled as he thought about the possible percentage of active neurons in this man's brain. "Besides, why would I agree to meet a student at my private residence?"

"Antonio," Oliver looked him dead in the eyes. "You don't have to call her your 'student', with me," he stated as he let a smirk spread across his lips. "We're buds, cmon,"

Antonio glared at the man for a good minute and placed the glasses on the counter quite aggressively, "What would you rather have me address her as?"

"Is there a specific word for a student seeing a teacher?" Oliver rubbed his chin as he brainstormed.

"Seeing?" Antonio narrowed his eyes. "No one's seeing anyone,"

"Denial is a river in Egypt,"

"I deny," Antonio leaned forward. "because your claims are hogwash,"

"Having seen her sleeping on your couch really reinforces that fact," Oliver raised his eyebrows suggestively as he poured a glass for his professor friend.

"I beg to differ," Antonio scoffed. "I believe it was your own professional medical opinion, that she was, in fact, passed out, on that very couch,"

"Either way, you chose to bring the girl here," Oliver replied as he popped two cubes of ice in each glass.

"With no ill intentions,"

"You, sir, could've very well taken her to a hospital,"

"It was not that serious," Antonio shrugged him off.

"First of all, I'm the doctor here and you are in no position to say that," Oliver smirked as he thought he got the man cornered.

"Could it be that I trusted you more in your profession, than some other random doctor at a hospital nearby?" Antonio muttered as he swayed his glass, mixing the bitter liquid with the melting ice.

Oliver's eyes shone as he watched Antonio take a sip of his drink. "I'm flattered... really," he smiled slightly as he sipped his own.

'And that's all it takes,' Antonio thought as he savored the satisfaction of diverting his attention away.

"No but seriously, why'd you have to bring her here of all -,"

"Oliver, I swear -,"

"No, really, think about it," Oliver leaned forward, putting his weight on both elbows. "I know you well enough to be fully aware of how much you value your privacy,"

"What are you getting at?"

"She was going to wake up at some point," Oliver shrugged. "It's not like you were gonna leave a girl passed out on the street,"

"Yeah well that's common sense though, isn't it? No sane person would,"

"No but seriously, why'd you have to bring her here of all-,"

"Oliver, I swear-,"

"No, really, think about it," Oliver leaned forward, putting his weight on both elbows. "I know you well enough to be fully aware of how much you value your privacy,"

"What are you getting at?"

"She was going to wake up at some point," Oliver shrugged. "It's not like you were gonna leave a girl passed out on the street,"

"Yeah well that's common sense though, isn't it? No sane person would,"

"Yes," Oliver extended his hand to pick up the bottle resting on the counter, still more than half full. "What's also common sense, is that you wouldn't have done this if it wasn't for some sense of duty or possessiveness that you felt towards this girl,"

"Remind me again as to why you're dissecting my past actions like they're your personal little lab experiment," Antonio scoffed as he poured himself another glass, following Oliver.

"You're my homeboy, Antonio," Oliver sang. "Your business is my business"

"I don't recall agreeing to such a bothersome commitment with you,"

"These sort of commitments are unspoken," he nodded. "Okay, back to the girl,"

Antonio pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed in surrender, fully

Forty Two

 +5 Bonus

aware of how persistent this man was.

Oliver, determined to pry out all of Antonio's hidden feelings and intentions, filled up his friend's half full glass once more.

Although, he did not pry out anything at all that night.



Comments



Support



Share