

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 9

Nine

It's 9.00 a.m and I'm standing at the door of the devil's lair.

I swear this day is gonna make the rest of my college life a living hell. He's gonna strangle me... or worse... he'll give me the 'you're-a-waste-of-space' glare! That'll make me wanna strangle myself.

What am I even going say!? S***! I didn't rehearse! I started panicking.

Oh poop! Now what!? I won't make a strong impression if I go unprepared!

"Well, what an unpleasant surprise,"

F***...

I turned around, slowly. I was literally terrified.

"Good morning, Mr. Decarlo,"

"Would have a better one, had you stood next to my door and not in front of it, hence blocking it and preventing me from opening it," he said in a single breath.

I let out a breath that I was holding unknowingly. I moved away from the door immediately

"Or if you weren't standing anywhere near my door at all,"

No no! Don't let his attitude get to you!

He pushed the key in and turned the knob, unlocking the door to his office. He stepped inside without a word, and placed his bags on the desk.

Should I enter without permission? He never invited me inside.

But then again, it's not like he ever will.

I stepped inside and walked towards Mr. Decarlo who was arranging some books on one of the shelves. I stood next to him, looking at him intently.

"What do you want, Winslow?" He said, sighing.

"I need to talk to you, Mr. Decarlo,"

"If this is about that friend of yours, get out of my sight right now," he turned around and walked towards his desk.

"It's not," I assured him.

"Sir, for once, I'm willing to talk to you, so I would really appreciate it if you could spare some of your time to listen to what I have to say," I said with my eyes shut tightly and my head tilted downwards.

Silence.

Um.. that took a lot of guts.

I opened my eyes, still looking at the tiled floor.

Nothing

Perfect silence.

Slowly, I looked up at him and noticed him staring at me blankly.

"Go get my coffee," he said, monotonously. "I'll consider it then,"

What the hell!?

"Sir, I-,"

"No coffee, no attention," he turned back and paced towards his desk.

I sighed inaudibly. I made my way towards the espresso machine, sulking.

He has a personal espresso machine...

I mentally facepalmed.

After getting the espresso brewed, I took it towards his desk, determined not to trip and fall in the process.

Placing it next to him, I stood there.

Why isn't he budging!?

I moved one step closer to his chair, now standing directly before the side drawers of his table.

"Move,"

"Huh?" I was startled by the harshness of his voice.

"I said," there was a deathly pause. "MOVE,"

I stumbled backwards and stood about a meter away.

He opened the drawer; the one that I had been standing before a few seconds ago, and pulled out some papers.

Shoving it in my direction, he spoke, "Your assignment,"

"Um," I said, carefully wrapping my fingers around the papers.

"There's space for improvement," he stated, grimly.

"But sir," I argued. "I don't see any mistakes,"

"Fourth page, bottom left corner; twelfth page, top left corner; fifteenth page top right corner; twenty fifth page, the middle; thirty first page; bottom and the top of

the next page; fortieth page, top and bottom; forty sixth page, bottom left corner....
forty eighth page, top left corner,” he finished, without failing to maintain his
straight face from the very beginning, and upto the very last word.

I was unaware that my jaw had dropped. Bringing my lips together, I gulped.

I swear he’s anything but human.

“I... will work on it, sir,” I said, feeling embarrassed.

How could I make so many mistakes!?! He’s never gonna take me seriously now

“Whatever you have to say, make it quick. I have much more important things to
do,” he stated, bluntly.

“Thank you, sir,” I said, trying to sound polite, despite my endless effort to
suppress the rage attack that I was about to have.

“Just make it quick, I’ll give you three minutes,”

I took a deep breath. This is it! I’m standing up for myself and he can’t do
anything about it! I just hope this confrontation will be worth it.

“Well?” He said, tapping a finger on his desk.

“Mr. Decarlo, I would prefer to receive fair treatment from you,” I blurted out and
then pursed my lips.

He looked at me, clearly puzzled.

I froze. Dammit I hope I didn’t say anything wrong.

“Elaborate,”

Phew...

Wait what!?! That ain’t gonna make things better.

Well, at least he's interested...

"Sir, I would really appreciate it, if you could treat me... and Abigail... the same way that you treat the others," I gulped.

Mr. Decarlo looked at me and blinked. He shut his eyes and cleared his throat.

I

"Tell me, Winslow," he shifted in his seat and put his left leg over his right. His attempt to look authoritative was undeniably successful.

"Who am I?"

What is this bitter nostalgic vibe I'm getting?

"Um... my lecturer,"

"Be more specific, Winslow,"

"My physics lecturer," I said, bitterly.

"And what do you think my job is?" He asked.

Oh god, I hate it when he does this.

"Lecturing us..." I said, trying not to give off the 'obviously' vibe.

"More specific,"

"...on physics,"

"Right! So you are aware of that," he said and sat back in his chair, comfortably.

"Yes, Mr. Decarlo,"

What's this guy getting at?

“Then you must know that considering your personal opinions on how I do and should treat students, isn’t part of my job,”

I took a deep breath. “With all due respect sir, I’m sure no one likes to feel like a target in class,”

He froze there. He just froze and looked at me intently.

Shit...

Chuckling, he said, “So you feel like you’re being targeted,”

“Abigail and I do,” I said, straightforwardly.

My one chance to let him know that he’s violating our rights.

“Hutchinson?” He asked, raising an eyebrow. “Is that who you’re talking about?”

“Yes,” I nodded. “Abigail Hutchinson,”

“Do you even know what you’re talking about?” he said, the corner of his lips forming a curl.

“Pardon?”

“Do you know how irritating that kid is?” He was clearly ticked off, even thinking about i

“With all due respect, sir,” (why do I even bother) “Do not talk about my friend like that,”

“You girls don’t even know what friends are,” he said, laughing sarcastically.

“Did she send you over to me? To discuss about the situation? To speak for her?”

That’s it! He has looked down on me enough!

“Enlighten me,” I sat in the chair left for visitors. “You clearly seem to know a lot about her than I do,”

He looked offended. “How dare you sit on that chair without permission!?”

“Um...” I sat up straight, startled.

“Go fetch that dustbin for me,” he said, bluntly.

“Excuse me?”

“You’re making me waste my time on you, so you might as well go fetch the damned dustbin,”

I stood up immediately and stormed corner of the room. Picking up the blue basket, returned to his desk and let it down beside him.

I sat down beside his desk and waited patiently for him to satisfy my curiosity.

And the next absurd thing he did was emptying the dustbin onto his very own desk. There were boxes, envelopes and bits of crumpled paper, but not a speck of dust.

“Are you going to keep standing there?” He said, not looking at me at all.

“Huh?”

The next thing I was expecting from him was something like “Get your ass on that chair,” but then I realized that I’d grow old before that. Realizing that I wasn’t gonna receive a verbal invitation, I sat down.

Mr. Decarlo was rummaging through his drawers. He pulled out more envelopes. These were decorated... with little red hearts... Are those... love letters?

“I was patient,” he said, clearly ticked off. “For an INSANELY long time. And I believe that how I treated her wasn’t enough at all. She deserves worse,”

I was still having trouble closing my jaw after realizing that the heap of letters and gifts were from Abigail.

“Oh my goodness!” My hands came up to my mouth. “How long-,”

“-did I have to deal with this bullshit!?” He almost yelled. His eyes widened as he gritted his teeth, menacingly. “LONG ENOUGH!”

I gasped. Now I was scared. Seriously scared..

I moved back on my seat, terrified.

“The papers with the bullshit written, I could tolerate, but I will not tolerate more of that annoying presence in my office,” he said, venomously.

“I’m sorry,” I managed to say. “I judged too fast, sir,”

“I believe there’s nothing else to discuss about,”

I was shocked. Utterly shocked. Some friends I have... she wanted me here for nothing? All I did here was make a fool out of myself!

I stood up from the chair and turned to him. “Thank you for your time, sir”

He didn’t bother to react, as usual.

I turned around and made my way towards the door.

“Where do you think you’re going, Winslow?” He said, chuckling.

“Huh!?” My heart skipped a beat. Is he actually a demon or something? That sounded so devious.

Sigh. I turned around, and gave him a questioning look.

“Take these back and hand them to the rightful owner,” he said, flashing an evil smirk while shoving the letters towards me.

I couldn't move a muscle on my face. I was taken aback and I didn't know how to react. Eventually, I made my way towards his desk.

I collected all the letters and the boxes. As I picked them up one after the other, I noticed a box lined with dark green leather. In gold, it had a familiar crown logo on it. "Is that... a Rolex?"

From his sheet of paper, he looked over at the box that was in my hand. I turned it around, so that he could get a better look at it.

"Mm hmm," he muttered, and focused on his paper once more.

"How sincere of you for not have taken it," I muttered.

"Pshh!" he chuckled. "I could mention my entire collection of Rolex watches, but I choose not to,"

Did he really just....?

Wow... subtle...

"Go and return every single piece of that pile of crap to that nuisance," Mr. Decarlo said, as he jotted down something.

"I will," Wasn't planning on keeping any of it, to begin with.

That b***** ... how could she make me confront a professor for all the s**t she did alone? I'm not a part of this but she dragged me into it. She could've at least held me back.

She should've told me about this when the situation came to this point. But no! She chose to make me clean her mess up!

Madelyn was right from the beginning. Abigail Hutchinson hasn't let go of her grudge against me.