

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 10

Ten

“Where’s Abigail?” I demanded to know, while letting down the pile of letters and boxes on my table.

“Dude, what’s all this?” Leah sat back in her chair, clearly perplexed.

“Just tell me where she is!” I said, gritting my teeth.

“She’s not here yet,” she replied, widening her eyes. She didn’t say anything else since she already knew how berserk I could go.

“Oh,” I said, disappointed. “Good morning, by the way,” I said, smiling sweetly.

“Uh huh,” she looked confused. “Mind explaining what all of this is?”

“Oh yeah,” I sat down beside Leah, hastily. “Guess what our poor cry baby did behind our backs,”

“Um,” Leah looked as clueless as ever.

“Sometimes I’m confused as to why I even tell you to guess what happened before telling you,” I stared at her, eyes narrowed. “But never mind, consider all questions asked, as rhetorical,”

“Just get to the point,”

“Okay,” I said, and took a deep breath.

“Leah,” I started. “That b****, deserved all of that s**t from him! He has every right to do that to her,”

“Oh,”

I could tell that Leah was speechless at my sudden outburst.

“What has she done this time?”

“See all these letters and boxes?” I said. “All of these, were from her. She left a letter in his drawer every single week! I think she did it anonymously at first, but eventually decided to reveal her identity,”

“Are you sure, though?” Leah asked. “I don’t think anyone would take the risk of sneaking into Decarlo’s office. Besides, isn’t it always locked when he isn’t inside?”

“Well I’m not sure about that,” I said. “But I’m pretty sure he doesn’t bother to lock it lessons,”

“Probably how she got in,” Leah muttered.

“She knew that she deserved all of that, but still she put up a massive show and made me confront him about this,” I complained.

“‘Massive’ isn’t the word, man,” Leah sighed. “She literally ran upto me crying, with tears and snot running down her face,”

“Our conversation started with him saying ‘If this is about that friend of yours, get out of my sight’,”

“Ouch,”

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“I had to do s*** for him in there, just to talk about that stupid b*****’s mistakes!” I was practically yelling. “I had to get his coffee. I even had to fetch the damned dustbin!”

“The what?” Leah laughed.

“Don’t, man. I’m offended,” I said, looking away.

“Hey, but dude,” Leah set a hand on my shoulder. “Why would she do that to you?”

“Oh!” I smiled, feeling the bitter nostalgia. “We had problems,”

“Problems?” She looked puzzled.

“Yeah, it was all drama,” I rolled my eyes. “You know, her ‘boy drama’,”

“Ah! That,” Leah rolled her eyes.

Everyone knew that Abigail was quite popular among the guys. She interacted with them ALOT, whereas Leah and I didn’t even bother. She’s had plenty of guys and I’m pretty damn sure she lost her cherry ages ago.

“Yeah. She didn’t even look me in the eye for some time,” I explained. “Maybe she made up with me so that she could destroy me painfully,”

“You mean, all this time, it was all just an act?”

“Yeah well, looks like it,” I replied, remembering what Madelyn had told me about Abigail. “It was all fake,”

Madelyn was never wrong when it came to character judgement.

During lunchtime, Leah and I headed towards the cafeteria. I gagged at the familiar sight of Brittany and Nate making out at the table occupied by his gang.

“They should get a room,” Leah sighed.

“For real,” I rolled my eyes.

“I didn’t see Abigail today,” Leah pointed out. “That’s because she’s avoiding the terror,” I chuckled.

“She probably knows what’s coming,”

“You think so?” I wondered. “Trust me, she’s so fake that she’ll almost convince that none of this was her doing,”

“You knew she was like this?”

“Madelyn did,” I replied. “She warned me about this ages ago,”

“Was Abigail a b**** to Madelyn too?” Leah was curious for once.

“No,” I sighed. “They barely know each other. It’s just the occasional ‘Hi!’ ‘Bye!’ thing,”

“Oh,” Leah and I sat down at our usual place. “Well then how did she know this was coming even before you did?”

“Dude,” I chuckled. “She can see right through anyone! She warned me. She told me that Abigail hadn’t let go of the grudge she held against me. But I took it lightly. I was forgiving,”

“Wow,” Leah was taken aback. “She’s kinda amazing,”

“I know,” I smiled at the thought that she was my other half. “She’s coming back on the first,”

“Oh! That’s awesome!”

“Yeah! We’re moving into an apartment in Herendale,”

“Oh, that’s pretty convenient,” Leah said.

“Yeah. You know what the best part is?” I asked her, widening my eyes.

“What?” She asked, sensing my sarcasm.

“My brother’s moving into the building next to ours,” I said, making the straightest

poker face.

Leah burst out laughing. “Omg! You ain’t gonna get to go around with guys,”

“I wasn’t planning on doing that anyway,” I said, rolling my eyes.

“Morning, sweetheart,” mom sang. “Breakfast is ready,”

“Thanks, mom!” I said, kissing her on the cheek.

I finished my breakfast ASAP. I needed to catch up to her. Or be there before her. I’ve tolerated enough.

“Hey,”

“Mornin,” Leah muttered, looking up from the huge novel in her hands.

“She isn’t here yet, is she?” I stopped in my tracks and glanced at Leah.

“Nah,” Leah set her book on the table. “What are you gonna do anyway?”

“You’ll see,” I said, raising an eyebrow as I smirked.

“Uh huh,” she gave me a weird look. “You sound like you’re well prepared,”

I held my chin up. “Of course I am,”

“Well, good for you then,” she said. “I need to go to the library for a-,”

“NO!! DON’T LEAVE ME!” I grabbed her arm.

“Dude,” Leah laughed. “I thought you said you were prepared,”

“Which obviously meant otherwise,”

“I don’t know, man,” Leah murmured. “You know her more than I ever did, so right now, you know what’s best. You know what I mean?”

“No matter what I say, I’m pretty sure she’s gonna act all innocent and if possible, blame me for this too!”

“AELIANA WINSLOW!”

God dammit who’s gotta be so f***ing loud early in the damn morning!?

I turned around, only to see Brittany storming towards me with her ‘side chicks’.

“Hey,” I said in utter confusion.

“HEY!?” She screamed. “You DARE!?”

“Brittany, what’s going on?” I asked, trying to calm her ass down.

“That should be my line!” She screamed once again.

I really hope this is a misunderstanding. Getting involved in drama with Brittany, is like suicide.

“Brittany,” I breathed out. “Could you please... explain?”

“Nate is my boyfriend,”

“Yeah, I can assure you that I am very well aware of that,”

“Uh huh? Are you?” She said, narrowing her eyes.

“Yeah!” I nodded and pursed my lips.

“Then stop going around telling people that he called you ‘babe’,” she snapped.

My eyes widened, “What?”

“You heard me, b****, ” Brittany raised an eyebrow.

“Brittany,” I took a deep breath. “I swear to god, that’s bulls****!”

“Bulls**** my ass,” she scoffed. “It was a reliable source of information,”

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“And who might that be?”

“Someone you wouldn’t even imagine,” she flashed an evil smirk. “Well, that’s not what’s important. If you spread anymore of this baseless bullshit, I won’t sit still,”

“Look,” I tried to reason with her. “It wasn’t me!”

“Oh darling, that’s what anyone would say if they were in your shoes,” she held my chin and forcefully pushed it backwards.

“Oi, what is going on there?” I heard the familiar Spanish accent.

All heads turned towards the entrance of the lecture room.

“Hey, blondie,” he pointed at Brittany. “You don’t belong here,”

“Is that Antonio Decarlo?” Brittany whispered.

“Mm hmm,” I didn’t budge. “You should probably leave now. You know, before he... transforms into his... true self...”

“True self?” Brittany raised an eyebrow, her pea brain obviously unable to comprehend what I was saying

“Yeah...” I said looking at her. “This is just the crust,” I whispered, leaning in.
“You don’t want to see the chocolatey centre,”

“You lucky b****es!” She growled as she stormed off and out of the room.

I stood there, unsure of what to do next. More than half of the students were staring at him, frozen.

“What are you staring at? Take your books out!” He yelled, walking towards his table.

I rushed towards my desk and took a seat.

“Excuse me, sir,”

It was Abigail.

“Sit down,” was all Mr. Decarlo said.

Abigail rushed towards her seat, without even looking at me. Normally, she would acknowledge my presence. It was pretty evident that she was avoiding me. I could see the guilt on her face pretty clearly.