

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 15

Fifteen

3.55 p.m

There was no sign of a soul around. The building was extremely silent; so silent that I could make out the ticking of Mr. Decarlo's watch.

I was seated on a bench by the pool and he was leaning onto a wall nearby. He had his arms crossed over his chest and one foot on the wall behind him. He was clearly deep in thought.

Right now, neither of us had a plan for busting ourselves out. But well, one of us has got to come up with something! I'd rather die than be trapped in here with this unpleasant soul.

"Mr. Decarlo," I broke the dead silence.

He turned his head to face me. Raising his eyebrows, he shot a questioning look at me without a single word.

"How exactly did you find me here?"

His flat facial expression barely altered. "Is that important right now?" Bringing his right hand to his face, he rubbed his temples, clearly trying to keep me quiet.

"Yes," I replied, unaffected by his gloomy aura.

"Well, it's a good thing that you haven't hidden the contents of your notifications on your lock screen," he said, and closed his eyes as if he was going into deep thought once again. Wait! What the hell!? He looked through my phone?

"Sir, it would've been nice if you had not invaded my privacy," I muttered, loud enough for it to be heard.

“Stop bluffing about that and be glad that you’re not stuck inside a five storey building all alone,”

Rude...

“It’s not like you, to come here knowing that you and I are gonna be locked in,” I pointed out.

Mr. Decarlo let out a deep breath. I was expecting a word from him, but there was

as

nothing more than silence.

“You know, sir,” I said, as I stared at the clear, still water. “You could’ve just given it to me tomorrow or later today. I mean, I do appreciate that-,”

“Winslow,” he stood up straight and started walking towards me.

Oh my god, he’s gonna kill me! What do I do!? What do I do!??

My heart began to race. I could feel beads of sweat forming on the bridge of my nose. The room darkened as if the sun was suddenly enshrouded by hundreds of clouds. 1

With his every step, my body became more and more tense.

How could a person be so intimidating!? He could kill with words.

As he approached me, I sat up straight. I gulped and looked up at him.

“Look at me, Winslow,” He knelt before me, as my eyes followed his, that were now comfortably at my eye level.

I wouldn’t say ‘comfortably’; just, ‘at my eye level’. The situation was anything but comfortable.

He stared into my eyes for seconds that felt like hours. I averted my gaze and set my eyes on the floor beside him.

Look away! Please look away!

ITA

“Yes, Mr. Decarlo?” I whimpered.

“Do shut the hell up,”

What the- ?

My head snapped to face him immediately.

If they had a staring contest for the Olympics, this guy would be like the invincible gold medalist. He would set unbeatable records.

“Stop blabbering about useless shit and figure something out,”

Ouch...

This is too much, now! I can't just sit back and take all his crap!

I shouldn't have spent any energy to open my mouth, I had to close it in two seconds anyway.

“Don't you dare say anything unless you figure something out, you hear me!?” He roared. “Every passing second I spend trapped in here with you is full of regret and frustration. And I don't wanna waste any more of my time in that way! So you'd better just shut your trap, and start thinking!”

And with that he stood up and paced towards the gate.

At that point I wasn't really sure of what to feel. This was a side of him that I had never seen. He never spoke more than two sentences at once. This was like a sudden outburst and it took me by surprise.

I could feel a lump forming in my throat and a sharp pain at the bridge of my nose.

Yeah, sure I walked into an empty building alone and stood up against Brittany in front of my entire class and all that, but acting unaffected after being yelled at, wasn't my strongest point.

I could feel blobs of tears forming in my eyes. I clenched my fists, hoping that they would go back.

No no! No crying! And absolutely not in front of this guy!

I let my head hang low, still praying that the big drops in my eyes would just magically disappear.

"I wanted to thank you," I gulped.

Yeah, I'm supposed to be quiet, but I feel so damn insecure right now, I could rip my hair

out.

"Well, I guess that isn't necessary, then," I shrugged.

He was quiet. Absolutely quiet. Staring out at the basketball court through the window, he remained still.

"You can thank me after we get out of this shithole," Mr. Decarlo muttered.

Okay, that was totally unexpected... did he say 'we'? I mean, it didn't sound exactly cordial but this is Mr. Decarlo we're talking about! He was always at my neck. Saying something like that wasn't his thing at all!

"Sir," I said, cautiously. My throat was dry from all the agitation.

He turned to me and glared. Well at least it looks a lot like glaring, but I'm pretty sure that to him, he was just 'looking' at me.

“Don’t you dare say anything unless you figure something out, you hear me!?” He roared. “Every passing second I spend trapped in here with you is full of regret and frustration. And I don’t wanna waste any more of my time in that way! So you’d better just shut your trap, and start thinking!”

And with that he stood up and paced towards the gate.

At that point I wasn’t really sure of what to feel. This was a side of him that I had never seen. He never spoke more than two sentences at once. This was like a sudden outburst and it took me by surprise.

I could feel a lump forming in my throat and a sharp pain at the bridge of my nose.

Yeah, sure I walked into an empty building alone and stood up against Brittany in front of my entire class and all that, but acting unaffected after being yelled at, wasn’t my strongest point.

I could feel blobs of tears forming in my eyes. I clenched my fists, hoping that they would go back

No no! No crying! And absolutely not in front of this guy!

I let my head hang low, still praying that the big drops in my eyes would just magically disappear.

“I wanted to thank you,” I gulped.

Yeah, I’m supposed to be quiet, but I feel so damn insecure right now, I could rip my hair

out.

“Well, I guess that isn’t necessary, then,” I shrugged.

He was quiet. Absolutely quiet. Staring out at the basketball court through the window, he remained still.

“You can thank me after we get out of this shithole,” Mr. Decarlo muttered.

Okay, that was totally unexpected... did he say ‘we’? I mean, it didn’t sound exactly cordial but this is Mr. Decarlo we’re talking about! He was always at my neck. Saying something like that wasn’t his thing at all!

“Sir,” I said, cautiously. My throat was dry from all the agitation.

He turned to me and glared. Well at least it looks a lot like glaring, but I’m pretty sure that to him, he was just ‘looking’ at me.

Knowing that ‘why’ wasn’t exactly in his vocabulary, I decided to go ahead with what had to say.

“Do you happen to have the janitor’s contact?”

“W-What?” He stared at me in disbelief.

“The janitor’s contact,” I repeated.

“Why the absolute f-,” he broke off the sentence, probably since swearing in front of a student wasn’t very decent. “Why the heck would I have that guy’s number!?”

Jeez! He doesn’t have to scream!

“Okay okay!” I eased him. “Let’s figure out something else, then!”

“Unbelievable,” he started laughing.

“If you did happen to have the number, through him, we could’ve informed the security guard who held onto the keys,”

A wave of realization passed over his features.

Hell yeah!

“But!” Before he could point out some non-existent flaw in my unsuccessful plan, I decided to admit defeat. “It isn’t an option now anyway. I was dumb enough to think that a professor would have the janitor’s contact,” I chuckled nervously, rubbing my neck

As I looked up at him, he was already staring down at me. My eyebrows jerked without my knowledge. I blinked as my smile faded.

I’m pretty sure puppy faces won’t work with him, so I’m not even gonna try...

He looked away abruptly and walked away from me.

One thing’s for sure, he is way better at physics than he is at expressing his feelings.

He was observing every inch of the floor. To be honest, I wasn’t agitated at all. It was probably because I knew that he would come up with something eventually. I hope this doesn’t mean that I’m dependent. I don’t wanna be that girl.

“Winslow,”

“YES!?” I was startled.

“Get some rope,” he muttered.

“R-rope?” I furrowed my eyebrows. Where the hell am I supposed to get rope from?

“Yes, rope,”.

He seemed pretty confident with whatever he has come up with. Let’s just go with it, no questions asked.

I looked around and spotted the store room at the corner of the floor.

Rope...

In one of the big boxes stacked on one another, I found a thin rope.

Whatever, it's a rope. He asked for a rope and this is a rope. Thickness doesn't matter.

"You mean like this, sir?" I handed it over to him.

Wrapping his fingers around it, he looked at it intently. He sighed heavily and glared at m

1. e.

Oh no... it's coming... the puppy face... goddammit he looks scary and this is the only reaction I can come up with... 1

I'm pretty sure my big doe eyes look even bigger right now.

His face softened.

Ohmygod what the-! I must be seeing things.

He shoved the rope in my hand. "Tie your hair with this," he said as he walked past me.

Woah... that was pretty mild...

He stormed into the store room and started rummaging through the boxes. Seconds later, he showed up with a long, fat rope in his hands. He dragged it past me and towards the railing of the balcony, without a single word. Holding onto one end of the rope, he threw the other end off the balcony.

I rushed upto the railing and leaned on it, trying to figure out what he was trying to do.

"Oh! You're going Rapunzel style?"

"What?"

“You know, how the prince climbs up and down the tower using Rapunzel’s-,”

Upon seeing his blank face, I lost all hope.”...”

“Yeah, nevermind, sir,”

Again with the rude glare!

He looked away and focused on the rope. The end of the rope that he held onto was now wrapped around the railing. He tied a knot which looked pretty hard to undo.

Damn, his arms were toned.

And those veins...

Damn...

“What are you looking at?”

F****

“Nothing!” I almost screamed.

“Tsk tsks,” he shook his head as if he was disappointed. “What am I gonna do with you, Winslow?” He flicked my forehead.

He flicked my forehead!?

Wut!?

“The rope’s a bit shorter than the ground level,” Mr. Decarlo explained. “You’ll have to jump when you’re halfway down,”

“What!? Jump!?”

“Yes,” He said as he climbed onto the railing. “Jump,” he took the rope in his hands and held onto it tightly.

No no! What the hell are you trynna do!?

I grabbed his shirt with both hands. “Mr. Decarlo, What are you trying to do!?” I was beyond shook. I knew he’d take his revenge on me someday. “I understand that I’m not your absolute favorite, but you can’t just leave me here to rot, Antonio!”

He had his eyes fixed on me with an expression that suggested that I was pretty pathetic.

“Please,” I looked at him intently. His eyes grey eyes were fixed on my blue ones.

He let out a laugh that he probably was holding back for a long time.

My god, he has a gorgeous smile...

“I’m going to climb down,” he said. “And you’re going to follow me, Winslow,” “But wait!” I screamed, tightening my grip on his shirt. “I don’t know how to!”

“Well then, watch and learn,”

“But, sir-,”

“You won’t fall,” he assured me.

“How can you be so sure!?” I cried.

“I am, Winslow,” He said, smiling. My grip on his shirt loosened.

Every time he smiles, I feel like it’s the first time.

But c’mon! Quit calling me ‘Winslow’!

“My name is Aeliana, for your information,” I snapped.

“Mm!” He raised his eyebrows as if he was impressed. “Not bad,”

And with that he disappeared. I leaned down from the railing to watch him go.

Damn! How is he good at everything!? I swear, he looked like a professional.

Just as he mentioned before, the rope was way shorter than the ground level. As he reached the end of the rope, he let go of it and landed on the floor safely.

I let out a breath that I was holding.

“Come on! Your turn!” Mr. Decarlo shouted.

“No!”

“Do you want to stay there? Fine!” He said. “I’ll have one less student in my class, starting tomorrow. Makes things a lot easier for me,”

Oho no!

I stepped on the railing and prepared to jump.

“That’s a good girl,” he muttered, inaudibly.

I’m pretty sure he did not want me to make it out, but well, I just did.

“Just slide down, it’s not that hard,”

“Okay, I’m trying!” I yelled back at him.

Slowly, I let my body slide down. My palms burned because of the friction.

“Stop there!”

My grip tightened immediately, as I looked down at the floor under me. “I thought you said it was a ‘bit’ shorter!”

“Just jump! Your bones will be fine!”

“No!” I squeezed my eyes shut. Mr. Decarlo is the last guy on earth, that I would trust.

“Fine, then!” He walked closer so that he was almost under me. “I’ll catch you,”

My ears are deceiving me...

This is NOT happening right now!

“Hurry up! We don’t have all day, Winslow!”

“Alright!” I shut my eyes. “But if I die here, Mr. Decarlo, know this. You could’ve treated me better!” 2

“What!?” He screamed. “Stop saying bullshit and just jump,”

And with that I let go of the rope, risking my life in the process. I’m too young to die... and this is not how I want to die...

In a split second, a pair of arms wrapped around my body. My feet weren’t on the ground, but I wasn’t falling either. My eyes still shut tightly, I instinctively wrapped my arms around his neck

He let out a faint chuckle, probably owing to my ridiculousness.

I opened my eyes, slowly and was immediately relieved to see Mr. Decarlo’s face inches away from mine. I let out a sigh of relief as my lips curled into a smile.

“See? It wasn’t that bad, eh?” he muttered.

“Yeah,” I chuckled nervously.

“Okay, now get off,” he demanded. “This is getting awkward,”

“Oh! I’m sorry!” I said, noticing my arms that hugged his neck. As I balanced myself on my feet, Mr. Decarlo turned and started walking towards the gate.

I ran to catch up to him. “Now that we got out,” I spoke up. “Can I say it?”

He stopped in his tracks and turned to me. “Say what?”

“Thank you,” I smiled sweetly. Expecting a reaction from him, I stared at him intently.

He stared back and I realized that he didn’t know the first thing about being nice.

As he looked down at the floor, a slight smile passed over his features. “Don’t thank me, Winslow,” he continued to walk towards the building.

“It’s Aeliana!” I whined.

“Nuance,”

“No!” I laughed.

My smile gradually disappeared as I noticed the irregular crimson stains on his shirt. “Sir,

“What is it now?” His lip curled into a smile. Woah... What an... extremely rare sight...

“There’s blood... on your shirt,”

He looked down at his collar which was stained red. He looked up at me, his lips slightly apart. “Which means, your hands are bleeding,”

What? I raised my hands to observe my palms and realized that they were almost covered in blood. “Woah,” I exclaimed as I inhaled deeply.

Sighing, Mr. Decarlo muttered, “Follow me,”

