

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 17

Seventeen

“I say, there’s someone behind all this,”

“Yeah, man,” Leah strongly agreed. “There’s someone behind all these rumors and stalking; someone who holds a bitter grudge against ya,”

“Well,” I sighed. “I can think of one person,”

“Hey, let’s not point fingers at anyone, dude. It could be risky,” Leah said. “Plus, I think you owe us a n explanation,”

“Aw man!” I sighed, staring at the ceiling.

He told me to keep my mouth shut. I can’t reveal everything that happened to them! They take Mr. Decarlo’s lectures! They’re always in college. Just a slight slip of words could make everything come crashing down. It could make my college life a living hell!

“Remember... the little scene than Brittany created last morning?” I asked them.

“Yeah,” Leah said.

“Uh huh, yeah,” Bliss nodded, listening attentively.

“So, during the physics class, Mr. Decarlo confiscated my phone, remember?”

They nodded, staring at me intently. Damn, they were interested!

“I was using it because I wanted to see the notification on my lock screen. It was a text message from Brittany, asking me to be at the pool at 3.30,” I explained.

“Well, why didn’t you tell me? I would’ve gone with you!” Leah said, raising an eyebrow. “Instead you decided to lie to me?”

“Leah, I’m sorry! Okay?” I whined. “I didn’t want her to pick on you guys. Whatever issue she had with me, I wanted to solve it with her, alone,”

Leah let out a big sigh. “Okay, fine! Continue,”

“So, then once you left, I went to Mr. Decarlo’s office and got my phone back and then I headed to-,”

“Mr. Decarlo’s office was locked at 3,” Leah cut me off.

“Yeah, but he was back in his office at about 3.20,” I lied.

God, I feel so horrible, having to lie so much!! This is awful! I swear Brittany and Mr. Decarlo will have to pay for making me go through all this shit!

“Really?” Leah said, in a suspicious tone.

“Yeah,” I replied, cautiously.

“Mm hmm,” she nodded. “Go on,”

“So then,” I continued. “I took my bags and headed towards the sports complex. I went up to the swimming pool at about 3.25, maybe, and waited there alone. She never showed up. It was past 3.50, and I decided to get out of there, because I realized that she had tricked me. But,” I sighed. “I was too late, because the doors were locked. I forgot that they close down the buildings at 3.30 on Mondays,”

“And then?” Bliss was shook. “How’d you get out?”

“I... ugh...,”

This is bad! Very bad!! Leah is giving me looks of suspicion. She’s quick to catch on and definitely NOT someone easy to lie to!

“I called Adrian,” I said. “He got there at about 4.30,”

“Oh?” Leah raised her eyebrows.

She’s making me VERY uncomfortable right now.

“And then he told me to get a rope,” I improvised. “He told me to tie it to the railing and climb down. The rope was a bit shorter than ground level. So I jumped, and he caught me,”

My mouth was drying up. I never knew that lying could dehydrate someone!

“Why are your lips drying out?” Leah narrowed her eyes.

“Because...” I gulped and licked my lips. “... because it’s cold,”

Leah looked at me with a straight face. “It’s 10 degrees today,”

“Well, that’s pretty cold, huh?” I stuttered. Holy biscuits, she’s catching on.

“Yeah,” Leah sighed. “What’s cold to you may not be cold for me,”

“Exactly!” I smiled.

“By the way, Aeliana,” Leah leaned forward and looked straight at me. “What’s that on your hand?”

“You mean the band-aids?” I asked, stretching my fingers.

“Oh, it’s because of the friction... you know... I sled down the rope, so,”

“Uh huh,” Leah nodded. “So did Adrian bring bandages when he got there to rescue you?”

“What?” I furrowed my eyebrows.

“Bandages, Aeliana,” Leah said. “You had bandages on your hands, in that photo. Where did you get those?”

Damn... there's no escaping her.

"Plus, I saw Mr. Decarlo walking in through the gates at 3.20. I was there, talking with Claire about some issue of hers," Leah let out a deep breath.

"Decarlo's office was locked at 3.20 and he arrived at the college premises at 3.20 with your phone in hand,"

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"Decarlo's office was locked at 3.20 and he arrived at the college premises at 3.20 with your phone in hand,"

I gulped. Leah is being real scary right now. I've never seen her this attentive and sharp.

“Aeliana, you’re lying to us,”

“Ugh! Damn it, Leah, you’re too good for my sucky lies,”

Leah smirked and sat back, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Dude!” Bliss whined. “Why did you lie to us? We’re supposed to be a team! You can’t hide stuff from us!”

I sighed. “Alright! Fine!” I surrendered. “I’ll tell you guys what happened. But not now, later,” I said, looking around.

“Why not?” Bliss asked

“I can’t talk about it here,” I whispered.

“Dude! Just tell us already!” Leah almost yelled at me. “What about it is so classified?”

“Just listen to me when I tell you! I can’t talk about it here!” I screamed.

“Why not!?” Bliss yelled back.

“Because I’m not supposed to!” I whined. “I was asked to keep my mouth shut!”

“By whom?”

“I’ll tell you that later,” I said. “Not now,”

“Please tell me that it’s not what I think it is!” Bliss cried.

“What do you think it is?” Leah asked, monotonously.

“Dude,” Bliss held Leah’s shoulders. “A hot Spanish Physics Professor and a drop-dead gorgeous female student, alone in an empty building... or worse, his

office!” Bliss began to shake Leah by the shoulders. “Imagine all the possibilities!”

“Dude,” Leah removed Bliss’s hands from her shoulders. “Ew.”

“Yeah, barf!” I yelled at Bliss.

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“So, where are you taking us now?” Bliss was curious.

“Yeah, I wanna know too,” Vanille pitched in.

“We’re going to Starbucks,” I replied. “Where we can sit, relax, sip on a coffee and talk about yesterday’s gruesome events,”

“Wow,” Leah said. “Well said,”

“Thanks,” I smiled at her.

As we entered the café, I spotted a familiar figure at the counter.

“Erick!”

“Hey! Aeliana!” He waved at me. “We meet again,”

“Dude, you’re everywhere!” I laughed.

He laughed playfully in response.

ise,

I slapped his shoulder while flashing a big smile. “Whatcha doing here?”

“Hunting meerkats,”

“Get lost!” I laughed even harder.

Erick chuckled. “I work here in the afternoons after college. Our lectures finish at 12 noon, unlike yours,”

“Wow... lucky,” I sighed. “I wish our lectures ended at 12,”

“Well, perks of being a literature student,” Erick said, shrugging.

“Yeah...” I sighed again. “Hey, you think I could get a part time job here?”

“Sure! Why not?” Erick smiled. “Grace here, will be quitting in a few weeks because she’s moving to Trafford,”

“Oh! Would you please keep the spot for me? I’ll apply immediately!” I said, grabbing his hand.

I really want this job! I’ve always wanted to work at Starbucks!!

“Sure!” He grinned from ear to ear. “Will do!”

“Thank you, Erick! You’re a treasure!” I was overjoyed.

“Aww shucks,” he chuckled. “So, what can I get for you ladies?”

“Two White Chocolate Mocha, Venti, for Leah and me,” I said.

“We’ll have Caramel Macchiato, Grande,” Bliss grinned at me. “You’re paying,”

“No!” I laughed at her evil smirk. “Buy your own coffee, I’m broke!”

“Hey! You dragged us here!” Leah whined.

“Sorry, guys! I have to save up money to take Adrian to the movies,” I smiled, nervously.

“Oh gosh,” Bliss face palmed.

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After explaining the whole story to Leah, Bliss and Vanille, I sat back, enjoying the expressions on their faces.

“You mean to tell me, that you jumped off a building and Mr. Decarlo was at the bottom and he caught you?” Vanille raised her eyebrows in disbelief.

“No no!” I sighed. “I let go of the rope and he caught me then!”

“Oh my god,” Bliss rested a hand on her cheek. “You actually made legit physical contact with him?”

“What!?” I asked in disbelief. “Why is that important!?”

“That is what’s mostly important!” Bliss practically yelled. “You must have discovered so many sides to him that were unknown,”

“Oh my god! So that’s why he defended you this morning!” Vanille clicked her fingers. “He has a soft spot for you now!”

“No, he doesn’t,” I laughed at Vanille’s ridiculous remark. “He probably realized how dumb I am and lost all hope he had in me,”

“Dude, c’mon!” Bliss rested a hand on my right shoulder. “He took you to his office and f*****g treated your wounds!”

“So?” I shrugged. “That was because I didn’t wanna return home with blood in my hands,”

“You were returning to your apartment,” Leah pointed out, as she took a sip of her mocha.

“He didn’t know that,” I said, trying my best to disprove them.

“Yeah...” Vanille and Leah muttered.

“No, I still think he has a soft spot for you now,” Bliss said, crossing her arms in front of her chest. “I rest my case,”

“You’re so stubborn,” Vanille muttered, pinching her nose.

“Ouch,” Bliss slapped her hand. “Cut that out,”

“What about that photo?” Vanille leaned forward. “How are you gonna explain that to Brittany?”

“I don’t think she’ll confront me again,” I said, enjoying the sweet liquid in my mouth.

“Dude, this is Brittany we’re talking about,” Bliss said, and she was clearly worried.

“Yeah, But,” I sighed.

“No ‘but’s, dude,” Bliss snapped. “Brittany’s shameless, yes. She’s stupid, yes. But the whole fact that she’s incompetent, proves that she won’t stop picking on you until she gets what she wants,” Bliss explained in a very serious tone.

“And I’m pretty sure that all she wants is to put all the blame on you, even though she knows that Nate is the one who has his eyes on you,” It was like Bliss was coming up with some conspiracy theory.

“Ew,” I flinched. “But you might be right,”

“I think Bliss is correct, Aeliana,” Vanille spoke up. “To someone like Nate, breaking up with a girl is nothing. Brittany just doesn’t want that to happen because it’s gonna ruin her ‘diva’ reputation,”

“Oh god!” I face-palmed. “Why the hell don’t these people have better stuff to do!?”

“That’s not what we should be debating about,” Leah muttered, monotonously.

“Yeah, I know!” I snapped.

“Well,” Bliss spoke up again. “One thing’s for sure; Mr. Decarlo has a slight idea of what’s going on and he’s definitely trying to protect you,”

“Protect me!?” I yelled. “That’s the funniest thing I’ve heard during the past 19 years!”

“Dude, I’m serious,” Bliss protested. “Mr. Decarlo is-,” “No!”

This is exactly why he asked me not to tell anyone. Out of these three, if at least one of their tongues slip, it’s Bye bye for me and Mr. Decarlo!

“How the hell does he know what’s going on!?” I asked.

“Dude,” Vanille looked straight at me; as if she was very sure about what she was about to say. “He was standing there, watching and listening carefully. He saw the photo, that goes without saying,”

I sighed heavily, surrendering for like the second time today. “Yeah, you’re right,”

“Think about it, Aeliana. Every single time Brittany came into our lecture room and threatened you, Mr. Decarlo was the one to put a stop to it. Everyday, he got closer to the scene than he did on the previous day, because he realized that it has something to do with Brittany harassing you, and that it’s not a mere chit-chat,”

Letting out the breath I had been holding, I nodded, agreeing with her views.

“You’re right, Vanille,”

“Yeah, But he’s not gonna be of any use, is he?” Leah said, shaking her cup of mocha.

“True,” Bliss replied. “So first, we have to find out her spies,”

“Yeah,” Leah agreed. “But how? There’s only four of us, and we can’t tell anyone about what actually happened,”

“Guys, guys,” I interrupted them. “I kinda have hunch as to who it is, but I’m not sure, okay?”

“Well then, go on, tell us,” Bliss leaned forward, impatiently.

“Look, I don’t wanna point fingers or accuse anyone, but I’ve had this hunch from the beginning,”

“Dude, Stop stalling,” Leah whined.

“I think it’s...” I sighed and stared at the floor.

Oh god... Madelyn’s the only one who knows what happened between Abigail and me. She knows that

Abigail would do what it takes to ruin me. Bliss and Vanille think of Abigail as a friendly and outgoing person; they like her. Most people don’t know her dark side; the things she does behind the scenes.

“Bethany?”

“No! Are you mad!?” I laughed. “I’m pretty sure Brittany doesn’t even know her!”

“Then who is it?” Bliss asked, impatiently.

“Wait a minute,” Leah looked at me. “Don’t tell me it’s...”

“I think you have the right girl,” the corners of my lips curled up.

Leah sighed. “It’s Abigail, isn’t it?”

“Mm hmm,” I nodded. “I can’t help but think that she’s behind all this,”

“Abigail!?” Vanille was shocked. “Why would she do something like that?”

“Yeah! Why are you accusing her!?” Bliss was as puzzled as Vanille was.

“Oh gosh,” I sighed.

They don’t know anything that happened between Abigail and me. And now my throat’s gonna dry out from reciting stories to these clueless souls.

“Dude,” Leah turned to Vanille and Bliss. “Find out in the next episode,”

“Hey, come on!”

“Did something happen today?” Madelyn sat beside me. “You’ve been lost in thought for a long time now,”

“Wow, Madelyn,” I said, putting an arm around her. “You know me like the back of your hand, don’t

you?”

“Of course I do,” she smiled. “Well?”

“It’s nothing special,” I looked away after flashing a smile.

“That’s a lie,” she said, scrunching her nose.

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I nose.

I sighed heavily. My mind was running through everything that happened today and it was seriously affecting my concentration.

“Hey,” Madelyn took my hand in hers. “You wanna go watch a movie today?”

“Oh! Speaking of movies, I owe Adrian a movie ticket,” I said, remembering our agreement at the restaurant.

“Ah, Let’s go then,” Madelyn said, shrugging. “Do you have any assignments to complete?”

“Yeah,” I muttered. “Give me 30 minutes,”

“Alright,” Madelyn nodded. “I’ll call Adrian and tell him,”

I nodded in response to Madelyn and crawled towards my desk. Pulling my physics text book out of the bag, I turned the pages with my fingers that were now double their size because of the band aids.

“Tsk tsk,” Madelyn shook her head. “Your hands are like flower petals, aren’t they? So fragile, so soft, “she mocked me.

“Hey, shut up!” I chuckled, weakly.

“You’re brother raised you like a princess and now you can’t even climb down a rope without spilling a few drops of blood,” Madelyn was totally in SMH mode.

“Adrian did nothing wrong,” I said, thinking of how Madelyn’s statement couldn’t be more accurate. I couldn’t have asked for a better brother.

After a few minutes of staring at the diagrams on the book, I scribbled some things down. I wasn’t sure if they were correct, but well, I did something.

Forty minutes had passed and I had completed only about 2 pages. That's enough for today. I can get the rest done tomorrow.

"Madelyn, let's leave at 6 o'clock," I said.

"Alright," Madelyn said. "Adrian's coming to pick us up at 6, anyway,"

"Great," I said, as I walked towards the closet. "What should I wear?"

"Something warm," Madelyn said. "It'll probably go down to 12 or something,"

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"Alright," I said, as I grabbed my baby pink fluffy sweater out of the wardrobe.

"Oh, by the way, I ran into Erick today,"

"You what!?" Madelyn raced upto me.

I chuckled at her sudden reaction. "Erick Colón,"

"Yeah, I know," Madelyn's eyes lit up. "When? Where? How? And why?"

"Oh god, calm yo shit, girl," I laughed. "He works at the Starbucks outlet near college,"

"Omg..."

"He told me that I could get a job there," I explained. "I decided to apply tomorrow,"

"Aw man! I wish I could work there!" Madelyn whined.

"You already work at a café," I said. "It'd be awesome if you could quit and come work at Starbucks! We would be working together!" I squealed.

“With Erick! Arrghhh!” Madelyn screamed.

“That’s what your excited about? Okay,” I said, looking away.

“So when do we apply?” Madelyn’s eyes shone like stars on a clear night sky.

“Tomorrow,” I smirked.

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“Are you ladies ready?” Adrian walked into our apartment.

“Adrian, I don’t like the idea of you knowing the password to our place,” I pouted.

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“You have no choice,” he snapped. “Now hurry up, we’re gonna be late!”

“It’s 6 o’clock! The movie starts at 7.30!” I made a poker face.

“Hurry up,” and with that he made a straight face that beat mine easily.

As we stepped into the theater, we were surrounded by a sea of people. It was shit crowded and they were all here to watch End Game.

“Aeliana,” Adrian said, as he handed me some money. “Go get some popcorn, I’ll get the tickets,”

“Alright,” I said, and began to push through the crowd and towards the snack corner. I guess all the people there, were focusing on buying the tickets, there were only three people at the snack bar.

S**t! I forgot to ask them which flavor I should buy! Dammit!

I'll go with cheese.

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Or caramel and cheese?

But Madelyn likes the plain one with just the salt.

I like Nachos, but Adrian wanted me to buy popcorn!

"Two bags, cheese popcorn," the man behind me handed his money to the cashier, over my shoulder.

"Excuse me, mister, I'm clearly standing in front of-,"

F***,

"You were saying?" He raised an eyebrow.

My heart skipped a beat as I wondered if this man lived in this very movie theater.

"You're supposed to be at home, completing your assignments,

"Mr. D-Decarlo?" I stuttered as he hovered over me.

He looked at the man at the snack bar, preparing his popcorn, and then back at me.

He stared at me blankly, making me so uncomfortable that I had to hide my cheeks when I felt them warming up.

What's that dude in the snack bar doing! Cultivating corn!? What the hell is taking him so long?

I looked at Mr. Decarlo and noticed him staring down at my hands. I was holding onto the money that Adrian had given me earlier.

I'm guessing he's looking at the bandages wrapped around my palms.

As soon as he noticed my gaze he moved his eyes back to mine.

“I’ve finished... the assignment, sir,” I muttered.

He nodded, one of his gestures that I liked to think, meant ‘good’.

After a few seconds of awkward silence, and staring at his dark blue sweater, I noticed an arm wrap around his toned one.

“Antonio,” I heard a lady’s voice as I looked up at the person standing next to Mr. Decarlo.

It’s that woman! The woman who yelled at me at the restaurant! She’s the one who sat next to Mr. Decarlo, and is possibly and pretty obviously, his girlfriend.

“Where’s the popcorn?” She asked, looking up at him.

“Still making it,” He said effortlessly, as he simply turned his head to face her.

She eyed me like I was committing a crime. “Who’s this?”

Mr. Decarlo’s eyes moved from the woman’s face onto mine.

“This one?” He asked. “Oh! Just a rude, mannerless girl standing in front of me in the queue, ignorant enough to take too much time to pick out a popcorn flavor and thus, becoming nuisance by wasting all the other people’s valuable time,”

I gulped as a lump formed in my throat. His petrifying gaze intimidated me endlessly. His venomous eyes were like daggers that pierced into my soul.

Such cold, void eyes... I’ve never seen anything like it before....

Soft spot, my ass!

A second and last glance at him, and I turned around to hide the blobs of tears that were forming in m

y eyes.

My effort to quieten my sniffling was futile.

I thought he was different from what he appeared to be. But all my hopes turned out to be just one big disappointment. Now I understand why my mom always told me not to have such high expectations. They only ruin you and eat you up.

“Wasn’t that a bit too harsh, darling?” The woman whispered, chuckling.

Why is she going out with such a monster!?

No, I’m pretty sure she’s not any different...

“No,” I heard him reply blankly. “It was just right,”

I listened to his cynical remark, as tears streamed down my face.

Ouch.

“Okay,” the woman chuckled, nervously.

“Here you go,” the guy at the snack bar handed two bags of popcorn to them, over my shoulder.

The ‘girlfriend’ took the popcorn from him and thanked him. As she walked away, Mr. Decarlo followed her, glancing at me from the corner of his eye.

What’s he looking at!? Hasn’t he done enough already!?

“Miss, are you ready to order?”

“Huh?” I raised my head to see the guy at the counter looking at me, expecting my order.

“Oh,” I smiled, nervously. “Sorry, I was um... lost in thought,” I said, as I wiped my cheeks using the sleeves of my sweater.

“Woah, woah, woah!” He raised his hands. “Here you go,” He said, handing me some tissues.

“Thank you,” I said, accepting them.

“Oh! Only a sinner would make a beauty like you cry,” he looked at me intently.

Amidst the tears, I chuckled at his sweet remark. “Thank you,” I said once more. “I wish everyone could be as sweet as you,”

His lips formed a big smile as he said, “It’s buy-1-get-1-free for you! Your order, ma’am?” “Oh no! That’s okay,” I smiled, shyly. “I just need... one bag of cheese popcorn and... one bag of... caramel popcorn,”