

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 18

Eighteen

“Hey, peaches! Did you get the popcorn?”

Yeah yeah, I know. I was supposed to answer. But at that moment, I didn't wanna say anything.

I walked straight up to Adrian and bumped my head on his chest. He knows that I did it whenever I was too embarrassed to look at him.

“Aeliana, are you okay?” Madelyn asked me as she took the two bags of popcorn that I had been holding

“What's wrong?” Adrian stroked my head, looking down at me.

Taking a deep breath, I muttered, “I'm alright,” as I wrapped my arms around him.

“Hey, you wanna go home?” Adrian made me face him as he held me by my shoulders.

Taking a brief glance at the worried expression on his face, I looked away almost immediately. I promised Adrian that I'd take him to the movies. He was looking forward to watch End Game and I don't wanna let him down.

“No...” I muttered. “Let's go watch the movie,” I forced a smile.

“Alright then,” Adrian led me inside the hall, as Madelyn followed close behind.

I sat between Madelyn and Adrian, since they were still pretty awkward with each other.

My tears had dried out as I arrived at the conclusion that Antonio Decarlo is a total jack ass who never did and never will change. He's just terrible!

Two rows before ours, he was seated with his 'girlfriend'. God! As much as I wanted to go up to him and kick his balls, I wanted to sit there and watch how he behaved around his girlfriend'. It's not everyday you see your stuck up physics lecturer at the movies with his romantically linked partner.

They weren't talking. He wasn't even looking at her, let alone a conversation. Well, the lady's occasional glances didn't make him return the gesture in any way.

How could he be so cruel? And to his girlfriend!? This is seriously too much! I get that he's egotistical and all that, but come on! At least smile at the lady!

Nothing!

"Aeliana," Madelyn held my hand. "Tell me what's wrong,"

I turned to look at her. Her eyes were full of worry and concern. I knew very well that she hated it whenever I was feeling down.

I gave her a brief smile. "I'll tell you.." I muttered. "...eventually..."

Letting out a deep sigh, "Alright," she replied. She squeezed my hand and gave me a reassuring smile; that smile of hers that said 'I'm always here for you'.

As the movie started, I began to feel drowsy. I was looking forward to this, but I wasn't really feeling it at that moment. I was mentally drained from all the distressing events of the day.

I looked at Madelyn's shoulder and in my head, debated if it was comfortable. Probably not, she's quite thin, so her shoulder's probably bony.... sigh... she gives the best hugs, but right now that's not what I need.

Looking over at Adrian's shoulder, I was pretty satisfied. His varsity jacket makes it all better.

"Stay still," I said, as I landed my head on his broad shoulder.

“What are you doing?” He whispered in dismay. “You’re gonna miss the movie!”

“I don’t care...” I muttered as I hugged his arm. “I’m not in the mood,”

Adrian sighed and probably rolled his eyes; I wasn’t in a position to see, anyway.

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After putting on my baby blue pajamas, I jumped into bed, without a second thought. I was tired, both physically and mentally. My mind had been running through the day’s awful events and I was officially done.

“Aeliana,” Madelyn interrupted, as she looked over at me.

“Mmm?” I murmured, as I tried to find a comfortable spot on my pillow.

“You’re not in the mood to talk, are you?” Madelyn asked me, as she sat up on her bed.

“I’m a bit tired, but that’s okay,” I shrugged.

“Go to sleep, then,” Madelyn said, waving her hand.

“Nooo! Tell me!” I whined. “Oh! You’re gonna ask me what happened, aren’t you?”

“Well, yeah,” She said. “I can sense that something’s bothering you ALOT,”

“You know me so well,” I smiled.

“Yeah, and that’s why I’m your best friend,” she smiled, shrugging. “Now spill it! Tell me everything!”

And so, I told her everything that night; how Mr. Decarlo picked on me endlessly, how Abigail betrayed me again, how Brittany harassed me and also how cheesy and gross Nate was.

“Honestly, does Abigail find it that difficult, not to be a b****?” Madelyn screamed as she dug her nails into the fabric.

“Shh! Madelyn, it’s la-,”

“Seriously! That slut should just learn to keep her fat ass in one place for once!”

“What!?” I laughed at her weird remark.

“No seriously, she has a big ass,” she said, looking at me intently.

“Madelyn, calm down,” I tried to soothe her. “Look, I know you hate her, but right now, we can’t scream, because it’s past 12, and the neighbors are gonna be really mad!”

“Okay, Fine!” Madelyn pouted as she crossed her arms over her chest. “I still hate her with all my life force!”

“Yeah, I get that,” I chuckled.

Honestly, if Madelyn had a gun in hand and Abigail standing in front of her, she wouldn’t hesitate to pull the trigger. She hated Abigail from the deepest pits of her heart.

It all started four years ago, when Abigail suddenly confessed to Madelyn’s crush, who she was already ‘talking’ to. It was an absolute disaster. Abigail knew very well about how Madelyn was head over heels for him.

If Abigail wanted something, she made sure she got it. And she was pretty serious about this guy; but so was Madelyn. It took her months; probably years to get over it.

Abigail went out with the guy for a few months and dumped him; duh!

And the funny thing is, it's been only about three and half years, but she already dated about six guys and dumped them within that period.

So, I think Madelyn's hate towards Abigail is entirely just; I don't see anything wrong with it. At least, now I don't. That dude would've been better off with Madelyn, anyway.

"So this 'Decarlo' dude," Madelyn looked at me intently.

"Yeah?"

"Aeliana, you're not the type to cry over something like that, are you?" Madelyn raised an eyebrow.

"Of course, I am," I whined. "I can't handle being yelled at! You know that,"

"Yeah... you're pretty sensitive," she said, and pursed her lips. "But he's been coming at you for along time now, yeah? If it's bothering you, why don't you talk to him about it?"

"I tried that, remember?" I raised my eyebrows at her. "Didn't work," I sighed.

"Hmm," Madelyn tapped her chin.

"Never mind, Madelyn," I said, averting my gaze. "I don't care about him anyway,"

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"And now, my question is," clicking his pen, he looked up at the class. "What is the potential difference between these two ends?"

The class was dead silent. Not a breath was heard. All widened eyes were on him.

Sighing, Mr. Decarlo looked around the classroom and raised one of his thick brows. “Really?”

Rubbing his temples, he looked over at Leah. “How ’bout you, Seattle?” He asked as he got off the table that he was ‘half’ seated on. “Got any smart explanations?”

Leah continued to stare at the diagram on the board. I could see sweatdrops forming on the bridge of her nose.

I’m next...

“Winslow?”

F***

Taking a deep breath, I stood up. “Yes?”

“Answer?”

“I don’t know,”

He glared at me, almost baffled. I was certain that he wasn’t able to take in my sudden response.” You... what?” He raised his eyebrows.

“I said, ‘I don’t know’, sir,” I repeated, trying my best to sound polite.

“Oh!” He chuckled. “You don’t know!?”

Averting my eyes to the ground, I gulped.

No no! I have to stay strong now!

“That’s right, sir. I don’t know the answer to your question,”

After a prolonged stare, he looked away. “The audacity...” I heard him mutter to himself.

I didn’t budge. I can’t let him do whatever he wants to.

There it was. The piercing glare that his stormy grey eyes shot at me. It never failed to make some of my hairs stand on their ends.

Okay, now, this is a bit too long...

I’m not looking away! I’d rather die than surrender! This is the last straw! I’m done playing ‘good girl

“I thought I asked you jack asses to get s**t into your heads. Which part of that didn’t you understand?” he said, gritting his teeth as he looked around the lecture room. “I’m expecting a 100% pass rate and at least 35 ‘A’ grades out of 40,”

Majority of the students gasped upon hearing his unexpected statement.

“Of course,” he said. “All you can do is gasp at the thought of you getting anything more than a ‘C’ grade,” and with that his eyes moved back onto me. “But all you idiots ever do, is waste time at movie theaters and restaurants when there’s a million more productive things to do,”

Daggers; that’s what his eyes are.

Thankfully, all the others were too busy fidgeting and staring at anything but Mr. Decarlo; to notice that his eyes were fixed on me.

A split second later, the bell rang, indicating the end of the class. Pushing off from table that he had been leaning onto, Mr. Decarlo stood up. “Solve the problems given on page 567 and 568,” he said as he picked up the only thing that he carried around wherever he went; his phone.

I was still standing there, waiting for him to grant me ‘permission’ to sit ‘the hell’ down.

He turned around, and as he noticed me, he pursed his lips. “Winslow, since you’re already on your feet, collect the assignments and bring them to my office,”

“Yes, sir,” I nodded, gritting my teeth real hard.

He nodded. “Don’t be late,”

As I sighed heavily after I made sure that he was anywhere out of a five meter radius, I yelled out to the class saying, “Guys! Hand over your assignments, please!”

After collecting all 40, including mine, I told Leah to wait for me at the cafeteria with Bliss and Vanille.

And with that being done, I started the agonizing walk towards the devil’s lair; again. As I passed by I noticed the overjoyed expressions on the faces in the corridor. God! I wish I had a reason to smile like that right now.

So, he thinks it’s totally fair to yell at me, humiliate me and then ask me to do stuff for him? Nice! I honestly cannot FATHOM how arrogant this guy is!

Carrying the heap of files, I reached the door. Noticing that my hands were full, I realized that I had no way of knocking on the door. As I looked around, I spotted some girls having a chit chat, not that far from where I stood. “Hey, excuse me,” I called out to one of them.

She looked at me, and then stepped closer. “Yeah?”

“Could you knock on this door for me, please?”

“Oh yeah! Sure!” She smiled as she knocked on the door politely.

“WHO IS IT!?”

I flinched at the deviousness.

“Dude! Is that Mr. Decarlo?” She whispered to me, utterly terrified.

“Yeah, look at the name plaque,” I gestured at the gold plate on the door that said,

Dr. A. Decarlo

PhD (Physics)

“I’m sorry but you’re on your own,” She muttered as she ran off.

Sighing, I replied. “It’s me, sir,”

Why am I even doing this?

“I’ve brought the files you asked me to,”

“Well, don’t just stand there,” he screamed.

Ugh!!! Honestly some day I’m gonna... ARGHH!

Letting the files down, I took a deep breath as I wrapped my fingers around the door handle. Turning i t, I braced myself to surrender to his devilish glare.

Pushing the door, I set my eyes on him, gradually.

His gaze followed the pen in his hand. He was scribbling... again.

Picking up the pile of files, I stepped in and closed the door behind me. I stood there, wondering if I should wait for ‘permission’ to be granted, or if I should just dump the files on his desk. I would love t o go with the latter, but this isn’t my last day of college, so I can wait.

Sighing, as I realized that he’ll never acknowledge my presence, I decided to proceed towards his desk. “Sir, would you please be kind enough to grant permission for me to let these files down?”

Well, that was brave...

Raising an eyebrow, he looked up at me, clearly offended. Letting his pen down on the paper, he continued to gawk at me, not budging an inch.

Look away, Antonio, because I ain't surrendering even if it kills me!

Stormy grey eyes... gulp...

Dammit, my throat feels dry!

He isn't even blinking, what the hell!?

"Um..." I couldn't help but mutter.

No fair... I'm losing... I can't lose...

Not a muscle on his face, moved. Nothing at all! It's almost as if he turned into a statue. Such consistency...

Taking a deep breath, I sighed heavily. Rolling my eyes, averted my gaze, soon after, managing to set it upon the paper on his desk.

A circuit...

"Don't you dare look at this paper," he said, menacingly.

Ignoring him, I tried to make out some of the symbols on the circuit. Transistors, capacitors...

"WHAT DID I TELL YOU!?" He screamed, not even making an attempt to cover the paper.

Taking a brief glance at him, I smiled cockily. A split second later, my eyes were roaming around the paper once more.

Diodes, switches and cells...

"WINSLOW!" Mr. Decarlo screamed as he stood up.

Okay, that startled me. I stepped back instantly, almost dropping the pile of files. Carefully regaining my balance, I stood up straight.

“The hell are you doing here!?”

“You told me to bring the assignment files, remember?” I said, shrugging.

“Well, that’s all I asked of you, isn’t that right?” He stepped closer to me. “I didn’t tell you to lean into my desk and peep into whatever I was doing,”

That’s it... that is officially IT! I’m not tolerating any of this shit anymore... I have things to say, and this time I won’t hesitate.

I slammed the files on his desk and turned to him. My head hung low, since I was still in the process of gathering all my courage.

“Then what about you, Mr. Decarlo?” I said, clenching my fists.

He looked at me, his face evidently suggesting that he was shocked. He arched an eyebrow, probably wondering where I found the guts to raise my voice at him.

“I signed up for your lectures because of your reputation as one of the best lecturers within the state!” I explained. “Yes, you are! You’re an amazing lecturer! All your lessons are crystal clear! But sir, tell me this,”

Finally looking directly at him, I raised my question. “Do you have to treat me like dirt every time our paths cross?”

My vision started getting blurry, as tears welled up in my eyes. Gulping, I felt a lump in my throat.

He was dead silent. Not a word.

As I wiped my tears away, I was determined to hear an answer. I looked back at him, only to find him staring back. As soon as our eyes met, he looked away, a look of guilt spread across his features. I could tell that he felt cornered, but he was doing a pretty good job in pretending otherwise...

