

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 19

Nineteen

“Tell me, sir!” I demanded. “I’m dying to know!”

Gritting his teeth, he was looking away. His face showed guilt mixed with frustration. He didn’t meet my eyes even for a split second.

“Sir!”

“Winslow,” he said as he stood up from his seat. He walked upto me and snapped, “Get out of here,”

Ugh! Excuse me!

“No,” I said, casually.

His head snapped in my direction and he stared at me, his grey eyes wide. “I thought I told you to get out!”

“Not until I get an answer!” Damn, that cost me a lot of guts.

Letting out a deep breath, he grabbed my upper arm and yelled, “Get out!” He started pulling me towards the door, in order to push me out.

“Let go! You can’t do this to me!” I yelled, as I punched his chest repeatedly. Scrunching his shirt in my hands, I tugged on it violently as the bitter memories from last night replayed in my head like a movie. “Tell me!” I screamed as I felt warm drops of tears stream down my face. “Tell me, what the hell I did to deserve this from you!”

His firm expression faded and guilt took over. He gulped, unsure of what to do. “Stop screaming like a lunatic and get out of my office,” he said, calmly.

“No! I already told you! I-,”

“Mr. Decarlo, I’m coming in,” the voice on the other side of the door belonged to a man.

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Mr. Decarlo looked up at the door immediately. He was clearly shocked and obviously wondering about what the person who was about to enter, would make out of the sight of Mr. Decarlo and I, grabbing onto each other.

“Winslow, Stop it!”

And well I wasn’t in my right senses, to do as much as ‘listen’ to him.

Shortly, I was pushed away from him, by an unexpectedly strong force. ip on his shirt loosened, and I lost my balance, falling backwards. Before landing on the ground, the first thing I felt, was something hitting the back of my head, real hard. And after that, I blacked out completely.

vas

Ugh... My head’s gonna explode...

nna

“Leah! Vanille! She’s up!” I heard as I opened my eyes to a bright white light.

Leaning in, Bliss whispered. “Aeliana, how do you feel?”

I groaned and made a futile attempt to sit up, but was shortly stopped by an overly concerned Bliss.” Where am I?” I muttered, rubbing my temples.

Holding my hand, Bliss said, “The infirmary,”

“Wha-... why?” I was dazed.

“Cause you were assaulted by Decarlo and you almost died!” Leah snapped at me.

“Leah! You can’t be so sure about that!” Vanille pointed out, resting one hand on her shoulder. “What if she passed out because she was hungry? She went there before taking her lunch, remember?”

“You guys are bonkers! Look at the dried marks on her face. She had been crying!” Leah was pissed

off.

“Guys, let’s not make any assumptions before we know what actually happened,” Bliss looked at me.” Aeliana will tell us later, right?”

I nodded, smiling at Bliss. “How did you guys get here anyway?”

“Leah insisted on going over to Mr. Decarlo’s office since you were unusually late,” Bliss explained.

“So we agreed, and followed her,” Vanille added.

“Yeah,” Leah snapped. “And that’s when we ran into Decarlo who was running towards the infirmary, with you, dead in his arms!”

“Dude!” Bliss yelled. “What the hell, man? You don’t have to do it like that, do you?”

“Shut up, this is Decarlo we’re talking about,” Leah looked away. “She could’ve died,”

“You’re exaggerating, Leah,” I chuckled. “Awh! I didn’t know you cared,”

“Ugh! Shut up!” Leah rolled her eyes, trying to hide the fact that she was flattered. “We can’t let this slide, Aeliana,”

“Leah, we don’t even know what happened yet,” Vanille tried to convince Leah to stop overreacting.

“What happened!? Decarlo assaulted her! It’s so damn obvious! Why else would she pass out when she was completely fine 10 minutes before!?” Leah’s rage was evident.

“Do you really think Decarlo would do something like that?” Vanille muttered. “Laying a hand on a student is illegal, isn’t it? He isn’t someone who would do anything that would cause him in any trouble, right?”

“Yeah, you do have a point,” Bliss murmured.

“Talking with you guys is pointless,” Leah snapped as she turned around and walked out the door.

“Leah, where are you going!?” I yelled. A sharp pang spread across my skull and I flinched. “Ouch…” I muttered as I squeezed Bliss’s hand.

“Aeliana, you should get some sleep,” she said, looking at me intently. “I’ll bring some food. You should rest until then,”

“Yeah,” Vanille agreed. “We’ll find out what Leah’s upto,”

“Thanks, guys,” I said. “You guys are the best,”

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Once Bliss and Vanille came back with my lunch, I learnt that Leah had rushed out to meet Mr. Burke, who was apparently, the man who entered through the door; the reason I got shoved onto a book shelf.

“Apparently, he had seen what happened,” Bliss said.

“He had witnessed some unusual and disturbing behavior,” Vanille described. “You’re the one who actually knows how much of it is true... that is, if you remember,”

“Tell us what happened, Aeliana,” Bliss leaned forward.

Oh holy cheese... how am I supposed to tell them that I threw a temper tantrum in our physics lecturer’s room!? This is so embarrassing... they’re not gonna think that it’s normal... I mean... I’m not even trying to imagine what Mr. Decarlo might be thinking of me right now...

“Aeliana?” Vanille tapped my cheek.

“Huh!? What!?” I said, startled.

“No, you just, spaced out,” she said. “Is something wrong? You’re cheeks are turning red... oh my... is it something you can’t tell us!?”.

“Oh my god! Dude, what!?” Bliss’s mouth hung open. “No way!”

“What the hell are you guys thinking!?” I rolled my eyes. I’m gonna have to tell them. I can trust them. I know I can.

“Then what is it?”

“It’s just... you know... how he always yells, even for the slightest thing!? Like he’s awful, right? Like he has this.. this temper!” I was starting to get a bit ticked off.

“Yeah, yeah! We know!” Bliss rubbed her temples. “Just get to the point,”

no reason

“Fine! Long story short, he yelled at me for no reason, and I finally confronted him,” I said, triumphantly.

“About?” Vanille looked a bit confused.

“About how he treats me like shit all the time!” I said.

“Treats you like shit!? Dude!” Bliss raised her voice. “He stood up for you! He saved you when you were being bullied by Brittany! Think about it! We haven’t seen Brittany since that day!”

Okay, I hate to admit it, but she does have a point. Damn it.

“Yeah! Bliss is right,” Vanille pitched in. “He literally saved you from being trapped in a building all alone for a night! And he walked in there, knowingly, right? How do you call that ‘being treated like shit’?”

“Yeah, well and then on the next day, he said shit to me and made me cry in public,” I said as I looked

away.

“What?” Bliss furrowed her eyebrows. “When did that ever happen?”

“Guys, there are things that you don’t know about,” I said.

Of course, they have no idea what happened at the movie theater. The last incident that they witnessed was Mr. Decarlo defending me in front of Brittany...

“What do you mean?” Vanille asked me, as she looked at me observantly.

I let out a heavy sigh. “Forget what I just said. What’s done is done, okay? So I threw a tantrum and then it got ugly. So he tried to make me get out of his office. And I didn’t cooperate. So he grabbed my arm tried to-,”

“He grabbed your arm?” Bliss stared at me, mouth agape.

“Yeah,” I said, casually. “See? He’s not an angel,”

“Okay okay, go on,” Vanille said.

“And then, someone said, ‘Mr. Decarlo, I’m coming in’, and pushed the door open,” I said. “He didn’t even knock,”

“Probably because he was used to it,” Bliss said. “I mean, it was Mr. Burke,” she shrugged. “I don’t think just walking into Mr. Decarlo’s is something unusual for Mr. Burke,”

I nodded. “So and then, basically, Decarlo was grabbing onto my arm, and I was gripping his shirt. If Mr. Burke saw that, he wouldn’t be filing a complaint under violence; he would be filing one under sexual harassment or something,”

“Yeah,” Bliss said. “That’s true,”

“I wasn’t in my right senses. I was shocked as much as Decarlo was. That’s why he pushed me off; so that I would let go of his shirt. And hoping that Mr. Burke wouldn’t assume anything else,”

“But still,” Vanille said. “He made a huge mistake, the moment he grabbed your arm. You could’ve reported that too,”

“I’m pretty sure he was aware of that,” Bliss pointed out. “But he still decided to go with it,”

They both looked at me, simultaneously. In a way, it was kinda creepy. “What?” I blinked.

“Any thoughts?” Bliss asked.

“Well, something just makes me think that he might’ve assumed that I wouldn’t complain, about

him, grabbing my arm,” I said, halfheartedly.

“Well, he did, and now Mr. Burke’s gonna report it,” Bliss said, looking out the window.

“Can’t we talk to him?” I asked Bliss, eagerly.

“And say what?” Vanille asked. “He’s seen everything already,”

“What do you mean?”

“He isn’t going to report it under violence, Aeliana,” Vanille said, looking straight at me. “What he saw probably lead him to think that there was something going on between the two of you,”

“What!? Why!?” I screamed. “I just fell on the floor! How is that romantic in any way?”

“Apparently, Mr. Decarlo’s shirt was unbuttoned,” Bliss said, and pursed her lips.

My hands came to my mouth.

Oh god, what have I done?

“You sure you can survive the walk?”

“Yes, yes, Leah,” I smiled. “Stop worrying,”

“Okay! Bye, then,”

“Bye!” I waved at her as I left the gates.

As I approached the subway station, I decided to call Madelyn, to tell her that I won’t be able to make it to Starbucks today.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Maddie,” I said.

“Hey heyyy!” She said, cheerfully. “What’s up?”

“Hey, look,” I started. “I don’t think I’ll be able to make it to Starbucks today,”

“Oh,” she said. “Did something happen?”

“Umm... I’m just a bit tired,” I lied. “I’ll tell you everything in detail when I get home, okay?”

“Alright, then,” she said. “Be safe. I’ll be back by 8.00,”

“Great,” I smiled to myself.

As I walked out of the subway, I started feeling quite dizzy. Spotting the supermarket at one side of the station, I decided to get a can of coffee.

Maybe I should get one for Madelyn too... she likes coffee...

I stepped out of the subway station and proceeded towards my apartment building. It was gloomy. Very gloomy.

Having walked ten or twenty meters farther, I felt a raindrop tickle my nose.

That’s cute... but I forgot my umbrella at home. I can’t risk getting wet. It’s already 3.35 in the afternoon.

Seeing all the other people on the road take out their umbrellas, I felt pretty stupid. It was right there b y the door, and I could’ve just grabbed it in the morning.

The building’s too far away to run. I guess I’ll have to wait until it clears out.

I decided to stop at the gas station nearby. At least it’s an open place.

As I walked upto a pillar, I decided to wait there. Leaning on to it, I stared into empty space, now occupied by big drops of water. It wasn't a drizzle anymore. It was raining heavily and I honestly couldn't decide if it would stop anytime soon.

Ugh! I should've taken a taxi! This is awful!

I pulled my phone out of my pocket and started playing the next level of Candy Crush.

The fuel station was deserted and there was no one I could even talk to. I mean, who would stop their vehicle during a storm like this!?

Oo! Well, lucky me!

Seconds later, a black sedan pulled over at the station. The door flew open and a tall man in a hooded leather coat, climbed out.

Okay, he doesn't look like anyone I can get any help from... or get into a conversation with... damn it...

Popping one of the coffee cans open, I started chugging down the sweet beverage. It was refreshing. My body was exhausted anyway.

Today was such a long day. I sighed to myself. I'm not sure what will happen tomorrow and even thinking about it makes my head spin at 1000rpm. All the unnecessary events taking place in my life right now are stressing me out even more than my studies are.

"Get in," a deep voice said, behind me. It was the man in the black leather coat. He simply walked past me and climbed into his car.

Who the hell does he think he is!? He can't just whisper what ever he wants into random girls' ears! No way Jose'

"Winslow, get in the car before I change my mind,"

Yeah... you already know who it is...

Really? I'm sure that I'm at least 5 kilometers away from college now. This area isn't exactly populated or commercialized.

So why did Mr. Decarlo, out of all the people, have to show up here, at this absolute minute and hour!?

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I guess I don't have much of a choice...

"Yes, Mr. Decarlo,"