

## Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 20

### Twenty

The downpour was quite heavy. I'm not sure if I understood how Mr. Decarlo managed to drive without even slowing down.

The only thing that managed to make the silence less awkward, was the sound of raindrops continuously crashing on the hood of the car.

Oh god, this is so awkward... What am I supposed to say!? Wait a minute, why did I even get in his car in the first place!? I don't even know where he's headed to. Where is he taking me!? Obviously not home! He doesn't know where I live! Why isn't he asking me!? S\*\*\*! Holy s\*\*\*! This is bad!!!

Slowly, I turned to take a glimpse of him. He had his eyes fixed on the road, one hand on the wheel. His head rested against the seat. He looked peaceful, but it was evident that there was a lot running through his mind.

"What are you looking at, Winslow?" He groaned.

Almost immediately, I averted my gaze back onto the road. Gulping, I braced myself to raise a question.

"Mr. Decarlo?" I muttered, followed by a gulp.

Silence.

Curious about the reason behind his silence, I turned, fixing my eyes back onto him.

Shutting his eyes gently, he let out a heavy sigh. "What?"

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Once again, I gulped, feeling the lump forming in my throat. “Where are you... taking me?” Upon hearing my question, he didn’t even bother to budge. Blinking, he muttered, “Don’t ask questions,”

“Are you kidnapping me for ransom!?” I was terrified.

He merely scoffed. But never did he turn to look at me.

“You’re going to kill me... and then hide my corpse,” I cried. “Aren’t you?”

“That’s exactly what I’m going to do,” he muttered, nonchalantly.

I sat up straight. “Please tell me where we’re going! I need to call my parents before I die, and tell them that I’m sorry,”

“Sorry? For what?”

“For getting into a stranger’s car!” I cried, rubbing my temples.

“Are you that convinced?” The corners of his lips curled into a smirk.

“Yes!” I whined. Burying my face in my hands, I sniffled.

The car came to a stop...

on the middle of the road.

“Look here,”

What!? No! Why!?

“Look here, Winslow,” he raised his voice.

Moving my hands away from my face, I took a deep breath. I stared at my hands, already knowing that he was throwing daggers at me with his eyes. “Yes?”

“I said ‘Look here’,” he said, in a surprisingly gentle tone. So gentle, that I could barely believe my ears... way too gentle for someone like him.

Like turn 90 degrees and look into your devious eyes?

I’ll pass...

“You’re very disobedient,” he let out a faint chuckle.

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Embarrassed, I decided to listen to him. Pressing my palms together, I turned to meet his eyes.

They were bigger, and softer than usual. “Good girl,” he muttered. “Now listen to me,” he said, as he turned so that his was facing me entirely.

“Are you going to ask me if I’m alright now?” I blurted out, not giving him a chance to talk.

“What?” He furrowed his eyebrows in confusion.

“I was out cold for about 2 hours, you know” I explained.

“Yeah, well you’re live and kicking right now, so it is quite obvious that you’re fine,” he shrugged.

“Yeah, of course it is,” I smiled.

“Uh... huh...” he nodded, puzzled.

“But you still have to ask me,” I smiled wider.

Looking at me, he raised an eyebrow.

“You pushed me onto a shelf,” I smiled innocently, my eyes fixed on his.

“Yeah, well-,”

“And then onto the ground,” I watched him getting more and more uncomfortable.

That’s okay, Aeliana. He deserves it.

Pursing his lips, he looked back at me. I stared at him intently, waiting for him to speak up.

“Don’t... make me do this,” he growled.

“Oh, I am,” I said, making puppy eyes. “C’mon Mr. Decarlo! It’s only right that you ask me if I’m okay now,”

Might as well take advantage of the fact that I’m alone with him in his car, before I die.

“Don’t,” he said, looking away.

“C’mon!”

“Dooon’t,” he groaned.

“C’mon!” I whined again.

“Doooooon’t!” He groaned once more, clearly devastated. He was looking out the window, his head resting on his palm.

I leaned closer, making sure that I would annoy him a little. As his head snapped in my direction, I stumbled back onto the seat.

Leaning back on the driver’s seat, he let out a heavy sigh. He tilted his head to look out the window.” How you feeling?” He muttered, halfheartedly.

“What was that?” I leaned towards him.

Widening his eyes, he took a deep breath. It was clear that his motive was to intimidate me, but I was having too much fun.

“You heard me,” he muttered, his eyes softening.

I chuckled at his reaction. “A bit dizzy, but mostly okay,” I said.

He turned to me, a look of concern spread across his features. Unsure of what do, I smiled. Gazing back for what felt like hours, he fixed his eyes onto the road. The car moved forward and started to accelerate.

“Where are you taking me?” I blurted out.

“Stop with the questions,” Mr. Decarlo muttered, while concentrating on the road ahead of us. “Do cooperate when I’m saving your helpless ass,”

Wow... what a gentleman! How could he talk to a student in such a way!?

“Saving?” I raised an eyebrow. “We’re in the middle of nowhere,”

“Really?” He smirked, his eyes still fixed on the road. “Were you intending on waiting at the gas station and walking home after the rain ceases?”

“Eventually, yes,” I nodded, crossing my arms over my chest.

He chuckled as if I was some cheap joke. “Mark my words, this rain will not come to an end before 8 tonight,”

I scoffed after turning around, doing my best to go unnoticed.

“Yeah, scoff while you can, Winslow,”

Oh poop...

“A little rain never hurt nobody,” I shrugged.

“Oh, is that so? For your information, the average daily rainfall in Herendale is approximately 10mm during this season. That’s roughly about 10 litres per square meter. Given that you walk during the peak hours and the rain lasts for four hours and your walk is two hours, that’s at least 6.5 litres per square metre. Let’s say that the top of your head and shoulders occupy about 225 square centimeters. That’s 0.225 square meters. So there you have... 1.46 litres of ice cold water on your void skull-,”

“HEY!”

“-for 2 f\*\*\*\*\*g hours straight!” He stopped to take his first breath since the calculations commenced. “And what’s that going to give you? A cold!? No! It’s going to give you a f\*\*\*\*\*g big swelling on the back of your head; right where you hit my innocent shelf with!”

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Fascinating... never in my life have I seen him talking so much in one go.. “Never thought you cared, Mr. Decarlo,” I said, mentally admitting that I can never outsmart him.

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“Oh, I don’t!” He chuckled sarcastically. “When that empty thing on your shoulders start hurting, I’m the one who’s gonna have to walk in and out of the discipline council,”

“So you’d rather murder me and hide my corpse?”

“For once, you seem to understand exactly what I’m saying,” he said, monotonously.

“I will open the window, and I will scream,” I made an attempt to threaten him.

Scoffing, he muttered, “No, you won’t,” he smiled, sarcastically.

“Watch me!” I snapped and turned towards the door.

“Need I remind you that you’re the one who stepped into a stranger’s car,” he said, authoritatively.” You did it willingly,”

“You won’t use that against me,” I felt defenseless.

Glancing at me briefly, he smirked. “Your parents are going to be so disappointed,”

“My parents trust me,” I said, triumphantly. Ha! Take that!

“Oh no. Not when they get to know that you...” he raised his eyebrows.”... stepped into a stranger’s car,”

Sighing for like the millionth time that day, I sat back down on the seat.

“I don’t like you... Mr. Decarlo,”

“Reciprocal feeling, that is,”

“Hyde Park,”

“What!?” He turned to look at me, startled.

“Sir, why are you looking at me as if I got a B grade for my physics final?”

“Invalid example,” he said, hurriedly. “Hyde Park Residencies in Herendale?”

“Yes,” I replied, casually.

“That is where you live?”

“Yes... sir...” I said, starting to get a bit curious about the repeated confirmations.

Setting his eyes back on the road, he proceeded towards the area I lived in.

The deafening silence was once again interrupted by the endless crashing of raindrops on the hood of the car.