

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 3

“Mom! I’m home!”

“Hi, honey!” She appeared from the living room. “How was your day?” She questioned, eager to know how everything went.

“It was terrific!” I said, not wanting to mention my horrid experiences in ‘Professor’ Decarlo’s lair.

“Aw that’s great, dear!” She said, pleased.

“Mom, I’m meeting up with Leah at 5,” I said, placing my bag on the counter. “We’ve got some work to get done,”

“Okay, dear,” Mom said.

“Where’s Adrian?”

“He’s upstairs. Got home couple’a minutes ago,”

Adrian had returned home after selling his apartment few days back. He was changing work stations, so the place he owned wasn’t convenient anymore.

Since I needed to move out as well, he was staying at home with us until we found a convenient place with two apartments.

I raced upstairs in search for my 25 year old brother. I knocked on the door of his room, expecting to hear a loud ‘WHAT!?,’ but instead he muttered, “The door’s open,”

I turned the door knob and stepped in. There, I saw him, sprawled on his bed, with his earphones plugged in.

“The Meg is out!” I said, with a huge grin plastered on my face.

“I can’t hear you,” he said, not making the slightest effort to remove his earphones.

I ran up to him and pulled one of them out. “The Meg is out!!!”

“WHA!?” He sat up straight, almost immediately. “We’re going tomorrow,” he said.

“Hell Yes!” I cheered.

“Damn it! What kind of sorcery is this?” I cursed as I bit the tip of my pencil.

“Chill, bro. It ain’t that hard,” Leah said, pulling my book towards her. “You just gotta substitute that thing over there and simplify it,”

“Huh? That’s 4736.897 divided by 83628 !”

“You’ve gotta do it, hon,” She said, shrugging. “That is, if you don’t wanna suffer Mr. Decarlo’s wrath,”

I shrugged and grabbed my phone, sighing.

“Hey, you think Abby’s seriously hitting on him?” I asked Leah, who was taking a sip of her latte.

Setting it aside, she asked, “Hitting on who, now?”

That’s our Leah, clueless as ever.

“You know...” I said, hoping she would understand who I was referring to.

“Um...” she said, making a ‘I’m-not-sure-what-you’re-talking-about’ face.

“I mean Antonio!”

“Ah! You should’ve just said ‘Decarlo’!... I don’t know,” she said, shrugging.

“Well, you never know, right?”

“Mm yeah...” I said, looking away.

“Why do you care?” She asked, smirking.

“Wha? Huh? Why are you giving me that look!?” I questioned, totally freaked out by her expression.

“I don’t know...” she said, sneakily. “I was just wondering if someone was getting any ideas,”

I made a poker face. “Shut up. I have to get this over with and it’s 5.55 already!”

“Mm mm!” She wiggles her eyebrows. “Ooo! Look everybody, Aeliana’s blushing!”

“Shut up, Leah!” I said, hiding my face in my palms.

She broke into a fit of laughter. “I knew it!”

“Knew what!?” I almost screamed, enraged.

“Don’t worry, honey. I won’t tell anyone,” she said, smiling.

“There’s nothing to tell anyone!” I said. “Hey, we’re going to the movies tomorrow. Care to join?” I changed the subject.

“The Meg?”

“Oh, yes,”

“Count me in!” She grinned.

“Hey, Aeliana!”

I turned around to see Abigail running towards me.

We walked to school together on a daily basis. Well, that was only because we lived in the same neighborhood.

“Morning, Abby!” I said, cheerfully, as she caught up to me.

“Did you do it?” She asked eagerly.

“Umm... if by ‘it’ you mean sex, then no. If you mean all the sums in the text book, then it’s a yes,”

“Ha!? Pff! Sex!?” She burst out laughing.

“Psh! Quit pretending you don’t have experience,” I teased.

“Shut up! You don’t have to point it out!” She said, trying her best to control her laugh. “By the way, Aeliana,”

“Hmm yeah?” I turned my head in her direction. “What is it?”

“I was wondering... Are you a virgin?” She asked, in a completely normal tone.

I was seriously taken aback. Shook!

We were definitely not close enough for her to inquire about such a personal subject.

“What do you think I am?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

“You’re not, right?” She asked, wanting to confirm this matter.

“Is being virgin a bad thing?” I asked, wondering what she was getting at.

“I don’t... think... so...?” she muttered.

“Well, to be honest, Abigail, I am,” I smiled.

I honestly don't understand why most girls are proud to lose their roots, to a guy who they broke up with the next day... I mean, the relationships that lasted are entirely fine and should definitely continue because girl, he's a keeper!

But I've seen a lot of guys take advantage of girls' innocence! It's not fair at all! It's always the guys who get away and the girls who become the ones to take all the blame!

In my opinion, trust is very important for something like this...

Now Abigail for instance... two weeks in and she's doing all the stuff you can imagine... okay, maybe it's not that bad, but still!

How can you trust someone like that, just two weeks after knowing them!?

Ugh!! Whatever... it's not something I should be worried about. If she's happy that way, who am I to object?

“Earth to Aeliana,”

“Thanks, Abby,” I mumbled with a straight face. “What would I do without you?”

“I know right!” She said, as we entered the gates of the college premises.

“Morning,” Mr. Decarlo entered, with his face straight as ever.

I was the first to stand up from my seat. “Good morning, Mr. Decarlo,” I said, loud and clear.

Oh my god... Oh. My. GOD!! I swear I saw it! I saw it! I definitely did!

“Leah!” I whispered, nudging her.

“Yeah?” She turned her head towards me, sleepily.

“Did you see that?” I asked, eager to confirm whether it was an illusion or reality.

“See what?”

“Didn’t you notice it?” I asked.

“Look, hon. I’m way too sleepy to notice any shit right now,” Leah mumbled.

“Can’t you see that I wasn’t properly rebooted this morning? I clearly fell off the bed on the wrong side,”

“Yeah,” I said, disappointed. “It’s crystal clear,”

“Winslow,”

Here we go again.

“Yes, sir?” I said, politely.

“What makes you think that you are eligible to talk when I’m standing right here, and all the other students are dead silent?”

Whoops.

“I’m... very sorry, sir,”

“Oh, are you now?” He narrowed his eyes. “Have you kept your promise?” He asked, with his arms crossed before his chest.

“I have,” I said, and grabbed my answer sheets. I handed them to him, making sure that I used both hands.

He flipped through the pages, eyeing them carefully. “Where’s 147?”

“Huh?” I looked up, attempting an innocent face.

What the hell!?! I didn't even number the pages! How does he know every little detail by heart!?

My eyes probably looked huge because I felt my eyelids really just... stretching out.

There it was. That look again. I swear... I saw his grim expression soften, for a split second. I was so so sure of it!

"The 147th review... it's missing," he said, and I noticed that his deathly glare had already returned.

"Ah.. yes... that..." I stuttered. "Um..."

"I asked you a question, and I'm expecting a clear answer," he said, his eyes glued on the first sheet.

"That... Mr. D- Decarlo... I... ugh... I couldn't understand... I couldn't really grasp how... it's done," I finished, immediately regretting it.

"Oh," he said, raising his eyebrows.

Shit shit shit! I'm doomed! Now he's gonna say something extremely sarcastic and I'll feel like slitting my throat and sprinkling pepper in it.

"Well," He said, gathering the papers. "Why didn't you say so the first time?" He asked, his stony expression fading away only slightly.

"Um?" I looked up at him, once more.

"3p.m; my office,"