

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 5

“As usual,” he said, tapping his fingers on the desk. “Winslow forgets her assignment,”

“Sir, I-”

“You do not owe me an explanation. I’m not willing to hear you out,” he said, grimly and looked up at the class. “Take your books out,”

I sat down, wondering if I should apologize or just sit and hold on tight.

“Anyone else, who has the audacity to show up here without their completed assignments?” Mr. Decarlo looked at the class, raising an eyebrow.

The class fell silent. Dead silent. Mr. Decarlo scanned our faces. Every single one. After moving his eyes from one to another continuously, he stopped at Simon. “Simon, my boy!” he said.

Simon, who was slouching lazily, shot up straight.

Walking upto him, Mr. Decarlo slammed his hand on Simon’s back, and wrapped his fingers around the back of his neck.

“So are we all done with the project, boy?”

“Sir, I-,” He stammered.

“You what?”

“I couldn’t complete it, sir,”

He sighed. “Get up, kid,”

He stood up, his head tilted downwards. “Spill it,” Mr. Decarlo demanded.

“Sir, my...” Simon muttered. “My dog died...”

Pshht! ‘Dog died?’ What kinda lame excuse is that!? He’s gonna get skinned alive! He should’ve made up a better excuse, I mean like, come on!

Simon continued to stutter, “...and I couldn’t-,”

“Right. Sit down,” Mr. Decarlo cut him off.

“Huh?” Simon looked up, furrowing his eyebrows.

“I said ‘sit down!’,” Mr. Decarlo said, sternly.

“Yes sir!” He said and crashed into his chair.

What!? That’s it!? That’s all he’s going to do!? EXCUSE HIM!?

“Dude! That wasn’t a very good excuse, was it?” I whispered to Leah.

“AHEM!”

“S***!” I cursed under my breath.

“Some people actually have fair excuses for their mistakes, while some just didn’t bother because going to the movies was a lot more important,” he said, his grey eyes piercing into me.

My eyes widened and I took a deep breath, preparing for the worst.

“If it’s going to be like this, don’t bother coming here, Winslow,” he said, venomously.

“Sir, I-,”

“Assuming that there are some that actually give a s*** about the lesson, I will continue,” Mr. Decarlo cut me off, just like that, the deviousness evident in his features.

And with that, he continued. Of course, I wasn't able to concentrate on the lecture, but there was something that bothered me even more.

My teacher just lost faith in me...

This had never happened to me before, and now that it has, it feels like a stroll through hell!

After fifty agonizing minutes of sitting and contemplating my life, I heard the bell ring.

"We will continue tomorrow," Mr. Decarlo said, curtly. He walked to the table to get his phone and looked up at the dead silent class.

I looked at him and gulped. His eyes were like knives; they could look right into your soul.

A split second hadn't passed when he shifted his glare onto me, looking through my eyes like they were glass.

I gulped and grasped Leah's arm.

"Oh no..." I heard Leah mutter.

Mr. Decarlo just looked away casually, as if nothing had happened and exited the classroom.

I let out a breath that I had been holding without knowing. "Dude-," I started.

"Go apologize!" Leah blurted out.

"What?" I said, hesitating to trust my ears.

"I think you should apologize. This isn't the first time, dude," she said, shrugging.

"Dude, Aeliana! He totally despises you, man!" It was Abigail, appearing out of nowhere.

“Shut it, Abigail,” Leah snapped. “Aeliana, go do it. It’s better than ignoring him. He’s our professor after all,”

“Unfortunately, you mean,” I said, sighing.

“Hey, shut up!” Abigail whined. “Mr. Antonio is the absolute best!”

“You only say that because you have the hots for him!” Leah snapped at her again. “You’re not rational at all!”

“Hey! I’m serious!! He’s like damn good at lecturing!” Abigail protested.

“Aeliana, just do it!” Leah said, completely ignoring Abigail.

“Oh god...” I muttered. “FINE! I’LL DO IT!” I yelled in frustration.

“Good girl,” Leah smiled.

“Easy for you to say!” I nudged her. “I’m the one going out to war with the devil,”

....

I knocked on the wooden door of the devil’s lair.

“Come in,” I heard his extremely stern words, spoken in a perfect Spanish accent.

I took a deep breath. ‘Okay, Aeliana! You can do this! I believe in you!’

I turned the knob, feeling my heart pounding in my chest. I was prepared for the worst, just in case. The least he would do is curl me up into a ball and throw me out the window, so I’m assuming that the worst needs ample preparation.

I pushed the door, revealing Mr. Decarlo at his desk, scribbling something as usual. He looked up at me with a straight face, making my heart skip a beat.

Looking back at his work, he continued writing things down, without giving a flying s*** about me, standing there in front of him.

Closing the door behind me, I decided to break the silence, “Um... sir-,”

“Bring that file here,” he said, pointing towards a shelf at the side of the room.

I turned around to look at the shelf. Assuming that he was talking about the bright red file at the top, I tried to get it.

Dammit! Why did he have to keep it all the way up there??

I stood on my toes, reaching out to get it, but failed miserably.

Having heard a loud sigh, I stumbled back onto my feet. Mr. Decarlo stood up from his seat and stormed towards me.

I gulped as my muscles tightened. My body tensed up and my heart rate definitely began to accelerate.

As he stepped closer to me, I couldn't help but notice how large he was. His astounding height and pleasingly broad shoulders contributed to his robust physique.

Reaching out to get the file, he snatched it off the topmost shelf effortlessly.

I looked up at the shelf and then back up at him. Feeling a gush of warm air on my cheeks, I stared down at the floor. I swear I felt my face flushing.

Clearing his throat, Mr. Decarlo turned away and proceeded towards his desk without a word.

“Are you here to make me listen to your petty excuses, Winslow?”

“No, sir,” I said, as I ignored the slight pang at my heart.

“What more can you explain when you've been caught red handedly while at the movies with your boyfriend?” He muttered, staring at his papers.

Boyfriend!? What is he even thinking!?

Unable to resist the urge to laugh, I started chuckling.

“I don’t see what’s funny,” he said sternly.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Decarlo,” I said as I pretended to be intimidated. “But I’m afraid you’ve misunderstood,”

“What the hell are you bluffing about?” He raised an eyebrow.

“That was my brother, sir,” I said, politely.

He looked at me in disbelief. “Nice try, Winslow,” and with that he turned around to continue his work.

“Sir, it’s the absolute truth,” I managed to say without stuttering.

“If that’s what you’re here for, leave,” he stared at me, doing the thing he does with his soulless eyes, staring into my soul and all that... “I don’t need any understanding about the men in your life,”

I felt a tingling sensation go down my spine, but decided to ignore it.

I took a deep breath and clenched my fists.

“I’m here to... apologize...”

His hand that scurried on the white paper never seemed to stop. It was as if he had no intention of paying me any attention at all. “For?”

“All the mistakes I’ve made so far,” I answered, staring at the floor. “I can assure that it was certainly not a form of disrespect, but merely my carelessness,”

After spilling it out, I looked at him cautiously, my head still hanging low.

He stared at me, his expressionless face making me wonder what was going on in his mind.

I raised my head and looked at him directly.

And that's when I noticed a hint of a smile spread across his face.

For a second he actually looked... warmer... as if he wasn't actually the Satan he pretended to be...