

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 6

Six

“...and then he said, ‘She isn’t my actual crush, you are!’ And I was like ‘F*** off, loser! I’m not that easy!’ And then I blocked him,”

“Uh huh...” Leah mumbled, tapping her pencil on her desk while contemplating a physics problem, clearly not paying any attention to Abigail. “I mean, what a loser!”

“That’s enough, Abby,” I walked in, laughing. “Your constant complaints will not make the guys here any cooler,”

“Yooo, Aeliana!” Leah wrapped an arm around me.

“Hey, Leah!” I replied, brightly. “How’s the day so far?” I asked Abby.

“Good! How about yours?” She smiled.

“Great! Since we didn’t have physics class yet,” I mumbled the last part sulkily.

“Dude dude dude! What happened yesterday!?” Leah almost screamed, grabbing my shoulders and turning me to face her.

“Alright! I’ll tell you. Chill!” I said, laughing. “Okay...” I mumbled.

“Hurry up!” Abigail pitched in. “Okay okay! It wasn’t that big of a deal... I just stepped inside, got threatened, insulted and sent back home,” I said in one breath.

Leah chuckled, “Sounds a lot like him!”

“See, if I was the one apologizing, things would have been so much more interesting!” Abigail confessed. “And hot,”

“Shut up, Abigail!” Leah laughed at her ridiculous statement. “This was about being polite! Not seducing your professor!”

“To me, it is about seducing him,” she said, her eyes closed and eyebrows raised.”
Always,”

I looked at her and gagged. “He’s worse than Satan, I tell you!” I said.

“Isn’t that the best part?” Abigail asked, smirking as she raised an eyebrow.

“How is that the best part?” I asked in disbelief. “He gets angry even if you look him in the eye!”

“Oh! Dreamy!” Abigail said, fluttering her eyes while fanning herself.

“What the absolute f***, Abigail?” I rolled my eyes.

“Have you heard of this; ‘angry sex is the best sex’?”

“What the f***!?” Leah and I screamed.

“What!?” Abigail shouted as if she didn’t understand that we thought she needed a mental asylum.

“You’re out of your mind,” I sighed.

“Don’t say ‘sex’ and ‘Mr. Decarlo’ in the same sentence,” Leah whispered. “It might be a sin,”

“In what world does ‘seduction’ not end with sex!?” Abigail practically screamed.

Now I noticed a few heads turning in our direction.

I sighed heavily. “Zip it, Abigail. You’re making a scene,” I said, dragging her by the hand.

“Where are we going?” She asked.

“I would like to know too,” It was Mr.Burke, our chemistry professor.

“Holy s***!” Leah said under her breath as she dragged me back to our seats. She dragged me to safety, leaving Abigail at the front of the class, alone.

“Should I make you sit down, Hutchinson?” Mr. Burke asked.

“Sir, I need to meet Mr. Decarlo,” she said.

I was slightly shocked. ‘Why would she want to meet him?’

“For what reason, may I ask?” Mr. Burke didn’t let her loose that easily.

“I’m not sure, sir,” she lied, “He asked me to meet him at his office,”

“Alright, run along,” he said, and with that Abigail rushed out the door.

“Crazy b****!” Leah laughed.

“Yeah... bet you 1000 bucks, she’s gonna get yelled at,” I said, chuckling.

“Today’s topic will be ‘Laws of Thermochemistry,” Mr. Burke announced. “I’m aware that every single one of you, is super excited to start this unit,” he said extremely sarcastically.

I chuckled under my breath. He could be so adorable sometimes!

Stepping into the cafeteria, Leah and I scanned the area for a proper seat.

“How ’bout over there?” I asked her, pointing towards the seat at the corner of the cafeteria.

“Nah...” she mumbled. “I feel itchy when I sit there,”

“You what!?” I asked in disbelief.

“Nothing, never mind, just – just not there,” she said quickly.

I sighed. “How about that one?” I pointed at the table near the vending machine.

“Too loud...”

“Ugh! Shut up,” I snapped, dragging her towards the corner of the area.

We took our seats and settled down. Leah was busy playing Pubg on her phone. So natural... she's never on earth anyway.

“Whatcha gonna get?” I asked her. “Hey, we gotta go back to class early. We have stuff to complete, remember?”

“Eh?” She mumbled.

“Listen to me, idiot!” I yelled. “We have to enter our experiment results,”

“Ah! That!” She made a face.

“Look, I know that's your ‘I-really-dont-wanna’ face, but we have to do this. I don't wanna go through hell again!” I whined.

“Yeah, okay okay!” Leah agreed.

“I'm gonna go get some salad or something,” I said, moving from my seat. “You want anything?”

“Cheetos,” She said holding out a 20 dollar bill.

“For lunch?”

“Uh huh,” she nodded without even bothering to look at me.

“I'll never understand you,” I said, walking away.

“Chicken salad, please,” I smiled at the ‘cafeteria lady’.

“Here you go,” she said, handing the tray to me.

Cheetos... I stood behind the buff guy standing near the vending machine. After collecting two cans of soda, he turned around.

Expecting him to move out of the way, I kept my eyes on the vending machine. Move, dammit! He just stood there like a pillar.

“Excuse me?” I said, looking up at him, only to notice that he was staring back.

I chuckled nervously. What now!?

“What does a gorgeous thing like you need from a vending machine?” He asked me, while eyeing me from head to toe.

“Food,” I said, bluntly. “Could you please step aside?” I asked, knowing that this guy was trouble.

Nate Harold; pretty boy, high school jock, bully and f***boy aka Brittany’s so-called’ boyfriend’.

(It’s not like he hasn’t been caught cheating on her with many other girls!)

This guy is the last one I’d wanna be involved with.

“Why so feisty?” He asked, smirking.

“I mean no offense. I’m in a hurry,” I stated, blankly.

“What’s the rush, babe?” He said, leaning onto the vending machine.

“I’m sorry, but I have to leave,” I turned back without a second thought and walked towards my seat.

As I reached our place, I noticed Abigail sitting next to Leah, slouching. It was evident that she had been crying.

“Woah... what happened here?” I stopped in my tracks.

“Long story,” Leah said. “I’ll explain later. Where’s my Cheetos?”

“Yeah... about that... i didn’t have access to the vending machine,” I explained.

“You what?” Leah raises an eyebrow. “What does that even mean?”

“Nate was there. He didn’t let me get it,”

“I’ll show that b**** who’s boss,” she said getting up, furiously.

“Dude calm your ass down! Let’s get one when he’s gone!” I said.

“Lemme at him!” Leah yelled, storming towards the vending machine.

“Come on, Abby. Let’s go,” I said, taking her by the hand.

When we reached the vending machine, Brittany had already ‘fetched’ Nate.

Thank goodness... I really don’t wanna witness or get into any serious drama before physics class.

“Where’s the shameless jacka**?” Leah growled, looking around.

“He’s probably gone,” I said. “Now, get your patience and your Cheetos so that we can leave,”

Physics class... here I come...